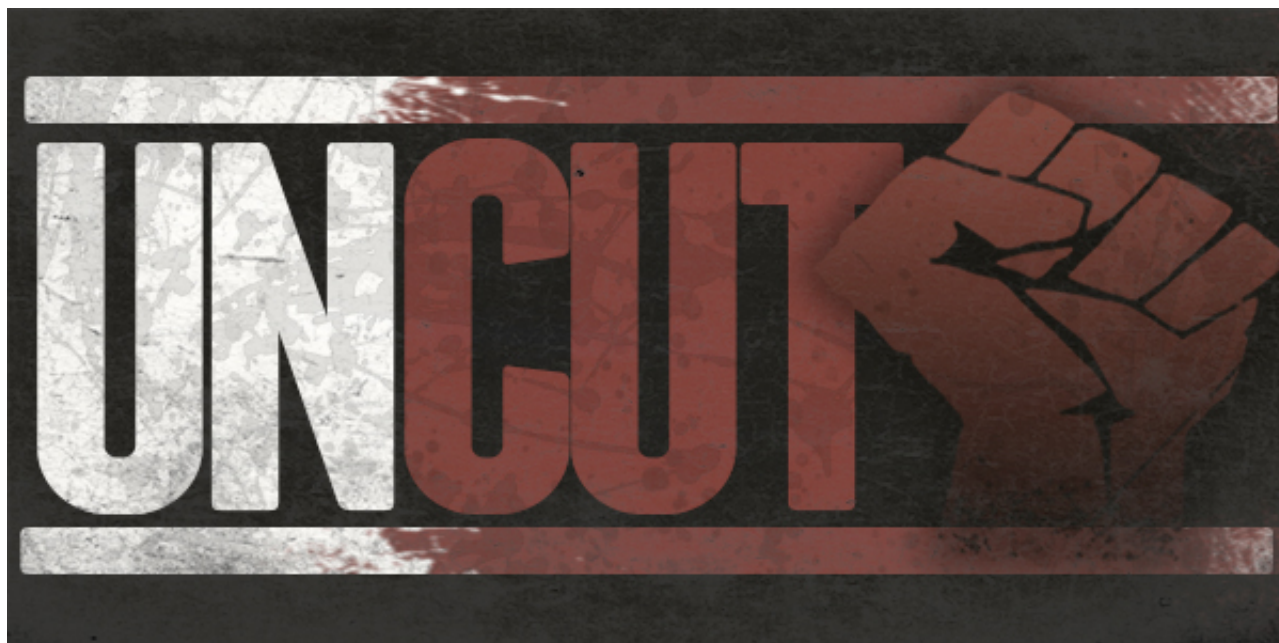


SHOW OPEN

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. THOMAS SLAINE

Following the opening, the camera pans throughout a sold-out DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to UNCUT! The VERY first episode after the fallout of DEFCON 2024! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and as always, I'm with my broadcast partner, Lance Warner!

Lance:

Thanks, Darren! Tonight, we are looking at a LOT of things! Later this week, we will air a special Press-Con edition of DEFtv! But tonight, we are loaded with in-ring action! Alvaro de Vargas has challenged any member of the Lucky Sevens to a match and it will be a Sin City Street Fight!

DDK:

That's right! TA Cole in action against NOLA fan favorite "Wingman" Titus Campbell, Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems and Vae Victis member DLJ all in action! We WILL find out about what's to come of the next challenge for the Favoured Saints Championship after former champion JJ Dixon cashed in on that title at the very last minute, only to come up short against Southern Heritage Champion Corvo Alpha!

Lance:

But up next, Darren? We kick off the show with the man that might have run DEFIANCE Himself, out of DEFIANCE! Butcher Victorious pulled off the big upset in the opening match of DEFCON Night Two by defeating his mentor, Oscar Burns! The man that abused him for two years was put in his place and from all rumors I've heard, he's taken his ball and gone home!

DDK:

We hope to have more on that situation, but right now, we're taking things to the ring! "The Microphone Fiend" Butcher Victorious is in action against brawler Thomas Slaine right now!

The camera goes to ring announcer Darren Quimbey in the ring as the DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex goes mad!

Darren Quimbey:

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

The DEFIatron simulates a big pink, purple and blue fireworks display! Several loud booms ring out and highlight the silhouette of a very familiar, mohawked man holding up a microphone...

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

Standing with his back to the audience and his head ducked down, the familiar mohawk is present, along with a brand new silver and purple fuzzy full-length coat, along with light blue tassels hanging off the sleeves! He holds out the new microphone in hand and then raises it to the sky! Dressed in new sparkling purple tights, along with silver and purple boots and kickpads, Butch Vic is rabid and ready to fight tonight!

Darren Quimbey:

...From Austin, Texas, weighing in at 216 pounds... **BUTCHERRRRRR VICTORIOUS!**

The flamboyantly-dressed Butch Vic heads down to the ring and slaps hands with The Faithful halfway down the ramp! He pauses halfway, then motions for the music! He reaches into his coat and pulls out the familiar microphone of his...

Butcher Victorious: *[with the Faithful chanting along]*

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK!

He points to his head.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK!

He then gestures to his heart.

Butcher Victorious:

And at DEFCON, despite everything that high-hat ass-hat, Oscar Burns, did to me. Everything he said to me. Everything he put me through... THAT BUTCH VIC... HAS IT!

He points to the ring.

Butcher Victorious:

That night... I didn't have Vae Victis in my corner cause they never wanted me. I never had Oscar Burns' support because he was more worried about what *I* could do for *HIM*. But I PROVED that I don't need them anymore! All Butch Vic needs Butch Vic... and you, THE BUTCH VIC CLIQUE!

A LOUD cheer bursts from the NOLA Faithful as Butcher enters the ring.

Butcher Victorious:

Now, it's time to get in this ring and do what I did best at DEFIANCE when I sent Oscar Burns PACKING on out of here... and GRAB A HOLD, BROTHER!

He drops his mic and then mimics grabbing a headlock on thin air. He winks to some fans in the audience and walks with a brand new swagger to himself in the ring. He waits on his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Nachitoches, Louisiana, weighing in at 221 pounds... **THOMAS SLAINE!**

♪ "I Feel Love (Every Million Miles)" by The Dead Weather ♪

The music hits and Thomas Slaine steps out from the back, ready to fight. The brawler then starts running to the ring and when he gets there, he points an imaginary gun up in the air, blows imaginary smoke from pulling the imaginary trigger, then steps inside. He looks ready to fight as he pulls on the ropes and starts biting down on the top cable. Butcher backs up and watches Slaine across the ring from him.

Lance:

You can absolutely see the maturation of Butcher Victorious in these past few months. Those matches he had going up against the other members of Vae Victis and associates. Hunter. Keyes. Troy. James. He came up short in those matches, but showed upward trajectory each time. And when he scored those three seconds over Oscar Burns, they changed his career.

DDK:

That they did. And now here they go!

Inside the ring, head referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING

Victorious and Slaine lock up quickly and already... Butcher grabs a hold, brother, with a headlock!

HEADLOCK!

HEADLOCK!

HEADLOCK!

Lance:

Wow... already kicking off the show with a "headlock" chant!

DDK:

The ways that Butcher utilized those headlocks to defeat Oscar Burns... gotta say, I haven't seen anything like it!

Thomas tries to fight Butcher off of him, so Butcher goes low with a takeover! Not just once, but he rolls through and takes Slaine with him! Then again! Then again! After a series of rolling headlock takeovers to disorient the Bayou Brawler, Butch Vic keeps himself grounded and is in full control of Slaine. Slaine tries to roll and get back up to his feet. He grabs Butcher and tries to take him over with a suplex... but Butcher reverses direction and another headlock takeover puts Slaine back on the mat!

Lance:

Butcher wasn't kidding! This "grab a hold" stuff is really working wonders for him right now.

DDK:

That it is! Slaine trying to get out of this hold!

Angrily grunting and trying to pry the pitbull-like grip of Butcher off him, he gets back to a knee and tries to punch his way free. He backs up to the ropes and then tries to use the momentum to slide forward... but instead, he ends up getting a running bulldogging headlock from Butch Vic instead! The Microphone Fiend sits up and gets loud cheers from The Faithful!

DDK:

And a bulldogging headlock there by Butcher Victorious! He just faceplanted Slaine!

