

SHOW OPEN

[*🎵 "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men 🎵*](#)

Stuttgart, Germany welcomes back DEFIANCE as the Porsche-Arena is hyped for DEFtv 194! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from colored in the German flag.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

IN FRONT OF GOD & HELEN
CORVO THE KRAKENSLAYER
I BREAK FOR ARC BREAKS
MIKEYMANIA RUNNING WILD
STEAL MY IDENTITY, MALAK
CHANGE OF LUCK FOR THE SEVENS
TOM MORRON SUCKS
KERRY WOULD HAVE WON AT ACTS
CHECK FOR BATTERIES
ANYONE WANT A CIGAR?
NOT IN THE FACE! NOT IN THE FACE!
NED WON, THIS IS THE DARKEST TIMELINE
EDjr, GIANT SLAYER
CHOKE ME JANE... OMG PLEASE
I FEEL I AM OWED A CIGAR AND CHAMPAGNE RIGHT ABOUT NOW, YES
RENAME THE PPV DEFIANCE AUTOBAHN
(just a giant photoshopped picture of all the members of VV in lederhosen)
DEF, BRING BACK CURTIS PENN NEXT
WIR
WIR HASST
WIR HASST NED
WIR HASST NED
SOMEONE TELL STRAWS WHEN ARC DOCS ARE DUE
MORROW IS A PUMPER AND DUMPER

***I'M HERE TO TELL YOU: I'M GONNA BE LOOKING MORE INTO THIS WHOLE "NEST" SITUATION
#NEWSOHER
REINHARDT HOFFMAN IST DER KÄMPFER NUMMER EINS
UND KEINER EIR!
TERI MELTON IST BEREIT FÜR IHRE NAHAUFNAHME!***

The scene switches to the announce booth with Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

I can't believe we're here! WELCOME to DEFIANCE in GERMANY!

Lance:

Back to where it once began!

DDK:

For the next two months we're coming at you exclusively from GERMANY!

Lance:

I wish my German was good enough to say something witty.

DDK:

A jam packed show. We're going to get to it soon. Welcome everyone and lass uns Spaß haben!

Lance:

Well, there you go.

The scene switches to the front of the ramp.

MAIM EVENT MONSTERS

"Earlier Today" flashes on the screen when the camera is fixed on a white SVU styled limo pulling up to the Porsche-Arena. Another camera shows the inside of the limo where Tom Morrow along with The Devil's Circus members Jestal and Big Kahuna Ali'i sitting on either side of him holding up glasses of whiskey preparing to toast.

Tom Morrow:

Boys, it's gonna be a big night! M4NTRA are gonna get here a little bit later! Titanes Familia are out of my hair for good! To new beginnings!

Jestal:

Cheers mates!

They clink their glasses together, but as they are about to drink, the limo slams on its brakes and causes everyone's drinks to spill!

Big Kahuna Ali'i:

Hey! Driver, what the hell!

Tom Morrow is barely able to keep his drink in his hand still.

Tom Morrow:

Damn it! This is top shelf whiskey! This is worth more than your yearly salary, you bum!

He looks around and peeks outside the window. The limo is stopped at the entrance to the parking lot when Tom Morrow realizes where he is.

Tom Morrow:

Why'd you stop, you idiot?! The entrance to the arena is up ahead! Ali'i, roll down a window!

He rolls the window down and then peeks a head out. The camera shows the outside of the limo and standing in front of it ...

MAX LUCK!!!

Max Luck:

TOM MORROW!!! YOU'RE ABOUT ABOUT TO BE PAST TENSE! GET YOUR ASS OUT HERE!

Max is in jeans and a sleeveless hoodie and wields a crowbar. He swings and smashes the crowbar right into the windshield! The door opens to the back of the limo and both members of the Devil's Circus come out to confront the lone member of the Lucky Sevens. Morrow peeks his head out of the SUV limo and yells at his enforcers.

Tom Morrow:

End that moron's career, guys! He and his deadbeat brother are nothing without me! They aren't Main Event Monsters any more! They're yesterday's news! They're ...

That's when he realizes something is amiss. He dips back into his limo ...

CRASH!!!

And a black cowboy boot goes right through the glass!

Tom Morrow:

OH MY GOD!!!

Morrow shrieks because the boot withdraws and is replaced by the peering eyes of the other Lucky Sevens member, Mason Luck with a sick grin on his face!

Mason Luck:

THAT'S FINE, TOMMY, CAUSE WE'RE THE MAIM EVENT MONSTERS NOW! WE'RE GONNA MAIM YOUR ASS AND IT'S GONNA BE AN EVENT EVERYONE WANTS TO SEE!

He reaches through the limo with a bare hand has Tom Morrow by the wrist! He almost pulls him through the empty hole where a window used to be before The Devil's Circus get back inside and pull Tom away from Mason's grip!

Tom Morrow:

DRIVE! DRIVE! GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!!! NOW!!!

DEFSec arrive in the parking lot and put up a wall between the twins and Morrow's limo! The driver of the limo BACKS on up just as Max throws his crowbar against the side window of the limo and puts a massive crack in it! The limo backs up and then peels out of the complex just as Max shouts.

Max Luck:

GET THE HELL OUT OF MY WAY!

He shoves one of the DEFSec members to the ground and that brings out Wyatt Bronson.

Wyatt Bronson:

Get them out of here! Now! Get them out of the building! You don't put your hands on my security!

Mason Luck:

They put their hands on us first, dip-shit!

The ruckus continues and the footage ends. The camera goes to Darren Quimbey and Lance Warner in current time.

DDK:

As a result of Max Luck putting his hands on a member of DEFSec Mason and Max Luck were fined and then barred from the building by management for the remainder of today's show. I don't know what Tom Morrow was thinking even turning his back on the Lucky Sevens who have been BFTA clients from the beginning of the group.

Lance:

I think we'll finally get answers because during the footage, i just got word Tom Morrow will be addressing the situation later tonight when he comes out here with M4NTRA, his newest star clients in BFTA!

DDK:

Tom Morrow better get himself an army at his disposal because that's what it will take to keep the Lucky Sevens from getting their hands on him!

FACE TO BURNED PUDGY LITTLE FACE

♪ "Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" by Michael Nyman ♪

The crowd immediately erupts into an absolute torrent of boos.

*F[censored] YOU EDWARD *clap clap clap-clap-clap**

*F[censored] YOU EDWARD *clap clap clap-clap-clap**

Lance:

Decidedly less mixed reaction than when he first walked out at the PPV.

DDK:

It's been eight long years, it's nice of Ed to catch all the newer DEF Faithful up on what a truly vile piece of refuse he really is. What he did to Dex was way over the line.

Lance:

This place has a line? News to me.

Head of DEFIANCE security Wyatt Bronson and the man who formerly held that job years ago, referee Buffalo Brian Slater both emerge from behind the curtain followed by a veritable legion of security drones all wearing maroon and black DEFsec polos. The leagues of nameless goons line every inch of the barricades around the ring on all sides all the way back up the ramp.

Lance:

Overkill much?

DDK:

Look who you're talking about, partner.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

"Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" by Michael Nyman continues to play, the crowd continues to rain down a cacophonous mix of boos and literal trash as the man himself pokes his head from behind the entrance curtain. Nicky Corozzo and Jane Katze follow Edward White down the corridor of security nobodies, Ed insincerely shaking hands and clapping shoulders with the men like some sort of campaigning politician as he goes. Once the trio finally make their way into the now quite secure ring Ed is handed a microphone by his seven foot tall former mob enforcer bodyguard. He shares a few words off mic with Jane before he finally raises the mic to his lips only to be drowned out by the raucous crowd...

*SHUT THE F[censored] UP! *clap clap clap-clap-clap**

*SHUT THE F[censored] UP! *clap clap clap-clap-clap**

Another attempt... but before Edward can say a single syllable, after eight YEARS of silence...

♪ "Undeclared" by Tommee Profitt and Beacon Light ♪

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

The EveryChamp has arrived!

Edward White & Associates eyes collectively move to the entrance curtain. The EveryChamp doesn't even wait for his usual music cue, he walks out almost immediately, already laser focused on the ring. We all notice the huge bandage tapes onto the side of the EveryChamp's face, covering the reportedly NASTY burn from Ed's assault with the cigar at the conclusion of Dex's title defense at the PPV. With the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt clutched in his own fist Dex Joy

paces the stage like some sort of starved, caged beast looking for his next meal... he takes in the small army of security with a look of furious annoyance.

Lance:

My little birds told me all the extra security was sourced from an outside agency and was indeed paid for by Ed, personally. Cut a check to the bosses upstairs himself... well, not himself himself, I'm sure he sent Jane. Lucky ducks.

DDK:

Color me shocked. Ed has a loooooong history of bribery and coercion here in DEF.

Lance:

You should have seen the Montblanc pen she used to sign the check, they could literally buy my house twice over with what Ed probably spent on that dang pen, legit.

The Socialite's eyes narrow as the EveryChamp continues to pace the stage area. Jane Katze gestures to DEF's head of security and its beefiest referee up on the stage.

Jane Katze:

Gentlemen, as we discussed.

Wyatt Bronson and Brian Slater both approach Dex and explain the deal. Dex looks frustrated as they lay out how this will work but nods in agreement without much say in the matter, he at least trusts Brian and Wyatt. He's then escorted down to the ring flanked by the two largest of DEF officials. They accompany Dex through the legion of DEFsec drones and up into the ring where Ed and company await this inevitable confrontation

Ed sniffs and tries to no-sell his annoyance at this obviously somewhat expected interruption. He plasters on a fake smile and pats his submission specialist accountant Jane Katze on the shoulder with some put on laughter. His disarming southern drawl masks disdain and cruelty. Dex Joy holds a hand out and he's also handed a microphone.

Edward White:

Oh Jane, we couldn't have done any better if we'd pulled someone from central by God casting, lookin' like a swole Mickey Rooney! Look at those chubby little cheeks... oh, oops, sorry. Heh. See Dex, before you say anything at all tonight I wanted to make one fact clear as day for you "champ"... it could be absolutely anybody standin' right there where you are. It could easily have been Lindsay Troy standin' here with that nasty burn on her pretty little cheek battlin' post concussion symptoms tryin' to mean mug ol' Ed White but fate decided it was to be you, poor you that gets to be my husky little steppin' stone to reclaimin' my place at the top of this particular mountain. You ain't special, son... you just happen to be present.

The Champs returns The Socialite's incredulous look.

Dex Joy:

That's good, Eddy, cause I have *two* things I need to make crystal clear for you. The first is that you're right ... it *could* have been Lindsay Troy sitting where I am now ... but it's *not*. She pissed off old Dexy Baby just like you have and that didn't turn out too well for her *or* for Vae Victis, did it, Wrecking Crew?

That gets a loud chorus of cheers! White does not look impressed.

Dex Joy:

And two: I never claimed to be special. I got where I am today because unlike you, I *busted* this fine derriere to make something of myself to earn the right to wear this title proudly! So tell me you got something new other than fat jokes cause if I wanted to hear that bull, I'd just give a title shot to Arthur Pleasant instead.

The Socialite completely no-sells the Champ's comments and instead looks out at the Faithful.

Edward White:

Ahhh- the “hard work” line, how droll. Enough of that drivel, enough I say! My very first words in eight long years to these my adoring fans shouldn't be about this freakishly wide young man but about ME! EDWARD BY GOD WHITE! FREE AT LAST! Free from my UNJUST incarceration by the federal government and back here to RECLAIM WHAT'S MINE! That's right ladies and gents I'm another one of these old sons of bitches layin' claim to havin' built this fine promotion. Only difference between me and them? I have actual physical receipts to back up that lofty claim, my friends-

Dex Joy:

Yeah, and so did the feds, didn't they? They saw them shoddy receipts and that's why you spent eight years behind bars, right?!

Ed doesn't like the joke.

At all.

Dex Joy:

Mister White, I'll have you know I'm smarter than the average big boy. I did my reading. I checked up on you after the three of you gave me this little love burn. Know thy enemy. I get that your money built the Wrestleplex. That's awesome. You would have deserved a spot in the history books if you weren't such a corrupt piece of trash!

Ed squares up Dex. As The Socialite moves a step closer Dex doesn't flinch. He doesn't move a single muscle, only making Ed that much more angry.

Edward White:

Listen here, BOY. I had nearly a decade of my best years stolen from me. Why? Because I'm smarter and more ruthless than the next poor bastard, that's why. And I got punished for that. Twice over in my life I've pulled myself up by my GOTdamned bootstraps, out of the MUCK, and built myself a literal fortune. You prance around calling yourself the EveryChamp? How generous of you, Dex. How generous and how sad you feel you have to share that prize with the proletariat. Whilst I appreciate their adoration that, my husky friend, is where that precious relationship between them and I ENDS. I'm makin' up for lost time, son. Time snatched from me in my prime by a CORRUPT federal government run amuck!

Ed sniffs as he grimaces at the sight of the “Everyone” nameplate secured onto the face of the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt.

Edward White:

See, I don't have time for frivolities like generosity anymore, Dex. You open your big ol' arms wide and embrace everyone, and if wastin' all that time and energy panderin' to these folks makes you feel better about yourself then the more power to ya', son. Because lord knows you ain't sharin' the EveryChamps purse with these banal sad sacks, now are ya' Mr. Blue Collar man of the people? No, that prize is just for YOU aint it. “EveryChamp”- up to a point, am I right?

Ed winks at Dex with a sinister little smile beneath his beard.

Dex Joy:

Buddy, you'll have to forgive old Dexy Baby for not taking financial advice from a guy who almost did a full dime for being bad with *his* vast Bundy Fortune ... but if you *really* want to worry about what I do with it, I donated some of my pee-pee-vee winnings when I won this title to a charity in my old hometown of Los Angeles. Fixed up the old Mattington Road playground in my old neighborhood so some kids can have some fun and play on something that *didn't* look like a prison yard.

If you weren't paying attention you might have missed Jane Katze pulling out a notebook and jotting something down as Dex talks about the playground. That can't be good-

Dexy Baby grins. He leans a little into Ed's personal space.

Dex Joy:

I'm sure you could share an opinion on that, eh?

Edward White:

Oh please, do shelve your juvenile barbs and platitudinous attempts at comedy! Ol' Ed's just a more honest sort, ya' see! I've never shied away from who I am! Dex I'm the aspiration of every single one of these slack jawed yokels! I'm powerful, I'm canny and I'm RICH! DAMNED RICH! AND THEY LOVE ME FOR IT! Sure they boo but deep down they all know they'd trade ANYTHING in their tedious little lives to walk one single day in the finely crafted Italian loafers of The Socialite Edward White! Boy, I'm not Lindsay Troy and Vae Victis, I'm not like anybody walkin' this Earth, Dex...

Ed leans in and adds a bit of a gravel to his voice.

Edward White:

Men like me, sport? Loud, wealthy, unapologetic men like ME have held the highest office in the land since I've been away, by God! All over the globe shrewed, ruthless men and women that have purged weakness from their hearts and reach out to TAKE WHAT THEY WANT are changin' the world!

The Socialite raises his free hand above his head-

Edward White:

Men like me, Dex- it's evident nowadays men like ME can get away with just about ANYTHING.

And snaps his fingers.

In an instant the hired DEFsec gorillas filling the ramp and ringside area snap into action. A small phalanx of the nameless goons hit the ring and first oust Brian Slater and Wyatt Bronson, tossing them to ringside to be held back by more of the DEFsec goombas still at ringside. At the same moment they absolutely DOGPILE on the EveryChamp.

Lance:

WHAT IN THE HELL?! They can't do that can they?!

DDK:

Technically ... Ed and company aren't doing anything, partner.

Edward White:

Oh my goodness my gosh, what in tarnation could be happenin' here-

The sarcasm and disingenuousness is so evident it could turn stomachs. Ed smiles at the sight of Dex Joy squirming under the weight of a small rugby team's worth of beefy humanity.

Edward White:

Dexy I don't know what's gotten into these poor fellas but I sure will talk to the company I hired them from, my gosh. Write a scathing review, I tell ya'! My face is just red as heck about this. I'd help ya' but I've got this weird twinge in my back, don't want to aggravate it before my big comeback match. Good luck cha...

It's at just about this moment the BIGGEST BOI shows just how big and strong he can be.

DDK:

Is... OH MY GOD, THE SHEER STRENGTH OF DEX JOY!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Dex Joy manages to get his feet underneath him somehow and with veins popping out of his neck and shoulders just HEAVES upward as hard as he possibly can scattering DEFsec goons bouncing and clattering all over the ring and

through the ropes. As the goons rush back towards him, joined by more of their brethren from ringside, The EveryChamp drops every single one with lefts, rights, forearms and several wicked looking headbutts for three or four very unlucky nobodies.

Lance:

DEX JOY IS BATTLIN', KEEBS! HE'S BATTLIN'!

DDK:

Sadly, Ed doesn't look that bothered. Wonder when this big "comeback match" is supposed to take place?

