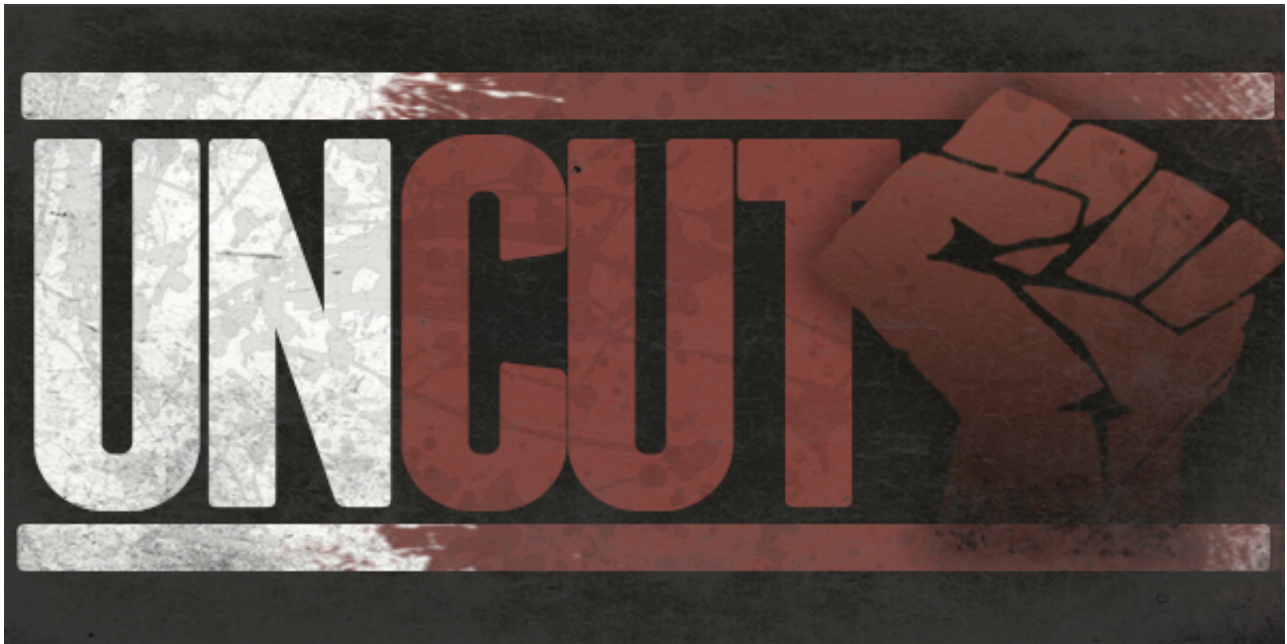


SHOW OPEN

GULF COAST CONNECTION vs. BADASS

DDK:

Welcome, fans, one and all to UNCUT! We've got appearances from Los Tres Titanes in the house, we have another look at the extensive history between Corvo Alpha and Masked Violator 1 and More! Right now, we have Gulf Coast Connection in action!

Lance:

Gulf Coast Connection have been racking up the wins left and right lately on UNCUT and on main shows and up next, they look to keep that streak going against the long-time BRAZEN team of BADASS! Let's go to ringside for the first match!

And to Darren Quimbey we go as the crowd in Atlanta, GA, pans out from this match filmed for UNCUT earlier this week!

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is set for one fall! Up first,.. Being accompanied by The Crescent City Kid! At a combined weight of 529 pounds and hailing from "Everywhere Because They Are Where The Party Is..." Theodore Cain and "Wingman Titus Campbell... **THE 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... however, tonight in Georgia, they are wearing the black and red of the Atlanta Falcons!

DDK:

The Gulf Coast Connection bringing the party to Atlanta tonight, paying tribute to the Atlanta Falcons with their ring colors!

Titus Campbell brings up the rear and the powerhouse throws a few red and black-themed jester hats out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young boy in the front row with her parents before they get to the ring. Campbell and Cain bump fists and get ready for their opponents while the masked CCK continues to wave a bag in the air.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... from Tacoma, Washington... at a combined weight of 472 pounds, they are the team of "The Wise Ass" Tripp Wise and "The Bad Seed" Davis Bloome... **BAD! ASS!!!!**

♪ "In One Ear" by Cage The Elephant ♪

Out walks Tripp Wise and Davis Bloome, the brothers-in-law/tag team ready for a fight. They walk out in matching blue "BADASS!!!" hoodies before they enter the ring. Bloome and Wise get ready as the hoodies come off. The more serious Davis Bloome starts for his team while Theodore Cain starts for his. Referee Jonny Fastcountini calls for the bell.

