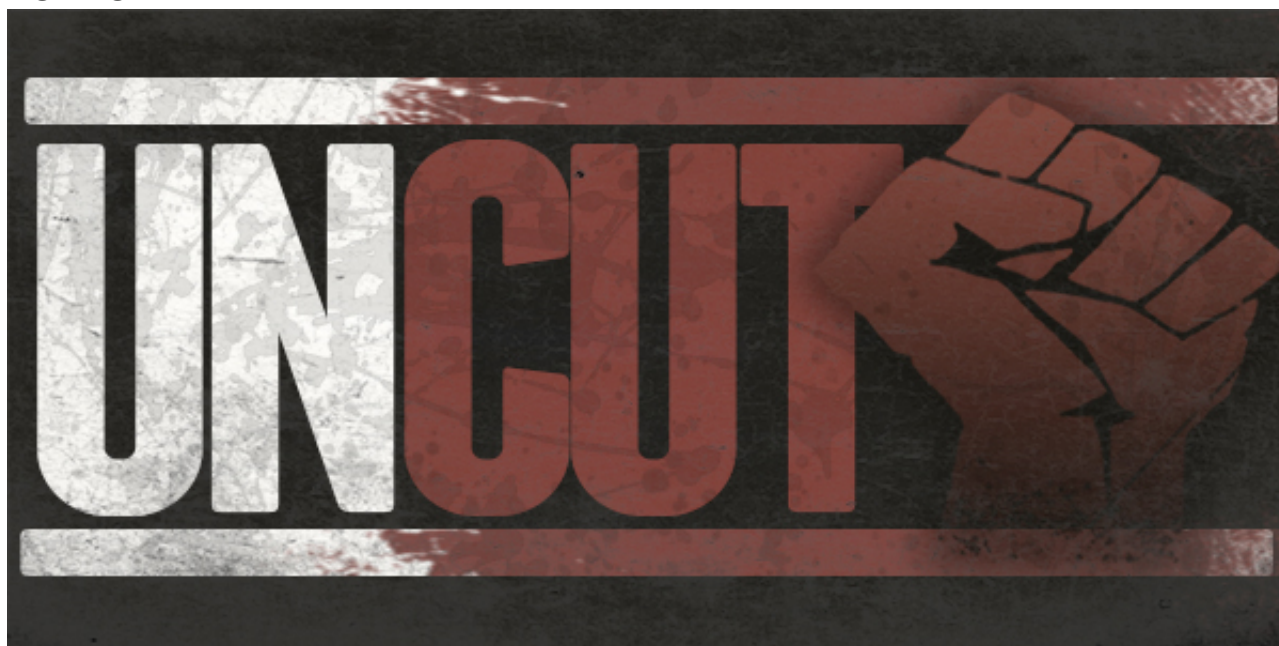


SHOW OPEN

THE LADS vs. ALECZANDER THE GREAT +2

DDK:

Welcome to a HUGE edition of UNCUT! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me, as always, you know him and you either love him or tolerate him at best, Lance Warner!

Lance:

Hey!

DDK:

Am I wrong?

Lance:

Only sometimes! I'm Lance Warner and coming off a blockbuster DEFtv, we've got action in our midst! We kick things off with a six-person tag team match when The Lads -- Janna Ray, Punch Drunk Purcell and the Triple Crown winner, "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy are in action!

DDK:

And that match kicks off right now! From one Darren to another, we're sending it on down to DEFIANCE Hall of Fame ring announcer, Darren Quimbey!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a six-person tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first...

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, DEFIANCE's friendliest group walk out! "The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray, throwing her hands up in the sky! Punch Drunk Purcell, throwing his MMA-glove covered hands to the sky and rocking a blue and yellow boxing robe. Janna signals for Punchy to smile and he does, though half-heartedly... and "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy!

Janna Ray crosses her hands in front of her to shake hands with both Punchy and Dex...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

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

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by Punch Drunk Purcell at a combined weight of a combined weight of 659 pounds plus One Brick House... They are the team of PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL... "THE RAY OF SUNSHINE" JANNA RAY AND "THE BIGGEST BOY" DEX JOY... **THE LAAAAADDDDDSSSS!**

Lance:

And here we go! The Lads have made it no secret they are THROUGH with the likes of Mil Vueltas and Titanes Familia! After past issues stemming back to our DEF Row Radio show months ago between Dex and Mil... it looks like that may be coming to a head sooner than later!

Punchy dabs fists with both Janna Ray and Dexy Baby. The two get ready for action!

♪ "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 their opponents... at a combined weight of 816 pounds... ALECZANDER THE GREAT, FAFNIR AND SOMCHAI...
ALECZANDER THE GREAT +2!

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. Behind him, the German monster, "The German Dragon" FAFNIR and bringing up the rear of Aleczander's makeshift group in BRAZEN, the 6'9" Somchai!

DDK:

What a name... Aleczander The Great +2.

Lance:

As fans of earlier DEFIANCE may know, Aleczander The Great was a member of Team HOSS, who had a year-long run as the World Trios Champions long ago. This is Aleczander's very self-serving version of that group hoping to capture past success.

DDK:

Well, they all have size and power! Anything is possible, but if they beat The Lads tonight, that could be career-making!

FAFNIR stares down Punch Drunk Purcell, Dexy Baby and The Ray of Sunshine as he, FAFNIR and Somchai climb into the ring. Aleczander takes the lead and Dex Joy does for his team as the bell rings!

DING DING

Aleczander locks up with the Triple Crown winner, but Dex is able to overpower the Mancunian Muscle and send him back into the ropes. Alecz argues with Hector Navarro for Dexy Baby to let go. Dex does just that and backs off with his arms up. Aleczander nods at him... then tries to charge for a clothesline, but Dex quickly LEAPFROGS over Aleczander and hits him with a jumping crossbody on the way back that has the crowd going nuts!

DDK:

That agility by Dexy Baby on display! What a crossbody to get things moving tonight!

Lance:

And here comes the tag to Punch Drunk Purcell!

The big former boxer gets a tag and the Mexico City Faithful cheer on The Lads as they whip Aleczander to the ropes. When he comes back off the ropes, they land double back elbows that knock the Battling Brit to the canvas! The ladder of the ATG+2 holds his jaw while Dexy and Punchy point at one another. They get the crowd going and then go for a double handshake that has the crowd ROARING! They shake hands then drop the HUGE double elbow into the heart of Aleczander! He clutches his chest in pain as both Dex and Punchy make it back to their feet!

