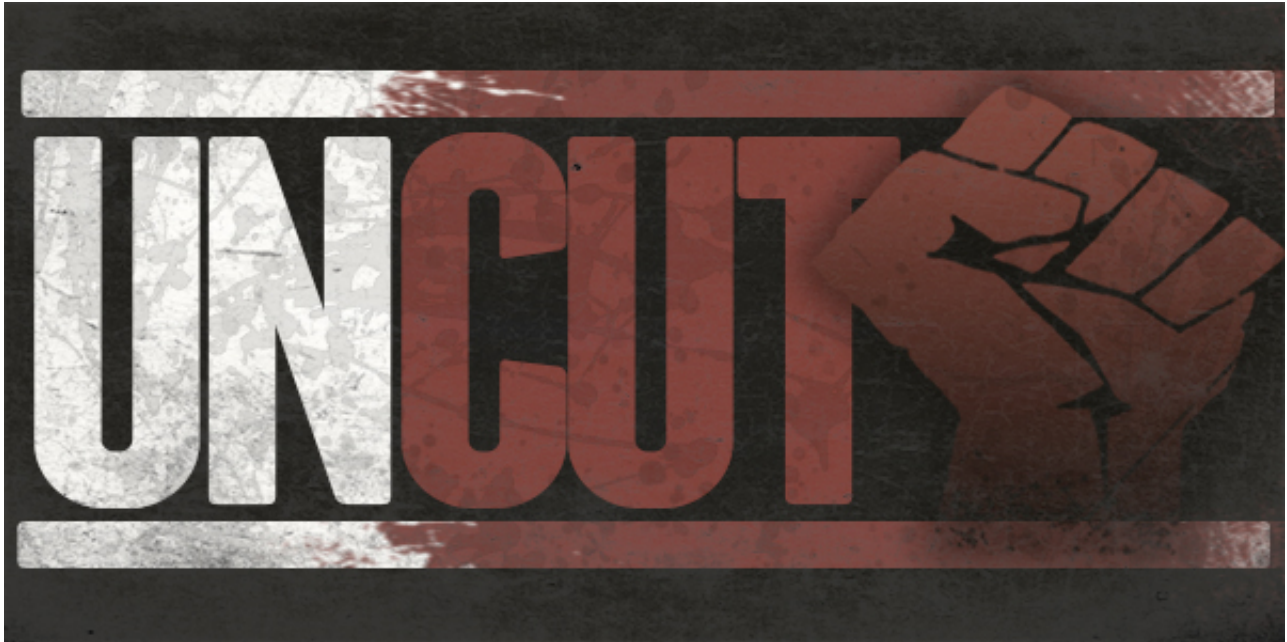


SHOW OPEN

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS & JANNA RAY vs. BASH 4 CASH

DDK:

Welcome, one and all, to UNCUT! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me, as always to call the action, is Lance Warner! What a DEFTv we had!

Lance:

That we did, Keebs! That we did! After months of wanting a shot at the FIST, Elise Ares takes the fight to our champion Henry Keyes and steals the title he calls Big Blue! RCR and The Lads will lock horns for the Unified Tag Team Titles! Uriel Cortez spoiled the third title match in a row between Southern Heritage Champion Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy, men he once called friends! And Lonnie Luck and Jack Harmen will do battle for the Favoured Saints Title!

DDK:

Indeed! So much going on and that's just the title scene! We saw the Ace of Tag Teams kick off with M4NTRA scoring a huge win over Money Talks to make it to the semi-finals! Over the next three DEFTvs, there will be three more tournament matches! The winners will receive \$250,000 from Favoured Saints as well as a contract for a future Unified Tag Team Title shot!

Lance:

All this and more! Later tonight, we'll see one of those eight teams in action when Titanes Familia's monsters, Kill or Be Killed, are in action! But first... we have The Lads in action when Butcher Victorious and Janna Ray take on BRAZEN team, Bash 4 Cash in our opening match!

The bell rings....

With those pre-match words out of the way... four words appear on the DEFIatron that bring The Faithful to their feet as Darren Quimbey gets to the in-ring introductions! Words form on the screen made of blue and yellow lightning...

**SHAKE
HANDS
BECOME
LADS!!!**

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends?" by WAR ♪

One by one, two members of DEFIANCE's Friendtastic Four step out from the back. "The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray, throwing her hands up in the sky and ready to tackle a fool over! "The Microphone Fiend" Butcher Victorious! The Stick in one hand and his sponsored Mic Dropz Energy in the other! Butcher sets a can down on stage, then holds a hand out. They both jump and shake hands...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

And different shades of blue and yellow pyro explode on stage!

