

SHOW OPEN

NICKY SYNZ vs. TODD DUNSON

DDK:

Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to the UNCUT Exclusive matches for tonight! In his first matchup since his recent promotion from BRAZEN to the main roster, we have Sgt. Safety in action! We have one-half of the former BRAZEN Tag Team Champions Zack Daymon taking on Reaper Green! "The Special Attraction" JJ Dixon, with Teri Melton and Zoltan not far behind taking on No Fun Dean! But first up, we have Nicky Synz taking on BRAZEN's Solomon Grendel here in mere moments.

Lance:

Nicky Synz is back from injury after having a cigarette from Teri Melton shoved in his eye. He has a clean bill of health and is looking to rebound after a couple losses to JJ Dixon.

DDK:

Let's get to the action! Here we go with hometown boy Nicky Synz in action!

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

Synz is on the apron, playing a little air guitar and rocking out, before he enters the ring. He jumps up the top rope and plays a little more guitar to the people as his theme fades out.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... he is a member of The Dunson Clan, from Mt. Hope, West Virginia, weighing in at 200 pounds...

TODD DUNSON!

♪ "Turn the Page" by Metallica ♪

After the opening riffs hit, a very determined and angry Todd Dunson marches down the ring. No Paul or Richie Dunson tonight, giving the young kid a rare singles chance to shine. He gets into the ring and starts mocking Nicky Synz by playing air guitar! Nicky makes a wanking motion in response to Todd acting like a goof before the match is on.

DDK:

Nicky Synz is looking for a win in his hometown tonight! Can he follow suit with Uriel Cortez and Dex Joy at the PPV?

DING DING

Right at the bell, Todd Dunson charges at Nicky Synz and then hits a battering ram-style headbutt to the gut! Synz doubles over and gets stunned when Dunson gets up! He holds his own head in pain, then the 5'8" brawler charges towards him and then lays in the punches against the corner!

DDK:

Right off the bat! Todd Dunson looking to impress tonight by spoiling the chance for Nicky Synz to have a great homecoming.

Lance:

Dunson hits that headbutt, then the punches! He takes Synz to the ropes... NO!

Nicky Synz bounces off the ropes, but when Todd ducks low for a back body drop, Synz leapfrogs over him and keeps running the ropes. Todd turns around right into an explosive flying crossbody! He rolls through the hold and gets on his feet, getting cheers from the crowd. When Todd Dunson starts to try to get back up, he gets hit with a haymaker to the face, sending Todd Dunson backed up to the ropes. While Todd has his hands up, Nicky charges forward with a big ol' clothesline, knocking Todd through the ropes to the outside.

DDK:

Todd Dunson tried coming out of the starting gate with fire, but Nicky Synz fighting fire WITH fire!

Lance:

And he's not done!

Synz charges towards the ropes just as Todd Dunson tries to stand, only to get wiped out with a big suicide dive from The Frontman! The crowd cheers when Nicky Synz gets back up and then reaches over to throw up the horns to the fans! Some of the front row fans do the same and throw it up in kind.

Lance:

Nicky Synz is looking good so far! We heard that new theme song he and his band Synyster Sledge covered and it's looking like he's trying to turn his luck around.

DDK:

A good way to do so would be with a win tonight! He's looking good against Dunson!

He grabs the youngest Dunson and throws him back into the ring. As Dunson rolls, Nicky Synz starts to climb to the ropes. He goes back with a slingshot senton right into a cover.

ONE...

TWO...

He kicks out at two!

DDK:

Nicky almost gets it there, but Todd shows a little resiliency on his part.

Lance:

It's amazing what he might be able to do without Paul Dunson trying to live off his kids.

Nicky Synz gets him back up and then whips Dunson into the corner. He follows for what could be the start of the Double Platinum... but Todd moves out of the way! Nicky hits the corner, allowing Dunson to hit him with a big dropkick in the corner. He doubles over for a moment and then goes out and drives him back with a snap DDT against the canvas!

DDK:

Snap DDT by Todd Dunson just like Daddy Dearest.

Lance:

But he's not done!

Todd drags the downed Nicky Synz near the corner and then climbs to the top rope. He comes back off with a picture-perfect moonsault!

DDK:

Snap DDT and a moonsault by Todd Dunson! Can he get the win here tonight?

He hooks the legs hoping for a big upset win against a member of the main roster!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

The kickout happens again! Todd Dunson screams at the official, but Jonny Fastcountini isn't having it and tells him to stop.

DDK:

Dunson thought he had that one! Now he goes to the chinlock to wear down The Frontman.

Todd Dunson uses a grounded chinlock to try and keep him down, but Nicky Synz fights against the current and tries to get back up to his feet.

NICKY! NICKY! NICKY! NICKY!

Lance:

The LA Faithful giving Nicky some love tonight! Can he use it to fight out of this hold?

Nicky hears the crowd and motivates him further. He elbows Todd Dunson in the chest to get himself free from the hold, then tries to run the ropes... but Dunson grabs his hair with both hands and snaps him back to the mat! The LA Faithful jeer him, but Todd Dunson has him down and then goes to the nearby middle rope.

Lance:

Todd Dunson has a flying DDT called 1 and Dun. Can he hit it here?

When Nicky starts to stand for the move, he leaps... but Nicky Synz blocks the DDT and throws him up and over with a release northern lights suplex to cheers from the crowd!

DDK:

Great counter by Nicky Synz! Can he follow up with some offense?

Nicky starts to roll up first while Todd Dunson is still limping about. Nicky gets up and he's the first to nail Dunson with an elbow that sends him back to the corner. Nicky charges back and then rushes forward with a big running back elbow. The first shot catches him then Nicky slides across the ring for distance, then charges forward with a big spear in the corner!

DDK:

Double Platinum by Nicky Synz! Will Nicky Synz close this out?

After Todd Dunson is knocked out from the corner, Synz throws him out of the corner and then turns him around. He looks out to the crowd and then he hits Dunson with a big suplex right into the corner!

Lance:

Oooh! What a move! He's got him stopped!

DDK:

That suplex into the turnbuckle was great! Are we going to see the Flying V? The name for his springboard senton bomb!

He pulls Dunson out from the corner, then to the apron. He smiles for the crowd, then jumps up into a springboard before flipping forward to a picture perfect swanton bomb!

DDK:

There it is! Flying V! We are done here!

Synz scoots back after connecting with the move and lays back into the cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

Nicky climbs off his body and then throws up the horns for his hometown crowd!

Darren Quimbey:

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

Nicky leaves the ring and then grabs his Les Paul guitar before strumming a few chords for the fans to hear!

DDK:

The hometown wrestlers continue their streak here in Los Angeles! Good win for Nicky Synz to get on the rebound!

Lance:

And later, we have Sgt. Safety in action!

BE A STAR

NIGHT TWO POST MATCH EXCLUSIVE - MV1 vs. ADV

Tom Morrow is seen shoving his way past cameras and a crew of medical staff on hand to check on Alvaro de Vargas just after losing his match via ref stoppage in an upset to Masked Violator #1.

