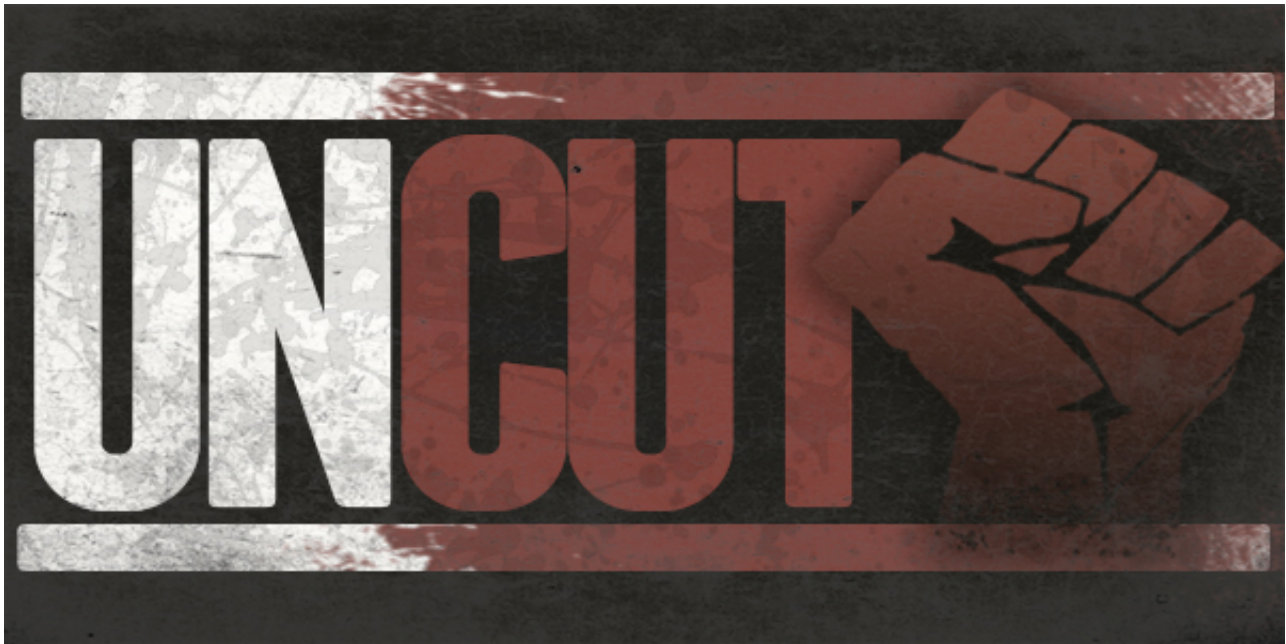


SHOW OPEN

TITANESS vs. NATHAN CROSS

DDK:

Welcome to UNCUT and tonight, we are kicking it off with some singles action! Former Unified Tag Team Champion Titaness will be in action against budding BRAZEN star, Nathan Cross! What can you tell us about Cross, parter?

Lance:

Nathan Cross is a rising star in BRAZEN. Former BRAZEN Star Cup holder and the longest reign of that title! Cross comes highly touted as an athletic prospect and we are getting a good look at him right now!

DDK:

Titaness and Dan Leo James have been aided by "The Texan Dragon" Jun Izuchi and evened the odds against The Most Precious Gems! Tonight, Titaness looks for a singles win while Nathan Cross looks to show out against an established main roster star! Singles action up next to kick us off on UNCUT!

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! Behind her in a blue and gold Titanes Familia track jacket, Dan Leo James throws his arms up! And bringing up the rear in a button-up gray shirt and tattered jeans, the "Extended Familia" Jun Izuchi shakes her hand.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by Dan Leo James and Jun Izuchi... 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...

♪ "Learn To Crawl" by Black Lab ♪

With the theme, out comes another BRAZEN star to take up the challenge. The lean and toned young man comes out to some cheers from The Faithful!

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent... from Costa Mesa, California, weighing in at 225 pounds... he is **NATHAN CROSS!**

DDK:

Big chance for Darren Cross to impress tonight!

Lance:

Definitely a blue chipper that's for sure. He likes to use a rolling cutter variation that he calls The Crossover. He also boasts a big vertical leap that Titaness will need to watch out for!

When Nathan Cross reaches the ring, he leaps over the ropes in one big jump to perhaps show off his athleticism. The former basketball player looks across the ring at Titaness, who offers up a hand as a show of respect. Nathan accepts the handshake and The Faithful cheer as referee Carla Ferrari calls for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

Quick show of respect between Titaness and Nathan Cross! Titaness is going to be looking for openings to try and

use that uncanny power while Nathan Cross may try and use his leaping ability.

The two lock up, but Nathan's size gives him the quick advantage when he gets Titaness up and over with a quick arm drag. She gets surprised from the jump by the young man and when he she is back up, he stands up on his feet and looks pretty proud of himself. The Show of Force offers up a mostly sarcastic golf clap for the rookie that's feeling himself at the moment.

Lance:

Nathan Cross gets the first move! They lock up again... Titaness goes behind... and takes him down to the mat with a rear takedown!

Dan Leo James and Jun Izuchi cheer on One Tall Glass of Kick-Ass as he switches to a front facelock. Nathan tries to fight his way to his feet, but Titaness quickly powers him and over... but he lands on his feet right behind her! When Titaness turns, she gets caught with a high angle dropkick from Cross!

DDK:

Goodness! That was some leap on that dropkick! Cover by Cross!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Titaness kicks out, but the dropkick is perfectly on point and the former BRAZEN Star Cup holder looks happy with himself. He goes to pick Titaness up for a suplex. He tries to take her up and over quickly, but the wife of Uriel Cortez kicks her legs to stay firmly on the ground. She twists her way out and then nails a double-handed chop to the chest! Nathan winces in pain before she throws a second set of double-handed chops. When he's backed into the ropes, he reverses. He swings for a clothesline and misses, but Titaness comes back and connects with a jumping lariat takedown!

DDK:

Titaness scores with that jumping lariat takedown she's been using in recent matches! Now where's she going?

The Show of Force gets up and with DLJ and Izuchi cheering her on from ringside, she goes for a gutwrench! She tries to take Nathan up and she ALMOST does, but he frantically kicks his legs until he gets free! He boots her in the chest and whips her off to the corner before following up with a big leaping splash in the corner. He throws her out of the corner, then leaps to the middle rope before taking flight backwards to catch Titaness with a big jumping crossbody!

