

SHOW OPEN



ANGEL TRINIDAD vs. TRIPP WISE

DDK:

Welcome to UNCUT! We are here calling the action from the Diamond Desert Arena in Glendale, Arizona! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and as usual, I'm with my broadcast partner-in-crime, Lance Warner!

Lance:

What an episode of DEFtv we are coming off of, Darren! We have a new Favoured Saints Champion in Dan Leo James and with that, we have no idea what's next for Pop Culture Phenoms and The GC Universe. Bronson Box defeated Kerry Kuroyama in a hell of a main event, though not without controversy as Mil Vueltas stuck his nose where it didn't belong.

DDK:

Indeed. Tonight, we've got a HUGE main event tonight! As a result of Southern Heritage Champion Ned Reform flagrantly trying to pick his own challengers ahead of time, TONIGHT he is being forced to defend the title against former Favoured Saints Champion and one of DEFIANCE's biggest success stories this year - BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!

Lance:

But up first, we have a name we haven't seen in some time! Angel Trinidad, formerly of Team HOSS! Coming off a very successful return to the company, making it to the finals of Tag Party VI with Ned Reform as his partner, but Angel has been walking a straight and narrow path since then! He takes on "The Wise Ass" Tripp Wise in our opening match!

The bell rings as Darren Quimbey gets ready to bring the intros.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Biggest And The Best" by Clawfinger ♪

Smoke billows from either side of the entrance ramp and getting a nice reception is the giant wrestling journeyman! Angel Trinidad slowly walks through the smoke and jumps in place, taking in the reception of a crowd that seems happy to see him back.

Darren Quimbey:

...From San Diego, weighting in at 297 pounds... **ANGEL TRINIDAD!**

The 6'10" Cali native starts storming towards the ring and slaps hands with a few fans before he reaches the ring. He throws his hands up to pull himself onto the ring apron, then climbs into the ring! Angel has his game face on tonight as his music cuts.

♪ "In One Ear" by Cage The Elephant ♪

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

The picture of confidence, the stand-up comedian/wrestler heads to the ring even in the face of a giant staring him down.

Tripp Wise:

Ladies! Gentlemen! Give a big hand to Angel Trinidad! Go ahead, do it! This man used to terrorize the DEFIANCE

ring for years with Team HOSS! Go on... cheer! He's been doing this a long time!

The Glendale crowd do cheer Trinidad. The Brand New Bad keeps his arms folded and he seems to be waiting for a proverbial other shoe to drop.

Tripp Wise:

Welcome back to DEFIANCE! I heard the higher-ups were so enamored with how Tag Party VI went that you got a job as a wrestler and trainer in BRAZEN! That's really awesome, too, man. Job security is hard to come by in this day and age...

The Wise Ass reaches the ring and walks up the steps. He leans over the ropes on the ring apron.

Tripp Wise:

What are you gonna these kids first, Angel? How to lumber around slowly? How to hit a big boot?

Angel tries not to show a reaction, so the wrestler/comedian keeps going.

Tripp Wise:

Oh, wait, I got it! No, I know... it's gotta be teaching them how to keep stealing checks from DEFIANCE or how to keep leaving and coming back over and over again.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

The notoriously hotheaded Angel Trinidad has had enough. He starts to march towards Tripp with bad intentions, but the comedian thinks quick and jumps up to pull Angel's neck across the top rope! Tripp slides into the ring and goes on the attack as Rex Knox calls for the bell!

DING DING**Lance:**

And off we go! I was going to say, Angel Trinidad is a massive hothead. He lost his job here years ago because of repeated offenses involving his temper!

DDK:

I was gonna say it may not be smart for Tripp Wise to poke the bear... but it's working. Somehow!

Tripp gets in the ring and continues to attack Angel Trinidad's leg with a number of kicks to try and stun the big man. Angel swings with a big bear paw-like arm, but Tripp ducks! The Wise Ass kicks him twice more on the leg and then hits a thrust kick to the knee cap. Angel gets stunned long enough for Tripp to hit the ropes and stun the big man with a running knee lift!

DDK:

Wow! This isn't how I imagined this match going, but Tripp Wise so far is doing a great job of sticking and moving against the former Team HOSS member!

The Wise Ass taps on his forehead and grins. He comes back off the ropes to look for what looks like a flying forearm...

GOOZLED BY ANGEL!

Angel grits his teeth and then SHOVES Tripp Wise into the corner!

Lance:

Okay, I THOUGHT he was doing well!

DDK:

Trinidad charges... no! Tripp moves! Dropkick!

Tripp hits a dropkick, then the 231-pound wrestler/comedian does a flip forward and lands on his feet! He seemingly impresses only himself with the kick and starts flexing his arms... unbeknownst to him, the dropkick has not taken Angel Trinidad off his feet. Tripp turns around, only to get TRUCKED over by a running shoulder tackle by the monster! The Glendale Faithful cheer loudly as Angel poses over Wise!

DDK:

What force behind that shoulder tackle! 6'10"! Just shy of three-hundred pounds! Angel Trinidad is a beast!

Lance:

Agreed, in every sense of the word!

Trinidad doesn't wait for The Wise Ass to stand and is nice enough to help him to his feet. He pulls Wise up by the hair and leans him back before pulling the sparkling vest off of him and throwing it outside the ring! He looks out to the cheering Faithful, then SLUGS him right in the middle of his bare chest, sending him down to the mat! Wise's mouth is wide open as he thrashing around the mat in pain!

DDK:

Okay, I think now we can say that getting under Angel's skin is officially a bad idea!

Lance:

It paid off only in the first minute of the match, but two minutes in, I don't like his chances!

Wise tries to beg off, but Angel grabs the comedian again and pushes him into the corner violently. Angel pins him to the corner and rips the elbow pad off his right arm and throws it into the crowd. He then starts BELTING Wise in the side of the head with a number of back elbows to the side of the head! After about five or six heavy shots, he grabs the comedian and gives him a complimentary first-class flight across the ring with a HUGE biel! Wise crashes across the canvas and holds the back of his head in pain. Angel beats on his chest and yells out to The Faithful who are ready to see things end.

Lance:

I think this one might be over sooner than later, Darren!

DDK:

I'm finding it hard to disagree with you right now, partner! He's stomping that foot into the mat! I think he might be going for his signature running pump kick!

Angel gets ready to end things as he stomps a foot on the canvas to call for a move he calls the Size 16 Special! He charges... but Tripp moves out of the way out of desperation! Angel catches his footing, but Tripp Wise clips the knee with a chop block! He brings the big man down to one knee!

DDK:

No! Tripp Wise staying alive but barely! Thrust kick to the face of Trinidad while he's down!

Tripp staggers the big man and then jumps up for a leaping reverse bulldog called the Have A Nice Tripp... but Angel is too big and he holds the nearby ropes, sending Tripp crashing alone to the canvas!

Lance:

Impressive strength! Tripp couldn't connect with Have A Nice Tripp! Angel back on his feet!

Angel checks his knee to make sure all is well, then runs the ropes as Wise gets up, then OBLITERATES him with a massive crossbody block off the ropes!

DDK:

FLYING HOSS BODY!

The former World Trios Champion grabs Tripp and then scoops him up to deliver a HUGE sitout scoop slam piledriver in the middle of the ring!

DDK:

And he calls that driver The Tall Order! He's done!

The near-seven footer hooks the leg and The Faithful count along!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Biggest And The Best" by Clawfinger ♪

Darren Quimbey:Here is your winner... **ANGEL TRINIDAD!**

The monster almost hides a smile as he gets his hand raised by Rex Knox! He looks down at Tripp Wise.

Angel Trinidad:

Damn right I got a temper.

