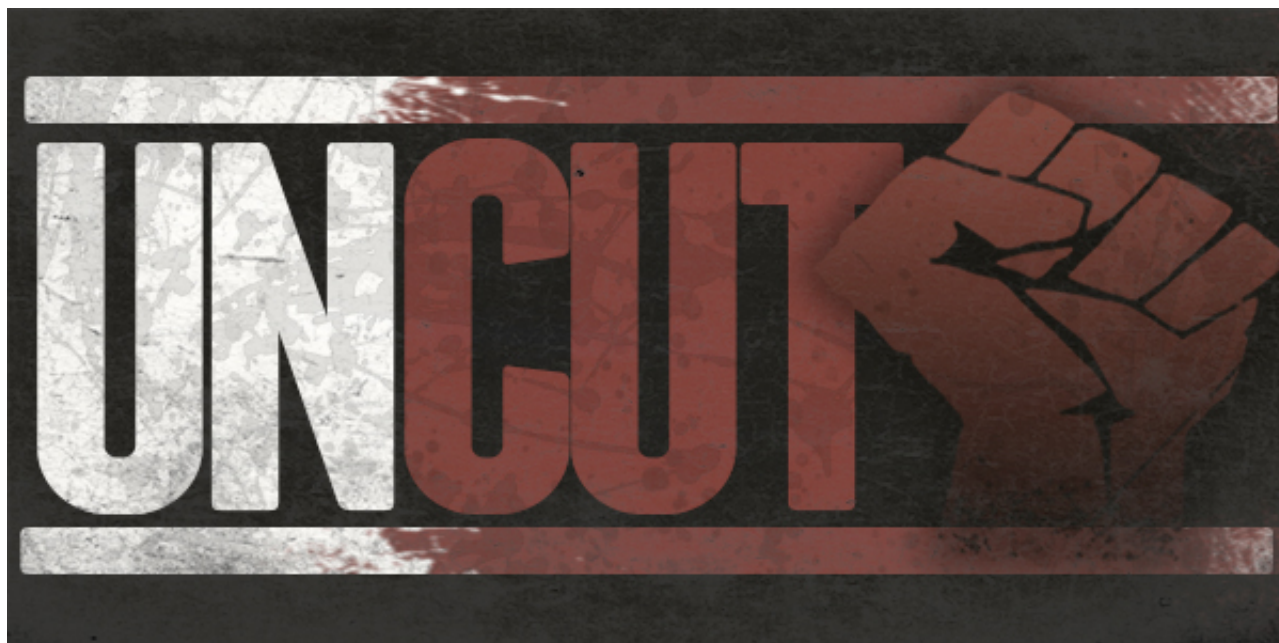


SHOW OPEN

WINGMAN TITUS CAMPBELL vs. DOUG MATTON

DDK:

Welcome to UNCUT! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and I'm alongside Lance Warner carrying the color as we try and catch our breath from what was a NOTEWORTHY two-night DEFtv 186!

Lance:

Yes! Lindsay Troy and Dex Joy on a collision course for Maximum DEFIANCE! The new trio of LEGENDS! Former FIST of DEFIANCE Gage Blackwood, wrestling legend Jack Harmen and THE ORIGINAL Ace of DEFIANCE, Bronson Box! New tag teams coming out of the woodwork! Rezin's climb for four title defenses starts on a great note!

DDK:

Tonight on UNCUT! We have a championship match... [checking notes] ...Oh. Malak Garland defending the... Paper Championship... against Caitlyn Kinsey. A rookie wrestling only her third match.

Lance:

But that's not all. After viciously attacking NDR and ripping an earring out of Teri Melton's ear, Tabitha Kinsey and her new charges, The Company Men, are in action! Heavy Artillery made an immediate impact attacking MV1 and TA Cole after their match last night!

DDK:

But first up tonight, we've got singles action on deck! "Wingman" Titus Campbell of The Gulf Coast Connection takes on BRAZEN's Doug Matton in singles action! Matton has recently had a change in attitude down in BRAZEN and is now looking for his first chance at big time success, but he'll have to go through the big man of Gulf Coast Connection to get there first! Let's get to the show!

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo w/KB and Trip Lee ♪

The trio make their way out from the back to a nice pop from the crowd! Crescent City Kid is out first and then behind him comes "Wingman" Titus Campbell is out next in a silver themed Mardi-Gras hat and sunglasses with lights! Finally, out comes Theodore Cain! The Gulf Coast Connection take a moment to pose and pump up the crowd, soaking in their very respectable response from the Providence crowd!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first, from New Orleans, Louisiana... being accompanied by Theodore Cain and Crescent City Kid, weighing in at 271 pounds... **"WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL!**

With his cohorts welcoming him to the ring, Campbell raises his hands in the air and throws his silver colored Mardi Gras hat into the crowd! He waits for his opponent for the evening.

♪ "11th Hour" by Lamb of God ♪

The theme plays and out comes the scrappy technician from Kill Devil Hills, taking a swig from an open bottle of unmarked whiskey.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Kill Devil Hills, NOOOOORRRTH CARO-LINA... weighing in at 233 pouds... **DOUG "MOONSHINE" MATTON!**

Once a friendly but technically skilled drunk in BRAZEN, now a wild drunk that wants to rip people's arms up. When he gets to ringside, he rips off his bandana and throws it towards Theodore Cain and CCK. They take it and throw it back. He curses them out off-mic, takes another swig of whiskey and then rolls under the ropes to enter the ring. Titus Campbell does a few quick stretches in the ring, then starts playing up for the crowd, leading them in a cheer just as Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

Titus turns around only to catch a battering ram headbutt to the gut from Matton!

DDK:

Right away, an attack from Doug Matton! He calls himself "The Dirt Worst" for the lengths he's willing to go for a win.

Lance:

And this would be a big win for him over a main roster member. We have seen several call-ups make a quick impact in DEFIANCE. Big Kahuna Ali'i, Heavy Artillery to name a few already. Will Matton add himself to that list?

Doug Matton delivers another battering ram headbutt to double Titus over, then grabs him by the arm and pulls it over the nearby top rope! He wrenches the arm of Campbell and pulls it over the top cable!

DDK:

Don't let this outward appearance fool you - Matton may be one of the better technicians in BRAZEN today! All to work up the arm with a fujiwara armbar finisher he calls the Topoff!

Doug continues to wrench Campbell's arm in the ropes until Rex Knox starts yelling a five-count to break it up. Like any good bad guy, Matton milks the count until four and then backs off. He gets jeers from the crowd before he waits and then jabs Titus in the throat with a double throat-thrust! With the Wingman stunned near the corner after the cheap shot, Matton grabs him by the neck!

Lance:

Doug Matton trying to suplex the big man now! He's worked over that arm but I don't know how wise this is!

DDK:

He's got Titus... No! Titus reverses!

The Wingman sends Doug Matton airborne with a huge vertical suplex! Matton pops up off the mat in pain and arches his back as Titus rolls over for the first cover of the match.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Kickout there by Doug Matton! But Titus now in control!

Titus goes to make sure his left arm is okay, then sits up and Doug tries to crawl to the nearby ropes. The Wingman runs and then hits a big leapfrog body guillotine against the ropes and has Doug reeling for air after the big shot! Titus goes over to bump fists between the ropes with CCK and Theodore Cain now that he's in control.

Lance:

After that leapfrog body guillotine, he's looking good against Matton!

DDK:

And I think he's about to take Doug on another flight! The Turbulence might be coming up!

TC pulls Doug up off the mat and then onto his shoulders! He starts to go for the airplane spin, but before he can, Doug rakes at his face! Rex Knox reprimands him for it, but he's able to slip over his shoulder to land on the ring apron. When Titus turns around, Matton grabs his left arm and WRENCHES it up against the top cable!

DDK:

OOH! That could have done some damage to the arm! Smart thinking by Doug Matton!

The Faithful jeer as Matton slides back into the ring while Titus is left reeling, only to eat a sloppy, but effective running dropkick by Matton! The Dirt Worst sends him crashing to the mat and then goes for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

That running dropkick looked pretty sloppy, but he still knocked him down!

DDK:

There's a reason Doug shouldn't leave his feet, but he's good on the mat! And now stomping away on the arm!

The BRAZEN star puts the boots to Titus' arm again on the mat. After stomping away several more times, he slaps on a top wristlock and tries to work over the arm again.

DDK:

We've said it already, but what a statement win this would be for Doug Matton. A submission victory nonetheless!

Theodore Cain and CCK rally the crowd behind their friend as his arm gets worked over in the top wristlock! He cranks back, but Titus hears the crowd and then starts to fight up to his knees. Despite Doug's yelling for The Wingman to stay down, TC does no such thing and feeds off the response of the crowd. He fights with elbows to the chest to get Matton to back off, but Matton attacks the leg and kicks him.

DDK:

Another big kick by Matton there! He's going for the leg!

Now Matton tries to drag him to the mat for The Topoff! He tries to drag down Titus for the fujiwara armbar, but Titus uses his good arm to push him to the ropes. When he comes back, he's now on the shoulders of Titus!

DDK:

Doug came in with a gameplan, but it just ran into some Turbulence!

Lance:

You've had that one lined up all match, haven't you?

The crowd cheers when Titus holds onto Matton as best he can with one good arm and one partially-good arm and spins around! Again and again and again! He takes him several more times as the crowd counts along with each rotation! After about ten, Titus stops and THROWS him down with a front fireman's carry slam!

