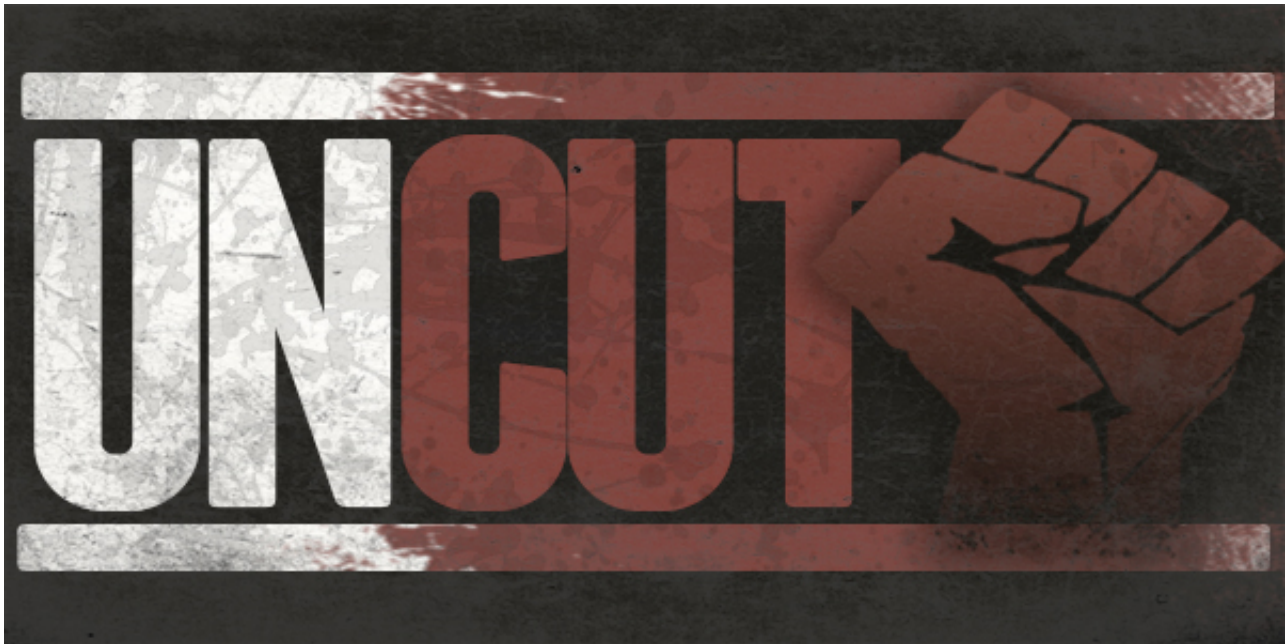


SHOW OPEN

A PEP RALLY FOR YOUR UNCUT GEMS

Christine Zane stands in a perky black dress, holding a microphone and her \$1 million smile, at the top of the ramp, right under the DEFiaTron video screen.

Christine Zane:

Ladies and gentleman, my guests at this time --

The lights in the arena go pitch black for a few moments, automatically leading to murmurs. Then two figures are in the spotlight that now blares --

Chrsitine Zane:

Your Uncut Gems!

♪In The Air Tonight by Phil Collins♪

A spotlight blares right where Zane is standing, leading her to wince a bit. Appearing right next to her are "The Special Attraction" JJ Dixon and Teri Melton.

JJ already has his DiamondHands up, spinning around playfully as he does. He is wearing a new T-shirt that's done in the style of The Clash's "London Calling" cover. Replace "London Calling" with "Special Attraction" and Clash bassist Paul Simonon wrecking his guitar with JJ Dixon flying off the top rope with The Wirehanger clothesline. His hair's a little wet and longer, brushed back which, along with his facial hair, gives him the look of a small college quarterback on the radar of NFL scouts.

But, of course, owning the spotlight is Teri Melton. Tonight, she's in his "Silver Vixen" outfit - her hair is dyed silver, now flecked with different silver jewels throughout. She has on silver eye shadow, dangling silver earrings, a silver necklace, and a silver sequin dress with a black shawl around her top, silver heeled shoes. The spotlight reflects off of her so it looks like a nesting doff of smaller spotlights all over her, with a literal glowing aura around her. She holds her hand out high and theatrically above her head with her eternal look of unnatural confidence.

Then the arena lights flash and show the lower bowl and ringside area. Everyone is on their feet, all with silver pom poms like it's a pep rally, shaking them above their heads as many in the entire crowd serenade the cult heroes/lovable rogues/breakout sensations with their theme music:

I can feel it coming in the air tonight... oh lord...

I've been waiting for this moment all my life... oh lord

The music dims.

DDK:

â€It has been a Sea of Silver here tonight as DEFIANCE's unlikely cult heroes in The Uncut Gems - excuse me *Your* Uncut Gems - prepare for JJ Dixon's opportunity to win the FIST of DEFIANCE from Lindsay Troy!

Uncut Gems!

Uncut Gems!

Uncut Gems!

Christine Zane:

Now, JJ, there has been what I can only describe as a sea of silver among The Faithful tonight, all here to show their support as you head into the biggest match of your life next week against Lindsay Troy as your rapid ascent here in DEFIANCE continues!

JJ is about to speak. But he then takes everything in - the chants followed by the cheers and the pep rally atmosphere

- and has to step away for a second. It's clear that there are tears in his eyes. He pounds his heart with a closed fist and gathers himself.

JJ Dixon:

Christine, I just first want to... wow... I just first want to thank everyone here at Uncut tonight for this. For ALL of this. Because, well, this hasn't been a rapid ascent at all. I spent four damn years here in BRAZEN, hoping to get just a few minutes of time on DefTV with The Southern Basterds, waiting for a break that wasn't coming. And that's not easy. Because if you don't get on TV, if you don't get booked for matches, well, you don't get paid. I spent years sneaking into buffets stuffing my place and ditching out before the manager caught me. I spent years hiding my car in back alleys before it got repossessed. Hell - I spent a few nights LIVING in my car because I didn't have enough money for the deposit check and hoping people weren't noticing that I was showering BEFORE my workout and not after.

JJ looks around the arena some more.

JJ Dixon:

And all of that just gets to you. You sit, looking at the rundown sheet, and realize your name hasn't been picked again. Then you hear a rumor that the executives are making cuts and your name is on the list. And, damn, then one of your trainers tells you that you're next on the list and you better make it happen and you better make it happen next. I was literally three seconds away from hanging up my boots forever and giving up on myself and giving up on the one thing I always wanted to be -- a professional wrestler. That was only six damn months ago.

He looks around the arena some more as it is very clear this is true and very heartfelt.

JJ Dixon:

I've said this before, but there are a lot of people in The Faithful and at home and just everywhere who have been in the same position I was in. The same people running their heads into a wall. People who have dreams but the obstacle we call life just keeps on making it seem like they will never come true. Everyone who has ever felt that way will tell you that rapid ascents don't exist. What does exist is gritting and grinding and then showing up and showing out. Don't ring the bell and hope someone's going to answer. Kick the damn door down and make it happen. Become THAT DUDE. Because that's what I've done -- that's what Your Uncut Gems have done. Six months ago, I was three seconds away from retiring. Now? I'm three seconds away from no longer being called The Special Attraction. I'm three seconds away from becoming The FIST of DEFIANCE -- and you are DAMN sure that's going to happen, and when I do, I'm going to bring that baby home right here to Uncut to celebrate with The Greatest Homecourt Advantage in Professional Wrestling Today(TM)!

Uncut Gems!

Uncut Gems!

Uncut Gems!

Christine Zane:

But JJ, you're going up against one of the icons not just here in DEFIANCE but the entire industry in Lindsay Troy --

Teri smiles at Christine.

Teri Melton:

Christine, you are a lovely woman. And you are very talented at your job. But we are not going to talk about Lindsay Troy right now. Because other than having something that we want, she means nothing to me. She does not matter tonight. Because tonight is OUR night.

Teri steps forward with the microphone.

