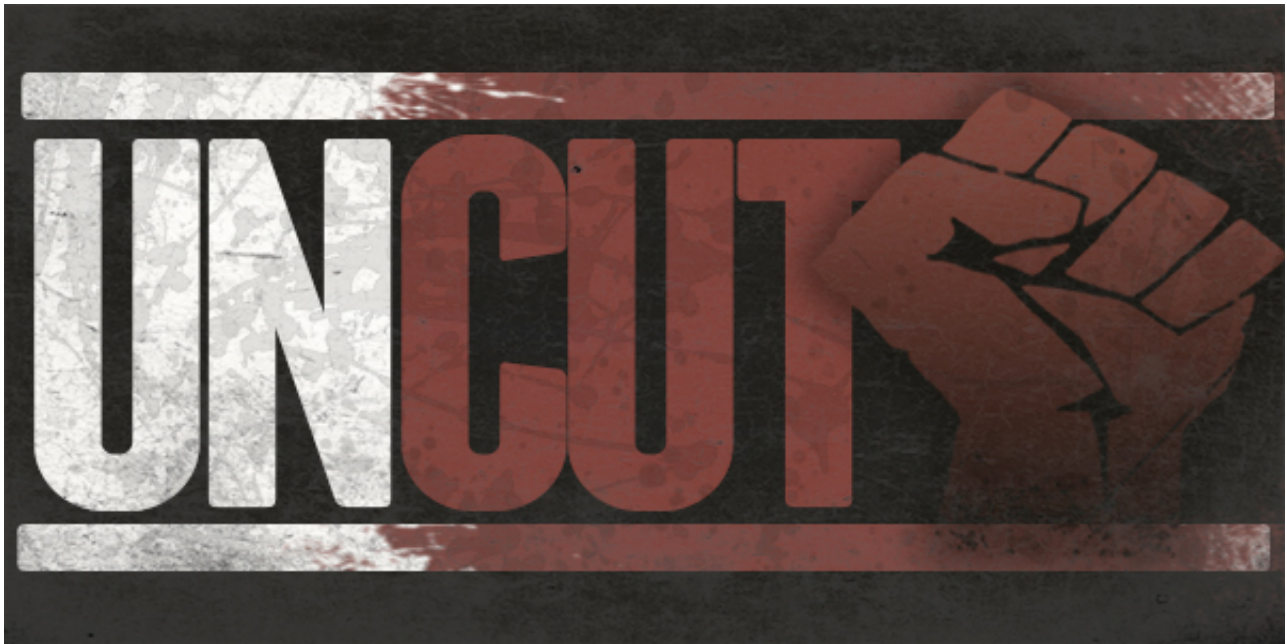


SHOW OPEN

NICKY SYNZ vs. ANTONIO PRINCE

DDK:

Welcome one and all to UNCUT! Coming off a MASSIVE night of crazy matches and even crazier developments, we're still catching our breath! But tonight, we've got some great in-ring action as well! Later tonight, we have the return of Team HOSS member Aleczander The Great! He has opened a challenge to... get this... anyone from the state of Wyoming.

Lance:

The former World Trios Champion seems to be targeting a very specific opponent? Maybe one... with the FIST?

DDK:

And what about that? Malak Garland's continue whining and moaning about mistreatment from DEFIANCE management has forced them to step in! Malak had to put his title on the line against Crescent City Kid, then walks into the first-ever Rumination Chamber where he will defend his title against a number of competitors... AND he also has to look forward to Tyler Fuse who is cashing in his ACE of DEFIANCE at our special Year-End Show in December at the VEGAS SPHERE!

Lance:

LOTS to... I hate to say this... unpack.

DDK:

But right now to kick off the show, we have "The Frontman" Nicky Synz in action against one of BRAZEN's talented young high flyers! One of the youngest in DEFIANCE or BRAZEN, the 19-year-old Antonio Prince!

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

Nicky Synz, your favorite rock star and mine, emerge through the curtain to a nice positive reaction using a new theme song! Synz's long blond hair ripples in the wind as he headbangs along with his theme song. Still dressed as Alice Cooper from the Halloween party from a few days ago, 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 ringside attendant. He gets ready for his opponent...

♪ "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 Nicky in the center of the ring. The young kid holds out a hand for Nicky to take and then the two get ready for action as the music cuts and Rex Knox calls for the bell.

DING DING

Right at the bell, Nicky Synz runs at the Fresh Prince of Mid-Air and he ducks the clothesline. Prince picks the leg and trips Synz to the mat, but when he grabs the legs, Nicky kicks him back. Prince backflips out of the move and lands on

his feet to big cheers from The Faithful. Nicky looks at the young kid impressed, then charges for a kick. Prince grabs the legs, rolls through it and then hits a roll-up!

ONE!

NO!

Nicky kicks out and then heads back to his feet. He stops Prince with a kick to the gut and tries a back suplex, but Antonio flips out and lands on his feet behind him, then catches him with a huge jumping heel kick! Prince lands on his feet again and gets cheered by the Wyoming Faithful!

