

SHOW OPEN



ARCHER SILVER vs. THEODORE CAIN

DDK:

Welcome one and all to UNCUT! Coming off the heels of a major show, more matches are coming into focus for DEF Road - the final major event before we hit DEFCON next April! We have some great in-ring action for you tonight!

Lance:

That we do, partner! Nicky Synz looks to extend his winning streak when he takes on Strong AF! And in our main event, the Tag Party VI co-winner - the 7'3" Rowzilla - takes on a DEFIANCE veteran, Aleczer The Great!

DDK:

But coming up first, Archer Silver in action! After he was pivotal in helping M4NTRA retain their Unified Tag Team Titles by getting them disqualified against The Atomic Punks, Archer Silver is being forced to compete tonight! And he'll be taking on one-third of the popular Gulf Coast Connection, "The Smash Surfer" Theodore Cain!

Lance:

Without further adieu, let's get to some in-ring action! "The Peaceful Weapon" Archer Silver against Theodore Cain next!

The opening bell rings as Darren Quimbey starts the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from The Crescent City, being accompanied to the ring by "Wingman" Titus Campbell and The Crescent City Kid... weighing in at 246 pounds... **THEODORE CAIN!**

Theodore Cain has on his Gulf Coast Connection Mardi Gras-themed jester hat coming out solo for the San Diego Faithful! Once he approaches the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young child in the audience with his parents! Cain slides into the ring and stands on the middle rope, celebrating to a polite round of applause from The Faithful as he awaits his opponent.

♪ "Fatal" by ZHU ♪

Black.

The opening chimes echo throughout the arena as The Faithful start jeering. Walking through the curtains, a shadow stops and stands with his head bowed to the ground and holding his arms in front of him. The entire DEFIATron shines to life with an arrow flying through the air before it lands in a bullseye, illuminating the arena in bright green!

Darren Quimbey:

...Representing M4NTRA, from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 233 pounds... "THE PEACEFUL WEAPON" ARCHER SILVER!

Walking to the ring, he runs a hand through his mustache and goatee and then throws his black hair back. He wears white thigh-length MMA-style shorts with green trim, fingerless gloves and bare feet covered up with green kickpads strapped to his legs. He takes his time walking down the ramp and takes in the jeers as he walks to the ring, spraying a little more of the BETA BLOCKER through the air.

Once Archer reaches the ring, he walks up the steps. He throws a few kicks in the air and then spin kicks the air in front of him before dropping to a seated position on the mat, almost as if he's meditating. Theodore Cain stands across from The Peaceful Weapon and waits for the official, Hector Navarro, to run for the bell.

DING DING

The bell rings, but Archer remains seated in a cross-legged position as Theodore Cain looks confused.

DDK:

We've seen Archer do this a few weeks ago against BRAZEN star Nathan Cross. He tried to approach him and Archer took him down.

Theodore Cain walks forward, but instead of going after Archer... The Smash Surfer starts standing in place and starts doing surfing poses!

Lance:

I... I didn't have this on my bingo card for starting our show.

The fans continue to watch with baited breath to see who makes the first move. Theodore Cain now jumps to the middle rope and starts to pretend to surf. The fans cheer him on and as he does so, Archer opens an eye and sees his back turned.

DDK:

Uh-oh, look!

The Peaceful Weapon still sees Cain posing on the middle buckle across the ring with his back turned to him. The former three-time BRAZEN Tag Team Champion gets back up to his feet and goes straight after Cain... but he turns around quickly and gets the drop on him with a punch to Archer's head! The Faithful cheer as he socks him again! Again! And then drops him with a big body slam!

DDK:

A trio of big right hands followed by a big body slam! Cain saw him coming off the DEFIATron!

Theodore Cain grabs the self-proclaimed "Pacifist" up and then drops him with a slam onto his stomach, then jumps on his back and then resumes doing surfer poses!

Lance:

Theodore Cain out there having fun tonight as he always does!

DDK:

There's a little Riding of the Waves! And some choppy waters for Archer!

The San Diego Faithful cheer for The Smash Surfer as he leaps off Archer's back! He drops a big elbow drop on his back and then rolls him over for a quick cover!

ONE!

TW... NO!

After that, Archer's had enough and rolls out of the ring. Once he's on the floor, he continues to start some breathing exercises and tries to keep calm for the moment as he walks around ringside.

Lance:

Archer Silver doesn't appear to be having as much fun as Cain is.

DDK:

That he does not! He's taking it easy, but Theodore isn't going to let him get away. He's looking for a big singles win tonight under his belt.

The Smash Surfer goes after Archer on the floor, but the third-generation star apparently has a third eye like his fellow M4NTRA members Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander, but in the back of his head. Archer senses him coming and SMACKS him with a swift low thrust kick to the ribs! Cain gets the wind knocked out of him and that's when Archer brings the pain by grabbing the back of his head to HURL him back-first into the barricade! Cain collides with the steel and he doesn't get much of a rest as Archer lays waste to him with a volley of stiff forearms!

