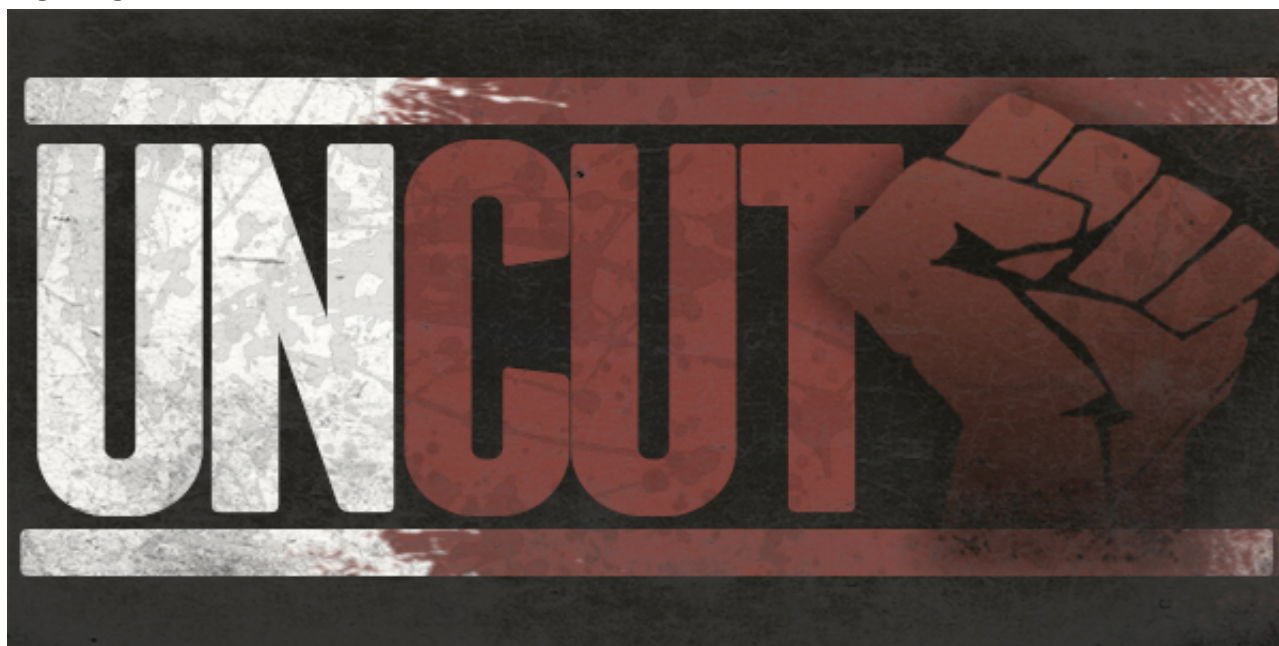


SHOW OPEN

NICKY SYNZ vs. BLACK METAL

DDK:

Welcome, one and all to our final UNCUT before we get to DEFCON! In two weeks, all titles will be on the line and a large number of careers could potentially end one way or the other!

Lance:

Indeed! Titles will be decided, new contenders will be crowned, but either way... now we get to the action! We have The Frontman himself, Nicky Synz in action going one-on-one with BRAZEN star Black Metal!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Good F***king 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 the camera cuts inside the ring for the intro to his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, already in the ring... from Torreon, Mexico, weighing in at 170 pounds... **BLACK METAL!**

The young deathmatch-inspired luchador mocks Nicky Synz from his corner of the ring.

DDK:

What an interesting start to the show. It's Nicky Synz' brand of metal against Black Metal! What can you tell us about him, Lance?

Lance:

Black Metal was signed to BRAZEN a few months ago from the deathmatch circuit of Mexico! What he lacks in size, he makes for with a wanton disregard for both his own safety and the safety of others. Nicky Synz will have to be careful here.

Synz has a size advantage over his opposition which doesn't always happen, but he looks ready for a fight regardless as referee Jonny Fastcountini calls for the bell.

DING DING

Nicky and Black Metal lock up... but it's only subterfuge on the part of the young luchador when he rakes the eyes of Nicky right off the bat! The crowd boos the tactics of Black Metal as he zooms off the ropes to come back and hit a basement dropkick to the knee of The Frontman! He hobbles over hurt as Black Metal rolls up to his feet. He runs off the ropes and then fires off a running dropkick that catches Nicky in the chest!

DDK:

Wow! Looks like we're getting a fast-paced opening match here tonight.

Lance:

Nothing to lose and everything to gain by Black Metal here!

He charges at the corner as Nicky tries to gain his bearings. Black Metal runs, but Nicky grabs him and pitches him to

the second rope. Before Nicky can do whatever Nicky is going to do next, Black Metal kicks him away. He jumps out of the corner and then hits the ropes before coming off with a headscissors...

That Nicky turns into a sitout inverted slam!

DDK:

What a reversal quickly by Nicky Synz! He drops Black Metal with that inverted sitout slam!

Lance:

Nicky Synz looking for a win here tonight to get back on track tonight!

The Frontman waits for Black Metal to get back to his feet, then leaps off the nearby middle rope with a springboard back elbow! He knocks the deathmatch-influenced luchador down and he rolls outside. Nicky kips to his feet and then gets cheers out of The Knoxville Faithful! He runs and zooms off the ropes before taking flight with a big suicide dive that knocks Black Metal back into the barricade! The luchador gets leveled as Nicky Synz gets back to his feet and throws up the horns for a few cheering fans in attendance.

DDK:

Nicky Synz taking the fight back to Black Metal after that quick start! Gotta get him back into that ring, though.

He grabs Black Metal and throws him back under the bottom rope.... But before he can do anything else, Metal rolls away from him and goes under the adjacent rope to get to the ring apron. The BRAZEN star gets booed while the rocker of DEFIANCE goes after him by grabbing him by the neck...

Lance:

There's Black Metal playing dirty again!

He slides under the bottom rope and trips up Nicky Synz. Synz tries to roll through the sliding sunset flip pin, but Black Metal kips up to his feet and then BLASTS Nicky with a stiff superkick! Nicky falls back to the mat as Black Metal bounces off the nearby ropes to hit an Arabian Press moonsault!

DDK:

Great counter by Black Metal! That superkick drops him and follows up with the Arabian Press! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

NO!

