

SHOW OPEN

The screen fades up from black ...

Energetic music begins to fade up ...

A glitch effect, accompanied by a digital glitch sound effect ushers in the UNCUT logo with a slow dissolve.



The logo fades and on a black screen, words in white appear one at a time.

THIS.

IS.

UNCUT.

OUCHIES

EARLIER TODAY BEFORE UNCUT

The camera is focused on Jamie Sawyers standing backstage getting ready to do an interview.

Jamie Sawyers:

Hi, thanks for joining us on Uncut this evening. I'm Jamie Sawyers and I'm about to get a word with "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy!

Entering the view is now Dex Joy with a big smile on his face that he hasn't been able to remove since Maximum DEFIANCE, nor for the success of his friend, the Brazen Champion Nathaniel Eye.

Jamie Sawyers:

Hello, Dex and welcome to the show.

Dex Joy:

Hey, Jamester! Thanks for having me, pally!

Jamie Sawyers:

It's definitely been a good few weeks for you! You were finally able to get payback on Carny Sinclair after he spent the last four to five months tormenting you relentlessly. How are you feeling with everything going on right now?

Dex beats on his chest proudly with his smile getting just a little bit bigger.

Dex Joy:

Jamie, Your Boy, The Biggest Boy, is doing amazing! My buddy Nate won the Brazen championship a couple weeks ago and is already a fighting champeen! Our new friends, Mason and Max Buck, big as f ... you know. They became fast friends with Nate and I. And I sent Carny Sinclair's tatted serial killer looking ass right back to whatever circus he was conceived in. He's somewhere wishing his daddy was firing blanks the night he was conceived after the beating Dexy Baby gave him!

Jamie Sawyers:

And as for your arm, how are you recovering from the attack with the chair?

Dex rotates his left arm without any issues to show off for Jamie.

Dex Joy:

One hundred percent, pally! That's Big Dex Energy that's fueling me! Took me no time at all ... okay a couple weeks. But it's all good now Jamie Farr. This wing's all healed up with which means Dexy's ready to fly to new heights!

Jamie Sawyers:

I'm glad to hear it. So fans want to know now that you've put Carny Sinclair in the rear view mirror what is next for you?

The Biggest Boy holds his hands out to the sky.

Dex Joy:

Whatever I want Jamie! No more Carny attacking my friends, stealing my things and making my life a living hell. I put that boy on the floor more than Johnson's wax and since he ain't getting up any time soon I'm looking to new goals! I want to battle the best and challenge myself! I want to show DEFIANCE Wrestling that Big Dex Energy is the best big man that it has ever seen! That's why I'm now setting my sights on ...

Aleczonder the Great:

What mate, a gym?

Dex turns to his side and sees Team Hoss member Aleczonder the Great now staring him in the face. He gives Dex a

once over and doesn't look the least bit impressed.

Aleczauder the Great:

Set your sights on a treadmill or something, you fat little wanker. Maybe if you'd put in the work and look like a real star like me and Angel, Big Dex would get to look down and see Little Dex some day!

He's laughing at his own bad joke ... then Dex Joy laughs even louder which is enough to cut off the Team Hoss member.

Dex Joy:

Fat jokes! Cute, pally, cute! It was funnier when Shooter Landell gave me the same spiel before Dexy Baby ran him down! Then less funny when Carny Sinclair didn't so much call me fat as he did stalk me before I beat his ass and ran him out of DEFIANCE Wrestling. Maybe if I spent all day injecting needles into my tuchus instead of learning how to wrestle I'd look like a granite statue too!

Aleczauder the Great:

Hey hey hey, mate! All natural right here!

Dex Joy rolls his eyes even harder.

Dex Joy:

Suuuuuure. So why are you here anyway? The Lucky Sevens put you guys down so hard, you don't know which way is up?

Aleczauder the Great:

Nah mate. I just came by to tell you two things. First ... I saw you palling around with those lucky pricks.

Dex Joy:

The guys that beat you at Maximum DEFIANCE Pally. Let's be clear here.

Aleczauder the Great:

They had to use weapons to beat us, mate. First ... after tonight, when Angel and I win the Unified Tag Team Titles from those wankers, the Titans, that won't matter. We'll be the best tag team in DEFIANCE history. Period!

Dex Joy:

And if I ask you what the second thing is will you get out of here, roided-out Russell Brand?

The Big Brit growls... then points behind him. Dex shakes his head and starts to walk off when out comes Angel Trinidad, CRACKING him upside the head with The Trample Underfoot! The Pump Kick catches Dex upside his head!

Aleczauder The Great:

ANY FRIEND OF THE LUCKY SEVENS IS ON OUR SHIT-LIST, MATE! PICK BETTER FRIENDS!

Angel Trinidad hovers over Dex Joy, who is still trying to get up and fight, albeit seeing stars. Angel and Aleczauder then each grab an arm of the big man and CHUCK him back-first in a Double-Team Crucifix Bomb on the top of a production crate!

The sick thud reverbs through the hall. Angel sees Jamie Sawyers and before he can run, Angel grabs his arm and then takes the microphone slowly.

Angel Trinidad:

When that fat piece of shit gets up, Jamie... tell him WE'RE the best big men in DEFIANCE.

Angel grabs his microphone and just to be a dick, STEPS on it and breaks it under his boot before kicking the pieces

off to the side. Angel and Aleczander turn their attention to one another.

Aleczander The Great:

Ready to win the Uni Tags, mate?

Angel Trinidad:

Yeah... that and kicking the fucking smirk off Uriel Cortez's face. I owe him for breaking my ankle a year and a half ago.

Team HOSS clear the area while Dex Joy is left writhing in pain, holding his back as Jamie Sawyers starts to call for help in the background.

Hardboiled Hospital

"So, here's the thing," Terry 'The Idol' Anderson, PI said. "The Deacon went straight to the hospital, just like you said he would, but he didn't go anywhere."

Terry paused, squeezed his eyes closed, and switched the phone from his left ear to his right.