DDK:

What an impression that Nicky is trying to make tonight! To score a win over a main roster member in DEFIANCE will get you noticed!

Lance:

This kid can fly, too! I've caught what he can do in BRAZEN! Already a former BRAZEN Tag Team Champion to his name!

Prince picks up Synz and then throws him over to the corner, but blocks going directly into the corner. When Prince runs at him, Synz hits a back thrust kick to stop Prince in his tracks, then leaps up to the middle rope and flies back with a springboard back elbow that knocks the youngster off his feet!

DDK:

What a counter by Nicky! Both men here showing their athletic prowess in the ring tonight!

As The Fresh Prince of Big Air falls to the floor, Nicky hears The Faithful starting to make noise before he throws off his headband. He gets ready for a suicide dive and starts to launch through the ropes...

Only to get caught with a jumping forearm by Prince first!

Lance:

Ooh! Counter by Prince to the suicide dive attempt!

Nicky is on the mat holding the side of his head when he jumps up to the ring apron. He slingshots over the ropes to connect with a double foot stomp right into the gut of Nicky Synz! Synz holds his ribs in pain as Prince speeds off the ropes with the quickness and comes back with a rolling thunder splash! He hooks the legs!

ONE!

TWO!'

NO!

DDK:

Kickout there by Synz! Prince is showing something tonight!

Lance:

He makes up one-third of a unique tandem of high-flyers in BRAZEN, the Aerial Artists with luchador Misil and Wes The Wrestling Statue... you heard that name right.

DDK:

Would love to see him here someday.

Prince slaps three times with his hands, but Knox tells him it was only a two-count. Prince clips the rising Nicky Synz

with an enzuigiri to the side of the head and then knocks him to the outside. When he lands, Prince poses for The Faithful and then hits the ropes to successfully land a big tope con hilo dive of his own, getting some nice hangtime on the move before he hits Synz! Out of the impact of the move, Antonio is the first man up and gets to his feet.

Lance:

What a big move for Antonio Prince! He's found his opening against Synz and just hasn't let up.

DDK:

And he's got him back in the ring!

Nicky Synz is rolled back inside the ring and Prince follows him inside. He climbs to the ring apron again and then heads to the top rope. He leaps off looking for a rolling senton...

The Frontman moves!

DDK:

Nicky Synz moves, but look! Prince rolls through and gets back to his feet!

When Prince gets up and turns around, he gets kicked by Synz and then gets wiped out with a HUGE snap suplex right into the turnbuckle! The Faithful cringe from the impact as both men are down!

DDK:

What a counter there by Synz! That suplex directly into the turnbuckle might have given Nicky Synz the edge he needs right now to overcome this young man!

Lance:

Both men putting on a decent show tonight!

Nicky Synz is the first man up to his feet, albeit slowly. In the corner, Prince is hurt when he uses the corner to pull himself up, only for Nicky to nail him across the jaw with a running back elbow. Synz rolls out of the corner and then back to his feet before following up with a running shoulder thrust!

DDK:

The Frontman just went Double Platinum! Now he's got Prince outside the ring!

After The Fresh Prince of Big Air is disoriented, Nicky throws him to the floor then gets the Wyoming Faithful fired up. Nicky runs across the ring and flies through the middle rope, hitting a huge suicide dive!

Lance:

That's the dive he was looking for earlier! Finally scores with it!

DDK:

And I think we know what comes next! After he wipes him out, The Flying V is usually what comes next!

Nicky picks up Prince and throws the 19-year-old high flyer back inside the ring. Nicky climbs to the ring apron and waves a hand, urging the Wyoming Faithful to make some noise! They cheer him on as he leaps to the top rope and then connects by crashing with a springboard senton bomb!

DDK:

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

Synz rolls over and hooks the legs of Prince!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **NICKY SYNZ!**

Synz gets back to his feet and holds a hand out for Prince to take. He helps his opponent limp back up to his feet and pats him on the back.

DDK:

A win secured here tonight for Nicky Synz! Prince came out swinging, but The Frontman recovered and scores the win in our post-Halloween UNCUT!

Lance:

Still to come in our main event later tonight... the former Team HOSS member Aleczander The Great takes on anyone from the... State of Wyoming, I guess. Stay tuned!

STOP BY MY OFFICE HOURS

Caption: "Earlier This Week"

We're in an academic office - an eclectic blend of scholarly chaos and personal expression. The room is lined with shelves overflowing with books, some neatly arranged while others seem to have been hastily shoved together. On one wall hangs a whiteboard, covered in complex diagrams, and deadlines. Piles of papers, journals, and manuscripts clutter the desk, mixed with pens, highlighters, and sticky notes bearing hastily scribbled reminders or thoughts. The largest and most eye-catching object on the desk, however, is a large championship belt with a bright pink strap. The chair behind the desk is worn but comfortable, and the lighting is soft due to a solitary standing lamp.

