

INCOMING ROGUE TRANSMISSION

Tonight's production of UNCUT is suddenly interrupted by static on your monitor, before a loud buzzing fills the air, and the following words appear.

WARNING: INCOMING ROGUE TRANSMISSION
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Smash cut to darkness, followed by a familiar foreboding tune...

♪ ["Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" by Johann Sebastian Bach](#) ♪

Cold open.

The full moon beams through the windows and a cold breeze moves the curtains. The camera pulls away as echoing footsteps get louder and louder with each step. Eventually, a raven-haired, begoggled woman in a white lab coat and purple gloves enters our field of view, walking with poise and purpose.

Voiceover:

My name is Dr. Ayumi Sato, Mad Scientist Extraordinaire. My genius knows no boundaries.

Her voice is clear and crisp. The presumed owner of this voice continues walking, snapping the cuff of one of her gloves for emphasis.

Dr. Sato (V/O):

For years I have studied the laws of science... and how to flagrantly violate them. I am an outlaw, a rebel, and yes... *a mad scientist*.

Camera change; side view. She is now walking down a long hallway, as storm clouds begin to form outside the windows in the background. One can see she is wearing heels, presumably the source of these loud footsteps.

Dr. Sato (V/O):

I have searched far and wide for the perfect venue to demonstrate my genius, and make my own mark on this wasted world. I searched everywhere; Government? Too bogged down in red tape and bureaucratic meddling. Private industry? Too obsessed with profits to truly appreciate the fine workmanship that goes into my trade. The defense industry?

Camera change; we're up close and personal. She cracks the faintest of smirks as her disembodied voice continues.

Dr. Sato (V/O):

I may be evil and mad... but I'm not a *complete* monster. So, left with few options, I finally settled on a field that appreciates artistry, and considers chaos, destruction, and violence to be *features*, not mere *bugs*; indeed, I found *professional wrestling*.

The scientist eventually walks between two large vats, each one holding what appears to be a human body; the one on our left holds a skinny, but not frail, humanoid with a bleached blond mohawk mullet, his painted face bowed in slumber. The one on our right, a large, obese man whose belly presses up to the glass. He too has a bleached-blond mullet mohawk, and his face seems to be more intimidating by design.

Dr. Sato (V/O):

Which leads me to... **DEFIANCE**. Where my creations will touch down and run roughshod over anyone who is foolish enough to stand in my way.

Camera change; ¾ overhead view, as Dr. Sato now walks into the center of what appears to be an observatory, as the

roof begins to open. The rain is falling rather aggressively, and the noise of thunder can be heard. She stops at a console, and types in a few buttons, after which the machine whirs and hums, before slowly making its way upward. The doctor raises her arms and clenches her fists, as if she were directing her apparatus on where to go.

Dr. Sato (V/O):

Little Boy and **Fat Man**... my **ATOMIC PUNKS**, will come to your ring soon, DEFIANCE, and Chapter One of our inevitable conquest will commence.

What appears to be a giant lightning rod peeks out, and eventually exposes itself fully to the elements, as Dr. Sato gleefully grins and giggles. One gets the impression that she would be quite pretty if she weren't... well, *nuts*.

RUMBLERUMBLEzzzzzzzzzzzzzap

A large bolt of lightning strikes down upon the lightning rod, causing the entire machine to glow an eerie hue. Dr. Sato can now be heard celebrating in her lab.

Dr. Sato:

Yes, yes, YYYYYYYYYYYYES!!!

Her giggle now become a full-throated laugh as she looks up to the night sky and claps her hands in delight, and we hear...

...a pronounced, prolonged dripping sound.

The scientist rolls her eyes to the left, and the camera changes to reveal... a coffee carafe, filling up with that hot, dark nectar. She slowly walks up to it as the dripping stops, and waits a few seconds, before pulling the carafe out and pouring into a mug that says "World's #1 Overlord."

Camera change; Dr. Sato blows on the coffee for a few seconds, before taking a small sip and letting the flavor sink in and making a smile and hum of satisfaction. She takes another sip, before blinking and turning her head back to the machinery.

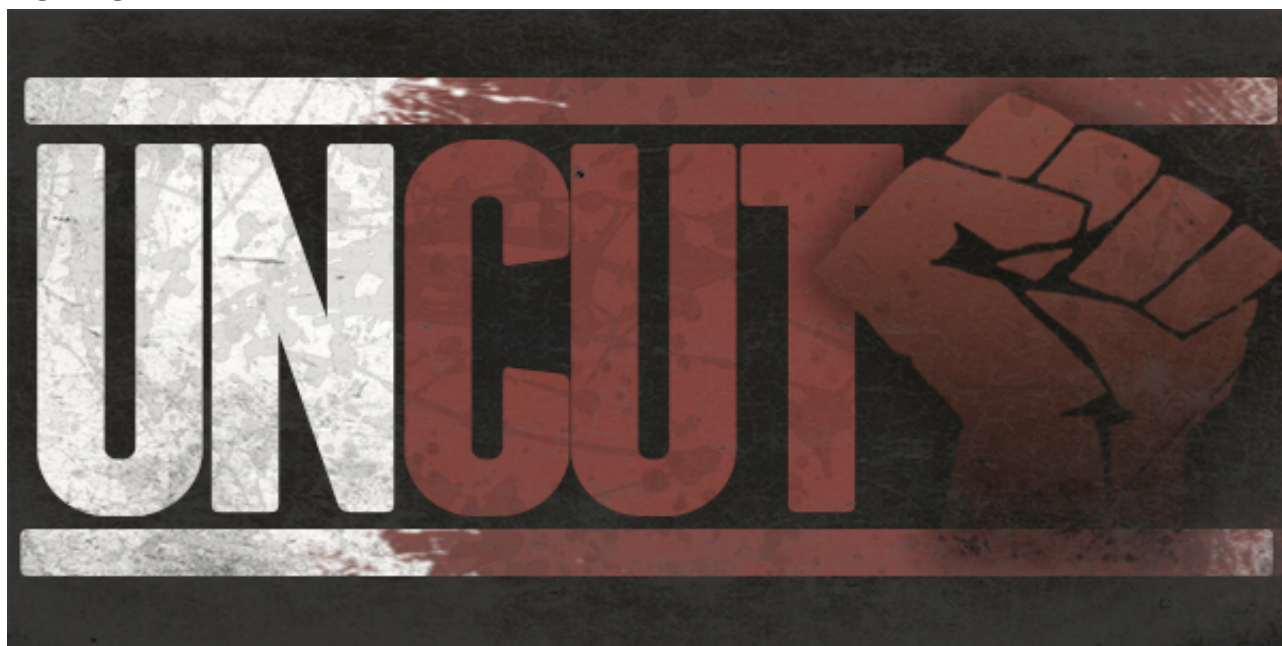
Dr. Sato:

Oh, yeah. *That*.