Darren Quimbey:

At a combined weight of 230 pounds plus One Brick House... They are the team of BUTCHER VICTORIOUS... "THE RAY OF SUNSHINE" JANNA RAY... **THE LADS!**

Butcher and Janna head towards the ring as the camera cuts to the brawlers inside.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, already in the ring at a combined weight of 485 pounds... Brass Knux Byrd... Hurtlocker Holt... **BASH! 4! CASH!**

Byrd throws a shadow punch in the air and behind him, the taller Hurtlocker Holt remains stoic with arms crossed to

show he means business.

Lance:

Recently changing their name to Bash 4 Cash, Byrd and Holt are currently on retainer to one Nick "Lotto" Otto in BRAZEN! Big opportunity to show out tonight!

Butcher gets ready to do his intro...

Butcher Victorious: [with crowd chanting along]

BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK!

Janna Ray nods behind him.

Butcher Victorious: [with crowd chanting along]

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

He glances at his tag team partner.

Butcher Victorious:

AND BUTCH VIC... SAYS THIS IS JANNA RAY, THE HOUSE OF BRICKS!

Janna Ray flexes! The two turn around... and Bash 4 Cash try to engage!

DING DING

Holt and Byrd charge for an attack, but both Butcher and Janna Ray see them coming and duck under the clotheslines! They both get hit with dropkick that knock them both through the ropes and out to the floor to the delight of the San Diego Faithful! Janna goes to help Butcher to his feet!

DDK:

Bash 4 Cash tried to get this match off to a hot start to kick off UNCUT tonight, but The Lads saw them coming!

Lance:

And now look! They look ready to fly!

Butch Vic and The House of Bricks both shake hands to a big pop... then Janna Ray helps Butcher OVER the ropes with an assist, sending him crashing on the floor right on top of Byrd and Holt!

DDK:

Shake Hands and and THROW Lads!

Janna Ray jumps to the middle rope and she flexes her muscles for The Faithful on the middle turnbuckle. Meanwhile, Butcher is just now getting up before picks up Brass Knux Byrd and tosses him inside the ring. When he gets inside, Butcher slides into the ring behind him and waits for him to get up. When Byrd tries to stand, The Microphone Fiend continues taking the fight to the hired gun. He eats a succession of jabs before he reels back and DECKS Byrd on the jaw with a solidly worked discus punch!

DDK:

We've come to find recently that Butcher has been taking boxing lessons for the past few months with Punch Drunk Purcell!

Lance:

Looking pretty solid, I must saw! Tag to Janna Ray!

After the quick tag by Butcher, Butcher backs up and scores with a big running European uppercut in the corner on

Byrd! He sweeps the leg to put him into a seated position, allowing Janna Ray to come in and land a corner cannonball!

DDK:

Great tandem work there from The Lads! We've seen great teamwork from them on display all this time!

After grabbing a leg and pulling Byrd out of the corner, The Ray of Sunshine covers!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Byrd kicks out, but Janna Ray remains positive as she looks at referee Carla Ferrari to confirm it was a two-count. She nods and grabs the hand of Byrd again, but Byrd catches her with a jawbreaker first! Janna stumbles back and Byrd gets the tag to Hurtlocker Holt!

Lance:

And here comes Hurtlocker Holt! He stands 6'5" and 250!

DDK:

Janna Ray is gonna have her work cut out for her!

Holt looks amused by the 5'11" Ray and dares her to take her best shot. Janna Ray nods and gives the okay before she runs the ropes and hits a tackle. Holt takes the shot and flashes a smile.

Hurtlocker Holt:

Come on! That was a breeze!

Janna Ray nods and then goes for a second one. She hits another tackle, but he doesn't move! Hurtlocker Holt dares her to try a third time! She runs and he tries a cheap shot, but she ducks and then hits a pele kick on Holt!

DDK:

What agility from Ray with that pele kick! She's back on her feet!

Holt is stunned and Ray gets up... but Byrd trips her up as she goes for the ropes! Byrd has a hand on the back of his neck as he casually walks away before Carla knows what happened!

Lance:

A classless move from Bash 4 Cash! Brass Knux Byrd made sure to trip up Ray when he knew Carla's attention was diverted!

Butcher is telling Carla Ferrari what Byrd did, but he's back on the ropes as Hurtlocker Holt goes to pick up Janna Ray. With the former rugby player over his shoulder, he makes the tag to Brass Knux Byrd. Hurtlocker Holt steps forward and hits a snake eyes on Janna followed by Byrd coming off the ropes with a big clothesline of his own that knocks her to the canvas!

DDK:

Good grief, what a double-team from Bash 4 Cash! I think that could be it!

