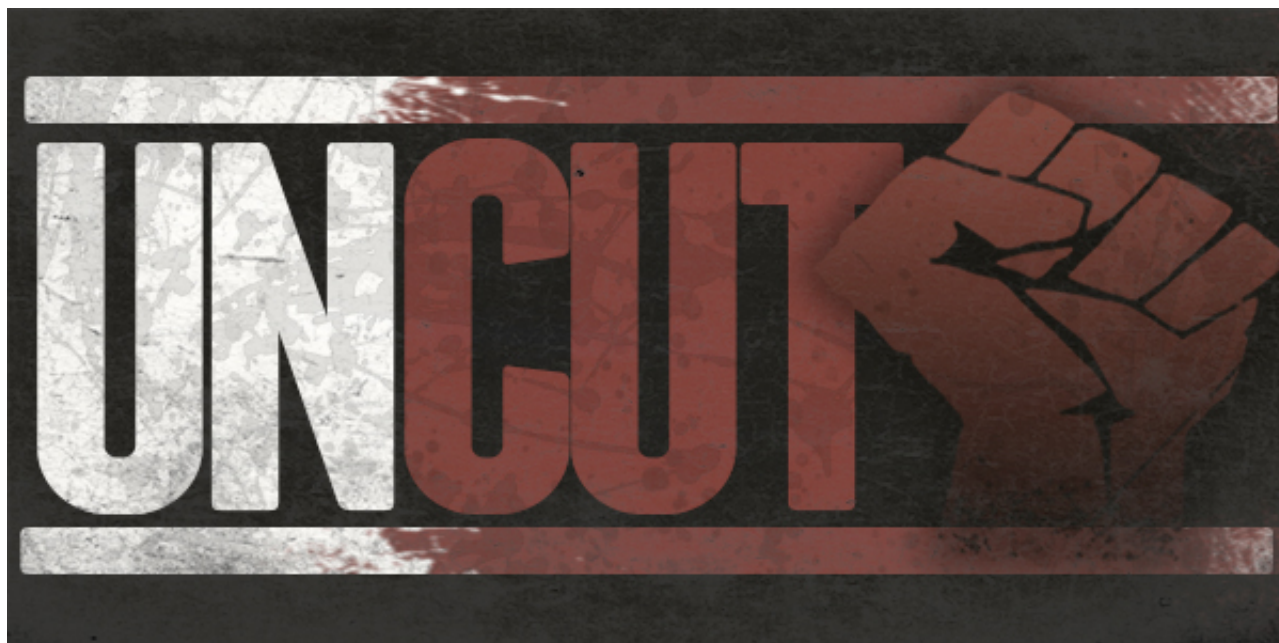


SHOW OPEN

KILLJOY vs. MISIL

DDK:

Coming off the heels of a VERY EXPLOSIVE episode of DEFtv, thank you for joining us tonight on UNCUT! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and we've got some action on tap tonight!

Lance:

That we do, Darren! Later tonight, Punch Drunk Purcell readies himself for a... and this is not a typo... a BOXING EXHIBITION against Doctor Ned Reform! After weeks of trying to recruit Punch Drunk Purcell, Ned Reform will go one-on-one against The Brick Hithouse! But before he gets there, he will take on DEFIANCE veteran and former World Trios Champion, Aleczander The Great!

DDK:

And that's not all! Coming up first... the anointed "Good Son" of Titanes Familia, Killjoy, will be in action one-on-one against the masked luchador from BRAZEN looking for a big break tonight, Misil! That match is coming up right now! Let's go to Darren Quimbey with the in-ring introductions!

The camera cuts over to Darren Quimbey inside the ring for the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

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. The only two-time BRAZEN Champion in company history slowly starts to march to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Representing Titanes Familia... from Crowheart, Wyoming, weighing in a THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-SEVEN POUNDS... **KILLJOY!**

The Good Son reaches the ring and pulls himself up onto the apron by grabbing the top rope. He looks out to The Faithful and then climbs over the ropes as the introductions begin for his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from El Paso, Texas, weighing in at 225 pounds... **MISIL!**

The luchador in the dark green singlet and custom mask does a standing backflip in the ring to the delight of The Faithful!

