

SHOW OPEN

FAVOURED SAINTS TITLE: URIEL CORTEZ (c) vs. ERIC DANE JR.

THE LUXURY SKYBOX RETURNS

DDK:

I'm not sure what this means here on our runsheets, Lance, do you?

Lance:

Look up? At wha-

An ominous *KACHUNK* is heard and felt so noticeably by everyone in the arena the huge venue gets cricket silent for a moment. When the spotlight hits the huge glass skybox in the upper level of the WrestlePlex fears of some sort of mishap are allayed whilst curiosity stays at a heightened pitch. A soft clicking sound begins as the huge glass box starts to telescopically extend out over the audience!

DDK:

When Edward White built this facility many moons ago he added a lot of... personal touches, lets say. A facility spanning camera network, a full restaurant and bar and-

Lance:

And this monstrosity. From which he'd lord over everybody like some sort of self styled M. Bison type dictator.

As the giant skybox finishes its extent two figures out of the darkness within emerge-

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Nicky Corozzo and Jane Katze look out over the assembled Faithful with disdain. Nicky the Judge looking like seven plus feet of violent intent cracks his knuckles as he glares out into the packed audience. Jane Katze is all tight bun, pencil skirt and similar ice cold attitude. A nameless stagehand tiptoes out and hands Ms. Katze a mic-

Jane Katze:

If you all are quite done?

Longer and louder this time, the NOLA native Faithful call out.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Considering what these two helped their boss perpetuate on the EveryChamp at the conclusion of the PPV, they deserve all that and more in this broadcasters humble opinion.

Lance:

That burn on Dexy's cheek, oof. Not a career threatening injury by any means-

DDK:

Just a humiliating one, partner. Just a humiliating one.

The Socialite's executive accountant scowls at that.

Jane:

I'd watch your mouths, gentleman. The commentary is and always has been piped into this box, since you've both obviously forgotten.

Lance:

YIPE!

DDK:

ahem Please continue, Ms. Katze.

Jane:

Seeing as this was our only opportunity, the whole circus moving on to Germany in the coming days, Mr. White thought we should dust off the old girl and remind everyone just who Edward White is before DEF 194. And thank God, Nicky, Germany is so clean. Their people so well educated. Unlike here... "Jane where oh where is Ed, why is he not gracing us with his presence this evening" I'll tell you why you unwashed troglodytes. Ranked FIFTIETH in crime and corrections, FOURTH SIXTH in education- tell me should I keep going reading your state report card, Louisiana? No, no, no! You people aren't the worst- the worst have standards!

*F[censored] YOU, JANE KATZE! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*F[censored] YOU, JANE KATZE! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*F[censored] YOU, JANE KATZE! *clap clap clapclapclap**

She proceeds to talk through the Faithful's vulgar retort.

Jane:

Mr. White is already on his private jet on his way to Europe for a little well deserved rest and relaxation before his GROUNDBREAKING re-debut here in DEFIANCE!

The fact The Socialite isn't here, hated or not, only causes the negative reaction to grow more intense from the assembled "original" Faithful here in NOLA.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Would you listen to this reaction, Keebs?

DDK:

Most of DEFIANCE's most infamous moments happened right here at the WrestlePlex in front of some of these same fans, partner. If any one group of people are more keenly aware of how rotten to the core Ed White and Associates are, it's the Faithful right here in New Orleans.

Jane:

Mr. White, respectfully- not that any of you deserve his respect- invites you all to witness his reascension! The Porsche-Arena in Stuttgart, Germany will be where each and every one of you, fan and competitor alike, will be reminded why this "new generation" of DEFIANCE superstar owns everything to the ONE FACE that should be adorning DEFIANCE's Mt. Rushmore. Dane? Heidi? Griffith? Jiles? Dewey? All of them are dust in the winds of history. No more consequential to the future of this company than the next ten trainees through the door. There's only one gorgeous hand made lapel on which the future hopes of DEFIANCE Wrestling will be pinned like a medal of honor-

SHUT THE F[censored] UP! SHUT THE F[censored] UP!

SHUT THE F[censored] UP! SHUT THE F[censored] UP!

Again Jane Katze proceeds forward through the Faithful's vulgarities.

