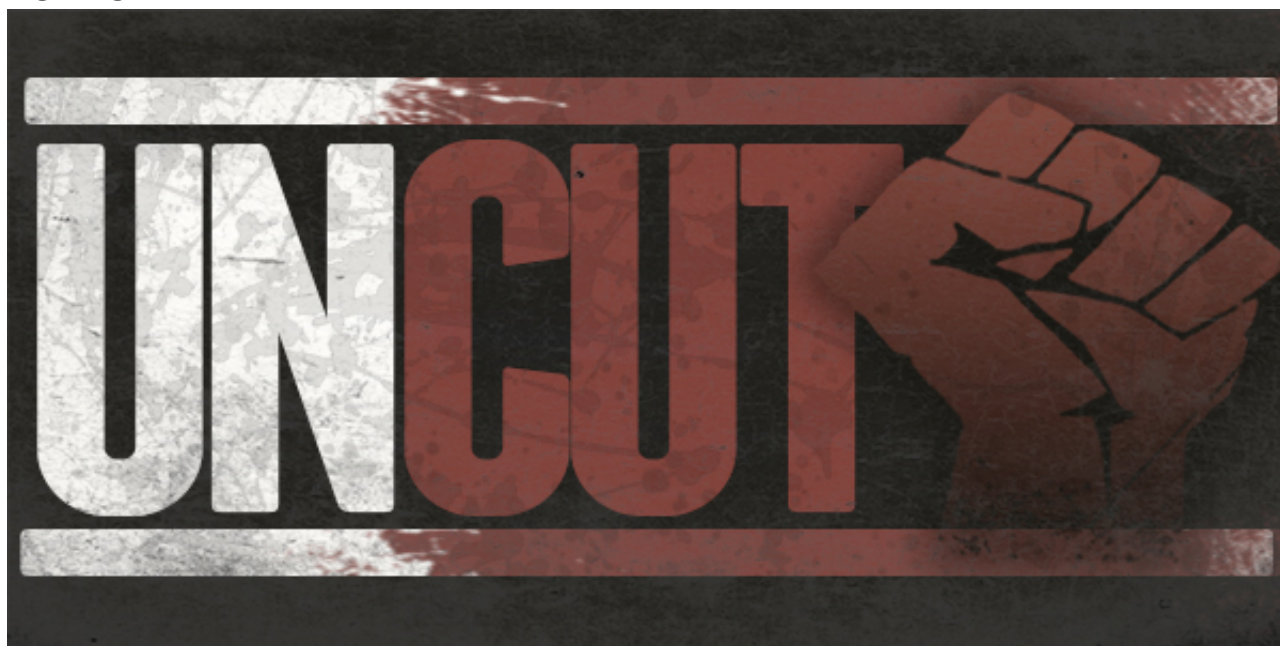


SHOW OPEN

GULF COAST CONNECTION vs. THE CURT CUNNING EXPERIENCE

FILMED PRIOR TO DEF ROAD NIGHT ONE

DDK:

Welcome to UNCUT and coming up first... we have some six-man tag team action featuring the return of Theodore Cain! Cain, as you may remember, missed a few months due to a fireball attack he suffered at the hands of Alvaro de Vargas.

Lance:

I'm sure both teams want to put recent events behind them and tonight, they'll get that chance. They'll be taking on BRAZEN trios team, The Curt Cunning Experience. Curt just lost the BRAZEN Star Cup to Nathan Cross last weekend, but a win over a main roster DEFIANCE team is going to go a long way towards possibly making it on the main roster.

DDK:

This match is coming up right now to kick off the show! Let's get down to ringside for the first match!

Darren Quimbey is in the ring ready to kick off the first match of tonight's show!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is a six-man tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first... from "WHEREVER THE PARTY IS"... "Wingman" Titus Campbell! Theodore Cain! The Crescent City Kid! **GULF! COAST! CONNECTION!**

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

The trio make their way out from the back to a nice pop from the crowd! Crescent City Kid is out first before the MSG crowd and the noise is loud! Behind him, "Wingman" Titus Campbell is out next in a silver themed Mardi-Gras hat and sunglasses with lights! They each take a side of the stage... and out comes Theodore Cain! 100% and back on the active list, all three members of GCC form for the first time in a few months!

DDK:

There he is! And what a way to return right here in Madison Square Garden!

Lance:

Indeed! Let's see if the Gulf Coast Connection can get the win here tonight!

Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young child in the audience with his parents before they start to head inside. Campbell, CCK and Cain - wrestling for the first time since being injured by Alvaro de Vargas a few months ago - all bump fists.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, already in the ring, at a combined weight of 659 pounds, they are the team of "Cunning" Curt Cunning, Curt Cunnig Dos and Hijo de Curt Cunning... **THE CURT CUNNING EXPERIENCE!**

The namesake of the group is front and center in a black mask with silver markings and a singlet. The slightly shorter Curt Cunning Dos is wearing a similar mask, but in more chiseled shape at 230 pounds. The shortest member, Hijo de Curt Cunning, has on the same black and silver mask with silver kickpads and MMA-style shorts. They talk strategy amongst themselves before it is Hijo de Curt Cunning starting.

Lance:

This Curt Cunning Experience is... something. The other two men helped OG Curt Cunning retain the BRAZEN Star Cup for a time. They try shady stuff in that ring!

DDK:

A good test for Gulf Coast Connection here tonight!

Theodore Cain wants to get back on the proverbial bike while Hijo de Curt Cuning gets in a fighting stance. Hector Navarro calls for the bell.

DING DING

The Smash Surfer and Hijo lock up quickly. Hijo slips free and plants a pair of quick leg kicks to the knee of the larger wrestler before trying to lock in a quick armbar. He tries to take the bigger man down to the mat with OG Curt and Cuning Dos both shouting instructions on how to ground him... but instead, Cain goes back to the ropes and shoots him off. When Hijo comes back, Cain runs forward and nails him with a big running back elbow!

DDK:

Wow! Right off the bat, Cain takes down Hijo de Curt Cuning! He looks like he's missed being inside that ring!

Lance:

And he's enjoying it!

Theodore Cain grabs Hijo in a front facelock and then drops him with a big gourdbuster mid-ring! After he gets planted, the crowd knows what's coming next! He walks right on the back of Hijo de Curt and then starts pretending to surf! He throws up the double hang ten sign with his hands and gets cheers from the MSG Faithful!

DDK:

Riding the Waves!

Cain jumps off of Hijo's back and then pulls him by the leg to the corner of the GCC! It's the smallest member, Crescent City Kid, that gets the tag! Cain picks up Hijo and body slams him near the ropes, allowing CCK to slingshot over with a senton! He pops up and runs the ropes, before coming back with another flipping senton!

DDK:

Not one, but two flipping sentons from CCK! He's got him down!

Lance:

And now CCK with the tag to Titus Campbell! Here comes The Wingman of GCC!

The 271-pound Campbell comes in as CCK hits a springboard bulldog out of the corner. After he gets faceplanted, Campbell drags him to the ring and then picks him up in a fireman's carry...

Lance:

Uh-oh! Now he's got him up in the air! Hijo hasn't even gotten a tag yet!

DDK:

The Wingman giving Hijo a little bit of Turbulence!

After he completes the Airplane Spin, he drops Hijo on the ground with a front fireman's carry slam! After he's down, Campbell goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

But before the three, "Cuning" Curt Cuning gets in and hits a low dropkick to break the cover up!