Without any delay or fanfare, she literally bunches a giant button with a biohazard symbol on it, causing a cacophony of loud claxons and alarms. Camera change; we now face those giant vats again, now beginning to drain. Dr. Sato now cackles with glee, as the monsters begin to stir, and we cut to a screen that only bears the following;

THE ATOMIC PUNKS

COMING TO DEFIANCE

SHOW OPEN

MIL VUELTAS vs. ANTONIO PRINCE

DDK:

Well, that intro was...not in our rundown, but what is in the rundown is plenty of action, both inside and outside the ring! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me to call the action as always is my broadcast partner, Lance Warner! We are coming off the heels of an AMAZING two nights of DEFIANCE Road!

Lance:

That we have and we've got a little bit of the Fallout! We will hear from our NEW Favoured Saints Champion JJ Dixon, along with Madame Melton and Her Most Precious Gems. We'll take a look at a verbal altercation that took place earlier today at the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex between the newly-returned MV1... and Uriel Cortez.

DDK:

We've got action! The return of Tripp Wise! We're being treated later to the unique comedic stylings of Edgar and Larry™! But first up... we've got the former two-time Unified Tag Team and Favoured Saints Champion... the exciting MIL VUELTAS in action! This and much more tonight, so let's go to Darren Quimbey in the ring for the introductions.

The bell rings to signify to The Faithful for tonight's opening match at DEFIANCE HQ, aka The DEFIANCE Wrestleplex!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is our opening bout and scheduled for one fall! First, about to introduce his client, Mil Vueltas... please welcome his official promoter... **THOMAS KEELING!**

The Faithful give a loud cheer to the man in the bright silver suit!

Thomas Keeling:

Darren Number Two, thank you for having me! Ladies! Gentlemen! Prepare to feast your eyes on the guy that needs FAA clearance to compete every single week!

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

As the music cues up, lightning-quick shots of many dives, jumps, twists, corkscrews, and everything in between play... before they give way to the man himself! Appearing on stage, wearing a pristine white coat and mask with red and green sleeves and designs all over, The Man of a Thousand Flips arrives! Green, red and white pyro sparks up from the stage! Mil Vueltas heads to the ring and then leaps up to the top rope, points to the sky, then jumps into the ring to join Thomas Keeling. Mil gets ready.

Thomas Keeling:>

You know how this goes... one flip for every nickname he's got! Let's go!

The Man of a Thousand Flips lives up to his name and does a front flip for every nickname listed, rolling in a circle around Thomas Keeling mid-ring!

Thomas Keeling:

Prince of the Plancha! Dynasty of the Dive! Ruler of the Ropes! The Sovereign of the Shooting Star! The Ace of Space! The GIF that Keeps On Giving! The Man of a Thousand Flips! And if you want to know where he's from... JUST... LOOK... UP...

Mil jumps to the middle rope, then rolls into one more flip before posing for The Faithful!

Thomas Keeling:

MILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL VUELTAS!

The Man of a Thousand Flips raises both hands in the sky and gets a great ovation from The Faithful! Despite his tough loss to Oscar Burns by way of Butcher Victorious' interference, he waits for the music to fade.

♪ "Go!" by NEFFEX ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Garland, Texas... weighing in at 187 pounds... **ANTONIO PRINCE!**

Out comes the young star from Texas, wearing black and red pants-length tights, black compression sleeves and a smile. Running a hand through his hair, he runs right at the ring. He runs through the ropes with a flip and stands up to meet Mil Vueltas in the center of the ring.

DDK:

Only nineteen years old, Antonio Prince is known in BRAZEN as The Fresh Prince of Big Air. After coming off a big singles victory at the BRAZEN Double Jeopardy Shot last weekend, Prince has a chance for more eyes.

Lance:

That he does. He defeated former BRAZEN Champion and Tag Champion BIGBOSS Batts to earn this shot.

Mil extends a hand to Antonio Prince and he shakes it before referee Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

After the handshake, Prince gets jeers when he piefaces Vueltas! He starts talking trash... until Mil goes low and takes him off his feet quickly with a leg sweep!

DDK:

I don't know how wise that was to get under Mil Vueltas' skin. You have to wonder where his mind is. He was betrayed by Butcher Victorious after he opened up to him for weeks to get him away from Oscar Burns... and not to mention what his best friend, Uriel Cortez, did to Dan Leo James...

Mil has Prince in a headlock, but not for long as The Fresh Prince of Big Air leans back into the ropes and shoots him forward. When Mil hits the ropes, he suddenly sidesteps and moves to Prince's left. When Prince waits for Mi, he suddenly darts to the right and hits the ropes again. Prince ducks low as Mil leaps forward and does not just one, but two front flips over Prince to land on his feet! When Prince gets up, he catches a low spin kick to the gut, followed by a STIFF leaping kick to the head that sends Prince through the ropes!

Lance:

Goodness! Good luck trying to call all that action, Darren!

DDK:

Mil Vueltas makes our jobs difficult with how fast he moves... case in point!

Before Prince knows what's happening outside the ring, Mil RUNS UP the ropes and then LEAPS with incredible hangtime into a HUGE springboard crossbody all the way from the top rope to the floor outside!

DDK:

There's The Come-Up! Good grief! Right away, you gotta get air traffic control on the line tonight!

It takes Mil a few seconds to get up, but he does and then hears the cheers from The Faithful making him feel like he's where he belongs. Mil grabs Prince and then makes sure to get back him back into the ring. Mil walks over and dabs fists with Thomas Keeling, then focuses inside the ring. With more cheers coming out LOUDLY for perhaps the premier high flyer in DEFIANCE today, Mil leaps up to the top rope on his knees, then rolls forward with a delayed somersault senton across the chest of Prince! He goes over for the first cover of the match.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Lance:

Kickout by Mil, but Prince showing what he's got by kicking out of that high-speed offense.

DDK:

That he is. Mil staying in control, though.

The taller Prince is trying to get to his knees, only to catch a nasty shoot kick to the chest. Mil adjusts the red kickpad on his right foot, then swings and connects with a kick from the green kickpad on his left foot! Prince clutches his chest in pain as Mil takes in more cheers from The Faithful. He swings back and then tries to connect with another kick... but suddenly, Prince ducks the kick and pushes Mil to the ropes. When he comes back, Prince quickly takes him down with an overhead belly to belly suplex!