DDK:

You know I did, Lance! And now Titus feeling it! Cover by Titus with the good arm!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

This is a great showing tonight by Matton! He's worked over that arm and kicked out of one of Titus' bigger moves!

The Wingman has the support of the crowd as he tries to get the feeling back in his left arm. He climbs up and then

underhooks the arms of Matton. He tries to lift him up for the Hook-up, but the left arm gives way!

DDK:

No! Matton kicks out... and he attacks the arm! Double knee armbreaker by Matton!

Once again, he targets the bad arm with another move and brings down Titus to a knee! Titus is favoring the arm when Matton tries to apply the Topoff a second time! He has Campbell close to being on the mat...

Lance:

Titus trying to fight it!

He stands his ground and shoves Matton to the mat... then SMACKS him across the face with a stiff big boot!

DDK:

Oooh! Big boot right on the mark by Titus!

Titus once again tries to shake his arm and get feeling back into it after the big kick to the face. Matton is seeing stars when Titus fights through the pain and hooks him up...

DDK:

There it is! The Hook-up by Titus Campbell!

He turns Matton over into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo w/KB and Trip Lee ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **"WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL!**

Titus pulls his left arm away from Rex Knox trying to raise it, so Knox raises the right one. Titus looks happy for the win.

DDK:

Doug Matton gave Titus a lot of trouble by working that arm, but couldn't close the deal. Titus fought through the pain and scored with The Hook-up!

Lance:

And now the Gulf Coast Connection doing what they do best... celebrating with The Faithful!

Theodore Cain, CCK and Titus Campbell now leave the ring to celebrate and party on their way up the ramp as the shows goes onward.

VOOING THE VAE VICTIS VIST

VHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

I VENT TO VAR VITH THE VIST OF DEFIANCE. OUR BATTLE VILL BE SPOKEN OF FOR CENTURIES.

I TASTED DEFEAT, BUT I VILL RISE AGAIN. THAT IS NO CONCERN.

NO... VHAT VORRIES ME... IS SOMETHING... STRONGER.

I FELT IT.

I FELT A CONNECTION.

THE VARRIOR KNOWN AS LINDSAY TROY. A VORTHY OPPONENT.

BUT STILL... A MERE MORTAL.

AND YET... SHE VAUNTS MY DREAMS.

VHAT DOES THIS MEAN!? VHY CAN I THINK OF NOTHING BUT THE QUEEN OF THE RING!?

I AM COUNT NOVICK!!! I AM TIMELESS!!! A TERROR FOR ALL TIME!!!

HOW CAN I... BE IN LOVE VITH A MORTAL!?!?

IT MAKES. NO. SENSE.

VHAT CAN I DO!? THIS IS A VORBIDDEN ROMANCE. A DANGEROUS LIAISON. IT'S SIMPLY... NOT... POSSIBLE.

...

...

...

AND VHY DOES MY BLAAAAAAUUUDDDD BOIL!?!?

...

...

...

...I KNOW VHAT I MUST DO.

NO MORTAL CAN RESIST THE ALLURE OF COUNT NOVICK. BUT THIS... THIS IS DIFFERENT. I MUST EARN HER ADMIRATION. I MUST... VOO HER.

AND I VILL! I VILL DESTROY HER MINIONS!! ONE BY ONE!!! ALL OF VAE VICTIS VILL VALL!!!!

AND I START VITH YOU... KERRY KUROYAMA.

YOU VILL VEEL THE VRAITH OF COUNT NOVICK. AND AFTER I MAKE YOU ANOTHER OF COUNT NOVICK'S VICTIMS... I COME FOR YOUR QUEEN.

VOR SHE VILL BE YOUR QUEEN NO LONGER.

SHE VILL BE MY... QUEEN OF THE NIGHT!!!

AH!! HA!! HA!!

DEFENSIVE MANEUVERS

When: *In the midst of DEFTv 186 Night One*

Where: *Backstage*

Just moments removed from a hellacious surprise attack at the hands of the tag team known as Heavy Artillery, Masked Violator #1 is seated on a folding chair, three DEFmed team-members hovering around him. Right hand clutching an ice pack to the back of his head & mask, left hand wrapped around his ribs, MV1's mask is contorted in clear pain.

MV1:

I'm good, folks. I am.

Trying to brush them off, MV1 finds his feet, pride peeling the hand away from his chest as he winces up to full height.

MV1:

Hey, has anyone heard how Cole is doing?

One of the DEFmed staff shakes their head.

MV1:

Go check on him, I'm good.

As DEFmed melts away, Christie Zane steps into shot, mic in hand.

Christie Zane:

MV1, we just witnessed a brutal assault from Bobby Horrigan and Roosevelt Owens on you and TA Levi Cole... are you alright?

MV1 presses the ice pack to the back of his head for a moment before pulling it away, brow furrowed.

MV1:

I don't know what that was all about, Miss Zane. Apparently those big boys got a bee in their bonnet when the Specials told them they didn't rate. Well, I struggle to see how jumping a guy who just battled through a hard-fought match proves a darn thing, but what do I know?

Christie Zane:

It's unclear why they attacked Levi Cole... but I think some fans were surprised to see you come to his aid.

Re-applying the ice pack, MV1 stifles a grimace.

MV1:

Look, I know that Levi Cole has earned a reputation in the locker room and with the fans ever since he saddled up with Ned Reform... but he showed me in that ring tonight that he has an incredible level of talent and a ton of potential. And what I'm never gonna do is stand by and watch two bullies bully their way through this promotion. That's never gonna happen.

Christie Zane:

They certainly—

MV1 holds up a hand.

MV1:

I'm so sorry to interrupt, but do you know if Cole is alright? He might have got the worst of it.

Christie Zane:

I know he was being attended to—

#1's eyes scan the corridor, suddenly going wide.

MV1:

What the...

The camera pivots to spy what he is fixed on: a nearby monitor with the DEFtv live feed. The angled visage of Lord Nigel Trickelbush fills the screen. MV1 steps up to it, nearly nose to nose with the image of His Lordship.

MV1:

What IS this?

MV1 turns the volume up.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush: (on monitor)

—can you imagine a world without your friend, Nigel?

Christie Zane:

I'm told this is Lord Trickelbush's pre-recorded farewell message to DEFIANCE.

MV1's muscles visibly relax, realizing that Trickelbush isn't in the building. He watches and listens a few beats longer. Then curtly pans the volume back down and steps back toward Christie, casting one final glance over his shoulder.

MV1:

I do apologize, Miss Zane, that was unprofessional of me.

Christie Zane:

No, it's alright... do YOU have a farewell message for Nigel?

Pressing the cold pack one last time, MV1 then spikes it on the ground, angry. Loud music booms off in the arena.

MV1:

No. That twisted old man is yesterday's news. I've wasted enough words and enough time and energy ridding him of this place. But what I said holds true — I'm never going to sit idly by and watch bullies impose their will on innocent people. I'll always be one of those who stands up when I see inequity, injustice, and corruption. I'm always going to be one of the people fighting so that others can be the best versions of themselves. That's just who I am and that is what I am all about. Whether that's a certified scumbag like Nigel Trickelbush warping and twisting a good man into something darker... or two overgrown, under achieving wanna-be's who look at a guy like Cole, or a guy like Me, and see an easy target.

MV1 squares up with the camera, Zane reaches to keep the mic where it needs to be. A booming, accented voice can be heard echoing in the stadium.

MV1:

There are a lot of ways to get ahead in this business: hard work, determination, perseverance, patience, the ability to listen. Those are qualities that have put men like Dex Joy in the spot he finds himself in today. Those are the kind of traits that make men like Rezin HEROES in this sport. Those guys didn't jump the line. Those guys didn't try changing the rules. They paid their dues, they stuck it out, they made the most of every single opportunity in front of them when it absolutely mattered most.

He pauses to take a breath, readjusting his posture.

MV1:

Men like Owens and Horrigan... they might think they're making a statement... they might think they're staking a claim...

but what they are really doing... is making a big MISTAKE.

Jabbing his index finger towards the arena, MV1's eyes follow it — then get caught once more on the live monitor. Mesmerized, he steps towards the TV once more, away from Christie.

On the screen, Corvo Alpha is in the ring, having just bludgeoned Butcher Victorious over and out of the ring, menacing eyes locked on a smirking Oscar Burns. MV1 nods his head, turning back to the camera.

MV1:

You two chumps want to make the most of an opportunity? Tell you what. Come to DEFtv 187, Heavy Artillery. Bring the biggest and baddest guns you got...

His head turns to glance at the monitor, at Alpha, one final time.

MV1:

I'll bring my partner, too, how does THAT sound?

Turning to Christie with a nod—

MV1:

Thanks for your time, Miss Zane. I've gotta go get my teammate.

—MV1 walks off shot and down the corridor, leaving Zane to wordlessly watch him go as we slowly fade to black.

REINHARDT HOFFMAN vs. BRONSON BOX

DDK:

Partner coming up ... well hell, I couldn't believe it when they handed me the lineup.

Lance:

Last minute addition, apparently! A recently returned superstar wanted to shake off a little ring rust with an old friend.

"The Entertainer" by turn of the century ragtime pianist Scott Joplin begins to play throughout the arena and imminently the faithful are on their feet erupting into a tidal wave of noise. Normally such a mild musical selection wouldn't bring anyone to their feet. Tonight is decidedly not "normally."

