

SHOW OPEN

The screen fades up from black ...

Energetic music begins to to fade up ...

A white streak of electricity shoots across the screen backed by a red glow.

It's accompanied by an electrical sounding sizzle sound effect.

The 3D block letters of UNCUT appear but the angle obstructs a legible reading of the word at first sight.

The red lined white streak shoots past the word as it continues to rotate and the background music swells.

As the letters tip upright and begin to reveal the five red letters back with a slight white glow, the white streaks fly behind the letters and wraps around the word angling down as the drum beat hits and the theme is at full tilt only to abruptly end at the final presentation of the logo and a downnote.

The logo fades and on a black screen, words in white appear one at a time.

THIS.

IS.

UNCUT.

CHALLENGE

An empty room.

Sitting on front of a black backdrop...

None other than the former FIST of DEFIANCE "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns. Dressed in a black variant on his "WE ALL LIKE GRAPS!" t-shirt, Burns leans back in his chair before he starts.

Oscar Burns:

Scott Stevens.

He lets out a pause. These days, the mere name makes him physically ill.

Oscar Burns:

That thing I mentioned about making things right again... GC, as you might've guessed, that thing was me coming out there and stopping YOU from throwing your damn weight around one more damn night. Unfortunately, some people got hurt in the process. For that, I am regretful and I will take my punishment... but if you ask me if I would've gone out there and done it all again, kicking his ass and shutting him up? Even if it meant being suspended along with him?

He looks up with a wry smile.

Oscar Burns:

You're CRACKERS if you think I wouldn't do it all again, Scotty. That's the LAST time I'm going to let you put your hands on anyone like you own the place, you gutless piece of trash.

He chuckles.

Oscar Burns:

Now, DEFCON... that didn't go the way I wanted it and that's because Kendrix took advantage of the both of us. You say I can't beat you, Scotty, but the fans saw it and you KNOW what happened... I had the Rolling Heel Hook locked on and YOU TAPPED OUT. That FIST was as good as mine, but again, that ponce Kendrix ruined that. And trust me, that bloke will get his. I'm going to come back for the FIST...

He sighs.

Oscar Burns:

But before I even think about that, YOU need to be dealt with. GC... I know you don't understand or care about respect or sportsmanship and that's fine. I can only control me at the end of the day. But I don't respect YOU. You're a delusional coward who thinks DEFIANCE owes him something. Mate... pardon my Kiwi-ese but they don't owe you SHIT, Scotty.

Pause.

Oscar Burns:

But this thing between you and I? I'm sick of it. I'm damn sick of it. It has cost me almost a year of misery and it has twice cost me the title that unlike you, I went out, worked hard, busted my ass every night and EARNED. And this needs to stop, Scotty. It needs to be put to bed before I can challenge again for the FIST. And I imagine you feel the same. So you want to make me go away? You want to be rid of me? Here are my terms:

Leaning forward now, the camera inches closer.

Oscar Burns:

One final singles match between you and me, Scotty. MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. You put that FIST rematch of yours on the line. In return? You can pick the stipulation. Whatever you want. Since I'm asking you to put your shot on the line... and as much as I hate you... I'm still me at the end of the day and I'll change my morals for no one. It's still only fair I

give you that courtesy asking this of you.

Shrug.

Oscar Burns:

But I want you to consider this, Scotty... if you say yes and this match happens. After EVERYTHING you put me through: Countless cowardly attacks. Stealing wins. Injuring me for three months. Stealing the FIST. Trying to end my career...

He starts to sit up.

Oscar Burns:

There's NOTHING you can do that's going to stop me from ending this on MY terms... Not this time...

The Kiwi unstraps his microphone from his shirt and tosses it aside, walking off as the scene fades.

CHARACTER UNLOCKED: DESIRE

BACKSTAGE, DIRECTLY AFTER DESIRE'S DEFTv MATCH... reads the text at the bottom of the screen.

Desire walks through the Gorilla position before taking a moment to wipe the sweat away from her forehead and brush her long blonde hair back. She smiles at a few of the producers and then exits to the backstage area.

The camera follows a good 5-feet behind her, past some of the backstage crew, Erin Bryer, the opponent she just beat on DEFTv and even a few of the BRAZEN talent whom stopped to check her out as she continued on.

