

SHOW OPEN

Cut to "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Lance Warner standing in front of a special backdrop for UNCUT.

DDK:

Hello and welcome to a very special edition of UNCUT! The post-DEFCON edition! Coming off an AMAZING two-night spectacular full of amazing matches and jaw-dropping moments, we'll play catch-up on the goings-on of DEFCON!

Lance:

Next week, for the first time ever, we will introduce you to the DEFCON Press Conference. I tried to get over DEFCONference, but the brass weren't having it.

DDK:

That's a bad hill to die on, my friend. Tonight, you'll see a few exclusive matches that took place prior to both nights of DEFCON as well as some exclusive matches with our main event! TA Cole meets the popular BRAZEN star, Count Novick... IN A CASKET MATCH!

Lance:

But first, before DEFIANCE hits the road, tonight we take a look at some big moments. The aftermath of Los Tres Titanes vs. BFTA, a special challenge laid out by The Lucky Sevens, a look at the history of the returning Masked Violator #1 and a whole lot more! Let's take a look back at the popular NOLA favorites, Gulf Coast Connection in a six-man tag!

GULF COAST CONNECTION vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS AND BRUTAL ATTACK FORCE

DEFCON NIGHT ONE PRE-SHOW EXCLUSIVE!

DDK:

Fans, welcome to UNCUT and we're kicking off the in-ring action with this exclusive from Night One of DEFCON! We have the Gulf Coast Connection in action up next against the team of DEFIANCE's own Butcher Victorious and BRAZEN team Brutal Attack Force in a six-man tag team match!

Lance:

We understand this match came together earlier today. Butcher Victorious has run afoul of The Gulf Coast Connection in past matches with Crescent City Kid and Titus Campbell. He somehow managed to wrangle two people to put up with him long enough to have this match, so that's the biggest takeaway from me!

DDK:

Let's get to it! Six-man tag action right now!

Darren Quimbey is dressed to the nines before DEFCON is about to go to air.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is a six-man tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first... FROM RIGHT HERE IN THE CITY THAT CARE FORGOT... "Wingman" Titus Campbell! Theodore Cain! The Crescent City Kid! **GULF! COAST! CONNECTION!**

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

The trio make their way out from the back to a nice pop from the crowd! Theodore Cain has on a new Gulf Coast Connection Mardi Gras-themed jester hat, along with Crescent City Kid, getting the crowd fired up with a collection of beads. Titus Campbell brings up the rear and the powerhouse throws a few jester hats out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young girl in the audience with her parents before they get to the ring. Campbell, CCK and Cain - wrestling for the first time since being injured by Tyler Fuse several weeks prior - all bump fists and get ready for their opponents.

♪ "Popsong Singalong" by Flyscreen ♪

Boos rain down as the new obnoxious tune pops off and Butcher Victorious walks out from the back, adorned in purple tights. Unfortunately, also with a microphone in hand. Behind him, Brutal Attack Force's Solomon Grendel and Petey Garrett are happy to have a television appearance... but the problem is they have to share it with Butcher Victorious.

Lance:

Oh no.

Butcher Victorious:

Sacramento... BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK!

BOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Butcher not endearing himself to anyone... ever.

Butcher continues.

Butcher Victorious:

Nobody cares about you three boners! This guy! Right here! Mic in hand and these two fine meat shields...

Garrett and Grendel both stop him and give him the evil eye from either side.

Butcher Victorious:

These two talented and opportunity-starved individuals are coming to this ring to show the three of you New Orleans numbnuts who runs the place!

Butcher enters the ring.

Butcher Victorious:

And you know what really grinds Butch Vic's gears? Is whe....OOOOF!

Butcher FINALLY gets cut off when big Titus Campbell runs him down with a clothesline! Both members of Brutal Attack Force step back while Titus gets cheers.

THANK YOU, TITUS! Clap x5

THANK YOU, TITUS! Clap x5

THANK YOU, TITUS! Clap x5

He nods to the crowd and then picks up Butcher's microphone before turning to referee Hector Navarro.

Titus Campbell:

Bruh, ring the bell!

DING DING

In the ring, it's Titus and Butcher starting things off! Titus grabs Butcher and then holds him on his shoulders!

Butcher Victorious:

NO! NO! BUTCH VIC... DON'T NEED THIS!

Then he gets bulldozed right into the corner of the GCC! Titus makes the tag to Theodore Cain and the two biggest men of the three-man team whip Butcher into the ropes before they mow him down with double shoulder tackle!

DDK:

Great teamwork as always by Gulf Coast Connection!

Theodore Cain is happy to be in the ring again as he picks up Butcher. The BAF watch from their corner as he whips Butcher to one corner... then another... then another... into a HUGE back body drop! Then the tag gets made to Crescent City Kid, who gets the largest pop of the three!

Lance:

Crescent City Kid came within a moment of becoming Favoured Saints Champ a few weeks ago before Corvo Alpha achieved that honor!

DDK:

Kid is perched on the top rope... TOP ROPE FLYING HEADSCISSORS!

Butcher goes for the ride when CCK runs off the ropes and then hits a wheelbarrow on the standing Butcher, then flips up and shifts around to turn it into a flatliner! He drives him into the canvas and gets the cover.

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Innovative move by The Kid right there!

Crescent City Kid gets up and then measures Butcher for another move, but he gets caught with a kick from Petey Garrett from ringside! The blow staggers him and then allows Butcher a free moment to bounce off the ropes and clobber CCK with a big running clothesline!

DDK:

Big running clothesline by Butcher... and then... oh. Lord...

He finishes the signature combo by moonwalking backwards badly into a leaping elbow drop into the heart of Crescent City Kid! The crowd jeers when Butcher kips up to his feet and then tags Petey Garrett. The kicker of the Brutal Attack Force duo picks up Crescent City Kid by the back of the head... then lands a hard trio of stiff kicks to the back! CCK is left reeling, but Garrett finishes the combo with a snap dropkick to the back of the head!

Lance:

Great combination by Petey Garrett! Cover!

ONE... TWO... NO!

DDK:

Crescent City Kid gets the shoulder up!

Petey rushes over and tags Solomon Grendel. The two men double-team CCK by each running off the ropes... double foot stomp by Petey... followed by a double foot stomp by Solomon Grendel! But before Grendel can make the tag... Butcher tags himself in!

DDK:

Is Butcher really... yep, trying to pick up the pin for himself!

After the work the BRAZEN wrestlers have done, Butcher goes for the cover.

ONE... TWO... THR-NO!

CCK is still hurt, but he gets the shoulder up and rolls over as he looks out to his corner. Butcher kicks CCK in the gut and then throws him up against the ropes. He makes sure The Kid doesn't go anywhere...

DDK:

Butcher looking for the Landslide Victory, that cannonball against the ropes... OOOH NO! CCK moves out of the way!

Butcher painfully lands against nothing but the ropes after the failed cannonball while CCK sees his chance. He gets up to a knee while Victorious tries to climb the ropes... then he gets ROCKED with the 504!