The luchador is angry that Nicky kicks out! He curses at Nicky, then rolls out to the floor in order to grab a chair. He grabs a few and then throws them into the ring, but Jonny is on that with the quickness, living up to the Fastcountini name... but it's a ploy as Black Metal has what looks like a weapon in hand!

DDK:

He has a wrench in hand! Maybe he isn't straying so far from his deathmatch rolls after all!

Fastcountini is getting rid of the chairs, and Black Metal swings...

Nicky ducks! He kicks him Black Metal in the gut to get him to drop the chair and then hits him with a suplex that throws him right into the turnbuckle!

Lance:

Oooh bad landing for Black Metal! He tried to cheat behind the official's back and paid for it!

DDK:

That he did! Nicky Synz is back up!

Nicky reaches his arms out and fires up The Faithful as he makes some space. He sees Black Metal trying to get up and then charges at the corner before delivering a running back elbow! He rolls out of the corner in dramatic fashion only to come back and crush Black Metal's rib cage with a running shoulder thrust in the corner!

DDK:

There's the Double Platinum combination! He throws Metal out of the corner and we know what comes next!

With Black Metal down and out near the ropes, Nicky goes out to the ring apron and gets the crowd cheering with double horns. He leaps to the top rope and connects with the springboard swanton bomb! Black Metal gets crushed by the bigger wrestler taking flight!

DDK:

There it is! The Flying V! Cover by Nicky!

He reaches over and hooks his legs.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **NICKY SYNZ!**

Nicky Synz sits up and gets his arm raised by Jonny Fastcountini after the match!

DDK:

A good return to form for Nicky Synz! If he can string a few wins together, he could get somewhere.

Lance:

He's still trying to put the pieces together, but win, lose or draw, you can't say that Nicky doesn't give this his all.

Nicky leaves the ring to collect his guitar and plays a few riffs for the fans at ringside as the show moves on.

The Kinseys Are Ready For Their Close Up

A young Caitlyn Kinsey stands in a blue top with red lace trim and matching shorts with black boots before her locker room. Her hands are trembling with fear. Right behind her is her mother Aurora Kaye, her hair a mixture of blue and black, wearing a short for the band The Bangles.

Caitlyn:

I... I can't believe she did this to me, mom. I haven't even been in BRAZEN for five minutes, and I already have a match on Uncut?

Aurora:

I know, dear. I know. I told you that your grandmother is very --

Out with a giant, cryptic smile is Tabitha Kinsey. She has dark brown hair that is styled in the shape of a Congressional candidate, complete with shell beads, and a Tweed jacket over a white blouse with a matching Tweed skirt. It is clear from the look on Tabitha's face that she has been adhered to for several decades.

Tabitha:

Kind? Is that the word you're looking for, since I managed to use my sway to get my granddaughter a TV match this early in her career?

Aurora rolls her eyes. Caitlyn can't even bare to look at her stately granddaughter in the face.

Aurora:

Mom, Caitlyn doesn't want a TV match. She hasn't even had a match in BRAZEN yet.

Tabitha:

Oh, Aurora, dear. Why don't you let Caitlyn speak for herself? Because most professional wrestlers aren't like you, who are willing to give up on their potential.

Caitlyn is trying to find a way to speak as Aurora looks very pissy at her domineering mom.

Tabitha:

Well, then, I'll speak for you, dear. It's every young wrestler's goal to get on television. The sooner you can get on television, the better off your career will be.

Caitlyn:

Yeah, but there are so many people who have been in BRAZEN for years who have never appeared on Uncut! Like... they're going to hate me.

Tabitha fakes a gasp.

Tabitha:

It's professional wrestling, Caitlyn, not one of the craft fairs your mother is so fond of. Nobody is friends in professional wrestling, no matter how much they pretend. So, you can either wait for years in BRAZEN hoping for a shot or you can get on television right from the start. Either way, people are going to hate you. And, well... I call the shots, ultimately.

Aurora looks horrified at what her mother just said. Caitlyn looks worried. Tabitha then places her hand on her granddaughter's shoulder.

Tabitha:

Plus, I did this because even though you only have recently entered my life I love you dearly and unconditionally.

Right before Caitlyn can react, we hear a familiar voice from off-screen.

Teri Melton:

Tabitha Kinsey. As she lives and breathes!

The two women have a brief staredown with each other. And then they exchange warm smiles and kiss each other on the cheek as they hug. Then they give each other a European style kiss on the side of each cheek. And then right behind Teri walks JJ Dixon, his arm in a sling, but it's highly noticeable that he and Caitlyn are exchanging awkward smiles at each other.

Teri Melton:

Oh, hello, Aurora. And you must be Caitlyn! I've heard so much about you already. Your scores at the combine were impressive. Why, the only other person who had numbers at those levels were Mr. Dixon here.

Aurora gives a snide look at Teri. It is clear the two women do not like each other. And the awkward glares between JJ and Caitlyn continue.

Tabitha:

I am so glad to see you again, Ms. Melton. It has been ages since you were my young intern and protege learning all of the tricks in my very expensive handbag. And since you've been here in DEFIANCE? I understand that Mr. Dixon here has had two main event matches the past few months and a number of successes. And you? Ready for your closeup, as we always knew, and the Rookie of the Year!

Teri Melton:

I'm not the Rookie of the Year, Ms. Kinsey. I'm a goddamn legend already.

There's a very awkward and cold feeling between Teri and Tabitha after their initial friendly embrace. Aurora stands in the background between both women, JJ behind Teri, with Caitlyn behind Tabitha.

Teri Melton:

Well, with that, I must get going. I'm scouting a prospective tag team for Your Uncut Gems. And, well, I've got my eyes out on you too, Caitlyn.

Teri turns and leaves but JJ stays.

Tabitha:

Let's do lunch, Teri! My treat!

Tabitha turns to leave, but Caitlyn stays. Aurora takes a deep breath and nervously follows her mother.

Caitlyn:

JJ Dixon -- I'm a big fan--

JJ Dixon:

So... first match --

They both awkwardly chuckle as they speak at the same time.

Caitlyn:

Yeah, my first match. I'm absolutely not ready. I've been here for like five minutes.

