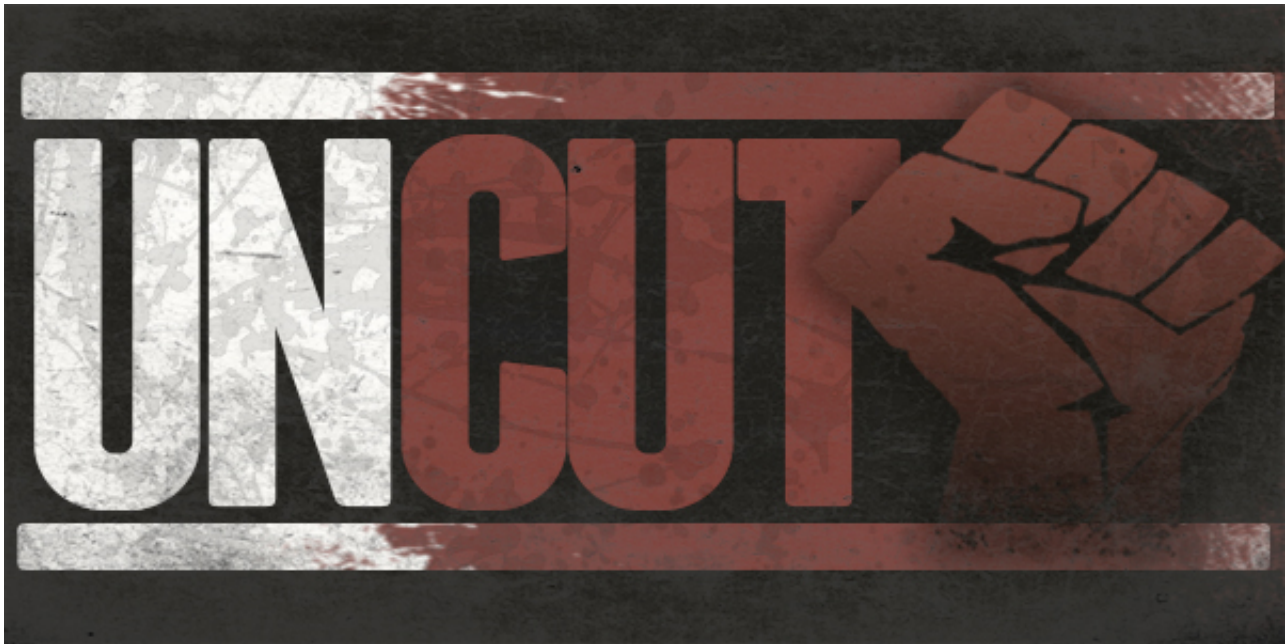


SHOW OPEN

ROWZILLA vs. MARK LUCK

♪ "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 opening match for 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 ... ROWWWWWWW ... ZILLAAAAAAA!!!

Reddish curly hair at neck length, a trimmed beard with white body suit and three red stars on the legs of his gear and red boots to round out his gear. 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:

The youngest and the largest wrestler on the BRAZEN roster! Tag Party Six winner Rowzilla is heading to the ring and he's here to settle a score with the jealousy of BRAZEN's only other seven footer, Mark "Fire" Luck!

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 in BRAZEN but tonight is their chance to finally settle who is the better giant!

Rowzilla puts his trophy at ringside and walks over the ropes easily. Rowzilla holds up three fingers close to his chest.

♪ "Aces High" by Iron Maiden ♪

The theme plays and basking in what appears to be more awe than anything ... a young, tall, good looking kid with a body carved from granite! He wears an orange and blue robe and stands tall!

Quimbey:

His opponent hails from Sin City ... he stands at seven feet tall! He weighs three-hundred pounds ... he is "Too Hot For BRAZEN" ... MAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRKKK LUUUUCCCKKK!!

DDK:

Mark Luck has promised he's going to embarrass Rowzilla tonight!

Lance:

Mark Luck is the ex-brother in law of Max and Mason Luck. They want nothing to do with him, but he has been pressing this issue that Rowzilla was chosen to team with Max Luck and not him during Tag Party Six. He promised he would make Max and Mason regret not picking him!

Mark Luck turns to show off the message on the back of his robe that reads "What A Mark!" and then drops the robe to reveal his half blue and half orange trunks with the same designs on his knee pads and boots. Mark Luck marches right up to Rowzilla but the young Third Generation Giant looks ready to finally settle their grudge.

DDK:

Rowzilla versus Mark Luck to kick off their show! Both men have won big matches in the past few episodes of Uncut but tonight, who walks out of her as the best giant in BRAZEN?

DING DING

The giants have a go at locking up and they struggle with each other. Mark Luck is the first person that backs Rowzilla

into the ropes, but Rowzilla turns that around quickly and has him on the ropes. The two largest members of the BRAZEN roster both continue rolling around the ropes and fight into a corner.

DDK:

Both men look like they could be evenly matched in size. Mark Luck has done very well for himself in BRAZEN, but Rowzilla hasn't been pinned.

Lance:

He suffered one loss to Mark Luck, but it was by a count out. Both of these men want a decisive winner tonight!

Mark applies a tight head lock to Rowzilla and tries to take control ... but Rowzilla uses a surge of strength and he lifts Mark Luck up over his shoulder and throws him right at the corner! Mark Luck is blinking and cannot believe what has just happened. When he turns back to Rowzilla, the Third-Generation Giant shrugs and gets applause and laughter from the Scottish fan base.

Lance:

I don't think Mark Luck was prepared for that! That was a big display of power!

DDK:

What a massive pun intended opportunity for both of these men! To compete overseas with the DEFIANCE Wrestling roster!

Luck decides that nobody puts baby in a corner and gets away with it. He runs at Rowzilla and locks up again. This time he gets Rowzilla into the corner until Brian Slater is told to break it up. Rowzilla breaks clean ...

SLAP!!!

... But Mark Luck slaps the twenty-year-old across the face!

DDK:

What was Mark thinking?!

Lance:

Probably about himself!

Rowzilla gets angry and grabs Mark Luck and unleashes a chop so big that Mark Luck is reeling!

DDK:

I have never been a wrestler, but I know what a receipt is and that big chop was a receipt for that slap!

The shot is so loud that the Glasgow Faithful all groan! Rowzilla snatches up Luck and a whip takes him off to the corner, but Mark stops himself on the ropes. Rowzilla charges but a punch catches him in the neck first. Rowzilla is stunned and wide open as Mark Luck screams that he's better than his opponent. Mark jumps to the ropes, but Rowzilla surprises him with a running shoulder block that knocks Mark Luck right into the ropes!