Seeing all of this, Edward White and Associates decide to bail from the ring and head up the ramp before Dex runs out of black shirted bodies to toss around. Nicky Corozzo seems rearing to join the fray but Ed places a hand on his enforcer's large chest and tells him to calm down. Jane leans over and mouths a few words in confidence to the giant Italian and Nicky smiles a smile absolutely FILLED with villainous intent as his employer claps him heartily on the back.

I bet that smile was the last thing more than a few poor bastards saw as they were slowly drifting to the bottom of a river wearing fresh cement boots.

DDK:

Now, we can neither confirm or deny Nicky ever actually ki- wait just a second, I'm getting word from backstage that "The Socialite" Edward White will be making that return to the ring on DEFtv 195 against a yet to be named opponent!

Lance:

Well, if it's anything like what just happened, I smell a rat-

DDK:

That very well may be, but we WILL see Ed White back in the ring after eight long years on the very next edition of DEFtv! And we know this won't be the last we see of Dex Joy and Ed White!

Dex calls for White to get back in the ring and fight, but Ed politely declines the champion's gracious offer when the scene switches to some footage from earlier today.

THE AMAZING AMARETTOS vs. ANTONIO PRINCE & WES INGRAM

DDK:

Tag team action is next on the docket, ladies and gentlemen! Two teams from BRAZEN go head to head in what we can expect to be--

KA-POOMF!!

Lance:

What the...?!

Twin plumes of purple smoke suddenly appear in the ring. Appearing from seemingly out of thin air are a pair of identical twin magicians.

Carlo Amaretto:

AVANTI, D'FIANCE!!

Gomez Amaretto:

And a hearty *GUTEN TAG* to you stout and sweaty little people of Deutschland!

DDK:

Oh boy... here we go...

♪ "Abracadabra" by the Steve Miller Band ♪

Carlo and Gomez bop in time to the music, addressing the confused capacity crowd through microphones made in the shape of magic wands.

Carlo Amaretto:

We, the AMAZING AMARETTOS, are proud to finally bring our bedazzling mastery of magic abroad for the world to see!

Gomez Amaretto:

And the Amazing Magique Tour de Internationale begins here tonight, in this humble, insignificant parish of Stuttgart!

Double claps. The twins flourish their capes and twirl around...

...and facing the camera again, their tuxedos have AMAZINGly turned into matching sets of leiderhosen!

Carlo & Gomez Amaretto:

WUUUUNDEEERRBAAAARRR HAHAHAHAHA!!!

The *Getreu* of Stuttgart collectively groan in unison.

DDK:

Well, ladies and gentlemen, I was under the impression that we were going to treat you to some tag team action in this portion of our broadcast, but the Amazing Amarettos apparently insist on putting us through their routine first.

Lance:

I'm being told Antonio Prince and Wes Ingram are impatiently waiting in the back. One can only hope this foolishness doesn't go on for too long.

The Amarettos' not-so-lovely assistant Suzie can be seen unenthusiastically trudging down the rampway dragging a heavy trunk behind her. She's dressed in a traditional dirndl to match the brothers.

Carlo Amaretto:

Our first AMAZING feat will require a volunteer from our audience!

Gomez Amaretto: *[scanning the crowd]*

Let's see... YES! I believe that young man in the front row will do nicely!

Carlo Amaretto: *[pointing to security]*

You! The pink-faced punk in the polo! Get 'em in here, you empty-headed *schweinhund*!

Security pull apart the guardrail to allow their chosen "volunteer" to come into the ringside area. It's a young boy of no more than ten.

Oddly enough, he bears a striking resemblance to another well-known superfan of DEFIANCE, and also comes into the ring accompanied by his father.

Carlo Amaretto:

A round of applause for our brave volunteer!

Gomez Amaretto:

CLAP, you ungrateful *einzellars*!

They manage to elicit a mild round of applause from the crowd, mostly for the kid.

Carlo Amaretto:

Help us to get to know you, child!

Gomez Amaretto:

What is your name, young pie-faced *kinder*?

German Boy:

Klaus! Klaus Wienerschnitzel!

Carlo Amaretto:

Well met, young *herr*! Now tell us... would you consider yourself a fan of D'FIANCE Wrestling?

Klaus Wienerschnitzel:

Ja! Ich liebe DEFIANCE! Kapazität is mein Favorit!

Gomez Amaretto:

And are you also a fan of... MAGIC??

Klaus Wienerschnitzel:

Umm... *ja? Es ist okay, denke ich.*

Carlo Amaretto:

Well then, Klaus, you are fortunate to be here tonight! Because right here, by assisting us in our extraordinary and extra-important display of MAGIC, you have the opportunity to win a set of *these*...

Carlo nods to his brother. The young Winerschnitzel follows his gaze, and faster than one can say ALLAKHAZAM, Gomez produces a pair of tickets in his hand from out of thin air.

Gomez Amaretto:

TWO TICKETS to DEFIANCE Road! With FRONT ROW SEATS!

The young Klaus Wienerschnitzel's face fills with joy. He briefly glances up to his father, standing protectively behind him and patting his shoulder in support.

Carlo Amaretto:

Would you like that, Klaus?

Klaus Wienerschnitzel:

JA! Das waî're großartig!

Gomez Amaretto:

Then look this way, young Wienerschnitzel!

By now, Suzie has hauled the hefty magic trunk onto the ring apron and pushed it through the ropes, burning halfway through her menthol Pall Mall in doing so. The Amarettos wave their wands and the lid of the chest MAGICALLY pops open!

Carlo & Gomez Amaretto:

AAAAMAAAAAAZIIIIIIIIINNNNGG AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

Carlo, the Evil Abra, reaches into the trunk and procures a spherical object of approximately thirty inches in circumference, with a surface that is covered with what appears to be orange, rubbery material.

Carlo Amaretto:

Do you recognize this artifact, young Klaus?

Klaus Wienerschnitzel:

Ja. Das ist ein Basketball.

Gomez Amaretto:

HA! In the eyes of a meager, muggle child such as yourself, it would probably appear that way!

Carlo Amaretto:

But in actuality, *this* is a relic of one of the highest forms of MAGIC and WIZARDRY!

Gomez Amaretto:

The OSCILLATING ORB or the ANCIENT ORIENT!!

Carlo Amaretto:

A sphere of questionable mass and density! In one moment, it can be as light as a feather!

Carlo dribbles the "orb" a few times and once through the legs for good measure. Then he passes it to his brother, who spins it on his index finger with the grace of a Globetrotter.

Gomez Amaretto:

And in the next, heavier than your thick, underdeveloped skull!

Gomez holds the ball to the young volunteer, who looks somewhat confused about what's being presented to him. He clearly just wants to get the tickets and bail.

Carlo Amaretto:

All you need to do to win your way to DEFIANCE Road, young Klaus, is perform the WONDERS of the Oscillating Orb of the Ancient Orb!

Gomez Amaretto:

By bouncing it off the mat... TEN TIMES!

The ball is dropped into young Wienerschnitzel's waiting hands.

Lance:

That's it? He just has to dribble the basketball?

DDK:

Awfully nice of the Amarettos to offer this young fan tickets to DEFIANCE Road over something so easy!

Lance:

Yeah, awfully fishy too...

The young wrestling fan glances up again to his father. *Herr* Wienerschnitzel approvingly nods.

Carlo Amaretto:

Go ahead, Klaus! Just ten bounces of the Oscillating Orb!

Gomez Amaretto:

Show the world your AMAZING gifts at hand-eye coordination!

Klaus takes a deep breath... and begins to dribble in place. The Stuttgart Faithful count along in a show of support.

EINS!

ZWEI!

DREI!

VIER!

Wienerschnitzel's face blossoms into an excited smile. Behind him, his father claps along with every bounce to bolster his son's effort. The Amarettos, meanwhile, exchange devious grins to one another.

FÜNF!

SECHS!

SIEBEN!

ACHT!

DDK:

I think he's got it!

Klaus is overwhelmed with joy as he nears the finish line...

NEUN!

...and then Carlo not-so-subtly flashes his magic wand.

plop.

At once, the ball magically deflates on impact! Klaus's face immediately flips over to shock and emotional devastation.

Carlo and Gomez, expectedly, throw their heads back in laughter.

Carlo & Gomez Amaretto:

AAAAMAAAAAZIIIIIIIIINNNGG AHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

The fans respond to their act of conceit by pelting the ring with trash.

DDK:

Terrible! Absolutely terrible!

Carlo Amaretto:

Well, young Klaus... you were CLOSE, but it appeared as though the power of the Oscillating Orb of the Ancient Orient was just TOO MUCH for a pathetic, miserable wretch like you to contain!

Gomez Amaretto:

I guess we'll see you at DEFIANCE Road... up in the NOSEBLEED section! Now SCRAM, you filthy little punk!

Klaus's lip trembles. His father doth protest this turn of events, and gives his son the *Ohrenschützer* for what he's about to say.

Herr Wienerschnitzel:

Ach tung! Was ist Scheiße?

Carlo Amaretto:

Uh oh, *vater*... are you perhaps upset?

Gomez Amaretto:

We can happily pacify you with our MAGIC!

Carlo Amaretto:

Behold! The DANISH DENOUEMENT of DREAMS!

Gomez Amaretto:

I command you to *SLEEEEEP!*

Quite AMAZINGly, the elder Wienerschnitzel promptly falls asleep. Although it could have something to do with Gomez cutting the blood off to his brain.

Lance:

Rather odd that the "Danish Denouement of Whatever" looks more like a sleeperhold than a magic trick.

The Amarettos cackle as they throw the unconscious father into the waiting arms of DEFSEC at ringside and chase the young Klaus Wienerschnitzel from the ring. The crowd jeers once more.

Carlo Amaretto:

And now... for our next AMAAAZING feat...

Gomez Amaretto:

...we will require TWO brave volunteers!

♪ "The Time is Now" by Atreyu ♪

DDK:

It seems as if Wes Ingram and the Fresh Prince of Big Air have had enough of waiting.

Lance:

Thank God, that was a disgusting display put on by the Amarettos. Not at all how we want to start this tour off.

In the ring, the Amarettos look perturbed by their opponents' theme interrupting their act. Wes and Antonio's music keeps playing, but the youngsters don't appear.

DDK:

This is odd.

Lance:

You don't think Carlo and Gomez made them disappear or something, do you?

DDK:

I don't think they're that talented, partner.

The Faithful are getting restless. After a few moments, the DEFIATron stops playing Ingram's and Prince's entrance video and switches to a shaky shot of the backstage area, courtesy of a cameraman running down a hallway. There are voices and bodies huddled up ahead of him, and once the camera stops at its destination it reveals Iris Davine and her team hard at work attending to a battered and beaten Antonio Prince and Wes Ingram.

Lance:

Well now we know why Wes and Antonio didn't make it to the ring. This is awful.

DDK:

These two young men are at the beginning of their careers, barely enough time to make any enemies. Who would do such a thing?

Meanwhile, the Amarettos look at each other and shrug their shoulders.

Carlo Amaretto:

If our opponents are indisposed, then it seems as if we will have to win by forfeit!

Gomez Amaretto:

Isn't that ... AMAAAZING?!??

The brothers grin and laugh as the Faithful continue booing.

That's when the lights go out.

DDK:

Oh what *now*.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

The doom piano begins its symphony as two words occupy the DEFIATron:

V A E V I C T I S

♪ *Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose...* ♪

The figure of the now former, and record-breaking SOHER Champ, "The Kraken" Henry Keyes skulks onto the stage. He stops and glares down at the Amarettos in the ring but makes no move to continue walking.

*Stranger fruit, with a beckoning call
From crown to the root, this tree won't fall*

Another figure appears through the fog and gloom, stopping next to the Kraken and offering him a smile.

It's good to be back with your bestie after so many months away.

Lance:

Oh my word...Vae Victis is *here*. And Lindsay Troy is *back*.

DDK:

The Queen of the Ring and former two-time FIST of DEFIANCE has been out of action since July when she suffered a rib injury in a title defense against Dex Joy.

Lance:

Vae Victis returning to full strength isn't good, Darren. For anyone.

The Besties make their way to the ring, and the Amarettos are NOT happy. They can be seen talking amongst themselves and yelling at Troy and Keyes.

Once the former FIST and SOHER enter the ring, the lights come up and their music cuts. Henry has his eyes locked squarely on Carlo and Gomez. Lindsay looks around at the Faithful with a smirk and a nod before turning her attention to the Magic Twins.

Needless to say, the Amarettos are enraged by this interruption.

Carlo Amaretto:

What is the meaning of this? You two are being SO, SO unprofessional right now!

Gomez Amaretto:

Yeah, do you have any idea who we are? The two of us are absolutely...

The twins draw in deep breaths.

Carlo & Gomez Amaretto:

AAAAMAAAAZZIIIII--

Ka-PONCH.

Henry clocks Carlo with a right cross! Then a knee to the mush! And Keyes BIEL THROWS CARLO OVER THE TOP ROPE TO THE OUTSIDE! Gomez looks on in shock until Lindsay Troy CLUBBERS the back of his head with a massive lariat, dropping him to the ground! Keyes and Troy stomp stereo mud holes into the fallen Gomez!

Lance:

This is completely uncalled for! We need help out here!

DDK:

I wonder if this means what I think it means...

Lance:

I'm getting word now, Wes Ingram and Antonio Prince are going to be OK, and it seems that the two Co-Consuls of Vae Victis blindsided them backstage. Can we get help out here? I'm serious! These two aren't supposed to be out here!

DDK:

It doesn't look like the cavalry's coming to stop Vae Victis, Lance...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Keyes rolls under the bottom rope to stalk the man he casually threw like a sack of potatoes out of the ring a few

moments ago. Troy has casually rolled across Gomez's left leg, gained control, and has a gnarly kneebar locked in. Gomez taps frantically, but there is no referee, because this is no match.

Unfortunately for Carlo, Keyes has closed the distance and in fact has the back of his head firmly in his grip. The Kraken pulls back on that hair, keeping Carlo writhing on his feet, as he screams in his face.

Henry Keyes:

I'M WAITING FOR THE PRESTIIIIIGE, BOYYYYYYYS!

With that, Keyes drops a sledgehammer of a forearm across Carlo's sternum, releasing his hair and dropping him to the ground in agony. In the ring, Gomez is still in kneebar hell. Troy finally releases the hold, only to grab the double underhooks. Gomez, hobbling on one good leg, can't put up enough of a fight, and soon he's PLANTED with a crushing Final Judgment.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

There's a lot of garbage in the ring, guys. A problematic amount of garbage. Burger wrappers are sticking to the talent.

Keyes unceremoniously delivers two Coins to Carlo on the outside before turning his attention to the ring. He locks eyes with his Bestie. It's time for the grand finale.

Keyes rolls into the ring. He and Troy reach out their forearms to each other and engage in a hyper-elaborate series of moves, twists, bumps, and fives that is the Occasionally Patented Handshake For Besties. Keyes sees the dead and/or dying Gomez in the ring and gives him a few loving paws to the cheek to try to rouse him. It's useless.

Using his considerable strength, he hoists the dead weight of this magician upright and does his best to steady him on his feet. The Besties nod to each other.

Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes in unison:

GET IN LOSER, WE'RE GOING HEADHUNTING!!

In a flash, Troy and Keyes strike in unison - Troy roundhouse kicking high, Keyes sweeping low...

SMASHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lance:

CAN SOMEONE PLEASE COME OUT HERE??

Vae Victis are so very pleased with themselves as Stranger Fruit blares throughout the arena speakers once again. We've lost the ability to measure the boos in a way that makes rational sense.

Lance:

If these two are saying what I think they're saying...this could be a real problem for DEFIANCE's long-lauded tag team division.

DDK:

How dare these two form a tag team NOW? Haven't these maniacs done enough damage to DEFIANCE over the last couple years??

Troy and Keyes are exceedingly pleased with themselves and bump fists. Troy whispers something in Keyes's ear which sets him off to point and scream at some random fan in the front row - she cracks up as his forehead vein bulges.

Fuck.

We cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD 2024



CHEER UP, BUTTERCUP

DDK:

I'm being told one of our camera crews picked up an interesting situation earlier today right here in this very ring before the fans were let into the building, Lance.

Lance:

When DEFIANCE rolls into an arena, once the ring is up it's impossible to keep wrestlers out of the thing. Like flies on day old cheese.

DDK:

Vivid analogy, partner. Lets go to the footage, shall we?

The footage starts with the camera obviously sitting on the edge of the ring apron. The view we have is a huge cup of Starbucks with the name "Chris" written on the side. The camera man's coffee isn't what's important however- the two men in frame smack dab in the background are. Gage Blackwood and Bronson Box, the Scottish duo affectionately dubbed "Boxwood" by the Faithful, are far enough away that we can't hear what they're saying but it's obvious they're in an intense discussion. One of the other cameramen makes mention of the discussion and without a word "Chris" moves his coffee, picks up his camera from the edge of the apron and slowly moves around the ring, closer to the two Scotsmen and their rather animated conversation.