Darren Quimbey:

Making his RETURN to the ring tonight in an exhibition versus the hand picked opponent standing to my right...

He motions to the far corner where former BRAZEN champion, the Gentleman German, Reinhardt Hoffman stands calm and reserved as always with his hands clasped respectfully behind his back.

The faithful don't really give Quimbey a chance...

*BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!
BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!
BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!*

Darren Quimbey:

He is a former TWO TIME FIST of DEFIANCE. The first ever Unified DEFIANCE Heavyweight Champion. And recently found himself... in the hallowed halls of the DEFIANCE Hall of Fame.

We can scarcely hear the ring announcement or the song over the roar of the faithful as from backstage strolls none other than... Jack Harmen! The living legend gets to the top of the ramp and spins on his heels back towards the entrance just as a very familiar wide pair of shoulders slides between the curtain.

Darren Quimbey:

FAITHFUL, WELCOME BACK THE *HEAD OF THE CONGREGATION*... BRONSOOOOOOOOOOOON
BOOOOOOOOOOOOX!

It's only as The Original DEFIANT joins Jack Harmen at the top of the ramp we see both men are sporting matching yolked Gage Blackwood t-shirts. Boxer and Harmen share a short wordless nod and make their way down the ramp and towards the ring.

DDK:

No pomp, no fireworks, no fluff! Arguably the greatest homegrown star in DEFIANCE history returns like he never left! After making a HUGE impact to close out DEFTv with his new compatriots the scuttlebut backstage was he counsel't wait to get back out here and put boots to canvas.

Lance:

This is a really interesting one, Keebs. Not only is Bronson's long long personal history with Reinhardt well known at this point. Lesser known connection between Hoffman and the legend escorting The Original DEFIANT to the ring, Jack Harmen.

DDK:

Indeed, Hoffman is a BRAZEN original and the very first BRAZEN champion. Harmen being one of the main brains backstage for the developmental brand from way back, he and Reinhardt have spent a lot of time together developing and scouting talent.

As the announcers continue on detailing the many strands of connective tissue between all three men, Hoffman to his

credit is unshakably focused on the task at hand. Chiefly, kicking the living hell out of his cocksure best friend and ruining his big DEFIANCE comeback.

This is Bronson Box's friend we're talking about here. It's not a *normal* relationship by any means.

Boxer stomps up the stairs, making a real show of it. Hesitating for only one sincere moment to breathe in the moment before game faces on, he loops a leg through the ropes and back into a DEFIANCE ring for the first time in ages. The reaction from the crowd can best be described as joyfully rowdy. Overjoyed to see the true ACE back in the mix and desperately ready to see him ply his trade.

Referee Hector Navarro calls the two men to the center of the ring. Jack Harmen joins them and shares a few words with Reinhardt before making his way to ringside where he posts up in a neutral corner.

Lance:

Doesn't seem like Harmen will be a factor in this one.

DDK:

I think he's just here to get the best seat in the house for what I'm sure is going to be a heck of a contest.

Lance:

Friends or no friends, neither Bronson nor Reinhardt strike me as the "friendly exhibition" type.

As though Lance Warner was some sort of soothsayer, this contest pops off the second the bell rings.

DING DING

WHAM!

Hoffman charges in with a surprise European uppercut before the bell even had a chance to finish ringing.

Lance:

OH DAMN!

The Original DEFIANT is taken completely off guard and gets his head nearly ripped off by the biceps of his closest friend in the world. Boxer rattles off the turnbuckle and down onto the mat where Hoffman is Johnny on the spot with the pin cover...

1...

2...

DDK:

HOLY HELL!

Lance:

Can you believe it?!

The roar of the crowd at the two count near fall is something behold.

The look in Bronson's now wide bloodshot brown eyes is something else completely. Both men are back on their feet ending up forehead to forehead. After a few choice expletives screamed at the loudest possible volume Bronson returns the favor, cracking off a European uppercut of his own. Not one to be shown up, Hoffman gives Box a receipt in the form of yet another European uppercut.

Lance:

Would you listen to that impact?! Less than a quarter of one of those suckers would have a normal person in a neckbrace, Keebs!

DDK:

If you had your money on “quickly devolves into bloody violence” you just struck it big, folks!

After a particularly nasty uppercut Bronson finds himself in control, backing the Gentleman German into the most convenient corner and goes about one of his absolute favorite pastimes... something he's missed terribly since he's been away. Chopping mother[censored] to absolute death.

POP POP POP POP...

The violent effects of Boxer's enormous hand landing palm first with all the might his haggis and whisky fueled body can muster are visible immediately.

Lance:

We have blood!

DDK:

Bronson Box just SLAPPED open the chest of his best friend, ladies and gentleman!

Normally a very calm and even tempered man, the reaction to the sight of his own blood surprises even him. The series of forearm shots he musters into the side of Bronson's head sends The ACE stumbling back towards the center ring. Hoffman wastes not a second lunging in and picking a leg. Down on the mat where the younger, more maneuverable Hoffman is at home Boxer struggles. Hoff assaults Boxers legs with a series of knee popping, shin aching maneuvers. Box makes several valiant and skillful attempts to gain the upperhand in the exchange but finds his graps lacking.

DDK:

Nice snug looking side headlock from Hoffman! Box looks to be struggling, partner!

As the announcers exclaim back and forth that this might be it for what seems like an eternity. With his eyes going glassy, Box starts to fade... when suddenly...

Lance:

Bronson is stirring, Keebs!

DDK:

He's got his hands underneath him but... is... is he just standing up?!

Hoffman's side headlock still expertly applied, Bronson Box once again taps his inhuman reserve of strength to muscle himself to his feet. Knowing there's no expert reversal to this kind of freakishness Hoffman hesitates long enough for Box to reach around and lock in a classic bear hug. Try as he might, Hoffman can't find a gap in this particular maneuver. Bronson's arms are just too big and his hands clasped far too tightly.

But The Wargod isn't done...

DDK:

BEAR HUG INTO A RELEASE BELLY TO BELLY FROM BOX! Reinhart is routed!

As Hoffman gets to his feet he realizes he's standing on the ring apron watching a furious Bronson Box charging in giant terrifying hands first. After a few reckless looking forearms to the side of Reinhardt's head puts him back on dream street, allowing Bronson to set up one of his vintage spots. He steps up on the middle rope near the corner, hooks Hoff's arm and gives the crowd a sinister looking smile...

DDK:

SECOND ROPE ELEVATED DEADLIFT SUPLEX FROM BOXER!

Lance:

How nice of him to help Hoff back in the ring like that, what a good friend!

Boxer wastes no time pouncing on his primed prey, muscleying the German back up to his feet and then up onto Boxer's shoulder back first.

DDK:

Canadian backbreaker here from the former two time FIST of DEFIANCE!

Hoffman grimaces as Boxer wrenches downward several times, ripping and tearing at the muscles in Reinhardt's back. Knowing he won't last much longer up here he reaches around and in a hail mary play digs his fingers blindly into Boxer's eyes. Hoffman slips out the backdoor and zeros in once again on the leg of Bronson's he'd worked with earlier in the match. This time with a little more viciousness...

DDK:

This has definitely kicked up a few intensity levels!

Lance:

Hoffman isn't the type to roll over Darren, you know that. He was never going to make this easy for Box.

DDK:

Something tells me Bronson wouldn't have it any other way, partner.

After transitioning between several improvised looking, tendon stretching holds Hoffman settles in on a calf crusher that leaves the bulky Bronson once again struggling in Hoffman's superior ground game.

Lance:

You know what they say about poking a bear, Darren?

Almost as if on cue, Bronson manages to get his massive arm back and around the unprotected neck of Hoffman, breaking the hold. Still sprawling on the mat, Box digs down in his dirty bag of tricks to overcome his friend's encyclopedic technical knowledge...

DDK:

SACRED HEART! This abdominal claw hold is a whole different kind of pain than what most wrestlers experience in a ring. Stomach churning submission hold!

Lance:

Especially when it's being applied with Bronson's legendary RED RIGHT HAND! More blood, Keeps!

Indeed, the intentionally longer than normal nails on Boxer's right hand dig DEEP into the tender belly of Hoffman. As the Wargod pushes down with all his weight Hoffman lets loose a scream unlike anything we've heard escape his lips before. Not allowing him a second to breathe, Box snaps to his feet and wrenches Hoffman into powerbomb position. What fans weren't already on their feet are now as Box points at the nearest available turnbuckle, hoists Hoff onto his massive shoulders, lunges forward...

DDK:

BOMBASTO BOOOOOOOOOOOOMB! SWEET LORD ALMIGHTY!

Boxer releases Hoff and the poor Gentleman German crashes backfirst into the top turnbuckle. The rest is textbook as Box catches Hoffman before he falls in a fireman's carry, rolling right into an inevitable...

1...

2...

3...

DING DING DING

The fans rain adoration down on Bronson Box as the Scottish Strongman takes his bows on all four turnbuckles. As Box dismounts the last turnbuckle he turns and finds himself face to face with a furious, bloodied and busted Reinhardt Hoffman.

Lance:

Uh oh... have we just seen the end of a decades long friendship here, Keebs?

DDK:

God, you hope not. I knew this match wasn't a smart idea. Bronson might be more mellow than he used to be but he's still wound tighter than a watch spring.

