

SHOW OPEN



GULF COAST CONNECTION vs. ONLYFLIPS

DDK:

Coming up to kick off the show, we've got local favorites, The Gulf Coast Connection in action! They gave The Fuse Bros III a run for their money a few weeks ago and they'll be in action next against OnlyFlips of BRAZEN to kick off six-person tag team action! What can you tell us about OnlyFlips, Lance?

Lance:

They're a group of high-flyers in BRAZEN obsessed with their looks. Kenny Yi, Lee Laz are both trained in lucha libre, Liz Icarus is Laz's girlfriend and Asi Orochi is a fellow BRAZEN wrestler and the official "photog" for the group. They've been perennial contenders for the Tag Team Titles in BRAZEN and looking for a breakout moment!

DDK:

We'll see how they fare against the experienced Gulf Coast Connection in action next!

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

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from The Crescent City... weighing in at a combined weight of 700 pounds... "Wingman" Titus Campbell... Theodore Cain... Crescent City Kid... **THE GULF! COAST! CONNECTION!**

Theodore Cain has on his Gulf Coast Connection Mardi Gras-themed jester hat, along with Crescent City Kid, getting the crowd fired up by throwing purple and gold beads to The Faithful. "Wingman" Titus Campbell brings up the rear and the powerhouse throws a few jester hats out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young fan in the audience with her parents! All three get in the ring and pose for The Faithful before their music plays for their opponents.

♪ "Run It" by DJ Snake ♪

The music plays and the members of the crowd familiar with BRAZEN cheer on the trio. The Korean-American Kenny Yi, blonde tatted-up pretty boy Lee Laz, the brown-haired Liz Icarus posing on the ramp while Asi Orochi clicks and takes pictures from her phone.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, accompanied to the ring by Asi Orochi... at a combined weight of 579 pounds... the team of Kenny Yi, Lee Laz and Liz Icarus... **ONLYFLIPS!**

The cocky quartet head to the ring. Asi Orochi continues taking pictures as the three pose on the apron, then both Laz and Yi backflip in tandem to land inside the ring. Campbell and Cain both watch on while the quarter continues taking pictures.

Lance:

They call themselves "The Premier Content" of BRAZEN and they could make themselves even more valuable with a win tonight!

Referee Rex Knox calls for the bell once Lee Laz and Crescent City Kid start for their teams.

DING DING

Right the bell, Lee Laz kicks CCK in the gut and then sends him off to the ropes. The young Kid reverses the whip and sends Laz into the ropes, but when he comes back, Laz rolls right over his back on a back body drop attempt and lands on his feet. When he turns around, Laz grabs the back of his head and whips him down to the mat! The Faithful cheer Laz as he poses and grins before hitting a quick standing moonsault! After the move, he stands up and then holds his hands in the air.

DDK:

That's impressive athleticism by Lee Laz! The lack of follow-up on the big moves, not so much.

Laz grabs CCK and then hits a pair of forearms to send him into the ropes. He runs at CCK, but he counters with a back body drop. Laz lands on the apron, but CCK is already there waiting and hits him with a jumping kick on the apron! The Faithful cheer as CCK then climbs to the top rope and takes flight to take him over with a flying headscissors off the middle rope! CCK then poses to mock the Seattleite to the delight of The Faithful!

DDK:

Crescent City Kid counters with the headscissors off the middle rope! And there's a tag to Theodore Cain!

Lance:

I think we're about to see some of the Gulf Coast Connection's teamwork!

The Smash Surfer gets tagged in by Crescent City Kid and they double-team Lee with a big hip toss by Cain! Cain points to the ropes and CCK hits them quickly before allowing himself to be hip tossed right on top of Laz with an assisted rolling senton! CCK leaves the ring as Laz rolls over to his back in pain. Cain then stands on Laz's back and starts mockingly using him as a boogie board to more cheers!

DDK:

You're right, lance! Assisted senton followed by a little Hang Ten action by the Smash Surfer, Theodore Cain!

The 246-pound Cain hops off of Laz and then attempts to hit a back suplex on the non-Harmen high flyer. The 194-pound Laz backflips and lands on his feet before falling into the corner to blind tag Kenny Yi.

Lance:

Tag to Kenny Yi! I don't think that Cain saw it!

Cain runs at the corner, but Laz slips through the ropes and kicks him through the ropes. Cain staggers back as Kenny Yi hits a springboard missile dropkick to knock The Smash Surfer on his back! Yi kips up to his feet and poses so Asi Orochi can quickly climb on the apron and take more photos with her phone.

DDK:

OnlyFlips are talented, but this cocky demeanor is only going to hold them back if they're not following up for covers!

CCK and Campbell both watch as Kenny gets up and hits a springboard moonsault off the middle rope. Cain rolls away, but Kenny lands on his feet and hits a standing moonsault instead! He goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

That was great positioning on that springboard moonsault by Yi!

Kenny gets up and makes the tag to Liz Icarus. Liz gets in and Lee Laz follows right behind her. Cain gets picked up and whipped by Yi and Laz. Yi hits a spinning heel kick, followed by a dropkick from Laz. He kneels down and Liz Icarus leaps off his back into a leaping leg lariat! Liz goes for the win as the legal participant and makes the cover on Cain!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Cain kicks out but Liz Icarus gets back up and hits a sliding kick to the side of his head before he can stand! After he goes down again, Liz rushes and makes the tag to Kenny Yi. He climbs to the top rope and gets ready to go for a splash.

DDK:

Good work by OnlyFlips! Can they finish this out?

Yi goes for a senton... but Cain moves at the last second! Yi rolls through and lands on his feet, but when he gets up, he runs right into a huge front spinebuster!

Lance:

Wow, what a counter! Yi got too flashy and Cain made him pay for it!

DDK:

OnlyFlips have showed out today, but got too cocky! Now Cain has a chance to get the tag!

Cain looks over to his corner where he sees both CCK and Titus Campbell each ready for a tag. Meanwhile, Yi is holding his back in pain and is trying to inch his way towards his corner. Campbell, who hasn't had the chance to tag into the match yet, holds a hand out ready to accept a tag. On the other side, Lee Laz gets the tag and enters...

TAG TO THE WINGMAN!

The largest man in the match steps through the ropes as Lee Laz freezes in place! He snaps himself out of it and charges towards Campbell, but The Wingman knocks him right down with a shoulder tackle! As Kenny Yi tries to stand on the apron, he gets knocked off with a running shoulder from Campbell! Liz Icarus jumps off the apron not wanting any piece of the big man as he turns back to Lee Laz. He picks up the cruiserweight and sends him to the ropes before LAUNCHING the OnlyFlips member in the air with a huge back body drop!

DDK:

There's only flips in the future of OnlyFlips with that back body drop! Campbell is on fire!

The big man points throughout the arena and spins a finger in the air before picking up Lee Laz and putting him on his shoulders! Liz Icarus jumps back in and tries to catch Campbell off-guard but he catches her in his arms first while still having Lee across his shoulders! The results... a two-person airplane spin that pops The Faithful!

DDK:

WHAT STRENGTH BY CAMPBELL! TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE WITH TURBULENCE!

CCK jumps on the apron and starts looking at his imaginary watch while The Wingman keeps The Faithful going! The spins continue until he gets to ten before he falls forward, slamming both Lee and Liz into the canvas! Campbell shrugs and goes for the pin on both!