Lance:

Mark is on the floor! He's still on his feet!

Mark Luck stumbles right into the ropes and lands on his feet on the floor but he's hurt. He goes up to the ropes and walks over the ropes in wrestling giant fashion, but the Third-Generation Giant uses a clothesline and he goes back to the floor a second time! Mark still lands on his feet after the blow but it's clear being knocked out of the ring twice by Rowzilla has hurt his pride more than anything! Rowzilla points towards the mezzanine and he plays to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful.

DDK:

Twice! Rowzilla has twice taken Mark Luck out of the ring!

Lance:

It's a wonder that neither man has technically left their feet yet, but any time Mark Luck has had offense, Rowzilla has an answer.

Mark goes to the ring apron for a third time. Rowzilla goes right for him but Mark Luck catches him with a questionable shot to the throat and then drops his neck across the ropes. Rowzilla is finally stunned for the first time and Mark Luck finally has an opening he needs. He runs in and he hits a big knee to Rowzilla's back and struck back into a corner for the first time. Mark Luck is being booed but points at his head.

Mark Luck:

My bros should have picked me, not you!

Rowzilla gets pummeled by Mark Luck with punches right to his large mid-section. He brings the fight to the Third-Generation Giant and then grabs him by the head before using some old school chicanery by grinding his face across the top rope.

DDK:

I have no doubt he learned that move from old Winston Luck!

Lance:

Rowzilla is physically dominant, but Mark Luck has a bit more experience on him in this game. He was a four-year pro before signing with DEFIANCE Wrestling.

Mark Luck throws two big kicks and puts Rowzilla back into the corner. He gets to the other side of the ring and he comes back with a leaping splash in the corner. Mark Luck knows that he has Rowzilla on the quite-literal ropes and hits him with another leaping splash.

DDK:

Two big leaping splashes in the corner on Rowzilla and now ... is he going to try a suplex?!

A big series of back elbows to the side of Rowzilla's head wears down the Third-Generation Giant. He pulls him over to the middle of the ring and calls for a vertical suplex. Mark Luck tries his luck with the suplex and tries to take Rowzilla off his feet ...

The first time fails.

The second time fails as well.

The third time's a charm ... but it's for Rowzilla!

To the amazement of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful he not only picks up Mark and stays on his own feet, making Mark take a drop suplex on the mat!

DDK:

That was an incredible counter by Rowzilla! He dropped Mark Luck with that suplex first before he could land his!

Rowzilla points to all sides of the arena and then starts to drag his feet across the ropes like a bull about to charge. He runs off one side of the ropes and then the other just as Mark Luck stands and then unleashes a nasty shoulder tackle with extra velocity behind it!

DDK:

That move is called the One-Man Stampede after his father, the original "One-Man Stampede" Warren Spade! Mark Luck just got tackled right out of boots!

Lance:

And I think Mark's luck is about to run out as well!

Rowzilla takes Mark Luck and boots him in his chest. With a lot of effort he ends up on his shoulders and then slams him down with a yokosuka cutter that shakes the ring!

DDK:

Don't Look Down! Don't Look Down!

Rowzilla has the cover!

One

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "I" by Tyr ♪

Quimbey:

Your winner of this match ... ROWWWWWWW ... ZILLAAAAAAA!!!

DDK:

I guess we found out who BRAZEN's King of the Monsters really is!

Lance:

Mark Luck lucked around as the Lucky Sevens like to say and thanks to Rowzilla, he found out!

The young giant stands with his arms folded with Brian Slater presenting him as the winner. Rowzilla holds up the three fingers as the proud third-generation of the Spade family of giants. He leaves the ring and he goes to the back.

OVERLOOKED

DEFTv 213 Exclusive Content

Post-match interview: El Escuadron vs. Kerry Kuroyama & The D

A little mini-party is happening backstage just outside the guerilla position as Mil Vueltas, sweaty and giddy-like, pops open a bottle of champagne! Bonita I y II start cheering while DLJ walks behind them, popping a second bottle before he starts Bonita I clings tightly to Mil's free arm while Bonita II gets close to DLJ and throws his massive arm over her shoulder.

Bonita en Rosa I:

Good job out there, guys! That was a big win!

Mil Vueltas:

CALL ME DJ KHALED, DEEJ!

GigaDan takes a drink from his own bottle, starts pouring a glass, then looks confused.

DLJ:

Wait... don't you think people are gonna get like... confused? I'm DLJ, and you're DJ Khaled... Hey, wait! We can be Double Dee!

Mil sighs.

Mil Vueltas:

Oh... Oh, dulce niño... just go with it. Ask me why I'm DJ Khaled. We doing a bit.

DLJ:

Okay... why are you DJ Khaled?

He shakes his own champagne bottle, then pops the cork off with his bare hand, then empties the contents all over the rest of the Squad.

Mil Vueltas:

CAUSE ALL I DO IS WIN! Butcher! ¡Le gané! Kerry! ¡Le gané! The D! ¡Le gané! Beat them ALL and we'll both do it again at DEFIANCE Road!

DLJ:

Darn right! It's a shame... I only met Kerry a couple times and I always liked him... too bad he's all like... SRZ BZNS and doesn't want to be part of the GC Universe.

Mil Vueltas:

A la mierda. No lo necesitamos. Let's drink!

Bonita en Rosa I:

Let's go back to the hotel!

Bonita en Rosa II:

Yeah, I want to see the Glasgow Cathedral tomorrow! You promised, Danny!

DLJ:

I did and that sounded really fun! Let's go!

???:

YEAH, LET'S GET IT! EL ESCUADRONNNNNNNN! SQUAD UP WITH AY-KAY ALL DAY!

Party music stops.

All eyes of El Escuadron turn to a party crasher standing on the other end of the hallway. Wearing pink shades indoors cause why not, a pink leather jacket, black leather pants and a new undercut hairstyle, "The Pensacola Playboy" Aaron King.

DLJ:

...wut?

Mil Vueltas:

¿Quién es este gilipollas rosas? ¿Ustedes lo conocen?

Bonita I y II both shrug and have no idea. Mil Vueltas turns and looks up at King.

Mil Vueltas:

This private party, cabron!

Aaron King walks up and grins from ear to ear.

Aaron King:

Oh, dude, sorry, sorry. Look... hey... sorry. Ain't trying to kill this party, man. I'm Aaron King. Big fan of you guys, kay! Big fan of what you're all doing! Big fan of the GC Universe and hey... while I got you...

He looks around.

