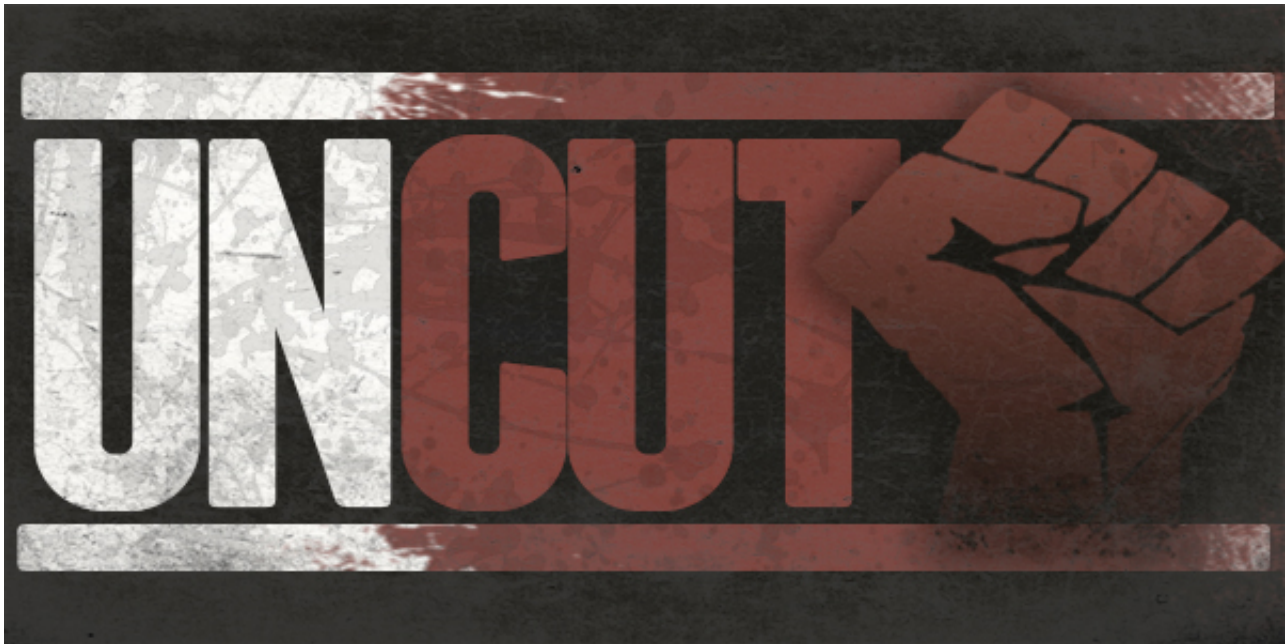


SHOW OPEN

499

Thursday, September 29, 2022

2359 hours

His beady little eyes stare at the clock app open on his phone. The seconds tick away until the clock strikes midnight. Elation comes over the snowiest of flakes.

Friday, September 30, 2022

0001 hours

Malak Garland:

YIPEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! YAHOOOOO! I'VE DONE IT! ME! ME! ME! YAAAAAY!

Malak gives himself a congratulatory pat on the back as he holds his phone close in the dark location he happens to be in.

Malak Garland:

I've done it. 500 days and counting! Oh me, oh my AND WITH THAT, I OFFICIALLY BECOME THE LONGEST REIGNING CHAMPION IN DEFIANCE OF ALL TIME! NO ONE HAS EVER HAD A LONGER REIGN THAN FIVE HUNDRED DAYS! TODAY MARKS THAT ILLUSTRIOUS DAY! I AM SO TICKLED WITH NON OFFENSIVE COLORS!

Garland is nearly in tears at the fact that his Paper Title reign enters its 500th day, surpassing the great Mikey Unlikely and his lengthy FIST run, albeit with a completely different belt that some argue its validity altogether.

Malak Garland:

I can't believe I did it. Through the trials and the tribulations. I stand alone atop the DEFIANCE championship hill. It is me. I am him. He is me. Me is I and I did it without much fanfare, either. No big celebration. Wow, look at how humble I am.

Text notifications from Teresa Ames start pouring in because she obviously had the event marked in her calendar. The texts fly in nearly nonstop as it's clear that messaging is Teresa's jam.

Malak Garland:

Jesus, slow down a bit. Let me reply, at least, T. Way too many texts. It's like she's that one friend that lives on her phone and texts everyone constantly. At least I can take a break from my phone whenever I want.

Garland's eyes remain glued to the screen as he reads the love filled messages from his good friend. He tweets a little, he cries a little. Heck, he even laughs a little. The tender snowflake serenades himself for reaching such an accomplishment.

Malak Garland:

What a milestone. Like, wow. Lots to unpack here. You know what they say, "Iron sharpens iron," well, "snow softens snow," and I couldn't have gotten to this point without my day-at-a-time attitude. I never got overwhelmed. I defended my belt CONSTANTLY and with PRIDE too!

He puts a finger to his chin while he never stops scrolling.

Malak Garland:

You know, come to think of it, even the gentlest of snowfalls can be threatening if allowed to accumulate. I mean, snow builds up after time and heck, that sure can be a lot of PRESSURE if you let it get to you. Envision each day as another flake on the pile. That's immense pressure I am under to keep this streak alive now. Oh wow.

Worry breaks over his face, realizing that with each passing day, Malak will face increasing hardship to continue his legendary reign.

Malak Garland:

To quote Teresa, shit guy, shit. I don't think I want this anymore.

Malak is quick to navigate over to the DEFIANCE website on his phone, in a frantic search to see if he can hack it to delete the title history but no dice.

Malak Garland:

Shiiiiiiiiiiiiit. I still have to be the paper champ and I don't think it's a burden I truly want anymore. So much pressure. I am succumbing to it. I know it. Shortness of breath. Room caving in. No!

The Social Media Savant is quick to thumb over to his crisis hotline on speed dial. He calls them immediately.

Malak Garland:

Yes hi, it's me again. Put me through to my counselor, please. I don't want to wait as long as I did last time and you better make sure they answer on the first transfer. I need to be catered to IMMEDIATELY! WHY ELSE DO YOU THINK I AM CALLING AT THIS TIME OF DAY!? GET YOUR HEAD OUT OF YOUR ASS AND ASSIST ME! I AM IN CRISIS!

Malak's mood takes a drastic turn for the worse as he starts shouting out of nowhere. His call gets transferred but no one picks up yet.

Malak Garland:

Come on, come on!

Click. He hangs up after five seconds of waiting.

Malak Garland:

Too long. I need my ASSISTANCE immediately! Better call Percy.

Malak dials his sports psychologist in hopes of finding the help he needs. He speaks to his guide for a few moments before finally settling down.

Malak Garland:

Yeah okay, okay. Thanks Percy. You're always there for me, looking out for me unlike Cyrus Bates has. I appreciate you. Go back to sleep now but keep your ringer on loud in case I need you within the next five minutes.

The call ends. Malak sits in silence, biting at his fingernails.

Malak Garland:

Five hundred. That's a huge number. I didn't realize it until just now. I mean four ninety nine was manageable but this, this is massive. Cataclysmic. Wow.

Malak checks his surroundings. Everything is still pitch black. A sigh escapes his lips.

Malak Garland:

Guess I have no choice but to go all Lucky Sevens on this belt then.

Alluding to their fascination with pyro, thoughts of Malak torching the paper title dance through his mind in order to ease the pain. He self medicates by continuing to doom scroll, all the while with the pressure of being a champion mounting in the back of his tender little mind.

FAVORED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP: THURSTON HUNTER (C) vs. TYLER FUSE

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen we are back in the DEF Plex for a couple weeks and we have some great matches set up for you! One of them right now... the Favored Saints Championships!

Lance:

Yes, it will be Thurston Hunter against Tyler Fuse!

DDK:

A rematch from UNCUT 121 which was supposed to be a Paper Championship eliminator match. If Tyler defeated Thurston, which he did, he would have received a Paper Championship Title bout!

Lance:

A Paper Championship bout Tyler DID NOT receive because Malak was too triggered at how violent Tyler was to Thurston. Garland backed out.

DDK:

Yes.

Lance:

And now a Paper Title reign that has Malak Garland over 499 days!

DDK:

Yes.

Lance:

But DEFIANCE does not technically recognize the Paper Championship as a legitimate title, right?

DDK:

Yes.

Lance:

Thank god. No gold checkmark for Malak Garland in the discord!

DDK:

Sorry what did you say? I don't get it. Discord?