Teri Melton:

I got my start in a league called the CSWA. It was known as the Granddaddy of Professional wrestling. My brother, Joey, was its first World Champion. All I ever wanted to do was be involved in the CSWA. But I faced two major hurdles. First, while I was a star of stage and song as a child, I was not an athlete. But, more importantly, I was a

woman and at the time the only jobs for women in professional wrestling were limited to “attractive girlfriend of male wrestler.” But none of that was good for me. I studied long and hard to see how a managerial presence for a professional wrestler provided an advantage. But I also studied in university kinesiology, or the science of how the body moves. The combination of my mastery of ringside distractions, my steel-trap mind for long-term and diabolical strategy, and my advanced ability to know how and why wrestling holds work and how to train wrestlers to optimize their strengths led me to become the single best manager in that promotion’s history. And I have a long list of former clients whose healthy retirements were afforded because of my Beautiful Mind!

Teri then has a rare pensive look.

Teri Melton:

The CSWA wanted to promote me as one of its top stars. Only... they did so by objectifying me and my body. At some point in time, some man gave me the nickname “Melons” due to my ample chest size. And that is what the powers that be wanted for me to be known as. It was humiliating hearing thousands of people yell that at me. Or how I’d be out at a restaurant and some loser would order me a fruit dish and say “Melons.” Or having to sign headshots on the CSWA Cruise by using the name “Melons.” Or going for a walk and having some pre-pubescent child say “Hello, Melons.” It was degrading.

She shakes her head at the memory.

Teri Melton:

Now, I am absolutely not ashamed of my body or my sexiness. Even at my advanced age, I am in every man’s wheelhouse. And I absolutely WILL use my feminine wares to get what I want. But when I do so, it’s of my own choice. It’s of my own agency. It’s not because some creepy old white male TV in a position of power. I put my foot down. I refused to be treated in that fashion... and because of that, I lost my job. Rumors were spread like wildfire about me and my “unprofessional” behavior. I was persona non grata in this industry. I sat at home. I waited for a phone call for my next opportunity... and it never came. I sat at home for years, thinking I had lost my chance, resigned to just being cast off to the ashes of history. But I decided that they may be able to humiliate me... they may be able to fire me... they may be able to bury me from getting a second chance... but there is one thing they will never take away from me. And that is my confidence in myself. Because I go into Fort Knox without any weapons in hand and walk out with all the gold bars. I walk across minefields in my Christian Louboutin heels. I cross international border without needing a passport. There’s NOTHING that Teri Melton can’t do.

The crowd applauds.

Teri Melton:

The Gangster in a Gucci Dress does not wait for opportunities. And I do not take opportunities. I *MAKE* opportunities, and instead of running into a wall here in DEFIANCE, I just decided to tear it down. And now look at where Your Uncut Gems are at today, baby!

She holds her hands out theatrically as the pom poms wave.

Uncut Gems!

Uncut Gems!

Uncut Gems!

Teri Melton:

Now, a lot of people are wondering why so many people are rallying behind a 5’4” woman of a certain age dripped in luxury goods who says whatever she wants and spent her first days in the promotion openly manipulating the man standing here next to me into seeing things my way. Well, if you want to know what this is about --

JJ flashes his DiamondHands.

Teri Melton:

We are a goddamn celebration and revelation for the people in this world who are told they aren’t good enough, that

they don't belong, for the people who deserve a second chance that no one is giving them. Maybe the pretty girl with a hell of a lot less talent than you got the part in the school play. Maybe you got fired from your job. Maybe your fiancé left you at the altar. Maybe you just woke up one morning and said, "Wow, I don't have anything right now." Well, that is our story, too. But we aren't just a cute underdog story. We aren't just a redemption tale. We aren't an unlikely pairing greater than the sum of their parts. It's because Your Uncut Gems are DAMN friggin' good. JJ Dixon went from about to lose his career to now going one hour at Madison Square Garden and stealing the show. And little old me?

Teri has a devilish smirk on her face.

Teri Melton:

I've barely been here for six months. I'm not just the rookie of the year -- I am a damn legend already. And all it took for me was a few sly references of me making a FIST (Teri balls her hand like a fist) and a dirty look at the awards show and a few digs on social media for Lindsay Troy and Sonny Boy Silver to spend half of their night hanging out in my Rolls Royce to offer us a chance at the biggest title in this industry. I played them like a concerto viola. And I'm just getting going.

Uncut Gems!

Uncut Gems!

Uncut Gems!

Teri Melton:

Maybe the oddsmakers have us as strong underdogs. But like I've said before -- I'm banned from every casino on the Sunset Strip but somehow always come home with alllll the poker chips. And the people like us who are told no and told you aren't good enough? Well, we're the ones who are built to shock the world.

Teri bats her eyes. The crowd knows it is coming.

Teri Melton:

And everyone in The Faithful knows why this is...

Teri smirks and she begins her dramatic gesture.

Teri Melton:

It's because --

Tom Morrow:

TERI MELTON! IS READY! FOR 5PM BEDTIME!

The last person anyone might expect to be out there is Tom Morrow, but he isn't alone. He has the newest member of Better Future Talent Agency and former BRAZEN Champ & Tag Champ, Nathan Eye!

DDK:

Why is Tom Morrow out here?! More importantly, why is Nathan Eye out here with him?

Tom Morrow walks up the steel stairs. Nathan Eye makes a big jump from the floor to the apron then he pulls the ropes and jumps over those. He gives a look to JJ Dixon and Tom Morrow enters the ring.

Tom Morrow:

Oh, no, we're cutting off story time, Teri. You keep on sucking in so much air without getting to the point of your story that the first three rows of people out there are gonna pass out from oxygen deprivation, honey!

The jeers are rampant.

Tom Morrow:

Teri ... I will be the first to admit what you have done with that man, J.J. Dixon is quite impressive. This is a real rags to

riches story he has on his hands! He went from being an unwanted dirt clod down in BRAZEN to unequivocal diamond in the rough on this roster and that's all thanks to three hundred years of managerial experience! I'm sure that George Washington appreciated your efforts to get that boat over the Delaware so he could get over there and superkick the British! Kudos to you!

More jeers come out for the backhanded compliment. Nathan Eye and Dixon continue to size one another up.

Tom Morrow:

But let's get a couple of things straight. Number one: if you think that J.J. god-damn Dixon of all people is going to take that title away from Lindsay Troy before Alvaro de Vargas does? That Alzheimers-filled brain of yours is really out of control. Number Two: You got lucky managing this guy to some pretty great heights, but I've managed people to main events in DEFIANCE Wrestling for years and continue to do so today! And Number Three ...

He points in Nathan Eye's general direction.

Tom Morrow:

Unfortunately while horrible injuries and disease kept this man away from the ring, when he was here, he was BRAZEN's top standout before anyone even knew who the hell Declan Alexander was! Former BRAZEN Champion! Former BRAZEN Tag Team Champion! Tag Party 2 Winner! This man was never on a chopping block! This man never had to worry about his job one damn day in his life because anywhere he goes, he's guaranteed work and guaranteed money! What you have here in J.J. Dixon isn't this promotion's best home-grown star! What you have here in J.J. Dixon is a cheap god-damn knock-off of this promotion's best pound for pound super-athlete!

Eye finally takes the microphone.

Nathan Eye:

Thank you for that awe-inspiring introduction, Mr. Morrow. I truly appreciate it. It's true though ... I have nobody to blame but jealous men like Arthur Pleasant and Aaron King for what happened to me and the setbacks I faced. But in the little time I've been back, Natty Eyce has already proven that the comeback is far more important than the setback! Nobody's gonna talk about Aaron King anymore and Arthur Pleasant isn't worth my time when he's one more headshot away from early retirement. J.J., buddy ...

He speaks directly to Dixon now with the phoniest of smiles.

Nathan Eye:

You are truly one of the most inspirational people here. You failed and lost again ... and again ... and again ... and again ... and when it looked like you were gonna turn it all around, you lost some more. But you came back stronger than ever and proved almost all of the doubters wrong! But you aren't me, JJ! Two shoulder surgeries ... a life-threatening staph infection ...

DDK:

Oh not this again ...

Nathan Eye:

I literally pulled myself from the brink to make myself the chiselled statue you see right now! 251 Pounds of Pure Perseverance! I became such an Inspirational Machine, that I hugged a terminal patient and they left the hospital with a clean bill of health days later! That's how powerful my story is! Now you're about to challenge for the FIST. I have to admit that where you are right now is where I want to be and injuries stopped that from happening. Now that I'm back though, the only thing I have to say is good luck ...