DDK:

Great teamwork on display by The Lads with that handshake into the double elbow drop! Always ever popular!

Punch Drunk Purcell whips Aleczander into The Lads' corner before landing a running back splash in the corner. The former World Trios champion is the lit up with body blows from either side before he gets struck with a big bionic elbow from Purcell! The Brick Hithouse points at an eager Janna Ray and then makes the tag! Aleczander is hurt as Punchy

pulls him out of the corner, allowing for Janna Ray to jump off the top rope with a cannonball senton!

Lance:

Excellent teamwork from The Lads on display! And now Janna Ray for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Aleczauder powers out, but Janna Ray runs off the ropes. The former rugby player shows off that background when the powerhouse slides off the ropes and connects with a sliding shoulder tackle to take Aleczauder back down to the mat! The Ray of Sunshine pops back up to her feet and the 5'10" powerhouse waits for Aleczauder to stand. He's groggy from the repeated attacks by The Lads when she tries to pick up Aleczauder for a fireman's carry.

DDK:

Is Janna Ray gonna lift the 260-pound Aleczauder up?!

She tries... but Aleczauder slips free! FAFNIR makes the blind tag, but Ray doesn't see it! She turns around and ducks under a clothesline from Aleczauder. He hangs onto the ropes, then waves at her. She doesn't see FAFNIR enter the ring until she turns around and gets LEVELED by a body block! Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell both jump when they see what's happened to Janna!

DDK:

Janna Ray just took a heck of a hit from a big body block from FAFNIR! He's called the German Dragon for a reason!

Aleczauder returns to the corner and watches FAFNIR pick Janna Ray apart now! He hits her with a big body slam mid-ring, but once isn't enough. For a second time, he picks her up and hits a second slam! He gets an arm ready and points towards the ropes. FAFNIR hits the ropes and Somchai tags himself in. The German Dragon hits a big elbow drop to her midsection, then moves for the 6'9" Somchai to come off the ropes and connect with a HUGE leg drop! Ray holds her upper body while reeling in pain. Somchai remains on the mat and grins.

DDK:

What a brutal combination from Aleczauder The Great's uh... pupils, I guess they are. Somchai keeps that leg for the cover!

Somchai counts with the official.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Ray gets the shoulder up since only a leg is pinning her down.

Lance:

That decision could come back to haunt this trio. Somchai really should have hooked a leg there, but he's trying to capitalize on the punishment.

Janna Ray is picked up by Somchai now and is on his shoulders when he runs at the corner for a snake eyes. He's almost to the corner but The Ray of Sunshine slips out and lands on her feet! Somchai hits the buckle as Janna Ray hits the ropes, only to come back and connect with a running rugby tackle to the left leg of Somchai!

DDK:

OOOOHH! What a great way to counter the size of the big man! Attack the legs!

Somchai hobbles around and falls to a knee for Janna Ray to grab the arm and fall back with an inverted stomp facebreaker!

DDK:

Best Foot Forward! Janna jacks the jaw and Somchai is hobbling!

Aleczander freaks out and reaches out as Somchai rolls around the mat himself. He makes the tag and climbs in, but it's too late!

DEXY BABY GETS THE TAG!

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

WHAT A REACTION!

Aleczander tries to stop Dexy Baby from gaining any momentum, but the big man slingshots over the ropes and crashes into Aleczander with a shoulder tackle into the ring! Dexy Baby hops to his feet and the former FIST of DEFIANCE charges at the ring! FAFNIR charges into the ring as he and Dexy Baby collide with shoulder tackles, but neither man goes down! FAFNIR roars and charges at Dexy, but the two monsters collide again without being knocked off their feet! The German Dragon tries to catch Dex with a lariat, but Dex sidesteps and hits him with a belly to belly suplex off the ropes!

Lance:

THERE GOES FAFNIR!

Somchai hobbles back into the ring and he swings at Dex for a big boot, but Dex moves. Somchai tries to hit the ropes, but he's grabbed by the arm from Punch Drunk Purcell! Dex grabs Aleczander in the ropes to cut him off from interfering while Janna Ray traps FAFNIR with her legs! All three hold their fists out and hit Punchy's clubbing forearm shots together on all three of their opponents!

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

DDK:

HITTING THE BAG FROM ALL THREE THE LADS!

Dexy has worn out Aleczander after the ten clubbing blows to the chest and hits a HUGE suplex to get him back into the ring! With Somchai and FAFNIR dealt with, Punchy gets the tag! He balls up a fist...

CRACK!

...and knocks Aleczander into next week before making the tag to Janna Ray!

DDK:

PUNCH DRUNK LOVE! ALEczANDER IS OUT COLD!

Janna Ray makes it to the top rope! She poses for the cheering crowd and takes flight with a HUGE diving splash!

DDK:

CATCH SOME RAYS FROM JANNA RAY! COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends?" by WAR ♪

Janna Ray pumps a fist and celebrates along with Dex Joy and Punch Drunk Purcell! The trio raise one another's hands!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **THE LADS!**

Lance:

What a great victory to kick things off here tonight on UNCUT! Dex Joy, Janna Ray and Punch Drunk Purcell get the win tonight and now they look forward to getting their hands on Mil Vueltas and Titanes Familia!

The powerhouse trio leave the ring and head to the back to celebrate as the show moves to a quick ad break!

Taste the Painbow (Part 1)

The house lights cut to BLACK. Then...

A set of glowing GREEN EYES suddenly cut through the darkness!

Soon joined by more eyes -- CYAN, MAGENTA, and CHARTREUSE!

Then our boy Ronnie James blesses the fans through the PA...

♪ "Rainbow in the Dark" by Dio ♪

The lights pop back on, and the Mexican Faithful pop LOUD at the sight of the colorful cadre of spooky ghouls standing in formation in the ring!

DDK:

I don't believe it, Lance! It's the RAINBOW REAPERS! The last vestiges of the infamous Kabal are back in DEFIANCE!

Green Reaper stands still and resolute in the ring center while the other three tertiary-colored knuckleheads shuck and jive to the rhythms of Dio, playing their glowing color-coordinated kendo sticks like air guitars.

Lance:

So they are! After quite the extended absence!

After allowing a few moments to let the moment breath, Green Reaper motions for the music to cut and raises the mic.

Green Reaper:

DEFIANCE Wrestling...