DDK:

What a suplex by Prince! Not a move I'd expect from a man nicknamed The Fresh Prince of Big Air, but he's bringing it tonight!

Thomas Keeling looks shocked outside the ring, but Prince gets back up to his feet and leaps to the top rope before he lands a HUGE springboard corkscrew moonsault from off the middle rope! Some oohs and aahs come out for the big move!

Lance:

How about that move, Darren! Prince showing what he can do when given the chance to take to the skies!

DDK:

That he can! And look!

Prince stands up over Mil and then hits a standing corkscrew moonsault next for good measure!

DDK:

And right into the standing version of that move! Lateral press by Prince!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mil kicks out with his legs!

Lance:

There's Prince showing his inexperience there! He should have tried to hook a leg, right?

DDK:

Absolutely. Prince staying on the attack, though! He's got Mil in the corner... and there's a running knife-edge chop!

Mil is wincing in the corner after the first running knife-edge chop from Prince. Prince grabs Mil and runs him to the other corner. He charges and then scores with another big chop to the chest! Vueltas is doubled over. With The Ace of Space trapped in the corner, Prince speeds off the ropes and he tries to score with another chop. Mil rolls out of the way, but Antonio lands on the middle rope. He scores with a backflip... but Mil SUPERKICKS him in mid-air, garnering huge gasps from The Faithful!

DDK:

WHAT A KICK! PRINCE JUST GOT SOME FREE DENTAL WORK!

Prince is checking his jaw on the mat while Mil Vueltas looks out to the cheering Faithful! He waits for the big man to

get to his feet. He charges off the ropes and then hits a flying corkscrew forearm to knock Prince off his feet. When The Fresh Prince of Big Air gets back up, he gets knocked down by a second corkscrew forearm. The GIF That Keeps On Giving kips up to his feet, then goes for a whip. Prince spins Mil around and sends him off the ropes, but Mil hits the ropes and CRACKS him across the jaw once again with a massive springboard gamengiri kick to the face! Antonio goes down in a heap while Mil sits up and feels The Faithful's energy supporting him!

Lance:

Look at Mil go! I think Prince made a big mistake getting under his skin like that!

DDK:

He sure did! And I think Mil Vueltas is going to make him pay for it!

The Dynast of the Dive has Prince down right in the center of the ring. He scans the filled up Wrestleplex in attendance and then charges off the ropes like a bullet. He comes back the other way with a handspring and then scores with a spinning backflip elbow drop right to the heart that gets The Faithful roaring!

Lance:

WHOA! INCREDIBLE! WHAT DOES HE EVEN CALL THAT?!

DDK:

WHAT THE HECK?! I GOTTA FIND OUT IF MIL HAS A NAME FOR THAT!

Mil is back to his feet with Antonio clutching his ribs after the impactful move with perhaps an unnecessary flip or two! The Man of a Thousand Flips then heads to the ring apron, poses for the crowd, then leaps up, turns his back to the ring in mid-move then LEAPS with a springboard phoenix splash!

DDK:

SIN MANOS PHOENIX SPLASH! WE'RE DONE HERE, LANCE!

Mil hooks both the legs of Antonio Prince!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here's your winner of the match... **MIL VUELTAS!**

Victorious tonight, Thomas Keeling comes in to raise the hand of The Man of a Thousand Flips, but he doesn't much feel like celebrating tonight. He simply whispers something to Keeling and then both men nod before heading quickly outside the ring.

Lance:

Good effort tonight from Antonio Prince, but Mil Vueltas taking the W and just... I don't know, walking away?

DDK:

Mil managed to score the win tonight, but he's not even in a celebratory mood. I can't blame him with everything that's happened around him.

Mil nods to The Faithful and then mouths “JUST LOOK UP!” to The Faithful, but the words don’t appear to have much meaning right now with Thomas Keeling trying to keep pace behind him as the show moves onwards.

THE FRENCH CONNECTION

There's a spotlight on in the middle of the ring. Standing in the middle are the tag team specialists of Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems -- Raiden and JP Reeves. Raiden stands with a menacing snarl, long black mullet haircut, and a sleeveless T-Shirt that reads "I Give Concussions." JP Reeves is dripping with smugness, his hair in a pompadour, and wears a sports coat over nothing else, sniffing his omnipresent yellow rose.

JP Reeves:

Bonsoir, New Orleans! Tonight will be an evening you shall never forget! For we are just minutes away of, right here on Uncut, the coronation of the next great champion of this promotion, YOUR new Favoured Saints Champion, my comrade, "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon and the matriarch of our unholyest of partnerships... Madame Melton!

There's a big amount of noise at the mention of their names -- mostly jeers but a lot of applause from the heels that walk among us.

JP Reeves:

But for now, I wish to show you another coronation. A rebirth, if you shall! For you see, myself and Raiden have just gone through a transformative journey that started with JJ Dixon's triumphant title victory at DEFIANCE Road in Berlin. We've assembled a travelogue where you could see our transformation before your eyes. If you will turn your attention to the DEFiatron please---

JP Reeves:

Our victory was first celebrated in the famed nightclubs of Berlin. In one of these nightclubs, we came across the members of the famous German rock band Rammstein. (There's a loud cheer from the Rammstein-heads among us.) And here is a photo of my mellieur pote Raiden just shortly after he, all by himself, beat the living shit out of every member of that awful band as their fans, friends and family all watched! YOU WILL NEVER HEAR THE SONG 'DU HAST' EVER AGAIN!

JP Reeves:

Shortly after that, we boarded our private aircraft and headed to a beautiful spa resort on the outskirts of the wonderful city of Tromsø, Norway for a much deserved time of rest, relaxation and pampering! Skin and haircare treatments for Madame Melton! Massages for all of us. And, of course, the peaceful enjoyment of watching the Northern Lights! Here's YOUR new Favoured Saints Champion, "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon relaxing in a hot tub as he basks in the heavenly glow cast upon him!

JP Reeves:

Up next was a trip to a delightful country manor in The Cotswolds in South West England! Our stay was spent enjoying the panoramic views of the English countryside, listening to the echoes of their fallen empire shortly after we started the designs of our own. And to cap off our brief stay in England, we were bestowed upon us the finest of baked goods -- prepared for us by the past winners of each edition of The Great British Bakeoff, and personally presented to us by the esteemed hosts of the show Prue Leith and Paul Hollywood!