Sitting that worn but comfortable chair, dressed in a purple cardigan (that, despite what certain teenage girls would tell you, is not from Temu) and white button-up is the Good Doctor himself, Ned Reform. Across from him sits DEFIANCE's own Lance Warner, dressed in professional suit and tie.

Lance Warner:

First I want to thank you for agreeing to sit down with me today, Ned.

Ned Reform:

That's Doctor Ned Reform, Mr. Sawyers.

A beat.

Lance Warner:

Um... not Jamie Sawyers. It's me, Lance Warner.

Ned Reform (*sarcastically*):

Oh, forgive me. How could I ever mix up one of the seventy generic white-bread broadcasting staff employed by this company? Unforgivable to be sure.

Lance Warner:

Nonetheless, I know The Faithful are eager to hear from you on a number of recent developments.

Ned Reform:

As they should be.

Lance Warner:

Let's start with the elephant in the room. The entire wrestling world was rocked by what they saw at the conclusion of DEFtv 210. I still have some difficulty believing it, but Rezin has actually joined the Honor Society and has made what I can only describe as a radical transformation into TA Black. I guess my question is simply: how?

Ned Reform:

You know what I have difficulty believing, Mr. Warner? That *you* are still employed. I consider it a great personal insult that *you* were tasked with interviewing me... DEFIANCE knew what they were doing. Still, I persist... and as blase as your question was, it nonetheless deserves an answer. Erik Black... his former moniker is no longer of any use to us... was brave enough to take a stand. To realize that mind-altering substances had taken control of his life... but to also realize that he was strong enough to break that cycle. You ask yourself how I got through to him, Mr. Warner? You imagine perhaps mind control? Torture? Some Manson-esuqe mind trickery? No, my imaginary journalist friend, as difficult as this may be to believe, life is not a Saturday Morning cartoon - I simply told him the truth.

Lance Warner:

But...

Ned Reform:

Do not interrupt me. After throwing Mr. Black into the back of that ambulance, we had a long discussion. Very lengthy - it spanned several days. We went over, in painstaking detail, every failure in his professional career and personal life. I

forced Mr. Black to relive these disappointments over and over until he had no choice but to confront them. Do you know what he came to realize? That while he may have been extremely popular, "Rezin" was... what's the nomenclature? Oh yes... a loser. He saw he was trapped in a cycle. Trapped, like Sisyphus, to endlessly parade around his tired comedy routine only to come up short in the end. He saw that every word I'd ever said to him was true. Thus, he FINALLY realized I was not his enemy. In fact, he saw that I was the only man who could help him.

Lance Warner:

Some see it differently. Some think he sold out.

Reform scoffs.

Ned Reform:

No, they don't. Sure, they might groan such complaints. But that's a facade. They're upset because "Rezin" represented everything DEFIANCE professes to be: anti-establishment, reckless, and sophomoric. And in breaking Rezin, I have broken DEFIANCE. And what does that say about the so-called Faithful? About you, Mr. Warner? That you'd rather see a pathetic man destroy himself for your own amusement just so you don't have to admit that your ideology was misguided. That's not only selfish - it's disgusting. Grow up.

Reform sits back, satisfied with his remarks. Warner takes a moment to compose himself before continuing.

Lance Warner:

And so you find yourself with a fourth lackey.

Ned Reform:

Lackey? Interesting choice of words. Demeaning, to say the least. Bold for a man who robotically talks into a microphone for a living. I have no "lackeys." In fact, with the addition of TA Black, I'd argue I am in command of the strongest force in the DEFIANCE landscape. TA Cole, a man who if you judge him based solely off his win/loss record you're likely to find yourself suplexed out of your boots. Mr. Cole can begin his ascent by reclaiming what is rightfully his: the Favored Saints Championship. And then the duo of TA Horrigan and TA Owens - collectively known as Weighted Grade - two absolute freight trains. It is only a matter of time before their raw power leads them to the Unified Tag Team Championship. As for TA Black - well, there is only one way his story can end, isn't there? By finally getting his hands on his own personal Holy Grail...

Reform taps the faceplate of the SOHER, still sitting on his desk.

Ned Reform:

...the Southern Heritage Championship.

Lance Warner:

... and that, I assume, leaves only one championship for you?

Ned Reform:

Astute observation, Mr. Trutt! And why not? Should I not be the FIST of DEFIANCE? Have I not proven myself to you? I have broken and reformed the heart of DEFIANCE. I have defeated the mindless beast Corvo Alpha. I have embarrassed Mikey Unlikely. I out-savaged Bronson Box. I am single handedly responsible for the resurrection of Scott Douglas' so-called career. You may not want to admit that I am the lifeblood that runs through the veins of this company, Mr. Keebler, but you being unwilling to say so does not make it any less true.

Lance Warner:

So that's your ultimate goal then? To become FIST of DEFIANCE?