Lance:

When Slaine is playing checkers, Butcher's playing chess!

The Microphone Fiend then gets up and runs towards the corner by leaping over the ropes to the apron, then heads up top. But before he can finish whatever his next move is, Slaine rolls out of the ring to boos from the NOLA Faithful. Butcher shrugs and then jumps back into the ring.

DDK:

Slaine trying to get away, but looks like Butcher is in hot pursuit!

As the Bayou Brawler is on the floor, Butcher speeds off the ropes and then leaps at Thomas with a suicide dive...

INTO A HEADLOCK ON THE FLOOR TO LOUD CHEERS!

DDK:

Another headlock! Butcher has Slaine... OOH!

He runs forward and then SMACKS Slaine's head into the ring apron, rattling the already questionable brain matter within Slaine's skull! Slaine holds his head, then Butcher shoves him back into the ring. He sits on the ring apron to salute The Faithful...

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH! VIC! CLIQUE!

The Butch Vic Clique give Butcher their support as he slides back into the ring...

DDK:

Oh, no! Butcher was playing with the crowd a little too long! Slaine just caught him on the side of the head with that big boot!

Lance:

This newfound crowd connection that Butcher has... it can help him, but in cases like this, it can be a hindrance when he's not fully focused on his opponent!

Butcher is nursing a sore jaw after the boot from Slaine catching him. Butcher is staggered in a corner while an angered Slaine stands across from him.

Thomas Slaine:

Nobody headlocks ME and gets away with it!

He charges at the corner to deliver a running elbow smash to Butcher's temple, then follows that out of the corner with a big running neckbreaker!

DDK:

Slaine with the cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Butcher gets a shoulder up and Slaine gets up to his knees, scowling at Benny Doyle.

Lance:

Now Slaine needs to stay on top of Butcher instead of getting distracted. He's got a chance to pull out a big upset just weeks after Butcher pulled off the upset of the year!

Slaine picks up Butcher by the side of the head. He delivers a chop followed with a quick pair of jabs to catch Butcher stunned. Slaine then hits the ropes, only for the Bayou Brawler to get ROCKED with a big European uppercut as he comes back!

DDK:

Ooh! Those uppercuts, courtesy of his former apprenticeship to Oscar Burns!

Butcher hits the ropes and comes back with a big running uppercut strong enough to knock Slaine off his feet! He keeps running as Slaine gets back up, only for another running uppercut off the ropes being enough to knock him silly! Butcher gets to a knee and yells out to The Faithful before popping back to his feet!

DDK:

Butcher Victorious is now taking back control of the match with this flurry of uppercuts! Slaine is stunned... another running uppercut in the corner!

Butcher connects right on target and then shoves Slaine out of the corner so he can go to the apron. He gets ready and when Slaine starts to stand, Butcher leaps in one jump and then connect with a springboard forearm smash!

Lance:

Springboard forearm smash! It landed right on the button!

Now back to his feet, Butcher looks out to The Faithful and the entire DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex is up! He headlocks Slaine as he's back on his feet, only to transition into DROPPING him with a air raid crash!

DDK:

He calls that the Hot Mic! He debuted that against Oscar Burns at DEFCON... AND LOOK!

Butcher rolls Slaine over onto his stomach after the air raid crash and then CRANKS back with a bridging bulldog choke! Slaine is screaming as the headlock-esque choke is cranking his neck in a direction not meant to go!

Slaine gets the hands up...

TAP TAP TAP!

DING DING DING

Butch Vic releases the hold and then laughs triumphantly as he gets to his feet. Elated at the win, Benny Doyle raises Butcher's hand up!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

DDK:

Great follow-up win by Butcher Victorious from DEFCON! Say what you want about how the partnership ended, but you can really see the gameplan in Butcher Victorious improve in his past few months!

Lance:

And this might be the best that Butcher Victorious has looked ever!

Butcher Victorious takes The Stick and raises it in the air before leaving the ring. As he starts to head up the ramp after the win, he's met by none other than Chris Trutt just before getting to the top of the stage!

DDK:

And there's our broadcast colleague and DEF Radio's own, Chris Trutt! Hoping to catch a word with him.

Trutt stops Butcher on the ramp and his music cuts as he greets him.

Chris Trutt:

Butcher... Butcher... congratulations on the win! I wanted to get a word with you on something!

Butcher takes a moment to collect himself after his match, then hoists up The Stick.

Butcher Victorious:

Chris Trutt... on UNCUT... getting a word with me, BUTCH VIC... WITH THE STICK!

Cheers from The Faithful!

Butcher Victorious:

Sun is shining... birds are chirping... Burns is OUTTA HERE! IT'S A GREAT NIGHT!

RAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

Butcher continues to smile at the reception as Chris Trutt presses on.

Chris Trutt:

Well, there's a reason that I've been asked to come out here and get a word with you, Butcher.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... SAYS TALK YO' ISH!

Chris Trutt:

Well... as Darren Keebler and Lance Warner mentioned at the top of the show... with JJ Dixon recently cashed in on his attempt to win the Southern Heritage Championship from Corvo Alpha, that rendered the Favoured Saints

Championship vacant!

The fans pick up what he's starting to put down, as does Butcher.

Butcher Victorious:

Hey, say more things, Chris!

Chris Trutt:

I will do just that! I've been authorized to share that after DEFCON and this win tonight, that at DEFtv 202...

All eyes turn towards the DEFIAtron! And on it, a graphic appears...

FOR THE VACANT FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP:

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS VS. TA COLE

Butcher has a sly smile on his face as he's facing a man he knows very well from their BRAZEN days together.

DDK:

This is a HUGE opportunity for Butcher Victorious! He was a Favoured Saints Champion once! And he takes on a man he has plenty of history with from BRAZEN!

Lance:

These two were once a long-time tag team and friends in BRAZEN as The World's Nicest Tag Team, but since being on the main roster, their careers have wildly diverged, but next week... we crown our next Favoured Saints Champion!

Butcher throws his hands up in the air and takes in the applause!

DDK:

Later on, we've got TA Cole in action against "Wingman" Titus Campbell and I can't wait to hear what he's got to say about this development. It makes a victory in that match even more crucial!

THE MOST PRECIOUS GEMS vs. LEX SUPLEXY, JEFF NESS & KAZUO AKAMATSU

Darren Quimbey gets wrapped up with the introductions of the first team, as BRAZEN's Jeff Ness, Lex Suplexy and Kazuo Akamatzu huddle in their corner of the ring going over last-second strategy.

DDK:

Partner, what can you tell me about this trio in the ring tonight?

Lance:

One of the things I love about BRAZEN is how hungry the roster is. Jeff Ness and Kazuo are familiar names to most of us by now -- longtime presences in our satellite promotion. But I'm really curious to see Lex Suplexy here on UNCUT, as the rookie suplex specialist has really wowed a lot of people!

DDK:

But, of course, they're going to face a very uphill battle as The Most Precious Gems are no doubt coming out for blood considering the results from DEFCON!

Lance:

The French Connection came inches away from defeating the legendary Hollywood Bruvs, two of the most accomplished men in this promotion's history! And JJ Dixon came even closer to dethroning Corvo Alpha in one of the wildest, most chaotic and bloody matches we have seen in years!

DDK:

But at the end of the show, Madame Melton's best laid plans did not come to fruition -- and they suffered two brutal losses during the biggest nights of their collective careers!

Lance:

How The Most Precious Gems handle the effects of DEFCON — when their rapid ascent ran into a brick wall — is a question on a lot of people's minds!

♪ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪

The DEFPLEX lights go out as the eerie tones of the 80s alt-rock staple play. The DEFiatron shows the faded grandeur of the Melton Estate, etc. A spotlight comes on the top of the ramp, with only Madame Melton in her silver glamour present, as she puffs from her cigarette holder. The look on her face says "You are about to suffer."

DDK:

The temperature in this arena has dropped due to the cold chill emanating from the look on Madame Melton's face!

Lance:

The persecution complex at the heart of The Most Precious Gems vicious reign of terror has no doubt grown after the events of DEFCON.

She pauses under the spotlight — her spotlight.

DDK:

But where are JJ Dixon and The French Connection?

She snaps her fingers and the full arena lights turn on, with The Gems on the corner of the floor behind the BRAZEN trio.

Lance:

And here comes the chaos!

