

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Leipzig, Germany welcomes DEFIANCE as the QUARTERBACK Immobilien ARENA is hyped for DEFtv 197! 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!

And the scene goes to the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Welcome everyone! A loaded show tonight! We are going to get started, though, by hearing from this man...

NAME A TIME AND A PLACE

The first few chords of the ragtime classic “The Entertainer” by pianist Scott Joplin is all it takes to get each and every member of The Faithful on their feet. A man of fifty, the Bombastic Bronson Box has become a man unburdened with the need for unnecessary pomp. The Original DEFIANT marches out onto the stage dressed for war in his ring gear. He’s wearing a particularly faded and wartorn version of his usual brown and gray striped wrestling singlet. If the large faded bloodstain on the front of the singlet is any indication- Boxer went to hell and back in this particular gear.

DDK:

Looks like some previously worn ring gear Boxer’s got on-

Lance:

That’s- kind of nasty to be honest, Keebs.

DDK:

I have no doubt they bear some significance, Lance.

Lance:

Still- eww.

By the time the announcers are done bantering back and forth about Boxer’s particularly grizzly fashion choice for this evening The Original DEFIANT is already stomping his way up the ring steps. All Bronson has to do is cast his steely gaze to ringside and Darren Quimbey is scrambling over himself to hand The Wargod a microphone from his position at ringside.

DDK:

Been a tick since we’ve heard from Bronson like this.

Lance:

He’s been decidedly more- I want to say mellow, but that’s the wrong word- less murderous than he has been, historically? That sounds more apt.

The DEF Hall of Famer takes a few moments, tossing the microphone lightly about in his huge hand as he breathes a deep contemplative breath before beginning-

Bronson Box:

Gettin’ old has been a bastard- that’s the honest truth of it. I’m man enough to be able to stand here- language barrier be damned- and be honest with you lot. Faithful- *[he sniffs and shakes his head with a strange little smile]* you lot are indeed that. While I’ve had very very little faith in myself the last number of years you lot never once lost faith in ol’ Bronson Box-

Between DEF production doing their best to translate on the tron and enough English speakers in the crowd the Faithful respond with a loud round of supportive applause.

Bronson Box:

Aye- neither did one other stubborn bastard-

“Dare to Tame Me” by TRIDDANA

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

With his shoulder in a sling, looking far less poisoned than the last time the DEFIANCE fans laid eyes on him, Gage Blackwood pushes through the curtain to a riotous reaction from The Faithful. He makes his way down the ramp taking time to interact with as many of the fans as he can on his way towards the ring.

Bronson Box:

Such a wee *[censored]* babyface prick, this one- just look at him-

Gage finally rolls under the bottom rope and pops up with a shrug as he joins his tag team partner.

Bronson Box:

Gage Blackwood pulled me away from a darkness I was quite eager to head right to the heart of- he helped steer my ship back towards this place, to you people and for that- well I'm still looking for the right way to pay him back for that kindness.

Gage nods.

Gage Blackwood:

Malak, aye. I would be really worried if I were you.

The typically emotionless Blackwood can't help but sport a smirk across his face.

Gage Blackwood:

Get ready.

Bronson Box:

Ned reform pulled up his big boy drawers for a brief moment and managed to outfox me, bully to him- I'm STARMAKER, it's what I do, I'm blasted patient zero when it comes to greatness here in DEFIANCE. The wars I've waged for good or for ill are the wars that laid the original planks of that ring you all wrestle in- I distribute the kind of permanent, enshrined greatness you all salivate over. Win or lose, you cross swords with Bronson Box there's only one outcome- punishment. Through that punishment some competitors- some very special competitors find something in themselves they never knew was there. A razor sharp version of themselves- honed on the whetstone of the Original DEFIANT. Eugene Dewey, Cayle Murray-

Boxer pauses for a moment, he runs a hand down the enormous dried and faded blood stain on the front of his obviously wartorn old singlet.

Bronson Box:

Lindsay Troy.

No translation needed for that one, the reaction from the fans is immediate.

OOOOOOOOOOH!

Bronson Box:

Seven years ago- Lindsay Troy and I were at one another's throats. Seven years and not a lot has changed, her and her *[censored]* mouth and her *[censored]* friends. She'd pushed me to the brink- now I might have pushed first, and admittedly more viciously- but still, the fact remains. Things weren't going to get settled between she and I in any old match, in any old ring. I wanted to maim this insufferable woman- to silence her endless prattling on permanently. The horror show that followed- she overcame. Bronson Box lost- not only the match, but a number of my teeth and nearly my right eye-

He runs a finger down across the grizzly, healed scar.

Bronson Box:

Malak- you and your *[censored]* mouth and your *[censored]* friends have pushed, and joked, and talked and talked AND TALKED AND TALKED AND TALKED- the talkin', sunshine?! It's over- beyond over. Ned Reform might have endlessly *[censored]* around, but at the end of the day he stood there and took his beatin' like a man and discovered he might just be a more canny competitor than he ever gave himself credit for-

Boxer scowls.

Bronson Box:

I want to maim you, you little snow white prick. That's why as we speak something very large and dangerous is winging its way here from the DEFIANCE warehouse in New Orleans. I'm going to put you through the same human meat grinder I put Lindsay Troy through seven years ago, Malak, knowing full well you aren't even a TENTH of the competitor she was- if you have the balls, boy- you'll meet ol' Boxer in *THE WARCHAMBER*!

The crowd ROARS after Box name drops one of the most vaunted, vile and violent match stipulations in the history of wrestling.

DDK:

Did Box just say WARCHAMBER!? He wants to maim Malak inside a steel construct!?

Lance:

I think he can challenge the Snowflake Superstar as much as he wants. Scare him with whatever threats, whatever match stipulations he yearns for but I think the more he pokes and prods, the less likely Garland is going to show his face here tonight.

Seething at the teeth, Box lowers the microphone from his lips. The crowd is at full throat over the thought of the Bare Knuckle Brawler separating Malak's soft little teeth from his dainty gums one by one in an inescapable cage only on pay-per-view. Suddenly, the lights dim. Cyrus Bates walks out on stage to a chorus of boos.

DDK:

To your point, Lance, we aren't graced with the presence of Malak Garland at all. Instead, we get his heavy right hand man in Cyrus Bates.

Bates bounces his large pectorals in an intimidating display of dominance. Cyrus points a finger at Box and mutters some promises of destruction only he can hear. Box ain't playing though and doesn't care who he gets into a fight with so he promptly exits the ring and begins to make his way up the ramp until Malak Garland appears on the big screen, stopping Box in his tracks.

Malak Garland:

Bronson Box. Stop right there. Do not lay a finger on my defenseless friend, Cyrus Bates.

DDK:

Bates can probably handle himself but in all honesty, a fired up Bronson Box could possibly put him in the grave.

Malak looks like his usual shook self. He holds a box of tissues as he pats his cheekbones dry.

Malak Garland:

Listen, I never wanted things to go this way. Everything got out of hand after I permanently injured Gage Blackwood to retain my lucious Paper Title even though he's standing right there in the ring! Gage, I know you're contemplating retirement and let me help you out with that decision-go for it! But listen, hey, one thing happened after another and now I'm standing here, in the safety of an undisclosed witness protection room, literally shaking to the bone because you want to do perverse things to me in a WARCHAMBER match at DEFROAD!? Wow, okay. LOTS TO UNPACK HERE! Firstly, I'm not built like you. I can't withstand that kind of ogre-like punishment. Nonsense.

Garland has to take a breath to collect himself.

Malak Garland:

Now, I have to spend the next week or two in captivity because the rules of this place are silly. You can't just come and go as you please when you feel unsafe and I've already used three of my five free monthly check-ins here and I always want to keep a buffer of one in my back pocket for an emergency. That said, in theory, I would be discharged in time to attend DEFROAD and your proposed match.

The Keyboard King pauses, enabling the rabid fans to shout obscenities at the screen.

Malak Garland:

But alas, I cannot graciously accept your challenge. It's too much for me. My bucket is full right now. I'm here at the safe point, getting my tools in my toolbox sharpened and I simply don't have the capacity right now to entertain your snuff film challenge, you rotten, piss soaked ditch licker.

The fans hate his response.

Lance:

Jeeze, for a guy talking through a screen, Malak sure is brave with his "carefully" selected words.

Box is fuming. Bates laughs atop the ramp.

Malak Garland:

Besides, I just checked my phone and I've already got a Teams meeting invite in my calendar for that date and I simply cannot move it. I'll share my schedule with everyone on DEFCOM later to prove I'm not a liar.

The Original DEFIANT has obviously heard enough.

Bronson Box:

ENOUGH! You *[censored]* child- this is all there is to you, isn't it?! You shallow, yellow little coward?! Everything about you is as paper thin as that embarrassing "title" you carry around, you bloody cartoon-

Blackwood can't help but intervene.

Gage Blackwood:

Garland, you are the antithesis of DEFIANCE. You would have the original creators of this company rolling in their graves had THEY signed your contract. You present no good qualities whatsoever. Now, I don't know what a Twitter is, I don't do that online nonsense but your comments eventually find me. So if you want to take your "talents" elsewhere, be gone. You don't belong here, aye.

Blackwood starts laughing.

Gage Blackwood:

Why don't you PROVE you finally do.

Malak's gaze drops slightly and we see his lip curl into a little angry snarl before the mask drops back down.

Malak Garland:

Okay, okay, okay. You know what? Fine. I can cancel my restorative yoga. Heck, I can face you in a WARCHAMBER match at DEFROAD BUT- first, you have to beat Cyrus Bates at the year end Uncut show. Only then will you get this delectable opportunity to be made famous by yours truly. Now, if you'll excuse me, they are about to serve orange flavored jell-o at the safety shelter I am inconspicuously located at. Best of luck, Bronson. Best of luck indeed.

The video feed of Malak of the tron cuts just as Box is left staring down Bates with about ten feet of ramp between the two. Suddenly, Siobhan Cassidy jumps on Box's back from behind. Bronson is quick to lightly twirl her off but it distracts him just long enough for Bates to come barrelling in with his high quality axe kick to the face! Gage can't really get involved due to his injuries but that doesn't stop The Noble Raider from shouting at Bates.

Lance:

Keyboard Kick! Bates just ousted a distracted Box with his finisher!

Cyrus raises his arms for a moment before collecting Cassidy and heading to the back. Box, briefly stunned, shakes the cobwebs free before racing to the back himself.

DDK:

IT'S BATES VERSUS BOX AT UNCUT AND IF BOX WINS, HE GETS MALAK GARLAND IN A WARCHAMBER MATCH AT DEFROAD! LET'S GO!

BRAZEN WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP: OPHELIA SYKES (C) vs. LINDSAY TROY

DDK:

We are kicking off tonight's in-ring action with a championship match

Lance:

For the first time ever, the BRAZEN's Women's Championship will be defended on DEFtv when the champion, Ophelia Sykes, defends against Lindsay Troy.

DDK:

As much heart and promise as Ophelia has been showing, on paper this is a mis-match for the ages. Vae Victis took advantage of Ophelia's relative inexperience to get her to agree to this.

Lance:

Not only that, but at DEFIANCE Road Troy will team with bestie Henry Keyes to take on Sykes AND her boyfriend Pat Cassidy. A match that Cassidy is less than thrilled about.

♪ "Va Va Voom" by Nicki Minaj ♪

As the DEFiatron plays a video showing highlights of Ophelia's many recent successful championship defenses, the champ herself marches through the curtain dressed in her usual ring gear. Behind her, looking stoic and wearing a maybe forced expression of determination, is "Black Out" Pat Cassidy dressed in jeans and black SNS t-shirt. Sykes stops at the top of the ramp and raises the BRAZEN Women's Championship in the air as the cam zooms in on her face. She looks into the camera and winks before bringing the belt down and beginning her march to the ring as Pat walks behind her massaging her shoulders like a handler in a boxing movie.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL and is for the BRAZEN Women's Championship... introducing first, being accompanied by Pat Cassidy... the champion: OPHELIA SYYYYYYYKES!

DDK:

The kid's got guts, you have to give her that.

Sykes marches up the steps and stops on the apron. She grabs hold of the top rope and leans back, dancing in tune with the song before stepping into the ring. She jumps up to the top rope and holds the title high as her music dies out.

And that's when the doom piano begins its ominous symphony.

♪ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♪

Roll that beautiful DEFiATron footage:

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... ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Out stroll the Besties as red, silver, and PINK~! spotlights swirl over the stage and around the QUARTERBACK Immobilien ARENA. Henry is dressed in his Wednesday finest (pink military coat, navy pants, you know how he do), while LT is battle-ready.

Darren Quimbey:

And her opponent, being accompanied by “The Kraken” Henry Keyes...representing Vae Victis...LINDSAY TROY!

The Co-Consuls engage in their super special Besties Handshake before LT glides down the ramp and Henry heads over to the commentation station with the 2023 Milo Flynn Cup in hand.

DDK:

Looks like we're going to be joined by Henry Keyes here, Lance. Henry, good to have you here.

There's rustling as the record-setting former SOHER champ puts his headset on. He plunks the Flynn Cup in front of Lance Warner's face and points at him.

Henry Keyes:

Evening, Keebler. Don't TOUCH it, Lance.

Lance:

I wasn't going to-

Henry Keyes:

THE OIL FROM YOUR GRUBBY LITTLE FINGERS DEGRADES THE METAL, LANCE.

Lance:

I seriously wasn't-

Henry Keyes:

BEING THE GREATEST SOHER OF ALL TIME FOR A YEAR WAS VERY STRESSFUL LANCE, I REALLY WOULD PREFER NOT TO ASK BUTCH TO POLISH IT ANOTHER FIVE HOURS BUT I WILL, I WILL IF YOU PUT YOUR LITTLE PLEBE HANDS ON OUR FLYNN CUP, LANCE!

Lance:

...moving on.

Lindsay Troy has entered the ring and given the DEFIANCE Faithful a photo op or two from the turnbuckles before hopping off and shrugging out of her jacket. She stretches her back out against the ropes and grins across the ring at Ophelia, who looks ready to go.

“Stranger Fruit” dies out and Carla Ferrari calls for the bell.

DING DING

Ophelia immediately gets serious, raising her arms in a grappler's position and circling Troy, looking for an opening. A smirk flashes across LT's face as she mockingly assumes the same stance. The two move in and lock up... and Ophelia immediately gets LAUNCHED across the ring with a Biel Throw in a display of power!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy showing off her impressive strength advantage there; she has over 60 pounds on the BRAZEN Women's champion.

Lance:

We said it earlier that this was going to be a mis-match, Keebs, and the Queen of the Ring is showing us just how much of one it is right out of the gate.

Henry Keyes:

Little bit of insight for you - Miss Troy and I have been working on our Biels quite a lot lately. Of course, if you were a

journalist and not a talky talker who talks all the time, Lance, you would already know this. Get - LANCE! Don't even BREATHE on the Flynn Cup! Sir! She needs SPACE!

Pat pounds on the mat to try to help her rally while Sykes gets back to her feet and dusts herself off. She goes right up to Troy and calls for another lock up. Amused, the Queen of the Ring obliges. Before she can get tossed again, Sykes slips down Troy's leg and hooks it looking for a takedown. This would be a good idea... if it worked. Instead, Lindsay lifts her leg and shakes her off, then grabs and tosses her AGAIN, this time with a release German suplex that sends Ophelia into the ropes and out of the ring!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Ophelia with a hard landing there.