"You gotta slow down," he said, "I'm not that fluent."

He cursed then rolled his eyes. "Lo haré ... con el mensaje -- de... texto -uhm- para ti. Para que puedas, Shit! ¿cómo se dice, Babbelfish este burro para ... uno mismo? Uh... Adios"

Terry cursed again. He was way too old for this sorta work, but it would pay the bills. Mostly the bar tabs. He switched to texting and typed it out.

Deacon went straight to the hospital, but he stayed in the waiting area. Everytime I walked in, he was sitting. Just sitting in the waiting area. I'm still working on the why. Whatever it is, he looks worried.

"There," he snapped as he hit send.

"Can I help you?"

Terry's head jerked toward the speaker, his cell phone slipping. He reached for it, hit it with his thumb, grabbed again a moment before it clanked against the tile.

"I didn't mean to startle you," she said with a forced smile that showed her denture-line and accentuated her crow's feet.

"No," Terry said, bending down to snatch his phone.

"No what?" She asked.

Who the hell was this? Rose Nylund?

"No," Terry added, turning his phone to check if it still worked. "I don't need any help."

"Well," she said then glanced away. "Okay then."

Thankfully, she went back towards her desk, turning toward the Deacon. She stared at him for a moment, then bowed her head before dutifully marching toward her desk.

Terry's phone buzzed. He looked down. It was a text.

Mantenerme actualizado

"What the actual--" Terry said with a glance to Rose's desk area. Better to not bring her back, even if the thought of having to translate drove him insane. Terry turned toward the exit, which was an entrance, and one bringing the so named Magdalena into the hospital. She wasted no time, going straight to Deacon.

"How's it going?" Magdalena asked.

Deacon only stared at her.

"That good, huh?" Magdalena answered herself. "Still not talking with you?"

Deacon's head drooped.

"She's just hurting," Magdalena continued. "Just like everyone else. Give her time." Magdalena paused for a moment, shoving her hands in her pockets. "Listen, this may not be the time, but I told them I'd pass the message to you. Heard from the people at DEF. They have something for you."

Deacon closed his eyes then nodded, still keeping them closed.

And The Icon knew that whatever was opening the Deacon's eyes to reality would be exactly what his benefactor wanted to know.

ALVARO DE VARGAS VS. HIJO DEL FISHMAN DELUXE

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we've got some more BRAZEN action coming up next and coming up shortly, we have a member of The Mid-Card Experiment, Hijo del Fishman Deluxe, taking on the cocky Cuban himself, Alvaro de Vargas.

Lance:

Alvaro made a recent appearance on our last edition of UNCUT, defeating Nicky Synz. Tonight, he moves up just a little in weight class for his opponent. Fishman Deluxe admittedly doesn't have an ideal physique for competition, but he doesn't care. He can pull off some big moves in that ring and if de Vargas takes him lightly, he could pay for it.

DDK:

He'll have CAGE! and Walter Levy for moral support so we'll see if that helps. Let's go to the ring for the next match.

And to the ring we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a BRAZEN showcase match set for one fall! Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by CAGE and Walter Levy, he is a member of the Mid-Card Experiment... weighing in at 235 pounds, he is Hijo del Fishman Deluxe!

♪ "Heaven Is A Place On Earth" by Belinda Carlisle ♪

The 80s Pop-Rock Ballad plays over the Wrestle-Plex as three men make their way from the back. Hijo del Fishman Deluxe and Walter Levy attempt to conduct the crowd to sing along to the music and a few of the savvy BRAZEN Faithful do. Hijo del Fishman Deluxe heads into the ring and tries to get the crowd to sing along. This continues until a new theme plays...

♪ "Living Legend" by Ankla ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Miami, Florida, by way of Cuba... weighing in at 268 pounds, he is **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

The unusual rock/flamenco combination blasts through the Wrestle-Plex and walking out, head full of frazzled curly brown hair is the massive Cuban-American standout.

DDK:

Like we said, Alvaro de Vargas has a little bit of a win streak going on, winning on UNCUT and scoring some quick victories during a BRAZEN double shot last weekend. He's...

Alvaro de Vargas:

SHUT IT, DID-ICK!

Pronouncing Keebler's name like his initials spell out, Keebler goes silent at the desk while de Vargas looks at the ring, visibly offended by what's in front of him. He turns to the ring.

Alvaro de Vargas:

My name is Alvaro de Vargas! Leyendas futuras el DEFIANCE! And as the old guy in the ring told you, only saying it much less sexy than I... I stand at six foot eight! I weigh at two-hundred seventy-pounds! And let's be honest, senoras, the only measurement that you care about...

He tugs and takes a peek in the front of his pants, an absolutely classy move. You know, for classless folks.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Well, you know. But right now, you'll have to excuse my language... both of them... because I'm... well... I'M PISSED!

QUE MIERDA!?

ADV groans not-so-quietly.

Alvaro de Vargas:

For five years before I set foot in DEFIANCE, I fought in some of the most disgusting rings anybody has ever seen, beating the hell out of people for pocket change! This body has been cut by barbed wire! Singed by flames! Pierced with sharp objects! Trust me, ADV did worse to the other guys... but I worked my ass off and BRAZEN is where they throw me? I want to know who the HELL thought this was funny to give me THIS for my next match. Some fatass appropriating somebody else's culture? ¿Estás FUCKING bromeando?

He continues growling, expressing his displeasure as he now approaches the ring itself.

Alvaro de Vargas:

I'm stuck in BRAZEN fighting malditos idiotas instead of being featured on the main roster where I belong. I'm in a bad, bad mood, so right now I'm warning the three of you one time...

ADV calmly walks the steps and then looks at the duo around ringside, then his opponent. He climbs inside and towers over Hijo del Fishman Deluxe who stares back at him blankly.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Sal de aqui... get the fuck outta here. There. That's TWO languages so hopefully you understand one of them.

ADV drops the microphone and waits for their response. CAGE! And Walter Levy both watch as Hijo del Fishman Deluxe picks up the microphone and starts to give a reply...