Bronson Box:

- because I've F[censored] lost a step, boy'o! I'm not livin' up to my end of our bloody bargain, now am I? Am I embarrassin' myself, Gage? Ned F[censored] Reform? You scraped me off a barstool in Edinburgh by pure happenstance, lad, and convinced me I had some length of rope left for this work but what if yer' wrong? Aye? This? This sort of self doubt?! THIS AIN'T- blast it, this aint Bronson Box.

Box says the last bit quieter through intensely gritted teeth and an almost desperate look in his bloodshot brown eyes. Gage Blackwood is one tough customer, but you can tell there's genuine respect behind his eyes for the Original DEFIANT. Gage claps a hand on Boxer's shoulder.

Gage Blackwood:

That little prick lived his entire adult life makin' up degrees and fancy titles to make himself feel important. Made a baw juggler out of himself on a nightly basis. That's how everyone saw him. Until the day he crossed paths with Bronson Box- and that ruthless son of a bitch made little Neddy stand up and take his licks like a bloody MAN.

Gage smiles as he says the words. Box is still clearly frustrated at his situation, but he doesn't seem to disagree with the sentiment.

Gage Blackwood:

It's like I told ya months ago, yeah, pickin' ya' up off that blasted barstool and pointed, Oscar Burns is delusional. This is the company YOU defined, that YOU gave a soul. Bein' Bombastic is well and good, but you're the bedrock of DEFIANCE, as far as I'm concerned.

The Wargod closes his eyes and sighs-

Bronson Box:

This just ain't a position I'm used to bein' in, lad. Back on my heels and all, I can't-

A voice from behind them pulls both members of Team Boxwood's attention.

Malak Garland:

LOTS TO UNPACK HERE. LOTS TO UNPACK HERE, INDEED.

Malak Garland saunters down the ramp of the empty arena. He stops to smile and point as if he's "rehearsing" a vintage wrestling trope otherwise known as a simple interruption. Malak, smug as usual, is holding his Luchador mask

in one hand as he climbs into the ring. What follows is nearly comical as Gage and Box look truly astounded by the sheer impudence from the Snowflake Superstar.

Malak Garland:

Gents, now before you get your knickers in a twist, just know that I come in peace. Now, I just arrived at the arena and I was doing my traditional Nick Saban “winning” walk around the venue because, let’s face it, I’m an elite talent that has truly conquered the world of wrestling, when I heard this nonsensical commotion taking place down by the ring so I had to come out here and see it for my own lived experience because, let’s face it again, I am the head of the locker room committee.

Garland’s smirk goes nowhere. Seeing a riled Blackwood and a pissed off Box, Garland decides now is the perfect time and the best course of action to unpack his own selfish, very unsolicited, Googled advice on how to be a better wrestler.

Malak Garland:

Seeing that I have become an expert professional wrestler in various formats and styles, including but not limited to Lucha libre, haha–

Garland raises his mask before stowing it away.

Malak Garland:

I figure I should come out here and educate you two on what winning wrestling looks like. Box, I see you’re seething at the teeth right now. Probably still trying to come to grips with your critical loss to my dear friend, The Good Doctor. Kudos to him by the by but you know what, Bro-Box, typically good wrestlers can avoid feeling the way you do by winning matches, not losing them. Am I right? Maybe you just need to look through a different lens to gain clarity and perspective.

If Box’s lunchbox sized fists weren’t balled before, they sure are now. The Original DEFIANT’s mustache twitches as his lip curls into a snarl.

Malak Garland:

Listen, I’m proclaiming that I have finally realized my dream, fulfilled my spirit quest at ACTS and therefore, it’s time for me to give back to this industry. My Lucha persona will be stashed away for another time for now, when the situation is right, but I think I need to focus on “filling my bucket” and acquiring more “tools for my toolbox” for now.

Gage’s eyebrow twitches at the “catchy” slogans. We can almost hear Bronson’s been clenching-

Malak Garland:

So here comes your opportunity, boys. I’m here to announce that I’m opening my very own School for the Gifted. I’ll be the professor seeing as I’m the expert. Professor Expert. Professor Ex for short. I’ll be looking for trainees to mentor, tutor and develop and I’m so glad I’ve found my first two students who are entirely green and sorely in need of the help, right here!

Malak wastes no time by walking over to Box and Blackwood to slap a pair of TRAINEE badges across the pectoral section of their respective shirts.

Malak Garland:

TRAINEE NUMBER ONE AND TRAINEE NUMBER TWO! ENLISTED!

The sudden and completely unwanted physical contact by placing TRAINEE badges on his underlings ignites a rage within Boxwood that can almost not be contained. Garland acts like a magnet for Bronson’s aimless bloodlust, albeit oblivious as the Keyboard King over-confidently exits the ring. Gage peels the sticker off his shirt and wads it up in his fist. He looks over at his tag team partner-

... who’s smiling?

Gage Blackwood:

Ahh. Well- asked and answered. You wanted someone to take yer' frustrations out on- this one has had it comin' fer ages.

Bronson Box:

Aye. He'll do, boy'o- he'll f[censored] do-

The Original DEFIANT cracks his knuckles as Gage Blackwood hucks the balled up TRAINEE badge to ringside with a snarl.

PC TV

Elsewhere backstage: "Black Out" Pat Cassidy stands in front of a DEFIANCE banner! Cassidy isn't dressed to wrestle, instead sporting the classic "SNS" t-shirt and jeans. On one side of him is BRAZEN Women's Champion Ophelia Sykes, also dressed in an SNS shirt and proudly displaying her belt over her shoulder. On the other side is Christie Zane, mic in hand.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with "Black Out" Pat Cassidy - a man not only coming off a PPV win at ACTs of DEFIANCE, but also a HUGE Tag Party win! Pat, you seem to be on a roll...

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

Christie is cut off by a burst of static. The scene is replaced by black and white footage. It's grainy and it has running numbers in the corner - it would appear we're looking at handheld camera footage or something similar. We see Ophelia Sykes, dressed in her ring gear, and she's standing in what looks like the backstage of an arena. She appears to be... crying. In the background, the faint sound of a live crowd cheering.

Suddenly, Pat Cassidy barges in. He's dressed in his ring gear, but unlike Ophelia, he's been sweating and his hair is a mess. He breathes heavily as he chugs a bottle of water. He walks up to Ophelia, full of intensity as one would think the adrenaline has not yet worn off.

Pat Cassidy:

Hey... what the hell happened out there!?

Ophelia turns to him, fire in her eyes.

Ophelia Sykes:

Are you [BLEEP]ing kidding me!? That asshole in the front row ran his mouth!

Cassidy furrows his brow, taking a sip before responding.

Pat Cassidy:

Dude. This is wrestling. You're going to hear bull[BLEEP] from the fans. You need to have tough skin and not storm off like that. I could've used you out there with Silver running around.

Ophelia suddenly gets right up in Pat's face.

Ophelia Sykes:

I'm sorry. How often when you're out there competing to people ask you to show them your [BLEEP]s?

Cassidy is taken aback. Finally, he tries a joke.

Pat Cassidy:

I mean, I already wrestle shirtless, so...

Ophelia Sykes:

Oh yeah. This is real funny. A big joke, huh? You're mad cause I ran off for your match against Buch Vic? Let me ask you this: do you even know that I'm the BRAZEN Women's Champion?

Pat Cassidy: *[growing angry]*

Of course I [BLEEP]ing know, are you [BLEEP]ing kidding me with that? This was my big singles debut, and you threw a fit because someone said something mean to you.

Ophelia Sykes:

You're right. I'm so sorry. I forgot how important YOUR career is.

A beat. Pat might not ALWAYS be the brightest guy in the room, but he can tell by her tone that he is in danger.

Ophelia Sykes:

You have no idea what it's like to work your ass off and still be considered a joke. A person who gets spoken to the way I was spoken to tonight. Not you. Not pAt cAsSiDy. You could be out there literally pissing on yourself and it would just be hilarious, right? You can do whatever you want and everyone loves you. And me? I have the nerve to dress in a way that makes me feel good about myself, and I'm just a big [BLEEP]ing joke, right? Carrying around this belt?

Pat Cassidy:

Babe, I...

Ophelia Sykes:

Nah. Why don't you go out and celebrate your big win? You've earned it.

With that, she turns and storms off. Cassidy pauses for a minute before running his hands through his hair. He turns and screams out in anger as he kicks a nearby barrel.

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

Back to the live action shot. Both Cassidy and Ophelia look angry that the footage has seen the light of day. Cassidy turns to Christie with anger in his eyes.

Pat Cassidy:

What the [BLEEP] was that!?

Christie Zane:

I... I don't know. It wasn't on my runsheet. Maybe ask the truck...?

Cassidy snarls as he turns and marches off camera, leaving Christie and Ophelia. Sykes curls her lip as she steps closer to Zane threateningly.

Ophelia Sykes:

If you had something to do with this, you and I are having some words.

And then she goes before Christie can respond. Zane turns to the camera, clearly flustered.

Christie Zane:

I... let's cut somewhere else.

FAVORED SAINTS: URIEL CORTEZ (C) vs. KLEIN

DDK:

We've got ourselves a real HOSSFITE, as Angus liked to say coming up next with big stakes attached... namely, The Favoured Saints Championship! The new champion, Uriel Cortez, defends the title against Klein, who recently reunited with The Pop Culture Phenoms!

Lance:

It was back at Acts of DEFIANCE when PCP defeated Flex Appeal for their record third Unified Tag Team Championship! Klein had enough of the cheating ways of Flex Kruger and Kyle Shields and reunited with his family! Tonight, Klein has a chance to bring home gold, but it's going to be a tall order.

DDK:

It was back at UNCUT 148 when Uriel Cortez defeated Butcher Victorious in an open challenge to claim the coveted Favoured Saints Championship, just shy of Butcher's fourth and final defense needed to bank a shot at the Southern Heritage Championship. After successfully defending the title on UNCUT 149 against Eric Dane Jr in relatively quick fashion, he has three to go. Will Uriel Cortez successfully defend the title or will Klein bring home more gold to PCP?

♪ "Man in the Box" by Alice in Chains ♪

Gone are the flashy lights of Flex Appeal. In its stead, an iconic rock rift from the 90s enivgors the German Faithful to cheers. Stepping out from the backstage area with his trademark box is Klein. Klein holds all five Unified Tag Team championship belts. The tag belts reside on his shoulders as he olds the unified titles in both hands. The last remaining belt is around his waist. Klein holds all five titles out to the German Faithful, just as the D emerges from the back.

Lance:

Klein getting a warm welcome from the German Faithful. You know, Klein is German for small, which Klein is anything but!

The D unwraps the belt from Klein's waist as Klein hands him the rest of the remaining titles. The D wobbles and almost comically falls over as he slips backstage. Klein turns to the ring, removes his trademark box, and storms to ringside.

DDK:

You saw Klein enter with those Unified tag Team Championships. The Pop Culture Phenoms won them over Klein and Flex at the ppv, and DEFIANCE officials have since allowed Klein to be an official champion in a Freebird manner.

Klein reaches ringside and hops up onto the second turnbuckle, posing for the flashing camera phones.

Lance:

So, after tonight, Klein very well may become a double champ!

♪ "My Name Is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots feat. JET ♪

The lights flicker in tune with the opening chords... once! Twice! Thrice! And in a spotlight on stage, Uriel Cortez in his blue and gold ring gear with the Favoured Saints Championship draped over his shoulder! He gets a positive response from The Faithful with his new "Papa's Home!" shirt. The mountain of a man known in Titanes Familia as Papa Tez heads towards the ring without any backup.

DDK:

And here comes the champion. He said what he wanted in an interview at Acts of DEFIANCE. He's tired of people going after he and his family and he's using this reign with the Favoured Saints Title to make a better life for he and the Familia.

Lance:

Indeed. He has made it no secret that he wants the Southern Heritage Championship and he'll defend this title against any and everyone to make it happen.

When Uriel reaches the ring, he steps up to the ring apron and then pulls himself upwards before stepping over the ropes. He comes face to face with The Boxman and holds up the title.

DDK:

Titanes Familia and Pop Culture Phenoms are no strangers to one another. They traded the Unified Tag Team Titles! They main evented the first-ever Unified Tag Team Title match along with the Saturday Night Specials! But tonight, it's about singles gold!

Cortez backs off as the Stuttgart Faithful cheer for the match to begin with special in-ring introductions for the match!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall and it is for the Favoured Saints Championship!

The graphic of the pristine white-strapped championship appears on the screen!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the challenger... from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, weighing in at 263 pounds... he is one-third of the Unified Tag Team Champions! ... representing The Pop Culture Phenoms... he... is... **KLEIN!**

Klein gets a BIG response from The Faithful!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the reigning and defending Favoured Saints Champion... from The City of Industry, California... standing at SEVEN-FOOT TWO... and weighing in at 340 pounds... he is **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

Cortez holds the championship to the sky and then gazes at it for a moment. He nods and then hands the title over to referee Rex Knox. He holds the title high and then hands it off to ringside.

DDK:

Klein is a powerhouse! Six-two and 263... but he still gives up an entire foot to Uriel Cortez! Klein will have to be crafty if he wants to win this title tonight, especially from a much more focused giant.

Knox calls for the bell...

DING DING

The Boxman offers a handshake to Papa Tez after everything that Titanes Familia and the Pop Culture Phenoms have gone through together as competitors... and Uriel takes it, albeit a bit hesitantly.

Lance:

Good to see sportsmanship here. PCP and Titanes Familia have so much history between them as teams!

After the handshake, Klein prepares to circle up but when he turns to face the champion...

THWACK!

...Cortez unleashes a NASTY chop that knocks Klein off his feet!

DDK:

Goodness! Uriel attacking right after the handshake!

The Tall-Father picks up Klein off his feet.

Uriel Cortez:

Got a title to keep. Sorry...

THWACK!

Another one of Cortez's infamous chops CRACKS Klein so hard across the chest, he stumbles back into the corner!

Lance:

We saw in both that match with Butcher as well as with Eric Dane Jr. that Uriel is turning up the aggression since he came back from that thirty-day suspension!

DDK:

Indeed. He feels like after his mother got attacked by Jestal, that Titanes Familia have been victims and that he's tired of that feeling!

Two big chops from Cortez have made the chest of Klein go red already, but Papa Tez isn't done! He grabs Klein and then whips him off to the ropes. He waits for him on the return for a back body drop, but Klein stops himself and nails Uriel with big kick! Cortez lurches upward, then swings for another chop, but Klein ducks that! He zooms off the ropes and then rocks Cortez with a shoulder block. The blow only rocks the big man, so The Boxman hits the ropes to the left where another shoulder rocks the champion. Klein gets cheers from The Faithful as he charges again.

DDK:

The challenger is now trying to chop down Cortez with these clotheslines!

The Boxman crouches underneath a wild chop attempt by Cortez and then animal him with a jumping shoulder tackle that knocks the big man and sends him stumbling back into the corner!

Lance:

Cortez isn't off his feet, but Klein does have him on the ropes!

With a head full of steam, he charges at Cortez and hits a running clothesline in the corner! He calls for the big body slam out of the corner!

DDK:

Can Klein do this? Can he body slam the largest man in DEFIANCE?

He tries! He scoops him up... but The Tall-Father fires off elbows to the side of the head... then

THWACK

The Stuttgart Faithful collectively CRINGE from the impact of Uriel Cortez hitting the Chop of Ages!

DDK:

Good LORD! That double-handed chop of Cortez! That shot is enough to finish off most people! Cortez with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Klein kicks out and The Faithful cheer him on! Cortez looks annoyed at the kick-out but he helps The Boxman to his feet!

Lance:

Klein should not have been trying to go for that body slam so early in this match because now Uriel has control again.

With the PCP member on his feet, Cortez SHOOTs him across the ring with a hammer throw directly into the corner! Klein hits the corner back first with big velocity! He limps forward when Cortez catches him in what looks to be back suplex, but instead he simply PITCHES Klein across the ring with a huge atomic throw! Klein crash lands in the center of the ring and arches his back in pain!

DDK:

Klein is one of the stronger men in DEFIANCE, but Uriel Cortez looking good right now! There's no playing to the crowd or anything. He is deadset on getting to four defenses! A tough ask that only few stars have done since the Favoured Saints Title became active!

As Klein is up in the opposite corner, Cortez charges full speed ahead with a running back elbow in the corner in mind... but Klein moves! Uriel hits the corner in pain and holds his back, allowing Klein to rock him with another nasty clothesline! He tries to overpower the big man again with a slam... but Cortez is too heavy and falls on top of Klein!

DDK:

No! The big slam fails again! Klein can't get The Titan of Industry off his feet and now Cortez up... HUGE leaping drop! Another cover by the Favoured Saints Champion!

ONE!

TWO!

KICK-OUT!

The shoulder of Klein is up just before the three-count, surprising Uriel!

Lance:

That almost cost him! Uriel has been able to stay one step ahead of Klein throughout this entire match with his power! Klein has to try something different to chop down the big man if he wants the Favoured Saints Championship!

DDK:

Uriel knows it, too! He's gearing up for something!