Henry Keyes:

Man, and she's the TALENTED one in that relationship! Imagine what Miss Troy would do to the likes of Pat Cassidy?

Lance:

In defense of Pat-

Keyes glares.

Lance:

-he is one of the most celebrated tag team competitors in DEFIANCE history!

Henry Keyes:

Yeah, ok Lance, but who has the Flynn, huh? WHO HAS THE FLYNN? Weeeee, that's right, weeeee do.

Ophelia grimaces and gets to her feet, holding the back of her head. Pat's right by her side and the two quickly talk strategy, Ophelia nodding along with whatever Cassidy's suggesting. Carla Ferrari is up to a five count before Lindsay waves her off and walks over to the side of the ring where she threw Sykes. Keyes stands up from his chair and cups his hands to his mouth to shout his own encouragement to the ring.

Henry Keyes:

HEY MISS TROY, YOU'RE DOING GREAT, YOU DON'T NEED ANY TIPS AND TRICKS FROM ME BECAUSE YOU'RE THE GREATEST OF ALL TIME! GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP THOUGH, GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP!

Indeed, Lindsay Troy is sitting on the middle rope and beckoning Ophelia to rejoin her in the ring. After a moment, she does see Henry standing behind the commentators' desk and gives him a thumbs-up.

Lance:

I would argue that when it comes to Vae Victis, "sportsmanship" is a pretty loose term...

Henry Keyes:

AND I WOULD ARGUE THAT YOU'RE GETTING YOUR STUPID LITTLE FLECKS OF SALIVA A LITTLE TOO CLOSE TO THE FLYNN, LANCE,

DDK:

Yes, alright, everyone is very important and good - can we get back to the match?

Carla picks up where she left off but Lindsay tells her to wait a minute. Pat yells at the Queen to cut the shit but Ophelia hops up on the apron and glares at her much more experienced - and nefarious - opponent. Lindsay gestures for her to go first and after a moment's hesitation, she does.

Henry Keyes:

See, what did I tell you, Lance.

Both women are back in the ring now; Carla gestures for them to continue the match. Lindsay Troy holds her arms wide open as if inviting Ophelia to take her best shot. Sykes looks suspicious - she looks to Cassidy, who shakes his head as if to say "don't fall for this." Ophelia turns back to the Queen of the Ring...

OOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

WHAT A SHOT! Ophelia with a hard kick to the ribs to double Troy over, and then she nearly kicked the Queen's head off!

RAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

Of all people in the arena, nobody is more surprised than Troy herself... and even more surprised when, as she's staggered and holding her head, Ophelia rolls her up from behind!

ONE!

TWO!!!

...NO! Troy powers out and the air comes out of the arena.

Lance:

We almost just had what might have been one of the biggest upsets in this show's history!

Ophelia gets right back to her feet... as does Troy. But AGAIN, to the shock of everyone... SYKES PLANTS LT WITH A DDT!

RAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

On the outside, Cassidy is jumping up and down with his hands through his air and he is losing his mind. The people are on their feet. Sykes seems to consider making the cover, but then thinks better of it, instead opting to climb to the top rope!

DDK:

Ophelia Sykes' finishing maneuver is called the Body Shot - it's a top rope frog splash! It's been serving her well on the BRAZEN scene!

Ophelia climbs. She takes just a second to steady herself. And then she flies...

...and SHE CONNECTS!

RAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!!

...NO! Lindsay Troy kicks out!

DDK:

Ophelia Sykes was half a second away!

Ophelia can't believe it. She holds her head and looks over to Pat and the Faithful who are all in disbelief. She needs to think of another option, and quickly.

Pat gestures wildly for Ophelia to turn around....because when she looked over her shoulder at him, she took her eyes off Lindsay Troy.

WHAM!

And that was a mistake.

DDK:

A HUGE forearm shot from Lindsay Troy to Ophelia Sykes!

WHAM!

DDK:

And another!

WHAM!

DDK:

And another! The Queen has taken the mount and is unloading forearm shot after forearm shot on Ophelia Sykes.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Carla's trying to get her off the champ. She's starting her five count.

Henry Keyes:

Since when are forearms illegal? Are we now coddling the talent in DEFIANCE?

Lance:

Ophelia clearly can't defend herself here and—

Henry Keyes:

And WHAT, Lance? AND WHAT? Should Miss Troy stop and give Miss Sykes a breather? There's a belt on the line, is there not? Did it occur to you that Miss Troy and her son Kazuhiro could hold the top two titles in BRAZEN should she be victorious here tonight?

Lance:

It did occur to me, yes—

In the ring, Lindsay has stopped smashing Ophelia's face at Carla's 4.5 count and has hauled her to her feet.

Henry Keyes:

Then why should she stop, Lance?

Lindsay shoots Ophelia into the ropes with an Irish whip and on the return picks her up and over her right shoulder, letting the BRAZEN women's champ hang down her back while holding onto her knees. The Queen smirks, winks, and then violently whips Ophelia down to the mat and watches her body bounce a couple times.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

GOOD LORD, that impact.

Henry Keyes:

Hahahahahahahahahahaha!

Ophelia isn't moving. Rather than pin her and put her out of her misery, Lindsay opts to add insult to injury by locking Sykes in her Dynastic Cycle bridging sharpshooter.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lance:

Oh come on, enough's enough.

Henry Keyes:

If it's enough, Ophelia should just tap out, shouldn't she, Lance? YOU'RE STILL TOO CLOSE TO THE FLYNN BY THE WAY.

Ophelia's crying out in pain; the ropes are so far away. Lucky for her, she doesn't have to suffer for long, because Pat Cassidy hits the ring and barrels into Lindsay Troy, forcing her to release the hold and for Carla to call for the bell and the disqualification.

DING DING DING

Pat Cassidy starts throwing haymakers into Lindsay Troy, who is covering up. We hear the shuffle of a headset being dropped on the announce table.

Henry Keyes:

Don't touch the Flynn while I take care of this you little geek!

Ophelia Sykes starts to recover and starts to piece together what her boyfriend just did, and what he's continuing to do to the Queen of the Ring. He's UNLOADING on her, and more and more, Troy's guard is starting to slip and Cassidy's strikes begin to have greater and greater effect.

Sykes, holding her ribs, frowns and begins to shout something.

Ophelia Sykes:

Hey - Pat! Stop-

THUDDDD!

From behind, Keyes throws a wild knee strike to the back of Sykes's head, leaving her in a heap. He stomps over to the melee happening in the middle of the ring.

DING DING DING DING DING DING DING DING

It's ugly, but effective - Keyes finds a way to wrap his arms around Cassidy's waist, and with much struggle and brute strength, he finally pulls him off of Troy and into the air. He dumps him on the mat, only for Cassidy to spring to his feet and shoulder tackle Keyes right in the guts! He's on top of Keyes now! Keyes and Cassidy begin to full-on scrum, rolling and turning and trading who's on top!

Eventually, it's Cassidy on top once again! He's about ready to throw more haymakers, when-

CRACKKKKK!

Troy comes FLYING in and connects with a blasting dropkick to the side of Cassidy's head! Keyes shakes the cobwebs out, and soon both members of Vae Victis are stomping a big ol' mudhole into The Scrapper from Southie.

Lance:

This is getting out of hand! We need some help out here!

Officials begin to run from the back, but not in time for Keyes and Troy to prop Cassidy up on his feet, measure, and go for their high/low sweeping kicks.

Lindsay Troy & Henry Keyes: *[in unison]*

YOU CAN'T SIT WITH US!

BOOOOOOOOOOM!

Cassidy is laid out. Sykes still hasn't moved. Officials have made their way into the ring and force space between the Besties and the duo of Cassidy and Sykes.

DDK:

Absolutely REPREHENSIBLE, Lance.

Lance:

I have half a mind to spit on the Flynn Cup...Vae Victis, forever effective, forever the biggest jerks in DEFIANCE.

Keyes and Troy exchange an extremely elaborate and complicated handshake, followed by a forearm-to-forearm smash, before they make their way to the announcer's desk.

Henry Keyes:

We'll be taking THIS.

Keyes snatches the Flynn Cup and hands it to Troy as they make their exit. Boos rain down from all sides.

DDK:

We'll get an update on Cassidy and Sykes when we can, but in the meantime, we'll be back with more action after this.

Lance:

I really should've spat on that cup.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE HALL OF FAME



[The DEFIANCE Hall of Fame](#)

MADAME MELTON'S MOST PRECIOUS GEMS vs. THE GULF COAST CONNECTION

♪ "The Saints" by Andy Mineo w/KB and Trip Lee ♪

DDK:

And will you listen to this ovation from The Gulf Coast Connection!

Lance:

The party continues here in Germany!

Theodore Cain has on his Gulf Coast Connection Mardi Gras-themed jester hat, along with Crescent City Kid, getting the crowd fired up by throwing purple and gold beads to The Faithful. "Wingman" Titus Campbell brings up the rear and the powerhouse throws a few jester hats out of the bag into the crowd. Once they approach the ring, Theodore Cain gives his own jester hat to a young German girl in the audience with her parents! All three get in the ring.

Then The lights go out.

♪ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪

The eerie beginning to the 80s alternative classic chimes as the DEFiatron screen reveals Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems — Madame with her silver flapper curls sitting in a director's chair flanked by Raiden (crazed mullet, yakuza tattoos) and Reeves (smelling a yellow rose, hair gelled up in pretentiousness, sports coat over his trunks) with "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon (brown mask, black tank top that reads 'Learn To Love Me' in blood red) kneeling in the front.

JJ Dixon:

Gulf Coast Connection — it's clear that your eternal Madis Gras has now become Oktoberfest In December. There have been many nights where Theodore held me by my feet and Crescent City Kid put the tap into my mouth, all while Titus Campbell proved himself to be the best damn Wingman there ever was! I like you, GCC, I truly do. But tonight I have to do something I don't want to do. Tonight, I have to hurt you. Because The Faithful cheer for you in ways they never cheered for me. And that upsets me BECAUSE I AM NOW THIS MONSTER I KNOW LONGER RECOGNIZE... so I can become the hero they deserve! So, tonight... tonight we have to destroy you.

Reeves takes a big sniff of his Yellow rose.

JP Reeves:

As it turns out, today's supposedly discerning wrestling fan does not appreciate hard work and sacrifice, for all they need for celebration is bronzer on the nose and a red cup in hand! Well, tonight, I — The Boy With The Thorn In His Side — informs you that the keg is kicked. Last Call has arrived early! And The Gulf Coast Connection's party is over... all so our Garden Of Despair shall bloom!

Madame Melton:

The screenplay has been written! The set has been designed. And we are in the midst of filming my greatest masterpiece, with Madame Melton and her gems - HER MOST PRECIOUS GEMS - cast in the starring role! FOR I AM THE AUTEUR OF PAIN! The plot, you ask? The heroes of the story, betrayed by the ones they love the most, go forth on their hero's journey, destroying all who stand in their path, one-by-one... until they reach the most nefarious villains of them all, the ones who turned their backs on their heroes... you, The Faithful!

The crowd boos as her eyes open wide with madness.

Madame Melton:

But then comes the denouement, when you come crawling back into our waiting arms... knowing you belong to us, for eternity!

JJ extends his arms out wide.

JJ Dixon:

And you will learn to love us as much as we love you... because there will be no one else left for you to love!

The Fatal Attraction looks up at Mommie Dearest as she grips his hair with the clutches of her hand.

Madame Melton:

And you will all learn why...

She then raises her hands triumphantly into the air!

Madame Melton:

MADAME MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

The music abruptly stops. The lights come on.

DING DING

DDK:

And here comes the chaos!

Madame Melton stands on the floor with her eyes closed, conducting her imaginary Bittersweet Symphony. Reeves pulls The Crescent City Kid down off the apron and grabs him gutwrench position and spins him into the ring railing. Raiden kicks The Wingman Titus Campbell a few times in the side. The Angry Young Man then times it so he connects with Suddenly Last Slumber (spinning backfist) right as Reeves comes running from behind to clip his knee.

In the ring, The Fatal Attraction has tackled Theodore Cain and kneels over him.

Lance:

We've seen these clubbing forearms - the 400 Blows as he calls them - the past few weeks from JJ Dixon since he's become this masked monster!

JJ swings a forearm with each shouted word.

JJ Dixon:

!! AM! HUMAN! AND! !! NEED! TO! BE! LOVED! --

Melton stands on the ring apron, and is screaming some kind of madness to distract referee Hector Navarro.

DDK:

Navarro is a damn good referee, but this swarming, non-stop "Everything Everywhere All At Once" style of Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems is damn near impossible for any official to try and control!

Her distraction lets Raiden steer the ring steps from the apron into the middle of the floor. JJ continues his blasts, finishing the chorus to The Gems' entrance music.

JJ Dixon:

JUST! LIKE! EVERY! BODY! ELSE! DOES!

Raiden and Reeves, still on the floor, hook both arms of The Wingman and pick him up and double suplex him on top of the ring steps. There's a loud crash as the big man's back folds over the steps.

DDK:

You could hear the thud of Campbell's spine against those steps all the way back home across the Atlantic!

The Crescent City Kid is up on his feet and charges the waiting Reeves, who meets him with a hard clothesline. He then picks him up quickly with an overhead toss suplex that sends the masked man crashing onto Campbell, still on the top step.

DDK:

What is Melton doing now?

The former Teri Melton is standing with her back against the ring post and points above her head, where Raiden is perched on the top rope! There's a loud scream of "NEEEEEIIIIINNN!" from The Faithful as Raiden leaps off the top --

DDK:

RAIDEN WITH A LEAPING DOUBLE STOMP ONTO THE CRESCENT CITY KID, WHO WAS SPLAYED OVER THE WINGMAN ON THOSE RING STEPS!

There's human wreckage on the floor. The Yellow Rose of The Gems stands next to Melton, his hand out as if he's just offered her a five-star meal. She smiles with absolute malevolence in her eyes as Raiden, holding the small of his back, sneers down at the duo.

Heilge ScheiBe! (Holy Shit!)

Heilge ScheiBe! (Holy Shit!)

Heilge ScheiBe! (Holy Shit!)

Lance:

Raiden calls himself The Concussion King and desires to give his opponents CTE -- lasting brain damage and a fear of every professional wrestling and their loved ones! What a sick and twisted human being!

Meanwhile, back in the ring, Cain is somehow up to his feet and appears to have advantage. He goes to whip JJ into the ropes, but JJ turns the table and controls to hit a swinging reverse STO!

DDK:

We haven't seen that move from JJ before! And it just spiked Theodore Cain's head off the canvas!

Lance:

I think the last thing anyone in DEFIANCE needs is for The Fatal Attraction to add even more to his arsenal!

Raiden hops on the apron, literally grabbing Navarro by the collar. Reeves slithers under the ropes and he waits for Cain to start to pull himself up on the ropes. The Boy With The Thorn In His Side then reverse Irish whips JJ who runs full blast to Cain --

DDK:

JJ clotheslines Theodore Cain over the top rope and flips over to the floor with him!

Melton slowly walks into frame before backing Cain up against the ring railing with her ample rear.

Lance:

And we've seen this the past few weeks from The Gems, too!

Madame Melton:

Everything! Everywhere! All! At! Once!