Tom Morrow:

Get away! Get away from him! Now! When we want your damn help, we'll ask for it!

One would expect Alvaro to be furious. After weeks of attacking Masked Violator #1 both personally and professionally in and outside the ring, he got his just desserts. As he continues to walk through the curtain...

He's not angry.

He's not calm, either.

He's just... there.

Catching his breath, ADV is toughing it out dragging himself on two feet past the curtains and heading into the hallway.

Tom Morrow:

Al... Al, where you going?

Alvaro, for once, does not have an answer.

Tom Morrow:

Al... forget about that masked dumbass. Let him have his fifteen minutes before Corvo Alpha puts him in a body bag. Besides, we got bigger things we need to focus on right now. I'm gonna have that fucking ref's job after he called for the bell when you didn't tap... Al? Hey, you okay?

He looks up.

Tom Morrow:

Al... you listening?

ADV has his back turned to Morrow so his face can't be seen...

Alvaro de Vargas:

Not included in the ACTS Tournament...

Tom Morrow:

Al?

No change in his tone.

Alvaro de Vargas:

I lose to that little KID...

Referring to his recent count-out loss to Crescent City Kid.

Alvaro de Vargas:

I lose to that... thing?! Tonight?!

His blood is boiling over. It's something Morrow has seen out of his client before... but this one is different. A little chilly,

even? He's still trying to catch his breath after being choked out by MV1.

Alvaro de Vargas:

We both... we both know whose fault this is...

Tom Morrow:

Al... what the hell are you talking about?

ADV still doesn't turn.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Necesito quemarme más brillante ... así que ninguno de ustedes nunca más me olvidará...

El Sol Dorado hobbles away from his manager, leaving Morrow to chastise more of the staff.

Tom Morrow:

My client's clearly lacking oxygen! Get him some oxygen now or I'm going to have someone's job!

Aaron King and Aleczander The Great both watch him leave and approach Morrow.

Aaron King:

Fuck that stupid ref. What's Alvaro's problem?

Morrow shrugs his shoulders.

Tom Morrow:

I don't know... but whatever. We got work to do.



MY INVITATION

ZACK DAYMON vs. REAPER GREEN

♪ "Get Got" by Death Grips ♪

Fade into the DEFarena with music pumping through the PA. Already standing in the ring are the young pair of "Skyfire" Zack Daymon and "The Iceman" Leo Burnett, the Rain City Ronin. Daymon is in his ring gear, warming up, while Burnett is adorned in trainers and giving his partner words of support.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall. Standing ready in the ring, accompanied by "The Iceman" Leo Burnett. He hails from Seattle, Washington and weighs in at two-hundred and twelve pounds...

"SKYFIRE" ZACK DAYMON!

♪ "Rainbow in the Dark" by Dio ♪

Lasers of all the colors of the rainbow blast through every corner of the arena as Reaper Green steps onto the stage through a wall of mist, followed by his subordinates Cyan, Magenta, and Chartreuse. The four of them take a moment to pose in formation with their glowing, color-coded ninja weapons before marching down the ramp in single file, Greenie taking the lead.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent, heading to the ring accompanied by the Reapers. He hails from parts unknown and weighs in at (checks notes)... "pounds unknown", please welcome... REAPER GREEN!

DDK:

We have singles action on the docket coming up next, ladies and gentlemen, with Zack Daymon of the Rain City Ronin going head to head with the leader of the Reapers in a callback to their dust-up back at Uncut 126.

Lance:

Rain City Ronin arrived on the roster as hot new tag team prospects, but have had trouble working their way up the ranks of the division. Meanwhile, word on the street is the Reapers are expanding their ranks.

DDK:

I'm not sure who in their right mind would be interested in joining them... but be as it may, the former minions of the Kabal don't appear to be going away any time soon.

The Reapers come to a halt at ringside. Reaper Green, staring down his foes in the ring, holds out his hand awaiting an offering. Reaper Chartreuse hands him something, and Greenie begins speaking into... a hotdog.

Reaper Green:

...what the...?!

Reaper Green throws the pseudo-sandwich aside.

Reaper Green:

I need a MICROPHONE, you fools!

Cyan, Magenta, and Chartreuse fruitlessly bumble around. Darren Quimbey actually waves them off when they go to the ring announcer. Growing ever impatient, Greenie just hits the button on his mask that punches him through the PA system. He climbs up to the apron and points down the Rain City Ronin waiting in the ring.

Reaper Green:

INFIDELS! Weeks ago, you turned down a chance at IMMORTALITY by refusing seats at the table of the Spectrum of Death! Now prepare yourselves for everlasting DARKNESS! The darkness... of the RAINBOW!

Reaper Cyan:

Yeah... like a RAINBOW in the DARK!

Reaper Magenta:

No sign of the morning coming, losers!

Reaper Chartreuse:

Just take a look! It's in a book!

Reaper Green:

Would you idiots SHUT UP?! I TOLD YOU I had it handled...

Shaking his head, Reaper Green steps through the ropes and readies himself for action, removing his shroud and sheathing his emerald-glowing kendo stick into the corner turnbuckle. When Rex Knox attempts to pat him down, he's ward off by a dramatic POINT of DOOM. Rolling his eyes, the official just cues for the bell.

DING DING

Zack and Greenie come out of their corners and begin the match by slowly circling one another around the center of the ring.

DDK:

Both men are careful coming into this off the bell, and with good reason. We don't see much of either one of them out of tag team situations.

Lance:

It will be interesting to see what these two are capable of singles competitors.

Burnett quietly speaks supportively to his partner from his point at ringside. Across the ring, the other Reapers are not so quiet in their own show of support.

Reaper Magenta:

You can do it, Boss!

Reaper Cyan:

Yeah! Give him some of the ol' VERDANT VIOLENCE!

Reaper Chartreuse:

"IIIIII CAN BE ANYTHIIIIING!"

In the ring, Reaper Green explodes in fury.

Reaper Green:

I TOLD YOU FOOLS TO SHUT U--

Daymon pounces the moment Reaper Green takes his attention off him to berate his underlings, catching him with a savate kick straight to the mask and puts him to the mat! Greenie quickly gets back to his feet, but Zack greets him with a set of chops that back him up into the corner.

DDK:

There goes "Skyfire" Zack Daymon on the attack, immediately taking advantage of the distraction to Reaper Green by his own compatriots! He's got him by the arm now... Irish Whip to the other side, and Reaper Green connects HARD with the turnbuckles!

Greenie hits the mat off the impact. Daymon savors a moment to pump up the crowd then backs into the same corner he brought the Reaper out of. Reaper Green is dazed as he gets to his feet and looks up to see Zack charging at him.

DDK:

Here comes Daymon... running dropkick connects, and Reaper Green falls into the other corner!

Lance:

Zack knows now is the time to press his advantage.