He has a hand out and gets ready to deliver the Chop of Ages MAX, the same move that chopped down Eric Dane Jr. in his first defense of the title. Klein is up and The Faithful are buzzing as Uriel swings... and a miss! Klein moves! When Uriel turns, Klein catches him and HOISTS him up before planting Cortez down with a ring-shaking front powerslam! Klein holds his back in pain, but The Faithful ROAR with excitement after the giant has finally been taken down!

Lance:

He does it! Klein gets the big man off his feet! Can he capitalize on the father figure of Titanes Familia?

DDK:

He's gonna try! Klein is now trying to get up! Look at his chest!

Indeed, his chest has been turned bright red from the multitude of chops taken from the big man, but that does not deter The Boxman as he fights to his feet! Just as Uriel tries to stand, Klein rocks him with a few forearm shots. Cortez tries to fight back with another chop, but Klein ducks out of the way and then fires back with a few more! The Tall-Father user a knee strike to double over Klein, then tries to pick him up for a slam, but Klein slips out... THEN TAKES HIM DOWN WITH A HUGE BACK SUPLEX!

DDK:

KLEIN TAKES HIM DOWN A SECOND TIME! BACK SUPLEX TO THE MAT!

Uriel is staggered from the suplex, but Klein still isn't done as his back is still sore! He limps upwards with Cortez still reeling from the earlier slam. When the big man stumbles up, Klein takes him by the legs and then DROPS the big man with a huge front spinebuster in the middle of the ring!

DDK:

Spinebuster! Right into the cover! Could Klein become a double champion tonight?

He jumps on top of Cortez and puts all his weight on the shoulders out of desperation!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Lance:

The champion kicks out! I thought that might have been it!

Cortez uses his legs to power out of the cover, but Klein has a chance with The Tall-Father on the ropes! He heads back to the corner and then starts to go up top again.

DDK:

Where is he going now?

Cortez tries to get up, but Klein takes flight and drops the big man with a huge diving clothesline off the top rope!

Lance:

Another huge move by Klein! I think we're about to see the title change hands!

DDK:

Klein senses it, too!

After taking the giant off his feet, Klein rolls around and waits for Cortez, who is in a daze! Klein braces himself for what's to come when he grabs The Titan of Industry... and HOISTS him up... but Cortez shakes himself free with an elbow and looks like the blow catches Klein in the eye! He limps backwards and holds his left eye in pain as Cortez doesn't realize what happened!

Lance:

Hey! I'm not sure, but I think Cortez caught him in the eye!

Uriel sees Klein staggering, then holds his right hand out and STRIKES him down with the Chop of Ages MAX!

DDK:

CORTEZ STRIKES! CHOP OF AGES MAX!

The Titan of Industry gets a few jeers for what just happened, but the big man pays no mind and then hooks the leg for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "My Name Is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots feat. JET ♪

The bell rings and the reaction is decidedly mixed, but the champion pays it no mind. Cortez gets to his feet and is handed the Favoured Saints Championship by Rex Knox before having his hand hoisted in victory.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... and STILL Favoured Saints Champion... **URIEL CORTEZ!**

Klein is still holding his eye after the move, but instead of doing the right thing and checking on him, Uriel looks out to the people and nods with the title over his head before he steps over the ropes and then leaves the ring to head to the back now that his job is done.

Lance:

Fantastic effort by Klein tonight. He almost had that win, but that's the second successful defense of the Favoured Saints Championship for Uriel Cortez, but... I have to say, I'm a little shocked with his actions.

DDK:

That contact to the eye didn't look intentional, but I don't know! Cortez was trying to free himself from being hit with Think Outside from Klein, but caught the eye! But out of respect for what these two teams have achieved in competition over the years... nothing?

Lance:

Uriel Cortez retains, but later tonight, Titanes Familia members Titaness and Dan Leo James try and rebound from a loss to The Devil's Circus! They take on Weighted Grade for the BRAZEN Tag Team Championships later tonight!

The Titan of Industry doesn't even bother to look back at what happened to Klein and heads to the back. A frustrated Klein sits up in the ring as the scene heads elsewhere.

COMMERCIAL: TAG PARTY V

[WATCH IT HERE!](#)

TENSION

Returning from commercial to a sweeping aerial shot of the Porsche-Arena and its picturesque surroundings, Stuttgart is lit-up and alive. Across the Neckar River, the stately homes of Ostheim dot the hills. As the shot cuts backstage, we see the Favoured Saints Champion, Uriel Cortez, striding down the hall. Glistening with sweat, his championship belt slung over a shoulder, Cortez walks with a righteous purpose.

DDK: *[voice-over]*

Victorious in his contest just moments ago, Uriel Cortez, as Favoured Saints Champion, is marching towards a date with...

On cue, Cortez's long gait slows to a halt. Shifting the championship belt from one shoulder to his other, Cortez narrows his gaze down the hallway. The camera pivots to see what the giant sees, wheeling around.

Lance: *[voice-over]*

Oh MY!

Stepping out of a deep, inky shadow, sans any war paint, is the beast that fell a Kraken.

DDK: *[voice-over]*

It's Corvo Alpha!

Dragging the pink strap of his newly-won Southern Heritage Championship behind him like a fresh kill, Alpha steps into Cortez's path and is unafraid to peer up at him. The arena swells with excitement and anticipation.

Curling his upper lip back into something approaching an assured "smile", Alpha mirrors Cortez by bringing his *own* belt up and laying it across his bare shoulder.

A sustained moment of tension persists as the two champions size each other up.

Then finally, they slowly circle each other and methodically backpedal down the hall in their respective directions – eyes locked, unflinching.

DDK: *[voice-over]*

A sign of things to come?

Lance: *[voice-over]*

If Uriel Cortez has his way!

Production assistants and audio techs mill through the hall now, breaking some of the strain.

DDK: *[voice-over]*

Something tells me Corvo wouldn't mind either!

Cortez sneers as Alpha rounds a corner out of sight before he, himself, presses forward down the corridor and we fade to black.

AUF WIEDERSEHN!

Backstage in a small dressing room, Scott Hunter is standing in front of a hastily put together green screen hanging on the wall. Scott is dressed in lederhosen and a pointy cap with a feather in it, and is holding a small pennant that says "Stuttgart Stallions #1" on it. There is a large banner affixed to the wall above the green screen. In large black block letters, it says "Happy birthday, Hans!"

Scott Hunter:

Hello to all of the Geraniums out there! I am so thrilled to be here in Geranimy this week, and in beautiful Spoon garden no less! Now, as you can probably see, I am wearing the traditional Geraniman outfit that you wear when you are practicing making farting noises in preparation for the Berlin Flatulence Convention, or as you might say in your language... the 'Berlin Flatulence Convention'. It is a heavily contested competition that is held only once every four hundred and ninety three and a half years, and no one has ever won it more than once! How amazing is that?! Parity... not just a word to describe people who act like parrots, my friend.

Scott steps slightly to the side and holds a hand up to the banner above the green screen. The screen itself is now showing a video of the Autobahn from a first person perspective, but Scott is focused on the banner.

Scott Hunter:

Now, I wanted to make sure that everything in my presentation here tonight was authentic, so I went to the Spoon garden Fed Ex Store and asked for a banner with something super German on it, and they gave me this banner that celebrates the famous German Hans Zimmer. He was born on September 12th many years ago in the town of 'Frankfurt', but apparently that has nothing to do with hot dogs. I asked. I bet he still likes chili though...

Scott angrily points at the camera.

Scott Hunter:

...BUT NOT WITH BEANS!

After a moment, Scott calms down and gets a very happy smily expression on his face, then rubs his hands together, or should I say, rubs his HANS together.

Scott Hunter:

I do have to say, for the most part everyone who I have met so far while in your semi-beautiful country has been very very nice. In fact, last night I met a very nice, lovely young lady while I was out on the town and it went very very well. I took my wienerschnitzel into her biergarten, if you know what I mean.

Scott's expression grows suddenly very somber.

Scott Hunter:

I'm going to talk now about a very controversial figure in German politics. I learned about this person while doing the extensive research that my assistant Craig does each week so I can pass it off as my own. Don't tell anyone or I will kill you. Now, this is a difficult subject, but I think we need to put all of our cards on the table and handle the tough issues. This politician from your history, they are notorious for being primarily responsible for great suffering in the world, and often just speaking their name evokes heartfelt and intense emotions which challenge the very core of the human spirit...

Pause.

Scott Hunter:

I am of course speaking of... ANGELA MERKEL. I mean, raising taxes? What's up with that??? Who even does that? That would be like if I went to the local skating rink (that is a place where teenagers rollerskate to the hits of Madonna and Def Leppard and it is always 1985) and I just walked in and raised the prices for raisinettes from twenty five cents to twenty six cents. I'm sure I don't have to tell you how that would stick in a person's craw. What I am saying is,

Angela Merkel is a bad person, and also a terrible skater. But mostly what you need to know is that she is a terrible person.

Scott looks hurt, then confused, then vacant, and then he blinks and shakes himself out of his own reverie.

Scott Hunter:

I forgot what I was talking about. Oh wait I remember! Despite Angela Merkel putting her evil dried up little devil hands in everybody's business, including my own!... I was still able to defeat the Masked Violator number one. That guy was straight unadulterated poop! He was more like Masked Violator 'number two', if you ask me. Obviously he was not prepared for my death defying leap off of an elephant onto his child-like frame, which is yet another move that I have innovated! No one has ever jumped off of an elephant to crush a tiny little masked man in a wrestling match and you can look that up on Wikipedia.

Scott suddenly and strangely holds up a finger.

Scott Hunter:

And another thing you can look up on Wikipedia!!! I am now officially four and oh in DEFIANCE, and no one has ever done that in the history of this company. I continue to break records... then cassette tapes... and eventually CDs. I also do things no one else has ever done! I will soon be going for my unprecedented fifth straight win. This is a streak that is so amazing, so unlikely, so awe inspiring, so unmatched... that it basically makes Cal Ripken, Jr. and his streak look like a hobo playing a harmonica, which is how Blues Traveler first got together. But even though John Popper looks a lot like Bobby Dean, he is not a wrestler and will therefore also never be able to match my record. Whoever wants to try and end my undefeated record, I dare you to come out to the ring next week and prove me wrong or else I will be forced to do something drastic like spilling coffee on someone to get something started. That is a classic bad guy move, and although I have been known to tell a friendly joke now and again, I'M THE BAD GUY.... DUH. Now...

Scott clasps both hands together and puts them behind his back.

Scott Hunter:

Before I go, I want all of you lovely Geraniums to know that I am looking forward to seeing the rest of your wonderful country and I will do my absolute best to not be the stereotypical ugly American while I am here, and by that I mean that I am actually very handsome and only occasionally have a bad hair day. Either way, I know I will make this company and most importantly... myself... proud. Good evening to you all, and may I leave you with this traditional Geraniman greeting...

Pause.

Scott Hunter:

"MEINE HOSE IST ZU ENG!". That means, always wash your kaesenspetzel. Good night Geranimals!!

Scott inexplicably give a little bow, and smiles.

MIL VUELTAS vs. STRONG AF

DDK:

Mil Veltas had a tough loss to Malak Garland back at Acts of DEFIANCE and tonight, the young luchador looks to rebound when he takes on Strong AF. He's giving up almost a hundred pounds to the former champion powerlifter, who is looking for an opportunity himself!

Lance:

It's the classic tale of speed versus power coming up next! Can Mil Veltas rebound or can Strong AF strike tonight?

The camera goes to Darren Quimbey in the ring, ready to provide the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a singles match set for one fall! Introducing first, the official promoter for Mil Veltas! Please welcome Thomas Keeling!

Thomas Keeling:

Thank you once again, non-Darren Keebler Darren! Danke, dass wir heute Abend hier sein durften, Stuttgart!

Cheers from the Stuttgart Faithful!

Thomas Keeling:

Ladies! Gentlemen! Prepare to feast your eyes on the exception to the laws that we call gravity! There's no jump he can't make and no leap he won't take!

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

As the music cues up, lightning-quick shots of many dives, jumps, twists, corkscrews, and everything in between play... before they give way to the new leveled-up form! Appearing on stage, wearing a pristine white coat and mask with red and green sleeves and designs all over, The Man of a Thousand Flips arrives! Green, red and white pyro sparks up from the stage! Mil Veltas heads to the ring and then leaps up to the top rope, points to the sky, then jumps into the ring to join Thomas Keeling. Mil gets ready.

Thomas Keeling:

One flip for every nickname he's got! Auf geht es!

The Man of a Thousand Flips lives up to his name and does a front flip for every nickname listed, rolling in a circle around Thomas Keeling mid-ring!

Thomas Keeling:

Prince of the Plancha! Dynasty of the Dive! Ruler of the Ropes! The Sovereign of the Shooting Star! The Ace of Space! The GIF that Keeps On Giving! The Man of a Thousand Flips! And if you want to know where he's from... JUST... LOOK... UP...

Mil jumps to the middle rope, then rolls into one more flip before posing for The Faithful!

Thomas Keeling:

MILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL VUELTAS!

The Man of a Thousand Flips raises both hands in the sky and gets a great ovation from The Faithful! Looking to rebound, he waits for the opposition to arrive.

♪ "Watch Me" The Phantoms ♪

The lights start to go dark and in moments, they give way to green lights flashing in tune with the drum beats of the music. Wearing a dark green towel over his broad shoulders, green thigh-length trunks with a white AF logo on the

front, he marches with a golden plate on a pedestal at the entrance. He smirks, and then rubs his hands in the bowl full of weightlifting chalk before THROWING it up in the air in a cloud!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... From Seattle, Washington, weighing in at 267 pounds... he is ALLEN FOSTERS... **STRONG! A! F!**

The Seattle Strongman rubs his hands together and then starts heading towards the ring with intent to hurt somebody. He stomps a foot on the steps, hits the bicep flex, then heads up the steps. He yells out to Mil that he's going to break the young luchador in half and then climbs into the ring. He gets ready... then rushes at an unsuspecting Mil and picks him up over the shoulder! Rex Knox calls for the bell!

DING DING**DDK:**

We've seen Strong AF on a bit of a losing streak lately trying to find a big win here tonight! He's coming out of the gate to attack Mil!

The Man of a Thousand Flips becomes The Man Who Received Many Clubbing Clotheslines in the corner! After blitzing the hyper-fast luchador with a number of brutal shots to the chest, he holds an arm out and twirls it around before SLAMMING another big shot! Vueltas gets doubled over as Thomas Keeling watches from the outside.

Lance:

This is Strong AF's opportunity to score what I'd have to call an upset! Mil Vueltas, a former two-time Unified Tag Champ and Favoured Saints Champion!

DDK:

A big whip... no, Strong AF throws him back in the same corner... clothesline in the corner!

Strong AF hoists Mil Vueltas up on his shoulders and then hoists him up in a suplex turned into a big front powerslam! The Duke of the Dive may be suffering from some sort of whiplash now as Strong AF yells at Rex Knox to count quickly! All his weight goes on his chest.

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Vueltas gets a shoulder out from underneath the muscular monster.

DDK:

Strong AF trying to catch Mil Vueltas sleeping tonight! This would be a heck of a way to pull yourself out of a rut!

Strong AF hoists Mil in his arms like a small child and starts doing curls with the smaller DEFIANCE star.

Strong AF:

One... two... three... four...

He tries to throw Mil overhead with a release fallaway slam on the count of five... but Mil lands on his feet behind him and then hangs between the top and middle ropes. Mil waits until Strong AF turns, then greets The Seattle Strongman by blowing a kiss. Angrily, he charges, but The Man of a Thousand Flips moves and Strong AF goes flying right through only to hit the floor the hard way! Mil rolls back to his feet and taps the side of his head with a shit-eating grin.

DDK:

Mil showing off now! He just outmaneuvered the big man...

Mil then FIRES himself through the ropes quickly with a lightning-fast suicide dive through the bottom and middle rope, sending Strong AF crashing backwards into the barricade! Mil rolls to his feet and then slides back into the ring as The Seattle Strongman picks himself up.

DDK:

And now what is Mil doing?

He hits the ropes one more time and then pops off a quick cartwheel into a HUGE over the top rope moonsault, flying onto Strong AF a second time! After The Seattle Strongman goes down, Mil Vueltas pops up and then high-fives a few of the fans in the front row! He poses with them as well and throws both hands in the air.

DDK:

MIRAME! Mil Vueltas hits the MIRAME! Two huge dives to turn the tide for himself and this crowd is on their feet!

Lance:

Now Strong AF is trying to limp back into the ring, but Mil going after him quickly!

Mil is already back on the apron as Strong AF tries to slide back under the ropes, only to catch him in the side of the head with a springboard basement dropkick! Strong AF goes down and then Mil jumps on him for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Strong AF pushes Mil off, but the cruiserweight lands on his feet! Thomas Keeling shouts instructions to Mil on the outside to keep on the attack while he can!

DDK:

Solid kick-out there by Strong AF, but Mil is at the ready to attack again!

He leaps over the ropes to the apron, then jumps back in looking for a big high-angle springboard crossbody... only to be caught by Strong AF! He holds him in place, then throws him up on the shoulder with a fallaway samoan drop! Thomas Keeling is in shock and can't believe his next aerial move got countered!