Lance:

This is our first look at Misil! Nothing but good things to say about this young man from BRAZEN, but I have to say that he's facing quite the uphill battle!

DDK:

The old adage of power versus speed starts of tonight's episode of UNCUT!

Misil is bigger for a luchador, standing at 6'1" and about 225, but looks like a child next to the beastly Killjoy. There's no readable expression on the face of the masked monster but that doesn't seem to deter the young luchador from

getting ready for the match...

DING DING

Right out of the gate, young Misil makes like his namesake and runs at Killjoy with a missile-like flying dropkick! The blow is enough to knock Killjoy back a few steps into the corner. Misil rolls over onto his stomach and does a front flip to his feet to get the Edmonton Faithful all fired up!

DDK:

What a hot start by Misil! He knows he's got a chance to score a massive upset here tonight!

He runs right towards Killjoy and hits another dropkick! He bounces back into the corner while Misil now hits a kip-up and starts pointing out to The Faithful who are cheering him on! He runs at Killjoy and rocks him in the side of the head with a flying forearm smash upside the head. The blow rocks him, but The Good Son remains on his feet. He charges towards Misil, but he pulls the ropes down and Killjoy goes over! He still manages to stay on his feet, but Misil sees his target.

Lance:

I think Misil is about to fly!

DDK:

I think that you're right! I was told that Misil has a tremendous tope and I think he's ready to show it off!

The luchador charges off both sets of ropes and then FLIES right through the ropes to connect with a huge suicide dive that crashes directly into Killjoy! The beast is stumbling and holding his chest, but still hasn't left his feet!

DDK:

That tope dive looked great, but Killjoy took the shot full on and he's STILL on his feet!

Seeing this, Misil looks bugged out and that Killjoy is still upright so he goes to the ring apron. He runs and hits a thrust kick on The Future of the Familia. He leaps up to the middle rope and tries for an asai moonsault...

...

CAUGHT!

SNAKE EYES INTO THE RING APRON!

Lance:

No! Misil went to the well once too often and he just paid for it!

DDK:

That snake eyes on the apron was nasty!

Killjoy now towers over the young luchador and grabs him. He PRESSES Misil over his head and then CHUCKS him into the ring through the middle ropes back inside the ring! Misil is hunched over in pain while Killjoy climbs over the ropes. The Good Son enters the ring and watches his young luchador trying to get back to his feet. He climbs in the corner but it ends up being a bad spot for him as he rushes forward and crushes him with a huge body avalanche! He pulls Misil out of the corner and then grabs him by the body...

AND CHUCKS HIM WITH THE ATOMIC THROW!

DDK:

OOHHH! HE JUST HURLED MISIL ACROSS THE RING! THIS MATCH MIGHT BE FINISHED SOONER THAN WE THINK!

The Native-American giant stands over Misil as he tries to stagger back into place, but he grabs him by the neck. It's simple pickings for the giant as he pulls Misil up onto his shoulders before DRILLING him down into the canvas with a falling powerbomb that shakes the ring!

DDK:

AND THERE'S THE FREEFALL! YOU CAN COUNT TO A MILLION!

Killjoy simply kneels over and puts both palms on the chest of the downed luchador.

One.

Two.

Three.

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **KILLJOY!**

The monster stares down Hector Navarro and watches him. As he reaches over to try and raise a hand, Killjoy lunges towards him, sending Hector Navarro scurrying from the ring!

Lance:

What a quick victory by Killjoy! I can't promise that it will be that easy for him when he takes on OSCAR BURNS on DEFtv next week, live from Seattle!

DDK:

No way it will be, but in Killjoy's entire time in DEFIANCE he has only been pinned one time and boasts victories over several stars! The former FIST, Kendrix! Butcher Victorious! Punch Drunk Purcell! He's taken down some heavy hitters, but he'll be in the ring next week with one of our very best!