DDK:

The rest of the Curt Cuning XP have seen enough!

OG Curt hits the ring apron next before CCK and Cain expect it! Cuning Curt knocks CCK off the apron with a

forearm and right behind him, Cuning Dos is behind him and then hits Cain with one!

DDK:

And just like that, the Curt Cuning Experience have taken control!

Lance:

And they're helping up Hijo!

They do so just as Titus Campbell starts to stand. When he does, he gets hit with not one, not even two, but THREE pairs of dropkicks by all three masked men! Hector orders them all over to the corner or get disqualified!

DDK:

And now The Curt Cuning XP take over with some quick shenanigans of their own.

Lance:

Hijo tags out to Leader Curt!

Curt Cuning measures up as Titus Campbell starts to get back up to his knees... then CRACKS the big man right on the button with a big superkick on the button! Titus crumbles over and Curt tries to go for the cover.

DDK:

He calls that the Cuning Linguist Kick and we could have an upset on our hands!

Cuning hooks a leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Wingman makes a big kickout! The other members of GCC slowly get back up and once again make it to the corner. Both men want tags as CCK goes for an armbar!

DDK:

Nice armbar there! Can he tap out the big man?

He tries to bring Titus to the ground... but before he can, Titus POWERS him up quickly and takes him back down to the mat with a modified back suplex! Both men are down and Titus clutches his arm before he rolls over!

Lance:

That is a powerful man! Titus Campbell takes him out!

Titus Campbell rolls away to his corner. Curt Cuning does the same and slowly rolls over and tags in Cuning Dos. He enters and tries to stop Titus by grabbing a leg, but the big man kicks him away with his other! Titus kicks him off and then rolls... tag to CCK to a loud cheer from the MSG Faithful!

DDK:

And here comes CCK! He goes right up top!

The Crescent City Kid goes up top and then takes flight with a big springboard crossbody! He rolls off of him and then springs up to deliver a running dropkick on Hijo de Curt Cuning to knock him off the apron as a receipt for earlier! He then slides between the ropes and jumps through just as Cuning Dos is back up...

DDK:

CCT! He nails the flying tornado DDT through the ropes!

CCK makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Saved by OG Curt!

Lance:

Curt gets in on the nick of time, but wait! Here comes Cain!

Curt Cunning gets in and tries another Cunning Linguist Kick on Cain first, but The Smash Surfer grabs the leg and spins him around. When he turns around, Cain grabs him on his shoulders into a big fireman's carry jawbreaker!

DDK:

High Tide for "Cunning" Curt Cunning! He's done!

Cunning is knocked out of the ring! CCK gets the tag to Titus Campbell and then he climbs back in. He hits the move by double underhooking the arms of Cunning Dos ... and then nails The Hook-up! The elevated underhook plants him and then Camp! bell makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo ♪

Titus climbs off of him and then raises his arms! The other members of Gulf Coast Connection enter the ring and cheer on the trio for their win!

Darren Quimbey:

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

Titus, Cain and CCK all grab their Mardi Gras hats, masks and beads and then celebrate with Hector Navarro as Cunning XP all regroup from this bad result.

Lance:

A nice return to form for Gulf Coast Connection tonight! Theodore Cain looked great here tonight and it is great to see the band back together.

DDK:

Indeed! They all work well together as a trio so we'll see what the future holds for them!

The Gulf Coast Connection each take a turnbuckle and take items out of their gift bags to hand out. They throw out beads and masks for the Faithful to catch as the show moves forward.

STRONG AF OPEN CHALLENGE

FILMED PRIOR TO DEF ROAD NIGHT ONE

DDK:

We've got our next match tonight on UNCUT and in the house, we have the up-and-comer Strong AF in action and the young powerhouse has declared an open challenge to anyone who will face him.

Lance:

In the past few weeks, we saw Strong AF battle with Titanes Familia member and a fellow BRAZEN graduate in Dan Leo James! This culminated in a big No Disqualification match on DEFtv 181 that saw Dan victorious!

DDK:

Strong AF has had a few weeks off to regroup from that loss and tonight, I hear he's in a bad mood. Let's go to ringside for the next match! The former strongman in an open challenge!

And off to Dairy Queen... sorry, the other DQ, Darren Quimbey for intros!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is an open challenge match! Introducing first...

♪ "Watch Me" The Phantoms ♪

The lights start to go dark and in moments, they give way to green lights flashing in tune with the drum beats of the music. Wearing a dark green towel over his broad shoulders, green thigh-length trunks with a white AF logo on the front, he marches with a golden plate on a pedestal at the entrance. He smirks, and then rubs his hands in the bowl full of weightlifting chalk before THROWING it up in the air in a cloud!

Darren Quimbey:

...From Seattle, Washington, weighing in at 267 pounds... he is ALLEN FOSTERS... **STRONG! A! F!**

The Seattle Strongman rubs his hands together and then starts heading towards the ring with intent to hurt somebody. He stomps a foot on the steps, hits the bicep flex, then heads up the steps. Strong AF enters the ring and the first thing the young powerhouse does is snatch the microphone out of Darren Quimbey's hand!

DDK:

Looks like he has something on his mind! Who's going to take this man up on the challenge in the mood he's in.

The Seattle Strongman rubs a hand on his chin with his music fading out.

Strong AF:

I'm not wasting my time with that giant-ass manchild, Dan Leo James, anymore!

He gets some jeers from the crowd as he looks out towards the entrance.

Strong AF:

SOMEONE'S getting their ass beat. I don't care how big you THINK your balls are... and I don't care how tough you THINK you are. Get your ass down here or I'm coming back there and dragging someone out here for a fight!

The Seattle Strongman marches towards Quimbey and pushes the microphone back into his chest so hard, he almost falls over. Fosters waits for someone to make their appearance.

And when he does...

SHATTERING SOUND

"OOH-WA-AH-AH-AH!!"

♪ *"Down With the Sickness" by Disturbed* ♪

...The crowd goes mild.

Strong AF seems to know what's up and buries his face in his hand like he wants to be anywhere else. Tearing through the curtain as the main riff hits is the seven-foot giant JUSTIN SANE. His hair is dyed an absurdly bright shade of bright orange and red, and he is likewise wearing matching colored eye contacts, one orange and red. He moves down the rampway with a smile that suggests nothing less than absolute self-confidence. Some of the Faithful are on their feet... going to the concession stand.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... didn't he quit? No? We hired him back? Why... ugh... from MURDER CITY and he wants us to say that in all caps so you know he's serious... he weighs in at an astounding three-hundred and thirty-five pounds... he is wrestling's only Powerhouse Hardcore Technical High Flyer... Nuts to this, Justin Sane.

When Justin Sane makes it down the ramp and to the ring, he has a microphone of his own so clearly a member of the production team is fixing to get fired like that streaming snafu back at DEFIANCE Road.

Lance:

How... why? You know what? I'm rooting for Strong AF. Yeah. I said it.

DDK:

I know this job can be taxing at times, but try to remain impartial.

Strong AF is pacing around the ring while Justin Sane has his crappy (p)leather jacket on.

Justin Sane:

MADISON SQUARE MOTHER-F***ING GARDEN! THE HOUSE... LIKE MANY THAT I ALREADY OWN... THAT JUSTIN SANE BUILT!

The only reaction he gets from The Seattle Strongman is a "wtf?" look on her face.