JP Reeves:

Then, of course, we enjoyed haute cuisine! Off it was to San Sebastian in the hearth of the Basque Country of Northern Spain, home to over 40 Michelin-starred restaurants. We enjoyed the finest of private dining throughout at establishments such as Martin Berastaegui, El Molino de Urdinaiz and Kokotoxa -- all with open kitchen concepts! Here is YOUR Favoured Saints champion, "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon enjoying part of a 20-course meal -- this a classic cod dish, first fried in an artisanal pot, paired with locally produced vintage white wine, the freshest of garlic and olive oil fresh from the tap! This is cuisine befitting a champion -- cuisine the likes of you will never know!

JP Reeves:

But, most importantly, was our whirlwind trip to Paris! While there, I felt something overcome me. Because even though I may have been born and raised in Claymont, Delaware... I finally felt... at home. Because, like the French, I have a superior palette. I have superior tastes in cinema. I have superior tastes in wine. I am a conqueror like Napoleon, a statesman like Charles deGaulle, a leader like whoever the current president of France is. And, of course, I also am superior at the art of lovemaking! I have always had that certain *je nais se quoi* about me... so because of that, today, with pride, I now announce myself as a rightful citizen of France!

JP Reeves:

Further, myself and Raiden — the tag team specialists of Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems — will now go by the monicker of The French Connection!

Raiden just continues to snarl as he makes an "X" sign over his head with his hands.

Jean-Pierre de la Reeves:

And I will now go by my true name — my French name — Jean-Pierre de la Reeves! But you may also call me by my nom de plume...

He pulls from his pocket a beret and smugly places it on his head.

Jean-Pierre de la Reeves:

THE NEW FLYING FRENCHMAN!!!

Booooooooooooo!!!

Jean-Pierre de la Reeves:

Au revoir, my friends! We shall see you later tonight at The Grand Coronation!

The crowd boos as "The New Flying Frenchman" Jean-Pierre de la Reeves says "Vive Le France!" to the camera.

TOO MUCH GOING ON

The camera goes to Jamie Sawyers standing backstage in the interview area.

Jamie Sawyers:

Ladies and gentlemen... Mil Vuetlas and his official promoter, Thomas Keeling.

Walking up to the interview area fresh off his victory earlier over Antonio Prince, Mil Vueltras is now in towel and a white tracksuit with his regular mask over his head. Thomas Keeling stands behind him in his silver business suit and nods to Jamie.

Thomas Keeling:

Jamie... thanks for having us.

Jamie Sawyers:

Indeed. Congratulations on your victory earlier tonight over Antonio Prince. I have to imagine it feels good after recent events.

Even though masked, one can tell on his face that he doesn't share the same sentiment.

Mil Vueltras:

In ring is business to me right now, Jamie... I don't feel good. I'm sick to my stomach.

Jamie Sawyers:

You offered your hands to Butcher Victorious and for weeks, you tried to get him to stand up for himself, but it seems he made his choice.

Thomas Keeling:

Indeed. What happened with Oscar Burns and Butcher Victorious... we tried to offer the kid a way out, but he seems to be stuck in his ways. He dug his own hole with Vae Victis and now he'll have to find his own way out of it... and not even the worst of it...

Mil Vueltras:

URIEL!

Thomas and Jamie both jump when Mil turns directly to the camera.

Mil Vueltras:

WHAT YOU DID TO DANNY... QUÉ HICISTE?! WHY?

Mil shakes his head.

Mil Vueltras:

I tried to visit Danny, but he doesn't want to see anyone. Princesa... Titaness.. She says she hasn't been around you. Uriel... you avoid me. Hermano... no... you are not hermano... brother wouldn't do what YOU DID!

Now the luchador is fuming.

Mil Vueltras:

I want answers! I heard you were here earlier and you're gone now... but you BETTER have answer for why you did to Danny! THIS FAMILIA WAS BAD!

Now visibly upset, Mil tries to brush it off.

Mil Vueltras:

Necesito irme... I need to go...

Mil turns on his heel and tries to walk off the set. Behind him, Thomas Keeling taps Jamie's microphone.

Thomas Keeling:

I'm sorry, Jamie. We're gonna have to take five...

Jamie Sawyers:

Understood. Thank you, anyway.

Mil Vultas goes to leave and the camera catches Thomas Keeling going after him.

Mil Vultas:

Voy a recoger mi bolso... getting my bags.

Thomas Keeling:

All good, kid. You're the boss.

Thomas and Mil start to leave when they get approached by the last person they want to see...

Butcher Victorious.

Mil balls up a fist with Thomas behind him.

Thomas Keeling:

Young man, you got a LOT of chutzpah right now...

For his part, Butcher seems to look remorseful.

Butcher Victorious:

Uh... hey... Butch Vic... knows what he did was shit... I'm... I'm sor...

Before he can finish, Mil DOUBLE-LEGS Butcher to the ground and then jumps on him, throwing punches as Butcher tries to cover up!

Mil Vultas:

I DON'T WANT YOUR APOLOGIES!

The Man of a Thousand Flips is raining down a thousand fists! DEFSec rush in and pull him away and then break up the two! Thomas Keeling tries to pull Mil away.

Mil Vultas:

Aléjate!

DEFSec gets in the way and then Thomas Keeling pulls him off the set. Meanwhile, Butcher is nursing a sore jaw and backs away from Mil. He doesn't even try to cover up when he's yanked away in the opposite direction.

TRIPP WISE vs. NICKY SYNZ

DDK:

Welcome back to more UNCUT in-ring action and up next, we have the return of "The Wise Ass" Tripp Wise! The last time we saw him, he wised up to the last person he should have... Hall of Famer Bronson Box.

Lance:

And now that he's back, he takes on the lovable rockstar of UNCUT, Nicky Synz! We now to ringside for the next match!

The opening bell starts to ring as Darren Quimbey is inside the ring ready to call the next match up.

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

Nicky Synz, your favorite rock star and mine, emerge through the curtain to a nice positive reaction using a new theme song! Synz's long blond hair ripples in the wind as he headbangs along with his 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 person at ringside. As his music fades out, the entrance of his opponent starts up...

♪ "In One Ear" by Cage The Elephant ♪

Out from the back comes a man now wearing black trunks, knee pads and boots... oh, along with a sparkling silver bow-tie and collar, not to mention a sparkling silver vest with tux tails hanging off the back! He carefully poses to the side on the ramp and has a microphone in hand as Quimbey announces his arrival.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Tripp Wise looks out to the NOLA Faithful and motions for his music to be cut.