Leaving the ring, Killjoy stalks towards the back as the show moves on.

SUPER MALAK ODYSSEY 10

Malak Garland:

Just a little bit further.

Beads of sweat drip down his spine like alpine skiers carving up the slopes. Except the only thing is, there's not a snowflake to be seen for miles and miles in this desert. Malak climbs up the rockface, hundreds of feet from sure doom without having the courage to look down. Finally, he finds a tiny landing to rest on.

Malak Garland:

Equipment check time.

A revolver. A musket. It's all still there as Malak stows his rucksack and looks to continue his journey to the top of dune hills.

Malak Garland:

Once I get up there, I gotta find the bandit camp.

He mutters to himself as he makes the treacherous climb.

Malak Garland:

And once I find the bandit camp, I will be sure to find the Arryth Crystal. All I need to do is snatch it.

He continues to climb, eventually bending over the top lip of the highest ledge of land.

Malak Garland:

And return it to Teresa for my handsome reward.

It doesn't take Malak long to find the bushes and move alongside them. He can see the encampment up ahead. It's sparsely populated at best but that doesn't mean there isn't danger. Once in close enough range, Malak uses his excellent vision to scope out the situation.

Malak Garland:

I really only see one guy patrolling and to be honest, he looks kind of puny and meek. Still, I don't think going in gun-ablazin' is the best course of action here.

Garland stays in what little shadows there are until he gets to within a few feet of the bandit wagon. He watches the patroller intently before popping out from behind the wagon.

Malak Garland:

DRAW!

Revolver extended, the smaller man stares daggers at Malak.

Malak Garland:

T-Tyler!? What are you doing here?

There stands in front of him a western themed replica of Tyler Fuse.

tYLeR rEbEL:

Did you just draw your weapon on me!?

Malak looks down at his extended arm. Indeed he has.

Malak Garland:

And if I did?

tYLeR makes no bones about it. Instead, without saying anything, he innocently walks over to retrieve his weapon of choice.

Malak Garland:

Easy now! No sudden movements! I'm just here to collect the Arryth Crystal and I'll be on my merry way!

Hearing that piqued tYLeR's curiosity.

tYLeR rEbEL:

That so, huh? You just drew on me though. That means we gotta have ourselves a showdown. Tell you what, if you win, you get the crystal but if I win, you join my bandit crew. Better get this done before sundown, or at least before my crew gets back here.

With their weapons in hand, they get back-to-back real quick.

tYLeR rEbEL:

Now listen here, we each take five paces and on that fifth step, we turn and draw on each other, okay?

Malak is concerned to say the least.

Malak Garland:

C-Can we do ten paces instead? Ten makes me feel that much more comfortable.

tYLeR obliges with a nod from under his old fashioned fedora and so it begins. They each start taking their paces.

Malak Garland and tYLeR rEbEL:

ONE! TWO! THREE!

tYLeR rEbEL:

FOUR! FIVE!

Suddenly, it's just tYLeR counting out by himself but he doesn't notice.

tYLeR rEbEL:

NINE! TEN!

tYLeR turns with a vengeance, points the barrel of his gun in every direction but the only thing that crosses him is a tumbleweed. Meanwhile, RUSHING down the dune hills is a mad dashing Malak Garland, Arryth Crystal in tow.

Malak Garland:

YEE-HAW! RIDE 'EM COWBOY! I SURE PULLED A FAST ONE ON THAT DUMMY!

Indeed, Malak veered off the path and swiped the Arryth Crystal from the wagon before booking it for greener pastures. There was no way he was going to stick around long enough to potentially get shot by a bandit.

Malak Garland:

I gotta get out of here and fast!

Before he knows it, Malak finds himself being chased by the bandit crew he just stole from. On foot and outmatched by the thieves on horseback, Malak makes a last second desperation move to dive into a nearby pond. He watches from the safety and security of the water as the bandits go rumbling on by. As soon as the dust settles, Malak emerges, Arryth Crystal in tow.