DDK:

Ohh! That's not very pacifist behavior on the part of Archer!

Lance:

No, it's not! Not at all!

After Hector Navarro warns both men to get back in the ring, Archer snaps to life and then once more composes himself. He then grabs Cain and then rolls The Smash Surfer back inside the ring. Silver climbs back in after him and as Cain tries to sit up, he KICKS him square in the chest with a stinging penalty kick!

DDK:

Oooh! The apple doesn't fall far from the tree-adjacent! Archer's father, Steven Silver was a brutalizer in Japan, but his style is similar to Sonny Silver was back in his heyday! Lots of kicks, suplexes and a nasty temperament under the surface.

Archer then climbs up on the middle rope and waits for Cain to collect himself. When he does, Archer takes flight and then kicks him square in the chest with a front dropkick! Cain goes rolling backwards, allowing The Peaceful Weapon to attempt a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Big kickout by Cain, but he's still trying to recover from that nasty throw into the barricade.

DDK:

Archer has completely turned the tide on The Smash Surfer, that's for sure!

Archer then does another cross-legged seated taunt in front of Cain... only to poke him in the eye! The Faithful jeer Archer, who protests that he was merely helping to realign Theodore Cain's third eye and touched the wrong one. The Peaceful Weapon then gets back to his feet and takes the struggling Cain with him. A whip sends Cain into the corner and The Peaceful Weapon goes right to work, KICKING the life out of him with a number of round kicks aimed at the midsection! Cain is doubled over as Archer gets jeered!

DDK:

Archer just continues to control the pace tonight! Those kicks are so lethal, especially for such a tall competitor!

Archer waits on Theodore Cain and measures him up for a roundhouse kick. He swings for the kick... but Cain ducks! He pushes Archer into the ropes and when he comes back, he catches him with a HUGE front spinebuster out of desperation!

Lance:

Yikes! What a big spinebuster right in the middle of the ring!

DDK:

But what does Cain have left? Archer's spent the last few moments literally kicking the life out of him!

The San Diego Faithful get behind the jacked beach bum as he's trying to sit up, still feeling the cumulative effects of Archer's lethal footwork. On the other side of the ring, Archer is also favoring his back. The Peaceful Weapon is up on his feet, only to get smacked back down with a big short-arm clothesline. He gets pulled up a second time and then gets struck down again with a second short-arm clothesline! Cain leads him up a third time and sends Archer across the ring and hits him with a big running back elbow!

DDK:

What a series of strikes by Theodore Cain! He's got the slight power advantage here! Can he finish the job he set out to do?

The Smash Surfer grabs Archer and has him across his shoulders! He's looking for his fireman's carry jawbreaker called The High Tide, but Archer elbows his way out the back door! He lands behind Cain and when he turns, he SMACKS him upside the head with a stiff pele kick!

DDK:

Oooh! He calls that the Paci-foot! And what a kip-up back to his feet!

Archer does a picture-perfect kip-up and gracefully holds his arms out! Cain is standing up again, but the lights might as well not be home. Archer leaps to the nearby middle rope and CRACKS him in the face with the springboard gamengiri kick!

Lance:

Ooh! That was brutal!

DDK:

That was The Peaceful End! And I think it's the end for this match!

Archer goes over and hooks the leg of Cain.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Fatal" by ZHU ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **ARCHER SILVER!**

Archer Silver celebrates by going back to the cross-legged position. One hand is in a meditation position while the other is waiting for Hector Navarro to raise it. Navarro inches over and finally raises his hand.

DDK:

What a win by Archer Silver! He and High Flyer have been continuing their winning ways lately in singles action!

Lance:

Indeed he has. You may not like M4NTRA, but each of them are showing why they are DEFIANCE's Tomorrow... Today.

Archer remains seated mid-ring, but still basks in victory as the show moves on.

Viva Las Vegas

There's a slight instrumental version of "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths as the screen is filled with smoke. The clouds dissipate to reveal "The New Flying Frenchman" Jean-Pierre De La fReeves and Raiden standing on the sage of Madame Melton's Theater of the Disturbed. Reeves is wearing his French-themed outfit (beret, glittery French-flag colored jacket with epulets, leg-length trunks) with the mulleted Raiden holding up a skull in his left hand. In the middle, sitting in her director's chair and clad in silver on silver on silver, is Madame Melton, puffing on her over-lengated cigarette holder.

Jean-Pierre De La Reeves:

Bonsoir, Max! Bonsoir, Lonnie! Just a few weeks ago, you made the mistake of a lifetime! You forgot our names. You dismissed us as some kind of joke! And you should know that we are not to be laughed at! We are stars on the caliber of a Gerard Depradieu! We are innovators like the great Jacques-Yves Cousteau! We are fashion icons inspired by Louis Vaton! We are the ones who already put Mason Luck in a coma. And soon our collective steel trap minds will metre en chek —and I will translate that for you idiots without Duolingo. that's put you in check!

Reeves scoffs and adjusts his jacket as he takes a step back. The snarling Raiden steps forward.