Ned Reform:

In time. For now, I continue to restore prestige to the Southern Heritage Championship. Rest assured I will be watching the upcoming Dan Leo James vs. D match with vested interest. While I have no issue defending against anyone, I must confess that I am pulling for the competitor whose name is not a phallus joke that ceased being funny six years

ago.

Lance Warner:

Defend against anyone? What about Brock Newbludd, the man you were supposed to defend against this past Thursday?

Ned Reform:

Much like I don't wrestle in Wyoming, I also don't wrestle against any opponent from flyover country. Mr. Newbludd is a brainless macho drunk, Mr. Quimby. He is unworthy of a championship opportunity. What happened at DEFtv 210 was a message not only for Mr. Newbludd, but also for the Favored Saints: Ned Reform dictates when... and more importantly, against WHOM... he will defend his championship. Brock Newbludd is not the number one contender simply because I say that he isn't.

Lance Warner:

And what of the rumors that he's looking for revenge against both you and TA Black for the attack?

Ned Reform:

I would helpfully remind Mr. Newbludd what happened last time he encountered The Honor Society. I'd be happy to allow Mr. Owens and Mr. Horrigan to break his back once more. Now... I've humored you for long enough. I was gracious enough to carve out a moment in my busy schedule to answer your foolish questions, now I must get back to work.

Ned turns back to his computer and brushes his hand dismissively.

Ned Reform:

Good day.

Lance Warner:

Yes, just one final...

Reform slams his hand on the desk.

Ned Reform:

I SAID GOOD DAY TO YOU, SIR!

Warner pauses for a beat. Adjusts his glasses. Swallows his pride and clears this throat.

Lance Warner:

Of course, thank you for your time.

Ned Reform:

(annoyed grumble)

Fade out.

PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL vs. FAFNIR

DDK:

Welcome back to more DEFtv action and up next, we have none other than PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL in singles action as he takes on FAFNIR!

Lance:

A battle of the big boys coming at you on UNCUT... next!

The camera cuts to Darren Quimbey for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

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

**PUNCH.
PIN.
PAY WINDOW.**

♪ "The Sweet Science" by Rasco ♪

The Faithful make some noise for the big man! Cheers go out to the hard-working brawler and one-half of The Lads!

Darren Quimbey:

...From Atlanta, Georgia, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED FIFTY-ONE pounds! He is "The Round Mound of Ground and Pound"... **PUNCH! DRUNK! PURCELL!**

A loud ovation is heard for the big, bald badass as he heads out to the ring. Punchy pulls out his rainbow-colored mouthguard from his shirt before placing it in his mouth. He bumps fists with a few fans and tightens his red MMA gloves. After he climbs into the ring, he throws a shadow punch in the air and lets out a loud howl for The Faithful before his opponent arrives.

♪ "Operation Ground and Pound" by Dragonforce ♪

When the music comes out, out comes a big, burly man with a huge bushy black beard streaked with a good amount of gray. Lots of muscle, covered by a big belly. At least two teeth missing, the rest a little crooked, but he wields a massive turkey leg in one hand he's been snacking on for a little while now.

Darren Quimbey:

And introducing his opponent... from The Dragon's Gorge, weighing in at 270 pounds... this... is... **FAFNIR!**

The German Dragon hits the ring, ditches the turkey leg and then grins at the sight of the mountain of a man in front of him. Referee Brian Slater stands in between the two brutes and calls for the bell...

DING DING

FAFNIR gets the first shot in on Purcell when he opens up with a big chop! Purcell winces for all but a second, then grins and throws a body shot to the chest of FAFNIR! The German Dragon doubles over for a moment, then throws another chop! That's met with a body shot! The two start trading blows in the ring to the delight of The Faithful!

DDK:

We started off tonight's show with high-flying action and now we're quickly getting to a slugfest between two bruisers!

Purcell starts gaining ground on The German Dragon and catches a big knee before being picked up over the shoulder! The Round Mound of Ground and Pound turns towards the corner and tackles FAFNIR right into it before going to town with a number of body shots to the chest, ending in a HUGE downward elbow strike to the dome!

PUNCHY!
PUNCHY!
PUNCHY!

DDK:

What a banner year we've seen Punch Drunk Purcell have! Tag Party V winner! The longest BRAZEN Onslaught Champion in history. Key victories over Alvaro de Vargas, Ed White and even his own partner, Dex Joy before becoming tag partners!

Lance:

Truly a rising star in DEFIANCE!

Punchy snaps FAFNIR through the ropes and pins him to the ropes near the apron. The German Dragon tries to fight, but Purcell slugs him with a clubbing forearm across the back of the head! When he's in position, Purcell points out to The Faithful, who then begin to count the numerous clubbing forearms across the chest!

One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!

DDK:

What a series of clubbing forearms! He calls that Hitting The Bag!

FAFNIR is groggy when Purcell drags him back into the ring by the neck and suplexes him back into the ring! Purcell doesn't go for the cover, but instead continues to play up to the Wyoming Faithful in attendance!