Before the two old friends can come to any blows Jack Harmen is in the ring like a flash. Showing he's got balls bigger than most he voluntarily slides between the two men looking to calm tempers and appeal to their better... less heated instincts. We don't hear exactly what Harmen says to the two men but both jaws almost immediately untighten and surprisingly Boxer is the first to extend a hand. With almost no hesitation Hoffman accepts, wagging a playful finger in Bronson's face. "Next time" we see Hoffman mouth as he vacates the ring allowing Bronson his flowers. Harmen smiles, claps along with the crowd and joins him at ringside. After one last bow and a raucous WELCOME BACK chant from his faithful all three men make their way backstage together.

Opening Your Third Eye

Earlier This Week - hiking trail outside Providence, RI

The words appear on the screen when the scene opens to Nathan Eye hugging his new autobiography close to his chest. He is dressed in a white hiking shirt and matching colored cargo shorts. He points to an open field that is out in the distance and is waving someone along that is following not too far behind him. Out in the distance, crashing waves across a beach can be heard.

Nathan Eye:

Not too much farther, DEC4L! We're almost there!

The man who calls himself Natty Eyce points to the clearing.

Nathan Eye:

The spot I set up for us is just across that clearing! Your training begins there, young pollywog or whatever those Star Trek geeks are called.

DEC4L:

Right after you Jed-eye Master, Natty.

Declan knuckles up the DEFCON victory before the two blue chip wrestlers approach the clearing. Nathan stops to observe the area around them.

Nathan Eye:

My friend! You and I, we've come so far since BRAZEN! You and I are both former BRAZEN champions! We were both the top of our respective classes! We have natural gifts that people would kill to have. As good as we are on our own, I really think that we can do great things together as a duo. Tom is busy working on some stuff with the Lucky Sevens, but I wanted this chance to bond out here. I think if I hadn't been injured ... you know, for fourteen months we would have been closer friends, but there's no reason we can't make up for lost time!

He points just head and Declan looks shocked at what he is seeing.

DEC4L:

Fam, this is cap, right?

Coals!

Hot coals!

DEC4L:

Did I lose a bet or something? Is this even legal in Rhode Island?

Nathan Eye:

Don't worry about it. Do you know how long it took to have this coal imported from Mumbai? All these people have for miles is Kingsford! That just makes me sad and frowny on the inside.

Nathan points at the coals.

Nathan Eye:

I set these up because I want to help you find your way, DEC4L! I spent a lot of time on the shelf getting my mind and my body stronger for the day I could come back and it paid off! I haven't lost on a big show since I returned and I think I can do the same for you in a much quicker time!

Nathan jumps up and kicks his flip flops off his feet in a very flashy fashion. He lands barefoot on the ground and gives Declan his book.

Nathan Eye:

Hold this my friend. Let my book, 251 Pages of Pure Perseverance, motivate you while you watch 251 Pounds of Pure Perseverance walk across these hot coals like nothing at all!

Natty Eyce takes a few deep breaths and then outstretches his arms. With a relatively quick pace, he starts walking across the coals until he makes it to the other side without any issues. Declan looks impressed! The PogChamp nods in approval before giving the Golden State Guru a well deserved round of applause.

Nathan Eye:

Just let yourself be inspired like the rest of my Eye-Luminati and you can walk over anything ... or anyone! Vae Victis, that giant child Dan Leo James and anyone else that thinks that you don't have what it takes to go far. Take all that negativity and channel it into something positive! Or as I like to say ...

Nathan taps on the center of his forehead.

Nathan Eye:

Keep your Eyes on the Prize and you can do anything you want!

The BFTA prodigy reaches down into the coals and gets some ashes onto his fingertips before drawing a third eye onto the forehead of Declan Alexander. The green eyes of the Intrepid Influencer tries to see what Natty is drawing on him.

DEC4L:

You didn't just put a dick on my forehead... did you?

Nathan Eye:

Never. We're beyond such juvenile displays now. I'm simply opening your third eye and letting you see the world the same way as I do now. Now is the time, Declan. Follow me in taking your first steps towards self-actualization and our destiny.

Reluctantly, Alexander kicks off his Jordans (clearly not knowing a trip into the wilds was on the itinerary today) and stares down at the coals. Closing his eyes he takes a deep breath.

Nathan Eye:

See it and be it.

Hyping himself up, DEC4L bounces a bit, shaking all the negative thoughts out of his body before confidently stepping forward onto the coals and letting out a primal scream.

DEC4L:

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA HO-LY SHIT! THE FUCK WAS THAT?!

Falling to the ground, Declan quickly drags himself away from the coals before grabbing his ankle and looking at the bottom of his foot. Sure to see a hole melted directly through like he was impaled upon a lightsaber. Slamming his fist into the ground repeatedly, Alexander looks back at Natty Eyce biting his lip in frustration with no keyboard around to break.

Nathan Eye:

Maybe we should have started you off with the Kingsford. It was silly of me to give you such advanced coal, but don't worry! We'll keep trying. I also had Morrow get the two of us a match on DEF TV next week as a team!

DEC4L:

Fam, as much as I'd love a match, I'm not even sure if I can stand. Can you give a handsome man a hand here?

Nathan gives a hand to Declan and helps him up to his feet.

Nathan Eye:

Don't worry! I'm sure you're gonna be just fine and then when you recover, we'll show all of DEFIANCE Wrestling just who we are! Natty Eyce! DEC4L! We are ... ooh I have not thought of a catchy tag team name yet. I knew I was forgetting something! We'll work on that. Something that will tell people that we're gonna succeed no matter how much you throw at us! Like a catch phrase or a mantra or ... that's it!

Declan looks a little worried about his burn but Nathan seems more worried about their name.

Nathan Eye:

We are MANTRA!!! Maybe make that all caps because it looks cool and shows we mean business. What do you think?

Still breathing through his teeth and trying to put pressure on his foot, DEC4L pats Nate on the shoulder.

DEC4L:

Sounds good. We'll give it a glow up but first... I need some ice, Natty.

He realizes now that his friend is hurting.

Nathan Eye:

Sorry! Sorry! We'll get you some ice and then some Kingsford and try again in the morning!

THE DIFFERENCE

PREVIOUSLY RECORDED AT DEFTV 186...

Kerry Kuroyama steps through the curtain, returning backstage immediately after the opening match to the second night of DEFTv 186. He finds Jamie Sawyers waiting for him with a microphone in hand.

Jamie Sawyers:

Kerry, congratulations on the win.

Kuroyama reacts to the complimentary words with a curt nod. His hands casually grip the ends of the towel slung over his shoulders, completely unused considering he's hardly broken a sweat.

Jamie Sawyers:

Though he initially gave you some stiff competition, you eventually made quick work of David Fox here tonight. What do you feel made the difference here tonight?

Kerry casually shrugs.

Kerry Kuroyama:

There was nothing out of the ordinary in there, Jamie. Tonight was just a simple matter of just going in there and getting the job done. What makes the difference, Jamie, is being different. And what makes Vae Victis different is our ability to consistently take care of business against the company's lesser-tiered talent.

Jamie Sawyers:

"Lesser-tiered?" Is that what you consider David Fox to be?

Seattle's BEAST rolls his eyes.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Is there any other way to describe him, Jamie? The guy is tenured, and I respect that, but he doesn't have anything to show for it. But at least he earned his paycheck tonight.

Jamie Sawyers:

Still, for an initial foray into singles action, wouldn't you say--

Kuroyama cuts him off with a wave of his head.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I'd say we're spending too much time talking about a guy I dropped in less than three minutes. It's time to move on, Jamie. To more important and meaningful prospects.

Jamie Sawyers:

Prospects, you say?

Kerry grins, somewhat deviously.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I'd rather not show my hand at this point, Jamie, but let's just say that in the wake of DEFCON, certain opportunities have arisen. And I am definitely interested in jumping on one of them. But... all in due time. What's important right now is keeping myself sharp and focused, until the time comes to make my move.

Kuroyama continues past the reporter, headed for the Vae Victis private dressing room, leaving Sawyers to stand and ponder.

HEAVY ARTILLERY vs. ONLYFLIPS

DDK:

Uncut continues on, ladies and gentlemen, with tag team action.

Lance:

Up next, BRAZEN's Heavy Artillery, a team that made quite the splash one week ago, is set to take on Only Flips.

DDK:

Quite the... splash?

Lance:

It was an unintentional pun. But in all seriousness: Bobby Horrigan and Roosevelt Owens launched an unprovoked attack on MV1 and Levi Cole following their match... and mere moments ago, we heard MV1 lay down the challenge for DEFtv 187!

As Lance speaks, footage from the attack plays. Both Cole and MV1 get brutal splashes against the metal turnbuckle.

DDK:

Could we be on the cusp of the return of the Masked Violators? And if so, is Heavy Artillery really ready for what they've unleashed?

To the ring, where Darren Quimbey stands with a mic in hand, looking into the hard cam. Behind him, Only Flip's Kenny Yi talks strategy with the rocker-looking Lee Laz.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first, at a combined weight of 402 pounds... they are the team of Kenny Yi and Lee Laz and they would like you to like and subscribe their page of great aerial moves and tricks... ONLYFLIPS!

The two young men get a modest and respectful applause from the crowd before the music of their opponents hits...

♪ "Mamma Said Knock You Out" by Five Finger Death Punch feat. Tech N9ne ♪

BOOOOOO!

