

SHOW OPEN



TITANESS vs. TRIPP WISE

DDK:

Welcome one and all to tonight's edition of UNCUT from right here in Minneapolis, Minnesota! We've got Doctor Ned Reform in action later tonight, but kicking off the show... Titaness of Titanes Familia!

Lance:

Titanes Familia found itself in a very bad spot after Memaw Titan was attacked by Jestal of The Devil's Circus. Carolina Cortez suffered whiplash from the attack and will be out while her son, Uriel, was suspended pending investigation for attacking referee Brian Slater!

DDK:

Titaness is going it alone tonight in action as she takes on "The Wise Ass" Tripp Wise. Will the Mother of Muscles be able to fend off a hungry young opponent tonight with everything going on in the Familia? We'll find out as the show kicks off with in-ring action!

The camera goes to ringside for the first match of the evening with Darren Quimbey doing the in-ring introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "My Name Is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots feat. JET ♪

Three huge guitar riffs play... and when the music kicks on, The Faithful go nuts as The Mother of Muscles is out, holding her arms out on the stage, palms out in a bodybuilding pose!

Darren Quimbey:

...From The Bronx, New York, weighing in at 200 pounds... she is a member of Titanes Familia... **"The Show of Force"... TITANESS!**

The wife of one Uriel Cortez heads down the ramp and slaps hands with the members of The Faithful all along either side of the ramp. Once she gets to the ring, she walks up the steps and then pulls herself over the ropes with a jump into the ring! The athletic and powerful marvel gets cheers from The Faithful as she awaits her opponent...

♪ "In One Ear" by Cage The Elephant ♪

Out from the back comes a man now wearing black trunks, knee pads and boots... oh, along with a sparkling blue bow-tie and collar, not to mention a sparkling blue vest with tux tails hanging off the back! He carefully poses to the side on the ramp and has a microphone in hand as Quimbey announces him.

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent... from Tacoma, Washington, weighing in at 231 pounds... **"THE WISE ASS" TRIPP WISE!**

Tripp Wise looks out to the Minnesota Faithful and motions for his music to be cut.

Tripp Wise:

Minneapolis, Minnesota!

The obligatory crowd pop is heard right on queue as The Wise Ass slowly walks and talks.

Tripp Wise:

I heard you're all very excited for the Minnesota Vikings! Did I tell you about the one about The Minnesota Vikings not being allowed to eat cereal? Yeah, that one's true... cause they choke if they get anywhere near a bowl.

Booing. Titaness folds her arms and rolls her eyes at the hack walking to ringside.

Tripp Wise:

All right, don't get chilly, people. There's some tough-looking people out there in the crowd tonight. I see a few actual gangsters... in fact, they're real [*Minnesotan accent*] oh, jeez!

More booing. Now Tripp has hit the ring and looks up at The Show of Force.

Tripp Wise:

All right, all right, let's get real here kids. Titaness, your hubby got suspended, your mother-in-law got attacked and Dan Leo James is the biggest, doofiest manchild I've ever seen. Which leads me to ask you this... if you guys are looking for replacement members of Titanes Familia...

He starts batting his eyelashes at her in an exaggerated manner.

Tripp Wise:

I have no problem volunteering to be your dadd...

A solid punch to the face cuts off The PUN-isher! The Faithful erupt when Titaness picks up his microphone while Wise rolls back to the corner holding his face in pain.

Titaness:

That count as a punchline? Did I do that right?

That gets a cheer from The Faithful! The Show of Force flips the microphone away and then calls for the bell while Tripp Wise is in the corner still reeling.

DDK:

It was only going to be a matter of time before Tripp Wise antagonized the wrong person! Titaness is in no mood to play around tonight!

DING DING

The Wise Ass is still scrambling in the corner, but before he's able to do anything more, he gets nailed in the gut with a running spear straight in the corner!

Lance:

You're right, Darren! Tripp Wise getting attacked at the bell!

DDK:

She connects with that shoulder tackle in the corner... WOW!

And the crowd cheers as she HOISTS up Wise from the side before driving him over into a big gutwrench suplex! The 231-pound comedian gets tossed by the Show of Force who goes right into a cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Wise kicking out just after two, but Titaness already showing that incredible strength of hers!

The Mother of Muscles waits for Wise to try and get back to his feet for her to fire off a pump kick, but before she can land it, Wise falls back and The PUN-isher gives her the slip by peeling out of the ring to save himself. He gets jeered from The Faithful as Titaness leans in and opens the ropes to dare him to get back inside.

Lance:

Wise himself is a decent competitor when he applies himself, but if the goal here tonight was to irritate Titaness into making mistakes, it doesn't seem to have worked.

DDK:

I do believe that. Titaness on the ring apron... OOH! FLYING SHOULDER TACKLE OFF THE APRON!

The Show of Force takes flight and then knocks down Tripp Wise! She gets herself up to her knees on the outside and lets out a scream that gets reciprocated from the thousands in attendance. Titaness picks up Wise and then slips him back into the ring.

DDK:

Now it looks like The Show of Force trying again from the top rope... No, wait...

Titaness tries for another diving shoulder tackle off the top rope, but Wise slips away to the other corner, eliciting jeers from The Faithful. She rolls her eyes and climbs off the top rope slowly to give chase to Wise. He's hiding in a corner when he sees her coming... but then grabs her waistband and pulls The Show of Force directly into the middle turnbuckle!

Lance:

No! Wise suckered her in by hiding in the corner! Now what's he got planned next?

The Mother of Muscles is dazed in the corner trying to pick herself up just as Wise is trying to get away. When he has the chance, he gets back to his feet and then charges at the corner to unleashed a big running clothesline in the corner. He switches positions to a headlock on Titaness and then charges out of the corner with a huge running bulldog! After faceplanting the Titanes Familia member, Tripp gets back to his feet. He charges off the ropes and then delivers a quick seated senton to her midsection!

DDK:

Unorthodox combination of moves, but it gets the job done! Cover by Tripp!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

The shoulder of Titaness rises off the mat!

Lance:

Kickout by The Show of Force! Tripp staying on her though. He's got the front facelock applied now.

Tripp goes to pick up Wise and then strikes Titaness on the chin with a solid uppercut, followed shortly by a second one! She stumbles back to the corner and then looks out with a grin...

Tripp Wise: *[Dave Coulier-style]*

UPPER-CUT... IT... OUT!

When she is stunned in the corner, he follows it up by running at the corner with a running hip attack to the midsection! Titaness stumbles out of the corner and right into the grip of a swift three-quarters Russian legsweep combo!

DDK:

And there's... ugh, I don't wanna call this... Have A Nice Tripp! Right into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Titaness kicks out again, but Tripp Wise protests with the official, Rex Knox. Knox holds up two fingers and tells him that there was no three-count.

Lance:

This would be an upset for Tripp to get the win tonight over a former Unified Tag Team Champion! He came close to defeating Butcher Victorious for the Favoured Saints Title just a few weeks ago!

DDK:

That he did. And had that cringeworthy headlock knock-knock joke.

It must be that Tripp Wise has some form of ESP or something because after reading Keebler's mind, because he tries to go for the headlock next!

Tripp Wise:

Hey... hey... knock-kno... AHHHH!

Before he can hit the opening to the knock-knock joke, The PUN-isher finds himself backdrop suplexed right out of his boots! Titaness sits up and holds at her neck in pain while Tripp Wise is flopping around on the canvas holding his back!

DDK:

Big counter by Titaness with the backdrop suplex out of that headlock! Can she make the comeback?

She starts to get up to her feet with Tripp Wise just right behind her. When he gets to his feet, he gets struck in the chest with a HARD double chop across the chest! The shot echoes throughout the arena, then she fires a second one! She grabs Tripp Wise and has the crowd cheering when she dumps him for a big body slam in the middle of the ring and then follows up with a running cannonball senton off the ropes!

DDK:

Chops and sentons! Trademarks of Titanes Familia and Tripp Wise is getting both of them!

After hitting the big senton, she waits in the corner and starts egging on Tripp Wise to get up. He's holding onto his ribs when he gets up. Titaness picks him up from behind for a torture rack... but he slips out and hits a neckbreaker first!

DDK:

No! Counter by Tripp Wise! Now he's gonna go up top? Can he hit See You Next Fall?

He leaps for the diving senton... but misses! Titaness moves out of the way and Wise crashes badly on the canvas!

Lance:

No water in the pool there for Tripp Wise! But Titaness back up!

She sneaks up behind Wise and then picks him up once again for the torture rack, then spins him around into a sitout facebuster!

DDK:

Clash of the Titaness! Can she wrap this one up?

Titaness rolls backwards off the mat and gets herself back to her feet before grabbing Wise up by both hands. She looks out to The Faithful and then PLANTS him mid-ring with a sitout tiger driver!

DDK:

Titanium Driver! Cover! Cover!

The Show of Force hangs on to the pinfall!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "My Name Is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots feat. JET ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **TITANESS!**

Rex Knox helps Titaness to her feet and then raises the arm of the Mother of Muscles!

