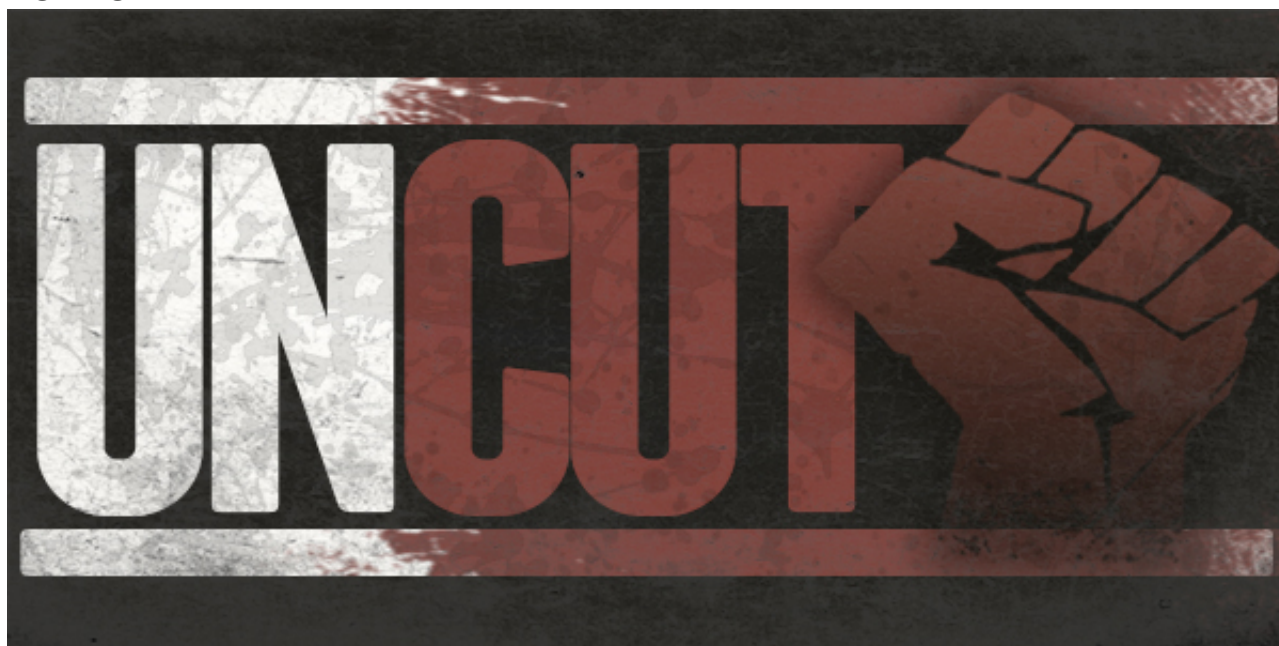


SHOW OPEN

JANNA RAY vs TRIPP WISE

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen ... up next we have a look at one of the bright BRAZEN stars looking to see if she has another upset in her! The former rugby player and power house of BRAZEN, "The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray takes on the loud mouthed "Wise Ass" Tripp Wise ... next!

♪ "Cannonball" by Avril Lavigne ♪

When the music hits, out comes a powerful young strawberry blond woman standing on the entranceway and her size quickly gets the attention of the masses! With attire consisting of a bright yellow and black rugby jersey with "RAY 01", yellow shorts and wrestling boots, Ray points towards the ring and then high fives a few fans on her way down. Oliver looks a little surprised at his opponent.

Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! She hails from Miami, Florida! Weighing in at approximately one brick house ... she is the 'Ray of Sunshine' JAAAAANNNNNNAAAAA RAAAYYYYYY!!!

Ray enters the ring! She stands at around five-foot ten and looks ready to fight! She points at the people and gets ready for a fight!

DDK:

Her energy is most certainly infectious! She scored the win against Oliver Tarquin Monroe, who wanted an open challenge! Tonight, though, Tripp Wise knows she's coming! Can Janna Ray defeat him?

Janna Ray is ready for the chance to hopefully make it 2-0 against main roster talent. Her music goes quiet.

♪ "In One Ear" by Cage The Elephant ♪

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

The picture of confidence, the stand-up comedian/wrestler struts to the ring to the beat of his music. Entering the ring, he gestures for a mic as his theme dies down.

Tripp Wise:

Janna Ray, huh? The Ray of Sunshine, eh? Mannnnnnnnnnn that's a clever nickname! Cause you're name's Ray!

Janna Ray isn't moving from her spot in the ring. Tripp Wise jumps up the apron and now he's inside. He gets up to Janna Ray's face.

Tripp Wise:

You might have gotten one over on Oliver Tarquin Monroe, and I might be the comedian here ... but Janna, the joke's on you cause distraction! That's why!

Janna looks confused by his words until she realizes what the distraction is! He throws his coat at Janna! And as she drops it, Janna Ray gets hit with a big kick to the face!

Tripp Wise:

I learned a thing or two surviving a brush with death aka Kilgore! Like how to strike first!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Tripp Wise points at the referee and tells him to ring the bell.

DING DING

Janna Ray checks her lip for blood and she appears to just be shaken up but Tripp Wise jumps and hits one of his flying hip attacks in the corner to take Janna Ray's breath away. The Ray of Sunshine is not looking so bright when Wise does some corner stomping. After enough boots have hit, Ray is taken out from the corner and hit with a neck breaker.

Lance:

Tripp Wise wasn't about to be shown up by another newcomer like Kilgore did to him a couple of weeks ago! Here comes a cover!

One ...

Two ...

Ray kicks out first!

DDK:

I have to hand it to Tripp Wise. I don't like how he started this match but he caught Janna Ray off guard just like she did to Oliver Tarquin Monroe a few weeks ago.

Lance:

That he has.

Tripp Wise picks up Janna and then hits her right in the face with his ... hip. He hits her in the face again and then does a hip swivel that earns him no fans. They let him have it when he hits a third shot.

Tripp Wise:

This is the best backside in the biz!!!

Lance:

I'd say he's being more like a horse's backside if I can be PG about it.

DDK:

Tripp Wise looks like he's going to try and hit her with another one.

The Wise Ass jumps up and he gets ready to hit another one. A clothesline attempt misses because Janna Ray moves. She runs right into the ropes and when Tripp Wise turns around he gets taken off his feet by a launching shoulder tackle by Ray to applause from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

Lance:

Look at Ray go! She picks up some speed off the ropes to knock down Wise with that shoulder tackle and now she has the chance to get going.

Wise is seeing stars when he sits up and he looks like he is about to see even more because Ray jumps into the ropes again and hits a running seated cross body! Once Ray is on her feet she is ready to fight. Ray picks up Tripp Wise by his hair and then she calls for a suplex.

DDK:

There's no way she's gonna hit a suplex, is she?! She's a powerful woman, but Tripp is just over two-thirty!

She goes for the suplex but Tripp blocks with a leg between hers to keep from going over. He fights out with a knee to her stomach and then follows with the dreaded head lock ... nope wait. A noogie!

DDK:

Well ... that is technically a counter to what Ray was going to do.

Ray ends up in the corner. He hits a clothesline and then a bulldog next. Once he stands up the comedian/wrestler hits a jumping hip attack to her stomach. She is hurt from the move and Tripp gets up to hit Have A Nice Tripp!