Lance:

Wow! Nathan Cross is really showing something tonight! Can he score the big upset over an established DEFIANCE star?

ONE!

TWO... NO!

The Mother of Muscles kicks out a second time, but Nathan Cross switches tactics to go for a tight chinlock on the former Unified Tag Team Champion.

DDK:

Smart move here. His run as the BRAZEN Star Cup champion really taught him how to pace himself.

Lance:

That's very true! All BRAZEN Star Cup matches are fifteen minutes in length where the person with the most falls wins. He had the longest reign with the Cup thus far and worked really well.

Nathan continues to use his size to ground Titaness with the chinlock, but James starts to slap his hands on the ring apron to encourage the fans to clap along with him. The Faithful get into things and that gives Titaness the chance to fight her way up. Cross tries to crank down harder on the chinlock, but The Show of Force throws a series of back elbows to the chest and fires off a few until he finally breaks his grip. She goes off the ropes, but before she can land another move, Cross lands a leaping corkscrew back elbow! James and Izuchi look shocked!

DDK:

And Nathan Cross cuts her off again! He's using that height and speed here to really cut off Titaness' momentum before it gets going!

After the move, he kips up to his feet and then points towards the turnbuckles. He starts to slap the turnbuckle to show what he's about to do. He waits for Titaness to get back up and when The Show of Force starts to get to a knee, Nathan Cross makes the leap to the top rope this time and then leaps backwards... only to crash into nothing but the canvas!

Lance:

Oooh! There was no water in the pool for the top rope springboard crossbody!

DDK:

Nathan Cross still relatively young in his wrestling career! He went to the well once too often with these jumps!

The Show of Force is starting to get back to her feet while on the other side of the ring, Nathan Cross is starting to rise. When he gets up, he has no time to react when Titaness runs across the ring to catch him with a running back elbow in the corner. Stunned from the first shot, Titaness runs off the adjacent ropes and then comes back off the ropes to hit a corner pump kick! The second shot really stuns Cross and then allows for Titaness to grab him by the side... then connects with the BIG gutwrench suplex that gets cheers from The Faithful!

Lance:

What a big move by Titaness! It's always insane how she's able to find ways to utilize her strength for surprising comebacks like this!

As Cross is hurt, Titaness gets back up to her feet and then connect with a sliding clothesline to Cross off the ropes! She gets back up to her feet and then calls for the quick end.

DDK:

Here we go! Can she land the Titanic Struggle?

She tries to hoist Cross over her shoulders for the running air raid crash, but Cross surprises her by being able to slide out! He goes for an inverted headlock and has the chance to try and score with the Crossover, but Titaness spins her way out and clocks him with a rolling forearm!

DDK:

No! Nathan Cross tries the Crossover, but Titaness counters!

With the crowd on her side, she leaps off the ropes and connects right on the jaw with Titan-knee-um! He gets rocked against the ropes and then bounces back into the grip of The Show of Force...

DDK:

OOOH! TITANIC STRUGGLE! THAT'S IT!

After connecting with the air raid crash, Titaness goes right into the cover off the running air raid crash!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

Knowing that she has been in a fight, she breathes a sigh of relief as Carla goes over to raise her hand in victory!

Darren Quimbey:

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

Lance:

That combination of the Titan-knee-um knee strike and the Titanic Struggle has served Titaness really well! She'll need to bring that and a whole lot more when they face down the Most Precious Gems!

DDK:

No doubt Madame Melton is somewhere doing scouting with this tandem!

Titaness goes over to check on Nathan Cross and then she offers her hand out to the rookie. The former BRAZEN Star Cup winner takes the handshake and then gets his own arm raised by Titaness. They have some words off-mic before she leaves the ring. DLJ goes over to hug her.

Dan Leo James:

YAY! MUSCLE MOM WINS!

Titaness:

PUT ME DOWN OR I WILL END YOU!

Jun Izuchi merely chuckles quietly behind the Titanes Familia members as they collectively head up the ramp as the scene heads elsewhere.

EXCLUSIVE FOOTAGE - ATTEMPTED HIT AND RUN

Static flickers on the screen and then footage airs from DEFtv 196 marked "November 29th, 9:15pm" in the lower corner. DEFSec are seen having a discussion with Mason and Max Luck. Mason wants to go back inside, but Max Luck is seeing saying something to his brother to get him to leave.

Mason begrudgingly does so.

The footage skips ahead to four minutes later after the seven foot twins have made it to their red rental truck. Max opens the passenger side door and then throws his gym bag. Mason Luck goes around to open the back ...

Not far off in the parking lot, a black rental truck with tinted windows flickers its lights on and revs its engine. The truck comes speeding towards Mason Luck!

The big man sees the truck coming and he leaps into the back of the truck bed just before oncoming truck speeds off into the night!

Mason chases after the truck briefly and is screaming, then reaches into his truck and throws his travel bag against the pavement, busting the bag open sending clothes and other belongings exploding all over the parking lot. Max approaches Mason and his brother is explaining what just happened.

They both look in the direction that the black truck disappeared.

ERIC DANE JR. vs. FELTON BIGSBY

When we cut back to the ring Eric Dane Jr and Angus Skalland have already made their entrance to the arena. The Motormouth of Malcontent is in his client's ear trying his best to keep the kids attention whilst laying out a battle plan for the incoming man mountain dead set on crippling the poor bastard.

♪ "100 Black Coffins" by Rick Ross ♪

The lights in the arena dim and begin to pulse along with the track-

It's too dark to see clearly but someone has definitely emerged onto the stage. As the song reaches a peak a spotlight hits at the top of the ramp synchronized juts of flame erupt from the stage as "Texas Strong" Felton Bigsby stands with his huge arms outstretched. On his face a superior scowl, he sniffs and snarls in disdain as he looks out over the German Faithful. Doris Hilton quietly makes her way out onto the stage and stands back and to the left of her client- arms crossed, lips pursed.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring accompanied by his representation, Ms. Doris Hilton- from the mean streets of Houston, Texas! Weighing in tonight at 350 lbs- he is TEXAAAAAAS STRONG FELTON BIGSBY!

