

SHOW OPEN



BACK WITH ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE PUNK ROCKIN' BEATS

We open backstage on Chris Trutt, mic in hand, greeting the Faithful watching at home with a proud smile.

Chris Trutt:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! Chris Trutt here, welcoming all of you to another installment of DEFIANCE Wrestling's Uncut!

The fact that he can maintain his composure is somewhat impressive, given a certain Goat Bastard is impatiently pacing back and forth between the seasoned junior reporter and the camera.

Chris Trutt:

And with DEFtv 202 from Atlanta now in the books, we have officially embarked on the road to Maximum DEFIANCE, where many DEFIANTS hope to kick off the next cycle of events with a statement in the ring!

Passing by the camera once more, the Escape Artist attempts to conjure up his inner Corvo Alpha with an animalistic snort. In the process, he seemingly loosens a glob of ancient phlegm from his sinus cavity, leading to a quick fit of choking as he attempts to clear it from his throat.

Trutt gives him a momentary look of concern before flashing his smile to the camera once more.

Chris Trutt:

With me now is one such DEFIANT, "The Escape Artist" Rezin. Rezin, sorry that we missed you at DEFtv...

Rezin scrambles back into the shot and leans in to speak, eyes bulging, mouth spraying spittle to dampen his ragged beard.

Rezin:

VVVVVVVVVVWHALE LEMME TELL YA WHUT, CHRIS TRUTT!!! It's a cryin' shame that we all hadda live to see the day when yer ol' DOPESMOKER couldn't make the DEF tee-vee cut! Been on the sidelines all these damb months, itchin' to get back into the ring, and now they're relegatin' me back to Uncut?! It's a CRIME, I tell ya... and one that I ain't privy to doin' time for!

Arms extended into an overexaggerated shrug, Rezin turns his red-eyed stare of incredulity from the junior reporter to the camera.

Rezin:

Like, OKAY, so maybe I ate shit in my big comeback! And maybe people are sayin' it was the worst, most pointless, who-asked-for-this-and-what-is-the-audience-here openin' match in the history of DEFCON! And maybe doin' the Eff-Eff-Seven tribute intro was kinda over people's heads! And maybe Busey's appearance rate is like WAAAAAYYYY more than he's prolly worth! And maybe Scott Hunter gettin' FOKED channelin' the power of DESTRUCITY was somethin' I couldn't possibly see comin'! But c'maaaaawn, this is ME we're talkin' 'bout here! Ya think one bad and embarrassin' night is gonna be enough to keep DEFIANCE's dearest dopesmokin' daredevil DOWN and OUT?!

He furiously shakes his head.

Rezin:

Naaaaah, Trutt! There's still juice in these old bones of mine that's good for cookin'! One bad night is just any OTHER night in the topsy-turvy life of the Escape Artist! All it does is pour GASOLINE onto THIS FIRE that burns within me!

Trutt, by now a seasoned Rezinologist, nods as though this insane rambling were perfectly coherent.

Chris Trutt:

I see what you're saying, Rezin. But I suppose then it begs the question, given how DEFCON turned out, what are your personal ambitions as we head onward Maximum DEFIANCE? How do you plan on answering for your shortcomings?

Rezin:

ANSWER, Trutt?! HERE'S my ANSWER: I'M GONNA KICK SOMEBUDDY'S ASS!! Next week, we'll be up in the Tar Heel State! And you can damn well bet that the minute I stroll up in that arena, I'm gonna be SMOKIN' TAR, and some poor sum'bish is gonna be EATIN' HEEL!

Chris Trutt:

You mean, just any random, um... "poor son of an expletive"?

Rezin: *[nodding]*

The NAME and the FACE ain't gonna matter, Trutt!

The Escape Artist pounds his fist against his chest.

Rezin:

All this Ol' DOPESMOKER needs is a FIGHT! Somethin' to reignite the POWER OF THE PUNK ROCK here in DEFIANCE!