Raiden:

I am fascinated by anatomy — particularly the human skull! The temple is very important. It is here where four separate bones connect — all protected by the temporal muscle, one of the most vulnerable parts of a man's body. Right behind this is the temporal bone and the temporal artery. A fracture to the temporal bone can sever the artery, resulting in a brain bleeding out. And behind this lives the temporal lobe, home to a person's memory and emotional control. A jostling of this can erase everything a person previously knew — the birthdate of a child, the names of loved ones. It can turn a happy man sad, angry, isolated and wishing his life would come to an end.

Raiden holds up the skull with a sadistic smile.

Raiden:

Max Luck, a few weeks ago you refused to even acknowledge my name! And I... I don't handle being ignored too well! So, I cracked you in the temple with my spinning backfist, the hardest strike in professional wrestling today! With just a slightly different angle, I would have throttled your temporal lobe like an earthquake! Imagine, Max, the tears in your eyes and anger in your voice as you screamed about how you got lost en route to the DEFIANCE Awards Ceremony even though it's in your own hometown! Imagine forgetting the name of your father, the name of the gym you trained in... and the anger you'd feel at yourself for the rest of your life for being so ignorant to disrespect The Cause of Concussions! Of course -- it could have been even worse for you! Because I came a mere millimeter away from cracking open the temporal bone and lacerating your temporal artery -- a brain bleed so severe that you'd end up on a deathbed just like your brother! I want you to say my name when you get your second CAT scan in two weeks or when you're begging DefMED to let you through the concussion protocol. You should count your blessings now, Mark! Because a second Suddenly Last Slumber to the right temporal region... well... that means the life you know will cease to exist! But you will always know and fear the name RAIDEN!

Raiden steps back as he eyes the skull. Melton emits a long cloud of smoke from her mouth before smiling.

Madame Melton:

Max Luck. Lonnie Luck. I'm the reason why they call your hometown Sin City. I'm banned from every casino because I always come home holding all the chips. I've done a lot of bad, bad things up and down the Sunset Strip. But the worst is yet to come. Because in front of your families, friends and the entire city that loves you so much... The French Connection are going to take it all away from you... and you, Las Vegas and the entire world will find out exactly why...

Reeves starts to cackle as he adjusts his hands.

Madame Melton:

Madame Melton! Is Ready! For Her Closeup!

She snaps her fingers and the lights go black.

NICKY SYNZ v STRONG AF

DDK:

Coming up next, more in-ring action! Nicky Synz is looking for his second consecutive win in a row, but he's got some stiff competition - the strongman from Seattle, Strong AF!

Lance:

As of late, we've seen Nicky Synz looking for bigger opportunities and another win could go a long way. But Strong AF is no pushover. We'll see who wants it more in this match up next!

Once again, back to Darren Quimbey in the ring for introductions!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Good F***king Music" by Solange (covered by Synyster Sledge) ♪

Nicky Synz, your favorite rock star and mine, emerge through the curtain to a nice positive reaction to his theme song! Synz's long blond hair ripples in the wind as he headbangs along with his theme song. Scanning the audience in the Pechanga Arena, he continues to headbang and slap the outstretched hands of some of the younger fans in attendance.

Darren Quimbey:

...From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 216 pounds... he is **NICKY SYNZ!**

Synz is on the apron, playing a little riff and rocking out, before he enters the ring. He jumps up the top rope and plays a little more guitar for the people and then hands off his signature Flying V to a ringside attendant. The California native takes in a nice response as he holds his hands out to The Faithful!

♪ "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 towards the ring getting a modest bit of jeers from The Faithful!

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 directly into the ring. He stands across from the California native.

DDK:

Another homecoming here tonight, this time for Nicky Synz. We'll see if these people can carry him to another win, or if Strong AF will sour it.

Referee Rex Knox calls for the bell...

DING DING

Both men run at one another, but it's Nicky Synz that beats the powerhouse to the punch with a swift dropkick! The blow knocks Strong AF back into the ropes as a fired-up Nicky comes out swinging, going right after the big man with a series of forearm smashes to the side of the head!

DDK:

Wow! These people lit a fire under Nicky Synz tonight!

The Frontman fires off an alternating series of chops and forearms to the big man's jaw. He tries to whip him across the ring, but Strong AF uses a free arm to hook onto the top rope, keeping himself from going anywhere. Synz keeps trying the whip, but Strong AF reverses and sends him along for the ride. When he comes back, The Seattle Strongman LAUNCHES Nicky into the sky and sends him crashing down with a big free fall drop!

Lance:

Ooh! Nicky was doing so well for about thirty seconds until Strong AF shut him right down!

The former powerlifter grabs Nicky by the collar and picks him up before launching him at the corner. Synz gets rocked by a charging clothesline in the corner and then comes staggering out right into a big back body drop out of the corner!

DDK:

More of that power on display by the big man here. Now where's he going to take Synz?

He grabs The Frontman once again by the collar and then forces him up and right into a press slam! The Faithful watch in awe as the 260-pound mountain of muscles starts to press him up and down with a few reps. He gets to about four before Nicky starts to kick his legs and then slip out of the Seattle Strongman's grip! He lands on his feet behind him and then retreats to the corner.