DING DING

Right off the bat, he tries to swing at Theodore Cain with a kick, but The Smash Surfer catches the foot. He holds out his foot and then swings it back with enough force that Davis crashes to the mat face first! Right after that, Theodore Cain tells the fans that "surf's up!"...

Then he stands right on Davis Bloome's back, making surfing motions to the cheers of the crowd!

DDK:

Right off the get-go, Davis Bloome from BADASS tries to take down Theodore Cain, but that doesn't seem to work out.

He's Riding The Waves!

Lance:

Theodore Cain now picks him up... into the corner! Tag to Titus Campbell!

The big Wingman gets the tag and then steps into the ring. As Cain leaves, Titus grabs Davis Bloome and then holds him up in the air for the people to see. They are cheering him on as he holds Davis up in the air for a big delayed vertical suplex while both Cain and CCK are checking imaginary watches the longer it goes. After a solid ten seconds, The Wingman sends Davis crashing to the canvas!

DDK:

Impressive strength! I'd love to see more out of Titus Campbell being a little more serious between you and me. There's glimpses of greatness we've seen from the former BRAZEN Onslaught Champion.

Titus continues to pick up Davis, then tags in Theodore Cain. The big men send Davis into the ropes and then flatten him with a double shoulder block! Davis goes down again, but not for long when Theodore Cain picks him up... holds him up... then PLANTS him with a big gourdbuster!

Lance:

The Gulf Coast Connection have been in complete control since this match started! Davis needs a tag otherwise Tripp Wise is going to collect an easy paycheck for doing nothing tonight.

DDK:

That sounds like a dream for him.

Tripp Wise yells at the official to tell the other side to stop double-teaming his tag partner and brother-in-law despite knowing the rules.

Theodore Cain:

No, dude! We're like following all the rules!

Tripp Wise:

No, he's not! My partner is a person, not a surfboard! That's a DQ!

But the more Theodore tries to argue with him... he leaves himself WIDE open for a rolling elbow from Davis Bloome! The blow sends Theo into the corner and Davis is hurt badly as he falls to a knee. He reaches over and tags in Tripp Wise, who climbs slowly to the top rope... then the second rope... then the first... then says screw it and jumps off the first rope with a diving double axe handle that rocks Cain and sends him staggering.

DDK:

Tripp Wise building up to his name of "The Wise Ass" by doing things like... well, what he just did. He loves to troll the audience and loves to use attacks using his backside in what we are generously referring to as "hip attacks."

Tripp Wise has Theodore on a knee, then runs off the ropes and hits a running hip attack variation to knock him fully on his back. After that, Tripp gets back up and delivers a jumping seated senton to the chest of Cain, knocking the wind out of the Smash Surfer. Tripp talks some trash!

Lance:

BADASS have been a perennial top tag team in BRAZEN. I'd like to see them apply themselves more as well.

DDK:

Their attitudes have left much to be desired backstage from what I hear.

Tripp hits a second jumping seated senton, then he grabs the arm of Cain and pulls him to the corner. He tags Davis Bloome into the ring and the two men use their preferred attacks of choice while he's in the ropes. Elbow smash from

Davis. Hip attack by Tripp. Elbow. Hip. Elbow. Hip. They break off at a four-count from Fastcountini and then Davis stands over Cain, keeping him grounded in the corner.

DDK:

Great tag team work by BADASS. They have worked well together so far.

Lance:

Ooof! Now machine gun chops from Bloome! He hits hard!

Bloome continues to let him have it... then tags in Davis Bloome. Bloome hops into the ring while a hurt Cain tries to limp away. Wise slaps his own behind, then runs the ropes for presumably another hip attack... but things go wrong when Cain catches him and nails him with an atomic drop!

Lance:

OOOOOH! If there's a counter to an a... hip attack-based wrestler, that's it!

The knee to the assbone connects and Wise hobbles around, holding his gluteus maximus! That leaves him wide open as Cain as he runs the ropes and comes back with the Smash Surfer SMASH! The massive shoulder tackle buries Wise into his corner! Cain falls to his knees as Titus holds a hand out, while the crowd cheers him on!