Felton starts down the ramp, barking insults at fans as he does so.

DDK:

This young man has never had the best attitude, but Doris Hilton has somehow brought out the worst in Felton. Angus called him a diva a number of weeks ago, I think that's an apt description of this young man.

Lance:

He's getting bookings, he's winning! I think at the end of the day that's probably more important in this game, is it not?

DDK:

Sadly, you're right partner- results are results.

As Felton and his manager slowly make their way down to ringside the camera cuts back to the ring- while we can't hear exactly what Angus Skaaland is filling his clients head with- but we can deduct from the way EDJr is bouncing back and forth on his feet nodding along with Skaaland's emphatic gesturing that he's giving one of his better "YOU GOT THIS, KID" speeches.

Lance:

There's an old adage about being able to sell ketchup popsicles to a woman in white gloves that I feel describes Angus and poor Eric Jr's relationship perfectly.

DDK:

Can you imagine being Eric Dane's kid? Even if he has his dad's gifts he'd struggle in that shadow.

Lance:

Maybe the admittedly strange path he's on will lead him out of that shadow, who knows?

Angus pours enough honey coated words of rah rah encouragement into Eric Dane Jr's that the kids actually struts across the ring and gets *directly* in Felton Bigsby's personal space the very moment the big man steps through the ropes. Bigsby folds his arms across his chest and raises an eyebrow as The Crown Prince goes about registering for one of those coffins from Felton's theme music-

The camera finally gets close enough for the microphone to pick up Jr-

EDJr:

... IT'LL BE UP YOUR OLD LADY MANAGERS KEISTER! GET IT?! YOU BIG DUMB PRICK?!

Bigsby simultaneously shakes his head and lifts a crisp kneecap right into Eric Jr's breadbasket. Benny Doyle being a canny official knows this is his last best chance to start this contest before its over-

DING DING

As Eric gasps for a breath Felton wraps one of his enormous pythons around Dane's neck in a tight, windpipe compressing front facelock, then-

Lance:

HE'S SPINNIN' KEEBS!

DDK:

Jr might end up a couple inches taller after this one, folks!

Just as the crowd starts to count along with the swinging rotations Felton lets Jr go and makes a point to scowl at the audience and flip them an aggressive bird. Bigsby is distracted, jawing with some of the front row Faithful-

Lance:

Who knew Felton knew German?

Eric Dane Jr stumbles, aimlessly reaching for something to stabilize himself, obviously feeling the dizzying effects of Bigsby's front facelock. He ends up leaning back against the nearest available turnbuckle, clearly trying desperately to stave off a bout of motion sickness. Once Felton is through blessing out some fat little German kid in his native language, no less, he looks back over his shoulder at his opponent taking deep breaths with his eyes closed in the corner across from him-

DDK:

Texas Strong has some ill intentions here, Lance!

Angus:

FOR FUCKS SAKE OPEN YOUR EYES!

Angus Skaaland's cries fall on deaf ears as, with a fullbore head of steam behind him, Felton Bigsby sandwiches Eric Dane Jr between turnbuckle and rock hard chest and abs and the nearly three hundred and fifty pounds of man behind it. The sound that escapes The Crown Prince is akin to that sound an old air mattress makes when the side finally blows out.

OOOOOOOOOH!

Lance:

Oh Gods, he's not done!

Felton Bigsby doesn't even let the poor kid hit the ground as he grabs EDJr by the hair and yanks him violently back out into the middle of the ring. Bigsby takes Eric by the wrist, rears back and irish whips him in the ropes, and on the rebound-

DDK:

FLAPJACK FROM BIG FELTON!

To his credit, Eric Dane Jr struggles valiantly up to his knees.

OOOOOOOOOH!

The simple straight boot to the side of the head from Bigsby is so violent it elicits a visceral response from the Faithful.

DDK:

An absolutely DOMINANT performance from Felton Bigsby here, Lance!

Lance:

Aaaaaand he's not done!

Felton reaches down and again yanks EDJr to his feet via a huge fistfull of the Crown Prince's gaudy dyed hair. Bigsby makes a show of locking on the full nelson- once locked in, wrenching Dane viciously back and forth. He finally lifts Jr high into the air, and spikes him to the mat back first. Bigsby angles his body so that he lands on top of what's left of Eric Dane Jr, straight into a pin.

Benny Doyle counts the inevitable.

1...

2...

3...

DING DING DING

♪ "100 Black Coffins" by Rick Ross ♪

Doris scrambles in the ring quick enough to lightly shove Benny Doyle away and take the honor of raising her client's hand in victory.

REDUNDANCIES

Angus Skaaland:

NOPE! F[censored]â€ this! SOMEBODY CUT THIS STUPID MUSIC!

An awkward moment passes as Angus scrambles into the ring.

Finally the production department does as Skaaland asks and cuts Felton's music- which immediately bristles Doris Hilton and her client. Doris screams for Gordy to get his ass in the ring, he does so, standing shoulder to shoulder with Felton playing bodyguard for Doris who's perched confidently behind her wall of muscle. Angus could care less, approaching fearlessly-

The crowd laughs as Angus literally steps over his own client, still KO'ed center ring-

Angus Skaaland:

Jesus T.F. Christ, Gordy, is this who you are?

Doris Hilton:

NO! No no no- YOU listen, you little-

The Motormouth ain't havin' it.

Angus Skaaland:

SHUT IT, SAGGO THE CLOWN! In this ring, holding this microphone Angus [censored] Skaaland is king, understand? Your boys got tenure around this joint. Can you hear me? Maybe turn your Miracle-Ear up a little because I have something to say! See I can't help but meddle in shit sometimes, it's what I do. So Gordy I looked up your grandpa's number down in Texas and I dropped a quick dime-

Gordy's eyes get wide with surprise.

Angus Skaaland:

I had a nice long talk with ol' Peepaw- great dude, by the way- I filled him in on what that demented old hag back there has done to his grandson in the name of that Ranch. Gordy, you can call him yourself but he told me he could give a good goddamn about losing it! He just wants you to be happy and prosper, kid. I'm tellin' ya' - just walk away from Doris, be your own man-

You can tell Gordy's seriously considering what Skaaland just said.