Lance:

I think Fosters was playing around with him for way too long with those reps!

DDK:

Strong AF charges at the corner... no! Boot from Nicky!

The Frontman catches Fosters in the side of the head with a boot. This only stuns the Seattle Strongman briefly before he tries again. He catches a boot, but Nicky also catches a quick enzuigiri from the CA native! The Faithful are fully behind the rocker as he jumps out of the corner and surprises him with a rising knee strike upside the head!

All fired up by the San Diego Faithful, Nicky runs at the ropes. A staggered Strong AF tries to swing for a clothesline, but Nicky ducks and keeps going. He leaps to the middle rope and comes off with a springboard back elbow that nails him on the jaw and knocks the powerhouse off his feet fully for the first time!

DDK:

There he goes! Nicky was finally able to get Strong AF off his feet.

Lance:

He's retreating to the outside, but is that wise? Nicky looks like he already has something in mind!

And indeed the young high flyer does! Nicky scans all throughout the arena and points towards the outside. Nicky gets a big running start and takes flight with a HUGE suicide dive right through the ropes, taking Strong AF off his feet once again. Nicky takes a moment before he stands up and high-fives a few front row fans!

DDK:

Nicky Synz sticks the landing off the suicide dive! He's got a chance to wrap this up quickly!

Sensing a real chance at victory, Synz helps the Seattle Strongman to his feet and pushes him back inside. He climbs back into the ring just as the former powerlifter tries to catch his breath, only to hit him with a running back elbow! The blow rocks Allen Fosters just as Nicky does a fancy back roll away from the corner. Once he lands on his feet, he charges again and doubles him over with a big running shoulder thrust!

DDK:

Double Platinum by Nicky Synz! He's got Strong AF staggering!

Holding his rib cage, the powerhouse is in pain as he hobbles out of the corner. Nicky leaps over the ropes to land on the apron and then tries another move...

CAUGHT!

Strong AF catches the springboard crossbody attempt and then throws him up onto his shoulders for a HUGE death valley bomb!

Lance:

Good grief, what a powerful counter by Fosters! He just caught him and drilled Nicky out of mid-air!

DDK:

And after that death valley bomb, he tries the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...NO!

Nicky kicks out and Strong AF can't believe it! Fosters looks up at Rex Knox and slaps his hand three times quickly. Knox responds with two fingers, so Strong AF keeps it classy and rebuttals with one... we know the finger.

Lance:

Strong AF letting Rex Knox know that he's number one, but it won't help him win this match.

Strong AF lets Nicky have it with a big back elbow as he tries to get to his feet, followed quickly by a big elbow drop! Once he's up, Strong AF goes... out to the apron?

DDK:

Is Allen Fosters... trying to fly?!

Lance:

He sure looks it!

The Seattle Strongman gets jeered by The Faithful as he mockingly throws up "the horns", making fun of Nicky Synz while he's down. The 260-pound brute is up on the top turnbuckle and then dives with a surprisingly graceful diving splash attempt...

...if only there was something other than empty canvas to break his fall!

DDK:

No! Fosters got cocky! He tried that top rope splash and missed completely!

Lance:

And what's worse... Nicky's back up!

Synz gets back to his feet in the nick of time and then uses a running sliding STO to faceplant the big man into the canvas! Nicky quickly crawls out of the ring and makes it to the ring apron. He throws up "the horns" his way, then leaps to the top and hits the springboard senton bomb!

DDK:

Fosters missed with the splash, but Nicky doesn't miss with The Flying V! Cover!

The Frontman hooks the legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ “Good F***king Music” by Solange (covered by Synyster Sledge) ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **NICKY SYNZ!**

Nicky Synz stands up to his feet and Rex Knox raises his hands in victory!

DDK:

The homecoming proves to be a successful outing! That makes two in a row for Nicky Synz with a victory here tonight!

Lance:

You have to wonder if this kid can parlay these wins into something. Momentum is everything and right now, it looks like it's starting to build for this young man!

HOLIDAY ROAD

Beautiful sunny Anaheim, California.

We're looking at the gates to the world famous Disney Land theme park. The original brainchild of Walt Disney himself. An innovator and creative genius that single handedly changed the face of the entertainment industry. As the camera pans down and back we see the huge bronze statue of Walt standing hand in hand with his chief creation Mickey Mouse. The two looking up and away towards the horizon.

As the camera continues to pan down we see merge the unmistakable profile of none other than the Financial Backbone of DEFIANCE Wrestling, "The Socialite" Edward White.

He pushes his expensive looking sunglasses up atop his perfectly quaffed salt and pepper hair and takes a moment to look up at the unmoving, immortal face of Mr. Disney. A little impatient hand reaches up and tugs on the hem of his white dress shirt. It's the hand of "The Problem Solver" Adrian Payne's precocious daughter "Baby Girl" Brielle. She's decked out for a day of fun complete with a big bow in her hair and her Bluey backpack synched up on her shoulders.