Angel then leaves the ring and takes in the cheers of The Faithful! He slaps hands with some fans in the front row before heading to the back.

DDK:

Return victory for Angel Trinidad tonight! He looked as good as we've ever seen him!

Lance:

Interestingly enough, next week's DEFtv is live from San Diego, Angel's home town. I wonder if he may want to factor into anything.

DDK:

That's always a possibility. Still to come, we've got more in-ring action and a MASSIVE main event! The Southern Heritage Title is on the line when Doctor Ned Reform defends the championship against Butcher Victorious!

HIGH FLYER INVITATIONAL#2

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, up next on our agenda is the self imposed "High Flyer Invitational."

Lance:

While M4NTRA may be taking a sabbatical...

DDK

Well deserved?

Lance:

Debatable. Their newest members High Flyer and Archer Silver have started this High Flyer Invitational in order to... what, boost High Flyer's fragile ego?

DDK:

Don't call M4NTRA fragile. You'll probably get a ton of Tik Toc call outs or something.

Lance:

I don't understand technology or children anymore.

DDK:

I never did. Let's head to the ring!

♪ "Misfit Lunatic" by MISSIO ♪

With a cheshire like grin, High Flyer emerges from the backstage area. He unfurls a large towel as if it were wings, stretching both arms out. The towel is one you can buy, with large M4NTRA written on it. Flanking him as always, is the Pacifist, Archer Silver. The two lock eyes, nod, and stomp toward the ring.

DDK:

Archer Silver and High Flyer are the only 3 time BRAZEN Tag Team Champions of the world, and High Flyer even had a brief run with the Favoured Saints Championship. Until joining M4NTRA, the former High Flyer IV was actually well liked and received by the Faithful.

Lance:

His feud with Victor Vacio kind of sputtered and ended due to injury at the hands of Tyler Fuse. After, I'm not sure what happened to the star third generation athlete to have his personality warped and twisted, so.

High Flyer looks at the camera, chewing a large glob of gum. He spits it out and swats it into the crowd, as Archer tosses him a mic. He catches it with the other hand and taps it twice against his own forehead.

High Flyer:

Alright Faithful! Let's get right to it. If there's anyone in the back that wants to challenge ME, as the greatest High Flyer in this industry, NOW'S THE TIME.

♪ "Heaven Is a Place on Earth" by Belinda Carlisle ♪

Bursting from the backstage area is the man known as CAGE!, wearing of course, a stapled on picture of Nic Cage over his traditional CAGE white mask/facepaint. He looks wildly to the cheering Faithful, who provide him with an enthusiastic but inevitable response.

In the ring, High Flyer and Archer turn to each other, look back at CAGE, and then back to each other before breaking out into laughter.

DDK:

Oh, but CAGE isn't alone! Conor Fuse fought LET by himself, but CAGE! Has the Midcard Experiment with him!

Lance:

The last time we saw CAGE was on Uncut 13 over four months ago, helping defend his compatriots the Mid Card Experiment from the Blood Diamonds!

CAGE! Is handed a mic by Walter Levy as they reach ringside.

CAGE!:

Did I ever tell ya that this here jacket represents a symbol of my individuality? My belief in personal freedom? Balls, Attitude, Direction. I AM THE GREATEST HIGH FLYER!

Levy and Hijo pat CAGE on the back as he slides inside. Flyer nods to the ref.

DING DING

As CAGE! Stands, High Flyer charges and CAGE! Ducks a charging yakuza kick.

DDK:

Flyer going for his father's finisher! OOOH!

Cage runs off the far ropes on the rebound, and High Flyer turns, ROCKING Cage with a spinning elbow to the jaw! CAGE! is OUT on the mats, staring at the lights.

DDK:

Oh good LORD! CAGE! Just got rocked with that steel plate elbow High Flyer has ever since Tyler DESTROYED his arm. I think this is academic.

High Flyer falls on top of CAGE!, and takes the time to hook the outer leg.

One.

Two.

THREE!

DING DING DING

High Flyer jumps to his feet as if he's won the lottery. Archer is quick to join him, as the Midcard Experiment slides in and removes their compatriot. Archer quickly kicks the bottom rope just as they remove CAGE! from the ring.

♪ "Misfit Lunatic" by MISSIO ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner, via pinfall... High Flyer!

Lance:

I thought Archer was a pacifist Darren.

DDK:

He is. That was a kick.

Lance:

Say what you will, CAGE! just got caught out of nowhere with, what I feel, should be a banned move from this

youngster. No one else gets to have a steel weapon in that ring, do they Darren?

DDK:

Not that I'm aware. High Flyer meanwhile, basks in the joy of victory alongside his M4NTRA cohort, all the while, Makayla, DEC4L and Nathan sip mimosa's on a beach somewhere.

Lance:

No cap.

DDK:

Please don't try to be young. It's not a good look on you.

MAKING THE ROUNDS

The Black Pelican Bar down in the city of New Orleans has become a hotspot since its opening last year. Owner Edward White spared no expense hiring the best manager, head chef and bartenders money can buy. The restaurant itself occupies several renovated historical storefronts along one of the popular cobbled old streets of the French Quarter. White did more than open a five star eatery and world class bar. The Black Pelican also houses a private club behind the scenes only open and available to a select clientele of Ed's choosing.

The huge back room, if you can call it that, is decked out in similar splendiddness as the front of the house. Low slung leather sofas, a long fully stocked bar, the finest imported cigars and in the middle of it all, a very very fancy looking pro wrestling ring. In the aforementioned ring the attendees are being treated to a little exhibition between Reinhardt Hoffman and an unnamed opponent. The German stretching machine has the poor bastard in an STF so tight he's turning several shades of blue and purple.

Ed White's voice booms out above the din of the room as he enters.

Edward:

Hoff, son, give the poor boy a break! Haha!

The self proclaimed financial backbone of DEFIANCE Wrestling saunters into the room from the front of house with that same big fake smile plastered on his perfectly quaffed, bearded face. Wearing a white dress shirt and trousers Ed hangs his very expensive looking sunglasses from the neck of his shirt before making his rounds.

The first set of sofas are occupied by a couple very familiar faces snuggling together enjoying one another's company, if you catch my drift.

The irrepressible Madame Melton and the recently returned Lord Nigel Trickelbush.

The two are sitting a little closer than just good friends on one of the sofas, both enjoying drinks and what looks like a very involved, animated conversation between the two. Ed holds up his hands as though to say "please don't get up." He shakes Nigel's hand firmly and exchanges nods, then takes Melton's and kisses it ever so tenderly.

Edward:

Teri, it's an absolute honor to have you. The whole place just got a little classier thanks to your presence, Madame.

The Madame blushes and covers her mouth demurely.

Melton:

Oh Ed, you charmer.

Nigel:

Thanks for the invite, White.

He takes a sip of his drink.

Nigel:

Damn good scotch.

Edward:

Only the best, Lord Trickelbush, only the very very best.

Ed claps Nigel on the shoulder then excuses himself, telling both to continue to enjoy themselves.

Ed makes several more stops, most notably at several sofas occupied by none other than OSCAR BURNS and

representatives of the GC Universe. OSCAR himself and Sonny Silver sit side by side across from Mil Vueltas who's flanked and occupied by Bonita en Rosa's one and two lovely company.

In the background we spy FLEX and "Giga" DLJ across the room at the bar together, flexing and posing for a group of giggly young ladies.

Ed first and foremost shakes the hands of OSCAR and Sonny, the three black hats exchange pleasantries. OSCAR looks genuinely impressed. Sonny sits back enjoying his drink, occupied with scanning the crowd.

OSCAR:

Eddy, my guy, my GC. Love the whole Bond-villain vibe in here, man. Epic.