The crowd knows the drill.

"THIS!! IS!! A MESSAGE--RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

The Reapers react in surprise to the reaction. Greenie, naturally, no-sells it.

Green Reaper:

For many moons, the dreaded SPECTRUM OF DEATH has remained hidden within the shadows, patiently waiting for the perfect moment to UNLEASH our multi-colored doom upon the world! And TONIGHT, DEFIANCE Wrestling... the REAPERS... SWING... the SCYTHE!!

Cyan Reaper:

SCYTHIN', STYLIN', and PROFILIN'!

Magenta Reaper:

♪ HA -- HA -- HA -- HA-- SWINGIN'-the-SCYTHE! SWINGIN'-the-SCYTHE! ♪

Chartreuse Reaper:

I'm breathing a SCYTHE of RELIEF!

Greenie maskpalms.

Green Reaper:

Would you idiots SHUT UP! We're trying to be SERIOUS here!

The Tertiary:

I'M SORRY.gif

Green Reaper:

Ugh... whatever -- as I was saying, the SCYTHE SWINGS TONIGHT!! Because TONIGHT, our campaign of terror and mayhem deals a FATAL blow to DEFIANCE Wrestling! TONIGHT...

The lights go to BLACK, leaving only four sets of differently colored glowing EYES in the ring.

Green Reaper:

Our SPECTRAL SPECTRUM...

Suddenly, amid the group, FIFTH set of eyes suddenly appears!

Green Reaper:

...GROWS!

The lights return, revealing a new VIOLET REAPER standing among the group.

Lance:

Oh no, Keebs, not only are they back, but they're MULTIPLYING!

DDK:

WHAT LUNATIC FED THESE REAPERS AFTER MIDNIGHT?!

Violet Reaper stands tall and resolute among the other Reapers, who hail their teleported brother-in-arms with the open palmed waves of sheer amazement.

Green Reaper:

HAHAHAHA!! BEHOLD, DEFIANCE Wrestling! The VIOLET REAPER joins our RAINBOW of DOOOOOM!!! And as our colors grow, so do we take one more step toward the ULTIMATE CONQUEST of DEFIANCE Wrestling!

Violet Reaper flexes, their expression unreadable behind their purplish-colored skull mask.

Lance:

Quick question: what does any of this right now have to do with professional wrestling?

Unbeknownst to Warner, the words he speaks might as well be a magic incantation...

...because through unknown pure wrestling sorcery, a super surrious BEAST is summoned in an instant.

“BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!

“BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!

“BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!

“BOOM! BLAP-BLAP! BAP-BOOM-BLAP!!”

DDK:

OOOOOOH HERE COME THEM BOOM BLAPS!!

♪ “Blouses Blue by Konrad OldMoney feat. Sleep Steady ♪

The Reapers freeze like a flock of deer in headlights.

Wait.

Is flock right?

Is it "herd:?"

Like, a herd of deer?

Fuck it, it's a herd.

The Reapers freeze like a herd of deer in headlights.

Because mere seconds later, "The Emerald Apex" KERRY KUROYAMA cuts through the curtain and begins powerwalking to the ring with authority.

The emerald green sash hanging around his torso reads "IN-RING PROMO PATROL".

DDK:

SEATTLE'S BEAST IS ON THE LOOSE!

Lance:

And someone told him that the Reapers are Patriots fans!

Kuroyama stomps down the aisle with all the grace and gravitas of a freight train. The tertiary bois run around in a panic, while Greenie and the newly introduced Violet Reaper remain calm.

Green Reaper:

HA-HAA!! Let the first SACRIFICE lead himself unto the SLAUGHTER!! REAPERS!! AAAAATTTAAAAA--

The battle charge is rudely interrupted as Kerry Kuroyama's powerwalk becomes a sudden rush forward as he reaches the ring, sliding in under the ropes, popping his feet, and putting the heel of his boot straight into Green Reaper's mask within a matter of seconds.

DDK:

YAAAAKUUUUUZZAAAA KIWAMI 3 KICK!!

As Green Reaper goes down, the rest stand paralyzed in shock and terror. Kuroyama quickly pounces upon the nearby Cyan Reaper and lambasts him with a Dominator.

DDK:

JUDGMENT BOLT BOMB!!

Kerry rolls back to his feet, immediately setting his sights on Magenta Reapers. Mags turns to run, but is quickly caught before he can get through the ropes. Kuroyama locks in a full-nelson before throwing him back and ragdolling him across the ring.

DDK:

SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX!!

Once more, Kuroyama pops to his feet. Chartreuse Reaper runs in for the ol' Pearl Harbor. What happens instead is that Kerry suddenly turns around and extends his arm into a lariat.

DDK:

SQUALL LINE LARIAT!!

The four Reapers roll from the ring, wracked with pain. Kerry finds himself alone with the newest reaper, VIOLET.

Lance:

Time to see what this newest Reaper can do when faced with--

Kerry kicks that motherfucker in the gut and Emerald Flowsions the glowy-eyed life out of him.

DDK:

KUROYAMA DRIVER!!

Lance:

...whelp, so much for that.

Kuroyama kips up, roaring and flexing hard to the joyously cheering crowd. And with the ring successfully cleared of mudshow morons who have no interest in actually wrestling, Kerry hops out and heads to the back, played off by the boom-blaps of verdant doom.

♪ "Blouses Blue by Konrad OldMoney feat. Sleep Steady ♪

DDK:

The Reapers have returned with expanded ranks, but unfortunately, they had the worst possible welcome party here tonight! Kerry Kuroyama cleared that ring like a felt eraser across a dry-erase board!

Lance:

Not a bad analogy, Keebs. Regardless of their color, they wipe away the same.

PAT CASSIDY vs. LORD SEWELL

“GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!”

♪ “Blood” by The Dropkick Murphys ♪

The opening chords of The Dropkick Murphy’s “Blood” begins to echo throughout the arena and the fans rise to their feet. Blue lights begin to swirl the Faithful as they, like the camera, begin to search for the location of the arriving Defiant. Finally, we find him: emerging from an upper level entrance to the arena, one fist outstretched to fire up the legions of fans both around him and all around the arena. He’s dressed to compete: standard blue, black, and white tights and leather vest that proclaims - proudly - that he is THE Saturday Night Special. And around his shoulder, being held up by the hand that isn’t formed into a fist: the ACE of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Here comes a man with a full DEFCON dance card!