Lance:

CCK's tiger feint kick variation connects!

The crowd cheer CCK as both Titus and Theodore Cain have their hands out... and Cain gets the tag!

DDK:

The Smash Surfer makes his entrance!

On the other side of the ring, Butcher tags Solomon Grendel without him realizing it. And by the time he does, Theodore Cain rushes over and then throws him into the ropes! When Garrett gets up, Cain runs off one side of the ropes, and then the other... then SMASHES right through him with a running shoulder block!

Lance:

Powerful move! He calls that the Smash Surfer SMASH and he just ran down Garrett!

Theodore Cain makes the cover on Grendel!

ONE... TWO...

Petey Garrett runs in and breaks up the cover! Petey tries to attack Theodore with a few right hands, but Titus climbs over the ropes and scoops up Petey...

DDK:

Petey Garrett just encountered some Turbulence! That airplane spin from The Wingman disposes of Garrett!

He spins him around several times in rotation before throwing him down with a front slam! After disposing of Petey... Butcher has the chance to tag Solomon Grendel, which Theodore Cain dares him to do. When Solomon crawls over to try to reach out, Butcher has had enough and then runs away to the backstage area!

Lance:

That's bad for Brutal Attack Force! Butcher just left them both high and dry!

Butcher takes a microphone and starts to leave.

DDK:

That mic isn't actually YOURS, Butcher!

Butcher turns.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... SAYS HE'S SICK!

He coughs into the microphone and leaves while inside the ring, Solomon Grendel gets a powerslam near the corner of GCC! He tags big Titus in, who then climbs to the second buckle. Before he hits his next move, CCK tags Titus and then Titus comes off with the Take Flight diving headbutt from the second rope!

DDK:

Take Flight from Titus! Now CCK on the top turnbuckle...

And he dives off with the Hurricane Press splash! Petey tries to come back in to break up the cover, but Titus knocks him out of his boots WITH a big boot to cut him off!

Lance:

Hurricane Press! Cover!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners of the match... **THE GULF COAST CONNECTION!**

DDK:

Gulf Coast Connection victorious in this six-man tag! Butcher didn't like what was happening and then bailed fast on his own partners.

Lance:

Great teamwork and great win for Gulf Coast Connection tonight!

The Gulf Coast Connection celebrate the win with the rabid fans in the UNO, handing out a few more beads from the

GCC Gift Bag before the head back up the ramp. The show rolls on!

FAMILY IS FAMILY

The curtain between the GO position and stage swings open. A hobbled Malak Garland limps between the fabric as his arms are slung over Percy Collins and ALEX. Thurston Hunter rushes up to his mentor, fists extended, acting all sorts of giddy.

Thurston Hunter:

You street fought them so good, Mal! Like, wow! What a fight! FAMILY IS FAMILY! I LOVE BEING A COMMENTS SECTION MEMBER!

Malak can't be bothered to look Thurston's way. He just keeps meandering forward with a deadpan face.

Percy Collins:

You did your best out there and that's the most anyone could ever ask from you! I am so dang proud of you. I am a follower of yours for life.

Malak nonchalantly lifts his head over to Percy. Dried and crusted blood still resides on his neck.

Malak Garland:

I can't seem to beat the Saturday Night Suspects. No matter what, each big time match I face them in, they beat me. I can't seem to get over the hump.

Perturbed, Percy holds Malak in closer.

Percy Collins:

Rest assured, we will both mentally and physically bounce back from this or I am not your sports psychologist. We will take a long, hard pause and re-assess everything. Build it all back up from scratch, do you hear me? Maybe you want me to challenge Pat Cassidy to a match? I could soften him up a bit for you? I'll do anything for you, Mal.

Garland shakes his head with what little energy he has left in his body.

Malak Garland:

No, no. Don't do that. I'm sure they are onto bigger and better things but mark my words, I will have my victory over Pat Cassidy one day. I will reign supreme over Brock Newbludd too. They can bask in the glory of right now but one day in the future, I will destroy them when something even more prestigious is on the line.

Percy, Malak and ALEX stop for a moment. Thurston still persists with his dancing in the background. The Keyboard King glances over to the notorious street fighter.

Malak Garland:

Family is family. We're more than just a section. We're a family for crying out loud and when one of us hurts, we all hurt! We are a family and we aren't ashamed to show it, even in a loss. WE ARE FAMILY AND WE ARE OBNOXIOUSLY OVERT ABOUT IT TO YOUR FACE!

Surprising everyone, Malak breaks away from Percy and ALEX to fully embrace Thurston with a hug.

Thurston Hunter:

WE ARE FAMILY!

Percy Collins:

Haha this is us.

ALEX:

Family is key.

Malak's face brims brightly as he looks down at Thurston.

Malak Garland:

We're the Comments Family now.

Cut feed.

HOME IS JUST A FACETIME AWAY

DEFCON Night One

Post-match of Jack Mace vs. Tom Morrow

Backstage area

Staring at his iPhone while still drenched in some sweat, Jack Mace is still riding high off the adrenaline (and the pain setting in) of a Steel Cage match against Tom Morrow. He's got a press conference to get to in just a few moments, but whatever the big man is doing seems to take precedent.

The Killer Bear continues trying to get his FaceTime to work and growls quietly.

Jack Mace:

Come on... you wanted me to fuckin' call, Esme...

It continues to ring...

FINALLY there's an answer.

A woman's voice answers the phone and an older, blue-eyed brunette answers the phone.

Woman:

Jackie? Jackie, that you?

Mace rolls his eyes.

Jack Mace:

It's the fuckin' yes, it's me, you damn daftie! You see the match, Es? I kept trying to get you to watch me and this better be the time you did it.

The woman, identified as Esme, smiles on the other side of his FaceTime. Her English brogue sounded delightful compared to the gruff voice of Jack.

Esme:

Aye! Fuckin' aces, Jackie. The way that sod Morrow hit the mat when you did that thing off the cage? The stuper... plex?

Jack Mace:

SUPERplex, Es. Learn me shit or don't watch at all.

Esme:

Whatever it was, it looked like it fuckin' hurt. How are YOU not hurtin' after that move? That looked awful.

Mace rolls his arm.

Jack Mace:

Adrenaline, love. Gonna wear off in a few and me back's gonna feel like shit after this press conference... but worth it to kick that funny little dickhead in the chest over and over again. Been working on me kicks the last two months and glad I got to use 'em, hehe.

Esme:

Aye, Jackie... looked like you were having a fuckin' ball out there, too. The crowd wanted to see him get it.

Mace nods.

Jack Mace:

He deserves it. I ain't proud of a lot of the shit I did for that dodgy prick. I...

Esme:

You ain't gotta say nothing else, Jackie. Dad's doing okay. You made enough for him. And us.

Even with the acceptance of his sister, he doesn't look happy about it. Still...

Jack Mace:

I gotta go do one of them stupid press junkets in a sec, but I got both you and Dad tickets to come out to DEFIANCE next month. DEFIANCE is movin' outta the swmap and travelin' soon. I ain't gonna tell you where the place is yet, but they got them funny fuckin' hats, I think.