Then starts belting out more of Heaven Is A Place On Earth! The crowd cheers while ADV starts to go red in the face.

DDK:

I don't know about this...

Lance:

He's mad!

Hijo turns around right into a SICK Running Big Boot that nearly knocks his head right into the next zip code! The crowd now turns to jeers while ADV stands over him, then puts a hand just over his eyes to look where he figuratively kicked his masked head.

DDK:

Now that was a cheap shot on Hijo! Come on!

Lance:

Alvaro de Vargas is very quickly showing a reputation as a dangerous man. During that double shot of BRAZEN shows last weekend, he showed in that ring he's a straight brawler!

Referee Hector Navarro has to back ADV up while checking on Hijo. He's groggy, but just coherent enough to want to start the match. Hector sighs, then calls for the bell..

DING DING!

Indeed he starts to show just that when he picks up the groggy Hijo and lays into him VICIOUSLY with a series of hard clubbing blows across his back. Hijo flinches and falls to his knees while ADV leans over. He taps him on the head like a dog and pats him, before sitting there, taking in the jeering.

DDK:

He's right. Alvaro de Vargas, prior to DEFIANCE, had an extensive background competing mainly in hardcore and deathmatch-style wrestling. He managed to keep that face looking mostly intact, but you can tell he's been through wars...

Lance:

But now he's literally toying with Hijo! The crowd is trying to cheer him on, same with Walter Levy and CAGE!

His teammates try and rally behind him while de Vargas stand over him, smirking like ten Cheshire cats. He taps his chin and tells Hijo to hit him. Still stinging from his earlier attack, Hijo gets up just barely and tries a few good forearm shots. Not 100%, but enough that they should sting... but they don't. ADV stands there and slaps his face, telling him hit harder. Hijo does it... but de Vargas retaliates by burying a knee into his chest, then BURYING several even harder knee lifts upside the chest and face!

DDK:

Wow! Look at him go! He can take a hit, but he can dish it out just as well!

After about six or seven knees, Hijo del Fishman Deluxe is brought down to the mat again, lifeless while ADV looks out to CAGE and Levy. He tells them to say goodbye to his buddy and then scoops him up for what he calls the Cuban Missile... but as he runs, Hijo somehow slips out and barely lands on his feet, practically slumping in the corner close to him.

ADV turns around and tries to run at him when he gets an elbow up. Hijo del Fishman Deluxe gets to the second rope and then flies off with a Dropkick that actually takes ADV down!

DDK:

Wow! Hijo knocked him off his feet! He's gotta take advantage!

He's still groggy, but he lands another Baseball Slide Dropkick that knocks the large ADV from the ring. While ADV is back on his feet, he slumps over, now red in the face when he turns... and doesn't expect Hijo del Fishman Deluxe to come through the ropes with a huge Suicide Dive!

Lance:

There you go, Hijo! Stay on him!

ADV is smarting now when Walter Levy and CAGE! will on their masked friend to get him back inside. Slowly he goes to pick him up... but ADV comes back to life then CLOCKS him with an extra stiff right hand! Walter Levy is nearby and shows concern when ADV turns and blasts him in the head with a Headbutt!

Lance:

That was uncalled for. This is how he wants to be a member of the DEFIANCE roster?

As the crowd boos, CAGE! jumps and then goes to check on the fallen Walter Levy while de Vargas now goes back to Hijo. He hoists him up onto his shoulders and then runs forward

DDK:

No, no, no...NO! CUBAN MISSILE INTO THE TURNBUCKLE!

ADV uses the Throwing Snake Eyes variation and tosses him into the turnbuckle! The crowd gasps in shock when he hits it with a loud "CLANG!" and then hits the floor. Now there's more booing from the Faithful for de Vargas when he picks up Hijo and tosses him back inside. ADV then climbs in. Slowly, he waits for Hijo to get up, but when he doesn't move, he shrugs and then goes to the piledriver position... then DROPS him right down!

DDK:

Piledriver! He calls that move Ardiendo. Ablaze.

After Hijo goes down, ADV simply lays over his body and points at the camera watching him nearby... now smiling for the first time since the match started.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

ADV goes back up and when the official tries to grab his hand, de Vargas pulls it away.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **ALVARO DE VARGAS!**

DDK:

Hijo tried, but Alvaro de Vargas now moves to two and zero on UNCUT. And in vicious fashion, too!

Alvaro de Vargas leaves the ring and then heads back up the ramp without even bothering to look back. He's in his own little world in triumph tonight, looking to make a point that perhaps, he should be on the main roster.

NO CO-OP

The scene is the DEFIANCE training grounds, where there are three rings set up in a fieldhouse location, just a few miles from the DEF arena. The Game-Changer aka Player One and the eldest of The Bros., Tyler Fuse, stands in front of the first ring, looking it over. His beard has fully grown, his short spiky brown hair is now a little longer, too. His look contributes better to his intense demeanor, a far cry from the clean-shaved, pretty-boy appearance he used to have upon entering DEFIANCE three years ago.

It takes a moment but Conor Fuse approaches from the side. He is The Codebreaker aka Player Two and the younger and more amped up brother. His look, however, has not changed much. The same clean-shaved face, messy blonde hair, and erratic green eyes, looking no older than 20, even though he's 28. Conor is rather quiet when walking up to his bro. Neither one acknowledges the other, although Tyler doesn't have to look over to know Conor's right there.

Tyler Fuse:

Took long enough.

Conor Fuse:

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I got caught up playing some Final F-

Tyler shakes his head. A silence sweeps over them until Conor eventually looks over, grinning ear to ear.

Conor Fuse:

We got those NPC's, didn't we? Huh?

Referring to Kerry Kuroyama, Scott Douglas, and Seattle's Best, P2 is all smiles. Tyler, eventually, nods ever so slightly.

Tyler Fuse:

We got them.

Conor rubs his hands together like an evil villain hatching a plan for world domination.