Lance:

Purcell's confidence has just skyrocketed in recent times, hasn't it?

DDK:

That it has!

The Brick Hithouse goes to pick up FAFNIR by his neck... only for FAFNIR to BITE HIM! Punchy is yelling as he tries to get the wild German Dragon off of him! Brian Slater warns him against biting and pulls back away from him, snarling at Slater.

DDK:

Well, that's one way to take back control of a match! His offense is unorthodox to say the least!

While Punchy is still checking his forehead, he gets blindsided by a stiff lariat directly to the back from FAFNIR! He follows with a second one to the Round Mound of Ground and Pound! Three big shots catch him from either side before FAFNIR winds up and then FINALLY takes the big Georgia native off his feet with a heck of a short range lariat!

Lance:

FAFNIR got him! FAFNIR got him! Those lariats were on point!

DDK:

They were! And now FAFNIR's going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Purcell sits up after the big lariat attempt and looks over at FAFNIR with a pissed-off look on his face. FAFNIR doesn't

look amused, but he grins a half-toothed grin.

DDK:

Uh-oh. After that biting and those lariats that finally brought him down, Purcell doesn't look happy.

The former boxer starts to sit up, but catches an elbow in the face from FAFNIR! The big burly monster hits a few more punches to the head of Purcell and staggers him. With the Brick Hithouse stunned on his feet, FAFNIR hits the ropes for a running lariat...

...

SIDE BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX BY PUNCHY!

DDK:

Ooh! You could see the ring shake on that one!

Lance:

What a big suplex by Punch Drunk Purcell!

Purcell climbs back on his feet while FAFNIR is grounded. Purcell raises a hand and the Wyoming Faithful make more noise as he waits for the German Dragon to stand on his two feet. He charges towards the corner and squashes him with a big corner back splash, then as he turns around, he waffles him with a HUGE turning lariat of his own, knocking FAFNIR flat on his back!

DDK:

He calls that the 1-2 combo! I think Purcell is ready to take this one home!

Lance:

If he hits another one of those punches, he just might!

As FAFNIR tries to get up, Purcell raises a right! The German Dragon tries to block, but the fakeout has him stunned and allows Punchy to CLOCK him with a stiff left-handed jab!

DDK:

You aren't kidding! Purcell just rocked him with the Rope-A-Dope!

FAFNIR is stunned when The Round Mound of Ground and Pound grabs his arm. He pulls him up into a pop-up... then ROCKS him with a stiff right on the way down!

DDK:

PUNCH DRUNK LOVE! THAT'S IT!

Purcell kneels down and hooks the leg!

The Green-Eyed Wild Man looks pretty gleeful as he mouths with the count!

ONE!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

PUNCH!

TWO!

Punch Drunk Purcell:

PIN!

THREE!

Punch Drunk Purcell:
PAY WINDOW!

DING DING DING

♪ "The Sweet Science" by Rasco ♪

Darren Quimbey:
Here is your winner... **PUNCH DRUNK PURCELL!**

The former boxer gets his arm raised by Brian Slater and then he throws a few shadow punches in the air to celebrate.

DDK:
FAFNIR brought some fight to the big man, but The Brick Hithouse is victorious and he's heading to the pay window to feed his family! And next week, he'll be in tag team action with his regular tag team partner "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy when they take on Weighted Grade!

Lance:
We often say in battles of superheavyweights that they'll need to reinforce the ring, but for that match they may just need to double it!

Punchy leaves the ring victorious.

Punch Drunk Purcell:
Mike! Morgan! Mitch! See you boys, soon! Daddy's comin' home!

LUCK'S RUN OUT

Christie Zane stands backstage in the interview area.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen ... I have one half of this year's Tag Party winners ready to speak on that momentous victory from a couple of weeks ago. Please welcome ...

Zane steps back to make room.

Christie Zane:

Rowzilla!

Holding the large Tag Party Six trophy in his arms, the seven foot three Rowzilla is wearing a white turtleneck and black pants that only the biggest of big and tall stores could possibly fashion. The twenty year old Third Generation Giant is happy with his achievement.

Christie Zane:

First off welcome to the show. You've been turning heads in BRAZEN already and in your first year, already won Tag Party which has been a launching pad for the careers of many BRAZEN stars making the leap to DEFIANCE's main roster.

Rowzilla:

Thank ya, Christie. First off I just want to say to Mason Luck get well soon. Heard he's in the hospital thanks to the Most Precious Gems. Max and Lonnie told me they'd handle the Gems themselves, but if you guys ever need some help you know where to find me.

Christie Zane:

That was quite the unexpected attack. Something only Madame Melton would be capable of.

Rowzilla:

Yeah. The second thing I wanted to say is that I realize how big an honor this was. Max Luck could have picked anyone from the BRAZEN roster and he picked my big ass. Heh.

Row holds up his trophy.

Rowzilla:

Max was right that our families, the Lucks and the Spades have gone to war for a long time. My dad and granddad fought with their granddad, Wild Winston Luck. It was pretty damn cool to fight with another multi-generation giant and make my dad proud. And ...