Melton pirouettes out of the way as JJ bounces off the middle rope with a springboard moonsault, crashing into Cain before he falls into the crowd. Right next to him is the little girl who was handed the Mardi Gras beads earlier. JJ kneels down next to her and holds his arms out wide, screaming at her as she flees into the tight grip of her shocked father.

JJ Dixon:

YOU MADE ME THIS MONSTER!

The girl, trembling in fear, is consoled by her parents. JJ stands and slowly slides the Mardi Gras beads over her head before rolling back over the ring railing.

JJ Dixon:

Mommie Dearest... I got you an early Christmas present!

Melton cups her hands with a big "FOR ME?" surprised face as JJ places the decorative beads around her head before placing a gentle kiss on the side of her cheek. She leans over the rail to laugh in the face of the tormented girl at ringside. Raiden rolls Cain back into the ring, as JJ follows.

DDK:

JJ with the full-nelson -- SUNSET BOULEVARD! Thank God this one is over!

*One!**Two!*

The crowd boos as JJ breaks the easy pin to hit some more forearms to the already out Cain.

JJ Dixon:

!! STILL! LOVE! YOU! BROTHER!

DDK:

That's a call-out to his former partner in the Southern Basterds, Jun Izuchi!

Lance:

We've seen him do this the past few weeks, and it's absolutely uncalled for!

Hector Navarro warns JJ who does not respond, immediately wrenching Cain's left arm into A Streetcar Named Retire (Straightjacket Crossface). Hector rings the bell without any hesitation.

DING DING DING**DDK:**

JJ's not breaking the hold!

Raiden and Reeves force Navarro into the corner. JJ keeps wrenching the hold, as The Auteur of Pain walks into the ring, a wide smile on her face with her eyes closed again. She starts pantomiming her imaginary orchestra.

JJ Dixon:

YOU MADE ME DO THIS! YOU MADE ME DO THIS!

Finally --

RRRRRAAAAHHHHH!

To break things up, Titaness, Dan Leo James and the "Extended Familia" Jun Izuchi come charging down the ramp! The moment that Madame Melton sees the trio coming, Dixon and NDR all scatter from the ring!

DDK:

Here comes Titanes Familia! For weeks, they were the victim of multiple attacks from Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems!

Lance:

With JJ Dixon's former partner, Jun Izuchi, evening the odds it looks more like a fair fight now! Jun defeated Reeves two weeks ago!

With The Gems now regrouping outside the ring, Jun Izuchi has a microphone in hand. The official is tending to Gulf Coast Connection just outside the ring.

Jun Izuchi:

JJ... brother... enough is enough! We're done with the games!

Melton is shouting off mic as the Gems watch Dan take the microphone.

Dan Leo James:

Yeah! All these movie references go over my head and silent films are scary!

Titaness and Jun both twist their heads at Dan and shoot him nonplussed looks. He shrugs.

Dan Leo James:

But I know I don't like ANY of you messing with me or Mi Familia! So I'll lay down the challenge! And we're not gonna wait a month for DEFIANCE Road where you can jump someone again and blow weird magic smoke dust in someone's face. The three of you! The three of us! Six-person tag! UNCUT Year End Awards where you'll win Most Likely To Get YEETED Through The Ceiling Of The Arena!

The Gems are pointing and screaming for a fight while Madame Melton puts her arms out to keep them at bay. Madame Melton has a worried look on her face as she sees the intensity of the Familia. Her look turns into a grin.

Madame Melton:

I have a habit and history of conquering awards ceremonies, darlings. Why, just last year, I was named DEFIANCE's Rookie of the Year and later enjoyed vintage champagne as I sailed away in a hot air balloon after taking a big bag of money from poor, dear Lord Nigel! We'll see to your demise there!

La Familia nod their heads and begin to head back.

Madame Melton:

One last thing, Titaness... woman-to-woman. I've had many men wrapped around my finger before, and I certainly know when it's time to cast them aside...

She pauses for dramatic effect. Her grin turns sadistic.

Madame Melton:

You don't love Uriel anymore!

Melton cackles as the crowd boos her very cruel remark. Titaness doesn't look happy... but she still presses on.

Titaness:

Whatever happens in MY relationship is no one's business but me and my husband's.... but these heels of mine are going to get real personal with your boys when I kick every single one of their Precious Gems right back up their throats!

WHY?

Backstage interview area.

Jamie Sawyers.

Let's word some things!

Jamie Sawyers:

Thank you to our loyal DEFIANTs for joining us tonight! We're just a few short weeks away from DEFIANCE Road and my guest at this time has a chance to put himself on that card with a win tonight. Please welcome the promoter Thomas Keeling... and his client, Mil Vueltas!

The cheering is big in the background as Mil Vueltas is in his red, green and white ring gear and mask, along with Thomas Keeling and his gaudy silver suit. Thomas walks up to shake the hand of Jamie.

Thomas Keeling:

Jamie. Pleasure.

Mil Vueltas:

Si.

Jamie Sawyers:

Now, tonight, seems to be make or break for both yourself and Butcher Victorious. As you all agreed to this match with Oscar Burns two weeks ago, the stipulations are this: if Mil wins, he gets Oscar in a rematch at DEFIANCE Road. If Butcher wins, he could potentially be reinstated into Vae Victis. What are your thoughts going into this match?

Mil nods.

Mil Vueltas:

Oscar Burns... he one of the biggest names in DEFIANCE... but he's also the biggest ASSHOLE in DEFIANCE! He's disrespected all of us for too long and needs to be put in place!

That gets cheers in the background from The Faithful! Thomas Keeling elaborates further for his client.

Thomas Keeling:

Week in and week out, we have all seen Oscar Burns and Vae Victis treat Butcher Victorious like a figurative and sometimes like an even LITERAL footstool. We've been trying to reach Butcher for weeks, but if he doesn't want to listen, then Mil has no choice but to go through him tonight in order to get to the root of the problem.

Mil Vueltas:

Si, amigo. I know what it like to be manipulated. Tom Morrow... when he was Junior Keeling and MY manager three years ago... he did to me what Burns doing to you, Butcher. Using you. Esta noche, puedes aceptar mi ayuda o puedes apartarte de mi camino!

Thomas Keeling:

That's right! Tonight, you can accept our help or we can go through you to get to the problem head on...

NAH, NAH, NAH!

Everyone stops when approaching the backstage area is none other than Butcher Victorious in his tattered dirty "VV Trainee" t-shirt and purple tights. He looks down at Mil as Jamie holds the microphone up, prompting Butcher to shove his microphone away.

Butcher Victorious:

Hey! No! Get your amateur hour mic outta my face! Butch Vic has...

He reaches into his back pocket to pull out his own custom purple microphone known as...

Butcher Victorious:
THE STICK!

Thomas looks slightly uncomfortable.

Thomas Keeling:
Why does that look like a vib... you know what? Nevermind.

Butcher tunes him out.

Butcher Victorious:
BUTCH VIC... ASKS WHAT IS THIS?! You guys almost got me in trouble! You don't leave me alone! You keep saying you want to help me?! Where were ANY of you when I was fighting for an opportunity? Huh? Where was MY Thomas Keeling, huh, Mil? Tom Morrow? Madame Melton? Where were ANY of them! Nobody cared about me! NOBODY!

Now starting to get flustered, he continues.

Butcher Victorious:
NOBODY cared about me... OSCAR BURNS was the only man who helped me! OSCAR BURNS was the only man who gave me a chance! OSCAR BURNS was the only person who ever saw anything I could do. So you want to know why I pack bags for Vae Victis? Get them water? Get them Combos? Get them snacks? It was WORTH it! Because I was IN the group! And I had a title! I was SOMEBODY...

He jabs Mil in the chest with a finger, but Mil slaps it away.

Butcher Victorious:
Until your REAL amigo, Uriel Cortez, took MY belt and caused all this! And now, you notice me? NOW you want to be Butch Vic's friend, huh?

After pouring his frustrations out, Butcher is fuming. Mil and Thomas look at one another before addressing his concerns.

Mil Vuelas:
I'm sorry Uriel put you in this spot, amigo... I don't know what's going on with him, but you're right. Until recently, we never crossed paths. Thomas Keeling came back only as favor to me.

Thomas Keeling:
That's right. Sorry you felt this way, young man... but everything this group's been doing to you... that's what you really want? Constantly proving yourself to men and women who view you as nothing more than an errand boy?

Thomas Keeling reaches into his pocket.

Butcher Victorious:
What the hell are you doing?!

The promoter for Mil Vuelas reaches into his pocket and hands him a business card.

Thomas Keeling:
Call it making up for lost time since I didn't notice you until now.

Butcher looks at the business card, then up at Thomas.

Butcher Victorious:

No... no... nuh-uh! This is some kind of game! I'm being inceptionatedified! No! No, Butch Vic ain't asking for this!

Casually tossing the card to the floor, Butcher points at the both of them!

Butcher Victorious:

I don't need your pity... I need my spot in Vae Victis back and I'm gonna do it by kicking your ass tonight!

Keeling sighs, but Mil looks determined.

Mil Vueltas:

Well, amigo... if you no want our help, then may the best man win tonight.

Mil extends a hand out to Butcher. He looks at it... then laughs.

Butcher Victorious:

Butch Vic don't need luck... AMIGO! Butch Vic only needs THIS!

He taps The Stick(™) on the top of his head.

Butcher Victorious:

Later, boners!

The Vae Victis hopeful walks away while Mil and Thomas exchange looks.

Thomas Keeling:

Young man, I hope you know what you're doing.

Mil says nothing and the two leave the interview set to get ready for their match.

RAIN CITY RONIN vs. M4NTRA

Music hits the moment the broadcast feed returns to the arena.

♪ "Rage" by Konrad OldMoney feat. Sleep Steady ♪

A thunderous cheer rises out of the crowd as clashing red and blue lights strobe across the stage panning left to right. The duo of Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett emerge from the curtain to a sizable pop. They take a second to acknowledge the reaction before turning their attention to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, weighing in at a combined of four-hundred and fifty pounds... the team of "SKYFIRE" ZACK DAYMON and "THE ICEMAN" LEO BURNETT... the RAIN CITY ROOONIIIIIIIN!!

DDK:

Tag team action is up next, ladies and gentlemen! The Rain City Ronin are currently making their way to the ring, set to lock horns with Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander of M4NTRA!

Lance:

I'm seeing a lot of focus and determination on the faces of these two young athletes and former BRAZEN tag team champions. They have to be feeling confident about their chances here tonight.

DDK:

Well, considering Zack Daymon's singles upset over Eye two weeks ago, that hardly comes as a surprise. Tonight, these two look committed to sharing their own personal 'mantra' to the distinguished co-authors of '502 Pages of Shared Success'. One that specifically speaks four words...

Lance:

"Shut up and wrestle."

Daymon and Burnett slide into the ring and take only a brief moment to pump their arms and acknowledge the crowd. Soon after, they go to their corner and converse with presiding official Benny Doyle.

M A N T R A

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Tom Morrow is the first man out and the man who spearheads the Better Future Talent Agency has a disappointed look on his face. Behind him ...

Nathan Eye walks up onto stage, but he isn't in his ring gear. He is in a new white t-shirt with gold lettering that reads "SWIM FREE, M4NTRA RAYS!" He has on his signature "third eye" sunglasses but the third eye on the glasses has been bandaged shut. Declan Alexander is not far behind dressed in the same shirt but his own "third eye" sunglasses have been bandaged shut.

DDK:

What is this?

Leo Burnett and Zack Daymon are wondering what the holdup is that their scheduled opponents are not dressed to compete. Nathan Eye has a microphone.

Nathan Eye:

Leipzig, Germany! Rain City Ronin! I would love nothing more than to come to this ring right now and show you all that what happened two weeks ago with my live book reading being ruined by you two was a disgrace! DEC4L and I wanted nothing more than to deal with you right here right now ...

He uses his microphone and taps the “third eye” of his sunglasses and then does the same with Declan’s. The Intrepid Influencer takes a step forward but Eye blocks his path with his arm. DEC4L looks back at Natty Eyce confused, as if he was just now informed of this decision himself.

Nathan Eye:

But as you can see ... What we have are not just some run of the mill injuries that require ice and a little aspirin to overcome. No ... we have experienced pain beyond the metaphysical. Our third eyes have been swollen shut because we didn't see coming what you two planned to do! You might say ...

He smiles.

Nathan Eye:

We are third eye blind!

Declan Alexander snickers before hitting a fist bump with his tag team partner. The German Faithful, a country known for its outstanding sense of humor, collectively groan. After their small celebration, Nathan Eye winces and reaches towards his third-eye in pain, reactively.

Tom Morrow:

What he means to say, kids, is that tonight the Leaders of the Tom Morrow Division will not be wasting their talents tonight ... but we'll do you a favor. I, Tom Morrow, the mastermind of Better Future Talent Agency, are about to give you both your first lesson at coming for the kings and that's check the fine print. Tonight, you won't be fighting M4NTRA, but you will be fighting another top-level team! Then, when that team is done with the two of you tonight, it will be M4NTRA versus the Rain City Ronin at DEFIANCE Road!

Lance:

Ugh!!! The classic Tom Morrow Bait and Switch! He did this when he managed the Lucky Sevens and seems like he's working more of that magic here!

Burnette and Daymon don't care about anything Tom has to say. They are still calling for M4NTRA to face them.

DDK:

The Ronin wants M4NTRA in the ring, but... WAIT A MINUTE!

The Devil's Circus jumps over the barricade and gets in the ring and attacks Daymon and Burnett from behind. Alexander looks disappointed as Nathaniel Eye consoles him.

Lance:

I guess this is an official match now thanks to Tom Morrow and his genius-level powers of grifting!

Jestal and Big Kahuna Ali'i continue their assault in the ring on Daymon and Burnett. Doyle, not knowing any other course of action, invokes his authority to make it so by giving the wave to the timekeeper.

DING DING**DDK:**

It is now, apparently! Daymon and Burnett thought they were getting the chance to settle the score with M4NTRA tonight, but now find themselves being unforeseeably overwhelmed by the tandem of Jestal and “Big Kahuna” Luke Ali'i!

Ali'i takes Leo by the head and sends him through the ropes so that both members of the Devil's Circus can single out the slightly smaller in stature Daymon. Meanwhile, Eye can be seen traipsing down the rampway with DEC4L in tow.

DDK:

Leo Burnett gets sent to the outside, and now it's two on one as the Devil's Circus put the boots to Zack Daymon! And

would you look at this? Even though M4NTRA have someone filling in for them tonight, they're apparently still wanting a closer look at the Ronin in action.

Lance:

I'm not sure they're sticking around just to watch, Keebs. This was a precipitated ambush, and I can't help but think that it's a response to the Rain City Ronin breaking up their absurd in-ring "book signing" from two weeks ago.

DDK:

Now Jestal and Ali'i pull Daymon back to his feet, and push him off the ropes... and Zack DUCKS the double clothesline attempt! Here he is off the ropes again, coming the other way, and a running CROSS BODY CHOP takes out the Devil's Circus!

The crowd pops as Daymon perseveres against the odds and sends Jestal and Ali'i to the mat. They are quickly back up, but almost the very moment the Jester of Jesters is on his feet, a spear from the suddenly recovered Leo Burnett folds him in half and the two tumble through the ropes to the outside.

DDK:

And here's Burnett back in the action and evening the odds!

Lance:

They tried to throw them off their game with the surprise attack, but Zack and Leo have proven themselves to be quite tenacious as of late.