Rezin storms out of the shot, at first snarling and growling, then eventually hacking and wheezing. Trutt concernedly watches him depart before returning his attention to the camera.

Chris Trutt:

There you have it, ladies and gentlemen! One week from today, Rezin claims he will be in Raleigh, North Carolina, looking for a scrap against seemingly anyone willing to fight him! Be as it may, I don't know if DEFIANCE's Goat Bastard is currently slated for action, so we'll have to wait and see how this all develops. Until then, ladies and gentlemen, Uncut continues, so without further adieu, on with the show!

JUN IZUCHI vs. SUN-TWIST SKYLAR

DDK:

Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to UNCUT! I am "Downtown" Darren Keebler and alongside the journey as always, I have Lance Warner!

Lance:

And what a two-night event DEFtv was! We have a new FIST that's already causing problems! We have new stars emerging on the scene! We have returning stars! We can't forget... THE RETURN OF THE BLOOD DIAMONDS!

DDK:

I never saw that coming. Bronson Box turning his back on Gage Blackwood to align himself with "The Socialite" Edward White! I understand we'll hear more on this shocking decision on DEFtv, but tonight, we go to in-ring action on UNCUT! Two big brutes in action when "The Texan Cowboy" Jun Izuchi returns to action against BRAZEN star Sun-Twist Skylar!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is your opening contest of DEFtv and is set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "The Good, The Bad and The Ugly" by Ennio Morricone ♪

The arena is greeted with darkness. The all-too-familiar whistling intro sounds out and out from the back, a man in blue trunks, tights, a lasso, and a cowboy hat tilted down to obstruct his face.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from The Double Dragon Ranch in Tokyo, Texas, weighing in at 255 pounds... "THE TEXAN DRAGON" JUN IZUCHI!

The Atlanta Faithful gives a nice reception for the former Massive Cowboy as he heads to the ring and points at a few fans before high-fiving a few others. He reaches the ring, walks up the steps, then makes it into the squared circle. He takes off his hat and hangs it and his lasso on the nearby post. Meanwhile, the tall Sun-Twist Skylar is featured in the corner, looking straight ahead!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, already in the ring... from Cruz Bay in the US Virgin Islands, weighing in at 241 pounds... **SUN-TWIST SKYLAR!**

DDK:

It's been a minute since we've seen the big man, but he's been making strides in BRAZEN! We'll see how he does tonight against a hard hitter in Jun Izuchi!

Izuchi stands across from Skylar. The two big man meet in the middle and the bell rings...

DING DING

And right away, fists start a-flying when Skylar catches Izuchi with a big uppercut he's not expecting at the bell! The blow staggers Izuchi and then Skylar throws in a big headbutt! The Samoan star sends Izuchi into the corner and then the taller man puts a bare foot against his throat in the corner and suddenly, the former member of House of the Harvest has a literal stranglehold!

DDK:

Look at Skylar! Skylar has been in contention for the BRAZEN Onslaught Championship and is a hard hitter in his own right!

Lance:

And he's taking the fight to Izuchi for sure!

Sun-Twist gets reprimanded by Rex Knox about choking Izuchi and stops to break the count and yell at the booing crowd. He takes his eye off the ball for just a second and when he turns...

THWACK!

A HUGE chop across the chest from The Texan Dragon knocks the wind out of STS! The shot echoes back!

DDK:

Goodness, what a chop! Reminiscent of the chop Killjoy caught Kendrix across the chest in their singles match! And WHAT a massive victory it was at that.

Lance:

Indeed! Not without controversy, but Titanes Familia made a big statement with that win and that post-match attack on The Hollywood Bruvs!

Another huge chop from Izuchi catches Skylar across the chest, as well as a huge kick that doubles the big man over! Izuchi sees a chance and goes for a roll-up!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

There's a kickout by Skylar... both men back on their feet!