Lance:

Tripp was on his game tonight for some of this bout beyond the silly jokes, but Titaness was in no mood for games tonight!

DDK:

She certainly was not! She scores the win with the Titanium Driver and puts a win under her belt!

Titaness leaves the ring and greets the front row Faithful with some high-five action on her way to the back.

DDK:

A win for Titaness tonight, but we'll have to see how Titanes Familia fare in the weeks to come in the absence of Uriel Cortez.

HEY! PENDEJO!

DEFIANCE Wrestling has been around long enough that their headquarters in New Orleans has brought a lot of pro wrestling weirdos into the Crescent City's orbit. Take this one particular apartment for instance. Technically it's the home of DEFIANCE referee Hector Navarro and his nephew the masked Hijo del Fishman Deluxe (or Fishman Jr if you're into the whole brevity thing, man) .. technically. This morning epitomizing that caveat as referee Navarro wanders into his living room to behold the not one but three grown professional wrestlers that haunt his beautiful apartment week after endless week.

Fishman Jr sits b'masked on the sofa with his longtime tag team partner, the "indie legend in his own mind" Walter Levy playing something together on what looks to be a Nintendo Switch.

Walter Levy: *[to Jr]*

HAH! You husky turd ya', fuck off with your blue shell.

Hector scans the perpetual, daily landscape of pizza boxes and gaming detritus keeping him from a quiet morning of coffee and listening to records before going to pick up his partner at the airport this afternoon, but...

Ref Hector Navarro:

Mijo... mijo... JUNIOR, HEY! PENDEJO!

The young luchador nearly leaps out of his mask at the sound of his uncle's raised voice. The voice he saves almost exclusively for the ring. Walter can't help but follow suit, call it tag team chemistry. With both men's full and undivided attention and as much authority as he can conceivably muster in his bathrobe Hector leans into the two BRAZEN regulars known together as the Midcard Experiment.

Ref Hector Navarro:

This ends. This... alllll this mess. You two are going to quit leaving your goddamn poptart crumbs and *[expletive in spanish, he's talking really fast holy shit]* bullshit all over my living room. And if your little spider monkey friend in the suit spills anything else on my goddamn rug I swear to Christ Mother Mary I'll...

It looks like Jr is about to open his mouth.

Ref Hector Navarro:

Que?!

Hijo del Fishman Jr:

Eeep. Nothing sir.

Ref Hector Navarro:

You're coming with me to the Wrestleplex, you're going to go beg borrow and steal to get your asses booked somewhere. BRAZEN, UNCUT, I honestly don't give a damn. Speaking of your spider monkey friend, even HE got himself booked! He's wrestling this week against Ned Reform! Did you even know that, huh? Fuckin' Mario Brothers over here don't know... pfff. I'm going to get dressed, be ready to go when I come back out.

We hear pick out a few choice expletives spoken in spanish as Ref Navarro heads back down the hallway to his bedroom. Jr turns to Walter...

Hijo del Fishman Jr:

Did I hear him say CAGE! got booked on UNCUT? That's so neat!

Walter Levy:

Against a DEFtv regular too, like what the hell man? He's so dumb I'm surprised he doesn't forget to breath, why is life so unfair?!

Before the two men can utter another word the aforementioned "spider monkey in a suit" wrestling's only Nicolas Cage themed luchador CAGE! pops suddenly from behind the sofa out of absolutely nowhere.

CAGE!:

I'M A VAMPIRE! I'M A VAMPIRE! I'M A VAMPIRE!

Second jump scare of the morning. The Buffalo, New York native Walter Levy looks ready to throttle his friend's friend.

Walter Levy: *[holding his heart]*

GODdamnit you... fu... you dick, damnit I hate you. *Shit.*

Hijo del Fishman Jr: *[unphased]*

Sup my dude! You got booked?

CAGE!:

Indeed! A nice lady from the office called me and said DOCTOR Reform needed "*just some weirdo, anyone really, someone a child could beat*"... obviously she's playing a trick on the poor bastard because as everyone knows...

Walter gets mad before the masked enigma even utters a word.

Walter Levy:

I swear to God if you yell in my goddamn ear again I'm gunna ki...

CAGE!:

... I'M A VAMPIRE! I'M A VAMPIRE! I'M A VAMPIRE!

The man hailing from (Leaving...) Las Vegas, Nevada gives Walter Levy a big Bugs Bunny-like b'masked smooch on the cheek before diving back behind the sofa.

Levy reaches back to grab him to no avail.

Walter Levy:

GONE! HOW THE CRAP DOES HE DO THAT WEIRD NIGHTCRAWLER SHIT MAN! It's keeping me up at night now! What the hell is he Jr, is he like some sort of Mister Mxyzptlk or some crap? Am I on the D in the 24th century all of a sudden, is my name Jean-Luc? Is this son of a bitch Q'ing me, Jr?! IF HE'S AN ACTUAL Q YOU HAVE TO TELL ME, DUDE.

Hijo del Fishman Jr:

Calm down and help me find my shoes, we've got work to do... because this time, old pal? I think The Midcard Experiment is actually gunna' have to try.

Walter Levy:

Blegh. That sounds like so much work. Say... you don't think your uncle is really gunna' kick us out, right?

Ref Hector Navarro: *[from down the hallway]*

YOU TWO NERDS BETTER BE READY TO GO.

Yipes.

SOMETIMES THEY COME BACK

Backstage. Corridors. *People*.

You know how these things go.

A slow swing through the hallway leads into a hard right turn and an abrupt stop as the camera settles on one Angus Skaaland, erstwhile Executive Producer and Color Commentator of all things defiant, staring at an old DEFIANCE PPV poster on the wall and seemingly lost in thought.

In from the side steps Christie Zane. Curiously absent is the usually present DEF-flagged microphone.

Christie Zane:

Angus, is that you?

Pulling himself back into the present, Angus turns and acknowledges Christie. His expression softens at the point of recognition.

Angus:

In the flesh, kiddo.

In an uncharacteristic split-second, Christie darts in for a hug before Angus can stop her. The old promoter's eyes roll ever so slightly as Christie tries to squeeze the lungs out of Angus' chest before quickly taking a step back and attempting to regain her composure.

Christie Zane:

What the heck are you doing in Minneapolis?

He shrugs a noncommittal shrug, nodding at the poster he'd just been eyeballing.

Angus:

The more things change...

The poster is from the now classic Ascension 2013, a profitable and markedly violent event that defined an era. Front and center on the poster stands then current FIST of DEFIANCE, Dan Ryan, and his challenger on that night Bronson Box. They had a Dog Collar Match for the ages. Christie visibly shudders at the memory.

Angus:

...the more they stay the same.

Sharing space on the Ascension poster are former FIST Heidi Christensen and the founder of DEFIANCE, Eric Dane. That night's I Quit Match between Dane and Heidi remains one of the bloodiest showdowns in DEFIANCE history.

Christie Zane:

So-

Skaaland gives a meek smile and turns to leave.

Angus: *[interrupting]*

You know how it is. Wrestling, like life, is cyclical.

Before she can get another question in Angus takes a few steps on down the hall. He throws a glance backward at the bewildered journalist.

Angus:

I'll see you in the churn, kiddo.

Quick-cut back to the commentation station where Darren Keebler has a trepidatious look plastered on his face. Lance Warner, however, gapes like the kid who won the pony.

Lance:

Does this mean-

DDK:

I don't know.

Lance:

But do you think-

DDK:

I said I don't know, Lance, yeesh! Yes, it looks like your predecessor is back. To what degree, I have no idea. I doubt it concerns you, though. Now, can we get back to the show at hand or do you need a moment to pull yourself together?

The wind has been sucked out of the sails of young Lance Warner.

Lance:

It's fine. I'm fine.

WINGMAN TITUS CAMPBELL vs. ANTONIO PRINCE

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got more action on tap when "Wingman" Titus Campbell of Gulf Coast Connection taking on a bright young star from BRAZEN, "The Fresh Prince of Big Air" Antonio Prince!

Lance:

Prince is only 19 years of age and has shown an incredible amount of athletic prowess. He gives up some size to the more experienced Wingman, but with only three years experience under his belt, this kid is good.

DDK:

I'm looking forward to this one. Antonio Prince takes on Wingman Titus Campbell up next!

And to Darren Quimbey we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first... from Garland, Texas, weighing in at 191 pounds... he is "The Fresh Prince of Big Air"... **ANTONIO PRINCE!**

The young African-American star of BRAZEN has on a dark red leather jacket and tights, and flings off the jacket. He spins it overhead and he looks pretty confident in his chances tonight. After he gets his introduction...

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo w/KB and Trip Lee ♪

The trio make their way out from the back to a nice pop from the crowd! Crescent City Kid is out first and then behind him comes "Wingman" Titus Campbell is out next in a silver themed Mardi-Gras hat and sunglasses with lights! Finally, out comes Theodore Cain! The Gulf Coast Connection take a moment to pose and pump up the crowd, soaking in their very respectable response from the Minnesota Faithful!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from New Orleans, Louisiana... being accompanied by Theodore Cain and Crescent City Kid, weighing in at 271 pounds... **"WINGMAN" TITUS CAMPBELL!**

With his cohorts welcoming him to the ring, Campbell raises his hands in the air and throws his silver colored Mardi Gras hat into the crowd! Theodore Cain and Crescent City Kid are in the corner of Campbell cheering him on. He reaches through the ropes and high-fives his best friends at ringside before the bell rings...