Esme's eyes light up.

Esme:

What? What?! Oh, my God, Jackie. OH, MY G-

Jack Mace:

Calm your fuckin' self, Es. I got two airplane tickets for you and Dad and two front row seats for DEFIANCE. You gonna take 'em or not?

Esme:

Yeah! Yeah, of course! Never been to the States! Ever!

Mace finally chuckles. It sounds unnatural to him.

Jack Mace:

There's... good and bad. Mostly good. Lot of FUCKIN' ARSEHOLES... but a lot of good, too.

When he talks, a stagehage approaches.

Stagehand:

Jack? Press conference starting for you right now. Need you on deck.

Mace, looking annoyed, peers up from his phone.

Jack Mace:

Mate, give me a fuckin' second. Can they have that Dex guy talk their arses off for another minute?

Stagehand:

Nope, you're on now.

Esme:

It's okay, Jackie. Go. We'll talk later.

Jack Mace:

Okay.

The FaceTime ends and Mace fumbles with his phone to get it back in his pockets.

Jack Mace:

All right... ugh... I wanted this, I guess... All right, lead the fuckin' way...

He follows the stagehand as the show moves on.

KYLE SHIELDS vs. NICKY SYNZ

DEFCON NIGHT TWO PRE-SHOW EXCLUSIVE!

DDK:

Welcome back to more in-ring action here on UNCUT as we bring to you a Night Two pre-show match! The young rocker and lead singer of his own band Synyster Sledge, Nicky Synz, takes on everyone's least favorite get-rich-quick schemer, Kyle Shields.

Lance:

Nicky Synz defeated Kyle Shields a few weeks ago on UNCUT 113, so the pending rematch is now! Both are looking for a win tonight so let's get to the action right now!

The camera goes to Darren Quimbey in-ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 216 pounds... he is the lead singer of his band Synyster Sledge and their new album, *Nu Metal Ain't Dead... Just Kidding It Is* is on all streaming services now... **NICKY SYNZ!**

♪ "Prime Mover (Zodiac Mindwarp cover)" by Synyster Sledge ♪

Nicky Synz explodes from the back, headbanging his long, blonde locks on his way down to the ring, slapping hands with the fans as he goes, and almost looks taken aback by the crowd size!.Nicky then whips out his signature Flying V guitar from around his back and starts playing a few riffs for the crowd. He continues on his way down, getting some pops from the Faithful. After the riffs, he hands his Flying V off to the side and waits for his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Kansas City, Missouri, weighing in at two-hundred-thirty-seven pounds... **KYLE SHIELDS!**

♪ "Diamond Life" by Tyga ♪

The music hits and everyone's least favorite example of nepotism at work walks down the ramp... and he has a microphone in hand. The music fades out as he heads to the ring slowly while talking. He's wrestling in a white shirt, black track pants, and wearing the jacket of his tracksuit... backwards?

Kyle Shields:

Okay... okay... so the last time you all saw me, BRAINSURGE maybe didn't pan out... But I ain't here to talk about that shit cause they made me sign an NDA before I sold their stuff. I've got an investment opportunity for you, Nicky Synz!

Kyle walks to the ring in a crappy-looking tracksuit, but the tracksuit coat is being worn backwards.

Kyle Shields:

The Snuggie? Everyone remember that? That fucking shit's a thing of the past! People don't always have time to sit around in a blanket that restricted blood flow and killed a bunch of people. It happened to my brother, Mark...

Lance: [sighing]

His... his brother is one of our referees! He's alive! HE'S THERE IN THE RING!

Mark Shields, who is indeed the referee and his brother, but was ordered by DEFIANCE management to show good behavior or be fired for this pre-DEFCON match... waves to Kyle.

Kyle Shields:

Hey, Mark... anyway, they need something comfortable WHILE they're on the go! So let me introduce you fuckers to...

He holds out his backwards jacket.

Kyle Shields:

The Truggie! Half-tracksuit, half-snuggie, but half-better... or twice as better! However the fuck that goes. Anyway, this shit's so good, it's three halves! What do you say, Nicky? Want in?

Nicky sighs as the Faithful chant "No!" at DEFIANCE's would-be entrepreneur. Nicky asks for Darren Quimbey's microphone and he hands it over to the rocker.

Nicky Synz:

My guy... no. That's just you wearing your stupid jacket backwards. Can we wrestle now?

The crowd laughs while Kyle frowns.

Kyle Shields:

Sure, to the untrained eyes of a fucking idiot, it's a backwards jacket... this is the prototype, bro! I gotta match that money so I can get the ball rol...

MERFICULLY, Kyle Shields gets dropkicked right out of his boots and an audible "FFFFUUUUCCKKK!" is once again picked up by the dropped mic! Kyle tumbles around and struggles to get his... Truggie... off.

DDK:

I think Nicky Synz and the Faithful have heard enough! Mark Shields is going to start the match!

DING DING

Kyle Shields gets up in a daze but gets whipped quickly into the corner by Nicky Synz. The brawler/high-flyer hybrid starts running at him and then smacks him with a big running elbow. He rolls out of the corner and backs up before he runs forward and then lands a huge running shoulder thrust in the corner!

DDK:

Double Platinum combination by Nicky Synz! He's not playing around tonight!

Nicky slams another forearm into the head of Kyle Shields and then runs the headlock out of the corner into a running bulldog! Kyle gets faceplanted and the Truggie is off his body, but now he is eating canvas while Nicky Synz jumps to the middle rope and throws up the horns for the crowd.

Lance:

Nicky Synz taking this match apparently a lot more seriously than what Kyle Shields is right now.

DDK:

But Nicky Synz needs to stay a little focused. Kyle Shields can go when he wants to try and with his brother being the referee, I would keep my head on a swivel if I was Synz.

The young rocker grabs Kyle and then doubles him over with a chop and then a punch to the jaw. He runs off the ropes and then tries a big move... but before he lands the move, Kyle grabs the body of Nicky and then hits a hotshot into the ropes! Nicky bounces off the mat and holds his throat in pain. Kyle Shields tells Mark he should check on Nicky.

Mark Shields:

Why?

Kyle Shields:

So you don't lose your fucking job!

Mark Shields:

I guess...

He goes to check on Nicky, which allows his brother Kyle to go to the turnbuckle and undo the padding fairly quickly.

DDK:

This match has only just started and Kyle is already going to the turnbuckle padding. That's gotta be a record.

Lance:

Leave it to Kyle Shields to do the most work to get out of wrestling quickly.

Kyle then goes over to pick up Nicky. He palms him by the back of the head and then tries to run him into the turnbuckles.... But Nicky blocks it!

DDK:

No exposed turnbuckle for Nicky Synz!

Nicky throws a few elbows into the head of Kyle and then turns around, but Kyle shifts behind him and rolls him up with a schoolboy!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Nicky kicks out, but when he tries to roll back to his feet, Kyle is already there to meet him with a decapitating running clothesline! Kyle yells out "BOOM!" and points in the air like he's already won, then goes for the cover.