DDK:

No! Strong AF counters with what he calls The Cooldown!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mil now kicks out a second time and The Seattle Strongman can't believe it!

Lance:

How'd he kick out of that?!

DDK:

No idea, but we could be on the verge of that upset we mentioned earlier!

Mil is still trying to recover despite the kick-out and Strong AF sees his chance to finish the match. He goes for the Deadly AF chokeslam and hoists him up... but Mil counters that into a jumping knee to the face! He stumbles and holds

his head in pain when Mil leaps to the nearby middle rope, hits a moonsault to land on his shoulder and then spins out into a VICIOUS tornado DDT off the shoulder! Thomas Keeling and The Stuttgart Faithful roar collectively in approval!

DDK:

Asesino Gigante DDT! He strikes with that slick tornado DDT!

Lance:

Listen to The Faithful! They're on their feet tonight! Strong AF got stopped with that big DDT! Can Mil Vueltras close the deal tonight?

Mil then scrambles to the apron one more time and then looks out to The Faithful! He climbs back up to the rope and then waits... then RUNS the ropes before leaping off midway into a HUGE shooting star press that makes the crowd jump!

DDK:

Sin Manos Star Press! No Hands!

After he connects with the breath-taking maneuver, Mil Vueltras hooks both legs tightly!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

The Man of a Thousand Dives rolls away and then takes a moment to collect himself!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **MIL VUELTAS!**

After having his arm raised by Rex Knox, Mil Vueltras gets cheers from The Faithful and holds his hands in the air!

DDK:

Solid rebound win tonight by Mil Vueltras after a very tough loss by being cheated out of victory by Malak Garland. No doubt that he wants to redeem that loss and move up.

Thomas Keeling is about to climb into the ring to celebrate his win... but before he can get there, a big blur moves past him and slides into the ring! Mil turns around and gets ROCKED with a flying European uppercut out of nowhere!

Lance:

Hey! HEY!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Out from nowhere, Mil gets jumped and attacked...

BY OSCAR BURNS!

DDK:

What the...? What is going on? Why is OSCAR BURNS out here?!

Thomas Keeling is held back by Butcher Victorious as an irate Oscar continues to put the boots to the luchador before kicking him out of the ring. He walks over and snatches the microphone from Darren Quimbey.

Lance:

What is the meaning of this?! Why is Oscar Burns attacking Mil Vueltas?

Strong AF tries to stand as well, leaving for Oscar to charge and then CRACK him with a Hard Out Headbutt that sends him to the floor! With the microphone in hand and Butcher watching from the outside, DEFIANCE Himself snarls at the jeering Faithful.

Oscar Burns:

I... WILL NOT BE DISRESPECTED LIKE THIS?!

He points down at Mil Vueltas.

Oscar Burns:

I PUT ON THE BIGGEST CLINIC AT ACTS OF DEFIANCE! I AM **STILL** WAITING FOR MY THANK YOU FOR GIVING YOU THE PERFORMANCE OF A LIFETIME... AND I'M LEFT **OFF** THE SHOW TONIGHT? IN FAVOR OF LUCHADORS? AND...

He points outside at Strong AF...

Oscar Burns:

THAT?!

Butcher is clapping on the outside when Oscar turns to him.

Oscar Burns:

GC... CUT THAT SHIT OUT!

Butcher immediately frowns and stops as Thomas Keeling goes over to check on Mil Vueltas.

Oscar Burns:

!! AM! DEFIANCE! WE ARE TRAVELING THE WORLD BECAUSE OF **ME!** TRAVELING BECAUSE OF MY WORK! MY SKILLS! MY ABILITIES! MY REPRESENTATION OF MY COMPANY! AND HOW AM I REPAYED? CONTINUOUS DISRESPECT! CONTINUOUS BLASPHEMY OF DEFIANCE'S NAME... **MY** NAME! YOU BOO ME?! YOU BOO VAE VICTIS?! IF YOU'RE GOING TO NOT GIVE ME AND MY NAME THE RESPECT WE DESERVE...

He leans over the ropes to face the camera outside.

Oscar Burns:

I WILL **RIP** THE RESPECT OUT OF ANYONE THAT CROSSES ME!

Burns drops the microphone and then storms off to the back, brushing right past Butcher Victorious. The faithful lackey of Vae Victis follows behind. Meanwhile, Thomas Keeling is checking on Mil, who is seated against the guardrail and growling.

DDK:

Wow... Oscar Burns feeling disrespected he wasn't on the show tonight after that stinging loss to Dex Joy for the FIST of DEFIANCE! But what did Mil Vueltas do to deserve this treatment from Oscar?!

Lance:

Nothing. This is just sour grapes on Oscar's part!

COMMERCIAL: TAG PARTY OF V

THE TOM MORROW DIVISION

Christie Zane is standing by the interview portion of the stage just off to the right of the massive DEFIA-Tron.

Christie Zane:

Earlier tonight, we saw the footage of what happened between Tom Morrow and the Lucky Sevens destroying his limo! We ...

She has to pause for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful to cheer the fact that Tom Morrow's property was destroyed.

Christie Zane:

We'll now be having a word with Tom Morrow and the team he sided with at Acts of DEFIANCE! Please welcome my guests from the Better Future Talent Agency - Nathan Eye, Declan Alexander aka M4NTRA and their manager, Tom Morrow!

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Booing is filling the arena quickly! First out is Nathan Eye wearing his "third eye" sunglasses and a white suit with the words "Conceptualize, Actualize, Realize" all over in small black print. He twirls around for the camera to catch his suit. Declan is behind and finally out is Tom Morrow in a slick dark suit. Around Tom Morrow are six unnamed members of security and they surround the interview stage.

Lance:

Tom Morrow with a personal security detail. After what happened earlier this afternoon between him and the Lucky Sevens, Tom Morrow better learn how to sleep with both eyes open. He's lucky that DEFsec has thrown them out of the building after they put their hands on a member of our team.

DDK:

I still want to know what he was thinking by turning against the Lucky Sevens! They were his biggest cash cow. He literally had a contract made when they strong armed their way back into the company with the Unified Tag championships!

When the music goes quiet, Morrow yells at security to make sure they stay put.

Christie Zane:

Tom Morrow, M4NTRA, thank you for your time.

Nathan Eye:

No, Christie... thank you! And thank you for having us, Stuttgart! Thank you for your wonderful hospitality! Your charcoal is sub-par for firewalking purposes, but I love going to a country that actually cares about reading! Who wants a copy of my autobiography, *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance*? Anyone?

He holds out his book but Tom Morrow steps forward.

Tom Morrow:

We'll have plenty of time to talk about your book, but I'm sure Christie Zane has some questions and I've got some answers. Go ahead Christie and ask away!

Christie Zane:

I guess the first question is between M4NTRA and the Lucky Sevens. Why did you turn your back on the Lucky Sevens in favor of M4NTRA? Weren't they bringing in a lot of money to Better Future Talent Agency?

Tom Morrow nods at Christie and takes her question in.

Tom Morrow:

Excellent question, Christie, excellent question. To be blunt ... Mason and Max Luck are two of the most destructive forces that I have ever managed. Yes they destroyed a lot of my enemies and I took great delight in that! Yes, they brought in a lot of money to me and Better Future Talent Agency. Yes they are one of the most talented tag teams I have ever had the pleasure of managing in my twenty years of doing this ... but they are two of the most demanding and dangerous men that I have ever met. There were many conversations behind closed doors where I had to keep them calm. I had to keep them under control I had to be at their beck and call. I did everything for them! When they got cheated out of their very first crack at the Unified Tag Team titles against the Comments Section, I helped them get to where they should be as this promotion's most efficient killers! When their tempers got them *fired* from DEFIANCE Wrestling, it was *me* who not only got them *rehired*, I made them wealthy! I made them *main event stars*! I made them Unified Tag Team champions twice over!

But then he turns to face Christie.

Tom Morrow:

But the *very* second that Mason Luck put his hands on me to make a match with M4NTRA possible ... Threatening *me* to make that match happen. Telling *me* what I needed to do for them. That's when I knew they had to go. They are brutes. They are powerful. They are strong ... but Mason and Max Luck had the gall to threaten me. The second that they questioned me and my career-altering advice was the day they spat on everything I did for them. Time and time again, I put my career, my name, my livelihood and my *life itself* on the line for them! But then Mason Luck ... he *tapped* to Bronson Box at Maximum DEFIANCE! I gave them chance after chance and they failed! Those ungrateful SOB's tried to put their hands on me! So I had their contracts with BFTA terminated and had them put back on standard DEFIANCE contracts! Good for them, but not for the money that they were getting with *me*!

He throws an arm around both Nathan and Declan.

Tom Morrow:

But these men ... these men, two of BRAZEN's finest athletic specimens are going to be the very backbone of this company for years to come! That is why M4NTRA is now my team! The Sevens were perfect clients in the short term ... but these men are going to carry the company on their backs for the next twenty years and I will guide them every step of the way!

DEC4L seems visibly taken aback by this new affection from Tom Morrow, but has never shied away from a camera in his life. Tonight was no different.

DEC4L:

Listen fam, it's your boy DEC4L here to tell you that without a S I N G L E doubt, that Mister Tom Morrow is the C E O of Tag Team Wrestling. What he's done with the Lucky Sevens, who have the charisma of two big and ugly Bobby Althoffs, has been nothing short of miracle work. If he can do that with big and angry, just imagine what he's going to do with us. You take the star power of the PogChamp and the inspiring talent of Natty Eyce... you might as well ragequit. That's not even mentioning the Devil's Circus. The rest of the tag team division? Take several seats. Give 'em the gospel, Natty.

Nathan wipes a tear – possibly fake – from his eye.

Nathan Eye:

Declan, thank you. And you are right! The Lucky Sevens didn't appreciate what they truly had with an enlightened managerial mind like Tom Morrow. My book can do a lot for people. It once made terminal patients feel 125% better! A recent study confirmed my uplifting story of being on the shelf for *fourteen* long months turned 97% of frowns upside down ... but it cannot cure illiteracy that the Sevens unfortunately had. Fret not, my Eye-luminati ...

DEC4L:

You mean the DEC4LLION... right?

Nathan Eye:

No. We need a new name. We need a name to address you, the M4NTRA fans all over the world ...

DEC4L:

I got you, bro.

The Intrepid Influencer slaps his tag team partner on the back.

DEC4L:

THE M4NTRA RAYS.

Alexander then proceeds to slowly wave his arms up and down like a stingray underwater and Tom Morrow visibly holds back his urge to slap DEC4L right in the back of the head. Soon Nate Eye joins along and Morrow has no choice but to jump in and stop the madness. Meanwhile Nate and Declan fist bump in the background.

Tom Morrow:

Regardless of what you would like to call the paying customers, Declan is right! I manage the best tag team going today in M4NTRA! I manage the best enforcers, the Devil's Circus! I have made tag teams into main event attractions and the tag team division is now officially on notice, Christie! Take notes! The tag team division is now ... THE TOM MORROW DIVISION!!!

Morrow points over to the entrance.

Tom Morrow:

And if any of you other teams back there refuse to pay your respects and show BFTA the proper respect to M4NTRA, the future of the Tom Morrow Division, they will make you part of its past!

Declan and Nathan flash the M4NTRA M hand signals before Bring Me The Horizon plays over the PA to a smattering of jeers. A few fans can be seen slowly flapping their arms like a stingray and they all walk away with the six-man security detail around him at all times.

Christie Zane:

There you have it, Faithful, the future of tag team wrestling. M4NTRA. Back to you boys in the booth.

DDK:

Put us out of our misery already. I'm a big fan of Declan, Lance, and a bigger fan of the talent of both these men but how the name Tom Morrow doesn't just bring the hairs on the back of your neck up to a point I just don't understand.

Lance:

He certainly brings a certain... reputation wherever he goes. Now, according to him, he owns the entire tag team division here in DEFIANCE. He's claimed it as his intellectual property.

DDK:

I can't imagine the tag team champions are going to be very happy about that.

Lance:

I don't even think the tag team champions are here. What better time to name a division in your honor?

DDK:

That sounds about right.

EVOLVE

The scene switches to the backstage interview location where Jamie Sawyers stands.

Jamie Sawyers:

Welcome Faithful! My guest right now...

Conor Fuse walks into the picture.

Jamie Sawyers:

Conor Fuse!

The German crowd gives a tremendous cheer for The Ultimate Gamer. Conor sports his usual non-wrestling attire, lime green Adidas track pants and a video game t-shirt, this one of the Nintendo 64. Conor looks a little subdued, yet smiles at the interviewer as he continues.

Jamie Sawyers:

Conor, last month we saw what was a competitive match between you and Arthur Pleasant, however, it wasn't so competitive in the end... with Pleasant overwhelming you. I know we talked personally backstage earlier today and you wanted to speak about this.

Conor nods.

Conor Fuse:

Yeah, dude. Well it hasn't been a great month for Conor Fuse, let's just say that. Anyway, you're right, Jamie. I was overwhelmed. Those were my exact words I told you and I said you could use them on air. So it's absolutely true. Arthur, I own it. You were the better man. I don't want to say I took you for granted because I know who you are. As it was expressed to the world, I wanted you on my team. My High Octane team, when we both worked there. That's what this was all about. We never did wrestle one-on-one, you always thought you were better than me and at ACTS of DEFIANCE... ya proved it.

Fuse nods again, this time more passionately.

Conor Fuse:

Like I said, owning it. I own all my shit. And above all else, losing to you is important feedback. I need to reflect and move forward. If I want to be one of the big boys here... if I really dream of becoming the FIST of DEFIANCE... I have to hit harder. I have to absorb the blows better. This typical Coor Fuse effort ain't gonna be good enough, there HAS TO be another level for me to reach. I gotta evolve. I evolved before. Years ago nobody believed Tyler and Conor could have successful singles careers. I've been incredibly successful. I'm a three time World Champion...

Fuse pauses and then lowers his head.

Conor Fuse:

But I haven't won a singles title in DEFIANCE. I haven't done much at this game.

The Faithful boo, not particularly agreeing with Conor's statement. Nevertheless, it doesn't look like Fuse can be convinced.

Conor Fuse:

I digress, I ramble A LOT. Let me get to the point. I gotta be better to reach the REAL main event scene. I want 8-4? Prove it, Fuse. Therefore, I am going to wrestle frequently. I am going to take on all comers. UNCUT 150 is a live show next week, so count me in. I've already signed the contract and I'm going to wrestle TA Cole. It'll be a start, but I will want more. That being said, Jamie, I can't look ahead. I'm excited to be in Germany, this is the grassroots of DEFIANCE. They ran many shows here before I was a part of the promotion. Well, Imma show the German Faithful wie hart ich zugeschlagen habe.

Jamie doesn't know what Conor said. Additionally, Conor's facial expressions might suggest he doesn't know either and hopes it was correctly conveyed.

Either way, it doesn't matter.

...A clapping Arthur Pleasant walks into the picture.

Conor readies for a fight, but Pleasant waves his arms with a downward motion, suggesting it's not the time for that.

Sawyers moves the mic over to Arthur's face.

Arthur Pleasant:

Congratulations Conor, what a RAHH RAHH speech!

Fuse shakes his head.

Conor Fuse:

Listen, let's not be stupid, okay? You deserve the congrats. Solid victory, up the card you go, just like you wanted. I'll see you when I get there.

Pleasant deadpan stares at Fuse. For a while, he doesn't move a muscle on his face.

Until Conor is about to walk away, then a wicked smile appears.

Arthur Pleasant:

Actually, I'm not done with you.

Pause. Smile drops from AP's face.

Arthur Pleasant:

I want to take **more** from you. I want to HUMBLE you, Conor. I want to take the German tour away from you. I'd like to remove you from the holidays, as well.

Pleasant lowers his head and narrows his eyes towards the gamer.

Arthur Pleasant:

I want to leave you in a hospital bed... long-term.

Fuse doesn't look impressed.

Arthur Pleasant:

I want to-

Conor Fuse:

PAUSE.

The Faithful inside the arena cheer. Pleasant does nothing of the sort.

Conor Fuse:

Great. So let's do it. Here. Tonight. RIGHT NOW.

Another huge pop.

But Arthur shakes his head no.

Arthur Pleasant:

I'm sorry but we do things on my time now, Conor.

Fuse glances at Sawyers with a roll of the eyes.

Conor Fuse:

Two weeks from now on DEFtv.

Fuse immediately puts out his hand for a shake of agreement.

However, Pleasant doesn't extend his. He simply walks away with one final sentence.

Arthur Pleasant:

Okay... you're on.

With Arthur out of the picture, Fuse takes a moment to huff out a couple frustrated breaths before patting Jamie on his back.

Conor Fuse:

That guy, I tell ya. Jeesh.

DEFtv goes elsewhere.

DEMANDING

Storming through backstage, Oscar Burns is angrily stewing as he storms through the halls with Butcher Victorious trying to keep pace. They don't get very far...

???:

Oscar! Oscar! A word? Please?

Burns stops, then stares down at Jamie Sawyers in front of him, microphone in hand.

Jamie Sawyers:

Oscar... Oscar! What is the meaning of what happened earlier with Mil Vuelas? Why attack him and Strong AF?

Oscar stares.

Oscar Burns:

I think it was pretty damn clear, GC... I already explained myself. Now let me ask YOU a question... are you disrespecting DEFIANCE right now, Jamie?

Caught off guard by the question, Jamie raises an eyebrow?

Jamie Sawyers:

Uh... I don't follow?

Oscar Burns:

Let me dumb it down for you then, you bloody ponce. Butcher and I are minding our own business when you come up, stick your stupid microphone where it doesn't belong and interrupt me. Are you disrespecting me, too, Jamie?

He starts to inch uncomfortably closer to the interviewer.

Oscar Burns:

Huh? Are... you... disrespecting DEFIANCE?!

Jamie doesn't have an answer.

Oscar Burns:

LEAVE.

Sawyers speeds away as quickly as he came. Butcher starts to open his mouth...

Butcher Victorious:

And stay gone! Yeah, you...

Oscar Burns:

SHUT IT, YOU LITTLE PISSANT.

Butcher stops instantly. Oscar Burns... well... burns with the fire of a hundred suns. Butcher starts to sweat.

Oscar Burns:

Enough of your "sticks" and "Butch Vics". And just... LISTEN...

He stops instantly. Oscar continues.

Oscar Burns:

You... you lost OUR Favoured Saints Championship to Uriel Cortez. You EMBARRASSED Vae Victis even more by

taking up Pat Cassidy on his open challenge, then losing THAT! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?!

Before Butcher can even speak up...

Oscar Burns:

I DON'T WANT EXCUSES. I WANT RESULTS.

Butcher bites his lip as Oscar continues.

Oscar Burns:

By the grace of some wrestling gods out there, you have the main event tonight against Corvo Alpha for the Southern Heritage Title! You have one job, Butcher. You have one damn job tonight. You're the last man to pin him, so you have the shot... so I'm gonna bottom line this, Butcher... You have one job, Butcher. You have one damn job tonight.

He points a finger.

Oscar Burns:

You have ONE chance to make this right... You need to BEAT Corvo Alpha and you need to bring the Southern Heritage Championship BACK to Vae Victis. And so help me, if you don't...

He pulls on his Vae Victis shirt.

Oscar Burns:

This goes away. Your Vae Victis membership will be revoked.

Now Butcher's eyes grow wide, but before he can protest, Oscar continues.

Oscar Burns:

And I'm not talking about you going away entirely! You will go RIGHT BACK to the bottom! You will go back to WAITING on me and the REAL Vae Victis members, hand and foot! I will make sure that you carry ALL of our bags until you bloody drop DEAD from exhaustion if you do not bring that title BACK to Vae Victis tonight. Am. I. Clear?

Butcher nods silently, then Oscar says nothing and powers off leaving his lackey with a lot to ponder.

He looks down at his Vae Victis shirt...

And sighs.

AN UNLIKELY RETURN

Back to the arena.

The ring has been done up. It's an all-too familiar setup for the DEFIANCE Faithful: the canvas has been covered by a light purple rug. There is a tall black bookshelf in the corner. A houseplant in another corner. A large oak desk with black office chair facing toward the entrance way. And a large psychiatrist-like couch in the very center of the ring.

It's the set up for Ned Reform's Office Hours segment, and the German Faithful are buzzing.

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The lights in the arena take on a purple hue as The Good Doctor's theme begins to play. Reform milks the suspense for a moment and takes a few extra seconds before marching through the curtain. He's dressed in khaki slacks and purple polo. There is a small white bandage over his nose, but by the looks of him, he's not in any pain. In fact, the Sage on the Stage is all smiles as he cockily struts right up to the top of the ramp. He looks directly into the camera, his grin widening, and the camera man is close enough that the mic can pick up what he says...

Ned Reform:

Lass uns lernen!

Proud of himself being linguistically diverse, he marches toward the ring past the jeering DEFIANCE Faithful.

DDK:

Ned Reform's ACTS of DEFIANCE was a story of extreme ups and downs. First he... well, he DEFIED the odds when he not only survived a life or death situation against hall of famer Bronson Box, but he managed to score the pinfall victory over the legend. It's rare to see a rise so quickly, but as annoying as he can be, you have to admit: this victory has made Ned Reform an instant player. Somehow, he did it.

Lance:

He did. But later in the night, when he couldn't help but boast, he got knocked right on his rear end by of all people the returning Mikey Unlikely! Ned went from pinning a legend to being put in his place by the longest reigning FIST of DEFIANCE in history!

DDK:

And here we are... we've heard for weeks that Mikey would be a guest on Reform's Office Hours segment. And if Ned has any lingering hard feelings... well, he's not showing them.

Reform is up the steps and into the ring, reaching for a mic from a ringside stagehand. He makes the "cut it" motion and waits for his theme to die out before grinning into the hardcam and raising the mic.

Ned Reform:

Grüße Kinder!

BOOOOOOOOO!

Reform doesn't let the jeers bring him down.

Ned Reform:

It is a pleasure to be amongst you, my German friends. I was ELATED when I discovered that DEFIANCE was choosing to take some time away from the cultural cesspool that is my home country. It is all too rare that yours truly has the opportunity to travel overseas to a country with such history.

Cheer? A little?

Ned Reform:

That's right. Imagine what it is like for me. To leave the Untied States: a land of beer-guzzling...

Reform blinks. Looks around.

Ned Reform:

Um... that is... a land of reckless drivers...

Ned again stops himself. Bites his bottom lip. Aha! He's got it!

Ned Reform:

A land with a dark, troubled history full of hatred and violence and... oh.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ned Reform:

...I told them we should have voyaged to France. C'est la vie. Anyway, children, let's not get bogged down in the specifics, yes? For you see, tonight is a historic night. I stand before you as the CONQUERING HERO!

Reform strikes a heroic pose as the fans let him have it.

Ned Reform:

I looked death in the eye, children, and I said "NOT TODAY!" Bronson Box may have been a fire breathing dragon, but Dr. Ned Reform - like the heroes of old - became the slayer of the monster. Yes, friends, I would like to pretend it was a surprising development that I defeated Mr. Box in this very ring, but alas... despite what the ignorant masses may have tried to tell you, the results were never in doubt. Which brings me to my second encounter of the night...

Reform turns toward the entrance.

Ned Reform:

Mr. Michael Unlikely.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Reform nods.

Ned Reform:

Yes. A great man! You may be shocked to hear me say that, yes? After our encounter at ACTS of DEFIANCE? But Dr. Ned Reform does not hold a grudge, children. Revenge, as they say, is a fool's errand. And while in the heat of the moment two titans of the industry such as myself and Mr. Unlikely may have butted heads, I have no doubt that two individuals such as ourselves can sit down and break bread. So consider this me formally extending the olive branch. Mr. Unlikely...

Reform motions to the entrance...

Ned Reform:

You may enter!

♪ "F*cking in the Bushes Remix" by Oasis/Kerstell ♪

The fans stand and cheer as Mikey Unlikely makes his way through the curtain. He wears a pair of black athletic pants and white tank top with his podcast logo on it. His signature aviator sunglasses shine in the bright lights, and his smile can be seen from the top row of the arena.

Unlikely engages with the fans as he moves down the ramp, cautious to keep his head on a swivel just in case. He

climbs the ring steps without any trepidation and bounces his way through the ropes. He motions to the fans as they cheer him on. The music fades out as Unlikely is handed a microphone of his own. Ned to his credit, moves out of the way so Mikey can have his entrance. The Hollywood actor brings the mic to his lips slowly, building anticipation.

Mikey Unlikely:

Before we get started Ned, let me just say... It's so good to be back in a DEFIANCE ring, it's so good to be back in the fold, but most of all, it's so good to be back in front of the FAITHFUL! GERMANY HOW WE DOIN!?

Huge pop from the crowd as Mikey soaks it in.

DDK:

This isn't the same Mikey Unlikely we saw before he left. This is a former 24K leader, a former SEG member, a former SOHER, Tag Champion and a FIST of DEFIANCE... All was achieved while making the crowd hate him, but here we are... 2 years later and this German crowd cannot get enough of him!

Lance:

Mikey's a changed man Darren! I like to believe he's grown.

Mikey Unlikely:

Ned Reform...

The fans boo loudly now. Following the flow of Mikey.

Mikey Unlikely:

I want to thank you. You see at Acts of DEFIANCE a couple of weeks ago, my intention was just to visit some old friends, see how things were goin, Talk about getting some new guests on my SUPERHOT PODCAST... "Entertainment Spread!" AKA "The E-Spread Podcast!" and maybe BEGIN a conversation about a possible return. But as I sat in the back watching you gloat about your big dub over Bronson Box.... and it was a big win, I've mixed it up with Bronson and have the scars to prove it. He's the toughest nail in the bunch. There's no doubt about that... SO while what you did was monumental, just listening to you badger on and on and on I thought to myself... Someone's got to shut this guy up.

The crowd laughs as Ned furrows his brow.

Mikey Unlikely:

You gave me that last push I needed to just go out there and do it. You gave me the impetus to show up at ACTS, surprise the faithful, and set this return into high gear. For that... and nothing else... I thank you.

Happy with how this is going, Reform motions for Unlikely to have a seat on the lounge couch. Unlikely does just that, keeping an eye on Reform at all times.

Ned Reform:

Listen, Mr. Unlikely, I believe it is time for us to squash that unfortunate business from the PPV. There is no reason you and I should have any squabbles, is there? I mean... look at us. Two former champions. Two certifiable generational talents! Leaders of men. Yes, Michael, we have far more in common than we do differences. So I propose a fresh start. Let us not allow the simpletons of the world divide us. That's what they want! So...

Reform extends his hand.

Ned Reform:

...what do you say? To greatness!

Mikey looks down at the hand of Ned, then back up to his face. We can tell because he's removed the Aviators and placed them in his pants pocket. Mikey's face shows a look of mistrust. Instead of reaching out he brings the mic back to his mouth.

Mikey Unlikely:

I say... NEIN!

The fans come unglued, as Ned slowly pulls his hand back, his eyes beginning their trademark "pop out of his bald head."

Mikey Unlikely:

I've been gone a long time, Ned, but my time away has taught me quite a bit. The last time I was in this ring, I was the FIST of DEFIANCE and on top of the world. I had the greatest run in the history of this company, I had friends who had my back, and I had girls on my arm, but I still wasn't fulfilled. I still couldn't feed the hunger that was inside me. So I reflected, and I thought about it, and I went to therapy and I realized one thing... that the love of these people....

Mikey's voice breaks as he points to the Faithful.

Mikey Unlikely:

Is so much bigger than any one thing that you or anyone else could ever give me. The adulation, the praise, and the wonder from fans and children from around the globe, make Mikey Unlikely bigger than any championship ever could. It's bigger than the box office, it's bigger than DEFIANCE, and it's even bigger than... I never thought I'd say this... It's bigger than the money!

The fans cheer and half laugh with Unlikely.

Mikey Unlikely:

So when I decided to come back and write the final chapter of the Mikey Unlikely story, I decided to do it the right way. DEFIANCE isn't about winning all the titles. It's not about making it to the top of the card. Although that climb is extremely hard, and I take my hat off to all those who have before me, and who do it today... it's not about beating Legends. It's about those little moments, it's about the memories, it's about leaving a legacy behind that people remember for a lifetime. I don't want to be remembered as being one of the first to win every championship in DEFIANCE. I don't want my greatest achievement to be a 499 day title reign. I want my legacy to be that I inspired the next generation, the next great entertainer, that I entertained the Faithful each and every week, and that I create moments that people remember for a lifetime...Starting right here tonight!

MI-KEY! MI-KEY! MI-KEY!

Lance Warner:

Sounds like he's doing just that, creating a moment here for our German friends. Just listen to that crowd!

Reform, who has been pretty stoic throughout Mikey's whole spiel, simply raises an eyebrow. He seems unsure of how to proceed. Finally, he brings the mic up.

Ned Reform:

I apologize, Mr. Unlikely. I have gravely and egregiously miscalculated in extending an olive branch. Here I thought I was talking to a man who had NOT had his testicals removed.

With that, and before Mikey can respond, Ned swiftly reaches down and flips over the couch causing the former FIST to tumble! The fans begin to boo as Ned turns to them with a smirk and points several times to his large brain while running his mouth. He dropped the mic in the attack so we can't hear what he's saying. What we CAN hear, however, is The Faithful's booing slowly morphing into a positive reaction! This stops Ned in his tracks, so he turns... to see Mikey standing upright and pointing directly at Ned. Reform tries to fire off a right hand, but Mikey blocks it and answers with some of his own that rock Reform! The Faithful are on their feet at this Unlikely volley!

DDK:

Ned tried a cheap shot, but Mikey is making The Good Doctor pay for it!

Ned trips over his own feet and stumbles before landing on his knees. He throws up his hands to try to reason with

Mikey. Unlikely balls his fist turning to the crowd to ask if he should unload on the Sage on the Stage. The Faithful, of course, respond in the affirmative. However, those cheers quickly morph into jeers and it's soon clear why: TAs Cole, Horrigan, and Owens are racing down the ramp to the aid of their mentor!

Lance:

It's the Honor Society!

Mikey is ready and he drops Levi with a stiff right as the young wrestler enters the ring. He has another pair of shots for Owens and Horrigan. While he manages to keep the goons at bay, he takes his eyes off their leader for a split second too long and Ned Reform connects with a hell of an uppercut right to Mikey's pair of bruvvies!

DDK:

Reform goes low, and Mikey is down!

Before long, it's a free for all: Reform directing traffic while the rest of the Honor Society stomps away at Mikey Unlikely. The crowd continues their jeering but there's little they can do to stop it.

Lance:

You have to remember, Darren - while Mikey may have expressed a change of heart here, he made no shortage of enemies during his last run in DEFIANCE. I don't think anyone is coming to the rescue!

On Reform's orders, Cole and Horrigan take hold of Mikey's arms and legs and expose his body while big Bobby Horrigan gets a head of steam off the ropes and connects with a big splash!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

They just crushed Mikey!

Lance:

Can we get DEFsec out here!?

No sooner does Warner say that than his prayers are answered as DEFsec hits the ring, bravely putting themselves in between The Honor Society and the injured Unlikely. Reform gives the order for his TAs to back off - he smiles as he looks down at Mikey, confident that he's made his point. With a quick flick of his hand, he makes the "let's round up" gesture and he and TA Cole exit the ring, leaving DEFsec to check on the fallen Unlikely. Weighted Grade remains in the ring as they have a match up next, but they do back off and allow DEFsec to do their jobs.

♪ "Beethoven's 5th" by Cole Rolland & Sophie Lloyd ♪

DDK:

This can't be how Mikey Unlikely - or any of the DEFIANCE Faithful - wanted his return to DEFtv to go!

Lance:

There's strength in numbers - and right now, Mikey is friendless and Reform has all the numbers!

Reform walks backwards up the ramp, smiling all the way at his group's handiwork in the ring. Next to him, Levi Cole seems equally pleased. As DEFtv fades to commercial, our last shot is Mikey just beginning to stir.

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME

BRAZEN TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: WEIGHTED GRADE (C) vs. TITANES FAMILIA

DDK:

Earlier tonight, we saw Titanes Familia member Uriel Cortez retain the Favoured Saints Championship over Klein due to questionable circumstances. Regardless of the outcome, he has scored his second successful defense, but the question now becomes this - can Titanes Familia go two for two tonight? Up next, Weighted Grade put the BRAZEN Tag Team Titles against Titaness and Dan Leo James!

Lance:

I heard earlier today that after Ned Reform's improbable victory that he and TA Cole scored over Gage Blackwood and DEFIANCE Hall of Famer Bronson Box, Weighted Grade were inspired to put their BRAZEN Tag Titles on the line to any team that wanted it - Titanes Familia took the challenge!

DDK:

This would be a way to rebound from that tough loss to The Devil's Circus at Acts of DEFIANCE. Can James and Titaness bring more gold to the Familia or will Ned Reform's win over Box inspire Weighted Grade to retain? Or are the champs still flying high after what they just did to Mikey Unlikely? Let's go to introductions for the next match...

In the ring already following what went down before the commercial, the massive Weighted Grade - TA Horrigan and TA Roosevelt - wait with the BRAZEN Tag Team Championships in tow. "Beethoven's Fifth" plays out...

The lights drop out to complete black. The first guitar riffs fires off as a spotlight appears on the left side of the ramp with Titaness flexing. The second guitar riff fires off and Dan Leo James has the chokeslamming hand in the air, ready to fight! One more and the house lights return to normal when the two come marching to ringside to cheers from the crowd!