Malak Garland:

Time to get this to Teresa.

LONG OVERDUE

Stomping through the backstage area like a lion running his jungle, the camera moves upwards slowly...

KILLJOY

Huffing through his mask backstage, he walks through until he nods towards someone off in the distance.

"Good job out there, Killer."

The unmistakable booming voice of "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez now stands across from Killjoy. Walking up on screen, Kilgore and Siofra stand behind them. Titaness and Brooklynn Rivera round out the crew backstage.

Uriel Cortez:

Now you're gonna do the same to OSCAR BURNS next week.

Then he points to Siofra and Kilgore.

Uriel Cortez:

Then at Maximum DEFIANCE, we burst OSCAR's little bubble and DESTROY the little pocket Universe he's created for himself.

Kilgore and Siofra nod.

Titaness:

It's gonna be awesome!

Brooklynn Rivera:

They're FUCKED.

The Man of the House turns towards the camera.

Uriel Cortez:

But before we do that... Before we get to Maximum DEFIANCE. There's been something I've been needing to say. I've needed to say it for over a year now. And on DEFtv, I will say it to their face.

He looks at Titaness, who holds his hand.

Uriel Cortez:

Sometimes, parents make big mistakes. And there's one out there that we will fix.

Fade.

The Gems Take Japan

DDK:

Now, the entire DEFIANCE locker room has breathed a sign of relief at the recent news that the members of Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems are taking a leave-of-absence from the promotion in order to bring their madness to Japan.

Lance:

I speak for myself, first, as those maniacs tried to burn my eye out for reasons I'm still processing. They've caused havoc, chaos and have done some many cruel things these past few months. Them being across the Pacific Ocean is a sweet relief to anyone who could find themselves in their maniacal crosshairs!

STATIC

A private jet is on the tarmac of some random small, private airport near Hollywood. Madame Melton is in her Silver Vixen glory, also now carrying a parasol as she walks up the steps of the airplane. Men struggle with her dozens of very heavy bags of designer luggage down below.

Madame Melton:

I've had it with the treatment! With the disrespect! Me and my gems -- MY MOST PRECIOUS GEMS -- have put up with enough of the torment unjustly cast upon us by The Faithful! As our stated goal -- our intent is simple. We deserve your unconditional love. We deserve your infinite support. WE DESERVE TO BE YOUR IDOLS OF WORSHIP! And until you kneel at the tip of my \$5,000 Christian Loubotin shoes... all of the ones whose names you chant and admiration you give will be our targets for elimination!

She then chuckles as she enjoys a puff on her cigarette.

Madame Melton:

But alas, even the greatest of armies need to reload! So off we go to Japan to sharpen our knives. To not just take on their best but to make their best SUBMIT IN AN UNHOLY MIXTURE OF PAIN AND EROTIC DESIRE. And when we return to DEFIANCE... when I snap my fingers and the spotlight we have stolen so many times comes upon our prey... my wrath will only be more severe than it is now!

She chuckles and takes another long drag.

Madame Melton:

They've labelled Japan the Land of the Rising Sun. But we call it something else... OURS! And now, even across the Pacific... everyone will come to learn exactly why MADAME MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

STATIC

DDK:

But before they join the Grande Dame of the Squared Circle on her luxury aircraft, her tag team specialists in Raiden and JP Reeves had their own special message before they performed at a special tag match at Puget Sound Championship Wrestling!

Lance:

And we're going by JP Reeves instead of Jean Pierre for a reason -- because the young duo have given themselves a new name!

The camera cuts to a backstage area in a VFW hall turned indie wrestling venue, as the crowd and ring can be seen behind the camera. To the right of the curtain stands Raiden, with a recently shorn mullet and a silver shiny floorlength jacket with blue trim and no sleeves. Next to him wearing his French beret and holding a gladiola, but with a matching outfit, is "The New Flying Frenchman" Jean-Pierre Reeves....