DDK:

He could beat OnlyFlips right now! Two-for-one on the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

But at the last second, Kenny Yi comes back and breaks up the cover with a basement dropkick! He knocks Campbell over and then goes over to do more damage, but he doesn't see CCK coming until it's too late! The Kid leaps and connects on Yi with a huge springboard crossbody!

Lance:

Kenny Yi broke up the cover with that dropkick, but Crescent City Kid just took him out of the equation! The action is all over the place!

CCK gets back to his feet and then heads to the corner. Campbell gets up and plants Laz near the corner with another big slam, then heads to the middle rope. He holds a hand out and tags CCK before jumping off the middle buckle with a diving headbutt!

DDK:

Take Flight by Campbell! He moves out of the way as Crescent City Kid goes up top!

The Kid poses on the top turnbuckle and then leaps through the sky with a big diving body press on top of Laz!

DDK:

Take Flight from Campbell followed by the Flambeaux Fly from The Kid! Cover!

CCK makes the pin on Lee Laz!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **THE GULF COAST CONNECTION!**

Campbell and Cain both help CCK to his feet and all three men raise their hands in triumph with Hector Navarro doing the lifting!

Lance:

Good team win here tonight to kick off tonight's show! The Gulf Coast Connection had a challenge on their hands from a hungry OnlyFlips, but tonight they walk away with the win!

Asi Orochi is on the outside trying to help Liz Icarus out of the ring while a hurt Kenny Yi does the same for the even worse-off Laz.

DDK:

Tough night for OnlyFlips, but they showed out and showed why they're ones to watch in BRAZEN. We've got more action to come later tonight! The destructive Kilgore in action against "The Wise Ass" Tripp Wise! A newcomer to DEFIANCE, former rugby player Janna Ray makes her in-ring debut against Oliver Tarquin Monroe of Gentlemen's Agreement! The Blood Diamonds are in action! And in our main event, "The Young Bull" Tate Newell wants revenge for his trainer, Dex Joy when he takes on Titanes Familia member Killjoy! Stay tuned!

HAZING

Interview backdrop.

Christie Zane.

You know where we're going with this.

Christie Zane:

Thank you for joining us tonight for this special edition of UNCUT! With me at this time... "El Intocable" Mil Vueltas, "Giga" Dan Leo James, Bonita en Rosa I y II... El Escuadrón.

The Faithful JEER for the foursome walking into view. Normally in a celebratory mood with lots of public drinking and champagne involved... there is no partying mood among the four. Mil Vueltas is dressed in an all-white suit, all white fur coat and a white mask covered in sparkling silver sequins. His massive "hermano" DLJ sports a light red floral suit while Bonita I and II have matching purple floral-themed luchador masks and purple dresses with purple fur coats of their own.

Christie Zane:

El Escuadrón. ... tough night for the both of you. DLJ lost the Favoured Saints Championship back to The D after two months. Mil, you suffered your first defeat since joining the GC Universe against Kerry Kuroyama. Following those losses, where do you go from here?

DLJ:

THE D CHEATED! There's ZERO way that he would have beaten me clean! He hooked MY tights, took MY title and I've spent the last week lobbying complaints with OSCAR BURNS! And when he said... and I quote....

Bad New Zealand accent.

DLJ:

"GC... figure it out yourself, but you BETTER bring gold back to the group!" He's busy recovering from his injuries...

Mil Vueltas:

Si, OSCAR... speedy recovery, amigo. You'll get your face fixed in no time!

DLJ:

You will, OSCAR. We believe in you. As for our situation... I left messages AND filed complaints with anyone in management who would listen! Favoured Saints, DEFIANCE officials, referees, I think I even went into Iris Davine's office and told her in between my looksmaxing that I ain't no beta-Dan... I'm a Giga-Dan and I'm gonna get what's mine...

Bonita en Rosa II:

That's right, Danny! You'll get that title back!

Mil Vueltas looks at Christie.

Mil Vueltas:

You know what... that cabron, Kerry... Debería estar aquí de rodillas suplicando! He should be on his hands and knees THANKING ME for the best match on either night of DEFIANCE Road! That match is the first time ANYONE talked about him in years aside from when people try to remember who Vae Victis members were that weren't OSCAR, Lindsay Troy, Henry Keyes, or mi hermano, DLJ! Esa perra debería estar contenta de haberse cruzado conmigo! And that OTHER cabron, The D... he stole something from you, Danny. And as YOUR hermano... I'm not gonna let that slide... No...

He thinks to himself.

Bonita en Rosa I:

Qué estás pensando, Mil?

Mil points at Bonita I.

Mil Vueltas:

No, Danny... we're going to get OUR title back! The Favoured Saints Title belongs to ALL of us! And I'm going to win it back the only way I know how!

DLJ: [eyes beaming]

You got me a rematch?!

Mil smiles.

Mil Vueltas:

I got one better, hermano. Christie...

Christie Zane:

Yes?

He pulls the microphone closer.

Mil Vueltas:

When you STOLE that title from Danny, you stole it from ALL of us! Because The GLOAT is a wonderful guy who cares about his real friends... his hermano. On behalf of the previous champion, Giga-Dan... for Bonita I y II, the most BEAUTIFUL ladies DEFIANCE has ever seen.

El Intocable greets the twin luchadoras with a wink, who both look flattered.

Mil Vueltas:

Here's some news, Christie... D... I'M CHALLENGING YOU, CABRON! NEXT WEEK FOR THE FAVOURED SAINTS TITLE!

DLJ:

That's right! I'm coming for my ti.. Huh?

DLJ looks puzzled, but Mil points up at his giant hermano.

Mil Vueltas:

The D... you piece of shit. You STOLE Danny's title! You STOLE Danny's honor! You STOLE from all of us... and since I BEAT YOUR ASS in that tag match a couple weeks ago, that makes me the #1 Contender to the Favoured Saints Title! So if Elise will give you your balls back... you accept my challenge! The entire wrath of El Escuadrón and the GC Universe will crash down on you, cabron!

He dabs up DLJ, who clearly wasn't expecting this, but goes along with it anyhow.

DLJ:

YEAH... tell 'em... Mil...

Bonita en Rosa I:

¡Por El Escuadrón!

Bonita en Rosa II:

¡Por El Escuadrón!

Mil looks up at Christie.

Mil Vueltas:

Por El Escuadrón!

Raising a hand, Mil throws his hand out. The Bonitas join in, followed shortly by Dan behind him!

DLJ:

We're all handsome Gigachads and Gigachadettes... or uh... El Gigachadettes? I don't know the preferred nomenclature, but that's it.

Bonita en Rosa II:

Oh... you're so sweet, Danny. Let's go.

The foursome are about to leave as Christie Zane turns to the camera.

Christie Zane:

You heard it here first! "The GLOAT" Mil Vueltas officially challenges the new Favoured Saints Champion, The D! We'll see if that challenge gets accept...

???:

Hey, hey, hey! It's AK All Day, Bay-bay!

Groaning erupts from the El Escuadrón members as none other than a recent fly on the wall of their business rushes up yet again. This time, King is wearing a pink leather jacket, black leather pants with a pink stripe and white boots.

DLJ:

Oh, no... HIM again?