The phony smile goes away quick.

Nathan Eye:

Cause *when* you lose, I thought I'd give you the courtesy of telling you to your face that I'm going right for you, bud. Everything you've done, everything I *should* have had, will be mine. I've got fourteen months of pent-up rage festering

deep inside, bud and I'm gonna take all that disappointment, all that anger, and all of that time away from this sport ... I'm gonna take it all out on you.

JJ does not even hesitate. He gets right in Nathan Eye's face.

JJ Dixon:

Nathan... bud! Get your anthropomorphic wellness app ass out of my ring right now before I make you wish BetterUp offered a way to heal a broken nose for \$60 a month.

The two start jaw-jacking right as the crowd starts buzzing at the prospect of a fight.

Teri steps in and pulls JJ away. Then she flashes her predatory smile at Tom Morrow.

Teri Melton:

Mr. Morrow... I just have to say that those cruel words you said to me just a few seconds ago are completely forgiven. You don't need to be such a meanie to get my... attention.

She looks down at his crotch and then back up at him with her smile as she takes a few slow, seductive steps towards him, her body right next to his.

Teri Melton:

I was just so incredibly impressed with the Better Future Talent Agency's success at DEFIANCE Road. A clean sweep, correct? And it takes a strong leader to have that level of success. It takes such a strong and... powerful... man to become such a dominant force!

Teri is now rubbing her hands up his gross shirt.

Teri Melton:

I like leaders, Mr. Morrow. I like a strong man, Mr. Morrow. I like a DOMINANT man such as yourself. And, I'm just a bit shy around men as attractive as yourself... but I've been meaning to ask you. I think instead of our charges fighting that you and I form a sort of... partnership.

She smiles at him as she drags her finger down his oily body.

Teri Melton:

And one that mixes both business and pleasure! What do you say, Mr. Morrow? After all, a quick glance shows that you're also... Uncut. We can call ourselves the Better Future Gems Agency... Or whatever you want... just as long as when we're alone, in the throes of passion... I can continue to call you Mr. Morrow...

She bats her eyes at him and awaits his response as she continues to trace her hands all over his body in what is likely the first time a woman has ever made contact with him.

Tom Morrow:

You can unhand me right now! I'll sue! I won't stand for being treated like some cheap piece of meat by ...

BFTA's leader finds himself with a knee between his legs! Teri lets out a giant cackle as Tom falls to the floor. JJ just shakes his head trying hard not to laugh as the crowd cheers. Nathan tends to Tom's side.

Teri Melton:

Tommy... I also just want to let you know that your Rolex?

She holds it high in the air as Tom looks on in disbelief that she managed to slip it off his wrist.

Teri Melton:

This is a fake.

Teri casually hands it to JJ who whips it far into the crowd as Tom seethes with rage.

Teri Melton:

And your wallet?

She holds up a George Costanza wallet that's stuffed to the brim with an incredible amount of CVS receipts, which somehow makes sense. JJ now points at him and laughs as even he did realize Teri picked his pocket. Teri starts to fork through it.

Teri Melton:

I want to have some souvenirs to always remind me what could have been between us, honey. So I'll just take... hmm... your Diner's Club card and your driver's license to always remember you by.

Teri nonchalantly, without looking, tucks these into her bra as she then pours the many, many contents of the wallet onto the floor as Tom and Nathan both scramble to gather the contents.

Teri Melton bats her eyes at her adoring public.

Teri Melton:

And that's why...

They know to scream, not say, it with her as the crowd makes DiamondHands when not waving their pom-poms.

Teri Melton:

TERI MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

Then Teri and JJ walk past Tom and Nathan while doing the Fargo Strut out of the ring! Nathan scrambles around to help Tom get his receipts and things back and the crowd laughs at their expense!

DDK:

Nathan Eye and Tom Morrow came out here to pick a fight with JJ Dixon before his title match and they end up looking like fools!

Lance:

Nathan Eye sounds like he came out here a little jealous of all the attention that JJ Dixon has worked hard for while he was on the shelf. I'd love to see those two mix it up in the ring at some point!

Morrow is yelling at Melton and Dixon ("Give me back my Diner's Club card now!") but they are cheering and playing to the crowd from the other side of the arena ready for his title shot against Lindsay Troy!

DECLAN ALEXANDER vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

DDK:

DEFtv may be over but we still have some action for you here in Boston, Faithful! Three matches on the slate tonight and some insight from some of DEFIAN-

???:

THAT'S RIGHT QUIMBEY YOU SHUT YOUR MOUTH!

The Faithful respond with a chorus of boos as Butcher Victorious walks out from the backstage area with microphone in hand.

Lance:

Darren wasn't saying anything? What is this idiot on about?

Screaming over the jeers, Butch Vic continues on.

Butcher Victorious:

Or I'll MAKE YOU. I'd like to direct your attention to the ring, where you'll find the man some people call a gift from God! He is the OFFICIAL, with a capital OH... FISH... EL, Wrestling Understudy of DEFIANCE and the Favoured Saints! From the greatest city in the wooooooooorld, AUSTIN, TEX-

You fucked up!

You fucked up!

You fucked up!

Butch Vic looks down at the ring at Darren Quimbey, who looks back at him awkwardly with microphone in hand. It takes a series of moments before Butcher's two brain cells attach to each other after swimming through the vast emptiness of his skull and realize that he's been announcing Darren Quimbey to the world.

Butcher Victorious:

Not him, you idiots! MEEEE! MEEEEEE! I'm the gift from God! I'm weighing in at two-hundred and fif-

♪ "Popsong Singalong" by Flyscreen ♪

Suddenly Butch Vic's music hits in the middle of his own introduction, sending him into a frenzy of frustration, spiking his microphone on the floor and marching down to the ring while the Faithful continue to chant his mistakes into his face. He slides into the ring and begins to dress down Darren Quimbey, but his protests are masked by his own entrance music when suddenly yellow lights begin to circle overhead and the music shifts.

DDK:

It looks like we're getting a rematch from DEFtv 178!

Lance:

Listen to the Faithful supporting their own, Darren! What an exciting night on UNCUT!

The Boston Faithful pop as The Payload™ drone begins to hover down from the rafters above. Giving breathtaking aerial views of the TD Garden and the Faithful on the DEFIATron, the drone flies down towards the entrance now blanketed in moving blue lights. White LEDs ignite, silhouetting a man on the entrance adjusting a varsity style jacket. Right when it gets close the man spins around and points a finger gun down at Butcher Victorious in the ring.

I just wanna feel... A-LIVE!

♪ "Brachyura Bombshell" by Attack Attack! ♪

The word "DEC4L" bursts onto the DEFIATron in yellow as the former BRAZEN Champion soaks in the cheers from his hometown on the entrance. With a smile across his face, he walks down to the ring greeting fans along the way.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent from Brookline, Massachusetts! Weighing in at 229 pounds. He is Boston's Own, "DEEEEEEC4L" DECLAN ALEXXXXXXXXXXXXXANNNNNNDERRRRR!

DDK:

We saw Declan play a game of Mario Kart backstage and then in the ring with Conor Fuse on DEFtv, but now he's getting the chance to wrestle out in front of his hometown on UNCUT!

Lance:

At DEF Road he took Oscar Burns to the limit and now it looks like he's already started to get on the bad side of Vae Victis' Kerry Kuroyama. Declan Alexander just can't seem to stay out of the ire of Vae Victis so he finds himself across the ring from Butcher Victorious once again.

Inside the ring now, the Intrepid Influencer drops his varsity style jacket outside the ring from atop the turnbuckle. Basking in the hometown cheers from the Boston Faithful, DEC4L makes a heart shape with his hands and slaps his chest before dropping down from the turnbuckle and facing Butcher Victorious in the ring, who doesn't wait for the bell to ring before clubbing Alexander from behind, bouncing his head off the top turnbuckle before Jonny Fastcountini calls for the match to start and rushes in to mediate.

DING DING**DDK:**

And to no surprise a cheap shot from Butch Vic to start this match!