Lance:

He didn’t quite get what he wanted on DEFtv when Brock Newbludd appeared only via satellite. I don’t believe Brock is here tonight... but Pat will have his hands full with Lord Sewall!

In the ring, Lord Sewall stands against the ring post, looking disgusted at this display.

Hanging on tight to the ACE, Cassidy begins a jovial but determined march toward the ring and down the steps. All around him, The Faithful reach out to get them a piece and Cassidy does his best to try to acknowledge as many of them as he can.

#Trouble underground in Kenmore Square
You’d better watch out - you’d better beware!
It’s time to go - goodbye, good luck!
They say people like you screw everything up!#

Cassidy reaches the barricade, and he leaps over - but not completely over, as he instead straddles it. Looking out into the Faithful, he pumps his fist as they sing along with the “BLOOD!” lyrics of the Dropkick Murphys song.

#If you want blood - we’ll give you some!

BLOOD! BLOOD!

Straight from the heart till the job is done

If you want it now, then here it comes

BLOOD! BLOOD!

If you want blood - we’ll give you some!#

Over the barricade now, Cassidy tosses the ACE over the top rope and he follows it in by rolling under the bottom rope. He picks up the title, and after a quick fist bump with Rex Knox, Cassidy climbs up to the top to raise the ACE high... just as the chorus again kicks in. Cassidy pumps the title in the air as the Faithful hit the “BLOOD!” lines.

#If you want blood - we’ll give you some!

BLOOD! BLOOD!

Straight from the heart till the job is done

If you want it now, then here it comes

BLOOD! BLOOD!

If you want blood - we’ll give you some!#

Climbing down from the top rope, Cassidy hands the ACE off to Knox before removing his vest. In the opposite corner, Sewall scowls as Cassidy’s theme fades away.

DDK:

It should be noted that the ACE of DEFIANCE - which gives Pat a shot at the FIST at any time and any place of his choice - is not on the line in this match.

Lance:

But it WILL be on the line at DEFCON against Brock Newbludd!

In the ring, Quimbey has a mic.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first, from Long Melford, England... LORD SEWALL!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Sewall sneers at the reaction. Cassidy smirks and strikes a dramatic pose, urging Quimbey to give the people what they REALLY WANT.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Boston, Massachusetts... PAT! CAAAAAASSSIDY!

Cassidy closes his eyes and spreads his arms to soak in the positive reaction. Sewall, again, looks disgusted.

Knox checks both men before calling for the bell.

DING DING!

Cassidy and Sewall begin to circle each other, looking for an opening.

DDK:

Important to note that Lord Sewall is out here sans the rest of his Gentlemen's Agreement compatriots.

Lance:

That's right, Darren. He was overheard saying he wants to prove he doesn't need any help to put this, and I quote, "young fool" in his place.

Finally, they lock up with the collar and elbow! They jockey for position, with each man straining to dislodge his opponent. Finally, Sewall slips behind Cassidy, taking the Boston native's arm with him and applying a textbook hammerlock! As he controls the arm, Sewall looks quite pleased with himself, shooting the fans a look as if he's proving just how much of a superior wrestler he is. But then...

...Cassidy reverses! Now it's Sewall on the back peddle, as Cassidy yanks his arm and causes him to cry out and try to get away on his tip toes!

DDK:

Cassidy may not be the seasoned technician Sewall is, but if our good friend the gentlemen underestimates the ACE, he's going to be in for a surprise!

Sewall manages to get his free hand in the ropes, prompting Knox to step in and force Cassidy to break the hold. Just as Pat does, Sewall pushes Knox out of the way and catches Cassidy with a surprise chop to the chest! Pressing his advantage, Sewall irish whips Cassidy... or TRIES to, as The Saturday Night Special reverses and instead the man from England finds himself bouncing off the ring ropes. On the rebound, Sewall's eyes go wide just before he runs into a back elbow that causes his head to snap back as he hits the mat! Cassidy with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Cassidy doesn't let Sewall get up by his own accord, instead grabbing him by the scruff and lifting him back to a vertical base. Grabbing his legs, Cassidy lifts Sewall up into position for the Alabama Slam...

DDK:

No! Sewall slips down the back and catches Pat with the roll up!

ONE!

Cassidy kicks out with a vengeance!

Both men scramble back to their feet, but Sewall is just a smidge quicker with a rake of the eyes!

Lance:

There's that crafty veteran status!

Knox scolds Sewall who professes his deep regret. But clearly not feeling TOO terrible, Sewall begins to target Cassidy's knees with elbow drops right into the joint. When he's done that enough times (and pulled Cassidy back from reaching for the ropes), he locks in a knee lock and bares down with the pressure!

DDK:

Knox asking Cassidy if he'd like to give up...

Lance:

And getting some, uh, colorful language in return!

Gritting his teeth, Cassidy is eventually able to drag both men enough that he can get a hand on the bottom rope. Sewall breaks the hold, but the damage may be done. Sewall is a shark that smells blood in the water, kicking away at Cassidy's knees and not allowing him to get back to a vertical base.

DDK:

Pat manages to pull himself up in the corner... but he gets ROCKED by a European uppercut! Another! Another!

Lance:

Cassidy is on dream street and Sewall is looking to end it!

With The Saturday Night Special on wobbly legs, Sewall brings in the middle and hooks him for the Gentlemen's Pact... but instead of falling down with his unique take on the neckbreaker, Cassidy reverses into a Russian Leg Sweep that sends them both to the mat! Once they hit, Cassidy springs into action, getting on top of Sewall and unloading with a flurry of big rights!

DDK:

Sewall can barely cover up!

Lance:

If he thought Cassidy's lack of technical finesse was going to make this a walk in the park... those fists to the face are surely showing him the error of his ways!

Finally, with some urging from Knox, Cassidy stops his onslaught and gets back to his feet. He stalks Lord Sewell, his eyes narrowed in concentrating and waiting for the Englishman to get back to his feet. Sewall rolls over, checking his lip... there is a small trickle of blood coming from the corner of his mouth. Eyes wide, Sewall opts NOT to get back up, instead rolling under the bottom rope to the floor!

Lance:

Lord Sewall appears to be... well, he's leaving.

DDK:

I don't think so, partner...