Lance:

Oh, nothing. An inside joke. Let's go to ringside!

Darren Quimbey stands in the middle of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is for the Favored Saints Championship! Introducing first... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred-eight pounds... the challenger... TYLER FUSE!

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

With nothing more than a stone look across his face, the elder Fuse marches out onto the rampway. He receives a chorus of boos and descends down the stage.

DDK:

To be honest, Tyler is on quite the roll here in DEFIANCE. I don't believe he's lost a one-on-one match since January

6th of this year to Gage Blackwood!

Lance:

And we still wish Gage all the best in his recovery. I believe he's only halfway through rehabbing his injuries from the brutal Lucky Sevens attack.

Tyler reaches the end of the ramp and slides into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from THE STREETS... weighing in at one-hundred-seventy pounds... he is the Favored Saints Champion... THURSTON HUNTER!

♪ "John Wick" by Why-S ♪

A proud, arrogant, BADASS Thurston Hunter walks out from behind the FIST logo to another chorus of boos. They aren't as loud because, honestly, The Faithful just don't care as much.

DDK:

I still can't believe this guy holds a singles championship. First one in The Comments Section to do so. What a trivia question!

Lance:

Yeah, well with any glance into the ring and the person who stands there... I'm not sure how long Thurston is going to hold the title...

Hunter proudly walks down the rampway as Tyler stands motionlessly in the center of the ring. Waiting.

DDK:

I'm told Malak Garland wanted to be at ringside tonight but after witnessing their last contest against each other, he deemed Tyler Fuse too anxiety provoking.

Lance:

I also believed Conor influenced Malak to stay out of Tyler's business.

Hunter reaches the apron and rolls into the ring. He stands, taking the strap and whipping it high into the air-

WHAM!

Tyler Fuse clubs Thurston inside-out with a lariat!

Mark Shields doesn't know WTF to do so he simply calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

Tyler Fuse with stomps here, ANGRY stomps...

Fuse works Hunter into a corner, only to pull Thurston up by his legs and send him crashing back down to the canvas.

The stomps continue. Tyler peels Thurston off the mat and hurls him into the ropes... crushing the champion under the jaw with a spinning elbow.

Thurston is on the mat again but not for long. Tyler lifts the BADASS MASTER up and drops him in a brainbuster suplex!

You can see Tyler's face. He contemplates pinning but instead he whips a wobbly Thurston Hunter to his feet. Fuse Irish whips Hunter into a corner and the champion meets the buckle **HARD**. Very hard. He collapses to the floor in a heap.

Lance:

Perhaps another referee may have called this thing already!

Tyler walks over to Thurston and lifts him up. Hunter immediately falls back down to the mat.

DDK:

He's out!

Tyler smirks, albeit weakly. He rests Hunter on the second rope and then props Thurston onto his shoulders.

Alabama slam!

Hunter's head wacks off the canvas a couple of times in the process.

Lance:

Damn! That might be a serious concussion! Head trauma no matter what!

Fuse stomps the shit out of Thurston once again before pulling The Comments Section goon onto his knees and looking dead into the hard camera.

DDK:

What the hell is Tyler doing?

The OG Player mockingly taps Thurston across the shoulder blades.

DDK:

Is he Weapon Getting HUNTER?

Lance:

No...

Regardless, Tyler doesn't say the words **WEAPON GET** but he bounces off the ropes anyway and absolutely **CRUSHES** Hunter in the side of the head with a knee smash.

DDK:

It looks like I **TRIGGER**. Malak Garland's finisher!

Fuse, however, isn't done. The match is academic at this point but Tyler places Thurston onto his shoulder and walks him to the ropes. He hangs the limp champion's body across the top rope... runs to the other side of the ring... and then charges in.

SMACK.

DDK:

A hell of a yakuza kick! Jack Harmen's finisher.

Lance:

This is a message, Keebs. A message loud and clear.

Tyler drags the broken body of Thurston Hunter to the center of the ring. He places a foot over top of his chest.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

No one in the crowd cheers but no one directly boos, either.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match and NEEWWWWW Favored Saints Champion... TYLER FUSE!

Tyler's theme song plays as Mark Shields hands him his new singles title.

DDK:

And now Tyler Fuse is an answer to his own trivia question, too. Who is the first Fuse Bros. to win a singles title in DEFIANCE?

Lance:

Wow, Keebs. Tyler rocked Thurston!

DDK:

And he's going on a ten month winning streak!

Fuse doesn't bother to raise the belt across his head. He doesn't hit the turnbuckle pads, either. He simply flips the strap over his right shoulder, drops to his knees and exits the ring.

DDK:

I have no idea how Malak Garland is going to take this...

Lance:

Oh I do. Poorly. Very poorly.

Mark Shields decided he should call some EMTs down to the ring in order to check on Thurston, while UNCUT goes to a commercial break.

DARK RAINY ALLEY

If you read the title, then you know the setting which saves some time. Teresa stands there impatiently as she can feel the alleyway closing in on her.

Teresa Ames:

You know, it's rude to keep a lady waiting. I already paid, you know?

Teresa's scorn focuses on the brutish bouncer standing in front of an entrance to one of the buildings in the alley. Steam dances its way up from numerous sewer grates lacing the paved alley while neon beer signs flicker in the background. There's even loud bass sounds you can hear from outside.

Teresa Ames:

Ugh, how much longer? Are you able to go in there and check for me!? My helicopter can't wait forever.

Ames is quick to point out her mode of transportation, which is a military cargo copter parked not too far away in a clearing. The sound of its propellers chopping through the night sky and rain is faintly heard.

Teresa Ames:

I'm not sure how much longer the pilot is going to wait for me because he's working overtime. We just came from Levi's Stadium, you know.

Deciding that listening to Teresa ramble is not something of interest, the bouncer turns back to the door and peeks his head in. Suddenly, the door bursts wide open, sending the bouncer flying. If you thought the bouncer was large, the entity that exits into the alleyway is enormous.

Teresa Ames:

Shit guy, shit.

Teresa readies herself for a fight but she knows she would easily get crushed. The figure stands there before walking into the light. He looks exactly like Sgt. Safety except double the size and double the intensity. A much smaller man in a suit follows in behind.

Suited Man:

Teresa? Here is your order. I greatly appreciate the pre-arranged payment you provided to us. The Marked for Death thank you. Enjoy and may I introduce to you, Inspector Protector. Exactly to your specifications.

Teresa gazes at the mammoth man of protection in front of her.

Teresa Ames:

Hello there, big boy. My oh my do I have some ideas for you.

Inspector Protector cracks his neck and then his knuckles.

Inspector Protector:

Me Inspector. Me smash. GLLLURRRRRRR!

A smile comes across the Tasty Gurl's face. She turns on a dime and begins walking towards her helicopter while hand signaling Inspector Protector to follow her.

Teresa Ames:

Come with me, my protector. My grand plans await. Come with me.

GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT vs. ANTONIO PRINCE & WES INGRAM

DDK:

We've got tag team action up next! Gentlemen's Agreement - the team of Lord Sewell and Oliver Tarquin Monroe -- came up short against The Dangerous Mix in a Loaded Gloves tag team match! Now they're looking to reset tonight against two of BRAZEN's youngest members on the roster, Antonio Prince and Wes Ingram.

Lance:

Wes Ingram, a young gun out of Baltimore, Maryland and Antonio Prince out of Garland, Texas and only eighteen! What a mark they could make with a win tonight!

DDK:

I've been very impressed with what I've seen out of Prince in particular. We'll see what they're made of tonight with our next match!

The camera is fixed to Darren Quimbey and then to the young men. A dirty blonde Caucasian man in purple trunks and a young African-American sporting blue and purple trunks. They talk one another up as the intros start.

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is set for one fall! Introducing first... at a combined weight of 395 pounds... they are the team of **Wes Ingram and Antonio Prince!**

Ingram yells at the crowd and Prince stands on the middle buckle, raising his hands for more crowd support from the Nawlins crowd. After the intros end, the match cuts to ringside.

♪ "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 yellow epaulets. and Oliver Tarquin Monroe with a dark gray sleeveless coat. He takes it off to reveal a sleeveless button-up shirt and tie, which he adjusts, but his arms are free to show off his chiseled guns.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, 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 while getting jeers from the crowd. Once they shed their respective jackets, they neatly fold them and put them away as Ingram and Prince start talking strategy...

THEN GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT ATTACK FROM BEHIND!