Proverbial record scratch-

Doris Hilton:

Not so fast, gentlemen- what sort of business woman would I be if I didn't have contractual redundancies? Come now children. This isn't my first rodeo. I have Mr. Lovett so pitifully wrapped up in red tape, his grandchildren will work for me! Do you understand, Skaaland? He's MINE. For the foreseeable future, Gordy Lovett will be a part of Hilton Promotions, PERIOD!

The Motormouth of Malcontent pauses and thinks on all his adversary has said.

Gordy looks back at Angus helplessly; Angus shrugs.

Angus Skaaland:

Yeah. I kind of figured you'd say something like that. So I made a couple of phone calls, cashed in a couple of favors and pulled another string in a dwindling cache-

Doris Hilton:

What ARE you blathering on about?

Angus Skaaland:

Alright, check this: this is pro wrestling aint it? Let me talk in a language you can get down on, you old twaa[censored]aat! Lets make a little money off this deal, what do you say? We're promoters, lets goddamn promote. Your boys versus mine in a winner take all tag team match at DEFtv 197- if Eric and his partner can beat Felton and Gordy- Gordy's contract is transferred to *ME*.

DDK:

So much for being "his own man"- me thinks Angus sees mostly dollar signs when he looks at Gordy Lovett.

Lance:

Skaaland isn't known for doing things out of the goodness of his heart- there's ALWAYS an angle. This is known.

Hilton laughs out loud.

Doris Hilton:

You don't learn, do you? Have you paid attention to the last month of my boys making a fool out of that incompetent client of yours? He's useless, Angus! Just look at him! Talent usually skips a generation- Eric Dane Jr proves that fact definitively! Absolutely pathetic!

Eric Dane Jr finally fumbles and bumbles his way to his feet, supporting himself with a hand on his managers' shoulder.

EDJr:

What'd I miss, boss? Who's pathetic?

Jr is just absolutely oblivious to what's going down as the Tweetie-birds continue to circle.

Doris Hilton: *[laughing]*

You know what? You're on, you little cretin! Felton and Gordy versus your boy there and whoever's stupid enough to hitch their wagon to this joke of a-

EDJr:

WAIT, WHAT?!

Angus Skaaland:

Calm your tits, kid, ain't you figured out yet that Angus Skaaland *a/ways* has a plan?

And this is where shit gets interesting.

♪ "Stranglehold" - The Nooje ♪

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!

What, you thought the Euro-Faithful didn't know their history? You should be ashamed of yourself. After about four seconds of losing their minds, heads start to swivel en masse. Anybody out there who recognizes this particular entrance theme is also probably pretty highly aware of the chaos about to ensue.

HOOOOOO-AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!! HUSS! HUSS! HUSS!

Lance:

It can't be!

DDK:

IT IS! IT'S THE SMOKY MOUNTAIN MASTODON! IT'S FRANK DYLAN JAAAAAAMES!

It **is** Frank Dylan James. He **is** the Smoky Mountain Mastodon. And he is also quite completely out of control. The commotion is everywhere until finally you can see a wildly spun length of chain helicoptering just barely over the heads of a section of fans near one of the exits back to the main concourse. Dressed in a beaten up old pair of overalls and nothing else, shirt and shoes be damned, the world-traveled Original Defiant carves a loud and violent path directly through the crowd towards the ring.

Lance:

He's gonna kill somebody with that chain!

DDK:

You wanna go try to take it away from him?

Lance:

I do not.

DDK:

I didn't think so.

Collecting several near misses with his wild chain-swinging antics, Frank seems to be in a good ol' mood as he hoots, hollers, and flat-out screams in the faces of men, women, and children of every size and shape. Some of them are definitely wiping "tabaccy spit" out of their faces, too. Finally they all part like the Red Sea and give the Hillbilly Holocaust a wide enough berth to make his way to the ring without further incident.

Lance:

There are going to be so many lawsuits.

DDK:

There always are when Frank comes around, Lance! Back in the day we used to write it off as the cost of doing business.

Everyone in the ring including Eric Dane Jr's eyes grow wide save for Angus who's simply grinning ear to ear as The Mastodon stomps his way to the ring. When his filthy bare feet meet canvas the Faithful explode yet again for the returning Appalachian madman and certified DEFIANCE legend Frank Dylan James. Eric Dane Jr's confusion and fear about the situation becomes blind confidence as Frank steps up beside him- immediately eyeballing big Felton Bigsby and the equally big Gordy Lovett.

DDK:

Doris is a canny operator, but I'm not sure she saw this one coming, partner!

Angus Skaaland:

Eric Dane Jr will be joined by his "uncle" - *FRANK DYLAN JAMES!*

Doris Hilton glares at Angus from behind her two clients.

Angus Skaaland:

Your ass is grass, grandma- Gordy? Get ready for a brighter future, my boy!

Frank bellows a guttural howl as he gets nose to nose with Felton Bigsby- Gordy stands his ground but his emotions are written all over his face. Doris grabs Gordy by the front of his homemade crop top Texas Pride t-shirt and begins reading him the riot act off mic.

DDK:

Poor Gordy is going to have to wrestle *AGAINST* his best interests! What a position to be put in-

Lance:

Lovett doesn't seem the type to throw a match, Keebs- even with his own future on the line. Definitely a rough situation for the Texas Stampede.

WISHING YOU LUCK

The camera opens up backstage on a very stressed-out and a nervous Butcher Victorious, backstage. He continues to pace about the hallway by himself. At least, he thinks he's by himself.

Butcher Victorious: *[speaking out quietly]*

You got this... you got this... come on, you're Butch Vic...

He looks around in the hallway by himself.

Butcher Victorious: *[a little louder]*

You've got The Stick! I think...

He ruffles through his nearby purple backpack and then pulls out his signature microphone.

Butcher Victorious: *[slightly louder]*

Okay... What else...? Oh... right...

Butcher taps his own skull.

Butcher Victorious:

The skull that's thick. Yeah... yeah... YEAH! YEAH!

Now with a voice brimming with confidence, he talks in his more boisterous tone.

Butcher Victorious:

I'm gonna win tonight cause I'm Butch Vic! I got The Stick! I got the skull that's thick! And then I'm gonna earn my way back into Vae Vic...

???:

Hey.

Butcher Victorious:

OH *[censored]*!

Butcher nearly jumps out of his skin. When he jumps, the camera pans back. Standing there is none other than Mil Vultas and his manager, Thomas Keeling.