JJ Dixon:

Well, no one is ready for their first match. I waited for four years before I finally got my shot at the bigtime. I wish I only had to wait for five minutes. Count yourself lucky.

More awkwardness.

Caitlyn:

Could you review how I did --

JJ Dixon:

Care to grab a bite to eat --

Another pause and more awkward smiles.

JJ Dixon:

So, yeah. I guess I'll see you later tonight?

Caitlyn smiles.

Teri Metlon (from off-screen):

JJ! Come on!

Tabitha (from off-screen):

Caitlyn! You're needed over here!

They both awkwardly waive goodbye.

OUTLOOK NOT SO GOOD

POST MATCH EXCLUSIVE - DEFtv 185 NIGHT TWO

Fresh off what was a very volatile scene to end the events of an explosive DEFtv 185 Night Two, Alvaro de Vargas is seen clutching his jaw with Tom Morrow following not far behind him while holding his jaw, courtesy of the surprise attack by Lindsay Troy.

When the camera closes in on the duo backstage, Alvaro is the first to notice it.

Alvaro de Vargas:

LINDSAY TROY!

He barks directly to the FIST of DEFIANCE herself... and after taking a surprise knee to the face, he's clearly been rocked a bit... but what's unsettling is the very slight smile on his face.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Pendeja! You spent all this time trying to get under my skin. Trying to bait me into a fight before DEFCON. Trying to get to me the same way you got to the other contenders you've faced... And you almost succeeded... almost... but Senor Morrow is right. You've walked around in this little bubble for far too long with Vae Victis having your back, thinking nobody could hurt you. Nobody could touch you. Pensaste que estabas a salvo... you thought you were safe...

The smile? Just a hair wider now.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Until *I* came along.

Tom Morrow checks his jaw.

Tom Morrow:

Call me a... ow...

Nope, Tommy ain't talking. He silently gestures to ADV by tapping his arm to continue.

Alvaro de Vargas:

Twice now... I've hurt members of Vae Victis. Con mucho gusto. No eres intocable. No eres imparable. You and that fucking loudmouth, Sonny Silver... you thought you were both untouchable... then what happened? He became the second biggest name I've ever had in my list of Burn Victims...

He taps the camera with his finger.

Alvaro de Vargas:

But YOU... pendeja... YOU will be the biggest name of them all! You'll be the name I circle right on top of my list when I burn the brightest I've EVER had! My future will shine BRIGHTER than anyone has ever shined at DEFCON when *I* take your title and make it mine!

A hand pulls the camera close...

Alvaro de Vargas:

Lindsay... DEFCON... I put YOUR lights out for good.

COMPANY MEN vs. NEW DAY RISING

♪ "Opportunities (Let's Make Lots of Money)" by The Pet Shop Boys ♪

The boos reign down immediately as The Company Men - Cristiano Caballero and Brayden "Dubya" Leverington - come walking down the entrance ramp. They are wearing matching black satin jackets with their initials on the front in pink over matching white and pink shorts that say "The Company Men" on the rear. Both of them also have microphones.

Cristiano Caballero:

Me llamo es Cristiano Caballero, and I am Mexico's Handsome Man! While all your wives and daughters pleasure themselves to my good looks, it is not my pleasure to be here tonight in what I believe is a place called Tennessee. Because a man with my doe eyes and bronzed skin does not belong near trailers and Piggly Wiggly. I am a man who belongs on magazine covers and in F1 racecars. And you are preventing tag from happening because you are Las Basura. That means 'The Trash.'

Boooooo!!!

Dubya:

As the only wrestler to have obtained his MBA from the Wharton School of Business from the University of Pennsylvania — an infinitely better school than the illiteracy factory that is the University of Tennessee — I have learned about the branding benefits of "giving back." And as we are in this decrepit slice of Appalachia, The Company Men are announcing a philanthropic effort tonight. Please, replaceable cogs in the production desk, show what we have outside!

There is a big enclosed fancy RV that reads "Free Dental Care!" on the side with a cartoon toothbrush.

Dubya:

The Company Men have hired a dentist tonight for anyone here in attendance to visit! Which is for most of you the first time you have ever had the opportunity to see a dentist! So put down the Mountain Dew and go get your tooth cleaned and your rotten gums scraped! And perhaps by emptying your seats the many marketing executives and financiers will take your seats and replace you and will help turn DEFIANCE's fanbase into a respectable group of people instead of the welfare office it is! You'll thank us later!

Boooooo!!!!!!

The Company Men get into the ring and take off their jackets to massive boos.

DDK:

Not exactly a warm reception tonight for The Company Men!

Lance:

I don't think The Faithful are too happy with their dental care promotion.

The camera cuts back to a locker room where sitting in movie chair style seats are Teri Melton and JJ Dixon watching.

♪ "New Day Rising" by Husker Du ♪

The crowd gets up and cheers as our come the members of NDR — "Starchild" Jason Reeves and Raiden. Reeves is wearing a European style double singlet that is black and reads NDR on the front, along with amateur style protective earwear. Raiden has the right side of his head shaved with long black hair the rest of his scalp. He has on black long trunks. Raiden does a few martial arts kicks as Reeves air drums to the fast punk song as they start their pace to the ring.

DDK:

And here is NDR, who have been making waves in BRAZEN and just nearly became tag champs!

Lance:

We also saw them a few weeks ago in a sprint of a match against JJ Dixon and Zoltan. Since then, Teri Melton, the mastermind of Your Uncut Gems, has expressed interest in adding NDR to her stable, which is no doubt why she and JJ are here tonight!

Darren Quimbey introduces both teams and announced the match has a 15 minute time limit.

Ding Ding

Caballero and Reeves start the match. But before they can lock up, Caballero heads back to his corner to chat with Dubya. He then points to some fans and swishes his hair around at them. They go to lock up for a second time. But Caballero tells Referee Carla Ferrari to warn The Starchild to not touch his hair. Reeves rolls his eyes. Finally, they lock up, and Caballero gets on a headlock.

DDK:

Now Reeves spins into a hammerlock, and now an arm ringer. He whips Caballero into the ropes and up — beautiful headscissors takedown! Now he whips Caballero into the corner, quick tag to Raiden who measures Caballero up with a beautiful thrust kick to his ribs! And another! And another!