Daymon, still feeling the effects of the stereo stomps, is only a half second too late getting to his feet before the recovered Big Kahuna. Ali'i greets him with a boot to the gut followed by a stiff scoop slam that drops Zack onto his back.

DDK:

Luke Ali'i with the slam on Daymon, and he makes the cover!

One!

Two!

That's a kickout!

Big Kahuna Ali'i wastes no time bringing Daymon back to his feet and whips him to the corner. Zack gets the wind knocked out of him as he connects with the turnbuckles, but recovers in time to jump to the side when the big man charges in with a back elbow. While Ali'i reels, Daymon rallies himself and dashes for his corner.

DDK:

Charging back elbow from Big Kahuna Ali'i hits nothing but the top turnbuckle! And Leo Burnett returns to the apron just in time to make the tag!

The Iceman hits the ring and narrowly ducks a swinging right hook from Ali'i. He runs through and hits the ropes to get a head of steam, but runs into a brick wall when the Big Kahuna plants his feet and stands his ground. Ali'i smiles wide. Burnett hits the other set of ropes and tries again, but gets the same result.

Lance:

Going to take more than that to take down someone the size of Ali'i.

DDK:

There's a reason they call him BIG Kahuna. Burnett into the ropes once more, but this time Ali'i is waiting for him with a BIG BOOT--NO!!

Burnett twirls and meets Ali'i head on with a double axe-handle smash to his massive chest. As Ali'i reels off the impact, Leo draws him in and digs deep to SCOOP the three-hundred-plus pounder off his feet with a spinebuster that creates a deafening slam.

RRAAAAAAHH!!

DDK:

What strength on display by Leo Burnett!

Lance:

An impressive feat, although he might want to consider conserving that strength for when he's in the home stretch.

DDK:

I think they still me hot after being blindsided by a team they weren't expected! Burnett making the cover after the big slam!

One!

Two!

Big kickout from Big Kahuna!

Ali'i rolls to his side, but Burnett quickly transitions into the front chancery to keep him in his control while reaching for a tag...

Nathan Eye:

If you would have read my book, you wouldn't be trapped in that hold! It's never too late ... to educate!

Burnett can't help but look in the direction from where the ruckus is coming. What he doesn't expect is Big Kahuna suddenly surging the other way, slamming him up against the opposite turnbuckle. Ali'i makes the go-ahead tag to Jestal, who joins his partner in the ring.

DDK:

Tag made to Jestal, but it looks like Big Kahuna Ali'i has a bit more business before he goes to the apron! Burnett, trapped in their corner...

SMACK!

DDK:

BIG DOUBLE CHOP by the Devil's Circus!

Lance:

They heard that as far as Vienna!

Leo clutches his chest in agony and drops to his knees. He makes a crawl for his corner, where Zack Daymon is reaching out, but Jestal rushes the ring and clips him in the spine with a running knee. Laughing delectably, the Jester of Jesters songs Burnett by the arm and goes to work.

DDK:

Jestal with a Fujiwara, putting it all into Leo Burnett's arm and shoulder right now! Possibly looking for a submission here?

Lance:

Or, more than likely, he just enjoys torturing things!

DDK:

Burnett has got to get himself to the ropes! He has to know that if that arm takes too much damage, his strength will be shot!

Burnett creeps closer to the ropes. Just beyond them, he can see the members of M4NTRA smirking back at him, finding humor in his plight.

Nathan Eye:

You could have been swimming with the M4NTRA Rays, but you're being eaten by sharks instead! Look at this guy, DEC4L!

Nathan and Declan both start doing their annoying M4NTRA Rays dance at ringside. Jestal punishes his insolence with repeated bounces upon his straddled shoulder. Leo cries out in agony... but as Jestal gets carried away, the Iceman manages to twist his body beneath the Mad Jester.

DDK:

Hang on, Burnett is trying to maneuver his way out of this one... no, POWER his way out! Burnett has his footing now, and Jestal is going UP with him!

Lance:

I hope somebody has the whoopie cushion sound effect ready!

DDK:

Burnett with a FIREMAN'S CARRY GUTBUSTER! That's one way to break free from a submission! Now, if only he can make it to his corner!

Jestal grabs his sides and spasms violently on the mat. Burnett likewise falls flat to the canvas, completely spent. He looks up to see Zack's outstretched hand, only a mere few feet away. He drags himself one grueling inch at a time.

DDK:

INCHES AWAY from the tag...

DEC4L:

Page 396 would've kept you out of this position, fam!

On the apron, Daymon double-takes... but doesn't bite on the distraction. He shoos off Eye and Alexander with his free hand while the other gets...

DDK:

TAG IS MADE! Jestal is coming up... and Daymon launches himself into the ring with a SPRINGBOARD DROPKICK!

Sensing a shift in the tide, Big Kahuna Ali'i hits the ring to shut that shit down. He goes for Daymon, but Zack runs with him and takes hold of his head before parkouring off the turnbuckles.

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD TORNADO DDT! "Skyfire" Zack Daymon is blazing a path across the ring, laying out the Devil's Circus! Cover now on Jestal!

ONE!

TWO!

Jestal kicks out!

Daymon keeps a hold of Jestal and brings him back to his feet. He checks his corner to see Burnett back up and ready

to go. He makes the tag, and hands off Jestal. Zack hurries to the top rope while Leo lifts the Mad Jester off his feet with the electric chair lift.

DDK:

Daymon off the top... and a MISSILE DROPKICK topples Jestal back to the mat!

Zack throws himself upon Ali'i to keep him from breaking things up, although it appears that the Big Kahuna is reaching for something outside the ring. Meanwhile, Leo falls across Jestal's chest.

DDK:

The Ronin have the chance to win it right here!

ONE!!

TWO!!

fwomp.

Lance:

WHAT?!

Referee Benny Doyle's eyes look like they're trying to escape his head. While his hand did come down for the third count, it didn't quite make it to slapping the canvas.

Because something got in the way of it: A personally signed copy of "502 Pages of Shared Success."

DDK:

Nathan Eye SLID A BOOK INTO THE RING!

Lance:

I don't think that makes it a valid three count!

At ringside, Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander shower the official with praise on the job well done. Burnett is absolutely livid.

Nathan Eye:

There's hope for even you, Benny! EVERYONE can improve themselves with just 502 pages of Shared Success. Learn to TRUST other people, Benny. Help me help you TRUST me!

Lance:

This is an odd time to be handing out their gospel!

DDK:

The Rain City Ronin are FUMING right now, and I think Zack Daymon has had enough!

Daymon drops through the ropes and comes at M4NTRA with fists swinging. Eye quickly holds up his book as a shield from the strikes while DEC4L goes on the defensive and tries to pull his friend out of the ringside area. From in the ring, Doyle is attempting to bring order to this chaos.

Across the ring, Big Kahuna Ali'i can be spotted sliding something over to Jestal...

Lance:

Hey, did I see something there just now?

Jestal hides the object close to his chest. Burnett pulls him back to his feet... and all at once, the Mad Jester wallops the Iceman with something stiff and yellow.

DDK:

SHOT FROM CLUCKY TO LEO BURNETT!

Burnett drops, while Jestal ditches the evidence before Benny Doyle sees what happened. Leo gets back up, but is lost in a daze. Before he can react, Jestal launches him through the air with a released German Suplex. He flies right into the waiting arms of Ali'i, who fluidly slams him back into the mat with the uranage.

DDK:

AROUND UNTIL MORROW!!

Jestal flops across Burnett's chest and hooks the leg for the cover. By the time Daymon notices what's happening, he lunges back into the ring, but Big Kahuna is waiting for him.

DDK:

That's gotta be it!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Welcome to the Circus" by Five Finger Death Punch ♪

Darren Quimbley:

The winners of the match "The Jester of Jesters" Jestal, "The Suave Savage" Big Kahuna Ali'i ...THE DEVIL'S CIRCUS!

DDK:

Well, that finish was nothing short of highway robbery. Be as it may, the Devil's Circus succeed over the Rain City Ronin tonight, in a match that was stacked against Zack and Leo from the very onset!

Lance:

They hung in there as best they could, and may have even pulled this one out were it not for the constant distractions from Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander.

DDK:

No doubt, Tom Morrow has to be feeling good after seeing his personal enforcers in Jestal and Big Kahuna Ali'i show their strength here tonight.

Lance:

He can sleep soundly for tonight, but there's no telling what will happen if the Lucky Sevens get their hands on him.

Tom Morrow is beside himself with glee as he celebrates with his burgeoning Tom Morrow Division, the victorious Devil's Circus and the show-stealing M4NTRA. On the rampway, Daymon and Burnett glower vengefully at the ensemble of evil standing in the ring.

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT



YES, MR. WHITE

We're on an opulent veranda somewhere in the sunny south of France. Standing in velvet slippers embroidered with "EW" in gold lettering, standing with the sun bathed on his bearded face and tanned skin. He's holding some champagne in his hand, he's smiling like he just got away with something-

Ed White:

So everything is set and underway, Ms. Katze?

The Socialite's ever present girl friday slinks up behind him-

Jane Katze:

Yes sir. All the arrangements have been made.

Ed's already satisfied smile grows even wider at that.

Jane Katze:

An ambitious project, if I may say so, sir.

Ed White:

I've had the plans for ages, never had the push to go and get it done- never found the right piece of land. Don't have a lot of investments on the west coast, so this'll be grand once it's complete. A real money maker.

He takes a sip of his champagne as he turns to face Jane.

Ed White:

There's time for all that later- how are you, my dear? Not exactly a shining moment against that little pink haired urchin-

Jane immediately looks frustrated.

Ed White: *[stopping her before she can answer]*

Don't worry, you've done too much for me to give you hell about one loss- but-

The look on her face tells us she knew there was a but coming.

Ed White:

Don't make it a habit- understand? You and Nicky can go and wrestle anyone you want, just like before but don't go makin' a fool of the organization, ya' hear. What we've got planned for that wide load of a champion is going to send him through a loop. I'm walkin' out of Berlin the FIST of DEFIANCE goddamnit- nothing, and I mean *nothing* can distract us from that end-

Jane Katze:

Yes sir. Understood.

Ed looks back out over the picturesque French coastline.

Ed White:

I'll show them all that Ed White hasn't lost one single step- I'll show them I'm still a man to be *respected*-

Jane Katze:

By any funds necessary, sir.

Another sip of champagne.

Ed White: *[with a chuckle under his breath]*

God damn right.

We cut back to live action from the arena.

MIL VUELTAS vs. BUTCHER VICTORIOUS

DDK:

We've got our next match on deck and there are big stakes for both competitors tonight! Mil Vuelatas takes on Butcher Victorious. As agreed to via Oscar Burns... if Mil Vuelatas wins, he will earn a rematch against Oscar Burns at DEFIANCE Road, but If Butcher Victorious wins, Oscar Burns has stated he'll consider getting Butcher's full-time status as a Vae Victis member reinstated.

Lance:

The stakes don't get any bigger than that. Mil Vuelatas has been looking to take Oscar Burns down a peg all stemming back to when Burns attacked him for no reason back on DEFtv 194! Butcher is literally being made to fight for his spot in Vae Victis Remember two weeks ago, Oscar Burns was literally a sentence away from telling Butcher to pack his things before Mil Vuelatas came along!

DDK:

Indeed. Burns has done everything to keep Mil away after cheating him out of a victory at UNCUT 150 but when he sensed he could use the situation to his advantage, he wasted no time in doing so! And after that emotionally-charged conLet's get to the intros for this big match!

Thomas Keeling:

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

Cheers from the Leipzig Faithful!

Thomas Keeling:

Ladies! Gentlemen! Prepare to feast your eyes on the guy that needs FAA clearance to compete and the guy that's gonna get his hands on Oscar Burns! Hit... that... music!

♪ "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 man himself! 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 Vuelatas 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.

♪ "Stranger Fruit (instrumental)" by Zeal & Ardor ♪

The lights dim to a burgundy hue all throughout as the haunting melody starts to play... but instead of the regular lyrics... It's Butcher Victorious. He's wearing a white dissheveled white t-shirt with "VV Trainee" written in faded black Sharpie and now back to his old purple tights instead of the burgundy colors he rocked as a full time Vae Victis member. Next to him, Oscar Burns is standing by and points at Butcher to go to the ring.

DDK:

Butcher trying to earn his way back into the group tonight and Oscar giving him his marching orders.

Lance:

Oh, boy... and it looks like we're gonna have a guest here on commentary.

As Butcher walks the aisle alone, Oscar walks over to the side of the ramp and snatches Lance Warner's headset.

Oscar Burns:

Take a bloody break, GC! You're done fine work, but it's time to let DEFIANCE talk about DEFIANCE! Let's go!

Lance is shoved off to the side without a headset. Burns stands over him at the desk leaving just Darren Keebler and Burnsie to speak.

DDK:

Uh... you know, we have three headsets here and we kinda need Lan...

Oscar Burns:

Yeah nah. We need me to break down the in-ring psychology, you to talk up Butcher's valiant efforts to fight for his spot in Vae Victis. The last time Lance Warner was associated with something I got involved in, he TANKED DEF Radio!

Warner shakes his head at commentary as Butcher Victorious climbs on the apron, then sits on the top rope, posing for the crowd. He flips backwards and almost slips on his feet before making a recovery. Mil shakes his head as referee Hectro Navarro calls for the bell.

DING DING

Mil holds a hand out to Butcher Victorious to start the match. Butcher looks out to Oscar Burns.

DDK:

Mil Vueltas still trying to show some respect for Butcher Victorious. Is he going to take it or not?

Oscar Burns:

Don't you take it! Don't you take it, Butcher!

Butcher then takes it! Mil shakes the hand and gets cheers from The Faithful!

Oscar Burns:

DON'T SHAKE HANDS WITH THE ENEMY! HE'S... WAIT!

Before Mil can let go, Butcher pulls him by the arm right into a TIGHT headlock!

Oscar Burns:

HAHAHA! I TAUGHT HIM THAT! I KNEW MIL WOULD GO FOR THAT BLOODY HANDSHAKE!

Butcher has the smaller Ace of Space where he wants him at the start and grinds down on the headlock! He continues to crank down on the hold tightly to keep The Dynasty from the Dive from doing what he does best

DDK:

Butcher takes advantage of the handshake!

Oscar Burns:

Damn right he did, GC! That's right, Butcher! Professionally wrestle him into submission!

Mil tries to fight out, but Butcher shows a little bit of prowess and rolls Mil to the mat with a drop toe hold and swivels right into a front facelock on the luchador.

Oscar Burns:

See that, Darren? See that, yeah? There is not a toe that can't be dropped or held when I teach someone how to do it! He's wrestling like his tenure with Vae Victis is on the line...because it is!

DDK:

That it is, per the stipulations you established for this match! Now Butcher going for the arm!

After the front facelock, a confident Butcher grabs the arm, but Mil leans back, then flips forward and then reverses so he has the arm and then flips Butcher onto his back! Mil goes for the legs, but Butcher kicks him away. Mil kips up to his feet as Butcher tries to roll him up, only for the Man of a Thousand Flips to roll backwards and then CRACK him with a basement dropkick on the way up! Oscar Burns can be heard audibly groaning in frustration on commentary.

DDK:

Mil Vueltas makes a quick comeback and he can just assault anyone from any angle with either those dives or his feet!