Byrd goes for the cover on Janna!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The San Diego Faithful are delighted to see The Ray of Sunshine kick out! Byrd and Holt, less so.

DDK:

Kickout by Janna Ray, but Holt and Byrd aren't done!

Byrd and Holt both whip Janna into the ropes and when she comes back, they land a big double flapjack on the Lass of the Lads! After she crashes hard into the canvas, Holt goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

CORKSCREW ELBOW DROP BY BUTCHER!

DDK:

Butcher with the save using that corkscrew elbow drop to the back of Holt's head!

As Butcher gets sent back to his corner by Carla Ferrari, Hurtlocker Holt grasps the back of his head and tags in Brass Knux Byrd. Byrd tags himself in and tries to grab the leg of Janna Ray, until he gets countered by a quick jawbreaker of her own, followed by a SAITO SUPLEX to a HUGE cheer from The Faithful!

DDK:

WHOA! Saito Suplex by Janna Ray on Byrd! What strength!

Seeing a chance, she finally gets to her corner to get to Butcher...

RRRRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

Butcher leaps over the ropes and charges right at Byrd with a running European uppercut that knocks the brawler flat on his back! Hurtlocker Holt tries getting into the ring and climbs through the ropes, but The Microphone Fiend grabs his leg first and SNAPS it with a dragon screw in between the ropes!

DDK:

That dragon screw just took down Hurtlocker Holt! Way to stop the bigger man!

Byrd is back up and clocks Butcher with a knee to the gut! Still reeling a little from the saito suplex from Janna Ray moments ago, he has enough in him to whip him to the corner. He charges, but Butcher uses the corner to leap up and behind Byrd then hits a snap scoop powerslam as he comes back! Butcher sits up and beats on his chest to get The Faithful fired up! He goes to the nearby top rope...

DDK:

Top rope moonsault! Butcher learned that move from Dex Joy and he calls that Sound Up!

He stays on top for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Holt hobbles in to break things up! He starts picking Butcher up, but misses a right! Butcher lands a European uppercut under Holt's jaw and he staggers right into a slingshot spear from Janna Ray!

DDK:

Into The Light from Janna Ray! Holt is down!

Butcher is free to stop Brass Knux Byrd as he gets up. He kicks him in the gut and drops him with a big double underhook facebuster!

DDK:

Noise Canceler! Byrd is down! And now Butcher's pointing to that top rope!

He climbs to the middle rope and makes the tag to Janna Ray. Butcher jumps from middle to top and then flies off with a diving elbow drop to the heart of Byrd! He rolls off and Janna Ray makes it to the top to hit her diving frog splash!

Lance:

Two for one combo there!

DDK:

Mic Dropz Drop from Butcher followed by Catch Some Rays! Cover by Ray!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends?" by WAR ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners.... **THE LADS!**

Following the win, Butcher helps Janna Ray to her feet and the two get their arms raised by Carla Ferrari!

DDK:

A solid win from The Lads tonight! And what a match we will see next week! Dex Joy gets the home court advantage when he and Punch Drunk Purcell team up to take on Rain City Ronin with the Unified Tag Team Titles on the line!

Lance:

I can't wait for that one, Keebs!

Butch Vic and The Ray of Sunshine leave the ring! She jumps around and ducks down to put Butcher on her shoulders! Butcher and Janna Ray both head up the ramp!

THE ULTIMATE DISHONOR

We open up within the quadrant of the locker room area designated for the Honor Society.

Headmaster Black paces anxiously before the camera. Muttering unintelligibly under his breath, it's clear that he is completely furious, fuming, and flustered after the events that occurred earlier that evening.

In the background, the viking valedictorian Professor Arsvinnar looms calm and imposing with his broad arms crossed over his chest. Sweet Sanders sits nearby in a folding chair, looking visibly annoyed with the situation.

After a beat, the other members of the Honor Society step into the shot from all angles.

Headmaster Black:

...WELL?! Did you FIND HIM!?

Horrigan nibbles on kernels from a buttery bucket of popcorn.

Professor Horrigan:

I couldn't find him in the concessions area, Headmaster.

Owens is sporting a freshly pressed "Honor Society" t-shirt.

Professor Owens:

Didn't see him over by the merch.

Of the Amaretto twins, Carlo appears to be completely drenched from head to toe.

Professor Amaretto:

He's not in the showers.

Beside him, his brother Gomez looks blackened and scorched in the kind of way a Looney Toons character would look after a stick of dynamite blew up in their face. The tips of his moustache continue to smolder.

The Other Professor Amaretto:

Trust me... he's not in the pyro booth.

His frustration mounting, the Sacred Lamb of DEFIANCE throws his hands into the air in a fit of rage.