As Sewall walks up the ramp, he's nailed from behind by Cassidy! As his eyes go wide in surprise, Cassidy grabs him by the back of the head and sends him back into the ring. Following him in, Cassidy lifts him up with a vertical suplex but drops him down ONTO the top rope! With his opponent down, Cassidy pulls himself up to the second rope and flies off with a forearm right into Sewall's forehead! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

DDK:

Cassidy sending Sewall into the corner... he might be looking for the Splash of Jameson here!

Cassidy does indeed get a running start... but Sewall catches him (and everyone) off guard when he bursts out of the corner, slips around the back, and drops Cassidy on his head with a German suplex!!

Lance:

Oh man! Did you see how his head landed?

Pressing his advantage... literally... Sewall presses his knee into Cassidy's neck! He grabs Pat's right arm and stretches into the air as he pushes down with all his weight! Knox scolds him and then begins a five count, with Sewall breaking just before he gets DQed.

DDK:

Now it's Sewall's with the Irish Whip... Cassidy into the ropes... OH!!

On the rebound, it's Pat's turn to catch his opponent off guard with a surprise move as he slips over Sewall's back and hooks him and drops with him the Green Monstah Bomb! Both men are down until...

DDK:

Bottom's Up!!

Cassidy KIPS UP to the roar of the crowd. As Pat fires up the Faithful, Sewall gets back to his feet as well (albeit slower). When he's up, he's met with a Cassidy right hand!

And another!

One more!

One more!

One more!

Sewall, woozy, tries desperately to counter with a shot of his own, but Cassidy ducks and Sewall's momentum spins all around and right into a Pat Cassidy atomic drop!! Grabbing his ass in pain, Sewall stumbles into the corner, and this is Pat's chance to come flying in with the SPLASH OF JAMESON!

DDK:

Sewall out on his feet... he stumbles right into it!

Cassidy hooks Sewall and shoots the crowd a wink before dropping backwards and sending the Englishman's head with his reverse STO that is known only as the IRISH GOODBYE. A cover, a hook of the leg...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

...and that's all she wrote.

DING DING DING!

DDK:

And a dominating victory by our ACE of DEFIANCE!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... PAT! CASSSSSIDY!

Clutching the ACE of DEFIANCE, Cassidy rolls under the bottom rope and hops over the barricade into an absolute mass of humanity - celebrating with the Faithful as only he can.

Lance:

All smiles now... but don't forget that he's sworn to call out Brock Newbludd on DEFtv... and if they come to blows before DEFCON, they're both out of here!

DDK:

It will be interesting to see what happens to say the least!

THE BIG BOSS DAN vs. AARON KING

DDK:

We've got more in-ring action up next as The Big Boss Dan competes against a former teammate harkening back to their GC Universe days -- "The Pensacola Playboy" Aaron King!

Lance:

Aaron King has made some appearances for BRAZEN, but when a chance appeared to have this match, King was the one who wanted it! With that, we'll get to the action! Next!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring for the introductions!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "I Fought The Law" by Beyond The Distance ♪

The rock remix of the Bonnie Tyler hit gets jeers from The Faithful. The camera lingers on the entrance of a gold lettering of "BIG BOSS DAN" flashing over and over again... The camera finally flashes up somewhere high in the crowd on the steps. Making his way through the concourse dressed in a burgundy-colored trenchcoat, black sleeveless turtleneck, black cargo pants and dark shades, The Big Boss Dan wields a retractable baton in hand and points towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, representing Titanes Familia and accompanied by Brooklynn Rivera... from Salt Lake City, Utah, weighing in at 275 pounds... He is the Shield of Titanes Familia... **THE BIG! BOSS! DAN!**

DLJ aka BBD looks towards Brooklynn Rivera in her black and white gear, standing by in the audience. Dan nods towards Rivera, then puts a finger to the earpiece in his ear. They both climb over the barricade. La Angelita follows as The Big Boss Dan walks into the ring and stands tall for his opponent to arrive.

♪ "Godzilla" by Eminem feat Juice WRLD ♪

Walking out from the back with purpose, Aaron King poses in his pink and white coat and starts gesturing towards himself. He gets some cheers from The Faithful as he runs down the aisle and right into the ring. The Big Boss Dan hands his baton over to Rivera outside. He throws his coat off as Carla calls for the bell!

DING DING

Right at the bell, King runs right at The Big Boss Dan, but the Familia's Shield quickly grabs him by the neck and tosses him down to the canvas with relative ease. He gets jeered as he reaches down and taps him on the forehead.

The Big Boss Dan:

You can't step to me! You don't even have a Tall Pass!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Mexico City Faithful cheer boo Danny as he picks up King and WAFFLES him across the chest with a huge open-handed chop! King is hunched over in pain as he heads towards his corner. Dan holds a hand out and rubs it against his leg.

DDK:

Like him or hate him, Dan is a former Favoured Saints Champion and while I question his credentials as security, you can't as a wrestler between the ropes.

With The Pensacola Playboy hurt in the corner, Danny charges towards it with intent to fire off another chop, but King

moves! The Florida native backs up and lands a big elbow to the side of Danny's head! He fires off a couple more rights to the head of James when he's in the corner and continues to tee off on the Shield of the Familia! He runs off the ropes and as Danny is staggered in the corner, he runs at him with a jumping big boot to the side of the head!

DDK:

Oooh! I'm impressed with Aaron King! He outmaneuvered the big man and caught him flush with that big boot to the temple.

Lance:

This is a big opportunity that could get some things going for him in his career if he keeps this up!

King pumps a fist after the boot and has the Mexico City Faithful on his side. He runs off the ropes but when he comes back, Dan run towards him for a clothesline and misses! He turns around and JUMPS right over King the second go-round with a leapfrog, then KICKS him square in the face with a big boot of his own! The Faithful yell out as The Big Boss Dan lifts up his foot and pretends to dust it off!

DDK:

Oooh! Danny comes back with one of his own! He just knocked King to the outside, too!

King is seeing stars as he gets knocked out of the ring! He's trying to pick himself up as he sees Brooklynn Rivera lurking nearby. He's coherent enough to point at her and she does nothing as she backs up.

Lance:

I understand trying to keep your head on a swivel, but look out!

The Big Boss Dan lurks behind King and THROWS him as hard as he can directly into the steep steps! The steps shake and The Faithful boo as Dan stands over him.

The Big Boss Dan:

Time to clean up these mean streets... by which I mean the Familia's ring!

Danny hoists King up by his trunks and rolls him onto the apron. King is hurt pretty bad from the slam as The Big Boss Dan climbs into the ring. He reaches down and hooks the neck of King before HOISTING him up and over the ropes back into the ring with a HUGE vertical suplex!