Aaron King:

I see what OSCAR BURNS... all caps, guys, all caps like MF Doom, Rest In Power...

King kisses a hand and points up to the heavens.

Aaron King:

I see what my guy, OSCAR, has been doing for FLEX, and for you guys... now y'all are winners! And hey... was wondering if you guys could like.. You know, maybe put in a good word for me?

King continues.

Aaron King:

If I can keep it 100 with you... I'm sick of being overlooked around here. FIVE YEARS for this damn company! I tried to follow Arthur Pleasant and got wrecked by Dex Joy! I tried to hang with the Lucky Sevens... got STOMPED and kicked to the side for that blonde bitch, Nathan Eye! I get fed to that roided-up numbnuts, Kilgore... nah, son, I'm better than that. I'm better than that! I'M TIRED OF BEING OVERLOOKED AND IGNORED! I'M SICK OF... huh?

As King turns around...

El Escuadron are all gone.

Aaron King:

...well, ass.

TRAIN ZANZHU vs. CALLIE SCOTT

The camera shows Callie Scott in the ring, stretching on the ropes, wearing MMA-style fingerless gloves, along with black spandex with white trim that shows her athletic form.

DDK:

Callie Scott here tonight in the DEFplex to make her Uncut debut! Partner, what can you tell me about her?

Lance:

Well, Callie's a brawler. She's really showed herself as incredibly tough in BRAZEN, and she's fearless as she'll go toe-to-toe with anyone!

♪ "Goodbye Horses" by Q Lazarrus ♪

The famous synthpop song from Silence of the Lambs plays as the arena lights go dark. A spotlight in bloodred shows the Satanic symbol all around the audience. Then in the same blood red color appears on the DEFtron screen to show a series of Japanese characters interspersed with the Satanic imagery before revealing a figure in all black leather -- complete with a black bondage mask -- sitting on a throne in the fiery pits of hell. The same figure then walks out from the back, holding a kendo stick in one hand and dragging a chain in the other. This person then rips off the mask and sprays some kind of blood red mist high into the air.

Darren Quimbey:

Now making her way to the ringside... hailing from Her Throne In Hell... It is She Who Cucks The Devil... THIS! IS! TRAIN! ZHAN! ZHOU!!!!!!

The 6'0" 255 pound woman's hair is in a multi-colored mohawk, with paint smeared all over her face like she dipped her skull into a blender. She points the kendo stick at her prey in the ring, before spinning around and cracking it hard against the ring railing. Then she does it to the other side. Fans scatter back as she continues to menace the audience as she menacingly jaunts to ringside.

DDK:

And exactly who is this?

Lance:

She is a recent BRAZEN signee, TRAIN Zanzhou! But she's no rookie. TRAIN has been a wrestler in a series of Japanese promotions these past few years -- and she's racked up a list of suspensions, fines and punishments in every single one! She does not believe rules or the general customs of polite society pertain to her!

TRAIN rolls into the ring and does not even wait for the bell from Rex Knox. She charges into Callie at full-speed with a body block, sending the woman into the corner -- all while still holding the kendo stick.

DDK:

Dear lord! The speed and impact -- now I know why she's known as TRAIN!

Train then turns around and whacks Rex Knox in the legs with the kendo stick. He goes down with a yelp and immediately rolls out of the ring, holding his left thigh. Rex waves off the match and limps away from the ring quickly.

DDK:

I have no idea if this match even started. I certainly know TRAIN does not care -- as promised!

Lance:

Her reputation holds up well.

TRAIN now whacks Callie with the kendo stick on the side, before a second one, and then a third one to the legs.

DDK:

And the TRAIN is coming down the tracks!

She runs full-speed with a corner hip attack and cracks against Callie's skull and damn near shakes the ring, all while holding the kendo stick.

Lance:

The speed and power of this woman!

TRAIN then climbs onto the second turnbuckle, and looks upward and spits blood red mist into the air before jumping off.

DDK:

What an incredible Banzai Splash!

Lance:

She calls that The Derailment!

DDK:

She's not done!

TRAIN climbs the ropes a second time and again performs the ritualistic spitting of blood before hitting her second Derailment on Callie. Then she quickly goes up to the middle rope again --

DDK:

No! Not a third!

The blood mist shoots high in the air one more time as Train bounces to the middle rope before plunging down onto her prey.

Lance:

I don't think I've ever seen anyone have so little regard for the rulebook or her opponent!

DDK:

Now what is this woman doing?

TRAIN now has the chain she dragged with her as she stands over Callie, wrapping it around her neck!

Lance:

She's dragging her out of the ring!

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

DefSEC comes rushing out just as TRAIN rolls under the ropes and pulls Callie, who thuds onto the floor. TRAIN swings her kendo stick violently, smacking the ring railing and the floor before whipping it close to various DefSEC officials. They all back off and have a collective "WTF???" look on their faces as TRAIN stares them down, marching forward while still dragging Callie by the chain back to the locker room area.

Lance:

I don't want to know where she's dragging her now!

DDK:

Quite possibly to the depths of hell, which she claims she rules! Dear lord, this woman is a nightmare!

ONE MIC

A video package plays, spotlighting one of the many DEFIANCE Road matches!

Butcher Victorious:

TITANESS! All the way back at Tag Party IV in October last year, you attacked me! You wanted my endorsements! You wanted my spot!

Clips of Butcher Victorious and his new sponsorship deal with Mic Dropz Energy! Clips of Butcher hosting Tag Party IV alongside SuperDEFFan64... then Titaness hitting a spinebuster to Butcher Victorious on the stage.

Butcher Victorious:

DEFtv 210, I pinned you in Wyoming and what'd you do? You took something that didn't belong to you!

Clips of Butcher rolling up Titaness with the Burns Beater pin, ending in a victory! Post-match, Titanes Familia attacking Butcher, taking a FreeFall from Killjoy and Titaness taking The Stick!

Speaking off...

Titaness now stands in front of an interview backdrop... The Stick in hand.

Titaness:

This company likes you for some reason... and that's cool. All sports teams have lovable idiot mascots. That's all you are, Butcher. That's all you are. A damn mascot. While a STAR that looks like this...

Suns out, guns out.

Titaness:

Where's my sponsorship, huh? Where's MY hosting duties? Where's MY attention?! Well... I took yours. I took THE STICK FROM BUTCH VIC!

Clips play of Titaness SLUGGING Butcher with The Stick and costing him a shot at the Southern Heritage Championship back on UNCUT 171, following Titaness attacking him.