Mil Vultas:

Whoa, whoa, amigo. Calm down! Not here for fight!

Thomas Keeling:

Keep going, young man. Butch Vic... stick... and go.

The lackey of Oscar Burns growls at the pair!

Butcher Victorious:

What do you think you're doing?! You almost got me FIRED from Vae Victis last time you tried to talk to me! What the hell are you doing?!

Mil simply holds his hands out defensively.

Mil Vultas:

Nada, amigo... all I'm here is to say I'm sorry Oscar doing this to you... and good luck next week.

He holds out his hand for a handshake, but Butcher looks at him suspiciously.

Butcher Victorious:

What... you don't think I see what's going on? I know people think Butch Vic ain't with it... but I am! You don't think I see what you're doing? Trying to drive a wedge between me and Oscar Burns?

Thomas shakes his head.

Thomas Keeling:

I assure you, young man. That's not the truth. All Mil has wanted to do is help you even when I didn't want him to. You don't see what's going on, do you?

Mil chimes in.

Mil Vueltas:

Oscar is using you, Butcher. He's been using you to do dirty work for a long time now. Think about it... if Oscar cared, would he be putting you in matches you didn't agree to? He would treat you like equal ...

The Man of a Thousand Flips continues.

Mil Vueltas:

Él no te ve como un igual. He'll only keep taking advantage of you.

Butcher shakes his head.

Butcher Victorious:

No... no, you're out your damn mind, Mil! I'm gonna win tonight! Then next week, I'm gonna beat YOU! Then I'm gonna earn my way back into Vae Victis!

He brushes past Mil and Thomas.

Butcher Victorious:

Just watch! Butch Vic... IS Vae Vic...

H stomps away... then pops his head back in.

Butcher Victorious:

...tis.

With that, he leaves the pair in the hallway. Regardless, Mil and Thomas head the other way.

Mil Vueltas:

Buena suerte.

STRONG AF vs. SOMCHAI

DDK:

Welcome back to UNCUT and coming up, we've got what Angus Skaaland would once refer to on commentary as a... (clears throat) HOSSFITE! In action, we've got "The Seattle Strongman" Strong AF going one-on-one against a powerhouse from BRAZEN, the Thai star, Somchai!

Lance:

Big stats between these two men. Strong AF stands six-foot two and two-hundred sixty-seven pounds! Somchai! Six-foot eight and two-hundred eighty-nine pounds! Two big men looking for a chance to break out. Strong AF gave Mil Vuelas all he could handle a few weeks ago in Stuttgart, but tonight, he's gotta change gears and fight an opponent larger than he!

DDK:

Indeed, let's go to the match! Strong AF and Somchai starts now with Darren Quimbey for the in-ring introductions!

The camera goes to Darren Quimbey in the ring before cutting over to the large Somchai in his corner.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, already in the ring, from Pattaya City, Thailand, weighing in at 289 pounds... **SOMCHAI!**

The massive Thai star raises his arms to a nice cheer from the Bremen Faithful! Wearing black shorts, boots and knee pads, he looks ready for the test ahead of him. His music cuts as the camera goes to the entrance.

♪ "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 new white STRONK logo on the sides, 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:

And his opponent... 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. The powerhouse climbs into the ring and looks up at his opponent and remains undeterred. DEFIANCE's largest official, Brian Slater, resides over the match and calls for the bell...

DING DING

After the bell rings, Strong AF and Somchai lock up in a collar-and-elbow tie-up! They both struggle and both men try to push the other back. Both men appear to be even as they fight around ringside, and then continue to fight against the ropes. Strong AF eventually gets turns into the ropes, but both men break off their hold!

Lance:

Strong AF has been in a slump recently with his last few matches and is looking to come out of it with a win tonight. This could be the chance for Somchai to score a big win.

DDK:

It certainly could! Upsets have happened before. Somchai and Strong AF appear to be evenly matched for the moment!

Strong AF and Somchai lock up again, but Mr. STRONK kicks Somchai square in the knee! The Thai star stops in his

tracks and that allows Strong AF to slap in a tight headlock! He grinds the taller Somchai closer to his level and then cranks on the headlock but Somchai pushes him to the ropes. When he comes back. Strong AF runs into Somchai with a shoulder block, but doesn't go down. Strong AF slaps his chest and dares Somchai to try and hit him off the ropes. The BRAZEN star charges off the ropes, but The Seattle Strongman ducks off to the side and then comes off with a jumping shoulder tackle that takes Somchai off his feet!

DDK:

The more experienced Strong AF suckered him in! He takes Somchai off his feet for the first time!

The Seattle Strongman quickly picks up his 289-pound opponent with relative ease before dumping him with a big body slam! Strong AF jumps in place and gets jeers when he throws his hands up. Somchai is disoriented when he tries to get up a second time, only for the powerful Seattleite to pick him up a second time and drop him with a second big body slam.

Lance:

Goodness! Two consecutive body slams and Strong AF made that look easy!

He charges off the ropes just as the BRAZEN wrestler tries to get up, only to be knocked down by a sliding shoulder tackle on the mat! Strong AF follows up for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Somchai kicks out, but Strong AF stays on him with a big elbow drop to the heart!

DDK:

Strong AF looking good tonight. He's just completely overpowered the larger Somchai quickly and now he's in control!

The Thai wrestler tries to fight Strong AF off of him with a few big rights to the gut, but The Seattle Strongman fires back with a big knee strike. He runs him right into the nearby corner and then hits a number of shoulder thrusts into his large midsection. He backs up a few steps as Somchai has been winded, only to charge forward with a huge running corner clothesline! The Seattle Strongman follows up by pummeling Somchai's chest with a number of big clubbing clotheslines to the chest. He hits four in succession, then holds his right hand out before SMACKING him with another shot!

DDK:

What a series of shots! Now Strong AF has him... HUGE suplex out of the corner!

The confident Strong AF goes for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Somchai kicks out and then pushes up from the canvas, trying to get his bearings, but the match has been just about all Strong AF so far.

Lance:

Somchai better find a way around Strong AF and counter something. He's looking for his first televised win tonight.

DDK:

He's going for another suplex! Can he hit another one?