Jane:

THAT OF EDWARD. WHITE.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The sustained, visceral reaction from the crowd speaks volumes of just how beloved the EveryChamp has become to any assembled group of card carrying DEFIANCE Faithful. Having said her piece and had quite enough, Jane slams the microphone into the waiting chest of the same nameless stagehand and marches back into the darkness of the skybox. As Nicky follows silently behind Jane like a seven plus foot tall shadow he fake lunges at the poor kid causing him to stumble backwards out of sight.

The Judge laughs as he vanishes from our view.

JUN IZUCHI vs. HURTLOCKER HOLT

DDK:

We've got the next match on tap and it promises to be physical! It will be "The Texan Dragon" Jun Izuchi taking on BRAZEN member Hurtlocker Holt!

Lance:

Jun Izuchi came close to becoming the Favoured Saints Championship in his last appearance against then-champion Butcher Victorious. Tonight, The Texan Dragon tries to get back in the win column, but Hurtlocker Holt is looking for a big win himself.

DDK:

We're gonna get right to the action here with Darren Quimbey providing the intros, so let's go to the ring now!

Now the camera does just that!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Ready For The War" by Brick & Ben Varney ♪

Darren Quimbey:

From The Bronx, New York. Weighing in at 254 pounds... **HURT. LOCKER. HOLT!**

Insider the ring, the six foot, five inch tower of muscle paces back and forth. Making his pecs dance with a permanent grimace on his face, Holt leans across the top rope towards the entrance pushing them down. Calling for his opponent it doesn't take long before the arena lights shift the music cuts away.

♪ "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 Quimbey:

And his opponent... Hailing from The Double Dragon Ranch in Tokyo, Texas, weighing in at 265 pounds... **"THE TEXAN DRAGON" JUN IZUCHI!**

The NOLA Faithful gives a nice reception for the former Massive Cowboy as he heads to the ring and points at a few fans before high-fiving a few others. He reaches the ring, walks up the steps, then makes it into the squared circle. He takes off his hat and hangs it and his lasso on the nearby post. After that, both big men come face to face before referee Carla Ferrari calls for the bell.

DING DING

The Texan Dragon and the former Marine lock up quickly! They scrap quickly to try and get the first advantage; it is Izuchi who wins the exchange with a tight headlock!

DDK:

I'm a little shocked that we're getting a classic lockup. Both men are more known for being brawlers.

Lance:

Similar stats, too! Jun Izuchi about six-four and two-sixty five. Hurtlocker Holt about six-five and just over two-fifty!

Holt tries shaking Izuchi off of him, but The Texan Dragon is able to keep him restrained. Holt finally throws a few jabs to the side of Jun and then pushes him to the ropes. Holt uses the momentum to launch him into the ropes. He goes for a dropdown, but Izuchi leaps over and keeps running. Holt is back up and misses a clothesline, but Jun does NOT

miss the flying shoulder block off the ropes coming back a third time! The Faithful cheer as the big man stands up and then points out to the Faithful!

DDK:

Izuchi wins the first exchange here! The former Massive Cowboy now in control here after that flying shoulder! And now he goes for the pinfall with a lateral press!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Lance:

And there's a quick kick-out by Holt!

When Jun tries to pick him up, Hurtlocker Holt surges back to his feet and PICKS UP Izuchi over the shoulder before he rams him into a corner. He fires off a number of quick shoulder thrusts to the rib cage. He pins The Texan Dragon with a shoulder in the corner to try and rob him of air. Carla starts a five-count and Holt hangs on for the count of four before he backs off.

Lance:

We've seen a few matches of Hurtlocker Holt in recent times since he became a singles star. He's trying to establish himself with a big win. He's just half a step away from that, but still trying to put together the right combination to do it.

DDK:

Indeed. He whips Izuchi off to the corner!

The Texan Dragon collides with the opposite corner and stumbles directly into the grip of Holt who has him in a samoan drop position... but Izuchi slips out! He pushes Holt to the ropes and then NAILS him with a big clothesline!

DDK:

But Izuchi with a counter! And now he's got Holt up!

When the former Marine scrambles up to his feet, Izuchi hooks him up for a vertical suplex. He throws a few right hands into the chest of Hurtlocker and then snaps him over for a huge suplex that gets a cheer from The Faithful!

Lance:

Izuchi doing a great job reestablishing himself tonight! He's got Holt on the ropes!

The former Marine is stumbling around and trying to catch his breath when Izuchi throws up a fist to The Faithful. He waits as Holt stumbles back into the corner and then rushes at the corner. He tries to spike Holt, but he moves and sends Izuchi chest-first into the empty buckle. When Izuchi staggers backwards, Holt charges off the ropes and then CLOBBERS him in the back with a running forearm to the back of the head!

DDK:

Ooh! That shot was nasty! Holt finally able to turn the tables on the Texan Dragon!

Lance:

Maybe he heard me up here!

The former Marine fires up and he grabs a headlock on Izuchi before he throws a few high knees into the chest. He then fires off a side of headbutts to the chest and then hooks the arms and then picks Izuchi up for a big pumphandle slam mid-ring!

DDK:

Big pumphandle powerslam from Hurtlocker Holt! What a move!

Holt has a grin on his face when he hooks a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Izuchi kicks out! Hurtlocker Holt gets to a knee and then rams a number of fists into the head of The Texan Dragon.

Lance:

Impressive move by Holt, but Jun kicks out!

DDK:

But Hurtlocker Holt has a bad plan in mind! He's got a move called the World of Hurt and he's ready to use it!

Holt picks up Izuchi slowly by underhooking the neck and then picking him up for what looks like some reverse DDT variation. He hooks him by the waist... but Izuchi twists himself out of the hold to BLAST Holt with a big right hand! He stumbles back when Izuchi fights with a big running clothesline! Then a second one!

DDK:

The Texan Cowboy fighting back now! And The Faithful know it!

The big Tokyo, Texas native waits for Hurtlocker Holt to get back up and then whips him off the ropes. When he comes back, he gets dropped with a big back elbow! After Holt goes down, The Texan Cowboy gets down on all four, then rushes forward with a JYD-like rushing headbutt to the side of Holt's head!

DDK:

That's a new one! He calls that the Stallion Headbutt!

Holt is holding the side of his head in pain as Izuchi reaches up! He picks up Hurtlocker Holt...

DDK:

High Noon! It's High Noon for Hurtlocker Holt and we know what comes next!

Lance:

I do! Hurtlocker Holt is about to be taken for a ride!

After hitting the thrust spinebuster, he points out to the crowd and then grabs him by the arm. He's got Holt on his shoulders and then runs at the corner to ram Holt into the side! Jun turns around...

DDK:

TOKYO, TEXAS STAMPEDE! THIS ONE IS OVER!

After hitting the running powerslam out of the corner, he hooks the leg and The NOLA Faithful count along!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **JUN IZUCHI!**

The silent hero gets to his feet and takes in the applause before he is handed his cowboy hat and lasso. He throws the lasso up and then gets his arm raised in victory.

Lance:

Hurtlocker Holt tried, but a dominant win here tonight by Izuchi who gets back in the win column against the hungry BRAZEN star.

DDK:

Jun Izuchi is another man just waiting for an opportunity to break out. He's been putting it together in the ring and he's so close to bigger things!

The Texan Dragon leaves the ring and then starts high-fiving a few fans on his way back behind the curtain.

BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED

The shot opens up to gorilla with an 'UNCUT EXCLUSIVE' chyron appearing in the lower left hand corner of the broadcast feed. The roars of the crowd can faintly be heard as Cyrus Bates bursts through the curtain. He bypasses grabbing a towel despite being rather sweaty and instead, he marches over to a production crate where he rummages through it.

Cyrus Bates:

BATTERIES! BATTERIES! I NEED TO FIND SOME!

He whips out some CR2032 batteries. You know, the disc sized ones that fit into watches. He grumbles.

Cyrus Bates:

These are far too small! They won't fit in my walkie talkie!

The Bellicose Brawler discards them and continues his *search*. Eventually, he finds a pair of heavy duty 9-volt batteries which eases his stress level a bit. He slaps those bad boys squarely into the caboose of his device and immediately begins fidgeting with the flux capacitor.

Cyrus Bates:

TENDER NEST, DO YOU READ ME!? IT'S SHREDDED PIGLET! DO YOU COPY ME!? I HAVEN'T BEEN KIA! I NEED AN EXTRACT! CAN YOU ADVISE? OVER.

Some scrambled static is all Cyrus can hear in return but hey, at least it's kind of working right? That's more noise out of his tiny handheld machine in the last ten seconds than the last few months so even though he's not getting an immediate clear-cut response, Bates chalks it up as a win. For now.

Cyrus Bates:

I gotta find higher ground or a better frequency. I'm so close, I can taste it in my mouth.

In reality, all he can probably taste in his mouth at the moment is nothing but sweat and grossness. Either way, with his head on a swivel, he tries to find the best route to take next until someone nearby catches his eye.

Cyrus Bates:

YOU!

He points menacingly towards...

Teresa Ames.

She stands there, arm in a sling, still recovering from her train wreck of a street fight against Siobhan Cassidy not too long ago. She says nothing before walking out of frame as if suggesting Bates best follow her. Dumbfounded, Bates clutches his radio and wipes some perspiration from his brow.

Cyrus Bates:

I did it. I contacted home. Wait up, Teresa. I'M FOLLOWING YOU!

He runs off after her as the footage ends.

MAX LUCK vs. LONNIE STONE

DDK:

We've got our next match for tonight's UNCUT and we have one half of the Lucky Sevens, Max Luck, in action tonight. After Tom Morrow screwed them out of a win against M4NTRA and gave them the boot from Better Future Talent Agency, Max wanted a match and we understand that it has been accepted by a very unlikely challenger ... newcomer Lonnie Stone!

Lance:

For those that may not know, Lonnie Stone made his debut on Uncut 148 and earned himself a main roster contract by defeating Thomas Slaine! Lonnie Stone – standing at five-seven and weighing barely one-hundred sixty pounds - he wanted to step up against a man he knows very well, Max Luck. The Lucky Sevens, Lonnie Stone and others in the BRAZEN system have been trained by the Lucks's grandfather, Wild Winston Luck!

DDK:

I can admire what Lonnie Stone wants to do tonight ... but is this really wise? He might have been another student of the Lucks' grandfather, Winston Luck, but Mason and Max Luck are two of the most dangerous men in DEFIANCE today. The Lucky Sevens want to hurt somebody, so I hope Stone knows what he's gotten himself into.

♪ "Desperado" by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first ... from Caliente, Nevada ... he weights in at one-hundred fifty-nine pounds ... LONNNNNIIIIIIII STONNNNNNNEEEEE!!!

Zippering through the curtains, Lonnie Stone doesn't wait too long for his entrance music to play. He points at the ring with two fingers then charges at the ring like there's no tomorrow. He jumps and slides right into the ring. Wearing some new long silver tights and boots, he's keeping things simple tonight.

DDK:

Lonnie Stone got himself some tights after that win! Already putting his money to good use!

Lance:

I talked to him earlier and I asked him why on Earth he was going to take this challenge, but he simply replied "cause I want to prove myself."

Lonnie Stone jumps to the middle turnbuckle on one side of the ring to throw up both hands, then speeds over to the opposite side to do the same. Li'l Lon gets ready for the herculean task being presented to him.

♪ "Ecstasy of Gold (Bandini Remix)" by Ennio Morricone ♪

Tonight, there is no pyro, no fireworks or any of the Sevens's old over the top entrances. Tonight, Max Luck is in tattered red jeans. Mason Luck is next to him in street clothes as he goes towards the ring.

Quimbey:

And his opponent ... from Sin City, weighing in at three-hundred and nine pounds! Accompanied by Mason Luck ... MAAAAAXXXXXXX LUCK!!!

Lance:

No over the top fireworks or anything for Max Luck tonight. He wants to beat somebody up and beat them up bad.

DDK:

I have to ask again ... is this what Lonnie Stone really wants?

Max Luck steps over the top rope and enters the ring. He comes face to face with Lonnie Stone and looks down at another graduate of the Luck Gym. The camera can barely pick up what is being said between the giant and the

underdog.

Max Luck:

Lonnie Stone? That's what you're going with?

Lonnie Stone:

That's right, bud! We gonna chat or we gonna scrap?

He has the audacity to slap Max Luck on the arm playfully. Max responds by walking over to the ropes and pulling them open with his foot.

Max Luck:

Out of respect for Pops, you get one chance to leave the ring, Lonnie!

Lonnie's response is to stand in place. The underdog isn't going anywhere. Max shakes his head and then removes his foot from the ropes.

DDK:

Wow ... the Lucky Sevens have never shown respect to anyone before in DEFIANCE, even to their own trainers, The House! They injured them a while back and sent them to BRAZEN where they have been coaches ever since.

Lance:

I admire Lonnie's guts but he should have taken the deal.

The official rings the bell.

DING DING DING

Lonnie Stone is the first of the two to try and go for any offense! He hits a drop kick right to the chest of Max Luck at the start, but the Beast of the Bright Lights does not fall. Lonnie gets back up but before he is able to hit a second one ...

Bam!!!

A running clothesline from Max Luck already takes down Stone!

DDK:

Like we said, this challenge was better off not being taken by Lonnie Stone. There's trying to make a name for yourself, but there's also living to fight another day!

Lance:

And now he's being manhandled by Max Luck!

Mason Luck is watching his twin brother rough up Lonnie Stone by picking him up and pushing him into a corner. He gets pinned there and then Max Luck holds out a hand before he whacks him across the chest with a massive chop! Li'l Lon is slumped over in pain but Max decides that he wants to see what he's got. He taps Lonnie with his boot and knocks him over.

Max Luck:

Come on, Lon! Show me what Pops taught you!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful then start cheering Lonnie when he surprises Max with a right hand! But the punch doesn't seem to bother him much. He taps his face telling Lonnie to hit him harder, so Stone does it. The fellow graduate of the Luck Academy throws more punches in bunches to a kneeling Max who is willing to take the shots. When he's had enough, he tries a punch of his own. Stone ducks, then grabs his arm ... and BITES him!

DDK:

Lonnie bites him on the forearm! We saw him to do that to Thomas Slaine a few weeks ago when he earned his DEFIANCE Wrestling contract!

Lance:

Was that smart, though?

Lonnie yells out and he has some fans cheering for him! He tries to go off the ropes for another drop kick ... but Max Luck swats him out of the sky quickly! Mason is on the outside almost laughing at his brother a little bit for getting bit by Lonnie Stone, but Max tells him to shut up! Max grabs Lonnie with a head lock and then hits the biggest suplex DEFIANCE might have ever seen because the suplex throws Lonnie Stone all the way across the ring!

DDK:

I THINK MAX LUCK WON THE SHOT PUT COMPETITION!!! THAT WAS THE WILDEST SUPLEX I'VE EVER SEEN!

The mouths of the fans are agape! Max Luck stands up and then goes off the ropes. He runs off both sides of the ring and then jumps up and lands a huge Box Cars elbow drop to the chest of Lonnie Stone!

DDK:

And he follows it up with the Box Cars elbow drop! He gets some scary hang time on that elbow drop! Max Luck likes to show off tonight and it seems like he's having fun taking out his aggressions on Lonnie Stone!

Lance:

And I think that he wants to be done with this match!

The Beast of the Bright Lights gets up as Lonnie Stone is still hurt after the big suplex throw and the Box Cars elbow drop.

Max Luck:

We're done here, Lonnie! Stay down!

But the gutsy Lonnie doesn't do that! He stands up and he waves at Max Luck to give him all he's got. Max honors his request and charges at him across the ring, but Lonnie yanks on the top rope and sends Max Luck over the ropes! Max stumbles and scrambles to his feet below the ring ... but Lonnie quickly jumps to the top rope and then catches the unsuspecting Max Luck with a springboard rolling senton to the outside that makes the fans jump!

DDK:

What the heck?! Lonnie Stone calls that move the Lonn Dart! And he just threw himself at Max Luck with that springboard rolling senton!

The Faithful can't believe what they are seeing! Mason Luck looks shocked that Lonnie Stone was able to pull off what he just did, but he did it! The replays show a few different angles on the DEFIA-Tron of what just happened.

Lance:

This is how Lonnie Stone has to fight bigger opponents! He's gotta use high risk like that to fight back!

Max Luck starts to limp upward and head back into the ring behind Lonnie, who strikes with a big basement drop kick to the side of Max's head just as he enters the ring. He charges at Max Luck when he's in the corner and hits another running drop kick! The fans cheer on Lonnie when he gets to his feet and then hits another running drop kick!

DDK:

All those drop kicks have Max Luck teetering in the corner! Lonnie Stone might have a chance! We saw that move he did to Thomas Slaine that he calls Drop Like a Stone!

Lance:

David might be able to slay Goliath tonight if he hits it, too!

Mason is wondering what the heck is going on when Lonnie grabs Max Luck by the head. He runs up the corner and tries hitting the running cutter out of the corner ... but the Beast of the Bright Lights is able to hang on and then he throws Lonnie Stone across the ring like ... well, a lawn dart!

Lance:

I guess Max Luck heard how David and Goliath ended and decided to do a rewrite!

DDK:

I think Lonnie Stone might be done!

When Lonnie gets up, he gets wiped out completely with a massive running cross body off of the ropes from Max Luck! Luck smothers him with the move and then goes right to holding up the Winning Hand! He plucks Stone off of the mat only to pick him up again ...

DDK:

Winning Hand Slam! The trademark of the Luck family! I think we're done here tonight!

Max Luck holds the pin with the Winning Hand claw still applied.

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Ecstasy of Gold (Bandini Remix)" by Ennio Morricone ♪

Max Luck gets up and he is checking his jaw after taking multiple drop kicks from Lonnie, but instead of letting the official raise his hand, the first thing he does is to tower over Lonnie.

Quimbey:

Your winner ... MAAAAAAX LUCK!!!

DDK:

Max Luck gets the win here tonight, but I think he underestimated Lonnie Stone a little bit tonight.

Lance:

A little bit. I think it was more so that he wanted to see what Lonnie Stone could do? We have seen the Luck brothers just take some of the worst punishment ever and keep on going. What's he doing?

Now Mason Luck is in the ring and both twins are towering over Lonnie, who doesn't know what is going to happen next ... until Max Luck does the most shocking thing possible. He picks up Lonnie Stone and then holds him arm up out of respect!

DDK:

What the hell?! Did ... did we just see the Lucky Sevens show respect to somebody?

Max Luck pats Lonnie Stone on the back ... then hits him with a clothesline! That gets a few jeers, but Max Luck looks at Lonnie when he's down.

Max Luck:

That's for biting me, you little weirdo!

Max leaves the ring. Mason kneels down and then pats Lonnie on the shoulder. The camera catches what Mason is saying to Stone.

Mason Luck:

From one Luck Academy grad to another ... keep fighting, you little shit.

Mason leaves the ring and follows his brother out of the ring.

DDK:

That's a little more like the Lucky Sevens we know. We still have no answers as to why Tom Morrow did what he did to these monsters, but Morrow needs to have his affairs in order and make sure he's got his will updated.

OSCAR BURNS vs. NICKY SYNZ

DDK:

Welcome to our special UNCUT show! We are just DAYS away from our major tour of Germany! We are days away from the fifth edition of Tag Party V, but our main event brings to you none other than the self-professed "DEFIANCE Himself" Oscar Burns!

Lance:

He can't be in a good mood after coming SO CLOSE to becoming the FIST, but for Nicky Synz, this could be the ultimate chance to strike while the iron is hot! He has nothing to lose and everything to gain tonight if he can somehow do the unthinkable and defeat a possibly vulnerable Oscar Burns!

The camera closes in on Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is your main event 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 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 riff and rocking out, before he enters the ring. He jumps up the top rope and plays a little more guitar for the people and then hands off his signature Flying V to a stagehand at ringside.

DDK:

Without a doubt... this is the biggest match in the career of Nicky Synz. Win, lose or draw, the young gutsy rock star is just looking for one big opportunity get his name out there and with Oscar Burns coming off a loss in a grueling match, you have to wonder what kind of condition he's in.

Lance:

I heard rumors backstage that Oscar Burns was not happy to be scheduled for tonight's show and has been in a general foul mood since then. No gold for Vae Victis of any kind for the first time in a year and a half!

Nicky pulls the ropes down and gets cheers from The Faithful as they wait for the arrival of the former Favoured Saints and two-time FIST of DEFIANCE.

...