Lance:

It's no secret Butcher was incensed after his last loss to DEC4L, which at the time was for the BRAZEN Championship. This is the kind of stunt we expect him to resort to.

Butch Vic slams Declan's head into the top turnbuckle, forcing him to begin to fall down the turnbuckles where the VV member continues to take cheap stomps every second along the way before Fastcountini forces his way in where Victorious backs away dusting off his hands before rushing back in with one last cheap knee for good measure. The DEFIANCE official backs him away and threatens him with a disqualification while Alexander pulls himself up to his feet after the mugging. As soon as DEC4L gets back up, Butch Vic shoves his way past Jonny but Alexander sidesteps the assault and tosses the VV member through the ropes but he lands on the apron. Trying to stay on the offensive, Butch uses his athleticism to leap up to the top rope going for a springboard but Declan is quick to take the leg out and Victorious falls straddled across the top rope to the delight of the Faithful!

DDK:

Big gamble for Butcher Victorious and it fails!

Lance:

YAHTZEE!

Doubled over in testicular pain across the top rope, Butcher Victorious leans over still straddled across the rope, not paying any attention to the Intrepid Influencer who runs towards the turnbuckle he was previously bashed into and jumps into the air, using it as a springboard to launch himself back at Butch where he hurricanranas the Liberal City Landlord, flipping him back into the ring. The Faithful pop for the high-flying maneuver!

DDK:

Both these competitors are showing off their athleticism early, Lance! A dazzling display here in the TD Garden.

Lance:

I would say a match for Butch Vic to show his children one day, but after that snafu I'm not convinced he's able to have any.

As both men reach their feet they exchange some strikes before DEC4L eventually gains the upper hand and goes to whip Butch Vic into the ropes, but it's reversed and Declan is sent across the ring. On the rebound Declan somersaults under a clothesline attempt from Victorious and pops up to his feet hitting a dropkick on the chin of his opponent! It's GGEZ! Butch falls to the mat and Declan goes for a quick pin!

ONE!

TWO!

TH- NO!

An easy kickout for the VV member who is still ready to fight. Declan, wanting to sap the fight out of his opponent, quickly locks on a side headlock trying to wear down the Liberal City Landlord and keep him grounded. After a few dozen seconds Butch Vic manages to make it up to his feet and tries to shove Declan forward to no avail. Instead he ends up lifting Alexander into the air, who rolls off of his back and lands on his feet. However, Butch accounts for this and kicks his leg back. Fastcountini completely misses the low blow as the Intrepid Influencer quickly falls down to a knee as the Faithful voice their displeasure.

DDK:

And another cheap shot from Victorious swings momentum the other direction!

Lance:

You have to know it's coming from Butch Vic, Darren. It's not right, but at this point it's up to Declan to gameplan for this kind of strategy.

Victorious capitalizes with a swinging neckbreaker, but keeps a hold of the head of Alexander and rolls into an impressive suplex where he lifts a deadweight DEC4L completely off the ground. Sitting up now and catching a quick rest, Butcher Victorious dusts off his hands and throws his arms into the air to a jeer from the Boston Faithful. Grabbing Declan by the hair, Butch Vic pulls the hometown kid off the mat. Placing Alexander in the headlock, Victorious adds in some knees as the crowd begins to clap and stomp. The Faithful pull for Alexander as Butcher signals for the Winner Is Me! Swinging his leg forward, Victorious goes for the headlock ranhei and flips forward, but Alexander does the full backflip and lands on his feet breaking free of the hold!

DDK:

Holy smokes!

Lance:

I don't think I've ever seen that before!

In a last ditch effort to capitalize on the freak show of athleticism, Alexander jumps and hits Butch Vic with an enziguiri to the face!

DDK:

Repentance!

He then falls across Butch Vic, no even hooking the leg as the Faithful count along!

ONE!

TWO!

T- NO!

Butcher Victorious gets a shoulder up on the lazy pin and the Faithful groan. DEC4L sighs in frustration looking back at Fastcountini before pulling Butch Vic back up to his feet. As soon as he does he immediately goes for the Play of the

Game! However, Victorious grabs him from behind making him unable to get the elevation he desired so Alexander throws him over with a snapmare instead. Butch rolls through and throws Declan into the ropes, who jumps into the air onto the second rope and springboards back towards the VV member and dropping him immediately with-

Lance:

PLAY OF THE GAME!

DDK:

There it is! The inevitable!

Declan makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

The Boston Faithful roar as Declan Alexander picks up the victory!

♪ "Brachyura Bombshell" by Attack Attack! ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, "DEEEEEEC4L" DECLAN ALEXXXXXXANNNNNNNDER!

DDK:

Another back and forth match between the Vae Victis... er... member? And Declan Alexander but the result is the same. In front of his friends and family, DEC4L picks up the win!

Lance:

It's hard not to be impressed by this young man, Darren. He went to the very end with Oscar Burn, whom some would say might be the best wrestler in the history of DEFIANCE despite his recent behavior. He has the pedigree, trained by the FIST of DEFIANCE herself and VJ Valentine, you have to wonder with Lindsay Troy thinks about her protege bringing the fight to her own faction.

DDK:

On one hand you'd think she has to be proud, but on the other hand frustrated by the way these events have played out. However, there is no denying the very bright future of this streamer turned pro wrestler. At only 22 years old, he's so much fun to watch but still struggling to pick up full-time matches on DEFTv. He's got A LOT of time through, Lance.

Outside the ring, Declan Alexander can be seen celebrating with some people at ringside who could be presumed to be his parents and various members of his friends and family. He grabs his jacket off the floor and throws his arms into the air in victory to hometown welcome.

Lance:

Oscar Burns. Butcher Victorious. Now one has to think he has Kerry Kuroyama somewhere in his future.

DDK:

What a match that'll be, Lance. This kid just needs one shot to hit the Play of the Game. I can't wait to see what the future holds for him.

DONT YOU CARE CALL IT BEANTOWN NOBODY ACTUALLY CALLS IT THAT

Following the quick break, Uncut returns to the air as the picture fades in to show the ending of DEFtv's most recent main event. A highly anticipated match up between the universally reviled Malak Garland and hometown hero, Pat Cassidy...

...Garland is punch drunk, dropping the chair and stumbling around in a daze... and he walks right into Pat hooking him for the Reverse STO! The Scrapper from Southie drops backwards, diving Malak's head into the mat!

DDK:

Irish Goodbye!

Cassidy hooks the leg, and the crowd chants along...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Cassidy defeats Garland! He finally gets some vindication for the past few months!

The crowd is going nuts. Like, uncontrollable, as Pat gets his arm raised in victory. Malak limply rolls out of the ring and out of view as Brock slides in and embraces his longtime pal. They hug in the middle of the ring as the hard cam slowly pans outward, showing fans throwing streamers across the arena and similar friends clinking their beers in the stands before chugging them empty. It's a true Boston scene. It's an unforgettable Boston moment.

Lance:

Cassidy. Newbludd. Bonded through friendship and definitely won't be outdone by the likes of Malak Garland tonight.

DDK:

Wait... what are they doing!?

We see both Brock and Pat have moved to opposite sides of the ring, and they're gesturing to the ringside fans.

DDK:

Oh my... the fans are hopping the barricade!

Lance:

We do not condone this, ladies and gentlemen. Although... they do appear to be having fun...

Focusing in on a shot of The Saturday Night Specials celebrating with the fans in the ring, the picture fades to black. After a brief second, it fades back in to show DDK and Lance sitting behind the announce booth.

DDK:

What a wild night that was, Lance. The people of Boston were given a real treat of a main event last week.

Lance:

Seeing Malak Garland get beat is always a good time for The Faithful but when it's one of your own doing it...well,

that's something special.

DDK:

Giving The Faithful something to celebrate is what The Saturday Night Specials' do best. And after scoring the pinfall against King Snowflake, Cassidy and Newbludd kept the good times going after the show. With a platoon of Ballyhooligans by their side, SNS hit the Boston night scene to celebrate the big win.

Lance:

That they did, partner. St. Patrick's Day came early this year and we were able to get some exclusive footage of SNS out on the town...let's check it out.

The announcers fade from the picture and the screen turns black. As the scene begins to fade back in a familiar chant is heard...

SNS! SNS! SNS!