Lance:

Reeves is the mat technician of this duo, while Raiden is the striker, but both are also really excellent in the air, too.

Reeves with a quick tag in, and they whip Caballero off the ropes for a double hip toss that sends Caballero flying across the ring. Caballero pops up and Reeves hits his own textbook hiptoss.

DDK:

Caballero is now complaining that Reeves used his tights. Ferrari warns Reeves, even though that looked clean to me, and Caballero uses that for a cheap shot slap to Reeves's face. Reeves takes offense to that and charges Caballero, who falls back and ducks a punch, which allows Dubya to get in a cheap shot forearm! Raiden points across the ring and barks at him.

Lance:

Even though that was clearly bending the rules, it really shows the cunning of The Company Men!

Dubya, the tallest and biggest man in the ring at 6'6", tags in and immediately starts to stomp on Reeves repeatedly. Then he grabs his Reeves's right leg and spins with a spinning toe hold. Caballero quickly tags in and kicks the exposed right knee.

DDK:

And quick tags and double teams from The Company Men!

Lance:

While we have not seen much of them in action together, they have been hanging out a lot and have clearly been studying the craft of tag team wrestling.

Caballero grabs Reeves's leg and wrenches on it while yelling something at the fans, who boo. He then rolls Reeves up to his feet, only to meet him with a kick to the ribs with Reeves in the corner.

DDK:

Dubya now tags in and fired some body shots to Reeves's chest. Ferrari warning him to stop, which lets Caballero drop to the floor and chop Reeves's right leg!

Raiden has an utter look of distaste on his face as he continues to bark at The Company Men.

Lance:

The Company Men are using the ref to their advantage.

Dubya now charges the corner, but Reeves dodges. Reeves starts to crawl to his corner, but Dubya uses his reach and grabs The Starchild by the back of his ponytail and pulls him down. That sends Raiden into the ring cursing mad.

DDK:

Ferrari goes to stop Raiden from coming into the ring, which lets Caballero sneak in with some stomps to Reeves, and drags him back into The Company Men's corner! And Brayden tags in the pretty boy from Mexico legally, who now has on a beautiful half crab on the right leg they have been targeting!

Lance:

Caballero has been in BRAZEN for a while, and there have been two knocks on him. First, he has always been more focused on his appearance than anything else. Second, he always looks for shortcuts in the ring and avoids contact to his objectively beautiful face. But while that may be a hindrance in singles wrestling, shortcuts and cheap shots tend to work better in a tag match setting.

Caballero grabs Reeves by the right leg and lifts him up. But as he does, Reeves immediately counters with an enzuigiri that causes Caballero to do a full front flip. Raiden stomps on the mat, and the crowd claps in rhythm as Reeves makes the crawl to his corner!

Lance:

You could see some of Caballero's inexperience there, as he looked a little unclear of exactly what he wanted to do with Reeves's leg.

DDK:

Reeves reaching to his partner, but Dubya runs into the ring and knocks Raiden off the mat with a shove. Ferrari now pushing Dubya back to his corner as he feigns innocence. And Caballero hooks The StarChild with a leg lock and forces him back to his side of the ring! Raiden is frothing mad, screaming at The Company Men!

Lance:

You can just tell that Raiden is getting more and more angry at the attitude of The Company Men.

Dubya tags in and again does some quick stomps to Reeves. He then quickly picks him up and hits a running bulldog.

Lance:

Dubya originally hails from and was trained in Texas, and you can see that in many of his moves, like that Texas bulldog!

He now has Reeves up and is jawing with the fans, and is going for a second bulldog — no! He picks up the rangy Texan and drops him right on his tailbone!

Reeves is still on the mat collecting himself, as Dubya gets up to his feet first. He goes for a lariat, but Reeves rolls under in a somersault and leaps and makes the tag to Raiden!

DDK:

Raiden a house on fire with a series of palm strikes to Dubya! And now a spinning kick to his stomach, followed by a spinning elbow! Caballero pops into the ring, and Starchild heads him off with a flying forearm to the nose.

Caballero rolls to the mat holding his nose, screaming about the unfairness of it all, all while Raiden points at his own nose to mock Caballero. Raiden pushes Dubya into his corner and Starchild comes back in, shaking out his leg. Raiden tags back in immediately.

DDK:

Starchild in and whips the Wharton MBA into the ropes, beautiful drop toehold! And now Raiden on the apron —

beautiful rolling senton onto Dubya's back!

Raiden covers and puts a fierce forearm across Dubya's jaw as he does.

One! Two! No!

Lance:

We are starting to see the uptempo pace that has made NDR become such standouts in BRAZEN.

We cut back to the dressing room and see Teri and JJ comparing notes as they watch the match.

DDK:

Raiden now the legal man, and he now bounces off the ropes with an Arabian Press!

One! Two! No!

Raiden now tags in Reeves who stands in front of a corner. Raiden reverse whips Dubya into Reeves who in one moron tosses Brayden into the turnbuckles with a flawless overhead toss! He then drops to his hands and knees and Raiden launches himself off with a knee strike that sends Dubya falling face first to the mat. Reeves covers as Raiden is talking trash.

One! Two!

DDK:

Caballero with a desperate dive to break up the fall! But both members of NDR now his Csballero with super kicks that send Caballero to the floor!

Ferrari goes to warn Raiden to get back to his corner, which lets Caballero get up, trying to find his balance, but does. He grabs Reeves's legs from the floor, and Dubya to chop block the right knee they worked on earlier. Dubya then cackles and points at StarChild's knee and then smugly at Raiden.

Lance:

The Company Men are constantly looking for that advantage when the ref's back is turned.

Darren Quimbey:

Five minutes remaining! Five minutes remaining!

Dubya tags in Caballero, who is quick to stomp on that knee! Now Canalero picks Reeves up for a knee breaker directly into a dragon leg whip! Dubya tags in and bounces off the ropes and leapfrogs over his partner right onto the right knee Caballero is holding in place.

DDK:

Caballero rags back in quickly and he whips Reeves into the ropes and drops down — Dubya with a huge lariat!

Caballero turns to the crowd to raise his hands in triumph! Dubya covers —

One! Two! No!

DDK:

No! Raiden makes the save!

Lance:

All because Caballero of course felt the need to gloat.