Finally, approaching what looks to be her locker room door, Desire attempts to grab the handle until she sees it's being opened from the other side.

Conor Fuse:

And that's when I said, you've got a fake coin! I knew it, I knew it all along!

One half of the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions emerges, title around his shoulder, wearing his wrestling gear and a Fuse Bros. "SAVE THE DAY" t-shirt. Right beside him is his brother, Tyler, the other half of the Tag Champs whom is also in his ring gear although barely paying attention to his brother. Both of them haven't noticed Desire yet, until Tyler bumps into her.

She stumbles back and falls to the ground, clearly not anticipating anyone coming through the door. Tyler's eyes grow wide instantly and a genuine look of apology crosses his face.

Tyler Fuse:

I am so, so sorry.

He offers his hand to help her up. However, Desire pulls herself up on her own.

She shakes herself off and looks at Conor and then Tyler with a smile, insinuating there was no harm done and realizing it was an honest mistake.

Tyler Fuse:

My brother was just bothering me with a few things, I didn't notice you were there...

Tyler trails off and Conor cuts right in.

Conor Fuse:

Hi. Conor. Conor Fuse, nice to meet you. Did we unlock you? I think we did. That's two new characters we unlocked today and in the span of an hour, too. Wow that's incredible. What are you doing here? Are you a wrestler? Are you a manager? Who are you wrestling against? Has anyone been bothering you around here yet? If so, I think you could handle them.

There's a long silence that follows. Even if Desire wanted to reply it was hard to make sense of everything Conor said since the comments came so quickly.

She just turns to Conor and smiles. Then she looks back at Tyler and smiles at him once again.

Desire:

I'm okay. Thank you, though.

And off she goes.

Tyler watches her leave while Conor remains obsessed with who she is.

Conor Fuse:

Cool new female character. I hope she does well here. She probably will do well here, I mean she looks like she can handle herself. I like the color scheme of her tights, too. Gold and dark purple. I thought of wearing gold myself but it didn't go well with green...

Tyler isn't listening.

Tyler Fuse:

She's cute.

Conor stops rambling. It takes him a moment to process the statement but once he does, he grins from ear to ear at the thought of it. Tyler becomes embarrassed.

Tyler Fuse:

What?

Conor's mischievous smile doesn't fade. He's stuck in a trance, staring a hole right through his brother.

Tyler Fuse:

Shut up.

As this has become extremely awkward, Tyler sucks it up and decides listening to his brother rant about nonsensical issues are better than this.

Tyler Fuse:

Anyway, you were saying...

Conor Fuse:

Oh, yes. I was saying... that's when I said, "you've got a fake coin dammit! I am sick of your shit!"

And the two continue down the hallway...

Dec. 20, 2018 "Find the Beauty"

Butcher is seen walking backstage clearly upset with his performance yet again. Lance Warner tries to catch up with Butcher to get a word.

Lance Warner:

Butcher...Butcher can I have a word with you?

Butcher looks at Warner and then continues to walk away.

Lance Warner:

What can you do to get yourself back on a win streak again Butcher?

Butcher stops and puts his hands on his hips. He glances at Lance over his shoulder for a moment and continues to his walk. Until he reaches his locker room. Lance tries one more time to get a word with Butcher.

Lance Warner:

Butcher, do you have anything to say to The Faithful?

Butcher stops once more he looks back at Lance for a moment almost like he wants to say something but decides not too he enters his locker room but before Lance can follow the door is slammed in his face.

Lance realizing he is not going to get an answer from him he goes to close the segment. And stops suddenly when he hears Butcher causing a commotion in the locker room. His inaudible yells of clear frustration can be heard.

The camera switches inside the locker room, Butcher breathing heavy in a locker room full of broken furniture. He takes a couple deep breaths to calm himself down. He finally calms down a bit, he opens his eyes and looks over at the case that Crimson gave him a couple of weeks back. He starts to walk to it before the feed cuts...

Dec. 20, 2018 "You are just a Ember now"

Shorty after WynLyn defeated Quell.

The scene opens inside a locker room. Crimson Lord sits on a bench and across from him is Virginia Quell still unconscious. Lord press his right thumb gently upward between the Red Queen's eyebrows.