For a few more minutes

JP Reeves:

We're making a quick pit stop here en route to Japan not just for a tune up but to SEND A MESSAGE. I've had to do all sorts of things to try to get your attention and earn your affection these past few years. I've held a gladiola while I've quoted British poets.

He sniffs the gladiola smugly before dropping it on the ground.

JP Reeves:

And I've worn a beret and subscribed to a Duolingo account as a faux-Frenchman.

He holds up the beret and throws it in the nearby trash can.

JP Reeves:

And I did all that because you people have denied us the admiration we deserve! They take wrestling very seriously in Japan. Unlike in DEFIANCE, because The Faithful are NOT serious people. So that means I have to get serious myself so me and cuz here to show ourselves what we know we are... the best damn tag team alive today!

Reeves holds his fist up and Raiden daps him up.

JP Reeves:

Now Raiden? He brings the storm. The best striker in the squared circle today! Kicks that shatter your ribs and make it impossible for you to breathe. Or a brutal blow to the face that cracks your jaw and means you slurp soup for the next few months. Or -- and may God say his prayers -- you let your guard down for one second and he cracks you with Suddenly Last Slumber, that spinning backfist to your temple! If you're lucky, your eyes will roll in the back of your heads and you'll be out for the three count. But chances are, your kids' names are going to become a faded memory and you'll be wincing in sunlight the rest of your lives!

Raiden blows on his fists.

JP Reeves:

But me? I bring the inevitable. I'll find your weakness and exploit it. And if you don't have a weakness? I'll just make one. Because I'm the Master of Infinite Suplexes. Getting dropped on your neck from a high angle? The vertebrae can't take that so well. Maybe you'll feel some paralysis in one of your arms. Or maybe you'll find yourself unable to walk up your stairs or bring in the groceries or even tend to your crying child because of what I just did to your spinal column. It will be a surgical precision... a step-by-step systemic breakdown of your body. Because I am...

He turns around and shows what's on the back of his coat in blue...

JP Reeves:

THE PROTOCOL! JP REEVES!

Raiden pops his hood.

JP Reeves:

This ain't no disco. This ain't no party. This ain't no fooling around. This is Raiden and Reeves making brains bleed and making spines bend. Because when you enter the ring with us you leave... in... the...

Raiden does the "tap on his head" as Reeves does the cut throat.

JP Reeves:

CONCUSSION PROTOCOL!

The cold, mechanical synth of "Blue Monday" by New Order plays as they both storm out from the curtain.

DDK:

Now, copyright permissions mean we cannot show you the debut match of the renamed Concussion Protocol! But we can assure you, they made quick work of their competition.

Lance:

And, as promised, one of the young men they faced had to go to the hospital for overnight observation after a brutal Suddenly Last Slumber of Raiden!

DDK:

And both the tag divisions across Japan and DEFIANCE have been put on notice!

Lance:

But it wouldn't be The Gems without a sermon from their in-ring leader... "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon.

DDK:

And it has been announced that Dixon will be one of 16 men participating in this year's GO GO JAPAN CROWN OF THORNS Death Match Tournament!

Lance:

If you haven't heard of this annual event, it pits 16 of the most violent, hardcore wrestlers in the world -- with each match having its own unique gimmick. You name it, they've done it -- barbed wire, C4 Explosions, bed of nails at ringside. It's absolutely disturbing.

DDK:

And the final match... is an anything goes ladder match where the inner has to ascend to the top of the ladder and take a literal crown of thorns and place it around HIS OWN HEAD!

Lance:

It's insane to think anyone would willingly want to participate in this event... but does anything surprise you when it comes to the outrageous JJ Dixon?

STATIC

JJ Dixon is kneeling in the dark cavernous hallway of some wrestling arena. He's wearing his leather clad mask, his messy hair all over, and a black tank top that reads "THIS IS NOT MY BLOOD" in red.