Heavy Artillery - the pair of behemoths known as Bobby Horrigan and Rosey Owens - walk out from the back to a stronger reaction than the one they received at DEFtv 186. Horrigan allows himself a cocky smirk at the reaction while Owens is all business. Both men power walk their mammoth frames down the ramp and toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... weighing in at a combined weight of... WOAH!

Quimbey ducks for cover as Heavy Artillery doesn't even give the bell a chance to ring. They attack Only Flubs with the clubberin' blows and the cruiserweights are rocked as they try to cover up. Referee Hector Navarro tries to get the match started properly, but Heavy Artillery's bad attitude appears to have carried over from DEFtv as they pay him no mind. Horrigan isolates Kenny in one corner as Rosey pounds Laz into the opposite turnbuckle. Both members of Heavy Artillery shoot each other a sly grin before whipping their respective opponents to the center of the ring - and both members of Only Flips collide head on! They both recoil in pain... but are again brought back together when they are SANDWICHED by a double running splash by Heavy Artillery! Horrigan and Roosevelt take a step back and laugh as both Kenny and Laz fall to the mat.

DDK:

Heavy Artillery seemingly continuing their path of destruction!

Lance:

Flex in a Box has been granted a title shot at DEFtv 187, and Heavy Artillery has found a rather disgusting way to express their disapproval.

Finally acknowledging Navarro, Horrigan roughly tosses Kenny to his corner and then moves himself into Heavy Artillery's corner. Hector seems torn on what to do, but he bends down to check on Laz, and the young light heavyweights seems to acknowledge that he would like to continue. Reluctantly, Navarro signals for the bell...

DING DING!

...and Laz gets squashed flat by a Rosey Owens running splash! Owens gets back up... tag to Horrigan... Horrigan with a big splash of his own! Owens tagged back in - third splash! Horrigan again - FOURTH SPLASH! Navarro suggests that they just pin the poor guy, but Bobby laughs in the DEFIANCE official's face. The fans begin to jeer, so Horrigan turns to jaw jack with the fans in the front row for a bit. When he turns back toward the match... KENNY LI with a springboard moonsault!

DDK:

Kenny Li showing off that impressive athleticism... oh no...

Sadly, it didn't get the kid very far, as Horrigan has caught him in mid-air. He shifts Kenny into a bodyslam position and drives the smaller man ruthlessly into the mat. And then poor Kenny gets the same treatment has his partner... a Bobby Horrigan running splash. Tag. A Rosey Owens running splash. Tag. Horrigan. Tag. Roosevelt. Finally, there isn't much left of Kenny, and Rosey casually tosses his broken form over the top to the outside. As for Laz, he still hasn't moved, but that suits Heavy Artillery just fine. Standing over him, Horrigan enters the ring and Rosey Owens in an EXTREMELY impressive move, lifts Bobby onto his shoulders in the electric chair position! Steadying himself for a moment, Owens stands over Laz before LAUNCHING his partner from his shoulders and down onto LAZ!!

Lance:

Oh my God!

DDK:

They're going to seriously hurt this kid!

After that, it's academic. Roosevelt puts a foot on Laz's chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

DDK:

An absolutely dominant showing of destruction here tonight.

Lance:

Wait... Horrigan has a mic!

Before the music can fire up, a red faced Bobby Horrigan begins screaming into the mic as he points down at the roadkill that was once Laz.

Bobby Horrigan:

GET THIS PIECE OF TRASH OUT OF HERE!! YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS!? YOU SEE!?

He turns to look out into the fans.

Bobby Horrigan:

This is what happens when your favorites ignore Heavy Artillery. Whether it's a pair of drunks or some IDIOT with a box on his head, there ain't no team in BRAZEN OR DEFIANCE that measures up!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Bobby Horrigan:

MV1! More like... MVZero, amlright!?

Horrigan and Roosevelt have a chuckle at that profoundly stupid line.

Bobby Horrigan:

We heard your comments. You want more of Heavy Artillery? FINE! Same thing is gonna happen! You're gonna be flat on your back, but this time... Rosey and I won't stop. We're gonna take you out for good. We're gonna use YOU to send a message to the tag team champions that WE WON'T BE IGNORED! Consider your little challenge for DEFTv 187... ACCEPTED.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

And the match is booked!

Horrigan and Rosey high five and appear to be ready to leave... when Horrigan seems to remember something.

Bobby Horrigan:

Oh! That's right. Word on the street is your tag partner might be an old pal of yours, eh? That brainless jabroni Corvo Alpha gonna throw on the mask one more time? Getting the band back together? COOL! Bring it on. We'll send your team back to 2016 where it belongs. BRING IT!!!

Horrigan spikes the mic as he and Rosey throw one last look of disgust at Laz, who Nevarro is just beginning to peel off the mat.

Lance:

You heard it folks! Heavy Artillery vs. MV1 and a partner at DEFTv 187!! Will the Masked Violators ride again!?

Are You There, God? It's Me, JJ Dixon

Caitlyn Kinsey, in a bohemian dress and Manic Pixie Dream Girl raven black haircut, is sitting in the locker intently reading "Love In The Time of Cholera" by Gabriel García Márquez. But then she's interrupted by --

Brayden "Dubya" Leverington:

Whatcha reading there, Prodigy?

Dubya's wearing a high school varsity football jacket with a "CM" logo on the chest and a rich kid smirk. She rolls her eyes.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

What do you want, Dubya?

Dubya:

I just find it curious that you're reading that book before your match against Malak Garland. Biggest match of your life...

Caitlyn Kinsey:

Well, reading helps me relax.

Dubya:

Oh, I meant why you were reading that book. It's classic, yeah, but 100 Years of Solitude is his true masterpiece. Magic realism at its best.

Caitlyn does not know what to say as they seem to have a moment.

Dubya:

Maybe you want to talk about our favorite authors at some point? Maybe dinner?

We then hear someone clear his throat. It is JJ Dixon, He does not look happy. But what can he do about it? His left arm is in a thigh fly wrapped sling that's tucked under his John Cusack Say Anything-style grey trench coat over a Pearl Jam "Ten" T-Shirt.

JJ Dixon:

Hey, Dubya. Not sure why you're bothering my girlfriend here. I'd just be thankful if I were you that I only have one arm right now or else there'd be two hits -- me hitting you and you hitting the floor..

Dubya:

Fine, fine... No need for the violence, JJ! I was just going anyways. I just hope that arm holds up real quick, my guy. I'd call you 'my dude' but we all know you aren't 'That Dude' or a special attraction anymore...

Dubya coolly backpedals as JJ snarls at him. Caitlyn closes her book and stands up.

Caitlyn:

JJ, come on, I had that taken care of. He's nobody.

JJ:

Yeah, I know. It's just, you know, the past few weeks have been so messed up. Not with you. But, I was just finally getting going with my career. And then I lost to Nathan friggin' Eye because of Teri. And then my arms gets shredded by Arthur friggin' Pleasant. You ever feel cursed, Caitlyn? Like, no matter what, inside your heart, you feel that you're gonna lose?

Caitlyn:

Well, you can't just mope around. All you're doing is sitting on a couch, watching NBA games... and, like, not even that. You're more just looking at whatever NBA players are wearing before games on your phone. Did you even open up the

copy of the book I'm reading?

JJ:

Oh, you know I ain't the reading type, Caitlyn. But, yeah... you good for your match tonight?

Caitlyn:

Speaking of knowing you're going to lose...No? I mean, Malak's a dweeb... but he's been around for so long. It's my third match.

JJ:

Yeah, I know. But he's not going to take this match seriously. Use that against him. Plus, no matter what, you'll always be my paper champion.

She smiles and rolls her eyes at JJ.

Caitlyn:

You dork... But, also... I was going to tell you. But after the match, my grandmother wants to see me...

JJ tenses up.

Caitlyn:

.. And you.

JJ:

No way. I want nothing to do with whatever is happening with her and Teri. I am done with all of Teri's stuff.

Caitlyn:

Well, I need you there. Like... all of this is just hard. I'm starting out. She enters my life for the first time and essentially owns me and my mom financially. I meet you. Teri blames me for you breaking up with her. And now my grandmother takes out Teri. Like... come on, I just want to wrestle like a normal person. And also make out with you.

JJ:

I ain't opposed to that!

They start to make out frantically. Caitlyn's mother, Aurora Kaye, walks into the locker room like she has something to say but sees the young love blossom and decides it's best for another time.

THE COMPANY MEN VS. WILD LOGAN BARRY AND JEFF NESS

DDK:

And coming up now is a rematch of sorts from a few weeks ago on Uncut -- with a unit that, almost overnight, have caught the attention of many here in DEFIANCE!

Lance:

Last week, The Company Men interrupted their rivals NDR from making their DefTV debut and left them laying! And, not just that, it was all a ploy by Tabitha Kinsey to decimate her former protege Teri Melton.

Their opponents, Jeff Ness and "Wild" Logan Barry are already in the ring, raising their hands to the fans when introduced.

DDK:

It was at Uncut 137 where The Company Men made their debut against Jeff Ness and "Wild" Logan Barry.

Lance:

But it wasn't much of a debut as Dubya and Cristiano attacked both men before the bell and left them bloodied.

DDK:

And since that time, The Company Men have engaged in a heated feud against NDR — who beat The Company Men at the last Uncut to earn a debut match on DefTV, with the assistance of manager Teri Melton of Your Uncut Gems... now hospitalized because of the heinous actions of Tabitha Kinsey, who has inducted The Company Men into her Estate!