He tries... but Somchai kicks his massive legs to keep from going over. Somchai tries his luck and manages to get Strong AF up, but it's his turn to kick his legs to fight from being taken over. Strong AF tries again and gets Somchai a little higher, but no! Then Somchai gets him up... AND HE SCORES WITH THE SUPLEX! The Faithful start cheering as Somchai sits up while Strong AF holds his back in pain!

Lance:

Both men fought for that suplex, but it's Somchai that wins out! He finally has a chance to score some offense!

The Thai wrestler gets cheers from The Bremen Faithful and then sits back up to his feet. He waits as Strong AF gets up in the corner before he charges in. Strong AF gets an elbow up that rattles Somchai and sends the big man wobbling backwards. The Seattle Strongman charges off the ropes, but Somchai manages to pick him up over the shoulder, spin him around in several rotations and then finally DUMP Strong AF on his back with a spinning body slam!

DDK:

There we go! He takes him down a second time!

With The Seattle Strongman still favoring his back after the big slam, Somchai hits the ropes and then FLOORS him with a huge big boot to the face! He gets kicked to the mat, and then he bounces off the adjacent ropes before delivering a jumping leg drop!

DDK:

Big boot and leg drop combo! That's been a favorable combination in matches over the years! Can Somchai win out here?

ONE!

TWO... NO!

The Seattle Strongman kicks out with a shoulder up! Somchai is protesting with Brian Slater but the largest official of DEFIANCE throws up two fingers.

Lance:

Somchai almost scores the win there, but he's got a chokeslam in mind!

He holds a hand up and waits as Strong AF gets back to his feet. When he stumbles upwards, he grabs him by the throat! The Seattle Strongman fights his way out with a number of elbows to free himself, staggering the big man. He picks up Somchai with both hands, then hits him with an amazing fallaway samoan drop!

DDK:

The Cooldown! He hits The Cooldown! That was amazing! He just picked him up and planted him down!

Strong AF sits up and then rolls up to his feet. He hooks the neck, then the leg of Somchai before PICKING him up and slamming him down with a big leg hook chokeslam of his own!

DDK:

And there's the Deadly AF chokeslam! That's it!

Strong AF hooks the big leg of Somchai and looks right at the camera.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner...**STRONG AF!**

♪ "Watch Me" The Phantoms ♪

When Brian Slater tries to grab his arm, he pulls his arm away and wants nothing to do with the celebration. He points down at Somchai and mouths "You see that? I DID THAT! I DID THAT!" He leaves ringside and heads up the ramp.

Lance:

Strong AF secures the win after a good showing against Mil Vuelas a few weeks ago, into this win. If Strong AF can tap into this newfound meanstreak of his, he can go far!

DDK:

That he could. It's up to him to make that work, but he looked aggressive tonight and that may be something he needs.

Mr. STRONK poses halfway up the ramp, checks his jaw from the earlier big boot by Somchai, then heads behind the curtain as the show moves on.

THE PROBLEM SOLVER

“Problem Solver” Adrian Payne stands in front of the entrance of the empty locker room, with some posters on a cork board next to him. The man is. 6’3”, 325 behemoth. He’s a black man, with a shaved bald head and bushy black beard. He’s wearing a black singlet with a Canadian Maple Leaf on the torso.

Adrian Payne:

If you ain’t heard yet, you about to hear. The name’s Adrian Payne, and I’m here to solve your problems. My resume, you ask?

There’s a shot of a younger Adrian Payne throwing up weights at a Canadian powerlifting championship, followed by him throwing up more, then smiling as he holds up titles, before doing so at the 2020 Olympics, a tear in his eye as he stands on the podium being crowned the Gold Medal as the Canadian flag flies proudly over his head.

Adrian Payne:

I grew up in Jane and Finch in T-Dot Toronto. I’ve always been the biggest dude on the block, and I started weightlifting when I was a kid. And I don’t mean like some lunthead at the Planet Fitness. I am talking snatch, clean-and-jerk, you name it. I can’t even remember how many Toronto, Ontario and Canadian national championships I won. But I do remember back a few years ago in Tokyo when I lifted more than any earthling ever had before and got a gold medal around my neck. I’m straight up the damn Canadian Idol.

Now there is a sepia toned photo of his wedding, his beautiful bride next to him, followed by the large man with a beaming smile as he cradled his tiny newborn baby girl in his arms.

Adrian Payne:

That’s me with my blushing bride, Aaliyah. And that’s my baby girl, Brielle. I’m a family man and proud of it. My wife? Well, she like being married to a national hero. But you know what she likes more than that? Showing off to her lady friends at the country club that month’s new \$10,000 handbag, or bragging about the first class cabin we had on that Mediterranean Cruise — got to cut the buffet line any time we wanted and have massages on demand, in fact. And Brielle? Well, we got her accepted at Havergal College — the best private school in all of Canada — and she’s already in the beauty pageants. And all that costs money. Plus me?

The camera shows Adrian Wade pulling up outside the BRAZEN training facility in a giant, black Mercedes G-Class SUV.

Adrian Payne:

I’m a large man, and a large man such as myself likes to live large. My whip? We talking a lot more accessories than heated seats. I got the full hook-up. Now. I won trophies. I won accolades. I won a god damn Gold Medal. But now I’m looking to get paid for my efforts. I’ve been wreckin’ dudes down in BRAZEN for the past year.

There a bunch of shots of Adrian taking BRAZEN foes down with big clotheslines, running splashes in the corner and his “STAY DOWN!” forward falling slam.

Adrian Payne:

And I decided I’m going to show out tonight. You got a problem? I’ll solve it for you... after a properly negotiated fee, of course.

Payne smiles as he puts a business card up on the cork board.

Adrian Payne:

That’s got my contact info — cell, office, email and even my god damn FAX number if you need. You like what you see tonight? Holla at ya boy.

Payne winks at the camera and starts his walk to the ring.

"THE PROBLEM SOLVER" ADRIAN PAYNE vs. WES INGRAM

The fresh-faced 19-year-old Wes Ingram stands in the ring, nervously pulling on the top rope.

♪ "Scenario" by A Tribe Called Quest ♪

The 90s hip hop anthem plays as the DEFiatron show various clips of "The Problem Solver" Adrian Payne in powerlifting competitions interspersed with him throwing dudes around in BRAZEN. He walks out with a mean mug, looks around the audience, and pounds his chest three times with his right fist. He starts pacing down to the ring, making a "get your hands off me" growl with the threat of a backhand slap to a ringside fan.