ONE... TWO... TH-NO!

DDK:

Kick-out by Synz! That's what's so frustrating about Shields. He's got SOMETHING in there. He could go farther, but this guy would rather coast off the nonexistent success in his head.

Lance:

Now Kyle with the rear chinlock!

And as he's doing so, he's having a convo with his brother.

Kyle Shields:

Bro, just Venmo me that \$250 and you've got the inside track on Truggies!

Mark Shields:

I dunno... that SOUNDS cool... but I need some smokes after this...

The crowd starts to rally behind the rocker as he pumps himself up. Kyle catches a couple of elbows as Nicky gets back to his feet. He elbows him a few more times until Kyle releases his grip. Synz tries another run at the ropes when Kyle grabs his hair and snaps him down to the mat! The crowd jeers as he laughs and then takes a moment to catch his breath!

Kyle then picks up Nicky and then whips into the ropes again. He swings for a second clothesline, but this time Nicky ducks and runs like a 3 Doors Down track before he leaps back from the middle rope with a springboard back elbow! Kyle gets hit in the mush and Nicky rolls through!

DDK:

Springboard back elbow from The Frontman! Can Nicky string together some offense?

Lance:

We know he's going to try!

Nicky gets back on his feet and then doubles over Kyle with a kick, then plants him with a jumping facebuster! After

planting him into the mat, Nicky heads to the ring apron and then heads up top to the delight of the fans. Nicky balances well on the top rope, plays an imaginary riff on his air guitar and then takes flight with a big diving crossbody from the top, right into a cover!

ONE... TWO... SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

Great flurry of offense by Nicky Synz, but Kyle kicks out!

As Nicky protests with Mark Shields on the count, Kyle tries to scutter away and sees his Truggie in the corner. He starts to get back to his feet with the item in hand, but Nicky sees him trying some shady nonsense and pulls him back by the waist of his track pants!

DDK:

Nicky's on to him!

Lance:

Wait! Look!

When Nicky tries to go high, Kyle goes low and grabs his leg to trip him up, then sits down into a pinning position while hooking the legs... **WITH THE TRUGGIE WRAPPED AROUND THEM!**

Lance:

Mark, look up! He's got...

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

Lance:

...The legs. Ugh.

Kyle can't believe it and neither can Nicky, who points at Mark and tells him he had the legs wrapped up in his stupid Truggie. Mark shrugs and raises the hand of Kyle, who jumps for joy and then laughs. He's so ecstatic about the win, he tumbles out through the ropes and laughs up a storm.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **KYLE SHIELDS!**

DDK:

Kyle Shields takes the wind out of this crowd early with a win and heads to the back... yikes. We'll never hear the end of how this stupid thing won this match, will we?

Lance:

We actually will, Keeps.

DDK:

How do you mean?

When Kyle's on the top of the ramp, he sees the cameraman.

Kyle Shields:

Bro, fucking come here, bro. I got this new idea for you, right? We send email, but without the need for all that internet bullshit, right?

UNCUT: UPCLOSE - THE MV STORY, PT 1

The scene shifts to a television studio; a professional set trimmed with the iconic blacks and reds of DEFIANCE Wrestling. Seated at a matching table, center-shot, is an earnest and professional Lance Warner. The shot moves in tight on him as the UNCUT: UpClose logo hits the lower third of the screen. The left side of the screen holds a box slowly showing clips of some of DEFCON's most iconic moments over the years.

Lance:

DEFCON is called the biggest show of the year for so many reasons. The history and legacy. The pageantry and the spectacle. The emotion...

The final shot is that of the returning Masked Violator #1 offering a yellow lucha mask to a kneeling, beaten, weeping, wide-eyed Corvo Alpha.

Lance:

...and the intrigue.

Another shot of Lord Nigel shattering his umbrella across the back of MV1's head. The words "Photos Courtesy of DEFonDEMAND" briefly appear on screen before the final shot of Corvo leaping over the guard rail and escaping into the crowd appears on screen. Just to the right of the shot, a shocked and exhausted Lord Nigel appears to be pleading for his charge to come back.

Lance:

DEFCON 2022 continued that tradition and also featured one of the more confusing moments in DEFCON history! Since the unexpected return of Masked Violator #1 at DEFCON, many have been asking: Who are the Masked Violators? It's a complicated question with, it seems, a complicated answer.

We cut to a prepared package. Older clips dated 2005 and 2006 play: Two colorful masked wrestlers play to small crowds. As clips play and time slowly moves forward, it seems to be different people playing the roles from clip to clip.

Lance:

The history of the Masked Violators appears to be as muddled as their current state. A team using the name first appeared in east coast promotions in late 2004. Often billed as "Los Infractores Enmascarados", it is understood that more than a dozen different performers worked under the red, yellow, and blue hoods in the team's early existence. Wrestlers like "Redrum" Ray Thatcher and Ed "A-Okay" McKay have said in interviews that they'd both worked as a Violator before they knew greater success.

In each successive clip, we see the crowd get larger.

Lance:

A successful run in Mexico in early 2008 gave way to a brief appearance in TWW that provided the team with their first bit of notoriety. As videos on the internet were exploding, a handful of clips of this strange tag team fighting and squabbling with each other became some of the most viral of 2009 and 2010. Few knew their names. Or the promotions they worked for. But they knew the "Arguing Masked Tag Team". That notoriety made "The Odd Couple of Wrestling" somewhat famous amongst underground tape & DVD traders and led to their first big signing, appearing for Empire Pro Wrestling in 2011.

Clips "Courtesy of Empire Pro Wrestling" stream across the screen, ending with the two being pulled apart by their opponents at a New Orleans house show in late 2011.

Lance:

Insiders believe that the same two men have been under the masks, in these roles, since at least 2010. Likely as far back as 2008. That's the thing... Throughout their history, these Masked Violators - despite their frequent arguments and brawls - have kept largely to themselves, relying only on each other. Which makes what was alleged at DEFCON,

that Corvo Alpha is the performer once under the Masked Violator #2 mask, all the more confusing and shocking.

A graphic profile of MV2, faced against a graphic profile of Corvo Alpha, fills the screen.

Lance:

In 2017, fate would bring the Masked Violators to DEFIANCE. But they weren't alone.

A sneering image of Lord Nigel Trickelbush comes between the profiles of MV2/Corvo.

Lance:

On the next UNCUT, we go 5 years back to when Lord Nigel Trickelbush and the Masked Violators first crossed paths. And how some hatred never dies. That's next time, on UNCUT: UpClose!

SEVEN MONTHS WISER

From Acts of DEFIANCE Night One, October 13th, 2021.

Unified Tag Team titles

The Saturday Night Specials © vs. The Lucky Sevens

Lance:

The Saturday Night Specials have won so many contests with their spike piledriver, The Keg Stand. They're looking to put an end to this bloody war!

With a busted arm and blood in his eyes, Pat begins to climb the turnbuckle. He's nearly ready to steady himself... when out of nowhere, Max Luck appears on the apron to shove him off!! Cassidy crashes to the ringside floor!