Butcher Victorious:

Possession might be nine-tenths of the law, so I promise you even though BUTCH VIC IS TAKING BACK HIS STICK, your ass is gonna be left with my boot!

A spotlight now shows a large spotlight over an empty DEFIANCE ring with The Stick hanging on a pole just above a corner!

Titaness:

You can try and take this all you want, but you haven't been able to for the past three months and it ain't starting now. I don't care if you have a stick. I don't give a damn if your skull is thick. Nobody's gonna remember that you stole a pin off me in a empty field in Wyoming. I beat YOU in the OVO Hydro in Scotland, you dumb purple bitch! And at DEF Road, I'm gonna beat your ass so bad, you're gonna go right back to picking up OSCAR's bags.

Clips of DEFtv 213 where Titaness slams Butcher into the ring post followed by pinning him with The World's Prettiest Suplex for a three-count!

Butcher Victorious:

I beat you. You beat me. One a piece. You might be Pretty Powerful, but I don't give a DAMN how powerful you are! For the past damn YEAR, I have SHOWN what Butch Vic does to bullies, including MY OWN PERSONAL BULLY! I beat Oscar Burns so bad at DEFCON, he had an identity crisis! I beat the "son" you two kicked to the curb, DLJ when he came after me. I beat Scott Hunter! I beat Cyrus Bates! ANYONE that's tried to tell Butch Vic that he ain't got IT...

Pinning Oscar Burns at DEFCON. Pinning DLJ. Cyrus Bates. Scott Hunter. Avenging past Vae Victis losses.

Butcher Victorious:

THEY **ALL** FOUND OUT BUTCH... VIC... DON'T... QUIT!

One last time to Titaness.

Titaness:

Take your Dr. Seuss rhymes, your energy drinks, your catchphrases, ball 'em all up and stick 'em wherever gives you pleasure, you addlepatented dip-shit. Your spotlight, is gonna be mine and this ass-kicking is gonna be brought to you by the AWARD-WINNING DEFIANCE Faction of the Year! It'll come right from me... YOUR HIGHNESS... TITANESS!

One last time to Butcher Victorious, all sorts of fired up after he cracks open a cold one and chugs a Mic Dropz Energy (Check 1-2, a delicious Strawberry Watermelon combo).

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC IS DONE SINGING IT... CAUSE AT DEFIANCE ROAD, HE'S BRINGING IT!

One final face-off between two DEFIANCE stars... and one mic just above them!

SGT. SAFETY AND COUNT NOVICK vs. THE DUNSON CLAN

DDK:

Up next, we have tag team action when the cult favorite tag team of Sgt. Safety teams with Count Novick take on Richie and Todd of BRAZEN's Dunson Clan!

Lance:

Let's take it on down to ringside with one of the newest members of the 2024 Hall of Fame class, our very own ring announcer, Darren Quimbey!

The camera cuts to Quimbey once more.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Safety Dance" by Men Without Hats ♪

Darren Quimbey:

From Chicago, Illinois, weighing in at 220 pounds... he is Officer of OSHA and The Safest Man in DEFIANCE... this is **SGT. SAFETY!**

The fans cheer as Sgt. Safety comes out with a shiny new Noise-O-Meter! The crowd cheers get louder as he points it to different sections of the arena to see who can make the most noise! After he does, he steps into the ring and then holds it out one more time for each side of the arena before handing off the meter. Once he reaches the ring, the Scottish Faithful cheer him on as he waits for his partner...

♪ "Bloodletting (The Vampire Song)" by Concrete Blond ♪

That music gets a big pop from the crowd! A blue must begins to bellow out from around the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner... weighing in at 201 pounds and an alleged age of over 400 years old... **COUNT! NOVICK!**

The spotlight shines on the man, the myth... the Count! Count Novick, his usual vampiric self, hiding behind his cape before sweeping it behind him dramatically. He heads to the ring. He looks at Sgt. Safety, who has a hand out. The Count looks at him...

Count Novick:

AH AH AH!

The Count and The Sarge head into the ring and then wait for their opponents.

♪ "Turn The Page" by Metallica ♪

Out from the back, Todd and Richie Dunson come out wearing only torn jeans and boots for their ring gear. The West Virginia natives ignore the jeering from the fans and head towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, from Mt. Hope, West Virginia at a combined weight of 422 pounds, the team of Todd and Richie Dunson... **THE DUNSON CLAN!**

Todd and Richie both head into the ring while The Count is listening to The Sarge explain his Noise-O-Meter. The two are talking...

UNTIL THE DUNSON CLAN ATTACK!

DING DING

Todd rushes at Count Novick and attacks him with a boot while Richie Dunson goes after The Sarge and then lays in the punches in the corner!

Lance:

The Dunson Clan are out to make a name for themselves tonight! A few shows ago on UNCUT, they came up short against the current #1 Contenders to the Unified Tag Team Titles, The Atomic Punks!

DDK:

They want to make this opportunity count!

Todd Dunson is throwing shoulders into the gut of Novick while the other side of the ring sees Richie Dunson laying into the Sarge with a series of chops. When they have them both stunned, The Dunson Clan gets the same idea. They whip The Sarge and The Count at one another, only for both man and vampire to do a little do-see-do action, spin back to their original attackers and then unleash running dropkicks at the same time! Richie is knocked into the ropes while Todd is outside the ring by Novick. Novick leaps onto the apron and takes flight with a running crossbody off the apron!

DDK:

Novick flies like... well, a bat, I guess, and wipes out Todd Dunson! The Sarge is in the ring with Richie Dunson and he's stunned.

Richie is stunned and swings for Sgt. Safety, only to catch a drop toe hold into the middle rope! Sgt. Safety stuns Richie and then spins a finger before running towards the ropes. He stops short next to Richie while he's in the ropes... then safety SWINGS his feet into the face of Richie!

DDK:

I'm not sure what area code that move took place from, but Sgt. Safety wipes out Richie Dunson!

Back inside the ring, Sgt. Safety gets cheers as he grabs Richie and takes him over to his corner. The Count returns to his corner just in time for the tag. He holds onto Dunson, allowing Novick to leap off the middle rope and whip Richie over with a flying headscissors! He pops up to his feet...

Count Novick:

AH AH AH!

DDK:

The Count and The Sarge are working really well together so far in the ring. Novick has shown he can be an adept flyer and Sgt. Safety has the basics down safe and effectively!

Lance:

They have a winning record as a tag team in DEFIANCE so far, too!

Richie Dunson goes to the floor where Novick is ready to launch another attack. He gears up for a suicide dive. He runs through the ropes...