DING DING

...only to turn around and catch a running dropkick from Prince! The cocky 19-year-old flyer kips up to his feet after the first shot and already starts walking a circle around the ring like he's already got this match in the bag!

Lance:

Antonio Prince, a member of BIG Trouble in BRAZEN along with two former BRAZEN Champions, BIGBOSS Batts and "Big Shot" Jack Halcyon. We'll have to see what he learned under those two former champions!

DDK:

He clearly learned how to pose and preen, that's for sure!

When Prince turns around, he gets two hands wrapped around the old goozle pipe before the much larger Wingman THROWS him into the corner!

Titus Campbell:

Gotta watch where you look, rook!

Then welcomes him to the main roster with a HUGE chop across the chest! Campbell has Prince leaned over in pain

before delivering a boot, and then slamming a back elbow to the young Fresh Prince of Big Air in the corner! After getting struck around by the likes of the larger Wingman, he helps the young man earn some frequent flyer miles with a MASSIVE biel throw out of the corner! Prince hits the canvas and goes rolling around on his back!

DDK:

I can't believe how far Titus Campbell just tossed Antonio Prince! He took his eyes off the ball and now Campbell making him pay for it!

When Prince gets back to his feet, The Wingman pushes him into the ropes and takes him across the ring. Theodore Cain and Crescent City Kid both watch as he sails in with a HA-YUGE back body drop! Prince crashes on the canvas again and bounces up while holding his back!

Lance:

The Wingman is helping The Fresh Prince of Big Air out by giving him even bigger air!

DDK:

Wingman having some fun as the Gulf Coast Connection like to do!

Titus looks out to the crowd and then asks if they want to see him fly again! The Minnesota Faithful respond collectively as he goes to throw him across the ring a third time. He gets slammed into the buckle and then smacked with big clothesline! After the shot, he whips Prince across the ring. He poses for The Faithful and then charges towards the ring. He charges, only for Prince to get both knees up in the corner and catch Titus in the face!

DDK:

What a counter by Prince! Can he follow up?

Prince tries to run forward, only to catch a big boot from Campbell!

Lance:

The answer seems to be no! Titus Campbell not only having a good time tonight along with the rest of Gulf Coast Connection as well!

Theodore Cain is blowing a party whistle and holding their signature gift bag while Crescent City Kid is blowing a purple and gold stadium horn! Titus has Prince up for a vertical suplex... but before he can land the move, Prince slips out behind Campbell and then goes low with a chop block to the back of the knee! Titus gets caught unexpectedly and takes a knee, allowing Prince to finally follow up!

DDK:

Prince off the ropes... leaping leg lariat! He finally gets Campbell to the mat!

The Fresh Prince of Big Air gets back up to his feet and then slips through the ropes to the outside. He turns and blows a sarcastic kiss to both members of GCC on the outside before taking flight and then connecting with a springboard missile dropkick that once again knocks Titus Campbell onto his back!

DDK:

Antonio Prince with another attack! He's got a chance to show out tonight and he's making the most of it!

Prince then hits the ropes and connects with a middle rope corkscrew senton across the chest of Campbell, followed immediately by running to the other side and then connecting with a springboard moonsault off the nearby middle rope!

Lance:

Right from one move to the next! I think we could be seeing a big upset!

After showing off the moves that helped him earn his nickname, Prince goes for the cover! Cain and CCK are both in

shock at ringside!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Campbell powers out! Prince is shocked that his volley of aerial moves didn't get the win and gets into the face of referee Jonny Fastcountini to let him know how wrong he is. Fastcountini only holds up two fingers.

DDK:

Not a smart move, Prince. He's showing his inexperience here by not staying on Campbell.

Taking notice of Titus about to try and stand again, Prince gears up for another big attack by running for what looks like some sort of springboard cutter... but The Wingman catches him first, then uses his strength to pick up Prince and hoist him across his shoulders! Titus looks out to the crowd and both Cain and CCK start spinning at ringside as Titus does the same!

Lance:

The Fresh Prince of Big Air just tried to take flight again...

DDK:

And he ran into some Turbulence!

He continues to spin and the crowd eats up the airplane spin before Titus stops and sends him CRASHING to the mat with a front slam!

DDK:

And now where's he going? The middle rope?

Titus looks out to the crowd and falls forward off the middle buckle to crash down on top of the young Texan with a falling splash!

Lance:

Oooh! He got crushed!

DDK:

Take Flight by The Wingman! And I think he's about to take this one home!

As Prince is hurt and holding his midsection, Campbell smiles to the crowd and then picks him up by underhooking both arms. He hoists him up...

DDK:

The Hookup! Hookup by Titus Campbell and this one has to be over!

After the double underhook into the elevated facebuster connects, Titus rolls him over...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo w/KB and Trip Lee ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **WINGMAN TITUS CAMPBELL!**

Getting a win under his belt, Titus Campbell is feeling good tonight as he reaches through the ropes to high-five both Theodore Cain and CCK at ringside! Jonny Fastcountini goes to raise his hand while Prince is helped out of the ring.

DDK:

A solid win here tonight in singles action by Titus Campbell! Antonio Prince looked great in that stretch of aerial offense, but it was Campbell overpowering the rookie on his way to victory!

Lance:

Prince tried his best, but the experience edge overcomes tonight. And... hey... look, to our left...

Out from behind the curtain, Gentlemen's Agreement arrive. Lord Sewell, complete with BRAZEN Onslaught Championship around his waist. Oliver Tarquin Monrow and "Royal Guard" Earl Roberts. Lord Sewell has a microphone in hand.

Lance:

What brings these three out here?

DDK:

Remember, on the last episode of UNCUT, both Earl Roberts and Titus Campbell were competing for a shot at the Favoured Saints Title, only for "Texan Dragon" Jun Izuchi to score that win.

The Gulf Coast Connection are watching the trio up on the ramp as Lord Sewell clears his throat...

Lord Sewell:

Knives! Charlatans!

The Faithful jeer the men in front of them.

DDK:

Oh, boy...

Lord Sewell points to the three men in the ring, then at Earl Roberts, standing still in his Royal Guard uniform.

Lord Sewell:

Two weeks ago, Mister Campbell down there cost our Royal Guard the opportunity to bring more gold to our esteemed group by getting in the way of Mister Roberts! Our Royal Guard should have been challenging that toerag, Butcher Victorious, for championship of the Saints who are Favoured!

He grimaces as Oliver Tarquin Monroe.

Oliver Tarquin Monroe:

You three jesters... WE! DEMAND! SATISFACTION!

OTM ignores the jeers.

Oliver Tarquin Monroe:

That is why WE are challenging the three of you! Prepare yourselves because in two weeks, you WILL be fighting us and you WILL be fighting us in a six-man DUEL! Do you accept our challenge, or are you cowards?

Titus looks at Theodore Cain, then Crescent City Kid. After he nods to them, he grabs a microphone.

Titus Campbell:

..Y'all are out of your damn minds. First, get outta here with this Grey Poupon noise...

Cheers!

Titus Campbell:

Second... if you dumbasses are asking for a six-man tag team match? UNCUT 147? You're on!

Titus drops the microphone and his music resumes as he talks trash to the trio of old timey gentlemen on the ramp. Lord Sewell appears to be pleased by this as he takes his microphone and then departs the stage.

Lance:

There you have it! Gulf Coast Connection will take on Gentlemen's Agreement in two weeks!

DDK:

These two groups could not be any more different, but that should be a good one! Later on tonight, we've got the Unified Tag Team Champions, Flex Appeal, in action and in our main event, Ned Reform takes on CAGE! Stay tuned!

MAGIC IN THE AIR

Pre broadcast.

The Ridder Arena is still serene before the DEFtv broadcast kicks off. The din of low-level interpersonal conversation fills the air. Early birds, there to catch the dark matches that will likely make next week's Uncut reel.

Little do they know...

KA-BOOM!!

Two plumes of purple smoke suddenly erupt on stage. When the haze clears, a pair of dapper-looking twin magicians seemingly appear out of thin air.

Carlo Amaretto:

AVANTI, D'FIANCE!!

Gomez Amaretto:

The AMAZING AMARETTOS HAVE ARRIVED!

♪ "Abracadabra" by Steve Miller Band ♪

Clad in matching top hats, capes, and tuxedo bodysuits, the Amaretto brothers milk the moment by theatrically posing in triumph of their AMAZING magical appearance.

Then, with simultaneous snaps...

KA-BOOM!!

...their (not so) lovely assistant Suzie appears from a third plume of magical smoke and joins in the pose.

Albeit two seconds late for her cue.

It merits matching sideways glances from Carlo and Gomez.