The picture comes into full focus to reveal Pat Cassidy and Brock Newbludd standing shoulder to shoulder in a packed tavern. Positioned in front of the bar, the two friends each raise up a shot glass and turn around to face the crowd.

Brock Newbludd:

BALLY!?

The Faithful:

HOOO!!

Brock Newbludd:

I f*ckin' love you guys! Who's ready to rip it up with your boys tonight? C'mon! Lemme hear ya, Boston!

The people respond with a thunderous roar and applause. An especially drunk fan standing close to SNS takes things to the next level and smashes a beer bottle over his own head. It doesn't break. Instead, it bounces off the side of his head with an audible "thump" and the man instantly drops to the floor. A hushed silence passes over the people as a concerned Ophelia Sykes begins to bend down to check on him. She suddenly jumps back in fright though as the glassy eyed fan pulls himself up to his feet and raises both fists above his head. Despite a trickle of blood running down his cheek, the man smiles from ear to ear and pumps both of his fists.

Blacked Out Ballyhooligan:

OOOOW! SNS! SNS! SNS!

The people let out a triumphant cheer and start chanting again while the bleeding fan finally runs out of adrenaline and nearly falls over. Brock kicks a barstool and it slides behind the man just before he falls to the floor. Meanwhile, Pat Cassidy crawls on top of the bar to address his people. He starts to speak, but quickly realizes nobody can hear him. He tries to yell to get their attention, but he can't get his voice above the volume of the drunken horde. Finally, Ophelia jumps up on the bar next to him, and and...

Ophelia Sykes:

HEY!!! SHUT THE HELL UP!!

And then... dead silence. Cassidy smiles appreciatively as Sykes climbs off the bar.

Pat Cassidy:

Ladies... gentlemen... my fuckin' PEOPLE! This has been the greatest night of my careeah. Ballyhoo is back... Malak got his dumbass face punched... your boys are BACK, and 2023 is going to be the year of The Saturday Night Specials!!

The people let loose a roar of approval! Glancing at Brock, Cassidy sticks a hand down to him and pulls his partner up onto the bar. Newbludd throws an arm around his buddy and looks out to the people.

Brock Newbludd:

Hey! Listen up, everybody! This guy right here ain't blowin' smoke! The SNS Express Comeback Tour 2023 starts tonight! Ol' limp dick Malak was just the start, baby. We're takin' back what ours, piece by f*ckin' piece. Shit, we're off to a hot start. Let's see...first up, we get the bar back...DONE. Next up, we beat the shit out of Garland...

Newbludd grabs Cassidy's wrist and lifts his friend's arm up high.

Brock Newbludd:

DONE courtesy of this handsome gentlemen right here!

The crowd lets out another loud cheer and Brock lets go of Pat's arm.

Brock Newbludd:

Next up on the list...we take Boston! SNS is going throw down like there's no tomorrow! Who wants to help your boys take this beautiful city for everything it's got tonight!?

Brock raises his glass and The Faithful respond in kind. Taking a drink himself, Cassidy raises a hand to address the rowdy patrons.

Pat Cassidy:

Not much left to say - let's burn this bitch to the ground!

Another cheer. The bartender gives Pat a "WTF" look.

Pat Cassidy:

I mean - you know. Metaphorically.

Cass turns his head so that the bartender can see and shakes his head "no" toward the people - he was being literal. This results in another round of bellows from the rowdy Ballyhooligans as we fade elsewhere.

VICTOR VACIO FOLLOW UP

As DEFtv rages on in the arena, backstage:

A hurried production crew hustles through the backstage area. An out-of-focus figure is caught in glances, just ahead of them.

The movement on screen is caused by the rocking of a television camera balanced on a shoulder of a body in motion. The sound man juts in and out of frame as his gear jostles against his hip, desperately doing his best to keep his lengthy boom mic from smacking against the people and obstacles they dodge.

The sound of high heels furiously clicking on the smoothed concrete echo nearby.

Just behind the camera man in fact.

"Victor!"

A familiar voice calls out from just behind the camera.

"The Lost Cause" Victor Vacio glances back and slows his gate. The camera, sound, and voice catch up to him.

Christie Zane slides between the camera and sounds man and pops into the frame.

Christie Zane:

Victor, do you have any retort to High Flyer IV's recent comments about you and your ... well work ethic?

Christy holds a prop mic out to Vacio, as the sound guy hurries to get in range, causing his boom to dip into the frame momentarily before a quick correction.

Vacio side-eyes Zane from over his shoulder.

Victor Vacio:

Este hombre que vuela alto tiene la boca grande... no me importa...

Vacio shrugs, nonchalant and unbothered. Before Christie can respond, Victor is in motion.

Christie:

What about ...

Christy trails off, knowing it to be futile.

Cut to elsewhere.

MASSIVE COWBOY vs. THOMAS SLAINE

DDK:

Fans, welcome to UNCUT! Up next, we have the start of a few BRAZEN graduates looking to make their mark as main roster stars! Up first, we have the 6'5", 265-pound Modern Day Cowboy... none other than Massive Cowboy! The man with the mean right hand from BRAZEN takes on Thomas Slaine! What else can you tell us about him?

Lance:

Massive Cowboy's was one-third of a BRAZEN tandem, The Southern Bastards with JJ Dixon and Earl Lee Roberts. We saw not long ago that Dixon and Roberts had a massive falling out, but you cannot deny Dixon's popularity lately with Teri Melton taking the managerial reins! Cowboy is looking to go his own way with a win.

DDK:

We'll see what Massive Cowboy can do! It's he versus Thomas Slaine up next!

The crowd respond to Darren Quimbey in the ring for the introductions!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Nachitoches, Louisiana, weighing in at 221 pounds... THOMAS SLAINE!

♪ "I Feel Love (Every Million Miles)" by The Dead Weather ♪

The music hits and Thomas Slaine steps out from the back, ready to fight. The brawler then starts running to the ring and when he gets there, he points an imaginary gun up in the air, blows imaginary smoke from pulling the imaginary trigger, then steps inside. He looks ready to fight as he pulls on the ropes and starts biting down on the top cable because why not?

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

♪ "The Good, The Bad and The Ugly" by Ennio Morricone ♪

The arena is greeted with darkness. The all-too-familiar whistling intro sounds out and out from the back, a man in blue trunks, tights, a lasso and a cowboy hat tilted down to obstruct his face.

Darren Quimbe:

Hailing from The Double Dragon Ranch in Tokyo, Texas, weighing in at 265 pounds... **MASSIVE COWBOY!**

The big man gets some cheers from the crowd as he raises his lasso and then heads towards the ring. He adjusts the blue elbow pad on his good lariat-hitting arm as the theme continues to play. Once he makes it inside, he swings the lasso high in the air for all to see! Thomas Slaine yells at him to get the illegal object out of the ring, prompting Rex Knox to ask him. Cowboy hands over the hat and lasso at ringside. The Japanese-American wrestling star does a stretch or two in his corner of the ring while Thomas Slaine looks ready to jump!

DING DING

Slaine gets right on Massive Cowboy and then throws a few strikes to the chest of Cowboy! He fires a pair of chops to the chest! A right hand! An elbow!

DDK:

Slaine doesn't care about Massive Cowboy's recent promotion! All he wants to do is beat on him!

Lance:

And Slaine might be celebrating a little prematurely.

Massive Cowboy has Slaine up against the ropes and then talks some trash in his face before he turns his attention out to The Faithful! But that turns out to be a big mistake...

BOOM!

The Modern Day Cowboy runs him over with a big elbow smash! He clocks him and then stands over him with a cheer!

DDK:

And right away, Massive Cowboy taking nothing from Thomas Slaine! He's not here to play tonight!

Cowboy picks him up Slaine and then whips him into the corner head-first into the buckles. As he hobbles backwards, he runs off the ropes and a big jumping shoulder tackle knocks Slaine over! Massive Cowboy stands up and then throws up the horns for the people who cheer back in return!

Lance:

Thomas Slaine tries to start out hot, but Massive Cowboy stops him cold! He's got Slaine literally on the ropes!