DDK:

Wow! That suplex took some strength, but Dan made that look pretty easy! That suplex knocked the wind out of King!

Back on his feet, The Big Boss Dan inches back towards the corner and measures himself up before running forward and burying a HUGE jumping knee drop right into the chest of King! The Pensacola Playboy lets out a loud howl as Danny pushes him to the canvas and goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

King barely gets a shoulder up, but The Familia's Shield takes his time.

DDK:

I have to say I'm impressed so far with how Dan is controlling the match here. He's taking his time working over King tonight, who just hasn't been able to get much going after that leaping big boot earlier!

The Faithful are jeering and when Danny hears this, he starts yelling back.

The Big Boss Dan:

Hey! Hey! Don't boo me! I'm just a man trying to help my family!

Lance:

...Then he goes and does stuff like that!

He turns his attention back to Aaron King, who fights back! He catches Dan with some big punches to the midsection! Dan gets caught by surprise. King lands an elbow, then follows it up with a big discus punch to the temple! The Mexico City Faithful are with him as he stands to his feet. Dan is knocked back a step, but he comes back and tries another big boot. King ducks underneath the oncoming kick as Danny hits the ropes, then comes back and The Pensacola Playboy takes the leg out from under BBD with a dropkick to the knee!

DDK:

There we go! King cuts down the 6'7" Big Boss Dan with a dropkick right to the knee!

Danny's down on all fours as he holds his knee in pain. That gives Aaron King a chance to step up off Danny's back and lands an elbow drop to the back of the Familia member's head!

DDK:

And there's some innovative offense by King! He leaps off Danny's back and lands a step-up elbow drop! He's got him on the ropes!

King climbs out of the ring and then climbs up towards the top turnbuckle. Danny is staggered and when he gets up to his feet, Aaron King leaps off and hits a blockbuster neckbreaker off the top rope!

DDK:

Aaron King scores with the King's Landing! He gets him with that somersault neckbreaker off the top rope!

Lance:

He finally topples the big man! King is looking to make something of his career, let's see if he can do it here!

King goes for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Big Boss Dan gets a shoulder up! King looks up at Jonny Fastcountini and thinks he didn't count fast enough!

Lance:

King has a chance here and he's gotta make the most of it!

Seeing that Big Boss Dan is still stunned, he hooks him by the neck and looks for the lifting DDT. He tries for the move he calls King Me, but Dan pushes him backwards. King staggers to the ropes and comes back, but Dan is ready for him and nearly KICKS him out of his boots with a huge running front dropkick square to the chest!

DDK:

No way! No way! The Big Boss Dan hits High Justice! He just kicked King into next week's DEFtv!

Having had enough, The Familia's Shield gets back to his feet and waits on King. When Aaron doesn't quite get him fast enough, Danny yanks him upright by the arm and then rips off his elbow pad. He charges off the ropes at high speed and comes back to SLUG King with a powerful lariat that knocks the Pensacola Playboy upside down!

DDK:

LONG ARM OF THE LAW! WE MIGHT BE DONE HERE!

The Big Boss Dan throws his hands out and tells the people it's done before he kneels over to hook the far leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "I Fought The Law" by Beyond The Distance ♪

Darren Quimbey:Here is your winner of the match... **THE BIG BOSS DAN!**

King is out cold as Brooklynn Rivera enters the ring to join The Big Boss Dan in celebration. Dan holds a hand out to get it raised by Jonny Fastcountini as the people boo him! Brooklynn Rivera looks down at the fallen King.

DDK:

Good win here tonight by The Big Boss Dan! Whether we like him or not... what he's doing right now, he's got confidence on his side and when wrestlers are confident, they can achieve a lot!

Lance:

Indeed. And with the Familia at his si... HEY!

To add insult to injury, Brooklynn Rivera climbs to the top rope nearby. She positions herself, then LEAPS off the top rope to drop a diving double foot stomp right into the heart off King! The Faithful jeer La Angelita as she then goes over to Dan and Jonny. Dan demands that the referee raise her hand as well and he does, to jeers from The Faithful!

DDK:

The Big Boss Dan and Brooklynn Rivera make an example out of Aaron King tonight with that uncalled-for attack! The Familia continue to run roughshod over their competition and they are looking unstoppable!

Dan and Rivera leave the ring, but not before Dan mentions that Jonny Fastcountini better have a Tall Pass next time they cross paths!

CLEVER GIRL...

We fade to somewhere outdoors, where we immediately find junior reporter Chris Trutt standing in the middle of what appears to be a scrapyard in the dead of night.

Chris Trutt:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! Chris Trutt here--

Outback Mack: (off-screen)

O!!! Keep it DOWN back there, yeh wankah!

Trutt cringes slightly beneath the barked command with a heavy Australian accent.

Chris Trutt: (whispering)

and i am coming to you live from the field, where we have some very exciting developments unfolding. i am here now with notorious australian poacher, outb--

Outback Mack: (off-screen)

O!!! That's Australian BOUNTY HUNTAH, yeh drongo!

Chris Trutt: (whispering)

right, notorious bounty hunter, outback m--

Outback Mack: (off-screen)

O!!! Call me LEGENDARY bounty huntah, yeh daggy bogan!

Trutt rolls his eyes.

Chris Trutt: (whispering)

...anywhoozles, i am here with "legendary" bounty hunter, outback mack... who, after days of being hot on the trail, claims to have tracked the ever elusive "escape artist" rezin to this abandoned junk heap, just an hour's drive outside of dallas, texas.

Trutt wanders ahead, where he finds the lovechild of Dog the Bounty Hunter and Crocodile Dundee that is Outback Mack. Mack is crouched near a pile of rusted auto parts, peering off into a clearing.

Chris Trutt: (whispering)

mr. mack... are you absolutely sure we'll find rezin here?

Outback Mack:

As sure as yeh are SHORT, ya dingo buggerin' billabong!

Chris Trutt: (whispering)

what are you, like, five-nine?

Outback Mack:

QUIETE!!

Chris Trutt: (whispering)

...you are "quite" five foot nine inches?

Outback Mack:

Naw, I saidQUI-ET, ya roo sniffah!

Outback Mack holds a hand over his eyes as a visor (which is completely unnecessary, since it's night, and there's no

sun to get his eyes) and peers further into the clearing ahead of the pile. Then his lips spread into a crooked smile, revealing rows of rotted teeth.