Raiden drags Ness to the floor, peppering him with palm strikes to the ribs. Jean-Pierre Reeves pulls down Lex Suplexey and meets him with a lariat! And JJ, ribs taped up, wishbones Kazuo around the ring post.

DDK:

I have a feeling that these Kazuo, Jeff and Lex are regretting signing up for this match!

Referee Brian Slater is leaning between the top and middle ropes to scold The Gems. But he then he goes tumbling to the floor as Madame Melton pushes him out.

DDK:

I did not even see her enter the ring! That's an automatic disqualification and I am assuming a fine for attacking a referee!

Lance:

I don't think this unholy trio cares one bit — especially since Melton blamed Brian Slater for The French Connection's loss to The Bruvs!

JJ slides a chair in the ring. Reeves hooks Lex's arms and screams something about France before throwing Lex Suplexey into the steel ring post with an Exploder Suplex. Raiden crouches in wait and clocks Ness with his Suddenly Last Slumber spinning backfist. Ness is propped over the railing, but Raiden shoves him into the front row of the DEFPLEX crowd! Melton sets the chair open for JJ.

DDK:

What is this deranged madman doing now?

JJ rebounds off the far ropes and then uses the chair to propel himself with both feet to the top rope, where he leaps off with a somersault Senton onto Ness in the front row!

Holy Shit!

Holy Shit!

Holy Shit!

JJ clutches his tapes up ribs damaged from his classic against Corvo Alpha, but does not care as made clear by the wicked smile on his face as he kneels in the crowd, clutching one side while holding his one arm lit wide in his trademark pose.

Lance:

It's like JJ enjoys feeling pain at this point in his young, blossoming career! The athleticism and his lack of caring is what makes him The Fatal Attraction!

Reeves drags Lex by the back of his singlet and then wraps his waist, springing back with a Deadlift Release German Suplex —

DDK:

He just sent the back of that rookie's head into the ring steps!

Holy Shit!

Holy Shit!

Holy Shit!

Lance:

Speaking of deranged — Jean-Pierre Reeves remains one of the best young technical wizards we have seen in some time, a master of various suplexes... even though he now believes he is a native of France!

Reeves smiles as he leans down in his face.

Jean-Pierre Reeves:

Now that is what we in France call a *suplay*!

Melton slides a chair under the face of Kazuo, now on his hands and knees after getting his testicles wrapped around the ring post earlier.

DDK:

Raiden on the top rope — LEAPING DOUBLE STOMP ONTO KAZUO'S SKULL! He just crashed the Japanese star's face right into that chair!

Holy Shit!

Holy Shit!

Holy Shit!

Lance:

That twisted young man Raiden enjoys giving opponents concussions — the most feared injury any athlete can suffer!

Reeves rolls into the ring first, bowing as he presents Madame with a microphone. JJ rolls Ness into the ring and slithers through himself, wrapping his arm and pulling back with A Streetcar Named Retire! He then takes his place on his knees, clutching his ribs, with The French Connection on each side.

Lance:

And the leader of this deranged, delusional and diabolical unit of horror is that evil mastermind, that mad woman, the so-called Iron Lady! Madame Melton, who has somehow become even more terrifying after the events of DEFCON!

Madame Melton:

Do we look like the type of people who lick out wounds? No! We are licking our chops! Because I just had a taste of power, and we are hungrier than we've ever been before!

Most of the crowd boos, but the heels among us are chanting too:

Boooooooooo!

Precious Gems!

Boooooooooo!

Precious Gems!

DDK:

There is no doubt a certain percentage of the DEFPLEX fans tonight who are appreciating the presence of The Gems, who are here at Uncut even with their bruises both physical and emotional!

Lance:

Even with their losses, they stood toe-to-toe with the best DEFIANCE has ever seen! And JJ Dixon more than delivered in our Night 1 Main Event!

Madame Melton:

There is one person who stands in our way of burning down the world you thought you knew! Of us claiming your hearts and minds and worship forever! I have said since my grand return to this sport that Madame Melton...

She doesn't need to say the rest of her catchphrase, as the audience says it for her while she smirks with evil.

Crowd:

Is Ready! For Her Closeup!

Madame Melton:

At next week's DEFtv... this man had better be ready for his! Because we are not just coming for him...

She holds up her cigarette holder as she leans over JJ and holds the microphone to his face.

JJ Dixon:

I am coming for his eyes!

There is all kinds of noise made after her proclamation.

DDK:

If I heard that correctly... Next week, The Gems are threatening to blind someone on our roster! That is just vile!

Lance:

I am praying for the future of whoever they are planning on targeting! Because Madame Melton and Her Precious Gems... are not going away anytime soon!

ONE IN A MIL

Failure.

It's the only word coming to mind as Mil Vueltas is having his neck checked out by DEFIANCE's Head Nurse, Wesley Miller.

Wesley Miller:

Look to the left.

He cranes his neck to the left...

Pain.

He cranes to the right...

Slightly less, pain... but pain still.

Wesley Miller:

You okay, Mil?

He gets no response from a despondent luchador, lost in thought.

Wesley Miller:

Still hurts?

Mil Vueltas:

My neck fine.

Wesley Miller:

Not talking about the neck, man... Uriel.

Mil's eyes shut almost instantly. Remembering his friend... the monster that did what he did to Thomas Keeling a few weeks ago.

Mil Vueltas:

I'm done talking about that piece of shit. He hurt Danny... and Danny went to Vae Victis. He hurt Thomas... he hurt me. That he did what he did...

His blood is practically on the verge of bubbling. Wesley tries to get him to calm down.

Wesley Miller:

Okay, okay... sorry. Have you heard from Thomas?

Mil Vueltas:

Si... he'll be back in a couple weeks.

Wesley Miller:

That's good, at least... I'm so sorry, man. Uriel cut me out, too. He stopped coming to the poker games after he won that damn Favoured Saints Title. Hell, man... I should have known something was up with him.

Now Mil starts to open up more.

Mil Vueltas:

I... I too busy doing my own thing. I asked to have singles career. They gave to me. I beat Alvaro de Vargas twice... then get FIST of DEFIANCE shot in Mexico... then nothing. Cheated by Malak. Cheated by Oscar.

Biting his lip, he angrily balls a fist.

Mil Veltas:

Maybe... maybe I never should have left... maybe it was wrong... I could have changed things...

He stops.

Mil Veltas:

I... I need to go, Wes. Thank you. I need to get out of here.

Wesley Miller:

Sorry... I'll be around if you want to talk.

Mil Veltas:

...I don't.

Mil finally stands up and grabs his blue leather coat before leaving... and almost bumping into someone.

Mil Veltas:

Eh! Mira por dónde caminas! No eres dueño de este pasillo...

He stops.

Walking right into Butcher Victorious in the hall, dressed in street clothes...

The first time he has talked to Butcher since jumping him during an interview on UNCUT 154.

Butcher Victorious:

Mil... bud... hey, you got a min...

Mil Veltas:

Bésame el culo, perra! You cost me! I don't forget!

Butcher puts his arms up.

Butcher Victorious:

I know, I'm sorry. Butch Vic... made himself sick. I messed up, Mil. You were right about Burns all along. I just wanted to talk. I'm sorry about what happened with Uri...

Mil Veltas: (interrupting)

Understand my English, Butcher...

He goes silent and lets Mil say his next words...

Mil Veltas:

[BLEEP]... YOU.

Mil brushes right past Butcher, who looks dejected.

Butcher Victorious:

Well, that sucked.

TA COLE vs. WINGMAN TITUS CAMPBELL

Shot of the arena - looking over the ring toward the tron and the ramp. The lights begin to flash and the screen roars to life as...

♪ "Earthquake" by Labrinth feat. Tinie Tempah ♪

The fans let loose a respectable mid-card pop as the theme of the Gulf Coast Connection begins to play throughout the DEFarena!

DDK:

It's the hometown boys!

Titus Campbell, Theodore Cain, and The Crescent City Kid bound out from the back, throwing their hands in the air and having a good time. The fans mirror their motions and egg the fan favorites from New Orleans on. Titus Campbell takes center, turning to each of his partners and getting a fist bump. CCK and Cain turn and head to the back as Campbell struts to the ring looking confident.

Lance:

We're told that an arrangement has been made for no one to be at ringside during this next contest.

DDK:

Probably for the best.