DDK:

NO! MAX LUCK interrupts the KEG STAND!

Brock has a split second decision to make - and he doesn't hesitate. Since he has Mason in the piledriver set up position, he simply leaps over Mason's back and hooks him for the sunset flip.

Lance:

They're the legal men!!

Max sees the pinning predicament, and he steps through the ropes to save his brother...

ONE!

TWO!

Max is... a second too late!!

THREE!!!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

They've done it! This has been a brutal, bloody war... but the champions have squeaked one out!!

But the ringing of the bell seems to fill Max with rage... he doesn't give Brock Newbludd a moment to get to his feet as he plants a huge foot right upside his head. Brock is stunned and Max gets down to his level, firing meat hook after meat hook right into Brock's already gushing forehead. The fans voice their disapproval as even though the match is over and the referee is attempting to pry him off, The Luck brother won't stop his relentless barrage.

Lance:

Can we get some help out here? The match is over!

Now Mason is up and just as pissed as his brother. Both of the giants lift Brock Newbludd to his feet... and drop him back to the mat with NO LUCK AT ALL! Brock is planted with The Lucky Sevens finish!

DDK:

Pat Cassidy is crawling up on the apron... but I don't think that's smart, Pat...

Cassidy has lost a lot of blood and although he's trying, he can barely stand. Both of The Lucky Sevens grab one side of his head and flip him over the top and into the ring. Pat can do little to defend himself as he suffers the same fate as Brock... dropped on his head with NO LUCK AT ALL!

Lance:

Ladies and gentlemen, we are out of time... we're gonna need to get some help out here to stop these two monsters before they tear the building down!

Ophelia Sykes is in the ring now, carrying the tag belts as if The Lucky Sevens won them. She hands each brother a belt... and they promptly drape the belts over the bleeding and broken forms of The Saturday Night Specials.

DDK:

The Saturday Night Specials have won the battle... but The Lucky Sevens may have taken them out of the war permanently!

The last image we see is a furious Ophelia Sykes with her arms spread wide, gesturing to The Lucky Sevens on either side of her. Mason is sneering as the blood drips down his face while Max is wearing a dark smile of satisfaction. They both stand over the unmoving forms of the bloody tag team champions. The ring has been stained bright red in the absolute melee that was our main event.

DEFIANCE INTERVIEW

4/27/2022

After the footage of the end of a violent and bloody main event from last year's Acts of DEFIANCE finishes up ... the very same twins are both in an undisclosed portion of the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex before the wrestlers get set to hit the open road. Mason Luck occupies the forefront while Max paces behind him.

Mason Luck:

Pat ... Brock ... you knew this day was going to come, didn't you boys? You're looking at the team that just earlier today, DEFIANCE Wrestling have named the new number one contenders to your Unified Tag Team titles.

Max stops pacing and he slaps Mason's arm.

Max Luck:

You mean *our* Unified Tag Team titles.

Mason Luck:

That's right. Those belts were *always* destined to be ours ... but instead of Max and I getting to hold them, DEFIANCE Wrestling *feared* what was going to happen to Brock Newbludd and Pat Cassidy if they gave us a rematch after Acts of DEFIANCE. They *protected* you and they kept you apart from *us* and that footage was proof. That night was the very night that we became the Main Event Monsters that we were destined to be!

Max Luck:

You can hide behind jokes and all this bullshit you play for the people, but you both know that was a fluke. We wanted to jog your memories so we thought we'd remind you exactly what happened last time you fought us. You didn't beat us the same way you just beat Conor and Malak and you didn't beat us the same way that you beat Los Tres Titanes and the Pop Culture Phenoms. You *survived* a bloody war with us and by the skin of your teeth. Even then the ending of that match was the birth of the very first Five Star Beatdown and we've been dishing them out every week since.

Max counts imaginary stars with his hands.

Mason Luck:

We wiped those stupid shit eating off your faces. You've tried to pretend like you're not afraid but Pat Cassidy has a metal plate in his arm because we broke it in a car door. You were both beaten at our feet and that eats you up, huh? That has always pissed you off knowing that victory has an asterisk next to it. You can't say that with any of these other teams you've beat. We have your number. You know it.

Now Max Luck is behind him mimicking a door being shut on his arm.

Mason Luck:

Instead of getting a rematch, DEFIANCE Wrestling did everything it could to stop us and bail your asses out of real trouble. For seven months ... they tried to put us in the back of the line while we watched pretender after pretender go after your belts ... but instead of sitting behind an imaginary line, we started our own body count! Our trainers, the House, the reason that we're here today and the two men we used to look to like family ... we sent them to BRAZEN in body bags all because they jumped the line. We showed them who the *real* monsters of DEFIANCE Wrestling are. We shattered Adam Roebuck's ankle and messed up Derrick Huber's spine.

Max Luck:

Countless people got hurt. Rezin. Nakazawa. Synz. Literally any BRAZEN team that wanted to try and get famous off us. Management wanted us to beat the Pop Culture Phenoms again. We did that! They wanted us to beat Los Tres Titanes again. And we did that again ... *at DEFCON!!!* Now we're right back here in the front of their imaginary line. We're seven months wiser and seven months more dangerous, with the countless bodies that we've piled up since our last match together and we're going to put you both on top of that pile while we hold the Unified Tag Team titles over our heads. We've *earned* this shot and there's no miracle this time.

An idea comes to mind for Mason.

Mason Luck:

We're not waiting three more months for the next pay per view event in addition to the seven months you've been occupying yourselves with pretend challengers. We want to introduce you to the new and improved Lucky Sevens! The Main Event Monsters! Handing out Five Star Beatdowns! Six Stars! Seven Stars! We're going to go for EIGHT!!! And we want the match on DEF TV 169!

Max Luck:

Oh and one more thing ... Ophelia!

Max has even more bass in his voice than before.

Max Luck:

You fucked up by fucking Pat and now your career is going to be fucked if you don't end this thing with Cassidy.

Mason Luck:

You've been ducking our calls since DEFCON but since you have been good to us, we'll give you until DEF TV too. If you don't end this and come back here where you belong ...

Both of the twins look at each other.

Max and Mason Luck:

You're fired.

End.

GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT vs. BARELY ACTIVE TEAM

FILMED AT WRESTLEPLEX DURING RECENT TAPING

DDK:

DEFIANCE Faithful, welcome back to UNCUT! Coming up next, we've got the return of Gentlemen's Agreement after three months touring the UK wrestling scene. They look to extend their winning streak to 2-0 tonight since joining the main roster. Gentlemen's Agreement, the team of Lord Sewell and Oliver Tarquin Monroe, defeated Midcard Experiment a few weeks ago, Now they take on another main roster team in No Fun Dean and Slightly Fun Jen!

Lance:

Sewell and Monroe claim to be old-fashioned gentlemen, but I saw none of that behavior a few weeks ago. They won the match in quick fashion over the Experiment, then attacked them after the match.