Brielle:

Uncle Ed can we go in noooooooooow?!

Brielle crosses her arms and harrumphs. The Socialite chuckles to himself and pops his shades back down onto his face.

Edward:

Baby Girl, just gotta wait a few more minutes, alright dumplin'? Jane's still sortin' out the details of our day of fun over yonder in the business office. As you can imagine, RENTING Disney Land for the day ain't normally done, so. But enough money can move mountains, little darlin'... always remember that. When you got the funds, nothing can stand between you and what you want.

Brielle listens intently to every greedy word of advice her "uncle" speaks.

This kid is clearly going to be trouble when she gets older.

It's at this moment Edward's personal assistant and all around "fixer" Jane Katze emerges from a nondescript office on the far side of the plaza. Clad in her usual pencil skirt and suit jacket, just all legs. Behind her is Brielle's father the massive Adrian Payne and his tag team partner the equally jacked "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby. The two men collectively known as "Money Talks" are both clad in matching red and black DEF tracksuits, both men carrying their newly won BRAZEN tag team title belts around their waists. The trio walk up to where Edward is standing watching over Brielle.

Edward:

Everything set and done, Jane dear? No trouble I hope?

The ice cold Jane Katze is writing something on her smartphone, after but a moment she looks up with a placid nod.

Jane:

The number is going to make even you choke, but yes, the park is ours until close this evening.

Ed smiles and fawns over Jane's reliability and doggedness for a few moments.

Adrian elbows Felton in the ribs and leans over quietly.

Adrian:

Yo, Jane is one scary chick, man. I think that Disney dude in the office legit, shoot wet himself.

Bigsby whispers back.

Felton:

Told you bro, she ain't to be messed with in ANY capacity. In or out of the ring. Legit danger zone.

Adrian:

I can see why my Aaliyah likes her so much.

Ed looks around curiously.

Edward:

Where the hell is Nicky? I sent him to park the damn car twenty five by God minutes ago.

No sooner do the words escape Edward's mouth does the huge seven foot tall former mobster appear, already loaded down with several bags over his shoulder. Beside him, the source of all the day-luggage is Adrian's wife, the fabulous Mrs. Aaliyah Payne. Looking immaculately put together and clearly... well, clearly a lot to deal with honestly... Aaliyah Payne approaches the group. She and Jane embrace like the dear friends they've clearly become. She plants a kiss on her husband and daughter before she smiles a big insincere smile at the rest very much akin to the one we see Edward himself utilize in proper company.

Aaliyah:

This really is something, Edward. I can't believe you managed to rent the whole park! Brielle has been beside her little self since we told her.

Edward:

Well, heck. After the fellas here won them those tag team titles I figured a little celebratin' was in order. The future is brighter than the southern California sun for these two athletes, lemme tell you what. And honestly, after what that ridiculous Doubleday boy and his reject friends did to my "first and still best" FIST remembrance fund raiser I... I needed a little whimsical distraction, if'n I'm bein' honest.

He reaches down and plucks Brielle off the ground with a smile, the little one squealing happily.

Edward:

And any chance to do somethin' for this here squirrel is time and money well spent, Mrs. Payne.

Nicky adjusts the two enormous purses on his shoulders with a grimace. Jane narrows her eyes at him before smiling at Aaliyah and Brielle.

Jane:

Young lady, are you ready for Disney Land?

Brielle leaps from Edward's arms and screams a primal yell to the sky like some sort of highland warrior as she whips a tiara out of her Bluey backpack and pops it on her head.

Brielle:

You all can call me PRINCESS Brielle! YAAAAAAAHAH!

She runs towards the gate at full speed as Adrian and Aaliyah try to keep pace with their precocious, very insistent daughter. A look of realization washes over Felton Bigsby's face. He turns to Edward looking suddenly as excited as a Brielle.

Felton:

Yooooo, I just remembered they got that Galaxy's Edge mess here, man! Star Wars is my shit, Ed, ain't gonna lie. We need to get our sith on, my man.

Ed guffaws and claps his protegee on the shoulder. He leans in towards Felton and almost whispers.

Edward:

Tell me, did you ever hear the tragedy of Darth Plagueis The Wise?

Bigsby smiles a surprised smile.

Felton:

YOOOOOO, Ed... you're a Star Wars fan?

Edward:

Just call me ol' Sheev Palpatine, my dear boy! Just don't spread it around, alright? I've got a proper reputation to uphold, don'tcha know. Don't want people thinkin' I'm some kind of nerd. Enough of them around that damnable locker room. Now come on, we're laggin' behind..

The two hoof it through the gates to catch up with the exuberant Brielle and the rest of their company.

Holiday Road by rock legend Lindsey Buckingham starts to play as we get a few fun vignettes of the Blood Diamonds and company's day at Disney.