But Todd comes out of nowhere and blindsides him with a forearm as he runs through the ropes! Novick crashes and burns badly on the floor!

Lance:

Where the heck did Todd Dunson even come from?

DDK:

I really don't know, but that shot is no doubt going to change things for Novick and Safety!

Todd goes to help Richie up and then the two grab Novick and double whip him HARD into the barricade!

Lance:

Oooh! The Dunson Clan just took over quickly!

Novick collapses to his knees, then Richie goes to pick him up and roll him back inside the ring. Richie rolls in and makes the legal tag to Todd. The smaller of the two Dunsons heads to the top rope and as Novick tries to stand, only to get dropped with a picture-perfect front missile dropkick! The impact sends The Count rolling over onto his back and Todd tries to make the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Great missile dropkick by Dunson! You know, when their father, Paul Dunson isn't here trying to mooch off these two, they are keeping on task.

Lance:

They've been in the BRAZEN system for a while now but need a big win to really justify their place.

Todd drops two quick running leg drops off the ropes. He goes to the ropes where Richie is waiting, then drops a third leg drop, followed by Richie Dunson rolling in with a flipping senton. He goes right into another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Novick kicks out to a huge cheer! Richie is frustrated with the count, then goes to a rear chinlock to slow the action down.

DDK:

Good work by Dunson to take the wind out of Novick's sails. Can Novick do anything to get back into this match?

The Count tries to battle his way free of the hold, but Richie is doing well in keeping the centuries-old DEFIANCE star on the mat. Sgt. Safety hears the people and starts clapping his hands (within safe parameters) as he builds cheers for The Faithful to rise and try to get Count Novick back in the game.

DDK:

Count Novick is being willed on! Can he get back up?

He gets to his hand and grabs the hand of Richie... then BITES HIM! Richie starts screaming and backs up! Novick falls to his knees while Richie holds his arms.

Richie Dunson:

That damn man-bat gave me rabies! Disqualify him!

Novick rolls over to his corner... AND TAGS SGT. SAFETY! The Faithful jump and cheer when he runs inside the ring and wipes out Richie Dunson with a running forearm. Dunson gets back up as Safety hits the ropes and knocks him down for the second time. When he gets back up yet again, he gets snapped over with a high and tight armdrag!

DDK:

Sgt. Safety taking the fight to Richie Dunson! Todd Dunson tries to intercept... NO! Arm drag for him as well!

A high-angle arm drag takes down Todd Dunson! Richie Dunson is up and surprises Safety with a big kick to the gut followed by an Irish whip. He waits for The Sarge to come back and tries a flying clothesline that misses! Richie crashes into the canvas and when he tries to pick himself up, he catches a big body slam! After the slam, Sgt. Safety rips off his dress shirt to reveal... ANOTHER DRESS SHIRT!

Lance:

Was... was he wearing two dress shirts tonight?

DDK:

I guess so! He's about to finish this!

Safety makes a tag to the recovered Novick and runs at Richie Dunson, planting him with Safety First! The leg drop bulldog connects and plants Dunson, allowing Novick to go up top... and hit the Graveyard Smash senton!

DDK:

Safety First followed by the Graveyard Smash! Cover!

Novick hooks both legs as Sgt. Safety cuts off the incoming Todd Dunson with a flying forearm!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Bloodletting (The Vampire Song)" by Concrete Blond ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners... **SGT. SAFETY AND COUNT NOVICK!**

Sgt. Safety celebrates at the appropriate levels while Count Novick stands up. Hector Navarro raises the hands of both men!

DDK:

Good win here by Sgt. Safety and Count Novick! Two of DEFIANCE's cult favorites win again in tag team action!

Lance:

Good win tonight for The Count and The Sarge tonight! We'll be back with more action! Coming up in our main event, the UNCUT debut of the monstrous KILGORE!

SUPER MALAK ODYSSEY 1

Malak peers out of his Las Vegas hotel window. It's nighttime. Too late, even but that has no bearing on Sin City which is ablaze with neon lights. Malak grasps a short glass of brandy as the look of concern on his face grows. He locks in on a few pedestrians making their way down the famed Vegas strip before darting his vision to showgirls soliciting themselves to anyone interested enough to listen. Then he sees the glitz and glamour of a nearby casino and its alluring promise of wealth and riches.

Malak Fuse:

Hmph. What a world we live in. Sometimes I wish I could escape into a fantastical world of my own creation. One where I am truly Keyboard King over everyone and not just an arena full of unwashed sloths with crybaby internet opinions.

He swirls the liquid in his cup before taking a sip. It's hard going down but after tonight, he needs a reprieve. Malak still can't believe what happened. Yes, he successfully defended his FLAKE OF DEFIANCE Championship at the Year End Awards Show against Tyler Fuse, acquiring the "Ty Guy" in the process, but something still felt off.

Malak Fuse:

I'm Malak Fuse now. I just got the final piece to the puzzle. However—

Malak's voice trails. He gazes over to the loveseat and doesn't see his FLAKE vanity title. Instead, he sees the traditional FIST OF DEFIANCE belt most champions hold.

Malak Fuse:

Tyler smashed my FLAKE to smithereens.

Suddenly, frightening memories of the incident flash through his fragile little mind like a victim replaying a scenario in their mind over and over again. Needless to say, it does not sit well with the Snowflake Superstar. He becomes extremely uncomfortable thinking about Tyler, grinning, breaking his belt, like an assailant getting off on committing crimes. His lived experience has become his nightmare and now he is faced with the reality of being the FIST not the FLAKE, a difference in mindset only.

Malak Fuse:

What if I do this?

Malak departs from the window view and walks over to the chair. He can't put his drink down fast enough before finding his paper title and placing it overtop the FIST.

Malak Fuse:

Now I just need to find some tape or maybe glue will do the trick?

As a symbolic mask, Malak looks at the Paper Title as something that might be able to cover the pain but he can't bring himself to do anymore work. He's done enough of that tonight and it's really late or early depending on your take of things.

Malak Fuse:

I'm tired. So very, very tired. I need to get some sleep. I have to catch a flight to Scotland next.

Malak meanders around his hotel room. He makes sure to brush his teeth, change into his complimentary Vegas Golden Knights Stanley Cup jammies and crawls into bed. He stares at the popcorn ceiling in front of him as if the room has shifted. He's still in bed but to him, it feels like he's standing against a wall. Nervous. Concerned. Obsessed that someone might break in and expect something grand from him now that he no longer has the FLAKE.

Malak Fuse:

Go to sleep. Tomorrow I will feel better and tomorrow, I will fix this problem.