Guiltless and apathetic in every way, Suzie's dead eyes continue to stare forward. She puffs at the menthol Pall Mall wedged between her cracked lips, lost in the deep, deep thousand-yard-stare abyss of "I'm forty, I'm three-times divorced, and still doing this damn gig."

Capering, cavorting, and styling their stuff, the Amazing Amarettos dance down the aisleway in alternating zig-zag patterns. Suzie, gracelessly, trudges along in tow.

The fans, for the most part, remain silent through all of this, as the plurality of them are either annoyed or severely confused by what is happening.

At ringside, Carlo and Gomez go their separate ways and climb the steps at alternate ends of the ring in AMAZINGLY synchronized movements. On the apron, they strut their stuff again and flourish into a grandiose pose, hats held out.

A dead pigeon flops out of Gomez's hat onto the floor. They stare at it awkwardly for a moment.

On cue, Suzie kicks it under the ring apron. What pigeon?

The Amarettos exchange dastardly grins and step through the ropes. Taking the ring, Carlo taps his headset mic to make sure he's still coming through.

Cause you never know. Production is *always* trying to play it cheap by hiring no-good amateurs onto their crew.

Carlo Amaretto:

As promised, we have come to bring YOU, ugly wrestling fans, the DAZZLING and GLAMOROUS GIFT of... MAGIC!

Gomez Amaretto:

YES, MAGIC! To alleviate you all of the dreary and depressing DULLNESS of your everyday meaningless little lives!

Carlo Amaretto:

INDEED! You filthy peasants would no doubt consider yourselves FORTUNATE to bear witness to such TANTALIZING TRICKS and FEATS FANTASTIQUE!

Gomez Amaretto:

Seriously, we're not paid by the freaking hour here! So without further adieu, let the SPELLBINDING SPECTACLE BEGIN!

Two snaps. Palms together. And when they pull them apart... *magic wands* appear.

Carlo & Gomez Amaretto:

AAAMAAAAAAZZIIIIIIINNG--HAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

The crowd collectively groans as the cringe practically wafts over them.

Gomez holds out his hat, while Carlo announces.

Carlo Amaretto:

BEHOLD! A seemingly ordinary tophat! Or so it would seem to your sad, clouded-over, beady little eyes...

Gomez Amaretto:

But to the eye of one who is as BRILLIANT and INTELLIGENT as ourselves, one easily recognizes the TRANSMOGRIFYING TOPPER of ANCIENT TYRE!

Carlo Amaretto:

A cap of TRANSDIMENSIONAL WONDERS! A must-have for ANY magician!

Gomez Amaretto:

Any LEGIT magician, in any case!

Gomez flips the hat through the air. Carlo methodically catches it and shoots the hat's open bowl down the camera.

Carlo Amaretto:

From within the INCOMPREHENSIBLE and INTANGIBLE VOID you see before you... we can withdraw ANY and EVERY known material object into existence!

Gomez Amaretto:

Rabbits! Birds! Tigers! Fish! Tigerfish! YOU NAME IT!

Suzie, having not-so-subtly come into the ring, has entered with a stool, which goes between the brothers. Carlo gently lowers the hat onto it, bowl face up, while Gomez waves his wand.

Carlo Amaretto:

Now feast your eyes, pitiful little people of Meeneepolese...

Gomez Amaretto:

Witness the MAGIC of the Brothers Amaretto!

The house lights come low. Beneath the spotlights, the magicians wave their wands in tandem over the hat's opening.

Steve Miller Band has been playing this entire time, just so you know.

Carlo Amaretto:

MANDALY! LUXOR! CAESARS! EM-GEE-EM GRAND!!

Gomez Amaretto:

LEAVE THESE MOOKS STUPEFIED WITH A STROKE OF MY HAND!!

The wands rise up. A snare roll builds the tension...

...and climaxes into a cymbal hit as they tap the hat's brim.

Carlo & Gomez Amaretto:

AVANT!!

Gomez reaches his hand into the hat. When it withdraws, it comes out holding...

...nothing.

Carlo Amaretto:

VOILA!! As you can no doubt see by my empty hand, our TRANSMOGRIFICATION was TRIUMPHANT!

Gomez Amaretto:

The TOPPER of ANCIENT TYRE is NOW... and ORDINARY HAT!

Carlo Amaretto:

AMAAAAAZING!!

Gomez Amaretto:

AAAAAMAZING!!

The Faithful jeer en masse. Straight GTFO heat.

In the background, Suzie puffs indifferent. Her eyes find the camera, silently asking the viewer at home, "Well, was it good for you, sugar?"

Carlo Amaretto:

Are you plebians not ASTOUNDED?! Are you not ASTONISHED!?

Gomez Amaretto:

Or are you just ON VALIUM?! Filthy junkie Midwesterners...

Carlo Amaretto:

P'SHAW!! Our next CRANIUM-CONFOUNDING CONJURING will no doubt cause your droopy little jaws to fall so quickly, your crooked TEETH shall shatter the moment it hits the floor!

Gomez Amaretto:

Provided you ruffians have any left to break! I know the promoter's teeth are gonna, if the check bounces again!

Suzie steps and hands off a framed photo to Gomez. He holds it up to the camera, revealing two handsome studs.

A one Pat Cassidy.

A one Brock Newbludd.

Saturday Night Specials.

Say it with me, gang...

BALLY-HOOOOOO!

Just seeing the familiar faces staring back at them through the glass pane covering the photo, gets the crowd at its loudest since this whole ordeal began.

Carlo Amaretto:

Cast your eyes upon what my brother holds in his hands, you ungrateful urchins: a WORTHLESS, WEARY portrait of two drunken sots, forgotten to the ENDLESS EONS of time and space!

Gomez Amaretto:

An object of absolutely NO WORTH on this material plane... but with the **INDONESIAN INVOCATION** of **IRON INDESTRUCTIBILITY**, even THIS piece of garbage can be put to use!

The picture is placed on the stool. The waving of wands resumes.

Suzie is checking her nails.

Carlo Amaretto:

SUMMER! LIBERTY! RIVER! JOAQUIN!

Gomez Amaretto:

GIVE THESE CHUMPS SOMETHING THEY'VE NEVER SEEN!

Drumroll...

Carlo & Gomez Amaretto:

AVANTI!

The cymbal crashes again. The wands taps.

Carlo picks up the framed photo and holds it out before him.

SMASH.

Then Gomez's fist punches a HOLE through it

He pulls his hand out through the gaping void where the Specials' faces were and theatrically wiggles his fingers.

If Deb Warenstein were watching at home, she would shriek. Then again, she's probably got better shit to do than watch Uncut.

The brothers pose, as if they'd just accomplished something grandiose. Everyone is silent, captivated with shock and confusion.

Mostly confusion.

Carlo Amaretto:

PRESTO! Even puncturing itself through such crass hideousness, my BROTHER'S PRECIOUS HAND is left COMPLETELY UNHARMED!!

Gomez Amaretto:

NATURALLY, the INDONESIAN INVOCATION of IRON INDESTRUCTIBILITY that was cast upon my already nearly indestructible fist was SUCCESSFUL... because we are...

The brothers look to one another, grinning impishly.

Carlo Amaretto:

Aaaaa--MAAAAZING!!

Gomez Amaretto:

AAAAAMAAAAAZAAAANG!!

BOOOOOOOOO!!!

Minneapolis is officially over this bullshit. Volleys of trash and rotten vegetables pelt the bedazzling brothers as the crowd make their displeasure known.

Being gentlemen of class and valor, Carlo and Gomez take shelter behind their (not so) lovely assistant.

The *real* magic on display here is how unflinching she is while facing down a literal cascade of garbage. She's got the look that says that this is nothing compared to some of things she's had to put up with over the years.

Carlo Amaretto:

Hey! What the hell is wrong with you ingrates?! Don't you know GOOD ENTERTAINMENT when you SEE IT?!

Gomez Amaretto:

I told you we shoulda opened with the cards, Carlo! We NEVER bomb on the cards!

Carlo Amaretto:

The fault is not mine, dear Gomez! The fault is on these pea-minded EEDIOTS! They have no CULTURE! No CLASS! No CRANIAL CAPACITY to fathom our AMAAZING POWERS!

Gomez Amaretto:

Filthy muggles! Go back to whatever SEWAGE-SOAKED SEPTIQUE SYSTEM you crawled out of! PROFESSIONALS are at work here!

Another volley of trash. Hiding beneath their capes, the Amarettos retreat from the ring and scurry back up the rampway.

Because she needs the job, and she clearly has no interest in going back to working the bar at the local Applebee's, Suzie begrudgingly follows them out.

The Steve Miller Band is still playing, by the way.

But then some amateur on the production crew cuts it from the PA, just in time for magic ensemble to disappear through the curtain.

Thankfully, no purple smoke is involved in their exit.

FLYER ON THE HUNT (WHAT YOU DIDN'T SEE FROM DEFtv 191)

****WHAT'S WRITTEN IN BOLD IS WHAT THE CAMERAS FAILED TO ZOOM IN ON DURING DEFtv 191****

We cut back from the commercial to the DEFtv broadcast.