Still photographs start to float through our purview. The first Felton, Adrian and Brielle on the still ever-creepy It's a Small World ride. Brielle and her father look absolutely thrilled. Felton less so. Next a picture of the entire group sans Aaliyah careening down Splash Mountain followed by one of an absolutely drenched and clearly quite bothered Edward White. The final photo morphs back into video... Nicky Corozzo, still lugging the Payne women's various bags, his arms absolutely filled with souvenirs and purchasable Disney fiddle-faddle of all degrees. He's following the group best he can what with him not being able to quite see over the load of boxes and sacks.

The music fades temporarily.

Nicky:

So boss, about them Doubleday brats. I don't... *hurk*... mean to speak out of turn or nothin' but uhh...

The Socialite quickly snaps his long suffering bodyguard off at the quick.

Edward:

Then don't. We'll get there, I'm still... *formulatin'*. As it were.

Nicky:

Whatever you say boss.

Lindsey Buckingham kicks back in at full volume as the vignettes continue to flutter past.

Tea Cups, Pirates of the Caribbean, the Haunted Mansion, the many many Princesses, and all manner of brand new Disney property branded crud from Marvel and Pixar and all the other things bought by the entertainment monopoly over the last couple decades. Rides and shows featuring Moana, Nemo, Iron Man and Thor, Woody and the gang, Star-Lord and a host of other random-ass, smiling, purchasable intellectual property thrills and entertains Brielle at every turn.

And yes, we do get a still of Edward and Felton having the time of their lives crossing red lightsabers in front of the huge life size Millenium falcon at the Galaxy's Edge park. They did indeed "get their sith on." Snapping a picture arm and arm and arm with none other than Darth Vader himself.

It's the end of the day, the entire group has piled on the boat for the classic Jungle Cruise. You know, the one with the "hilarious tour guide" on the PA the whole time. Brielle, her mom, Jane and Nicky all sit at the front of the boat half paying attention to the poor jungle guide.

Jungle Guide:

Uh oh folks, here comes our friend Mr. Hippo! Don't get too close, the hippopotamus is actually the most dangerous animal in Africa. So hows about we keep our arms and legs IN the boat, ok? I don't think we have coverage for loss of limbs, hahaha...

He nervously fake laughs at his non-joke to just nothing but silent, stone cold faces.

As the poor little bastard soldiers on in the background we focus in on Edward sitting across from the new BRAZEN tag team champions Felton and Adrian at the back of the boat.

Adrian:

So we're gonna' hit 'em back, right? You let me and Bigs after those Doubleday dorks, maaaaan shit.

Felton:

Hell yeah. I'm pretty sure I could stuff the little spindly one into a fanny pack if I tried hard enough.

The Sophisticate holds up a hand, clearly pleased at his teams enthusiasm.

Edward:

No. We're going to do this methodically. Old school. I'm not quite sure what I want for Dabney and bold little Douglas just yet. They're inexperienced, they've left us some big ol' juicy targets with which to fuck, you followin' me gentlemen? I've already discussed with Jane, she seems pretty keen to get her hands on Levy, ref Hector's nephew and that mental hospital reject in the Nicolas Cage mask.

Felton:

Man, I saw what went down when I watched the show back. That weird little dude smacked Jane with a damn pie. Like in a goddamn cartoon.

Adrian:

She looked BIG mad, man.

Edward:

Very much so. Which leaves those two chicken fried degenerates, Lovett and Izuchi. Skuttlebut is they're aiming to be a real tag team. Relationship so new I hear tell they haven't even picked a team name yet. Gentleman, I'd very much like you to strangle that particular babe right there in the damned nursery.

Felton and Adrian both grin and smile at one another with sinister intent.

Edward:

So we're clear? Honestly, what better way to establish your new reign than to smear a couple would-be white hat cowboys across that ol' canvas... Blood Diamonds style. See, boys, I want to pick Dabney and Douglas Doubleday's juvenile little lives here in DEFIANCE apart bit by bit. I hear tell there's a mother and father Doubleday, and a *grandfather* they think pretty highly of. Wonder what mischief me and my plentiful funds and legion of lawyers can do with that information, I ask you?

He leans back and smiles that wide, plastered on smile.

Edward:

I'm gonna' welcome them boys to DEFIANCE Wrestling right and proper. Yes sir.

Adrian pipes back in with a question that half sours Edward's pleased expression.

Adrian:

So Mr. White... what's the deal with Bronson? We haven't seen him around lately.

Felton breathes a sigh and crosses his arms, being well acquainted with his mentor's violent mood swings. Edward

shares a similar sigh as he leans forward again and pushes his sunglasses atop his head. His elbows rest on his knees, he steeples his fingers.

Edward:

Bronson is my brother in arms. Like I've told Angus many times over the last few months, you go into business with the Wargod, you take what you get. He's not easy to work with. He hoes his own row, often times than not. It's aggravatin' but it's also why he's so goddamn effective at what he does. He's sold more merchandise more consistently than anyone in DEFIANCE history. Even when he wasn't here, by God. He has a relationship with the fans of this product very few have been able to replicate.

Bigsby cuts in, sounding a little put off.

Felton:

Which is why he should be here with us.

Adrian:

I don't think Box would vibe with Disney Land, man. He seems like a pretty grim dude.