He forces his eyes shut but all he can see is Tyler, in a tank for some reason, running over his vanity title with the most ridiculous look on his face. His eyes open immediately. He tries again. Each time he tries, Malak sees a different caricature of Tyler Fuse but the end result is the same. His FLAKE belt gets demolished, lit on fire, thrown into the Hudson River, or worse, eaten by a flock of Pat Cassidy zombies. It doesn't matter. Malak's imagination runs wild until a cold sweat drips down his already shivering spine.

Malak Fuse:

Pills. I need them.

He notices a box of helpful pills on the nightstand. He reaches for them but it feels like the room elongates itself, preventing Malak from leaning on such a crutch. The lights from the strip outside seem to intensify and invade his room at a growing rate despite the fact Malak shuttered the blinds. Is this a panic attack? He doesn't know. Everything seems to be crashing down on him. Expectations. Roles. Purpose. It's all too much.

Malak Fuse:

I AM ENOUGH! I AM THE FLAKE! NOT THE FIST! THAT'S TOO MUCH PRESSURE ON ME!

He shouts loudly before sitting up and noticing his room is back to normal.

Malak Fuse:

I am exhausted. I need rest. I am overtaxed.

The newest Fuse near-faints back down to his pillow and before he knows it, his eyelids meet, his arms flail off to the sides as if he were a puppy and Malak Fuse, FIST OF DEFIANCE, finally drifts off to a night of restless sleep.

BROOKLYNN RIVERA vs. NO FUN DEAN

DDK:

What a night it was for Titanes Familia this week in the Hydro. "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy and "The Man of the House" Uriel Cortez fought and both men struck DEFSec, ending with both men being thrown out of the building, but it was Titaness and Killjoy who got the win over Butcher Victorious and Punch Drunk Purcell in tag team action.

Lance:

Dex Joy and Uriel Cortez will FINALLY be able to get their hands on one another after Uriel whipped Dex with his belt in his home state of California back on DEFtv 212, but right now, we have "La Angelia" Brooklynn Rivera in action up next against No Fun Dean.

DDK:

Brooklynn has been REALLY impressive since joining the main roster. She made her main roster in-ring debut in The Vegas Sphere, her judo skills helped lead to the victory for Titanes Familia in that tag match and now she gets to compete at the OVO Hydro in action next!

The camera cuts to DEFIANCE Hall of Famer Darren Quimbey as the bell rings to signify the next match is about to begin.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Squabble Up" by Kendrick Lamar ♪

The lights swirl back and forth between red, blue and gold as out from the back, comes a woman with her hair tied up in gold bands into two very long braids. Wearing black MMA gloves with "Familia" written in gold, a black tank top with a Puerto Rico flag patch sewn in, black and gold pants, Rivera takes in the jeers from the masses and sneers back at all of them, looking completely unnerved as she heads to the ring solo.

Darren Quimbey:

...representing Titanes Familia, from Brooklyn, New York, weighing in at 179 pounds... **"LA ANGELITA"**

BROOKLYNN RIVERA!

DDK:

La Angelita, aka The Little Angel of Titanes Familia. She's made a really big impact in a short amount of time, that's for sure.

Lance:

She gives up some size to No Fun Dean, but we've already seen her throw around men of larger size.

Booing fills the OVO Hydro as Brooklynn Rivera stands on the ring apron and looks ready to fight. Already in the ring, No Fun Dean watches as Slightly Fun Jen continues her roll.

DDK:

And her opponent, already in the ring, accompanied by Slightly Fun Jen... weighing in at 250 pounds... **NO! FUN! DEAN!**

Santa Muerte starts shaking her arms to loosen herself up for the match as No Fun Dean does the same. Referee Carla Ferrari calls for the bell...

DING DING

Brooklynn goes right for it and No Fun Dean moves in for a classic collar and elbow tie-up, but the larger Canadian wrestler gets a shock when he gets taken clear off his feet with a big judo shoulder throw! The Faithful are in shock as Brooklynn stands over him, arms wide open taking in the jeers!

DDK:

Right away! Brooklynn Rivera takes a 250-pound man off his feet with a Ippon Sei-nage throw!

Lance:

What a deadly addition to Titanes Familia she's made! Any size she gives up, she's been able to negate with her judo and MMA experience.

Just before Dean is able to get back to his knees, Rivera floors him in the side of the head with a quick basement dropkick! He goes down quickly as Rivera sits up, practically having herself a good time. She rolls backwards and gets back to her feet just as No Fun Dean tries to gather his bearings. Rivera waits on him and runs a circle across the ring before jumping and catching NFD in the side of his head a second time with a jumping big boot in the corner! While Dean falls to a knee, Rivera points to the camera at ringside.

Brooklynn Rivera:

That one is for you, T!

DDK:

What a boot! She calls that move "Mother" and was apparently taught to her by none other than Titaness herself, hence the name.

Lance:

That'd be more adorable if Titanes Familia weren't a bunch of bullies.

Seeing that No Fun Dean is still down on his knees, Brooklynn hits the ropes and then flies right into his face with a sliding knee strike! After he goes down flat on his back, Rivera goes for the first cover of the match.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Dean kicks out, but Rivera sits up and goes right back to punishing Dean by kicking him multiple times in the back with a series of blistering shoot kicks. The Dean who is No Fun winces with each strike before she hits the ropes and levels him with a soccer kick to the chest.

DDK:

Brutal on display by Rivera. Just like she did with Sgt. Safety in her debut match, she mixes these strikes with judo throws to surprise her opposition and it's working so far.

Lance:

We haven't seen No Fun Dean really muster any offense so far and he may not if things keep going this way!

Rivera waits and jumps to hit a double foot stomp across the chest of No Fun Dean. He winces in pain again while La Angelita puts a finger in her ears and gets The Faithful to jeer her even more. She turns to Slightly Fun Jen.

Brooklynn Rivera:

Do something! Come on!

She leans a rope down and actively encourages Slightly Fun Jen to do something, but doesn't act on it to not get her husband disqualified. After Brooklynn has her fun, she waits as No Fun Dean tries to get back to his feet. She tries to go behind for a release german suplex. She tries, but No Fun Dean finally musters up enough strength to block!

DDK:

No Fun Dean blocks the suplex... OH! He counters with one of his own!

Rivera is the unfortunate recipient of a big Release german suplex! After she gets thrown across the ring, No Fun Dean sits up and he kind of looks motivated. Sort of. For him. Slightly Fun Jen turns around encourage The Faithful for a bigger reaction as No Fun Dean gets up.