Tripp Wise:

That's right, swamp-dwellers! Everyone's favorite chuckster is back on American soil... wishing we were still in Germany instead.

That gets some jeers from The Faithful as he walks over. On stage, there's already a table set with a sheet over it.

Tripp Wise:

Nicky... Nicky... Nicky... since your brain is probably equal parts drug-addled and beaten into powder, you probably don't know what I'm talking about, so I'll spell it out for you with a visual aid I've prepared...

He pulls the sheet off the table and grabs what looks like a kitchen blade.

Tripp Wise:

This... is a knife.

He uncovers the rest of the table and grabs a yellow squeeze bottle.

Tripp Wise:

This... is a hot dog condiment.

He puts the microphone down as the crowd wants this to be over. He grabs the blade and quickly cuts the plastic bottle in half! He's pleased as punch with the crowd jeering. The PUN-isher grabs his microphone.

Tripp Wise:

In that ring, Nicky... against me, you don't CUT THE MUSTARD!

DDK:

Egads... cut his microphone next, please.

Tripp gets into the ring and immediately eats a pair of feet from Nicky Synz, courtesy of a running dropkick! Referee Carla Ferrari decides to call for the bell!

DING DING

That gets him some cheers as Synz rises up to his feet and starts getting cheers from The Faithful!

Nicky Synz:

THAT'S ME KICKING YOUR ASS!

Nicky waits for Tripp Wise to get to his feet and just as he starts to rise, he gets wiped out courtesy of Synz FLYING through the ropes with a big suicide dive! He crashes right into Tripp on the floor, then gets up to his feet after the landing and throws up the horns for a few people in the front row!

Lance:

Win, lose, or draw, Nicky Synz isn't going to take disrespect! Most certainly not from Tripp Wise's hacky shtick.

Synz grabs Tripp by his collar and trunks and then throws him back inside the ring. Nicky jumps up to the ring apron with Wise still trying to get his bearings. Synz goes to the top rope and then takes flight with a big diving crossbody! Right into a cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Kickout by Tripp! You'd think he'd learn a thing or two about running his mouth against the likes of a man of Bronson Box's stature, but it appears he learned nothing.

Lance:

You would think that... and Tripp hasn't even removed that vest of his!

That seems to suit Nicky Synz just fine, who rips the vest off of Tripp, balls it up and then throws it at him. Tripp pushes it out of the way, but that leaves him open for a big basement dropkick upside the head! Tripp spins backwards as Nicky gets up! He tries to go for another cover, but The Wise Ass rolls through the ropes and beats a retreat to the floor.

DDK:

That right there might have been Wise's best to stay in this match. Nicky Synz hasn't hesitated to go on the attack tonight.

Wise sees Nicky coming as he tries another suicide dive coming through the ropes... only to surprise him with a big flying uppercut as a counter!

Lance:

Like that!

DDK:

And he calls that... ugh... The Dave Coulier Special.

After Nicky gets caught with the big flying uppercut, Tripp Wise looks to the camera near ringside.

Tripp Wise: *[in Joey Gladstone-esque fashion]*

Upper-CUT... IT... OUT!

Nicky is still hanging inside the ropes and checking his jaw in pain, but things get worse when Tripp hops on the apron and NAILS him with a running hip attack to the side of the face! Tripp pats his posterior and cackles at the jeering fans before he climbs into the ring.

DDK:

Now Wise is in control. His offense is often unorthodox, but it can be effective when he applies himself. He's got Nicky in the ropes.

Quite literally as Nicky Synz is being choked against the middle rope with a knee on his back, courtesy of the PUN-isher. Wise runs to the other side of the ring for momentum and comes back with a big running hip attack to the back of Synz against the ropes!

DDK:

Oof! Say what you want, but those running hip attacks he likes to use are effective! And here's a cover by Wise!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Nicky with the shoulder up now, but Wise still on him!

Wise grabs Nicky and leads him up before a whip sends him to the corner. He connects with a corner clothesline and then runs out of the corner with a running bulldog! After Nicky gets face planted, Tripp instead picks him up again and grabs him by the neck before taking him over with a big northern lights suplex into a bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Synz gets the shoulder up to cheers from The Faithful!

DDK:

Another big kickout by Synz, but he's gotta get back into this one soon. Tripp Wise looks like he's gonna wrap this up.

Nicky gets picked up in a three-quarters facelock set up with Tripp looking for the Have A Nice Tripp. He goes to hit the legsweep variation... but Nicky quickly grabs a hand on the top rope and hangs on with only Wise falling backwards! Nicky breathes a sigh of relief and holds his neck in pain trying to create space between himself and his opponent!

DDK:

Nicely done by Nicky Synz! The Frontman had the Have A Nice Tripp scouted!

Lance:

And now he's got a chance!

The Faithful are cheering in support of Nicky Synz as he tries to line up Tripp Wise in the opposite corner. When he gets to his feet, he charges full speed at the corner and hits a running shoulder tackle in the corner! Wise gasps for air as Nicky does a roll out of the corner and pops back to his feet before coming back with a running corner back elbow!

DDK:

Double Platinum connects! He pulls Wise out of the corner... and right into a Tornado DDT!

The Tornado DDT connects fully as Synz goes for a hook of the legs!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

At the last second, Wise gets the shoulder up!

DDK:

Nicky Synz tried! He almost got him with that combination, but we know what's coming next! It might be time for the springboard senton bomb!

Nick pulls Wise to the center of the ring and then climbs to the ring apron. He gets cheers when he lands on the top rope to connect with the Flying V... but Wise rolls out of the way! Nicky crash lands hard on the canvas!

Lance:

Oooh! He missed that Flying V and I think Tripp Wise might have a chance to wrap this up!

Tripp gets up and as Nicky stands up, grabs the side of his neck before driving him into the mat with Have A Nice Tripp! The Faithful jeer after he drives Synz with the three-quarter facelock legsweep, then heads to the apron. He leaps to the top rope and then takes flight with the diving seated senton!

DDK:

Have A Nice Tripp leads to his finisher... Ugh... See You Next Fall.

Tripp Wise sits right on the fallen chest of Nicky Synz and counts along with the official as he hooks a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "In One Ear" by Cage The Elephant ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

Wise stands up and after he secures the victory, he motions for Carla Ferrari to raise his hand. The Faithful jeer as he makes his exit.