As Skylar tries to get back to her feet, Izuchi comes running and then slugs him with a big clothesline that knocks the Virgin Islands native off his feet. STS tries to get back to his feet again after the big move, only for The Texan Dragon coming off the other side and hitting a running back elbow that knocks him off his feet again. Sun-Twist Skylar is dragged up again and then pushed over to the ropes. Izuchi PLANTS another big open-handed chop!

Lance:

What a series of shots! Izuchi had a tough loss a few weeks back to Killjoy and he's returning to action tonight hoping for a win!

DDK:

And the way this match is going, he's looking to do so in quick fashion! Sun-Twist Skylar tried to get the drop on him, but he did it first!

With Skylar doubled over again, he rolls him over with a snapmare. Then when Skylar is hurt, Izuchi goes down to all fours and then crawls forward, NAILING Skylar in the chest with a headbutt!

DDK:

He calls that the Stallion headbutt! What a shot!

Skylar is hurt when Izuchi gets back to his feet, slapping his head after the headbutt. He once again pulls Skylar to his feet. He tries a whip on the islander... but he blocks by hitting the arm to break his grip and then ROCKS Izuchi with a huge jumping crescent kick that amazes the Faithful!

Lance:

Wow! That was some HEIGHT on that crescent kick! Izuchi catching two bare feet to the face!

DDK:

Indeed! And Skylar isn't done!

Sun-Twist Skylar takes a second after the beatings he's caught from Izuchi to start off this match. He grabs the back

of Jun's neck and then DROPS him down with an inverted facelock backbreaker! Once he hits the mat, Skylar goes for his first cover of the match.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Texan Dragon kicks out!

DDK:

Great move by Skylar, but a kickout by Izuchi. This would be a big win for Skylar if he could secure the three-count!

Lance:

Izuchi now locked up in a cross-arm stretch!

Sun-Twist Skylar has the arms locked around the throat and continues trying to choke out Izuchi. Rex Knox asks him if he taps...

Jun Izuchi:

No!

Izuchi struggles to get back to his feet with The Faithful cheering behind him to get him back into the game. Skylar continues the cross-arm lock, but The Texan Dragon is back to his feet and then twists his way free before THROWING Skylar up and over with a release suplex!

DDK:

What a reversal out of that cross-arm stretch! Skylar had him going for a bit, but Izuchi fights his way out!

Lance:

Now he's gotta follow up!

Skylar is holding onto his back in pain, but the chest is just as bad when Izuchi CHOPS him across the chest!. He fires off another chop! He fires off a third chop and rocks him into the corner. Izuchi holds his hand out and then throws a number of clubbing clothesline blows into the chest.

DDK:

Izuchi really taking the fight back to Sun-Twist Skylar! Can he wrap this up?

He pulls him out of the corner and then hits a short-arm clothesline! The Atlanta Faithful cheer on Izuchi as he posts himself in the corner. Skylar is seeing stars when he sees Izuchi posted in the corner getting ready to deliver a three-point stance. He charges...

But catches a knee!

DDK:

Ooh! What a counter shot by Sun-Twist Skylar with the knee lift!

Lance:

And Izuchi looks out on his feet!

While The Texan Dragon is stunned, Skylar hits the ropes... only to get THROWN up in the air by his arms and dropped to the mat with big sit-out spinebuster!

DDK:

High Noon! What a big move to counter back from the knee lift!

Izuchi rolls off the mat and gets back to his feet while STS is hurt! He is limping and when he tries to get upright, Skylar is on the shoulder of Izuchi before he gets rammed back-first into the corner and charges out the other side with a HUGE running powerslam!

DDK:

AND THERE IS THE TEXAS, TOKYO STAMPEDE! RIGHT INTO A COVER!

Izuchi hooks the far leg tightly!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "The Good, The Bad and The Ugly" by Ennio Morricone ♪

The bell sounds just as Jun stands up to his feet and lets his arm get raised by Knox!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **JUN IZUCHI!**

While a defeated Skylar rolls out of the ring, Izuchi collects his things and then tilts his cowboy hat towards the Faithful before silently leaving and heading back up the ramp.