DDK:

BADASS just let their lead slip! If Titus gets this tag, this might be over quick!

Lance:

And he does!

Big Titus Campbell gets the tag and the man standing 6'6" and 276 charges in like a G6, running over Wise with a shoulder knockdown of his own, followed by grabbing Davis Bloome from the apron and then THROWING him over the ropes into the ring! Both members of BADASS look hurt when he gets inside the ring and hits a big boot for Wise! Then he whips him across the ring and sends Davis into the ceiling lights with a back body drop!

Lance:

Look at Titus Campbell clearing the ring like a big bulldozer! With wings nonetheless!

After Davis collects his frequent flyer miles, Titus grabs the legal man and picks up Tripp Wise on his shoulders. He starts to spin... and spin... and spin!

DDK:

Here we go! The Wingman making sure that he hits some Turbulence!

After several rotations and the crowd cheering, he stops and stumbles... still with him in his arms... then tags in Cain! He takes him off his shoulders after Turbulence, to set him on Theodore Cain's shoulders instead... so he can then ROCK him with a fireman's carry of his own, into a jawbreaker on the knee!

DDK:

Great double-team move! Turbulence Airplane Spin right into the High Tide from Cain! He makes the cover!

Theodore Cain does just that as he hooks the leg of Tripp Wise! Titus keeps Davis Bloome from going in!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

Cain lets go of Wise's limp leg and then gets to his feet to go over and hug Titus! CCK joins him in the ring while a sore Tripp Wise rolls out of the ring, holding a throbbing jaw.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **THE GULF COAST CONNECTION!**

DDK:

Impressive win in tag team action! The Gulf Coast Connection win again!

Lance:

We've seen a few good wins from them recently and it's only a matter of time before we see more from them!

The Gulf Coast Connection leave the ring and continue throwing the last of their beads and masks to the fans as UNCUT continues on elsewhere.

UNCUT: UPCLOSE - THE MV STORY, PT. VI

Previously on... UNCUT: UpClose...

[The MV Story - pt. I](#) ← click

[The MV Story - pt. II](#) ← click

[The MV Story - pt. III](#) ← click

[The MV Story - pt. IV](#) ← click

[The MV Story - pt. V](#) ← click

We fade in on a largely unlit “UNCUT: UpClose” set. As sparsely decorated as it is scarcely illuminated, there is no couch, or desk or matching office chair. A single downlight falls over a lone wooden stool placed center-stage. Footfalls echo as the UpClose “action”-theme recedes.

It isn’t the typical host of this segment, Lance Warner, who strides into shot and sits down on the stool. The larger, more athletic and muscular frame gives that away, even if we can’t see the face beneath the red mask. Dressed in a light blue plain t-shirt, a pair of pleated tan khakis and loafers (no socks), Masked Violator #1 takes a moment to collect himself and his thoughts, his guise serious and somewhat dour. Eyes locked on some random fixed point somewhere off camera, his words are low and quiet. His southern twang is unrestrained.

MV1:

I’d like to thank Lance Warner and DEFIANCE wrestling for granting me this opportunity.

Clearing his throat, his melancholy gaze finds the camera.

MV1:

This... isn’t easy for me. Any of this.

He shifts his weight on the stool, tense.

MV1:

Since all this began, I thought there was a chance you were too far gone.

He finds a sad chuckle somewhere inside himself, his goofy sense of humor still alive and kicking.

MV1:

“2 far gone.” Get it?

Shaking his head with a sigh, the brief mirth melts away.

MV1:

I don’t even know if you can hear me, old chum... if you’re even listening. I doubt you are, I guess. So... I suppose when I asked for this time to send a message... I knew it wouldn’t be a message for you, Number 2. And while I had the misfortune of [hearing Lord Nigel’s sick, twisted MAXDEF “challenge” on the radio](#) of all places... I have nothing to say to that vile man. This message isn’t for him.

A deep inhalation, followed by a cleansing exhale.

MV1:

I’m talking to the one person who I know for sure is listening and watching. The only person this all matters *more* to than even me or MV2.

A slow nod.

MV1:

I’m talking to my best friend’s ten year old little girl.

Another weight adjustment on the stool.

MV1:

I can't imagine what you're going through right now... the hurt, the confusion... geez, maybe I *can* imagine. You're a tough kid who has blown me away and inspired me by your positivity and your drive. You've never given up on your old man, not once... and you haven't given up on me just yet... and I value that so darn much I don't know how to tell you.