Oscar Burns:

Shut it, GC! Talk Butcher Victorious up more! Protege of DEFIANCE Himself! Former Favoured Saints Champion!

When Mil gets back to his feet, he hits a flying snapmare to take Victorious over and then goes for a headlock. He continues to crank down on the hold, but Butcher swings his legs around to lock around on the head of Mil. He pushes him back to his feet, but Mil leaps to the middle rope and twirls around the top rope, spins around to the other side, then comes back with a big flying arm drag! When Butcher gets up, he gets taken down with a big springboard dropkick off the middle rope, sending Butcher outside the ring!

DDK:

Butcher trying to catch Mil off-guard, but as you know, Oscar, that's incredibly hard to do.

Oscar Burns:

What I KNOW, Darren, is I've beaten Mil Vueltas. UNCUT 150! My SEVENTIETH win in DEFIANCE! More than anyone here. He's a sore loser who's trying to manipulate Butcher Victorious into doing his dirty work to get this match with me!

Darren chooses not to point out the very irony on display as Mil Vueltas as he points to Butcher outside the ring. He runs the ropes, hits a cartwheel and then LEAPS over the ropes to connect with the space flying tiger drop he calls Mirame! Mil lands it perfectly and then leaps up to his feet! He pumps a fist, dabs a fist with Thomas Keeling at ringside, then points up at Oscar Burns at The Commentation Station.

Oscar Burns:

You haven't beaten him yet! Worry about Butcher!

Mil grabs Butcher by the back of the head and throws him back into the ring. The Ace of Space leaps up with a springboard right into a big moonsault body block! The Faithful are on their feet as he goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Close one! Mil almost put Butcher away!

Oscar Burns:

So you think! It's strategy! He's making him waste energy! That's how I won the FIST TWICE!

Mil goes to pick up the former Favoured Saints Champion by the head and then hits him with a shoot kick to the chest. He grabs Butcher from behind, but Butch Vic is quick and uses the ropes to hang on. Mil rolls backwards, then kips up to his feet, only to get CLOBBERED by a headbutt to the gut followed by flying European Uppercut off the ropes that takes Mil off his feet!

DDK:

What a shot and right out of your playbook, Oscar!

Oscar Burns:

Pin him, Butcher! Pin him! Keep him away from me... us! Us!

Butcher goes right for a jackknife pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mil kicks out and throws the shoulder up!

Oscar Burns:

Three? I saw a three! DEFIANCE is never wrong!

DDK:

'Fraid not! That's a two-count! Maybe you should not have put him in that Emergency Assessment Match last week against FAFNIR!

Oscar Burns:

Which he WON because I KNEW he could!

Butcher looks in shock, but he grabs onto Mil and quickly whips him to the nearby corner before following him in with a big running European uppercut to the jaw in the corner. He then rushes off the adjacent ropes and then comes back this time with a leaping back elbow in the corner! After two big shots rock The GIF That Keeps On Giving, Butcher pulls him out of the corner and then scores with a jumping neckbreaker!

Oscar Burns:

There you go! There you go! Finish him!

DDK:

Great offensive flurry by Butcher!

Butcher Victorious goes over to hook the leg!

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCH VIC... GONNA REJOIN VAE VIC... TIS!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mil kicks out again! Butcher angrily goes to pick Vueltas up, but he gets rocked with forearms! He follows up with kicks to the legs! Mil hits the ropes, but Butcher rolls forward and hits another headbutt from the rolling thunder position!

DDK:

Using Your Noggin!! Very unorthodox move there, but Butcher catches him!

Oscar Burns:

Silly move, but he makes it bloody work! Finish this! Get him out of my hair... OUR HAIR!

With Mil doubled over, Butcher taps his forehead and hits the ropes. When he comes back, Mil ZIPS right by him and hits a handspring gamengiri to the face! The Faithful cheer as he wipes him out! Thomas Keeling pops up at ringside holding his hands up while Mil is looking to make a comeback!

Oscar Burns:

YEAH NAH! COME ON!

DDK:

Mil Vueltas catches him with that nasty handspring gamengiri kick! Now he's trying to make his comeback! All to get to you, Oscar!

Mil gets back to his feet while Butcher is stunned from the kick. When he gets back up, he fires off a number of shoot kicks to the leg of Butcher, then runs off the ropes to connect with a running headscissors where he flips through not once, but twice before sending him over! Butch Vic is sent in a tizzy, then when he gets up, Mil runs off the ropes and shows off with not one, but two front flips! Butcher gets up and tries to attack him, but Mil doubles him over with a thrust kick to the gut, then swings around and hits a 540 kick upside the head! Butcher goes spilling through the ropes and out to the ringside floor as Mil sits up and pumps a fist!

DDK:

What a comeback by Mil! Perhaps the most gifted high flyer in DEFIANCE!

Oscar Burns:

Maybe so, but he's not Butcher Victorious and he's CERTAINLY not DEFIANCE!

Butcher doesn't know where he is and is shocked when he gets caught off guard with Que Demonios! The twisting flipping suicide dive through the ropes wipes Butcher out completely! Mil Vueltas sits up after the dive.

DDK:

Que Demonios! What an innovative dive!

Oscar Burns:

NO! THAT'S IT! I'VE HAD IT WITH THIS BALLERINA BULLS...

The headset comes off! Mil starts to grab Butcher and then throws him back inside the ring. Mil spins his hands forward to tell The Faithful what's happening next as he climbs onto the ring apron.

Lance: [putting headset back on]

That was rude! But there's Oscar zooming to ringside!

When Mil gets to the middle rope, he sees Oscar coming! He leaps up and stomps on the hands of the former two-time FIST!

DDK:

No! Oscar Burns trying to keep Mil off that top rope, but The Man of a Thousand Flips sees him coming!

Mil sees Butcher in the ring and leaps up with a springboard... But Butcher rolls out of the way! Mil rolls through the landing, but when he comes back up, Butcher ROCKS him with Oscar's own Hard Out Headbutt! The impact completely stuns Mil, allowing Butcher to grab him from behind then snapping him up into a bridging German suplex!

DDK:

HARD OUT HEADBUTT FOLLOWED BY THE GERMAN SUPLEX! AS TAUGHT BY OSCAR!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mil kicks out and Butcher can't believe it! He taps his forehead and yells that was three! He argues with Hector Navarro that he should be a member of Vae Victis!

Lance:

No! Butcher thought he had it, but Mil kicks out! He wants Oscar Burns at DEFIANCE Road!

DDK:

But look! Oscar Burns is giving Butcher his orders!

Butcher gets back up to his feet! He sees Burns on the outside telling him to finish things while holding his hand! Butcher nods then picks Mil up off the mat for what looks like a fisherman suplex, but Mil shakes a leg free to land back on the mat. Butcher swings for a clothesline when Mil runs off the ropes. He executes a Toyota Roll and then flips right over Butcher, SNAPPING him down in a fast Crucifix Driver variation!

DDK:

ALL THE FLIPS! FLIPPING CRUCIFIX DRIVER! CONNECTS!

Mil cradles Butcher and looks out at seething Oscar Burns!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "What's Up, Danger" by Blackway ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **MIL VUELTAS!**

Lance:

Mil does it! Mil does it! He's got his rematch with Oscar Burns at DEFIANCE Road! And not only this... but Butcher's chances of getting back into Vae Victis may have just been shut for good!

DDK:

And check out the look on Oscar's face! He's beside himself!

Burns is angrily kicking the guardrail outside the ring and throwing a gigantic fit! Thomas Keeling goes into the ring to help Mil to his feet before Hector Navarro can raise his hand in victory! Mil then goes over to check on Butcher!

DDK:

What the...? Even after all that, Mil is still trying to make nice with Butcher for this contest?

Butcher slaps the mat with his open hand while holding the back of his hand in frustration. He looks out to the angry Oscar, then Thomas Keeling and Mil both stand over him. He notices Mil's hand out.

Thomas Keeling:

It's never too late, Butcher. Let us help you.

Lance:

No way... is he gonna do it? Is he going to actually shake Mil's hand?

The Faithful want it as Mil Vultas gestures at him. Butcher looks down at his own hand, then at Oscar, who is telling him not to do it! The Faithful want him to! He looks at his hand again... then reaches out...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

...Until Oscar grabs him by the leg and DRAGS him out of the ring! He starts barking LOUDLY at Butcher to go backstage! Mil and Thomas tell him not to, but Butcher quickly listens to his mentor and follows him backstage!

DDK:

What do you even WANT with him! You said he had to win this match to stay in Vae Victis, didn't you?!

Butcher looks up at Mil one more time and then sadly heads to the back in a sullen manner. Mil locks eyes with Oscar Burns and then he heads to the back!

Lance:

I think we were CLOSE to a breakthrough there... but the bottom line is at DEFIANCE Road, it will be Mil Vultas going one-on-one against Oscar Burns! He gets his rematch from UNCUT 150 and looks to avenge that loss!

COMMERCIAL: CLASH



ANYONE?

Backstage.

Chris Trutt:

Hi, everyone!

Chris Trutt stands before a standard-issue, black and red DEFtv backdrop.

Chris Trutt:

Chris Trutt, here!

Chris flashes an awkward Chris-smile.

Chris Trutt:

It's a sold out, capacity crowd here in Leipzig, Germany and tonight's main event is sure to be a unique one!

We tighten in on a close-shot of Chris.

Chris Trutt:

While we have certainly seen the Southern Heritage Championship contested on DEFtv in the past... and without question we have seen it put on the line in an OPEN CONTRACT situation on DEFtv before... It can be said with a definitive certainty that never before has our current reigning, defending Southern Heritage Champion, Corvo Alpha, defended this championship on DEFtv in an open challenge! In our MAIN EVENT!

An even tighter shot on the earnest, smiling cherubic face of Chris.

Chris Trutt:

Tonight: we will see just that!

Panning back, a new angle catches a shot down the hallway where Corvo Alpha, dressed plainly for battle but plainly unpainted for war, drags the SOHER behind him. Trutt bravely steps in his path, eyeing the lens for an added boost of late courage. How fortuitous.

Chris Trutt:

CORVO!

Alpha halts in his tracks, blinking first at Trutt, then towards the camera. Then back to Chris.

Chris Trutt:

Is there anyone you're HOPING steps up and accepts your open challenge later tonight in our main event?

Alpha blinks again at Trutt before leaning into the microphone like he'd almost done this before. His response is a threatening croak.

His eyes never find the camera's lens.

Corvo Alpha

ANY.

Trutt stutters.

Chris Trutt:

I'm... sorry?

Alpha finds the lens now, eyes narrowed and steely.

Corvo Alpha

ANYone.

Trutt wilts slightly when Alpha turns his attention towards him. He bobs his head.

Chris Trutt:

Anyone!

A curt nod. And Alpha stomps off, snapping the belt around his waist in one fluid motion as he goes. His suddenly booming voice trails behind him.

Corvo Alpha

ANYONE.

Fade.

ERIC DANE JR. & FRANK DYLAN JAMES vs. HILTON PROMOTIONS

Hilton Promotions enters together using Felton Bigsby's entrance music, 100 Black Coffins by Rick Ross. Doris Hilton steps out first in a black business lady power suit, her gray hair quaffed just so. She turns and motions back towards her team now pushing their way through the curtain and out onto the stage. "Texas Strong" Felton Bigsby looks focused with a satisfied scowl on his face. Doris claps for Felton- patting the massive BRAZEN Star Cup champion on the shoulder with a pleased look on her face. As Felton starts his way down the ramp, jawing with the front row Faithful- Doris turns her attention to her other client-

DDK:

Poor Gordy Lovett- the big lug is in an awkward position tonight, partner.

Lance:

In the last number of weeks on Uncut we've established Angus Skaaland and Doris Hilton have history- and boy howdy do they not like one another. We've witnessed Felton and Gordy both getting a chance to dismantle Eric Dane Jr in singles matches. After Felton shellacked EDJr, Angus managed to rope Doris into agreeing to a tag team match with very interesting stipulations tonight-

DDK:

It'll be Hilton Promotions versus Eric Dane Jr and the returning FRANK DYLAN JAMES! If Eric and The Mastodon manage to pull out the victory, Gordy Lovett is free from the endless contractual red tape Doris the poor boy wrapped up in. Should Hilton Promotions win, poor Gordy is stuck working for Doris Hilton for the foreseeable future.

Doris is berating The Texas Stampede the entire trip down the ramp. We can see plain as day the dejected, conflicted look on poor Gordy Lovett's face.

Lance:

You'd think Gordy would just hang back and take the L- but we're talking about a young man with a moral compass pointed eternally towards honorableness and fair play. The idea of throwing this match for his own justifiable best interests has troubled poor Gordy for weeks.

DDK:

He really is a good kid- naive- but good down to his very core.

Doris and Gordy make their way into the ring and join Felton, who's already making the rounds jawing with some of the rowdier members of the Faithful sitting along the barricades. As Doris continues sternly reminding Gordy to "tow the line"- the lights in the arena dim-

♪ "Stranglehold" - Ted Nugent ♪

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The Appalachian Nightmare Frank Dylan James bursts through the entrance curtain to a hero's welcome from the German Faithful. Over seven long years since Big Frank has set foot on a DEFTv stage- seven long years since Hillbilly Holocaust set barefoot to canvas of a DEFIANCE ring. The Faithful barely notice Eric Dane Jr and Angus Skaaland slink out behind Frank-

Lance:

Angus has been playing up like he's trying to "save" Gordy out of the goodness of his heart- I, you, and all the fans at home know Angus Skaaland has never done anything for anyone that does not directly benefit HIM and his-

DDK:

Angus is a canny operator, partner. I have no doubt there's a method to his madness- quite often than not, his goal is simply to cause chaos. Knowing him as well as I do, that seems most likely.

Lance:

Well, Frank is chaos personified- so he's making great strides on that front. But can Frank best two big bulls like Gordy and Felton when his partner is- well- Eric Dane Jr? Even with Gordy as conflicted as he is with the stipulations, both these young men have shown pretty conclusively they have Eric's number.

As Frank, Eric, and Angus all make their way down the ramp and towards the ring they pause at ringside- Doris yanks Gordy by the front of his homemade Waylon Jennings crop top over to the ropes closest to Angus and company and points down at the trio. The camera perched on the ring apron picks up what she says.

Doris Hilton:

You see those reprobates, Gordy? They aren't your friends- Angus Skaaland isn't your friend. Friends are overrated in business, Gordy. You know what I can do for you and your family if you play ball- that snake wearing a damn tuxedo t-shirt will use you and make a FOOL out of you. Out of your family. When that bell rings- if you don't tow the line for Hilton Promotions- by God, Gordy I'll ruin your life, do you understand me, son? You make a fool out of me and I'll do it to, without blinking an eye-

The big Texan couldn't look more conflicted as he searches the faces of everyone in and around ringside. As he does, we notice EDJr enthusiastically allows Frank to start the match for their team as the Crown Prince settles in in his team's corner. Gordy makes eye contact with Frank Dylan James, a certifiable DEFIANCE legend, and we can tell looking into those wild, bloodshot eyes that he's made up his mind.

Stipulations be damned, Gordy Lovett doesn't throw fights-

DDK:

Here's we go, folks!