DDK:

A nice win by Jun Izuchi to kick off tonight's show. A little later tonight, we have the French Connection in action and in our main event... Uriel Cortez makes a rare UNCUT appearance as he takes on Sgt. Safety!

WELCOME TO THE FAMILY

From the outside The Black Pelican club looks like any number of bougie four star dining establishments in NOLA's infamous French Quarter. Inside... well, yea, it's a bougie four star dining establishment. At least that's what the public front of house is. Through a set of unassuming soundproof double doors in the back you enter into "The Socialite" Edward White and the Bombastic Bronson Box's personal playground. In the middle of the large room in a place of prominence is a beautiful state of the art professional wrestling ring. On the far side beyond that extending across the entire back of the room is another very well stocked bar. Leather furniture, dark wood paneling, expensive dimly lit fixtures all create a cozy, private environment for all sorts of private off the books conversation.

Wrestling related, and otherwise...

Currently inside the ring taking in his surroundings is the BRAZEN Onslaught champion, "The Problem Solver" Adrian Payne, an impressed look on his face as he looks around the venue with his ONSLAUGHT Title over his shoulder.. Across from him dressed in a burnt orange and black tracksuit, leaning confidently against the nearest available turnbuckle is the BRAZEN champion himself, "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby. The two athletes having become close friends competing together in developmental Felton is clearly courting the gold medal winning Canadian Olympic icon on behalf of his employers.

Felton Bigsby:

So whatchu think, man? Not bad, right? Ed's money and Box's style, they keep things tight.

Adrian Payne:

Man, you ain't lying. That's some damn state-of-the-art box spring technology under this mat! (Hops up and down.) What, they test this out in a NASA lab? But you know me, Felton. I don't sign no contracts or nothin' until I know who I'm doing my business with. And while you my brother in BRAZEN... Well, I just don't know how reputable this conglomerate you sellin' me on is...

Houston Strong just smiles and folds his huge arms across his similarly massive chest.

Felton Bigsby:

Check it out. This all ain't no sudden thing. I've known all of 'em for years, my whole career more or less. Ed is slick and loaded beyond comprehension, man, that's a shoot. Jane'll teach you some wild ass holds if you ask nice AND she'll do your taxes. That woman is somethin' else entirely. Stay on her good side. Big Nicky is good people. Street as hell. Hosts a high stakes poker game every month with some of the locker room. I'll get you an invite. And Box... man, Box is my mentor. Legit as they come. The dude is the baddest motherfucker I've ever met... and you know where I grew up, man. That's sayin' some shit. Professional line-stepper. You want to learn how to properly cause a ruckus in this business, he's your dude.

Payne is about to open his mouth when the idle conversation is interrupted by a very familiar voice.

Edward White:

Mr. Payne! By God what sight you two are together, the future of this company standin' in that ring right now. If I were an artist I'd put this beautiful image to canvas, I shitchu not.

Felton makes eye contact with Adrian with a smile as though to say "what'd I say? Slick." Payne rubs his hands together, oohing as he basks in the grandeur of Edward White.

Dressed in his usual crisp white custom suit. His graying-black hair slicked back, his beard just so. The self proclaimed "Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE" hops up on the ring apron and leans on the ropes nearest Adrian and Felton. He firmly shakes The Problem Solver's hand with that big toothy Edward White-ass smile.

Edward White:

I hate to interrupt Felton's sales pitch here, but I was up front puttin' out some soft-opening fires when Jane informed me y'all were back here cuttin' up. How you liking the place, Mr. Payne? There's a modest gym and steam room through those doors right yonder should you feel the need. I actually bought the entire half-block so we've got room to grow, as it were. Consider yourself a member of the Black Pelican club, our amenities are at your disposal anytime night or day.

Adrian Payne:

Mr. White, I must say, you truly do know how to impress! But I'm first and foremost a family man. And I have to factor in how this very important decision at hand may impact me and mine, which you understand is my priority!