Justin Sane:

You wanted the baddest motherf***er around, Strong AF? Then you must be DUMB AF if you think that you're walking out of New York City alive! You think muscles makes you a f***king badass? Wrong. Being a f***king badass makes you a f***king bada... DAMN IT!

He almost trips coming up the steps! He barely stops himself from completely falling on his ass by grabbing a rope, but the crowd starts laughing at the monstrous Sane regardless. Justin yells back.

Justin Sane:

SHUT UP AND SUCK MY D***! YOU DON'T LAUGH AT GREATNESS! GREATNESS LAUGHS AT YOU!

Sane finally steps into the ring with Strong AF looks up at him.

Justin Sane:

YOU WANT THIS? REF? RING THAT F***ING BELL!

The mic drops as Rex Knox has unfortunately drawn the short straw to start this match. He calls for the bell as Sane rips his jacket off and Strong AF wishes he was anywhere else but here.

DING DING

At the bell, Sane throws his coat at Strong AF! Fosters swats it out of the way, but Justin Sane delivers a HUGE big boot right to his face!

DDK:

Oh, NO! Sane just threw his jacket at Strong AF and caught him with that cheap shot!

Lance:

No way! Is Justin Sane getting ready to have an actual win in the win column?

Sane yells at Rex Knox to hurry and count!

ONE...

Just a one-count when The Seattle Strongman kicks out! The Extreme Technical Powerhouse High-Flyer looks stunned he doesn't get the fall!

DDK:

That was... well, not a bad ploy by Sane, but Strong AF kicks out!

Lance:

Now what does he do?

Justin Sane gets back up to his feet and then he drags Strong AF with him! He whips the Seattle Strongman off the ropes and then goes for another raise of the boot, brother. This time, Strong AF ducks under the boot and keeps running. When Sane turns...

SPEAR!

DDK:

Justin Sane knocked right out of his boots with a huge spear from Strong AF!

Lance:

I think he's about to ragequit again!

The Seattle Strongman gets up and wants to get the hell out of her as fast as he can. Sane is holding his rib cage up and then tries to limp to his feet, only for Strong AF to blast him from behind with another big tackle against the ropes! The seven-foot putz gets knocked back and bounces right back into the grip of Strong AF grabbing him by the legs... and the crowd audibly gasps as he is able to lift the seven-footer in the air and spikes him down with the modified leg trap into the chokeslam!

DDK:

OOOH! DEADLY AF! THAT WAS IMPRESSIVE STRENGTH!

Lance:

Unlike Justin Sane, at least Strong AF lives up to his billing!

The camera even sees one of Strong AF's contacts fall out of his eye after the impact. Strong AF kneels on his chest and then hooks a nonchalant leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Watch Me" The Phantoms ♪

The Seattle Strongman does get a few cheers for taking care of Justin Sane rather quickly, but is annoyed he even had to go through the effort. He doesn't even stick around to get his arm raised by Rex Knox and simply leaves the ring to head to the back.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **STRONG AF...** yeah...

He's in no mood for games. The young powerhouse takes his leave and heads to the back.

Lance:

...At least it was short. And any chance we can cut away from this before Justin Sane ragequits again?

DDK:

I'm not in charge of any of that, but if the production folks could lend us a hand with that, that'd be great.

Justin Sane slowly gets his head back up, stumbling on the mat as he's wondering what just happened. Rex Knox explains to him off-mic what just happened.

Justin Sane:

Wait... I LOST?! I WASN'T READY! THIS IS A F...

LAST SHOT

Backstage we are shown an office room. A mahogany desk in front of a leather chair while puffs of smoke coming from a cigar. On the desk is an assortment of documents, and a 1950's antique radio, with a Dark Orchestra of Moonlight Sonata softly playing in the background. Ravanna in her normal business suit attire, but with a scarf covering her neck stands in front of the desk with her hands placed over one another in front of her. Reaper the Grey is now in a business suit, and Skylar is also in one.

Obviously, Crimson Lord is the one in the chair, he takes a few more drags of his cigar before setting the cigar in an ashtray. He slowly turns the chair around to face the members of the house.

Crimson Lord:

What do you have to say, boys?

Reaper and Skylar look at each other. Grey decides to respond.

Reaper the Grey:

We left him a bloody mess in that ring, I'd say Scrow is finished.

Crimson scoffs under his breath. He turns the knob to the off position on the radio. He reaches over and grabs a remote and clicks the button as he points it at the flat screen on the wall. It's a still image of Scrow standing at the end of the match.

The two look at the screen and then return their looks back at a Lord who just has a blank stare toward them.

Crimson Lord:

Does this look like you did your job?

Reaper the Grey:

We won the match boss.

Crimson Lord:

Oh, so that is what makes you think you accomplished your mission huh? You won a match, mind you that was supposed to be a handicap match.

He briefly looks over at Ravanna, then returns his stare at the two men.

Crimson Lord:

My enemy still stands, which means you FAILED!

Reaper the Grey:

What else was there to do? He was left a bloody mess.

Crimson stands up and puts his hands on the desk leaning over it.

Crimson Lord:

You left him to fight another day. That is a FAILURE in my book!

He stands up and looks over at Skylar.

Crimson Lord:

Now since I have to yet again make plans to once again deal with this situation. Mr. Skylar.

Skylar:

Yes, boss.

Crimson Lord:

Mr. James took it upon himself to get involved in my affairs. Deal with this matter!

Skylar:

Not a problem boss man.

Crimson looks back at Reaper.

Crimson Lord:

At DEFTV both of you are going to finish the job, OR ELSE. Mr. Grey, make sure you finish Scrow this time. Now get out of my sight!

As the two men walk off, Ravanna tries to follow but is stopped just as the men have left.

Crimson Lord:

Oh, and Miss. Ravanna.

Ravanna not acting her normal self a bit jittery responds.

Ravanna:

Yes...yes, Mr. Lord?

Crimson walks around the desk and walks up to her staring down at her. He puts his finger under her chin.

Crimson Lord:

See to it that they do not fail me or you will suffer the same consequences as they will.

Ravanna:

Yes...y...e...ss s..i..r.

Crimson warmly smiles down at her and runs his hand through her hair.

Crimson Lord:

Now, remember always Miss. Ravanna, you have always been my most reliable ally. Do not make me second guess that dear.

She quickly shakes her head no and quickly leaves. As the door is shut behind her. Crimson takes a deep breath, before walking back over to his desk sitting in the chair and turning the radio back on, and resuming smoking his cigar.

Fade out

NATHAN EYE vs. SHO NAKAZAWA

Darren Keebler and Lance Warner bring the viewers up to speed on the next match of the night.

DDK:

Ready for the next match, Lance? We've got a returning star making their way back to action after fourteen months on the shelf. Nathan Eye has shocked DEFIANCE Wrestling and joined the Better Future Talent Agency!

Lance:

Not only that ... he not only replaced Aaron King but he also injured him in the same manner that King helped do to him back in November 2021. We've seen in the days following that shocking revelation that Nathan Eye has been rubbing both fans and DEFIANCE Wrestling stars the wrong way with this new ... I don't know, his new take on life?

DDK:

He's been preaching positivity and this "Eyes on the Prize" campaign, but turned around and attacked Aaron King's shoulder by kicking it into the steel stairs. Look ... I can't begin to understand what Nathan Eye went through. He had two setbacks in recovery that would have stopped other athletes, but he made it through the other side.

Lance:

Now we'll see what Nathan Eye has in store tonight when he faces Sho Nakazawa! He called Sho out on our social media outlets for his less than stellar record in the ring which was not considerate but how Sho will respond!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Tateyama, Japan, weighing in at 185 pounds... SHO NAKAZAWA!

♪ "Pyrotechnics" by Cliff Lin ♪

Sho Nakazawa, the masked man from the land of the rising sun, walks through the curtain to a subdued but audible round of cheers from the DEFIANCE Faithful who, despite his less than win/loss record, still knows what he can do in the squared circle. Nakazawa pauses to give the fans a quick bow of respect before sprinting toward the ring! His music shifts to loud booing for the appearance of Tom Morrow on the stage!

BOOOOOOOO!!!

Tom Morrow is out to greet the fans with his sophisticated wit and charming repartee.

Tom Morrow:

You all suck. Shut your mouths and let successful, educated, money-making adults speak now!

The jeering is in full force.

Tom Morrow:

When I promised a clean sweep that's exactly what DEFIANCE Wrestling got! Alvaro de Vargas sent Deacon and Magdalena to the hospital and you'll never see them again. The Lucky Sevens turned back two of the very best teams in DEFIANCE in the *real* main event of DEFIANCE Road! And the man that's about to come out here and give Sho Nakazawa the schooling he deserves is coming out ...

Rapid clapping starts along with deep bass beats as the lights flicker in shades of sky blue.

Tom Morrow:

... now!

Three words appear on the DEFIA-Tron in neon red:

CONCEPTUALIZE

ACTUALIZE
REALIZE

♪ "All Eyes On Me" by Jean Deaux ♪

Wearing a new white coat, white pants with the three words emblazoned all over in different colors, white wrestling shoes and most importantly, a pair of Prince-inspired silver-tinted "third eye" sunglasses! Out comes the brand new Nathan Eye! He raises his sunglasses to the ceiling and Tom Morrow hands him a microphone.

Nathan Eye:

DEFIANCE Wrestling! It's time! It's time to rise and grind!

The crowd do not want to hear any of this and they boo him out of the building.

Nathan Eye:

Sho Nakazawa ... the fourteen months that I was gone from DEFIANCE Wrestling, you were actually one of my favorite wrestlers to watch. Like my story coming back to the ring to perform in front of all of you again, I found your personal story intriguing as well.

DDK:

What is this blowhard talking about?

Nathan Eye looks up at Sho from outside the ring with Tom Morrow walking closely behind.

Nathan Eye:

You lost ... you lost ... you continued to lose. You lost some more. You lost to Butcher Victorious! You lost all over the place, but here you are in that ring trying to get right back on the horse. At least you're wearing a mask so if you get tired of all the laughing and staring coming from the boys in the back, you can at least take it off and then hide in plain sight! That's genius, my friend!

The crowd is booing and Nakazawa continues to not like this beratement from Eye. Eye removes his jacket.

Nathan Eye:

This match will be a good one! It will be the constant go-get-em attitude of Sho Nakazawa against 251 pounds of pure perseverance! The Handsome Face of DEFIANCE Wrestling! Natty Eyce himself! NATHAN! EYYYYYEEEEEE!!! Just remember, Sho ...

Nathan rolls under the ropes and stands up.

Nathan Eye:

Keep your Eyes on the Prize ... He gives the mic back to Tom Morrow ... and then he spins around to nail Sho Nakazawa with a big clothesline! The referee calls for the bell with the action getting started quickly!

DING DING

DDK:

Hey! Uncalled for!

Eye stands over Sho.

Nathan Eye:

... and you can do *anything* you want!

Jeering hits as Eye goes right to work on Sho by hitting him with a big jumping stomp right to his masked face! Sho flinches after the stomp into the mat while Nathan takes note of the reaction from the fans.

Lance:

Also uncalled for!

DDK:

We saw Nathan Eye wrestle with a new level of intensity to do what he did in quick fashion to Aaron King! We'll see if he can also do this to Sho Nakazawa!

Nathan Eye doesn't mince time and picks up Sho to throw him into the ropes and nail a quick back body drop as he comes back. Lil Nak goes flying in a way the high-flyer doesn't want to go and crashes! Natty Eyce turns back to Sho.

Nathan Eye:

Come on kid! You can do this! Eye ... believes in you!

DDK:

Ugh!!! That's nauseating.

Lil Nak gets overwhelmed by the newfound sheer strength of Nathan Eye. He picks him up and presses Sho up against the ropes then steps through. He waits and then he strikes Sho down with a big knee to the side of the head. Sho gets knocked around and he's scrambling around when Eye looks to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful only to be surprised by the booing.

Nathan Eye:

Come on! I'm still on your side!

When Sho gets up he gets taken right back down with a slingshot shoulder over the ropes! Nathan makes it look easy when he gets up.

DDK:

Great slingshot shoulder tackle from Eye! We've seen Nathan make adjustments to how he is in the ring to compensate for that injury and this power!

Lance:

That is true! The old Nathan Eye would be flying around a lot more, but when he put on that extra muscle and suffered that shoulder injury, he's wrestling a more grounded style here.

Eye is rooting for his own opponent to stand but when he doesn't do it fast enough he picks him up first ... but Sho may have been playing possum! He gives Eye the slip and pushes Natty Eyce forward but Nathan clutches the ropes. Sho rolls backwards to his feet, then ducks under an oncoming clothesline by Nathan Eye to come off the ropes. Sho jumps up ... but gets caught on the shoulders of Nathan and then gets dropped back on the mat with a big pop-up into a released flap jack!

DDK:

More power by Nathan Eye! He's still testing the waters with this newfound strength, but he needs to be taking Sho a little more seriously.

Lance:

100%!

Nathan ducks down closer to where Sho is reeling on the mat and tells him to keep on trying. He scoop Sho up again and then tries another clothesline, but Sho moves catch him by surprise with a spring board moonsault!

DDK:

Nathan took a little too long trying to mess around with Sho Nakazawa and it almost cost him big here!

Lance:

We know Nathan Eye is still trying to get his feet wet when it comes to the ring shape aspect of things, but he shouldn't be taking any opponent lightly like this!

Nathan Eye gets back to his feet and then tries to kick him down with a big move. Sho tries a kick and Nathan grabs the leg first. He flips him up and over, but Lil Nak is able to land up and deliver switching kicks from one leg to the other and then completes the combination with a jumping spin kick that hits Nathan and sends him back to the ropes.

DDK:

Lil Nak always so full of spirit! If he has a chance, he'll go for the win!

Natty Eyce is stumbled by the kick, but he is still on his feet. When he runs at Nak, he gets a running drop kick to the left leg that finally gets him off his feet for the first time! He is down when Sho takes his time before unleashing a wicked super kick on the jaw!

Lance:

Big kick by Nathan Eye!

Sho finally has Nathan Eye down and then hits a spring board moonsault with big hang time! He covers Eye!

One ...

Two ...

DDK:

Kick-out ... wait! No! No! What's he doing?!

But not only does Nathan Eye not kick out, he still has a hold of Sho when he rolls backwards on the mat and then up to his knees and finally, to his feet while *still* holding a squirming Sho in the fall away slam set up. He spins Sho around and then drives him down with a swinging side slam!

DDK:

I can't recall *ever* seeing someone do that out of that attempt! He's got Sho where he wants him now after he lands the Eye of the Tornado!