♪ "My Name Is Thunder" by The Bloody Beetroots feat. JET ♪

The Faithful roar their approval as blue and gold lights flood the arena! The wife of Uriel Cortez and the "son" of Titanes Familia march to the ring and high-five fans on either side of the ramp, looking to rebound from the loss at Acts of DEFIANCE. Titaness is wearing a sleeveless blue and gold Titanes Familia top and blue leather gear. Dan Leo James in his blue and gold wrestling singlet! He shouts to the masses and then they both climb into the ring. Once they both head inside, the music fades out as the championship announcements commence.

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is scheduled for one fall and it is for the BRAZEN Tag Team Championships!

The graphics appear with the Tag Titles on the line!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the challengers... at a combined weight of 463 pounds... they are the team of "The Show of Force" Titaness... "The Young Titan" Dan Leo James... they are... **TITANES FAMILIA!**

Titaness stands stoically and raises a fist while Dan Leo James shouts for all to hear, then points at the titles across from him.

Darren Quimbey:

They are the BRAZEN Tag Team Champions... at a combined weight of 700 pounds... TA Roosevelt! TA Horrigan! **WEIGHTED GRADE!**

The two massive brutes of Doctor Ned Reform hold the titles up in the air! They hand them over to Hector Navarro. He raises the BRAZEN Tag Titles high up before handing them off at ringside. Titaness starts for her side while TA Roosevelt starts for his.

DING DING

TA Horrigan goes right after Titaness with a clothesline, but she sidesteps the oncoming shot only to return fire with a big double-handed chop to the chest of the Irishman. The blow briefly stuns him and he swings again, but she ducks and tries to restrain him with a waistlock, only to shake her off and throw Titaness off to the side! He looks smugly at the Show of Force and then picks her up. He tries for a body slam but she slides off his shoulder and lands behind him. When he turns, Horrigan charges only to eat a quick boot to the face!

DDK:

Quick moves by Titaness! And there's a tag by Dan Leo James!

Titaness connects with a pump kick to the face of Horrigan, stunning the 300-pound brawler as Dan launches himself off the ropes and NAILS TA Horrigan with a huge big boot off the ropes! The Faithful cheer as Dan slaps his thigh. Titaness runs off one side of the ring while Dan does the other, allowing Titaness to land a leg drop as Dan lands a running senton from the other direction!

Lance:

Always some great tandem work by any combination of Titanes Familia! That was on display against The Devil's Circus.

Horrigan rolls away and holds his ribs as Danny heads his way in the corner. TA Horrigan fights back with a big right hand and then tries to slam Dan in the corner. He mockingly holds a hand out for a chop of his own, but Dan spins him around and CRACKS him with a chop! He pelts the Irishman with a pair of big elbow shots to the head before he whips Horrigan cross-corner and delivers a big running corner splash! With TA Horrigan rattled, Dan runs back to the corner where Titaness makes a tag. Dan comes in with a second corner splash, followed by Titaness hitting a running spear to the gut in the corner! Dan then picks him up and slams him in the center of the ring!

DDK:

Goodness! The raw strength of Dan Leo James has always been impressive!

Dan then points to Titaness, then gestures for a body slam. He gets ready... then Titaness body slams her own partner on top of Horrigan to the applause of The Faithful!

Lance:

And so is the strength of Titaness! And here's the cover!

She hooks the leg of Horrigan!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Irishman kicks out! He pushes Titaness away, but she comes back with a boot to the side of his head. She pulls him up and then tries another attack, but Horrigan shoves her back into the ropes where a knee from the massive TA Roosevelt catches her, allowing for Horrigan to catch her with a running body attack!

DDK:

Ooh! Just like that, Weighted Grade turn the tide! And now here's the tag to the big TA Roosevelt!

Roosevelt, a former World Trios Title holder and now one-half of the BRAZEN Tag Team Champions, comes in and as Titaness tries to get back up, he runs into her with a simple shoulder block, but it's enough to knock down The Show of Force! Right after that, all he does is a simple step over her body, but the obvious weight is enough to cause excruciating pain for the woman Dan has coined "Muscle Mom." DLJ is in his corner, watching the action unfold.

DDK:

Goodness! The size of TA Roosevelt can't be understated. Six-foot six and tipping the scales around four-hundred pounds. Working with Ned Reform has done wonders for the confidence of the group formerly known as Heavy Artillery.

He holds her down with a boot to the chest and as he does so, reaches out to tag back to TA Horrigan. The longtime veteran of the sport climbs into the ring as both men pick her up, only to rock Titaness with a double headbutt! She falls to the mat and then TA Horrigan follows up off the ropes with a huge running leg drop!

DDK:

Ooh! Just over three-hundred pounds with that leg drop! Lateral press on Titaness!

ONE!

TWO!

KICK-OUT!

Titaness shoots her left shoulder up, but Horrigan isn't done torturing the Mother of Muscles as Dan is forced to watch.

Lance:

TAs Horrigan and Roosevelt have been doing a number on Titanes Familia! Now what's happening?

Horrigan grabs her up and then attempts what looks to be a Samoan drop, but The Show of Force continues to fight! She throws elbow after elbow into the redhead of Horrigan until she can slip backwards. Dan has a hand out and she tries to make the corner, only for Horrigan to snatch her by the arm and pull her back! He tags in TA Roosevelt!

DDK:

Uh-oh, what are they going to do here?

TA Horrigan throws Titaness to the ropes and they wait for her off the return, but The Show of Force slips around Horrigan and shoves him at his own partner! Roosevelt gets knocked back! And when Horrigan turns around, his jaw gets JACKED by a jumping knee strike, courtesy of Titaness!

DDK:

Titan-knee-um! Titaness connects with Titan-knee-um! And now she's making the tag... DAN LEO JAMES IS IN!

The Faithful CHEER when The Young Titan enters the ring and then SLAMS into TA Roosevelt with tremendous force via a running clothesline, but that one shot doesn't knock him down. Dan rushes off the ropes again and then lands a second running clothesline! Roosevelt wobbles a bit more, but he's still up. Dan goes for a third shot. TA Roosevelt tries to swing, but Dan ducks under the clothesline. An elbow missed the second pass-through, then Dan EXPLODES with the Dash and Bash to finally knock Ned Reform's largest TA flat on his back to mass cheers from The Faithful!

Lance:

Dan Leo James does it! He finally knocks down TA Roosevelt with the Dash and Bash shoulder tackle!

James pumps a fist in the air! TA Horrigan comes his way, but James uses some effort to pick him up on one shoulder! He looks out to the crowd...

Dan Leo James:

YEET!

Then THROWS him up and over with a delayed back body drop! Horrigan hits the canvas!

DDK:

Look at Dan go! He's a one-man wrecking crew right now! And I think Titanes Familia are closing in on the BRAZEN Tag Team Titles!

James holds a hand out...

The lights go out momentarily. The crowd is buzzing in a Pavolonian response. When they come back on, the crowd buzzes even more and yells as --

DDK:

THAT'S TERI MELTON!

Lance:

WHAT IS SHE DOING HERE?

Teri is standing on the ring apron with her silver flapper curls returned, wearing long dangling silver earrings, a silver-and-black amulet, and a shimmering black gown with a silver shawl/cape over it. She is holding a lengthy cigarette holder as she is gesturing with her hands theatrically.

The two members of Weighted Grade sit on the mat unsure of what to do. Dan Leo James sees Teri on the apron, completely confused. He wanders over and asks Teri what she's doing. Teri smiles widely as she then puffs on her cigarette holder, and then coolly blows a plume of silver-tinted smoke right into Dan's face!

DDK:

That is so disrespectful! Why is she doing this?

Lance:

It's more than disrespectful! Look at Dan Leo!

Dan Leo is gagging while also ripping at his eyes, yelling about how he can't see. Teri is leaning over the top rope cackling in glee.

DDK:

I think the smoke she blew... there must be something in it!

The distraction allows TA Roosevelt and TA Horrigan to SMASH into Dan Leo James from either side with a massive double running splash! James hits the canvas, then TA Roosevelt runs off and hits a colossal 400-pound running splash off the ropes for good measure!

DDK:

Hey! No!

Titaness tries to come in and cut off the pin, but Horrigan blocks her path!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners and STILL BRAZEN Tag Team Champions... **WEIGHTED GRADE!**

TA Horrigan and TA Roosevelt have the BRAZEN Tag Titles handed back to them, and then raise them in the air to jeers from the Stuttgart Faithful! They look around at the situation and realize they don't need to be here any longer, so they take a powder from the ring, carrying with them a big win as they head up the ramp. Meanwhile, Teri Melton is still standing on the apron, laughing maniacally.

DDK:

I have no idea why Teri Melton is out here or why she just seemingly targeted Dan Leo James with some kind of poisoned smoke emanating from that cigarette holder of hers!

Lance:

I think we are about to find out some answers!

Titaness's lips flare in anger as she gets up and marches toward Teri, who is still standing on the apron with a look of utter madness in her eyes. But as Titaness moves towards her, the lights go out again!

They then turn back on a few seconds later. Standing in front of Titaness in the ring is Raiden — his hair in a long black mullet, with black leather pants and a bunch of Japanese characters tattooed up and down his entire torso and arms. Coming from behind is JP Reeves, with a new whiff haircut and only wearing black jeans (with three different colored gladiolas in the front left pocket).

DDK:

Reeves clips her in the right knee from behind right as Raiden clocks her with the Suddenly Last Slumber backfist! Now Raiden measures her —

Titaness is on her knees from the first move, and she is at the perfect height (not perfect for her) for Raiden to deliver a spinning roundhouse heel kick to the side of her head that knocks her to the mat cold.

Lance:

Dear lord, the velocity of Raiden's boot across her face is sickening!

Dan Leo James now runs over to intervene, still blinded, but but someone in a dark brown leather mask hops from the floor to the apron and then springboards off to catch him with a clothesline!

DDK:

That's JJ Dixon! The mask is covering only about 75 percent of his face!

Lance:

We heard reports that he needed various surgeries to his face after the hellacious beating he received at the No Surrender match at Uncut Live! Maybe he's wearing the mask because of that?

Either way, the newly masked JJ is slugging away on Dan Leo James. Teri is prancing around ringside, her eyes closed and flailing her hands around like she is conducting an orchestra only she can hear. She then grabs a ringside chair and slides it into the ring.

DDK:

Raiden rips Titaness off the mat and whips her off the ropes — he holds her up and OH NO! A Bridge Too Far with her head and neck crashing onto that chair!

Lance:

There is no way Titaness could protect herself with Reeves dropping back with the bridging suplex!

DDK:

Reeves now slides the chair towards JJ --

JJ has DLJ up in full-nelson position and then drops him down face first with Sunset Boulevard!

Lance:

And JJ's not done!

JJ twists over DLJ's upper body, gripping him in a straight jacket while wrenching back in a crossface at the same time, as DLJ's eyes bulge

DDK:

Enough, already! And where's Uriel Cortez? Is he not here still?

A flood of DEFSec members come rushing towards the ring, which prompts JJ to break the hold. Raiden holds the ropes open for Teri Melton who stands in the middle of the ring, still pantomiming an orchestra.

Lance:

I don't understand any of this! The Gems just won a brutal war against The Estate of Tabitha Kinsey! They've become such fan favorites these past few months! Why would they attack Dan Leo James and Titaness?

The crowd boos, with a few people just looking on in shock as they can't believe what they see!

♪ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪

The eerie 80s alternative rock staple plays. A spotlight shines on Teri who has a cat-and-canary smile on her face as she grabs the spotlight. Reeves stands directly her left and sniffs a yellow gladiola from his front pocket. Raiden flanks her on the other side, making a cutthroat gesture. And the masked JJ Dixon is on his knees in front of her, his arms held out like on a crucifix, as he looks upwards to the sky with his tongue held out. Teri then takes a conductor's bow, and the spotlight turns off.

MADAME MELTON'S MOST PRECIOUS GEMS

The lights in the arena go out.

The DEFtron reveals the stage of an empty black box theater. After a few dramatic beats, the spotlight turns on. In the middle stands Madama Teri Melton just as she looked earlier in the evening -- her silver flapper curls returned to form and glistening, silver eye shadow crowned over her eyes, silver dangling earrings, a silver pendant, and a black gown with a silver shawl, along with sparking silver elbow-length gloves. She takes a long drag from her cigarette holder and emits the smoke high in the air.

Teri looks around the empty theater with her eyes cast at a horizon only she can see. She takes one step upstage, and places her hands over her heart.

Teri Melton:

All I ever wanted was to be loved,... Just as I... just as I love them all, all of them in my adoring public....

Teri's eyes fill with tears as she tilts her head upwards and points to the distance.

Teri Melton:

I... I would like to take you all back to a date that shall forever live in infamy... August the 23rd, in the year of our lord 2023. The location: Ridder Arena, Minneapolis, Minnesota. The event: DEFIANCE Television, Episode 131. It started out as a glorious evening, with a record 1 million viewers at home gripped by the combatants at hand. But do you recall what happened that evening to yours truly? DO YOU?

She extends her right arm, holding the cigarette holder, high in the air and stomps the same foot to amplify those final two words.

Teri Melton:

It was, simply put, at the top of the list of the worst of evenings in my life... one already marked by tragedy! There I was, forced to the ground... My dazzling gown torn asunder, my bosom laid bare for all the world to see! If that were not enough... then my silver locks, beloved the world over, were shorn, scattered on the floor like nothing more than rubbish. And then... then the villains of the story cast upon my porcelain face a word, an ugly word, They... they called me a whore. And then...

Teri's eyes well with tears, as she falls to one knee on the stage, looking at the floor.

Teri Melton:

It is unspeakable of what they said to me about my dearly departed son! But what did I, DEFIANCES IRON LADY, do? Did I do as so many amongst The Faithful do when facing even the slightest tinge of adversity and surrender? DID I?

Teri looks up at the "audience" and shakes her head "no" slowly as she rises to her feet.

Teri Melton:

No! I... I remained resolute! I remained steadfast! I remained DEFIANT!

She triumphantly balls her hand into the FIST and pauses for the dramatic effect.

Teri Melton:

And the reason why I stood in the face of such danger was because of my love for you all! Because I have always wanted to be there for My Adoring Public -- the people amongst The Faithful who so badly want and crave an inspirational figure to bring to their lives a word that has eluded so many for so long... and that is hope!

Teri's expressive eyes open with optimism as she flutters around the stage, gesturing her hand wildly into the air, as if she is reaching to the heavens.

Teri Melton:

All I ask for in return is for you to love me as much as I love you all! For you to adore me as I do you all! For you to show me the same devotion that I do for you all! But there, in my time of pain, my suffering, MY PATHOS...

Teri pauses with her hand held high in the air, as she looks skywards. Then she slowly moves her hand down to her hip.

Teri Melton:

They... they turned the channel.

Her face meets the camera and her glare turns wicked.

Teri Melton:

Nearly one million households were watching DEFIANCE TELEVISION Episode 131 to start the evening of August the 23rd in the year of our lord 2023. But.. but as I found whatever strength I could muster in the depths of my yearning soul to fight not just for myself and my dignity, but selflessly for all of those at home... in the toughest battle of my lifetime, a lifetime of infinite battles... that... that number dwindled down to a mere... a mere 859,000 households...

Teri once again falls to her knees, her hands cupped as she beats them across her chest, openly bawling.

Teri Melton:

I... I thought you people loved me!! I thought you people... my public... adored me! I... I thought you people needed me! Well, I was wrong. I was DEAD wrong!

Teri's voice drips with malice as she coldly rises to her feet.

Teri Melton:

For you people...you never wanted me. You never loved me. You never cared about me... You only... you only wanted to say my catchphrase!

Teri stomps again on the floor so it echos as she swings her arm to emphasize the next words.

Teri Melton:

WELL, NO LONGER! Because the Teri Melton you thought you knew lays broken, shattered, a wounded dove, unable to fly as free as she once did because of your treatment of her! Because in my time of tumult... YOU CHOSE TO LEAVE... And now, the Teri Melton you once knew IS DEAD! SHE IS DEAD!

Her wicked glare frames directly into the camera continues as she again puts her hand into a fist.

Teri Melton:

BUT I AM ONCE AGAIN REBORN! AND FROM NOW ON YOU MUST ALL ADDRESS ME AS...

She eyes the spectrum of the earth and lets out a wide smile!

Madame Melton:

MADAME MELTON!

The now renamed Madame Melton stares down each and every single member of the fictional audience.

Madame Melton:

So whom have these people flocked to like the sheep they are to seek a hero? Whom have these people chosen as the one who inspires? The one they watched and celebrated and venerated that evening whilst I was crucified? The one who stole the mantle as America's Sweetheart, the one they indore instead of me... MEEE... MEEEEEE!!!!!!

She holds her hand out and casts her eyes higher with each cry of me. Then, after a highly dramatic pause, Teri's now

vengeful eyes stare directly at the "audience" before her.

Madame Melton:

Is you, Dan Leo James... They chose you, Dan Leo James, over me...

Teri chuckles in shock and dismay that one could possibly reject her.

Madame Melton;

Well, Mr. Leo James... You will learn a cold, hard truth. These fans? These... fickle ... people who now chant your name, who now wave your flag, who now sing your praises? They will realize that I love them more than anyone else. And once they realize the futility of the one they left me for... once they see the one they left me for unable to stand, unable to love and unable to...