Ed places a hand over his heart.

Edward White:

If there's one thing I also value above all else, it's family. Your lovely ladies will be very much included in your membership here.

Ed sits on the second rope and motions for Adrian and Felton to follow him over to the bar.

Adrian Payne:

Now, my wife, Mrs. Aaliyah Payne? Well, I am sure she and Jane will hit it off quite well. Neither of them do 'off the rack.' But my baby girl Brielle?

Felton Bigsby:

Little Miss Beyoncé! She likes the finer things and takes zero shit, Mr. White. Like a little female you, that one right there.

This idea brings a smile to The Socialite's face.

Adrian Payne:

Well, she's gonna need her own playroom in the back if I'mma sign up with you. I'm talking a Bluey bounce house straight from Brisbane. I want the same jungle gym Ye and Kim's kids play on. I want a big wheel engineered by Bugatti, and whatnot. Only the very best for my baby girl.

Edward laughs a big belly shaking, southern fried guffaw. He claps Adrian on his massive shoulder as they approach the bar. Felton steps behind the bar and fetches three cold beers. He slides one to Adrian with a wink. The former Olympian nods back approvingly of the situation.

Edward White:

Mr. Payne I knew I felt a kindred spirit when I first laid eyes on you! My boy, you stick with us, you and your beautiful family will want for absolutely nothin' as you continue your journey to prominence here in DEFIANCE Wrestling. We're helpers Mr. Payne. That's what we do.

He offers Adrian a cut and dressed cigar.

Edward White:

My family is *found* as opposed to blood. The path my life has taken, any blood relations... feh, suffice it to say ol' Nicky and Ms. Katze are my family. My good brother Bronson Box is my family. Big Felton here, I've watched him grow from a green rookie years ago to the killin' machine that stands here with us today. That right there is family, by God. I'm not lookin' for subordinates, Mr. Payne. We simply offer brotherhood along this ramblin' road we all find ourselves on, plain and simple.

Ed smiles again as he pulls out a very expensive looking custom gold lighter emblazoned with his initials and lights the cigar. Adrian takes a few deep drags as the tip starts to glow bright orange. Smoke encircles The Problem Solver's head as he exhales. He takes a few beats to think about The Socialite's offer.

Adrian Payne:

You know what, Edward White... You're a damn good wrestler. But you're an *even better* businessman. You know what? You're just like your liquor... A top-of-the-shelf quality human being. Exactly the type of man that I want to associate with. Who I want my wife to associate with. And especially who I want my eight-year-old daughter Brielle to associate with!

The Socialite claps his hands accompanied by another guffaw. He claps Adrian's shoulder with one hand and shakes hands with the other.

Edward White:

We're gonna change this whole damn place for the better, Adrian. Like I said. Right here, you two gentlemen *right here?* The goddamn future of DEFIANCE Wrestling. Not a bunch of cockamamie comedians, ventriloquists and actors, no... legitimate athletes, *killers*, by God! Together we're gonna carve a few new faces into DEFIANCE's Mt. Rushmore, boys. Hell... maybe even chip a few offa there while we're at it. This group's gonna separate the wheat from the chaff, by God.

Edward nods at both Adrian and Felton with sinister intentions.

He raises his beer. Felton and Adrian follow suit.

Felton Bigsby:

To the Blood Diamonds, baby! Let's fuckin' go!

Adrian Payne:

Here here! To the solving of *problems...* for a price, of course!

The Socialite nods in approval.

Edward White:

To family, gentlemen. *To family.*

Ed smiling that insincere, toothy southern fried smile of his. Payne waves off-screen as his wife Mrs. Aaliyah Payne and daughter Brielle Payne come in with smiles and hugs, also making sure that Uncle Felton and Uncle Edward get their love, too. Brielle goes straight to Edward, The Socialite scooping the kid up in one arm giving her a BIG smile as Felton slides another cold beer to Mrs. Payne. And with that the almost picturesque scene comes to a close.