Quell:

Hmmm...

She moans a bit slowly grabbing the side of her head. Her eyes spring open. And she quickly sits up, disoriented. She quickly has a look around and her eyes stop dead center on Crimson Lord with a warm smile toward her.

Quell:

Who are you? How did I get here?

She grabs her head groaning a bit.

Crimson:

Relax my child, I made sure those rapers and their fiendish tools did not touch you in that ring.

Quell shakes her head.

Quell:

Rapers? Man, I have a hell of a headache.

Crimson reaches into his pocket and pulls out two white pills he hands them to her. He then reaches into his bag next to him and pulls out a bottle of water and hands it to her.

Crimson:

Relax my child it's just aspirin.

She stares at Lord for a second and then pops the pills and takes a swig of the water.

Quell:

You mention rapers, why would Evan's have such people employed here.

Crimson closed his eyes with a slight turn of the head in a side to side motion while he says

Crimson:

Evil flows through DEFIANCE like the rapids. It is only natural that such treacherous creatures would exist.

She takes another swig of water.

Quell:

Why would you help me? Just who exactly are you?

Crimson slowly opens his eyes as his pink eyes gaze into the now calm young woman.

Crimson:

I am THE MAJESTIC Crimson Lord!

Quell stops mid drink and quickly removes the water bottle from her mouth.

Quell:

Wait a minute you're that bitch WynLyn's father...I am out of here stay the bloody hell away from me!

Quell quickly gets up a bit whoosie but she gets her bearings and heads for the door. Lord looks over his shoulder toward her.

Crimson:

Running again child.

Quell stops a bit agitated by that remark.

Quell:

I don't run from anyone.

Crimson looks back toward where Quell laid.

Crimson:

You refuse to accept any help from anyone. Tell me, my child, why do you push people away from you?

Quell walks back toward Lord her arms crossed.

Quell:

I don't push people away!

Crimson turns his head toward her.

Crimson:

Then why turn down an offer from someone like my daughter to be a friend?

Quell clicks her tongue at the remark.

Crimson:

Could it be you once were scorned by someone else? Or is it deeper than that?

Quell just stands there staring at Lord.

Crimson:

Allow me to paint the picture for you. Please have a seat my child and at least hear what I have to say.

Quell rolls her eyes but decides idea to humor him and takes a seat where she once lied.

Crimson:

Judging by your personality one could come to the conclusion, your childhood was rough.

Quell gives off a hmpf at that thought.

Crimson:

Yes, I can see the violence in your eyes. This violence could only mean your parents were never there for you am I correct?

Quell seems a bit off guard.

Quell:

How..how did you know that?

Crimson smiles warmly at her.

Crimson:

The Light, I have seen your type before my child harnessed full of rage but with no direction to focus the rage so you lash out at whoever you come across.

Quell looks away. Crimson gently grabs her chin and turns her head to face him.

Crimson:

There is more my child it appears you had someone in your life. Someone you considered a very close friend. Ah, there it is you finally had someone to teach you how to focus all that rage.

Crimson leans his head back looking down at her. Quell seems a bit off guard now.

Crimson:

But this individual never really cared about you. No, he was merely using you for his own benefit.

Quell's eyes widen.

Quell:

How do you know all this?

Crimson releases his hold on her chin and stares into her eyes once more.

Crimson:

I can give you what you want my child. I can give you happiness and a sense of fulfillment.

Quell seems interested.

Quell:

How could you do that by this "Light?"

Crimson:

Yes, my child all it will take is for you to give yourself completely to The Light and you will never be alone again....you will be a part of a ...family.

Quell's eyes widen.

Quell:

Say I am interested how do I know what you are saying is not some hypocrisy.

Crimson stands up.

Crimson:

Allow me to show you the world you live in is filled with nothing but evil. Let me show you the path of enlightenment. If you chose to take this journey with me then follow me, or continue down the path you currently are on with no direction.

Crimson stands up and opens the locker room door, He looks toward her. She seems a bit undecided on what she should do. She finally takes a deep breath and follows Lord out of the locker room.

FADE

CAUSA PERDIDA

Disassociated from primal instincts, thousands of years of evolution and a myriad of sports and battle based cliches.