Buffalo Brian Slater calls for the bell-

DING DING

Gordy Lovett and Frank Dylan James clash shoulder to shoulder like two rams- over and over the two slam into one another as the Faithful roar in approval. Eventually, the two huge raw-boned competitors descend into reckless, wild forearms and overhand shots- a few stray headbutts thrown in for vicious measure. Gordy shows he's more than capable of standing up against FDJ's best shots- the much younger competitor getting the upperhand on his opponent for a few minutes here at the start before-

DDK:

Oh my goodness, Frank bit him!

Indeed, FDJ's counter to Gordy's unrelenting assault amounted to rearing back and biting the Texas Stampede right on the bridge of the nose, drawing some blood and obviously blurring Lovett's vision. The Mastodon wastes no time capitalizing, peppering Gordy's soft torso with body shots- pushing the big Texan back into the nearest available corner- stepping back a few paces and-

Lance:

What a running big bare foot to the face from Frank Dylan James!

DDK:

That's unpleasant on so many levels.

Lance:

All of the levels, Keebler. All of them.

Gripping the top rope with one hand, Frank then lands several short arm lariats across Lovett's chest, further rattling the poor kid's head. A slap to the face then a straight kick to the guts and Gordy falls to his keister, leaning lifelessly

against the turnbuckle. The Appalachien Ass-Kicker grabs the ropes with both hands and proceeds to barefoot stomp a mudhole through Gordy's face and chest. The abuse continues for a few minutes as Frank takes Gordy on a tour of the turnbuckles, stomping another fresh mud hole at each corner-

DDK:

Gordy desperately needs to make a tag here, partner.

Lovett manages to get his feet underneath him- we can visibly see him in real time digging down deep, finding the resolve to absorb the next few clobbering stomps from Frank. Gordy waffles James with a couple of forearms loaded with everything he could muster. As FDJ stumbles back a few steps Gordy launches himself towards Felton Bigsby's outstretched hand. The absolutely jacked former University of Texas football player steps through the ropes with clear eagerness to mix it up with Big Frank.

Lance:

You notice Frank hasn't even looked towards his corner.

On cue the camera cuts to a close up of Eric Dane Jr leaning in his corner, back to the ring, texting away on his mobile phone.

DDK:

Gosh, I wonder why-

Bigsby and Frank trade wild overhand shots when they finally come to blows. While Gordy might be off his game, hesitating under the specter of the moral conundrum weighing on his heart and mind- Felton is as focused and as vicious as we've ever seen him. For Felton, the opportunity to prove himself on the big stage again against someone like Frank- it's an opportunity he refuses to let slip through his fingers again. At ringside Doris makes eye contact with a decidedly worried looking Angus Skaaland- she smiiiiiles- Angus just shakes it off and slaps the mat, barking encouragement to his man.

DDK:

Felton has been a quiet observer in this whole situation between Doris and Gordy and Angus- but he's absolutely come alive with the appearance of Frank Dylan James!

Felton slaps his arms closed around Frank and pulls the massive Appalachian tight in a textbook reverse bearhug. Bigsby's massive developed upper body pulling right like a vice, clearly making it more difficult for Frank to draw a breath.

Lance:

Texas Strong is a killer tonight, Keebs!

Much like his mentor Bronson Box, Felton SHOUTS at his opponent mid match-

Felton Bigsby:

COME ON, OLD MAN! COME ON HILLBILLY! OLD PUNK BITCH!

You can call Frank a lot of things, but don't ever call the man old-

WHAM-CRUNCH

DDK:

OOOOH! Well that's one way to escape a hold.

FDJ crunches the back of his head into the bridge of Felton's nose- the sound of skull-on-skull impact is absolutely sickening. To Felton Bigsby's credit he doesn't release the bear hug.

Felton Bigsby:

MOTHER FU[censored]

The two men stumble through the ropes and collapse in a heap at ringside- it's mere moments before they're both back on their feet trading forearms. Bigsby irish whips Frank with authority, FDJ's knees and shins clanging viciously off the ringsteps, the big hillbilly going ass over teakettle over the steps. Bigsby is about to capitalize when his attention is drawn by Angus Skaaland-

Angus and Felton trade some clearly heated words off camera-

DDK:

Felton taking his eyes off the ball here, partner!

Felton is inching closer and closer towards Angus with ill intent in each step- Skaaland continues to pull the big man's attention just long enough-

Lance:

HERE'S COME FRANK!

Angus scrambles out of the way just in the nick of time as air-Frank comes in for a landing across the wide back of Felton Bigsby. Frank having launched himself off the very ringsteps he slammed into knee first a minute before. No real move, per say, just Frank's gangly, boney body connecting at full speed into Felton's person. The two men tumble violently into the ringside barrier. Continuing to display his almost superhuman ability to absorb pain and punishment, Frank is on his feet first- hauling Felton to his feet and depositing him under the bottom rope back into the ring.

Lance:

Bigsby's on dream street here!

Frank wheels Felton around, deposits the big mans head and-

DDK:

KING KONG PILEDRIVER FROM FRANK!

OOOOOOOOOOH!

FDJ makes a show of dangling poor Felton for a moment before depositing him on the worst part of the back of his head in one of the most dangerous, sloppy piledrivers we've ever seen.

Lance:God, that makes *MY* spine hurt-

Felton Bigsby's eyes are unfocused, getting a fantastic view of the lights- everything looks to be going Team Angus' way when the absolutely *unthinkable* happens.

Brian Slater:

TAG!

Eric Dane Jr slaps the shoulder of Frank Dylan James and bounces confidently through the ropes. Angus' jaw hits the ring apron as the Crown Prince confidently proclaims-

EDJr:

I GOT THIS, BOSSMANG!

Absolutely positively not keeping his eyes on the huge, angry athlete he's in the ring with, Jr goes about doing a little lap of the ropes, shooting the double bird to the Faithful. Telling them to all to suck- well, use your imagination. By the

time the purple leopard clad son of one of the greatest wrestlers to ever live finally turns his attention back to Felton Bigsby the big man has managed to get his feet back under him-

DDK:

Short-arm lariat from Texas Strong Felton Bigsby!

Eric Dane Jr crumbles to his knees. Frank hollars bloody murder from their corner.

Felton wobbly marches back towards Gordy Lovett, slapping him HARD on the upper chest. He watches Gordy slowly step between the ropes- the two men anyone would hesitate calling actual partners share an icy cold look.

Felton Bigsby:

GO ON! SEAL YO FATE, SON! SEAL YO FATE! "PARTNER!" HA! GO ON NOW!

Clearly enjoying watching Gordy squirm, Felton talks smack as he steps back out onto the apron. By this point EDJr is back to his feet, shaking the cobwebs from his rattled noggin. It becomes *clear* Gordy's want to be free of Doris' clutches might possibly be winning out over his overdeveloped sense of honor and sportsmanship- Eric Dane Jr actually managing to lay in some offensive shots against the much larger and more athletic Lovett.

Lance:

Would you look at that! Eric Dane Jr throwing a couple of hard forearm shots and following up with a step-up Enzugiri that sends Gordy wobbling!

By the grace of whatever God you believe in Dane Jr somehow manages a Fargo Strut into a jumping springboard that launches Junior up and back where he somehow manages to twist and throw the mother of all open-hand slaps at the big Texas rancher!

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD BITCHSMACK!

Lance:

Can you say that on television?

DDK:

I think I just did!

Gordy stumbles back into the ropes and quicker than a hiccup the kid springboards's again, this time catching Gordy with a cutter and putting him down on the mat.

Lance:

Crown Prince Cutter! He's got a lateral press!

1...

2...

Gordy Lovett kicks out with authority and rolls over onto his side then pulls himself up by the ropes. Frank barks at him from the opposite side of the ring and Gordy is starting to once again show his heart on his sleeve as he visibly and audibly sighs.

DDK:

Gordy's heart is just NOT in this match, partner-

Lance:

Can you blame him? Angus and Doris both put this poor kid in an unwinnable predicament- for him, at least. Him having scruples and all.

Doris Hilton is almost apoplectic at ringside as she watches Eric Dane Jr almost get one over Gordy. Hearing the cries of his meal ticket, Felton Bigsby takes matters into his own hands and barrels in the ring behind referee Slater's back and takes Eric's head off with another lariat that sends the second-generation star reeling. Bigsby makes eye contact with Gordy- pointing towards Jr emphatically. Buffalo Brian Slater is right up in Felton's grill, chest to chest, pushing Bigsby back towards his corner-

DDK:

AND HERE COMES FRANK, NOW!

With Slater's back turned and Felton occupied FDJ wastes no time returning the favor, launching himself into the ring at full speed, spinning and connecting his sharp, bone elbow to the side of Gordy Lovett's head. The big Texan falls backward, his eyes rolling back in their sockets- he falls back first RIGHT across the still prone body of Eric Dane Jr!

Lance:

OH NO! GORDY, WAKE UP KID!

Felton Bigsby is the first to notice the pinfall- he shoulder's past Brian Slater, reaches out and grabs two fist fulls of Frank Dylan James' hair and just reckless YANKS the big Appalachian to ringside as quickly as possible- anything to engage Frank long enough for Brian Slater to turn his attention back to the two legal men still both out cold in the ring-

Brian Slater turns, sees the pinfall, slides in for the count and-

Hesitates- he looks over at Doris Hilton with a saddened look-

Doris Hilton:

Do your job and COUNT! COUNT DAMN YOU!

Slater shakes his head with a heavy sigh and does just that-

1...

2...

3...

DING DING DING

DDK:

Well- looks like poor Gordy is still tied to Doris Hilton for the foreseeable future.

Lance:

Bright side- he and Felton *are* a pretty effective tag team?

DDK:

Tell that to poor Gordy, partner- look.

All eyes are on Gordy Lovett.

It's not long before the big Texan comes around and the weight of what's happened comes crashing down around his ears. He slumps into the nearest available corner- banging his head in frustration against the turnbuckle pad. Doris steps through the ropes and just glares triumphantly down at Gordy. We don't quite hear what Doris says but we do pick up Gordy's dejected sounding response-

Gordy Lovett:

Yes ma'am- I mean, yes Ms. Hilton...

Doris doesn't get to celebrate her victory for long- as all eyes have turned to the still brawling Felton Bigsby and Frank Dylan James who've managed to unhinge one of the metal ringside barriers and spilled their violence out into the first few rows of fans. As the camera cuts closer to the fracas we catch the tail end of Felton violently irish whipping Frank back first through several rows of chairs and personal belongings as German Faithful scatter like scared sheep.

DDK:

I think we're going to need security out h-

Before the words can escape Downtown Darren Keebler's mouth Frank is back on his feet and literally just HUCKING the open folding chairs recklessly towards Felton Bigsby who swats away several before getting absolutely beamed in the forehead drawing a lot of blood- so blind with rage, even a concussive shot to the head like that doesn't stop Texas Strong. Face now covered in a steady stream of blood Felton lunges at Frank-

Doris is now at ringside screaming at Felton to knock it off- echoing Angus' similar sentiment hollered towards Frank. When the two realize they're shoulder-to-shoulder barking orders in unison the two managers get nose to nose, almost a less intimidating mirror of the brawl now being broken up by Brian Slater, Wyatt Bronson and DEFsec.

Angus Skaaland:

THIS AINT OVER YOU OLD WITCH!

Doris Hilton:

FAR FROM IT, YOU NASTY LITTLE TROLL!

COMMERCIAL: DEFy AWARDS



HAPPY HOLIDAYS FROM MI FAMILIA TO YOURS

Standing in front of a fully-decorated Christmas tree, sits a mammoth man in a buttoned-up blue dress shirt, dark blue dress pants and dark rounded sunglasses. Over his left shoulder, he's parading around the Favoured Saints Championship.

That man?

Uriel Cortez:

Hello, friends... and more importantly, hello to Mi Familia. I am Uriel Cortez. YOUR Favoured Saints Champion and of course, The Titan of Industry and Proud Papa of Titanes Familia. Taking a little time from my busy schedule of SUCCESSFULLY making it to four defenses to wish everyone a Happy Holiday season. And in the spirit of camaraderie, I want to extend a very special greeting to those that matter the most to me...

Uriel hoists the title just a little bit higher on his massive shoulder.

Uriel Cortez:

The year 2023 may have been the best yet for Titanes Familia. Mil Vueltas is out there killing it on his own, but still representing the Familia. Dan Leo James is fully recovered from what Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems did to him and he's ready to take them down. And most importantly, Titaness, my lovely wife, is going to bury her heels so far in every one of their narrow asses that they'll be walking funny all through 2024. Familia First. And as for me, I cemented my name among the greats of the Favoured Saints Championship by making it to the four defenses necessary to earn a Southern Heritage Title match at a place and time of my choosing. Call it a little Christmas gift for myself.

A quick pat of the nameplate.

Uriel Cortez:

And while everyone is setting their sights on different New Years Resolutions such as losing weight, eating healthier, working harder, reading more, and anything else to give themselves a better quality of life, I'm setting my sights a little bit higher for Titanes Familia. 2024 won't just be our best year - 2024 is literally going to be OUR year...

The tone in his voice starts gets noticeably lower.

Uriel Cortez:

For anyone that made Titanes Familia a target this year... I'm talking about Doctor Ned Reform, I'm talking about The Most Precious Gems, Tom Morrow, The Devil's Circus, Team HOSS, M4NTRA... I already made a New Year's Resolution to keep the receipts. And I'm telling each and everyone of you that if you see me coming down the hallway, that you best turn around and walk in the opposite direction because if you don't... you are FUCKED. Because I made a promise after what happened to my mother this year...

Uriel bites his lip, trying to hide back rage.

Uriel Cortez:

...that we will NEVER be victims again. That Mi Familia will NEVER be targeted again. With this title, I showed that nice guy Uriel Cortez is a distant memory and all you've got left from here on out is "Zero Fucks Given" Uriel Cortez. With this title, I showed that NO ONE is an exception to these new rules... all the way from a mouthy little bottom-feeding cloud-chaser like Eric Dane Jr. all to the very top with a man that THINKS he's this company like Oscar fucking Burns. NO exceptions...

Now the giant leans a little bit closer in his seat.

Uriel Cortez:

Not even YOU, Corvo Alpha. With respect to whoever challenges you tonight, Corvo, I hope it's you that wins tonight. I don't have any problems with you. Like me, you were manipulated by someone who only had his best interests instead

of yours and when that influence was gone, we both thrived. You didn't do anything wrong. You're just in the wrong place at the wrong time. You're holding something I want to make my life better... and that's the Southern Heritage Championship. Tonight, I'll be watching to see who accepts your challenge.

Uriel looks up.

Uriel Cortez:

I have spent years trying to protect Mi Familia and have done everything I can to make the best living for the future of my wife and friends while trying to balance this act as the bigger person. For years, I tried... I really did. I really, really did... but in the year 2024, I am done trying to play nice. I am done trying to be the bigger man...

He finally stands up and reaches his full, towering seven-foot two height. With one kick, he sends the steel chair flying across the set.

Uriel Cortez:

Now?

In one more kick, the entire tree behind him gets knocked over, sending lights and ornaments flying! After the tree has been brought down, Uriel turns and looks back to those watching right now.

Uriel Cortez:

I'm just going to be the BIGGER man.

Black.

THE FUSE IS LIT

Returning from break, we see a waving DEFIANCE flag prominently in frame.

“Anything Goes, huh?”