Backstage, High Flyer IV marches down a corridor with determination in his eyes. The camera follows him closely as he navigates his way through the maze of equipment cases and DEF personnel, searching for his target.

High Flyer IV: *[muttering to himself]*

Where is that son of a bit ... ?

High Flyer IV's eyes dart around the backstage area, searching for any sign of "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio or Los Caidos. Suddenly, Vacio appears from around a corner.

High Flyer IV:

You lazy piece of shit!

High Flyer IV quickens his pace, closing in on Victor Vacio, who quickly becomes aware of his peruser but remains unfazed.

High Flyer IV:

This isn't racist. You're just a walking negative ster-

From out of nowhere, Los Caidos pounce on High Flyer IV.

High Flyer IV:

-type!?

High Flyer IV fights back valiantly, using his quick reflexes to fend off Corey, Hugo, and George. Despite the odds, he manages to hold his ground for a moment, but the numbers game eventually catches up to him. The members of Los Caidos overpower High Flyer IV, delivering a series of brutal strikes and eventual stomps.

Victor Vacio remains at a distance and watches the scene unfold with a cold and detached expression. Now more everpresent than before since taking off the mask.

High Flyer IV: *[gasping for air]*

C-Can't ... even... do it... yourself...

Despite his determination, High Flyer IV's strength wanes as the beating intensifies. The members of Los Caidos show no mercy, continuing their assault with relentless fury. The arena's audience watches the backstage segment on the big screen, their reactions ranging from shock to concern.

Finally, after a prolonged and brutal beating, High Flyer IV collapses to the ground, battered and bruised. The members of Los Caidos step back, seemingly satisfied with their work, and retreat into the shadows. Victor Vacio finally steps forward, his face devoid of emotion.

Victor Vacio: *[coldly]*

... patético.

Vacio turns away from the scene, leaving High Flyer IV sprawled on the cold backstage floor. As the camera pans out, the sight of High Flyer IV's broken body serves as a haunting image, a testament to the ruthless tactics of Los Caidos and the enigmatic nature of "The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio. There also seems to be a figure in the far distance, but this person's image isn't fully visible.

Until the camera zooms in.

It's Tyler Fuse.

He has watched the entire attack unfold. Did he enjoy what he saw?

The scene cuts before anyone can find out.

FLEX APPEAL vs. HIGH INVESTIGATIONS

DDK:

Ladies and gentleman, up next, we've got an exhibition match set up by Kyle Shields... High Investigations has an opportunity against the current DEFIANCE Unified Tag Team champions.

Lance:

The last living member of Joseph Campbell's Asylum, Eddie Cheno teams alongside the collegiate athlete turned Pro wrestler, Titilayo, The T-Rex Tornado of BRAZEN.

DDK:

And Flex Kruger seems to have a chip on his shoulder, something to prove.

Lance:

We'll see what lengths he might go to do so tonight, don't you think Darren?

DDK:

Quite possibly. Let's head to ringside.

Inside the ring, High Investigations. The last living member of the Asylum, Eddie Cheno, teams alongside the 7 foot giant, Rugby star Titilayo The duo discuss strategy in the corner. Mostly, Eddie Cheno takes a huge hit off his four foot bong as T-Rex says he's got this.

Emerging from the back?

Kyle Shields.

The Faithful, rightfully, boo.

Kyle Shields:

Alright, alright bros, get it out. They boo what they want to be Flex, know that.

Kyle looks behind and sees the large Uncut logo. He turns back to camera side and shakes his head.

Kyle Shields:

We don't come up for air unless it's TV. We don't need to be on Demand. Flex Appeal, OUT!

Kyle Shields drops the microphone and motions to walk backstage.

Inside the ring, Eddie Cheno is handed a mic by T-Rex. Cheno blows out smoke as he begins talking, sputtering a bit.

Eddie Cheno:

Y-yo. Yo Mang. You walk, we win. Den we get a title shot.

Tornado looks eagerly to Eddie, who tries to steady his enthusiasm. It's not long before Klein steps out from the back to cheers from the Faithful. He stands tall, and taps a closed fist against the title belt across his chest twice. Eddie nods in his direction.

Neither man notices Flex come up from behind Titilayo, and lock him in a full nelson while on the apron. Just as Eddie notices and turns to react, Flex lifts T-Rex off the apron and Flex Plex's him off into the ringside area.

DING DING

Eddie rushes over concerned for his tag partner as Klein rushes the ring. Kyle Shields shadows him, yelling at Klein to attack. Instead, Klein peers over the top rope alongside Cheno, who tries to motion for T-Rex to get to his feet. T-Rex hobbles, clutching the back of his head and cushioning a bleed.

Carla Ferrari checks T-Rex who nods, and says he's good to go. Before anyone can react, Flex rushes and shoulder tackles Titilayo off the apron. Cheno goes for a wild uppercut, "Cleanin' da funken table," but misses, as Flex switches behind into another full nelson. Flex grips the fingers together, ripping and tearing at Eddie's shoulder as Eddie tries to fight but falls and eventually succumbs. Carla raises his hand once.

It falls.

Raised again.

It falls.

And one final time.

Before it falls.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Well, that was a short match, mostly because of this man, Kyle Shields, distracting the talented BRAZEN team of High Investigations.

Kyle Shields rushes over and demands Darren Quimbey get to his feet and announce Flex and Klein as champs.

Lance:

I don't think Klein knew that was the plan going into this Darren.

DDK:

I think you're right.

Klein meanwhile, tries to get Flex to let go. Flex just locks the hold in further, as Kyle cheers him on. T-Rex hits the ring, and runs over Klein with a big shoulder tackle. Klein gets to his feet, and T-Rex gorilla presses him up over his head with intense strength and tosses the boxhead over the top to the outside.

DDK:

Uh-Oh! Looks like Kyle Shields may have bit off more than he can chew!

Titilayo stalks Kyle Shields, as Shields backs off. Just as he does, Flex rushes up behind him and locks in yet another full nelson.

Lance:

C'mon!

DDK:

Flex Kruger yet again!

As Kruger hooks the fingers, T-Rex tries to break free. But Flex gives up holding in the submission and just lifts Tornado off his feet, before slamming him back first onto his own tag team partner in a tremendous thud.

Flex gets back to his feet and places one boot on Titilayo's chest. Kyle dives in and counts a false three. Flex turns to Klein and wraps him up in a one sided bear hug. Klein looks like a deer stuck in headlights, before Kyle returns the Unified Tag straps to Flex. Flex adorns himself in both championships, one over his shoulder and the other raised high to the Faithful.

DDK:

I'm sure Kyle Shields would call this an impressive victory for the current DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions.

Lance:

I think Flex and Klein's true friends, the PCP, would certainly say something to the contrary!

DDK:

I don't think Klein's super on board with this whole "Flex Appeal" thing. You can see the apprehension and stiffness in every move Klein makes. Folks, Uncut moves on.

THE ESTATE EXPLAINS THEIR ACTIONS

DDK:

On the last DEFTV, we saw one of the most heinous attacks in the history of this company. It is so bad that we on the production team refuse to air what happened!

Lance:

The Estate of Tabitha Kinsey first butchered JJ Dixon, Raiden and JP Reeves in a locker room sneak attack. Then they essentially kidnapped Teri Melton when they stripped her of most of her gown before cutting her hair and defiling her face with a horrible word.

DDK:

This was of course followed by Caitlyn Kinsey making reference to the death of Teri Melton's son years ago — a tragedy that understandably sent her into a years' long depression, sidelined her career and ended her marriage to Zoltan, whom she later reconciled with when returning to DEFIANCE.

Lance:

And then Aurora Kaye - Caitlyn's mother, a woman treated like a slave by The Estate these past few weeks after she was gaslit into submission by Tabitha Kinsey - stood up to Caitlyn... only to have her own daughter wrap a chair around her skull and sending her to the ICU!

DDK:

We received word that Aurora somehow, by the grace of God, did not receive any major or permanent injuries. Because it looked at first like Aurora was severely hurt. In addition, Teri Melton has not been seen nor heard from since DEF TV -- which, as everyone who has watched our programming since her debut -- is fully out of character!

Lance:

No one would blame Teri if she wanted to take some time after the horrible actions of The Estate... who, unfortunately, have asked for time tonight to explain their actions.

♪ Theme From Succession ♪

It takes one second for the fans to register the music and start with the boos. It is less boos and more a cacophony of chaotic noise. There are curses, jeers, insults and a rush of fans at the railing waiting to let The Estate know what they think of them.

The Company Men walk out first in their finance douche vests over white dress shirts and pressed khakis. Next walks out Caitlyn Kinsey, also wearing a fleece vest, over a designer Prada sundress paired with Tiffany earrings.

The three of them look at the reaction of the arena and are incredibly worried at the vitriol they face, along with the railing side fan who has no hesitation in whipping a beer directly into Brayden "Dubya" Leverington's face.

A large contingent repeat the chant from the week before:

Shame!
Shame!
Shame!
Shame!
Shame!
Shame!