He snatches Sho off the mat with an inverted face lock then and then points out of the corner like a baseball player calling his shot. Nathan Eye charges and then drives Lil Nak right into the mat by hooking a neck, then lifting him up from behind into a michinoku driver!

DDK:

New finisher! He calls that move The Eyce Breaker! He put down Aaron King and earned his spot into Better Future Talent Agency with this move!

Nathan Eye casually pins him to the canvas.

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "All Eyes On Me" by Jean Deaux ♪

When the music hits Nathan Eye gets back up and then stands up. He allows the referee to hold his arm up and then he goes up to the fallen body of Sho Nakazawa and raises a limp arm.

Nathan Eye:

Give it up! Sho Nakazawa everybody!

DDK:

OH, GIVE IT A REST!

Lance:

I really don't like this new, disingenous Nathan Eye. I really don't!

Tom Morrow looks happy with the performance of Nathan Eye and then leaves the ring with him as they go up the ramp.

DDK:

This new style of Nathan Eye has led him to success twice and that new muscle buster finisher is a killer! It's going to be hard for someone to overcome that move!

MUCHA LUCHAS vs. GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT

DDK:

Welcome back to Uncut, everyone! Coming up next, we're going to see one of Brazen's recent tag team signings in action. It'll be the team of...let me make sure I get this right...El Chupacabro and El Grande Diablo...the Mucha Luchas, taking on Gentlemen's Agreement.

Lance:

I've been keeping an eye on these two for a while now, and let me tell ya, DDK...these two young luchadors have been a *force* on the Mexican independent scene these last couple of years. DEFIANCE isn't just handing out Brazen contracts, you got to earn it.

DDK:

Great point, partner. Why don't you give us the skinny on Mucha Luchas?

Lance:

First off, these two lifelong friends are not your traditional luchadors. Both are built like linebackers and hit like one too. Their offense is straightforward and high-impact, we won't be seeing too many planchas from these guys.

DDK:

At the end of the day, it doesn't matter how you get the pinfall as long as you get it. These guys really shined on the last Brazen Double-Shot, nearly winning the tag titles after earning a shot via an impressive battle royale victory.

Lance:

It was an impressive outing, to say the least, partner. I'm eager to see how they handle their first chance to shine under the big lights of DEFIANCE.

DDK:

As am I! Let's take it down to Darren Quimbey to get things underway.

Standing in the center of the ring, next to referee Rex Knox, the veteran ring announcer addresses the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a tag team match and is scheduled for one fall!

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" by The London Philharmonic Orchestra ♪

Boos fill the arena as Lord Sewell and Oliver Tarquin Monroe make their way out onto the stage with smug looks spread across their faces.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first! Weighing in at a combined weight of 458 pounds...Lord Sewell...Oliver Tarquin Monroe...The Gentlemen's Agreement!

Clearly not bothered by the jeers raining down on them, the two Brits promptly make their way down the ramp and enter the ring.

DDK:

Lord Sewell and his protege, OTM, know their way around the ring about as well as anyone we have on the roster. Scoring a win tonight against the upcoming Luchas might just be the springboard they need to get back in the mix for a shot at the Lucky Sevens.

Lance:

They might need more than a single win to do that, DDK. But, you're right, a win tonight would definitely help their cause.

♪ "We Will Rock You" by Mariachi Apocalipsis ♪

Receiving a warm welcome from The Faithful, the two identically dressed luchadors come out onto the stage with a burst of energy. Clapping their hands and stamping their feet to the all-too-familiar rhythm of the classic Queen song, the two youngsters do their damndest to rile the capacity crowd up.

DDK:

Who knew that Queen would sound so good in mariachi?

Lance:

Not me, partner. But, I dig it, and I think The Faithful does too!

Surprisingly, the crowd begins to clap their hands in rhythm with the beat as the two body suit-wearing luchas stop at the top of the ramp and high-five each other.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents! Hailing from Hueso de Puerco, Mexico at a combined weight of 486 pounds...El Grande Diablo...El Chupacabro...this is Mucha Luchas!

They turn their attention to the ring and sprint down the ramp. Sliding into the ring at the same time, they both pop up to their feet and climb up separate turnbuckles to raise fists to the crowd. As their music dies down, Mucha Luchas makes their way to their designated corner while Gentlemen's Agreement does the same.

Lance:

Looks like it's going to be El Grande Diablo starting things off for Mucha Luchas. On the other team, it looks like his lordship Sewell has volunteered to kick things off for the Gentlemen's Agreement.

DDK:

Youthful vigor versus hard-earned experience. Should prove to be an interesting matchup to kick things off.

While Diablo hops from one foot to another, Sewell grabs onto the top rope to give his middle-aged muscles one last good stretch. Seeing that both teams are set and ready to go, Rex Knock calls for the bell.

DING DING

Lance:

And we're off! The Elder Technician immediately shoots the leg and brings El Grande Diablo down to the mat.

Having taken Diablo down on his back, Sewell attempts to apply a leg lock but he's sent stumbling backward courtesy of a well-placed kick to the jaw by the lucha. Diablo follows the defensive attack with an offensive one by performing a cheer-inducing kip up and clobbering the middle-aged grappler with a STIFF lariat.

DDK:

Oh my! His lordship just got clotheslined out of his boots and the masked youngster is already on him, hammering away with some solid fists.

Picking Sewell up off his feet, Diablo fires him toward Mucha Lucha's corner and his lordship runs face-first into El Chupacabro's outstretched foot. Now finding himself stumbling backward, Sewell is picked up off the ground by Diablo and sent hard to the mat with a bridging back suplex. Knox is there for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!!

OTM with the last-second save!

Lance:

An impressive suplex from Diablo earned him a pin but Monroe was quick to break things up...

DDK:

Hold the phone, Lance! El Chupacabro's taking flight!

Before Knox can even think about scolding OTM, the young protege is hit by a human missile named El Chupacabro. Springboarding off the top rope, Chupacabro nails him with a flying shoulder tackle. Knocked off his feet, Sewell's protege tumbles backward and falls to the floor on the outside.

Lance:

That big flying tackle sent OTM back from whence he came and now referee Knox is trying to corral El Chupacabro.

Making hand motions and speaking ultra-fast Spanish, El Chupacabro feigns ignorance as Knox points back to the Mucha Lucha's corner. Chupacabro throws his hands up and nods his head in understanding to the referee while Diablo scrapes Sewell off the mat. Turning on a heel, Chupacabro begins to walk back to his team's corner while Diablo applies a double underhook to Sewell and begins to unload with heavy knees into his lordship's face.

DDK:

El Chupacabro is back in his corner but here comes OTM on the outside of the ring. He doesn't look too pleased about eating that big shoulder!

Inside the ring, Diablo spots OTM racing around to attack his partner from behind. Switching his grip to a gut wrench, the powerhouse lucha lifts the groggy lord high above his head into a powerbomb position. Keeping him held up, Diablo races towards the ropes and throws Sewell over them!

Lance:

Incoming!

Catching a glimpse of the in-ring action out of the corner of his eye, OTM stops in his tracks and looks up just in time to see his mentor flying toward him. Unable to get out of the way, the protege throws his hands up just as Sewell crashes into him! The Faithful let out a cheer at the outstanding gut-wrench powerbomb!

DDK:

Holy cow! Lord Sewell just got powerbombed out of the ring!