Jack Harmen saunters in, unabashed and unimpeded by the recent set backs of one Tyler Fuse. The German Faithful cheer as he enters the frame. Harmen holds his head high and chews loudly on some Bazooka Joe bubble gum. He wears his red and black leather jacket and his matching color pants.

Jack Harmen:

This'll be fun. Wir werden Kämpfen Herr Fuse! Bis wir, ich meine, du bist tot. Spaß.

Harmen leans into the camera and takes up the entire face with just his lower jaw, his nose and mouth twist in a cheshire cat like grin.

Jack Harmen:

Come at the Flyest, you best not fall. Ich spiele nicht mehr Ty. Sorry Conor. You gotta understand. You had a brother. Get well soon.

Harmen walks off, shoulder bumping into the cameraman so he swings and follows Harmen down the hall.

THE SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT GUILD vs. THE HONOR SOCIETY

Back to the commentary desk we see our two lovable hosts, "Downtown" Darren Keebler, and Lance Warner. They both smile into the camera.

DDK:

Well up next folks we have a HUGE matchup, both figuratively and literally as 8 wrestlers will be involved in a 4 vs 4 contest.

Lance:

That's right Darren, but the biggest surprise might not be HOW MANY, but instead WHO is involved in the match!

DDK:

It's going to be Ned Reform and the rest of the Honor Society going up against a kind of reunited Sports Entertainment Guild. But tension abounds in the SEG, because while Klein and The D have accepted Mikey Unlikely with open arms, Elise Ares still has her reservations.

Lance:

It's going to be interesting to see what happens here, can SEG be a cohesive unit? We know the Honor Society already is, and all it takes is a single miscommunication for someone as clever as Ned Reform to take home a win.

The camera pans to the stage as commentary keeps discussing.

DDK:

Can Mikey and Elise coexist? Should she trust Mikey in this scenario? Does Mikey Unlikely have the time to worry about his relationship with PCP when Ned Reform is looking to take him down and put an even bigger stamp on his future here in DEFIANCE?

Lance:

We're going to find out right now, cause here they come Keebs!

♪ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♪

The Faithful begin to jeer as the Honor Society's theme begins to blare throughout the arena. The first to appear through the ramp are the literal and figurative heavies: the monster TA Roosevelt sporting a large white and purple boa and his partner in Weighted Grade TA Hoorigan who is rocking some sick aviator shades. Next appears TA Cole, wearing his letter jacket and sporting a face full o' intensity. Finally, bringing up the rear is the brains of the outfit: Ned Reform, sporting a glittery purple robe that resembles a graduation gown complete with yellow graduation scarf, walking briskly and smirking his way down the ramp.

DDK:

The Honor Society - a collection of wrestlers who never quite got a shot at the big time before agreeing to follow one Ned Reform.

Lance:

It's an alliance that has paid dividends for Ned... especially lately as they've given him the constant numbers advantage over Mikey Unlikely. At least until two weeks ago when we saw the apparent reunion of the Sports Entertainment Guild. As uneasy as it may be...

Weighted Grade walk around the ring on the outside like a pair of secret service members while Cole leaps over the top rope into the ring. The Good Doctor smirks to the crowd before wiping his feet on the apron and entering the squared circle.

DDK:

A busy few weeks for Ned Reform... first he challenges for the FIST at our End of the Year special, and then he's going

one-on-one with Mikey Unlikely at DEFIANCE Road. I have an odd feeling he's going to let his pupils do the... ahem... heavy lifting tonight...

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

Lance:

One of the greatest tag teams we've ever come to know here in DEFIANCE!

The fans' boos turn to cheers as the well known theme song begins. Through the curtain come The D and Klein both smiling and waving at the crowd. Elise follows them through the curtain, she doesn't look pleased however. With her arms folded, and her head thrown back, she grumbles to the ring. Obviously looking to get this over with.

The D and Klein meanwhile play it up to the fans and try to get their support. Before the theme song changes over, the two dudes wait with anticipation for the 4th member of the team.

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

The words "Mikey Money" appear on the DEFIA-tron and the faithful lose it.

DDK:

And here comes their partner!

Unlikely slips through the curtain, wearing his wrestling gear for the first time since his return. Mikey now wears white and gold shorts with the same money symbols he's been known to sport. His white boots, white knee pads, and elbow pads all give off a much different aesthetic than we are used to.

He high fives the fans as he makes his way to the ring. Pointing to the fans in the nosebleed seats, Mikey pumps his fist and slides into the ring. He hits each side of the ring and calls out to the Mikey Minions that are running wild.

Lance:

The longest reigning FIST in DEF history is back and this is really his first time having an actual wrestling match in two years Keeps! What kind of rust is he going to have to shake off?

DDK:

Woah look at this...

Mikey moves over to the PCP corner, but Elise pushes past Klein and The D, and hits Mikey in the chest with both hands. She pushes him away from the rest of them. Mikey nods, knowing not to push it, and steps to the ring apron. Elise walks back past PCP without a word.

DING DING

DDK:

Oh, the Faithful are at a fever pitch here Lance. The Sports Entertainment Guild rode high first back in 2016, over seven years ago. Since then, both Mikey and JFK have gone on to be the FIST of DEFIANCE, and the Pop Culture Phenoms have arguably been the greatest and most consistent act DEFIANCE has had.

Lance:

And they're up against one of the more hated factions in our sport Darren. The Honor Society shows none, and it's all run by Ned Reform. Filled to the brim with talent that has been overlooked... this is going to be a barn burner Darren.

DDK:

On one side of the ring, Sir Reginald Boxington the 3rd, aka Klein, the box man, is getting last minute instructions from Mikey Unlikely. What do you think he told him?

Lance:

Doesn't matter Darren. Elise slipped into his ears right after and told him to ignore all that nonsense.

DDK:

Elise and Mikey better get on the same page or tonight's contest could heavily favor Reform and his cronies.

Lance:

On the other side, TA Roosevelt, known best to the Faithful as a member of No Justice, No Peace. BRAZEN's first War Games saw Rosey's team, N-J-N-P, square off against the Viking War Cult and, of course, the Pop Culture Phenoms themselves over the Trios championships, which have since been merged into our current Unified Tag Team Championships.

DDK:

We should really have a DEF-Primer... but, they might think we're talking about them instead...

Lance:

Shhhh, we can't use that word here Darren.

TA Roosevelt gets his last words of encouragement from Reform, as Ned just adjusts his outfit and wipes off some dust and grime. He nods and Owens turns. Klein turns back to his corner, where Mikey throws him a thumbs up but Elise has done the classic bunny fingers behind the head to him. Klein snickers, and Mikey catches on as Elise slips away and protests innocence with an exaggerated shrug.

Klein and Owens center of the ring, collar and elbow tie up. Klein uses his height to his advantage and locks in a side headlock, but Rosey uses his weight and tosses Klein off the ropes. Shoulder tackle, neither man moves. Klein slaps his own chest and points to the far ropes, which Owens takes as a queue. He runs and charges with his own shoulder tackle. Klein budes a step, but holds strong. Klein then bounces off himself, and hits another shoulder tackle. Owens barely moves. Klein urges another, and so Owens obliges. When Rosey leans in for the tackle, Klein is ready and uses his momentum against him into a quick snap powerslam that shakes the literal ring.

One.

Owens quickly kicks out, and Klein locks in a rear headlock.

DDK:

And Klein looking to take the wind out of TA Roosevelt early. It's a sound strategy.

Lance:

Oh, but maybe he shouldn't have locked the hold in with his back to his enemies' corner.

Both TA Cole and TA Horrigan have entered the ring and broken up the hold, with Mark Shields' attention distracted by something in the crowd. The D and Elise enter the ring to get Shields' attention back on the action and tell him to turn around... but this only forces Mark Shields to do his job and escort PCP back to their corner. Meanwhile, TA Cole, TA Horrigan, and TA Roosevelt all lay the boots into a prone Klein. Owens takes a moment to leap off his feet and splash Klein with all four hundred pounds. Horrigan then charges and hits a running senton.

Cole reaches above his head and mimes a tag to himself, as Ned Reform looks on and grades his pupils from the corner. The D and Elise finally relent as Mark Shields turns back to the action, to see Cole locking in an arm bar, with his knee dug into the back of Klein. Mark looks at Cole and then back at Owens, who's standing back on the apron, and back to Cole. Reform tells him not to worry about it too much, and Horrigan mimes a tag action from the apron. Shields rushes in to check on Klein and ask if he submits.

DDK:

Klein's tough as nails. Last DEFtv, he put our FIST to the limit and almost took home the grandest prize this sport has! It's going to take a little more than an arm bar surfboard to take down the Box Man!

Lance:

TA Cole is no slouch, runner up in the inaugural BRAZEN Heavyweight Championship tournament, an All-American Athlete from Nebraska, this kid grew up tossin' haystacks.

DDK:

Which makes his turn to the scholarly and cowardly Reform's Society of Honor so... odd.

Lance:

You look at TA Roosevelt, or TA Horrigan. Neither of those guys fit the prototypical intellectual.

DDK:

Yet, here they are, in the corner and charge of the so called Brain of DEFIANCE.

Ned Reform sniffs the air from the corner, as if he could smell that Darren didn't capitalize BRAIN when he said his nickname. In the ring, Cole stretches Klein further and has grabbed the other arm into a full on surfboard. Shields is there, reluctantly asking Klein if he gives up.

Klein feeds off the swelling cheers of the Faithful. He's able to power to his feet, but Cole rear waist locks him into a German Suplex. Klein bounces into the Honor Society's corner as TA Cole stands to his feet, and simply dusts his shoulder off into the corner, specifically at the D.

The D tries to climb into the ring, even with Mikey and Elise trying to stop him, but Shields blocks him in the corner as TA Roosevelt and TA Horrigan lay in shots in the corner on Klein, as Reform uses the tag rope to choke the Box Man around the neck. TA Cole stares down the D as Shields puts him into the ring.

From the far corner, Reform tags above his head and enters the ring. TA Cole looks at Reform and nods, exiting the ring. Mark Shields turns and sees Reform, who simply kicks Klein once in the gut. Shields is about to question it, but Reform immediately tags back out to TA Horrigan. Reform slips out as TA Cole now uses the tag rope to choke Klein. Shields starts counting, and gets to three before Horrigan charges in and uses his full weight to slam his back into Klein, sandwiching him in the corner.

Horrigan tags out to Owens. Horrigan leaps with another senton and Rosey enters, before leaping and splashing Klein.

One.

Two.

Mikey Unlikely's the unlikely one to enter the ring and break up the pin, to wild cheers from the Faithful. He reaches out and takes a quick swipe at Reform, who drops off the apron, before Mark Shields pushes Unlikely back into his corner.

TA Roosevelt vice grips Klein's shoulder and stares across the ring at PCP, as the D in particular is livid to get involved.

DDK:

PCP better let cooler heads prevail or else the Honor Society will continue to use these distractions to maintain the advantage.

The Faithful roar and cheer as Klein fights to his feet. Elbow, another, and off the ropes, and into another double shoulder tackle. Klein budes a moment, but Rosey asks him to hit him again. Klein again off the ropes...

... only for Reform to pull the top rope down, causing Klein to slip and tumble up and over the top rope.

Shields only casually and disinterestedly yells at Reform who pleads innocence. Meanwhile, TA Cole and TA Horrigan grab Klein and slam him into the ringside barricade, before Horrigan squashes Klein against the unforgiving steel. TA Cole takes the moment to roll a limp Klein back into the ring, where Rosey is quick to put all his weight on top for a pin.

One.

Two.

The D rushes in and kicks Owens in the head. Reform shouts at Shields to do his job as Mark reluctantly pulls the D out. Meanwhile, TA Cole tags himself above his head and enters. Rosey scoop slams Klein, before Klein jumps off Bret's rope with a double ax handle to Klein's head and shoulder. TA Cole then locks in another arm bar, again digging his knee into the back of Klein.

Again, the Faithful swell in cheers as Klein fights to his feet. Before Klein can really break the hold, TA Cole releases and irish whips the Box man into the Society's corner. Klein takes a moment to back elbow Reform, sending him tumbling comically off the apron, but both Horrigan and Owens start laying into Klein. Cole charges and joins the trio who just continue throwing haymakers to Klein until he calls to a seated position.

Cole turns around to gloat toward the SEG corner, only for Klein to back elbow Horrigan, then Owens. Cole turns, and goes to attack Klein, but Klein rolls under him and dives.

DDK:

HOT TAG! THE D IS ON FIRE!

Lance:

With Everything to Cole! Horrigan tries, but DA-DICK-PUNCH-AH! Into a Contractual Obligation!

DDK:

There's Owens, D ducks a clothesline, grabs one hand and spins, grabs the other... A-LISTER! Double boots square under the jaw! The Faithful are unglued!

The D looks around the ring, and sees Reform recovering on the outside. Ned sees his charges on the mat, and looks shocked with his eyes bugging out, but still has enough sense to rush away from a charging D. The D Tiger feints the ropes, then sits on the middle rope to invite Reform into the ring. Instead, Reform starts to collect Horrigan under the bottom rope, and then Owens rolls out and joins them. The three of them discuss strategy.

This allows the D to rush off the far side, and come careening through the middle and top rope, sending both Owens and Horrigan sprawling into the barricade. Reform has just enough time to notice and slip away like a bandit running away from train tracks.

The D climbs back onto the apron and looks behind him. He sizes TA Weighted Grade up and leaps onto the second rope.

Only for TA Cole to catch him as he leaps, pull him up and over the top rope, and muscle buster him in the center of the ring. The D only sees lights.

One.

Two.

Elise finally gets herself involved, kicking Cole off the count. Reform on the outside shouts at Weighted Grade, and Owens and Horrigan slide in. Elise and the D recover, and Klein hops into the ring to join them. Suddenly they break out into a pier six brawl!

Meanwhile... Mikey has hopped off the apron, and has his eyes meet those of The Good Doctor. The crowd begins to buzz in anticipation as Mikey's eyes narrow and Reform's appear ready to pop right out of his skull. He realizes that he has sent all his back up away as he throws his hands up in a "hey, calm down" motion... but to no avail, as Mikey charges directly toward the Sage on the Stage!

DDK:

And look at Ned run! We might be in for DEFIANCE Road come early!

Lance:

We knew he was an academic, but I had no idea he was on the track team!

Reform books it like a scolded... scalded... um, very scared dog right up the ramp with Mikey Unlikely hot on his heels!

In the ring, Klein takes out both TA Roosevelt and Horrigan with a double clothesline, sending him and the duo flying over the top rope. The D sweeps TA Cole's legs and then drops his legs straight into the nether regions, only for Elise to fly off the top rope.

DDK:

Extreme Makeover on TA Cole! But Shields, he just points at the D.

Lance:

The D IS the legal man!

DDK:

Give it to Mark Shields, who follows the rules only when it suits him.

Elise screams at Mark as The D hops on top for the pin instead. Shields ignores and makes his way over. Outside the ring, TA Horrigan has lifted Klein up and just flapjack's him over the barricade. TA Roosevelt lifts Klein off the barricade and plants him with a rocking and appropriate German suplex to a thud.

One.

Two.

Horrigan grabs the D by his ankle and pulls him out of the ring. Elise starts trying to push her way back across the ring, but it's here where Shields stands his ground, mostly because Elise screamed at him earlier, not because of any justice.

DDK:

What is Shields' doing?! He never does his job!

Lance:

Elise's temper is getting the best of her here.