DING DING

In a panic, Jonny Fastcountini calls for the bell as OTM and Sewell go on the attack! OTM charges with a running shoulder through the ropes to knock young Antonio Prince off the apron while Lord Sewell strikes down Wes Ingram with a big uppercut and then a forearm!

DDK:

A quick start! This is a little unexpected from Gentlemen's Agreement, but they can't be in a good mood considering how Acts of DEFIANCE ended.

Lance:

That's very true. The word around the locker room seems to be they're out here to make an example to the rest of the teams in DEFIANCE.

There's nothing fancy from Lord Sewell as he uppercuts Ingram again and then maneuvers him right into the GA

corner. A quick tag from Sewell to Oliver leads to the two men going for a quick tandem move. A boot to the gut from Lord Sewell leads to a stiff uppercut from OTM. It knocks him up as Lord Sewell grabs him by the neck for a snapmare. Both OTM and Sewell once again shake hands and then they deliver double kicks to the back of Wes! Wes yelps in pain and thrashes about the canvas in pain!

DDK:

You're right on that example being set! OTM and Sewell are very much old school technicians, but make no mistake that they can throw down when the situation calls for it.

OTM slaps on an extra-tight cravate submission on the mat and locks up with Wes. Ingram tries to fight his way out and starts to launch upwards, but OTM throws a knee or two up into the head of Wes before snapping him down with a quick neckbreaker. After that, OTM rises and then drops a quick pair of knee drops to the rib cage of Ingram.

OTM:

Get up, knave! Get up!

DDK:

Did these cheaters just call someone else a knave?

OTM picks up Ingram when he doesn't do it fast enough for his liking, then gives him back to Lord Sewell. OTM makes a tag and then Lord Sewell hops in while Monroe holds him for a knee to the chest. Ingram gets doubled over for The Honorable Viscount Vice Admiral and then hits a quick double arm suplex! Ingram hits the mat with another grown, but Sewell and OTM appear to be far from done.

Lance:

Antonio Prince finally starting to stand! Things are not off to a good start!

DDK:

No, they are not! Another quick tag by Sewell! They're not even going for pinfalls. They just want to hurt someone.

After Oliver Tarquin Monroe tags in, he runs forward and then cuts Ingram in half in the corner with a running shoulder thrust to the midsection. OTM holds him in place so Lord Sewell can charge in and then hit an uppercut to the jaw. Another suplex out of the corner puts Wes Ingram on his back! Meanwhile, Antonio Prince is trying to fire up the crowd. He jumps up and down on the apron and gets the NOLA Faithful to cheer him on.

Lance:

Prince is trying to get something going, but Gentlemen's Agreement have kept him far away from his corner.

Lord Sewell grabs Ingram by his hair and slowly pulls him up. He shouts something off-camera into his face. Whatever is said seems to fire up Wes as he slaps Lord Sewell across his face. He stumbles back and the slap sends Lord Sewell into a frenzy, but when he turns around to do something about it, he hits Lord Sewell with a quick back body drop!

DDK:

Great counter by Ingram! But he's hurt! He needs to get to the corner now!

Lance:

Prince is ready if he can get there!

Lord Sewell tries to get back up and tags Oliver. He climbs in and rushes to grab the leg of him, but he kicks him in the side of the head with an enzuigiri! OTM gets clipped and allows Wes to make the tag to Antonio Prince!

DDK:

Here we go! Tag to Prince!

The young high-flyer jumps up onto the top rope with ease and then hits OTM with a springboard dropkick! Prince is on his back and then does a kip-up to his feet to cheers from The Faithful. He gets back to his feet. When he sees Lord Sewell on the ring apron, he flips up and hits a running thrust kick upside the head of Sewell, knocking the battling Brit off the apron!

Lance:

Prince is on fire right now! Look at this kid go!

The 18-year-old Prince looks back to make sure that OTM is where he can be reached before he jumps to the top rope, then the adjacent rope, then pops the crowd when he catches OTM with a huge double jump into a springboard cutter!

DDK:

Holy crap! He calls that the Head's Up! This crowd loves it!

Prince stands up after the complicated cutter, then jumps and hits a standing corkscrew moonsault, dropping his back across OTM's chest! The Faithful cheer him on as he hooks the leg!

ONE...

TWO...

But Lord Sewell to his partner's rescue! He breaks up the cover!

DDK:

What a salvo by Antonio Prince! He almost got the win right there!

The crowd seems taken with Prince, but Lord Sewell throws elbows and knocks the kid down. Wes Ingram tries to come in and cuts off Lord Sewell with a flying elbow, but when he tries to get him out of the ring, he gets taken out over the top rope and to the floor with a back body drop!

Lance:

Oooh! What a bad landing by Ingram! Sewell takes care of the overeager star.

Prince kicks Sewell away, then flips off the ropes... but when he comes back, Sewell catches him and throws him with a release German suplex that sends him crashing to the mat! After he takes the spill, Sewell returns to his corner and OTM rolls over to make the tag. Both men get Prince up off the mat with an aided double underhook lift... then DRILL him with the Handshake Deal!

DDK:

Handshake Deal! That's it! Sewell with the cover.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

Sewell and OTM get back up to their feet after the double-team finish and then shake hands before properly taking their coats and departing the ring in a quick and orderly fashion.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

Lance:

Antonio Prince with a great showing for himself, but it's Gentlemen's Agreement that walk away with a win tonight.

DDK:

Putting the roster on notice tonight with that quick win.

Sewell and OTM walk behind the curtain and get jeers on the way out as the show moves on.

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS... PLATINUM?

Vae Victis Locker Room

UNCUT

10/26/2022

Oscar Burns is leaning back in a nice lounge that he dropped a pretty penny on for himself in the Vae Victis locker room. But the look on his face suggests something...

Something seems to be amiss.

Despite his recent success... all one match so far... since joining Vae Victis after the ACTS Tournament Finals, Burns leans back in his seat and squirms about until he can find a comfortable spot. Sonny Silver is seated across from him, reading something on his phone while Butcher Victorious is quietly talking to himself in a corner, looking like he's jotting down notes on his phone.

Oscar Burns:

Yeah nah... something still doesn't feel right.

Sonny finally perks up from his seat.

Sonny Silver:

What's up? Something making your ass itch? Cause the hemorrhoid is over there...

He points at Butcher, still off in his own little world. Burns can't help but laugh at that one under his breath.

Oscar Burns:

Good one, GC. Nah... I dunno. I took care of Rezin. Broke his spirit... so... I don't know, Son. Something still feels... I dunno... off. I bought this damn lounge and I can't get comfortable. Can't quite put my finger on it. I feel like I'm missing something? If that makes sense?

Sonny Silver:

Yeah. We've noticed it, too.

Burns raises a quizzical eyebrow at VV's Grand Poobah of Pontification.

Oscar Burns:

Really? Like what?

Sonny Silver points at the empty space near his chair.

Sonny Silver:

You fit right into Vae Victis, Oscar. You're EXACTLY what we needed to really drive the point home that we're running the show now. Troy and Keyes got the top titles locked down now. Kerry and Clay are gonna be making statements and breaking bones. But you... you need something to really round out this whole DEFIANCE thing you got going on now that you're with us.

Oscar Burns:

How so?

Sonny stands up.

Sonny Silver:

We know your focus right now has been on checking all these little punk assholes that think they're gonna get famous

off our expense. These kids that think they're ready to be at the top when that couldn't be further from the fucking truth. So to help with that... the rest of us arranged to get you something.

Oscar Burns:

Eh?

The Advocate and Spokesperson for Vae Victis snaps his fingers.

Sonny Silver:

All right, guys! Give it to him!

At that moment, the Vae Victis door bursts open. There stands Lindsay Troy, Henry Keyes, Kerry Kuroyama and Clay Byrd. The Cowboy Colossus has a gift in hand that appears to be long in shape and wrapped in silver wrapping paper. He hands it out to Oscar.

Clay Byrd:

Go ahead. Open.

Butcher jumps in.

Butcher Victorious:

YASSSS! Open it! I spent like THREE months salary to help get it for you!

Oscar shoots Butcher a dirty look.

Oscar Burns:

...I didn't give you three months salary. I don't pay you.

He shrugs and opens the package to reveal...

A SHINY new... SHOVEL!

Oscar Burns:

Holy crap! Guys... you can't be serious... this is sweet as! What's this made of?

Lindsay taps the plating of the shovel.

Lindsay Troy:

Did you one better than gold... that's platinum, baybeee. And it's all coming out of Butcher's salary.

Everyone else in VV nods in unison while Oscar is still taken aback by his new gift.