Lance:

Talk about raw power, DDK. El Diablo just threw a two hundred-and-thirty-pound man like he was a sack of potatoes. Not a lot of technique there but when you got strength like that, you may not need it.

Staggering to his feet, OTM pulls the discombobulated Sewell up to his feet. Together, the Gentlemen's Agreement turns their attention back to the ring just in time to see two shadows appear above them.

DDK:

Double cross-body blocks by the Mucha Luchas! These youngsters have come to Uncut to make a statement!

Rising back up to their feet with opponents in hand, the twin luchas promptly smash Sewell and OTM's heads together. Inside the ring, referee Knox starts the count and Diablo quickly tosses Sewell back into the ring. Crawling up onto the ring apron, Diablo steps back in and levels Sewell with another wild clothesline. Yanking him back up by an arm, the pride of Huesco De Puerco grabs Sewell by the neck and roughly tosses him into a corner. Charging ahead, he promptly crushes his lordship into the corner with a running shoulder.

Lance:

Diablo is working over Sewell inside of the ring but we still have action happening on the outside with Chupacabro and OTM!

Grabbing OTM by an arm, Chupacabro violently pulls him in close and TOSSES him with a beauty of a T-Bone suplex! Monroe soars through the air and crashes hard into the security barrier. Shellshocked, Monroe slumps to the floor in a heap as he processes the sudden pain racking his body.

DDK:

Oliver Monroe has just been laid out with an explosive suplex that came out of nowhere!

Lance:

Things are not looking better for The Elder Technician either, partner.

DDK:

If you ask me, it's clear that Gentlemen's Agreement we're not expecting this kind of offense at all from their opponents.

Lance:

How could they? We barely know anything about Mucha Lucha and that's supposed to be our job!

Still in the corner, El Grande Diablo literally pounds Sewell down to the mat with a barrage of heavy-hitting punches. Leaving OTM on the floor, El Chupacabro hops up onto the ring apron and his partner sticks a hand out.

DDK:

Tag is made and now El Chupacabro is the legal man. I think Mucha Luchas has something planned here, Lance.

Lance:

I think so too, partner. El Chupacabro is heading up top...

As Chupacabro scales the turnbuckles, Diablo roughly picks Sewell up with another gut wrench, turning his back to the corner as he does so. As soon as he gets his lordship all the way up into the launch position, Chupacabro leaps off. In an impressive display of timing, Diablo slams Sewell to the mat with another powerbomb and Chupacabro sails over to crash on top of Sewell with a splash!

DDK:

A big powerbomb and an even bigger splash! El Chupacabro's got the leg hooked!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Lance:

Aye caramba! What an upset!

♪ "We Will Rock You" by Mariachi Apocalipsis ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen! The winners of this contest via pinfall...MUCHA LUCHA!

Having recovered somewhat from being suplexed into the barricade, OTM slides back into the ring and crawls over to Sewell. Helping his lordship up to a seated position, OTM sneers at the exiting luchas in disgust as they exit the ring to a well-earned ovation from The Faithful.

DDK:

It was an upset in every sense of the word, Lance. That being said, Lord Sewell and OTM were clearly caught off guard by the explosiveness of Mucha Lucha. His lordship is not the type of man to make the same mistake twice and something tells me if these two teams tangle again, Gentlemen's Agreement will be more than ready.

Lance:

You don't last as long as Sewell has in this business without knowing how to learn from your mistakes. This is just one bad night for him and Monroe. If I know Sewell like I think I do, this is something he's not going to be forgetting very soon. Or forgiving for that matter.

Backpedaling up the ramp, the two youngsters bow respectfully at their defeated opponents before raising their arms up in victory. Now back up to his feet, Lord Sewell angrily pulls away from OTM and puts a hand up to his aching head. Glaring up at the exiting luchas, his lordship kicks the bottom rope in disgust as the victorious newcomers make their exit.

DDK:

Quite the main roster debut for Mucha Lucha, to say the least. Earning the victory in dominant fashion, and possibly a bitter rival along the way.

Lance:

No doubt about that, DDK. Alright, folks, Uncut will be back in just a few short minutes so stay tuned for more hard-hitting action!

JJ DIXON vs. BRAYDEN W. LEVRINGTON

♪ "Brutal" by Olivia Rodrigo ♪

The poppy/punky pre-teen anthem plays and out comes BRAZEN's Brayden W. Levrington. He's tall, about 6'4", with a slim, athletic build. He has a well-coiffed haircut come backed, like something you'd see a Duke University undergrad have when they are interviewing for a summer internship at a Wall Street investment firm. He's wearing a white Ralph Lauren tennis sweater over matching white "casual cool" shorts and white boots. He's wearing an obviously fake, somewhat creepy, smile on his face that he quickly turns into a "I will have my father fire you in front of your children" sneer as he comes to ringside.

DDK:

And again making an appearance on Uncut is BRAZEN's Brayden W. Levrington, who has started to make a name for himself in our affiliated promotion.

Lance:

Brayden's been in BRAZEN for some time now. But he has come into his own now. He's the wealthy son of a Texas bank CEO who attended a series of prep schools in the Dallas-Fort Worth Metroplex, being kicked out of each one for his problematic behavior. He has a major darkside with him, leading people to give him the nickname "The Preppy Killer." And he has decided to embrace that as his personality, and it's showing up in results... even if he comes off like a serial killer.

The lights in the arena go out.

♪ In the Air Tonight by Phil Collins ♪

The DefTron appears with The Uncut Gems on the screen -- JJ in the background and as you damn bet always, Teri taking the lead.

JJ Dixon has his hair slicked back and grown out a little bit, along with the three-day beard of an Atlanta Brave prospect due to win Rookie of the Year. He has a cocksure grin on his face and is wearing a amethyst purple sequin floor length robe that says "JJ" in interlocking silver jewels. The spins around for a full 360 and in the same silver are the words "The Special Attraction" in the type of cursive they don't teach in schools anymore.

Teri Melton's hair is its natural jet black color and in early movies starlet flapper curls. She has a netting on her hair that includes little sparks of silver and the same shade of amethyst of JJ's robe -- and the sprinkles in her hair give her a bit of a literal aura around her. She has dangling silver earrings with amethyst jewels in the middle. She's also wearing a sequined amethyst shawl over her custom fitted, high-end Beverly Hills boutique Gucci dress, fitted to exemplify her let's politely call it ample cleavage befitting her Olde Hollywood body frame. She's noticeably without her cigarette holder, but she's somehow even doubly filled with sass and mystique.

The crowd erupts at their sight and starts the chant before they can even start. After all, they are Uncut's home team!

UNCUT GEMS!

UNCUT GEMS!

UNCUT GEMS!

The chant dies down as they begin their trademark West Wing-style walk-and-talk.

JJ Dixon: *[in his thick Texas Matthew McConaughey twang]*

Allright allrighg allrighggh! Now, I just want to be really honest with everyone. I love professional wrestling. I don't just love being a professional wrestler. But I love everything about professional wrestling. I didn't have much at all as a kid, just me and my sister and my mom, bouncing around from place-to-place in Houston's lesser neighborhoods. But I remember being home, alone, one day and putting on the local FOX affiliate and seeing professional wrestling for the first time, and I was hooked -- like all of you in The Faithful -- straight HOOKED.

The crowd cheers loudly at the mostly cheap pop.