Survival of the fittest.

Win some, lose some.

Live to fight another day.

Victor Vacio finds no joy in victory nor shame in defeat.

He exists simply to cause pain.

In a back hall of the Havert L. Fenn Center, after the most recent DEFIANCE Live event, "The Lost Cause" paces along aimlessly. Still, in his ring gear, he speaks, almost muffled, through his black mask.

Victor Vacio:

Victoria y derrota, dos conceptos que no significan nada.

He pauses for effect as the sub-titles scroll out the translation: "Victory and defeat, two concepts that mean nothing." Vacio continues, in Spanish, as the sub-titles give the translation.

Vacio:

There is no intrinsic meaning or value to either.

Vacio continues stepping down the hall at an aimless pace.

Vacio:

Whether it be the strict moral code of an Oscar Burns or an overzealous belief in Crimson Lord's higher power; the effort put behind each is objectively fruitless.

Vacio stops suddenly.

Vacio:

The whole of DEFIANCE will learn this lesson ... some on their own and some at my hand ... but all will learn.

Vacio takes back up his pace as the camera stays still. The image fades to black as the masked Lucha walks away.

Soothe your Rough Edges

Backstage we see Butcher Victorious very distraught. After suffering yet another loss, this time to The Former Fist Oscar Burns. The words Crimson Lord said to him all those weeks ago have reverberated throughout his mind.

Perhaps he has been right all this time, perhaps this "Light" can save his crashing career here in DEFIANCE.

Butcher:

I have to do something, when will it be MY time. I have been in BRAZEN for years now and have watched fellow BRAZEN stars surpass me and grow into top stars here. Yet, I seem to be stuck in reverse. I am better than this...I am better than THEM!

Butcher stares at the case given to him by Lord a month ago.

Butcher:

Ok...ok I'll bite what exactly is in here.

Butcher goes to open the case, and a white light shines from inside it. The Faithful's view on the DEFTron is blocked by Butcher to see just what exactly is in the case. As the camera tries to pan around Butcher to get a view for The Faithful of what is inside the case. Butcher closes it, his eyes wide open from whatever was inside the box. He picks up the box by the handle and exits the locker room. The production crew follow him as he walks down a few corridors, until he reaches a door. On the door it reads...

"THE LIGHT"

Butcher takes a deep breathe and knocks on the door a few times before opening the door slowly and entering the locker room but shutting the door before The Faithful could see more.

Fade

Path of Atonement

We open inside, a vehicle where Crimson Lord sits next to Virginia Quell who has passed out. Lord has a glass of chadenane in his left hand. He sips it as the movie like scenery pass from the outside of the window. Lord looks back at Quell sound asleep, his vibrant fluorescent pink eyes stare at the woman sound asleep, before returning to his white wine.

Hours pass

The vehicle comes to a stop and Crimson looks out the window, the scene switches from inside the vehicle to outside and stares up at a large building. On the front of it is two masks one laughing and one has a sad look on it. Judging by the decor of the building it could only be a theatre of some kind. The scene switches once more inside the vehicle. Lord puts his hand on Quell's shoulder and gently says...

Crimson:

My child we are here.

He gently moves her shoulder back and forth a few. She wakes up and rubs her eyes. She looks back at him.

Quell:

How long have I been out?

Crimson:

A few hours child, but it is time for your enlightenment.

Virginia seems to have second thoughts about all this.

Crimson:

You are still unsure of yourself. I assure you my child your path of atonement shall in no way harm you. It however will make you face the demons that reside inside of you. It will finally give you purpose in life and you will not be alone anymore. After your atonement you will of exorcised the demons that reside inside you.

Quell stares at Lord, his words are hard to not reject. He seems to have true intentions for her very well being. Which she finds oddly strange given he is the father of the woman she loathes. Lord opens the door and holds it open for Virginia. She can't help but think to herself, if she is doing the right thing. She takes a moment to contemplate her situation, until she finally makes the decision and exits the vehicle. She steps out and stares at a building next to Lord who closes the door behind her.

Quell:

Is this atheatre?

Lord nods toward her offers his arm to her.

Quell:

Why are we here?

Quell looks at his arm while questioning their presences here.

Crimson:

It is the path to atonement my child.