DDK:

He springs up to the second rope... and a Monkey Flip tosses the Green Reaper up and over!

Reaper Green takes a wild bounce off the mat and rolls onto his knees, clutching his back and trying to ward off the young second-generation wrestler by holding up his hand to buy a second. Daymon doesn't give him one, shooting by his arm and connecting with the knee!

DDK:

Knee strike puts Reaper Green to the mat, and Daymon makes the cover!

One!

Two!

Kickout!

Zack pulls Greenie off the mat to continue the onslaught, pushing him off the ropes and sending him into motion. The Reaper rebounds and comes running back, narrowly ducking a spinning lariat from the younger Daymon.

DDK:

Roaring lariat MISSES, and Greenie slides under the ropes to the outside!

Lance:

For a much needed time out, I take it.

While Reaper in green takes a beat to regain his bearing, the tertiary trio quickly hurry over and crowd around him to offer assistance.

Reaper Cyan:

Hang in there, Boss! He's about to let his guard down!

Reaper Magenta:

Don't forget to stick and move! And jump! And roll!

Reaper Chartreuse:

And DUCK AND COVER, and... hey wait, where ya goin', Boss?

He's going away. As far away from them as he can get from the other three. Because he sees what's coming at them in the ring...

DDK:

Here comes Daymon with the SLINGSHOT CROSSBODY PLANCHA to the outside, landing on a PILE OF REAPERS!

Lance:

Reaper Green saw it coming and quickly got out of Dodge.

Daymon pops to his feet and rallies the crowd into a supportive cheer. Behind him, Reaper Green uses the opportunity to slip back into the ring. Zack attempts to follow, but immediately crawls into a flurry of boots to the side of the head.

DDK:

Here comes Greenie with the stomps, finally getting in some hits of his own on this match!

Lance:

The young Daymon got caught up in the moment, and now he's paying the price.

Zack rolls to his side to get clear of the kicks, but as he tries to get up, he gets met with another one to his midsection which doubles him over and positions him perfectly for a Snap Suplex! Greenie quickly floats over and hooks the leg.

DDK:

Suplex connects, and now Reaper Green makes the cover!

One!

Two!

Daymon kicks out!

Lance:

But Greenie may have found the opening he wanted.

Reaper Green stays on top by peppering Daymon across the head with a continuous barrage of forearm strikes, eventually wrangling him back to his feet before dropping him to a seated position with a snapmare. Before Zack can react, Greenie puts a knee into his back and ensnares him into a chinlock.

DDK:

Chinlock applied by the Reaper in Green!

Lance:

Now that he's in control, he's likely looking to slow the pace of this match and wear Zack Daymon down little by little.

Daymon clutches Reaper Green's hands, but can't pry them away. Outside the ring, his partner the Iceman begins slapping the mat, getting the crowd to rally behind him. They get progressively louder and louder... and he begins to maneuver his way out of the hold.

DDK:

Daymon is fighting the hold! He's got the Faithful at his back in this! But Reaper Green is putting his all into keeping him down on the mat!

Sensing the shift in momentum, the Reapers begin counter-chanting in aid of their fearless leader.

Reapers Cyan & Magenta:

LET'S-GO-GREEN-IE!!

Reapers Chartreuse:

EGGS-AND-HAM!!

Reapers Cyan & Magenta:

LET'S-GO-GREEN-IE!!

Reapers Chartreuse:

EGGS-AND-HAM!!

DDK:

I'm beginning to wonder if Reaper Chartreuse ate paint chips as a child...

Lance:

What color paint, do you think?

DDK:

I'm going to go with "all of them."

Daymon finally manages to work his way back to his feet, prying Reaper Green's hands away and reversing into a wristlock. He twists the arm and Greenie slaps his shoulder as the pain hits him. Thinking on his feet, he somersaults forward to reverse the torsion and puts Zack into a wristlock of his own.

DDK:

Reaper Green with the reversal, and now he's got Daymon by the arm! Now he takes a hop to the ropes... comes off with a TORNADO DDT!

Lance:

Ouch... Zack got drilled with that one.

DDK:

That could be all she wrote as Reaper Green hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!! Daymon pops the shoulder, and the Green Reaper can hardly believe it!

Greenie looks to Knox for confirmation on that count, and gets shown two fingers. Outside the ring, the other Repers shake their heads in disapproval.

Reaper Magenta:

Come on, ref! Where'd you learn to count!

Reaper Chartreuse:

It's as easy as ONE, TWO, FREE!

Reaper Cyan:

Boss! Hurry up and finish him off!

Reaper Magenta:

Yeah, right! Hit him with the... with the uhhh...

Reaper Cyan:

...hey wait, what *is* his finisher?

Reaper Magenta:

Oh man! How do we not know this?!

Reaper Chartreuse:

Hit 'em with the GREEN RIVER REVOLT!

Reaper Cyan:

That's Kuroyama's finisher, you dolt!

Reaper Magenta:

Then why is it green?

Reaper Cyan:

I think that's just the name of the river.

Reaper Chartreuse:

Don't dump your grass clippings in the water, folks!

In the ring, Reaper Green tears his attention away from the official and nearly lunges over the ropes to strangle the life out of his subordinates.

Reaper Green:

YOU PRATTING IDIOTS!! IT DOESN'T MATTER!! Now SHUT UP and STOP DISTRACTING ME before--UHHLP!!

DDK:

Wait a second, Daymon from behind--curls Reaper Green into a VICTORY ROLL, and the shoulders are down!

One!

Two!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Get Got" by Death Grips ♪

Their bodies break apart. Daymon gets to his feet and victoriously pumps his arms into the air to a cheering crowd while the enraged Reaper Green pleads his case to the official Knox. The other Reapers stand there in stunned silence, realizing how they inadvertently sabotaged their leader's push for victory.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match, by pinfall... **ZACK DAYMON!!**

DDK:

Well there you have it, fans! Rain City Ronin get one over the Reapers here tonight as Zack Daymon picks up the win over the Green leader, thanks in part to a number of distractions throughout the match.

Lance:

The guys who are there for support end up being the downfall to Reaper Green. I bet he really misses Rick Dickulous and Victor Vacio right now.

DDK:

That may be, considering--oh hang on, this may not be over!

Enraged, Reaper Green marches to his corner and retrieves his neon-infused kendo stick, lighting it up. He reels back and aims at the head of the victor while Zack is busy soaking in the crowd reaction... but as soon as he makes the swing, there's nothing in his hands.

DDK:

Leo Burnett with the save!

Lance:

Frozen out by the Iceman.

Greenie twirls around and nearly jumps out of his cowl when he sees Leo Burnett standing there with his own kendo

stick, looking intent on giving him a taste of his own medicine!

DDK:

How the turntables turn!

The other Reapers are about to rush the ring to come to his aid, but as they begin climbing on the apron, Zack Daymon blindsides Reaper Green from behind! Greenie flails as the Rain City Ronin snag him by the cowl and throw him through the ropes into his own posse!