Cowboy adjusts his elbow pad and calls for his signature Ichiban Lariat... but before he can score with the move, Slaine takes a powder and moves to the floor! MC scowls at the Louisiana brawler retreating from the ring. The Faithful jeer Thomas Slaine as he hobbles around at ringside trying to make sure his teeth are still in one place.

DDK:

Slaine usually likes to start his matches at a quicker pace where he can slug it out, but what's he gonna do against an opponent like this that he gives up some size to?

Slaine tries to formulate a plan, but starts to skedaddle when he sees MC coming through the ropes! He comes out after him and gives chase around ringside! Slaine rounds half the ring setup and then rolls back inside the ring. When The Modern Day Cowboy tries to get inside, Slaine tries an elbow drop, but MC sees it coming and dips back out. Slaine hits the mat when Cowboy heads back inside the ring and nearly KICKS his head off with a huge big boot!

DDK:

I think I just saw a gob of spit flying out of Slaine's mouth! That big boot had some force behind it!

Before Massive Cowboy can go for a pin, Slaine once again rolls to the apron, but Cowboy figures he might try it again. Jun grabs him by the hair and tries to pull him up...

Lance:

Massive Cowboy has him... no! Thomas pulls his neck down across the ropes!

For the first time, Good Ol' MC goes stumbling back on his feet. When Slaine sees that he has an opening, he steps through the ropes with the quickness, points his fingers at him like guns and then fires off a big shotgun dropkick! Cowboy is still on his feet, but he crumbles in the corner!

DDK:

Huge shotgun dropkick from Thomas Slaine! He has Cowboy cornered for the first time!

When Slaine gets back to his feet after the powerful kick, he charges forward and then hits a big flying elbow smash to the head of Cowboy in the corner. He stumbles out and drops to one knee as Slaine slips through the ropes. The brawler from Louisiana starts making a quick ascent to the top rope and waits for Massive Cowboy to turn around. When he's back up, Slaine takes flight with a big flying back elbow off the top rope!

DDK:

He got him! The Cowboy is finally off his feet for the first time! Slaine looking to play spoiler here!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Good Ol' MC shoves him off him and then sits up, twisting his neck in exaggerated fashion before turning to look up at Slaine!

Lance:

Uh-oh! I think that made him madder!

Slaine kicks Massive Cowboy upside the head to stop him before he can fight back. He throws in a few more chops to the chest and then uses all the strength he can to whip the big Tokyo, Texas native in the corner... only for him to bounce right back and run him **DOWN** with a huge running shoulder!

DDK:

Oooh! That did not turn out well for Slaine! He tries to keep up the pace and gets struck down by that big shoulder!

Massive Cowboy gets back up as he waits for Thomas to rise, only to run him down with a back elbow off the other side. He hits the ropes and then comes down across the chest of Slaine with a jumping leg drop that knocks the wind out of him! Slaine convulses across the canvas while Good Ol' MC gets back up and looks to the crowd. He picks up Thomas off the mat and then dumps him across the mat with a spinning belly to back suplex!

DDK:

Now Massive Cowboy mounting the offense with those strikes and that spinning back suplex!

Lance:

And now there's only one place for him to go! He's calling for it! In **BRAZEN**, he used this Ichiban Lariat to put away his adversaries!

He pulls the elbow pad off and throws it into the crowd! A few members of The Faithful look to catch it while Cowboy waits in the corner. He charges at Slaine, but at the last second, Slaine hits an uppercut that staggers him!

Lance:

Slaine stops him with that uppercut before the lariat can hit!

Thomas smiles when he gets back up, but when he turns to face Massive Cowboy, he's **ALREADY** charging at him and floors him with the big running lariat! Slaine is turned inside out and gets knocked over onto his stomach!

DDK:

ICHIBAN LARIAT CONNECTS!

Lance:

That was impressive!

Good Ol' MC casually rolls Slaine over onto his stomach and hooks a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

After dusting himself off, Massive Cowboy stands up as Rex Knox raises his arm!

♪ "The Good, The Bad and The Ugly" by Ennio Morricone ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **MASSIVE COWBOY!**

Cowboy takes his hat and lasso. He looks out to The Faithful and tips his hat before he rolls out of the ring and heads back up the ramp!

DDK:

Massive Cowboy is off to a quick start! He's 1-0 as a member of the main roster and he's got Ichiban Lariats for anyone that gets in his way!

Lance:

He just shook off that elbow smash by Slaine to deliver that lariat, too! That was impressive!

Massive Cowboy salutes The Faithful one more time and then takes a dip through the curtain before the show moves on.

NECESITO SALIR

DEFtv 182 Night Two Exclusive - after Minute's match with Nathan Eye

After an athletic match was ruined by Tom Morrow, Minute was defeated by BFTA member Nathan Eye. Now leaving the offices of Iris Davine, The TJ Tornado is wearing his mask, a dark green jacket and jeans after stepping out the doorway after being checked out. He's clearly upset with what happened.

Minute:

Maldita sea! No puedo creer que perdí!

Quietly fuming to himself, the diminutive dynamo remains in the hallway, looking up at nothing in particular. Frustrated with his recent performances.

Minute:

Algo tiene que cambiar... I... gotta try something else...

???:

Maybe try answering your phone!

Minute looks up and in front of him stands his VERY pissed-off tag team partner, Uriel Cortez.

Uriel Cortez:

You can show up for YOUR match but you can't show up when Team HOSS decides to come back to DEFIANCE for their fifth damn go-around and attack me and Holly?!

Visibly angry himself, Minute looks up to his partner, but doesn't say anything. This only incites an already angered Uriel further.

Uriel Cortez:

Dan had an excuse! He had a match, he won and left the show, but what about you? You just ghosted the hell out of us until tonight!

Minute continues to give him the silent treatment.

Uriel Cortez:

What? Got nothing to say? Huh? What the hell is the matter with you, Mateo? What's...

Minute:

ME?! WHAT THE HELL IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?

Finally having enough of Uriel Cortez yelling, Minute looks up at the giant. He's outsized, but he clearly doesn't give a crap at this point.

Minute:

Lo siento por ti y Princesa... I'm sorry that happened, but don't YOU put all of this on me! I told you what I was going through! I told you I wanted to win that Favoured Saints Title and you're mad at me because it wasn't YOU pinning Ned Reform.

Uriel Cortez:

You know full FUCKING well what Ned did! Threw coffee in my wife's face! Cost us the Unified Tag Team Titles to those Luck assholes. I know that match was every man for themselves, but that win...

Minute:

OH, DO YOU? Podrías haberme engañado. I don't think you understand ANYTHING! I tell you what I'm going through and the only thing you care about was hurting Ned Reform. You learn NOTHING from when you did this with Tom

Morrow last year and almost lost Titan...

Cortez slams a hand in the wall and stops Minute in his tracks! He scowls at his tag partner.

Uriel Cortez:

You better choose your next words carefully, Mateo.

Minute still isn't backing down in this argument, but is now back to giving Uriel the silent treatment. Cortez takes a hand off the wall.

Uriel Cortez:

You know what... you're right. I'm sorry that I got caught up in all that crap. I'm pissed it wasn't us, but Oscar Burns gave that douchebag his comeuppance. It's not even about him right now... it's about you.

Minute:

Lo es?

Uriel Cortez:

Yes! Damn it, we've given you everything you've wanted after DEFIANCE Road. We gave you your space like you wanted. Let you blow off some steam in Mexico like you wanted... but we still don't hear from you the day of the show. We didn't know you got back. Didn't know you were here. You unplugged. Bunch of texts unread. Voicemails not returned. The LEAST you can do is let us know you're okay.

Minute:

Se me permite tener una vida fuera de este grupo. Todavía no entiendes.

Uriel Cortez:

Ayúdanos a entender! Help us understand!

Minute looks up at him and only has one more thing to say.

Minute:

Necesito salir.

Uriel looks taken back as Minute storms off. When Uriel tries to stop him, the hand of Dan Leo James comes up.

Dan Leo James:

Hey... um... can we give him some more space? Or... do you want me to talk to him?

Cortez says nothing and waves his hand in Minute's direction. Dan goes off to follow him.

The footage ends there.

THE FEARSOME WRATH OF THE RAINBOW

A plague of rasping static and warbled, distorted video overtakes the screen. The storm of noise persists for a few moments, until a heavily vocoded voice cuts in through the chaos...