Headmaster Black:

Well PHOOEY!! CURSE that absurd, abject, abominable TEE-AYE COLE! What he did to me tonight--I mean, what he did to US, gentlemen--was the ULTIMATE DISHONOR!! He could have stood amongst us SCHOLARS as a fully-fledged PROFESSOR! Instead, rather than ACCEPT his honors, he SPAT in MY EYE!! He SPAT in ALL OUR EYES!! THE MAN IS HALF CAMEL, I TELL YOU!

Suddenly becoming very self aware, Black tries his very best to regain composure. He is, after all, among his peers.

And now they were looking to their new leader for a decision.

Headmaster Black:

Gentlemen, this is a most... unfortunate matter, I admit. A troubling issue, indeed. Because I must acknowledge that TA Cole has been a part of this faculty from the very beginning. A tenured soldier for many years... and a true student to the gone-but-not-forgotten Good Doctor Reform. Unfortunately, gentlemen... I don't feel we can overlook this incident. To ignore this INSULT... would besmirch our fine society down to the core! His unbridled OUTRAGEOUSNESS threatens our strongly instilled senses of ORDER and LOYALTY and COMPLICITY! Here and now, on the cusp of our long-awaited ASCENSION to the AZIMUTH of ACADEMIA!

The other Honor Society members nod in agreement. Sanders rolls her eyes.

Headmaster Black:

He is STUBBORN! He is INCORRIGIBLE! He is PUGNACIOUS! He is HEADSTRONG! He is--

Sweet Sanders:

DEFIANT...?

Headmaster's Black briefly becomes a blur from a double-take that whips his head so hard it's a wonder he didn't snap his own neck. He glares down at Sanders briefly before choosing to ignore the comment.

Headmaster Black:

Be as it is, and ergo henceforth suchwith... it is in my HIGHLY EDUCATED OPINION that for MISTER COLE to CONTINUE HIS SERVICE alongside our vaunted faculty... he MUST be willing face a fitting and proper PUNISHMENT! BUT, gentlemen, I will remind you that this SOCIETY is no longer a dictatorship. We are a COLLECTIVE of THINKING MINDS! And as your newly appointed HEADMASTER, I am COMMITTED to being OPEN to SPIRITED DEBATE on this matter! ANDSO IPSUM FLOTSAM, should ANYONE have ANY OBJECTIONS to this judgment... let them speak now...

Sweet Sanders opens her mouth to sp--

Headmaster Black:

THE SILENCE HATH SPOKEN!! BRILLIANT, GENTLEMEN! I KNEW you would ALL SEE THE GENIUS IN THIS! Then it is DECIDED! If that NINCOMPOOP wishes to remain among this SOCIETY, then by the next DEFtv, he must SUBMIT HIMSELF to our DISCIPLINARY COMMITTEE!!

The professors look amongst one another in confusion.

Professor Owens:

We have a "disciplinary committee"?

Professor Horrigan:

I guess we do now?

Grumbling, Headmaster Black reaches for a velvet sack left sitting on the nearby bench. Earlier, it held the diplomas of his fellow associates. Now he reaches in to retrieve something else...

Headmaster Black:

ME!! I'M the DISCIPLINARY COMMITTEE, you F... you FACILE ERUDITES! What I'm saying is that Cole must come before ME...

He pulls out... a white wooden PADDLE.

Headmaster Black:

...and SUBJECT HIMSELF to PUNISHMENT!! Hhmmmyeeheheheheheh...

At that moment, a member of the production team steps into the frame and leans in toward the Headmaster.

Production Associate:

Mr. Black, we have a problem outside...

Black's eyes practically BURST from his skull.

Headmaster Black:

What do you mean we have a problem?!

A second crewmember enters the shoot, which unexpectedly zooms out.

Production Associate:

Mr. Black, we have a problem--

Headmaster Black:

WHAT DO--

Production Assistant:

He's in the parking lot.

Headmaster Black: (pointing at the professors)

YOU STAY HERE!! YOU STAY HERE WITH MISS SANDERS!!

Black grabs the second crewmember by his shirt and practically shakes the life out of him.

Headmaster Black:

YOU TAKE ME TO HIM!! TAKE ME TO THE SON OF A BISCUIT!!

The crewmember hurriedly runs out of the locker room with Black hot on his heels and the camera struggling to keep up.

Headmaster Black:

TAKE ME TO HIM!! COME ON -- GO!! GO!! GO!! GO!! GO!! GO!!

The camera turns a corner, spotting Black doing the most awkward waddle-run down the hallway.

Headmaster Black:

GOGOGOGOGOGOGO--WHERE IS THE SON OF A BISCUIT?! WHERE IS HE!?