DDK:

It's hard enough to be 19-years-old and to be making your UNCUT debut... but this is going to be a quite difficult evening for young Wes Ingram tonight!

Lance:

A professional wrestling career can be very short. You have to take your shots when you get them. But Adrian Payne has been on a mission lately down in BRAZEN and is vying for the Onslaught Championship. But my sources in BRAZEN tell me Adrian's not a very patient person, and he wants the attention of DEFIANCE -- or, more importantly, someone to pay him money to take care of their problems in DEFIANCE!

Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

Ingram starts flailing away with forearms to Payne's chest. Payne gives him a dirty look before mushing him in the face. Ingram fires back --

DDK:

OH NO! Payne just levelled that kid with a clothesline!

Lance:

That was a near 360 degree flip from the impact!

Payne picks Ingram up by his hair and points a scolding finger in his face.

Adrian Payne:

I'm gonna beat your ass like you robbed my house on Christmas Eve!

Payne cinches in a bearhug and rams Ingram into the corner! Payne lets out a huge laugh, before taking two steps forward, allowing Ingram to fall face first to the mat.

Lance:

You can hear the ring literally shift from the force from someone who calls himself Earth's Mightiest Man -- and dares anyone to tell him otherwise!

DDK:

And Ingram is not a cruiserweight, folks! He's close to 235 pounds!

Payne sneers as he lords over Ingram, before dropping a big -- BIG! -- elbow to Ingram's chest. Instead of pinning Payne, he lifts the teengaer up by his hair and again points a scolding finger in his face.

Adrian Payne:

It's time for you to...

Payne picks Ingram up in both hands and falls forward --

Adrian Payne:

STAY! DOWN!

Adrian sits like he's doing a push-up on Ingram, but with his one hand over the kid's face.

DDK:

Thankfully, this one's over!

Lance:

Adrian understands that he doesn't work by the hour!

One!

Two!

Three!

DING DING DING

Payne mashes Ingram in the face one last time as he sees the camera closing in on his face.

Adrian Payne:

Got a problem? I'll take care of it for you. Now let's talk about my rates...

AS ORDERED BY DEFIANCE HIMSELF: BUTCHER VICTORIOUS EMERGENCY ASSESSMENT MATCH

DDK:

We're coming up to our special main event for UNCUT tonight and... well, I have no idea what to even think. The only notation that we received is that this match was being billed as a, quote "Emergency Assessment Match" and that it will be Butcher Victorious taking part against an unknown opponent.

Lance:

I saw that listed on tonight's card and when I tried to ask around, my sources tell me that this match was orchestrated by Oscar Burns to ready Butcher for his match with Mil Vuelas. We saw a little bit ago that Butcher has no idea what this is and Mil Vuelas tried to approach him, but he wouldn't have any part of it.

DDK:

Regardless, we're heading to ringside for this... Emergency Assessment Match... let's go to Darren Quimbey!

We now go to Darren Quimbey in the ring for the next match to come!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is an...

He stops to read from his index card.

Darren Quimbey:

Emergency Assessment Match... with Butcher Victorious to face a mystery opponent! Introducing first...

♪ "Stranger Fruit (instrumental)" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

The lights dim to a burgundy hue all throughout as the haunting melody starts to play... but instead of the regular lyrics... It's Butcher Victorious. He's wearing a white dissheveled white t-shirt with "VV Trainee" written in faded black Sharpie and now back to his old purple tights instead of the burgundy colors he rocked as a full time Vae Victis member.

DDK:

Well, since Butcher Victorious lost his full-fledged Vae Victis status after losing the Favoured Saints Title, he's back to using the instrumental... but he's gonna sing?

Lance:

Eep.

Butcher Victorious:

VAE VICTIS WITH YOUR FRIEND BUTCH VIC! THAT'S MY NAME AND I GOT THE STICK! BREE-WOO! BREE-WOO! STRANGER FRUIT, BEANS ARE MUSICAL FRUIT, THE MORE YOU EAT, THE MORE YOU TOOT! BREE-WOO! BREE-WOO!

He continues crooning.

Butcher Victorious:

EMERGENCY ASSESSMENT? WHAT IS IT? I DON'T CARE CAUSE I'M BUTCH VIC! BREE-WOO! BREE-WOO!

After he stops and reaches the ring, he gets rid of The Stick™ and waits for whoever Oscar Burns has lined up as his opponent...

♪ "Operation Ground and Pound" by Dragonforce ♪

Out comes a big, burly man with a huge bushy black beard streaked with a good amount of gray. Lots of muscle, covered by a big belly. At least two teeth missing, the rest a little crooked, but he wields a massive turkey leg in one hand he's been snacking on for a little while now. As an old veteran of the German squared circle, he gets some cheers from the Bremen Faithful who may recognize him! Butcher looks displeased at the mountain of muscle (and belly fat) coming his way that looks like he could maul him.

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing his opponent... from The Dragon's Gorge, weighing in at 270 pounds... this... is... **FAFNIR!**

Lance:

Uh-oh! That's FAFNIR! He's a monster within the BRAZEN brand, but he's also a countryman!

Butcher goes to ask referee Jonny Fastcountini if the match does indeed have to happen, but Jonny shrugs. Meanwhile, FAFNIR makes his way to the ring and lets out a roar and gives the turkey leg to Jonny who tries to ditch it as fast as he can. The German Dragon looks over at Butcher....

THEN ROCKS HIM WITH A CLOTHESLINE!

DDK:

Oh no! FAFNIR takes Butcher right off his feet with a clothesline and the match hasn't officially started yet!

FAFNIR backs off and lets out another loud roar that gets him a mixed reaction. Meanwhile, Jonny Fastcountini goes to check on Butcher. Butch Vic starts to sit up, then looks at Jonny.

Butcher Victorious:

My everything hurts.

Jonny nevertheless calls for the bell!

DING DING**Lance:**

Some Emergency Assessement this is! He wants Butcher to be ready for his match by... making him wrestle this monster?

DDK:

This just reeks of more of Oscar Burns' unnecessary punishment for losing the Favoured Saints Championship in the first place. Where the punishment for Henry Keyes losing the Southern Heritage? Or Lindsay Troy losing the FIST to Dex Joy?!