"DEFIANCE..."

Slowly, the feed begins to clear up and refocus on the foreboding image of a hood. Flashing green lights slowly converge into a pair of glowing EYES staring right into the camera.

Reaper Green:

THIS. IS. A. MESSAGE!

The view finally and fully sharpens into something we can all see: the Reapers, standing in formation. Reaper Green, the de facto leader, stands ahead of the pack, while his subordinates in Cyan, Magenta, and Chartreuse form a wall behind him.

Reaper Green:

Do not attempt to readjust the settings on your television set!

Reaper Cyan:

Yeah, unless it's the color saturation. In which case, crank that bitch!

Reaper Green:

We have overtaken the feed to your pitiable Uncut broadcast in order to deliver this important decree of DOOM!

Reaper Magenta:

All those years in my high school's AV Club are really payin' off today, fellas!

Reaper Green:

Hear us, DEFIANCE! It's one thing to allow our contracts to expire, and cast us aside like mere crumbs on the couch! It's another to completely overlook our attempts to be seen and heard! I mean, did you not even SEE our demonstration at DEFIANCE Road!?

Reaper Chartreuse:

New York was fun! We had PIZZA!

Greenie, too overcome with rage to acknowledge these interruptions, is holding his balled-up, shaking fists up in front of the camera, like some curse-spouting supervillain.

Reaper Green:

However... the unprovoked MOCKERY we witnessed last week at DEFtv is an INSULT that CANNOT go ignored, let alone unpunished!

Reaper Cyan:

Yeah, seriously, "Reaper Vermillion?" What the hell, man? You won't cut us a check, but you'll just up and steal our shtick?

Reaper Magenta:

Yeah, it'll be a cold day in hell before I ever associate with a godless Red Sox fan.

Reaper Green overdramatically points into the camera, conjuring up the most threatening pose he can possibly pull off.

Reaper Green:

You will RUE the day, DEFIANCE, when you allowed those cowards in VAE VICTIS to perform this mummer's farce! And by that BUFFOON Butcher Victorious, no less! We are NOT to be mocked! We are to be FEARED! And right now, we DEMAND SATISFACTION!

Reaper Chartreuse: [humming to "I Can't Get No Satisfaction" by the Rolling Stones]
We caaaaan't get! No! (ba-da-baaaa, ba-na-na) Satiiiiis - fact! Tion! (ba-da-baaaa, ba-na-na)

Reaper Green:
And I can avow this to you, ye frail Faithful: At DEFtv One-Hundred and Eighty-Three... the SPECTRUM OF DEATH will be there to TAKE IT by any means necessary! We will have our glorious REVENGE!

Reaper Cyan:
Not to be confused with all those other times we promised revenge, and... nothing happened.

Reaper Magenta:
Yeah, we're super serial this time!

Reaper Chartreuse:
Super like Cinnamon Toast Crunch!

Greenie pivots and redirects his intense point to a pair of subjects off camera.

Reaper Green:
Reaper Red! Reaper Blue!

The shot whips to the right, revealing the newly acquired duo of Reapers Red and Blue, who are sitting in bean bags and playing video games off to the side.

Reaper Red:
Um... yeah?

Reaper Green:
Begin the preparations for our departure, my brothers! We will need stocks of food and supplies to support our long, epic pilgrimage of pigmented punishment!

Red and Blue exchange looks that imply confusion, even with their faces hidden beneath the masks.

Reaper Blue:
...the heck is he talking about?

Reaper Red:
Man, I have no idea, but all this talk of pizza and cereal is making me hungry.

Reaper Blue:
Ditto. Snacks?

Reaper Red:
Snacks.

The two leave the game on pause and head out. The shot returns to the other four Reapers.

Reaper Cyan:
Dang, Boss... those new guys are really on the ball!

Reaper Magenta:

I know, right? Those dudes are certified Natural Born Reapers!

Reaper Chartreuse:

Their cologne smells nice too! Also, they wear cologne.

Reaper Green:

I am confident they will make fine acquisitions to our collective, though our growth is still far from finished! But first things is first: we deal with this Butcher Victorious fool, and remind those peasants in DEFIANCE that we are a force to be FEARED in this company!

Greenie turns his attention back to the camera, raises his kendo stick, and...

Reaper Green:

FWOOSH!

...flips on the inner emerald-colored LED lights. And yes, that was him making the sound effect, since their color coordinated kendo sticks don't actually make a sound when they light up. Reaper Green shoulders the weapon as he again points threateningly into the camera.

Reaper Green:

Your TIME is NIGH, DEFIANCE! Soon, you will suffer the WRATH of the DREADED RAINBOW!

Reaper Green throws his head back into a maniacal laugh. Cyan, Magenta, and Chartreuse join in, even though it's obvious they have no idea what they're laughing about.

A few moments later, the image devolves into another mess of static and distortion, before finally cutting to black.

TRIPP WISE vs. WES INGRAM

DDK:

Welcome back to more in-ring action on tonight's episode of UNCUT! Earlier tonight, one of BRAZEN's latest graduates, Massive Cowboy, was victorious with a win over Thomas Slaine but now, we take a look at the debut of "The Wise Ass" Tripp Wise. What information do you have on him, Lance?

Lance:

Tripp Wise tries to juggle stand-up with wrestling and quite frankly, he feels like his own biggest fan. He takes very little seriously and he likes to entertain himself. He counts on this to irritate his opponents. He was formerly one-half of the BRAZEN Tag Team, BADASS, but has broken it off with his former partner, Davis Bloome, and was granted this opportunity tonight!

DDK:

Tripp Wise against one of BRAZEN's youngest stars, Wes Ingram, coming up next!

And now to Darren Quimbey in the ring. The camera fixes on a nervous Wes Ingram in his corner, talking himself up mentally in the corner while warming up.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Baltimore, Maryland, weighing in at 201 pounds...

WES INGRAM!

The young dirty blonde-haired kid in the purple trunks raises both arms in the air and gets a polite cheer from The Faithful.

♪ "In One Ear" by Cage The Elephant ♪

Out from the back comes a man in Cobra Kai-influenced body suit with a red skeleton outline. He carefully poses to the side on the ramp and has a microphone.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Wise doesn't move from his spot and looks smugly at the ring.

Tripp Wise:

All right, kiddos, let's turn that noise down, eh? The Wise Ass with the nice ass is in the building now!

DDK:

Welp... not to full of himself, I see.

Lance:

I know, but why is he standing like that? That's weird.

Tripp looks down at the ring.

Tripp Wise:

For three years, I have been in BRAZEN working every last flea market show, house show loop, podunk town outside the not-so-podunk towns, community center, rec center, armory, shopping mall with my brother-in-law. But don't worry, DEFIANCE Faithful. I'm not bitter. I don't even have to block anyone on Twitter. But it DID give me... one of these.

He shifts his body and on his shoulder...

Rests a chip.

Lance: (heard facepalming over the announce mic)

Oh, Hell, no.

Tripp takes the Dorito off his shoulder and munches it... and munches... and munches... right into the microphone. He chews for a while until he stops.

Tripp Wise:

And you guys ever notice how people will tell you if you're good-looking? You'll get compliments. You'll get everyone telling you how you look good, you look nice, you get compliments. But if you're ugly... hoo boy. You gotta put those clues together yourself... and that might be why I've never heard anyone pay compliments to mop top Wes Ingram down there...

The Faithful are dead silent to whatever he's trying to pass off as comedy, but Tripp looks unfazed.

Tripp Wise:

See, that was a joke where I explain that Wes Ingram is ugly AF and this humor is wasted on you idiots. I'm just gonna come down there and punch you in the face now.

He gets some light booing cause people don't like being called names as he rolls into the ring.

DDK:

If that's the comedy stylings of Tripp Wise... I hope his wrestling career takes off. I'll put it that way.

Jonny Fastcountini calls for the bell.

DING DING

Ingram and Wise lock up, but quickly, Wise shoots behind and goes for a quick waistlock takedown! He swiftly rolls to his front and slaps on a headlock.

DDK:

Nice amateur skills from Wise which look more polished than his comed... annnd nevermind. He's giving him noogies now.