?????:

Enough, enough, enough! Gooooooooodddd!!!

Walking into the shot is the 6'9" Mark Luck wearing an ugly yellow plaid suit! He towers completely over Christie Zane, but has to look up to Rowzilla.

Mark Luck:

That trophy don't belong to you!

Rowzilla looks at the trophy and then puts it towards his face.

Rowzilla:

Oh yeah it f[censored] does. Name's right there bro.

Mark Luck tries to push the trophy but Rowzilla pulls it back.

Rowzilla:

What the hell do you even want Mark?

Mark Luck:

You stole that trophy! I should have teamed with my brother Max Luck! If I was his partner, I would have won Tag Party Six a hell of a lot quicker than you did! I'm Mark "Fire" Luck cause I'm lighting this place on fire ...

He pauses.

Mark Luck:

Figuratively. Arson's not funny at all. But I'm lighting this place on fire with how damn good I am and it's only gonna be a matter of time before I'm at the top.

The Memphis Monster is looking at the trophy again.

Rowzilla:

You'd have to ask Max about that. He only mentioned the ex-brother-in-law that was somebody they weren't gonna tag with.

Christie Zane almost has a look of "oh, snap!" on her face when Rowzilla says that. Mark Luck points at the trophy and Rowzilla smacks his hand away.

Rowzilla:

You want this trophy? You and I can get in a ring right now and we'll settle this. How about that?

Luck scoffs at his challenge.

Mark Luck:

Look, rook ... I've been in BRAZEN way longer than you and I'm a veteran compared to you. You don't just come into this locker room and start throwing challenges around. Besides ... I can't ask Max cause he's not returning my calls ...

Mark Luck checks his phone again. No calls.

Mark Luck:

But how about this? On the next UNCUT, I'm gonna get a match and then you're gonna see exactly what I can do. Then I'm gonna come for that trophy.

Rowzilla:

That right?

Mark Luck:

Damn right it is rook.

Rowzilla's finally had enough. He puts the trophy down and goes nose to nose with Mark.

Rowzilla:

Call me rook again and I'll put your ass through this ceiling.

Mark looks down at Christie and then he's back up to Rowzilla.

Mark Luck:

Take a joke!

Mark leaves the set. Rowzilla looks at Christie.

Rowzilla:

What a little bitch.

A LITTLE ARIZMATIC

BACKSTAGE EXCLUSIVE

DEFTv 210

Mil Vueltas is walking with extra swag in his step with Bonita en Rosa I y II right behind him, cheering for him for his win over the much larger Jun Izuchi. Behind them, DLJ brings up the rear. Standing in front of a mirror, GC Universe member DLJ is giving himself a once-over after making his way back through the Guerilla position.

DLJ:

Good win out there, Mil. Izuchi is tough, but you can outrun ANYONE on this roster!

Mil pats his much larger hermano on the arm.

Mil Vueltas:

De nada. Jun is big... but my brain's bigger, amigo. I showed that cabron that you don't step to El Esucadron!

Sonny holds up a hand for The GLOAT to slap, then pats DLJ on the back.

Sonny Silver:

Two weeks, Danny! Two weeks! That's how long you've got until YOU are wearing your first singles title around your waist.

He looks proud of himself.

DLJ:

You know what? You're right! The D's been around for a long time in DEFIANCE, but it's about time some young blood held that Favoured Saints Title! I wasn't kidding out there, you guys! The GC Universe gave me a second chance to pick myself up after everyone else abandoned Mil and abandoned me! You gave me confidence to believe in myself, believe in what I can do and I'm going to repay you all and repay OSCAR BURNS for taking a chance on me when I bring the first title to the GC Universe!

Bonita I taps his shoulder.

Bonita en Rosa I:

You and Mil... you have us now.

Bonita II rushes over and interlocks her arm with the much larger DLJ's.

Bonita II:

Si... next Favoured Saints champ. Right here!

She points at DLJ who almost blushes.

Sonny Silver:

That's right! In two weeks, that Favoured Saints Champion is gonna have someone with ACTUAL movie-star good looks! Someone that DRESSES! Someone that RUNS! Someone that LOOKS like a champion! The Front Runner himself!

DLJ:

That's right, I am! I've got it all now! You guys know how to spell D-L-J?

The trio of luchadors and Sonny wait for the punchline.

DLJ:

R-I-Z-Z!

They all stare at him blankly.

DLJ:

You're looking at a bonafide star! Walt Rizzney! The Rizzmaster General! With suits like this one I got on, you're looking at the Professor of Quantum Rizzics!

Sonny politely chuckles and pats him on the back again.

Sonny Silver:

Let's uh... let's get going.

But it's too late. The gears in Danny's head continue to turn.

DLJ:

Mil, what if I start selling rally towels to the people? If D-L-J has Rizz... we can call them "Rizz Rags!"