Campbell is up the steps and into the ring, jumping up to the top rope to play to the people.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL... introducing first, weighing in at 271lbs... "WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL!

Campbell gets down as his theme fades out and...

♪ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♪

The cheers turn to boos as the house lights turn purple. The boos INTENSIFY as not only does TA Cole walk out from the back - but he's flanked by his mentor Ned Reform! Reform isn't dressed to wrestle but instead wearing his professional best.

DDK:

As per the agreement, Mr. Reform CANNOT accompany Cole to ringside.

Lance:

This, it should be noted, is Ned's first public appearance since that war with Scott Douglas at DEFCON.

Ned gets up in Cole's face, appearing to give him a bit of a pep talk, before slapping him on the shoulder and pointing toward the ring. Cole begins to march to the ring looking determined as Reform remains behind and politely golf claps.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... weighing in at 265 lbs... T! A! COLE!

Cole walks up the steps and gets into the ring. He begins to run the ropes as referee Benny Doyle checks in on Campbell in his corner. We hear a burst of static before...

DDK:

Oh, joy. You're aware you're not supposed to be ringside, right?

Ned Reform:

Would sitting here qualify as ringside, Mr. Keebler? Ring... side? No, it would not.

Lance:

So you'll be joining us?

Ned Reform:

Very astute.

In the ring, Cole and Campbell are ready and circling as Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING!

Cole and Campbell move into the center and lock-up. Both men are powerhouses in their own right and they begin to jockey for position like two angry bulls locking horns. Neither seems to get an advantage until Cole suddenly shoots out, hooks Campbell with a headlock, and takes him down to the mat.

Ned Reform:

Excellent, Levi! Call this action, Mr. Keeber.

DDK:

We should hope that your charge fares better against Titus Campbell than you did against Scott Douglas.

Ned Reform:

That's bait and I refuse to take it. Again I say: call the action.

Cole flexes and keeps big Titus down with his impressive technique. When Titus finds his footing, he begins to power up. Campbell fires some elbows in Cole's midsection causing Reform's TA to break the hold. Wingman hits the ropes and charges at Cole, but Levi is one step faster as he rocks the fan favorite with a big clothesline! Campbell hits the ring and Cole covers.

ONE!

Titus powers out, so Cole goes right back to the headlock.

Ned Reform:

That's called technique, Mr. Warner.

Lance:

It is impressive. I'd never say Levi Cole isn't an amazing athlete.

Ned Reform:

And your next Favourite Saints Champion to boot!

Campbell gets tossed into the corner and Cole lines up and fires away with six big elbows to the face in succession. Cole sends him into the opposite corner, but when the member of the Honor Society follows, Titus manages to get a big boot up! Titus answers by charging and taking Cole down with a big shoulder check.

DDK:

It is worth talking about: next week, Levi Cole has a chance to become our next Favored Saints Champion if he can by his former tag partner Butch Vic. Vic is on an incredible roll and this will be no small challenge.

Ned Reform:

Mr. Vic was extremely fortunate at DEFCON, it is true. But I have never seen Mr. Cole more motivated. Tell me, Mr. Warner, you're a "journalist..." has Mr. Cole ever held a DEFIANCE singles championship?

Lance Warner:

He has not.

Ned Reform:

Then at DEFtv 202, history will be made.

For all Reform's talk, Cole isn't faring so well right now. He gets sent off the rope and dropped with a back body drop. Titus follows up with a vertical suplex and a cover!

ONE! TWO!

Cole gets the shoulder up. The Wingman positions Cole on the middle rope, setting him up for a leapfrog body guillotine. However, as he charges, Cole moves! Campbell stops himself before he crashes into the ropes, but he then turns into a BIG overhead belly-to-belly!!

DDK:

Impressive strength!

Ned Reform:

Don't let up, Levi!

Cole sends Campbell off the ropes and meets him with a STIFF lariat that nearly turns him inside out. Cole covers.

ONE! TWO!

Nope. Cole doesn't let up, though, as he deadlifts Campbell up for a suplex!! Even the crowd, pretty anti-Cole, has to be audibly impressed with that one. Cole gets up and points to the turnbuckle to boos. TA Cole climbs on the middle rope, and leaps off toward Campbell...

...but gets caught with a powerslam!

Ned Reform:

NO!

ONE! TWO! No! Cole powers out.

Campbell, sensing the tide turning his favor, again drops Cole with a body slam. Much like Cole did, he begins to position himself on the middle rope. Titus plays to the crowd for a second, looking to hit his second rope headbutt that he calls Take Flight... but before he can do it, Cole suddenly kips up! Before Titus can react, the lightning fast Cole leaps up to the second rope and drops Campbell with a BIG overhead belly-to-belly!

DDK:

What a maneuver!

Ned Reform:

It certainly was. That's future Favored Saints material right there.

Cole looks to finish it, and he is successful: he brings Campbell to a vertical base before lifting him over his head in his Leather Jacket (Torture Rack) submission. Titus tries to last, but when Cole begins to bounce, he has no choice but to signal his submission.

DING DING DING!

Ned Reform:

That's how you do it! Mark my words, gentlemen: Levi Cole is heading to DEFtv for gold!

DDK:

Before you go, any comment on your DEFCON match?

Ned Reform:

Goodbye.

We can hear Reform toss off the headset. In the ring, Doyle raises Cole's hand and it isn't looking before Reform joins them, raising his student's other hand in victory.

DDK:

Cole looked impressive tonight... but it's going to take more than some flashy moves to get by Butch Vic for the FS title!

Lance:

It should be a heck of a match!

MY LITTLE PONY

The camera sweeps around the Lake Ontario shoreline before focusing on a sign on the side of a building that reads "Toronto Equestrian Downtown." Two men in bellhop costumes stand on the side of each door, unblinking eyes fixed forward, holding a sign that reads "PRIVATE EVENT -- GUESTS ONLY" in an obnoxiously large font.

The camera shows an adorable 8-year-old girl riding on top of a pony led by a stable boy. She has a wide smile on her face (made even cuter as she's recently lost a few baby teeth). Her hair is braided fancy, while wearing a silver tiara with the number "8" on top in silver jewels. It's also clear it's a real tiara, and not a toy. Her riding throes are made of authentic Italian leather.

Coming from the left is "The Problem Solver" Adrian Payne. He has a cocksure strut, a large smile, wearing a black T-Shirt with his likeness on it and the words "Problem Solved" in Canadian flag red. Draped over his giant shoulder is his BRAZEN Onslaught title.

Adrian Payne:

'Sup everyone. It's the Gold Medal Winning Canadian Olympic Icon, the Problem Solver, Adrian Payne. But now I have another accolade to put even more respect on my name. And that's your NEW BRAZEN ONSLAUGHT CHAMPION! Behind me? That's my beautiful baby girl, Brielle. It's her 8th birthday today and I got her a gift she always wanted with the pay raise my hard-earned and justly won championship earned... a pony!

Brielle's face turns angry. It's clear she's never been told "no" in her life. The stableboy sighs and rolls his eyes as he has to accept his job requires him to now take orders from a child.

Brielle Payne:

Make him go faster! Did you hear me! My daddy's right there! Don't make me get him!

The camera now shifts over to a nearby pavilion. There's a gorgeous woman (Mrs. Aaliyah Payne) in her mid-30s wearing a white patterned sundress, with a matching white hat over her head at a ridiculously slanted angle, along with sunglasses with diamonds around them. She's holding a wine glass in her hand, as a younger woman in the same bellhop uniform as the guards out front comes out holding a rare vintage Merlot. Aaliyah just holds up the glass without looking at the server, who casts her eyes downward as she knows not to make eye contact.

Mrs. Aaliyah Payne:

Oooh, Brielle baby! Look at you riding your new horsey! Like what you heard last night at the Little Miss Greater Toronto Area Beauty Pageant... you're officially the most beautiful child between the ages of 8-to-9 in the Greater Toronto Area! Just like your mommy was when I was 8 and 9 and 10 and 11 and 12 and 13 and 14 and 15 and 16 and 17 and 18 and 19 and 20 and 21!

Adrian snaps his fingers and gives a scowl to the stableboy guiding his daughter, who takes another sigh as the Payne family has been a headache.

Adrian Payne:

Bring my pride and joy over here! Baby girl Brielle... why don't you tell the people at home what you named your pony?

Brielle Payne:

His name's Purcell!