JJ Dixon:

I remember watching Joe The Plumber raising hell in New Frontier Wrestling, the every man taking what was his in the face of all odds. I remember seeing Deacon -- yes, the very same Deacon -- winning his first title in the CSWA, a 7-foot behemoth doing a hurucanrana off the top rope, and making everyone believe! Hell, my earliest childhood memory is of a mysterious masked figure claimed the Empire Pro Wrestling's top title... and took off the mask to reveal herself as Lindsay Troy!

(More cheers from the crowd for the walk down nostalgia road, albeit with a lot of boos for the mere mention of the name Lindsay Troy.)

JJ Dixon:

But I wasn't just someone who watched all the main event stuff. I watched EVERYTHING. I'd spend whatever money I had to buy tapes to see hardcore bloodbaths and technical masterpieces from Japan. I tried to learn Spanish so I could understand lucha libre. And I'd stay up to 4 AM to watch some sketchy fly-by-night indie promotion's second and last show. Because that's where you saw new faces gritting and grinding to their top, and that's where you'd see cast-off veterans doing what they could to once again become relevant, digging down to places they didn't know they could find for one more chance at the bigtime. I knew there were only a few of us watching those shows... but we were the REAL head rasslin' fans -- the ones who live and die with this industry, no matter who is paying attention!

JJ rolls his shoulders a bit as the crowd gives the "respect" applause.

JJ Dixon:

Just a few months ago, I was on the cut list. I was about to hang it all up. But then I got a shot right here on Uncut. I met Teri Melton right here on Uncut. We made our name right here on Uncut. And I showed up and showed out at DEFIANCE Road. And you may have seen or heard, but I'm kind of a star now because I STOLE THE DAMN SHOW! The Special Attraction proved he was indeed just that! And I showed why I! AM! THAT! DUDE!

THAT! DUDE!

THAT! DUDE!

THAT! DUDE!

JJ Dixon:

Uncut? This show is for the REAL fans -- the kids at home, who have nothing in their lives but pro wrestling, who see something like themselves in a guy like me! The fans who need that fix. The people who need to see the next big thing before it becomes big. And that's why Uncut... will ALWAYS BE MY HOME! And that's why I know that anytime I show my handsome young stud features here on Uncut that I'll have The Greatest Home Court Advantage(TM) in Professional Wrestling Today!

The crowd cheers at that loudly, buying into the concept of Uncut fans doing Uncut Gems things.

And then they cheer even louder as DEFIANCE's "Yasssss Queen" knows just how to make the right pause to capture attention. And then she starts her grand proclamation.

Teri Melton:

I am cold as ice and absolute fire, baby, fire! And I know my palm tastes pretty damn tasty because I've got the whole damn world eating out of it.

JJ fans himself as he walks behind her as Teri holds her palm up under her chin while making a "kissy face."

Teri Melton:

I am The Gangster in a Gucci Dress. I stick the bank robbers up at gunpoint (Teri puts her hand like she's got a pistol) and I snatch the bag from the jewel thieves. (She blows on her imaginary piston.) I'm banned from every casino on the Sunset Strip yet I always and I mean always come home with allllll the chips.

JJ pretends like he's rolling dice at the craps table.

Teri Melton:

I don't ring the doorbell hoping, just hoping, that someone's going to answer. I kick the damn door down with the pointed toe of my \$1,000 gem-encrusted Prada shoe. The Uncut Gems train has left the station... and the next stop is (Teri extends her hand out, briefly and coolly blows on her fingers before making a FIST) total domination.

Teri points both thumbs at her chest when yelling that word. She holds them there for a brief moment as her "cat and canary" smirk appears across her face. She knows she's throwing a 100 MPH fastball with a perfect game headed into the 9th inning.

Teri Melton:

Our rapid ascent has surprised oh so many... except The Faithful plugged in on Uncut! They knew it was coming, and it was coming soon. This is where we showed we're not just an underdog story. This is where we showed we're not just a redemption tale. This is where we showed why we're now the leading stars of this box office bonanza, and everyone else on this roster has a supporting role! This is the first place we took over. And that is why we call ourselves The Uncut Gems! But ohhhh baby we want a whoooooole lot more.

There are two-outs in the bottom of the 9th. And Teri's fastball is humming.

Teri Melton:

The name of this promotion may be DEFIANCE... but I now call it something else...

JJ starts to hold up The DiamondHands. As Teri tilts her body to the side and provocatively puts her left hand on her hips with a big Hollywood Diva on the Red Carpet smile.

Teri Melton:

MINE!

The crowd starts roaring. Teri makes them wait for it, a slight nod, a purse of her lipsticked lips, and letting them know it's coming.

Teri Melton:

And The Faithful knows this is true. Because...

Teri slowly starts to raise her hands in the air and say her catchphrase as JJ holds "DiamondHands" gesture. In the middle of their movements, the DEFTron goes dark and a spotlight appears at ringside, giving a "teleportation" effect - Teri in front of the ring, JJ on the ring apron facing the crowd. It's a perfect continuation of their movements from the screen. And the crowd shouts it with her as Teri's hands rise dramatically as JJ completes his gesture but wincing a bit in pain...

Teri Melton:

TERI MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

Uncut Gems!

Uncut Gems!

Uncut Gems!

The camera whips around the arena showing the fans holding up their DiamondHand. JJ stands on the ring apron pointing to his manager with two fingers, a giant smile on his face, as he says the words "Straight Heat." He then slingshots himself over the top rope, takes off his elaborate robe and starts stretching... with bandaging around his left shoulder.

DDK:

And hear they are! The Uncut Gems! The Faithful are treating this duo like conquering heroes returning home from

battle! At DEFIANCE Road, "The Special Attraction" JJ Dixon pinned his good friend MV1 with just seconds to go in their instant classic Ironman match -- and it left everyone buzzing!

Lance:

But, as always, so much of this buzz around this unit is around The Uncut Gems's mastermind, Teri Melton, who has taken DEFIANCE by storm! Nobody paid much attention to her upon her arrival -- an old manager forgotten through the sands of time. But she has made her Presence - with a capital P - felt, and then some. She is bold and brash, and her beguiling nature has captivated The Faithful, with her seductively roguish ways striking fear in the hearts of anyone she bats her hypnotic eyes at... yet no one can dare look away!

DDK:

The sky's the limit for where she and JJ are headed -- perhaps even higher than the hot air balloon they boarded when they absconded with Lord Nigel's money at the awards ceremony!

Lance:

But that wrapping around JJ's left shoulder is just a huge target for anyone he steps in the ring with. I've been told JJ severely strained some ligaments and muscles in his arm. He should probably sit out of action for a few weeks, but JJ does not want to give up the momentum he currently has. And who can blame him? He has all of the momentum in the world right now after many years of struggling to get a foothold here.

DDK:

And it appears Teri Melton is up to her antics already!

Teri stands on the apron behind Brayden W. Levrington. She beckons him with her finger. He looks uneasy, but he turns to her. She asks him to come to the floor, pointing a finger up to Referee Carla Ferrari to not yet start the match.

Teri Melton:

Mr. Levrington, as you know... I'm always looking for new talent.

Teri leans in close to the young man, her finger in his chest, as he rolls to the floor.

Teri Melton:

I've been scouting you in BRAZEN because we're looking to expand. You are so incredibly gifted. So incredibly talented. So incredibly... sexy. Why, under my watch, Mr. Levrington... I can just see why you could be a giant... (Teri looks down at his crotch!) star! So what do you say?

