

SHOW OPEN

KILLJOY v. SOMCHAI

DDK:

Coming off one of the most newsworthy DEFtv two-night events, we are here tonight on UNCUT with some in-ring action! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and as always, I'm sitting by with my broadcast colleague, Lance Warner!

Lance:

We had explosive confrontations! New rivalries started to brew! A new Favoured Saints Champion was crowned! We had an impromptu FIST defense and not to mention a wedding! Tonight, we open with the monster that attacked "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas... Titanes Familia's own "Good Son" Killjoy is in action right now!

The camera cuts to ringside with Darren Quimbey about to call the action.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, already in the ring, from Pattaya City, Thailand, weighing in at 289 pounds... **SOMCHAI!**

The massive Thai star raises his arms to a nice cheer from the Indiana Faithful! Wearing black shorts, boots and knee pads, he looks ready for the test ahead of him. His music cuts as the camera goes to the entrance.

The music shifts to the latest tune of the Familia as the lights shift to black... then an eerie gold hue shines brightly over the stage.

*♪ Father, father, unforgivable, This is my house, you made it personal
It's always trouble when they go too far! Nobody mess with my familia ♪*

♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

Tonight, one golden spotlight shines brightly on the stage to reveal the titanic form of the masked monster. The Future of the Familia steps forward, wearing a sleeveless black dress shirt, black jeans and looks up to the sky with his black mask fastened. The only two-time BRAZEN Champion in company history slowly starts to march to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing Titanes Familia... from Crowheart, Wyoming, weighing in a THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-SEVEN POUNDS... **KILLJOY!**

The friendly Thai giant from BRAZEN that stands 6'8" gives up only a couple inches in height to the 6'10" Killjoy, but the monster that is thus far undefeated in single action skulks around ringside to massive jeers!

Lance:

It was the Familia Meeting where Scott Douglas confronted the Titanes Familia leader Uriel Cortez. After they got into that verbal issue, Uriel Cortez tricked Douglas into thinking his significant other, DEFIANCE's Head of Medical, Iris Davine, was assaulted.

DDK:

That turned out to be a trap; Uriel's wife, Titaness and that monster you're about to see in the ring attacked Douglas in the hallway. The actual state of Douglas is unknown but he is expected to be out of action for the upcoming DEFtv.

Once Killjoy reaches the ring, he crosses his arms in front of him and then climbs inside by stepping over the ropes. Referee Jonny Fastcountini has a problem trying to keep the two giants at bay, but decides he has to relent when Somchai tries to swing first with a big running clothesline! He calls for the bell!

DING DING

DDK:

It's not often that Killjoy has fought someone close to his own height yet, but Somchai has nothing to lose and

everything to gain here tonight with a win!

Somchai has The Good Son of the Familia cornered and then lays into him with a big set of clubbing clotheslines in the corner. The Faithful get behind the Thai giant as he backs up a few steps. He charges again and hits another running clothesline in the corner.

Lance:

Somchai is one of the nicest men in the BRAZEN locker room, sometimes to a fault. If he's got any kind of a killer instinct in there, now's the time to bring it out!

The Thai giant raises a thumb to the crowd and motions for them to make some noise and they response in kind! Somchai backs up a few steps and then charges at the corner a third time to nail Killjoy with a third running clothesline in the corner. Once the giant has been stunned, Killjoy gets grabbed by the neck and then calls for a suplex!

DDK:

No way! Is he gonna try for a suplex on this monster?

Lance:

He sure looks like it!

With The Faithful willing him on, Somchai has Killjoy up for a suplex. He tries to get him up and over... but instead, gets PICKED UP BY KILLJOY INSTEAD!

DDK:

NO WAY! KILLJOY REVERSES IT FIRST!

And not only does he reverse it, he HURLS Somchai into the mat with a vicious release suplex without leaving his feet!

Lance:

THAT'S ALMOST A THREE-HUNDRED POUND MAN HE THREW ACROSS THAT RING!

The Faithful are in astonishment as Killjoy unleashes a loud roar after taking Somchai down! The Thai giant has been brought to the mat, but Killjoy refuses to go for a cover. Instead, he grabs Somchai by the head. He pulls the giant up by his neck in an inverted headlock position.

DDK:

What's he gonna do here?

Killjoy SLUGS Somchai with a sledgehammer-like clubbing blow to his chest while in the inverted headlock position, dropping him back down to the mat! Somchai is down and sucking in wind while Killjoy leans back and -- even with a mask completely obscuring his face -- he seems to be enjoying the pain he's causing at the moment.

DDK:

Somchai came out swinging tonight, but Killjoy just shook it off and snuffed out that fire.

Lance:

Look at what he's done in the little time he's been here. At DEFCON, he practically manhandled PCP! He threw Mil Vuelas off a stage! He threw The D into the Seattle crowd! He has DEFEATED a former FIST of DEFIANCE in Kendrix! He's been unstoppable!

DDK:

Uriel Cortez recruited a winner for his new Familia, that is for sure.

Killjoy almost taunts Somchai and waves his hands, daring him to take a swing. When Somchai doesn't get up fast enough, he tries to pull him up... only to catch rights!