♪ dun dun dun.
dun dun dun.
dun dun dun.
dun dun dun.
ahhhhhh-ahhhhhhhhhhhh.
ahhhhhh-ahhhhhhhhhhhh.♪

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

♪ Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Dread. Dread and red beacons flooding the arena. Red Dread Redreadmption. And of course, the familiar text across the DEFIATron:

VAE VICTIS

There is no fanfare tonight. No Sonny Silver. No Butcher Victorious. It is DEFIANCE Himself... himself. Oscar Burns stands out in front of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex looking out to The Faithful. But tonight, he isn't dressed at all to compete! Adorning a black dress shirt, burgundy-colored pants and black loafers, Oscar looks more dressed to attend a formal gathering as opposed to a wrestling match. Synz looks confused by what's happening.

Lance:

What is the meaning of this? Oscar Burns was given tonight's main event... and THIS is how he's dressed?

DDK:

We really don't know what's going through his head right now. He's lashed out at Butcher Victorious and he's out here without Sonny Silver.

The crowd is jeering loudly as Oscar Burns has a microphone in hand.

Oscar Burns:

Cut the music. NOW.

The music is gone pretty quickly and Nicky Synz watches as the man who calls himself DEFIANCE wipes his feet on the ring apron before leaning over the ropes to look at his competition.

Oscar Burns:

Before I get to this match, let me tell you GCs a story...

He doesn't enter the ring.

Oscar Burns:

You know me. You know my status. You know my record. For SIX years and counting, I have been the man so ingrained into the very being of this promotion, I BECAME this promotion. I BECAME the very symbol of what that red fist was designed to be. Other people may walk in and out of this promotion acting like they did something to make it worth what it is, but NONE of them have my stats! NONE of them are the symbol of excellence that I am! They're MUNTED if they think that any of them are worth what *I* am!

Oscar points to himself.

Oscar Burns:

I SHOULD BE THE FIST! IT SHOULD BE **ME** HOLDING THE TITLE AND IT SHOULD BE **DEX JOY** RIGHT HERE BOOKED WITH THE PONCES OF THE WORLD LIKE NICKY SYNZ ON UNCUT! NOT ME!

Synz doesn't take kindly to that and he's gesturing to Oscar to get in the ring.

Oscar Burns:

For YOU, Nicky, being in the ring with someone like the GREATEST technical wrestler DEFIANCE has ever seen is a world-changing opportunity. It's the equivalent of one of your scratch tickets making you a millionaire. It's rare. For a lot of people, this type of thing never happens. For some people, it's a career-changing moment. But for me, Nicky... this is just a Wednesday night.

The Frontman balls up his fist. He's getting irritated.

Oscar Burns:

And that's not me bashing this lovely show. ANY show that DEFIANCE appears on IS automatically the must-see

show and you're a ponce if you don't pay attention. A lot of talent work hard to get the chance to make it to DEFtv! To make it to the big shows! Tag Party... watch that on Saturday, October 28th! But tonight, after all the work that I've put into this company to make it what it is today... I will be OFFICIALLY taking my paid time off.

DDK:

WHAT?!

Oscar Burns:

You heard me, GCs! I will be walking away from this ring. I will be taking the night off and I will be giving Nicky Synz the biggest moment of his career by allowing Rex Knox to count me out and declaring Synz the winner. Rex, if your country's educational system has not failed you, please count to ten. And to The Oscar Burns Faithful, I bid you farewell.

He drops the microphone and slowly walks off the ring apron. He heads up the ramp to intense booing!

Lance:

He's a WRESTLER! He's being paid to WRESTLE! And he has the audacity to ask for a night off after this match was already scheduled?

Nicky Synz has clearly seen enough. Oscar Burns has walked away from the ring, but Nicky grabs the microphone he just dropped in the ring.

Nicky Synz:

No! Get back here and fight me...

DEFIANCE Himself ignores his opponent. Nicky takes it one step further.

Nicky Synz:

...CHICKENSHIT!

OOOOOOHHHHH!

With that... Burns stops.

Cold.

He slowly etches his head around to turn up and look back at The Frontman.

DDK:

Whoa... did Nicky Synz just say what I heard him say? He just pulled the card of Oscar Burns!