DDK:

A return win for Tripp Wise tonight, but we've got more action coming up on tonight's episode of UNCUT! Stay tuned!

OFFICIAL BUSINESS

EARLIER TODAY

The two words appear in the lower right hand corner of the screen. Just outside the training room affixed to the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex stands a man...

Nay, a TITAN.

...dressed to the nines. Dark dress jeans, a dark blue button-up dress shirt, gold-tinted round sunglasses and a black and red Ojo bracelet is none other than Uriel Cortez. He adjusts the Rolex on his opposite hand and looks pretty happy with whatever he's there for, considering the last time he's been seen out in public...

Cameraman: [behind camera]

Hey, Uriel? A word?

The 7'1" giant doesn't even make direct eye contact with the camera as he walks into the training room.

Uriel Cortez:

No.

Cameraman:

What? Do you have anything to say about what happened to Dan Leo James? Anything at all?

Uriel Cortez: [still not looking]

You asked for a word and the word I chose was "no". Piss off.

The Titan of Industry continues into the training room where several BRAZEN talent are training among the many rings. Just as the cameraman is about to turn and leave, Uriel reaches out with a massive hand to turn the focus back on himself.

Uriel Cortez: [finally acknowledging the camera]

Actually... I might have one more piece of business I gotta handle today. Make yourself useful and stand right here if you want to keep all your teeth in your mouth...

It's hard not for people to take notice of the massive man now looking out amongst the multiple rings set up in the training facility. Just jumping out of one of the rings now is a fellow DEFIANCE wrestler, Masked Violator #1. MV1, fresh off his surprise return and defeat of Scott Hunter, appears to be just finishing a workout of his own. Dressed in his usual ring gear, both straps of his singlet are pulled down and the sweat stands up off his chest. Finally, #1's attention finally gets diverted...

CLAP

CLAP

CLAP

CLAP

The masked star turns his head and comes face to chest with The Titan of Industry, who finishes his slow golf clapping with a slight pleasant smile.

Uriel Cortez:

M-V-1... what a comeback. I'm not even being facetious... coming back far ahead of schedule to give Scott Hunter a stomping. Well done.

MV1:

Yeah. Well. Some folks're born with a stompin' comin' to them.

MV1 adjusts his mask and warily eyes Cortez up and down.

Uriel Cortez:

Hey... if there's anyone on this roster who can appreciate sticking it to those that try to dick you over first, it's me. Look... I was in the neighborhood taking care of something else, but while I'm here...

Cortez's smile fades... fast.

Uriel Cortez:

I hear rumblings that you're some kind of Corvo Alpha Whisperer... so maybe, when you can, you can tell that face-painted prick that sooner or later, I WILL see him in that ring again and when I do, the result's gonna be VERY different.

Before MV1 can react, Uriel continues.

Uriel Cortez:

I know that y'all were tight at one point, One, but you might want to find a different tag partner... maybe make friends with Crescent City Kid or something... cause when he and I share a ring again, his Bam-Bam Rubble-acting ass is going extinct.

Grabbing a towel off the nearby ring apron, MV1 slings it over his shoulder.

MV1:

Truth is that he and I used to be tight... I hope we are again someday. But maybe you've noticed; he's a hard man to know. He and I aren't really in contact these days.

#1 cranes his head and eyeballs the slight red welt over Cortez's eye, a smirk wrinkling his mask just so.

MV1:

In fact, it looks like he's, uh, been in "contact" with you.

Uriel reaches up to the red welt, then a disappointed sigh escapes his mouth before he takes off his sunglasses, slowly. He folds up the earpieces and then hooks it on the collar in the center of his shirt.

Uriel Cortez:

Okay... you haven't been here in a few months, so I'm gonna chalk that comment up to ignorance... It's a different time and a different place for me, One. I used to try and be the bigger man for the people I cared about to set a good example until I woke up one day, had enough of that and said "Self... start breaking faces instead." Now, I exchange disrespect with violence...

He points a finger between himself and MV1.

Uriel Cortez:

...But because you haven't been here, I'm gonna look you in the eyes and tell you what you have coming... you either meet me in the ring on DEFtv 198 so DEFIANCE's new Man of the House can show people how Mi Familia handles business now... or I come find you and you have to rehab your knee all over again... as well as every other bone in your body.

MV1 nods thoughtfully.

MV1:

198, you say? That's fine. I'll be there. Because, like I said, some boys come out the womb asking to get stomped.

The masked man steps forward, looking up at the titan.

MV1:

Even some big boys. See you there.

Using the towel to dry the sweat rolling down the back of his neck out of his mask, turns and climbs the metal ring steps and back up to the apron and into the ring, leaving Uriel Cortez to confidently smirk. He pulls his sunglasses off his collar and slides them back on before walking away from the ring. He turns to the cameraman.

Uriel Cortez:

There's a scoop... now scoop your ass on outta here...

OPEN MIC NIGHT 1

A faux brick backdrop bookended by blue drapes has been set-up on the WrestlePlex interview stage. A wooden stool and a mic stand sit under the spotlight.

The Faithful politely applaud as jazzy music plays and Jamie Sawyers appears on the stage and rests at the mic.

Jamie Sawyers:

Now for something completely different. Up next, we are going to be entertained by a unique pair! Perhaps the most one-of-a-kind duo we have ever seen! Making their UNCUT debut... put your hands together and give a WrestlePlex welcome to the comedy stylings of... **EDGAR & LARRY!!**

The jazzy, upbeat music resumes as a toned, tanned wrestler – dressed to wrestle in blue trunks and boots – trots up the stage. On the end of his right hand is a disturbing-looking, antique ventriloquist dummy. The crowd shares more respectful applause as a smiling Edgar adjusts the microphone stand and adjusts the stool's placement before sitting down. Larry is perched on his knee, wooden "eyes" scanning the arena jerkily.

Edgar:

Thanks, everyone! Wow, what a reception! Thank you!

Larry™:

Yeah, whatever.

The Faithful giggle. The dummy's "voice" is higher pitched and has a heavier "NYC bend" to it than his friend at the mic.

Edgar:

HEY! Larry, come on! This is our big break! We've been waiting for this! We're on UNCUT!

Larry's head pivots on his body, fake eyebrows flitting on his weird paper mache face.

Larry™:

Being excited to be on UNCUT is like being excited to carry Vae Victis' bags. Adjust your aspirations, Gepetto!

Cackles and claps. Following a nervous chuckle of his own, Edgar wipes the sweat from his' brow with the back of his free hand.

Edgar:

You don't mean that! We've been talking about this moment for years!