Lance:

That's Have A Nice Tripp! That russian leg sweep will often lead to his diving senton bomb called See You Next Fall!

Tripp Wise takes his sweet time going to the top rope. He taunts Janna Ray, insults her, and then starts mocking her rugby background by putting an arm out in front of him.

Tripp Wise:

Football is a real sport! Rugby sucks!

Ray is still hurt and can't do anything about his insults when he goes airborne. He is finally up on the top rope when he flies for the diving senton bomb.

But Janna isn't there to take the fall because she moves!

DDK:

There was nobody home for Wise! He's the only one seeing that next fall!

Lance:

I thought that Wise's material was cringe! Janna Ray has the chance to take the fight back to Wise.

Standing up for herself, The Ray of Sunshine is on her feet while Wise is trying to get back to his. When he gets up, Ray is already on him with a jumping shoulder block to knock Wise down. When he gets up, the Ray of Sunshine comes off the other side with another big jumping shoulder knock down. When she gets up, Wise is picked up by Ray and then is hit with a big time spine buster!

DDK:

Spine on the pine!

Lance:

She had some extra oomph on that slam!

Janna Ray jumps up and down and looking very proud of herself for what she's done. She goes to pick up Wise again and tries for the suplex a second time ... but this time she lands a jack hammer!

DDK:

That jack hammer is called Time To Shine and I can't think of a more applicable name right now than that!

Once Janna has the jokester down she goes to the top rope herself. When she gets to the top she throws up a double peace sign and then comes off the top rope with the splash!

DDK:

Time To Shine leads to Catching Some Rays! The splash lands!

Janna makes the cover!

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Cannonball" by Avril Lavigne ♪

Once she scores the three count the people cheer her on! Janna gets on her feet and parades around the ring happy to have another win under her belt!

Quimbey:

Here is your winner ... Janna Ray!!!

Ray watches Tripp Wise fall out of the ring and then she goes to the top turnbuckle. Janna Ray hits a flex and then kisses both of her biceps.

DDK:

That's two for two over athletes on the main roster, Lance! Janna Ray is racking up a win streak for herself on Uncut!

Lance:

And if she keeps it up, who knows! A main roster spot might be awaiting her!

She takes a quick curtsy and smiles then heads out of the ring.

FRACK THE BEACHSIDE

Interview backdrop.

Good old Chris Trutt.

Here on UNCUT.

Chris Trutt:

I'm Chris Trutt and this is UNCUT... is there an echo in here? No? Just me?

He looks around cluelessly.

Chris Trutt:

Later tonight, we have a heck of a main event on tap! The French Connection issued a challenge to any team for tonight's main event! The two people that answered the challenge are waiting just outside the camera shot right now. Welcome... The Lads II? The New Lads? Lads, The Sequel?

Dex Joy: [off-camera]

We're still The Lads. Don't worry, pally, you're doing great. Your fly's even up this take.

Chris Trutt:

Yes! What he said! Oh, pronouns, pal... by "he" I mean "they" and by "they" I mean Dex Joy! And the newest member of The Lads... Butcher Victorious!

RRRRAAAAAAHHHHHH!

The fans can be heard going wild in the background. Dex Joy and Butcher Victorious both step into the screen.

Dex Joy:

Palleis, pallies, pallies! The Biggest Boy and Butch Vic living it up... on UNCUT!

Butcher Victorious:

Oh, we're doing a rhyme-off now? Let's goooooo...

Butcher clears his throat.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK! BUTCH VIC... HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK... AND BUTCH VIC IS GLAD... TO BE A PART OF THE LADS!

Dex Joy:

There's a reason you're the master, oh, mohawked maestro.

Chris Trutt:

The question I have to ask... we saw Uriel Cortez issue the challenge for DEFCON. Do you care to answer his challenge here tonight? He wanted the four of them against you, Butcher, Punch Drunk Purcell if he's cleared by then, and any fourth member. Do you want to respond tonight?

Dex is a little more reserved.

Dex Joy:

Respectfully, Chris ... Butch and I got to do a little more stra-tegery on our end. But you can bet my sweet, sweet ass that when we give an answer to Pop-pop Tez, that he WILL get his answer next week and we'll be there to give it in person on DEFTv!

Butcher Victorious:

Damn right, we will. And I'll be honest, Chris... maybe I'm crazy. Maybe I shouldn't be jumping right back into the matc after Butch Vic got WHIPPED by Killjoy, but that big masked bitch got help from his giant daddy holding his hand to do it. I'm not 100%, but I AIN'T backing down from that challenge tonight! The French Connection want a fight! Me and Big Dex Energy need to work out some aggression and tonight, that's exactly what we're gonna do.

Dex Joy:

That's right. Holding it down until my best bud Punchy gets back! Tonight, de la Reeves and Raiden are gonna be the perfect test for how far we can go as a team and as a group. We're gonna prove we're ready for them and that we're ready for the Familia!

Dex Joy turns to Butcher.

Dex Joy:

Let's get to work, Butcher. We shake hands?

Butcher screams through the AMP.

Butcher Victorious:

AND BECOME LADS!

Both Trutt and Dex nearly go deaf when Butcher's custom megaphone echoes.

Butcher Victorious:

...sorry. Just excited. Let's go out there and grab a hold, brothers.

Dex has his hands over both ears.

Dex Joy:

DRAG A COLD? WHAT?

Chris Trutt:

LET'S GET BACK TO RINGSIDE!

Dex Joy:

FRACK THE BEACHSIDE? PRETTY SURE THAT'S GONNA SUCK HARD FOR THE ENVIRONMENT, PALLY!!!

Butcher shrugs.

Butcher Victorious:

I'll... uh... I'll see you out there. I'll try to turn this thing down.

He adjusts the AMP and walks off while Trutt and Dex continue checking their hearing.

Dex Joy:

You okay, Chris?

Chris Trutt:

What?!

AARON KING vs. SGT. SAFETY

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got Aaron King in action! Aaron King has been a pivotal addition to El Escudron, Lance. We've seen him help Mil Vultas become the new Favoured Saints Champion!

Lance:

We may not like it, but we can't argue results. Just last weekend at our BRAZEN Double Shot in New Orleans, he helped Bonita en Rosa II bring the BRAZEN Women's Championship back to the group as well! Up next, he'll be looking to prove his worth as a singles competitor when he takes on Sgt. Safety!

DDK:

I understand between shows, he's been training with Mil Vultas and looking to add some lucha libre to his repertoire so we'll see what he can do. Aaron King versus The Sarge! Up next!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles 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 meter just for the Milwaukee crowd! 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 putting the noise meter off to the side.

♪ "Godzilla" by Eminem feat. Juice WRLD ♪

The Pensacola Playboy himself - Aaron King - appears on stage. Wearing a white and pink leather jacket, King looks into the camera and raps a few bars before arrogantly making his way to the ring,

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing El Escudron... from Pensacola, Florida, weighing in at 234 pounds... **"THE PENSACOLA PLAYBOY" AARON KING!**

The camera pans fully up... as King is wearing a pink and white luchador mask!

DDK:

What... what is that awful thing on his head?!

Lance:

King told me all about it before the show; that mask was gifted to him from Mil Vultas for his part in helping him become the Favoured Saints Champion. In return, Mil promised to show him the ways of lucha libre to make his own style... called... ugh... Lucha Lit-bre.