Adrian Payne:

And why'd you name him that?

Brielle Payne:

Because that's the fat man you beat so you could get me my pony!

Adrian Payne:

And tell the people why you love your pony so much!

Brielle Payne:

Because that fat man's kids can't have a pony now! His kids are too fat to even ride a pony! He's my pony! I own Purcell just like Daddy does!

Adrian smiles wide as Brielle laughs in childhood wonder. The camera then pans over as three of the server's at the equestrian center are balancing a tray with a cake on top -- one with five separate levels, the size of one more fit for a British royal wedding, each level with a different frosting and decorations of custom-made candies in the likeness of popular kids cartoons. There's a giant "8" on top with eight candles.

Aaliyah brings the sunglasses down past her eyes with a look meant to send a shiver down the spine of any service industry employee.

Mrs. Aaliyah Payne:

I specifically told you what I wanted on that cake! Why are the Peppa Pig Sour Patch Kids on the second layer and not the fourth like I said? I am Mrs. Aaliyah Payne — and you should know this already! I'll see to it none of you ever find catering work in the Greater Toronto Area ever again!! I'll ruin you!

The three staffers brace themselves further, as their manager has already heard from Mrs. Aaliyah Payne. They then start to sing Happy Birthday and present the cake to Brielle, still on top of Purcell. They finish and she blows out the candles. The staff force themselves to applaud, with Adrian and Mrs. Aaliyah Payne beaming with joy. But Brielle looks off to the scene and her face shows pure joy.

Brielle Payne:

Uncle Felton! Uncle Felton's here!

BRAZEN Champion and BRAZEN Star Cup holder Felton Bigsby comes walking out, muscles bulging as he's walking wearing his University of Texas colored singlet, the gold belt also over his shoulder and a giant box with an oversized red bow and wrapping paper adorned with Edward White's face on it. Adrian heads up to Felton, as they dap each other up before doing a "cheers" with their titles. (Felton's interference "helped" Payne win the Onslaught Title.)

Adrian Payne:

My brother! Glad you got the invite and could make it up to T-Dot!

Felton Bigsby:

Honored to be here for My Little Beyonce's birthday! Plus, Jane Katze hooked me up with the private jet. All that caviar, the \$100 bottles of pure, cold and delicious water straight from the melting icecaps of the Arctic... Edward White doesn't do Boeing! You gonna love riding on that plane Mrs. Aaliyah Payne!

She makes an "oooooh" face as she fans herself off rapidly. Adrian raises his eyebrows curiously.

Adrian Payne:

Now don't go making no promises to my wife about riding on non-Boeing private aircraft that you can't keep! You my BRAZEN brother, Felton... but broken promises to me and mine can lead to some problems. REAL problems that I then have to go and solve!

Felton chuckles.

Felton Bigsby:

Nah man, You don't have to worry about that. You might be solving some other problems in the not so distant future! You on our radar and Mr. White's looking forward to meeting with you. I suggest you check your Microsoft Calendar because Jane Katze said she's going to send you an invite soon.

Felton pulls out a business card from under the shoulder strap of his singlet and with a smile on his face pounds it on

Adrain's massive chest.

Felton Bigsby:

Real soon!

Felton looks over to the stableboy and snaps his fingers, too.

Felton Bigsby:

Yo! Drag that horse over here like we dragged Punch Drunk Purcell for holding the big man's property without permission! (Adrian pats his title and laughs.) I wanna give My Little Beyonce a hug and kiss goodbye!

The stableboy again looks exasperated as he leads Purcell with the smiling Brielle on it. She doesn't have to lean over that much even on horseback as Uncle Felton's a large man.

Felton Bigsby:

Now, I can't tell you what I got you for your birthday! But just know that it's real real real expensive like the official most beautiful 8-to-9 year old girl in the entire damn Greater Toronto Area deserves! Make sure you bring that to your private Montessori school tomorrow so all the kids can see!

Brielle Payne:

Ooooh, Uncle Felton! I hope it's something none of them have! I hope the other girls cry because I have it and they don't!

Felton Bigsby:

Oh they'll be crying all right! You know I hooked you up, My Little Beyoncé,, because that's how I roll... and Edward White and Jane Katze roll!

Felton gives a final dap and hug to Adrian once again as he struts off. Adrian holds the business card up above eye level to block the blistering Lake Ontario sun. It has a red diamond on it. Adrian does a slower job than me smile as he nods his head in approval.

Adrian Payne:

Damn straight... that's how WE roll!

The camera shows one of the wait staff casting eyes downward as she pours Mrs. Aaliyah Payne another glass of her wine as Brielle tells the stableboy where to lead her next on her prized pony.

DAN LEO JAMES vs. COUNT NOVICK

DDK:

Coming up next on UNCUT... a rare appearance by Vae Victis! Namely, the young man that Sonny Silver recently christened as The Big Young Gun of the group, Dan Leo James! He takes on former BRAZEN Tag Team Champion and cult favorite, Count Novick!

Lance:

We've seen James already do the bidding of Vae Victis well for himself when he walked away from DEFtv 201 with a victory over Butcher Victorious, thanks to an assist from Oscar Burns... and what a difference a few weeks has made after that.

DDK:

Indeed! Oscar Burns, by all accounts, has gone MIA after he got defeated by Butcher with a headlock takeover cradle of all things! How Vae Victis will recover from their DEFCON losses remains to be seen, but for tonight, James is looking for another win tonight!

The camera cuts to the entrance and BOOS begin to ring out when Vae Victis' official spokesperson, Sonny Silver, stands on the stage.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Sonny Silver:

Blow it out your asses. I'm NOT in the mood.

They continue booing the wrestling Hall of Famer.

Sonny Silver:

A GREAT man by the name of Oscar Burns isn't here and it's all YOUR fault by supporting that ungrateful and duplicitous little asshole, Butcher Victorious!

RRRRRAAAHHHHHH!

Continuing to fume and looking like he's ready to crush the VV-branded microphone in hand, Sonny hears the cheers.

Sonny Silver:

But tonight... tonight is going to be the night to remind every one of you idiots in these stands and the ones in that locker room that Vae Victis are the Wu Tang Clan of DEFIANCE... we ain't nuthin' to [BEEP] with! And the guy I'm about to introduce isn't, either!

Gesturing behind him, Sonny turns his gaze to the entrance.

Sonny Silver:

This man is the FREAKIEST OF FREAK ATHLETES! This man has the height of a skyscraper, but the speed of a cheetah! And when you go to war, you bring out your big guns... and Vae Victis is about to bring out our Big Young Gun! He is the **B! Y! G... D! L! J!**

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

VAE VICTIS

♪ Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose... ♪

Butcher watches and paces the ring before ripping off his shirt and throwing it to the side. Out from the back steps Dan Leo James! Now wearing a brand new black and burgundy wrestling singlet, taped fists and brand new bright boots,

James stands proudly on the stage. Now with some scruff on his face and nearly-trimmed short red hair, he runs a hand through his face. The blue-eyed kid stomps a foot on the stage, sending red PYRO exploding from either side of the stage!

Lance:

You can practically see the confidence that DLJ has now that he's with Vae Victis. He used to be the hapless child of Titanes Familia.

DDK:

All the physical gifts have always been there. Power. Speed. But with some of the best minds in the company to show him how to use it... it's only gonna be a matter of time before Vae Victis REALLY reaps the benefits.

Dan Leo James and Sonny Silver head to the ring. James looks to either side of the ring, then makes one leap from the floor to the apron! James shouts, then pulls on the ropes to leap over THOSE to get into the ring! He runs one quick set of ropes, then the other before throwing both fists out! Once he gets ready, Sonny gets back on the microphone.

Sonny Silver:

All right, time to trot out whatever idiot this company thinks is gonna step to DL...

♪ "Everyday is Halloween" by Ministry ♪

That music gets a big pop from the crowd! A blue mist begins to bellow out from around the ramp. In that mist, two figures shrouded in shadow: one smaller, sleeker, and wearing a billowing cape. The other is larger, hulking, a seeming monster of a man!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... accompanied by The Monster... weighing in at 201 pounds and an alleged age of over 400 years old... **COUNT! NOVICK!**

With that, a spotlight shines onto the duo and we see them clearly: Count Novick, his usual vampiric self, hiding behind his cape before sweeping it behind him dramatically. And his BRAZEN partner: a seven foot tall mountain of a man in a leather jacket and wearing make-up that makes him look like Frankenstein's monster. Complete with bolts and forehead scar. Whereas Novick is animated and over the top cartoonish, The Monster is stoic and walks with purpose and expressionless eyes. Novick reaches the ring and he poses on the ramp!