Caballero now turns and meets Raiden with a forearm. He goes for a second, but Raiden blocks and then hits

Caballero with a spinning back fist! Caballero holds his nose as he heads into the corner.

DDK:

Raiden goes to charge — no! Brayden meets him with a pounce that sends Raiden flying across the ring.

But Reeves is up, shakes out his leg, and rolls up Dubya and pops up into a textbook German Suplex!!!

DDK:

No, Caballero with the save!

Ferrari is trying to get Caballero back into his corner, but he sidesteps her to head to Reeves, but Raiden comes out of nowhere with a springboard dropkick! Raiden then follows Caballero to the other side of the ring to meet him with punches.

Darren Quimbey:

Two minutes remaining!

DDK:

Dubya with a thumb to Reeves's eye when Ferrari didn't see. He now has him up — beautiful brain buster!

One! Two!

DDK:

Reeves gets his shoulder up!

Lance:

Great resiliency from The StarChild!

Darren Quimbey:

One minute left! One minute left!

Caballero reaches over Carla's shoulder to eye rake Raiden. Dubya yells something at Caballero.

Lance:

He is calling for the move they call The 10-K!

Dubya whips Reeves into the ropes and hoists him up for it the lifting cutter.

DDK:

But Reeves instead uses the leverage Dubya provides into a dropkick on Caballero that turns him around — Raiden backdrops him over the ropes to the floor!

Raiden the quickly heads to the ring apron.

DDK:

Beautiful Assai moonsault!

Darren Quimbey:

30 seconds remaining! 30 seconds remaining!

DDK:

Dubya goes to whips Reeves — no! Reeves instead reverses and knees Dubya. He lifts him up —

Reeves spikes Dubya with a Michinikou Driver.

Lance:

Picture perfect and you can see the Japanese influence in the young man!

Darren Quimbey:

15 seconds remaining!

Reeves picks up Dubya in a tombstone position. Raiden springboards off the rope with a flip to spike Dubya!

DDK:

They call that the Final Sunset!

Lance:

And that has to be it!

DDK:

One! Two! Thr—

Caballero pulls his partner and slides him out of the ring and shakes his finger “no no!” NDR stand up with really pissy looks on their faces.

Darren Quimbey:

Five... four... three... two.. one...

DDK:

And because of that sneaky move at the end, The Company Men escape a loss and instead this match is a time limit draw!

Lance:

NDR have to be disappointed knowing they had this match won!

We cut to the dressing room where Teri intently stares at her TV monitor, with the wheels of Professional Wrestling's Most Beautiful Mind clearly turning.

DDK:

Caballero and Dubya are backpedaling up the ring, pointing and laughing at NDR!

Reeves and Raiden look at him. Reeves whispers something to his partner, and they immediately charge out of the ring and charge at The Company Men and a brawl begins!

Lance:

You could feel the animosity between these teams building in this match and NDR are seemingly really fed up with The Company's Men shortcuts and cheap shots!

They brawl to the back and into the locker room as DEFSec comes piling out.

UNCAGED, UNLEASHED, UNSTUCK

We fade in on a dilapidated warehouse that is empty save for an oversized tiger cage in a dark, dingy corner. Its floor is littered with untouched dust and molding bones. Its rusting door is unlocked, ajar, and unmoving. Hazy light slats in through cracked and broken, filthy windows.

Seated "indian-style" just outside the cell door is a slumped, shirtless figure. To the viewer, his identity is clear. Of that, he is less certain himself.

He lifts his head, panning his eyes skyward just as a skewed projection plays against and across the cage, the man, and the wall behind them both. Fuzzy, unfocused colors dance upon them, dazzlingly cutting through the dull bleakness of the warehouse.

The images being thrown against the cage and wall slowly come into focus.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush: *[voice-over]*

Of course, I feel betrayed. How else am I meant to feel?

The slowly moving frames are those of last week's second night of DEFtv. Alpha's large hands are tightened, coiled around the throat of his master. His Lordship's eyes are bulging, his face a fearful frozen mask. Yet the voice we hear is much calmer, icier.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush: *[voice-over]*

When I found him, he was scum, do you understand? He was less than nothing. He was LOST.

Somewhere in the far distance, a man booms out a single word. It is "NO!" The next frame is MV1 on the stage, arms outstretched in a conciliatory manner.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

He's always been... an explosive guy. From the very start. Boy, could I tell you stories.

The brick wall picture-show shifts to images of the Masked Violators at their tragic height. Lithe, chiseled Red Mask and stocky, strong Yellow Mask, arms raised and joined in celebration, post-match. Corvo seems to lift his head to regard it, two large paint cans sitting off to his side outside the cage.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

Just when you think you know where he is coming from... you don't. I'd say that maybe that much is still true today.

A still image of Alpha and MV1 eye to eye, nose to nose skews against the seated monster and the cage behind him.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

After what we saw last week... there's no way I believe he can't be saved.

The image shudders around Corvo.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush: *[voice-over]*

Oh, even after what transpired... I have to believe I can still bring him to heel. He can be saved.

Again, the film shudders upon the wall. In the foreground, Corvo shudders with it.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush: *[voice-over]*

He belongs to me. And while he sought to forsake me... I will not turn away from him. I won't let him go. And I... am not going anywhere.

The image shifts to a close up of the red wrestling mask of MV1, tightened and contorted in confusion and concern.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush: *[voice-over]*

I'd destroy my Corvo before I ever let anyone take me from him. But it won't come to that. Oh, no. No. I've fought too hard, too long.

Tighter still on the striking blue eyes of MV1.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

I've fought *so hard* to be here, to stay here, for this opportunity. Not to be a champion, not to earn accolades... I've fought here for THIS opportunity, once and for all, to win my friend back. And this is it. This is my one last chance, I know that.

Corvo standing triumphant over Masked Violator #1 last summer at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

If my arm isn't raised at DEFCON, I'm gone... it's over. And I'm not ready to go just yet.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush: *[voice-over]*

I don't think I am ready to go just now. DEFIANCE has only yet begun to know me and my capabilities. Only yet begun to feel my influence. I am far from finished. But the masked man? His days are indeed numbered, as the parlance goes.