ARE YOU EVEN A REAL JOURNALISM?

The camera cuts to the backstage interview area with Chris Trutt standing by...

But something is different.

Might be the slightly terrified demeanor?

Chris Trutt:

Uh... hi. I'm Chris Trutt... and uh... oh, boy it's scorching right now?

The camera has to back up quite a bit... the TOWERING form of the 7'2" Uriel Cortez walks into view, dressed to compete for the evening. The tallest active wrestler in DEFIANCE today taps on the shoulder of Trutt in his normal booming voice.

Uriel Cortez:

Tutt, tutt, tutt, Trutt. Chill, dude. Nothing's gonna happen to you. You're a DEF Radio personality. My wife and I have been DEF Radio regulars since Scotty Flash put that all together. We're practically bros in broadcasting.

Chris Trutt:

Uh... yeah, I guess so, huh?

Uriel Cortez:

Yep... far as I'm concerned, you're Familia-adjacent.

He then clasps his hand -- TIGHTLY -- on his shoulders. Enough that it seems to cause Trutt some mild discomfort.

Uriel Cortez:

I know YOU wouldn't do anything to insult Familia... would you, Chris?

Chris shakes his head frantically.

Uriel Cortez:

Good man. Here... I'll walk out of frame, you can introduce me and make this officially official, then you can ask away about my match tonight with Wingman Titus Campbell. Good?

Chris Trutt nods, then Uriel releases his pincer-like grip on his shoulder.

Uriel Cortez:

Cool. *[yelling off-screen]* Anyway...

Uriel walks off-camera and the camera closes in on Trutt again. The Titanes Familia patriarch clears his throat from off to the side, not-so-subtly telling Chris Trutt to do the work and reintroduce him.

Chris Trutt:

Um... ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time... "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez!

For the second time, the camera backs up and Uriel Cortez walks into view once again in his ring gear, his "Familia First" vest and gold-tinted sunglasses. The glasses stay on as he nods approvingly.

Uriel Cortez:

Chris... my man.

He holds up his fist and when Trutt tries to bump it, Uriel pulls his fist back.

Uriel Cortez:

Come on, Trutt. Be a professional.

He pulls his hand back very slowly. Uriel continues, arms folded up.

Uriel Cortez:

I'm in a good mood, Chris. Ask me about anything your bright young mind wants to know! Ask me about my match with Sgt. Safety... or how Titanes Familia wiped the floors with the Hollywood Bruvs after they accused US of riding coattails... how Killjoy landed the biggest win of his bright, young career by pinning a former FIST of DEFIANCE in Kendrix. Ask about how anything The Hollywood Bruvs can do, we can do better. Just a few off the top of my head. Come on, don't be shy.

Trutt looks nervous to ask, thinking Uriel might do something.

Uriel Cortez:

Gimme something, Chris. Anything.

After a few moments, something finally comes to mind.

Chris Trutt:

Uh... so you have a match in a few moments with Wingman Titus Campbell. What are y...

Uriel Cortez: *[interrupting]*

I'm gonna mess his shit up. Gotta go.

With that, Uriel leaves the stage.

Uriel Cortez: *[off-camera]*

You did great, Chris!

Trutt still looks super-flustered, but tries to regain any sense of composure.

Chris Trutt:

Uh... to ringside with Lance and Darren... excuse me.

With that, Trutt quickly darts off screen going the other way as the camera goes to the ring.

URIEL CORTEZ vs. WINGMAN TITUS CAMPBELL

DDK:

How about that interview, huh? The odds are certainly stacked against Wingman Titus Campbell in mere moments. Uriel Cortez and Titanes Familia are riding a huge wave of momentum right now.

Lance:

Indeed. All tough factors to consider. Wingman Titus Campbell stands 6'6", but Uriel stands at 7'2" and makes HIM look small!

DDK:

We go to our main event! "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez vs. Wingman Titus Campbell is up next!