DDK:

One half of Monster Mash! Count Novick is ALWAYS popular with The Faithful!

Lance:

DLJ looks confused.

Indeed, the young 24-year-old looks confused by what he's seeing.

DLJ:

Awww, big yikes.

DLJ watches Novick play to the crowd, then gets his marching orders from Sonny Silver at ringside. Once the two men (one man, one vampire?) face off, referee Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

The much larger DLJ goes right at Count Novick and shifts behind before picking him up and dropping him quickly with a big rear waistlock takedown! The Count tries to fight his way out, but DLJ picks him up again and then casually holds him in the air. When Novick tries to free himself, The Big Young Gun simply THROWS him across the ring and

sends him crashing to the canvas, exerting no effort at all. James hops in place and laughs before reaching out between the ropes to high-five Sonny Silver at ringside.

DDK:

That's some raw power on display from DLJ.

Lance:

I asked Sonny Silver about the name change from Dan Leo James to DLJ and he simply said, "its cause I have to dumb everything down for idiots like you.

When the big blue chippers grabs Novick by the waist again, he muscles him upwards, only to catch a quick elbow to the side of the head that catches him unexpectedly! He drops Novick to the canvas and that gives him a chance to try and work a headlock (brother). Novick goes to his knees, but DLJ doesn't go with him and stands in place, allowing Danny to pick him up.

He tries to pick Novick up, but he flips over and lands on his feet! When DLJ turns around, he catches a big forearm to the face! Novick then goes behind and tries to push DLJ into the ropes, but the Big Young Gun hangs on. Novick rolls through and DLJ runs past him going once. Novick tries to stop him with a chop going the other way, but it has no effect and DLJ keeps running a second time before COLLIDING right into The Count with the Dash and Bash! The blow has so much force behind it that Novick falls right through the ropes and hits the floor! The Faithful are in a collective state of shock as Sonny Silver looks on like a proud fa... advisor.

DDK:

Good GRIEF! The Dash and Bash is one of DLJ's biggest weapons in that ring and he just plowed right through Novick!

Lance:

Count Novick tried to stop him coming back the other way, but that chop did nothing to stop him!

With Novick on the outs right now, DLJ doesn't even look concerned right now with the state of things. The Monster stands stoically at ringside and Novick looks up, but when he tries to get up, Danny is already there to grab Novick on the apron and biels him over the ropes, sending him crashing into the mat! Novick winces in pain after being ragdolled yet again in the match while DLJ wipes two hands through his hair nonchalantly.

Lance:

You get the feeling DLJ thinks he can end this at any time. And probably should!

DDK:

There's Sonny on the floor telling him to wrap it up.

Sonny taps his hand frantically, telling James to do just that and wrap things up. The Big Young Gun nods and then gets ready as Count Novick doesn't know where he is. DLJ waits on The Count and when he gets up, he picks him up and runs across the ring with him to plant him in the corner. Novick can barely protect himself when DLJ rams a number of big shoulder thrusts into his chest.

DDK:

The aggression continues here by DLJ. Novick hasn't had any chance to mount offense since the start of this match.

Lance:

And at this rate, I don't know that he can.

Especially when DLJ rears out of the corner...

THWACK!

...and DOUBLES Novick over to his knees with an absurdly strong chop to the chest! The centuries-old grappler is slumped over as if his heart was jumped back to life and then died again after the shot!

DDK:

Undead or not, we know Novick FELT that!

Lance:

And look inside the ring! I think DLJ's going to try and end it here.

While The Big Young Gun continues to look pleased with his progress, he grins and then decides that enough is enough (and it's time for a change). Vae Victis' youngest member waits on Novick to stand, but when he's not getting up fast enough, he picks him up by the neck... only to get rocked with a surprise forearm from The Count!

DDK:

Ooh! DLJ wasn't expecting that!

The first shot makes DLJ angry and he tries to swing with one of his own, but the faster Count ducks and comes back with one of his own. With DLJ stunned, Novick hits the ropes. A running forearm off the ropes rocks the big ginger giant, but he doesn't go down. Novick hears the cheers of The Faithful and hits the ropes again for another flying forearm!

Lance:

He's trying to chop the big man down... no! But James blocks another shot!

James hits a knee lift that stops Novick. When he whips him to the ropes, he waits and swings for a big clothesline, but DLJ misses. However, the dropkick to the left knee does not! DLJ gets brought down to a knee! Outside the ring, The Monster raises an eyebrow indicating he's intrigued by what's going on. Novick hits the ropes and then comes back with a flying back elbow off the middle rope! The blow FINALLY knocks James off his feet! And as he goes down... Count Novick puts his arms around his chest, vampire-style, then KIPS UP to his feet!

DDK:

The Count is up and DLJ is down!

The Faithful are responding with loud cheers as The Count then stands up...

Lance:

Oh, no... he's trying to enthrall DLJ! Will this work... this time?

The Count begins his signature attempt to enthrall somebody.

Count Novick:

YOU VILL LAY DOWN FOR ZE PIN! THEN I WILL HAVE YOUR **BLAUDDDDDD!**

Confused, DLJ still clutches his knee and then looks out to Sonny.

DLJ:

I think he's trying to like... hypnotize me? Do I let him? I've kinda been stomping him a lot!

Sonny Silver:

WHAT THE F.... NO! SOCK HIM!

DLJ:

Oh right!

Count Novick:

NO! YOU WILL LET ME HAVE YOUR BLAUD--OOF!

THWACK!

OOOOOOHHHHHH!

DDK:

OH, NO! DLJ NAILS THAT FASTBALL CHOP! HE TAKES DOWN NOVICK IN ONE SHOT!

The centuries-old Novick is down on the mat holding his chest in pain and that's when DLJ heeds Sonny's advice to end things. He points to the corner and then climbs to the top rope. The 6'7" DLJ stands perfectly high up top... then CRASHES down upon Novick with his new to rope splash finisher!

Lance:

The height of that diving splash! Incredible!

DDK:

Dan Leo James aka DLJ calls that the DLJ... aka, The Deadly Leaping Jump... I guess...

Maybe not the best name of finishers, but DLJ does count proudly along with the official as he has a lateral press on Novick.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

DLJ slaps the mat after the three-count, then climbs up to his feet in triumph. Sonny Silver enters the ring and before Rex Knox can raise his hand, Sonny shoos him out of the ring so he can do the honors.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **D! L! J!**

After raising his hands, Sonny and DLJ leave the ring and clear out as Count Novick is attended to on his side of the ring by The Monster.

Lance:

DLJ starts a win streak since becoming a member of Vae Victis. That DLJ splash is a deadly move and I'm still amazed by the height he got!

DDK:

Indeed. Only 23 years old, but with Vae Victis there to help him, the sky's the limit for this kid.

DLJ celebrates and pays little mind to the booing crowd. Behind him, Sonny mouths something ominous to the camera.

Sonny Silver:

First of many, you mofos. First of many.

ONE NIGHT ONLY?

Backstage, moments after Scott Douglas has left the press conference dias.

“Scott ... hey, Scott” a voice calls from behind Douglas and the camera. It’s David Danielson, with an assistant in toe.

David Danielson:

Scott, great match out there tonight. Did you hear that crowd?

Scott Douglas:

Faithful.

Danielson:

... huh, oh ... yeah they are for sure. Faithful crowd.

Douglas turns the corner into a locker room. It doesn’t seem to be a private locker room with bags and gear scattered around but it is empty at the moment. Danielson and his assistant follow.

Danielson:

I think it goes without saying; we would love to have you back here ... back home, full time.

Douglas pulls his damp shirt off and takes a seat before beginning to unwind his taped forearms.

Danielson:

What can I and the board do to make that happen?

Douglas glances up to respond...

Douglas:

Rewind time.

...before returning his attention to the tape job.

Danielson: [chuckling]

Beyond that... I’m sure we could come to some sort of an agreement. It’s obvious the people want you...

Douglas:

Faithful.

Danielson:

The board wants you ... and hell, after that impassioned speech at the presser; I can’t imagine you don’t want this yourself!