Quell takes a deep breathe and takes Lord's arm as he ushers her into the theatre....

Fade.....

BOBBY HORRIGAN VS. HUGO "LIPS" GONZALEZ

DDK:

Coming up next on our UNCUT Exclusive match, we have the debut of a new BRAZEN star. Hugo "Lips" Gonzales of The Barrio Boys goes one on one with the debuting six-foot, 399-pound brawler from Boston, Mass... Bobby Horrigan.

Angus:

Bobby's a HOSS and a fighter, a mix I love and that's why we picked him up at a training camp last year. Hugo is a giant dork espousing positivity. He's going it alone tonight without the other Barrio Boys, but he better watch his back. Bobby's the type of guy that'll kick his own mother's ass if it means advancing his career.

DDK:

Hugo is about the same height as Bobby but gives up a lot of weight to this tank. We'll see if Bobby Horrigan can get it done next.

And to ringside we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Boyle Heights in Los Angeles, CA... weighing in at 225 pounds... **HUGO "LIPS" GONZALEZ!**

♪ "Heart of a Champion (instrumental)" by Nelly ♪

The music plays and out from the back comes the member of The Barrio Boys! With the "Don't Be An Abuela! Stay in Escuela!" t-shirt on, the former ex-con turned positive influence slaps hands with the fans on the way to the ring. Once he rolls under the bottom rope, he climbs in and takes off his shirt, ready to rock.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Boston, Mass... weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED NINETY-NINE POUNDS... he is **BOBBY HORRIGAN!**

♪ "Kiss My Irish Arse" by Flogging Molly ♪

The music of the debuting Bobby Horrigan plays and out comes the portly Irish brawler. With a mean-looking shaggy head of wild red hair, mustache and a weather cap and black jacket, the big man heads toward to the ring with a microphone in hand.

Bobby Horrigan:

Cut me damn music!

His Irish brogue comes out and the music fades quietly as he looks in the ring.

Bobby Horrigan:

Oi... when I signed on the dotted line and came to DEFIANCE, I told management I wanted a fight... and THIS is what they're givin' me for my first match? What gobshite is THIS?!

Hugo looks unafraid of the big man and dares him to come to the ring to say it to his face. Bobby scoffs his way.

Bobby Horrigan:

Oh, lad, you stepped in it real deep, I mean REAL deep by takin' this match. Yer sittin' up there, spittin' out some positive drivel and suckin' up to a bunch of Cajun swamp rats that'll forget about you as soon as this match is over!

And there's the jeering from The Faithful.

Bobby Horrigan:

I ain't here to kiss anybody's arse and I DEFINITELY ain't here to take a damn backseat to some frilly little lad. I'm a

MAN that's here to cash checks and hurt people. And lad, I'm pretty feckin' great at both.

He throws the microphone down before climbing into the ring. Junior Referee Jim Jammy-Jammy calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!

DDK:

Bobby Horrigan not here to make any friends off the bat, I see.

Angus:

Get paid, get made. I respect that, Keebs.

Bobby dares Hugo to make the first move and even sticks his chin out, pointing to it with his free hand. Practically daring Hugo to do something, the Boyle Heights native decides to do so... THEN GETS DECKED IN THE MOUTH BY BOBBY!

Angus:

YEEEE-UH! That's what's up!

DDK:

A cheap shot by Horrigan, but he's taking it!

The Boston Irishman picks up a groggy Hugo and DRILLS him with another right, sending him back into the ropes before he charges again, hitting him with a Clothesline that sends him over the top rope and out to the floor!

Horrigan removes his jacket and hat before tossing them aside, revealing his baggy wrestling attire. He climbs out to the floor where Hugo is trying to stand, only to get KNOCKED right back down by the big freight train that is Bobby Horrigan! Horrigan mows into him with a Vader-style body attack and now stands over Hugo, smirking like the cat ate the canary.

DDK:

That's some speed for a big man like Horrigan! Now he picks up Hugo and he's back in the ring with him.

Angus:

I like it, man. It's refreshing. Get in there, handle your business, get out.

The crowd jeers Bobby as he stops to talk smack to a fan in the front row.

Bobby Horrigan:

Come on, get up out your see and say that to me face, lad.