The opening bell signifies to start the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is your main event of the evening and is set for one fall! Introducing first...

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

Tonight, all alone... out comes a serious and determined Wingman Titus Campbell.

Darren Quimbey:

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

None of his cohorts are here. Campbell raises his hands in the air and gets cheers as he heads to the ring in the rare position of being the smaller competitor in a match. Once he reaches the ring, he heads up the steps and then walks into the ring. The Wingman enters the ring getting ready for his match.

DDK:

The rest of the Gulf Coast Connection aren't out here tonight, just as we heard that Titaness and Killjoy aren't here tonight. So it's mano e mano for Campbell.

Lance:

He looks determined, I'll give him that. No partying demeanor tonight!

Campbell waits for his opponent as his music goes silent. The lights darken all throughout the arena... then gold laser lights begin to shine all across the stage...

♪ Father, father, unforgivable, This is my house, you made it personal
It's always trouble when they go too far! Nobody mess with my familia ♪

♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

One gold spotlight begins to shine on the stage, revealing the TITANIC form of one Uriel Cortez. Wearing golden rounded sunglasses, a brand new black singlet and pants with gold trim, he turns around and points a thumb to the words on the back of his vest: "Papa's Home."

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from The City Of Industry, California, standing at SEVEN-FOOT TWO and weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE POUNDS... he is **"THE MAN OF THE HOUSE" ... URIEL CORTEZ!**

Booing fills the arena still lit only by a gold spotlight. Once the Titan has made it to the ring, he climbs over the ropes. He quickly takes off his glasses and vest, then hands them off to a stagehand. While Titus Campbell looks up and shows seriousness, Uriel is the exact opposite and looks to be taking this match with a degree of nonchalance, as

noted by the smile on his face.

DDK:

Uriel Cortez looks like the very definition of confidence tonight.

Lance:

When you outsize just about everyone in the ring in DEFIANCE, wouldn't you?

The man known as Papa Tez wipes his feet and gets ready for the match.

DING DING***BAM!***

Right at the bell, The Wingman goes right at him with a big forearm to the face of the big man! The blow rocks The Man of the House and sends him back into the corner with Titus raining on blows to the big man!

Lance:

Hot start to tonight's main event! Titus Campbell realizes the opportunity before him and he's gotta keep Uriel off his game!

Titus goes low for his next series of shots and throws a number of shoulder thrusts to the midsection of Cortez! The Wingman continues laying into him with these attacks to wear down the former Favoured Saints and three-time Unified Tag Team champion before running back. He charges forward and collides right into Uriel with a big running body avalanche!

DDK:

He has to keep moving or go for the legs! Titus is strong as they come and needs to utilize that some more!

With Cortez on his feet, but rattled from the first splash, Titus comes in again and hits another running body avalanche! Papa Tez gets rocked for a moment and when he staggers out of the corner... Titus tries a body slam!

Lance:

Has he done enough damage to get Uriel off his feet?

DDK:

He's got... NO!

Uriel ELBOWS him in the side of the head, applies a headlock and then simply palms the back of his head and SLAMS Titus face-first into the canvas!

DDK:

Whoa! Titus almost got the big man up, but Uriel shot him down quickly with that huge headlock takeover!

Lance:

Look at Uriel Cortez, though!

The Man of the House gets jeers after holding his midsection from Titus' opening assault, then stands over him. He pulls Titus up by the arm and then pushes him into the corner...

THWACK!

The chop ECHOES loudly!

DDK:

Like father, like son, so speak! Killjoy got it from Uriel Cortez.

Lance:

Chop off the old block! I meant exactly what I said!

Uriel Cortez leans back...

THWACK!

Titus is KNOCKED clean off his feet after the second chop and hits the canvas! Uriel Cortez poses around the ring now and as he gets cheers, Uriel looks down at Titus, and then starts putting the boots on him! He is pressing down all his weight and as he does so, The Man of the House starts holding out his hands like a plane, mocking The Wingman and his signature taunt. Carla Ferrari reprimands him to get off him near the ropes and Uriel does.