Edward:

We do try, Mr. BURNS, we do try. Just call me Blofeld, why don'tcha!

The two men laugh as they again shake hands.

Edward:

You folks have everything you need.

Sonny:

Everything's great, White. Best meal I've had in ages. Beautiful.

BURNS smiles.

OSCAR:

I mean hey, anybody who dumps on that fat dork Dex Joy as much as you guys have are aces in my book.

Edward:

You gentlemen need anything please, we're here to serve.

After glad handing several move notables Edward makes his way over to where his personal cadre is parked. Adrian Payne and Felton Bigsby sit together, taking up one entire sofa between them, cutting up and having drinks. Across from them The Motormouth of Malcontent Angus Skaaland is sitting with his legs crossed engrossed in something on his smartphone.

We spy the massive seven foot former mob enforcer and Ed's personal bodyguard Nicky Corozzo across the room tending bar and obviously trying desperately to include himself in FLEX and DLJ's *entertaining* of the lovely ladies clustered around them.

Back with the rest of the Blood Diamonds (sans Bronson Box), Ed takes a seat next to Angus... at that exact moment the lovely leggy Jane Katze appears like magic with an already cut and lit cigar and a glass of scotch, neat. After handing Edward his libation and stogie she sits seductively on the arm of the sofa nearest Edward.

Edward:

Thank you Jane, dear. You're an angel.

She nods placidly.

The Socialite takes a long drag off his cigar, a huge plume of smoke comes bellowing from his lungs as he addresses his crew.

Edward:

Angus, what's the good word, my man?

Ed playfully slaps Angus' knee. Skaaland puts his phone down and looks up, clearly a little frazzled. He pinches the bridge of his nose and rubs his eyes.

Angus:

I don't know about good, but I've got a few words I think. Fuck and goddamnit being chief among them.

Ed can't help but chortle under his now smoky breath.

Edward:

Is my dear business partner given' you the fits?

Angus sighs a heavy sigh.

Angus:

This Gage Blackwood stuff is draggin' some wild... *vile* shit out of him man. Blackwood should be in our rear view at this point. "Finished" or not, dickin' around torturing Gage gorram Blackwood isn't going to get him where he wants to go. As fun as it is seein' him get all untethered and unbound and un-whatever... he stops *listening* when he gets like this.

Edward:

You knew exactly what you were gettin' into when you signed on for this gig, Angus.

The former DEFtv color man and DEF Hall of Famer holds up his hands.

Angus:

I know. I friggin' know. I've known Box since jump street. I'm the one that nudged Eric Dane and told him to book the guy on the first gorram show DEF put on when some curtain jerking scrub didn't show. I lived and called every wild-ass, violent breakdown the guys ever had. I knew what I was gettin' into, I knew the hurdles you gotta' jump when you're working with him, but...

Edward:

But? But what?

Skaaland sighs.

Angus:

All to say. I care about the big mean motherfucker. When he broke down and left DEF all unceremoniously it pissed me off. These Favoured Saints dickbeans look at DEFIANCE as a machine with replaceable parts. Box broke so they tossed him in the trash. One of the most significant personalities to ever call this place home, one of the men this brand was built on... when he had a significant psychotic break, a complete mental gorram breakdown, what did they do? Gave him the fuckin' boot, that's what. He came back despite all that, great guns. A long, nasty plan with twists and turns and shock value. Just like the old days. But he's getting in his own way draggin' this Blackwood shit out like he has. He's in the weeds, Ed. He's not focused. I'm just gettin' a little frustrated is all.

White puffs on his cigar again.

Edward:

The end goal is still Scotland, correct?

Angus:

They just had to book DEFroad to culminate in Scotland of all fuckin' places, didn't they? For fuck sake. Box has been chewin' on that bone since the news dropped. If everything goes as planned, yeah, Edinburgh is the goal.

White smiles again and takes a sip of his drink.

Edward:

Personally I think it's all goin' swimmingly. You're doin' a fine job, Angus, I mean that. We all love our dear brother Bronson, but he does things his own way and in his own time. I have no doubt in my mind that post DEFroad we won't be hearin' the name Gage Blackwood all that often round these parts.

Angus:

God I hope you're right.

Angus Skaaland looks up and across to the opposite sofa where Adrian and Felton are both guffawing about something on Felton's phone.

Angus:

Now these two fine gentleman are straight killin' it. Such good boys. Tell Eddy how things have been going, boys.

Felton puts his phone away and leans back on the couch with a big smile. His long held BRAZEN championship slung over the sofa's arm beside him. He straightens the front of his red DEF branded track suit, looking beside him at his Money Talks tag team partner "The Problem Solver" Adrian Payne. He also smiles a wide, confident smile.

Felton:

We got BRAZEN on lock, as usual, baby. I got Angel Trinidad comin' for this, but that ain't no thing. I'm preppin', watchin tape. Prick ain't gonna touch me. Now ya' boys here...

He smacks Adrian across the pecs with a laugh.

Adrian cracks his knuckles and snarls a little half smile full of bad intentions.

Adrian:

We got ourselves a couple belts to snatch. And a couple dumbass magicians to send to the nearest available emergency room in doin' so. Feel me?

Felton:

Them BRAZEN tag straps are as good as ours. Like you always say Mr. White, Money Talks.

The Socialite is beaming from ear to ear.

Edward:

It does indeed, fellas, it goddamn does indeed.

The short scene slowly fades out and into the next segment on the show.

MARK LUCK v. SOMCHAI

♪ "Aces High" by Iron Maiden ♪

The theme plays and basking in what appears to be more awe than anything ... a young, tall, good looking kid with a body carved from granite! He wears an orange and blue robe!

Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Hailing from Sin City ... he stands at seven feet tall! He weighs three-hundred pounds ... he is "Too Hot For BRAZEN" ... MAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRKKK LUUUUCCCKKK!!

DDK:

And here comes Mark Luck! On the last UNCUT, he got into the face of this year's Tag Party winner, the seven-foot three rookie Rowzilla! Mark Luck promised that he would make quick work of whoever he was facing tonight and then he would do the same to Rowzilla.

Lance:

Mark Luck is the ex-brother in law of Max and Mason Luck. They want nothing to do with him, but he has been pressing this issue that Rowzilla was chosen to team with Max Luck and not him.

Mark Luck turns to show off the message on the back of his robe that reads "What A Mark!" and then drops the robe to reveal his half blue and half orange trunks with the same designs on his knee pads and boots. On the other side of the ring, the very tall Somchai stands across the squared circle.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent ... 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 and boots, he looks ready to face Mark Luck.

DDK:

We have a battle of the big men tonight. Mark Luck says he is seven feet tall but my stats say Somchai is about six foot nine and they are about equal height.

Lance:

Wrestlers exaggerating height? What is the world coming to?

Somchai and Mark Luck come face to face, but the brash Luck brother shoves Somchai's face away from his. Somchai wants to fight back but the referee has a heck of a time keeping the giants away from each other. He calls for the bell.

DING DING

There are no classic lock ups between the two brutes. They just start battering one another!

DDK:

Somchai is not taking Mark Luck's disrespect!

Lance:

Not at all! Somchai has had a few closes calls in matches and tonight he is looking for a win against one of BRAZEN's hottest stars.

Mark Luck gets the better of Somchai with a boot to the stomach and then grabs his arm to Irish whip him into the corner. The Too-Hot-For-BRAZEN star hits a running stinger splash in the corner. Mark holds up a finger to the booing crowd and then tries a whip, but Somchai turns it around. Mark hits the corner and it is Somchai's turn to hit him with a splash of his own.

Lance:

It seems like we have a little tit-for-tat going on between these big men!