DDK:

Indeed! But we'll see which team wins out! We have that match... next!

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

The theme plays and out comes both men, dressed in fancy new gear for the occasion. Lord Sewell with a red overcoat and Oliver Tarquin Monroe with a dark gray coat.

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is set for one fall! First, at a combined weight of 459 pounds... they are the team of Viscount Vice Admiral Ernest Sewell aka Lord Sewell...and Oliver Tarquin Monroe aka OTM... **GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT!**

The two men stop in front of the ring, exchange a gentlemanly handshake and then slowly climb up the steel steps. Sewell and his neatly-combed mutton chops look at the Faithful with complete derision while OTM whispers something in his ear about how uncouth they appear. They both climb into the ring and get ready for their opponents.

Darren Quimbey:

And coming out next weighing in at three-hundred eighty pounds! SLIGHTLY FUN JEN AND NOOOOO
FFFFUUUNNNN DEEEAAAANN!!!

No Fun Dean has his arms in the air while Slightly Fun Jen tries to garner more cheers for her husband as they approach with no music, but some cheers. They both enter the ring with Sewell and Monroe deciding who is going to compete by way of an actual coin toss. Sewell calls it in the air, but it lands on tails, leaving Sewell in the ring. They shake hands. Sewell and No Fun Dean start out as referee Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

The two lock up quickly and take things to the mat quickly! The crowd is impressed when the two men exchange lock-ups, trying to get one another down for a hammerlock that the other fights out of. Sewell spins out and uses an aggressive and tight headlock, but No Fun Dean gets up and pushes Sewell into the ropes before he knocks him down with a big shoulder knockdown followed right into a rear chinlock!

DDK:

Wow! No Fun Dean looking motivated tonight! He's rather... robotic at times, but he can work the mat deceptively well.

Lance:

That he can! And now he's got control of Sewell!

The former officer in the Royal Navy gets back up and uses some elbows to get free before using a drop toe hold and

then climbing over right into another grounded chinlock of his own. Sewell holds it tight, but No Fun Dean starts to slowly get up... then nails a big back suplex on Sewell!

DDK:

Nice counter by No Fun Dean! Now Slightly Fun Jen with the tag!

As Sewell holds the back of his head, Jen flies off the top rope with a big diving crossbody and goes right for the cover!

ONE... TW-NO!

Sewell kicks out before two, but Jen waits. She gets ready to fire up a superkick but before she can connect, a groggy Sewell has it in him to block, but she jumps and hits an enzuigiri that knocks him back to his corner. OTM makes the blind tag!

DDK:

Slightly Fun Jen keeping the pressure on, but she doesn't see the tag made by Monroe!

She tries a whip on Lord Sewell, but he turns the tables and sends her to the ropes. She comes back and gets hit with a drop toe hold from Sewell followed by Oliver leaping in with an elbow drop to the back!

Lance:

And she just paid for it! Big move right there from both men puts Jen into the mat and now Monroe in control!

Jen is left hurt after the double team as Monroe goes to work on the lower back. He hits one body slam, but that's not enough. He nails another big body slam to soften the back. Then he follows it up by picking her up off the mat with great strength and hitting a picture-perfect vertical suplex!

DDK:

Big series of moves by Monroe! Keeping it simple and effective. You won't see too many flashy things from either of these men, but they're going back to basics with this work and there's a reason it works..

Lance:

Very true. And they have the size advantage over Slightly Fun Jen!

Sewell gets a tag and then Monroe picks up Jen. Both men take Slightly Fun Jen up and then deliver a big double vertical suplex! Jen is lying hurt now while both Sewell and OTM take a moment to get jeers from the crowd with a big handshake while each puts a boot on her!

Lance:

Not very classy from two men who claim to be as such!

DDK:

Sewell with the cover!

ONE... TWO... SAVED BY DEAN!

Dean comes to the aid of his wife and puts a boot into the back of Lord Sewell. Sewell barks at Knox to do his job and get No Fun Dean out of the ring!

DDK:

Dean saves Slightly Fun Jen from defeat there!

No Fun Dean is back in his corner and holding a hand out to get the tag, but Jen is too far away. Sewell grabs Jen by the back of her tights and then whips her to the ropes. He tries to catch her, but she counters mid-air with a big

dropkick to the face! Sewell staggers backwards to his corner where OTM tags in. He climbs in, but when he tries to grab Jen, he gets a superkick for his trouble! OTM is staggered back as she reaches out...

Lance:

Jen finds an opening... TAG TO NO FUN DEAN!

No Fun Dean gets back in and the Faithful cheer as he runs off the ropes and then nails a stumbling OTM with a big clothesline, then runs at Sewell and then knocks him off the ring apron with the shot. He turns around and then hits a release German suplex on Monroe and the move sends him staggering back to the corner.

Lance:

Big suplex by No Fun Dean! He's taking Oliver to school here!

He charges in and then nails Oliver with another running clothesline in the corner, then grabs him by the head and then plants him down with a big DDT!

DDK:

Dean with the big DDT! And the cover next!

ONE... TWO... NO!

OTM gets the shoulder up!

Lance:

I'd have to call this at least a slight upset if No Fun Dean were to have won right there!

DDK:

He's looking for You Quit!

He tries to get the Crossface locked in fully, but Monroe rolls forwards and then kicks his way out from the hold! He tries to get back up when Lord Sewell grabs his leg! No Fun Dean gets stopped when Monroe clobbers him with a dropkick! He gets knocked down when Slightly Fun Jen tries to get in, but Monroe stops her with a big running knee strike!

Lance:

No! The distraction from Sewell leads to OTM getting his shots in! And I think that might be it!

Sewell gets back to his corner and a tag is made. Lord Sewell nods, then OTM picks him up with a double underhook lift onto the shoulders...

DDK:

They did the Deal! They call that the Handshake Deal!

But Sewell isn't done! He grabs the legs of the downed No Fun Dean then locks in a full nelson STF! He cranks back on the neck and keeps on pulling... there's not much fight from Dean after the Handshake Deal... and he taps!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Lord Sewell wins it with that hold he calls The Naval Command! That's done!

After Rex Knox warns the battle-tested veteran, Sewell lets go of the hold and stands up for he and OTM to have their hands raised by the official.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT!**

Sewell and Monroe nod to one another and then collect their coats. They sling said coats over their shoulders and leave the ring to head up the ramp.

Lance:

Another win for Gentlemen's Agreement who look serious out there. This no-nonsense approach they bring to the table has served them well so far!

DDK:

The tag division of DEFIANCE is deep! And these two are making waves in the waters already. They'll be a team to look out for.

Lord Sewell and Oliver Tarquin Monroe raise their arms to collective booing and leave as the show presses on.

OOF

DEFCON: NIGHT TWO

POST-MATCH - LOS TRES TITANES

"T! STOP!"

Storming through the curtains and heading into the backstage area proper, one angry Titaness is struggling to keep away from her giant beau, voice booming through the curtains as he follows not far behind.

Titaness:

Not right now, Uriel. Just go be with Minute. He's the one getting checked on.