Uriel Cortez:

Aww, you're no fun!

He takes in the jeering and then continues telling off Carla Ferrari.

DDK:

Uriel back on the attack... wait, what's he doing?

Uriel goes and puts his foot into the throat of Titus and then PRESSES down on his throat! Carla Ferrari starts a count!

Carla Ferrari:

Break it up, Uriel! Come on! One! Two! Three! Four!

Uriel backs off and then steps away. As Carla goes to start checking on Titus' condition, Uriel goes over and quickly undoes the turnbuckle padding near him to loud jeers and some people in the audience trying to narc on him to Carla. He doesn't pull the cover fully off, but it is loose.

Lance:

More of these tactics from Uriel! Ever since he got that Favoured Saints Championship, we've seen Uriel stoop to tactics like this... not necessarily because he has to even, but just because he can.

DDK:

He's even said as much. He felt like playing nice got him nowhere and now doing things the way he and Titanes Familia want to do.

After he undoes the turnbuckle padding, Uriel goes to pick up Titus... but he fights back! He nails him with a number of right hands!

DDK:

Uriel spent too long on the padding! And now Titus is fighting back!

The Wingman goes right to the body of Titus Campbell, then tries to get him up for a fireman's carry!

Lance:

The body slam doesn't work, but can he get him up for Turbulence?!

He manages to BRIEFLY get Uriel off his feet, but Uriel elbows his way free a second time! He then grabs Titus and throws him into the ropes. When he comes back...

THWACK!

DDK:

No! Uriel catches him with a Rebound Chop! Titus is down once again!

Uriel finally smirks and then puts a cocky boot on his chest.

ONE!

TWO!

Titus swipes the boot off of him, but The Man of the House puts his boot down back on the chest and starts **PRESSING** down on him again!

DDK:

He keeps him down! Each time Titus has tried to get offense going, Uriel Cortez just shuts it down!

The Faithful start to cheer for The Wingman as Uriel paces around him, then sets him up for a chokeslam. Uriel has a hand by the throat... but Titus fights out! He elbows his arm! Uriel tries to cling on with the choke, but Titus continues to fire back!

DDK:

No! Titus now trying to fight off the chokeslam attempt by Uriel!

Titus pushes him back and Uriel ends up in the nearby corner. Titus holds his head and then charges forward... but Uriel moves and Titus crashed chest-first unexpectedly into an exposed turnbuckle!

Lance:

HEY! THE BUCKLE! CARLA DIDN'T SEE HIM UNDO IT!

Carla's eyes are on Uriel grabbing Titus! He starts to go for a powerbomb, but when he sees that the wind has been knocked out of Titus Campbell after running into the exposed buckle, he tells The Faithful to shove it, then goes for... A ROLLUP?!

DDK:

WHAT IS URIEL DOING? HE'S REFUSING TO USE THE 218 POWERBOMB?

He's cradling Titus for the cover and with Carla down, the massive Cortez puts two feet on the ropes!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **URIEL CORTEZ!**

Uriel Cortez finally gets away from the pinfall and then he casually leaves the ring getting jeers from The Faithful! He collects his things and leaves the ring!

DDK:

Disrespectful to the fans and to Titus Campbell to win like that! He cheated just cause he wanted to and he got away

with it!

Lance:

Uriel Cortez continues the winning ways tonight of Titanes Familia!

DDK:

That he does! We have to end tonight's show, but we come back next week with DEFtv! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler saying good night, everybody!

As Carla checks on Titus, she sees the uncovered buckle and then turns to Uriel outside the ring.

Uriel Cortez:

FAULTY PADDING! AND MY FEET WEREN'T ON THE ROPES! I'M TALL, DUMBASS! I CAN'T HELP IT!

Uriel Cortez heads up the ramp and then Papa Tez celebrates to close out the show.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.