DDK:

Somchai back on the fight!

The Thai wrestler hits Mark Luck with another big splash in the corner. He has Mark Luck on the ropes but when he tries to go for another whip, Mark throws a kick to the leg of his opponent. He pulls him forward and then hits him with a big scrap buster slam!

DDK:

Huge slam by Mark! It's called the Hotness!

Lance:

And that was a big slam!

Mark goes for a very cocky cover on Somchai!

One ...

Two ...

Somchai kicks out.

Lance:

That was a big kick out by Somchai there. I wonder what Mark has up his sleeve next.

DDK:

Mark with that big right hand! He has Somchai in the ropes.

Mark puts his knee against Somchai's throat and starts to choke him in the ropes. He holds on with the referee counting.

Mark Luck:

I can count too! One! Two!

He stops choking but then hits a leapfrog body guillotine to Somchai between the ropes. Somchai holds his throat and Mark Luck stands over him. He props Somchai up by the neck and jumps at the ropes again to hit an extra large basement drop kick upside his head.

DDK:

Great basement drop kick ... that's not his own! He stole that move from the playbook of Max Luck!

Lance:

Mark Luck does seem to be appropriating a few things from the Lucky Sevens, doesn't he?

Mark points at the referee to do his job and count.

One ...

Two ...

Somchai kicks out again! Mark Luck looks at the official with a look on his face that suggests he needs to count. Instead he gets another idea ...

He puts up the Winning Hand and gets booed out of the building.

DDK:

These fans aren't taking too kindly to him stealing the Lucky Sevens' moves!

Lance:

If Mark Luck truly cared about his brothers-in-law, where was he when Mason Luck was bitten by Madame Melton's snake?!

Mark Luck goes for the Winning Hand but Somchai blocks it before the iron claw can be fully applied! Mark is shocked when Somchai fights back and hits him a big spine buster! The ring shakes!

DDK:

Mark Luck spent a little too much time messing around and he paid for it with that massive Somchai spine buster!

Lance:

Can Somchai use this chance to get himself back in in this match?

Somchai stands up and he hits a running big boot on Mark Luck just as he tries to get up! The kick knocks him back down and Somchai makes the cover!

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

DDK:

That spine buster and big boot almost shut Mark Luck up tonight! Somchai is going for a choke slam of his own!

Somchai's hand is up and the fans cheer. He goes for a choke slam, but Mark Luck blocks it and moves himself in front of the referee. He uses the obstruction to jab Somchai in the eye with a thumb!

Lance:

Mark Luck took advantage of the referee's positioning! He never saw the thumb to the eye.

Mark Luck then grabs Somchai and pulls him into a big scoop reverse STO slam!

DDK:

Aces High from Mark Luck! He planted Somchai with that big slam!

Mark covers Somchai and raises three fingers up.

One ...

Two ...

Three!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Aces High" by Iron Maiden ♪

Mark Luck sits up and he's completely happy with the result. He throws his left hand out and orders the ref to hold it up to prove he won.

Quimbey:

Your winner ... MARRRRRRRRRRK LUCCKKKKKKKK!!!

DDK:

What a big win by Mark Luck! He promised that he would show Rowzilla what he would do to him when they fought!

Lance:

Well ... I've just received word that Rowzilla wants to do the same! He will be in action on the next UNCUT and has even promised that he will show Mark Luck what awaits him!

Mark Luck walks out of the ring and speaks to the camera while exiting.

Mark Luck:

That's gonna be you, Rowzilla! You can call me King Kong cause I'm gonna mow your ass down, kid!

Too Hot For BRAZEN walks away laughing. On the backstage monitor, the skyscraping Rowzilla is watching and totally not at an awkward angle like most other places do.

Rowzilla:

Any time, any place, bitch.

WRESTLE HOUSE

Douglas Doubleday bursts from the front door of the old two story... mansion? That sounds way too generous. It's like the house Steve Martin and Diane Keaton lived in in the Father of the Bride movies if drug addled hobos lived and cooked methamphetamines there after them for a piece.

Got a decent mental picture? Good.

Like I said, the littlest Doubleday comes marching triumphantly down the front steps. As he gets to the end of the walkway a small group of large and colorful individuals are waiting for him. First and foremost, his older brother and proud DEFIANCE developmental talent "Fair Play" Dabney Doubleday. The tall blond haired blue eyed drink of water looks beyond Dougie at the huge sketchy looking house.

Lil' Dougie turns and walks sideways, motioning generously back towards the home.

Dougie:

Nice, right?

Dougie waggles his eyebrows.

Dabs doesn't really know what to say, he looks to his left where stands the trio known around BRAZEN as the Midcard Experiment. The portly nephew of DEF referee Hector Navarro, the llave wunderkind Hijo Del Fishman Deluxe. Next to him his long time tag team partner the tenured indie scene journeyman the ever grumpy "Birdman" Walter Levy. And lastly, trying desperately to wander into the street the Nic Cage-themed masked man known only as CAGE boinks back before he can get to far. Thankfully he's wearing what looks like an adult sized child-harness, the lead being held by Fishman Jr.

Dabney raises an eyebrow at the trio.

Dabney:

What do you guys think?

Fishman Jr:

I think it looks great, man.

He says as he reels CAGE back towards them away from traffic.

Walter:

It's a fixer upper, but it'll do. Good find, Dougie.

He says as he wanders into the front yard with his hands on his hips.

Dougie:

How much of you three wanting in on this deal has to do with Ref Hector kicking you out of his apartment downtown?

Douglas raises an inquisitive eyebrow.

Before Walter of Fish can say a word CAGE finally focuses enough to pipe in.

CAGE:

Fish left one of he and Walter's marajuana cigarettes carelessly lit one evening before bed and burned Mr. Hector's very nice sofa so so badly, the flames were so beautiful. I recorded the smoke alarm and Hector screaming in Spanish...

He quickly holds up his smartphone, the aforementioned cacophony starts playing.

Ref Hector: (recording)

NO ME IMPORTA SI ERES EL ÚNICO HIJO DE MI HERMANA, TE MATARÉ, JODIDO IDIOTA...

The masked man smiles as the recording continues.

CAGE:

I go to sleep to this recording.

He sighs contentedly as Fishman Jr just sort of cringes and slinks down into his shoulders about an inch.

Walter:

Okay, that's enough out of you, thank you very much. Whatever the circumstances WERE. Yes, we really need a place to stay. Please don't make me sleep in our car with those two. Just mask sweat and farts and goddamn, well, HIM.

Walter looks over at CAGE with his old ass phone with the shattered screen up to his ear, the sounds of fire and smoke alarm and screaming causing him to sway peacefully.

Dabney can't help but laugh.

Dabney:

What about you guys?

Dabs turns to his right where two large bruisers are leaning against a beat up old red pickup truck. "The Texas Stampede" Gordy Lovett, a big hearted greenhorn with a lot of potential. Next to him his new running buddy and tag team partner the seasoned DEF veteran "The Texas Dragon" Jun Izuchi. The former MASSIVE Cowboy has orbited DEFIANCE for ages and in the last few years has been splitting his time between the main roster and BRAZEN mentoring young talent exactly like Gordy.

Jun pushes his tan cowboy hats brim up a little and looks up at the house

Jun:

So you want us to do what now, Doug? Because unlike these fellas over yonder I've got myself a place to live. Not that I don't appreciate the kind gesture.

Big jovial Gordy walks up and claps Dabney on the back.

Gordy:

Sheeeeeeeoot! I'll stay! I been hittin' so many indie dates I just been sleepin' in the bed of my ol' truck here to save time and cash, but heck shoot! Look at this here place! Looks like I'll be sleepin' like I'm ol' Ed White tonight!