Teri has her devilish smile on her face as Brayden is a bit hypnotised and can't help but consider the flattery Teri is showing him. He starts to talk to her when Teri pirouettes away from him and out of nowhere --

DDK:

JJ DIXON SPRINTS ACROSS THE RING AND OH MY GOD!!! HE JUST CLEARED THE ENTIRE CORNER AND TURNBUCKLE! NO HANDS! ALL AIR! SOMMERSAULT SPLASH ONTO BRAYDEN LEVRINGTON! HE! IS! THAT! DUDE!

Lance:

I don't know if I've ever seen anything like that! But JJ has always been an athletic freak. Everytime this kid steps in the ring, we see something new from him that I didn't think was possible!

JJ stands up over Brayden and flashes The DiamondHands. Teri sees the camera with a cackle on her face as she holds her hand out to the side.

Teri Melton:

It is just too damn easy.

Uncut Gems!

Uncut Gems!

Uncut Gems!

DDK:

I don't know how she keeps luring people into these traps of hers. But she constantly does, and her and JJ have developed a unique chemistry that combines her scheming ways with his newfound in-ring ability.

Lance:

It's a partnership like no other.

JJ now quickly picks Brayden up in a guerilla press position and drops him face-first over the ring apron. Then he rolls the BRAZEN creep into the ring.

DDK:

JJ, though, is trying to wring out that shoulder of his.

Lance:

I can really see it limiting himself with moves that require a lot of upper body strength.

DDK:

JJ is now on the ring apron himself. He's waiting for Brayden to get to his feet... JJ springboards -- AND HE HITS THE WIREHANGER CLOTHESLINE! JJ SPRINGBOARDED INTO THE HEAVENS AND DOWN ACROSS LEVRINGTON'S NECK!

The camera now focuses on Teri at ringside as she stands with her back to the ring. JJ pops up and faces the camera in the background behind her. Then, without cue, Teri and JJ both... FARGO STRUT(!) in perfect choreography with each other. After three struts, they then hold up The Diamondhands and yell out UNCUT GEMS!

Most of the arena responds in kind to The Diamondhands and then they process what they just saw -- the old-school Fargo Strut. A bunch of people in the crowd start to stand and do their own version of The Strut in front of their seats, with a lot of appreciative laughter with them now using one of the more ridiculous taunts in wrestling lore. Teri points out to a man three rows back at ringside doing his own version of The Fargo Strut trying to get her attention. Once she points to him, he fans his face to cool down. There is even a chant of:

Strut!

Strut!

Strut!

DDK:

There is confidence! There is swagger! And then there is Teri Melton!

Lance:

Their antics know no limits. But antics, as highly entertaining as they are, don't matter if you can't back them up in the ring.

DDK:

And you also can't let public appreciations of wrestling camp be a distraction, either! Because Brayden Levrington just clutched JJ's left wrist and yanked on it! Now he does it again, and now leg sweeps JJ to the mat, and grabs an armbar!

Brayden W. Levrington:

Nobody Fargo Struts over Brayden W. Levrington and gets away with it!

Brayden continues to twist JJ's arm, before pulling JJ up while holding the wristlock. He moves this into a chicken wing, before shoving JJ into the turnbuckle!

DDK:

Brayden now stomping away on JJ repeatedly, all while eyeing The Gangster in a Gucci Dress.

Leverington quickly picks JJ up and hits a snap suplex. Then he quickly brings JJ back to his feet and whips him into the ropes, meeting JJ with a big Texas lariat. He covers, but only gets a one count.

Lance:

A lot of wrestlers born and bred in Texas love to use that big lariat. There must be something in the water that allows a Texan-bred combatant to dial back a big clothesline like that!

DDK:

Brayden now lurks as JJ gets to his feet.. **RUNNING BULLDOG!** And he spins JJ onto his face... **STF!** And he has it hooked tight in the middle of the ring!!

Lance:

You can see JJ struggling with that, since it's putting a good amount of stress on that banged up left shoulder of his!

JJ reaches up like he might tap. But Teri faces JJ and starts pounding on the mat rhythmically. The crowd follows suit, clapping along. JJ holds his hand again like he may tap, but then he quickly scampers to the bottom rope as the crowd cheers.

DDK:

And JJ breaks the hold! Now Brayden gets up, and has stern words for Teri.

Teri shoos him away with her hand and turns her back to him and walks away. Brayden continues to point.

Brayden W. Levrington:

Hey! No woman ever walks away from me--

DDK:

JJ just interrupted Brayden's attempt to scold Teri with a backstabber!

Lance:

Teri just knew how to read that young man perfectly. A quick dismissive wave made him angry, and then that made him distracted.

DDK:

JJ grabs Brayden by the hair -- Irish whip into the ropes. JJ with a leapfrog. Brayden rebounds -- JJ with another leapfrog! Brayden puts on the breaks, and JJ now leaps up with a huge dropkick square to The Preppy Killer's allegedly handsome face!

Lance:

There is JJ's explosiveness, which Teri has made a focus of The Special Attraction's development!

DDK:

JJ quickly picks Brayden up and whips him hard into the corner. JJ follows from the side... **RUNNING BIG BOOT RIGHT ACROSS THE JAW OF THE PREPPY KILLER!**

JJ mumbles a few words of trash talk in Levrington's ear as his right knee remains dangled over the top rope.

DDK:

JJ now ducks under the limp Brayden and, with a grimace on his face, has him up... **CARTWHEEL DEATHVALLEYDRIVER! AND JJ IN ONE MOTION ONTO THE SECOND ROPE -- SPINNING KICK RIGHT TO BRAYDEN'S SKULL!**

Lance:

That's now a featured combo from JJ over the past few months. It really shows a lot of the tools in his big - his strength, agility and knowing how you use it effectively with a kick to the jaw. And I have a very strong suspicion that Teri was the one who helped him develop that, too.

DDK:

Don't worry, I'm sure she'll let us know all about it. Brayden is now facedown on the mat. JJ stands over him... Full Nelson... AND OH WOW! SUNSET BOULEVARD! JJ just picked Levrington, who was face down on the mat, up in a full-nelson position, off the ground, and spiked his face off the canvas!

One!

Two!

Three!

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of the match.. The Special Attraction! J!J!DIXON!

Teri says something to JJ from the floor and he has a bit of a chuckle.

DDK:

Oh, what are these two doing now?

JJ leans over Brayden's limp body.

JJ Dixon:

I'm about to Fargo Strut all over Brayden W. Levrington... and I'm damn sure getting away with it!

Teri stands in front of the ring apron as JJ stands over the out-cold Preppy Killer. Teri has a devilish smile and the crowd picks up the cue as to what's coming!

Strut!

Strut!

Strut!

DDK:

And the rowdy, party-like atmosphere in support of The Uncut Gems amongst The Faithful continues... and this very well could be The Greatest Home Court Advantage in Professional Wrestling Today(TM)!

Teri Melton and JJ once again do a perfect in-synch Fargo Strut, ending it by placing their DiamondHands high in the sky as the fans - many of them also strutting their stuff -- follow suit with a massive yell of "UNCUT GEMS!" throughout the arena.

Teri waits in the aisleway. She grabs JJ by the arm and he plants a big wet kiss on her cheek as she then holds her hand out triumphantly and scans the adoring audience before (of course) finding the camera and wagging her well-manicured finger:

Teri Melton:

Uncut is our sandbox... and we're not sharing any toys!

UNCUT comes to a close.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.