Lance:

Thrown out like yesterday's garbage.

DDK:

DEFIANCE has no shortage of buffoons, but I don't think we've seen anything quite at the level of these Reapers now divorced from the Kabal!

Lance:

Would you rather go back to the days where the lights kept going on and off, and they just stood there doing nothing?

DDK:

...point.

Daymon and Burnett continue to play to the Faithful while the Reapers rally themselves. Even though they have strength in numbers, Greenie knows the tertiary trio put together hardly make up half a competent wrestler, and chooses instead to give the order to fall back. Reapers Cyan, Magenta, and Chartreuse are in tow as he angrily stomps his way back up the rampway.

Reaching the stage, he leans into a nearby camera for a few final words before heading to the back.

Reaper Green:

Let it be known, DEFIANCE... I am NOT angry. I'm just... *really*, *REALLY* annoyed right now! But regardless, this outcome changes NOTHING! The masks of Reapers Red and Blue will SOON have new owners! Mark my words, the Reapers will one day stand at the top of this company!

Reaper Cyan:

HAIL yeah, brutha! We may be a few crayons short of a Crayola box, but just wait until the Spectrum fills a few more colors!

Reaper Magenta:

That's right! On our own, we may be weak... but together? We're SLIGHTLY BETTER!

Reaper Chartreuse:

WORD to your MAMA-MIA! Reapers FOUR LYFE!!

Greenie shakes his head in defeat and utter disappointment before shuffling off through the curtain.

Reaper Green:

...by the void, we are doomed to failure.

BOW TO KING

A quick video package plays from the conclusion of the match between Dan Leo James and Minute of Titanes Familia against Aaron King and Aleczander The Great.

ACTS OF DEFIANCE - NIGHT 2

King goes into the ring with Aleczander trying to pick himself up. He offers a hand to the BRAZEN star trying to get back his full-time status...

DDK:

Wow, that's... that's surprisingly nice of King.

When he starts to pull Aleczander back up... HE SPITS ALCOHOL IN HIS FACE! Then SMASHES a bottle over his head!

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! AARON KING JUST SPIT THAT WHISKEY IN HIS FACE AND SMASHED THAT GLASS OVER HIS HEAD!

Aleczander collapses to the mat in a bloody heap with King looking down at him.

Aaron King:

Go back to BRAZEN, you steroid-loving dip-shit!

Next there are quick comments from Aleczander the Great in the trainer's office, holding a bloody towel over his face.

Aleczander the Great:

Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me, mate. I should've just told you to take your offer and shove it up your ass, you bloody arsehole. Tom Morrow, you've always been human garbage and when people don't do what you want them to do, you treat them like garbage.

He holds the towel still over various bloody cuts from the glass of Aaron King being smashed over his head.

Aleczander the Great:

But I'm not trash. I'm Aleczander the Great! I was a member of Team HOSS: one of the most feared groups in DEFIANCE Wrestling history! And after I get stitched up, I'm gonna be sending Aaron King on a permanent vacation. If Tom Morrow will let you have five minutes off from giving him a colonoscopy with your head, meet me in the ring on UNCUT 129. These damn wankers running things might have put me in BRAZEN, but none of them are on my level! I've achieved success on this roster that you're *never* going to have, King.

The towel is no longer pressed, showing a few bloody marks on his scalp.

Aleczander the Great:

What you did to me earlier tonight, mate, is going to look tame compared to what I do to *you*.

Finally, a rebuttal from Aaron King himself, enjoying a drink at a bar to soothe his nerves to a loss he didn't take.

Aaron King:

You're gonna tell *me* ... The Pensacola Playboy! The Pretty Dangerous! The Baby-faced Killer! *You're* telling *me* I'll never have your success? Nobody even remembers that far back when you were worth a shit for ten seconds in this

business ...*mate*.

He stops for another sip.

Aaron King:

You got pinned. Not me. That match was *your* chance to get back onto the roster and get one last chance to be relevant again. You dropped the ball and cost me one big win. That was one win, too many. I've beaten Dan Leo Dumbshit just a few weeks ago and I would have beaten him again if it wasn't for your ass dropping the ball.

King is laughing to himself at something that seems to be pretty funny.

Aaron King:

Can we be honest here, Aleczander? Nobody even remembers Team HOSS. Nobody remembers how long you had the world trios whatever, my guy. This is a "what have you done for me lately?" business now and you haven't done shit but waste Tom Morrow's money when we needed muscle to handle Titanes Familia. You're way way past your expiration date and it's about time someone put your ass back in a garbage bin where you belong. If you want a match with me on the next Uncut, then you're on ... but only under one condition.

King takes the napkin under his drink and then tosses it into a trash can by the bar.

Aaron King:

It's gonna be a Dumpster Match! I'm putting you where you belong, then I'm moving on to the things in life that I care about the most, my guy.

He notices a female bartender sliding him another drink and flashes her a smile.

Aaron King:

Aleczander the Great, you're going to be the first of many people in DEFIANCE Wrestling that are gonna bow ... to King!

He lowers his blue shades and throws her a sultry smile of his own.

THE MAYOR'S BREATH MUST SMELL CHICKENY

"CHICKENTENDERRRRRSSS!!!"

In his office at the downtown New Orleans police precinct, the sound of Chief MacSweeney's fist slamming into his desk punctuates his prior outburst.

Chief McSweeney:

GODDAMNIT, CHRIS! You're a REBEL... a LOOSE CANNON! You're pushing my blood pressure THROUGH THE ROOF with all of your out of control antics! I tell ya, if I don't drop dead by fifty of a coronary, IT WOULD BE A GODDAMN BLESSING!!

He is red-faced and sweating profusely, as pissed as a stereotypically angry police chief can be. And for good reason, because slouched in the chair across his desk is the ever unflappable "Detective" Chris Chickentenders.

"Detective" Chris Chickentenders: *(scoffing)*

Anybody ever tell you "say it, don't spray it", Chief?

BAM!

The fist hits the desk again. There's a faded patch on that particular corner, as though it gets frequently pounded in fury. McSweeney's hand is likewise callused all over on one side. Unlike the chief, Chickentenders is absolutely cool, calm, and collected.

And doing his best squinty "Dirty Harry" impression.

Chief McSweeney:

Now you listen to ME, you ungrateful sonofabitch! When I made you an honorary "junior deputy" all those months ago, it was because I believed you had a budding interest in criminal justice! I did NOT think you'd let it go so far to your head that you'd go around disturbing the peace while conducting these damned "investigations" of yours all around the city!

"Detective" Chris Chickentenders:

"Peace?" Heh... good one, Chief. But you and I both know, there won't be any peace in this city until I find the man who ran over Stalker...

If smoke could come pouring out of McSweeney's ears, we'd see it billowing out in full force right now.