Glancing off camera for a moment, recollection hits him.

MV1:

I haven't forgotten the promise I made to you. I told you that I didn't know *how* and I didn't know *when*... but that I would bring your father back home to you. And I meant it.

The red wrestling mask wrinkles with distress.

MV1:

But I don't know if I was 100% honest with you that day. Because... like I said earlier... I guess I always knew there was a chance that your dad was... too far gone. I think you know that your dad has never been like a normal dad... he's always had his struggles and he has fought so hard. Sometimes... it just gets to be too much and... maybe all of this has been... too much.

A wan, lop-sided grin.

MV1:

"2 much".

Another slow, deliberate sigh.

MV1:

I've always thought that it's possible we could lose him. That whatever it is that's got its claws in him could pull him under, for good.

The camera cuts to a tight shot of just the mask, eyes glinting blue, determined and focused.

MV1:

But not you, kid, You've never lost hope. You've never given up, have you? And neither can I. Neither WILL I!

A wider shot shows MV1 clenching and unclenching a fist.

MV1:

The cruel man who took him says I get "one final chance" to say goodbye to your dad. He wants to embarrass me in front of the world at MAXDEF. He says this is it, all or nothing, a fight for your dad's very soul. He says if I lose, I walk away from him - for good.

MV1 seems to consider it again before steeling himself for the lens.

MV1:

I'll accept those terms. They can go ahead and sign "Masked Violator #1 vs Corvo Alpha" for MAXDEF. But here's the thing, little one... I'm not going there to fight your dad. I *won't* fight him. I'm going there to *save* him. And if this is my "final chance" then I'm going to take it. Your Uncle Uno's going to give it everything he's got. Pull out all the stops.

MV1 abruptly hits his feet.

MV1:

I made a promise to you all those years ago... I didn't know *how* and I didn't know *when*. Well, shucks, I *still* don't know

how... but I **do** know **when**. I'm leaving MAXDEF with my best friend... because as much as I may owe that to him...

He levels a strong, stern index finger at the camera.

MV1:

I owe it to you, too. And I won't let you down.

Fade to black.

INNOCENT UNTIL PROVEN GUILTY

DEFtv 172 Behind the Scenes Exclusive

In front of a DEFIANCE banner backstage McCamish Pavilion stands Jamie Sawyers. Next to Sawyers, just half in the camera shot, is a monitor that shows the main event in progress in the ring: we see Gameboy manhandling Conor Fuse. Sawyers has a mic in hand as he looks into the camera.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen, moments ago we heard from The Saturday Night Specials as they challenged The Lucky Sevens to an unsanctioned match at Maximum DEFIANCE. In this Uncut exclusive, I am joined by someone who got a bit of mention in that promo. Ladies and gentlemen, Ophelia Sykes.

Ophelia steps into frame. She's dressed rather conservatively for herself - none of her usual pomp. Her face, usually full of piss and vinegar, is reserved and somewhat sullen. She looks off camera.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ophelia, we...

Sykes holds up a "stop it" hand.

Ophelia Sykes:

I'm not here for an interview, Jamie. I just have something to say and I want to get it on camera.

Ophelia looks into the lens.

Ophelia Sykes:

I know the facts. I know The Lucky Sevens got into the bar. I know Pat lost his key. And I know why they think I had something to do with it. But... I, I didn't, Jamie. The Pop Culture Phenoms treated me like a disposable sidekick. Better Future just used me. But Jamie... Pat and Brock actually made me feel welcome. Like I was a part of the team. I would never screw that up... and there's no amount of money in the world that could ever send me crawling back to Tom Morrow. I had nothing to do with it.

Sykes looks back toward Jamie.

Ophelia Sykes:

And at Maximum DEFIANCE, I'm gonna prove it. To you. To the world. And most importantly, to Pat.

Without another word, she walks off screen.

CAN WE TALK?

DEFTv 172 - Night One Exclusive

Fuming angry... and now stuck in the nurse's office against her wishes, Titaness sits clutching her rib cage after being attacked by a tire iron, courtesy of Teresa Ames. She keeps trying to get up when Head of Medical Iris Davine and one of her trusted assistants, Wesley Miller, both try and keep her restrained.

Iris Davine:

You're not leaving! You need to let us tape your ribs...