DDK:

Their actions were so disposable that DEFSec — neutral party here to protect our wrestlers and staff — have decided they want nothing to do with guarding The Estate tonight.

The camera pans to the crowd. And those not actively booing are standing up in their seats and turning their backs to

the trio, who look at each other as they enter the hornet's nest of their creation.

Lance:

You know what, Keebs? I know we are supposed to stay objective, but I am right there with them.

Lance puts his headphones down, stands and turns his back to the ring. DDK follows suit.

The Matriarch Tabitha Kinsey, in her fundraiser ball Chanel tweed power suit, walks out next, fully past her minions with a look of determination and warped defiance of her own. Tabitha turns to her charges and motions then to follow. They do, as Cristiano and Dubya hold the ropes open for Tabitha and Caitlyn to enter first — like gentlemen.

Tabitha wags her finger and a production team member hands her the microphone.

Tabitha Kinsey:

Hush your mouths. Your lack of manners and terrible public decorum speak poorly upon your parentage. But, what should I expect? This detestable rudeness is the reputation of the Twin Cities!

A fan a few rows up wearing a Justin Jefferson Vikings jersey with a Vikings hat is standing on his chair to scream obscenities.

Tabitha Kinsey:

First, it was suggested by some of the Favored Sons that we issue a public apology for our actions toward Teri Melton and her Gems. We will not be doing so. Because, frankly, we are not responsible for her humiliation before the world and her permanent elimination from DEFIANCE. Folly! You are the ones to blame!

Tabitha points around the audience as the boos and curses reign down.

Tabitha Kinsey:

You alleged people cheered for that woman. You still cheer for that immature child JJ Dixon and the repugnant Raiden and JP Reeves. You do this despite having a choice! You could aspire to be like us, to better yourselves, to pick yourselves up by your bootstraps! Of course, most of you would fail, but you, the wretched refuse, could at least try.

Kinseys Suck!

Kinseys Suck!

Kinseys Suck!

Kinseys Suck!

Kinseys Suck!

Kinseys Suck!

Tabitha Kinsey:

Instead, you emboldened that criminal harlot and her stable. We did not just intend to teach HER a lesson. It was our goal to teach YOU a lesson as well. Because this is what happens when you dare not heed the words of your superiors -- you end up broken, humiliated and ultimately forgotten! Teri's demise is YOUR fault, not ours!

More people turn their backs to the ring. But they still chant.

Human garbage! (Clap clap clap clap clap)

Human garbage! (Clap clap clap clap clap)

Human garbage! (Clap clap clap clap clap)

Human garbage! (Clap clap clap clap clap)

Human garbage! (Clap clap clap clap clap)

Human garbage! (Clap clap clap clap clap)

Tabitha Kinsey:

Now, my beautiful granddaughter Caitlyn Kinsey would like to address you. This has been a hard few days for the

Kinsey family — and especially my precious Caitlyn. I know you do not respect yourselves, but I ask that you show her the respect as she works her way through her inner struggle.

Tabitha hands Caitlyn the microphone and gently caresses her cheek. The crowd's hatred is both an irresistible force and mmovable object.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

I—

It gets even more louder and bitter with that one syllable. Caitlyn rolls her eyes. Dubys cups his hands over his girlfriend's ears while Cristiano runs to the middle rope and does the "shoosh" gesture.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

I know you've heard my mom's pity party. How she rejected my grandmother's lifestyle and ways, how she says she never fit in, and was just such an individual! How she had to flee. Well, the truth is, my mom was scared of the truth — she was not good enough to carry on the mantle of the Kinsey name!

Garbage flies into the ring.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

My mom was so resentful of this fact that she tried to make me her. Because of my mom, I was deprived of a life that mattered! I had to go public school. I had to ride a bus! I had to have a job... where I wore a name tag! I don't even know who my dad is!

Caitlyn shakes her head in disgust. Tabitha carries a knowing smirk and gleam in her eye.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

And, worst of all, I was raised with people like all of you!

Die Caitlyn Die!
Die Caitlyn Die!
Die Caitlyn Die!
Die Caitlyn Die!
Die Caitlyn Die!
Die Caitlyn Die!

Caitlyn Kinsey:

Thankfully, my grandmother came out of retirement and returned to an industry she dominated to finally give me what those with the Kinsey name are entitled to — designer clothes, a personal chef on a yacht named after me... and, most of all, stardom!

Boooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!

Caitlyn rolls her eyes at the crowd and turns to Tabitha. They cup hands together in such a gentle, caring moment.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

Grandma, I love you more than I have anyone else. Thank you for everything you have ever done for me. I promise... unlike Aurora... I will never let you down!

Tabitha warmly hugs her granddaughter and pats her head on her shoulder. Caitlyn then turns to the camera. Her eyes are absolutely empty and unfeeling and bitter.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

As far as you, Mother... the only thing I apologize for is not wrapping a steel chair around your skull earlier!

The crowd is hysterical as Caitlyn looks back at Tabitha, who is beaming.

Shame!

Shame!

Shame!

Shame!

Shame!

Shame!

DDK:

The members of the Estate of Tabitha Kinsey are some of the grossest examples of humanity we have ever seen.

The lights go out and the crowd erupts. The DEFiatron shows JJ Dixon, Raiden and “The StarChild” JP Reeves wearing matching black hoodies that read “DIE TRYING.” They also all have various bandages and open stitches on their foreheads and scalps from last week’s decimation.

REVENGE OF THE GEMS

JJ Dixon:

Caitlyn, I've been open about it. I never could count on my mom. Hell — I have no idea if she's even alive. Your mom? Aurora? I love that woman. She welcomed me like I was her own. She sacrificed everything for you — her career, her ambition and, these past few weeks, her dignity. And then you did her dirty like THAT? Caitlyn... it's clear to me now. This is who you always were. You've always been this monster. And now? I have to do whatever it takes to bring you down.

JP Reeves:

Kinseys? Company Men? The three of us? We can handle getting busted up. Hell, a few weeks ago, I stashed a fork to get me some of Dubya's big ass forehead. And while stashing out in our locker room for a few hours and handcuffing us and all that? Yeah — maybe just a bit on the excessive end, but, hey, fair play.

JP actually gives a nod of respect, which also shows the fresh scar over his forehead complete with stitches.

JP Reeves:

But what you did to Teri? Me and Raiden have known her since we were babies. There's photos of Teri holding me and Raiden in her arms when we were infants. You want to mess with her? That's family you're stepping to. And you all want to stunt like you're these high-and-mighty socialites? Minneapolis is right. You're human garbage.

Human garbage! (Clap clap clap clap clap)

Human garbage! (Clap clap clap clap clap)

Human garbage! (Clap clap clap clap clap)

Human garbage! (Clap clap clap clap clap)

Human garbage! (Clap clap clap clap clap)

Human garbage! (Clap clap clap clap clap)

JP Reeves:

We're going to take out the trash.. And me? The Top Chef? Well, I have a few other kitchen implements in mind for your pretty faces.

JP holds up a cheese grater.

Raiden:

Do I look like someone who turns the other cheek? Come on. Half of my head is shaved.

Raiden turns to his partners.

Raiden:

Yo — f this. Let's just gut these pigs already.

Raiden holds up a 6-inch long black metallic railroad spike.

JJ Dixon:

Estate — we're not what's coming in the air tonight. We're already here.

JP Reeves:

And we have one more joining us for dinner.

The DEFiatron goes dark, as does the entire arena. The crowd buzzes before a spotlight shines on Caitlyn, the rest of the building still in shadows. Then the spotlight becomes a blinding, seizure inducing strobe light. Caitlyn winces as the strobe light goes off and then panics as she feels JJ Dixon standing behind her.

The same pounding strobe spotlight effect appears on Dubya and Cristiano at the same time. They both flinch and don't realize that JP Reeves and Raiden are standing behind them.

The crowd erupts as --

DDK:

THE GEMS ARE HERE! RAIDEN IS TAKING SOME KIND OF RAILROAD SPIKE TO CRISTIANO'S FOREHEAD! REEVES IS SCRAPING A CHEESE GRATER ACROSS DUBYA'S! THIS IS A SLAUGHTER! BLOOD IS EVERYWHERE!

Tabitha is screaming mad in the ring when the same strobe light casts upon her. She freezes.

And from the darkness behind walks Teri Melton. The blast of each strobe light bounces off of her silver on silver on silver sequin gown. Most notably, Teri's head -- butchered by The Estate last week -- is fully shaved.

The crowd erupts, and Tabitha gulps.

DDK:

TERI HAS AN ELECTRICAL CORD WRAPPED AROUND TABITHA KINSEY'S THROAT! SHE'S TRYING TO STRANGLE HER ARCH-NEMESIS!

Teri!

Teri!

Teri!

Teri!

Teri!

Teri!

Raiden and Reeves finish with stomps on The Company Men. They pace to Caitlyn. They point to Teri who, despite giving up six inches to The Matriarch, has driven Tabitha to her knees. Tabitha is desperately pulling at the cord, coughing, and hoping for air.