He climbs back in and DRILLS Hugo with an Elbow Drop followed by a lackadaisical cover.

ONE...

DDK:

One-count by Bobby, but he's been on all offense so far.

Angus:

Hugo could be trying rope a dope... but probably not.

Hugo coughs for air now as Bobby stands up and lightly taps his opponent with his foot in a cocky, derisive manner. He eggs on Hugo to get up and fight back, only to shove him down each time he tries to do so.

Hugo falls back to the corner and Bobby gets ready to charge, only to eat a pair of feet to the jaw!

DDK:

Bobby got stunned by those two feet!

Angus:

No shit, Keeps.

An angry Horrigan tries another Corner Splash when Hugo catches him with an elbow. He quickly goes out to the apron and up top before coming down with a HUGE Diving Crossbody onto Horrigan!

DDK:

Gonzalez with the pinfall!

ONE!

TW...BOBBY SHOVES HIM OFF!

Angus:

Nope, that Boston STREMF let him kick out!

Bobby angrily tries to get back to his feet when Hugo catches him flush with a head kick followed by a Sliding Reverse STO off the ropes! He hurriedly tries to get Horrigan onto his back before making a cover.

ONE!

TW... ANOTHER KICKOUT!

Angus:

Hugo done pisse off the wrong big Ginger.

Bobby pushes Gonzalez away as he tries to stand. Hugo quickly inches closer to him and tries to lift the 399-pounder up, but Bobby isn't budging. He elbows Hugo on the head before THUNKING him across the skull with a big Headbutt!

The crowd winces as Horrigan sets up Hugo and lifts him up before chucking him in the corner with a huge Bucklebomb!

DDK:

What a Bucklebomb! He calls that one Boston Strong!

Angus:

I know what comes next and... er, Hugo ain't gonna like it...

Hugo Gonzalez remains slumped over in the corner when Horrigan gets a running start...

OOOOOOOOHHHHHHH!

Horrigan SLAMS his 400 pounds into Hugo with a huge Cannonball Senton!

DDK:

That's gotta be it!

Angus:

Irish Slammer, Keeps. He ain't getting up.

Bobby recovers from his landing and throws Gonzalez out of the corner. The cover follows.

One.

Two.

Three.

Darren Quimbey:

Here's your winner of the match... **BOBBY HERRIGAN!**

Angus:

Well, that was impactful to say the least.

DDK:

Indeed it was. Impressive showing by Bobby Herrigan here tonight and if he keeps this up, he'll be making enemies... and smashing them... just as fast.

Angus:

I like it. An Irish HOSS!

Bobby puts his flat cap back on and quickly leaves the ring, smirking the entire way to the back after a dominant debut.

MINUTE VS. PETEY GARRETT

DDK:

Welcome back, folks. Earlier, we saw BRAZEN star Bobby Horrigan impress. And up next, we have the TV debut of a young man that has won fans over on our recent string of house shows - the twenty-year old luchador known as Minute.

Angus:

He's a little flippy bug, but a smaller-than-usual Flippy bug. He's like 5'4" and 140 soaking wet, Keebs.

DDK:

He lives up to his name, size-wise, but is only twenty and capable of great things in the ring. He'll be taking on Petey Garrett of the Brutal Attack Force, a wrestler known for his kicking power. And with his tag partner, Solomon Grendel, at ringside Minute better have eyes in the back of his mask. With that, let's kick it to ringside with Darren Quimbey introducing the star in the ring.

To the ring we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a BRAZEN Showcase match set for one fall! Introducing first, already in the ring... accompanied by Solomon Grendel, weighing in at 190 pounds... Petey Garrett!

Garrett adjusts his headband and throws a few shadow kicks with Solomon Grendel in his corner, giving him a peptalk. He waits as "Over And Under" by Egypt Central cuts and goes to his opponent's music...

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Tijuana, Mexico... weighing in at 146 pounds... MINUTE!

♪ "Nightfall by Cliff Lin ♪

The music hits and out comes the twenty-year-old diminutive dynamo himself, Minute. The luchador dressed in an all-silver mask and body suit comes out and soaks in a polite applause from the fans as he makes a beeline toward the ring. The second he rushes inside, he slides upward and does a front flip to his feet. Petey remains unimpressed as Hector Navarro calls for the bell.