Chief McSweeney:

DAMNIT, Chris! For the last time, it was his DAUGHTER that got run over! Which is beside the point, because that case ain't even for your eyes! Your job isn't to investigate hit and run cases; you're just a DAMN KID! You should be doing something for the public, like helping old ladies cross the street!

"Detective" Chris Chickentenders:

Ew, gross. Why would I ever touch Lindsay Troy's hand? Looks like a... friggin' owl claw, or somethin'.

The police chief is unraveling a roll of Tums and shoving tablet after tablet into his gullet.

Chief McSweeney:

I'm not fucking around here, Chris! I got public officials blowing up my phone EVERY HOUR of the DAMN DAY complaining about some punk kid walking all over town, barging into places of business, stopping people on the street, forcing these mandatory "strip searches" out in public places, grilling people with stupid questions like, "Where and when did you last see Pat Cassidy?" What the FUCK do you think you're doing out there?!

"Detective" Chris Chickentenders:

My job... *duh-hh*. If you got a problem with the way I work, then take me off the case. If you're feelin' bold enough...

Chief McSweeney:

You were never ON the case, numbskull! And it's like we already told you... PAT CASSIDY WAS NEVER MISSING! It was BROCK NEWBLUDD... and he's not even missing anymore!

Chickentenders flashes a self-congratulatory smirk.

“Detective” Chris Chickentenders:

Sounds like a job well done, if you ask me. Strange way of showing gratitude, Chief.

Chief McSweeney:

Gratitude?! WHAT gratitude!? You had absolutely NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!

“Detective” Chris Chickentenders:

From what I hear... neither did you.

BAM!

BAM!

BAM!

The chief leans over the desk and rears his head up, slapping the underside of his chin.

Chief McSweeney:

Listen here, punk... I've had it up to *HEEERE* with your bullshit! If you're going to continue working for this precinct (in a strictly voluntary and nonofficial capacity), then you're gonna need to reign it in from here on out!

“Detective” Chris Chickentenders:

Can't stop a man from doing his duty, Chief. Otherwise, I might as well hand in my badge...

McSweeney's entire head nearly implodes on itself as he balks at the unruly teen's sheer stupidity.

Chief McSweeney:

YOU DON'T HAVE A BADGE, YOU FUCKING IDIOT... because YOU'RE NOT A COP! You're a sixteen year old DIPSHIT that seems HELLBENT on giving me an ULCER!

“Detective” Chris Chickentenders:

...I mean, I'll be seventeen in like, ten months. But whatever... if we're finished here, can I leave? Cause I got work to do.

Chris McSweeney:

“WORK”?! What the fuck nonsense are you babbling about now, kid?

“Detective” Chris Chickentenders:

You watch Acts of DEFIANCE, Chief?

Chris McSweeney:

What kind of stupid fucking asinine question is that? Of COURSE I watched Acts of DEFIANCE! I watch DEFIANCE EVERY - DAMN - WEEK - of my LIFE with my wife and kids!

“Detective” Chris Chickentenders:

Then you of course know of the woman assaulted that night. Tossed in the dumpster, left for dead.

Chris McSweeney:

...sure... but it ain't our problem to worry about. Out of our jurisdiction.

Chris rises of the chair, and DEFIANTly stands down the police chief.

“Detective” Chris Chickentenders:

“Jurisdiction”, huh? Yeah, well, if you ask me, sounds more like jur-just-dickin’ me around, Chief. There’s a sick freak out there on the loose... and I have a hunch he’s still here in this town. So help me, Chief, I won’t rest until I found out who almost killed... RAVANNA.

Chief McSweeney:

...IT WAS--uuugghhh... so what exactly am I supposed to tell the MAYOR when he learns there’s a dumb kid out there on a rampage?

“Detective” Chris Chickentenders:

Tell him he can eat my butt.

Chickentenders walks out the door like he ain’t any fucks to give.

Chief McSweeney:

Chris! CHRIS!! GET BACK HERE, DAMNIT! G’RAAAHHH!!

The police chief shoves another handful of Tums down the hatch.

SGT. SAFETY vs. SOLOMON GRENDEL

DDK:

Welcome back to the show and tonight, we have the main roster debut of Sgt. Safety. He'll be taking on BRAZEN star Solomon Grendel of Brutal Attack Force!

Lance:

We have seen Sgt. Safety as a bit of a cult hero within the BRAZEN audience, but Sgt. Safety has enough talent to get it done between the ropes. He's applied himself to apply a more technical style so we'll see what he can get done!

Let's go to the in-ring action next!

And to the ring we go! Solomon Grendel stands in the ring with the music playing while his tag partner, Petey Garrett, is on the outside.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, representing the Brutal Attack Force. Accompanied by Petey Garrett, from The Red Hook section of Brooklyn, New York, weighing in at 215 pounds... **SOLOMON GRENDEL!**

Grendel raises his hands for a jeering crowd.

DDK:

Grendel looks ready for this match. Petey Garrett won't hesitate to get involved if he gets a chance.

Lance:

That's for sure. A good chance to play spoiler to someone they called a peer until Sgt. Safety's recent promotion to the main roster!

♪ "Safety Dance" by Men Without Hats ♪

DDK:

Welp, I can't say I'm surprised by the theme at all...

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Chicago, Illinois, weighing in at 223 pounds... **SGT. SAFETY!**

The fans pop hard as Sgt. Safety comes out with a shiny new decibel meter that he can now afford on a main roster member's salary. The crowd cheers get louder as he points it to different sections of the arena to see who can make the most noise!

Lance:

Sgt. Safety tells me earlier today that he has been preparing himself for this debut. He's been working on a somewhat basic, but effective style to properly neutralize his opponents... in a safe manner.

DDK:

Oh, boy... I hope he knows what he's doing.

Sgt. Safety looks out to the crowd and measures the sound with his decibel meter, then puts it and his clipboard in the corner. The Sultan of Safe allows the referee to check him for any weaponry... cause it's the safe thing to do, you see. Solomon Grendel rolls his eyes as the bell rings.

DING DING

The bell rings as the two lock up. Grendel grabs the arm of Sgt. Safety and then twists around for an arm wringer. He works the arm, but Sgt. Safety quickly turns the tide. The Prince of Proper Procedure quickly twists that around and then goes for a standing switch. Grendel switches over, but just as quickly, Sgt. Safety does the same. Solomon tries

to throw an elbow, but Safety ducks it and then hits him with a deep arm drag!

DDK:

Wow! Sgt. Safety taking it back to basics here!

He holds onto the arm and has the crowd cheering while he holds an arm lock on Grendel. The taller half of the RAF duo tries to inch his way back up and then throws a knee into Safety's arm... but when he comes back off the ropes, he gets a second deep arm drag right back into the arm bar a second time!

Lance:

He's got him again! He's working the basics like a pro! Sometimes in this sport, what's old is new again!

The Safety Inspector of DEFIANCE makes sure the standard regulation armbar is applied again and he holds it. Referee Rex Knox asks if he wants to tap out, but Grendel says no. He gets back up and then pushes him back to the ropes. He sends Sgt. Safety flying off the ropes, but he comes back with a shoulder block that knocks him over. A frustrated Solomon tries to get up after that and swings with a clothesline, but Safety blocks with an arm of his own and turns it to a quick backslide!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Solomon rolls free, but before he can do anything he's knocked down with an elbow from The Sultan of Safe! He runs to the ropes and then drops a jumping elbow drop to the chest to cheers from the crowd!

DDK:

Sgt. Safety keeping things mostly grounded, but he's improved on his technical work!

Lance:

What's he got planned now?

Sgt. Safety loads up another elbow drop in the chamber, but when he hits the ropes, Petey Garrett is there at ringside to trip up his foot! Safety stumbles... right into a STIFF Jumping Calf Kick by Solomon Grendel!

DDK:

And there's the two-on-one advantage by BAF! Solomon Grendel with the advantage!

Lance:

True story!

The crowd jeers as Grendel stomps at the body of Sgt. Safety! He wears out his shoe leather on trying to stomp away at The Sarge before he pulls him up, only to hit a snap swinging neckbreaker!

DDK:

Great snap neckbreaker by Grendel! Is he going to spoil the party here?

ONE...

TWO... NO!

The shoulder of The Sarge comes up and the crowd cheers!

DDK:

What's next for Grendel?

He goes to stomp at the leg of Sgt. Safety then tries a figure-four, but Safety uses his foot to kick him into the ropes. Solomon comes off the ropes right back into an inside cradle from his opponent!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Grendel kicks out, then kicks at Sgt. Safety in the gut before he aims for a superkick. Sgt. Safety grabs the leg and spins him around before he turns him inside out with a big clothesline!

DDK:

Great counter by Sgt. Safety to the superkick! Can he capitalize?

The crowd cheers on Sgt. Safety as he gets back up and then peppers Solomon with a pair of forearm strikes just as the Brooklyn native stands!

DDK:

Forearm strikes cause Sgt. Safety doesn't do punches! Says that's not safe for either man!

Lance:

Can't argue that logic, I guess.

The Sarge winds up and then peppers him with another big wind-up forearm that sends him back into the corner. The Prince of Proper Procedures charges at Solomon when he lands in the corner and then hits him with a charging forearm in the corner. Solomon ducks out and then gets taken out with a running bulldog right from the corner!

DDK:

Solomon gets faceplanted here! And where does The Sarge go from here?

He starts to get the LA Faithful to make more noise before he goes up to the top. While Solomon tries to explain to Rex Knox that his shoe is untied, Petey Garrett tries to stop him from going to the top, only for Sgt. Safety to kick him away.

Lance:

Safety knocks Garrett off... NO!

Solomon gets up and manages to hit a big superplex on The Sultan of Safe and then floats right over into a cover!

DDK:

Big superplex counter by Solomon! Are we going to see Sgt. Safety get his first match as a member of the main roster spoiled?

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

Safety's shoulder comes up after two and a half!

Lance:

Close one! BAF almost got one over!

Solomon is not done. He tries to wrap up the arm of Safety around his neck to complete his cobra clutch finisher, the Solomon Stretch. But before he is able to fully lock it in, Safety slowly rises to his feet, then jumps off the nearby buckle

to roll back!

DDK:

Safety counters! No! Solomon Grendel has to let go!

Grendel lets go of the hold in order to prevent a pinning predicament for himself. He rolls back, but when he gets on his feet, Safety is already there with a big powerslam! He quickly pulls Grendel up slowly with one arm, then two over-hooked. He looks out to the crowd... then hits a bridging double overhook suplex!

DDK:

He calls this... of course he does... THE SAFETY PIN!

The bridging suplex connects and the crowd counts loudly along with him.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING!

The match is over and Sgt. Safety sits up, big smile on his face as he takes the win here tonight! Rex Knox raises his arm, and then hands over the decibel meter.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **SGT. SAFETY!**

DDK:

Big win here tonight by Sgt. Safety! This new basic technical style served him well tonight! Hopefully we may see more in the future.

Lance:

He's come a long way from Malak Garland pulling the plug on him in the hospital, right?

DDK:

...wut?

Sgt. Safety rolls out of the ring and raises the meter to get more cheers from the crowd before the show moves forward.

HEADLOCKAPELLA ARRIVES

The lights dim as there is a drumroll. No one comes out yet we hear a few voices singing the opening medley to "The Lion Sleeps Tonight."

Group:

Ah-weemah-wah ah-weemah-wah ah-weemah-wah...

Three figures appear snapping their fingers in unison. Each of the three is wearing a matching outfit - old-tyme jeff-caps, white dress shirts, sparkly red bowties with matching suspenders, white gloves and black pants. The one difference is one of them is wearing a mask.

Suddenly, a fourth figure comes running out, dressed the same, and does a knee slide while also singing to the medley to the kid's song with a high falsetto.

Blakesley:

In DEFIANCE... DEFIANCE wrestling... there are a bunch of scrubs.

Group:

OOOOHHHHH WOOAHHH OHHHWOAHAOAHA

Blakesley:

In DEFIANCE... DEFIANCE wrestling... we stand above!!!

They all stop singing and do jazz hands together.

Blakesley:

Ladies and gentlemen, we... are... Headlockapella!

Preston:

I'm Puh... (he sings at a low octave as the other members put their hands crotch-high...) Puh.... (he sings at a higher octave as they move their hands to their chest...) PUHRESTONNNNN (his voice is now at a higher level as he holds the note, the other three reaching their hands above their heads before shaking them into jazz hands.)

Brayden:

I'm Brayden with the Baritones. (His voice is incredibly deep as he's about 6'6", 300 pounds.)

Nantucket:

And me? I'm the masked man from off the coast of Massachusetts.

Blakesley:

Hey Nantucket, tell these people why you wear a mask.

Nantucket:

I wear a mask because I am so handsome none of you deserve to see me!

They all break out in laughter before stopping and look at each other.

Blakesley:

Head....

Preston:

Lock...

Nantucket:

Ahhhhhhhhh...

Brayden:

Pella!!!

They all harmonize together and sing as the crowd starts to boo. A lot. Like... a lot.

Group:

Thank you!

Blakesley:

Now, the four of us went to the esteemed Cornell University in Ithaca, New York!

Preston:

It's true what they say. Ithaca is Gorges!

All four cackle at the awful bumper sticker pub popular on east coast hatchbacks.

Blakesley:

And the four of us while at Cornell were all champion Ivy League wrestlers... and also the best four-man a capella barbershop quartet in the Ivy League, too!

Nantucket:

Move over, Whippenpoofs!

Blakesley:

And now Headlockapella is here to sing our way into your hearts and wrestle our way to championships! Ain't that right?

Brayden:

(Deep baritone like the Kool-Aid Man) Ohhh yeah!

Blakesley:

Now, let's go and take our beautiful four part...

Group:

Harmony...

Blakesley:

To my daddy's yacht! And let's leave these good people with a goodbye song!

Group:

Ah-weemah-wah ah-weemah-wah ah-weemah-wah...

They all walk backwards, snapping in unison as the crowd boos.

BIG GAME HUNTERS: WHAT'S MINE IS MALAK'S

Thurston Hunter nestles into his big game hunters set, Favored Saints title over his shoulder, as an all too familiar face sits on a stool next to his. It's none other than Malak Garland who can't help but eye the beautiful piece of gold. Hunter looks visibly uncomfortable as Malak is more than in his personal space.

Thurston Hunter:

Hello everyone and welcome to another edition of BiG gAmE hUnTeRs. I'm your host, Thurston Hunter and we have a very special guest here with us tonight. It's none other than Mal Gar. Hi Mal! Say hi to everyone!

Hunter turns and waves at Malak who is still too close for comfort.

Malak Garland:

Can I just?

Garland slowly reaches out towards the belt. Thurston gently pulls away while he can't help but watch his bosses sticky fingers continue towards his prized possession.

Thurston Hunter:

What?

Malak Garland:

Can I just have?

Hunter shakes his head no but it's a timid shake that Malak easily overcomes.

Malak Garland:

I have? Me have? Mine? Mine? Mine?

By now, Garland has a solid grip on the belt before awkwardly wrestling it away from a reluctant Thurston. Holding back the tears, Thurston watches jealousy as Malak places the FS title belt on his snowflakey shoulder.

Malak Garland:

This feels better. If I knew you were worthy of a title, I would have come on this segment long ago and made it mine. After all, everything I touch turns to gold. Go on.

Thurston's eyes are glassy as he continues on with his show.

Thurston Hunter:

I am still Saint Thurston, technically but why don't you just hold onto that belt for the next little bit. Enable me to focus on what I'm saying here.

Malak rubs his cheek against the front plate of the belt, oblivious to anything else.

Thurston Hunter:

Anyways, welcome to big game hunters. I am SAINT Thurston Hunter, your current reigning and defending Favored Saints Champion! Gunther Adler, I know you want a piece of this you street foughted floozy but what I am saying is I am going to down you. Six feet deep. I am going to end your life as you know it and the court system won't even be able to use this as evidence because I will street foughted everyone in the ground out of rage!

Malak starts serenading the belt with a soft lullaby.

Thurston Hunter:

I am going to break your nose in three places, allow it to heal in two places, only to break it in four DIFFERENT places so you have a broken nose seven times over because I am the meanest, illest, killest street fighter this side of sliced

Kimbo. For they don't call me Thurston Gravity Grumble Humble Peter Paul Penelope Stacey Stacie Stacey Kimberly Brittany Anne Barrett Merritt Whisky Kristy Hunter for nothing! I am the Bruiser Cruiser and now that I am the champion and a saint knighted by the favorite ones themselves, I have every right to end and destroy you, Gunthy and once I am finished with you, there is bigger and brighter BIG GAME to hunt. I'mma cash this sucker in for the world belt! Or better yet! The Heritage belt will become mine! It is only a matter of time!

He takes a breath and looks over at Malak who is gently falling asleep using the belt as a pillow.

Thurston Hunter:

That's mine. I am him. Him is I and I am daring enough, I am willing enough to put the belt on the line in a specialized concrete construction ladder match against you!

Malak playfully awakens as he looks at the belt with love.

Malak Garland:

Thursty, did you see how I pulled off that 450 splash!? I should be Saint Malak. I am the greatest professional wrestler in existence. Now. Then. Forever. What a worldly tagline. I am me. I am them. I am HIM. Not you.

Hunter nods as he's been put in his place.

Thurston Hunter:

Anyways, Gunther Adler, I've sent you a contract by courier. Sign it and the match will be official. I sent it by courier not because I am scared to see you face to face but because I am saving up all the tiny little bruises I will apply to your body for the next time we tango in person.

Hunter tries to grab back his belt from Malak but it's no use. The Snowflake Superstar's grip is simply too tight.

Thurston Hunter:

And you can take that to the bank and big game hunt it! Hmph!

Hunter throws up a weird hand gesture instead as his show comes to an end.

TAKING OUT THE TRASH

During Malak Garland and Conor Fuse Vs PCP

Backstage: Iris Davine's Office

Sounds in the background of the match going on at AOD, and the crowd reactions continue to echo faintly in the backstage area. Scrow is getting his ribs taped up by one of Iris's assistants. She is over by a drawer and grabs a roll of Kinesio tape. Scrow cringes in pain as the woman wraps his ribs. Iris pulls off a few bands of the tape and applies it to the back of Scrow's neck.

Iris Davine:

How does that feel, not too tight?

Scrow just shakes his head. His attention is quickly taken from Iris, as a bunch of DEFStaff and officials rush past her door. One stops in Iris' room.

Official:

Ms. Davine, we need you right now.

Iris notices the urgency of the matter and follows the official. Scrow hops off the table and holds his side. His curiosity is peaked and he follows the commotion. Slow but steady, as each step, he takes forces him to hold his ribs. All he can think of is Corvo and the beating he took, and somehow he managed to survive it.

Scrow reaches where all the commotion is about, in the parking lot they all surround a dumpster. Iris is heard in the crowd.

Iris Davine:

Be careful we have no idea what condition she is in.

Scrow raises an eyebrow as he pushes through the crowd of wrestlers and other DEFIANCE staff. His eyes widen when he sees Iris standing over Minerva Hive. Iris brushes off the papers and other garbage on Hive's torn suit.

Scrow:

MINERVA!

Scrow shoves his way through the rest of the crowd, trying his best to fight off the immense pain he is in.

Scrow:

What happened?

Iris Davine:

Is the ambulance on the way?

Official:

Yes, it should be here in five minutes.

Scrow starts to get agitated as his question goes unanswered. He turns around and grabs the official by the shirt.

Scrow:

What happened!

Official:

We do not know, all we know is we found her in this dumpster. It was as though she was left for dead.

Scrow's eyes widen, he quickly looks back at her and rushes to her side taking a knee beside her. He puts his hand on

her bruised cheek. The distraught clearly all over his face. Sounds of sirens quickly take him from the sight of the only family he has left. Paramedics quickly pull out a stretcher from the back of the ambulance and rush to the scene. Scrow quickly looks at them with a cold stare.

Scrow:

No!

Scrow trying his best to ignore the pain picks up Hive and tries his best to hold her in his arms.

Iris Davine:

Scrow you are in no condition to hold her, let the EMTs do their job.

Scrow:

I got her... *{grunts}*

As he goes to pick her up he notices a rather large wide torn white suit jacket lying next to the dumpster. He grits his teeth for a moment at the sight of the article of clothing. His gaze returns to Hive once more. He slowly but eventually manages to pick her up. Fighting his own pain and anguish he slowly walks toward the ambulance.

The EMTs stay close by him with the stretcher. He manages to carry her toward the ambulance. He sets her on the stretcher and lets the EMTs load her into the ambulance. He slowly manages to follow them into the back of the ambulance. The doors shut and the sirens go off as the ambulance races off into the night with Iris and the rest who have watched this horrible scene watch it leave.

THE UNCUT GEMS

The lights in the arena go fully off when on the DEFTtron appears Zoltan, JJ Dixon and Teri Melton and the crowd starts to cheer! Zoltan, as always, lurks in the back in his funeral director black suit. In front of him is "The Special Attraction" JJ Dixon, who is wearing a purple robe with the letters JJ glistening in silver over his heart. And walking in front of them is Teri Melton, holding her cigarette holder, with her black hair in flapper curls with netting pattern, a glistening purple shawl adorned with various jewels over a silver dress. The three are walking down the hallway.

JJ Dixon:

There was a time in this world when Nirvana still played in small clubs. There was a time when Steph Curry was playing basketball in a tiny basketball gym in rural North Carolina. There was a time when Philip Seymour Hoffman was starring in an off-Broadway production. These are the moments in time when the next big thing is unfolding before you in real time, and you get to be on the ground floor, you get to be one of the lucky ones to tell your friends that you saw this coming before everyone else. Tonight, you get to see not just a professional wrestler with unmatched athletic ability in action... but you get to see the beginning of a happening. You get to see the most entertaining alliance DEFIANCE has ever seen. Because tonight is when we make Uncut OURS.

Teri Melton:

Professional wrestling isn't just about wins and losses. It's also about influence and power. We make no apologies for wanting to grab power because we do so not just for ourselves. We do so for The Faithful who are like us -- the cast-offs, the ones who were told they would never make it, the ones who are overlooked and told they do not matter. And we no longer wait for opportunities. And we don't take opportunities when they are offered. We make our own opportunities. We aren't here to just win matches. We're here to take over. And we start by making this show our personal sandox.... And we are DEFIANCE's... UNCUT GEMS!

JJ Dixon puts his hands together like a diamond right after she says that phrase and holds it in place.

Teri Melton:

And Teri Melton...

Teri leans into the camera a bit and pauses as the crowd buzzes and waits to say it with **her**.

Teri Melton:

...Is ready...

She now bends over but still remains fixed in the camera as JJ and Zoltan loom behind her. And more of the crowd cheers as she's ready to complete her catchphrase and say it along with her.

Teri Melton:

For her closeup!

JJ DIXON vs. NO FUN DEAN

JJ snaps his fingers and a spotlight turns on at the front of the ring. Teri Melton blows out a large cloud of cigarette smoke high into the air while she has her right hand held up high in the air. JJ stands on the ring apron, his arms wide open, allowing for his elaborate cape to flow, showing off his silver drapes. Zoltan lurks to the side as intimidating and gruff as possible. Then the three of them together slowly place their hands into the diamond shape together. There is a large eruption from the crowd from the cult audience that have gotten behind the trio in recent weeks - with these fans all holding their hands up in what appears to be the hand signal for The Uncut Gems.

DDK:

The trio of "The Special Attraction" JJ Dixon, Zoltan and their mastermind Teri Melton have christened themselves The Uncut Gems - stating they are the stars of our Uncut program.

Lance:

And Teri has been fully honest about why. The Uncut Gems want to increase their influence in DEFIANCE, and they see Uncut as the way to do so!

Darren Quimbey:

Now in the ring, making his home in Hollywood, California and representing The Uncut Gems... is "The Special Attraction" JJ Dixon!

JJ drops his robe as Zoltan takes it and piles it in the corner. He slingshots over the ropes and starts stretching using the top rope.

Darren Quimbey:

And now coming down is his opponent... from someplace miserable... this is NO FUN DEAN!

No Fun Dean comes walking down the ring, with an angry scowl on his face, only in black trunks. But Teri Melton stands in his way right when he makes the ringside area. Dean tries to step to the side, but she blocks him, steps forward, and now steps into his personal space and slowly drags her finger on his chest.

DDK:

What is this woman doing now? She's almost whispering in his ear.

Teri Melton:

Look at you... so handsome in person. Such a dominant alpha male. I don't think you understand how attractive that makes you, Mr. Dean. I bet we could have some fun... LOTS of fun!

No Fun Dean's jaw starts quivering as Teri continues to caress him while whispering sweet nothings in his ear. It's clear this has almost likely never happened to him.

DDK:

Teri is now rubbing her hands all over No Fun Dean's chest and is moving in to kiss him -- NO! SHE SPINS OUT OF THE WAY! AND JJ DIXON SLINGSHOTS OFF THE TOP ROPE WITH A WIREHANGER CLOTHESLINE TO THE FLOOR!!!

Ding Ding

Lance:

Teri Melton was not afraid to use her wares to seduce No Fun Dean into letting his guard down. When you add in her alluring and diabolical nature to JJ's newfound confidence... there really is something brewing here.

Teri cackles and holds her hands up in The Uncut Gem symbol as a lot of the crowd follows suit. She then leans her back against the ring railing, taps her right cheek three times, and a fan next to her plants a kiss on her cheek.

DDK:

JJ now rams Dean's face into the ring steps. Go-behind... wheelbarrow into the ring apron! Now JJ rolls No Fun Dean into the ring and he follows. And Teri is now sitting on the ring apron.

Teri holds her hands out wide and high before forming The Uncut Gem gesture.

Teri Melton:

Watch this!

DDK:

JJ has Dean up and whips him into the ropes.. Military Press and... JJ IS NOW FLEXING HIS RIGHT BICEP! HE HAS NO FUN DEAN UP WITH ONE ARM! AND NOW HE SLAMS HIM TO THE MAT!

The crowd erupts at that move and starts a chant of UN-CUT GEMS! UN-CUT GEMS! UN-CUT GEMS!

Lance:

JJ has always been a top-flight athlete. But now he's just showing off. And I can't really blame him.

DDK:

JJ now has No Fun Dean up again and whips him into the corner... JJ charges with a big running boot across his face! No Fun Dean stumbles from the corner -- JJ makes The Uncut Gem gesture... Full Nelson... SUNSET BOULEVARD! This is elementary!

One!

Two!

Three!

Ding Ding Ding

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... "The Special Attraction" JJ Dixon!

Lance:

We are just seeing more and more of JJ Dixon's abilities come out each and every episode of Uncut. Say whatever you will about this unorthodox, beguiling stable Teri Melton has put together. But The Uncut Gems are getting more and more dangerous by the day!

Teri Melton stands with her back to the ring and does her "come hither" finger. JJ with a cocky smile approaches and hoists up The Uncut Gem gesture as many of the fans follow suit. She taps her cheek three times and he places a long kiss on the side of her face.

Teri Melton:

Uncut is our sandbox... and we're not sharing any toys!

They take their leave as the show fades to the all-too-familiar logo.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.