Teri Melton:

You're letting Grandma down, Lovey! You're letting Grandma down, Lovey!

Reeves:

Come on, Caitlyn! Do something! Save her! Save your grandma!

Caitlyn starts crying as her grandmother is making a primal coughing sound as DEFSec starts to sprint down to the ring.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

Please! Stop! Stop! You're killing her! Come on, stop!

DEFSec rips Teri off of Tabitha, who falls to all fours as she starts coughing while holding her neck. The Gems still surround Caitlyn, pointing at Tabitha while on the ground. DEFSec forces them out of the ring, where they join Teri as they slowly back up the ramp.

Caitlyn goes to pick up Tabitha, while The Company Men remain on the mat, bloodied messes. DEFMed also makes the trip to the ring.

Caitlyn Kinsey:

Grandma... Grandma... I'm so glad you're okay --

The crowd "oooooohs" as Tabitha pops up and shoves her granddaughter to the mat! She leans over Caitlyn, pointing a finger to her face. She says this while coughing, before getting back to the mat and signalling she needs more medical help.

Tabitha Kinsey:

IF I NEED HELP, YOU DO EVERYTHING TO HELP ME! ! I AM YOUR PRIORITY! DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

Caitlyn, with tears in her eyes, nods as she accepts the scolding.

DDK:

And it appears that Tabitha is not too happy with her granddaughter right now!

Lance:

And it also appears that Teri Melton could not be happier!

Teri has a cat-and-canary smile as she stands at the top of the entranceway, the Gems behind her and (of course) demanding a microphone even as DEFSec is still trying to clear them from the scene.

FRIENDS IN LOW PLACES

The scene is picturesque. It's still daytime as a white coupe pulls up to the arena. Out pops the ASMR platinum recording artist known as Teresa Ames. She grabs her duffle bag from the trunk before making the trek towards the arena.

DDK:

There's everyone's favorite tasty gURL! Teresa Ames making her way into the arena for tonight!

Suddenly, a red sedan speeds from around the corner, narrowly missing the Tantalizing Tapper. Ames has her head on a swivel as the red car comes to a screeching halt. Out pops BRAZENette star, Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe who looks like a crazed maniac.

Teresa Ames:

Shit guy, shit. If it was bad driver's night in the parking lot, I clearly didn't get the memo!

Jocelyne blindsides Teresa out of nowhere, crushing her with a forearm shiver. Ames drops her bags immediately as she falls to the asphalt. Dazed, Teresa looks skyward as Jocelyne looms menacingly over her fallen prey.

Teresa Ames:

J-Jocelyne? What the heck, bro? What are you doing? What are you doing here? Why did you nearly hit me with your car and why did you ACTUALLY hit me with your arm!?

Jocelyne stays quiet and instead, walks over to her vehicle. She pops the trunk and retrieves a pipe from its storage. Blythe turns back towards Ames who is still feeling the effects of that shot.

Teresa Ames:

I don't know what's running through your mind, or who put you up to this. Actually. Wait. I can name a person or two who would bully you into this shit but listen to me. Let me remind you about the friendship we had, which dates all the way back to when Malak turned the Toybox funhouse into the COMPLIANCE Warehouse. Remember that? Remember how you were the shy and timid receptionist? No other girls were there but us. You and I. We were best broads but this? This is punk ass bullshit. Don't do this because that rat, Siobhan Cassidy is forcing you to. Be your own woman. Grow a spine for crying out loud!

JIB is having none of it. She relishes having the iron pipe in her hands, wringing it with anticipation.

Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe:

That's nice and all. It really is. Except, what have you done for me since then? I've been all but forgotten. On the periphery. I was the receptionist of the COMPLIANCE Warehouse until Malak forgot to renew the lease and White Castle came in and bought the place. I ain't flipping no burgers or taking some grease hogs order. No way. So maybe I sold out when Siobhan came calling with grand promises of wrestling relevance. Take you out and I'd become the baddest bitch on the block. Make my name off another. So here I am. About to end you.

Blythe swings and misses as Ames rolls out of the way at the last second. The pipe cracks the pavement. The vibration from connecting with solid ground forces JIB to drop the weapon.

Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe:

You're a washed up little bitty who no one likes. Why resist letting me end you?

Jocelyne kicks Ames a few times before grabbing her by the hair and dragging her to the side of the car. Teresa's face gets thrown into the door, creating a nice dent in the paint job.

Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe:

Oh. Ouch. Did that hurt, honey? I'm under strict instructions to hurt you beyond repair in anticipation for your upcoming street fight.

Blythe walks over to the front of the car where she taps on the windshield and looks directly at Teresa.

Jocelyne Ingrid Blythe:

Time to tap on this rEaL glass now, bitch. Bring that booty here.

Without hesitation, Jocelyne power bombs Teresa into the windshield, cracking it badly. Anyone could guess this move leaves her status for the street fight up in the air as Ames remains motionless on the hood of the car. Referees, DEFsec and DEFmed flood the area but the damage is already done. Jocelyne slowly walks away from the scene with her arms up in innocence but the smile on her face says it all.

NOTHING COMPARES TO TERI MELTON

Teri Melton:

No, I have a whole bunch of things I want to say. Get off me. I want the four of them to hear this while they are in the type of pain they wanted to give me!

The last DEFSec team member backs off of her.

Teri Melton:

Caitlyn, I told you last week that you had better murder me or else. Because I know what it already feels like to be dead! After Jude died, I could not get out of bed for an entire decade. I watched my husband Zoltan leave because he couldn't fix me and needed to move on with his own life. But even though he passed away before I could ever hear his voice, I speak with Jude every single day. And one night, he told me... he told me, 'Mommy, I want you to live. I want you to live your life to the fullest. I want you to do all the craziest and funniest stuff you can think of, so I can hear all about it the next time we meet.'

Teri has tears in her eyes. Caitlyn is sitting on the mat at The Company Men and Tabitha are still being treated.

Teri Melton:

I vowed to spend the rest of my life as the most confident person in every room I ever step foot in. I vowed that if I wanted to do something, I would will it to happen. I would define brashness. I would define swagger. I WOULD DEFINE MYSELF! And I would do it all with a giant smile on my face and make every second count, because that is what my son wants. And, well, take a look at us now!

Teri holds her hands out as The Gems look around the arena.

Uncut Gems!

Uncut Gems!

Uncut Gems!

Teri Melton:

I've got more drip than a Six Flags waterpark. I can stuff the whole damn Mall of America into my own luxury handbag and not pay for a cent of it with my own money. Hell — I even have a personal set of keys to Paisley Park because after one very long, very hot, very orgasmic night with me, Prince forgot who he was and changed his name to a symbol!

DDK:

WHAT??????

The crowd does not know quite what to make of that hometown link at first but then there comes applause. And more applause. And more applause.

Holy shit!

Holy shit!

Holy shit!

Reeves, Raiden and JJ, all laughing, then start to egg the crowd on with "get up" gestures. And anyone in the crowd who was not already is now. JJ does a little "We're not worthy" bow.

Teri Melton:

But there is still so much pain I carry with me, pain that you decided to mock. There is sadness and regret but most of all... there is FURY AND ANGER AND RAGE! Because I spent so much of my son's final few weeks and days not holding him and comforting him but in the phone with Aetna Blue Cross Shield Independence Health Plans East Gold West, plugging in my 14 digit account number followed by pressing pound 17 times before I could finally speak to someone about why the insurance company was refusing to pay for something... only for that person to dump me into a voicemail. Or the three minutes you get on the phone with your kids doctor because he's out playing golf. Or the call I

got from someone from some company explaining to me that because of the merger of hospitals designed to better streamline patient care they were having issues with their back office systems and they wanted to confirm that my son... that Jude was still alive.

Teri can't hold back the tears anymore.

Teri Melton:

He wasn't. He died the day before.

Teri breaks down crying. After a few seconds, JJ then wraps his arms around Teri in a big hug. The crowd then starts to applaud in recognition of Teri's vulnerability.

Teri!

Teri!

Teri!

Teri!

Teri!

Teri!

She then moves her head up from JJ and casts her eyes back to the ring and gestures to the audience.

Teri Melton:

That is the type of system we have in our world. The types of system that I and we (lassos around the arena) have to endure — a system where people like us are treated like dirt and the only people who benefit are the one percent who own the corporations and the politicians who come out every few years to talk about how they're fighting for us, the little guy, but laugh all the way to the bank while taking a payday from the masters of the universe.

Tabitha is starting to get to her feet while The Company Men have blooded towels on their faces.

Teri Melton:

It's not even my own misery. Millions of people lost their homes in The Great Recession. Nobody went to jail. They looked at the poor as a profit center and gave the world legalized heroin. They enjoy watching us drown in student loans so we can never, ever, get ahead.

Teri snarls.

Teri Melton:

Caitlyn... I said you had better murder me after what you said about Jude. Well, honey, I am more alive than I have ever been. And that means I will spend the rest of my life making the life of people like you — and specifically you — A LIVING HELL.

Teri!

Teri!