DING DING

Minute walks up to Petey, who can't help but be an asshole and look over Minute's head before looking down in fake surprise. Minute flashes him a smile and then looks to lock up. Petey does so as well and lands a kick to the leg of the luchador before throwing him to the corner. Instead, Minute lands on the side rope, does a flip to the other side and comes back out of the corner with a Springboard Dropkick, knocking Petey off his feet!

DDK:

Great moves by Minute out of the opening minute!

Angus:

Oy, with the flippy-dooos. Yet another one.

With Petey on his back, Minute does the same action, pretending he can't see Petey until he looks down, getting cheers from the crowd. An angry Petey gets back to his feet and tries a running boot, but Minute hits the ropes and comes back with a Running Headscissors, sending Garrett off the ropes. One Thrust Kick later and he's on the floor!

DDK:

Minute sends Garrett on the floor! And now where's he going?

The BRAZEN luchador heads to the top rope and goes FLYING with a high-angled Senton Bomb to the outside, but

Solomon Grendel eats the bullet for his tag team partner instead after shoving him out of the way!

Angus:

Shock of all shocks. A flippy move...

The crowd pops at the huge move taking down Grendel, but that gives Petey an opening as Minute gets back up, only to catch a Shotgun Dropkick out on the floor!

The crowd winces as petey sits back up and grabs the luchador before throwing him inside the ring to dole out some damage. After climbing inside, Petey catches a rising Minute with a Penalty Kick!

DDK:

Minute gets caught with the Penalty Kick! Is that all?

One!

Two!

No!

DDK:

Close one!

Petey then picks up Minute and snapmares him before trying another kick, only for Minute to duck. He rolls Petey over with a Schoolboy, but rolls him out of that to smack him in the face with a Front Dropkick!

The crowd pops at the move as Minute hits his feet again and faceplants Garrett with a Headscissors into a Facebuster!

One!

Two!

No!

DDK:

Now Garrett kicks out after that big series of moves!

Angus:

Ugh, just kick his ass, Petey...

Minute starts to light up Petey's leg with a flurry of kicks, but as he doubles him over, Petey fights back and hits a rolling Sobat Kick to double him over back. Petey whips Minute off the ropes, but he climbs over quickly and lands on his feet.

Petey charges at him, but he clips him in the head with a leaping Enzuigiri from the ring apron, sending him to the corner. Solomon Grendel tries to catch him, but Minute jumps over him and takes him down with a Moonsault off the apron to the floor!

DDK:

Grendel taken down again! Now what's Minute doing? He's... he's all the way on the other side of the ring?

The luchador measures up Petey from across the ring. He climbs the ropes.... AND RUNS HALFWAY ACROSS THE ROPES BEFORE HITTING A CORNER DROPKICK!

DDK:

HE CALLS THAT ESTRELLA FUGAZ! THE FALLING STAR! THAT WAS INCREDIBLE!

Angus:

Right the hell here, Keebs! I can hear you!

The crowd ROARS for the move as Petey hits the canvas! Minute basks in the cheers of the crowd before leaping upward and hitting a Springboard 450 Splash!

DDK:

MINUTE DETAIL! THAT'S IT!

Minute hooks the leg after the breathtaking maneuver.

One!

Two!

Three!

Darren Quimbey:

Here ia your winner of the match... MINUTE!

The masked luchador pumps a fist and takes in the cheering of the crowd! He salutes the crowd before heading to the back, happy with his debut.

DDK:

Brutal Attack Force tried the numbers game at the end, but Minute was too fast for them.

Angus:

yayflippydoowon Let's move on!

As Minute heads up the ramp...

POW!

He gets trucked right over with a Shoulder Tackle and sent flying down the aisle! The crowd gasps as the other new member of BRAZEN - Bobby Horrigan - stands over Minute, unsure of what just hit him.

DDK:

What's Bobby Horrigan doing out here? What was the meaning of THAT?!

Angus:

Livening things up, that's what?

The portly Irish brawler stands over Minute and shoots him a delighted grin. He raises a hand and basks in the jeers before walking to the back.

DDK:

I don't know the meaning of that, folks, but we'll try to follow up. Join us next week for DEF TV!