Sonny tries to stifle a laugh, along with the Lucha Lovelies. Mil just walks over and shakes his head.

Mil Vueltas:

Danny... let's go.

DLJ:

Are we gonna go buy some Rizz Rags?

The group leave while Danny shrugs.

DLJ:

D-L-J EQUALS R-I-Z-Z SQUARED! THAT'S A-RIZZ-MATIC!

ALECZANDER THE GREAT VS. ANYONE FROM WYOMING

DDK:

We've got a big main event coming up and we only know one of the competitors tonight. Though they work with BRAZEN as player-coaches, we've got none other than Team HOSS' Aleczander The Great in our main event.

Lance:

We understand that he's challenged... in his words... "any wanker from Wyoming can get it."

DDK:

That really narrows it down. But hey, we see local talent step up to the plate all the time. Maybe tonight, we're going to see someone try and step up to one of the DEFIANCE stars of our earlier years, the former World Trios Champion, Aleczander The Great. That could be a career-making win for one lucky man.

Lance:

That really could. We'll see who steps up to the plate up next! This match begins now!

To Darren Quimbey we go already in the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall and is your main event of the evening!

The Wyoming Faithful cheer!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

♪ "Great" by Instruction ♪

The music plays and out from the back, adoring new dark purple tights, knee pads, boots and tassels with the flexing "A" symbol on the front?

Darren Quimbey:

From Miami, Florida, by way of Manchester, England weighing in at 257 pounds... **ALECZANDER THE GREAT!**

Making his return to TV for the first time in a good while, the BRAZEN coach and former DEFIANCE World Trios Champion gets a mixed reaction but still looks as chiseled as he always has. He heads down to the ring and then climbs up. He poses on the middle turnbuckle, flexing his tremendous biceps before he jumps back into the ring and then steals Quimbey's microphone.

Aleczander The Great:

Hello, you Wyoming wankers!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Aleczander The Great, still as annoying as ever, I see.

He twirls the microphone around his hand.

Aleczander The Great:

I missed you all, too. DEFIANCE has been paying me a great sum of money to help coach the next generation... mainly because in other promotions, I'm considered...

Air quotes.

Aleczaider The Great:

"Unhireable" due to "attendance issues." And yeah, maybe I "pocketed a large fee from another promotion I can't legally name and no-showed" but I'm here now back with all you tossers instead. So since I've been given this time cause I'm a DEFIANCE Legend...

DDK:

Yeah, in HIS mind...

Aleczaider The Great:

I'm challenging ANYONE back there from the Great State of Wyoming to a match! Anyone at all...

Aleczaider turns to face the stage.

Aleczaider The Great:

And doesn't matter if you're some local slag making twenty quid or if you're the alleged top guy in this company! You can get these bloody biceps, too!

He flexes again.

Aleczaider The Great:

Especially since I heard he's a bit of a sensitive soul who put his title on the line against Crescent City Kid, so he should now step up to a DEFIANCE legend! Come on! Anyone from Wyoming! Any nutter back there that thinks they got the bollocks to tak...

♪ 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. Aleczaider's jaw drops...

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 to... actual CHEERS?!

Darren Quimbey:

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

Lance:

Oh, no! I have to admit, this was one of the LAST people I expected to take up this challenge! Killjoy of Titanes Familia!

DDK:

It looks like Aleczaider doesn't want this challenge! He tried to be very unsubtle about angling for a challenge for Malak Garland and the FIST... but he got one of the biggest, most brutal monsters going today! **KILLJOY!**

BRAZEN's only two-time Champion walks down to the ring while Aleczaider looks at referee Hector Navarro and tells him he needs to leave. Hector Navarro shrugs and Aleczaider realizes his grave error when the masked Killjoy gets cheers from The Faithful and enters the ring.

DDK:

This may be the first time Killjoy has EVER been cheered!

Lance:

Only to a man like Aleczander The Great! He's rubbed some of DEFIANCE's top names the wrong way.

The Good Son of Titanes Familia stands stoically across from Aleczander as the bell rings.

DING DING

Aleczander is 6'5" but still gives up a few inches and just about a hundred pounds to the monster standing in front of him.

Aleczander The Great:

Mate, mate, mate... this is a big misunderstanding! I was trying to challenge someone else from Wyoming! So I'm just gonna be on me way...

He tries to step past Killjoy... but Killjoy puts an arm out. Aleczander can feel the hot breath from under Killer's mask as he stares right down at him. Nervously chuckling, the veteran tries to take a step back...

And delivers a stomp to his foot!

DDK:

The first shot fired by Aleczander The Great!

Mancunian Muscle goes right for Killjoy and attacks him with a barrage of clubbing forearms to the big man! After stunning him, Aleczander runs the ropes and looks to take Killjoy off his feet, only for the deceptively quick Killjoy to run him down first with a massive shoulder block! The Wyoming Faithful cheer the monster as he stands over the DEFIANCE veteran and folds his arms together.