DDK:

No! Maybe there's some fight in the Thai giant yet!

A few shots catch him in the ribs and an audible groan can be heard from one of the shots. Somchai gets back to his full height and then hits Killjoy with a right before trying a body slam...

But no go! Killjoy elbows him in the side of the head and then ROCKS Somchai with a headbutt!

Lance:

So much for that!

He grabs Somchai in a belly-to-back suplex position and then THROWS him across the ring with a release slam!

DDK:

The Atomic Throw! Uriel Cortez used to utilize that move and passed it down a... generation, so to speak.

Lance:

I think this one's about to be over, Darren!

Killjoy grabs Somchai again by the throat... then HOISTS him up into a powerbomb position before SPIKING him into the canvas!

DDK:

You're right! The FreeFall! That has to be it!

Killjoy makes a cover with both hands pressed down into his chest. The count is academic.

One.

Two.

Three.

DING DING DING

♪ "Familia" by Anuel AA and Nicky Minaj feat. Bantu ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **KILLJOY!**

Lance:

A dominating performance by the man that attacked Scott Douglas to kick off UNCUT.

The Good Son stares down Jonny Fastcountini, almost as if he's waiting for his hand to be raised. When Jonny tries to go over to reach for the hand... Killjoy starts to move slightly, causing Jonny to jump out of his skin and leave the ring!

DDK:

I think that's best, Jonny.

Killjoy leaves the ring and then he storms off to the back without even so much as looking at the ring as the show rolls on.

TWO SHIPS IN THE NIGHT

Backstage at DEFtv 206, Night 2.

Christie Zane stands in front of a DEFIANCE banner. From the distance, we can hear the ruckus of the crowd as the show enters its final moments on the air. Christie, however, is more focused on the man standing in front of her: the reigning SOHer - Ned Reform. Reform adjusts the pink-strapped belt over his shoulder as Christie speaks into the mic.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen I am here with an Uncut exclusive. Ned Reform - the man who successfully defended his championship against Rezin in front of his hometown fans - has requested this interview time.

Ned Reform:

Doctor Ned Reform:

Christie Zane:

Sure. What do you want?

Ned Reform:

Ms. Zane... I am ashamed of myself.

A dramatic pause.

Ned Reform:

Last night, my championship celebration was interrupted by an Indianapolis malcontent. I have to confess: his untimely appearance distressed me. I was upset. And in my anger, I thought it best to humiliate him in front of his friends and family. Which I then did, naturally. However... I may have let my emotional reaction to Rezin's presence cloud my judgment.

Reform looks thoughtful.

Ned Reform:

Do you recall what Rezin said before I accepted his challenge? He spoke of being in a professional rut. He claimed he needed someone to bring the best out of him. To give him focus. He was insinuating, Ms. Zane, that person was me. In short: Rezin came to me last night with a cry for help. I can read between the lines... it's my job. And rather than recognize that in the moment as someone of my caliber should, I instead kicked the man while he was down. And for that... I am ashamed.

Ned looks directly into the camera.

Ned Reform:

And so I promise, my dear Rezin, that Dr. Ned Reform has heard you. I understand you need - nay, crave - my help. And it is with great pleasure that I announce that you are my next pet project. Yes, yes. I have beat you down and now it is time to build you back up. Much like so many other restless lost souls, you're going to find the answers you seek at the feet of The Sage on the Stage. In fact, I am designing a very specific program for our dear friend Rezin. A program that will challenge him to engage in deep critical reflection and metaphorically wrestle with his own inherent sense of self-loathing. Rezin will come out of my interventions a better man, Ms. Zane, and this starts at DEFtv 207...

Suddenly, commotion! Reform is interrupted as Pat Cassidy, still dressed from the wedding and with his right arm in a sling, bursts through the curtain. He swears angrily before kicking over the nearest crate. In his red-faced rage, he finally notices the camera, Christie, and Reform. With Cassidy breathing heavily, Ned smirks as he again adjusts the belt slung over his shoulder.

Ned Reform:

Rough week?

Cassidy clenches his one good fist. He then looks into the camera.

Pat Cassidy:

I want you to [BLEEP]ing hear every last bit of [BLEEP]. If that little snowflake bitch-ass mother[BLEEP] thinks he's gonna be walking around this God damn fed with the name "Cassidy," he's [BLEEP] [BLEEP] [BLEEP] [BLEEP].

Pat points to his arm sling.

Pat Cassidy:

I might be hurt, but that's not gonna stop me from kicking some [BLEEP]ing ass. Listen to me Gahland: your days are numbered. It's ON SIGHT.

Cassidy storms away, leaving a wide-eyed Christie and amused Ned.

Ned Reform:

Sounds like it was a rough week. Ta-ta, Ms. Zane!

And Ned exits stage right.

SGT. SAFETY vs. EARL ROBERTS

DDK:

Up to the next match... On our last episode of UNCUT, we saw Sgt. Safety formed a new alliance of sorts with another cult favorite of DEFIANCE... Count Novick! Tonight, one half of that duo takes on Earl Roberts of Gentlemen's Agreement!