Titaness:

And you need to be seeing Teresa cause when I find her ass, you're gonna need to wedge my boot out of there.

Wesley Miller:

Look, we can do lots of things, but in-house colonoscopies aren't one of them. Just let us at least tape you up, then you can get to the part where you just ignore doctor's orders.

Titaness stares down Wesley, then finally relents.

Titaness:

You've got five minutes...

She starts to have a seat on the table when the door bursts open.

???:

I'm not doing this again...

The loud, booming voice entering the room? None other than Titaness' former beau... Uriel Cortez. She looks up at Uriel, then Cortez looks over at Wesley, his long-time friend in DEFIANCE. She then shoots one more look between the two.

Titaness:

...Did you text Uriel? I'm pretty sure that's some sort of HIPAA bullshit.

Wesley Miller:

Nope... he's still your top emergency contact. And I texted as his friend... and your friend.

Titaness:

Wes...

She angrily looks over at Uriel.

Titaness:

I don't want you fighting my battles, Uriel. I've had en...

Uriel Cortez:

I'm not here for that... I'm here for YOU.

Titaness says nothing as he looks down at her.

Uriel Cortez:

I let The Game Boy and Teresa Ames do what they did and I didn't reach out. That was on me. And I wasn't going to let this happen again if Teresa tried anything. Whatever happened between us... that doesn't change the fact that you're still part of Los Tres Titanes.

She keeps taking in what he has to say.

Uriel Cortez:

Holly... look... I do want to protect the both of you... but how I went about it... I never told you that I was wrong in doing what I did. I shouldn't have helped Mace come back, let alone not tell you...

Titanness:

Uriel, can we...

Uriel Cortez:

Look, I know. Not the time, not the place... sorry. I'll make this quick then I'll be gone. I'm sorry. I'm sorry I drove you to... whatever the hell you got into with Teresa. I did it to you and I have to live with that. I'm sorry our engagement called off and if I could do any of what I did different against BFTA, knowing what I know now... I own it. And for whatever it's worth, I'm sorry for all of it.

The big man stands there, not giving a damn that one of his best friends is standing by watching instead of applying tape as asked.

Iris Davine:

Wes... tape. Now.

Wesley Miller:

Right. Sorry.

Uriel chuckles under his breath at Wesley getting called out, then back at Titanness. As Uriel goes to leave, The Show of Force clears her breath. He stops and turns back to face her.

Uriel Cortez:

What?

Titanness:

After they're done... can we talk?

UP IN FLAMES

The following footage was sent to DEFIANCE Wrestling earlier this afternoon

Two familiar faces to the fans of DEFIANCE Wrestling appear on the screens.

Mason Luck.

Max Luck.

Mason in a red hoodie and Mason in a green hoodie and they are out in the middle of an open field with nothing but a camera. In the background, the song of choice playing? It is an instrumental version of "We Didn't Start The Fire."

Mason Luck:

Of course it's easy for Brock and Pat to blame us for what happened to their bar. We had the motive.

Max Luck:

You cowards got us fired!

Mason Luck:

Yeah. Of course we were pissed. We're both giant goddamn towers so we certainly had the means. And yes, we were around the general vicinity of the bar. We had an opportunity but like we said ... we were there just to congratulate you guys on a job well done but look what happened to Ballyhoo. You two can point the finger at us, but you'll never prove it. When that little bitch Ophelia Sykes left us ... then screwed us out of a win that you two gloat about like pussies instead of the great champs you think you are ... she became your problem.

Max Luck:

But that burns you right up, doesn't it?

Mason smacks Max's arm.

Mason Luck:

That was insensitive.

Max Luck:

Oh, I know. You lost your bar for the gold? You really are slow in the head, aren't you Brock? Since kicking the doors down of DEFIANCE Wrestling, that is all that Mason and I have cared about. Everyone wants to be the top guy. The FIST of DEFIANCE ... but all Mason and I have ever wanted was the Unified Tag Team championships. Tag titles that are given the reverence and the respect that great tag teams deserve! Tag team titles that have main evented and even stolen the damn show! We set foot and we ran through this entire division like a wood chipper with extra sharp teeth before the Saturday Night Specials were even an idea, let alone a golden goose that DEFIANCE protected to high heaven. We made Team HOSS irrelevant right from the beginning and rubbed elbows with people like Lindsay Troy and Mikey Unlikely. We were top names instantly.

Mason Luck:

We ran through the Pop Culture Phenoms, DEFIANCE Wrestling's most decorated tag team. We destroyed the Sky High Titans and literally took their name from them. We embarrassed them so bad, they literally changed their name. They are just new packaging on the same shitty product. We put Malak Garland in the hospital after he almost didn't survive a cage with us for those titles because ... look, this is a pattern, Mason. A little bitch helped screw us over out of those titles but her name was Teresa instead of Ophelia. All of that was before you two came into the picture ... but the exact damn second that the two of you crossed paths with us ... you had to take from us what didn't belong to you.

Max Luck is more pissed than ever before. In the background behind Max, Mason starts to pour the contents of some kind of bottle.

Max Luck:

Those belts were never yours. You were two floundering singles wrestlers with no business entering our world but you kissed so much ass all the way from the fans to other wrestlers to management that all the chap stick in the world couldn't wet those lips again. You jumped a line you had no business jumping and won the titles. We won your little battle royal the first time to earn that shot and we know how the story goes. We're the giants that tower over you, but the two of you have always looked down on us even when you know that you put your careers in our hands each time we fight. You think we're pushovers. You think that unlike the rest of this division that's rolled over and died, that we'd go to the back of the line and you'd never hear from us again ... but we knew the truth. If we had one more shot and one more shake at those Unified Tag Team titles, you would lose them. At Maximum DEFIANCE, that is exactly what's going to happen!

Mason hands Max another unmarked bottle and Max starts to squeeze out the liquid behind him.

Mason Luck:

Those titles aren't just titles and they aren't just a collection of five belts. To us ... they represent the birthright of the next generation of The Luck Family. And that birthright belongs to us! The birthright that you two have denied us for over one year! You were afraid of us after what we did to The House, the PCP and the Titans all the way back and when you saw us coming again, you both panicked and had us fired ... but that plan went up in smoke didn't it? Just like your shitty little watering hole that you can't get back.

When Max is finished squeezing out the bottle behind him, Mason puts his hands in his hoodie.

Max Luck:

We don't give a shit who burned down Ballyhoo Brew, but everything that's happened since then is because you both deserve it. You had one job and that was to honor the Unified Tag Title match you were supposed to give us that we earned by running through the tag team division a second time ... but not once did you honor it. You didn't ask for it. You talked a lot of noise, but you never once put those titles on the line against us. You didn't give it to us until after your bar got torched and you knew for sure there was a chance that DEFIANCE Wrestling would never see us again. You attacked Tom Morrow knowing that we couldn't be there to protect him. You put our backs against the wall because this match isn't just going to be the fight of our careers ... we are fighting for our career. That's why we're going to take away all that you have left. DEFIANCE Wrestling will have no choice but to reinstate us unless they want a pair of loose cannons running around with their titles!

Max and Mason nod that it is time. They both pull out a pair of lighters and then torch a box on the ground in the open field. The camera is closing in to see several t-shirts that have the Ballyhoo Brew logo and other SNS merchandise.

Mason Luck:

The Unified Tag Team title reign of the Saturday Night Specials ...

Max Luck:

Is going up in fucking smoke!

The camera lingers on the building fire. It builds and builds and builds. The music plays a little louder!

Then the screen fades to black.

GET THE MESSAGE?

BLACK.

Then... music.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Two bold, silver words appear on the screen.

If you don't know what they are by now, then you haven't been paying attention.

**VAE
VICTUS**

The words linger in the void for a few moments... until most of the letters fade away.

All that's left are two initials:

**V
V**

Flaming streaks rip through the black, underscoring the two remaining letters

**V
V**

...okay then.

The two letters fade. More appear in their place. Along with some numbers.

**MAXIMUM DEFIANCE
2022**

...get the message?

BLACK.

TYLER FUSE vs. THURSTON HUNTER

With the main event about to commence, “Downtown” Darren Keebler and “Legendary” Lance Warner smile into the crane cam that lingers in front of their commentary desk.

DDK:

Well Lance, up next is a BiG time main event match!

Lance:

You bet it is, Darren. It’s going to be Tyler Fuse against Thurston Hunter and all this started on the DEFIANCE Commentor exclusive social media platform for subscribers only. Malak Garland, of all people, got into a virtual argument with Tyler which has led to this match. Imagine that.

A camera cut to Darren Quimbey occurs next.

Darren Quimbey:

Atlanta Faithful, this is your UNCUT MAIN EVENT! This is a Paper Championship eliminator singles match where the winner will receive a title shot at a future UNCUT!

♪ “John Wick” by Why-S ♪

As the loud bass drops, the one and only Thurston Hunter, all 170 pounds soaking wet, comes waltzing out from behind the curtain looking ready for a street fight. He poses with the double biceps before french kissing his pathetic muscles. Malak Garland follows behind his protege with his Paper Championship belt in tow.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by the Paper Champion himself, Malak Garland, he is from THE STREETS... he is Thurston Hunter!

Hunter rolls into the ring and tries to stay limber.

♪ “Machinehead” by Bush ♪

Passive jeers and overt boos accompany a sour faced Tyler Fuse out to the ring. All Fuse can do is fixate his stare towards Garland and Hunter.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing his opponent, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... TYLER FUSE!

Malak makes sure to clear the way for Tyler as he doesn’t want to ruffle any feathers just yet. Tyler jumps into the ring and blankly stares at Thurston.

DING DING

DDK:

I find it odd that Malak is out here so close to the action.

Tyler and Thurston lock up.

Lance:

You do? I think Malak thinks it’s smart to be out here because he can potentially influence the victor of the match.

Tyler easily overpowers Thurston into a hammerlock and then a side headlock but Player One releases the hold before clobbering Thurston in the throat with a standing short arm clothesline! Thurston bounces off the canvas hard! Tyler jumps on top of his foe and nails him with some anvil forearms before the ref has to pull him off!

DDK:

Vintage Tyler Fuse offense here!

Lance:

I think that word might be associated with the other Fuse brother in parts unknown but sure, it still works here.

Malak bites his lip as he watches a relentless Tyler Fuse stomp the bloody hell out of his jobber lackey. Hunter tries to grab a foot when flying towards him but it's to no avail. Hunter gets smashed in the face by the heel of Fuse's boot a few times before blood begins to trickle from his nose.

Lance:

How about this? Vicious Tyler Fuse offense!

Tyler pulls Thurston up and proceeds to slam him down with a sharp angle brainbuster! Near limp, Thurston reaches for Malak from the middle of the ring. All the Snowflake Superstar can do is clutch his belt and watch intently as Tyler locks in a figure four! Thurston mistakenly sits up at the waist, within arms reach of Tyler and gets a fist full of fury for his troubles! Tyler looks at the blood of his enemy on his knuckles. He loves it. Meanwhile, Malak looks more and more worried as he paces ringside.

Malak Garland:

Tyler, hey Tyler, I think you can stop now!

Fuse pays absolutely zero attention to the meek and mild voice of the Paper Champion. Malak needs to take a walk so he begins walking up the ramp.

Malak Garland:

This is simply too much for me to handle. Tyler Fuse is relentless. He's hurting my Thurston so bad in front of all of these ditchpig, inbred Atlanta sweat hogs! Why was this match even created!?

Riving in pain, Thurston is SCREAMING for Malak to come back. Noticing Malak almost to the back and out of sight, Tyler releases the hold which causes the champ to pause.

Malak Garland:

He let go of the figure four hold. Because I was leaving? Wow, talk about a learned experience. This only reinforces my escapism behavior. Hmmm, lots to unpack here. Maybe I will resume my position at ringside.

With Garland curiously sauntering back down to the ring, all Tyler can do is sarcastically smirk.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm going to kick his jaw in.

Fuse drops a few knees to Hunter's shoulders before he stomps Thurston in the face! Malak grits his teeth and stops halfway down the ramp.

Malak Garland:

I seriously don't know if I can take much more of this...

Tyler invites Malak back to ringside by waving his hand while Thurston is too busy checking if he still has all his teeth.

Fuse turns his attention back to his opponent.

Lance:

Tyler pulls Thurston up and throws him into the corner where he's getting some massive body blows!

DDK:

Exploder suplex out of the corner! Thurston landed on his head.

All business, Tyler begins choking Thurston who can't do anything but flail his string bean legs around. Eventually, Fuse pulls a dazed Thurston Hunter to his feet.

DDK:

I think Tyler is giving Thurston the chance to pull off a free move on him!

Malak Garland:

Now's your chance, Thursty! Get in there and show him who is boss!

Tyler offers his chest to Thurston who winds up BIG and tries his hardest to hit the OG Player with some shotgun chops but they barely do any damage. Malak's eyes grow wide, knowing he needs to interject sooner rather than later before something really bad happens to the Bruiser Cruiser.