Lance:

Rivera didn't see that suplex coming! And now she's in that corner!

Using the corner as a way to pull herself up, it gets bad for her when No Fun Dean charges in and hits her with a big splash in the corner. Rivera has the wind knocked out of her completely when No Fun Dean grabs her with a front facelock and then hits her with a huge vertical suplex in the middle of the ring!

DDK:

Big suplex by No Fun Dean! Cover!

No Fun Dean floats right into a lateral press!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

The former veterinarian kicks out! Slightly Fun Jen and No Fun Dean both look at one another.

DDK:

I think Brooklynn Rivera got too cocky there and she almost paid for it!

No Fun Dean holds up his hand and gets ready for a submission attempt. He locks his hands together and waits on Brooklynn to get back to her feet. The second that he does, he goes in for the proverbial kill, but she ducks and then rakes the eyes!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

With that out of the way, she swings and SMACKS No Fun Dean upside the head with a big roaring back elbow smash that catches him on the temple and brings the bigger man down to a knee.

DDK:

Goodnight Kiss by Rivera! That was one of her signature strikes as a part of BRAZEN!

Taking a moment to gather her strength, La Angelita scoops up No Fun Dean once. She can't quite get him up the first time... but MUSCLES him up for the second time and then PLANTS him down into the canvas with a scoop brainbuster!

DDK:

What power! That's the NYKO! The New York Knockout, named by Uriel Cortez himself!

No Fun Dean gets dropped on his dome and then Brooklynn reaches over to hook both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Squabble Up" by Kendrick Lamar ♪

After securing the victory, Brooklynn Rivera gets back up to her feet. She holds her left arm out and starts shaking it emphatically, not-so-subtly telling Carla Ferrari to raise her hand. When she does, Brooklynn flashes a big mouthguard-filled grin before leaving the ring and heading towards the back. Slightly Fun Jen goes over to help her husband out of the ring.

Lance:

Brooklynn Rivera secures the win with some dirty tactics employed, but takes the win tonight. She's definitely learning from Titanes Familia!

DDK:

We've got more in-ring action on tap coming up, so stay tuned!

Standing on the ramp, Rivera grins and talks more trash to the Scottish Faithful as the show rolls on.

MOST PRECIOUS PROPAGANDA

An impressive DEFIANCE Road backdrop is eclipsed by the impressive assemblage of talent standing before it.

Madame Melton:

If you've ever lost someone you loved, you'd know the weight of loss...

Melton is surrounded by her personal collection of warriors, standing at the group's center. Her expression is one of a practiced, performative melancholy. At her feet kneels JJ Dixon, his hands clasping one of hers. Flanking her is a glowering Raiden and a concerned, serious Jean-Pierre de la Reeves. In the foreground and offset, with his back to the camera and facing his comrades, stands MP1. To his immediate left looms Lord Nigel Trickelbush.

Madame Melton:

You'd know that loss does things to people.

A perfect tear rolls down her perfect face, perfectly framed by the camera.

Madame Melton:

It can harden them.

MP1 glances over his shoulder towards, but never directly at, the lens.

MP1

It can force a man's hand.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

It can make them desperate. Hungry.

Raiden:

It makes them want to be remembered.

Jean Pierre De La Reeves:

It makes them want to follow the path of hero of the French Revolution Maximillian Robespierre and put heads into the guillotine... and especially your head Lonnie Weak Link Luck!

JJ Dixon:

Why do you people love The Lucky Sevens? You all witnessed the terrible things they've done over the years and you know the allegations of the arson crimes they've committed. Arson is a crime that hurts more than just those directly impacted! MOMMIE DEAREST'S HOME INSURANCE PREMIUMS NOW COST MORE! (Dramatic weep.) But now they've gone and killed and skinned and turned into food not just an innocent animal, but Madame's beloved pet Komodo Cobra Algernon! YOU CHEER THEM EVEN LOUDER! Now, I have been described as maniacal, lethal and especially fatal! But do you know what else I am! I'M FRAGILE! I'M VULNERABLE! I'M AN EMOTIONAL ROLLERCOASTER! And you people, you sick monsters... will do anything to HURT MY FEELINGS!

Now JJ weeps, with Lord Nigel putting a hand on his shoulder.

JJ Dixon:

Well, you animals... in just a few short weeks, we're going to ELIMINATE your heroes one-by-one! Because we are doing this for a beloved member of our family. We will not give flowers for Algernon at DEFIANCE Road... but we will be giving The Lucky Sevens the beating of a lifetime! AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!

Madame Melton finds it somewhere in her to wipe the tears away. Lord Nigel nods his head solemnly, eyes locked on MP1.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

So much blame to go around. So much blame. But for our Most Precious One, some well-deserved, hard-earned

CREDIT as well. He's earned that shot at the FIST he has long deserved. My goodness, just picture it...

Nigel's eyes unfocus and it's clear he is somewhere else.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

The Rumination Chamber. In Olde Scotland, the grandest of the Commonwealth of Nations. The opportunity of a lifetime. And no one, certainly none of the other seven competitors, are as poised to make the most of this opportunity as our dear boy, 1.

Dixon wipes the tears from his leather mask and looks up adoringly at MP1, whose neck and shoulder muscles coil and tighten.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

He is undoubtedly one of the most skilled athletes this sport has ever known. And the others in the match... Oh, child. Dan Ryan is a legend far beyond his prime, at risk of doing more damage to his legacy than any opponent could. Edward White has deep pockets, to be sure, but he can't buy results. This "TA" Black is a twisted stain; and I know one when I see one.

He smirks.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I've made a few.

Melton manages a snicker.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Conor Fuse is a petulant child with clinical attention and behavioral issues that can never be resolved within a wrestling ring. His brother, Tyler... well... that one has promise. Promise spoiled by the meddling, lingering presence of his brother. As for Malak-

Suddenly, MP1 turns to face the old man. The edge in his voice makes several of the Gems jolt in surprise.

MP1

What about the other man in the match, Nigel?

Trickelbush adjusts the worn brown fedora on his head, anxiously.

MP1

You've got so much to say about who is in the match but I haven't heard you talk about HIM. Talk about HIM.

Arching an eyebrow, Nigel stands tall. Well, as tall as he can.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You've earned your place in the Chamber, MP1... but you've not yet earned the right to make demands of me.

MP1

Oh really?

Melton frets as the tension builds.

Madame Melton:

Boys, boys, boys! PLEASE! We are in mourning!