Mil Vueltas:

King... Qué demonios quiere usted?

Aaron King:

You guys, you guys... I never thought I was gonna get out of Scotland alive, man! I lost my passport! They wouldn't let me back on the plane! I just got back like TONIGHT! I had to wait weeks for my family to send me a new passport and... I had to do some... shady stuff to keep warm, man. Leather don't keep you that warm...

He looks at Christie.

Aaron King:

SERIOUSLY shady stuff... but I made it back! I made it back just in time for the show tonight! I gotta shoot my shot just one more time! I need this, you guys.. I mean... I NEED this.

Mil Vueltas:

You NEED to get out of our business. Estás pero si bien pendejo.

Aaron King:

Come on, man! I've been like... kicked out of EVERY other group I've ever been apart of in DEFIANCE! The OG Gulf Coast... The Lucky Sevens... The Scourge... Arthur Pleasant and Jack Harmen... I need this job or I'm on the chopping block, my man. I'll do whatever you guys want, I'll watch your back and help you any way I can!

Mil, DLJ and the Bonitas look at one another. They turn back to King, then Mil reaches into his pocket and slaps something against his chest... his original passport.

Aaron King: [stammering]

Wait... you... you had my passport?

Mil Veltas:

As far as you're concerned, we found it... in your bag. To teach you a lesson to GET THE HELL AWAY FROM US! You mess with us again and we'll make sure you're stranded somewhere PERMANENTLY.

DLJ:

Yeah... you needy little assbutt.

DLJ scowls... then smolders in the direction of King before he and El Escudron take their leave Aaron King looks stunned as Christie turns to him...

Aaron King:

Christie...

Christie Zane:

...Yeah?

Aaron King:

BRO! I'M IN! I'M IN WITH EL ESCUADRON! THAT HAZING WAS **DOPE!** LEAVING ME STRANDED IN EDINBURGH... DAMN, THAT'S HY-LARIOUS!

Before Christie can even try to explain all the reason that King is wrong... King heads off in their direction.

Christie Zane:

Er... back to ringside, I guess.

TRAIN ZANSHU vs. ERIN BRYER

♪ "Sorry Not Sorry" by Gemini Syndrome ♪

The last remnants of the song play out as Erin Bryer stands on the second turnbuckle in one of the corners, waving her hands back and forth with her arm tassels following suit.

DDK:

Tell us about Erin, partner!

Lance:

Erin Bryer has been in BRAZEN for a while now. That red hair of hers also shows her temperament -- feisty and not afraid to mix it up!

DDK:

Well... I know that I'm afraid for her, as well as everyone else here in the DEFplex tonight!

♪ Goodbye Horses by Q Lazzarus ♪

Spotlights zoom all over the small arena as the synthpop song immortalized in Silence of The Lambs plays. After a few measures of the song, TRAIN Zanzhu emerges from the back. The large Japanese woman has punk liberty spikes in a variety of colors, her face smeared in the same colors and a purple singlet over a bodysuit that has a variety of satanic symbols all over it. She has a giant steel chain in one hand and a kendo stick in the other. She eyes the crowd, points the kendo stick toward the ring before looking up and spitting a blood red mist into the air. She starts laughing madly as the mist falls on her face.

DDK:

The first time we saw this woman on UNCUT, we saw her absolutely decimate Callie Scott!

Lance:

I think that even underestimates it! TRAIN spent a large portion of the show dragging Callie around the arena before leaving her at the feet of Madame Melton and Her Most Precious Gems, in a meeting that sent chills down my spine!

TRAIN walks down the aisle but stops halfway and turns toward the crowd, where a father sits with his two little girls right at ringside. TRAIN ramshers kendo stick against the kendo stick multiple times and then spits blood mist in their direction. The father takes his two little girls and flees, as TRAIN leans over the railing holding her tongue out and then cackling. A few other ringside fans back up in fear, too.

DDK:

She wouldn't attack our fans, would she?

Lance:

I don't know.

TRAIN stomps up the steps, dropping the chain but holding the kendo stick as she screams Japanese threats to Erin, who looks apprehensive in the corner. Referee Rex Knox is warning TRAIN to put down the kendo stick...

DDK:

OH NO! TRAIN just cracked the kendo stick right into the back of Rex Knox! She's pummeling him with that weapon of destruction!

Lance:

It's not that she doesn't care about the rules... I don't even think she understands that rules even exist!

TRAIN is laughing as Knox screams in pain as he's on his hands and knees, and she keeps on striking him with the kendo stick.

DDK:

Dear god! What is this maniac doing?

Erin looks around nervously and dropkicks TRAIN to no effect. Then she tries some leg strikes to her body, and TRAIN just laughs some more before grabbing Erin's arm and clubbing her with a short-arm lariat.

Lance:

I think she just knocked Erin out cold!

TRAIN has no mercy and now hoists Erin up with both hands in a choke, runs and tosses her into the corner. Bryer slumps down...

DDK:

TRAIN just exploded with a running hip attack crushing Erin's head in the second turnbuckle.

Lance:

NO! NOT ANOTHER ONE!

The corner nearly buckles as TRAIN does a second running hip attack. The crowd is quiet except for the "ohhhhhhs" from seeing this woman's path of destruction. TRAIN without much hesitation climbs to the middle rope and leaps off with her DERAILEMENT Banzai splash!

DDK:

Erin is out cold!

Lance:

Please, someone get out here to save Erin Breyer!

TRAIN now has her chain and props the out cold Erin Breyer up against the lowest turnbuckle before rolling out of the ring.

DDK:

TRAIN is wrapping that chain around Erin's neck! She's trying to choke her out!

Erin is holding onto the chain gasping for any inkling of air as TRAIN just continues to laugh! DEFMed and DEFSec come rushing out as the ringside bell clangs repeatedly. They get to TRAIN who drops the chain and spits out her blood red mist into the air.

Lance:

Thank god they just came out from the back to stop this attempted murder!

TRAIN takes some goosesteps up the ring while holding her kendo stick over her shoulder. She turns around, points the kendo stick at the carnage like a gun and pretends to fire. Then she spits out her blood red mist one more time, letting it fall on her as she takes her free hands and smears it all over her face.

DDK:

I just hope someone -- ANYONE -- is watching what TRAIN Zhanzou is doing in BRAZEN and now for the second time on UNCUT! She needs to be stopped and stopped soon...

Lance:

Before she becomes unstoppable!

Little tete-a-tete.

We cut to a pre-tape.

The interior of the now famed Black Pelican Club nestled in the heart of New Orleans' French Quarter. It's clear as the camera pans around the front of house dining room that owner and proprietor Edward White wasted no means when designing and outfitting the now lauded, five star eatery. When the camera is done taking in the width and breadth of the room it settles on an isolated table near the corner of the room where two very familiar figures sit enjoying a rather tense meal together.

Angus Skaaland's bleach blond hair is slicked back, his outfit all black adorned with a flashy red sport coat. With an angry sniff and a sigh he cuts into the steak in front of him and takes a bite. His clear frustration is alleviated for a moment when the meat touches his tongue.

Angus: (muttering to himself)

Fuck me running, that's gorram good.

Across from him, his dining partner nods in agreement as he trucks into his own plate.