Douglas:

I gave my word and now I have to keep it. To be honest, as great as tonight was ... even that’s a little too close for comfort. I put it all on the line to get a shot at Unlikely and I lost. There just isn’t any other way to slice it, David.

Danielson:

Well, I thought you might say that and I have something in mind ... that I think would change your mind.

Douglas:

What would that be?

Danielson:

You’ll just have to trust me and make an appearance at DEFtv 202.

Douglas:

...

Danielson:

Just an appearance. Nothing in-ring, you have my word.

Douglas:

I suppose I'd be foolish to turn down a payday...

Danielson claps his hands together.

Danielson:

Perfect. I'll put it all together... Tommy here [gestures to his assistant] will get you all set with trans.

Douglas looks on at Danielson suspiciously.

Douglas:

Alright ...

But he agrees none the less. Danielson exits the locker room and Tommy steps up, tablet in hand.

Tommy:

Alright, let's get you booked to Atlanta!

Cut to elsewhere.

SIN CITY STREET FIGHT: ALVARO de VARGAS VS. A MEMBER OF THE LUCKY SEVENS

♪ “Empire of Ashes” by Like A Storm ♪

The thundering guitar riffs and intro lead to the towering menace storming through the curtains...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Bright blue-white pyro explodes from the stage as Alvaro de Vargas has traded his old attire for pristine white with light blue flames running up one leg and now has a completely bald head, but a neatly-trimmed beard. The arena is covered in alternating flashes of blue and white. Hiding his eyes behind a pair of now blue-tinted sunglasses, his walk is more deliberate than before. He takes his time as the jeers get loud!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is a SIN CITY STREET FIGHT set for one fall!!! Introducing first ... from Miami, Florida weighing in at two-hundred and eighty pounds ... ALVARRRRRRO DE VARRRRRRRGAAASSSSSS!!!

The big angry Cuban looks at some of the implementations at ringside. An entire Vegas-themed set up is now all along ringside. Several poker tables along ringside, a roulette table, a slot machine, a Vegas-themed bar set-up with different types of drink mixes and several beer glasses. Alvaro de Vargas does look amused with any of this when he climbs into the ring.

DDK:

Alvaro de Vargas has been a constant thorn in the side of the Lucky Sevens since he came to the aid of Tom Morrow a few months ago at DEFIANCE Road. He hurled one of those signature fireballs at Mason Luck and put him out of action for two months.

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens would get their ultimate payback at DEFCON. Max Luck put Alvaro de Vargas through a barricade and out of the match, leading to the Sevens and Rain City Ronin injuring Tom Morrow by putting him through a table!

DDK:

Tonight, this ends. ADV challenged any member of the Lucky Sevens. He said he didn't care who he got or what type of match it was in.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Cállate ahora mismo! Close your f[censored] mouths, pendejos!

Supernova Cubana is not happy.

Alvaro de Vargas:

WHAT YOU DID TO SENOR MORROW ... HE MADE YOU!!! YOU WERE MIERDA BEFORE YOU EVER BECAME A MEMBER OF BETTER FUTURE TALENT AGENCY AND I WILL MAKE SURE THAT ALL OF YOU BURN!!! THIS GODDAMN SIN CITY STREET F ...

Max Luck:

Tonight ... is your MAIM EVENT OF THE EVENING!

Mason Luck:

And it's gonna be FIRE!!!

WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!!!

Huge pillars of red and green-colored pyro erupt on stage!

2x Unified Tag Team champion
2x DEFIANTS of the Year
DEFIANCE's Hottest Tag Team (Allegedly)

♪ "World On Fire" by Corrosion of Conformity ♪

Once the guitar riffs hit, the entire arena glows with red lighting and the twin terrors walk out from the back to a big reception from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! Both Mason and Max are coming to the ring, but both of them look more like they are dressed to attend a nice party as opposed to a street fight. Mason is in his green plaid suit and Max in his dark red plaid suit.

Mason Luck:

Cut the music ... cut the music.

The music quietly fades.

Mason Luck:

Alvaro ... I have an idea ... why don't you stop being a whiny little pendejo and get ready to get your ass kicked instead! That sound good, NOLA?!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful burst into cheers!

Max Luck:

You wanted any one of the Lucks, right, Al? Cause believe me ... you've done Lucked around and now you're gonna find out! We're gonna introduce your opponent ...

Max starts to take off his jacket ... only to slip it back on just as quickly.

Max Luck:

You beat him once ... but now he knows who he is and who he is ... is the guy that's gonna kick the s[censored] right out of you. Introducing the newest member of the Lucky Sevens! He's the Pocket Ace! He ain't a goddamned Stone any more ...

Mason and Max Luck:

LONNIEEEEEEEEEEE LUCK!!!

Max and Mason part on the stage and introduce their cousin!

♪ "Desperado" by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes ♪

The music plays and Alvaro looks ready. He doesn't care about this revelation and just wants to beat on somebody. Mason and Max look at the stage and they seem confused that nobody has shown up. Max snaps his finger and then taps Mason on the shoulder to look at the ring.

DDK:

LONNIE LUCK IS TAKING THE CHALLENGE TONIGHT?!

Lance:

HE IS!!! LOOK BEHIND YOU, ALVARO!!!

When Mason and Max look behind Alvaro, he notices this and turns around ...

WHACK!!!

... Then he gets plastered over the head with a kendo stick courtesy of "The Pocket Ace" Lonnie Luck jumping off the

top rope! The stick partially breaks apart from the impact and Alvaro falls to his knees! The referee calls for the bell!

DDK:

It's all legal! No disqualification or count-outs. It's pinfall or submission only inside the ring!

Alvaro has fallen to a knee and that gives Lonnie Luck a chance to go back to the ring apron. He leaps onto the ropes with ease and then faceplants Alvaro with a big slingshot face buster!

Lance:

Listen to the ovation for Lonnie Luck!

Mason and Max stay on the stage and watch with no intentions of getting involved! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer Lonnie Luck when he goes for the cover!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Alvaro de Vargas kicks out at the last second and he throws Lonnie off of him!

DDK:

That sneak attack to start almost caught Alvaro! The last time these two shared a ring was just after DEFIANCE Road! Remember, Alvaro de Vargas wiped the floor with Lonnie as Lonnie Stone ... but in a Sin City Street Fight, he might have a chance!

Lance:

Look at Lonnie!

When Alvaro tries to sit up, Lonnie jumps to his feet and then hits a running drop kick upside the head of Alvaro again! Lonnie stands up! In brand new white wrestling tights with black clubs and spades down one leg and red diamonds and hearts down the other, Lonnie has on his new "Luck Dynasty" shirt with all three members of the Lucks front and center.

DDK:

Look at Lonnie Luck! He looks super proud to be out here representing the Luck Family at long last! He tried to wrestle under his own name and there's no shame in that, but Mason and Max welcomed him into the fold!

Lance:

Make yourself famous, kid!

Lonnie goes up top with Alvaro still trying to get back up. He has his back turned to Supernova Cubana and then he jumps back for a high angle moonsault ...

But he gets caught first! Alvaro catches him on his right shoulder and then runs towards the opposite turnbuckle ...

DDK:

WHAT A CUBAN MISSILE!!! LONNIE JUST GOT LAUNCHED INTO THAT CORNER!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful can't believe what they have just seen! After a fast start from Lonnie Luck, Alvaro de Vargas has just turned the tables in one move. And not only that. He grabs the Pocket Ace of the Lucky Sevens. He is trapped in a face lock and then picked up before he is thrown back the other way with a brutal released vertical suplex!

Lance:

Two moves! Lonnie Luck might have had good intentions tonight by taking this match with Alvaro de Vargas, but this might have been better served by either Mason or Max!

DDK:

And look at them! They're watching, but they're not getting involved even though the rules dictate they can.

For the first time, the fans see an unusual look on the faces of the Maim Event Monsters: that of concern for a family member. They watch when Alvaro looks up from the ring.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Watch and learn, pendejos!!! You don't screw with BFTA!!!

He puts a confident foot on the chest of Lonnie Luck that technically qualifies as a pin.

One ...

Two ...

But Lonnie throws a shoulder up!

DDK:

There's a kick-out by Luck, but Alvaro isn't trying. Looks like he wants to punish him more!