The image slowly zooms on the vacant eyes of the victorious Alpha at the 2022 PPV.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

He left the world wondering last week... Last time, at MAXDEF, I didn't want to fight... and I paid for it. This time... I'm wondering if HE even wants to fight. And if he doesn't, then Lord Nigel is going to pay for it.

Stirring before the cage, Corvo Alpha rises to his feet, vivid colors from the projector dancing across him.

MV1: *[voice-over]*

But if I'm wrong and #2 is spoiling for a fight... DEFCON won't be like MAXDEF... this time, it's going to be different. He'll get a fight. We've each of us got unfinished business and, one way or another, it ends at DEFCON.

With the scene flitting across him and behind him and around him, Corvo Alpha reaches down to his feet.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush: *[voice-over]*

It all ends at DEFCON.

The final, distorted and slanted image is that of the standard DEFCON logo. Standing before the open cage, the once and former Violator smears a vibrant red gash across his chest with his left hand.

MV1: *[voice-over/simultaneously]*

I'll be ready.

Lord Nigel Trickelbush: *[voice-over/simultaneously]*

I'll be ready.

With his right hand, Corvo slowly but aggressively smudges a bright lemon yellow streak of paint across his closed eyes and face. When his eyes re-open, the pupils are locked on the camera's lens.

Black.

GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT vs. WES INGRAM AND SOMCHAI

DDK:

We've got some action coming up next on UNCUT! Gentlemen's Agreement look to get back to their winning ways and they look to do so against the team of Wes Ingram and Somchai from BRAZEN!

Lance:

The young 19-year-old Wes Ingram has been looking for his first elusive win in DEFIANCE and BRAZEN, but has come up short. He's tangled with Gentlemen's Agreement once before, but now he has found a partner in the Thai giant, Somchai! 6'8" and 289! A real prospect in BRAZEN, but we'll see what they can do against an established tag team in Gentlemen's Agreement next.

To Darren Quimbey in the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is set for one fall! First, at a combined weight of 490 pounds... the are the team of **WES INGRAM AND SOMCHAI!**

♪ "The Time Is Now" by Atreyu ♪

Out from the back, the kid clad in purple trunks and boots gets a nice cheering section from the Knoxville Faithful. This time, he looks confident in his chances against Gentlemen's Agreement. The big man from Thailand stands out from the back, clad in American flag-themed boxer's trunks! He raises his hands to cheers from The Faithful before heading to the ring. Ingram gets polite applause as they wait for their opponents.

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

The theme plays and out comes both men, dressed in fancy new gear for the occasion. Lord Sewell with a red overcoat and yellow epaulets. and Oliver Tarquin Monroe with a dark gray sleeveless coat. He takes it off to reveal a sleeveless button-up shirt and tie, which he adjusts, but his arms are free to show off his chiseled guns.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, at a combined weight of 459 pounds... they are the team of Viscount Vice Admiral Ernest Sewell aka Lord Sewell...and Oliver Tarquin Monroe aka OTM... **GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT!**

The two men stop in front of the ring, exchange a gentlemanly handshake and then slowly climb up the steel steps while getting jeers from the crowd. Once they shed their respective jackets, they neatly fold them and put them away as Ingram and Prince start talking strategy.

DDK:

A few shows ago, it was Gentlemen's Agreement who were caught by surprise from The Saturday Night Specials, under the guise of Mucha Luchas.

Lance:

They haven't forgotten that, either. They want to make a statement here tonight.

The British/American tandem of Gentlemen's Agreement tease shaking hands with Somchai and Ingram, but then fake them out and shake hands with each other instead. That gets them jeered. Somchai wants to start, but Wes Ingram does first. Lord Sewell starts for his team.

DING DING

The Honorable Lord Sewell and Wes Ingram lock up with Sewell going behind to slap on a hammerlock to ground the young kid. He keeps him down on the ground, but chooses to let go only to paintbrush the kid in the back of the head. The Knoxville Faithful shower Sewell with booing.

DDK:

Lord Sewell not endearing himself to anyone here tonight.

Lance:

Wes Ingram hasn't forgotten how he was embarrassed by Gentlemen's Agreement, but they've got an experience and technical edge over him.

Ingram gets up and then tries to lock up with Sewell again, but he goes for the arm and hits him with a floating arm drag right into an arm drag! The elder technician keeps him grounded near the corner. He holds Ingram with one arm in an armbar and then goes for the corner and then tags out to Oliver Tarquin Monroe. OTM leaps over the ropes and then applies an armbar on Wes' other arm! The two men hold the armbars for a few moments until Sewell has to leave the ring.

DDK:

Both men working those arms now!

Lance:

And neither man taking them seriously.

Oliver Tarquin Monroe keeps the armbar locked in, but Ingram fights back to a knee and then delivers big elbows to the gut. He gets up and nails a dropkick on OTM sending him back to the corner.

DDK:

Ingram fighting back... but wait! Blind tag by Sewell! Ingram doesn't know it!

Sewell climbs into the ring just as Wes tries a whip on OTM, but Ingram comes right back into a drop toe hold from Lord Sewell followed right into a leaping elbow drop over his partner right to the back of Wes!

Lance:

And Gentlemen's Agreement taking over quickly! Cover by Sewell!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Kickout at two by Wes Ingram! Somchai might have been the wiser decision to start the match first. Lord Sewell and OTM have just taken over Wes quickly.

OTM throws Lord Sewell in the corner and then hits a cracking European uppercut. He strikes at him a few times, then pulls him out of the corner with a short-arm clothesline! The nasty shot flips Ingram inside out while Somchai might as well be a world away on the other corner, not even close to making a tag. Lord Sewell tags OTM again as Ingram gets his arm grabbed and pulls him up. Lord Sewell hits a German suplex just as OTM comes off the ropes and hits an uppercut!

DDK:

Oof! German suplex/uppercut combo! This one is done!

Lance:

And a cover by OTM!

ONE...

TWO...

But Somchai drops a big leg drop across the back of Monroe's head to break up the cover!

DDK:

Somchai has seen enough of Gentlemen's Agreement picking Wes Ingram apart!

The Faithful react to the big man cheering on Ingram to get to their corner while Oliver Tarquin Monroe holds the back of his head.

Lance:

A golden opportunity has just been handed to Wes Ingram to get away from Gentlemen's Agreement after they've worked him over!