He nearly eats shit sliding around a corner, pushing off a wall to support himself.

Headmaster Black:

WHERE ARE THEY -- GAWD!! -- WHURRARRTHY?!

MARK LUCK vs. NICKY SYNZ

Quimbey:

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

♪ “Good F***king Music” by Solange (covered by Synyster Sledge) ♪

Nicky Synz, your favorite rock star and mine, emerge through the curtain to a nice positive reaction to his theme song! Synz’s long blond hair ripples in the wind as he headbangs along with his theme song. Scanning the audience in the Rogers Arena, the always popular Synz continues to headbang and slap the outstretched hands of some of the younger fans in attendance.

Darren Quimbey:

...From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 216 pounds... he is NICKY SYNZ!

Synz is on the apron, playing a little riff and rocking out, before he enters the ring. He jumps up the top rope and plays a little more guitar for the people and then hands off his signature Flying V to a ringside attendant and awaits the arrival of his opponent.

♪ “Gasoline” by I Prevail ♪

The arena is quickly washed over with orange flame lighting all over ...

One spotlight appears on the stage with a man holding up the Winning Hand! Dressed in a black vest and black pants with orange flame designs all across and orange hued glasses, Mark Luck tilts them down, winks to the camera and then inches them back on his face.

Quimbey:

And his opponent ... accompanied by “DEFIANCE’s Greatest Super Agent” Tom Morrow! From Las Vegas, Nevada he stands at seven feet tall and weighs three-hundred and five pounds! He is “MARK THE SPARK” ...
MARRRRRRRRKKKKKK LUUUUUUUCCCKKKKK!!!

Tom Morrow sings the monster’s praises as he walks to the ring.

Tom Morrow:

You shouldn’t have signed for this match, Nicky! You really shouldn’t have!

Mark Luck shakes both his hands, pulls the ropes and then pulls himself up into the ring. He looks down at Nicky Synz and has a laugh over the size difference.

Lance:

This is our very first look at what Mark Luck can do in the ring since he got signed to DEFIANCE! While his attitude rubbed practically everyone in BRAZEN the wrong way, you can’t take away his genetic gifts. Seven feet tall! Just over three-hundred pounds! Only thirty years old! He has plenty of future ahead of him!

The Blonde God as he calls himself runs a hand through his slicked hair and gets ready.

DING DING

Mark Luck walks towards Nicky Synz and tries to box him into the corner as quickly as he can. Nicky tries to move to the left, but Mark blocks his way. He tries to move to the right, but Mark goes in the same direction. When he doesn’t see another way through, he tries going under between the legs of Mark Luck. He almost gets there, but Mark takes hold of his ankle first and turns around.

Lance:

Nicky Synz might be regretting taking this match tonight! Mark’s already got hold of him!

Mark The Spark, as Tom Morrow calls him, holds the leg as Nicky is hobbling up on one leg. Nicky tries to swipe up at Mark, but his reach is too much for him to be able to get to a target. Mark continues laughing.

Mark Luck:

You're so stupid, little boy!

But the laughter quickly stops when Nicky lands a rewind enziguri kick to the chest to free himself. Luck holds onto his stomach when Nicky sees a chance!

DDK:

Nicky got free! I can't believe it!

Nicky runs off the ropes for an attack, but to the shock of literally everyone including Tom Morrow, Mark Luck already hits the ropes and then encounters a running shoulder block from Mark Luck! Nicky Synz not only flies across the ring, but he also gets knocked all the way out of the ring!

Lance:

OH MY I DON'T HAVE WORDS!!!

DDK:

THIS ONE MIGHT BE OVER QUICKLY!!!

The camera catches the reaction on Tom Morrow's face and his jaw is on the floor! The San Diego Faithful look at Mark Luck who makes a fist ...

Mark Luck:

BOOOOOOOOOOOM YOU OUTTA HERE SUCKA!!!

Nicky Synz is on the floor and he doesn't know his posterior from a hole in the ground. Mark goes out of the ring and calmly picks up Nicky Synz. He hasn't broken a sweat when he puts him on his shoulders so he can press him and then throw him back into the ring!

Mark Luck:

I don't believe it! Mark Luck is running right through Nicky Synz with no trouble at all.

Mark takes a leisurely walk over to Tom and puts his hand up high so Morrow can jump to high-five him! After getting his kudos Mark Luck is back inside the ring and even dares Nicky Synz to take a shot. When it takes Nicky too long to get up and falls over, Mark starts to get impatient.

Lance:

I don't even think Nicky can stand!

He reaches out to grab Nicky and pulls him up ... but Nicky was playing possum and hits a drop kick right to his chest!

DDK:

No! Nicky Synz is still alive!