Alvaro picks up Lonnie Luck but instead of going for a pin, he throws him between the ropes and he lands out on the floor in between some of the poker tables placed around ringside.

DDK:

And now we get to the Sin City part of this street fight! Alvaro de Vargas has just taken complete control from Lonnie Luck here!

Lonnie tries to scramble up to his feet, but Alvaro grabs him first and then picks him up before he slams him with a scoop slam right onto a poker table! The round table does not break and just falls over and takes Lonnie with it!

Lance:

Those don't appear to be your standard fare tables! Not nearly as much give as what we normally see!

DDK:

The only thing being given is this beatdown from Alvaro to Lonnie Luck! Lonnie came in like a house of fire with that kendo stick, but Alvaro took control quickly!

Mason and Max are still conversing amongst themselves about the match. Alvaro stands up at ringside.

Alvaro de Vargas:

You better stop this! You better stop this or your cousin is gonna be a paraplegic!

That completely classless comment is heard by the twins. Mason wants to jump in, but Max tries to hold him back.

DDK:

Alvaro now goading the Lucky Sevens! He knows Lonnie Luck is out to prove himself and he's messing with Mason and Max because of it.

Alvaro doesn't look like he is in any hurry to end the match and grabs another one of the poker tables on the ringside floor. He turns it sideways (calm down, jabronis) just as Lonnie is pulling himself up to try and get at the table. Luck stands up just in time to see Alvaro barreling at him ...

WHAM!!!

ALVARO RUNS THE TABLE INTO LONNIE LUCK!!!

Lance:

That was brutal! We have seen in modern day wrestling people putting through tables, but it's far less often that you see a table coming at somebody like that!

DDK:

Alvaro is a freight train without a conductor any more. Tom Morrow is gonna be on injured reserve for months after the Sevens hit him with Seven Stars to a table outside the ring!

Lonnie is now starting to bleed from his head now and Alvaro actually looks happy for the first time since returning and throwing a fireball at Mason Luck. Max and Mason keep watching what is going on with their cousin. Mason wants to go and help, but Lonnie through blood coming down his eyes, tells him to stay back and not interfere.

DDK:

It's looking like tonight that Lonnie Luck would rather lose on his own than have help tonight!

Lance:

I really can't condone this. We're not too far into this wild brawl already and Lonnie Luck is already bleeding!

Alvaro picks up Lonnie with a press slam and the Pocket Ace is thrown into the ring between the ropes!

Lance:

It looks like now Alvaro wants to end it ... no, maybe not!

While Lonnie is struggling in the ring to even stand, Alvaro goes under the ring and slides in a more traditional wooden wrestling table. A small stack of about three or four chairs get thrown into the ring one by one. The weaponry lands all around Lonnie before he walks over to the bar at ringside. He pops the top off one of the beer bottles and has a very confident drink in the ring.

ADV:

Cheers, pendejos!

Then takes a drink!

Lance:

Alvaro is feeling like he can end this at any time! I'd maybe take the drink from the bar after I won, but that's just me!

ADV grabs one of the beer bottles and puts it near a corner of the ring. ADV slides it in a corner and walks over to Lonnie to pick him up ...

WHAM!!!

But Lonnie throws a chair into his face first! Alvaro isn't going down but the chair has rattled the unstoppable El Sol Dorado! Mason and Max lead the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful with cheers as Lonnie stands up again and then rolls to the outside of the ring.

DDK:

Lonnie Luck stuns Alvaro using that chair! But where is he going now?

He heads to the bar placed at ringside and grabs another bottle and pops it open. The Pocket Ace takes a long, long drink and has a swig!

Lance:

I just mentioned the same thing when Alvaro did this! Wait until after!

Lonnie gets back up on the apron when Alvaro wraps a hand around his throat! One hand becomes two and he picks Lonnie up ... then gets a whole bunch of beer spit into his face!

DDK:

Good thinking by Lonnie Luck! Beer straight to the eyes! Completely un-hygenic but it's effective tonight!

Lonnie Luck goes to the ring apron with Alvaro staggering around. He jumps to the top rope and then topples the tall Cuban with a springboard somersault body block!

DDK:

That's the Slow Roll! He topples the giant!

Lonnie Luck falls out of the somersault and right into hooking Alvaro's leg with the cover.

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Alvaro kicks out!

Lance:

I thought that was it!

DDK:

Me, too! There is still plenty of fight left in Alvaro de Vargas here, but Lonnie is up, too!

Lonnie grabs another one of the chairs that Alvaro threw into the ring. He clangs it on the ground twice ...

CRACK!!!

CRACK!!!

The Pocket Ace brings the chair down across the back of Alvaro twice! Alvaro eats both shots and hobbles back!

DDK:

He has a chair!

With the chair still in hand, Lonnie goes for a third swing ... then catches a huge Scorcher super kick upside the head! The chair goes flying and Alvaro de Vargas is bursting with rage!

Lance:

I think Lonnie is done here tonight!

He goes and covers Lonnie Luck!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful launch into cheers when Lonnie has kicked out! Alvaro launches into a tirade in a mix of Spanish and English at the referee after the kickout from Lonnie!

DDK:

I don't know how Lonnie kicked out of that, but Alvaro better finish this!

Once Alvaro is done showing off how well he can cuss someone out in multiple languages, Alvaro takes Lonnie and pushes him towards the corner. A running clothesline catches Lonnie in the corner. Alvaro goes backwards and then hits a second running clothesline in the corner. Lonnie can't stand, but Alvaro picks him up a third time and hangs his arms to make sure that he's propped up in the corner. A third running clothesline finally knocks Lonnie down and Alvaro lets him fall out of the corner. He turns out to the Lucky Sevens.

ADV:

You better get down here and stop me pendejos!

Mason starts to undo his coat, but Max jumps in front of his hot-tempered brother.

DDK:

Max, you have to let him help! We don't normally condone interference in this match, but it's clear Lonnie is out of his depth here. Heart can only get you so far!

Lonnie crawls at the corner with Alvaro grabbing the table he brought in earlier. He sets the table up near a corner and then pats it down to make sure it is sturdy enough.

"BOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

DDK:

Alvaro is enjoying this!

With Lonnie hunched over in a corner. Alvaro grabs Lonnie. He has him up ...

BEER BOTTLE TO THE FACE!!!

Lance:

Lonnie Luck hit him with the beer bottle! He clipped Alvaro upside the head with the beer bottle that Alvaro had brought into the ring to save for a celebratory drink!

DDK:

Maybe he should have drunk that before! Lonnie has him by the neck!

Lonnie grabs Alvaro by the neck in the corner with the table near him! Lonnie swings upwards and catches Supernova Cubana with a low blow!

DDK:

Now that's an equalizer! The Pocket Ace just kicked Supernova Cubana below orion's belt!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer for Lonnie when he grabs Alvaro by the head and runs up the corner ...

...

UNDER-DOG THROUGH THE TABLE!!!

DDK:

LUCK HITS THE UNDER-DOG!!! RIGHT THROUGH THE TABLE ALVARO BROUGHT IN!!!

After scoring with the running cutter out from the corner right into the table, Lonnie Luck jumps on top of ADV and tries for the pin!

ONE ...

TWO ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

The bell ringing is relief to the ears of Lonnie Luck! He moves away from the broken table and his broken opponent!

Quimbey:

The winner ... LONNNNNNIIIEEEEEEE LUCK!!!

♪ "Desperado" by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes ♪

Lance:

LONNIE WINS!!! LONNIE WINS!!! LONNIE WINS!!! WHAT AN UPSET!!!

DDK:

THAT'S A CAREER WIN FOR LONNIE LUCK IN THIS SIN CITY STREET FIGHT HERE TONIGHT!!!

Max and Mason Luck go into the ring and join Lonnie! They raise the bloodied Luck on their shoulders and let him enjoy the moment that he earned all on his own!

Lance:

Lonnie Luck wanted to earn his spot alongside the Lucky Sevens and didn't want any help from his cousins! And in this Sin City Street Fight, Lonnie Luck defeats Alvaro de Vargas!!!

DDK:

What a big night it has been, but we have to go. Next week we will return with a brand new DEFTv live from Atlanta, Georgia!

With a face still partially caked with dried blood, Lonnie Luck flexes his arms on top of the shoulders of his seven-foot cousins! Max and Mason hold him and they celebrate in the ring as the show closing moment!

THIS

IS.

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