The Company Men are huddled up together in the corner as Tabitha is doling out advice when —

DDK:

Dubya and Cristiano just once again got the jump on Ness and Barry! Dubya sends Ness to the floor after a forearm smash! And Caballero with a shotgun dropkick to "Wild" Logan's right knee.

Referee Carla Ferrari admonishes Dubya while Cristiano drags Logan to their corner by the right knee Tabitha screams orders.

Ferrari calls for the bell.

DDK:

Mexico's Handsomest Man now has Logan hooked — inverted backbreaker right into an elbow drop! Now he bounces off the ropes — Rolling Thunder!

Lance:

This quick into the match, and I can already see growing confidence in Cristiano! And I think we can attribute that to their new manager — one of the most successful wrestlers who ever lived, and one of its most devious minds!

Caballero tags in Dubya, who drops to the floor. He grabs Barry's right leg and rams it twice into the steel of the corner turnbuckle as Ferrari is counting for him to get into the ring.

DDK:

Dubya has Barry up — Short Sale Clothesline! And now he runs to the corner with a big boot to Ness that sends him crashing back to the floor.

Dubya hoists Barry up with a running slam into his corner, leaving him in a Tree of Woe. Caballero quickly tags in already making his way to the top rope and leaps off with a double foot stomp. He snatches Barry up quickly by the hair as Dubya tags—

DDK:

Caballero whips Barry into the ropes and drops down — Dubya with a huge Texas Lariat as Barry hopper over!

Caballero chops Barry's right knee on his way out of the ring. Dubya tags Cristiano back in immediately —

Lance:

Such quick and masterful tag strategy tonight!

Dubya lifts Barry up and Caballero connects with a cutter.

DDK:

10-K! And this is over!

One!

Two!

Thr--

But Kinsey orders Caballero to lift Barry up as she screams about his knee. Cristiano smirks wildly as he stomps the right knee twice and then hooks an Inverted Figure Four!

DDK:

They are calling that move The Gem Breaker! And Barry is quickly tapping out!

Ding!

Ding!

Ding!

Lance:

That is the infamous Kinsey Leg Lock, which has never been countered or broken!

Caballero keeps The Gem Breaker hooked as Dubya runs around the ring and smashes Ness with a Roaring Elbow! Caballero breaks his Gem Breaker as Dubya rolls Ness into the ring and Caballero picks him up —

DDK:

10-K for Ness, who did not even tag into the match!

Now Dubya hooks The Gem Breaker on Ness, who is screaming and tapping out as the bell repeatedly rings.

Lance:

This is a message for NDR and everyone else in the tag division! And completely uncalled for!

Kinsey rolls into the ring laughing as she points at Ness's knee. Dubya finally breaks the hold as Caballero gets in some last stomps on Barry. Kinsey holds their hands up in triumph.

DDK:

And The Estate of Tabitha Kinsey - led by The Company Men - are sending a message to everyone in DEFIANCE that they have arrived!

REZTITUTION

PREVIOUSLY RECORDED AT DEFTV 186...

The broadcast has ended, but the show goes on.

The main event has ended. Retaining Favoured Saints Champion REZIN and the Providence Faithful have just watched Southern Heritage Champion Henry Keyes address the greater DEFverse. With his own title slung over his shoulder, the Escape Artist now stands alone in the ring, looking in stunned silence at the match graphic displayed on the DEFIATron:

The Southern Heritage Champion, "The Kraken" Henry Keyes, juxtaposed with his recently announced challenger, Justin Sane.

Around him, the Providence Faithful still in attendance unanimously bemoan the intentionall disappointing swerve. Entering the ring with a microphone in hand, Chris Trutt approaches Rezin for a live reaction.

Chris Trutt:

Well, Rezin... as you can see, in two weeks, Henry Keyes will put the title on the line against none other than Justin Sane. The supposed "Most Punk Rock Wrestler in the World", if the words of the Southern Heritage Champ are to be believed...

The Faithful jeer disapprovingly, matching the ugly and agitated sneer crossing the Goat Bastard's face as he looks away from the screen.

Chris Trutt:

Care to comment on this announcement?

Trutt holds the mic at a safe distance, unsure of what kind of reaction he's going to get. Rezin's eyes are wide and red with rage. And intoxication, likely. But mostly rage.

Rezin:

...JUSTIN SANE...?

The Escape Artist explodes off the mat in a violently flurry of thrashing arms and legs.

Rezin:

Why, THAT'S JUST-IN-SULTING, Trutt! I mean, at least the blue-haired dudes I defend MY belt against are fuggin' LEGIT!

Chris Trutt:

Completely understandable that you think so. So what then--

The aerial arsonist attempts to pull the mic in close, but ends up grabbing hold of the young interviewer's wrist instead.

Rezin:

WELLEMMETELLYAWHUT, TRUTT!! If ol' HANK and the rest of the elitist SCUM in VAE VERMIN think they can mess with MY HEAD with this BUSH LEAGUE PSYCHE-OUT SHIT... they gotta 'NOTHER THANG COMIN'!!

The Favoured Sinner holds the Favoured Saints Championship over his head.

Rezin:

TONIGHT... a CURSE was BROKEN!! TONIGHT... I FINALLY--FIII-NAAA-LLLYYYY made the FIRST STEP!! The FIRST STEP in a JOURNEY to my long-awaited REZZZTITUTION!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!

Rezin's wild, bloodshot eyes find the camera.

Rezin:

But TONIGHT... is only the beginnin'! And don't get me wrong here... that greasy, no-good, gear-grindin', knee-knockin' SUM'BISH HENNERRRY KEEEEYYYYEEEESSS is STILL the ULTIMATE ENDGAME to the APUNKALYPSE OF DESTRUCTION I'm bringin' to those caviar-chompin' sleaze bags in v**AE VOMIT!!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Rezin:

YEAH, I KNOW, RIGHT? FUCK THOSE GUYS!! HOWEVER... 'twould be IRREDEEMABLY RECKLESS of this ol' DOPESMOKER to be lookin' past the next hurdle along this rocky road I'm walkin'! Wouldn't ya say so, Trutt?

No immediate answer.

Rezin:

...Trutt?

It's now that he notices the whiteness in Trutt's hand, as he's clenching it so hard it's cutting off the circulation. He follows the arm up to the shoulders, neck, and head, finding the reporter's face to be beat red and contorting in complete agony.

Rezin: (letting go of the wrist)

Oops... sorry, bud.

Trutt shakes the feeling back into his arm, wincing at the pins and needles feeling overwhelming his hand..

Chris Trutt:

Yeesh... no problem, Rezin. Next time, just ask nicely, and I can--

The Goat Bastard pounces upon him, grabs the lapels of his suit, and shakes him savagely while dousing him in a spray of spittle.

Rezin:

ISAIDWOULDN'TYASAYSOTRUTT?!?!

Chris Trutt:

I would! I would! UNCLE!

Rezin releases the interviewer, but comes away from the exchange with the mic firmly in his hand.

Rezin:

COURSE ya would, Truttercup! And yeah, I know it ain't like me... and truth be told, if I were the same crazy, unhinged FIRESTARTER I was when I first arrived in this place three years ago--like some PLAGUE unleashed upon ya by the KABAL, of all people--I would just run into this series swingin' fists left and right without a second THOUGHT goin' through this addled head of mine!

He angrily shakes his head, and looks DEFIANTly into the camera once again.

Rezin:

But I ain't innerested in bein' the filthy joker who takes the best ass-kickin's anymore! I've been BURNED too many times to keep makin' the same mistakes! Things are gonna change... because I'M changed!

He rolls his neck and readjusts the title belt draped across his shoulder.

Rezin:

So HANK can just go spend his final weeks as SOHER polishin' his gearshaft to easy wins over erry over-the-hill edgelord fossil can he dig up. Me? I'm fixin' to take the next step forward! I'm lookin' to the next match!

Rezin twirls back around to Trutt. Without his mic, the interviewer has been kinda awkwardly idling in the corner, undecided if he should stay or go.

Rezin:

THAT BEIN' SAID... Trutt, ol' buddy? Tell me, WHO is NEXT in LINE for the FAVOURED SINNER?!

Unable to really be heard over the crowd noise, Trutt simply motions to the DEFIATron. Rezin turns to look. The graphic has changed to preview another match-up booked for DEFtv 187.

On the left, the grinning Goat Bastard, with the Favoured Saints Title displayed over his shoulder. On the right, the challenger, staring back coldly through a black mask of void.

Rezin:

VICTOR VACIO!?

With the memory of his interference in the aforementioned defense against High Flyer IV still fresh in their minds, the Faithful jeer loudly!

Rezin:

SHIT!! We still got beef when I backed outta that food truck joint venture back when we were in the Kabal!

He spins back around and looks appealingly to the interviewer with him in the ring.

Rezin:

HOW THE FUCK WAS I SUPPOSED TO KNOW DOOMBURGERS GAVE PEOPLE THE RUNS!? That's like... A REGULAR THING FOR ME!!

Without any conceivable answer, nor a clear idea of where this quick post-match "interview" has gone, Chris Trutt can only shrug.

Rezin:

Ugh... this one's gonna be a beast! But HEY! At least I'm usin' MY final run with this strap doin' REAL fights! Givin' the FUGGIN' FAITHFUL all the PURE, PUNK ROCK PRO WRESTLIN' they can HANDLE!!