She continues to try and walk away but Uriel tries to grab her. The Show of Force pulls her arm away from her giant beau before he can. He puts his hands away, knowing better but continues trying to reason with her.

Uriel Cortez:

He's being checked on, but this is important...

She once again tries to walk off when Uriel stands in her way.

Uriel Cortez:

Damn it, Holly... I'm sorry. That spear was an accident. You know that.

She lets out a gasp and then turns and points up at Cortez.

Titaness:

No, that was you seeing red.

Uriel Cortez:

No... that was me trying to save you from whatever the fuck Alvaro was trying to do.

She growls right back.

Titaness:

Don't tell me what it was, Uriel. I saw how you were looking at him. That was hate. That's all you've been about since those assholes have been attacking us. Revenge. That's all I've been hearing from you for the past two months... how you were going to pay them back... then you go out and get Jack...

Titaness is on the verge of throwing something or putting a fist through a wall.

Titaness:

Jack Mace? Jack FUCKING Mace? The guy who was attacking ME for months last year! Your new buddy?

Uriel can only grimace.

Uriel Cortez:

God damn it, I'm not beating this drum again. I know what he did to you and I'm sorry that I didn't tell you. I've told you that... many times. But he got fucked over just as bad by Morrow, if not, worse than anything he did to me. I wanted him out there only to get rid of Sykes so she couldn't help fuck us over... and...

Titaness:

And look how THAT went, Uriel!

Her voice catches the attention of a couple of passers-by. When both of the tall people shoot them a glance, they walk as quickly in the opposite direction as they came. Cortez is upset as well, but is doing the best he can to try and keep

himself composed.

Titaness:

But you didn't tell me he was going to be out there tonight, either. The first time, I can maybe understand... MAYBE. But tonight? Was that an accident, too? You forget about clueing me in there?

He doesn't answer immediately, but Titaness looks up.

Titaness:

Answer the question.

Uriel stares down at her.

Uriel Cortez:

...No. I didn't tell you. I'm sor...

Titaness:

I don't want to hear another goddamn sorry.

Uriel stops.

Titaness:

Just... just leave me the hell alone right now. I need to think.

Frozen in place, the giant watches Titaness turn on her heel and storm off down the hallway. Cortez's face is full of clear regret as he shakes his head then twists in the opposite direction to go check on Minute, hoping for a good outcome.

COFFIN MATCH: TA COLE vs. COUNT NOVICK

DDK:

Welcome back to the in-ring action portion of Uncut, ladies and gentlemen. In our main event tonight, we have a match that... believe it or not... has been building since October!

Lance:

Almost as soon as he arrived on the scene, the wrestler known only as "Count Novick" began... what's the correct term? Haunting? Sure... he began haunting Ned Reform and TA Cole.

DDK:

In response, Cole brutally assaulted the young man and put him on the shelf for months, wearing his cape around in mocking fashion. When Novick returned, he challenged Cole to this Coffin Match... after playing what could loosely be called mind games.

Lance:

Let's just say this has been bizarre... and in a contest with no rules except "stuff your opponent in the coffin," I don't like Novick's chances to avoid serious injury against the powerhouse that is TA Cole.

[An Evil Laugh](#)

♪ "Bloodletting" by Concrete Blond ♪

The lights dim as a red mist begins to aggressively billow out next to the entrance way. As the annoyingly catchy Concrete Blond kicks into gear, a spotlight shines on the stage. However... instead of Count Novick... it's a dark black coffin rolling on wheels! It's being pushed by a short hunchback fellow dressed in simple garments... he grins evilly as he stuffles along, pushing the coffin down the ramp.

DDK:

Who... who is that? Wait. Don't answer that.

Lance:

I guess The Count has a faithful servant?

The coffin stops in front of the ring closest to the ramp way. The igor-esque fellow begins to cackle and he twiddles his hands and looks toward the entrance with bad intentions. Novick's music fades and the lights return to normal... but no Count. Darren Quimby, who was ready to make an announcement, throws his hands up in confusion.

Lance:

He's hiding in the casket, right?

DDK:

Bingo.

♪ "Fur Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The arena lights turn purple as the theme song of The Honor Society begins to blare throughout the WrestlePlex. TA Cole, dressed to compete in purple and white singlet, walks through the curtain with a look of pure intensity etched upon his face. He stops just before the ramp, eyes laser focused on the coffin as he hops up and down in a warm-up like manner. Behind him, dressed professionally, lurks Ned Reform. The Good Doctor moves a little gingerly, likely as a result of his DEFCON war with Jessica Fear, but he golf claps for his protegee before breaking off to the left... and heading straight for the commentation station.

DDK:

Oh, please. No.

Cole swings his arms to loosen his joints as he begins to march toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a COFFIN MATCH! First man to stuff his opponent in the coffin and shut the lid will be the winner. Introducing first... from Omaha, Nebraska and weighing in at 265 lbs... **TA COLE!**

As Cole reaches the ring, he stops to eyeball the casket suspiciously. He looks at the Igor-guy, who is still fiddling his hands and plotting. Cole feigns slapping Novick's helper across the face which causes the hunchback to fall down in surprise. Satisfied, Cole turns back to the coffin.

Ned Reform: *[rustling of static]*

Hello? Hello? It is I!

DDK:

Hi, Ned.

Ned Reform:

That's Doctor Ned to you, Generic Announcer #1. I have decided to lend my wit and witticism to what sure is to be a spirited contest in which young Levi Cole wipes the floor with an absolute joke and disgrace to the professional wrestling business. Great times, gentlemen!

Cole slowly walks toward the casket. With his hand balled into a fist and ready to strike, he swings the door open...

...to find it completely empty. At that exact moment, the lights go dark and DEFtron fires up: on the screen we are in the boiler room somewhere deep in the lower floors of the WrestlePlex. Candles and an eerily faint red glow is our only lighting, making the room appear quite SPOOOOOOOKY. In the center of the room, just barely illuminated by the glow from the candles, stands Count Novick with his cape wrapped around him. Novick poses dramatically before speaking directly into the lens.

Count Novick:

YOU MORTAL FOOL! Count Novick does not wrestle on your terms! If you truly wish to vanquish the great lord of SpookyScary... you must come to my lair! Come down to the depths of the building and face your FEAR!!

Cole does not hesitate. He sprints back up the ramp and through the curtain - too fast for a cameraman to follow. In the ring, the man who was supposed to officiate this contest, Benny Doyle, looks around in bemusement. With Cole out of sight, we cut somewhat awkwardly to the commentary station. DDK and Warner have their professional faces on, but Reform is shaking his head in disgust.

DDK:

Cole is taking the challenge folks, and he appears to be on the hunt for Count Novick. I'm told we're trying to get a camera on the scene as we speak.

Ned Reform:

It's a joke, Keebler. This is a sideshow carnny act. It doesn't matter where the Halloween costume hides, Mr. Cole is set to remove his head from his body when he gets his hands on him.

DDK:

That is how you kill a vampire, yeah.