Nicky gets up again lands a drop kick in the middle of his chest. Nicky sits up a third time and he goes for a third drop kick but Mark just pushes him out of mid air!

Lance:

What is he going to do now?

Mark Luck gets ready and then kicks him so hard with a big round house kick to the head that Nicky flips backwards!

DDK:

Tom Morrow told me that move was called ... wait for it ... The Kicker! He said to watch out! He said he'd shock people that he could throw a kick like that he did!

Lance:

I think Nicky is out!

He just might be but Mark makes sure when he grabs him with the Winning Hand! The iron claw is locked in and leads right into a big Winning Hand Slam!

DDK:

Winning Hand Slam! Just like Max and Mason do!

Mark Luck asks for a check cause this one is done! The Winning Hand remains locked on for the pinfall.

One ...

Two ...

Three!

DING DING

♪ "Gasoline" by I Prevail ♪

Tom Morrow doesn't even let Darren Quimbey get a word in edgewise because he yanks the microphone out of his hand.

Tom Morrow:

Ladies and gentlemen ... your winner via attempted homicide ... one of my three Seven Foot Savages ...
MARRRRKKKKKKK LUCCCCCKKKKKKK!

After some prodding on Tom's part, Mark releases the Winning Hand. The Faithful are booing Mark Luck and Tom Morrow before they leave.

DDK:

Mark Luck just showing complete dominance on his part tonight! And this is just a sample of what the Triple 7s can do!

DADDY DAUGHTER TALK

BACKSTAGE EXCLUSIVE
DEFTv 222 - Post-Familia Reunion

A private conversation in the hallway just after the Familia Reunion takes place. "La Angelita" Brooklynn Rivera is in mid-conversation.

Brooklynn Rivera:

You want me to... what?

Standing in the hallway decked out in black torn jeans and a jacket, the judo expert looks up to "The Man of The House" Uriel Cortez in the hallway.

Uriel Cortez:

Brooklyn... you make T and I proud. You really do. You've been busting skulls on behalf of The Familia and you've come through for us on plenty of occasions. Me and T have our focus helping some old friends through their problems. Killer and Gore are bringing home the Ace of Tag Teams. And right now... where you're needed most is with Tio Titan and Danny.

Brooklyn looks confused.

Brooklynn Rivera:

Wait... me... with them?

Uriel Cortez:

Si. You're the best Angelita for the job.

Brooklynn Rivera:

Look, look, look... I get it. Mil's your boy. I can look past that shit he did subbing out that little bitch, Aaron King. But... I... gotta play nice with the giant dork?

Uriel Cortez: [sternly]

Hey, hey, hey... that giant dork has a name. And it's Dan Leo James.

The eye roll can be heard from space.

Uriel Cortez:

But Mil... he's a hero now. He did DEFIANCE a public service and took out the trash without even asking. He and Danny did something big, but they're gonna need a little more protection cause people aren't going to see it that way at first. They'll fall in line...

Uriel puts his giant hands on her shoulders.

Uriel Cortez:

...Or you'll be there to judo throw them into oblivion, Angelita.

Santa Muerta thinks on it...

Brooklynn Rivera:

Fine.

Uriel Cortez:

Awesome. Appreciate it. Danny's gonna take on FLEX and I'd appreciate it if you went out there with Mil and Danny for "moral" support... and you know, we're Talls. We don't have morals.

Suddenly, a door bursts open...

And it's the head of one Dan Leo James sticking through the doorway.

DLJ:

Hey! Did I just hear an eyeroll out here?

Brooklyn quietly seethes in his direction.

Brooklyn Rivera:

Maldito gigante jengibre estúpido. Útil pedazo de mierda...

She dips around the corner and leaves. Dan looks over at Uriel, who returns with a thumbs up.

Uriel Cortez:

She's in. Tell Tio that Los Angeles Vengadores is a go.

DLJ:

Awesome! What'd she say? It sounded nice...

Uriel stares at his first son. Mercifully, we move on.

KILL OR BE KILLED vs. GULF COAST CONNECTION

DDK:

We've reached tonight's main event and it's set to be a dangerous one! The Gulf Coast Connection have been among some of DEFIANCE's most beloved underdogs, but tonight, I don't know if I like their chances. They take on one of eight teams who have been tapped for the ongoing Ace of Tag Teams --- Kill or Be Killed!

Lance:

To say this tag team is unfair is an understatement! Over six-hundred and fifty pounds collectively! These two are BEASTS, they are a part of the ever-growing Titanes Familia and they are hungry to hurt someone!

DDK:

Let's get to the action! Tonight's main event is some tag team action up next!

The camera cuts to the ring with DEFIANCE Hall of Famer Darren Quimbey ready to make the announcements.