Bigs slugs Adrian on the shoulder.

Felton:

Maaan, would you stop it? No I mean like WITH us, shoulder to shoulder in the trenches. Makin' a quick, violent example out of these jobber-ass fools. Those Doubleday pricks MELTED Boxer's Spike, remember? Fuckin' melted that shit at a literal *foundry* with sparks and lava and shit. And what did Box do? Goddamn *nothin'* that's what. That insult remains un-goddamn-answered, and that shit sits in my guts like a rock, man. Now they gone and made fools out of yall at your party? We can't let this stand. He should be just as pissed, and he aint. He's got Blackwood on the brain, man.

Adrian:

Yeah. The Gage Blackwood of it all IS sort of a dead horse that's been beaten straight up into glue at this point, y'all. Box is like a dog with a bone with that one.

Felton:

Exactly.

Felton looks to Ed. The Socialite takes a beat. Another deep sigh.

Edward:

I am respectfully holdin' my tongue and lettin' my dear brother Bronson get all this *steam* out of his system. It's a storm that's been brewin' in his guts ever since he broke down and had to take so long away from his precious DEFIANCE to *gather* himself. He had months and months of whisky soaked bar stool perched broodin' on all things Gage Blackwood chief among, so I'm just lettin' him percolate... DEFroad will be the end of it, I'm sure. Once he's dispatched that half-assin' little shit in front of their home country Faithful that should be that.

Adrian sits with that a moment. A pregnant pause capped with an uncomfortable yet painfully obvious question.

Adrian:

What if Blackwood wins?

The three men sit with that in silence... well, near silence.

Jungle Guide:

Uh oh, watch out! Haha, it's ok, it's just Mr. and Mrs. Giraffe looking to say howdy! Ooop, and little BABY Giraffe! Mr. Giraffe you old dog!

Brielle and company are clearly unimpressed with the poor guy's attempts at improved entertainment. The ice cold stare Jane is giving the young man as he bores baby girl Brielle is *legitimately* terrifying. As we pull in again on Edward White the action at the front of the boat fades again into the background.

Edward:

Well Mr. Payne, we'll cross that particular bridge when we come to it. Won't we? Tactfully. And with respect.

Adrian looks over at Felton, they both nod, then back to Edward.

Adrian:

Yes sir.

Felton:

Whatever you need, we gotchu.

Payne cracks his knuckles.

Adrian:

You know this.

With that, the segment ends as we move on to the next segment of the show.

ROWZILLA vs. ALEZANDER THE GREAT

DDK:

Coming up next with today's main event ... we have the Tag Party 6 winner, Rowzilla in action!

Lance:

Rowzilla and Mark Luck have been fighting all across BRAZEN shows and here on UNCUT! And on the next episode of UNCUT, these two men will finally battle each other in front of a TV audience one on one!

DDK:

But tonight, Rowzilla has to make it past a veteran of DEFIANCE! Aleczander the Great!

♪ "I" by Tyr ♪

Some fans rock out to the Black Sabbath cover but remain waiting to give their response! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful watch in sheer awe of the big man walking through the curtains holding onto his Tag Party 6 trophy!

Quimbey:

The following is tonight's main event of Uncut! He stands at seven foot three inches tall! He weighs in at three-hundred and sixty pounds! From Memphis, Tennessee ... He is the THIRD-GENERATION GIANT ... ROWWWWWWWW ... ZILLAAAAAAAAA!!!

Reddish curly hair at neck length, a trimmed beard with white tank top and three red stars on the legs of his gear and red boots, Rowzilla points his taped fists up to the sky and then he makes his first walk down a DEFIANCE ramp and hands out high-fives to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful.

DDK:

This kid is something special! He's only twenty years old, but is the largest recruit that BRAZEN has ever had!

Lance:

This issue Mark Luck has with Rowzilla being chosen over him to be Max Luck's tag partner for Tag Party! It's been festering for a while! These two men have fought twice on BRAZEN shows. The first ended in a double countout and Mark won the second match due to getting back in the ring. But nothing has been settled.

Rowzilla puts his trophy at ringside and walks over the ropes easily. Rowzilla holds up three fingers close to his chest and then he waits for the veteran opponent.

♪ "Great" by Instruction ♪

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

Quimbey:

And his opponent ... from Miami, Florida, by way of Manchester, England weighing in at 257 pounds... ALEZANDER THE GREAT!!!

The BRAZEN coach and former DEFIANCE World Trios Champion gets a mixed reaction but still looks as chiseled as he always has. He heads down to the ring and then climbs up. He poses on the middle turnbuckle, flexing his tremendous biceps before he jumps back into the ring.

DDK:

Rowzilla has a lot of potential at his size and his youth in this sport, but Aleczander has been bought the ticket and talent the ride where wrestling is concerned. He's been doing this a long time.

Lance:

And he's not afraid to piss people off.

Aleczonder The Great looks straight up at Rowzilla but he still manages to be unimpressed.