JJ Dixon:

A lot of people have asked me exactly why I've thrown my name in the hat of the most violent, most disturbing, most unsettling wrestling tournament there ever has been! People ask me -- hey, JJ, aren't you afraid of the pain? Aren't you afraid of what it will do to your body? Well, here's the thing. I know I'm going to face a lot of physical pain. There's only so much a man can do to prepare himself for a baseball bat embedded with metal spikes to get placed in his back. There's not a lot of training I can do in a match where setting your opponent on fire will be as common as a headlock. And I've looked and asked around but you just have to face the fact taht you're going to really, really suffer when you're punched in the face by a man with glass shards glued to his fists.

JJ punches himself in his face.

JJ Dixon:

BUT NONE OF THAT COMPARES TO THE PAIN I'M IN RIGHT NOW! And I don't mean physical pain. I mean the worst kind of pain -- EMOTIONAL PAIN! Because you have heard me say this before, but allow me to say this again. I grew up a lonely, scared little boy with a mother with an alcohol problem and an addiction to abusive boyfriends. My only solace was watching professional wrestling on TV, and I grew up not just wanting to be a wrestler, but to be the kind of man THAT I NEEDED AS A CHILD! TO BE A ROLE MODEL! TO BE A HERO! TO BE VIRTUOUS! I wanted to be the kind of man that... that everyone could not just relate to, but the kind of man who took the burden upon himself to show the world that there was always a way forward no matter how stacked the odds were against you.

JJ again breaths as he looks down at the cement before looking back up.

JJ DIXON:

BUT YOU PEOPLE REJECTED ME! YOU PEOPLE REJECTED THE GEMS! YOU PEOPLE REJECTED MOMMIE DEAREST! Because when we needed you the most, when I was getting a kendo stick rammed repeatedly in my face and my fingers and my testicles by my former fiance... you all didn't notice. You shrugged it off since it was on the B-Show. It was on Uncut. YOU PEOPLE TURNED ME THIS WAY! YOU PEOPLE MADE THIS MONSTER I NO LONGER RECOGNIZE because I still know I am the true moral crusader of DEFIANCE. That me and my fellow gems and especially Mommie Dearest are the ones who love you the most. We always have. We always will.

JJ now punches his hand onto the wall next to him.

JJ Dixon:

Now, you don't enter such a disturbing human ritual like the Crown of Thorns tournament for the experience. You only go into something like this if you're prepared to lose everything. If you're willing to have multiple surgeries. If you're willing to have a skin graft after suffering severe burns. And, quite literally, if you're willing to die. And the winner of this event is rightfully hailed as not just the toughest son of a bitch aline... but as the most twisted, scarred person alive! But that's not why I'm entering this event.

JJ looks down and has tears in his eyes.

JJ Dixon:

Even an atheist knows what the Crown of Thorns represents. It's what Jesus Christ himself was forced to wear as he lay dying on the cross, dying for our sins. And surviving such a tournament where the winner wears the Crown of Thorns has its own symbolism. Because doing so means... it means you've transcended all you thought you could do as a man. It means you've become something else entirely... It means that you've become a DEMIGOD! And that's the mantle I want. Because all I ever wanted to be was the hero you deserved... but instead, you all rejected me...

Now JJ holds his arms out wide in a crucifix-like pose.

JJ Dixon:

So in Japan, I'll be come one of two things. I'll become a martyr, a man who lost it all in his hopes to earn the love of those undeserving of his... Or... or I become not a hero, but YOUR SAVIOR. Someone who you can no longer betray... but someone you have to accept as someone beyond what you can even comprehend! And when I do make my return from Japan... That's when you'll learn to love me! Because I will make sure that there will be nobody else left... FOR YOU TO LOVE!

Static

PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL vs. ALECZANDER THE GREAT

DDK:

What a look we just had at The Most Precious Gems in Japan! And now, we get to tonight's main event in mere moments... Punch Drunk Purcell has demanded competition and tonight, he will get it against a long-time DEFIANCE veteran! An original member of Team HOSS... Aleczander The Great!