When Butcher starts to stand back, FAFNIR clocks him with a second, even harder clothesline! Butcher gets knocked clean off his feet a second time and right away, FAFNIR goes for the cover!

DDK:

Quick cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Butch Vic gets some cheers from The Faithful for a quick kickout!

Lance:

Wow... a positive response for Butcher Victorious? I think people are starting to sympathize with his situation?

DDK:

I don't know, but FAFNIR keeping up the pressure! He's already got him by the arm!

The German Dragon starts to pull him up by the arm, only to WALLOP Butcher with a short-arm clothesline so tough that it nearly flips Butcher inside out. Victorious tries to get back up, but doesn't have to wait long before he gets picked up and immediately taken off his feet with a second short-arm clothesline!

DDK:

Let's make no mistake - Butcher Victorious is a former Favoured Saints Champion himself, but he was caught off-guard by FAFNIR and hasn't been able to muster any offense yet!

Lance:

And he better duck this one!

FAFNIR swings... and Butcher does duck! He gets behind FAFNIR and hits a standing clothesline of his own! He gets staggered backwards, but Butcher tries again! He cracks FAFNIR with one!

DDK:

Is Butcher trying to trade clotheslines with this monster?

Butcher tries one more time... but FAFNIR turns him inside out with another one!

Lance:

That wasn't smart! Butcher trying to prove his toughness to Oscar Burns and Vae Victis, but I don't know if this is the time to be doing it. He should be using evasion and trying to catch FAFNIR off-guard!

The former Favoured Saints Champion gets picked up by the hair, but Butcher fights back! He fires off a number of right hands! He tries to hit the chest of The German Dragon several times! The Bremen Faithful give him some more cheers when he manages to catch FAFNIR with a big kneeling jawbreaker! Butcher holds his head in pain but he is with it! He stands on his own two feet and slinks around the 6'3" monster and yells out to The Faithful as he tries a German suplex on the German Dragon... but he doesn't budge!

DDK:

This isn't what he should be doing! He's gotta stick and move!

Butcher charges off the ropes and then tries for a big move off the comeback... only for FAFNIR to charge forward and nail what amounts using a body attack with his belly and it knocks him clear off his feet! The German Dragon lets out a big roar once again and towers over Butch Vic.

Lance:

Ooh! Not a counter with a lot of technique, but effective nonetheless!

DDK:

And now another cover by FAFNIR!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The former Favoured Saints Champion gets the shoulder up off the mat, causing FAFNIR to look at Jonny with red-faced rage.

DDK:

Butcher kicks out again, but FAFNIR still not done with this punishment!

The German Dragon grabs Butcher's shirt and tears it off of him! He rips it apart in his hands and tosses it aside before snatching him up off the mat. Butcher is up next and gets body slammed violently on the mat! Butch Vic arches his back in pain, but he doesn't stay long because FAFNIR goes to pick him up a second time. Second verse, same as the first as he gets SLAMMED down again!

DDK:

This has been brutal offense by FAFNIR! These brutal clotheslines and slams are taking their toll on Butcher!

He picks up Butcher by his ratty mohawk and the 214-pound Texan gets picked up over the shoulder for a third body slam... no! Butcher catches FAFNIR with an elbow! He elbows him again! And again! And again! And again! After several elbows to the temple, he slips out the back and hits the nearby ropes to cheers from The Faithful! When FAFNIR turns around, Butcher shouts at him and then FAFNIR charges. The German Dragon rushes like a bull, but Butcher moves and then ducks on all fours to trip up the big man!

Lance:

That's Butcher's offense! Unorthodox, but effective as well!

After the big man trips over Butch Vic, said Vic gets back to his feet in the corner. FAFNIR charges full speed ahead, but Butcher moves again and he hits nothing but the corner and has his own momentum used against him by Butcher rocking the big man with a snap German suplex that gets big approval from The Faithful!

DDK:

Goodness, he did it! He used FAFNIR's own predicament and scores with that snap German suplex!

With the big man rocked in the corner, Butcher has him lined up! He charges across the ring and scores with a big running European uppercut, as influenced by Oscar. The blow rocks the big man and he staggers out of the corner, allowing Butcher to leap to the middle rope and come back with what could be described as a springboard backwards headbutt right to the barrel chest of FAFNIR, clearing him off his feet!

DDK:

There's Using Your Noggin Number 2! He caught FAFNIR square with the springboard flying headbutt off the middle rope! Now where's Butcher going?

He looks around quickly, then goes to the ring apron as The German Dragon is still grounded. Butcher leaps over the ropes to land on the apron, then slaps his forehead repeatedly. Butcher leaps to the top rope and then hits the springboard diving headbutt once again to the chest!

DDK:

Using Your Noggin III! He lands the springboard diving headbutt!

Lance:

But... he's not going for the cover? What's he doing now?

Butcher is still holding his head in pain but he's on his feet now as FAFNIR is staggered and trying to stand up. The former Favoured Saints Champions hops in place around FAFNIR like he's causing an earthquake, then speeds off the ropes before scoring between the eyes with a sliding headbutt!

DDK:

What the heck was that?! Butcher hits a sliding headbutt? He just clocked FAFNIR with it! I think he's done!

Butcher hooks both legs of FAFNIR and hangs on tight!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Stranger Fruit (instrumental)" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

The VV Trainee gets cheers from The Faithful as he starts to slowly stand up to his feet, breathing heavily after being thrust into a fight he didn't ask for!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Lance:

Those uppercuts and those headbutts he learned from Oscar to tailor as his own really helped him out here! Now, next week, Butcher Victorious is being made to fight for his Vae Victis reinstatement against Mil Vueltas, who needs this victory to get a rematch with Oscar Burns!

DDK:

That is all for us tonight, folks! For Lance Warner, I am "Downtown" Darren Quimbey and we thank you for joining us here on UNCUT! We will see you next week for DEFtv 197 and our final show before we get to the UNCUT Year End Awards and beyond that, the new year for DEFIANCE Road!

Butcher goes to collect his signature microphone, The Stick™ and the tattered remains of the white VV Trainee t-shirt he has been forced to wear. He stares at the shirt for a few moments, then shakes his head before he heads up the ramp. Some fans reach out to slap hands, but Butcher ignores them and then poses on the middle of the ramp.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.