DDK:

This is Aleczander The Great's MO. He was often the reason Team HOSS got themselves into situations. It took a super team of Ty Walker, Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan to finally end their reign as World Trios Champions and Alecz's mouth had plenty to do with it.

Lance:

AND Tom Morrow's, back when he was their manager, Junior Keeling!

Killjoy picks up Aleczander and then hurls him right into the corner. The Good Son charges and CRUSHES the Battling Brit with a huge running body avalanche! Before Aleczander can even fall out of the corner, Killjoy raises a hand up...

THWACK!

...and hits Aleczander with a chop so big, he falls to his knees and rolls out of the ring, holding his pecs in pain! The entire arena collectively winces in pain as Killjoy stands tall inside the ring.

DDK:

Good God, what a brutal shot by Killjoy! Aleczander may not be able to talk himself out of this one! Especially since it doesn't look like Killjoy wants the countout win.

The Native-American monster steps over the ropes and jumps out to the floor while stalking Aleczander. The OTHER Great One tries to walk away and is still holding his chest in pain, but Killjoy is hot on his trail. The Battling Brit is a retreating coward for the moment as he tries to run from the monster, but shockingly, Killjoy is quicker and runs him right into the barricade with another shoulder tackle!

DDK:

Holy hell! What a shoulder tackle right into that barricade! There's not gonna be a whole lot left of Aleczander to go

back to BRAZEN after this!

Lance:

Honestly, I heard BRAZEN wanted his partner, Angel Trinidad for BRAZEN but he was part of a package deal.

Killjoy grabs Aleczander from off the ground and hurls him back inside the ring. The Future of the Familia tries to step over the ropes as he enters, but in a last-ditch effort to survive, Aleczander knocks the ropes upwards, effectively using them to low blow the monster!

BOOOOOOOOO!

Aleczander falls to his knees and gets reprimanded by Hector Navarro, but ignores the referee and collects his breath while Killjoy falls to a knee.

Lance:

Some chicanery by Aleczander there, but Hector Navarro is letting this go due to incidental contact!

When Killjoy is up to his knees, Aleczander gets up and then runs off the ropes to deliver a MASSIVE running shoulder tackle of his own to knock Killjoy off his knees and back-first on the canvas. Aleczander stands up and then quickly limps to the middle rope. His chest is still hurting, but he climbs up there and when Killjoy tries to get up, he takes flight and knocks the big man off his feet with a flying lariat off the second turnbuckle!

DDK:

What a turnaround by Aleczander! Maybe he could pull this off! He's a veteran after all!

Aleczander The Great goes for a cover!

ONE!

TWO... KICKOUT!

Killjoy SHOVES Aleczander off of him!

Lance:

No! Killjoy kicks out in a big way!

Aleczander looks around in shock for a moment, but shakes off the shook feeling he has and runs over to hold him by the neck! He starts bludgeoning the big man with a volley of clubbing forearms across his chest as he's grounded.

DDK:

What a series of shots! Killjoy getting hit with a move Aleczander calls Clangin' and Bangin'.

The Mancunian Muscle grabs Killjoy by the neck and works the classic of a rear chinlock and tries to keep the giant grounded. Killjoy starts shaking off the shots and then gets to a knee, carrying Aleczander on his back!

DDK:

He's trying to put the giant to sleep, but Killjoy won't let him!

Killjoy backs into the corner and SMASHES Aleczander not once, but twice! Then he turns around and grabs him in a snake eyes position before THROWING him as hard as he can into the corner, getting The Faithful to cheer!

Lance:

Goodness! I think this one might be done very soon!

After the Mancunian is thrown around like a lawn dart, Killjoy palms the back of his head with a massive hand and

RAMS Aleczander into the mat repeatedly! Hector Navarro starts to try and break it up, but all Killjoy has to do is stare at him and he jumps!

DDK:

Brutality on display as only the Familia can bring!

After having his face rearranged, Aleczander tries to climb out of the ring, but Killjoy grabs him once again. He pulls him up in the air into a back suplex position, only to THROW the Brit across the ring with a massive atomic throw!

DDK:

Things aren't looking great for Killjoy! We know what move comes next!

Finally having enough and wanting to end the match, Aleczander is grabbed by his hands and pulled by his arms from a chokeslam setup, then HOISTED into a brutal kneeling powerbomb!

DDK:

The FreeFall! FreeFall by Killjoy!

The only two-time BRAZEN Champion in history simply puts both palms into the chest of Aleczander and The Faithful count along.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

Killjoy doesn't wait around for Hector Navarro to raise his hand. He stands up, looks down at Aleczander's prone body and then leaves the ring after his job is done.

Lance:

There you have it! Killjoy with the win and he's out as quick as he arrived! That's what can happen when you run your mouth around DEFIANCE!

DDK:

Indeed! We thank you all for joining us tonight and we will see you all from Glendale, Arizona next week on DEFtv! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler. Good night, everyone!

Killjoy gives one last glance to the mostly cheering home state audience and then disappears from sight as the show fades to black.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.