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall and is your main event of the evening! Introducing first...

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

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by The Crescent City Kid... Hailing from The Crescent City... weighing in at a combined weight of 517 pounds... "Wingman" Titus Campbell... Theodore Cain... **THE GULF! COAST! CONNECTION!**

One by one, the Gulf Coast Connection come out and they have their game faces on. Wingman Titus Campbell leads the trio with Theodore Cain and the masked Crescent City Kid right behind them! CCK and Theodore Cain hand out their signature Mardi Gras beads and masks to the masses before heading into the ring! Campbell poses for the people while Theodore Cain throws up the shaka sign! The music fades out.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...

A spotlight shines on the entrance way where we see the sister formerly known as Siobhan Cassidy, now known as Siofra, standing in her leather druid-inspired attire. In her hand is a war horn that she brings to her lips... and she blows. It echoes throughout the arena as...

♪ War (Viking Chant) - Peyton Parrish ♪

A red mist creeps over the stage and behind Siofra emerges two shadows: Kilgore - the focused, face-painted monster. Not far behind, the half-Native American monster, Killjoy, adorning a brand new black and red mask obscuring his entire face!

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, representing Titanes Familia and accompanied by "The Fury of the Familia" Siofra... at a combined weight of SIX-HUNDRED FIFTY POUNDS... they are the team of "The Good Son" Killjoy... "The Attack Dog" Kilgore... **KILL! OR! BE! KILLED!**

Showing some solidarity matching his mask's colors with Kilgore's face paint, Siofra places her hands on the stoic Kilgore's chest and leans back and laughs. The Kills - both -Gore and -Joy, share a nod. She then turns and begins to sinisterly slink toward the ring with Kilgore and Killjoy slowly walking behind her.

DDK:

These two have teamed once before back on DEFtv 218 in a complete dominant win over The Dunson Clan. This is a quick step up in competition, but these monsters don't look fazed at all. What are their stats again, partner?

Lance:

Downright unfair, if you ask me. Kilgore... around 6'6" or 6'7" and close to 300 pounds. Killjoy! 6'10" and 350 pounds! From the moment these two first came face to face when Kilgore helped Titanes Familia win at DEFCON, they seemed to share a want to just hurt people. And in this Ace of Tag Teams tournament, they'll have plenty of opportunities to do so!

Siofra is lifted by both Killjoy and Kilgore onto the ring apron. With a sadistic smile, she watches as both monsters both step onto the apron and head into the ring. The two monsters hold out their arms and tap them together with Siofra posing in the middle. Theodore Cain and Titus Campbell show concern, but they try and shake it off as they get ready to fight. Theodore steps up and Siofra gives Kilgore the nod to start for their team as Hector Navarro calls for the bell.

DING DING

Right away, Kilgore rushes in and tries to corner Theodore Cain but the Smash Surfer ducks under an oncoming clothesline! He takes the fight to Kilgore with a big right hand! He comes right towards the Familia's Attack Dog with several more shots to try and back him into the ropes as The Faithful cheer along!

Lance:

This might be the best strategy against monsters like this! Catch them off-guard and hopefully use that to your advantage!

The San Diego Faithful cheer on Cain as he boots Kilgore in the gut. With the big man doubled over, Cain hits the ropes. He comes back...

KILGORE WITH A RUNNING SHOULDER TACKLE!

DDK:

Oh, no, no, no! Kilgore just knocked down Cain with one move!

Lance:

That's wild! Cain goes... what, 245? Something like that?!

The modern-day Viking looks down at Cain as he tries to pull himself back up using the nearby ropes. He uses the corner to pick himself up with Kilgore almost letting him do so before he strikes. Siofra gives Kilgore the orders from ringside and charges towards the corner with a clothesline in mind. He **KNOCKS** the wind out of Theodore Cain with a huge running clothesline before grabbing him by the hair and **THROWING** him with relative ease out of the corner! In the corner, both Titus Campbell and the Crescent City Kid watch on in horror at the fate befalling their tag team partner.

DDK:

And things are about to go from bad to worse for Cain! Tag to Killjoy!

As deadly and massive as Kilgore is, the even larger Killjoy steps over the ropes as Kilgore violently pushes Cain towards the corner. Siofra also gives Killjoy the nod before he tags him...

THWACK!

One **BRUTAL** chop knocks the wind out of Cain and knocks him into a seated position in the corner! The Faithful can't believe it!

Lance:

That was **NASTY!** And... tag to Kilgore!

Kilgore gets the tag from Killjoy and with ease, the monster **CRACKS** him with a big chop himself! The tag is made to Killjoy once again with Siofra laughing evilly.