DING DING

Rowzilla gets ready to lock hands. He holds a hand up to Aleczonder and even at his height, Aleczonder gets angry. A small smile appears on the Third-Generation Giant's face.

DDK:

Seems to me Rowzilla is having a good time tonight.

Lance:

That he is! But he can't take Aleczonder lightly though.

The twenty-year-old wants to grapple for real ...

♪ "Aces High" by Iron Maiden ♪

That sudden music gets Rowzilla's attention. The seven foot Mark Luck walks out in a plaid yellow suit and has a grin on his face the whole way there.

DDK:

It looks like someone wanted a close-up of their match in two weeks!

Lance:

Or Mark Luck is trying to play mind games.

The ex-brother-in-law of the Lucky Sevens is on the stage. Rowzilla tells him to come on down and get him some but he leaves himself wide open from an attack from behind by Aleczonder The Great with a running axe-handle to the back! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful boo him as he attacks!

Lance:

That rookie inexperience just caught up to Rowzilla! This had to be Mark Luck's plan!

Mark has a smile on his face at least two miles wide. Rowzilla is pushed back into the corner and then Aleczonder The Great goes to town with some shoulder blocks to the rib cage of the tall twenty-year-old. The Third-Generation Giant is getting hammered with a lot of clubbing shots!

DDK:

Aleczonder The Great is as sleazy as they come, but he knows when to pick the right spot to attack!

He tees on the giant with a big european uppercut. Just one isn't enough so he hits a second one. A third one comes right after that until the referee steps in and tells Aleczonder to get out of the corner otherwise he is going to get disqualified. Mark Luck has his hands in his pockets and he's enjoying the show.

DDK:

With as much buzz as Rowzilla has picked up in BRAZEN lately, how much would this be a boost for Aleczonder to beat this rookie?

Lance:

It would definitely mean a lot! Oooh! There's a splash in the corner.

A big splash has knocked the wind out of Rowzilla. Aleczonder holds two fingers up and tells the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful he's got another one lined up. He runs at the ropes and then he comes back hitting him in the gut with a big spear in the corner. Rowzilla hasn't been knocked off his feet, but he has been knocked completely off his game by the DEFIANCE Wrestling veteran. Aleczonder runs him out of the corner and hits more big shots to the back. Mark is

throwing shadow punches on the stage and watching Aleczander continue to get the better of the Third-Generation Giant.

DDK:

Aleczander The Great is attacking him with everything he can! He's got Rowzilla stunned!

Lance:

Is he ... is that a suplex?!

Aleczander has Rowzilla in a suplex position mid-ring and he holds up a fist to show he's gonna muscle the largest rookie in DEFIANCE Wrestling history over. He tries, but Rowzilla isn't budging.

He tries again and he slightly gets him off the ground, but remains on his feet.

Now getting angry, Aleczander tries for a third time to see if it will be a charm. And it does ...

But not for Aleczander!

DDK:

Whoa!!! Rowzilla reverses the suplex! He's holding Aleczander straight up in the air!

Mark Luck is shocked when Rowzilla holds him up! He turns towards Mark Luck with a smile on his face and then throws him forward with a big standing front suplex. The ring shakes with Aleczander the Great gets faceplanted. The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are cheering like crazy when Rowzilla throws his arms up and gets them to fire up!

Lance:

That didn't go Aleczander's way at all!

Rowzilla grabs Aleczander by the arm and a big irish whip sends him reeling. He runs from the other side and then smashes right into the British power wrestler with a shoulder block he learned right from his dad!

DDK:

What a big move! That was the One-Man Stampede! That move was a specialty of his father, "The Monster of the Mid-South" Warren Spade!

Lance:

And what a slam it was!

Aleczander has no idea where he is but Rowzilla knows where he is about to go. Mark Luck watches on with horror when Rowzilla picks up Aleczander in a power bomb and lifts him on the shoulder. He wrenches his back with a canadian back breaker and then shifts it into a massive choke slam on the way down!

DDK:

Rowzilla did it! He just put Aleczander the Great all the way through the mat with Don't Look Down!

Rowzilla points that he's watching Mark Luck and goes for what may be the first and only pinfall of this match!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "I" by Tyr ♪

Rowzilla stands up and the first thing he does is walk over to the ropes and pulls them wide open for Mark to try his ... luck.

Quimbey:

Your winner ... ROWWWWWWZILLA!!!

Mark Luck isn't jumping at the chance to take on Rowzilla right now. He just shakes his head and tells him "two weeks" instead!

Lance:

That was a quick main event! Aleczander the Great had Rowzilla on the ropes for a bit but Rowzilla took over and there was no looking back!

DDK:

It was! And in two weeks, Mark Luck and Rowzilla will be given the chance to finally settled their score. Two of BRAZEN's largest men will be given the stage to test their mettle before we get to DEFIANCE Road! Thank you for joining us! We'll be back in a few weeks for the DEFIANCE Year End awards live from the Sphere in Las Vegas! Good night, everyone!

Rowzilla and Mark Luck talk trash from far ends of the arena as the show ends!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.