Lance:

Currently, we have seen him form an alliance of sorts with Somchai and FAFNIR at his side called... Aleczander The Great +2. If that isn't self-serving, I have no idea what is!

DDK:

But tonight, he's got a tough task ahead of him. Before The Lads take on The Honor Society at Maximum DEFIANCE in an eight-man tag and before we see Purcell take on Ned Reform in a Boxing Exhibition, the former boxer takes on Aleczander! Let's go to Darren Quimbey with the introductions!

The camera cuts back to the ring where the DEFIANCE Hall of Famer is present.

Darren Quimbey:

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

**PUNCH.
PIN.
PAY WINDOW.**

♪ "The Sweet Science" by Rasco ♪

The Faithful make some noise for the big man! Cheers go out to the hard-working brawler and one-fourth of The Lads!

Darren Quimbey:

...Representing The Lads... From Atlanta, Georgia, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-ONE pounds! He is "The Round Mound of Ground and Pound"... **PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!**

A loud ovation is heard for the big, bald badass as he heads out to the ring and a special black t-shirt with the words "ALECZANDER GOT HAMMERED!" Punchy pulls out his rainbow-colored mouthguard from his shirt before placing it in his mouth. He bumps fists with a few fans and tightens his red MMA gloves. After he climbs into the ring, he throws a shadow punch in the air and lets out a loud howl for The Faithful before his opponent arrives.

♪ "Great" by Instruction ♪

The music plays out from the back wearing new dark purple tights, knee pads, boots and tassels with the flexing "A" symbol on the front!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ... from Miami, Florida, by way of Manchester, England weighing in at 257 pounds... **ALECZANDER THE GREAT!**

The BRAZEN coach and former DEFIANCE World Trios Champion gets a mixed reaction but still looks as chiseled as he always has. He heads down to the ring and then climbs up. He poses on the middle turnbuckle, flexing his tremendous biceps before he jumps back into the ring. He looks across from the ring and while he has the height advantage over Purcell, the tank-like Purcell keeps watch of Aleczander. Referee Brian Slater calls for the bell!

DING DING

Purcell tightens up his MMA gloves and just as he finishes, The Mancunian Muscle runs right at Purcell and delivers a kick in the gut and slaps on a headlock. Aleczander cackles that he's got a good grip on Punchy. He continues to

crank back on the headlock, but Purcell leans back into the ropes and pushes him off. Aleczander hits the ropes, only to come back and hit a shoulder block. Punchy gets stepped back a little bit, but not off his feet. Alecz looks like a millions bucks as he stands in the ring and poses down.

Aleczander The Great:

Look at them traps, mates! This guy has too much CTE to even spell 'trap!'

He turns around and when he does, he gets BLASTED with a huge charging shoulder tackle by Purcell that knocks down the unsuspecting Aleczander! As he's down on the canvas, Purcell decides to have a little fun and hits the double bicep flex, grinning with his mouthguard showing!

DDK:

Not smart to turn your back on Punch Drunk Purcell like that!

Purcell grabs Aleczander by his hair (plugs) and runs him over to the corner by faceplanting him against it. He turns him around and puts his hands up in a boxing stance before firing off a series of body blows to Aleczander! The Mancunian Muscle flinches with each shot delivered before Purcell reaches up and delivers a HARD smacking bionic elbow to the top of the head! The Faithful are cheering loudly for DEFIANCE's Rookie of the Year 2024!

DDK:

Purcell is looking great so far! Just recently had that hand cast removed from Killjoy smashing his hand in steel steps back at DEFIANCE Road in January!

With Aleczander dazed, Purcell grabs his arm and twists him around before hooking and throwing him up and over his head with a release northern lights suplex! Purcell sits up and looks pretty proud of his handiwork as Aleczander holds his back in pain!

Lance:

And what a throw that was!