Lance:

Things didn't turn out so great for Gentlemen's Agreement when they came up against the new team of The Lads - former FIST of DEFIANCE Dex Joy and the rising star Punch Drunk Purcell! It was Roberts who caught a sudden left hook from Purcell!

DDK:

Roberts has been cleared for competition and tonight, he looks to rebound from that loss against Sgt. Safety, who has been on a little bit of a roll on UNCUT recently. Let's got to ringside for the next match!

Darren Quimbey is ready for the next introduction.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Safety Dance" by Men Without Hats ♪

Darren Quimbey:

...From Chicago, Illinois... being accompanied to the ring by Count Novick... weighing in at 220 pounds... he is Officer of OSHA and The Safest Man in DEFIANCE... this is **SGT. SAFETY!**

The fans cheer as Sgt. Safety comes out with his familiar noise-meter! Next to him, Count Novick glances around the jam-packed cheering arena from behind his cape. The crowd cheers get louder as he points it to different sections of the arena to see who can make the most noise! After Sgt. Safety points at the Count and they make it to ringside, The Sarge steps into the ring and then holds it out one more time for each side of the arena before handing off the decibel meter. Once he reaches the ring, the Indiana Faithful cheer him on as he waits for his opponent.

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, representing Gentlemen's Agreement... weighing in at 240 pounds... **"ROYAL GUARD" EARL ROBERTS!**

Coming out from the back, "The Royal Guard" Earl Roberts, wearing a clean black singlet and wearing his Royal Guard hat, rolls his eyes and heads to the ring. Noticeably he has a red mark under his left eye.

DDK:

Looks like Punch Drunk Purcell's Rope-A-Dope punch left a mark!

Lance:

That it did!

Grumbling under his breath, Roberts takes off his hat and then heads into the ring. Sgt. Safety has a microphone as Roberts' music cuts.

Sgt. Safety:

Mister Roberts! Mister Roberts! That shiner that you're sporting right now... are you cleared to compete tonight? Cause that left hand that Punch Drunk Purcell caught you with...

He looks out to Count Novick and the fans on the outside.

Sgt. Safety:

...Doesn't look very safe!

That gets light-hearted laughter from The Faithful. An angry Roberts points at Carla Ferrari to shut up and call for the bell. He then points at The Sarge and demands to start the match.

Lance:

I guess we're doing this, Darren!

DING DING

The Sarge puts the microphone away and loosens his tie. He gets ready to lock up with The Royal Guard, who goes in but not for a lockup, but rather a knee to the gut! He doubles over Sgt. Safety and then SNAPS him down to the mat by his hair with a mat slam!

DDK:

I don't think Earl Roberts has the same sense of humor that Sgt. Safety has about that shiner.

Lance:

That probably wasn't even meant as a joke. We know how serious he is about safety protocols.

Garnering jeers from The Faithful, Roberts pulls up The Sarge and pelts him with a pair of right hands that sends him back to the corner. He drives another knee into the stomach and then rolls him out of the corner with a big snapmare before delivering a NASTY soccer-style kick to the back! The Officer of OSHA arches his back in pain on the mat while Earl shows a devious grin now, proud of his handiwork.

DDK:

This would be a good win to rebound from the loss Gentlemen's Agreement had last week if Roberts can pull out the win.

He glares at Count Novick, who hisses at him in return. Roberts rolls his eyes and then goes back to punishing Sgt. Safety...

Lance:

He's back on Sgt. Safety... no! The Sarge fights back!

Before he can do anything, Sgt. Safety snaps him over with a quick arm drag takedown, sending Roberts to the mat! Angrily, he pops back up and tries to charge like a bull, but The Sarge sees it coming and snaps him over with a second arm drag! Stunned, Roberts get back up a third time and charges again, but another arm drag sends him across the ring! Earl yells out and when he stands up, he catches a dropkick upside the head that sends him through the ropes and out to the floor!

DDK:

Sgt. Safety back in control! He's got Earl where he wants him!

Lance:

Is... is he about to do... a DIVE?

The Safest Man in DEFIANCE points outside the ring towards Earl Roberts, who is still trying to pick himself up off the floor. He starts to try and get back to his feet only for Sgt. Safety to start getting a run.

DDK:

He's gonna do it! A DIVE!

But instead of a suicide dive through the ropes, he stops, calmly climbs through and the jumps off the ring apron to hit

Roberts with a simple diving double axe handle off the apron that dazes the Royal Guard!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

Sgt. Safety covers his ears from the chants while Roberts tries to pick himself up again, dazed and confused after being hit with one of the most dangerous moves Sgt. Safety will ever pull.

Lance:

I can't believe he did it! The Sarge is on fire right now... not literally, that's not even his fireproof uniform.

Safety grabs Earl and throws him back into the ring. He starts to go back into the ring and then rolls him up with a schoolboy pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Both men break free, but when they get to their feet, Roberts finally ROCKS Safety with a big right hand! The Faithful boo the cheap shot on the Officer of OSHA before he gets whipped to the ropes and dropped with a big flapjack in the middle of the ring!

DDK:

I think Earl Roberts has had enough of the fun and games tonight!

Count Novick watches his new friend and tag team partner get attacked with a flurry of rights and lefts from the Gentlemen's Agreement member. He continues throwing blows in droves at The Sarge until Carla Ferrari has to step in and warn him against it. Earl growls and then picks up Safety. Both men are on their feet when he gets SNAPPED over with a snap suplex!

DDK:

A snap suplex by Earl Roberts! He's taking this to the mat... nevermind, more punches!

Earl rolls through the snap suplex only to deliver another series of rights and lefts while he's down! Carla warns him a second time, but Earl gets in her face and tells her that he'll do what he wants under the authority of Lord Sewell!

Lance:

Has anyone ever actually called Lord Sewell's alleged lordship into question?

DDK:

That, I do not know...but I do know that Earl Roberts is keeping up the punishment!

He goes to pick up Sgt. Safety off the mat again. He signals for a brainbuster... but instead of getting picked up, The Sarge reverses into a small package pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Faithful cheer as both men get back up with Earl Roberts shoving The Sarge away. He goes to rest between the

ropes while the referee checks on him. He sees Count Novick and tries to swipe at him... only to duck! Novick BITES HIM ON THE NECK!

DDK:

Shouldn't have provoked a vampire! ...also file that under "things I never thought I'd call" Lance!

The Faithful are cheering as Sgt. Safety manages to catch the flailing Roberts with a boot to the chest before he DRIVES him into the mat with the leg drop bulldog!

DDK:

Safety First! Sgt. Safety scores with the leg drop bulldog! And I think he's about to end it!

As Roberts is still staring up at the lights, he points at the top rope and then starts to head that direction! He climbs up to the top rope and then carefully positions himself just as Roberts tries to stand... only to get taken down again with a HUGE high-angle diving crossbody off the top to loud applause!

DDK:

He lands The Crash Pad! This one might be it!

Sgt. Safety hooks the legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Safety Dance" by Men Without Hats ♪

Darren Quimbey:

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

After landing the move successfully, Sgt. Safety climbs back to his feet with Carla Ferrari raising his hand! Count Novick joins him inside the ring and then stares down at Earl Roberts...

Count Novick:

BLLLLAAAAAAUUUUDDDD!

He tries to go after him, but Sgt. Safety puts a hand up and tells him to let the man go. Count Novick looks annoyed, but he does relent. The two cult favorites raise hands and then leave the ring before heading to the back.

DDK:

There's a win for Sgt. Safety tonight on UNCUT! Two in a row after these two formed a team!

As the two leave, Earl Roberts is holding the side of his neck in pain. He looks up and growls quietly... appearing this may not be the last of their issue!

LUCKY DOGS

Backstage from DEFtv 206

After the conclusion of the huge Favoured Saints fatal-four-way won by The D, Lonnie Luck watches the backstage monitor intently dressed in the Luck's new playing card-themed "Luck Dynasty" shirt and black basketball shorts.

Max Luck:

Staring problem, Lon?

The Pocket Ace of the Lucky Sevens hasn't taken his eyes off the TV when the Twin Terrors of DEFIANCE -- the seven foot twins Mason and Max Luck.

Max Luck:

What? You still go issues with The D after that whole "fan" thing?

Mason Luck:

Don't let that shit get to you, Lonnie. That's exactly what that dude does. He gets on people's nerves. Says all kinds of bull-shit to get under your skin. He's testing you.

Max Luck:

Yeah ... just do what we do when PCP give us lip ... Kick their ass in a Tiger Cage and smack them around for a few years then they'll know what's up.

Mason and Max both start laughing like jocks with their history with PCP firmly established. Lonnie looks at him and he's not amused.

Lonnie Luck:

Look ... that worked for you guys. You two ... you might not know this, but you're huge! You can get away with that. You've got years worth of success and talent! You guys might be the best tag team DEFIANCE Wrestling has ever seen!

Max Luck:

Facts.

Mason Luck:

No lies detected so far.

Lonnie points his finger at the screen with The D holding onto the Favoured Saints Title.

Lonnie Luck:

But me ... I'm starting at the bottom. The D disrespected me, but I earned my spot on this roster by beating Thomas Slaine when I didn't even have a contract. I earned my place in this group when I beat Alvaro de Vargas in that Sin City Street Fight! But ... I gotta do something for me.

Mason Luck is checking the monitor.

Mason Luck:

Awwwww ... sounds like Lon wants his own title!

Lonnie Luck:

You know I do.

The D's celebration is no longer on the monitor. Max and Mason leave, but Lonnie remains fixed on the monitor, pondering how he's gonna go about it.

Lonnie Luck:

Who do I gotta talk to to get a match?

MONEY TALKS vs. GEORGE OTHELLO AND NATHAN CROSS

Darren Quimbey:

And now for our next contest... the duo of Nathan Cross and "Mellow Yellow" George Othello!

Nathan pulls on the top rope and raises his hands to the crowd. Othello stands on the middle turnbuckle and poses, pointing to the audience.