Tripp Wise does indeed use the headlock to give him a noogie on the mat! Ingram backs away while Tripp Wise rolls back to his feet and wonders what the problem is. Ingram charges at him, but Wise moves a little faster and uses a drop toe hold. He goes over to... Nope, not a wrestling hold. He sits on Wes' back and then starts patting his head like a bongo drum.

Lance:

I... I don't have words. We have to remain objective, but he might want to think about WRESTLING Wes Ingram instead of goofing off with him.

Tripp smiles and then gets a hand up like he wants to lock up. Ingram starts to get irritated and then tries to lock up, but Wise pretends to go for a backfist. Ingram puts a hand up, so Wise puts a finger on his chest and then pulls it up to bop him on the nose!

DDK:

What is he doing?

Lance:

Ingram looks annoyed, though! He's trying to get at Tripp!

He charges at Tripp, but he counters with a big inverted atomic drop! Ingram gets a shiver up the spine followed by a boot to the face, courtesy of a running spin kick by The Wise Ass! Tripp rolls up confidently and smiles before he

charges off the ropes. When Wes tries to get up, he becomes the victim of a sliding hip attack to the face!

DDK:

And that's exactly what Tripp counted on! Cover by Tripp!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Ingram kicks out, but Tripp smiles and then picks up Wes by the hair. He throws an extra standing hip attack to the side of his head, then another, then a hip swivel... followed by another one! He falls back to the mat.

DDK:

That's using your... backside, I guess.

Lance:

But Wes is getting hurt regardless of how we feel about this... and I use this term very loosely... wrestling style.

Tripp Wise picks up Wes and then throws him into the corner again. He runs at him and nails a flying hip attack in the corner! Ingram gets stunned and that gives Tripp an opening to hit a running bulldog out of the corner! Wes gets faceplated as Tripp gets up and yells out "WHAT IS THE DEAL?"

Lance:

This... none of this is funny. Stop.

DDK:

Funny or not, he's putting a hurt on Ingram! He's gotta get some offense going!

Tripp Wise finally smiles with Wes down on his feet. He picks him up by the neck and then tries a suplex... but Ingram slips out and lands on his feet behind him! He pushes Tripp to the ropes, but the PUN-isher hangs onto the ropes, sending Wes to roll back. Wes lands on his feet and when Tripp spins around, he catches him with a dropkick to cheers from The Faithful!

DDK:

Nice counter by Ingram! Tripp should have put this one away and now Wes mounts a comeback!

Tripp is dizzy when he gets up, only to get knocked down by a flying forearm by Wes! He shoots back up off the ropes and then smacks right into The Wise Ass with another forearm! After knocking the wanna-be funny man down a second time, Ingram kips up off the mat to his feet before sliding behind Tripp and taking him down with a big back suplex!

DDK:

Back suplex by Ingram! Can the kid get his first recorded win and spoil Tripp Wise's debut?

Lance:

He's gonna try... snap suplex! And now he's going up top!

When he gets to the top rope, he comes off with The Quick Shot, a flying forearm smash from the top rope!

DDK:

Quick Shot by Ingram! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The shoulder of Tripp comes up off the mat! Wes looks upset by the count, but he gets back up and waits for Tripp to stand.

DDK:

He jumps on Tripp Wise... satellite DDT... No! Tripp shakes him off!

Ingram lands on his feet after being tossed away by The Wise Ass. He charges at him, but Wise uses quick thinking to drop Wes with a stun gun on the ropes! Wes gets his neck dropped across the top rope before Tripp gets behind him and snaps him down with a 3/4 headlock Russian legsweep! He rolls to his feet out of the sweep, then points both fingers at the nearest corner.

DDK:

Counter by Tripp Wise! He calls that Have a Nice Tripp... oh, no... and his finishing move?

Lance:

What?

He gets to the top rope... then flies off with a diving senton! He crushes Ingram underneath his 231-pound frame!

DDK:

Ugh... he calls that "See You Next Fall."

Lance:

Ugh, damn it, of course he does.

He causally leans back and poses as he makes a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "In One Ear" by Cage The Elephant ♪

Tripp Wise rolls off of Wes Ingram's prone body. He dusts himself off and makes it back to his feet.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **TRIPP WISE!**

DDK:

So far, his wrestling is more successful than his comedy and Tripp Wise scores the first win!

Lance:

That he did.

Wise does a cartwheel in the ring because why not, then poses for The Faithful after the win! He gives a sarcastic clap to Wes Ingram and then leaves the ring as the show moves on to other things!

ARSONIST

DEFTV EXCLUSIVE!

Moments after Night two of DEFTV 182 went off the air. The HoH stands in front of a door.

Ravanna: *[sighs]*

Let's get this over with.

RG and Skylar nod, they open the door and Ravanna shuts it behind them. Inside the room, Reaper looks back at the door, then at Skylar.

Reaper the Grey:

Boy, we walked right into that one.

Crimson sits in his chair overlooking his perch high in the skybox. Outside the room, Ravanna takes a breath of fresh air. Her relief is quickly taken away when Christie Zane approaches her.

Christie Zane:

Miss Ravanna?

Ravanna:

Ms. Zane.

Christie Zane:

I wanted to catch up on the results of DEFTV 182 with you.

Ravanna grabs her by the arm and walks away from the door with her. Her attention is still not fully on Zane.

Christie Zane:

Have you spoken with Crimson yet?

Ravanna:

Sure I have *[looks back at the door for a second]*

Christie Zane:

Well?

Ravanna looks back at her.

Ravanna:

Well, what?

Christie Zane:

What did he have to say about Skylar and Reaper losing their respective matches?

Ravanna:

He was upset but got over it, look are we done here?

Clearly wanting to leave this area is written all over Ravanna's body language.

Christie Zane:

Um, I like to ask a few more questions if you do not mind.

Ravanna:

We are done, I told you what you wanted to kn...

Suddenly Skylar crashes through the door bruised and beaten to a bloody pulp! The ladies hear Reaper scream in the room, as glass shattered then silence. Christie wants to check on Skylar. She suddenly stops when she sees Crimson walking into the middle of the room staring out toward the window looking over the arena stopping in front of the door. Reaper the Grey's reaper mask is in his clutches covered in blood.

Crimson Lord:

Ravanna.

Christie looks into the room and decides it might be best for her safety if she leaves this scene before she becomes a victim as well. Ravanna is pale white as she stares at Crimson. He drops Grey's mask. Ravanna is petrified in fear. She knew he would be mad but THIS was not what she was expecting would be the outcome. Crimson has not been one to want to get his hands dirty since she has known him. Reluctantly she walks slowly toward the door managing to walk around Skylar still motionless on top of the door. Crimson looks to his left he drops Grey's mask and then steps on it shattering the mask in two. Ravanna gets a good look at Reaper the Grey who looks like he was thrown into a mirror as shards of glass are all over him and his face in a puddle of his own blood.

Crimson Lord:

I am disappointed, Miss. Ravanna.

Ravanna struggles to get her excuse out.

Ravanna:

I...I..

Crimson grabs Ravanna by the throat and lifts her off her feet.

Crimson Lord:

No excuses, neither one of them finished their job and failed me, and now they paid for it with their very well being. I told you not to fail me and you were the prime suspect in their failures!

Ravanna tries to get a word out but between trying to pry free Crimson's boa constrictor grip and trying to speak he is not allowing her to do so.

Crimson Lord:

ANSWER ME! Why did you play a role in their failures?

Ravanna tries to get an answer out but Crimson continues to tighten his choke. It is as if he doesn't want an answer from her.

Crimson Lord:

You have no explanation!

He lets go of his stranglehold on her she falls to her knees gasping for air, coughing, and wheezing. Crimson just stares down at her with disgust.

Crimson Lord:

So I have come to the conclusion that I will tie up these loose ends MYSELF. You, my dear, are my final loose end.

Ravanna's eyes widen she knows exactly what that means. She gets up and tries to run but trips over Skylar who in her panic forgot was still laying in the doorway. She quickly gets up as Crimson just stares at her with a smirk on his face. She races off-camera.

Crimson Lord:

Oh, Miss Ravanna I do love a good chase before a meal.

Crimson slowly leaves the skybox, like a predator stalking his prey and UNCUT comes to an end.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.