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!

Rezin:

FUCK YEAH! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT-UP!! FIRE-IT UP!!

The Escape Artist pumps his fists to every word, and the Providence Faithful catch on quickly.

FIRE IT UP!! FIRE IT UP!! FIRE IT UP!!

FIRE IT UP!! FIRE IT UP!! FIRE IT UP!!

FIRE IT UP!! FIRE IT UP!! FIRE IT UP!!

With the capacity crowd singing his symphony, the Escape Artist blindly chucks the mic over his shoulder (and miraculously into the hands of Chris Trutt) before raising the inverted fleur de lis motif on the face of the belt over his head once more.

RRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!

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

Rezin soaks up the booming crowd for a few moments more, then before exiting the ring, he coils an arm across Trutt's shoulders to give him a rough, albeit slightly endearing, squeeze, earning a slight smile from the oft beleaguered interviewer. Rezin heads back up the aisle to the back, high-fiving every fan in reach.

UNCUT UPCLOSE: MIL VUELTAS AND THOMAS KEELING

The scene shifts to a television studio; a professional set trimmed with the iconic blacks and reds of DEFIANCE Wrestling. Seated at a matching table, center-shot, is an earnest and professional Lance Warner. The shot moves in tight on him as the UNCUT: UpClose logo hits the lower third of the screen.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for joining me for another special edition of UNCUT: UpClose and with me, I have two men who made quite an impact together just days ago on DEFTv 186 Night Two...

Clips play on the screen of the return of wrestling manager Thomas Keeling Sr. The father of Tom Morrow (FKA Junior Keeling) standing his ground as Tom Morrow tries to sic Alvaro de Vargas on him.

Lance Warner: [v/o]

What started as a surprise appearance for The Faithful turned into a chaotic scene. Thomas Keeling - once a manager of Team HOSS and more recently, The Sky High Titans tandem of Uriel Cortez and Minute - made a surprise return. Before he could reveal his motivations for coming back to DEFIANCE, Tom Morrow took umbrage with his appearance and ordered him to leave. When Thomas Keeling refused to back down from his son, things spiraled out of control quickly...

ADV is shown storming towards the ring, bandaged, burned face and all. The lights in the arena went black and when they returned, Thomas Keeling was saved by the wrestler formerly known as Minute!

Lance Warner: [v/o]

It was then that Thomas Keeling revealed that after Minute made the decision to embark on a singles career in DEFIANCE, he offered his managerial services to the young man!

Back to the spiffy studio.

Lance Warner:

Now here to talk about their newfound business partnership, how it came to be, as well as some possible insight into what's to come, please welcome my guests. Thomas Keeling Sr. and his client, Mil Vultas!

Sitting across from Lance in the studio, Thomas Keeling has on a silver-colored dress shirt and tie while next to him, Mil Vultas is wearing a metallic silver jacket and light blue jeans. With a brand new style of mask, Mil's dark brown eyes are visible for the very first time on TV and long hair is out from under his white-colored mask with red and green tassels in the colors of the Mexican flag.

Thomas Keeling:

Thanks for having us here, Lance.

Mil Vultas:

Si. I promise not to jump off anything in here... unless you want me to. Want me to jump off the rafters, Lance? I'll do it, amigo.

Lance Warner: [laughing]

No, no, that's quite all right. No high dives necessary for this interview. Now first thing's first... let's go back to DEFTv 186. That was quite a show that Mil Vultas put on by turning back Alvaro de Vargas from his attack.

Thomas takes a sip of his water.

Thomas Keeling:

You're telling me! I've seen how good this kid is first-hand! Alvaro de Vargas AND my no-good rotten son found that out first-hand!

Next to him, Mil Vultas wipes some imaginary dust off his shoulder. Thomas Keeling reaches over and wipes off the dust as well.

Mil Vultas:

Alvaro... is prick. Tom Morrow... is a bigger prick. They got what they deserved that night when I kicked Alvaro square in the face. He burned me a few years ago. Felt good to get him back!

Lance Warner:

I bet it did! So now, how did this partnership come to be?

Thomas Keeling:

Well, as you may recall. This young man... I can admit that when I first managed he and Uriel Cortez when they were the Sky High Titans, I had my doubts. Uriel was mine and Junior's guy, but Minute, as he was called then, picked a fight with Uriel. We didn't know him. Uriel won that fight, but I saw the drive this kid had. I saw the passion. I saw a kid who didn't care how much size and power he gave up... he made up for it with heart and quite frankly... some of the craziest damn dives I've EVER seen anyone do! That's when I knew we had something there. That's when we made them a team. They beat the FUSE BROS 360 in their very first match as a team. In their third match, they beat The Stevens Dynasty at DEFCON -- the very team who created the Unified Tag Team Titles - for those very belts.

He continues.

Thomas Keeling:

Fast forward. He became the Favoured Saints Champion. The first person to defend that title in the main event of DEFtv. But somewhere along the way, he lost that spark. The talent was always there. The amazing ability was always there, but there are times in our lives that we need more.

Mil Vultas:

The things with me and Titanes Familia... everyone saw it. I was in the wrong place mentally. They will always be mi familia, but the time came to do my own thing. During my suspension for attacking Capital Punishment, I went back to Mexico. After DEFCON, I went to Japan and trained. I needed to find what made me... ME again. And I needed help making people see it, too.

Thomas Keeling:

And that's where I came in, Lance. I can't take back what my son did to him. He schemed behind our backs to form Better Future Talent Agency, but I should have seen it coming. I owe this young man everything. So what better way to help him than by doing everything I can for him to get to the top of DEFIANCE!

Warner nods.

Lance Warner:

And that's what led you to become his manager?

Thomas Keeling:

I prefer the term "promoter" for what this young man needs. He KNOWS what to do in that ring. I will give him that guidance if he ever asks for it. But he came to me wanting a rebranding and that's EXACTLY what we did. He went far on a name that was given to him by some small-time indy piece of garbage. But as high as he can leap, he wanted to go HIGHER. He WANTS to be the Southern Heritage Champion. He WANTS to be the FIST of DEFIANCE...

He taps a finger into the table in front of them.

Thomas Keeling:

And that's how Mil Vultas was born. The Man of a Thousand Flips! Ruler of the Ropes! Sovereign of the Springboard! Duke of the Dive! Math and physics are just SUGGESTIONS to him! He AND his career are going to soar to new heights that nobody thought possible! The FAA will be beating down arena doors everywhere we go, trying to get him to stop doing all the insane things he's done!

Lance Warner:

Hey, you've already made a believer out of me! My last question and one I'm sure people are eager to know... when can we expect to see Mil Vultas in action?

Mil Vultas fields the question.

Mil Vultas:

Next week on DEFtv, Lance!

Lance Warner:

Wow! That soon!

Mil Vultas spins in his seat to face the camera.

Mil Vultas:

Open challenge to anyone! I don't care who. I've been busting my ass for the last two months to get ready to start all over again. I start my singles career here in DEFIANCE and I won't stop until I leap over EVERYBODY to reach the top!

He leans over.

Mil Vultas:

Whoever you are, I'll see you in that ring. I'll tell you where you can see me, amigos..

Mil points upward, along with Thomas Keeling.

Mil Vultas:

Solo mira hacia arriba... just look UP!

PAPER CHAMPIONSHIP: MALAK GARLAND (c) vs. CAITLYN KINSEY

Darren Quimbey stands in the middle of the ring as he smiles towards the hard cam.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, this next bout is for the Paper Championship!

♪ "Girl, You'll Be A Woman Soon" by Urge Overkill ♪

A very nervous and out-of-her element Caitlyn Kinsey walks to the ring to some applause. She's wearing black knee-high wrestling boots with pink shoelaces, black and pink trunks, and a black-and-pink halter to match the ensemble. She rolls in and tugs on the top rope while stretching her legs.

DDK:

Here's "The Prodigy" Caitlyn Kinsey, now wrestling her third professional wrestling match! And you can tell she does not have a lot of confidence quite yet.

Lance:

From what I understand, Caitlyn has been impressive for someone so green at our BRAZEN facilities. But she's been more-or-less forced into having a television match by her grandmother, Tabitha Kinsey, who has leaned on her prestige, wealth and political power to put Caitlyn in this position.

DDK:

Tabitha further placed Caitlyn in an awkward position after her heinous attack on Teri Melton by ripping out her earring, as our 2022-2023 Rookie of the Year was the manager of breakout star JJ Dixon, until he left Your Uncut Gems shortly before that incident!

Kinsey finishes settling into the ring.

DDK:

Now we await the illustrious champion to grace us with their presence.

♪ "Tap In" by Saweetie ♪

The champion walks out on stage with his usual smug look on his face. He clutches the poorly crafted title belt over his shoulder as Siobhan Cassidy saunters up from behind him. She gently wraps her arms around his waist and gives Malak a peck on the cheek from behind.

Darren Quimbey:

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

The Evil Disruptor raises a finger and then a microphone to his lips. Siobhan stays firmly attached to his hips.

Malak Garland:

Simmer down, peons. Simmer down. The champion is here and I have something to say.

The crowd groans.

Malak Garland:

I am the Paper Champion. In fact, I am the LONGEST reigning champion of any variety in DEFIANCE history!

They groan louder.