Dougie:

Okay, okay. Calm yourselves. This isn't permanent. We all have lives. This is... okay, so you know how when a band goes off to someplace remote so they can focus and come up with their next big album? Like a... like a creative retreat?

Douglas looks at the faces of the assembled underutilized developmental babyfaces for any sign of recognition.

Walter:

Like we're Led Zeppelin or something?

The Birdman asks raising an eyebrow.

Dougie:

Well, yeah, and it's 1970 and we're about to sit down, put our heads together and write Stairway to friggin' Heaven, boys! So listen. BRAZEN is choked with talent. New faces showing up every week and they keep gettin' younger and

more talented. If you don't stay on your toes and find that in you're going to be left in the dust.

Dougie begins laying down some harsh realities on the little conglomeration.

Dougie:

Jun, Walter... how long have you two guys been in the EXACT position you're in right now? You're both veterans and you've gotten a couple shakes each. I know you both like working with young talent and being trainers as much as the next guy in this business but I know you'd both like a little shine on those résumés, wouldn't ya', before all is said and kapoot?"

Douglas raises his brow and looks between the two more seasoned grapplers.

Both in their mid to late 30's or older, Jun Izuchi and Walter Levy exchange looks and sighs and eventually silent nods to the affirmative. Two of DEFIANCE's original "developmental" weirdos, they know time waits for no man.

Doug pulls a notepad out from inside his coat pocket.

Dougie:

I've got ideas, guys. And you fellas, and folks LIKE you... maybe a little lost, in need of some direction? There's a legion of you guys in that locker room. In this landscape though we're going to need to stick together. They call us "good guys" and "white hats" and "babyfaces"... let's all live up to those monikers. I want to create a sort of pro wrestling think tank. A fraternity of brothers and sisters in arms lending our expertise and experience to help lift each other up instead of constantly tearing each other down in failed attempts to get ahead. Our doors open wide to anyone feeling stuck or lost in this game to come in and brainstorm and find the sort of fresh start you might not get in a crowded, hostile locker room. And it'll be called the Doubleday Institute of Grappling Ar...

CAGE:

Wrestle House.

CAGE again having found a little focus has been listening and just blurts out his statement, interrupting Dougie's flow.

CAGE:

It should be called Wrestle House.

A bee flies by and grabs CAGE's limited attention once more and off he goes, as far as his leash will allow.

Dougie:

Listen, I already picked the name, I...

Douglas tries to continue, but he's interrupted again.

Gordy:

Ah actually like that there name, man. Wrestle House. Heh, a little like Animal House. I love that ol' John Belushi, man.

Gordy elbows Jun with a chortle.

Gordy:

CHEESEBURGER CHEESEBURGER!

Jun shakes his head with a smile as Gordy laughs to himself and nobody in particular.

Douglas' attempts to regain footing on this issue fall flat as all six men start discussing the virtues of the name "Wrestle House."

Dabney:

Honestly it's a really solid name. And you DID call it a fraternity in your sales pitch, so you can't really blame him. I think it gets across your great idea a lot better than our last name would, Douglas. Good idea, CAGE.

Dabney gives a warm smile to both his brother and the Nic Cage-masked oddball. CAGE waves back, the bee now resting on Nic Cage's poorly drawn face.

Douglas can't help but furrow his brow and go with the flow, seeing as this is the exact sort of collaboration he's talking about. He turns and faces the building.

Dougie:

Well. Wrestle House it is. Lets see how this goes.

The scene fades out on that to the next segment of the show.

SOUTHERN HERITAGE TITLE: NED REFORM (c) vs BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

DDK:

Welcome back to our UNCUT main event! And this might be the biggest main event on UNCUT in recent memory when the Southern Heritage Title is on the line! Ned Reform will defend his title here in mere moments against none other than Butcher Victorious!

Lance:

That's right! The official spokesman of one of DEFIANCE's business partners, Mic Dropz Energy, has been on a hot streak in this past year after breaking away from his former mentor, Oscar Burns, by defeating him clean in the middle of the ring at DEFCON! He's defeated his fair share of names since then including DLJ, Search Party Cyrus, Scott Hunter and most recently, Titaness! He's a worthy challenger for the title!

DDK:

The champion, though, Ned Reform is as dangerous as they come. So many big names have fallen to Ned in the past year including Mikey Unlikely, Bronson Box, and Corvo Alpha to name a few. We can never underestimate what Ned will do to retain his title.

Lance:

Now that you know how we got here, let's get to tonight's main event!

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

Purple lights swirl throughout the arena as the music of the Southern Heritage Champion begins to blare over the PA system. Ned Reform, dressed in usual purple single and with the bright pink-colored belt over his shoulder, appears at the top of the ramp. He stops briefly to smirk arrogantly at the booing Faithful before beginning a slow saunter to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL and is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

Introducing first, the champion... from New Haven, Connecticut and weighing in at 238 lbs... NED! REEEEFORM!

Ned Reform (and a smattering of the "too cool to cheer babyfaces" section of the Faithful):

...DOCTOR Ned Reform!

DDK:

As the champion makes his way to the ring, it's important to note that no members of the Honor Society... including the newest one... is coming out with the Good Doctor.

Lance:

Earlier today, we caught some words from Ned Reform concerning the events of DEFtv!

Quick cut to Ned Reform, dressed in casual wear, and an "Earlier Today" chyron in the right corner of the screen.

Ned Reform:

What happened to me last week was nothing short of criminal. I was literally poisoned, and yet somehow Mr. Newbludd is the virtuous one in this whole affair? Fear not, children: after six grueling days in an intense drug rehabilitation program, I am stronger than ever.

Reform holds up wrist so we can catch sight of his bright purple wristband: NEDSTRONG.

Ned Reform:

Solidarity, children. We will get through this. As for Mr. Newbludd... well, I'll save my words for that friend for DEFtv. And I apologize in advance to the poor dunce that is Butch Vic: he is about to pay for Newbludd's transgressions.

Back to the live feed where Reform is perched on the top rope holding his championship high. He gets into the ring but rather than holding the belt off to referee Benny Doyle, he instead asks for and receives a microphone. For the first time we notice something in his other hand: a can of Butch Vic's Mic Dropz Energy Drink.

Ned Reform:

Children...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Reform shakes his head in disappointment.

Ned Reform:

Please. In a moment, I will put on a contest the likes of which you have never seen. But first: an important word.

He holds up the energy drink.

Ned Reform:

Behold - one of the many cardiac-event inducing poisons circling the popular market today. This particular elixir is hawked by my challenger tonight. That's right - Butch Vic sold his soul... and all of your health... to the almighty dollar. What a melancholy life it must be to rely on stimulants to get you through your tiresome existence. People, I implore you: stop killing yourselves. Do not listen to charlatans like Mr. Vic. Do the right thing... as Eric Black recently did...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

And put the drug down. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a flash in the pain to disassemble.

Reform tosses the energy drink and mic aside before handing off his belt.

The DEFIatron flashes to life and simulates a big display of pink, purple and blue fireworks! Several loud booms ring out and highlight the silhouette of a very familiar, mohawked man holding up a microphone...

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

Standing with his back to the audience and his head ducked down, the familiar mohawk is present. However, in the absence of The Stick v2™ currently in the possession of Titanes Familia's own Titaness, he has...

A literal stick. He raises it to the sky as he spins around to face The Faithful! Dressed in sparkling purple tights, along with silver and purple boots and kickpads, Butch Vic is rabid and ready to fight tonight as the Desert Diamond

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the challenger... from Austin, Texas, representing the Butch Vic Clique... weighing in at 226 pounds... he is now the OFFICIAL sponsor for DEFIANCE-brand energy drink, Mic Dropz Energy... **BUTCH VICTORIOUS!**

The flamboyantly-dressed Butch Vic opens his jacket to reveal... a belt around his waist! Not the championship kind, but one with several holsters containing sleek cans of Mic Dropz Energy! He hands out a few free samples to some fans in the front row! He heads down to the ring and slaps hands with The Faithful. He motions for the music to fade. Though he has a stick, the fans are still repeating his words!

Butcher Victorious: [with The Faithful repeating]

BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK...

He waves the stick around in his hand.

Butcher Victorious: [with The Faithful repeating]

BUTCH VIC HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK...

He points to his skull.

Butcher Victorious: [with The Faithful repeating]

AND BUTCH VIC HAS THE BUTCH VIC CLIQUE!

Butcher gestures to the energy drink holster. When he gets to ringside, he asks for a regular microphone as Ned Reform watches and waits. Butch Vic gets one and holds up the microphone.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC HAS THE DRINK WITH A KICK! Mic Dropz Energy, bay-beeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

The Microphone Fiend takes a swig of Feedback Freeze berry flavored Mic Dropz.

Butcher Victorious:

Maybe you don't know this, Doc, but I agree with you on one thing... you gotta drink these bad boys responsibly! BUT... tonight, this bad boy is gonna fuel me to victory! You might be the one with the PhD, but tonight, Butch Vic is gonna be YOUR professor for Wrestling 101! And I'm gonna dismiss the Southern Heritage title off your bald-headed ass!

The Microphone Fiend ditches both the stick and the standard mic and takes off his jacket and Mic Dropz utility belt. Reform remains unimpressed. Both men get ready to lock up.

DDK:

Fighting words from Butcher Victorious. The biggest opportunity for Butcher Victorious in quite some time! But Ned Reform has to have a game plan up his sleeve.

DING DING!

At the ringing of the bell, Ned and Butch begin to circle and look for the opening for the lock up. Eventually, they collide in the center of the ring with the collar and elbow tie up! Initially, Reform gets the better of it when he swings around Butch and locks in a rear waistlock. He quickly transitions this into a hammerlock. As he wrenches Butch's arm back, The Good Doctor smiles in apparent pride of his in-ring prowess. Maintaining hold of the arm, Ned slings Butch down onto his back. Vic isn't down for long, springing right back up... and reversing into a hammerlock of his own! Ned cries out in pain before the challenger transitions into one of his patented headlocks!

DDK:

An early advantage by the champion... but Butch is letting him know this won't be a night off!

Reform tries to escape the hold by pushing Butch off, but The Microphone Fiend plants himself and doesn't allow it! Ned tries again - same result! Changing tactics, Ned instead locks his arm around Butch and attempts to take him up and over with a back suplex... but Butch Vic rolls through and lands on his feet! Ned turns around right into a Butch Vic dropkick! Ned scrambles back up... into an armdrag! Another! Another!

Lance:

And Ned Reform takes a powder to the outside! Butch Vic has the champion frustrated!

The fans give Ned hell as he walks around the ring with his hands on his hips, seemingly re-thinking his approach to the wily Butch Vic. Vic, meanwhile, takes a chance to rile up the Butch Vic clique! Doyle leans through the ropes to yell at Ned to get back in, but the champion pays him no mind!

DDK:

I think Ned truly believed he was going to steamroll here... and he's re-assessing that idea in the face of the hard-hitting and technically proficient offense of Butcher!

Finally, after an obnoxiously long amount of time, Reform returns to the ring. He plays coy for a bit before re-engaging, and champion and challenger return right to where this all started: the collar-and-elbow tie-up. They jockey for control for a moment before Ned gives Butch a taste of his own medicine by locking HIM in a headlock! The Good Doctor, always a fan of poetic irony, has an ear-to-ear smile... that goes away when Butch sends Reform spiraling forward and the Sage on the Stage collides chest-first with the turnbuckle! Ned grabs his chest in pain and walks right into a HEADLOCK TAKEDOWN! The Butch Vic Clique is on their feet! Reform, locked in the hold, rages and stomps his feet in frustration... but he's not going anywhere!

Lance:

Butch Vic is known for his mastery of the headlock... and he's using that very maneuver to throw the champ off his game!

DDK:

Look! Ned's shoulders are down!

ONE!

Ned brings his shoulder off the mat to break the unexpected count. He continues to snarl and throw a mini-tantrum as Butch synches the headlock in tighter. Eventually, Reform is able to rally and power himself up to his feet, but Vic doesn't let up as he whips Ned off the ropes and meets him on the rebound with a back elbow.

DDK:

Butch Vic hooks... vertical suplex! He covers!

ONE!

The SOHER kicks out! Butch Vic again sends The Good Doctor into the ropes, catching him on the rebound with a powerslam! He covers again!

ONE!

Kickout! Ned tries to escape Butch by stumbling away and leaning on the ropes for support, but Butch Vic runs at him and clotheslines him over the top and to the floor! Reform drunkenly gets to his feet, but Butch Vic is right there to meet him with a suicide dive!! The Faithful are FIRED UP AND SO IS BUTCH VIC!!

DDK:

Despite his confidence, Ned Reform has been unable to gain a moment of momentum in this contest!

Ned grabs the ring steps and use them to pull himself up. Seeing the champion in a vulnerable position, Butch Vic runs at Ned looking for a kick... but Reform moves and Vic's leg meets steel! Butch cries out in pain and then goes down courtesy of a Ned Reform chop block. Reform drops Vic's knee across the nearby steel barricade before taunting the front row Faithful by aggressively pointing to his big brain!

Lance:

A mis-step by Butch Vic, and now Ned smells blood in the water as far as that knee is concerned.

DDK:

Before he became Ned's newest lackey, Ned used a similar game plan to defeat Rezin at ACTS of DEFIANCE in the Ambulance Match.

And he certainly sticks with this approach: after rolling Butch into the ring, Ned pulls his leg out under the bottom rope and sends the knee into the apron a few times. Ignoring Doyle's demands to turn to the ring, Ned drags Butch to the ringpost and begins to slam his leg into the unforgiving steel! As he does so, he turns to taunt the Faithful... loudly.

Ned Reform:

BUTCH VIC... IS IN PAIN!

Slam!

Ned Reform:

BUTCH VIC... HAS CHRONIC KNEE ISSUES!

Slam!

Ned Reform:

BUTCH VIC... HAS HOSPITAL BILLS TO PAY!

Slam!

Finally, Reform gets back into the ring, where he leans Butch's legs over the second rope before crashing down with a seated senton. He extends the knee before dropping his own knee into it in a modified knee lock. Butch Vic cries out in pain and frustration!

Ned Reform (to Benny Doyle):

INQUIRE!

Doyle asks Butch if he'd like to submit... and Vic responds with a resounding NO!

Frustrated, Ned brings Butch to his feet and whips him into the turnbuckle... but Butch Vic doesn't collide with it, instead he leaps up to the second rope and leaps backwards... catching the charging Good Doctor with a sunset flip!!! Ned doesn't go down right away, managing to stay upright with his arms flailing. Butch pulls on his torso... Ned's arms flail... Butch pulls... time freezes as Ned reaches out desperately for a hold that isn't there... and then tiiiiiiimber as Reform goes down into the pinning predicament!

ONE!

TWO!

KICK OUT!

Reform kicks out aggressively and gets right back up... but he runs into a Butch Vic drop toehold!! When Ned hits the mat, Vic immediately looks on another headlock! He doesn't keep him down, however. Maintaining the headlock, he gets back up and runs at the turnbuckle, pushing off and planting the Sage on the Stage with a bulldog! Another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

The champion is in trouble!