Outback Mack:

THERE she is...

Trutt leans in over the outlaw bounty hunter's shoulder -- visibly wrinkling his nose at the man's foul body odor -- and peers out after him. From behind, the camera zooms in and refocuses...

SOMEONE is there in the clearing. Barely visible under the moonlight, we can see that they are seated in a chair, and facing away.

Also noticeable is the sheen of an ALUMINUM CONE on top of his head.

Chris Trutt: (gasping)

IS THAT...?!

Outback Mack motions for him to walk.

Outback Mack:

Naow git out there!

Chris Trutt:

What? ME?? But WHY??

Outback Mack:

BECAUSE WE ARE BEING HUNTED!

Chris Trutt:

Yeah, but YOU'RE the bounty hunter! I'm just here to report!

Outback Mack:

Naow go.

Chris Trutt:

Why, so I can be the BAIT??

Outback Mack draws his machete from its sheath.

Outback Mack:

GO!

Chris Trutt:

Holy rigatoni! OKAY, OKAY, settle down!

Trutt tepidly walks out to where the mysterious figure is seated. Growing increasingly more anxious the closer he gets, he pauses at the halfway point to call ahead.

Chris Trutt:

Um... sir? Can we, um... can we get a word, if it's not a bother to you?

The aluminum-crested person in the chair slowly turns their head toward the sound of the junior reporter's voice...

Outback Mack: (off-screen)

KII-YAH!!

Trutt glances back...

Chris Trutt:

OH JEEZ!!

...and narrowly DUCKS as a set of bolas comes flying over his head!

THUMP!

It's a direct hit! In a flash, the bolas ensnare the strange person and drag them to the ground.

Outback Mack: (off-screen)

HAW-HAWWW!! GOTCHA!!

The junior reporter and sleazy bounty hunter quickly run to where the bound target lies on the ground, still struggling against the restraints.

Chris Trutt:

Is it HIM?

Outback Mack:

SHORE IS! Let's have us a quick lookie-lookie! I like seein' t' FEAR in 'er eyes!

Outback Mack fires up his flashlight as he rolls the bound figure over onto their face and shines the light directly on the face.

Chris Trutt:

HOLLYWOOD ACTOR SHIA LEBEOUF?!?

Shia LeBeouf:

I HAVEN'T BATHED IN FOUR MONTHS!!

Trutt throws his hands in the air in exasperation.

Chris Trutt:

This isn't Rezin! You tracked down the wrong crackpot! I KNEW you were a phony!

Outback Mack looks down at the certifiably insane Hollywood actor squirming at his feet in stunned silence.

Outback Mack:

Somethin' ain't quiete right 'ere...

Chris Trutt:

Did you say, "Something ain't Quiet Riot"?

Outback Mack:

I said, SUM-THANG OAIN'T KWAIYTT ROIGHT, ya LOON! I tracked 'im PERFECTLY, I tell you! This sniffer ain't EVER failed ol' Outback Mack! Unless...

Outback Mack trails off, and sniffs the air.

Outback Mack:

...it's a decoy.

Two BLACK-STAINED HANDS suddenly emerge from the dark behind him, reaching for his shoulders!

Already knowing he's doomed, Outback Mack simply lets it happen.

Outback Mack:

Clever girl...

Then, in the blink of an eye, he's GONE!

Outback Mack:

EEEYAAAAAHHH!!!

Chris Trutt:

OH MY!!

The light from the flashlight dances a wild pattern across the stacks of rusted metal around them. The camera sweeps, barely catching sight of Outback Mack's flabby upper body disappearing around a pile of discarded mufflers.

Outback Mack: (off-screen)

EEEYAAAAAHHH!!!

Trutt scoops up the flashlight and gives chase, with the camera following close behind. He follows the sounds of Outback Mack's cries of terror, and a light trail to BLACK SLIME that seems to weave through the heaps of scrap metal.

Outback Mack: (off-screen)

EEEYAAAAAHHH!!!

Chris Trutt:

HURRY! HURRY!

Trutt sets the light ahead. We can see Outback Mack once more, speckled in black tar, clinging to the outer edge of a metal cargo container for dear life. Something FERAL is trying to pull him inside.

Outback Mack:

SHOOOOT HEEEEERRR!! SHOOOOT HEEEEERRRR!!!

His grip fails, and he slips into the murky dark inside.

Outback Mack: (off-screen)

EEEYAAAAAHHH!!!

Trutt and the camera man run toward the container while Outback Mack screams from within in a mixture of pain and terror. The sound of a body hitting the thin metal walls fills the scrapyard with thunderous impacts.

Chris Trutt:

What's happening?! WHO is in there?!

The junior reporter finally makes it to the opened end of the container and shines the light inside.

Lying splayed out on his back on the floor is Outback Mack, absolutely splattered in muck and gurgling in agony.

Beyond, through the other opened end of a container, we can JUUUST BARELY make out a hunched, shadowy form bounding over a pile of scrap and disappearing into the darkness.

Chris Trutt:

Missed him by here SECONDS!

Trutt hurries over to where Outback Mack is lying. Despite looking absolutely wrecked (not as though he looked good before), he appears to be conscious after his ordeal.

Chris Trutt:

What happened?!

Outback Mack:

AARGH!! He BEAT ME with a STICK!

Chris Trutt:

He BEAT YOU with a STICK?!

Outback Mack:

And then he STOLE me WALLET!

Chris Trutt:

He STOLE your WALLET?!

Outback Mack:

And then he PISSED in ME MOUTH!

Chris Trutt:

He... did THAT to you TOO?!

Chris Trutt turns back to the camera. While Outback Mack continues to squirm, gag, and grumble on the ground behind him, he holds the light up to his face, giving us a very accented look of his surprised face.

Chris Trutt:

Ladies and gentlemen... I think we just had ANOTHER REZIN SIGHTING on our hands, and we were HERE in the MOMENT!

Outback Mack:

AAARGH!! Stop yer GABBIN' and GAWKIN' and GIT ME AND AMBULANCE, yeh NIT!

Chris Trutt:

It would appear once more, DEFIANCE's Escape Artist has ESCAPED! Who's to say where he'll turn up next?! Although I don't believe our Outback Mack will be on the trail much longer.