Larry "looks" at the man who's knee he sits upon.

Larry™:

YOU! *YOU'VE* been talking about this moment for years! I've been talking about wanting Jennifer Lawrence's hand up my ass for a pleasant change of pace.

Edgar winces, leaning the mic stand away from his puppet for a moment. He puts on an apologetic demeanor.

Edgar:

Uh, Larry, let's change topics, ok? What did you think about DEFIANCE Road?

Larry teeters on Edgar's knee, his "eyes" mock-rolling.

Larry™:

Well, I had a lot to say about DEF running shows in Germany... but Scott Hunter got to all of my horrible, hacky puns

before I could. Is that guy for real?! He's got the brain of a goldfish, that one. And his career might be shorter lived.

The crowd offers a hearty chortle. Awkwardly running his free hand through his hair, Edgar shows a fidgety smile.

Edgar:

But what about the *performances* at DEFIANCE Road, Larry?

Larry™:

Bronson Box makes Bea Arthur look like a young woman.

Wilting a little, the ventriloquist clears his throat. When the doll speaks, his handler's lips move just enough to see beyond the veil.

Edgar:

Uh, Larry... Beatrice Arthur passed away more than a decade ago.

Larry™:

Yeah, like I said: He looks like her *now*. And what's up with Mark Shields?!

Edgar:

The referee?

Larry™:

That guy is as dirty as Butch Vic's *knees*.

Edgar covers the mic with his left hand, clearly becoming frustrated with Larry. He mutters in the direction of the dummy's ear before forcing a smile to the crowd.

Edgar:

Uh, Larry, we talked about this before we came out here. Everyone backstage tonight has been warm and welcoming. We are blessed and privileged to share space with some of the biggest stars the sport has ever seen, not to mention the most talented.

Another "eye"-roll by the doll.

Larry™:

Jeeeeeesus, Eddie. Kiss a little *more* ass, why dontcha?

Another clearing of the throat as Edgar works to cut his little friend off.

Edgar:

I saw you talking to Dex Joy backstage earlier, Larry. What did you guys talk about?

Larry™:

I have no idea. I've gotta be honest, Ed. I couldn't take my eyes off of those bitch-tits. I know he said stuff, I know / said stuff but I have no idea what we talked about.

Edgar:

Well...

Clearly uncomfortable, he wipes more sweat from his forehead.

Edgar:

As long as you didn't embarrass us.

Larry™:

No! I think I killed! He was laughin' his incredibly wide ass off! And those bitch-tits, I tell ya! He'd giggle, they'd jiggle, and I just couldn't take my eyes–

Edgar moves himself and Larry away from the mic, defensively. A small segment of the crowd laughs despite their sensibilities, but mostly the crowd boos him. Edgar's face flushes.

Larry™: *[off-mic]*

He's got an ass as tall and as wide as the hood of an '89 Buick Skylark!

Groaning himself, Edgar covers his eyes in embarrassment.

Edgar:

Let's talk about GOALS!

Clearing his throat once more, the wrestler is suddenly very aware of his posture. He adjusts Larry on his knee and steels himself.

Edgar:

We came to DEFIANCE to be a part of something special. I've been training my entire adult life for the opportunity to compete at the highest level and to one day be recognized as one of the all time greats in this sport. And, uh, my manager here–

Larry™:

That's *me*, you dim hicks.

Edgar:

–he's a little rough around the edges. But he is a brilliant strategist and I am convinced that with my drive and ability and his mind for the business–

Larry™:

And undeniable charm.

Edgar:

–we will fight our way to the very top of DEFIANCE Wrestling.

The pair are given another round of polite applause, this batch perhaps a little more robust and lively than the initial.

Edgar:

My ultimate goal is to be crowned the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Larry raises his "eyebrows" as he scans the crowd.

Larry™:

And *MY* ultimate goal is to get his FIST outta my ASS.

Edgar shakes his head.

Edgar:

THAT joke again? Come on.

Larry™:

Play the hits, kid. Play the hits. Hey, uh, Edgar... You see that guy who wrestled earlier with the "stand up comic" gimmick?

Another nervous chuckle from the puppeteer. A smatter of boos percolate in the arena.

Edgar:

I sure did. Tripp Wise is a real talent. He has a bright future.

Larry™:

How can a gimmick like *that* work?!

Edgar:

Ooookay. Folks, I want to thank everyone for coming out tonight! Larry and I are going to be appearing at Ballyhoo Brew on February 9th & 10th, The Groovy Guest Lounge on February 16th and at Chuckles on Highway 4 on the 17th! I really hope some of you will be able to come out!

Larry™:

/ really hope for the sweet, sweet release of death to take me. We are not the same.

A little more morbid amusement from a segment of the crowd as Edgar uses his free hand to “hold the dummy back” from the microphone.

Edgar:

Uhh, GOOD NIGHT, EVERYONE!

More applause as the jazzy tunes kick back in and Edgar waves himself off of the interview stage.

LONNIE STONE vs. "CUNNING" CURT CUNNING

DDK:

Up next, Lonnie Stone is in action! I have to wonder what he thinks about what went down with the Lucky Sevens at the hands of the returning Alvaro de Vargas and the Better Future Talent Agency!

Lance:

I don't know, but he's in action next against "Cunning" Curt Cunning of BRAZEN! He's a former BRAZEN Star Cup winner and isn't a pushover.

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

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 and speeds right down the ramp!. He jumps and slides right under the bottom rope. Wearing long silver tights and boots, he's keeping things simple tonight and jumps onto the middle rope. Stone throws a hand up and then jumps down from the middle rope.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent already in the ring ... he weighs in at a mysterious two-hundred sixteen pounds and stands at a height of a nebulous six-foot two ... CURRRRRRRRRRT CUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNGGGG!!!

The masked Curt Cunning gets ready to take on Lonnie Stone. The bell rings.

DING DING

Both Stone and Cunning circle up and then Lonnie jumps up with a head lock on the taller Cunning! He's got it locked up tight, but Cunning is able to lean back to the mat and escape quickly by throwing him across the ring. Cunning points at his head and tells the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful that he's smarter than Stone! He stands up and then waits for Stone to come at him.

DDK:

There's Curt Cunning getting in the first move.

Lance:

And there's Lonnie Stone charging at him again!

Cunning is ready and lands a hip toss. Stone hits the mat and then Cunning applies a quick and tight arm lock. With his free hand he's pointing at his head again and says under his mask that he's too smart for Stone to beat. Lonnie Stone swings his legs around and then gets back up to his feet before he hits a big punch to Cunning. He hits some more punches and then gets free from the hold. He grabs the arm of Cunning ... and then bites him!