DDK:

Partner, what can you tell me about Nathan Cross and George Othello?

Lance:

Both men have been in BRAZEN for a while now, and are two of the most well-regarded prospects in our sister promotion. Nathan Cross is a former BRAZEN Star Cup winner while Othello had a cup of coffee as Onslaught Champion... But I think they're in some major trouble tonight.

"C.R.E.A.M." by Wu-Tang Clan

The piano and 90s hip-hop beat starts to play as the arena lights dim. The DEFiatron then shows \$100 bills falling on the screen to spell out the words MONEY TALKS!

Darren Quimbey:

Led to the ring by the illustrious Jane Katze... on behalf of the Blood Diamonds organization... they are BRAZEN Champion "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby and BRAZEN Onslaught Champion "The Problem Solver" Adrian Payne... they are the tag team tandem of MONEY TALKS!

The DEFiatron then cuts to shots of the duo wrecking fools in BRAZEN in separate action. Then at the top of the ring steps appears a jet black Cadillac Escalade ESV. The driver comes out of his seat and immediately runs to the passenger door to escort out "The Socialite" Ed White's longtime assistant Jane Katze (in her a little too skimpy business-woman's outfit and Tina Fey glasses) while Felton comes out the left and Adrian out the other side. Jane walks out to the middle as the two big men, wearing matching Blood Diamonds track suit tops over their matching singlets, clink their respective titles without even looking.

DDK:

And here's a new tag team that has a LOT of people buzzing.

Lance:

And rightfully so! Felton Bigsby's one of the toughest and most powerful athletes we have seen in a long time, and his in-ring skill is developing by the minute! Adrian Payne is a two-time gold medal winner who owns a series of powerlifting world records! The Blood Diamonds have scored a major coup with these two!

Jane leads them to the ring. Payne threatens to backhand a fan reaching out to slap hands while Felton starts to talk smack to other ringside fans. Canada's National Treasure unzips his track suit and stomps up the ring steps first as Bigsby does the same and follows, still jaw jacking with ringside fans as he enters the ring.

But before Referee Rex Knox can call for the bell, both big men charge their opponents. Payne smashes Othello with a running body block and sends him through the ropes to the floor. Felton grabs Cross (who starts screaming) and beal tosses him across the ring to the corner. Knox starts to admonish both men.

Felton Bigsby:

We'll tell you who the legal man is, fool!

Adrian Payne:

Ring the damn bell before we get REAL angry!

Ding Ding

DDK:

And I guess it's going to be "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby starting with Nathan Cross!

Lance:

I think that punt to Nathan's ribs just told us that!

Nathan is sucking air as Jane Katze applauds at ringside. Payne tags and picks Cross up by his throat and tosses him into their corner before charging with a splash! Felton then tags right back in and charges and splashes Payne!

DDK:

Dear god, the ring just literally moved from that move from both men!]

Lance:

That's at least 600 pounds of men charging the corner and crushing Nathan Cross!

Bigsby strokes his beard as he turns to the crowd.

Felton Bigsby *(To the fans):*

How you like us now?

Booooooooo!!!!

Payne then tags right back as the clearly injured Cross starts to crawl to his corner, reaching out as Othello wobbles back up to the ring apron. The Problem Solver stands over him and laughs before paintbrush slapping him in the back of his head.

Adrian Payne:

Did I give you permission to tag in? Huh?

Payne then grabs Nathan's arm and tags in Othello. Mellow Yellow comes in and attempts some forearm blows at the strongman.

DDK:

Othello's offense is having absolutely zero impact!

Payne then grabs Othello's skull in an iron claw before hoisting him up and slamming him down on the mat. The crowd boos as Payne dusts off his shoulder before tagging in Bigsby. Payne stays in the ring and drags Nathan Cross through the ropes.

DDK:

Bigsby with the full-nelson on Othello -- FOURTH WARD SLAM!

Lance:

And Payne snatches Cross up like he's a bag of groceries and falls down -- STAY DOWN!

Felton puts one boot on Othello flexing his right bicep while Payne does push-ups over Cross.

Felton Bigsby:

Count to three, Knox!

One!

Two!

Three!

Ding Ding Ding!

Jane enters the ring and shoos Knox out of the ring so she can hold up both arms up in victory.

DDK:

Money Talks just unleashed some absolute devastation here tonight!

Lance:

I think everyone should be paying attention to these guys!

The camera zooms in on Adrian and Felton, who now have their arms over each other's shoulders.

Adrian Payne:

Rain City Ronin! We about to run through yo asses like the Kool Aid Man bustin' through a brick wall!

Felton Bigsby:

You heard the big man! We comin', Rain City Ronin! I'm Houston Strong... You two are Seattle Weak!

Adrian Payne:

Because Money Talks!

Felton Bigsby:

And we're listenin'!

YOU DESERVE BETTER

DEFIANCE staff were on hand filming promotional material from the site of next week's DEFtv at a Press Event in Erie, PA. The following was caught on film by staff.

UNCUT EXCLUSIVE

Erie, PA

8/6/24

Voices can be heard arguing as the camera goes black.