Lance:

One has to wonder what happens to Brock Newbludd's title shot at DEF Road if Butch Vic manages to get the victory here - right now it appears to be a very real possibility!

Ned Reform once again scrambles to take refuge in the corner. As Butch Vic approaches him, he throws his hands up and now BEGS for mercy. He tries to backpedal, but the turnbuckle is in his way and he can't go any further. Vic looks down at the desperate SOHER... and shows no quarter! He lights The Good Doctor up with a series of European uppercuts that stun him! A running start from the opposite corner is the coup d'grace European uppercut that sends Ned stumbling, punch-drunk, out of the corner... and he face plants to the canvas sending The Faithful into a frenzy! However, those cheers suddenly transform into...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

A quick camera cut shows up why: Titaness, holding The Stick, has appeared at the top of the ramp. He smirks and mock applauds Butcher's performance while Killjoy appears behind her with arms folded.

DDK:

Titaness and Butch Vic are in the middle of what's evolving into a serious issue... but I don't see what business she has out here during this championship main event!

Butch does see the pair, but wisely doesn't allow them to be a distraction. He lifts Ned up and goes for Hot Mic... but Reform slips out, slides down the back, and rolls Vic up from behind! He positions his feet on the ropes in a way that Doyle can't see!

Lance:

Ned's going to steal it!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Kickout!

Both men rush back to a vertical base, but Ned is a hair faster and drops Butch with a Fameasser. With Titaness and Killjoy golf clapping, The Sage on the Stage lays Butch over the second rope, standing on his back and driving the challenger's throat into the cable. He breaks this just as Doyle hits a count of four. Smirking down as Butch clutches his hurting throat, Ned rolls under the bottom rope and walks over to Quimbey. The Good Doctor reaches under the timekeeper's table and produces a second can of Mic Dropz Energy! He holds it high with a smile while the fans boo before rolling back inside. He cracks that bad boy open and takes a single... very careful... even dainty... sip. Immediately, he spits the beverage out in disgust. With Butch on the mat still trying to gain his bearings, Reform smiles as he pours the greenish liquid out all over the challenger.

DDK:

Disrespect of the highest order, which we've come to expect... but he's also in control of the match which has been rare, and he's wasting a lot of time with these antics.

Lance:

And I think that action may be about to backfire!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

As if energized (get it?) by the Mic Dropz Energy, Butch Vic suddenly springs to his feet with his eyes wide. Ned's eyes also bug out when he sees Vic's recovery. Ned fires a few punches to the challenger's face... but they seem to have no effect! Trying to halt the momentum, Ned ducks out of the ring... but he's caught by another Butch Vic

suicide!!

DDK:

Do it Butcher!

Lance:

Wait a minute... hold on a second...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

That whole exchange took place on the side of the ring closest to the ramp, and Titaness and Killjoy walk down to the ring with Titaness mockingly brandishing The Stick. Now Butch Vic has no choice to engage with them as they're getting ever closer. He points and yells and referee Benny Doyle exits the ring to get between the three competitors. While all this is going on, Ned slips into the ring unseen.

DDK:

With everyone's eyes off him... Ned Reform is removing a turnbuckle pad!

Ned moves quickly before the outside commotion dies down. He tosses the pad out of sight and falls to the mat, pretending to be stunned. At that exact moment, Doyle is able to get Titaness and Killjoy to back up the ramp a bit. Butch Vic turns and gets up on the apron. He spies Ned who, from his perspective, is just getting back to his feet after being stunned. The Faithful try to warn the challenger, but he's so locked in he doesn't hear. He jumps up, uses the top rope for momentum, and flies at Ned with a crossbody... but Ned quickly dodges to the side and Butch whiffs! The Good Doctor takes advantage of this opening by dropping Butch Vic with a neckbreaker. Back to his feet, Reform smiles wide and points at his mind while the fans give him hell.

DDK:

The craftiness of the champion coming to play yet again!

Reform brings Butch into the corner and stuns him with a quick, and fairly insulting, slap to the face. Ned whips Butch toward the now-exposed turnbuckle... but Vic reverses!! Ned now careens toward the steel, but is able to put the breaks on at the last second. Ned stares, inches away, from the turnbuckle that almost smashed into his skull. He has about two seconds to breathe a sigh of relief... before BUTCH VIC DROPKICKS HIM FROM BEHIND!!! NED'S BRAIN MEETS STEEL!!!!

DDK:

BUTCH VIC ROLLS UP FROM BEHIND!!!

The ENTIRE arena is on their feet as Butch brings Ned down with the pinning predicament!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

...NO! NED KICKS OUT AT 2.999999!

DDK:

Butch Vic was half a second away from being the new Southern Heritage Champion!!

Disappointed but not dwelling on it, Butch Vic brings Ned back up (and we see that the head shot into the turnbuckle has busted the SOHER open) and drops him down again with a bodyslam. He makes his way to the nearby turnbuckle, climbing onto the second rope. And in his always impressive display of athleticism, Butch leaps straight from the second rope to the top and in one fluid motion, flies off with a picture perfect elbow right into the heart of Ned Reform!!!

Lance:

MIC DROP DROPZ!!! A COVER!!! NEW CHAMPION, KEEBS!!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

...NOOO! Again, another 2.99999 kickout!

DDK:

I have to admit, I did expect this match to play out like this!

Butch Vic checks with Benny Doyle to confirm that it was in fact not a three count, and this allows a bloody Ned Reform to turn and scrawl toward the apron. He slides under the bottom rope, reaching up and using the cables for leverage. Butch Vic goes after him but gets caught with a desperation stunner over the top rope. When Butch falls back into the ring, Ned slides forward off the apron and stumbles over once again to the time keeper's table. He roughly grabs the Southern Heritage Championship and marches around the ring and toward the ramp!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Ned Reform has realized just how close he is to losing his belt - and it appears he's taking a walk and eating the count out victory!

DDK:

A loss in the record books, but he does remain champion!

Reform moves slowly as he reaches the ramp and begins to walk up it - but he's caught from behind by a forearm across the neck via Butch Vic! Vic grabs Ned by the scruff, shoots an angry look at Titanes Familia, and pushes Ned back under the bottom rope and back into the ring. This time, Butch succeeds in his top rope crossbody into the ring and he lands on top of Ned, hooking the leg for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Unfettered, Butch whips Reform into the ropes... Reform ducks a Butch Vic clothesline... and on the rebound, the champion catches the challenger by surprise with a flying missile headbutt!

DDK:

Equivocator! Ned Reform's heatbutt out of nowhere!

Now both men are down, but Butch Vic appears to have been more rocked. Reform uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet and he again heads out to the apron... but this time he does so that he can climb to the top rope. With Butch sprawled out behind him, Ned points down and yells loud enough for the camera to pick up.

Ned Reform:

THIS is how you drop an elbow!!!

And The Good Doctor leaps off the top rope, clearly looking for his Scholar and Elbow... but he MISSES! At the last second, Butch Vic rolls out of the way and Ned's bone meets canvas! Both men slowly get back to their feet and meet face-to-face... and Butch Vic surprises Ned with a Hard Out Headbutt!! Reform goes down and Butch Vic retorts...

Butch Vic:

THAT'S how you headbutt!!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Cut to the outside, and in the commotion Titaness and Killjoy have made it all the way to ringside. Benny Doyle leans through the middle rope to tell them to get lost, but this means he also gets caught off guard when Butch Vic accidentally irish whips Ned into the senior DEFIANCE official!

DDK:

Oh no! Benny Doyle takes a nasty tumble to the floor!

Doyle lands at the feet of Titaness and Killjoy who make absolutely no motion to help whatsoever. Butch, realizing what he's done, looks out in concern... and this allows Ned to score with a desperation low blow right into Butch Vic's little mics!!