Oscar Burns:

This... this is it! This is what's missing, you guys! With this, do you have any idea how much young talent I'm going to be able to influence with this? Trust me... I won't be putting THIS on the line in any more stupid challenges, that's for sure. I'd be munted to do that.

Sonny slaps him on the back.

Sonny Silver:

"Influence" the shit out of these young idiots, Oscar. Congrats.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC SAYS THIS IS RICH! Platinum! And I sprang the most for it! I...

Clay Byrd immediately piefaces Butcher out of the way.

Clay Byrd:

Enjoy.

Burns twirls the Platinum Shovel around in his hand.

Oscar Burns:

Oh, I will, GC... when I say that to you, that means Good Cowboy. Drinks are on me tonight, lads. We're ALL getting munted!

Everyone in VV cheers while Butcher tries to get up.

Butcher Victorious:

So when's everyone going to pay me back for this? I got...

Oscar Burns:

Gap it, Butcher!

Burns' stooge goes silent as the rest of Vae Victis hoot, hollar and cheer to bring this segment to a close.

DUMPSTER MATCH: AARON KING vs. ALECZANDER THE GREAT

After the show cuts back to the ring, the camera shows a dark blue dumpster placed in front of the ring.

DDK:

Our next match promises to be a slug fest! On a night where two different titles are on the line tonight, we also have this special Dumpster Match between now former partners, Aaron King from BFTA taking on BFTA's hired gun, Aleczander The Great!

Lance:

Aleczander was a former member of the legendary Team HOSS stable who once worked with Tom Morrow when he was known then as Junior Keeling. After King and Aleczander The Great failed to beat Minute and Dan Leo James, King broke a whisky glass over the head of Aleczander and left him a bloody mess on the mat.

DDK:

That's right. Aleczander wasn't going to sit back and be disrespected after Tom Morrow – surprise surprise – failed to come through on his promise to get Aleczander back on DEFIANCE's main roster. Aleczander challenged King to this match, but King agreed to it if Aleczander agreed to this very rare Dumpster Match! We're going to the ring now!

The big blue dumpster is shown outside of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This next match is a Dumpster Match! There are no pinfalls, submissions, count-outs or disqualifications! The only way you can win the match is to throw your opponent in this dumpster at ringside and then lock it shut! Introducing:

♪ "Great" by Instruction ♪

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

Aleczander The Great!

The former holder of the World Trios Titles in DEFIANCE walks to the ring and he looks over the trash can ...

But out of nowhere comes Aaron King, driving a cheap shot to the back of Aleczander's head! The big Englishman goes tumbling forward, but he doesn't fall! King is dressed in his blue leather jacket and then he rips it off himself quickly so he can use it to wrap it around the neck of Aleczander!

DDK:

No time being wasted here! The introductions were just getting going when this match kicked off!

Lance:

And look at the hostility being shown by Aaron King! He'd rather be back at the bar with a drink in his hand, but he knows when to handle business!

Tom Morrow is up at the edge of the stage and he's watching the match with a bright blue and white pinstriped suit. He's got a popcorn in hand and he's munching away while he's watching his client continue to choke Aleczander at ringside with his leather jacket.

DDK:

Has this match even officially started yet?

Lance:

No, I don't think it has!

King finally stops choking Aleczander. He grabs the larger Aleczander by the side of his waist and then he rams his

back up against the dumpster! Aleczander The Great is finally on the ground panting and Aaron King is screaming at the official after he jumps into the ring.

Aaron King:

Start the damn match! Now!

The official does as he is told.

DING DING

The fans are booing Aaron King, but the Pensacola Playboy does not care about why the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are booing him. He looks at where Aleczander is going and then he speeds right through the ropes ...

TOPE SUICIDA!!!

King flies right through the ropes to crash into Aleczander and he crashes up against the dumpster again!

Lance:

That was expert precision by Aaron King with that dive! For a guy that doesn't seem to care about wrestling too much in favor of partying ... the scary part is how good and how dangerous he is when he puts his mind to it.

DDK:

That's true! He's got Aleczander up now.

Aleczander is whipped by the arm from King ...

THUD!!!

The Irish Whip sends Aleczander The Great back first against the dumpster for a third time! Aleczander is in a slumped over position by the dumpster as Aaron King jams his foot into his face.

Aaron King:

I told your juiced-up punk ass I was putting you in the trash!

King with the elbows now up against the head of Aleczander with Tom Morrow still watching on happily that his Aleczander problem seems to be taken care of quickly.

DDK:

This side of Aaron King is looking dangerous right now! Ooooooh!

With Aleczander laid up against the dumpster, King grabs his head and rams it back into the dumpster!

Once! Twice! Thrice!

King waves at Tom Morrow to come down to the ringside area. The Pensacola Playboy is getting some boo birds when he asks to take a drink break. Morrow nods and has a small liquor bottle in his hand! The Lucky Sevens's own Triple 7 Whiskey! King takes a drink!

Lance:

Is this really what he should be doing right now? Taking shots?

Mr. Pretty Dangerous pulls Aleczander up and into the ring just above the opening to the dumpster. King boots Aleczander again and he tries to throw him inside ... but he gets irritated when he sees Aleczander ground himself firmly and holding the close-by middle rope with a hand. King kicks him and tries to throw him inside again, but Aleczander The Great holds on.

DDK:

No! I think Aleczander is still in this! I don't know how he's fighting back right now after taking that beating from Aaron.

Aleczander kicks Aaron King and fights back with the classic punches in bunches! King and Aleczander fight on the edge of the apron and Aleczander hits him with a big clubbing arm across King's temple. He takes the Pensacola Playboy into the ropes. King tries fighting back, but Aleczander is getting some surprising cheers right now from the fans. He points out to them and hits King in the chest many times! One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! He listens to the crowd and leaves them waiting ...

Ten!!!

A tenth shot brings King to his knees, but Aleczander shows off that fabled strength of his. He picks up Aaron King with a vertical suplex and then lifts him up and over the ropes, into the ring, then throws him with a released front suplex on the canvas!

DDK:

That was a throw if I have ever seen one!

Lance:

I'm shocked he threw him back into the ring, but I'm betting Aleczander wants to do more damage to make sure King can't fight back if he throws him in that dumpster and closes it shut!

Aleczander sees Aaron King doing his best to get up and then he hits a big splash in the corner from one side. When he is down Aleczander bounces again from the ropes and hits another lariat in the corner this time. The fans are cheering when he hits a european uppercut. He hits a second and then picks him off the ropes and takes him up with a big release flap jack! King has popped up to his feet after the slam and then Aleczander hits a charging lariat on King!

Lance:

He's got the match back in his control! Can he get Aaron King into that dumpster and close the book on his dealings with Better Future Talent Agency?

Aleczander has fans cheering him when he tries to get him back to the dumpster. He gets him back out from the ropes and fights back with another suplex. His goal is to take King over with a suplex off the apron and into the dumpster just below the ring ... but King grabs the ropes like it is a life preserver and hangs on close. Aleczander punches him in the stomach to get him to let go, but before he can hit the suplex, King grabs his free hand and then he rakes at the face of Aleczander eventually catching the side of his eyes.

DDK:

King saved himself from that suplex.

Lance:

Where is King going now?

Aleczander is backed up against the edge of the ring apron. King is on the other side.

RUNNING SPEAR ON THE APRON!!!

Both men take a big spill off of the edge of the apron just past the dumpster and hit the floor!

Lance:

I don't know which man got the worst of that! King is taking a few risks here tonight so he can get the win over Aleczander tonight!

DDK:

Aleczander isn't going away quietly, but that might do it.

King gets up from the two-man wreckage first and then hears the jeering. He steps up on the apron so he can see where Aleczander is. The Pensacola Playboy points out to the crowd with a quick gesture of the fingers and then hits a King's Landing elbow drop off the apron right to the chest of Aleczander! Morrow is laughing with excitement and glee that his BFTA client is now taking back control of this big brawl.

DDK:

Aaron King hits that King's Landing diving elbow from the apron!

Lance:

But he still has to get Aleczander back up and into that dumpster!

Tom Morrow tells King that it's time to wrap things up. King agrees with his manager and then he picks up Aleczander the Great by the neck. The dumpster doors are still both open and King grabs Aleczander before placing his head against the dumpster.

Aaron King:

This ...

He slams the door against his head!

Aaron King:

Is ...

He slams it again.

Aaron King:

Where you ...

He slams it again.

Aaron King:

Belong!

Aleczander is slumped over the edge of the dumpster.

Lance:

I can't believe this! Aaron King is literally treating a man of Aleczander's tenure in DEFIANCE Wrestling like trash. What a disrespectful punk.

DDK:

Aleczander isn't a saint of any kind but nobody deserves this treatment.

King gives Aleczander the old heave-ho by picking him up over the shoulder. He strains to get the larger Englishman up but when he does he throws him into the dumpster!

DDK:

Aleczander is in! All Aaron needs to do is close it and this is done!

Aaron King laps up the jeering when he gets up on the ring apron. King grabs the lid and starts to shut it ...

But Aleczander's hands come up first to keep him from shutting it!

DDK:

Uh oh! Aleczander is fighting back! King is trying to close it, but Aleczander isn't letting him do it!

King snaps the door back and tries to kick Aleczander but he grabs his leg first. He starts throwing trash at Aaron King first. He gets some empty milk cartons, then a bucket hits him in the head, an empty pizza box and then an empty tool box!

Lance:

Aleczander still alive! ... but why were there milk cartons in a trash can? Come on, people, recycle!

Aleczander climbs out of the dumpster and steps to the apron. He clubs King again and then drops his neck on the top rope. Aleczander gets in and charges King with a huge spear! Punches come down on the body of King from a smelly Aleczander.

DDK:

How much more can these men throw at each other?

Aleczander picks up King and then lands a running power slam right down! He is making sure that King is beat up enough to keep him in the dumpster and now he thinks its time! Aleczander points at the dumpster and picks King up again.

Lance:

He's got him right on his shoulder. We might see a winner here!

Aleczander gets to the ropes but King kicks his legs first and sneaks out the back like a cat burglar. Aleczander puts on the brakes near the ropes but King hits a perfect drop kick that knocks Aleczander through the ropes.

DDK:

Aleczander is on the apron! He just hovering over that dumpster now!

Tom Morrow watches his ex-client take a super kick from his current client! Aleczander is teetering, but he's using one hand on a rope to hang on his feet. King has had enough and pulls the other arm of Aleczander and hits a standing rip cord knee strike! The King Me strike finally drops Aleczander in the dumpster!

DDK:

King Me! Aaron King hits Aleczander into the dumpster!

King quickly goes outside and slams the dumpster shut! And locks it!

DING DING DING

Booing fills the arena as King now sits on top of the dumpster with a big old sigh of relief.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner ... AAAARRROOOOONNN KING!!!

♪ "U Mad" by Vic Mensa ♪

King points at Morrow and he wants another drink of his whiskey. He takes it and drinks it to have a celebration on top of the dumpster.

DDK:

You have to hand it to Aaron King. He attacked Aleczander and despite how much he fought, Aaron King won the match all on his own tonight.

Lance:

It is scary to think if Aaron King continues to channel that hostile energy of his, Tom Morrow has a real diamond here.

King slaps the dumpster and shouts at the official to get that piece of crap out of his arena. King hugs Tom Morrow and gives him what has become a signature kiss on the forehead. The two walk backstage with King slinging his blue leather jacket over his back. When they hit the stage, King swaggers to the commentary booth. He grabs a headset.

Aaron King:

Say it with me boys! K! I! N! G! KING!!!

Before Darren and Lance can respond King has already tossed the head set back on the desk and drinks his last celebration drink straight from the bottle.

IT WAS AS "HE" SAID

October 5, 2022

Hours after arriving at Ronald Reagan UCLA Medical Center

Minerva Hive lies on a hospital bed in stable condition, but the bruises and lacerations over the body parts that are visible through her hospital gown make it seem like she is far from stable. She is checked on every few minutes by nurses on her condition. Writing on their clipboards and leaving the report at the end of the bed. Scrow stands in the doorway just staring at her, his stoic stare hides the tremendous grief he is bottling up inside.

:Scrow Narrative:

Watching her lying there, I could not help but blame myself.

I should have known this was the end result.

I should have seen my penance being thrust upon her.

The way she acted, when he was around.

The fear, the anxiety, the despair, and probably the most important of all her obedience.

Yet, I continued to pursue it like an unwilling child wanting his favorite toy back.

In my pursuit, I pushed her to this...to a life and death moment of her life.

Not because of her....but because of ME!

A commotion in the back as some medical staff are rushing another patient through the corridors. All just mere unnecessary noises to Scrow. No amount of trauma or screaming in the background could bring Scrow from his own self-loathing.

:Scrow Narrative:

Pain has been my only vice in life.

From the days of my Emerald Goddess Basil Krowe to now her sister Minerva Ginger.

It has become apparent to me that I am a disease to this family.

No matter what I do to try and prevent it, it always ends in tragedy.

Perhaps, this has always been my punishment to forever walk this world...ALONE.

I do know one thing though if that indeed is what my future holds...

Scrow clutches his fists

:Scrow Narrative:

Then I am going to make The House of the Harvest PAY for their transgressions!

AND it will start at DEFTV 177!

Nurse:

Mr. Krowe?

Scrow breaks his stare from his sister-in-law and looks at a young blonde hair woman in pink scrubs.

Scrow:

Yes?

Nurse:

Are you a family member of hers?

Scrow looks back at Minerva.

Scrow:

Yes...she is the only family he has.

Nurse:

Can we go somewhere to talk?

Scrow's eyes shake for a moment in sheer sorrow.

Scrow:

No, he can't leave her again...not like this...not until she at least wakes up and can know just how sorry he is that she is like..THIS.

Nurse:

I am sorry, but she will not be waking up anytime soon. She will require surgery, and I hate to be the bearer of bad news but she has no insurance to cover the cost of these medical services.

Scrow closes his eyes for a moment.

:Scrow Narrative:

*I always told her to get insurance...{brief chuckle} she always thought I was being overly cautious.
Or maybe she knew this was going to be the eventual outcome.
She must have known that the only way she was going to leave his house was for her to be left for dead.
Perhaps this was her way of telling me that money is the root of all evil.
He always told me never to let greed control you, for in the end, your own greed will be your downfall.
A lesson I foolishly ignored, as the SOHER. Though as I think about it now, it's a lesson I have learned.
A lesson I will not commit to again.*

Scrow opens his eyes.

Scrow:

Her medical services will be taken care of by Sco...no by ME. Whatever the cost to get her back on her feet it will be paid. Give her the best medical service possible money is of no concern.

Scrow turns around and walks toward the billing office, but stops just short of the main desk overlooking the rooms of the medical center. He takes a deep breath trying to collect his emotions before resuming his walk toward the billing offices. The nurse looks back at Minerva for a moment. She then resumes her work.

SGT. SAFETY vs. THOMAS SLAINE

DDK:

We're now moving onto the next match with none other than one of the newest updates from BRAZEN, Sgt. Safety! He scored his first win two weeks ago on the last UNCUT but now looks to take on a wrestler looking to break his losing streak in another roster member, Thomas Slaine!

Lance:

Slaine had a close one a few weeks ago against Masked Violator #1. He brings the aggression, but he's still looking for that win to break himself from the pack. Can we see Thomas Slaine do just that or will Sgt. Safety make it two wins in a row since his recent promotion?

DDK:

Sgt. Safety vs. Thomas Slaine is up next!

And to Darren Quimbey we go!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Safety Dance" by Men Without Hats ♪

DDK:

And here he comes!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Chicago, Illinois, weighing in at 223 pounds... he is Your Prince of Proper Procedures... Your Sultan of Safety Regulations... this is **SGT. SAFETY!**

The fans pop hard as Sgt. Safety comes out with a shiny new decibel meter that he can now afford on a main roster member's salary. The crowd cheers get louder as he points it to different sections of the arena to see who can make the most noise! After he does, he steps into the ring and then holds it out one more time for each side of the arena before hands off his decibel meter.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Nachitoches, Louisiana, weighing in at 221 pounds... **THOMAS SLAINE!**

♪ "I Feel Love (Every Million Miles)" by The Dead Weather ♪

The music hits and Thomas Slaine steps out from the back, ready to fight. The brawler then starts running to the ring and when he gets there, he points an imaginary gun up in the air, blows imaginary smoke from pulling the imaginary trigger, then steps inside. He looks ready to fight. Sgt. Safety starts to look at the measurements of the ring to make sure they comply with the regulations of the Louisiana Athletic State Commission...

When Thomas Slaine starts out with a running kick to the chest!

DING DING

DDK:

Jump start by Sgt. Safety! We saw Gentlemen's Agreement do this earlier and be successful, will he do the same?

Slaine is desperate for a victory and he puts the boots to Sgt. Safety in the corner. He grabs his tie, undoes it and then rips it off the collar of his shirt before throwing it out of the ring. He gets jeers from the crowd, but he doesn't listen to any of them and instead hears only the sound of Sgt. Safety wheezing after he stomps him in the chest.

Lance:

Loss after loss after loss... Slaine is trying. He really is. He has the talent, but something in there's not clicking.

DDK:

It's up to him to figure out... but right now. He's looking good.

After the relentless stomping warned by referee Rex Knox, he picks up Safety and then whips him across the ring. Slaine follows in right behind him and then slugs Safety with a big corner elbow to the face! He pulls Safety out from the corner and then knocks down The Sultan of Safety Regulations with another big running clothesline! After he goes down, Thomas Slaine poses over him and lets out a fired-up shout to the jeering fans!

DDK:

Don't taunt the crowd, Slaine. Stay on him if you want to break this losing streak.

Lance:

You're right! He's getting a little lost here.

Thomas Slaine does just that and then wails away on Sgt. Safety with a ferocious volley of right hands to the side of the head. Rex Knox has to get Slaine back and counts down to a disqualification.

Rex Knox:

Get off him, Slaine! Now! One! Two! Three! Four!

But Slaine shoots up and then gets in Rex Knox's face that he's not going to ruin his big moment tonight. Knox threatens back with a disqualification, prompting Slaine to turn his attention back to punishing the newest main roster star of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

He's got Sgt. Safety.

Thomas pulls Safety up by an arm, then yells at a fan mouthing off in the front row to shut up. He turns back to Safety... but out of nowhere, Safety fights back with a quick jawbreaker.

Lance:

There we go!

Thomas Slaine is sent stumbling back with the jawbreaker while Safety is trying to get his wits about him again. When Slaine comes around, he charges, only to get snapped over with the DEEP Arm Drag to take him off his feet! The crowd cheers him on!

DDK:

Slaine gets taken off his feet with the arm drag! Ever think you'd hear a reaction for such a move?

Lance:

I can't say I had that on my Wrestling in 2022 Bingo Card, no.

Slaine gets up angrily, but Safety gets him with a hip toss this time and brings him down to the mat! Slaine is even angrier and tries to get up... but Sgt. Safety ducks a charging clothesline from Slaine. When the brawler from Louisiana comes off the ropes, Safety counters back with a big overhead belly-to-belly suplex! Slaine is turned upside down while holding his back in pain.

DDK:

Sgt. Safety taking it back to wrestling after Slaine turned this into a brawl.

Lance:

We've seen Sgt. Safety employed this tactic in his last match... and it seems to be working!

The Prince of Proper Procedures is slow to get up after the early salvo, but then gets up and heads to the ring apron. He starts to shake the buckles to once again make sure that is all on the up and up and safe for him to climb. He starts to get up there... but before he can get a chance to set up anything...

Slaine rakes the eyes while he's on the ropes! The crowd jeers again as he presses The Sarge off the top rope and then throws him down to the canvas!

DDK:

Ooh! Thomas Slaine attack the eyes and then snatches Sgt. Safety off the top rope.

Lance:

But look where Thomas Slaine is going!

Seeing that it failed Sgt. Safety, he cautiously starts to climb through the ropes and then starts to head to the top turnbuckle himself. Once he gets there, he flies off and connect with a perfect flying elbow to the face of Sgt. Safety as he tries to stand!

DDK:

Right on target! Can Thomas Slaine break the streak?

He hooks the legs.

ONE...

TWO... NO!

The NOLA Faithful cheer as he gets the shoulder up! Slaine is angry and irate with the count.

DDK:

He might have had it, but he kicked out!

Slaine angrily gets back up and then grabs Safety by his arm. He whips him by the arm into the corner again and when he lines up, he tries to run for the Shotgun Dropkick...

But hits nothing but the turnbuckle! Sgt. Safety moves and Slaine crashes hard into the buckles!

Lance:

The corner dropkick misses! This is Sgt. Safety's chance to make a comeback!

The Prince of Proper Procedures slowly starts to rise while looking down to Thomas Slaine trying to get back up in the corner after his crash landing. Sgt. Safety charges and connects with a flying back elbow in the corner, followed by a running bulldog out of the corner! The crowd cheers on Safety as he points to the corner he tried to climb earlier...

DDK:

Sgt. Safety trying again! Can he hit the move he was going for earlier?

With Thomas Slaine down on the mat, he starts to go to the apron again and then makes a quicker pace to get to the top rope. When Slaine starts to rise... Sgt. Safety takes flight with a high angle diving crossbody!

DDK:

Sgt. Safety scores with a beautiful crossbody! He calls that move The Crash Pad!

Lance:

And can he follow up?

After the great landing, he rolls off of Safety and then gets back to his feet. He hooks the arm of Slaine next and then looks out to the cheering Faithful. Both arms get the overhook... then Sgt. Safety SNAPS back into a high and tight bridging suplex!

DDK:

There we go! The Safety Pin connects!

He bridges the pin!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Safety Dance" by Men Without Hats ♪

Sgt. Safety rolls off of the bridge and then climbs back to his feet in victory. Rex Knox hands him his decibel meter! He holds it up close and hears the crowd.

DDK:

Another win by Sgt. Safety with that Safety Pin!

Lance:

Nice maneuver! The arms are trapped, he has him down. And that's win number two on the main roster!

Sgt. Safety climbs out to the outside and then raises the decibel meter again and then chats with a few fans at ringside about how he's proud that the safety protocols allowed him to make it to the top rope.

Let's move on, shall we?

FIXING THE PAST

The scene opens to an off-camera location during the ACTS of DEFIANCE press conference where Pat Cassidy, Brock Newbludd, and Ophelia Sykes are in the process of walking off the stage and through the side location, towards their locker room. They continue to communicate with each other about their successful match and what to do with the new Ballyhoo Brew before they stumble upon two particular subjects they are unfortunately familiar with.

Malak Garland, Conor Fuse... and the rest of The Comments Section goons.

Dressed in their ring gear and ready for battle, it's clear Garland and Fuse are headed towards gorilla for the start of their match against the Pop Culture Phenoms, while The Ultimate Gamer speaks to the rest of the cReW and tells them they should go back to their locker. However, coming upon the 'drunken duo' it's clear through body language Conor Fuse may be the only one of his group to welcome the sight of two wrestlers who may be rivals in their own right but nothing like the shit show he's dealing with.

Conor Fuse:

Boys.

Fuse takes a step forward towards Cassidy and Newbludd.

Conor Fuse:

Congratulations on reclaiming your space.

Conor's eyes roll to the back of his head, as if insinuating he's speaking about the group of tools behind him.

Conor Fuse:

Wish I could rewrite my wrongs.

The Ultimate Gamer gives it a shrug while it looks like Brock smiles genuinely and Pat on the other hand, forces a grin across his face.

Brock Newbludd:

I hear ya, bud. That same thought crossed my mind when I found myself hog tied to a chair in Davey's cabin. Thing is though, thinking about what you should've done in the past ain't gonna do jackshit for your future.

Newbludd taps Fuse in the chest with a finger.

Brock Newbludd:

What happens next is up to you, Conor. Trust me on that.

Cassidy, who has thus far tried to keep his eyes off the conversation, gets nudged by Ophelia. He clears his throat and turns to the Conor and Malak duo.

Pat Cassidy:

Yeah. The past can hurt. But you know what? You either run from it... or you learn from it, you know?

A moment of silence as everyone contemplates this oddly profound piece of wisdom. Cassidy's expression doesn't soften, but he does explain.

Pat Cassidy:

It's... it's from The Lion King. The monkey said it. But yeah... thanks and shit.

Pat... very reluctantly... reaches out and extends his hand to Conor. The Ultimate Gamer is surprised by this but ends up shaking Cassidy's hand.

Pat then turns to Malak. He also extends his hand for a shake toward the snowflake. Malak eyes it with suspension. Finally, he goes to accept...

...and Cassid pulls it away at the last second, instead moving his hand up to pretend that he's combing his hair.

Malak Garland:

Whatever. I wasn't going to actually shake your hand anyways. In fact, I find hand shaking OFFENSIVE! There's a transfer of germs when you touch the hand of another person. Yuck. Tickle me SO triggered right now. Come on cOnOr, we have a match to win. Congrats on getting Ballyhoo back. Good job. Big deal. No one cares. I was looking forward to having a spot of tea at Ned's reformatorium.

Red in the face, Malak does his best to hide his true feelings of being a butthurt brat.

Malak Garland:

I said let's go, cOnOr. We need to win our match and I even got us Gatorade White Frost as our celebration drink afterwards. Bless.

The scene fades as SNS carry on like the interaction they had didn't happen to begin with.

UNIFIED TAG TITLES: TITANES FAMILIA (URIEL CORTEZ & TITANESS) vs. BIG TROUBLE (BIGBOSS BATTS & BIG KAHUNA ALI'I)

DDK:

Welcome to our main event of UNCUT and tonight, we have a rare Unified Tag Team Title match that was made from our recent BRAZEN Double Shot! The new champions, Uriel Cortez and Titaness, Titanes Familia defended the titles in a special match against The Conclave, only for BRAZEN's Tag Team Champions, Big Trouble, to challenge for the titles!

Lance:

"Bantam" Ryan Batts was a prominent wrestler underneath Oscar Burns who challenged for the Southern Heritage Title on a few occasions. He volunteered his time to BRAZEN where he renamed himself BIGBOSS Batts, surrounded himself with two monsters, Big Kahuna Ali'i and "Big Aug" August Lazar. He had a run as BRAZEN Champion and now Big Trouble share the BRAZEN Tag Team Titles under the freebird rule where any two can defend them.

DDK:

Batts and Ali'i represent BRAZEN, but Batts learned from Oscar Burns on how to get ahead. It would be unwise for Cortez and Titaness to look past their opponents tonight so let's get to this special main event now!

Darren Quimbey in the ring with the New Orleans Faithful cheering them on!

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team contest is set for one fall and it is for the UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP!

The graphic for the Unified Tag Team Titles appears on the screen for the rowdy crowd. The lights start to change to a dark red color... white light flashes at the stage...

♪ "Trouble Coming" by Royal Blood ♪

The first person to come out is a person that the crowd reacts to. Wearing a red studded leather jacket, black sunglasses, red wrestling trunks and boots... out comes the former Ryan Batts, now the cocky and dickheaded BIGBOSS (all caps, no substitutes) Batts with one of the BRAZEN Tag Team Titles around his waist.

Behind him, a HUGE man of Hawaiian heritage, standing 6'4" with a red towel over his head. Black knee-length trunks with red trim, red tape on his otherwise bare feet and red wrist tape, the big man is wearing the other half of the BRAZEN Tag Team Titles.

DDK:

The fans remember Ryan Batts! Now BIGBOSS Batts! He and Big Trouble have been top fixtures of BRAZEN for the past several months and they won those titles, ending the 250-plus day reign of the Rain City Ronin to win them!

Lance:

And behind him is a huge prospect, formerly Luke Ali'i, now known as Big Kahuna Ali'i! Six-foot four! Three-hundred plus pounds but he can move like a cruiserweight. He has a power and speed advantage that he can use to offset the size of Uriel Cortez tonight!

Batts and Ali'i pose in the ring with their BRAZEN Tag Team Titles and look forward to adding more. As their music cuts, Batts talks trash to the crowd.

BIGBOSS Batts:

BIG BELTS FOR THE BIGBOSS!

After he and Ali'i's music cuts, it goes to their opponents.

This is everything

The Glitch Mob, Mako, The Word Alive
It's BOBBY by the way
Let's get it

♪ "RISE (remix)" by Gitch Mob, Mako, The Word Alive and BOBBY ♪

The lights flicker back on and the crowd EXPLODES!

Left side of the ramp: The silhouette of Titaness! Wearing a blue top with gold trim and pants of the same color held together by a gold belt design. Her hair is tied up in a small series of ponytails in a mohawk style.

Right side of the ramp: Uriel Cortez, arms in the air! Wearing a brand new set of blue and gold thigh length trunks, kneepads and boots. Wrists taped in a golden color! He raises a hand in the air while Titaness poses on the ramp, sending blue and gold pyro shooting off in multiple directions! The champs and their five titles head to the ring. Once inside, Titaness poses on the apron while Cortez steps onto the apron and then raises his hand. They climb inside and then hand the titles over to the official, Hector Navarro, as the super serious introductions begin!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challengers... at a combined weight of 517 pounds... they are the BRAZEN Tag Team Champions... they are Big Kahuna Ali'i and BIGBOSS Batts... **BIG! TROUBLE!**

Both Batts and Ali'i raise their titles in the air representing BRAZEN.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, at a combined weight of 539 pounds... and we wish them congratulations on their new marriage!

A pop from the crowd as Cortez points at Darren Quimbey and mouths "thanks."

Darren Quimbey:

They are the team of "The Show of Force" Titaness! "The Titan of Industry" Uriel Cortez! **TITANES FAMILIA!**

Cortez and Titaness raise their fists in the air to a HUGE cheer from The Faithful. The newlyweds are ready for battle. Titaness and BIGBOSS Batts start for their teams.

DING DING

Batts stands at 5'8" and looks up to the 6'1" Titaness, but he doesn't seem to be bothered by it. He goes low for the leg, but when Titaness tries to stop him, Batts swings around and baits her with a quick drop toe hold to the mat followed through right into a front face lock!

DDK:

Batts was a VERY accomplished technical marvel on the mat. Ten years traveling the world and honing his craft to be able to do that... but these days, he's become a bit of a bully along with Big Trouble.

Lance:

I can see that!

Titaness fights upwards and takes Batts with her, but Batts leaps up first and the BIGBOSS rolls her over into a headlock takeover to put her back on the mat. He laughs in triumph over being able to outwrestle Titaness at the moment... but gets a shock when she grabs an arm and then swings him over before applying a quick hammerlock! He yells out and tries to use a back elbow to free himself, but Titaness backs up. She releases the hammerlock and picks up BIGBOSS Batts before dropping him down with a big rear waistlock takedown! He tries to free himself, but The Show of Force picks him up again and drops him a second time. He's down on the ground when Titaness twirls a finger against her dimple and offers up a quick smile of her own.

Lance:

Titaness also showing she's more than just power! She had multiple years as an amateur wrestler in both high school and college before turning professional!

Titaness holds her own so BIGBOSS Batts rolls over to his corner to tag in the massive Big Kahuna Ali'i! The impressive Hawaiian star makes the tag and then pulls himself over the ropes with a jump before landing on his feet. Titaness offers a retort of her own by tagging in her big husband! Cortez gets huge cheers as he steps over the ropes.

DDK:

Here we go!

The crowd cheers for the HOSSFITE about to commence and despite giving up a lot of height to Cortez, Ali'i shows no fear. The two lock up, but before Cortez can push him back, Ali'i goes low with a kick to the left leg, then a flurry of palm strikes to the chest! Uriel tries to get up to block, but ends up getting pushed into a corner! Ali'i even has the audacity to fire off a STIFF open-palmed chop to Cortez's chest in the corner!

Lance:

Ooh, this crowd is booing! That might as well be sacrilege using chops against Cortez, famous for those.

The 7'2" Cortez seems to be aware and he ROCKS Ali'i with a huge chop of his own! He stuns the man and then runs the ropes. Shockingly, Ali'i drops down! Cortez keeps running, but when Ali'i gets back up... Cortez knocks him down with a shoulder!

DDK:

Good footwork by Ali'i, but Cortez too strong!

Ali'i tags to BIGBOSS Batts while Cortez is posing for the crowd... then dropkicks the knee of Uriel as he turns around! Cortez limps as Batts continues to throw STIFF kicks to the legs!

Lance:

And Lindsay Troy helped teach Batts those kicks! He's learned from some of the best in DEFIANCE!

The blows make Cortez wince when Batts continues to kick at the giant. He runs off the ropes for another low kick, but Cortez stops it with a low big boot from the other leg! The crowd cheers when Cortez picks Batts up and then throws him back to the corner! He holds Batts in place with a knee against his chest, then shakes his hands...

THWACK!

DDK:

Chop of Ages! Now the tag to Titaness!

The Show of Force is out next... CHOP OF AGES of her own! Batts is doubled over, but Titaness picks him up and deadlifts him before carrying him around the ring right into a gutwrench suplex! She goes for the cover on Batts!

ONE... TWO... NO!

Batts kicks out, but Titaness makes the tag to Cortez again.

Lance:

More great teamwork by Cortez and Titaness coming up!

Cortez picks up Batts and holds him up on his shoulder! BIGBOSS Batts freaks out, then gets slammed with a delayed body slam! He then waits as Titaness runs into his grip and Cortez throws her into the air and comes down with huge elbow drop!

DDK:

Nice move together! That's the One Tall Elbow Drop!

Titaness leaves the ring while Cortez picks him up and whips Batts to the ropes. He throws Batts up... then a HELL of a chop to the back on the way down! The crowd cringes while Cortez stands over the fallen BIGBOSS. Titaness gets the tag again from her giant beau and then climbs in. As Batts gets up, Titaness charges forward and runs him down with a flying shoulder tackle!

Lance:

What a tackle! The Unified Tag Team Champions are holding down things right now!

DDK:

And now look! I think Titaness is thinking of ending it!

She has a double underhook on Batts and tries for the Titanium Driver... but Batts suddenly reverses into a hurricanrana! Titaness gets slung over and the BIGBOSS runs to the ropes. Big Kahuna Ali'i makes a tag that Titaness doesn't see as Batts runs forward and catches Titaness with a penalty kick! She's down when Ali'i gets up into the ring. The monstrous Hawaiian waits as Titaness gets up... and the 300-pound Ali'i hits a HANDSPRING BACK ELBOW! The arena is shocked as Ali'i sits up and literally pats himself on his own shoulder for the spectacular move for a man his size.

DDK:

What the hell?! Where did Ali'i uncork THAT move?!

Cortez looks a little stunned as well, but is also concerned with Titaness' well-being. Big Kahuna Ali'i laughs and then goes for the tag to BIGBOSS Batts. Batts heads into the ring and lets Ali'i pick him up before dropping all his weight onto Titaness with an elevated senton! Batts bounces off of her rib cage and things go from bad to worse when Ali'i hits the ropes and drops the big leg drop (brother!).

Lance:

Ali'i is an agile beast! Big Aug isn't here tonight but that giant is even more terrifying!

DDK:

Cover by Batts! Will we see a title change?

ONE... TWO... NO!

Titaness kicks out, but BRAZEN's Big Boss stays on the attack. Titaness tries to sit up, but Batts KICKS her viciously in the back! The Show of Force feels the force of the kick and arches her back. Ali'i gets the tag and the monster gets into the ring. The crowd jeers the monster as he waits for Titaness to stand. He runs the ropes as he she gets up. She is thinking a clothesline, but Ali'i scares the crowd with even more agility by sidestepping via a CARTWHEEL, then turns her inside out with a lariat of his own!

DDK:

Where has Batts been hiding this guy?!

Lance:

Big Kahuna Ali'i's journey has been incredible in BRAZEN. He came in weighting around 350. Batts took him under his wing and helped him with a workout regiment to lose weight and gain speed. When Batts became BIGBOSS Batts, Ali'i loyally followed his mentor and that's where they have been since!

The crowd jeers Ali'i as he doesn't go for a cover, but instead goes back to tagging BRAZEN's Big Boss. Batts runs the ropes for a tiger feint kick-type spin as Ali'i holds Titaness up, allowing Batts to CLUB her with a discus lariat of his own!

DDK:

Great tandem offense! Batts calls that move The Flipside and he just took down Titaness! Will BRAZEN's Tag Team Champs do the unthinkable tonight?

BIGBOSS makes the cover!

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

The shoulder rises up first! Titaness is still in the game despite the wicked pair of lariats from their opponents. Batts looks out to the crowd and then grabs Titaness by the waist... into a DEAFIFT Bridging German!

DDK:

There's the famous Deadlift German Suplex by Batts! New champs! New Champs!

ONE... TWO... THR-KICKOUT!

Titaness BARELY kicks free, but she needs to make the tag now to Cortez, who waits on the ring apron. Batts argues with Hector Navarro and slaps his hands three times in quick succession, but DEF's head ref for tag matches tells him it's only two. Batts annoyingly goes back to Ali'i. The Hawaiian climbs on in and then picks up Titaness for a canadian backbreaker! He holds the submission attempt on to wear down The Show of Force!

DDK:

Ali'i is putting the hurt on Titaness! That Canadian backbreaker is a deadly submission!

Lance:

Big Kahuna Ali'i looking really great in that ring right now, but Titaness is trying to still fight her way out!

She tries to pry his arms apart, but it doesn't work. Titaness then elbows Ali'i upside the head. She keeps on going and going until The Big Kahuna's grip loosens, allowing Titaness to land behind him. She pushes him into the ropes... AND HITS A SNAP GERMAN SUPLEX OF THE ROPES TO ALI'!! THE FAITHFUL LOSE IT!

DDK:

WHAT A COUNTER! TITANESS TAKES ALI'I OFF HIS FEET! NOW SHE NEEDS TO MAKE THE TAG!

Titaness holds her back in pain, but she's trying to get to her corner while her new husband is ready to make the tag. The Show of Force rolls over and starts to make it to her corner, but gets stopped by a grab... Ali'i is STILL ON HER! He grabs her by the leg, but Titaness steps around and then jumps up with a knee to the face! Ali'i gets stumbled back and Titaness makes the tag to Cortez! The crowd goes crazy!

DDK:

AND HERE WE GO! CORTEZ IN THE RING!

The Titan of Industry steps over the ropes and then hits a running shoulder tackle that knocks a still-stunned Ali'i off his feet, then runs over with a knee to the body of BIGBOSS Batts that knocks him off the apron.

DDK:

Cortez with a knee! Now he's going outside?

Lance:

Better run, Batts!

Cortez climbs over the ropes and heads to the outside where BIGBOSS Batts is still trying to get up. He picks up Batts and then slings him over to the ropes before DROPPING him with a chop to the chest! The crowd collectively winces in pain as Batts is left reeling on the mat!

DDK:

Rebound chop by Uriel! He's making sure that Batts can't get involved!

The Titan of Industry climbs back inside, but to his shock, he's met with a tackle from Big Kahuna Ali'i, muscling him into a corner! The crowd is in shock when he charges forward and hits Cortez with a running back elbow, then executes a lucha roll out of the corner! The agile Big Kahuna rolls back to his feet and then lands a big splash on Cortez!

Lance:

Wow! He calls that the Big Kahuna Combo! And that agility from Ali'i is scary!

DDK:

Cortez shouldn't have put that attention on BIGBOSS Batts!

Big Kahuna Ali'i finishes the strike combo and yells out as he taunts the crowd. He makes that universal "belt" motion for The Faithful to show that he's about to win. He tries to pick up Cortez out of the corner in a samoan drop setup... but Cortez throws elbows to the side of Ali'i's head and stops him from going any further. The Big Kahuna of Big Trouble stumbles back while Cortez backs up to the corner. He sets Ali'i on his shoulder, then hurls him with a huge atomic throw out of the corner! Ali'i gets thrown across the ring and he tries to get up... BIGGEST DROPKICK IN DEFIANCE!

DDK:

CORTEZ WITH DEFIANCE'S BIGGEST DROPKICK! HE TAKES DOWN ALI'II!

Cortez feeds off the crowd! He gets back up and picks Ali'i up to set up for the 218 Powerbomb... but Batts is back with a dropkick to the knee of Cortez that brings him low to his other knee.

DDK:

Batts in!

Batts smacks his forehead and aims at Cortez for the BIGBOSS Brains finisher, the flying headbutt... but out of nowhere, Titaness comes in and hits a HUGE running spear to the chest of BIGBOSS Batts, knocking him out of the way!

Lance:

Batts out!

Cortez and Titaness share a brief kiss in the ring to cheers from the crowd before Cortez goes to finish the match. He picks up Ali'i up... 218 POWERBOMB!

DDK:

218! THAT'S IT!

The Titan of Industry goes for the pin on Ali'i after the one-shoulder powerbomb!

ONE... TWO... THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "RISE (remix)" by Gitch Mob, Mako, The Word Alive and BOBBY ♪

The Faithful cheer as the champions make a second successful defense of the Unified Tag Team Titles against BRAZEN's Tag Team Champions!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners and STILL the Unified Tag Team Champions...**TITANES FAMILIA!**

Cortez and Titaness embrace in the middle of the ring after the win and Navarro returns the Unified Tag Team Titles to the Tag Partners For Life. They raise the titles above their heads to loud cheers!

Lance:

Great main event tonight! I talked to the happy couple earlier and they want to be fighting champions, so I think we can see a lot more of this out of Titanes Familia!

DDK:

They are indeed great champions and so far, have made no bones about defending the titles against any challenger! Thanks for joining us for UNCUT and we will see you next week for our first DEFtv since Acts of DEFIANCE! So long, everyone!

The final shots in the ring are Cortez and Titaness with the titles in tow, showing them off for the crowd. Tag Partners For Life.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.