Melton laughs as she blows out a cloud of smoke as she jabs the cigarette holder at the camera.

Madame Melton:

See and breathe! They'll come crawling back. An eye for their eyes, Mister Leo James. But that's just a start. Next comes your dignity, just as they took from me!

Madame Melton stares out at the "audience" once again, taking a step upstage.

Madame Melton:

And My Gems... MADAME MELTON'S MOST PRECIOUS GEMS... will destroy you and your Familia in in ways that only I can imagine, as no one has suffered the burden of life more than yours truly -- THAN MADAME MELTON! And you... YOU AND THE ENTIRE WORLD... WILL ALL RUE THE DAY WHEN YOU BETRAYED ME! THE ONE WHO LOVES YOU THE MOST! And no one is safe because Madam Melton's Most Precious Gems are EVERYTHING EVERYWHERE ALL AT ONCE!! And every single last one of you will soon learn why....

Teri's eyes are now filled with utter madness. She starts to cackle.

Madame Melton:

MADAME MELTON!

And cackle.

Madame Melton:

IS READY!

And cackle.

Madame Melton:

FOR HER CLOSEUP!

Madame Melton continues her maniacal cackle, tilting her head up highly as she does, her hands pointing upwards to the sky as her laugh never ends.

The spotlight suddenly cuts off even as the wicked laughter remains.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



CHALLENGE TO THE END

Off the commercial break, the scene switches to outside the arena as a camera crew and Jamie Sawyers move towards a man who's standing at the back door entrance. The Faithful boo when the camera shows a clearer picture... of Tyler Fuse.

Jamie Sawyers:

Tyler, a moment?

Jamie asks, while Tyler doesn't reply at all. However, Fuse also doesn't say no, so the cameraman puts himself in the correct position and Jamie stands beside the wrestler.

Jamie Sawyers:

What are you doing here? You're always hanging outside entrances. It's... it's almost the end of the show. You know this, right?

Tyler robotically shifts his head towards Jamie and then back towards the camera. For now, it looks like he'll play along.

Tyler Fuse:

I was waiting for my "friends" to arrive.

Tyler lets out a sarcastic sigh.

Tyler Fuse:

But I was told they won't be in Germany until next week.

Sawyers nods along, although it looks like he doesn't understand.

Jamie Sawyers:

ACTS of DEFIANCE, you had everyone you wanted in that tag match. High Flyer IV, Flying Frenchie and the man you've had an ongoing blood feud with for a while now, Jack Harmen. Yet you tagged out immediately and never reentered the match. Dare I ask... why?

Fuse gives a very quick roll of the eyes.

Tyler Fuse:

I assessed the situation.

A long pause follows.

Tyler Fuse:

It wasn't the right time.

Fuse slowly creeps his eyes back over to Jamie. It's a most unwelcome look but before Sawyers can wrap it up, Fuse surprisingly continues.

Tyler Fuse:

I changed my mind. I'd rather stick to my original plan.

Another long pause.

Tyler Fuse:

One on one.

Fuse looks dead into the camera.

Tyler Fuse:

One at a time.

He gives his neck a crack.

Tyler Fuse:

We are in Germany, Jack. This is one of the very first locations of DEFIANCE and I think it's a great way to end your career. So here's what I was going to propose in person. But since you've kept me waiting... I'll go a different route.

Tyler raises three fingers.

Tyler Fuse:

One: next week, UNCUT 150, I want your son one-on-one. Submissions only. I will break his arm for the third time.

Tyler drops a finger.

Tyler Fuse:

Two: Flying Frenchie. You're as big of a legend as Jack is, and I'd like to finish you off as well. Once I'm done with the kid, I'll open the doors for your swan song.

Tyler drops a finger.

Tyler Fuse:

Three: Jack Harmen, DEFIANCE Road, anything goes. There will be a winner and this is where our story-

Tyler backtracks to correct himself.

Tyler Fuse:

Sorry, YOUR story... comes to an end.

Tyler glances over to Jamie.

Tyler Fuse:

There's your interview. Have a good one.

Fuse walks off as DEFtv heads inside for the main event.

SOHER: CORVO ALPHA (C) vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

DDK:

After what's been a completely shocking night, we are finally here with the main event! And what MASSIVE stakes for Butcher Victorious. We heard Oscar Burns loud and clear... if Butcher Victorious did not win this match and bring the Southern Heritage Championship back to Vae Victis, he was going right back to being Vae Victis' stooge!

Lance:

Fetching bags and all the other demeaning things the group have made him do. Butcher came so close to making it to four defenses before losing the title to Uriel Cortez and since then, he has been in a slump. He needs this win, but Corvo Alpha is coming off two HUGE back to back wins on his last two PPV matches. He made Oscar Burns tap out back at Maximum DEFIANCE! And of course, he ended the record-setting run by Henry Keyes to hold the Southern Heritage Title!

DDK:

How will his first defense go? Does Butcher Victorious have some sort of ace up his sleeve in order to keep his full membership into Vae Victis? Let's go to the intros for the main event!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is our MAIN EVENT! And is for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage CHAMPIONSHIP!!

The German crowd lets loose at the announcement, surging back to their collective, yet individual, feet. The house lights slowly dim and the cheers dramatically veers to boos at the sound of the gloomy piano & drums.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

Two words dominate the UBER-sized DEFIATron:

VAE VICTIS

♪ Stranger fruit, how it grows and grows,
We all saw the shoot, but we tend to the rose... ♪

A red haze overtakes the stage as a figure creeps into view. Microphone clenched in hand, Butcher Victorious appears with an air of trepidation about him... but quickly shakes it off and talks himself up off-Stick.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first; the CHALLENGER! From Austin, Texas! Weighing in at two-hundred and fourteen pounds... HE IS-

The grating voice of Vic cuts Quimbey off.

Butcher Victorious:

SHUT IT! BUTCH VIC... has the STICK!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... just hooked up with a SMOKIN' HOT GERMAN CHICK!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Butcher Victorious:

Hey, Dumbo *aLpHa*! I'm gonna DROP YOU like a BRICK!!!

Lance:

Weak finish, there.

DDK:

Typical.

Vic slides into the ring and drops his microphone at Quimbey's feet like a complete asshole. As his music fades, the air in the room shifts as expectation mounts.

The hard camera sweeps the building, searching for the champion as the murmuring intensifies. Ultimately settling on a shot in the crowd opposite the entryway, a silhouette falls across a concourse arch before beginning to stomp down the concrete steps.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! From Parts Untold, weighing in tonight at two-hundred and fifty-eight pounds!!

Like a traffic light offering a bold warning, the stark yellow of Alpha's facepaint is easy to follow down to the ring through the rush of Faithful. He leaps over the rail, pink strap in tow. Tossing the belt into the ring ahead of him, Alpha follows it in, ending in a primal squat center-ring.

Darren Quimbey:

He is the reigning and defending SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION!! Call him... **CORVO! ALLLLPHAAA!!!**

Bolting to his feet with the SoHER raised overhead to an ovation, Alpha's crazy eyes scan the crowd. A wild man in a strange land.

DDK:

These two are far from strangers! The last time they clashed, it was for a different title. Butch Vic would retain what was then his Favoured Saints Championship by disqualification when other members of Vae Victis interfered on his behalf. To say that there is bad blood and unfinished business between these two would be a gross understatement!

Lance:

Butcher would soon lose that Favoured Saints Championship to Uriel Cortez and, just a few weeks later, Corvo Alpha would capture the Southern Heritage Championship, ending the historic and oppressive reign of Henry Keyes at ACTS of DEFIANCE! I hesitate to mention that Butch Vic is one of the few competitors in this sport who holds a pinfall victory over Corvo Alpha, just because of how ludicrous it was!

DDK:

Yes, a pinfall victory that *again* involved Oscar Burns and Vae Victis intervention!

Carla Ferrari proudly hoists the Southern Heritage belt overhead to a torrent of flashbulbs as Alpha and Victorious edge closer together.

DING DING

Corvo and Vic eventually find themselves nose-to-nose. A smudge of the canary-yellow paint smudged across Alpha's face transfers to Vic's nose. He swipes it off angrily before swatting and **SMACKING** Corvo clean across the face with his other free hand.

In a flash, Alpha's arm daggers out, and he snatches Vic by the throat. Eyes-bulging, Vic's panic-stricken face says it all as Alpha applies pressure, muscles in his forearm and bicep tensing.

DDK:

You might say that "Butch Vic is in DEEP--"

Suddenly, Vic KICKS, nailing Corvo where it counts. Alpha crumbles to the mat as the fans groan. Referee Carla

Ferrari steps in to admonish Vic as he leans against the ropes, gasping for air.

Lance:

This match was almost over before it started but Butch Vic goes low and resets the board! We know what's at stake for Vic! It's more than JUST the Southern Heritage Championship! If he can't win tonight, Oscar Burns says Vic is OUT of Vae Victis and he's back to being a bag boy! He is going to do whatever needs to be done to win this match!

Alpha struggles back to his feet, urged on by the fans.

Vic collects himself and charges across the ring. Springboarding off of the middle rope, Vic turns mid-air and hits Alpha with a FLYING CROSSBODY! But Alpha CATCHES him!

Lance:

The resiliency & strength of our new Southern Heritage Champion on full display on the first leg of DEFIANCE's world tour!

Shifting Vic's weight to place him on his shoulder, Alpha SMASHES into the corner turnbuckle with Vic before turning and SLAMMING him in the middle of the ring! Alpha pushes an elbow across Vic's jaw on the mat as Carla slides into position!

ONE!

TWO!!!

Vic desperately shoots a shoulder up and Alpha plows forward, yanking Butch upright.

DDK:

Alpha with a modified GUTWRENCH SUPLEX that just PLANTS Vic!

Vic urgently rolls out of the ring and, again, Alpha is quick to follow.

Lance:

Butch Vic with the RAKE of Alpha's eyes! But Corvo is undeterred! DROP TOE-HOLD FACE FIRST INTO THE RING STEPS by Butcher Victorious! Alpha just got domed at ringside!

Scrambling back into the ring, Vic hauls himself to his feet using the ropes. Ordering Ferrari to speed through the mandatory ten count, she side-steps him, largely ignoring him. Before she reaches 3, Alpha is using the ring apron to find his footing and the bottom rope to pull himself back into the fight.

Just as Alpha rolls into the ring, at 5, Vic starts dropping in a brutal flurry of boots. Powering through it, Corvo bullies and pushes Vic stumbling backwards into a corner where Alpha starts laying in stiff knees and blistering elbows. One after another. Another combination after that.

Alpha steps back just as Vic charges forward and Corvo uses the momentum to HEAVE Vic overhead in a crude belly to belly suplex!

The moment Vic gets half-vertical, Alpha BLASTS him with a running boot that may or may not have adjusted Vic's dental veneers in his mouth.

DDK:

Butcher Victorious just got DECAPITATED and Corvo Alpha isn't done yet! He hauls Vic up, precariously perching him seated on that corner turnbuckle!

The crowd buzzes as Alpha charges across the ring to the far turnbuckle, turns to measure Vic, and then BLITZES back towards Vic and LEAPING with a FLYING FOREARM SMASH to Vic on the turnbuckle! Butch Vic tumbles

backwards OFF the turnbuckle and lands in a horrific heap on the ringside floor! Corvo nearly overshot, grabbing the top rope just in time to keep him from spilling out of the ring himself! Riding a wave of adrenaline, Alpha climbs to the top of the turnbuckle, maniacally surveys the screaming horde of fans before standing upright and **SOMERSAULTING** off the top rope onto Vic at ringside!

Both men lay in a broken mound on the ringside mat as Ferrari slips out of the ring to check on them both. The mob applauds the effort, the front row specifically barking encouragement to a stirring Southern Heritage Champion. Corvo pulls Vic up by his hair and tosses him in the ring, fast behind him.

Vic finds a knee and Alpha charges, hitting an impactful **RUNNING BULLDOG**, taking whatever wind was left sputtering out of his sails.

DDK:

Alpha is in full control! Just layering on the pain at this point! Stacking the hurt square onto Butcher Victorious! Being pulled back to his- **WHOA!! ROLL-UP BY BUTCH VIC!!!**

ONE!!

TW--!!

KICKOUT!!!

Lance:

Vic almost stole another one! How?!

DDK:

You've got to give the little weasel his due! He is in the spot he is in, in some part, due to his uncanny ability to survive the impossible, to live to suck another day! Butcher Victorious is persistent!

Vic is delirious and exhausted, up to a knee. Frothing and furious, Alpha storms back up and fires a **SIDEKICK** at Vic-

Lance:

NO! Vic moved Ferrari into the line of fire!

DDK:

Carla is down! She got grazed by that kick from Corvo Alpha!

Alpha stands over Ferrari, confused and surprised. He never notices the changing mood of the room as heads crane towards the entranceway and a bloom of frustration and disappointment takes root in the crowd.

BOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Lance:

What the— **OSCAR BURNS!!**

Burns slides into the ring and quickly pauses to offer Vic a swat-of-encouragement. Just as Alpha turns to face his old foe, Burns charges and **CRACKS** Corvo with a **JUMPING ENZIGURI!!!**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

What is Burns doing here?! Looks like he's trying to help Butcher Victorious help him save himself... or doing ANYTHING he can to bring the gold back to Vae Victis!

Burns wrenches Corvo up to a continuing cascade of crowdly discontent.

DDK:

It was at MAXDEF 2023 when Oscar Burns tapped out inside the cage to Corvo Alpha and even though Burns *pretends* he's forgotten about it, I think it's safe to say that he hasn't let it go!

Lance:

Once again, the specter of Vae Victis looms over Corvo Alpha...

Butch Vic stirs, and now he and Burns are putting the boots to Alpha to a chorus of boos.

A brief, subtle chant for Corvo's old partner, "MV1", takes hold for a brief moment... before a HUGE cheer is taken up!!

DDK:

LOOK!

Lance:

MIL VUELTAS IS HERE! BURNS ATTACKED HIM FOR NO REASON EARLIER IN THE NIGHT NOW HE'S HERE FOR PAYBACK!

Streaking down the aisle like a rocket, Mil slides into the ring and to his feet in one majestic, fluid movement! An indignant Burns turns to face Mil—

DDK:

RUNNING HURRICANRANA TAKES BURNS & VUELTAS OVER THE ROPES AND OUT OF THE RING!!

Both men land on their feet at ringside, somehow – and in a flash they are brawling on the floor! Seen in the background, our referee stirs. Whipped into a frenzy, the Faithful are into the moment as Butch Vic leans out of the ring, calling to Burns for help. From out of nowhere, Alpha is upon him. Snatching Vic in from behind and pulling him in, Corvo is quick to grapevine and bring them both down to the canvas. By then it's too late.

Lance:

ALPHA CLUTCH!! Locked in!

Corvo lashes around, wrenching in the hold with more authority. Vic's free arm slaps Corvo in his forehead aimlessly, but only for a moment before going completely limp.

Crawling over to them, Carla Ferrari is clearly dazed... ever the steadfast professional, she checks on Vic, then frantically signals for the bell!

DING DING DING

Across the bottom of our screen, we see Mil Vueltas WIPE OUT Oscar with a moonsault off the apron! He scrambles backwards, then has a grin underneath his mask!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... and STIIIIILLLL DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage Champion!!!! Call him...

CORVO!!! ALLLLPPPHHAAAAA!!!!

♪ “Children of the Grave” by Black Sabbath ♪

Finally releasing an unconscious Vic from his clutches, Alpha rolls over and has his arm raised by Ferrari, who drapes

the pink strap of the SoHER across his heaving chest. After a moment, he rolls out of the ring and throws a leg over the guardrail - pausing long enough to take in the cheering crowd, many of whom are clapping him on his sweaty back and shoulders.

Lance:

The values of Mil Vueltas couldn't let him stand idly by and watch Oscar Burns be HIMSELF in Stuttgart tonight and steal another win! And in the meantime... With this loss... Butcher Victorious is no longer an official member of Vae Victis?!?

DDK:

That's what I heard, too! Back to carrying water and bags for them!

The camera settles briefly on Butch Vic's fluttering eyes as he is slowly brought to by Carla and a handful of DEFmed. Meanwhile, Oscar sits up, then looks back with HATE in his eyes at the luchador, then shifts to stare at an unconscious Butcher!

Lance:

Did he ever stop?

Alpha raises the belt overhead one last time as he melts into the fans.

Lance:

Oscar Burns throwing his weight around comes back to haunt him and Mil keeps him from running interference... but more importantly, Corvo Alpha STILL your Southern Heritage Champion, meaning Butch Vic, is no longer part of Vae Vic... tis!

DDK:

What a show we've seen tonight and this is just the first part of our tour across Germany for the remainder of the year! For Lance Warner, I am "Downtown" Darren Keebler! We will see you next week... LIVE for our special 150th episode of UNCUT! Good night!

One final shot of Corvo Alpha proudly among the people, raising the Southern Heritage Championship high overhead!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.