The Bombastic Bronson Box is dressed in his usual amicable black and grey pinstripe three piece suit. His face still peppered with reminders of the wild, violent no-ropes encounter with Gage Blackwood weeks ago at DEF Road in Scotland. After Bronson's blind rage induced fugue state where he grabbed Angus by the lapels and nearly clobbered him things have been a little tense between the two old friends and business partners.

Bronson:

Thank you for takin' the time, Angus.

All Boxer gets is a muffled grumble from Skaaland as the Motormouth of Malcontent chews a huge wad of some of the most expensive wagyu beef on the planet.

Box puts his utensils down and leans his elbows on the table.

Bronson:

Listen, mate. I didn't mean to grab ya'... I didn't mean for you to get caught in the crossfire. But you know me. You know how I work. How I get when I get barrelin' towards something I want. Correct me if I'm wrong, that's what you liked about me. Said I reminded you of Eric back in his heyday before he went to live like a bloody hermit away from everyone and everything.

Angus sets down his fork and knife and wipes his mouth with his napkin.

Angus:

You wanna' do this? Fine. *Fuck you*, Hollis.

Bronson sits motionless. He knows he screwed up, time to take his licks and try and make this right.

Angus:

I didn't need to come back and be a damn ringside manager. I had irons in the fire outside wrestling. It was White's money that opened the door. It was YOU that made me walk through and stick around. I didn't like how dirty this place did you. Those Favoured Saints numbnuts letting you fall apart and walk away without giving one singular shit was cold as fucking ice.

He takes a breath and a sip from his expensive looking cocktail.

Angus:

In my own way I value DEFIANCE. I value you and what you *mean* to DEFIANCE. But not at the expense of my physical well being, you feel me? I value Angus motherfuckin' Skaaland more than any gorram thing on earth. You

grab me? You dare put hands on ME, well pal I gotta say...

Before Angus can say another word (or get any louder) the two men are joined at the table by the man himself, the owner of the Black Pelican and the self proclaimed Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE Wrestling, The Sophisticate Edward White. Dressed in his usual crisp white finery and perfectly quaffed salt and pepper hair and beard Edward defuses the tension with a put on laugh and that huge, fake smile of his.

Edward:

Gentleman! How nice to see y'all here together havin' a fine meal. Peace a brotherhood, am I right? So how's the food? That steak is direct from a wonderful little facility in Hokkaido, flown here direct. Only the best, especially for my dear friends.

Edward sits down. Boxer and Angus haven't looked away from one another. Ed senses the tension and immediately steps between them right into the middle of it all. His initial fake-ass smile fades as he too rests his elbows on the table and leans forward with a sniff.

Bronson:

Ed, this isn't the time to...

White cuts The Wargod off.

Edward:

You're absolutely correct, now *isn't* the time to talk about all this. We're surrounded by nothing but normals and knowing you two boys the way I do, this little tete-a-tete could easily escalate. This place doesn't need that sort of reputation, y'all feel me? Now... this little situation clearly needs a resolution. The Blood Diamonds will not be torn asunder by simple misunderstanding and miscommunication.

Skaaland has already torn back into his steak as Edward continues on.

Angus: (his mouth full)

So what do you propose, money-bags?

Bronson takes a sip from his glass of scotch with a "*what he said*" sort of look towards Ed.

Edward:

Live in front of the world in the ring on DEFtv in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania we all are gonna have ourselves a little Blood Diamonds family summit. We're gonna sort this for everyone to see and hear, understand? I know you two have a lot to say. Hell, I have a lot to say to the *two of you*. I have a lot to say, period. So what do you say? Lets the three of us sit here, have a little dinner in peace, and sort out the troubles of the world later, like wrestlers tend to... loudly, into a microphone on national television, what say?

Angus and Bronson both look across the table at one another, silently.

Bronson:

I'll be there with bells on, Ed. I want this settled.

Angus just grumbles to the affirmative through a mouth full of perfectly cooked, expensive, marbled cow flesh.

The Socialite smiles.

Edward:

Well we might not be on the same page, but by God, I think we're back in the same goddamn book. Thank Christ. Now where is that waiter, that steak looks goddamn wonderful. Say did I ever tell you all about the time Nicky and I were in Vegas and ran into by God Wayne Newton? I shit you not, we all went out and got skunk drunk, ol' Wayne at one point shucked his pants and we...

The conversation fades into the din of the busy restaurant.

(I know, I wanted to hear the rest of that story too.)

The camera pans back. Our view now includes the entire restaurant as the scene fades to black.

NICKY COROZZO AND JANE KATZE vs. THE MIDCARD EXPERIMENT

"Ooh, baby, do you know what that's worth?"

"Ooh, Heaven is a place on Earth"

♪ *"Heaven Is a Place on Earth" by Belinda Carlisle* ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Making their way to the ring hailing from the WRESTLE HOUSE! Fish Jr and Walter... THE MIDCARD EXPERIMENT!

The song garners a respectable little pop as the portly luchador Hijo Del Fishman Deluxe and the tenured indie journeyman "The Birdman" Walter Levy make their exuberant entrance. Fishman decked out in his usual green and purple gear and matching mask. Walter his classic red white and blue long legged singlet and well-worn denim vest... and that hair, that glorious Jew-fro that he wears with both pride and a matching headband.

DDK:

The last time we saw Fish Jr and Walter they were a little worse for wear a few weeks ago at the yearly awards show, post backstage beatdown from their opponents tonight the massive Nicky Corozzo and the ever-dangerous submission siren, Jane Katze.

Lance:

Dabney Doubleday and his weird little brother are going to get these "Wrestle House" weirdos killed at this rate. Why pick a fight with The Blood Diamonds? Knowing what they're capable of?

DDK:

Nobody ever became a name in this business by playing it safe, partner.

The solo-theme of the female half of the next team erupts through the PA system.

♪ *"Nothing Stands In Our Way" by Lacuna Coil* ♪

The intense metal track plays up to the lyric "WE FEAR NOTHING" and we get a huge pop of fireworks and the tag team in question makes their entrance.

Edward White's right and left hands step through the entrance curtain to a tsunami of boos.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents hailing from San Francisco, California and Brooklyn, New York respectively... Jane Katze and "Il Giudice" Nicky Corozzo! THE ASSOCIATES!

DING DING

The match starts out hot with Fishman Jr and Jane Katze starting things off. To the uninformed the sexy lady in the pencil skirt kicking off her high heels and wrestling barefoot squaring off against a jovial luchador with... well, he's a little on the heavy side. The visual doesn't scream "technical wrestling masterclass" but here we are. Jane Katze's grappling pedigree is well known having competed all over Europe in wrestling and jiu jitsu competitions in her early days.

DDK:

At fight sight folks, Hijo Del Fishman Deluxe doesn't look all that dangerous, but he's a practitioner of the lucha tradition of llave submission wrestling.

A fact not lost on the submission siren. Jane lunges for Fishman Jr's leg with intensity. Clearly not underestimating the young luchador's own submission skills. The technical exchange between the two is fast and furious. Jane's intensity only escalates as every overly-wrought, contrived submission move of hers she tries to maneuver into gets rebuffed

nearly effortlessly by the clearly game Hijo Del Fishman Deluxe.