DDK:

There's that unorthodox offense from Lonnie Stone! Some of the training from the Winston Luck school! A legendary brawler and the grandfather of the Lucky Sevens!

Lonnie now has a head lock on Cunning and has him locked up before taking Cunning to the mat. Cunning uses a leg scissors around the neck that forces Li'l Lon to wiggle free and get back to his feet. When Stone charges Lonnie uses a jumping arm drag to take him to the canvas. A frustrated Cunning tries to fight free again and pushes Lonnie off of him, but Stone comes back with a run off the ropes and hits a spinning sitout face buster!

DDK:

Stone counters back and now he's in control! He has to fight in some unconventional ways, but he has shown he's got

heart against some big time competition in the past!

Lance:

He's already competed against the likes of our new Favoured Saints Champion JJ Dixon and the first man ever to hold the FIST of DEFIANCE, Edward White!

Cunning is checking his teeth after the last move Stone hit. Li'l Lon waves at him to try and fight him again and when Cunning gets up, he charges and then hits a drop toe hold that brings him back to the mat. Lonnie grabs the nearest arm and spins around right into a la majistral pin.

One ...

Two ...

Cunning kicks out and the former holder of the BRAZEN Star Cup skirts away to the ropes. Stone gets up and gets cheered on by the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful. When Stone heads in his direction, Cunning surprises him with a shoulder thrust into the stomach of Stone and then throws him outside of the ring! Stone lands with a loud thud!

DDK:

Stone gets thrown out of the ring!

Unable to resist the urge to gloat, Cunning yells at the crowd.

Curt Cunning:

Smarter than you little man!

Cunning jumps outside the ring to follow Stone and then he hits him with a snap suplex on the floor! A second thud has Lonnie wrenched over in agony. Cunning feels the suplex, too, but Stone suffers far more. Cunning is smiling under the mask and then he picks up Stone. Lonnie gets put back inside the ring.

Lance:

That landing after the suplex on the floor! That was awful!

DDK:

In these few appearances by Stone we have seen him take some real damage but he just able to keep getting back up ... might be speaking too soon though!

A cover is made by Cunning back in the ring.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The left shoulder of Lonnie Stone comes up first. Cunning makes him pay for his defiance (lower case) with stomps each time that he tries to sit up off the mat. Three or four of those kicks finally keeps Lonnie down. Lonnie gets picked up and then hits a snap mare into a standing surfboard. Curt Cunning puts his foot in his back and pulls back to work the back.

DDK:

Good work on the back after that brutal snap suplex on the floor outside the ring.

He cranks on the back again and pulls at Lonnie's arms. Curt Cunning yells at the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful to cheer on Li'l Lon now. They start to cheer him on with the chants coming out to support Lonnie Stone!

DDK:

Fans love a good underdog and they're starting to believe in Stone!

Stone is starting to get back up and with Cunning still holding on his arms, he jumps up and brings both feet into his chest with a mule kick to free himself! Cunning is caught unexpectedly by the kick with Stone's back slowing him down. Stone gets to the ropes and when he sees Cunning coming towards him the ropes are pulled down and Cunning goes for a spill of his own to the floor!

Lance:

I don't believe it! Lonnie freed himself and now he's got Cunning on the floor!

Stone gazes out to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and then has a big smile on his face. He grabs the ropes to stand on the top rope and then jumps off all the way with a huge springboard senton to Cunning all the way outside the ring!!!

DDK:

Stone hits the Lonnie Dart outside the ring! What a dive!

One of the major moves in Lonnie Stone's arsenal allows him to take over! He grabs the neck of Curt Cunning with a face lock to drag him up and then pushes him inside. Cunning moves away from Lonnie Stone who gets back into the ring. Cunning

Lance:

What move is next here? I'd think he should be going for a cover!

Lonnie runs past Curt Cunning and then jumps at him with a wheelbarrow hold. He springs up and flips around to drive Cunning into the mat using a reverse STO!

DDK:

He wanted to soften up Cunning! That's the Stone Sour!

Now Stone goes for the cover on Cunning and hooks the legs.

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Lance:

That was a pair of great moves but he kicked out!

Cunning kicks out this time but Lonnie Stone goes right away for something to end the match. He grabs the neck of Cunning as he sits up and charges at the corner, but Cunning shoves him there first. Stone blocks himself and spins around right into what looks like the Cunning Liguist kick, but Stone slides under the leg.

DDK:

Curt misses the Cunning Liguist kick ... but Stone has him by the neck ... and HITS IT!!! DROP LIKE A STONE!!!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer when he connects with a running cutter up the ropes! Cunning flops down flat on his stomach then Stone pushes him on his back. He sits right into a cover with both legs.

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Lonnie Stone sits up to his knees then the referee raises his hands for the victory.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner ... LONNIE STONNNNNNNEE!!!

Lonnie has a chance to think things over after the win but it looks like there is something on his mind.

Lance:

That was a good win for Lonnie Stone ... but wait! He wants a microphone?

DDK:

What's on his mind?

Lonnie Stone is given a microphone at ringside. After he has caught his breath he speaks.

Lonnie Stone:

TOM MORROW!!! ALVARO DE VARGAS!!!

Just the mere mention of those names is enough to trigger loud booing all around the Wrestleplex.

Lonnie Stone:

You think that what you did to the Lucky Sevens was smart, huh? We haven't been close in recent years, but I still know Max and Mason well! I know them well enough to know that when you get on their bad side, they don't get mad ... no, wait ... they *do* get mad and then they get even!

He taps on his chest.

Lonnie Stone:

Maybe I'll lose. Maybe I'll get hurt. Maybe I'll be in a hospital bed next to them ... but I don't care. I don't care how big Alvaro is. I don't care how bad Alvaro is! As someone else who was trained by a legend in this business, our kind don't give up easy, we don't go away quietly! I WANT ALVARO DE VARGAS IN THIS RING!!!

Cheers come out from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful ring. Stone gives the microphone up and then he leaves the ring.

DDK:

I have to admire the guts of Lonnie Stone. He wants to stand up for the Lucky Sevens, but ... Alvaro de Vargas is one of the more dangerous men in DEFIANCE in recent years.

Lance:

Is this wise?

With head held high Lonnie slaps a few extra hands and heads to the back!

THE GRAND CORONATION OF YOUR FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPION