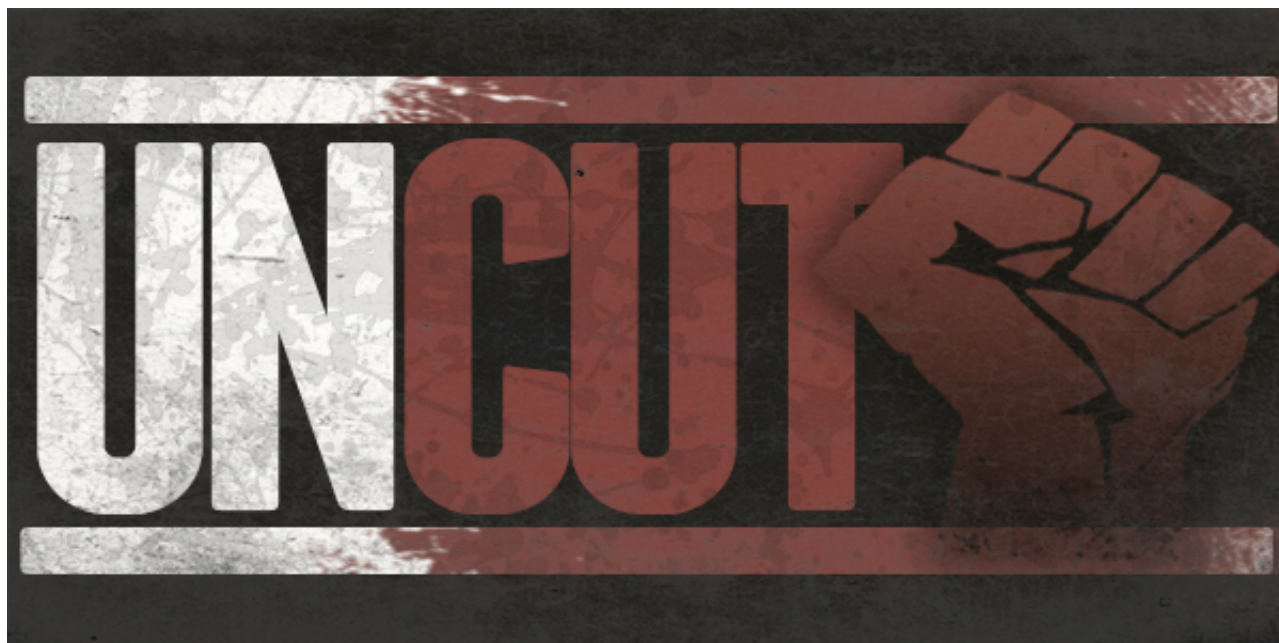


SHOW OPEN

LORD SEWELL v COUNT NOVICK

DDK:

Welcome to UNCUT! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and as always, I've got Lance Warner alongside at the Commentation Station to break down the in-ring action, as well as the happenings from DEFtv 208! We are here at the Cool Insuring Arena!

Lance:

A BRUTAL Carjitsu Street Fight saw Pat Cassidy be the one to walk away after beating FIST of DEFIANCE Malak Garland within an inch of his life to earn a title match at Acts of DEFIANCE, but will either man even MAKE it there? The card is really starting to take shape!

DDK:

And coming up first to kick off the show, a grudge match from a few weeks ago! Sgt. Safety and Count Novick have formed a newfound team, but have run afoul of Gentlemen's Agreement after Safety defeated "Royal Guard" Earl Roberts a couple weeks ago in singles action! Count Novick was knocked out with the signature loaded white glove of Lord Sewell in retaliation, leading to this singles match up next!

Lance:

It's royalty vs. royalty! DEFIANCE cult favorite Count Novick takes on the pompous Lord Sewell up next!

The camera cuts to the ring with Darren Quimbey ready to make the announcements!

Darren Quimbey:

The following is your opening contest and is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

On the DEFiatron, a castle on a hill. In a crackling thunder storm. The entire screen turns black and white with a filter that makes it look like an old talkie. A burst of lighting, and we are now inside the creepy medieval castle, and a figure shrouded in shadow slowly rises from the floor like a plank. And then...

♪ "Bloodletting (The Vampire Song)" by Concrete Blond ♪

A burst of fog billows out from the rampway. And in the center of that fog, a figure. A figure shielding himself from prying eyes by using his cape to hide his face. But there's no mistaking who this... and The Faithful sure know...

The Faithful:

AH!! HA!!! HA!!!

And with that, the cape is dramatically swirled away, revealing Count Novick! The Count is dressed in usual gothic inspired ring gear! Novick grins a dastardly grin to the sea of Faithful cheering for him, creeping toward the ring with an exaggerated stride as his head shoots back and forth. Halfway down the ramp, he stomps directly in front of the camera to raise both eyebrows in quick succession before continuing his creepy dance to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

...From Bran, Transylvania, and weighing in at two-hundred and one pounds... **COUNT NOVICK!**

Once Novick reaches the ring, he takes the crab off and then waits for his opponent.

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

The theme plays and out walks Lord Sewell, wearing a red overcoat with yellow epaulets, while being applauded by his longtime tag partner Oliver Tarquin Monroe, who is wearing a dark gray sleeveless coat over a well-tailored shirt and tie, which fits snugly to expose his muscular frame. Behind the two men walks the Earl Roberts, the former Southern brawler, now resorting to wearing a red button-up coat with a white hat ala the British Royal Guard.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, being accompanied by Oliver Tarquin Monroe and "The Royal Guard" Earl Roberts, representing Gentlemen's Agreement... from Long Melford, England, weighing in at 234 pounds.... He will be addressed as Viscount Vice Admiral Ernest Sewell... but you may call him... **LORD SEWELL!**

Sewell is now in the ring and removes his jacket before carefully and neatly folding it, then handing it over to Oliver Tarquin Monroe. Lord Sewell gets ready to wrestle, but Count... well.

Count Novick:

After vat you did to me and Sgt Safety... I'm out... for BLAAAUD!

DING DING

The Count charges Lord Sewell, but he tries to contain him with a hammerlock, then segues that into a hammerlock. He laughs in a snooty manner, but The Count sends him back to the ropes and comes back with a big running shoulder that knocks Sewell on his back. The Count hits the ropes again, but Lord Sewell ducks down. The former BRAZEN Tag Team Champion comes back off the ropes, but Sewell ducks. The leader of Gentlemen's Agreement then gets knocked down with a flying forearm off the ropes! He stands up...

The Faithful:

AH! AH! AH!

DDK:

Sgt. Safety hasn't been seen since his swift defeat at the hands of Killjoy, but Count Novick was attacked during that match. The Sarge isn't here that we are aware of due to that match!

As Lord Sewell tries to get back to his feet, The Count jumps up and takes the British royalty(?) into a hurricanrana into a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Sewell kicks out!

DDK:

On their surface, Novick and Sewell may be underestimated, but both men have had championship success! Novick as a former BRAZEN Tag Team Champion and Lord Sewell, a former BRAZEN Onslaught Champion!

The Count hits Lord Sewell with a dropkick as he tries to get up! He hits the ropes, but Earl Roberts grabs his leg! Lord Sewell almost gets tripped up, but he stops himself and hangs from the ropes. He looks down and tries to enthrall the Royal Guard.

Count Novick:

You don't vant to listen to these frauds. You vish to listen to a REAL voice with REAL power!

For a moment... it looks like it's about to work because Earl goes blank. OTM goes over and smacks him in the back of the head to snap him out of it. Earl holds the back of his as Monroe gives him a verbal bashing.

OTM:

Do NOT listen to that knave! Do your job, stand there and look menacing!

Earl does as he's told and resumes with his arms behind his back. And during all this, The Count finally turns around and gets blindsided by a big running clothesline from Lord Sewell!

DDK:

The Count just got taken out of his boots! Lord Sewell now in the mount position! He lands a flurry of forearms to the side of the head of Count Novick!

The Faithful jeer the former British naval officer, but he ignores them until he's done with the forearms. He pulls The Count up to his feet and then hits a snap double arm suplex and floats right into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Lance:

Count Novick kicks out! He spent too much time trying to enthrall Earl Roberts only to get attacked!

DDK:

And now here's Lord Sewell to slow down the action! Well-placed cravate headlock!

He locks in the cravate headlock and Lord controls The Count as he cinches in the submission and keeps him grounded.

Lord Sewell:

I know royalty, you uncouth swine... and you sir, are no royalty.

The Count tries to fight up and uses his free hands to elbow the former BRAZEN Onslaught Champ in the stomach, but Sewell fires back by firing upwards knee lifts to the side of The Count's head. He then drops him down with a modified swinging neckbreaker and then makes another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The shoulder goes up by Novick! Lord Sewell looks generally displeased.

DDK:

Another kickout, but Lord Sewell is still in control! He's got The Count in the corner and he's just raining down forearm smashes again!

He continues to attack The Count until referee Carla Ferrari orders him to stop. Lord Sewell steps back and then charges towards the corner to slug him with a running uppercut in the corner. The Count recoils from the shot as Sewell grabs his wrist.

Lord Sewell:

It's time we end this charade!

Novick is pulled out of the corner for a short-arm clothesline... but Novick ducks! Sewell turns around right into the Bump in the Night! The short powerbomb takes down Sewell and he hits the canvas while Novick is holding his neck!

DDK:

Novick with Bump in the Night! He hits the short powerbomb, but he can't capitalize!

Lance:

The Faithful are getting behind him! Novick's gotta find his way back up!

Holding his back and rolling on the mat, Lord Sewell tries to fight through the pain and get him back to his feet. Lord Sewell hobbles back to his feet, but Novick ducks another short-arm clothesline attempt and hits the ropes, only to come back with another huge flying forearm! Sewell goes down in a heap again as Novick continues. He comes off the other side and this time, he lands a dropkick to the leg, cutting out Sewell and sending him crashing back to the mat! Novick is back up and then leaps to the middle rope to hit a flying back elbow! After he knocks down Sewell, he crosses both arms across the chest and kips up to his feet!

The Faithful:

AH! AH! AH!

DDK:

Lord Sewell's lost control! Count Novick is coming at him from all directions!

With the former BRAZEN Onslaught Champion down, he head to the top rope!

DDK:

I think we're about to see the Graveyard Smash! If he hits that flying top rope senton, this one is good as over!

He tries to get to the top when Oliver Tarquin Monroe tries to stop him, but The Count kicks him away! After he drops off the apron, he stands up... THEN DIVES ONTO BOTH OTM AND ROBERTS ON THE OUTSIDE TO BIG CHEERS!

Lance:

Count Novick wipes out Gentlemen's Agreement on the outside with that dive!

DDK:

Twice, they've tried to interfere and I think he's had enough! He's gotta hurry back in that ring if he wants the win, though!

The Count gets back up to his feet and takes in cheers while Lord Sewell is still down on the canvas. Novick heads to the apron, then goes to the top rope. He leaps off the top... ONLY TO LAND ACROSS SEWELL'S KNEES! Novick howls in pain while Sewell grabs his own shins, but he gets back up and slowly stands to his feet.

DDK:

Lord Sewell was playing possum! He's got Novick by the neck... OHH! Gentleman's Pact!

He DRILLS Novick into the canvas with the cross-arm hangman's neckbreaker! After Novick has his neck jacked up, Sewell goes for the cover and hooks both legs to jeers from The Faithful!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **LORD SEWELL!**

DDK:

Stolen victory by Lord Sewell! Gentlemen's Agreement's repeated attempts to try and distract Count Novick came back to haunt him, but Sewell steals the win!

Slowly after the match, Earl Roberts and Oliver Tarquin Monroe are back up and they slide into the ring. Rather than do the gentlemanly thing and celebrate with Lord Sewell, he nods at them and the two begin stomping Count Novick!

Lance:

And this is uncalled for! This is...

Lord Sewell stands by with his arms behind his back, looking smug as the beatdown continues! That is, until...

♪ "Safety Dance" by Men Without Hats ♪

The Faithful cheer! Out from the back, Sgt. Safety runs out wearing his usual gear, along with a bright yellow safety jacket and an airhorn in hand!

DDK:

Sgt. Safety is here! He wasn't supposed to be here!

Sewell points at Earl Roberts to cut off Sgt. Safety coming down the ramp and he nods. He climbs out of the ring and tries to charge at him...

EEEEEEERRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGHHHH!

But he gets SHOOK by an air horn to the ear! Roberts tries to cover his ears and then gets a big clothesline for his troubles!

DDK:

Sgt. Safety even brought an equalizer! That safety air horn!

OTM tries to stop Sgt. Safety...

EEEEEEERRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGHHHH!

Monroe's eyes go wide as he covers his ears! Then Sgt. Safety goes up top and takes flight with the Crash Pad! Lord Sewell doesn't want any of this and climbs out of the ring while Sgt. Safety stands over Count Novick and helps his tag partner to his feet! Lord Sewell walks past OTM and Earl Roberts while they are still holding their ears from going deaf via an airhorn.

Lance:

Sgt. Safety makes the save with a little help from that air horn!

After clearing house, Sgt. Safety has a microphone.

Sgt. Safety:

I didn't see anything here that leads me to believe you three are gentlemen of any kind! That is why I propose a good, clean SAFE tag team match! Myself and Count Novick... against Gentlemen's Agreement in two weeks on Uncut!

Lord Sewell looks back at him.

Lord Sewell:

You knaves! We accept!

Earl Roberts and OTM both look up at Lord Sewell and wonder what is being said at all. Back in the ring, Sgt. Safety and Count Novick are cheered on by The Faithful!

Lance:

We'll see if Gentlemen's Agreement can win in a fair fight in two weeks!

DDK:

Indeed! Later tonight, we have the main roster debut for Archer Silver! And in just a little bit, we take a look at a recent tryout match against a highly-touted BRAZEN prospect! The debut of Rowzilla!

UPDATE

DEFTv 208

Night Two

Angus Skaaland:

But you can just make it out to Angu...AGGH!

Purcell bolts up from his seat and before Angus can get out his quip, he has both hands wrapped around the collar of Angus' shirt! He tries to pull away, but Punchy ain't having any of that and snatches him close over the table.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

You in the right place, bud! I can autograph a neck brace for you right he...

But the rest of his quip goes unheard! From behind, Reinhardt Hoffman nails him in the with a big forearm! He drops Angus and the mouthpiece of the Blood Diamond scatters away! Hoffman turns Purcell around and throws a few more shots to his back, but he doesn't count on Purcell already fighting back and delivering some body shots of his own!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

White still too much of a bitch to do this himself?!

He has Hoffman on the proverbial ropes, but people jump back in the line for autographs when out of nowhere, a massive form joins the fray and TACKLES the unsuspecting Purcell to where he goes sliding across the table!

Nicky Corozzo!

The massive hitman for The Blood Diamonds is joined by Hoffman getting back to his feet, followed by Jane Katze. They watch the two brutes attack Purcell and in the middle of all of this, Edward White finally joins in! Corozzo holds out Purcell's hand on the ground. Purcell tries to fight back against the massive hitman, but Hoffman and Katze continue to restrain him...

Along comes Edward White...

THEN CRACKS HIS HAND WITH A LEAD PIPE!

Purcell lets out a howl! The former boxer is left hunched over in pain holding his left hand close to him while security finally is able to jump in to separate the fight! White and his group back up and with the damage done, they flee the scene of the crime, along with Angus.

LATER THAT NIGHT

DDK:

Dex is a one-man army tonight! He's just wiped out Hoffman! He's just wiped out Nicky Corozzo!

Dex's version of a Tope Suicida finally takes down Il Guidice and Dex now has the chance to beat Ed White a second time! The referee has lost complete control when he gets in the ring. Jane Katze screams at Dex to get out of the way, but the referee orders her off the apron. She doesn't move so Dex makes her do it by hip tossing her into the ring!

DDK:

Jane Katze wanted to be part of the action and now she is!

The referee orders her out and makes sure she leaves ... but Dex gets caught with a straight right hand to the family jewels that goes undetected!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

No way! No way! White nails the punch I'd get fired for saying the name of!

White then pockets some sort of wrapped up knuckles in tape and clocks Dex with it upside the head! He throws it outside of the ring as quick as he can. The referee turns around the crowd is rioting!

DDK:

He can't take the win! Not like this!

White hooks Dex's leg!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

The camera cuts to Jamie Sawyers in the interview backdrop for UNCUT.

Jamie Sawyers:

We've been told after those brutal assaults, that Punch Drunk Purcell is in need of a brace for his left hand and will be wearing one for a few weeks. Thankfully, there was not a complete break and, fortunately, he is expected to be able to work through the injury...

Sawyers looks up.

Jamie Sawyers:

Possibly unfortunately, where The Blood Diamonds are concerned.

A still focuses on Dex Joy after his match with Ed White.

Jamie Sawyers:

As for Dex Joy, for years, his neck has been a focal point for his enemies after prior injuries. He has been checked out and he is expected to be cleared by... hey!

Jamie looks up.

Jamie Sawyers:

Dex! Punchy!

Interrupting the feed, a very pissed-off DEX JOY AND PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL arrive on stage. The Lads are good lads wearin their new Dexy & Punchy "Lads" t-shirts. As Jamie noted, Purcell has a gray wrist brace on his left hand, but the right hand is balled up and ready to hit someone.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Jamie ... we're probably gonna be cussin' and hollerin' right about now.

Dex Joy:

Yeah. Boot and scoot your booty, Jermz. We're gonna be saying things now.

As he leaves, Purcell and Dex speak directly to The Blood Diamonds.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

Leave it to Ed White to take cheap victories. With respect to the great medical update Jamie Sawyers provided, I've gotta correct him on one thing, if I can?

Jamie Sawyers:

Very well...

Dex moves aside and gives Punchy the floor.

Punch Drunk Purcell:

My medical update is f[censored] you, Ed. If you were smart, you'd have hit my GOOD hand... but since I still got that, I promise you, this ends when I ROCK your f[censored] skull with the biggest punch I've ever thrown and teach you that all the illegal money in the world don't make you shit in OUR world!

Dex looks at Punchy and looks mighty impressed by his fire.

Dex Joy:

And my medical update is YOU WERE TOO STUPID TO FINISH THE DAMN JOB CAUSE YOU'RE HALF ASSED, ED!!!... But we're gonna! The two of us against ANY two of you. Don't matter if it's, Ed, Nicky, Reinhart, Jane, George, Judy, Elroy ... Acts of DEFIANCE! It don't matter which two of you gets this ass-kicking cause at the end of the night ...

Punch Drunk Purcell:

YOU'RE ALL GETTING IT!

ROWZILLA v. THOMAS SLAINE

DDK:

We are taking a special look at a new BRAZEN talent making his debut tonight on Uncut! DEFIANCE Wrestling's main roster member Thomas Slaine is looking to spoil his debut. What can you tell us about this kid, Lance? I understand he's got deep roots in wrestling?

Lance:

He does! Rowzilla – born Rowen Spade – his grandfather was giant Memphis wrestling legend “The Golden Lion” Darren Spade and his father was a former NBW World Heavyweight Champion “The One Man Stampede” Warren Spade. Warren retired from wrestling a few years ago after a cancer scare. Thankfully, he is in remission as of today, but decided to hang up the boots to be a full-time promoter for Memphis Greats Wrestling.

DDK:

Amazing story. It sounds like this young man has big shoes to fill?

Lance:

Wait until you hear Darren Quimbey call out this kid's stats, but he only just turned twenty this month! DEFIANCE are very interested in how this kid progresses and is being looked at as a tremendous prospect. But his father and grandfather both tipped the scales at just over seven feet each! He's a third-generation giant, which is a rarity in wrestling!

DDK:

I've never seen this young man in person yet but I'm sure we're in for a treat! The next match tonight is about to begin!

Darren Quimbey is in the ring.

Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! From Nachitoches, Louisiana, weighing in at 221 pounds...THOMAS SLAINEEEEEEE!!!

♪ "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 say something when he swipes a microphone from someone at ringside.

Thomas Slaine:

Turn that crap off! I got something to say and you bet your ass I'm gonna say it!

The music is replaced with jeering from the New York fans.

Thomas Slaine:

I come to work today in this crap town that wishes it was New York City and they tell me I gotta face some new guy named Rowzilla ... let me guess ... Some scrawny little punk that thinks he's a badass cause he comes from the state of New York? I didn't read up on this guy and I don't give a damn who he is. I heard rumors that the management are real high on this kid, but I also heard he's gonna be coming to the back with a few less teeth after this match is done. Let's go ... Rowzilla ...

Thomas makes a very classy gesture and moves a balled-up fist up and down. New music plays for the fans ...

♪ "I" by Tyr ♪

Some fans rock out to the Black Sabbath cover but remain waiting to give their response for whoever happens to step behind the curtains.

Thomas Slaine looks super confident until he sees the young kid stepping through the curtains ... and his jaw nearly drops through the canvas when he sees the kid is twice the size of a normal man!

Quimbey:

His opponent ... he stands at seven foot three inches tall! He weighs in at three-hundred fifty pounds ... now residing in New York City ... He is the THIRD-GENERATION GIANT ... ROWWWWWWW ... ZILLAAAAAAA!!!

Brown curly hair at neck length, a trimmed beard with white tank top and three red stars on the legs of his gear and red boots, Rowzilla points his taped fists up to the sky and then he makes his first walk down a DEFIANCE ramp and hands out high-fives to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful.

Lance:

Rowzilla spent two years training alongside his father and then made the move to New York so even though he's a recent citizen this is still the place he calls home.

DDK:

Thomas Slaine looks like he wants to retract this challenge!

When the camera pans to Slaine, the brawler of the bayou looks like he knows he's gonna have an uphill battle. Young Rowen Spade has no trouble stepping on the apron. He points three fingers up and then he steps into the ring ... but Thomas Slaine is quick to attack the giant by going after the legs!

DING DING**DDK:**

Thomas Slaine knows he's at a size disadvantage, so he does what you gotta do against any giant! Go for the legs!

Slaine attacks Spade's legs with kicks and keeps going like it's the last thing he will ever do. The 3rd Generation Giant pushes him back but Slaine decides he's going to aim higher. He plants a big chop that sounds great in the Cool Insuring Arena ...

The only problem is that Rowzilla doesn't register it.

Lance:

He should have stuck with attacking the legs.

DDK:

Rowzilla is giving him another chance to take his best shot!

Rowzilla polls the people and asks them if he should let Thomas have another shot. They cheer in response so Rowzilla places his arms behind him and sticks his jaw out to offer the shot. Slaine hits a chop on the giant rookie prospect. The chop sounds great and might have stunned a lesser man but Rowzilla doesn't register it. Slaine stomps his foot on the ground and doesn't believe it. When he turns around, the 3rd Generation Giant wallops him in the chest with a balled-up forearm club! Slaine falls to his knees!

DDK:

Hey, Rowzilla gave him a shot but now it's his turn!

Slaine begs for mercy but Rowzilla picks him up and puts him in a corner. He comes out and uses the world's largest hip toss to send Slaine through the air! He screams the whole way of the trip and hits the ground! The brawler from Louisiana can't believe how far he was thrown and when he stands up again Rowzilla grabs him in the air and lets him fall with a standing free fall drop. Thomas bounces up and feels his lungs knocked up into his throat before Rowzilla has him up and hits him with a facebreaker knee smash.

Lance:

He's keeping the offense simple, but when you are seven-foot three and perhaps the largest athlete in the BRAZEN roster, you don't need much!

DDK:

We noted this was a tryout match but I think that Rowzilla is about to wrap it up!

Hearing the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful respond positively, he asks them if they want to see Thomas get thrown again. Thomas is scrambling to get out of the ring but Rowzilla picks him up again. He puts him on the second rope again and wants another toss, but Slaine grows desperate to avoid any further punishment. He jabs a finger into the eye of Rowzilla to boos from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

DDK:

Thomas just saved himself from collecting more frequent flyer miles!

If Thomas wants to fly, he wants to do it himself. That's why he flies off the second rope and hits his signature shot gun drop kick! Rowzilla feels his first punishing move and gets knocked around but he is still standing. Thomas walks over to the other corner again with Rowzilla still feeling the first shot. He jumps off the ropes with a flying elbow off the top and hits the rookie giant square in the face. He still doesn't fall but it's clear the two flying moves have started to take a collective toll.

Lance:

Thomas can't believe the giant hasn't been knocked down, but if there's a chance to ground the giant he can do it now.

Slaine jumps up and has the twenty-year-old giant in a standing guillotine type of choke!

DDK:

This is a good way to stop the giant. That massive body needs massive oxygen and if you can deplete that, that may be the key to victory.

Hanging like a cat off a vine, Thomas Slaine jumps up to try and stop Rowzilla from making any further progress. The twenty-year-old kid continues to hang in there and then moves his arm over Slaine's own head! He grabs his waist with the other and then uses his strength to get Slaine up! Slaine is shaking his head before he gets picked up and dropped from high up with a release suplex!

Lance:

That's certainly one way to counter a submission! By using his raw power and size!

Thomas is about to get up when Rowzilla starts to wipe his foot on the mat and gets ready to charge like a wild bull.

Lance:

I was told to look out for this move! His father, Warren Spade, used to use a spear called The Trample and he would set up for it by calling for this move!

DDK:

If he runs into Thomas Slaine like this, we can all consider this match over!

Slaine is staggered by the release suplex from Rowzilla but the twenty-year-old has hit the ropes and bounces off for extra momentum and sends him flying backwards with a big shoulder block! Slaine spins back and lands on his chest!

Lance:

He hits it! He calls it "The One Man Stampede" as a tribute to his father's nickname!

DDK:

And I think he's calling for the end!

Standing tall and proud, Rowzilla grabs Slaine and preps him for a power bomb. He lunges over to pick him up but puts him over his shoulder instead. He wrenches his back with a canadian back breaker and then turns it into a choke slam on the way down!

DDK:

Choke slam variant puts Thomas Slaine down! I think you can count to a million after that!

Lance:

That's another tribute to his father's submission hold, Torn Asunder which was that canadian back breaker! He turns it into a choke slam at the apex!

Rowzilla has his hands on Thomas's chest for the pin.

One ...

Two ...

Three!

DING DING DING

♪ "I" by Tyr ♪

Applause fills the arena for Rowzilla and his good showing. The referee has to walk to the middle rope to be able to hold Rowzilla's arm up!

Quimbey:

Here is your winner ... ROOOWWWWWW ... ZILLAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Rowen Spade showed an innovative finisher and some good instincts for a kid so young, but he's practically been ingrained into the business. With more time, imagine how dangerous he can be.

Lance:

I look forward to following Rowzilla's progress!

Rowzilla hops down from the ring and goes to the back.

Rowzilla:

Dad ... Pops ... I hope I made you both proud. First of many wins, first of many!

The Memphis Monster takes in the feeling of victory and he bumps fists with some people and high fives others on his way out.

THE TUBE THAT FEEDS

Cyrus Bates rocks in his chair. His arms bent and hands clasped, he refuses to blink. He sits bedside deep within the womb of Glens Falls Hospital. It's nightfall. Long shadows overtake the orange lit room. Nurses walk by the room's open door at a brisk enough pace. They're focused on doing their rounds and providing the best care they can provide to their patients. Cyrus breathes steadily. He gazes over to the FIST of DEFIANCE who lays peacefully unconscious in the bed with all sorts of medical gizmos attached to him.

Cyrus Bates:

Like the Phoenix, you too shall rise from this atrocity. Stronger, braver, and snowier than ever before.

Bates thinks he hears Malak say something as he jerks forward but it's just wishful thinking. The Bellicose Brawler has been there since his faithful leader checked in and lets be honest, Cyrus has been on edge and over checked his boss numerous times and followed up with nurses more than a friend ever should.

Cyrus Bates:

My lord, I promise this won't be our downfall. We will serve justice to those who made you feel that unimaginable pain. I swear it.

Bates can't help but get pent up. He cracks his knuckles as he leans forward and places most of his weight on his forearms and bountiful thighs. He stares Malak up and down for the hundredth time. Cassidy's skin is pale and his body is weak. Eyes closed, or rather eye closed, half of his face is covered in gauze and stitches. A clear plastic feeding tube rests between his pursed lips, delivering life insurance to the comatose champion.

Cyrus Bates:

Get stronger. Recover. Rise from this. Prove to everyone who doesn't think you can that will not only will but also go above and beyond. You earned that teardrop tattoo under your right eye which is covered with gauze for a reason. We're going to make sure everyone in the world will see that tattoo again.

Bates gets to his feet. He's tired. He hasn't slept or eaten for what feels like days but when it comes to Malak Cassidy, Bates would sever his own clavicle if it meant a show of loyalty.

Cyrus Bates:

Hmmmm. Sultan of Snow. Malak Mirage. Alliteration Antagonist!

Bates gets in close and places a hand on the snowy crusader's damp forehead.

Cyrus Bates:

I stand with thee.

Bates kisses Malak on the cheek before walking out of the room as he tries to find a nurse to heckle in the most passive aggressive way possible. The machines continue to do their thing, taking care of Malak Cassidy. Beeping. Grinding. Pushing air through vents.

Malak's eye shudders.

ARCHER SILVER v. "YOUNG BULL" TATE NEWELL

DDK:

After a victory by Lord Sewell via dastardly means and a recorded win by BRAZEN's newest giant, Rowzilla, we have the main roster in-ring debut of one of M4NTRA's newest associates, Archer Silver!

Lance:

Archer Silver, formerly of Les Enfants Terribles alongside High Flyer, Killjoy and Kazuhiro Troy, Archer holds the record for most BRAZEN Tag Team Title wins with three to his name, two with High Flyer and one with Kaz Troy.

DDK:

We've seen how instrumental he has been already in his new alliance with M4NTRA by helping them win the Unified Tag Team Titles in the first place! Now, tonight, he takes on a highly-touted BRAZEN prospect, "Young Bull" Tate Newell! Six feet tall, but 260 pounds of pure muscle and speed! Archer may have his hands full if he underestimates Newell in any way, a man who has competed for the top titles in BRAZEN!

Darren Quimbey:

The following is your main event of the evening and is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Fatal" by ZHU ♪

Black.

The opening chimes echo throughout the arena as The Faithful start jeering. Walking through the curtains, a shadow stops and stands with his head bowed to the ground and holding his arms in front of him. The entire DEFIATron shines to life with an arrow flying through the air before it lands in a bullseye, illuminating the arena in bright green!

Darren Quimbey:

...Representing M4NTRA, from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 233 pounds... **"THE PEACEFUL WEAPON"**
ARCHER SILVER!

Walking to the ring, he runs a hand through his mustache and goatee and then throws his black hair back. He wears white thigh-length MMA-style shorts with gold trim, fingerless gloves and bare feet covered up with gold kickpads strapped to his legs. He takes his time walking down the ramp and takes in the jeers as he walks to the ring.

DDK:

He calls himself "The Peaceful Weapon." He proclaims himself to be a "pacifist" but you have to wonder how true that is when we've already seen him take cheap shots on behalf of M4NTRA.

Lance:

Regardless, he has a unique suplex and kick-based style that he can use to disorient opponents!

Once Archer reaches the ring, he walks up the steps. He throws a few kicks in the air and then spin kicks the air in front of him before dropping to a seated position on the mat, almost as if he's meditating. His music cuts as he waits for his opponent.

♪ "Out Of My Way" by Seether ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Buffalo, New York... weighing in at 260 pounds... **"THE YOUNG BULL" TATE NEWELL!**

The fans give a cheer to the home state big man coming out from the back! Wearing a dark green wrestling singlet and black boots, the young man points right at the ring with his index and middle fingers, then ZOOMS down the ramp! He slides right under the bottom rope, climbs to his feet and then leaps in place several times to get himself fired up!

DDK:

Tate Newell was trained by Dex Joy and only a year into his career, got signed with BRAZEN! He's been another prospect touted for great things, and this could be a massive upset if he defeats Archer Silver tonight.

Lance:

And Archer's... still meditating.

He doesn't appear to be paying much attention to The Young Bull. Tate leans back in his corner getting ready to fight and he has the home state advantage. Archer remains stoic as he remains in a cross-legged position.

DING DING

Newell gets cheered by The Faithful. He runs at Archer... but Archer catches his leg! The Peaceful Weapon hangs onto his leg and Newell tries to balance himself on one foot as Archer rises. He throws the leg of Newell down and brings his knee up, NAILING him in the face!

DDK:

OH, MY GOODNESS! ARCHER GOADED HIM INTO THAT FIRST STRIKE!

It looks like Newell's bell has been rung as he stumbles around the ring glassy-eyed. Archer smiles as he raises his hand, then ROCKS Newell on the jaw with a standing side kick! The blow sends Newell through the ropes and out to the floor!

Lance:

What a counter knee strike by Silver to start off the match! He calls himself a Pacifist because in his words, quote... he's "passing on using fists in favor of kicks, knees and elbows."

DDK:

It runs in the family! His father, Steven Silver and uncle Sonny Silver... both men Hall of Famers. When they wrestled, striking was their specialty. Archer has a black belt in karate as well as being an expert kickboxer prior to getting into pro wrestling.

Silver goes back to his meditating position and waits on Newell, who is currently being counted out. Referee Rex Knox is making the count.

Rex Knox:

One... two... three... four... five... six...

With the will of The Faithful on his side, Tate Newell slowly starts to get back to his feet

Rex Knox:

Seven... eight...

But he makes into the ring! Archer opens his eyes, then rolls backwards up to his feet. As Newell tries to get back to his feet, Archer is already on him with a running corner elbow smash! He rocks The Young Bull with a few more shots before he is brought to a grounded position in the corner. Knox warns Archer against what he's doing, so he leaves the corner and takes in the jeers of The Faithful. He then runs towards the corner and lands a huge hesitation dropkick on The Young Bull!

DDK:

What a shot! He calls that the Arrow in Flight!

Lance:

And looks like he wants to wrap this one up!

Archer grabs The Young Bull and gets him out of the corner before he goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Newell gets a shoulder up to cheers from The Faithful! Archer looks surprised that he hasn't scored the win!

DDK:

That opening knee strike rocked Newell, but he's a tough young man that can take a hit! Archer better not give this kid an opening.

Lance:

Archer might have heard you. He's locked in that grounded abdominal stretch!

Newell gets grounded by Archer who has the submission locked on tightly! The hold continues to tighten around the barrel chest of Newell and he tries to fight out while Archer is quietly meditating again.

DDK:

Is this really the time to be doing this?

Despite Archer's attempts to remain calm and grounded, Tate Newell is being cheered by The Faithful! He starts to stand up to his feet despite Archer doing everything he can to keep him in the hold! Newell gets to his feet and SNAPS him over with a big hip toss counter to a big cheer!

DDK:

What a big throw! Newell escapes, but he's suffered a lot of punishment. Is he going to be able to even follow up?

The powerful young New Yorker leans back in the corner while Archer limps to his feet. The Peaceful Weapon kicks Newell with a back kick to the gut and then whips him to the ropes... but doesn't count on the 260-pounder LEAPING to the second rope and flying back with a huge crossbody out of the corner!

Lance:

Goodness! I've heard of when pigs fly, but bulls?

DDK:

You should talk to a guy named Bam Markham! But back to the action! Newell back up!

Newell still looks like he's feeling the effects of the initial knee strike, but does his best to shake it off. He grabs Archer and THROWS him as hard as he can into the corner with what he calls a Bull Whip! Archer recoils from the throw in the corner and staggers out in pain, right into a big overhead belly-to-belly suplex! Archer lands over in the other corner and has The Faithful in his corner!

Lance:

We could be on the verge of a huge upset!

The Young Bull is hurt, but he leans back in the opposite corner and then charges like his namesake to hit a huge running cannonball in the corner!

DDK:

Dex Joy's old finishing move! I'm told that Dex passed that move down to his student to have as his own!

Newell drags him out of the corner and is looking for the big upset!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Archer gets the shoulder up just after two! Newell punches the mat, but then decides now's the time to go for broke. He leans back to the nearest corner and gets ready to charge.

DDK:

Only a two-count there, but he's got Archer right in his line of sight! If he can connect with this move called The Horns, it's over!

Lance:

It's put down just about everybody in BRAZEN!

Archer is starting to stagger when Tate Newell can feel it in the air that he could win. He charges towards Archer... only to get **BLASTED** with a spinning back elbow smash!

Lance:

No! Archer countered with that elbow right on the button! That was extra lethal!

DDK:

Ugh... I'm told he calls that Eat, Pray, Elbow.

Newell is out on his feet when Archer turns towards the ropes. He leaps to the nearby middle rope and **CRACKS** Tate right on the jaw with a springboard gamengiri kick to the face!

DDK:

That's it! This one is done! He calls that The Peaceful End! This one could be all!

A deflated New York crowd boos as Archer confidently hooks the legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Fatal" by ZHU ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **ARCHER SILVER!**

After scoring the win, Archer nudges Tate Newell's body away from the ring with his feet, then goes to have a celebratory... meditation? He catches his breath and falls into a cross-legged position, leaving a hand up for the official to hold. Rex Knox comes over and holds it.

Lance:

A good debut win for Archer Silver! Showing quickly why those lethal elbows and feet are a must-have in the arsenal of M4NTRA.

DDK:

With that said, this concludes tonight's edition of UNCUT! We will see you next week from The Mohegan Sun Arena in Connecticut! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler saying good night, everyone! Thank you for joining

us!

The highly confident Archer takes in the jeers and continues his meditation as the show heads to black.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.