???:

Come on, hear me out!

???:

No voy a escuchar ni una palabra más de esto!

Walking can be heard until the camera comes into focus on two individuals:

The luchador, Mil Vueltas, storming away wearing his red, green and white luchador mask, a white t-shirt and black jeans. Behind him, the much larger form of his former Titanes Familia stablemate, DLJ, walks closely behind wearing a dark blue suit and holding a black leather portfolio in his hands.

DLJ:

Mil, please... stop. Can you at least hear me out? I thought this is what you wanted?

Stopping in his tracks, the luchador spins around and points up at his one-time former pupil.

Mil Vueltas:

Why... why would you EVER think that's what I want? Everyone around me... changing. Uriel did. Princesa did...

Mil looks up.

Mil Vueltas:

You did.

He sighs.

DLJ:

Cause you deserve BETTER, that's why! You're right! You've been screwed over time and time again! And I'm trying to help you!

Mil Vueltas:

How is this BETTER, Danny, huh? How is what you're offering me BETTER?

DLJ:

Cause you reached out after... you reached out after THEY left me.

Mil Vueltas:

And you... you leave messages on Read, Danny.

Remorseful, Danny shakes his head.

DLJ:

And I'm sorry for that. I should have... I should have fought for you. I should have tried to do something... I messed up,

Mil. I messed up bad. But...

He holds out the portfolio again.

DLJ:

The rumors came out about your contract. You did a solid for me even when you didn't have to and he wants to put what you guys went through behind you.

Mil Vuelas:

That... that wasn't ANYONE'S business but mine! That's invasion of my privacy! No way...

Finally, DLJ shoves the portfolio in his chest.

DLJ:

WILL YOU JUST LOOK?!

All the conversation stops when Mil finally holds the portfolio in his hands. DLJ carefully backs away from Mil.

DLJ:

Just... think about it, okay? Look... take a minute. Look it over. If you're really telling me no on this... we can be done. You don't have to see me again, man.

Mil lets the words hang in the air and doesn't respond.

DLJ:

That's all I got. Just... you have my number. I gotta get back... but please. Yes or no, please call me, okay?

After he's met with silence, the protege of OSCAR BURNS goes back into the building. Mil watches a man he once called Familia walk away...

Then stares at the portfolio before opening its contents.

CRESCENT CITY KID vs. THOMAS SLAINE

DDK:

Up next on the docket tonight, more singles action when Crescent City Kid of the Gulf Coast Connection goes one-on-one with the Louisiana brawler, Thomas Slaine!

Lance:

We've seen Gulf Coast Connection really come into their own after they stood up to the Blood Diamonds! Tonight, The Kid looks to see if he can keep that going momentarily!

To Darren Quimbey we go!

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo w/KB and Trip Lee ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from The Crescent City, accompanied to the ring by Theodore Cain and "Wingman" Titus Campbell, representing The Gulf Coast Connection... weighing in at 183 pounds... **THE CRESCENT CITY KID!**

Theodore Cain has on his Gulf Coast Connection Mardi Gras-themed jester hat, along with Crescent City Kid, getting the crowd fired up by throwing purple and gold beads to The Faithful. "Wingman" Titus Campbell brings up the rear and the powerhouse throws a few jester hats out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young girl in the audience with her parents! All three pose near the ring apron before CCK bumps fists with The Faithful then leaps over the ropes to pose in the ring! He waits for his opponent.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Nachitoches, Louisiana, weighing in at 221 pounds...**THOMAS SLAINE!**

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

The music hits and Thomas Slaine steps out from the back, ready to fight. The brawler then starts running to the ring and when he gets there, he points an imaginary gun up in the air, blows imaginary smoke from pulling the imaginary trigger, then steps inside. He looks ready to fight as he pulls on the ropes and starts biting down on the top cable. He turns to face CCK in the ring. Referee Rex Knox calls for the bell...

DING DING

Right from the jump, the two lock up, but CCK ducks underneath a clothesline from Slaine and then runs the ropes. The Kid comes back with a headscissors, swinging around twice before sending Slaine up and over! The Faithful pop as he pops back to his feet quickly and rushes over to high-five Campbell and Cain behind the ropes.

Lance:

There's a quick takeover by Crescent City Kid!

Practically frothing at the mouth, Slaine sits up and starts punching away wildly at nothing but air. The Kid positions himself and then scores with a huge running dropkick that knocks him towards the corner! Slaine is staggered when CCK charges over and then leaps up. He points up to the heavens before he leaps back and SNAPS Slaine over for a second time using a twisting monkey flip!

DDK:

You can absolutely see the confidence rising in Gulf Coast Connection as of late!

Lance:

You really can! He's got Slaine discombobulated!

Feeding off the Indiana Faithful, The Kid is back on his feet and surveying the reaction as Slaine tries to get up in the corner. CCK charges forward and tries to go at Slaine in the corner again, but this time the Bayou Brawler sends him up and over in the corner with a back body drop. CCK manages to catch himself on the ring apron and land on his feet, but by the time he's done adjusting himself, Slaine comes out of nowhere and catches him with a blindside lariat!