Malak Garland:

The fact that everyone doesn't show me respect indicates to me that you don't deserve to see me wrestle! You don't deserve to see me defend my coveted belt. This legendary title reign will forge on though. Just because you don't

deserve to see ME defend my belt, doesn't mean it won't be defended here tonight.

Lance:

What could he mean by that?

DDK:

I haven't a clue.

While everyone waits impatiently, Caitlyn Kinsey tries to stay loose in the ring. She watches the rampway with keen eyes as Malak pulls out his walkie talkie from behind his person. He grins evilly once more. He shuffles the radio in his hand as if it is a stick of lit dynamite.

Malak Garland:

Ladies and gentlemen, mister Darren Quimbey was incorrect with his announcement. Tonight, the Paper Title will be defended BY PROXY! That's right! I'm calling in an airstrike! Introducing the wrestler defending the championship on my behalf, CYRUS BATES!

♪ "Savage" by Megan Thee Stallion ♪

Garland over exaggerates pressing a button on the walkie talkie. Some static plays over the loudspeaker before the theme song hits. None other than the menacing, mounding, muscular marauder Cyrus Bates walks out on stage much to the chagrin of Caitlyn Kinsey. If she wasn't worried before, she is worried now. Malak laughs like a supervillain as he and Siobhan don't budge from the top of the ramp. Bates marches down to the ring.

DDK:

Defending the title by proxy tonight!? Malak is insane. His title "run" has gone straight to his head. He thinks he can just change the rules in an instant?

Bates climbs into the ring where Mark Shields signals for the bell.

DING! DING!

Cyrus wastes no time asserting his presence on the much smaller challenger. Malak pretends he's fighting from afar as he bobs and ducks from his perched position of safety. Kinsey and Bates lock up as she immediately gets overpowered. Bates throws her to the mat and dusts his hands as if the feat took no effort.

DDK:

Bates with the clear size and power advantage here. If it were Malak in the ring, I still think Caitlyn would be giving those attributes up but not in the same sort of way as against Cyrus.

Bates watches as Caitlyn jumps off the ropes. He catches her with a hard back elbow. He follows that up by picking up his opponent and downing her with a sidewalk slam!

Lance:

Kinsey's head hit the mat hard there!

A quick camera shot shows Malak briefing Siobhan on the ramp, presumably about in-ring psychology of which he is a natural expert of. Bates rises to his feet and delivers a thunderous leg drop to Kinsey's throat. After that, he's pretty quick to get into a push up position. Each time he is at the apex of a push up, Bates drops his arms and free falls on Caitlyn with a headbutt.

Lance:

I believe that's what he calls commando push ups, DDK. Showing off his impressive power and endurance by doing push ups, but on the way down he punishes his opponent with a headbutt!

Bates does a few more of those before pandering to the crowd with a series of prototypical powerlifting poses.

DDK:

Cyrus Bates is in complete control here. I wonder what Caitlyn Kinsey must do to get back into this match.

Malak claps emphatically as most everyone else boos at the display of bravado. Slowly, Bates turns his attention back to Kinsey who is giving her darndest effort to rise to her feet. Bates weakly places the heel of his boot on her face and begins playing with his food.

Lance:

The disrespect shown by Bates is unreal. Caitlyn is clearly in over her head.

Suddenly, Cyrus shoots off the ropes and steps over Caitlyn. On the return, he misses with a lariat attempt but keeps on running. Bates darts off the ropes once more and heads towards Kinsey where all she can do is grab him by the wrist and steal all the momentum he's gained.

DDK:

Kinsey off the ropes!

SPEAR! Bates gets folded in half by a devastating spear from Caitlyn! The crowd pops as Caitlyn nervously looks around before stomping on Bates a few times. Then she cautiously measures him up before flipping over him with a Sommersault Cutter! Malak looks on completely shocked.

Lance:

Where did that come from?

Caitlyn though does not go for a cover, and instead sneaks behind Bates and tries to cinch in a Koji Clutch as Bates moves his body to prevent her from being able to fully hook it.

Lance:

Ah! You can see Caitlyn's inexperience right there. She could have maybe become the Paper Champion with a little better positioning!

Malak's worrisome frown remains despite Bates shoving his knee into Caitlyn's midsection to gain some separation. Doubled over, Kinsey finds herself in prime position for a power bomb!

DDK:

Wouldn't that be something if Malak loses the belt without actually factoring into things? We could only be so lucky. Caitlyn needs to get out of this predicament if she's going to have any chance of success though.

Bates deposits her head between his bulging thighs. He executes a quick hand gesture before delivering a huge power bomb. He's not done either. He picks Kinsey up and gives her a euphoric uranage for good measure. Finally, Cyrus climbs to his feet with the help of the nearby ropes. He waits in the corner as a groggy Kinsey gets to her feet. He howls like a wolf before smashing his foot into Kinsey's face.

DDK:

KEYBOARD KICK CONNECTS! Caitlyn is out cold!

Instead of going for the cover himself, Bates turns his gaze towards the man who summoned him. They nod at each other as Malak rushes down to the ring. He slides in and hooks a leg of Kinsey's. Mark Shields crumples down to the mat to begin the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner and STILL Paper Champion, MALAK GARLAND!

The Social Media Savant rises from his cold, fallen prey and wipes his brow as if he broke a sweat. He's quick to exit the ring, grab his belt and get a kiss from his beau.

DDK:

Well, would you look at that? Malak got his hands dirty. Barely. Bates does all the heavy lifting and Malak grabs the win. I wonder how many more title defenses we'll see "by proxy."

Garland and Cassidy start going at it something fierce as Bates does his best to position his large body in front of any camera trying to record them. Meanwhile Caitlyn Kinsey is slowly coming to in the ring. Mark Shields doesn't really care if she's okay so he dips to try and get a better vantage point of the couple making out.

DDK:

Get a room. I'm sure Mark Shields would pay as long as he could stay and watch.

The Uncut trademark chyron signifies the end of the show as Caitlyn holds her neck in a ton of pain and a pair of tongues are down each other's throats in celebration.

DDK:

Thanks for joining us on Uncut, everyone! I think I'm going to be sick!

Tea With Grandma

Tabitha Kinsey sits in her perfect Chanel tweed power blazer/skirt suit outfit with perfect posture in an early-20th century English club chair with a dark, polished wood, rust-colored upholstery with curved armrests. Sitting in her lap is her black cat, Livia, that she carefully strokes with her left hand. A faceless butler comes from off screen with a porcelain coaster and matching tea cup in hand, which she takes, and slowly starts to sip.

The lights of a fireplace crackle behind her. On the far and side walls are photos and oil paintings of Tabitha with people of power, prestige and wealth, alongside framed photos of her past wrestling and fashion magazine accomplishments. And directly behind her on a dark wood desk are her collection of Faberge Eggs.

Also on her lap is her black cat, Livia, who hisses.

Caitlyn walks in first, holding an icepack on her neck and a limp. JJ walks behind her, doing his best to prop his girlfriend up even with one arm.

Tabitha:

Caitlyn, dear. Please have a seat. Are you hurt? Do you need anything?

Caitlyn:

Yeah, I'm okay. Just, like... I'm really outmatched here, Grandma. I shouldn't be in these matches yet.

Tabitha:

Nonsense. As your beau here will tell you, getting on television is the most important step in having a wrestling career.

Caitlyn:

Yeah, but I'm not good.

Tabitha:

No, you aren't. Not yet. I see potential lurking in you that you don't realize that you have. It's such a shame, Caitlyn, that you were kept from me by that mother of yours. Because as good as you are becoming, you could have already reached great heights under my watch, and with the infinite resources at my disposal.

There is an awkward lull.

Tabitha:

I am offering to you a chance to become a member of The Estate of Tabitha Kinsey.

Caitlyn:

Grandma --

Tabitha:

It's a lot to think about. And I'm certain Aurora will tell you all the reasons why not. But you were kept from me all these years, and the only thing I have ever wanted to do is to spoil my granddaughter beyond her wildest dreams.

Tabitha takes a sip of tea.

Tabitha:

And as far as you, young man... I will give Teri Melton credit where credit is due. She saw the underlying talent in you. But you, JJ Dixon, are the one who unleashed the talent. All Teri did was take credit for all that YOU did.

JJ has a look on his face where he really does not want this conversation.

JJ:

With all due respect, Ms. Kinsey... but I don't want to get into any of this with you. Or Teri. I'm on the shelf, and when I come back, I want to —

Tabitha:

-- Come back and do things your way? My dear, that is a very understandable thing to say. But when you return, you need to ask yourself if you think you can get that fresh start by yourself, or if you will always be considered as Teri's boy. The answer, young man, is that even if Teri makes the smart move and stays gone forever, you will always be attached to her.. unless you make a big move to define yourself on your terms.

JJ squirms.

Tabitha:

It also appears that you and my granddaughter are an item and may continue to be for some time. So, JJ... if you want to truly make a new name for yourself, I am also extending you an invitation to join The Estate of Tabitha, and all that comes with it. That is the only way you can fully become your own man and shed yourself from the clutches of Teri Melton forever.

JJ and Caitlyn look at each other with worried looks.

Tabitha:

I do not expect an answer from either of you now. Take your time and consider it. But think to yourself about what my expertise and limitless resources can bring you both. Because I can give both of you everything you have always wanted. You'll thank me for it later.

JJ and Caitlyn give each other worried looks as Tabitha sips her tea.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.