Ned Reform:

Don't get cute.

Lance:

Wait - I'm told we have a camera on the scene!

Cut to outside the closed doors of the boiler room and an angry TA Cole. With a scream, Cole kicks the doors open with a single stiff kick. He steps inside, flexing and daring anyone to mess with him. It becomes very clear, however, that nothing that we saw on the tron is in this room. No glow. No candles. And no Novick. Cole has about half a second to process what's really going on here when-

WHACK!

The door slams closed - and is clocked! Count Novick jams a metal rod in between the handle as Cole unsuccessfully attempts to open the door from the inside. The Faithful roar their approval as Novick has time to ham it up for the camera for just a second before sweeping his cape and whooshing out of sight. Back to the commentators.

DDK:

Well - it looks like the Count got one over on your boy, Ned!

Ned Reform:

Doctor, you simpleton. And he's only delaying the inevitable. Mr. Cole will free himself in short order and there's nowhere that malnourished clown can hide.

Lance:

That much might be true, but what comes of our Uncut main event? If Cole is locked in the boiler room he clearly won't be making into the casket. I wonder...

Lance's musings are interrupted as pop rises up from The Faithful - Count Novick has appeared through the curtain! He locks eyes with the commentator's table, hisses sharply, pulls his cape over half his face, and dashes toward the announce team. He leaps on the table, causing Darren and Lance to pull back in surprise. He appears ready to go for Reform, when..

Count Novick:

NOOOOOOOOOO!!

...Reform pulls a small cross out of his shirt breast pocket! The Good Doctor stands from his chair, thrusting the cross in Novick's direction as The Ghoul of DEFIANCE shrinks away in fear.

DDK:

You... what are you doing!?

Ned Reform:

Sometimes one must engage with the delusion, Keebler. If the fictional world is the only one this simpleton understands, so be it!

Novick is on his ass, scooting backwards as Reform tosses his headset aside and begins to stalk him. Novick throws his arms up, begging for mercy... when Reform tosses the cross aside, but meets Novick with a stiff boot right to his slicked back head! The Count crumbles and Reform is all over him with kicks as the fans in attendance begin to boo. Reform puts the boots to Novick all the way down the aisle and into the ringside area.

DDK:

It would appear that Count Novick dispatched TA Cole to set his sights on Ned Reform - but he didn't count on Ned being prepared!

Lance:

This might not be good, Keebs. We saw how ruthless Reform can be at DEFCON. If he did that to a competitor like Jessica Fear, what's he going to do to Count Novick?

Reform takes Novick's head and bounces it off the nearby casket. Then he takes it and rams into the ring steps. The Sage on the Stage takes a moment to smile at the fans while he rolls up the sleeves of his blue dress shirt as Novick

rolls around on the floor, attempting to get his bearings. Ned grabs The Count and rolls him under the bottom rope and into the ring. Benny Doyle tries to get Reform to back off, but Ned simply shrugs the veteran DEFIANCE referee away.

DDK:

Count Novick needs to make something happen here or I believe he's going to find himself in a bad way.

Reform picks the dazed vampire up and whips him off the ropes. He looks to catch him on the rebound with a clothesline, but Novick is able to wrap his arms around the top rope and halt his momentum! Reform fumbles a bit before charing Novick - and Reform's face is suddenly met with a bright red substance that Novick spits out of his mouth!! The fans come alive!

Lance:

What was that!? Novick taking a page out of Crimson Stalker's book!

Reform cries out, trying to rub the red substance from his eyes as he stumbles around the ring blindly. The Count strikes a very vampire-ish pose, stalking his now blind prey. Just as Ned seems to be making some headway in clearing his vision, he turns into a big enziguri! Reform is down!

The fans are cheering Novick getting the upper hand by hook or cook... but those cheers morph into boos as TA Cole emerges from the curtain and sprints toward the ring. He slides under the bottom rope without breaking his stride, and as Novick turns to face him...

DDK:

T-BONE SUPLEX! Count Novick just folded in half!

Lance:

Cole isn't done... he's got The Count back up... gutwrench powerbomb!

Count Novick is now Count Roadkill. Cole turns to Doyle and demands he ring the bell. Benny shakes his head in protest, but Cole simply points and lets Doyle know he has two options: call for the bell so Cole can stuff this clown in the coffin and win, or allow this beatdown to continue. After taking a moment to think, Doyle reluctantly calls for the contest to begin.

DING DING DING

Novick has his head draped over the bottom rope, looking out into The Faithful with glazed eyes. His unnamed hunchback companion tries to stir him to rally, but Cole simply picks him up... and absolutely folds him in two with a snap German suplex! Doyle gets in his face, telling him to end it... but Reform has gained his bearings and is enraged at the disrespect.

Ned Reform:

Teach. Him. A. Lesson!!

Grinning, Cole lifts Novick back to his feet and sends him off the ropes. The Honor Society look for a double clothesline... but Novick ducks!! As they turn to face the vampire, he shows that he still has some spooky tricks up his sleeve as he spingboards off the ropes with a moonsault onto both men!! The fans are on their feet!!

Lance:

The vampire is not dead yet!!

Moving quickly, Novick calls for "Igor" to open the casket. He begins to try to bring TA Cole over to it, but the All American Athlete is simply too large for him to carry. He dries dragging but that doesn't quite work either. Instead, seeing that Cole is getting back up, Novick jumps quickly to the top rope - and flies off with a missile dropkick!! Cole is stunned, he trips backwards... through the ropes and into the coffin!!

DDK:

By sheer luck... Count Novick might win this! Shut the lid, kid! Show that you've got it!

Lance:

This would be The Count's first DEFIANCE win!!

Novick KIPS UP to his feet, and gets the crowd roaring with some showboating as he raises his arms in an undead like manner. He turns to the coffin and begins to walk toward it. He hand gets on the lid just as...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Ned Reform from behind! Ad Hominem locked in!

Novick is flailing, but it's no use - Ned Reform's version of the crossface chicken-wing is as deadly as it is efficient. He muscles around the Ghoul of DEFIANCE until all his fighting spirit is gone, and Reform casually dumps his body into the coffin - where TA Cole is now standing. In the ring, Ned Reform sarcastically imitates flying around like a bat to a fresh round of boos as a grinning TA Cole, still standing in the coffin, picks Novick up for a BRAINBUSTER! He holds him high into the air for one... two... five... TEN... TWENTY seconds...

DDK:

BRAINBUSTER INTO THE COFFIN!!

It's academic after that. Cole casually leaps out of the casket, grabs the lid, and slams it shut definitively.

DING DING DING

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

DDK:

He battled with all his heart, folks - even out smarted these two once or twice. But at the end of the day, the combined force of The Honor Society was too much for the kid.

Reform is out of the ring now, standing next to TA Cole on the apron. Reform lifts Cole's arm high into the air i victory. Cole is laughing as Reform sneers and presents the beast that is his protegee as the DEFIANCE logo appears in the bottom corner.

DDK:

For Lance Warner... I'm Darren Keebler... goodnight!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.