Teri!

She takes a step forward as the crowd chants her name.

Teri Melton:

I am unbreakable.

Teri!

Teri!

Teri!

She takes another step forward.

Teri Melton:

I am invulnerable.

Teri!

Teri!

Teri!

Teri Melton:

I am indestructible.

Teri!

Teri!

Teri!

She rubs her hand through her shaved head.

Teri Melton:

And as another woman with a shaved head who grabbed the spotlight to speak truth to power sang...

Teri points with her thumb to her head.

Teri Melton:

Nothing... NOTHING... compares to ME!

Teri!

Teri!

Teri!

Teri Melton:

And at Torreon... The Estate of Tabitha Kinsey is going to find out exactly why...

The crowd buzzes as Teri bats her eyes. It's time. The Gems continue their "get up!" gesture even though everyone is up.

Teri!

Teri!

Teri!

She holds the microphone high above her head and the crowd screams it.

Crowd:

TERI MELTON! IS READ! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

Teri football spikes the microphone off the floor and pivots as the crowd continues its chant. She pivots and marches to the back.

Teri!

Teri!

Teri!

Raiden and Reeves and JJ stand arm-in-arm, with smiles on their faces after their leader's very strong mission statement. JJ steps forward and points to the ring.

JJ Dixon:

Rematch.

Caitlyn Kinsey sits on the ground as DEFMed continues to treat the still bleeding Company Men. She has a very worried look on her face. Tabitha slowly rises from her feet, holding her neck, and kicks the bottom rope in anger.

NED REFORM vs. CAGE

A shot of the crowd, many of whom stand and raise their arms and yell in an attempt to get on television. The camera slowly pans over The Faithful.

DDK:

Up next ladies and gentlemen, The Good Doctor himself, one Ned Reform, is set for action.

Lance:

All roads lead to ACTS of DEFIANCE, and Ned and Levi Cole have a date with the dangerous duo of Scotsmen in Bronson Box and Gage Blackwood.

DDK:

Reform has been uncharacteristically quiet about the whole thing... let's send it to Quimby.

To the ring, where Darren Quimbey raises a mic to his mouth. Next to him, the masked BRAZEN wrestler known only as CAGE! CAGE stretches as Quimbey addresses the Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen! The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first, already in the ring... from Las Vegas, Nevada, and weighing in at 196 pounds... HE IS CAAAAGE!

CAGE's mask betrays nothing, but he does stop stretching to raise his arms to the fans.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The house lights turn purple and the fans begin to voice their displeasure as the rock version of Beethoven's classic begins to echo throughout the arena. Ned Reform walks through the curtain, his purple graduation style (but very glamorous and sparkly) robe shines off the house lighting and around his neck is a yellow graduation-style sash. Reform forgoes his usual showboating and peacocking: he's all business tonight. Behind him lurks his cronies: TA Cole, TA Horrigan, and TA Roosevelt respectively - all decked out in sharp, business-like suits. Ned says something to Cole, and this results in Levi taking point by the entrance while the two members of Weighted Grade walk with Ned down the ramp and toward the ring.

DDK:

I wonder... maybe Reform is a wee bit paranoid?

Darren Quimbey:

...from New Haven, Connecticut, and weighing in at 226 pounds... NED! REFORM!

We don't even get the usual catch phrase from the Sage on the Stage. Instead, he's busy directing traffic: telling Horrigan and Rosie exactly where to stand around ringside. With that business done, Ned scurries up the ramp and into the ring. CAGE begins to hop in place as a warm up as Ned removes his sash and hands it to referee Carla Ferrari. As he undoes his robe and begins to fold it... he suddenly sprints across the ring and throws the robe in CAGE'S FACE! With the self-proclaimed "vampire" momentary caught off guard, Reform begins to unload with rights and stomps, beating the Midcard Experiment member back into the corner!

Lance:

An absolute cheap shot from a man known for his short cuts.

DDK:

Some serious aggression out of Ned here... maybe, despite his silence, the threats from Box and Blackwood have

been taking a toll?

Carla quickly disposes of Ned's robe and marches over to the corner. She demands Reform back up so she can start the match proper... but The Philosopher King pays her exactly zero mind. Instead, he begins to use his boot to choke poor CAGE as the BRAZEN wrestler falls into a seated position in the corner. Finally, Carla begins the five count... and Reform releases the choke, puts his hands on his hips, and marches away angrily as Carla checks on CAGE before signaling for the bell.

DING DING

As Reform marches around the canvas, a chant rises from the fans in attendance...

BOX IS GONNA KILL YOU!

BLACKWOOD'S GONNA KILL YOU!

Ned's eyes nearly bug out of his head. His skull seems to instantly turn red. The man appears, for a moment, like he's actually about to explode. He turns... and charges... and Carla has JUST enough time to move out of the way as Ned connects with his boot in a running face wash to CAGE!

DDK:

The fans clearly getting under The Good Doctor's skin!

Reform places CAGE's neck on the bottom rope and stands on his back, forcing him down and choking him. He again gets off before Carla makes the five count.

BOX IS GONNA KILL YOU!

BLACKWOOD'S GONNA KILL YOU!

Amidst the chanting, Reform rolls under the bottom rope and to the outside. He gets right up in the face of a member of the Faithful: a thirty-something, slightly overweight fan wearing a Bronson Box t-shirt. As the rest of the crowd keeps the chant going, Ned gets dangerously close to this fan and exchanges some words. In the ring, Carla has had enough of Reform's shenanigans and begins the ten count. The fan, meanwhile, seems confident that Ned would never go so far as to cause physical harm... but there is a hint of uncertainty in his eye.

Finally, The Sage on the Stage breaks off the confrontation to beat the ten count and gets back in the ring. He sneers at the fans before reaching down to pick CAGE up... but hes caught off guard with a hurricanrana!

Lance:

Ned has got to stop letting The Faithful get in his head or we're going to have a major upset on our hands.

CAGE doesn't let up, springboarding off the ropes and catching Ned in the dome with a back elbow! CAGE makes the quick cover.

ONE!

Ned immediately gets a shoulder up.

CAGE moves as if electricity is flowing through his body. It's kinda weird honestly. He jumps up to the top rope, measures Reform and FLIES...

Lance:

Diving Crossbody!

ONE! TWO!

NO! Reform kicks out.

CAGE doesn't slow down, hitting the ropes and flying at The Good Doctor... but NED CATCHES HIM OFF GUARD WITH A FLYING, MISSILE-LIKE HEADBUTT!

DDK:

He calls that The Equivocator!

CAGE is rocked. Reform gets back to his feet, and then...

BOX IS GONNA KILL YOU!

BLACKWOOD'S GONNA KILL YOU!

Again, this stops Ned in his tracks. He stews for a few seconds before grabbing CAGE and throwing him over the top rope and to the ringside floor. Despite Carla's warnings, he follows his opponent out. On the floor, to the shock of the people in attendance (and stopping the chant for a second)... Ned hooks CAGE for a piledriver on the floor!

DDK:

Ned! You stop that right now!

Lance:

He's losing it, partner!

Reform goes to lift CAGE... but Carla has exited the ring and she gets right in his face, causing Ned to drop him. Reform seems to think about it for a second. He shoots a look at the nearby TA Roosevelt. Finally, his better sense wins out and he releases the hold, but he DOES position himself between Carla and CAGE in such a way that she doesn't see his leg shoot up backwards and catch CAGE right in his little Nicks. With CAGE down, Reform gets back on the apron and gets into the ring. He takes a seat on the top turnbuckle and demands that Carla count CAGE out.

Despite her reservations, it IS Carla's job, and she does.

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

CAGE is up and he rolls under the bottom rope, breaking the count. The fans begin to try to rally him... but Reform puts an immediate stop to that when he grabs him, hooks him, and sharply drops him on his head with his Syllabuster Brainbuster. The Good Doctor hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Reform theme begins to play, but Ned doesn't let up... he continues to lay down the boots into CAGE's skull. His TAs all join in in the endeavor, and the entire Honor Society is putting the boots to poor CAGE.

DING DING DING DING DING DING

Despite the timekeeper's best attempt, he is unable to stop the beat down. CAGE is unceremoniously dumped from the ring as Ned stares a hole through him with cold eyes. While TAs Cole, Horrigan, and Roosevelt taunt the fans and flex... Reform's face never changes.

DDK:

To say Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box has gotten in his head would be an understatement!

Reform continues to glare out into the fans... and out of frame steps Christie Zane. She makes her way through the stable and goes right for the man himself. The theme dies out.

Christie Zane:

Ned! Ned! I was wondering if...

Reform slaps the mic out of her hand!

BOOOOOOOOO!

We can't hear it, but we can see what he's saying...

Ned Reform:

This conversation is over.

Reform turns, gesturing for the rest of the Honor Society to follow him, and exits the ring, leaving a shocked and confused Christie Zane at UNCUT comes to a fade.

DDK:

DEFIANCE comes to Mexico in one week! You have to believe this Ned Reform/Bronson Box/Gage Blackwood issue that has been simmering is finally going to boil over!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.