The crowd wants Wes to make the tag! He rolls over to Somchai... and the tag is made!

DDK:

And here comes the big man! He's going wild! Big clothesline on Monroe! Sewell tries to come in... clothesline for him!

The Americana-loving Somchai gets cheers from The Faithful! He picks up Oliver Tarquin Monroe for a body slam! Then one for Lord Sewell just as he tries to stand! Somchai beats on his chest and when both men try and get up, Somchai hits the ropes and then comes off with a double clothesline to bowl them both over!

Lance:

Somchai showing something! He's been looked at lately in BRAZEN as another potential prospect. We'll see what he's got!

Sewell rolls out of the way when Somchai looks out to the crowd. He picks up Oliver Tarquin Monroe and tries a powerslam... but Oliver barely manages to slip out and make it to the corner! Somchai turns around and charges with a body avalanche, but Sewell helps OTM out of the corner, sending the big man from Thailand crashing hard into a corner! OTM makes a desperate tag to Sewell.

DDK:

Lord Sewell now behind the big man! OTM off the ropes for the Pistol Whip! Connects! Lord Sewell right into a schoolboy pin!

Wes Ingram tries to break up the cover, but Lord Sewell cuts it off and then hits a double underhook into a spinning neckbreaker first called Poor Etiquette to cut him off!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

Lord Sewell rolls off of Somchai and then heads out of the ring. Somchai protests that he kicked out, but Lord Sewell used the big man's own weight against him first to keep him down for the cover. Navarro tells him it was three as he and OTM leave the ring to raise one another's arms in victory.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT!**

Lance:

A nice win here by Gentlemen's Agreement. They lost control only briefly, but their tag team expertise earned this win!

DDK:

Indeed it did. Gentlemen's Agreement looking to get back into the Unified Tag Title race and a good win to get them back on that path.

Somchai and Wes Ingram are both shown disappointed while Lord Sewell and OTM both look proud from the top of the ramp as the show moves on.

FINAL LOOK: SNS vs. THE LUCKY SEVENS

We're back in the DEFIANCE production studio for the final chapter in the on-going retrospective of the feud between The Saturday Night Specialists and The Lucky Sevens. Lance Warner stands in front of a television screen with the DEFIANCE logo on it. Lance is dressed formally and looks into the camera with a professional expression.

Lance Warner:

Welcome, ladies and gentlemen. Tonight, we finish our special look at the years of history behind DEFCON's tag team championship main event. When we last left The Saturday Night Specialists and Lucky Sevens, Tom Morrow had sent Ophelia Sykes to distract Pat Cassidy long enough for The Sevens to walk away with the belts. While Morrow's plan ultimately failed, The Lucky Sevens still had the last laugh as they left the champs lying to close ACTS of DEFIANCE '21.

The screen behind Warner begins to play clips as he speaks.

Lance Warner:

It wouldn't be until several months later when scandal broke: following DEFCON '22, Pat Cassidy and Ophelia Sykes found themselves in legal hot water for taking part in a late-night bar room brawl. The fight wasn't the story, though: apparently, what had started out as a ruse by Morrow had secretly developed into a real relationship. Cassidy and Sykes had been seeing each other in secret, and suffice to say that Tom Morrow did not take this news lightly.

On the screen, we see The Lucky Sevens firing Ophelia at the DEFtv following DEFCON 2022. She storms away in a huff. Then, The Saturday Night Specialists rush the ring and begin to brawl with The Sevens.

Lance Warner:

On the very same DEFtv where The Sevens gave Ophelia her walking papers, The Saturday Night Specialists put their championship on the line against the twin giants. The bout never officially began, however, as by now there was so much animosity between the two teams, they instead brawled all around the arena. The match was thrown as the four men beat the tar out of each other.

Max Luck puts Pat Cassidy through a wall while Brock Newbludd drops an elbow on the announce table, putting Mason through it.

Lance Warner:

It was becoming clear to all involved that this rivalry was becoming personal. So personal, in fact, that DEFIANCE became too small to hold it. After The Lucky Sevens suffered a surprise defeat at the hands of SNS in a six man tag, they went on a path of destruction that was so violent and so out of line, DEFIANCE had no choice but to fire them! We thought we'd seen the end of the Brothers Luck, until they threw their final hail mary...

It's DEFtv, and The Saturday Night Specialists (along with Ophelia Sykes) celebrate a successful tag championship defense in the ring. Suddenly, the DEFiatron lights up, and we see an image that has become infamous: the original Ballyhoo Brew up in flames! The Lucky Sevens look into the camera and flash their Winning Hand gesture with sly grins.

Lance Warner:

With their beloved Ballyhoo destroyed, an angry Saturday Night Specialists demanded they get a chance to get The Lucky Sevens in the ring - even going so far as threatening to walk away with their championship if DEFIANCE didn't meet their demands. Well, DEFIANCE gave them what they wanted: a match at Maximum DEFIANCE 2022 with the now unemployed Lucky Sevens. And that's when tragedy struck...

We see Siobhan Cassidy turning on The Saturday Night Specialists and costing them the match... and the titles. The Lucky Sevens hold their belts high as The Saturday Night Specialists look dejected in the ring.

Lance Warner:

And that betrayal sent SNS into a spiral: they'd lost their business, they'd lost family, and now they'd lost their

championship. It's taken nearly a year, but the tale of the Saturday Night Specials slow climb back to championship contention comes to a head at DEFCON 2023, when they quite literally put it all on the line - if they fail to capture the Unified Tag Team Championship in their match against the Lucky Sevens, they will never be allowed to team again.

MATCH GRAPHIC:

Unified Tag Team Championship:
The Lucky Sevens (c) (w/Tom Morrow)
vs.
The Saturday Night Specials (w/Ophelia Sykes)

Lance Warner:

It was only two years ago at DEFCON that we saw a match with similar stakes: The Comments Section defeated The Fuse Brothers, retiring that legendary tag team. The Saturday Night Specials, arguably one of the most popular tag teams in DEFIANCE history, could be about to meet a similar fate. In two weeks time, it's all on the line! This has been a story that's involved betrayal, heartbreak, good, evil, redemption, and bloodshed! You can't miss on this huge match up - three years in the making! And one way or the other, these two hated rivals end things between them!