Outback Mack:

DID YEH HEAR ME, BUGGER?! GIT ME A DOCTOR!! TELL T' BRING TH' PLIERS! THERE'S A REASON YEH AIN'T SEEIN' THE STICK!!

Trutt turns and points to the slimed bounty hunter.

Chris Trutt:

Sir! Wait right here for just a minute! I have to go report this real quick, but I'll need a follow up statement! Also, I want to get Shia LeBeouf's autograph! I am a HUGE fan of Holes!

The junior reporter runs off camera, leaving us with the lasting image of Outback Mack lying on his back, dripping with black sludge, groaning in pain and frustration into the air.

Outback Mack:

AAAAAARRRRRGGGHHHH CRRRIIIIIKEEEEEYYYYY!!!!

MALAK GARLAND vs. GEORGE OTHELLO

The crane cam swings towards the ramp as the hot UNCUT crowd anticipates the main event of the evening.

♪ "Mellow Yellow" by Donovan ♪

Out comes "Not A Nice Fellow" George Othello to a hostile reaction at best. He puffs his chest out, slaps his tag team title belt on his shoulder, and tries his best to make sure everyone gets a glimpse of him.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, the following contest is your main event of the evening! Introducing first, representing Mad Rhymes, he is one half of the BRAZEN Tag Team Champions, GEORGE OTHELLO!

He slides into the ring and plays to the crowd before his music is overtaken.

♪ "Big Dawgs" by Humankind ♪

RAHHHHHHH!

Malak Garland walks out on stage in one of his bedazzled feathery robes. This one is snow white as he dances around, the light catching him in every best way possible. He's holding a bottle of empty Jarritos that he presumably drank earlier in the night, during the live portion of DEFtv but that might as well be a lifetime ago. This was the UNCUT taping!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing next, from Cheyenne, Wyoming, the SNOWFLAKE SUPERSTAR, MALAK GARLAND!

Garland slaps some hands whilst making his way down the ramp. He eventually climbs into the ring, discards the bottle and disrobes but not before he notices MARK SHIELDS holed up in the corner, ready to officiate this fine spectacle of a contest.

Malak Garland:

Shit guy, shit, Mark. It's been a minute. Not sure how I feel about you officiating this match. Kinda moved away from you, to be honest. I've cleaned up my act quite a bit because I am WORKING ON MYSELF and I wrestled my last match without your involvement and before you say anything, yes, I am aware it was a loss but so was the SAFE SPACE match. Besides, didn't you get killed at IMMORTALS?

Mark shrugs but he's clearly in pain when he does so. He's still feeling the effects for sure.

Mark Shields:

Don't know what to tell you, man. I will stay out of your way, I guess.

Malak Garland:

You bett-!

DING! DING!

Before Malak can finish, George Othello jumps the preoccupied Snowflake Superstar with a barrage of fists! Mark hunches into an athletic position, trying to keep a watchful eye on the action as all Malak can do is cover up in the corner.

DDK:

Folks, welcome back to UNCUT as our main event gets underway! Just letting you know that we've taken our last commercial break and we will be sticking with the action all the way through, until the conclusion of this match!

Lance:

Look at how Othello saw an opening and took the early advantage! Smart move when you're facing a former FIST of DEFIANCE, even if it's a wrestler like Malak who presents as nonlethal. We all know he's far from the truth.

Othello hammers Garland before bulldogging him out of the corner. Othello hits a jumping elbow drop before a jumping leg drop. He goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Malak shoots a shoulder skyward, breaking the count. Both men rise to their feet but Othello has a headlock cinched in. Garland back drops George to the mat before darting off the ropes. He hops over Othello and bounces off the other set of ropes before punt kicking Othello in the face!

DDK:

What a shot by Garland!

Malak paintbrushes his hand across Othello's shoulder.

Malak Garland: [Shouting to the Rafters]

WEAPON GETTTTTTTTT!

BOOM! Snap piledriver connects!

Lance:

Malak hit George with his own move, the 'Your Neck is Jello!' I think it's just become soft snow instead!

Groggy, Othello gets to his knees and is met with an I TRIGGER for his efforts! The smack resonates throughout the arena.

DDK:

I TRIGGER! HE NAILED HIM!

Malak pulls George up into another piledriver position but instead of hitting another snap piledriver, he hits a jumping, spiked one.

BRINCILE!

George lays out cold in the middle of the ring. Garland looks to the fans to see if he should end things or keep going. Mark Shields is near shitting bricks, biting his nails in the corner. He just wants to steer clear of the whole thing entirely.

Malak Garland:

MORE? OR PIN? I CAN STILL WORK ON MYSELF!

MORE!

MORE!

MORE!

Giving into the demands of the Faithful, Malak picks George up. Othello stands there defenselessly as Malak runs the ropes MULTIPLE times, gaining momentum until he lands one last DEFIANT jumping I TRIGGER! Othello flips inside out. Garland covers, hooking a leg for good measure.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER, MALAK GARLAND!

Othello does the losers roll out of the ring alongside a fearful Mark Shields. Malak grabs a microphone as he gazes down at one half of the BRAZEN Tag Team Champions.

Malak Garland:

FAITHFUL! WHO HERE TONIGHT IS WORKING ON THEMSELVES!? George certainly isn't!

Insert reasonable pop here.

Malak Garland:

I know I am. I never stop WORKING ON MYSELF! I am a lifelong learner and if any of you watched what happened on DEFtv, you all saw me CONTEMPLATE life HARD.

He pauses.

Malak Garland:

And that's okay. Sometimes when life hands you losses, you have to download an AI chatbot companion and get back on track and that's EXACTLY what I'm doing.

He plays with the microphone a bit before continuing.

Malak Garland:

And tonight, I dispatched this DELECTABLE little OSCAR BURNS knockoff, which felt good but lets face it, this was just a primer. I need to do what my AI companion told me to do and that's to call out the biggest and boldest dude of DEFIANCE!

The crowd is eager to hear more.

Malak Garland:

Therefore, I am making it official. Come DEFtv 231, yours truly will challenge the BIGGEST, the BOLDEST, the most FIERCE competitor DEFIANCE has. Make sure you tune in. Same frosty time. Same frosty channel. It's going to be—!

Malak climbs the turnbuckle. He takes a moment before staring into the hard cam that's zoomed in on him.

Malak Garland:

DELECTABLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

The UNCUT chyron displays itself on the lower portion of the broadcast before the show comes to an ominous end with a lasting shot of Malak's smiling face.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.