MP1 takes a deep breath, eyes never leaving Nigels.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You graciously granted me my return to DEFIANCE, MP1. And I am well aware of the terms–

MP1

That's right!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

–as you so love to remind me–

MP1

You said you were going to FIX things–

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

I did.

MP1

–now I'm fighting him in a STEEL CAGE!

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

You have to trust me.

Putting a tender hand on MP1's tense shoulder, Melton pleads.

Madame Melton:

Not now!

Trickelbush furrows his brow and puffs up his chest.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Do battle within the chamber, MP1. Prove yourself victorious. Show the world the MAN you've become. Show the world what LOSS did to YOU. Let the world know of the Most Precious Gems MIGHT, on the grandest stage of all.

Dixon takes MP1's hand in his. De la Reeves nods at him, confident. MP1 looks at each of them, his adopted family, in turn.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush:

Do that, as you have pledged. And never doubt... I will put the Violators back together again. As *I* have pledged.

Seething, MP1 takes one last cleansing breath.

MP1

I'll win you your championship. I'll be your FIST.

Nigel grins ear to ear.

Madame Melton sweeps her arm with theatrical flair.

Madame Melton:

Soon, DEFIANCE! At DEFIANCE Road you'll find exactly why Madame Melton AND her Most Precious Gems! Even in an hour of tremendous grief! Are Ready! For Their Closeup!

Then there is a loud banging noise from off-screen. They look as TRAIN Zhanzou enters the frame, banging her kendo stick and still dragging Callie Scott from earlier in the evening. She pauses as she stares at The Gems -- who also have the same "WTF" look. TRAIN spits her blood mist high in the air and drops the chain, leaving Callie at their feet as she storms off.

Madame Melton stares at TRAIN as she leaves with a sadistic, near orgasmic look on her face as she clutches JJ's hair, as he tries to taste the blood that lingers in the air.

KILGORE vs. NICKY SYNZ

Lights out.

DDK:

Here we go...

A spotlight shines on the entrance way where we see Siobhan Cassidy, now known as Siofra, standing in her leather druid-inspired attire. In her hand is a war horn that she brings to her lips... and she blows. It echoes throughout the arena as...

♪ *War (Viking Chant) - Peyton Parrish* ♪

A red mist creeps over the stage and behind Siofra emerges Kilgore - the focused, face-painted monster. Siofra places her hands on the stoic Kilgore's chest and leans back and laughs. She then turns and begins to sinisterly slink toward the ring with Kilgore slowly walking behind her.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL... introducing first, from Parts Unknown, being accompanied by Siofra... KILLLLLLLGORE!

DDK:

We saw at our year end award show last month the debut of the man known as Kilgore... and the woman at her side, Siobhan Cassidy, who has asked to be known as Siofra from now on.

Lance:

Kilgore is an incredible specimen, Darren... and with Siofra directing his fury, I don't think he's good news for ANYONE in DEFIANCE.

Siofra enters the ring first as the lights begin to pulsate red. She dances around, seemingly in a trance, as the fans boo. Kilgore steps into the ring, finally breaking his stoic-ish trance as he begins to beat on his chest savagely and snarl at the Faithful. Siofra poses next to him as he roars into the rafters as the song reaches a crescendo and Kilgore removes his cloak.

♪ *"Good F***ing 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:

And his opponent... 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!

DDK:

Nicky Synz has always been a hit with the DEFIANCE Faithful... but he's likely to have his hands more than full tonight!

DING DING!

The bell rings and Nicky Synz begins to circle Kilgore, being cautious and sizing the big man up. Kilgore doesn't even blink... he simply stands, still as a statue, watching Synz's movement. Finally, Synz moves and begins to fire right hands into Kilgore's face-painted face! Kilgore absorbs about four of them and his facial expression doesn't change.

Synz's eyes go wide... he hits the ropes, looking for a head of steam, but he runs right into a powerslam that shakes the ring!!

Lance:

Kilgore is an absolute beast, Darren.

Instead of going for the pin, Kilgore reaches down and grabs Synz by the throat with both hands before deadlifting him up to his feet! With a snarl, he simply **TOSSES** the rock star's body across the ring! On the outside, Siofra throws her head back and cackles.

Lance:

If you're Synz, what could your strategy possibly be for this match?

DDK:

You need to wait for the big man to make a mistake and capitalize with quickness, Lance. But easier said than done.

As if he could hear Keebler, Synz dodges a Kilgore charge in the corner. For the first time, the big man appears to be momentarily stunned, and Synz uses that to his advantage and leaps up to bring Kilgore to the mat with a leaping neckbreaker!

DDK:

An opening for The Frontman!

Proud of himself, Synz plays a little air guitar... but in doing so, he doesn't realize that Kilgore immediately got back to his feet and is now standing behind him glaring at the rockstar like a hungry predator. Synz turns around... right into a clothesline that nearly turns him inside out!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Kilgore whips Synz across the ring into the opposite corner... and he follows up with a **RUNNING BOOT THAT NEARLY TAKES HIS HEAD OFF!!**

DDK:

Kilgore calls that The Call of the Wild... and that's the devastating shot that knocked Aaron King unconscious at the Year End show!

If Synz is also out cold we'll never know, because as he stumbles out of the corner he's caught from behind by a Kilgore full nelson. With a roar, Kilgore savagely lifts Synz in the air before dropping him with a full-nelson slam known as the Hounds of Anwnn!!

Synz lays spread eagle... and to add insult, Kilgore simply places a boot on his chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

DDK:

And this was short... but I hesitate to call it sweet.

Lance:

Kilgore and Siofra are calling this his "Wild Hunt"... I think he finally intends to through the entire DEFIANCE roster!

Benny Doyle moves in to check on Synz. Kilgore gets back to his feet, his cold and emotionless demeanor returning. Siofra enters the ring with a mic in hand. As the crowd lets her know what she thinks of them, she brings the mic up and cackles like a witch.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Siofra:

Is it dawning on you, yet!? Is the full weight of what I have unleashed coming down on you!? We are NOT simply coming for those who have wrong me... WE. ARE. HUNTING. YOU. ALLLLL!!

She again cackles evilly.

Siofra:

DEFIANCE... pray to whatever higher power you believe in... because nothing can save you from the Wild Hunt!

She drops the mic and puts her arms around the muscular frame of Kilgore. The monster himself... simply stares into the camera with cold, dead eyes.

DDK:

And the impressive... and quite intimidating... winning streak of Kilgore continues!

Lance:

You heard her... I don't think anyone in the locker room is safe from this beast.

The final shot of Uncut is Siofra cackling wildly as Kilgore continues to stare into your very soul.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.