Malak Garland:

Shit.

Tyler stands tall before he winds up BIG and with one fell swoop, Fuse smacks Hunter's chest so hard that the chop is heard outside the arena. Hunter collapses in a heap immediately.

DDK:

Oh my gosh! HUGE chop by Tyler Fuse there! I think he slapped the skin right off Hunter's chest!

Thurston rolls around in pain as his chest is on FIRE. Tyler goes to inflict more suffering on his opponent but Malak has had enough. The Sinister Minister jumps up onto the apron which alerts both the referee Benny Doyle and Fuse immediately. He dangles his paper belt in front of both and begins pleading with them.

Malak Garland:

Mister referee and dear Tyler Fuse, I think this has gone on far enough. Look, for the benefit and positive promotion of my inner chakras, please stop this violence. It is simply too violent. I did not sign up for this. I am going to need a double session of meditation and breathing exercises with my sports psychologist, Percy Collins because of the violence my eyes have seen this evening.

The referee is somewhat buying the BS story but Tyler is having none of it.

Tyler Fuse:

I'll warn you once. Get off the apron or I'll remove you from the apron. Permanently.

Malak begins faux crying as he just doesn't know what to do anymore. In the corner, the burning has begun to subside on Thurston's chest. His breathing is still quite heavy though.

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

Hunter hurls himself into the backside of Tyler's exposed legs. They buckle awkwardly as Fuse rolls over and grabs at his knee pads, checking to see if he is badly hurt. Thurston is left face to face with his mentor and faction leader.

Thurston Hunter:

Did I do good there, Mal? Oh please tell me I did so good. I just want to street fight him so you don't have to!

Malak slaps Thurston across the face before jumping down off the apron.

Malak Garland:

Get your mother (expletive) head into this match! The amount of painful moves I've had to witness Tyler execute on

you is unacceptable! BREAK HIS LEGS, DISLOCATE HIS KNEES! WHATEVER YOU DO, MAKE SURE HE CANNOT CHALLENGE FOR THIS.

Garland holds up his belt, much to the chagrin of the fans but the boos turn into deeper reactions as both Malak and Thurston stare at Tyler Fuse. He's standing there, pissed beyond belief.

Lance:

Uh oh.

Literally seething through gritted teeth, Tyler stares a hole right through Thurston who begins pleading for his life and thinking if he's filed his next of kin information with HR.

Thurston Hunter:

Oh. Hi there. Don't unpack on me, please. I'm sorry. I hope I didn't hurt your knees. I was groggy. I didn't know what I was doing. I did it out of-

Tyler grabs Thurston by the trachea.

Thurston Hunter:

Des-per-ation!

Hunter can barely speak before an enraged Tyler Fuse delivers a few jabs to the neck, followed by a spiked running bulldog square in the middle of the ring!

Lance:

CQC!

Tyler hooks a leg as Malak frets from the apron and the referee slams the mat to count the pinfall.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Garland's head lowers out of sight as fans look on in concern after the hard hitting finisher they just witnessed.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner and future challenger to the Paper Championship... TYLER FUSE!

Fuse gets his arm raised and points down to Malak and his belt.

Tyler Fuse:

That is going to be mine sooner rather than later.

Thurston is barely moving as "Machinehead" plays in the background. The pinkness from Malak's face flushes as it looks like he's seen a ghost.

DDK:

If Malak goes head-to-head against Tyler Fuse in this mood, well good luck. He might as well hand over the title belt right now.

Lance:

And that CQC bulldog. Wow. Rightfully, DEFmed is in the ring checking on Thurston Hunter as we speak.

Malak squints his eyes as he looks towards Thurston, hoping that maybe if he squints, Thurston will somehow be in less pain. Tyler exits the ring, dusts his hands clean and heads to the back knowing he's the new number one contender for Malak's snuggly safety belt.

DDK:

Thanks for joining us, everyone! We're out of time! Don't forget, MAXIMUM DEFIANCE is coming up next week! Malak has more to worry about than just Deacon now! For Lance Warner, I'm Darren Keebler, signing off!

A lasting shot of Malak Garland nearly fear puking by the apron and a comatose Thurston Hunter in the middle of the ring is the last image the television broadcast shows as a copyright chyron appears in the lower right hand portion of peoples television screens before fading to black.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.