Conor Fuse:

So what now? Why did you call me here? Sunday's are-

Tyler cuts him off.

Tyler Fuse:

We've done it *all* since we got here.

Conor agrees by shaking his head with delight!

Tyler Fuse:

Tag Team *Achievements*. Beaten everyone up and down this roster. And to cap it off... we destroyed DEFIANCE's Favourite *Son*.

Conor Fuse:

Which makes us DEFIANCE's Favourite *Bros*.

Tyler turns to his brother.

Tyler Fuse:

You know what this means, right? What we've talked about for years. Since the days we were in fWo...

Conor's eyes widen. Light flickers around them like he's a kid on Christmas... just about to open the present he never thought Mom and Dad would buy him.

Conor Fuse:

Really!? You mean it!?

Even the stoic Tyler seems a little excited.

Tyler Fuse:

They've all said we're nothing more than a great team...

Conor is too pumped to stay quiet.

Conor Fuse:

They're wrong! Co-op mode is only *one* mode! We are THE premier characters of this system! We are the ones all The Gamers use for cosplays! We can do things those NPC's can only dream about doing in the ring! No one is as aerial and high flying as myself! No one has my balance! No one has my skills! And you, no one is as technically sound as you! No one brings as much intensity! No one is more feared... no one has more fight! You and I have levelled up way past CO-OP...

Tyler agrees with everything Conor has said except the last sentence.

Tyler Fuse:

There is nothing wrong with a "co-op", as you put it.

Conor Fuse:

I- I didn't mean it like that.

Tyler Fuse:

It's okay. I know what you meant. They... *The Gamers*... they think the best experience is a solo one...

Conor Fuse:

I know they're wrong but-

Tyler Fuse:

But it doesn't matter. If a solo experience is the only way to truly breakthrough...

Conor Fuse:

Then that's it? We're going *no co-op*? Single-player only?

Tyler begins to crack his knuckles and walk towards the first empty ring.

Tyler Fuse:

For now, Conor. For now.

The Game-Changer gets into the squared circle and starts running the ropes. Conor's eyes widen again, as the wheels inside his head turn... and an unlimited amount of thoughts seemingly race throughout his mind.

Conor Fuse:

Game on.

"EXTRA BUTTER" GILBERT ROGERS vs. DENVER BRANDT

The announce team of DDK and Lance Warner are on screen in a backstage area.

DDK:

Hello everyone. Next up, we have about as true of a dark match as you can get. This was filmed in an empty arena setting, as a real try-out match. You'll recognize Denver Brandt, one-half of the BRAZEN tag team and local residents, the Louisiana Bulldogs. The other man, well, uh...

Lance:

He's certainly something. Words won't do it justice.

DDK:

Yes. All of you will have to see for yourselves. He goes by the name Extra Butter Gilbert Rogers.

Lance:

We've recorded our voiceovers as part of the match. And no, at this time, we don't know what the status of... uh, Gilbert is, regarding his DEFIANCE position or lack thereof. Enjoy?

Lance seems as confused as Keebler.

= = =

With Denver Brandt already in the ring, the theme music to the Saw movies plays and the lights dim. Eventually, strobe lights of red flicker around the stage but Denver Brandt just walks back and forth, eyes locked on the entrance way... waiting... and waiting...

And waiting...

DDK:

Not sure what's taking so long here. Perhaps, we've had some kind of technical issue in the back. I don't know much about this Gilbert Rogers guys but my understanding is this will be one of his first wrestling matches, ever.

Lance:

So why the try-out?

DDK:

To be honest, I'm not sure.

The red lights continue to go on and off. Finally, a short, pudgy man emerges with what looks to be a world of confidence. He stands around 5'6", pushing 300 pounds easily. He has black spandex tights and a black spandex shirt. The only issue is his shirt is about five sizes too small for him, so his gut bulges out, taking up more than half the space across his chest. The man looks very young, too. His acne covers his entire face from forehead to chin. He's trying to grow a beard but it's clearly not working, either. Just a few long strands of hair scattered throughout his jawline.

Lance:

So... uh, this is Gilbert Rogers?

DDK:

Yes, I, uh, met him backstage for a moment. That's Gilbert Rogers.

Rogers starts to walk down the rampway, smacking his big chest numerous times as he does. He stops halfway down the ramp and begins to jiggle his stomach about, even going as far as to put his left index finger deeeeeeeep into his belly button and jamming it around, like it's giving him some sick sexual pleasure.

Lance:

What's happening here?

DDK:

I don't know.

The cameras go to Denver Brandt who's just as confused as the announcers are and perhaps the viewers at home. Brandt walks over to referee Mark Shields and asks him if this is real. Mark wasn't even paying attention.

Rogers makes it to the end of the rampway. He slowly pulls his finger out from his belly button and pops it in his mouth, beginning to suck on it. The announcers can't even comment, it sounds like they want to throw up.

"Extra Butter" Gilbert Rogers:

Mmmmm yeah, extra extra.

Rogers has the full attention of the two men in the ring now (yes, even Mark Shields), as he marches up the steel stairs and enters the ring through the bottom and middle rope. The theme music comes to an end and Shields turns to call for the bell.

DING DING

Brandt is about to get started but Rogers shakes his stomach around again.

"Extra Butter" Gilbert Rogers:

Yeah yeah, give me a second, pal. Yeah yeah. Mmmmmmm.

Rogers rubs his bare stomach. He doesn't even try to pull his shirt down to see if he can cover it up. There's no chance it would be able to.

Brandt looks on in disgust. He's seen some things in his time down south but this might take it...

Rogers licks his hands and runs them through his already slick, black hair, just filled with grease.

Brandt looks at Shields. Shields shrugs.

Mark Shields:

I don't know, man. He looks like a kid.

Lance:

I second that. A very overconfident kid.

Brandt says screw it. He charges at Rogers but as he tries to wrap his hands around him, Brandt slides off and to the canvas below. Rogers just turns, not even processing what's happened until just now.