DDK:

Oooh! Slaine catches him with that lariat! CCK tried to catch his balance and he got caught upside the head!

The Faithful boo Slaine and he yells right back.

Thomas Slaine:

Shove that entire Mardi Gras party right back up your asses!

Slaine then waits patiently as Campbell and Cain try to will their buddy back up to his feet. Slowly but surely, he tries to rise but when he does, he's met with a big baseball slide dropkick that knocks him back into the barricade! The Bayou Brawler remains seated against the ropes and once again bites the middle rope like a dog!

Lance:

Thomas Slaine with something to prove tonight, it seems! His won-loss record doesn't convey how dangerous he can be in that ring when motivated.

DDK:

He's looking pretty motivated tonight. He's putting CCK back in the ring now!

After he's got The Kid back inside, he crawls into a lateral press.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

CCK gets the shoulder up, but Slaine's not done here!

Slaine climbs to the second turnbuckle and then holds out his arm, waiting for CCK to get back on his feet. The official mascot of the Gulf Coast Connection is having a hard time getting back up, but when he does... he's caught with a flying clothesline by Slaine again!

DDK:

Back to the clothesline, this time from the middle rope! Cover again!

With a forearm across his face, Slaine makes another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

There's another kickout by Crescent City Kid, but I meant what I said! Thomas Slaine is bringing the fight tonight!

DDK:

He's doing everything he can to make this win happen for him and he just might do it if he can keep this up!

But as The Faithful continue jeering him, Slaine shouts out to them again.

Thomas Slaine:

Shut up! Shut up! Stop booing! Boo this man! Mardi Gras was February!

He slowly pulls The Kid up to jeering. He slowly underhooks one arm and then the other before trying to set him up for a Tiger Driver. He hoists him up... only to be SNAPPED over with a quick hurricanrana counter into a pin of his own!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Slaine kicks out in a hurry, but before he's able to capitalize, CCK runs at him in a wheelbarrow bodyscissors! Slaine tries to lift him up, but The Kid counters into a huge bulldog!

DDK:

There's plenty of fight left in the Crescent City Kid! Both men are down!

Lance:

He took too much time prepping that Tiger Driver and gave The Kid that opening!

The Faithful rally behind CCK while on the outside, Titus Campbell and Theodore Cain both start slapping the ring apron trying to encourage their man to get back to his feet. Slowly, The Kid starts to use the ropes while on the other side, a snarling and angry Thomas Slaine is holding his face and trying to get back up. He starts to stand again across the ring from The Crescent City Kid and when he has him in his sights, he speeds towards the buckle with a flying forearm.

Problem?

CCK has rolled out of said corner, sending Slaine crashing face-first into an empty buckle!

Lance:

No! Slaine eats the turnbuckle! And now The Kid's got him!

He hooks the head of Slaine while he has a chance and leaps off the middle buckle...

DDK:

CCK scores with the CCT! Slaine is down!

After having his skull bounced off the mat, Slaine is left checking the ceiling lights as CCK quickly hops over the ring apron. He starts to move to the top rope and when he makes it to the top, he leaps as far as he can into a top rope splash!

DDK:

And the CCT is followed up with The Hurricane Press! That's done!

CCK hooks the legs of Slaine while he's out! Outside the ring, Campbell and Cain count along with The Faithful!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo w/KB and Trip Lee ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **CRESCENT CITY KID!**

Once done with the match, The Kid quickly takes to a turnbuckle and nearly falls off while trying to celebrate! Both Cain and Campbell jump up with him to celebrate the singles win!

DDK:

Solid win tonight by Crescent City Kid in singles action!

Slaine is on the outside, holding his head in pain and growling. Meanwhile, the neverending Mardi Gras party continues with the Gulf Coast Connection handing out more free beads and trinkets to The Faithful as UNCUT continues!

BOLD MOVE; ATTN: BRONSON BOX

We're... well, it looks like we're at some sort of metal foundry? It's hot, it's industrial, there's hard hats and safety signs all over. A real blue collar, man's man sort of workplace. With sparks and plumes of hot metal sparking and spitting all over, we focus in on a small man in a tacky brown suit with a far too small hardhat perched on his mushroom shaped hairdo. Douglas Doubleday wipes the fronts of his safety goggles as the camera approaches.

Dougie:

Hello DEFIANCE! Douglas Doubleday here... Dabs, come on man.

From stage left emerges the tall, blond haired blue eyes handsome drink of water Dabney Doubleday. Similarly clad in a hard hat and safety goggles, Dabney looks around the enormous facility sincerely impressed.

Dabney:

Man, Dougie, how'd you get us in here? This is wild.

Dougie:

Friend of a friend. Come on man, focus.

Dabney posts up next to his little brother.

Lil' Dougie smiles as he reaches into his coat pocket and produces something he purloined at the pay per view. The Bombastic Bronson Box's rusty metal Spike.