Jr catches Katze with his patented Lungblower, the Fish Out of Water and sends Jane reeling across the ring. Fish sadly celebrates a little too close to the Associates corner, and the long reach of the seven foot tall former mob enforcer big Nicky.

Lance:

Awww, come on! Dirty pool!

With a handful of the back of Fishman Jr's mask, Nicky yanks the luchador into a flatback. A loud whap is heard as Jr is forcefully yanked off his feet and back into the mat.

DDK:

Par for the course when it comes to Edward White's long tenured lackeys, partner!

Jane recovers, yanks Fish to his feet and places a knee into the back of his neck, performing a vicious swinging neckbreaker variation she calls...

DDK:

Katze Krusher!

Wasting no time, and clearly wanting to end this early, Jane goes about dropping down on her now struggling opponent, locking on a tight double-arm chickenwing. With Fish immobilized, she goes about deftly wrapping her legs around Fish Jr's head in windpipe collapsing figure-four headscissors.

Lance:

Golden Gate Guillotine! Oh this one is over, Keeps!

DDK:

Don't count your chickens before they hatch, partner! Here comes the Birdman!

Walter Levy drops from absolutely nowhere with a wild, reckless top rope senton across both Jane and his tag team partner that breaks up the unique, devastating submission finisher of Jane Katze.

Lance:

Chickens, Birdman. I see what you did there.

The sudden maneuver leaves Jane clutching the back of her neck. Enough time and freedom for Fishman Jr to crawl desperately to his corner where Walter has sprinted back to, arm extended. Jane sees this all a little too late, lunging towards her corner at the last second and ushering in the first appearance of big Nicky Corozzo into the match.

Lance:

Good lord, the size difference.

Nicky doesn't give the deference to Walter that Jane gave Fish earlier. Corozzo almost laughs as the MUCH smaller wrestler approaches him and goes eye to... well, mid-chest if we're being honest and not counting the hair. A game of quick, smart mouse meets big sort of dumb cat ensues as Walter stays one step ahead of Nicky thanks to his lightning quickness. Nicky lands a few wild shots but misses more often than not... his lack of proper wrestling training, as usual with him, shining through.

DDK:

Goes to show you folks, just because they're big and strong and ill-tempered, doesn't mean an instant win. Not in this sport!

Yakuza kicks, running knees, enziguri, straight sidekicks to Corozzo's massive thighs. Anything Walter can produce to

wear the big man down. At one point a dazed Nicky falls back into the nearest available corner and Walter cracks off a running rising knee right under Corozzo's jaw the sound of which garners the biggest pop of the match.

DDK:

Walter Levy has big Nicky on the ropes here, folks!

Having had enough Nicky stomps over to Jane and makes the tag. Jane gives her long time tag team partner a withering look as she steps back through the ropes. Walter smiles and gives Jane a little eyebrow waggle and a wink as he starts to circle. That's the last time we see Walter smile tonight as an absolutely incensed Jane Katze goes to work.

Walter stays firmly on the backfoot as Katze roars towards him legs first. That sounds way more fun than it actually is. Most women that look like Jane, with legs like Jane aren't schooled in several different types of grappling arts. A legitimate jujitsu practitioner of unmatched caliber.

When she's focused on the ring, and lets be honest she's usually not, Jane is one of the most dangerous competitors in DEFIANCE. Walter is finding that out first hand getting stung by strikes from those dangerous legs and finding himself vulnerable to a myriad of ways Katze can make one tap.

In the final moments of the match Katze roars towards Levy and takes him down with a running Thez Press followed by a series of brain rattling mounted punches. As a small trickles of blood starts out of Levy's nostril Jane swings around and deftly locks on a TIGHT triangle choke. With Jane's muscular legs cutting off the flow of blood to his brain, Walter has no recourse but to tap out.

DING DING DING

With a deep, sincere scowl on her face Jane doesn't release the hold. Even as she's being berated by the referee Katze refuses to relent, until...

Lance:

Is that the theme from Superman the Motion Picture?

DDK:

OH MY GOSH!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Similarly to Walter's out of nowhere maneuver from earlier that saved Fishman Jr, the one and only masked madman CAGE enters stage upward, with a driving top rope Elbow Drop right to Jane's unprotected midsection. Katze rolls out of her triangle choke clutching her back. Nicky reaches in and assists his tag team partner to ringside as CAGE starts obliviously running the ropes and screaming at the top of his lungs...

CAGE:

I'M A VAMPIRE! I'M A VAMPIRE! I'M A VAMPIRE! I'M A VAMPIRE!

As Walter Levy and Hijo Del Fishman Deluxe both lean over the ropes and jaw with the Associates duo as they back up the ramp jawing right back.

Jane Katze:

THIS ISN'T OVER!

Nicky has to physically escort Jane back through the entrance curtain.

Jane Katze:

NOT BY A LONG SHOT! YOU FREAKS!

DDK:

Well, the war Edward White never wanted any part of continues as Wrestle House, even in loss, get one over on the Blood Diamonds toadies.

Lance:

Keeps? What does he mean he's a vampire?

DDK:

Never seen Vampire's Kiss? One of my favorite Nic Cage movies.

JANNA RAY vs. OLIVER TARQUIN MONROE

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall ... representing Gentlemen's Agreement ... from Stanford, Connecticut ... weighing two-hundred twenty pounds, Oliver Tarquin Monroe!!!

Oliver Tarquin Monroe has on a dark gray sleeveless coat. He takes it off to reveal a sleeveless button-up shirt and tie, which he adjusts, but his arms are free to show off his chiseled guns.

DDK:

Up next we have one of the main roster stars of DEFIANCE Wrestling, Oliver Tarquin Monroe! Normally we see him out here with the likes of Lord Sewell and their "Royal Guard" Earl Roberts, but tonight, I understand Monroe has a unique opponent?

Lance:

That's right! Monroe challenged any BRAZEN star and he's getting a star set to make her debut ... formerly known as HurriJane, now competing under her real name, Janna Ray!

When Monroe reaches the ring he has a microphone.

Oliver Tarquin Monroe:

Tonight ... you people have been treated to absolute dreck! I, Oliver Tarquin Monroe, am here to engage in a splendid technical contest and tonight, I told the great Lord Sewell and Earl Roberts I need no assistance to pick up a victory. Earlier tonight before the show, I issued an open challenge against anyone from the BRAZEN brand that is willing to test their mettle against me.

Monroe is looking at the entrance.

Oliver Tarquin Monroe:

I shy away from no challenge. Tonight, I dare someone in that locker room to fight me ... like a man!

OTM gives the microphone back to Darren Quimbey and waits.

Thankfully he will not have to wait long.

♪ "Cannonball" by Avril Lavigne ♪

The music is unknown to the masses, but out comes a powerful young strawberry blond woman standing on the entranceway and her size quickly gets the attention of the masses! With attire consisting of a bright yellow and black rugby jersey with "RAY 01", yellow shorts and wrestling boots, Ray points towards the ring and then high fives a few fans on her way down. Oliver looks a little surprised at his opponent.

Quimbey:

His opponent ... she hails from Miami, Florida! Weighing in at approximately one brick house ... she is the 'Ray of Sunshine' JAAAAANNNNNAAAAA RAAAYYYYYYYY!!!

Ray enters the ring! She stands at around five-foot ten and looks ready to fight! She points at Monroe and gets ready for a challenge.

DDK:

And here comes Janna Ray!

Lance:

She's a former rugby player and has made it in competitive powerlifting just before getting into wrestling! She's also a

graduate of the same school that trained one of DEFIANCE Wrestling's biggest stars ... I'm talking none other than "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy!

The Ray of Sunshine jumps around to hype herself up and the incredulous Newell looks right at her but a challenge is a challenge. He shrugs it off.

DING DING

Monroe has a few inches in height over the power house in front of him. He holds up his hands to engage in a grappling contest and Janna Ray takes the challenge with a smile on her face. She holds up the hand but when the two lock up, Monroe moves behind Janna Ray and then segues directly into a head lock followed into a quick fireman carry takeover that takes Ray to the mat.

DDK:

That's the technical expertise we see regularly out of Monroe. He'll be looking to counter anything that Janna Ray brings to the table.

OTM maintains his grip on Janna Ray but he's surprised to find Ray able to move back and shove him towards the ropes. Monroe comes back but Ray moves under the ropes. The Ray of Sunshine comes back off the ropes and just one well placed jumping shoulder tackle knocks OTM off his feet!

DDK:

Oh my goodness! You weren't kidding about that rugby background of hers! She just knocked down a full-grown man in one shot!

Monroe looks up caught by surprise. Ray looks down at OTM and waves then jumps for the ropes. Monroe ducks down. He jumps up and he attempts to leap frog over Janna but shockingly he lands right on her shoulder as she holds her up! She points towards the corner and then slams OTM right into it! The strength on display from Janna Ray is enough to catch the people completely off guard! When OTM ends up in the corner, Janna pats him on the head!

Lance:

That power on display! But she has speed too!

DDK:

She really does! Twice now she has shown up Monroe!

OTM gets hit with another shoulder tackle in the corner and then gets picked up. Janna jumps on him with a running senton and then stands up. Monroe sits up and is sucking wind in when Janna jumps off the ropes and hits another tackle variation in the form of a sliding shoulder while he is seating! OTM is on his back and Janna makes a cover.

One ...

Two ...

No!

OTM gets his shoulder up first!

DDK:

OTM is getting shown up by the BRAZEN star! We've had plenty of intergender action in DEFIANCE over the years! Lindsay Troy, Elise Ares, Titaness, Teresa Ames! All former champions of some kind, all just to name a few! Could we be seeing Janna Ray take the first step towards putting herself in that class?

Janna waits on Monroe to get back up. She plants a kick in his chest and moves towards the ropes again for some of her rugby-styled offense. Unfortunately Oliver has learned a thing or two in the last few minutes and catches Ray with

a hot shot against the top rope! Ray coughs and she walks right into a drop kick! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful boo the daylight out of him for taking advantage of the situation but he doesn't seem to have any compassion for his opponent.

Lance:

Monroe just turned things around in the blink of an eye!

DDK:

And here comes Monroe with more offense!

He walks off the ropes and leaps up with a big knee drop right to Ray's forehead! The big blow lands and OTM goes for a cover.

One ...

Two ...

No!

Ray kicks out first!

DDK:

Kick-out by Ray! You have to be tough and know how to take hits playing rugby, but the professional wrestling ring is a different beast entirely.

Lance:

Monroe with the half crab now.

He has a tight half crab on the Ray of Sunshine! The Faithful start to get behind Janna Ray while OTM has the submission locked on her. Dusting herself off and gritting her teeth together, Ray pushes off the canvas. She starts to try and army crawl towards the rope with Monroe still applying the pressure.

DDK:

I'm impressed Ray can even make it towards the ropes! There's a lot of power in her frame.

Lance:

There is! And Monroe pulls back!

OTM has the hold locked on but Ray reaches forward and catches the ropes first to a cheer! Lord Sewell's trusted tag team partner lets go of the leg and proclaims his gentlemanly attitude to the referee and while he's doing this, he's got a leg pressing against Ray on the ropes!

DDK:

How does one even call themselves a gentlemen and then turn around and do something like choke someone on the ropes?

Lance:

I don't know, the referee never saw it.

Janna Ray ends up on the apron gasping for air with Oliver ready to finish the job. He makes sure that Janna Ray is where she needs to be. He goes for the ropes but when he comes back, he doesn't expect Janna Ray to leap right through the middle ropes to hit a slingshot spear through the ropes!

DDK:

What a shot! Checking some notes ... Ray calls that move Into The Light!

Ray gets up and checks her knee first to make sure she's okay. She gets up and stands right behind OTM. She gets behind Monroe and then has him up on her shoulders in the electric chair that wows the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

DDK:

She's got him in an electric chair! Where will she take OTM!

Shaking his head, Monroe can't believe it when he's dropped into the turnbuckle face first! He falls into the corner! Ray sees this and crosses the ring to him Monroe with a big cannon ball senton in the corner!

Lance:

I can't believe she had a two-hundred twenty pound man on her shoulders like that! And then follows up with the cannon ball senton!

DDK:

Shades of Dex Joy who used to use that cannon ball in the corner!

Monroe rolls out of the corner and Ray points towards the top rope. Janna gets to the top and starts to shake the top turnbuckle! She leaps off the top and right into a big diving frog splash!

DDK:

Monroe isn't at the beach, but he just got to Catch Some Rays! That's the name of that frog splash!

Lance:

Are we really going to see a big upset?!

Janna Ray covers!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Cannonball" by Avril Lavigne ♪

DDK:

NO WAY!!! JANNA RAY DOES IT!! SHE JUST DEFEATED AN ESTABLISHED MAIN ROSTER STAR!

Janna Ray can't believe it and neither can the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! Janna jumps up right away and keeps on jumping in place!

Quimbey:

Your winner ... JAAAAANNNAAAAA RAY!!!

The Ray of Sunshine celebrates with the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful at ringside! She leans back into the people and starts soaking in applause!

DDK:

Janna Ray scores the win tonight over Oliver Tarquin Monroe! That unorthodox offense of hers! She moves fast and hits hard!

Lance:

Maybe she's ready for the main roster!

The Ray of Sunshine continues to enjoy the adulation of the people for the shocking victory outside the ring and points to the people! In the ring, Monroe is holding his gut and his face is beet red having been embarrassed by the newcomer!

SUPER MALAK ODYSSEY 2

Disembodied Voice:

Wake up! WAKE UP. WAKE UP!

Malak's eyes open slowly. Everything is visually fuzzy at first but soon, things come into focus. He's laying on his back in a weird green and blue vortex. It feels like he's floating in something that's straight out of the twilight zone. There is no ground to speak of, or rather, it's transparent if there at all. Malak groggily rises to his feet and looks around at the psychedelic pattern of colors dancing around him.

Malak Fuse:

Did I die or something?

He notices three floating icons in the not too far distance. With nothing better to do, Malak marches over to them.

Malak Fuse:

What are these?

Malak reaches his hand towards the left most icon. His palm touches it, creating a warp portal he gets sucked into. Suddenly, after being tossed around a little bit, a shaken Malak Fuse grounds his feet on the dirt of a colorful world full of mammoth sized broccoli stalks.

Malak Fuse:

Broccoli Land!?

High Pitched Voice:

That's kingdom, actually. Broccoli Kingdom.

A spry little whipper snipper sprints into view. He looks just like Conor Fuse, except smaller and more trollish.

Malak Fuse:

Who the hell are you?

cOnOr fUnGi:

Why, I'm cOnOr fUnGi! I'm the gatekeeper of this land known as Broccoli Kingdom. Welcome! Nice to make your acquaintance! What's your name?

Malak Fuse:

Malak.

Confused beyond belief, Malak looks around.

cOnOr fUnGi:

Did you just come from the main menu?

Malak Fuse:

The main what? You mean that vortex that felt like a fever dream?

cOnOr nods his head idiotically.

cOnOr fUnGi:

Yup, that's the one! You selected the Broccoli Kingdom icon and now you're here! Isn't that special!?

Malak's gaze tells a story of dissatisfaction. He walks up to the base of a gigantic broccoli stalk and reaches out to touch it. cOnOr fUnGi rushes over and nearly tackles Malak if it wasn't for a large difference in size.

Malak Fuse:

What the hell!?

cOnOr fUnGi:

What are you doing!? You can't touch that! You will taint the stem! Don't touch anything!

Malak Fuse:

Well, if I can have the time and space to state what's on my mind, cOnOr, I have NO IDEA what I'm doing here so forgive me!

cOnOr rubs his chin in recognition of Malak's conundrum.

cOnOr fUnGi:

Well usually users come through here on a quest. With some kind of a mission. You know, a purpose to fulfill so to speak. What's yours? What did cOnOr fAkE tell you on the main menu?

Main Menu? cOnOr fAkE? These terms were nothing more than gibberish to an already irritated Malak Fuse.

Malak Fuse:

I don't know what you're talking about. I didn't see a cOnOr fAkE from the 'main menu'. I did hear a disembodied voice though. That could have been him? If that was him, that was an ultra lazy way of being present in the moment. I was in CRISIS!

fUnGi is overcome with worry and dismay.

cOnOr fUnGi:

I see, I see. Hmmmmm wow, okay! Lots to unpack here. Usually players don't get by cOnOr fAkE so easily. It's not unusual but I can fill you in! It's just been a while since I've completed the tutorial with new users so give me a second.

fUnGi plucks the tiniest stalk of broccoli from the ground and chomps on it before continuing.

cOnOr fUnGi:

You've encountered a very special land, lad. A land so vast and full of spectacle, not everyone can see it. This universe is guarded by four unique cOnOr clones. The main menu is guarded by cOnOr fAkE and then the three hub worlds have cOnOr fReiGhT who guards the train yards, cOnOr fRaiL who guards Trophy Castle, and of course you have yours truly, cOnOr fUnGi of Broccoli Kingdom.

Malak Fuse:

Totally makes sense. What's my mission then?

fUnGi bops around with glee.

cOnOr fUnGi:

Open your compendium and it should tell you! Just hit the select button!

Somehow, a holographic screen pops up in front of Malak and displays a foreign language. cOnOr jumps right in and begins reading with intrigue.

cOnOr fUnGi:

Oh wow, okay. You really messed up in the outside world if these are your marching orders! You have to visit all three lands to learn some lessons. Interesting. Looks like you're set to delve DEEP into a story of chaos, betrayal and lies all because of your recent life events! Lucky you! Usually most users just have to save the Princess.

Suddenly, another portal opens. The Broccoli Corp. warehouse is on the other side.

Malak Fuse:

What am I supposed to do here?

cOnOr smiles an evil smirk.

cOnOr fUnGi:

In order to progress you must first beat this world. You must pass through this portal and complete the mission! Then you can select another level and try to complete that mission. I don't know specifically what you will have to do but you will know you are successful when you acquire the Key of Broccoli Kingdom. Good luck my friend!

With that, cOnOr pats Malak on the back, forcing him to stumble into the portal. If you thought that was whacky, just wait until Super Malak's Super Odyssey continues next time!

KILLJOY vs. TATE NEWELL

DDK:

Coming up next in our main event tonight, the challenge was made! BRAZEN star "Young Bull" Tate Newell takes on Titanes Familia's monster, Killjoy!

Lance:

Titanes Familia scored the biggest win of their careers by defeating The Lads at DEFIANCE Road! It was Killjoy who slammed Punch Drunk Purcell's arm into steel steps, followed by Dex Joy getting pinned by Uriel Cortez following the 218 powerbomb through a table! We came to find out that Dex Joy suffered a heel injury of some sort during the course of that match as well and we don't know when he'll be back.

DDK:

Standing up for one of the men that trained him in Dex Joy, Newell is looking for a big upset tonight. He stands at six feet and moves fast at 260 pounds, but Killjoy stands six-TEN and just over three-fifty! This will be an uphill battle no matter how you slice it.

Lance:

Indeed... but Tate has something to fight for tonight and we'll see if he can do it.

The camera cuts to Hall of Famer Darren Quimbey ready to make the call for the main event!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is your main event of the evening and is set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Becoming The Bull" by Atreyu ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Buffalo, New York... weighing in at 264 pounds... **"THE YOUNG BULL" TATE NEWELL!**

The fans give a cheer to the big man coming out from the back with payback for his mentor on his mind! Wearing a dark green wrestling singlet and black boots, the young man points right at the ring with his index and middle fingers, then ZOOMS down the ramp! He slides right under the bottom rope, climbs to his feet and then leaps in place several times to get himself fired up as his music cuts.

The music shifts to the latest tune of the Familia as the lights shift to black... then an eerie gold hue shines brightly over the stage.

♪ Father, father, unforgivable, This is my house, you made it personal
It's always trouble when they go too far! Nobody mess with my familia ♪

♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

Tonight, one golden spotlight shines brightly on the stage to reveal the titanic form of the masked monster. The Future of the Familia steps forward, wearing a sleeveless black dress shirt, black jeans and looks up to the sky with his black mask fastened and showing no facial features whatsoever. Next to him, "La Angelita" Brooklynn Rivera stands by in a black peacoat, dark sunglasses, black pants, and an angry sneer.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing Titanes Familia... being accompanied by Brooklynn Rivera... from Crowheart, Wyoming, weighing in a THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-SEVEN POUNDS... **KILLJOY!**

Lance:

It looks like when the parents are away, the kids will play tonight! Killjoy accompanied by Brooklynn Rivera.

The Young Bull watches as The Good Son of the Familia makes his way to ringside. Brooklynn cheers on her "brother"

as Killjoy stands on the apron, not taking his gaze away from Tate Newell before stepping over the ropes. Once he's in the ring...

THE YOUNG BULL ATTACKS!

DING DING

DDK:

This is our main event! Newell going full speed ahead at Killjoy! This is for his mentor, Dex Joy and his friend, Punch Drunk Purcell!

Newell goes right at Killjoy and has him in the corner, hitting him with a number of shoulder thrusts to the gut! An audible groan is heard from The Future of the Familia as another series of shoulder thrusts connect with the stomach! Newell gets checked by the official, Brian Slater and told to break off the corner. The Young Bull gets cheers from The Faithful when he runs around the ring and comes back with a big corner spear to the big man! The Bull gets cheers from The Faithful as he beats on his chest and throws his arms up!

Lance:

I don't believe it, Darren! He's got Killjoy on the ropes!

DDK:

He does, but he's gotta keep his feet on the gas! Stick and move and not give the former two-time BRAZEN Champion a chance to regain the offense.

The Young Bull charges towards the corner and lays into the midsection of Killjoy with a number of big forearm shots! He climbs up to the middle rope and then climbs on the ring apron, but the Native American monster grabs him by the neck and pitches him over the ropes!

Lance:

Goodness! Killjoy tried to stop Tate Newell, but this kid has some fight in him!

Killjoy reaches over the ropes to try and grab Newell while he's on the apron, but Tate reaches up first and drops down and snaps his head against the ropes first! The Faithful cheer on the resourcefulness of the kid as he points to the top rope. He heads up top and while Killjoy is stunned...

Lance:

I think we're about to see a Bull fly!

Newell gets up top...

THWACK!

OOOOOOOOOOOH!

Everyone else in the Wrestleplex gasps, but Brooklynn Rivera giggles and laughs as Newell gets SWATTED off the top rope, falls to the apron, and then crashes to the floor.

DDK:

LORDY! Like father, like son in Titanes Familia! Just one big chop changed the entire trajectory of this match!

Killjoy climbs over the ropes and then heads out to the floor to quickly go after The Young Bull. He pulls him up and then rolls him halfway inside the ring before grabbing the left arm of Newell and SLAMMING it right into the post! The Buffalo native clutches at his arm as Killjoy looks down at him.

DDK:

Goodness... that's new! Killjoy attacking the arm just like he did to Punch Drunk Purcell between those steel steps!

Killjoy then climbs back into the ring. He grabs Newell a second time and then SLAMS his arm into the corner this time! Tate falls to a knee while The Faithful jeer Killjoy. The Future of the Familia doesn't react and instead, he grabs Newell by his bad arm only to shove him again into another empty corner! Newell falls to his knees and continues to clutch at the arm while Brooklynn Rivera cackles from ringside.

Brooklynn Rivera:

Look, look, look!

She starts mockingly holding her own shoulder to make fun of the pain Newell is in.

Lance:

I don't feel like Uriel Cortez and Titaness have been setting the best example for these two as role models.

DDK:

I concur. And Killjoy is picking him apart now!

While Newell is down, Killjoy puts his hand on the mat... and STOMPS on his left hand with his massive boot! Newell yells out in pain, but it's much worse as Killjoy keeps his foot there and grinds his heel down!

DDK:

This is getting eerie. Remember when Uriel told the fans that if people laid their hands on the Familia that this is the fate that would await them?

Lance:

Yeah.

DDK:

I think we're seeing it right now.

Slater gives a five-count for Killjoy to stop with his attack. He finally stops at the count of four and a half, then grabs Newell's arm, only to SMASH it against the mat again! Newell howls in pain some more while Killjoy grabs him by the hair. He pulls him up, only to get greeted with a right hand from the good arm of Newell! He strikes Killjoy again, but the blows don't register as Killjoy delivers a swift knee! He doubles Newell over and SMACKS him in the chest with a sledgehammer-like forearm dropping him to the canvas. The Young Bull is left coughing for air after the shot while Killjoy looks up to the jeering Faithful.

DDK:

Newell came into this match with a lot of fight in him, but it looks like it's been all but snuffed out.

Killjoy has decided enough is enough. He grabs onto the left arm of Tate... but Tate comes back swinging with the right once again! He lands a series of shots with The Faithful cheering along, but Killjoy boots him again. He whips Tate across the ring and swings for a lariat, but Tate ducks and moves, only to come back with a flying shoulder tackle off the ropes that knocks Killjoy backwards! The NOLA Faithful cheer on the powerful BRAZEN rookie as he stands up, still grabbing onto the left shoulder!

DDK:

Newell has a chance after he stunned Killjoy with that flying tackle with the good shoulder! Can he take Killjoy off his feet?!

He lines up and has a staggered Killjoy in his sights and then comes off the ropes a second time with another jumping shoulder tackle! The Future of the Familia is staggered a second time! He hits the ropes once and comes back, scoring with a HUGE dropkick that knocks Killjoy back into the corner!

Lance:

I can't believe it! He's got Killjoy rocked after those flying tackles and the dropkick! Can he get the monster off his feet?!

DDK:

He's looking for The Horns! Can he nail this spear?!

Newell gears up and waits as Killjoy turns to face him. Newell comes running... BUT KILLJOY NAILS A FRONT DROPKICK OF HIS OWN!

Lance:

NO WAY!

DDK:

KILLJOY BEAT NEWELL TO THE PUNCH WITH THAT DROPKICK OF ALL THINGS!

The Faithful still watch in awe after the dropkick! Brooklynn Rivera flashes a double thumbs down from outside and Killjoy nods. He grabs Newell with both hands and plucks him into the air by the throat, right into a NASTY falling powerbomb!

DDK:

FREEFALL! THIS ONE'S OVER!

Killjoy hooks the legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

Killjoy lingers after the cover, kneeling over the fallen body of his opponent while

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **KILLJ...**

But before he can finish his thought, Rivera steals his microphone.

Brooklynn Rivera:

Get his ass, bro-bro! Make an example out of his ass so NOBODY messes with Familia!

The music cuts abruptly as Killjoy grabs the arm of Newell and drags him out of the ring...

DDK:

No, no, no, come on! Stop, you've already won! You've already won the match!

Slater calls for the bell...

DING DING DING DING DING DING DING

But the bell doesn't do anything to stop Killjoy from grabbing the same arm he worked before! Newell is powerless to

fight back when he has a hand wedged between the steps...

THUD!

...and KICKS the steps, crushing his hand between that and the ring post! Newell is screaming in agony now!

Lance:

NO! COME ON, TATE NEWELL NEEDS HELP NOW!

DDK:

First, Punch Drunk Purcell, now Tate Newell! This is unbelievable!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The jeering is loud in the Wrestleplex as DEFSec finally rushes down to the ring! Not just them, but The Gulf Coast Connection, as well as the newbie who debuted earlier in the evening, Janna Ray! They swarm around to create a barrier between Newell and Killjoy, but the damage has already been done. Brooklynn still has Darren Quimbey's microphone.

Brooklynn Rivera:

Like Papa Tez says... you put them hands on Familia... YOU AIN'T GONNA HAVE WORKING HANDS!

She throws the mic down as she and Killjoy get ready to leave. The attention turns back to medical and DEFSec standing around... then Brooklynn jumps in and STOMPS on the same hand of Newell!

DDK:

No! Damn it! Titanes Familia are just bullying anyone that gets in their way!

Wingman Titus Campbell steps to Killjoy and the big man wants to engage, but Rivera holds him back and then tells him they need to go. Janna Ray marches up to the two, but Killjoy and Rivera take their leave and head back up the ramp to loud jeers.

Lance:

Titanes Familia are making enemies everywhere they go. They've put out The Lads and now, Dex's former student might be along there with them.

DDK:

Despicable... but I'm being told that we have to go. We'll try and get an update as soon as possible on Newell's condition, but despite this, thank you for joining us here tonight on UNCUT. We'll see you all live next week for DEFtv as the final road to DEFCON begins! For Lance Warner... I'm Darren Keebler. Good night...

Killjoy and Brooklynn Rivera both stand on the top of the ramp, being booed out of the Wrestleplex as the scene fades to black.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.