DDK:

Oh, lord.

And in fact on his customized mask, the words "Lucha LIT-bre" appear on the back. He turns around and takes off the mask, holding it in his arms before he heads to the ring. Once he gets there, he waits and stands across from Sgt. Safety. Referee Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

The Sarge and The Pensacola Playboy approach one another. The two lock up with Sgt. Safety quickly taking King over with a quick arm drag. King rolls through to his feet and when Safety approaches him, he takes The Sarge over with one of his own. When Safety gets up, King runs the ropes and comes off them with a running headscissors! Sgt. Safety goes flying up and over while King gets up to his feet with a whole lot of swagger! The Milwaukee Faithful jeer him as Safety gets up to a knee.

DDK:

A lot of arrogance radiating from Aaron King just for a headscissors takeover. He should follow up on it instead of parading around.

Lance:

That might be wise... not the Wise from the first match tonight.

King runs the ropes, but Sgt. Safety ducks down as King keeps running. The Pensacola Playboy gets a little ahead of himself when Safety takes him up and over with a hip toss. King stumbles back to his feet, only to get nailed next with a dropkick! The blow sends King staggering out of the ring and out to the floor to retreat. Sgt. Safety does a very safe kip-up by putting one foot in front of the other and then slowly rolling up to his feet to loud cheers!

Lance:

That might be the flashiest that we've ever seen from Sgt. Safety. He usually keeps... well, safe.

DDK:

King came into this match full of himself. He might have been instrumental in bringing some gold to El Escudron in the past few weeks, but he's going to have to start producing himself if he wants to stay a part of the group.

The Officer of OSHA waits on King who takes a moment to look at the ceremonial custom mask gifted to him by Mil Vueltas. He nods and then heads back into the ring. Sgt. Safety wants to lock up and it seems like King is willing to play along... then he buries a boot into the gut of The Sarge! The Faithful jeer King as he runs towards the ropes and springboards off the middle rope to come back and crown The Sarge with a springboard double axehandle! King acts like the move is some super-flashy spectacle and takes a knee.

Aaron King:

Lucha LIT-bre, All Day!

Lance:

Does it HAVE to be, though?

King follows up by grabbing Safety and whipping him to the ropes. When he comes back, he catches him and drops him across the knee with a crude, but effective tilt-a-whirl backbreaker! The wind gets knocked out of The Sarge while King starts to favor his knee. The Pensacola Playboy is hurt, but limps to his feet and slaps a knee before going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Well-done tilt-a-whirl backbreaker. He's clearly working on that technique, but he got enough of it.

King follows up by grabbing the neck of Sgt. Safety and pulling him to his feet before he tries to whip him to the corner. He runs towards The Sarge, but he quickly counters by trying a back body drop. King tries to adjust and almost slips,

but does successfully stick the landing on the apron. Safety turns around, only to catch a quick jab by King. King then tests the ropes and then leaps to the top to hit a springboard shoulder tackle right into The Officer of OSHA! After sticking the move, King gets to a knee and starts brushing invisible dirt off both shoulders.

DDK:

I heard he was working out some new moves. That's the... ugh... Cold-ass Shoulder. Cover by King!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Another kickout makes King angrier so he goes to working out some new lucha technique. He grabs onto Safety and then pulls him up on the shoulders to stretch him into a gory special!

DDK:

He's trying to stretch out Sgt. Safety! I'm kind of impressed. These aren't techniques we've seen too much out of King in the process, but it seems like being part of El Escuadron means something to him.

Lance:

Honestly... it might be King's last chance. How many bridges has he burned in DEFIANCE? The Gulf Coast Connection, he tried to be part of BFTA at one point. The Scourge with Arthur Pleasant and Jack Harmen. None of it stuck.

The LIT-ador continues keeping the pressure on The Safest Man in DEFIANCE! Rex Knox asks him if he wants to quit, but The Sarge isn't having it! He struggles until he manages to get an arm loose, then catches King by rolling into a sunset flip!

ONE!

TWO!

King kicks out! Both men get up, but The Sarge is a hair faster and catches him with a big clothesline first!

Lance:

Sgt. Safety finally gets the opening he's needed! Both men are down!

The Milwaukee Faithful start to cheer Sgt. Safety as he tries slowly to get upright while King is still smarting off the clothesline. The Officer of OSHA gets up and grabs his dress shirt before ripping it off to reveal... another dress shirt underneath!

Lance:

I think he's... what? Sarging up? Is that what this is?

DDK:

That he is!

The Pensacola Playboy is on his feet, but it's Safety making the first move by ducking out of the way of a punch to connect with an atomic drop! The move sends a shiver up the spine of King, leaving him wide open for Safety to hit a running bulldog off the ropes! As he goes down, Sgt. Safety heads near the turnbuckle and slaps it several times to tell the crowd he's going to try his hand at an aerial maneuver!. He goes up top and when he gets there, he perches himself carefully before landing his only aerial maneuver on King!

DDK:

The Crash Pad! Can Safety take this one?

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

That was close! King almost suffers defeat, but he's gotta stop playing around here!

Sgt. Safety realizes he has a chance to fight back. He calls for the end and kicks King in the gut before putting leg over the back of his head. He tries to hit Safety First, but The Master of Lucha LIT-Bre shoves him away with his free hand at the last second. When Safety turns around, he gets a thumb to the eye! The Faithful boo when he pushes Safety into the ropes. He comes off the opposite end with a roll and then SMACKS him with a big rolling clothesline on the way back!

DDK:

A lot of movement there, but that rolling thunder clothesline lands! That's apparently the ... Hott-line. Two T's, not one. King wanted me to emphasize that if he landed it.

Lance:

And now where he's going?

Now it's King's turn to head to the top rope. He looks out to The Faithful who jeer him when he goes up top. He poses and then makes the leap with a diving splash, but twists his body first so he's facing the corner when he hits the twisting frog splash!

DDK:

Wow! That was actually impressive! And that one is the King's Landing and I think that might be all for King!

He hooks both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Godzilla" by Eminem feat. Juice WRLD ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **AARON KING!**

Aaron King climbs up off of Sgt. Safety! He runs over to collect his lucha mask and then holds it in his hand proudly. He shoves his other hand in the direction of Rex Knox, who begrudgingly raises it.

Lance:

Unfortunately, that's a victory for Aaron King. After that thumb to the eye, he made Sgt. Safety pay.

DDK:

It's clear he's still trying out things in that ring, but most of it was effective! And he if can keep at it, Aaron King might have finally found his place in DEFIANCE!

Aaron King gets ready to leave the ring, but not before flashing his new ceremonial mask and shoving it into one of the ringside cameras.

Aaron King:

LUCHA LIT-BRE, ALL DAY BAY BAY!

SUPER MALAK ODYSSEY 4

The winds refused to die down, especially along the coastline. A pair of similarly shaped bodies gently scaled down the rock face until they reached the sandy bottom.

Jocelyne Ingrid Broccoli:

Phew. That was a climb and a half.

She looked around as Malak dusted himself off.

Malak Fuse:

What were we doing travelling to the edge of Broccoli Kingdom again?

Glistening with sweat and radiating with seductive pheromones of her own aura, Jocelyne winks back at her man.

Jocelyne Ingrid Broccoli:

You don't remember? Broc Newbludd was tearing up Broccoli Kingdom. We had to get away but it was also a good idea to get out here and see if there was anything handy we could use against him.

Jocelyne looked seaward with purpose. Malak couldn't help but stare at her for a moment before joining her outward gaze. The sea was in front of them but it wasn't a body of water that they found at their feet. Instead there were layers and layers of peas. It was Broccoli Kingdom after all, where not everything made sense.

Malak Fuse:

Jocelyne, the sea is peas. How are we going to swim through that?

She chuckled.

Jocelyne Ingrid Broccoli:

We're not.

She pointed and up over the horizon cruised a large passenger ship as if on cue. It sailed directly towards them with purpose. A ramp shot down, enabling Malak and Jocelyne the opportunity to hop aboard.

Malak Fuse:

Boatocoli of the Peas.

Malak reads the inscribed name of the vessel before following Jocelyne up the ramp.

Malak Fuse:

Now I've seen it all.

Jocelyne Ingrid Broccoli:

I figure we take this boat across the seven peas and we will HAVE TO come across something useful to use against Broc. Then we thwart him, get the key and beat this world!

Malak nods along like it's the best plan he's ever heard. They get about two thirds of the way up the ramp when a rumbling comes from below. Suddenly, peas go flying everywhere as none other than an enraged Broc Newbludd explodes from underneath.

Malak Fuse:

Oh snap! He's here! I thought he was inland!

Jocelyne Ingrid Broccoli:

He must've followed us from the Broccoli Corp. Warehouse! Quick! Hurry up!

With Jocelyne at the open boat port, reaching back for Malak, they both watch helplessly as Broc swims menacingly fast towards them with reckless abandon.

Malak Fuse:

He's going for the ramp!

Jocelyne leans forward, fingertips touching Malak's just as Broc's monstrous jaw disintegrates the wooden ramp connecting the boat to land. The aftershock of the impact causes Jocelyne to go flying into the sea of peas meanwhile Malak somehow made it safely on board.

Malak Fuse:

How did I swap places with her!? It's Jocelyne who should've been safely on board, not me!

But it was not meant to be as she sacrificed her spot in order to secure his safety. Nonetheless, it didn't prevent Malak from watching Jocelyne surface amongst the pea sea only to be circled by Broc Newbludd, eager to chomp down on his prey.

Malak Fuse:

JOCELYNE! LOOK OUT! HE'S IN THERE! HE WANTS YOU!

He reaches out towards the peas but recognizes he is way too far away. Some broccoli boaters on the ship begin pulling Malak further away from the port door and closer to the safety within the vessel. Broc picks his spot and snatches Jocelyne up in front of Malak's very own eyes!

Broc Newbludd:

GOTCHA!

Malak Fuse:

NO!!!

Jocelyne Ingrid Broccoli:

MALAK! HELP ME! SAVE ME! HE HAS ME!

But before he could muster a reply, Malak noticed how Broc and his newfound prey in Jocelyne had disappeared underwater. Suddenly, everything became calm again. The pea sea settled as the Boatoccoli steadied itself.

Malak Fuse:

Jocelyne. No.

Malak rushed over to the nearest railing and stretched his neck out as far as it would go.

Malak Fuse:

JOCELYNE!!!

His voice echoed for miles and miles across the seven peas without a response. His heart rate expedited. His breaths quickened. His pulse tripled. He began to panic sweat at a record rate. He had just witnessed Broc Newbludd kidnap his delicate Jocelyne.

Malak Fuse:

Dammit.

Malak glared over his shoulder at a few random boater broccolis on the deck.

Malak Fuse:

Not only do I need to defeat Broc in order to get the Key of Broccoli Kingdom but now I also need to chase after him in

order to save Jocelyne. She would do the very same for me. I know it. We're kindred spirits after all.

He places his hands on his hips with a determined look on his face.

Malak Fuse:

Game on.

DABNEY DOUBLEDAY vs. ADRIAN PAYNE

DDK:

This match was made at DEFtv 215 this last week, when Ed White and his Associates cornered poor Douglas Doubleday in catering.

Lance:

He held his own surrounded by some of the most devious sharks in DEF. I gotta admit, odd as he may be, Lil' Dougie is ok in my book.

DDK:

Ed is apparently convinced his Problem Solver and one half of the BRAZEN tag team champs Adrian Payne can get the job done and bury poor Dabney Doubleday tonight.

Lance:

Something tells me the Doubleday boys have something up their sleeve, partner. Once again I suspect Ed and company are underestimating these kids yet again.

♪ Southern Nights by Glen Campbell ♪

RAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring from Mayo, Florida...

The Hall of Fame ring announcer continues the introductions as the most polite pyrotechnics display of anyone on the DEFIANCE roster begins glittering down from the top of the tron. "Fair Play" arches across the screen in huge white letters on a pale blue background. Through the curtain of blue and gold sparkles emerges... well, Little Douglas Doubleday, actually. The diminutive little brother and ringside manger extraordinaire bounds out to the edge of the stage, turning and extending his arms to present his client and big brother Dabney.

DDK:

These two have made quite the impression here in DEFIANCE, Lance.

Lance:

They tempt fate, but they sure are making a name for themselves.

The man himself back-steps out onto the stage. Sporting a pale blue silk souvenir style bomber jacket with "Fair Play" written politely across the back in white script. He turns to a pretty impressive pop from the Faithful here in Madison.

♪ "C.R.E.A.M." by Wu-Tang Clan ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The tron reads "Houston Strong / Problem Solver" in huge concrete looking letters. As the song continues the stage POPS with several blinding concussive charges. The tron now reads "MONEY TALKS" as two of the biggest, meanest men in DEFIANCE wrestling emerge out onto the stage, draped in gold. Out first clad in a black tracksuit, his BRAZEN tag title belt and BRAZEN championship stacked, strapped around his waist. "Houston Strong" turns and claps with a smile as his enormous tag team championship holding partner emerges.

Darren Quimbey can barely be heard announcing the massive former Olympic-level pro weightlifter as the Faithful make themselves heard in a deafening din of disdain.

Lance:

Payne and Bigsby have really found themselves as a tag team, something tells me more gold is probably in the future of these two. Much to the chagrin of the fans here, clearly.

DING DING

The first quarter of the match is an impressive game of cat and mouse perpetrated by the skillfully slick Dabney Doubleday. The smaller grappler managing to display just how ring-savvy he can be, avoiding the clutches of the monstrous Payne for what seems like ages. As the seconds tick by and Adrian Payne continues to get outsmarted and out wrestled, it's clear he's just getting more and more frustrated.

With visible veins of frustration throbbing in the side of his head the Problem Solver finally, in a display of ring generalmanship of his very own Payne manages to nab Doubleday as the Florida native attempts to slide once again between Payne legs. Adrian effortlessly whips Doubleday up into the tightest, most spine realigning bear-hug anyone in wrestling is capable of.

Wriggle and fight as he might, Dabney desperately hunts and pecks at Adrian's massive arms trying to find a chink in the huge man's hold to no avail.

DDK:

Hey, what's Douglas doing at ringside?

Lance:

He's got Adrian's BRAZEN tag team title belt!

The littlest Doubleday does indeed have one half of the BRAZEN tag team championships in his hands. He shines the faceplate with his sleeve then proceeds to quaff his insane mushroom shaped hairdo in the reflection. This clearly not sitting well with Felton Bigsby, who comes rounding the corner of the ring heading straight for Lil' Dougie.

The distraction at ringside causes Payne to release his opponent, now clearly riding the struggle bus. Dabney crumples to the mat clutching his back as Payne stomps over and watches Felton give chase as Douglas takes off running around the ring.

DDK:

Adrian better get his head back into the game here, folks.

No sooner do the words escape Downtown Darren Keebler's mouth Dabney Doubleday pulls Payne back into a very sudden small package.

Referee Carla Ferrari slides in for the count.

1...

2...

Bigsby breaks off his chase and turns just in time to see the pinfall happening.

3... NO!

Lance:

Payne kicks out! Wowee! What a match so far! Wait... Oh no!

DDK:

Oh, come on!

The BRAZEN champion Felton Bigsby slides into the ring with a furious look on his perpetually sour mug, his singles title belt tucked into the crook of his arm and WHAM right across Dabney Doubleday's head. The referee calls for the bell.

DING DING DING DING

The ring bell clangs incessantly as a two on one beatdown ensues. Adrian joins his tag team partner in laying boots to the blond bomber Dabney Doubleday. Felton rolls to ringside, shoving an incensed Douglas Doubleday to the ground without giving the young man so much as even a glance whilst doing so. Bigsby fetches a chair, rolling back into the ring with clear vicious intentions.

♪ "A Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams, Jr. ♪

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

BRAZEN's resident southern boys "The Texas Stampede" Gordy Lovett and "The Texas Dragon" Jun Izuchi leap from the crowd and slide into the ring. Big Gordy has a chair of his own, and Jun has a microphone. Felton and Adrian both bail from the ring and backstep up the ramp clutching their BRAZEN title belts in their arms.

They both glower up into the ring where Gordy is kneeling with his chair, checking on a groggy but conscious Dabney. Douglas slides into the ring and steps up fearlessly beside Jun.

Jun Izuchi:

Y'all done stepped in it now, boys! Me and Gordy, see, we admit we ain't the quickest stock-cars in the race. When we realized we wanted to be a tag team we had to get our shit sorted, ya' know? Took us a bit, but by God do we ever have it figured out! See it's REAL simple! Lovett and Izuchi, two big, tough MASSIVE Cowboys and we're officially followin' Dabs and Dougie's lead and steppin' up to you *got-dang* bullies! You mess with the Doubleday's, with the Midcard Experiment boys, you mess with Wrestle House?

The owner of the Double Dragon Ranch nestled into the countryside of the absolutely real Tokyo, Texas leans over the top rope and glares at Money Talks from under the brim of his big black cowboy hat.

Jun Izuchi:

You're messin' with the MASSIVE Cowboys, partner!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

A tribute to his former moniker, Gordy and Jun are now collectively the MASSIVE Cowboys!

Lance:

They sent Felton and Adrian packing tonight, but you know who they'll go running back to... this clearly isn't over, Darren.

DDK:

When it comes to Edward White and the Blood Diamonds, it never is, partner.

EL CALAPSO

Cut to a dark locker room. The only light source seemingly comes from atop the camera.

Sitting slouched in a steel folding chair, head tilted, gaze unfocused, is Victor Vacio. His expression is unreadable, his presence unsettling ... not angry, not intense... just empty.

For a long, uncomfortable moment, he just... sits. Silent. Unblinking. Letting the weight of the stillness press against the Faithful watching.

Victor Vacio:

¿Lo sientes?

[Subtitles: Do you feel it?]

Pausing, he exhales through his nose, rubbing his fingers together absently.

Victor Vacio:

That whisper in the back of your mind... that little voice telling you the truth. That nothing lasts. That nothing you build will stand forever. No matter how hard you fight, todo se desmorona.

[... it all crumbles.]

He leans forward, forearms on his knees, staring just past the camera.

Victor Vacio:

They sell you a dream. A lie. They tell you if you work hard enough... if you suffer long enough... that you'll be rewarded. Que todo sacrificio tiene su recompensa.

[That every sacrifice has its reward.]

A dry "hmmph" escapes him ... cold, humorless.

Victor Vacio:

Pero no es verdad.

[But it's not true.]

He leans back in his chair, the camera top light casting his shadow on the floor behind him and up the concrete wall.

Victor Vacio:

The collapse is inevitable.

The words hang, empty yet absolute.

Victor Vacio:

It doesn't matter how hard you scratch ... or claw ... or bleed. No importa cuánto luches, cuánto sufras.

[It doesn't matter how much you fight, how much you suffer.]

Victor Vacio:

The end is the same. You can pretend it isn't, you can convince yourself you're different... but you aren't. You never were.

His voice drops lower, almost a whisper.

Victor Vacio:

Y al final... caes igual que todos los demás.

[And in the end... you fall just like everyone else.]

His fingers drum absently against his knee, eyes distant.

Victor Vacio:

Nothing is truly earned. Nothing is truly kept. And the ones who fight the hardest, the ones who refuse to quit, who break themselves into pieces just to prove they're strong...?

He tilts his head, his voice becoming almost gentle.

Victor Vacio:

They end up in the same place as the ones who never even tried.

The camera lingers on him, the silence stretching, oppressive. He doesn't blink. Doesn't move.

Cut to elsewhere.

KILGORE vs. NO FUN DEAN

To the arena: a quick pan around the fans before showing No Fun Dean, looking - duh - serious and ready for action as he warms up. No sign of Slightly Fun Jen tonight.

Lights out.

DDK:

It's time, Lance...

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!

Lance:

This has become somewhat of an Uncut tradition: Kilgore's path through the roster en route to what Siofra says are her "true enemies."

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. The lights return to normal as Dean begins to size up his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... already in the ring and hailing from... WOAH!

Lance:

And Quimbey can't even finish his introduction!! Kilgore with a charging big boot!!

Dean's head snaps back and he hits the ropes... right into the Full Nelson Slam that Kilgore calls the Hounds of Anwnn!!!

DDK:

My God! The bell hasn't even rung!!

Dean is spread eagle in the center of the ring. Kilgore places a boot on his chest and shoots daggers at Rex Knox. Knox seems unsure, so from the outside Siofra begins to shriek at him. He doesn't seem to enjoy it, but he reluctantly signals for the bell...

DING DING!

And he immediately drops down to cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!!

DDK:

That might be a DEFIANCE record!

Lance:

We know Kilgore enjoys toying with his opponents, but to attack before the bell is uncalled for!

Kilgore removes his boot from the defeated chest and walks away from Dean, seemingly immediately forgetting he exists. Siofra gets in the ring laughing maniacally as she puts her arms around the muscular frame of Kilgore. The monster himself... simply stares into the camera with cold, dead eyes.

DDK:

There's no other way to frame this: this was a statement, Lance.

Lance:

And Kilgore's "statements" seem to be getting more and more ruthless every week... I pity whoever finds themselves against him in two weeks time!

THE LADS (DEX JOY AND BUTCHER VICTORIOUS) vs. THE FRENCH CONNECTION (JEAN-PIERRE DE LA REEVES AND YOSHIHARA RAIDEN)

DDK:

And this is a Main Event I've been looking for since it was announced just a few days ago!

Lance:

Absolutely true, partner! For the first time, we get to see Dex Joy team up with Butcher Victorious — a former FIST champion along with one of the hottest young superstars we have seen in years!

DDK:

And they're facing The French Connection, the tag team specialists of The Most Precious Gems!

Lance:

It's not a matter of if but when Raiden and "The New Flying Frenchman" Jean-Pierre De La Reeves put it all together — especially considering the devious mind of their Mommie Dearest, two-time manager of the year Madame Melton! I pity Referee Johnny Fastcountini trying to keep an eye on The Gems tonight.

DDK:

This is going to be a barn burner, folks!

♪ "Le Boob Oscillator" by Stereolab ♪

The arena lights dim and a series of red/white/blue spins around the arena as the 90s French indie song plays. The spotlight at the top of the ramp first shows the mulleted and ultra-snarling Raiden out alongside "The New Flying Frenchman" Jean-Pierre De La Reeves, wearing a beret and sparkly bejeweled French flag-themed jacket. Behind them in a wheelchair is Madame Melton — mini French flags crowned in a tiara over her silver curls, a gown in the colors of the French tri-color, and her foot up in a boot. Wheeling her out is "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon, wearing his mask and a black tattered tank top.

DDK:

Call them The French Connection, call them The Most Precious Gems. Call them whatever you want as long as you call them a terror to deal with!

Lance:

Even with her foot in a boot due to what she labeled a toe fracture so severe she may never walk again... Madame Melton has one of the most devious minds in DEFIANCE history!

One by one in the arena... The lights go dark. The arena lights. The LED panels at ringside. The stage. All black. The lights continue to flicker until the entire arena is left in darkness! That includes the OLED panels on the stage! Grinding is heard. Lights start to flicker up ... Lightning in colors of blue and gold begin to flicker among the darkness on the giant DEFIATron with light coming from nowhere else as fog begins to swirl around the ramp and the entrance floor. The lights continue to spell out words on the screen:

SHAKE

A blue hand made of lightning forms.

HANDS

Another lightning bolt forms a red MMA glove.

BECOME

The two hands shake hands in meme style ...

LADS!!!

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends" by WAR ♪

RRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

There isn't a man, woman or child still seated when "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy comes out first!

DDK:

What a rousing ovation for the Biggest Boy! One half ... or I guess, I should say one third of the Lads is up next!?

Lance:

And here he comes!

Dex points behind him on stage to officially welcome the newest member of the Lads ...

Butcher Victorious! Wearing a brand new black set of tights with purple lightning bolts, Butcher has The Stick in one hand and The AMP in the other, along with his Mic Dropz Energy utility belt, Butcher holds out both.

Butcher starts heading down the ring and his music drops.

Butcher Victorious: *(with The Faithful repeating)*

BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK... AND THE AMP!

He taps his head with The Stick.

Butcher Victorious: *[with The Faithful repeating]*

BUTCH VIC HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK...

He points at Dex.

Butcher Victorious:

AND TONIGHT, WE'RE GONNA SHOW THE FRENCH CONNECTION THIS MAY BE OUR FIRST TIME TOGETHER AS A TEAM... BUT TONIGHT, THE BIGGEST BOY AND BUTCH VIC... GOT SOME ASSES TO WHIP! THIS PRE-MATCH TRASH TALK BROUGHT TO YOU BY... hold this?

Butcher hands over The AMP to Dex Joy so he can unpack one of the cans.

Butcher Victorious:

MIC DROPZ ENERGY! SAY IT LOUD AND SAY IT PROUD WITH ONE OF THE OFFICIAL SPONSORS OF UNCUT! YEAH!

Dex Joy and Butcher go to their corner, and Reeves and Raiden launch a sneak attack --

DDK:

And The Gems try to get the jump on The Lads before the bell!

But, instead, they are met with fists from both Dex and Butcher.

Lance:

Dex and Butcher saw it coming a mile away! We've seen The French Connection take these pre-match actions constantly. A former FIST champion and a former protege of Oscar Burns are going to be well-prepared despite their inexperience working together!

Ding! Ding!

Raiden and Reeves both straggle to opposite corners shaking out the cobwebs, but both spring out at once with attempts at lariats --

DDK:

Dex and Butcher both duck under the clotheslines... STEREO ATOMIC DROPS!

The atomic drops send Raiden and Reeves knocking heads together. Reeves spins into a jumping enziguiri from Butcher while Raiden turns into the same move from The Big Boy!

Lance:

I think any questions about whether or not Dex and Butcher would be on the same page have been answered already!

The Gems bail out of the ring, with Reeves literally crawling on the floor to get next to the distraught Melton. Raiden has a little more dignity and is pointing up at the ring, as Butcher's on the corner pointing right back. Dex stands on the opposite ring apron, stomping on the mat as the crowd claps along with him!

DDK:

This Milwaukee crowd is clearly behind The Lads tonight -- and it's driving Melton and company nuts!

JJ puts his hands over Melton's ears so she doesn't have to hear the crowd, which can be heard even over her hysterical shrieks. Raiden turns to a front row audience member with a threatening snarl.

Melton Sucks! Melton Sucks! Melton Sucks!

Fastcountini steers Butcher back into his corner. Reeves and Raiden hug it out on the floor before Reeves rolls into the ring, doing jumping jacks.

DDK:

It's going to be De La Reeves against Butcher --

But Reeves backs off, and ducks between the ropes right when Victorious went to look up. He starts pointing to Dex.

De La Reeves:

No! No! (Said in bad French accent.) I want ze biggest boy!

Lance:

And one of the smallest men on our roster is calling out the 300-pound former FIST champion!

Dex makes an "oh, really?" look at Le Irritant, who responds by running and slapping Joy in the face. Joy tags in.

DDK:

De La Reeves tries to backpedal away and sneak under the ropes -- no! Dex caught him by his foot before he could get to the floor.

Lance:

The ring IQ of Dex Joy is unreal. Despite losing to The Lucky Sevens, Jean-Pierre was successful in using cheap shots and dirty tricks to successfully get under his skin throughout the match. Dex saw it coming right away!

Dex yanks the much smaller Frenchman up from the floor to his feet and catches him --

DDK:

Giant beale into the turnbuckle!

As Dex approaches, Reeves catches him with an eye rake. He then goes behind with a waistlock.

Lance:

The suplex expert is trying to throw Dex over his head, but there's no chance he's doing that! Dex with an elbow to get quickly get out of it.

But Reeves counters with an elbow to the midsection! He then tries to whip Dex into the ropes, but Dex reverses.

DDK:

Fastcountini is in the way -- NO!

The referee leapfrogs over Reeves on the rebound! The crowd pops huge at that, then even louder --

DDK:

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER! THAT JUST SENT DE LA REEVES OUT OF HIS BOOTS!

Butcher quickly tags in and slingshots himself over the ropes. He hops to the middle rope, and then to the top to leap off with a flying elbow!

DDK:

MIC DROPZ DROP!

One! Two! No!

Dex quickly tags in. But when Butcher gets out, he quickly tags back to become the legal man. Dex whips Reeves into the ropes and then launches him up in a pop up -- into a headlock applied perfectly on the way down!

DDK:

These guys are a natural fit! A pop up headlock!

Lance:

And a Butcher Victorious headlock is no ordinary headlock! It's a borderline submission hold the way he cranks it in, having learned from the great Oscar Burns!

Reeves screams in pain, kicking the floor, but counters with a roll-up.

One! Two! No!

DDK:

De La Reeves gets up first with an arm bar.

De La Reeves:

Watch zeesh!

The Delaware-born Jean-Pierre does a cartwheel while holding onto the armbar and then spins it around into a beautiful hammerlock.

De La Reeves:

Vive Le France---

He then makes an "OH NO" face as Butcher quickly drops down and wrenches in the headlock, before spinning around in his own hammerlock, before bringing his opponent down with a drop toe hold!

DDK:

Beautiful technical wrestling there from Butcher!

Lance:

And it all started with his headlock. Proof that doing the basics and fundamentals at an elite level will always give you an advantage!

Butcher talks some smack to Melton and Dixon at ringside as Reeves limps up, and kicks Butcher in the knee.

Lance:

But Victorious took his eye off the ball there!

Then Reeves looks around the arena and --

DDK:

DID HE JUST GIVE BUTCHER A PURPLE NURPLE???

Victorious looks at his nipple in shock that The New Flying Frenchman did such a thing. He then goes to charge as De La Reeves backpedals and hits a drop toe hold of his own, sending Butch Vic's face into the bottom turnbuckle of the opposite corner.

DDK:

AND RAIDEN IMMEDIATELY CONNECTS WITH A PERFECTLY MEASURED DROPKICK WHILE ON THE APRON!

Lance:

You have to hand it to The French Connection. They have no shortage of dirty tricks in their playbook -- including the usage of a titty twister!

Melton claps with adoring fashion as Reeves, while limping, still finds a way to do a Fargo Strut while Raiden tags in.

DDK:

The Cause of Concussions now laying the boots to Victorious in the corner! He backpedals -- rolling keppu kick with the heel of his boot cracking right across Butcher's face!

Lance:

We have a lot of great young wrestlers here in DEFIANCE. I would put a lot of money on Raiden to be one of the breakout stars of 2025. He's absolutely lethal with his precision strikes!

DDK:

Raiden now with a snapmare takeover and bounces off the ropes -- running knee to Butcher's jaw!

One! Two! No!

Melton is yelling at Raiden and pointing to her arm.

DDK:

Raiden now stomps on the right hand of Butcher! And again! And now a leaping stomp onto the wrist!

Lance:

The Silver Vixen is at it again! She has Raiden targeting the right arm of Butcher in hopes to neutralize his usage of a headlock!

De La Reeves tags in as Raiden holds the right arm out, allowing his partner to come off the second turnbuckle with a flying axehandle to Butcher's right arm.

DDK:

Reeves now with a reverse hammerlock and drops down... BRIDGING NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX!

One! Two! No!

Lance:

That torque on the arm they're targeting was just amplified in that move!

Reeves now picks up Butcher for another suplex --

DDK:

NO! BUTCHER REVERSES!

Dex reaches out to his partner while stomping on the mat, with the crowd following suit.

Clap! Clap! Clap!

DDK:

No! Reeves cuts Butcher off by dropping down on his right arm!

Lance:

Followed by spitting in Dex Joy's face!

Dex immediately gets in the ring, which prompts Fastcountini to intervene.

DDK:

Now Raiden slithers into the ring and The French Connection drag Butcher back to their half of the ring!

Dex continues to want to storm after The Gems, as Reeves is waving at him. That allows Dixon to grab Butcher's injured arm and ram it against the side of the ring... and one more time!

Lance:

You just knew The Fatal Attraction was going to get involved in this match one way or another!

Fastcountini finally turns around as JJ holds his hands up pleading innocence.

DDK:

Now Reeves grabs Butcher... overhead toss right into The Gems' corner! Raiden tags in and scales to the top... double stomp from the sky!

Lance:

And he aimed that stomp not to Butcher's head, but to that hurt arm!

One! Two! No!

Raiden lifts Butcher up by the right arm they've targeted and whips him hard into the corner.

DDK:

He follows it with a textbook running knee to the jaw!

Lance:

Followed by a series of palm strikes right to the body! On top of the hurt arm, now Butcher is going to have to deal with trying to breathe after those vicious shots!

Raiden backs up and makes a cutthroat gesture before charging —

DDK:

Butcher with a leaping headbutt to Raiden's midsection! Now a second headbutt to the mouth!

Lance:

I think I saw a tooth fly out of his mouth!

Raiden is on his knees holding his mouth. Dex reaches as far as he can with the rag rope, stomping away to rally the fans and his fellow Lad! But then Melton makes a signal and yells something to The Fatal Attraction.

DDK:

JJ is running around the ring towards The Lads' corner and hops on the apron, and gets the attention of Fastcountini!

The crowd erupts as Butcher leaps and makes the tag! Dex comes in a house on fire, as Reeves runs in only to get met with a punch —

Lance:

But Johnny didn't see the tag because of JJ's distraction! The Gems do not ever stop!

Dex is yelling at Johnny about the tag and doesn't see Raiden laying in wait!

DDK:

SUDDENLY LAST SLUMBER!

Lance:

Raiden just clocked Dex with that spinning backfist!

Dex's eyes roll into the back of his head as he drops to the mat and then rolls out of the ring.

DDK:

Raiden promised he was going to try and take Dex's head off and he just about did!

Raiden stands on the bottom rope and points down at the former FIST.

Raiden:

SAY! MY! NAME!

But with his back turned:

DDK:

Butcher with the roll-up!

One! Two! Thrennnno!

Lance:

Butcher went to make the tag! He didn't realize Dex was knocked for a loop and is barely coming to on the floor!

That opens up for Raiden to measure Butcher up —

DDK:

Spinning wheelhouse kick!

Lance:

And no hesitation, pulling Butcher back to The French Connection's corner by the right arm.

Reeves tags in and climbs to the top.

DDK:

Raiden with a cross arm-breaker and wrenching on the arm — and Reeves comes off with a flying headbutt right near

the elbow!

Reeves then switches into the cross arm bar, allowing Raiden to stomp a few times on it before Fastcountini forces him out of the ring. Butcher has a face of pure agony.

Lance:

And Madame Melton is loving every second of this!

Melton is applauding with a giddy look of sadism.

DDK:

Reeves whips Butcher to the corner and charges — Victorious gets out of the way! BULLDOG!

Victorious in face down and kicks the mat and looks to his corner.

Lance:

I'm not sure he got all of that considering how badly his right arm must be hurting! Plus, Dex is only now just starting to get to his feet outside the ring!

Victorious starts to pick himself up by the ropes and clenches his fist as the crowd rallies.

DDK:

Raiden ducks into the ropes — another distraction to lure Fastcointni's attention!

Lance:

And Dixon strikes again!

JJ hops on the apron and grabs Butcher's right arm over the top rope. The Fatal Attraction then hyperextends the hurt limb as he falls to the floor.

Lance:

Even though she remains wheelchair bound due to her severely fractured toe, Madame Melton's manicured fingerprints are all over this match!

Butcher rolls on the mat, holding his right arm next to his body. Reeves tags in Raiden who seizes the opportunity.

DDK:

Jean-Pierre stays in the ring and hooks on a full-nelson. Raiden off the ropes with a running Yakuza kick -- But Butcher ducks out of the way!

The kick sends Reeves falling through the middle and top rope to the floor.

DDK:

Raiden misses with a clothesline and Butcher ducks under -- AIR RAID CRASH! The resiliency of Butcher Victorious is incredible! He hits the Hot Mic!

Lance:

And look who's back up and ready for action!

Dex finishes getting back on the apron, running back and forth and getting the fans to clap and stomp with him.

Clap! Clap! Clap! Clap! Clap! Clap!

DDK:

Butcher reaching with everything he can find... AND HE MAKES THE TAG!

Raiden tries with another Spinning Backfist, but Dex blocks it. He meets Raiden with an elbow smash to the head. Followed by a second. Then a third.

DDK:

Dex has Raiden up -- DEX-5! That fireman's carry facebuster!

One! Two! No!

Lance:

JJ now on the apron again to try and distract Fastcountini!

But Dex runs and body bumps JJ off the apron to the floor. He looks around the crowd.

Crowd:

Whooooaaaa....

DDK:

Dex with a suicida tope through the ropes! He just sent Dixon into the railing AND OVER INTO THE CROWD!

Dex! Dex! Dex! Dex! Dex! Dex!

Lance:

This is definitive Big Dex Energy!

Dex is on the apron.

DDK:

Slingshot senton onto Raiden! He immediately picks The Cause of Concussions up --

Lance:

No wasted motion from someone with a wrestling IQ as high as they come!

DDK:

DEX DRIVE! DEX DRIVE! THIS IS GOING TO BE IT!

ONNNNEEE! TWOOOOOO! THREEENNNNOOO!

DDK:

Reeves just came diving between the ropes to break up the pin at the last possible second!

Lance:

And he did so by landing all of his weight onto Dex's neck! I'm not sure if that was intentional or not, but that just stopped some of Dex's momentum!

De La Reeves drags his partner over to their corner so he can tag in. He stomps The Biggest Boy who is still getting up to his feet.

DDK:

The Frenchman hooks Dex with a waistlock -- he tried this earlier in the match to no avail!

Lance:

I think the outcome is the same!

Dex spins around with his own waistlock, sending the Delaware native's face into a state of panic.

DDK:

But look at Melton! She's got that damn cigarette holder!

She's in her wheelchair holding out the cigarette holder like she's going to throw it!

Madame Melton:

JEAN-PIERRE! JEAN-PIERRE!

Fastcountini sees this and leans through the ropes and snatches it from her as she's shocked!

DDK:

Finally, Johnny caught The Gems in the act tonight!

But De La Reeves uses the distraction to go down low (really low) with a reverse kick to the nuts.

Lance:

I have my suspicion that Melton was once again several steps ahead! She intentionally telegraphed throwing her cigarette holder as a distraction!

She smirks as Fastcountini turns around none the wiser and pantomimes playing the orchestra.

DDK:

De La Reeves uses this to go off the ropes with a roll-up --

But instead of a pinfall, he uses the momentum to bring the 300-pound former FIST over his back with a release German suplex! The crowd gasps at it, and The New Flying Frenchman' smiles wide at what he just did!

Lance:

What incredible core strength! Despite all of his antics, Jean-Pierre De La Reeves is a hell of a wrestler and suplex specialist!

Raiden tags. Reeves whips Dex off the ropes...

DDK:

Inverted atomic drop! Now Raiden with a leaping thrust kick right to the jaw! COVER!

ONEEEE!!! TWOOOO!!! THRREEENOOOO!!!

Reeves quickly tags back in.

Lance:

The synergy and teamwork of these two is unreal. First cousins and second generation stars!

Raiden, while struggling, still gets Dex up in the air while De La Reeves goes off the ropes -- Assisted German Suplex!

DDK:

A BRIDGE TOO FAR! THIS IS GOING TO BE IT!

ONNNNE!!!! TWOOOO!!!! THRREEENOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS CAME FROM NOWHERE TO BREAK UP THE PIN!

Butcher continues to favor his arm and looks spent for the action he's been involved in the past few days between Butcher and now against The French Connection who have showed out tonight!

Lance:

What a match!

*THIS IS AWESOME!**THIS IS AWESOME!**THIS IS AWESOME!***DDK:**

These two teams are leaving it all on the line tonight! I can't believe it! Now what are Reeves and Raiden going to do?

They both still have the advantage. Reeves points at Raiden to take care of Butcher. He goes to pick up The Microphone Fiend to get him out of the ring, but Butch spins around and throws him out of the ring by the back of his head! Raiden is ejected from the ring, but de la Reeves is right there to catch Butcher with a running forearm smash! The blow sends Butcher back through the ropes, but not entirely out of the ring yet!

DDK:

Butcher hangs on! De La Reeves is looking for another suplex on Big Dex!

Another german suplex attempt awaits The Biggest Boy, but he elbows himself free! Dex turns and catches a dropkick from Reeves that sends him right into the ropes... and right into a blind tag from Butcher!

Lance:

Butcher makes the tag! And I don't think de la Reeves saw it!

Dex runs right at Reeves and moves out of the way so he can go right after Raiden on the outside, this time with a SURPRISE Whoa-pe through the ropes!

DDK:

DEX TAKES OUT RAIDEN WITH ANOTHER WHOA-PE!

Lance:

And look! Reeves doesn't realize Butcher is the legal man!

Reeves goes after Dex, but suddenly gets HEADLOCKED by Butcher using his left arm! RIGHT INTO BUTCH VIC'S GREATEST HIT! Reeves looks like an exclamation point before he slumps over from the impact!

DDK:

BUTCH VIC'S GREATEST HIT! HE USED THE LEFT ARM TO LAND THE HEADLOCK DRIVER!

Still hanging onto his right arm, Butcher hooks a leg with the right! Madame Melton is INCENSED as Dex Joy heads back inside to prevent anyone from breaking up the cover!

*ONE!**TWO!**THREE!***DING DING DING**

♪ "Why Can't We Be Friends" by WAR ♪

Darren Quimbey:Here are your winners... DEX JOY AND BUTCHER VICTORIOUS... **THE LADS!**

DDK:

They did it! They did it! The French Connection were more than ready for the challenge! They gave this first-time team of Dex Joy and Butcher Victorious everything they could handle, but Butcher proves his worth in his first match as an official Lad!

Lance:

Reeves and Raiden had everything under control! They had Dex dead to rights, but the blind tag from Butcher was what may have led to their downfall! Dex took out Raiden on the outside and Butcher found his opening to score with Butch Vic's Greatest Hit!

Outside the ring, a defeated Raiden and Reeves are being given the riot act by an irate Madame Melton! While back on the inside, Johnny Fastcountini has the hands of both Dex Joy and Butcher Victorious raised... Butcher jumps when he tries to raise the left one, so he and Dex switch places so Jonny can raise Butcher's good left arm!

Lance:

What a heck of a match we just witnessed! And if Dex Joy and Butcher Victorious are this effective, imagine how much worse things are going to get for Titanes Familia when Punch Drunk Purcell returns to full strength!

DDK:

Thank you for joining us for UNCUT! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and we will see you next for DEFtv live in Toronto!

One last shot of the victorious Victorious and "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy celebrating with The Faithful to send them home happy!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.