Lance:

NO! The champion with an illegal shot below the belt!

As Doyle tries to clear the cobwebs on the outside, Ned (still bleeding pretty profusely) climbs to the top rope. He steadies himself and this time he doesn't bother running his mouth before soaring through the air and dropping an elbow right into the heart of Butch Vic!

Lance:

Scholar and Elbow!! Ned with the cover... but there's no referee!

Ned holds the hooked leg, not hearing a three count but still keeping it in place.

DDK:

Here comes Brian Slater!

DEFIANCE official Brian Slater sprints down the ramp - with Titaness and Killyjoy helpfully moving out of his way - and slides into the ring right into position to count!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NO! Butch kicks out!

Reform rolls of his challenger into a seated position. He scowls and shakes his head before getting to his feet. Ned makes a very clear "it's over" motion - an idea that Titaness again golf claps in appreciation. Reform brings Butch back to a vertical base, and while standing behind him, he reaches out and grabs his arm looking to lock in his version of the Crossface Chicken Wing: the Ad Hominem.

DDK:

We've seen this move score countless victories for Ned over seemingly more dangerous opponents... if he can sync this in, this one is probably over.

Lance:

Not so fast!

With Ned behind him, Butch Vic shoots back with a mule kick right into the twin diplomas of Ned Reform! This happens in a way that Slater doesn't see!

DDK:

Turnabout is fair play!

Reform grabs his junk... and Butch Vic hits him with BUTCH VIC'S GREATEST HIT!!!! The Headlock Driver sends Ned DIRECTLY INTO THE CANVAS!

Lance:

HE HIT IT!!

The people are going BANANAS as Vic falls on top of Reform!!

ONE!!

TWO!!!

(Ned's foot shoot up onto the nearby rope - but Slater is counting out of position and he doesn't see it!)

THREE!!!!!!!!!!!!

DING DING DING!!!

DDK:

OH MY GOD! HE DID IT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Lance:

Butch Vic has defeated Ned Reform for the Southern Heritage Championship!!!! He did it!!

The roof comes off the place as Brian Slater raises Butch Vic's hand! He hands Butch the championship and Vic looks down at it in near disbelief. Realizing that this is really happening, Vic leaps up to the top rope and holds the championship high!! The people explode and on the outside, Titaness rolls her eyes in annoyance.

DDK:

The main event of Uncut results in a new champion, ladies and gentlemen - what a moment! This is one of the damndest things I've ever seen!

Lance:

Wait a minute... Darren... look at the ring.

Cut to the ring. Although we can't hear anything because of the huge crowd reaction, Benny Doyle has returned to the ring and he is saying something to Brian Slater. Doyle points at the ropes and makes the "leg was up" motion and waves his hands in a "no" motion.

DDK:

Hold on...

Lance:

I have a bad feeling about this, folks... Benny Doyle was on the outside, and I suspect he may have had a viewpoint of the pinfall that replacement referee Brian Slater did not...

Doyle walks over and leans out of the ring, saying something to Darren Quimbey. Butch Vic sees this and hops down off the turnbuckle, sensing something is amiss. Second later, Quimbey's voice booms throughout the arena and confirms Butch and the fan's fears.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, referee Benny Doyle has informed us that Ned Reform's feet were on the ropes during the pinfall victory. Therefore, this match will **CONTINUE!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Heartbreaking turn of events for Butch Vic and The Faithful, but you have to begrudgingly admit that Doyle made the right call...

Butch looks distraught as he hands over the belt to Doyle... but then he readies himself to get the job done again. A woozy Reform stumbles over to him, and Butch lights him up with three left-handed jabs and a big right that sends The Good Doctor to the mat!

Lance:

Don't count Butch out yet!

At this moment, two things happen at the same time: Killjoy, the masked monster of Titanes Familiar, climb up onto the apron in full view of Benny Doyle. Doyle turns to scold him. At the same time, Butch Vic hits the ropes to charge at Ned Reform... but he gets hit in the back from the outside by Titaness! In the ultimate insult, she uses The Stick! Butch grabs his back and continues to move forward with his momentum broken, and this is all the opening Ned needs to nail a boot to the gut followed by the Syllabuster!

DDK:

The Syllabuster drives Butch's head into the mat!

Reform covers just as Doyle turns out.

Lance:

No!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Man... if any night was Butch's night, it was tonight!

Lance:

Titanes Familia have crushed Butch Vic's dreams! And using his own microphone!

Ned barely gets to his feet before snatching the title belt from Doyle and tumbling out of the ring. Once there, he sits on the floor - stewing in his bloody forehead - and with any of his usual swagger. Eventually, he stumbles up and begins to walk up the ramp.

Cut to the ring... where Brian Slater has returned! He is speaking to Benny Doyle, and the fans begin to stir when he makes a motion that look remarkably like Titaness hitting Butch in the back with the mic.

DDK:

Hold on a second!

Titaness and Killjoy, sensing where this is going, also enter the ring to protest what's happening. Doyle, however, pays them no mind as he again goes over to Quimby.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... due to outside interference... official Benny Doyle has ruled that this match WILL CONTINUE!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Lance:

Unbelievable!! Butcher gets another chance!

On the ramp, Ned's eyes bug out as he grips the belt and shakes his head "no" in rapid succession. In the ring, Butch pulls himself to his feet and looks at Ned defiantly, making "bring it on!" motion.

Lance:

I can't believe it. After two re-starts, this might just be Butch Vic's night!

DDK:

NO! WAIT! WHAT'S GOING ON?!

Titaness now goes low and attacks the knee of Butcher. Ned, deciding that he's not going to get involved with Familia Business, keeps tight hold of the Southern Heritage Championship and leaves. The Faithful erupt as Titaness and now Killjoy start putting the boots to Butcher!

DING DING DING DING DING!!

Lance:

This match was on the verge of a restart, but Titaness and Killjoy have ruined that!

DDK:

And The Lads aren't here tonight!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Killjoy grabs Butcher by the throat and then pulls him up from a chokeslam into the vicious FreeFall powerbomb! Butcher is nearly folded in half, but the Familia aren't done. Killjoy grabs the leg of Butcher and rolls him back up to his feet for Titaness to SPEAR him nearly in half with Pretty Striking! Butcher is folded in half while Titaness rolls back to her feet.

DDK:

Ever since Butcher defeated Titaness after her attack at Tag Party, she's been obsessed with payback!

She nods to Killjoy, then The Good Son picks him up again...

ANOTHER POWERBOMB!

ANOTHER POWERBOMB!

After two more, he does the same and holds up Butcher for Titaness to nail ANOTHER Pretty Striking spear!

Lance:

Enough is enough! Someone needs to stop this!

Titaness now stands over the fallen Butcher and once again takes possession of The Stick.

Titaness:

BUTCH VIC... YOUR ASS JUST GOT KICKED! COURTESY OF YOUR HIGHNESS...

She grins.

Titaness:

...TITANESS!

With the job done, Titaness and Killjoy both leave the ring and head up the ramp to tremendous boos from The Faithful! As they leave, trainers head into the ring with Brian Slater there to check on the fallen Butcher Victorious!

Lance:

What a violent assault by Titanes Familia... we'll try to get a word on Butcher's condition soon.

DDK:

Tonight, Ned Reform escapes with the Southern Heritage Championship and next week, Titanes Familia take on The Lads in Dex Joy's home state of California! We hate to wrap things up on this note, but for Lance Warner, I'm Darren Keebler and we will see you next week for DEFtv!

Titaness and Killjoy stand on the ramp, holding their arms out to show the matching signature red ojo bracelets of Titanes Familia.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.