Burns, still dressed up for a night on the town, slowly unbuttons his dress shirt until he has taken it all the way off. He hands it over to a ringside attendant, then SLIDES into the ring, only to be met by Nicky Synz and a basement dropkick! Seeing the action unfold, Rex Knox calls for the bell!

DING DING

DDK:

The Faithful are firmly in favor of a massive upset by Nicky Synz! We suspected Burns was in a mood after what happened in that narrow loss to Dex Joy for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Lance:

And Nicky has nothing to lose and everything to gain tonight! Burns isn't dressed to wrestle tonight, but that's his own fault!

The Faithful cheer on The Frontman as Burns tries to scramble up to his feet. Nicky charges at him from the corner and strikes DEFIANCE Himself upside the head with a heck of a running dropkick! The blow sends the larger Oscar scrambling across the ring in a daze while Synz fires himself up with a quick kip-up off the canvas! He yells out and throws up the double horns to The Louisiana Faithful!

DDK:

What a series of dropkicks by Nicky Synz! He's got Burns on the defensive right now!

With Burns staggering up to his feet and trying to find his footing, he doesn't see Nicky Synz launch himself at Oscar like a bullet to connect with a running shoulder thrust in the corner! Oscar gets gut-checked when Nicky rolls back out of the corner and heads back to his feet. He charges at the corner to deliver a running back elbow right under the chin of the former two-time FIST!

DDK:

There's Double Platinum! Now Oscar out of the corner! He's got Nicky on the top rope!

Nicky goes up top quickly and waits as Burns tries to stand. He takes flight and then connects with a PERFECT front missile dropkick! The Kiwi gets rocked when Nicky goes for a cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

The unexpected Oscar kicks out, but Nicky takes the chance to stay on the attack! He listens to the people and they are telling him to go for the win!

Lance:

Come on, Nicky! Here's your chance! Go for broke!

DDK:

Nicky Synz is going for the Flying V! This springboard senton bomb has earned him victories in the past and he can do it again!

He looks out to the sea of roaring Faithful and then waits to make the jump! He springboards to the top rope...

BURNS MOVES!

Nicky adjusts course and lands on his feet to avoid a move, but when he turns around...

OOOOOOOOOHHHHHH!

He gets thrown into the air and CRACKED with a Hard Out Headbutt on the way down!

DDK

OH, MY GOD! I'VE CALLED EVERY LAST ONE OF OSCAR BURNS' MATCHES AND HE HAS NEVER HIT A POP-UP HEADBUTT LIKE THAT!

The Faithful groan in pain when Oscar Burns holds his own head from the impact, but it's clearly Nicky who has gotten the worst of it. Burns - still in loafers and dress pants - grabs the legs of Nicky Synz and CONTORTS him into a high angle boston crab! Oscar starts yelling at the top of his lungs and CRANKS back in the hold!

Lance:

Oh, my God! Burns has him trapped in that crab hold! He's torturing Synz!

Synz cries out, but he's not anywhere near the ropes! And to make matters worse... groans fill the arena when Burns

has his loafers on top of his head! Nicky has no choice as the hands are up...

TAP TAP TAP!

DDK:

Just like that! This is over!

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Burns CRANKS back on the hold a few extra seconds after Rex Knox has already called for the bell! He finally releases the submission on Synz and throws him off to the side. He doesn't even give Rex Knox the time of day to let him raise his hand. He brushes right past the official, leaves the ring and grabs his shirt before heading back up the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner as a result of submission... **OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

That's what makes Oscar so dangerous. He is capable of snatching victory from anyone with submissions like that!

Lance:

And I have to wonder what's next for Oscar Burns after that tough loss to Dex Joy. What's next for Vae Victis after this match?

DDK:

I don't know... but no doubt that we'll find out soon enough. We have to wrap up our show tonight, but be sure to stay tuned for Saturday, October 28th for our Tag Party V Special and look out for DEFtv 194, LIVE from Germany not long after! For Lance Warner, I am "Downtown" Darren Quimbey! Good night, everybody!

The victorious Oscar Burns poses on top of the ramp and instead of our usual THIS IS DEFIANCE sign-off, we get one voice...

Oscar Burns:

!! AM! DEFIANCE!

DEFIANCE.

IS.

DEFIANCE.