DDK:

Are they...? They're taking TURNS chopping the daylights out of Cain... OOH! There's another one from Killjoy! Tag back to Kilgore!

Kilgore enters the ring again... **THWACK!** Theodore Cain crumbles into a chopped-up heap in the corner as Siofra takes a moment to climb on the apron and pose along with the two monsters around her.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

This is just sheer brutality. These two are living up to the moniker Uriel Cortez gave them last week... he said this was a "Kill or Be Killed" business and these two will be the living embodiments of that very concept!

Lance:

The Familia have so much firepower at their disposal these days, it's unreal!

Cain is picked up by Kilgore and then hit with a HUGE release german suplex out of the corner! Kilgore looks out to Siofra as he's clearly thinking about a cover, but Siofra stands up on the ring apron and waves him off!

Siofra:

Make an example! Show Brock Newbludd and Corvo Alpha what's in store!

That idea seems to make Kilgore a happy camper! He picks up Cain... but Cain fights back! He tries a few more right hands! He backs Kilgore into the ropes and then tries a whip, but Kilgore turns it around into an ugly, but effective tilt-a-whirl slam into the canvas! Instead of making the cover, Kilgore takes a knee and sits up, looking over to The Wingman in the corner and holding a hand out, almost daring him to make the tag!

Lance:

That's insane! He's daring him to get to the corner?!

Campbell tries to get to his corner, but Kilgore has an about face and grabs the leg of Cain! He pulls him to his feet and boots him before he sends him to the corner! Cain hits the corner and Kilgore follows him in... but out of nowhere, Cain gets a desperation boot! With Kilgore stunned, Cain hobbles over to his corner... **TAG TO THE WINGMAN!**

DDK:

And here comes the big man! Titus Campbell goes after Kilgore!

He charges towards The Familia's Attack Dog and lays into him with some big right hands of his own! He whips Kilgore across the ring, but he reverses and sends the 270-pound Campbell flying instead. Kilgore tries a clothesline, but Campbell ducks and comes back with a HUGE leaping shoulder block that **FINALLY** knocks Kilgore off his feet to cheers from The Faithful!

Lance:

No way! Campbell finally knocks over one of these monsters!

In the corner, The Wingman charges towards the massive Killjoy and nails him with a big forearm, but the big monster barely budes off the apron! Campbell turns around just as Kilgore tries to get back to his feet. He picks him up on his shoulders! The Faithful know what's coming next!

DDK:

And here's some Turbulence for Kilgore! He's going for the airplane spin!

Campbell tries to disorient the beast with a couple of rotations...

Titus Campbell:

AHHHHH!

Lance:

Ohhhh, no! He went right for the eye of Campbell!

Kilgore STOPS the flight right away by clawing at the eye of Titus! He lands on his feet behind him and then pushes Campbell at the corner... he CRACKS him with an extra-stiff elbow upside the head, sending him to the corner! Kilgore then waits on Campbell and then ROCKS his jaw with a STIFF running big boot!

DDK:

Call of the Wild!

Kilgore makes the tag to Killjoy! The monster climbs over the ropes as Kilgore grabs Campbell and throws him towards Killjoy! He catches all 270 pounds of Titus Campbell and DRILLS him into the canvas before palming both hands into his chest with the cover! Theodore Cain tries to stop him, but Kilgore cuts him off by catching him and SLAMMING him down with the Hounds of Anwnn!

DDK:

The FreeFall! They call that double-team finish The Fall of the Wild!

Siofra cackles outside ring and counts along as Killjoy makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ War (Viking Chant) - Peyton Parrish ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **KILL OR BE KILLED!**

The music doesn't last long, though as Killjoy makes it to his feet. Crescent City Kid comes in and tries to check on Cain... until Kilgore SNATCHES CCK and drags him into the ring! Viking music stops as CCK is now being bullied by both Killjoy and Kilgore!

Lance:

Oh, no... what now?!

They both pick up CCK into a double-team crucifix bomb!

DDK:

Oooh! And they call that move Murderer's Row!

Referee Hector Navarro stands between the two monsters that look at him, but Siofra orders him to leave so she can have the pleasure of holding the hands up of the two beasts!

Lance:

This was a mostly one-sided match! Kill or Be Killed just laid waste to Gulf Coast Connection! The Party Animalz better be on their guard next week in the Ace of Tag Teams tournament match!

DDK:

Indeed they should! Folks, thanks for joining us tonight, and we will see you next week LIVE from Sacramento, California in the Golden 1 Center! For Lance Warner, I am Darren Keebler! Good night!

The final shots of the show are Kilgore and Killjoy standing tall in the ring with bodies all around the ringside area and a very confident Siofra leading them away from the ring.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.