Dougie:

We're new here. But we've watched DEFIANCE since the start. We're fans of pro wrestling, first and foremost. Eugene Dewey and Dusty Griffith are two of my brothers' heroes. We agree with Ed White and Bronson on a few points. Namely that there is indeed something special about this place. DEFIANCE is the hard road, the real road to success. The measuring stick of if you can hack it in this business. Like a speed run to pain and suffering, this place.

He holds up the Spike.

Dabs takes over as Douglas takes said Spike proceeds to walk up a series of metal stairs positioned behind them. After a few moments he disappears off frame.

Dabney:

That's where that agreement ends. People like Ed White and Bronson Box talk about this place being almost *infected*. Of this place being weak. Paling in comparison to some yonder bygone era they aim to take us all back to. When I look at DEFIANCE I see men like Dex Joy and Brock Newbludd. I see men like Jun Izuchi, Gordy Lovett and the Gulf Coast Connection. I see people working hard to lift this entire organization up onto their shoulders. Whether they're main eventing DEFTv or midcarding it on a BRAZEN showcase this roster, overwhelmingly, is one of the most talented groups of pro wrestlers I've ever had the pleasure of calling myself a part of. Seeing my name appear on the roster on the DEF website... for me, that's special.

The camera pans back and we see Douglas high above on a catwalk suspended over a GIANT vat of red hot, molten metal.

Dabney:

Call me excited to get started. This is DEFIANCE after all... I realize just showing up and doing my best probably won't garner much attention. So I turned to my brother one day and asked "what could we do to really make some noise and get eyes on us without betraying who we are" and loandbehold he had a whopper of an idea. "It's probably going to result in you getting your butt kicked, but boy will it make him mad." Him being Bronson Box, clearly.

Dougie: [shouting a little over the din of machinery]

Neither of us like Bronson Box. He's a dick with too many dumbass ideas about this sport and this company rattling around in his CTE laden pumpkin of a head. Now with him admitting he's lost a step by surrounding himself with money and all that meat he feels even more emboldened to talk shit and get away with it. So... in an attempt to get those eyes my brother was talking about a moment ago, folks.

He once again holds the Spike aloft.

Dougie:

We're officially poking the bear.

Douglas wastes no time and tosses the Spike end over end over the railing of the catwalk and follows the noteworthy piece of DEFIANCE history as he tumbles and finally lands with a *PLOOP* in the molten steel and slowly dissipates into nothing but a quickly burned away film atop the giant pool of metal.

Bronson's Spike is no more.

The camera focuses again on the elder Doubleday's clear blue eyes.

Dabney:

Bronson Box is a legend. He did indeed lay the original planks we all wrestle on today. His violent, unhinged DNA is laced into this company. Nobody, not me or anybody else can take that away. His history is DEF's history. But if there's one thing my little brother and I can't stand, it's a bully. And like Dougie said, the Bronson Box who stood his ground and fought his battles all alone, that man is gone. Even though he was a bastard, that Bronson at least had a code. This current incarnation? This lazy old man beholden to a snake like Ed White? No. No more.

Douglas makes his way back down and stands next to his big brother.

Dougie:

"This is going to piss Bronson off, you guys are so screwed" yeah yeah, we know. We know exactly what this gesture means. It'll still be a long road to the top but I know how to play this particular game. Dabs has the wrestling bit in spades, I aint worried about that one bit. Even if it means our collective ass, I'm going to position this tall drink of water to do great things here. I'm under no illusion tossing that nasty piece of hardware into the drink is going to stop Boxer from finding some other way of being a lazy, corner cutting old piece of shit. I'm sure Box and his foot clan will plot our doom the second this hits the airwaves.

Dabney:

You don't reach the top of DEFIANCE Wrestling by playing it safe. And honestly, I can't stand how you people operate. These Blood Diamonds. This is us taking a stand.

Dougie:

Preach, big bro.

Dabney:

The Blood Diamonds often reference doing the "hard thing"... gentleman, with all do respect, what you do isn't the hard thing. What you do is the lazy thing. You're not fighters, you're butchers. You convince yourselves you're working for this company but you're only working for yourselves. All the money in the world won't buy you back the respect these people had for you once, Bronson. You watch me, you watch me get my career started here and you'll see someone actually doing the hard thing **WORKING** for the betterment of this company and for all the men and women who make it great every single day.

Dougie:

So bring it on ya' dinks. Mrs. Doubleday's baby boys are here to make a little noise. Noise made, baby.

The two brothers share a smile as we fade out to the next segment.

DDK:

Well...

Lance:

Bold. That's all I can say, Keebs. Bold as hell.

DDK:

Dabney and Douglas Doubleday just MELTED BRONSON'S SPIKE. That piece of metal had the DNA of a who's who of DEFIANCE luminaries. Eric Dane, Heidi Christenson, Clairra St. Sure, Curtis Penn, Mike Sloan, Dusty Griffith, Dan Ryan, Lindsay Troy, Eugene Dewey, hell even ED WHITE himself felt the business end of that weapon. And in one, as you said Lance, BOLD move the Doubleday's erased that particular instrument from existence.

Lance:

I can't imagine what sort of retribution Box will concoct for these two kids. Jesus Christ.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.