"Extra Butter" Gilbert Rogers:

Mmmmmmmmm yeah.

He continues to dance his stomach in circles. Denver Brandt shakes it off and gets back up. He tries to put Rogers into a waist lock but Rogers jiggles about and slips free! More interested in his massive gut right now, Rogers shakes with delight! In return, Brandt slams his hands on the mat and goes at Rogers one more time...

DDK:

Brandt slips off for a second time!

Lance:

Is this Rogers guy covered in grease?

DDK:

I- I don't think so. I mean, not *intentionally*...

Brandt hurries to his feet and this time drills Rogers in the back of the head with a high knee! The air is taken out of Extra Butter as he flies forward and almost crashes into the turnbuckle before his stubby little hands stop him by grabbing the ropes on both sides! Brandt seems pleased with himself and marches towards Rogers. Denver attempts another waist lock in hopes to hit a release German suplex... but he can't get a good grip on Rogers and he can't get his arms around him, either!

DDK:

Rogers with a back elbow!

Brandt is stunned and stumbles to the middle of the ring. Rogers turns, not looking pleased anymore.

DDK:

Rogers rushes at Denver Brandt and hits him with a huge... uh... stomach smash???

DDK doesn't even know what to call it. But, indeed, Rogers goes straight into Brandt with his massive gut. One-half of the Louisiana Bulldogs is basically absorbed by Rogers' flabby stomach and then spit right back out.

The quick, intensified look on Gilbert's face goes back to being a look of pleasure and confidence as he sees Brandt on the canvas floor.

"Extra Butter" Gilbert Rogers:

Mmmmmmmmmmmmm...

Rogers puts his left index finger into his belly button again. Even Mark Shields cringes!

As Brandt gets to a knee, Rogers runs at him...

OOF!

DDK:

Another stomach smash!

Rogers huffs and puffs. Out of shape, he stumbles into the ropes and then jumps onto Brandt, allowing his massive gut to plaster Brandt across his face, nearly suffocating him!

Lance:

I think this has really surprised Denver!

DDK:

I think Denver was grossed out and now Rogers has the advantage!

Brandt rolls to his side while Gilbert tries to get up but falls back over. He tries to get up again and his legs give away. Finally, Extra Butter uses the ropes to get him to his feet.

With Gilbert standing, Brandt gets to a knee. Rogers uses the ropes for leverage as he barely balances on the second turnbuckle!

DDK:

Rogers jumps towards Brandt!

Brandt tries to catch Rogers but ends up dropping to the canvas as his leg buckles from underneath him! Rogers falls on top and Mark Shields counts!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK & Lance:

What!?!?

Rogers rolls to his side while Brandt is in severe pain, grabbing his right knee.

DDK:

Denver couldn't do it! His knee gave way when he tried to catch Rogers and this... uh, Extra Butter guy gets a fluke victory!

Lance:

Fluke indeed!

The Saw theme music on the PA plays as Rogers struggles to get up once more. He uses the ropes to pull himself to a vertical base, looking down and seemingly very pleased with what he's accomplished. Then a very skinny man emerges from the curtain, coming all the way down the ramp. He looks even younger than Gilbert, standing at around 6'5" but nowhere past 120 pounds. He's as boney and greasy as Rogers, maybe even more!

Lance:

You said you met Gilbert backstage, albeit only for a second. But who is this guy?

DDK:

I have no idea who this guy is.

The *slender man* gets into the ring and congratulates Rogers. However, the fun is short lived as the pudgy individual turns his attention back to Denver Brandt, who is receiving attention from an EMT.

Rogers asks the *slender man* to back away... and then he "charges" at Brandt.

BIG SPLASH!

DDK:

WHAT THE HELL!? Completely uncalled for! There's no crowd here! This was a try-out!

The EMT is shocked as he looks up at Rogers, whom is pulling himself slowly off the canvas but once again barely able to do so. Denver screams on the mat, now holding his ribs *and* his right knee!

The skinny man walks over to Rogers and speaks in his ear. Extra Butter smiles and jiggles about, rubbing both hands across his stomach sensually while rocking side to side in some kind of dance ritual. They exit the ring, even though Rogers needs help walking down the steel stairs. If there was a crowd in attendance, they'd clearly be booing.

DDK:

I am going to need to process this.

Lance:

Oh, me too.

Up the ramp walks the slender man, who seems a little concerned. Meanwhile, Gilbert Rogers looks like he's won the Super Bowl, knowing he would get the W all along.

DDK:

I don't know what we've just witnessed. On to the next thing...

CYRUS CONFESSIONALS 1: HELP ME, HELP YOU, HELP ME

Summer is in full swing as the landscape around the confidential location of Shimmering Reflections Rehabilitation Services is as lush as ever. However, trouble and turmoil are brewing inside.

Cyrus Bates:

AND THEN I SAID, 'WELL, FINE! I WILL PACK MY DUFFLE BAG AND LEAVE!'

Cyrus is in mid-sentence as sweat cascades down his face. His hypertensive state is accented by clinging to the white therapy chair he's half sitting in. Natural light pours through the near ceiling-high window as a shadowy figure remains calm near a wooden desk.

Other voice:

Go on... so what did you do then?

Cyrus nearly jumps directly on top of the words from the other man.

Cyrus Bates:

I PACKED MY BAGS AND LEFT.

Cyrus takes a deep breath and calms himself. The next sentence out of his mouth sounds rather defeated.

Cyrus Bates:

And I haven't powerlifted since.

A moment of silence accompanies a moment of calm. The man by the desk furiously jots down notes on his pad of paper. Cyrus raises his head up.

Cyrus Bates:

I don't know, Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch. I just don't know what I did so wrong.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

Please, call me Francis. Or Dr. Francis. That's my first name. Hearing my last names sounds so... official.

Dr. Francis Wellington-Cumberbatch looks nothing short of professional, with his slicked back balding hair, cube shaped glasses, Ivy league sweater vest and khaki formal pants. Anyone would think to address an individual in such garb with professionalism.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

So, let me get this straight. You were a Texas powerlifter, some stuff happened that you rather not get into right now because you just met me, but regardless, it saw you leave the profession, and now, here you are trying to find yourself again in professional wrestling? Does that sum it up?

In typical therapist fashion, Dr. Francis recaps the information in a purely regurgitative format for nothing else than to allow the passage of time. He is paid by the hour after all, but the bill is most certainly being covered by DEFIANCE. Nevertheless, Cyrus nods to the recap.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

Here's what I suggest, especially if this is going to be a long-term thing and we're going to be seeing a lot of each other... help me, help you, help me. Okay? I need that valued insight from you.

Cyrus isn't quick on the therapist-speak. Help me, help you, help me? What does that even mean? Thoughts rush through his head from the time he spent in therapy as a kid and how it did nothing for him.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

Okay?

Cyrus Bates:

Okay.

Cyrus speaks with uncertainty pasted to his breath.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

Great. So then, let's talk about why you're here in New Orleans. You're a professional wrestler now. With DEFIANCE?

Cyrus Bates:

Yup.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

Mmmmm hmmm, interesting. As a local, I've heard of the promotion. I must say, I don't allow my sons to watch the show. I think wrestling is a bit barbaric if you ask me. I'd prefer something a little more PG-13. That said, you look the part. What brought you to wrestling though?

Cyrus leans over his knees and begins to rub his chin.

Cyrus Bates:

Well, it was shortly after I left powerlifting... I was looking for revenge online and I came across a forum and there was this user on there, by the name of MagnumG. His zingers were unparalleled. I reached out to him... sent him a DM... next thing you know, I'm on the first bus to New Orleans. Best decision I ever made.

Dr. Francis crosses his legs as his listening intensifies.

Cyrus Bates:

Malak is my friend. Malak is my **best** friend and I'd do anything for him.

Dr. Wellington-Cumberbatch:

I'm going to stop you right there. I think, to understand this, we need to go back even further. Like, to your childhood.

Their conversation continues in private fashion.

UNIFIED TAG TITLES: SKY HIGH TITANS (C) VS. TEAM HOSS

DDK:

We're back to our main event on UNCUT and Lance... suffice it to say this might be the biggest match we've had on UNCUT in some time! We've got The Sky High Titans already jumping into their first defense of the Unified Tag Team Titles they regained from the PCPs at MAXDEF 2020... tonight, they take on Team HOSS!

Lance:

We saw this match get made during our Clash of the BRAZEN Special! Uriel Cortez and Minute were in the house with The Family Keeling taking in the show... and Team HOSS happened to show up. They took exception to their former managers, The Family Keeling, referring to The Titans as the best team they'd ever managed and tonight, Team HOSS look to prove them wrong.

DDK:

And what a kick in the pants it would be if The Sky High Titans lost those titles so soon after winning them back. While Team HOSS may have lost against The Lucky Sevens at MAXDEF, The Titans have said they'll take on any challenge, anywhere and Team HOSS got there first so nothing to lose and everything to gain tonight.

Lance:

That's true. Team HOSS are still stinging from losing to The Lucky Sevens. You saw them attack Dex Joy earlier tonight during his interview so they're raring to go.

DDK:

Indeed. So with that out of the way, let's go to Darren Quimbey for this UNCUT match... for the Unified Tag Team Titles!

We do just that. Darren Quimbey. Dapper as usual.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall and will be contested for the Unified Tag Team Titles!

The crowd in attendance let out a huge pop as the graphic for the collection of former World Tag and Trios appeared on the screen.

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

The music goes right into the thunderous chorus of the song and right away, the camera cuts to the stage. Smoke begins to billow from the stage and through it... out come the two members of Team HOSS, both looking pissed off and ready to wreck fools and win titles in the process.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, at a combined weight of 587 pounds... they are the team of Angel Trinidad and Aleczander The Great... **TEAM HOSS!**

The 6'5" and 269-pound Brit, Aleczander The Great and the 6'10" and 309-pound Angel Trinidad head toward the ring looking like they're gonna kill a bitch. There's no fooling around from Aleczander today and if it were even possible, Angel is looking extra aggressive. The crowd gives them a big chorus of jeers as they approach the ring. Aleczander and Angel both leap onto the ring apron. Aleczander steps through the ropes while the taller and more agile Angel grabs the top rope and then leaps over them in one fluid motion, landing on his feet. The two monsters bump fists, then await their opponents.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...

Junior Keeling:

NAH, NAH, NAH, I GOT THIS, DARREN!

The crowd cheers the official “promoter” of The Sky High Titans, wearing an official “SKY HIGH TITANS” Bomber Jacket and Aviators now available at defiancewrestling.com. Junior grins and then motions to the crowd.

Junior Keeling:

First, let me introduce to you the brains of The Family Keeling as well as our official coach... Thomas Keeling!

The crowd also cheers Thomas Keeling as he arrives on stage in a good-looking Brooks Brothers black pin-striped suit. Angel and Aleczander are both watching the introductions, just waiting for their shot.

Thomas Keeling:

Thank you, son! Now introducing YOUR reigning and defending Unified Tag Team Champions! Take it away, boy!

Junior Keeling:

Standing at seven foot one {crowd joins in} AND A HALF! Weighing 375 pounds! He’s the giant that’ll kick your ass and look good doing it! He is “The Titan of Industry” Uriel Cortez! And he is the Sky High portion of our group! The luchador that’s quicker than a quote “Flatfoot in the wop-wops” as Oscar Burns once said... he is the lucha you love to see! MINUTE!

♪ "Let's Go (The Royal We)" by Run The Jewels ♪

As they belt out the lyrics, two new spotlights shine on stage. On the left is “The Sky High Kid” Minute, decked out in his black spiked luchador mask, along with a snazzy-looking business suit, complete with grin on his face. On the right, the GIANT form of “The Titan of Industry” Uriel Cortez, wearing the exact same business suit, along with a massive replica of the same mask of Minute.

Cortez steps onto the ring apron and then lifts the ropes open so Minute can slide through them and get into the ring. Cortez rips off his replica luchador mask and throws it into the crowd, then Minute leaps onto the top rope, then the corner rope, and then backflips into the ring... yes, all in his suit! The two men then meet in the middle and raise their fists in the air. The collection of championships go to referee Brian Slater, who raises them for all to see before handing them off to ringside. With that, the match starts.

DING DING!**DDK:**

Here we go! Minute is... no. Wait. Uriel wants to start.

Angel is starting in the ring and wants Uriel. The massive Titan of Industry obliges and Minute tags out to the bigger half of the Titans. Once the Titan of Industry hits the ring, he and Angel are now nose to nose as the crowd continues to make noise for what’s to come.

DDK:

Angel has a bit of a personal stake in this. It was Uriel Cortez that put out Angel Trinidad with an ankle injury back in early 2019 before his most recent return. Back then, Trinidad was more of the crowd favorite and right now, Uriel is on that side.

Lance:

Time can change things, that’s for sure.

The two big men lock up HARD and fight one another literally for the advantage... until Angel says F that noise and connects with a boot to the abdomen of Cortez. Angel then goes to town on one-half of the Unified Tag Champs with a pair of right hands. He tries to whip Uriel off the ropes, but he manages to reverse and send him to the ropes. Angel comes back and runs into him with a shoulder... but Uriel smirks and shakes it off. The Beast From The Bronx looks like he wants to take another crack and Uriel obliges.

Uriel Cortez:

Bring it.

Angel roars and then runs the ropes again, but second Shoulder Block yields the same results: it only moves Uriel back a little. He mostly shakes it off and dares Angel to try again. Angel starts to turn and runs, but when he comes off one side, Uriel is already running off the other and SMACKS into Trinidad, knocking him on his back! Cortez holds his ground and the crowd cheers wrestling's best-dressed big =man.

DDK:

WOW! When do you see anybody knockdown Angel Trinidad like that so quickly?!

Lance:

The Family Keeling do have an eye for talent and The Sky High Titans complement each other very well! Minute's speed and Uriel's unrivaled size and strength have made them a real favorite of The Faithful!

Minute claps along from ringside with the fans as Uriel stands over Trinidad, still offering a hand to the Team HOSS member despite all they have been through. Angel slaps it away and then goes for a Headlock on the big man, managing to keep his grip. Uriel is still more powerful and leads Angel to the ropes where he presses, but Angel won't let go. Uriel then decides that enough is enough and then grabs Angel by the side before DROPPING him down with a massive Belly to Back Suplex!

DDK:

No way! Uriel made that look so easy!

Uriel is back on his feet when Angel holds onto his back and curses loudly that he's been shown up a bit! Thomas and Junior Keeling are both loving the show in front of them as the well-dressed giant winks to the fans. Uriel waits for Angel to get back up and watches him use the ropes to do so. Uriel charges in, but this time Angel gets an elbow up and catches him flush on the jaw. Behind him, Aleczander runs into the ring and then chops the leg out from under Uriel! As that goes on, Angel rushes at Minute and then takes him off the ring apron with a knee!

Lance:

And that's how Team HOSS are looking to win the Unified Tag Team Titles! By cheap, but arguably effective tactics like that!

DDK:

Now Angel with the tag to Aleczander The Great!

Angel is back on his feet and then the two men lead Uriel to his feet before they both whip him off to their corner. Aleczander charges in first and clocks big Uriel with a Running Spear to the chest in the corner. Trinidad follows with a Running Clothesline in the corner! As Uriel comes staggering out of the corner, Aleczander hits the middle rope and comes off with a giant Flying Shoulder Tackle that finally gets Uriel off his feet!

DDK:

What a combo by Team HOSS! Are we gonna see new champs?

Aleczander sure hopes so as he makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

The massive Cortez pushes Aleczander off of him, but now he's back up and tries to club away at the massive monster. He grabs him by the neck and goes for Clangin' and Bangin', a series of hard Clubbing Forearms! He nails about three or four, but the next one doesn't hit because The Titan of Industry grabs his arm.

Lance:

Uh-oh...

DDK:

You saw everything the PCPs threw at Uriel Cortez to stop him from winning back the Unified Tag Team Titles... and they still didn't stop him!

Cortez is back on his feet, while still holding Aleczander's arm and then bullies the Brit back to the corner of the Titans! He makes the tag to Minute who runs along the apron. Aleczander tries to break free of Uriel's grip, but he gets a knee to the chest, then...

THWACK!

DDK:

THE CHOP OF AGES! That CANNOT feel good!

Angel shakes his head in disgust from his side of the ring while Uriel grabs Aleczander and LOBS him across the ring with an Atomic Throw! When he crashes on the mat, Minute leaps for the springboard and connects with a massive Frog Splash! After completing the combination they call The Business End, The TJ Tornado goes for the cover on Aleczander!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

The Big Brit kicks out, but Minute rolls back to his feet. He waits for Aleczander to get up and then charges off the ropes, connecting under the chin with a Front Dropkick!

Lance:

And look at Minute! We've really just seen the confident build up in this young man since pairing with The Family Keeling and Uriel Cortez!

DDK:

That you can! They started out as rivals, struck up a budding friendship and found chemistry you can't teach.

Minute has the crowd cheering him on as he goes for a series of hard kicks to the leg of Aleczander as he gets on his feet. An angry Aleczander clutches his chest and shoves Minute back with his free hand. Minute comes back when Aleczander ducks... and Minute LEAPS ONTO HIS BACK! The crowd goes CRAZY as Minute smiles, then hits a backflip off of Aleczander to land in front of him. Aleczander charges at him, but Minute trips him up so he hits the top rope. Minute then runs off the ropes and hits a Tiger Feint Kick from over the top rope!

DDK:

Wow! What a move! Minute has him on the ropes!

Minute has the crowd behind him when he leaps and goes for Salto De Fe, the move that won back the Unified Tags... but Aleczander catches him and then SPIKES him into the corner of Team HOSS with a Bucklebomb! The crowd jeers when Aleczander takes a second to catch his breath before tagging an angry Trinidad.

Lance:

And look how quick they turned it around! Angel Trinidad now in the ring! OOOH! Big Side Slam by Trinidad to Minute!

Angel sits down after the Side Slam, but instead of going for a cover, he shoots a look at Cortez. He grins and dares The Titan of Industry to come on, but Uriel doesn't take the bait thanks to Thomas Keeling talking him out of it in their corner. Angel goes back to Minute and then doubles the small luchador over with a kick before picking him up with a Scoop Slam. With Minute on the mat, Angel goes to the second rope and then comes off with a HUGE Leg Drop on the

small luchador!

DDK:

Angel is a freak of an athlete, but story of his career is that his temper gets in his own way.

Angel goes for the cover now on Minute, shooting a cocky smirk over at Uriel as he does so.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Minute barely escapes with a shoulder off the mat, garnering more cheers from the Faithful! He sits up and holds his chest, but Angel doesn't waste time picking him up and doubling him over with a knee! Minute gets thrown into the corner before he can fall to the mat so Aleczander can tag in. Aleczander rolls him forward with a Snapmare, then finally lands the shots he was looking for earlier on Uriel Cortez, CRACKING Minute across the chest with the series of Clubbing Forearms.

DDK:

He likes to call that move Clangin' and Bangin' and I don't know how much more Minute can take between these two beasts!

Lance:

Not much more! Aleczander picks him up and drives him down with a Running Powerslam! I think that's gonna be it!

Aleczander now with a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

The crowd cheer even louder now as Minute escapes defeat, but needs to make a tag. Uriel is on the other side of the ring keeping his massive hand outstretched in case Minute can find a way to get over. Meanwhile, Thomas watches while Junior Keeling cheers on Minute, flailing his arms like crazy while in his bomber jacket.

DDK:

Team HOSS need to end this quickly and I think Aleczander's thinking the same thing!

Aleczander picks up Minute off the mat and then pushes him to the ropes. He launches Minute up into the air, thinking he's gonna land the BPI, but before he can hit the Press Powerslam, Minute catches him in mid-air and turns it into a SHARP Tornado DDT, planting him on the mat head-first!

DDK:

What a reversal to the BPI! He calls that move Eso Es Todo - This is It! And that's exactly what Minute needed!

The crowd erupts in a loud "TITANS!" chant as Minute tries to find his way to the corner while Aleczander does the same for himself. Aleczander's head is throbbing and Minute hurts all over, but the little firecracker makes it over to his corner and tags in Uriel!

DDK:

Oh, no... here he goes!

Cortez enters the ring by stepping over the ropes just as Aleczander holds his head in pain, then picks him up and hits a barrage of knee lifts. He rushes Aleczander to one corner of the ring and SMASHES into him with a massive Corner Clothesline! He sends him flying to the other side of the ring and then follows shortly behind before crushing Aleczander again with another Corner Clothesline! The blow rattles him, but not as much as the Short-Arm Clothesline does... and then the GIANT Elbow Drop to the chest! Uriel sits up and grins over at The Family Keeling.

DDK:

Uriel is all fired up right now! You can absolutely see the confidence that has built since The Sky High Titans won back the Unified Tag Team Titles!

Uriel goes to sit up, but he turns and runs right into a HUGE Trampled Underfoot! Angel Trinidad lands the Pump Kick that knocks him back into the corner and then stands over Uriel, roaring in his face!

Lance:

He landed Trampled Underfoot!

Angel slaps Uriel across his face! He yells in his face some more and then runs off the ropes. Angel comes back off the ropes looking for a Lariat when Uriel comes back and runs right through him. Trinidad continues going to the ropes and when both men meet in the middle, Uriel DESTROYS Angel with a massive Dropkick! The crowd roars as Cortez sits up again and clears Angel from the ring!

DDK:

GOOD LORD! URIEL JUST LEFT HIS FEET!

Lance:

But look, Aleczander The Great is back with that chair!

The legal man is back in, but Hector is busy clearing Trinidad. He has the chair in hand as he tries to enter the ring...

DDK:

No! Look! It's Dex Joy!

Beaten and disheveled from earlier, but back, The Biggest Boy grabs the chair and pulls it out of his hands! Dex takes the chair and waves at Aleczander who grits his teeth. He turns around... and gets SPIKED by Uriel with The Industry Standard!

Lance:

Team HOSS just tried to cheat to win the titles and Dex Joy made them pay for it!

Dex watches the match from ringside, holding his ribs, but still with a smile that doesn't leave his face. Uriel makes the tag to Minute and then he climbs to the top rope. He leaps onto Uriel's shoulders, then DIVES straight down on Aleczander...

DDK:

THIRTY STORY SPLASH BY THE SKY HIGH TITANS!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Minute climbs off of the fallen Aleczander and clutches his ribs from the impact of the landing, but he and Cortez are handed the belts.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners and STILL Unified Tag Team Champions... **THE SKY HIGH TITANS!**

DDK:

Team HOSS gave them everything, but The Sky High Titans retain!

Lance:

And don't forget Dex Joy's part in all this! Aleczander had a shot, but Dex took that chair away and he paid for it!

Dex Joy limps up the ramp, but has a grin on his face that can't be wiped off of him as he heads to the back, getting some quick payback for the attack at the start of UNCUT. Inside the ring, The Family Keeling celebrates with the Titans as they raise the titles over head.

DDK:

The Sky High Titans are operating on a new level! They've beaten Stevens Dynasty! Burns and Batts! The Pop Culture Phenoms! And now, Team HOSS! Can the two-time champions be stopped? They'll proudly take on all comers! So for Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and we'll see you on DEFtv next week!

The final shots are Uriel Cortez and Minute, raising the collection that make up the Unified Tag Team Titles. The five belts galore with Minute on the shoulders of the massive Uriel Cortez.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.