With Aleczander starting to get back to his feet in the corner while wincing, Purcell charges towards the corner and then hits a running back splash that knocks the wind out of Aleczander and when he turns around, he gets blasted with a big clothesline from the left side!

DDK:

1-2 Combo by Purcell! He just leveled Aleczander with that elbow and clothesline combination

Aleczander climbs through the ropes and tries to put up a time out. The Mancunian Muscle hopes that Brian Slater will respect the timeout, but Punch Drunk Purcell doesn't give him the satisfaction. He reaches over the ropes...

DDK:

Oh! Rake of the eyes by Aleczander!

Purcell flinches, then Aleczander notices his wrist. He grabs the wrist and then yanks it down against the top rope! Purcell flinches in pain and clutches his wrist close to him, but that gives Aleczander a chance to strike! He enters the ring and then goes to grab Purcell...

THEN HITS A THRUST SPINEBUSTER!

Lance:

Goodness! That's three-hundred fifty pounds he slammed into the mat!

DDK:

And I think this might be it!

From the looks of things, even Aleczander can't believe his luck as he crawls on top of the former boxer in the hopes of pulling off an upset!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Purcell kicks out and Aleczander looks up at Brian Slater like he can't believe it!

DDK:

And now he's got Purcell hooked up! He calls this move "Clangin' and Bangin'!"

While Purcell is sat up, Aleczander holds him by the head and then continues to rain down repeated clubbing forearms across the broad body of The Round Mound of Ground and Pound! He fires several shots until he's worn him down. Aleczander sits up and then charges off the ropes, only to come back and then connect with a sliding shoulder tackle off the ropes! He tries another cover!

ONE!

TW... NO!

Purcell kicks out just before two, but Aleczander decides he's going to end things.

DDK:

Another kickout, but Aleczander The Great has that elevated camel clutch! He calls it the BPI - British Power International!

Trying to crank back on the hold, he tries to get the submission hold fully locked in, but Punchy continues to fight! He starts to get on a knee, then he's upright with Aleczander on his feet! He can't believe it when Purcell pushes him off! Purcell fakes him out with a right hand, causing Aleczander to flinch but leaving himself wide open for a STIFF left hand!

DDK:

And there goes the Rope-A-Dope!

With Aleczander stunned against the ropes. Purcell grabs Aleczander by the body while he's between the ropes! He pulls back both of his arms and points out to The Faithful... then RAINS down clubbing forearms of his own!

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!

Punchy stops and twirls an arm around...

TEN!

DDK:

That's called Hitting The Bag... and now big suplex in the ring by Purcell! I think that he's about to take this one home!

Purcell hears a cheer from The Faithful as he gets Aleczander up before hitting a knee to the gut! He whips him to the ropes and when he comes back, hits the pop-up into a STIFF right hand to the jaw! A huge gob of spit flies out of Aleczander's mouth before he flops onto the canvas while Purcell yells!

DDK:

PUNCH DRUNK LOVE! COVER!

He casually rolls Aleczander over and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "The Sweet Science" by Rasco ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!

The second that the bell rings, Purcell yells out and celebrates as Brian Slater raises his arm to celebrate! After the match, Punchy shakes his wrist and then points to the Edmonton Faithful before he climbs out of the ring and then heads to the back!

Lance:

Big win tonight on UNCUT for Punch Drunk Purcell! Next week, he takes on Ned Reform in a Boxing Exhibition! What does The Good Doctor have up his sleeve and will it be enough to overcome The Round Mound of Ground and Pound?!

DDK:

This and SO MUCH MORE! Including the FIST of DEFIANCE on the line! Henry Keyes takes on "Seattle's Beast" Kerry Kuroyama in his own backyard in Seattle, Washington! The war between Titanes Familia and The GC Universe escalates when OSCAR BURNS takes on Killjoy! All this and SO MUCH MORE when DEFTv invades Seattle next week! We'll see you next week, everyone! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler! Good night!

Purcell throws hands in the air for The Faithful cheering him on as the show fades out!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.