Warner closes with the hard sell.

Lance Warner:

See you all at DEFCON!

BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. CAITLYN KINSEY

♪ "Girl, You'll Be A Woman Soon" by Urge Overkill ♪

"The Prodigy" Caitlyn Kinsey walks out wearing her same outfit from earlier - a blue top, red lace trim, matching shorts and black boots. Behind her is her mother, Aurora Kaye, her hand on her daughter's shoulder trying to relax her. Caitlyn looks fully overwhelmed and nervous as she walks out in the arena.

DDK:

And making not just her Uncut debut but her debut debut in professional wrestling is "The Prodigy" Caitlyn Kinsey. And, wow, has she been placed in a tough position.

Lance:

As we saw last week on Uncut, Caitlyn is the latest signee for BRAZEN. She's a third generation wrestler, and is absolutely a hot property based on what we've learned about her junior-level training in her native Pennsylvania and her combine numbers in BRAZEN. But this is a lot to ask for.

DDK:

And it's all because of the effort of her grandmother, Tabitha Kinsey!

Lance:

Tabitha Kinsey might not be a name many people remember, as she was a giant star right before the wrestling boom in the 90s took off. Actually, giant star is probably underestimating her. She won over a dozen world championships all around the globe, and parlayed that and her family's financial notoriety into hobnobbing with the elite of the world. Tabitha has dinner parties with the Clintons and vacations in Kennebunkport with the Bush Family. Bosswoman Tweed has a habit of wagging her finger and getting what she wants, and she's steered it so her granddaughter's debut match is under the bright lights!

DDK:

That's probably going to rub many people the wrong way.

Lance:

Yes. It will rub many people the wrong way. But, also, it's professional wrestling. Her grandmother does have a point in that the faster you can get on TV, the faster your career progresses. But, still, this is a little much!

Caitlyn hops onto the apron and slides between the top and middle rope into the ring. Her mother gives her a hug before rolling out of the ring and standing in her corner.

♪ "Popsong Singalong" by Flyscreen ♪

The crowd groans and boos at Butcher Victorious -- the most annoying man in DEFIANCE comes walking out.

Butcher has on long purple tights, with his arms tatted up in a sleeve. He continues his walk to the ring, pointing and laughing at Caitlyn who is clearly overwhelmed and nervous. Butch Vic of course has...

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... HAS THE STICK!

A few members of the crowd start to sing along with Butcher, but he ignores them.

Butcher Victorious:

Just like the man that trained me, OSCAR BURNS, is going to do to Rezin at DEFCON... I'm going to school this little girl who's never even had a match before in this ring! I'll be a hero!

He looks at Caitlyn Kinsey as he walks up the steps and climbs through the ropes.

Butcher Victorious:

I'm gonna win, then head right on to the pay window! BUTCH VIC... IS GONNA GET THAT QUID!

The Faithful sound confused.

Butcher Victorious:

I googled a hundred different slang terms for money and that was the only one that of rhymed with Butch Vic... suck it down, boners!

After handing over the microphone, Butcher is ready for competition. The referee calls for the bell.

DING DING

Caitlyn hesitantly steps forward for a lock-up as Butch just laughs in her face. He does engage her in the lockup, and then rolls her over in one sudden motion.

Butcher Victorious:

Oscar Burns taught me that!

Caitlyn gets up as Aurora is shouting words of encouragement at her daughter. Butch Vic on the Stick and Caitlyn lock up again, and gets her in a side headlock. She pushes him off into the ropes and goes for a back body drop. Only Butch sees it coming a mile away.

DDK:

And a snap DDT from Butcher

Lance:

The alleged man is an idiot. But when he's not busy being an utter moron, he does have some in-ring skills like we just saw right there.

DDK:

Butch Vic now stands over Caitlyn --

Butcher points at her and laughs, calling her a dumb rookie.

DDK:

Butcher now has her arm - La Magistral Cradle!

One!

Two --

The crowd, though, starts to cheer as Caitlyn doesn't just kick out, but she slides out with a nifty reversal, and a step over into a Koji Clutch that causes Butch to scream in pain!

Lance:

You can see the MMA expertise with that reversal and move right there! For someone this young to have that presence, you can see why she was given the nickname The Prodigy!

Butch stills creams in pain as Caitlyn cinches in the Koji Clutch, her mom cheering her on at ringside.

DDK:

Dear god! Dear god! Butcher Victorious might tap! This might an upset of the ages!

Lance:

She has really cinched on that hold!

But Butcher Victorious does an Oscar Burns-inspired rollout of the hold, holding both of her legs as he pops up onto his feet and drops down with a jawbreaker. The Vae Victus lickspittle stretches out his shoulder as he has a bewildered look at the young woman who is propping herself up on the ropes.

DDK:

Butcher Victorious has a look on his face that it is not time to mess around with Caitlyn Kinsey!

Lance:

A rare look for him to stay focused!

Butcher now hoists Caitlyn up, yells out "Vae Victus!" to the crowd, and drops her down with a Headlock Ranhei.

DDK:

He calls that "A Winner Is Me!" And this is elementary!

One!

Two!

Three!

Ding Ding Ding

Darren Quimbey announces the winner of the match, and Butcher runs around the ring in triumph, gloating even though he just beat someone in her very first match as a wrestler.

Lance:

Butcher Victorious is of course being obnoxious having defeated Caitlyn Kinsey. And while that certainly wasn't what one would call a close match, Kinsey impressed with her Koji Clutch.

Tabitha Kinsey, clad in her Chanel tweed skirt suit, stands at the top of the entranceway with a scolding look at her face as she watches Aurora tend to Caitlyn in the ring. Meanwhile, Butcher Victorious parades around the ring and runs two victory laps like he has just won the FIST.

Lance:

Ladies and gentlemen, you saw action! You saw the last of our installments on the violent history of The Saturday Night Specials and The Lucky Sevens before they collide for the Unified Tag Team Titles in our Night One main event! You saw the final words before MV1 finally tangles with Corvo Alpha in a battle for his very soul! You heard final words from Alvaro de Vargas directed towards Lindsay Troy before our Night Two main event for the FIST!

DDK:

We will see you all in two weeks... for TWO NIGHTS of DEFIANCE's biggest show of the year... DEFCON!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.