Shields blocks Elise from charging forward, only to let her watch the D get splattered between a charging TA Roosevelt and the steel post holding up the ring. The D wobbles, holds up his index finger as if to say something, and then crumples. TA Horrigan lifts the D up and rolls him underneath the bottom rope.

DDK:

The D is easy pickings Lance, but TA Cole is no spring chicken.

Lance:

That Extreme Makeover TA Cole took earlier can fell a Giant or even a Kraken Darren.

Both men down, the fans begin to rally as Mark Shields starts his ten count. The TA's jump on the apron as Elise glares daggers. She hops on the apron and extends her hand to the D, who begins crawling to her at three. TA Cole rolls to his corner, as Klein pulls himself back into the SEG's corner. TA Cole reaches out and tags in TA Horrigan, who rushes into the ring and just barely grabs the D by his ankle. TA Horrigan pulls the D closer to the center of the ring to a chorus of boos, as the D hops on one foot. The D begs off, going through the stages of grief, directly in front of

Horrigan and the DEF German Faithful.

DDK:

Enziguri! Just when Horrigan let his guard down and thought he had this!

Lance:

The D extends! Elise slaps the D!

Elise climbs to the top and leaps off with a double knee strike to TA Horrigan, taking him clear off his feet. Elise turns to the Honor Society corner, and rushes at TA Roosevelt, dropkicking him clean off the apron and into the barricade below.

TA Cole reaches over the top rope and grabs Elise by her hair, but Elise just jaw breaker / stun gun's Cole over the top rope. With the Honor Society's corner free, Elise leaps to the top and turns to await TA Horrigan, who is returning to his feet. He stumbles, that awkward drunk stumble, before turning as Elise dives once more.

DDK:

Amethystation! NO! Horrigan ducked underneath and caught Elise!

Horrigan holds her on his shoulders and stomps around, once, twice. TA Roosevelt tags in, as TA Horrigan lays Elise out with a huge spinebuster in the center of the ring. Owens bounces off the ropes and then just jumps and lands with a huge body splash on the tiny Elise, all four hundred plus pounds, providing no peace to Elise's frail frame. Owens is on all fours like a football player as Horrigan leaps over him and sentons onto the prone body of Elise Ares. Horrigan keeps it moving as Owens dives on top and hooks the leg.

One.

Two.

The D comes in and kicks the back of TA Roosevelt' head, breaking the pinfall. Horrigan catches the D in the gut with a stiff right, then in the ribs, and another under the jaw before Klein steps in and runs Horrigan over with a stiff clothesline. Owens charges Klein and Klein kicks him in the gut. The D drags Horrigan over and he and Klein lift him to Klein's other side. With both face locked, Klein plants his legs. Elise gets up and grabs one side, The D on the other.

DDK:

Double suplex! And Elise lets go, diving out of the ring at TA Cole!

Lance:

And the D, he's just cheering Klein on!

Klein holds both TA Cole and TA Horrigan over his head for a good three seconds without help, before dropping both men with a ring shaking vertical suplex. The D cheering him on as all three man bounce from violence. Elise climbs back up onto the apron, and then to the top rope. She sizes the situation and plants her feet.

DDK:

TA Cole! Watch out Elise!

TA Cole belly to belly's Elise off the top rope and into the ring as the other TA's roll to neutral corners. TA Cole pops up and removes both ends of his singlet. The D charges and gets caught in a t-bone suplex, tossed over head and up and OVER the top rope and to the outside. TA Cole turns to Klein, but Klein lifts Cole onto his shoulders and begins to spin.

Lance:

There it is! The beginning of Think Outside! Cole must be on dream street!

Cole barely slips out of Klein's airplane spin and lands behind him. Once he does, Klein, stunned, gets hooked and

tossed with a deadlift German into a bridge.

But Klein is not the legal man. TA Roosevelt grabs Shields' attention and begins to plead the Honor Society's case but Shields' is having none of it.

DDK:

Lookit! Elise Ares! Extreme Makeover to break up the bridge!

Lance:

Pin didn't even ma-Look out! Oooh!

As Elise lands and hops off of TA Cole, she walks right into TA Horrigan, slamming one of the many tag team championships into Elise Ares' face. He adjusts a fake tie as he slips out of the ring and grabs the recovering D before slamming him into the steel post. TA Cole rushes over to Klein and hooks him into a surfboard, as TA Roosevelt takes two steps toward Elise and just leaps as high as he can. Almost six feet off the ground completely before crashing all 400 + lbs square onto the petite frame of Elise Ares.

One.

Two.

Three.

DING DING DING

♪ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♪

The German Faithful are stunned as Shields raises TA Roosevelt's hands. TA Roosevelt stands to his feet, breathing heavy and ready for a fight. TA Cole lets go of Klein and kicks him out of the ring. He follows, and heads to the time keeper's table, grabbing all four of the remaining Tag Team Titles. He starts tossing them into the ring without a care for their well being, which doesn't please the Faithful. Finally, TA Cole last grabs a ringbell, a microphone, and a steel chair. He slides the chair in and carries the bell, the microphone jostling in his tights. TA Cole taps the microphone twice.

TA Cole:

DEFRoad. Honor Society. PCP. You put all five of these belts on the line against us, just like tonight, 3 on 3. That is...

TA Horrigan and TA Roosevelt have both grabbed Elise Ares and drag her toward TA Cole. Owens tosses her at Cole's feet, as Cole raises the steel chair and just slams it into her once, twice, three times.

TA Cole:

If you make it. Lift her up!

TA Cole shouts directions at Horrigan and Owens, who oblige. They each hold either side of Elise Ares, as she just dangles in their arms. She looks up at TA Cole, who readies the ring bell.

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

Both TA's drop Elise and turn to the entrance ramp, waiting for Mikey to come running to the rescue. The words "Mikey Money" appear on the DEFIA-tron and the faithful lose it.

But nothing else happens. So TA Cole starts shouting at his cohorts.

TA Cole:

Ignore it! Ignore it! Focus!

Both Horrigan and Owens grab Elise and pick her back up. TA Cole raises the ring bell high, and gives it a kiss. Just as he does, the Faithful erupt. TA Cole charges, and goes to slam the bell straight into the FACE of DEFIANCE.

But Mikey Unlikely dives in and takes the blow instead.

Elise, in a daze, wakes up just long enough to see the face of the Hollywood star tumble in front of her. TA Cole is shocked, just long enough for the D to slip in behind, and do a split.

DDK:

Double Da-Dick-Punch-Cha! Owens and Horrigan go down like a ton of bricks!

TA Cole stares wide eyed at Elise, who just rushes toward the amateur athlete.

Lance:

Amethystation! Takes TA Cole straight off his feet! Owens and Horrigan roll out and gather Cole as best they can.

The Trio of Honor start heading up the ramp, as Elise looks down at Mikey Unlikely with more of a look of annoyance than one of gratitude. The D helps Klein get to his feet, as Klein raises a microphone.

Klein:

DEFROAD! You're ohn--Oh God, Mikey!

Klein tosses the microphone and stumbles toward Mikey, falling to his knees to check on him. The D shakes his head as Elise stares up at him, and mouths "I didn't ask for this. I don't owe him now." to which the D just shrugs.

DDK:

Elise and Mikey didn't have a lot of opportunity to show they were on the same page in this matchup Lance, but Mikey may have shown more loyalty in that one action than he's shown in his entire career.

Lance:

It's incongruent with the person Mikey Unlikely has been. It's all just so, unlikely. I understand Elise's hesitation, but Mikey seems to be nothing but genuine. And I can't wait to see him wipe the smug look off the face of the so called Good Doctor, Ned Reform.

DDK:

At DEFROAD, two big matches. Weighted Grade vs. PCP for the Tag Team titles, and Mikey Unlikely vs. Ned Reform!

Lance:

Where did Ned Reform even go?

DDK:

I imagine he's in Reudnitz by now...

THE CLUCKY SEVENS

Backstage a big reaction is heard from the Faithful watching when Max and Mason Luck are discussing business. DEFIANCE's (Allegedly) Hottest Tag Team march down the hallway.

Max Luck:

Ready to stack a few more bodies?

Mason Luck:

Damn right. I'll see you in a second ... and got some more artwork cued up. Heh.

Mason and Max bump their fists together and Mason leaves one way. Max heads down the corridor until he reaches a table with water bottles for the talent. He grabs one and twists the cap off he takes a chug of it. Enjoys it for a moment then finishes off the bottle. He looks for a place to dispose of the plastic and tosses it in a recycle container. As he turns around to return to where Mason was he comes face to face with Tom Morrow's newest BFTA member Big Kahuna Ali'i. Ali'i in his wrestling attire slowly removes his shades.

Max Luck:

Oh ... you're the inferior product that Tommy dropped us for, right?

Big Kahuna Ali'i:

Nah ... I'm the upgrade.

The Beast of the Bright Lights is sizing up the monstrous man.

Max Luck:

So you say, shades. Sorry ... what the hell's is your name again? So we know what to tell the coroner when Mase and I take you out.

Big Kahuna Ali'i braces himself for battle ... but he smiles because Max doesn't turn around fast enough!

Jestal:

His name is....

Jestal comes from behind Max with Clucky in hand and slams the loaded rubber chicken right into the knee of Max, who shouts in pain as he collapses writhing in pain holding his knee. Big Kahuna Ali'i goes over and pins Max to the ground with both feet! Jestal though is relentless as he continues to slam Clucky down on the injured knee.

Jestal:

BIG.

Grunt, and laughing.

Jestal:

Kahuna.

Grunt, and laughing.

Jestal:

Ali'i!

Ali'i takes a knee next to Max and pins him to the ground! As the knee is attacked, he calmly speaks.

Big Kahuna Ali'i:

Do not forget it uce! This is for burning Morrow's rental!

Mason Luck:

MAX!

The DC quickly look at an oncoming Mason, now with a chair in hand. Ali'i slowly puts his shades back on and follows Jestal as they escape the crime scene and flee down the hallway! Mason reaches his brother, holding his knee in immense pain! He starts to hobble up to his feet and wants to go after them, but stops!

Mason Luck:

Hey ... can you walk?

Max is favoring his left leg as he tries to stand.

Max Luck:

I ... damn it ... I don't care. I'm gonna beat the [censored] out of that clown, then I'm gonna f[censored] up Jestal, too!

Max starts to hobble next to his twin.

DDK:

The DC has just assaulted Max Luck, and they have a match tonight. Could that bounty be collected tonight by the Gentlemen's Agreement?

Lance:

Looks like Max can barely put any weight on the leg, Jestal did some major damage. The odds are stacked against the Maim Event Monsters tonight!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



CHALLAAAANGE!!

Backstage Craig Massey is dressed in a checkered professional business suit and holding a microphone. He has horn-rimmed glasses on and a red handkerchief protruding from his front jacket pocket. His hair is slicked back uncomfortably.

Scott Hunter walks into the frame.

He's wearing tight green shorts which show off much more than any man should, and has a blue and yellow vest on over a very visible torso, highlighting his physique and inability to coordinate colors.

Announcer Craig:

Hello everyone, I'm Craig Massey, and tonight I'm talking to Scott Hunter, who is undefeated in December. Scott, DEFIANCE Road 2024 is just around the corner, and I understand you have some plans to announce regarding the big show.

Scott Hunter:

I do indeed, Craig. At DEFIANCE Road 2024, I am planning to wrestle fight someone. I am officially making this open challenge because it is the best way to find someone to fight unless you are willing to use racial slurs, which I am not. So watch your mouth!

Announcer Craig:

I see. Any preferences on who you'd like your opponent to be?

Scott leans in.

Scott Hunter:

No.

Announcer Craig:

None at all?

Scott leans in again.

Scott Hunter:

No.

Announcer Craig:

Alright then. You're known for your unique style in the ring. Care to give the fans a taste of what they can expect?

Scott leans in.

Scott Hunter:

No.

Announcer Craig:

Okay. Any words for your possible opponent then??

Scott straightens up and adjusts his... well, you know.

Scott Hunter:

YES. To whoever is out there watching who wants to wrestle me, I say come on down, you are the next contestant on some game show I saw once. I will lift you up and then place you back on the mat really hard. It'll be great. For me. For you, it will probably suck.

Announcer Craig:

How about the people in Berlin? Do you have any words for them?

Scott Hunter:

Yes, yes. To Berlin, I want you all to know that I have never been to your city, but based on what I have seen on a five-second Google search, truly, you Take My Breath Away. I'm sorry, but I just have No More Words. I can't wait to hop aboard The Metro and see your lovely city and I really want to see that wall that everyone seems so psyched about.

Craig Massey: *[dropping the announcer pretense]*

Come on man, they tore that wall down like thirty years ago.

Scott Hunter:

Which wall?

Craig Massey:

The Berlin Wall.

Scott Hunter:

Berlin has a wall?

Craig Massey:

Uh, yes. What other wall could you possibly be talking about?

Scott Hunter:

So Berlin has a wall. So.. what, do they perform concerts on top of the wall on a pretty regular basis? I really liked that Top Gun movie, you know, the one where Tom Cruise was a fighter pilot who saved a bunch of orphans or endangered cats or something... and I believe they were in that, like they played fighter pilots or hot dog vendors or something weird.

Craig Massey: *[after a facepalm]*

Scott, I'm not talking about Berlin the band. I'm talking about Berlin the city. You know, the place where DEFIANCE Road is taking place? The place where your open challenge will be taking place? And... the Berlin Wall... come on, man. You don't know what the Berlin Wall was?

Scott Hunter:

No.

Craig Massey: *[sigh]*

Okay whatever. So do you have...?

Scott holds up a scolding finger.

Announcer Craig: *[back in character]*

So, do you have any final words before we turn things back over to the boys at ringside?

Scott turns toward the camera, a very stern, serious expression on his face, and points violently in the camera's direction.

Scott Hunter:

Only this. I am a very serious professional wrestler person and I demand respect. I am undefeated against people whose first names are longer than three letters and I expect to be treated accordingly. I'm not some Johnny Come Lately. My name isn't even Johnny, so why would you ever call me that?? It doesn't make any sense!! So don't call me that. My name is Scott, Scott Hunter, and on the DEFIANCE Road, I will face whoever is brave enough to face me, and I will break his face with my hands and feet, probably kick him in his knee or upper thigh, and eventually, force him to succumb to my world-famous figure four leg lock, which in case you don't remember, I created from scratch, like a

pancake from Cracker Barrel. In addition, I will happily travel to the city of Berlin, look at any and all walls available, and listen to some kicking 80s new wave if I have enough time.

Craig Massey: *[back out of character]*

Like Tears for Fears?

Scott Hunter:

Tears for... what?

Craig Massey:

Duran Duran?

Scott Hunter:

Why did you say that twice?

Craig Massey:

Talking Heads?

Scott Hunter:

All heads are talking heads? Where do you even get these words from? What is even happening right now??

Craig Massey:

The Police.

Scott panics, looking around.

Scott Hunter:

WHERE?!?! QUICK, HIDE THIS!

Scott quickly passes Craig a small envelope and then places a hand on his shoulder.

Scott Hunter:

I was never here.

...and darts out of frame.

Craig looks into the envelope pensively and sees what appears to be cocaine inside. He leans toward it and realizes it's just sugar.

He sighs, drops the microphone and the envelope, shakes his head, then walks away as well.

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT

DDK:

We've got Gentlemen's Agreement making an attempt to collect on Tom Morrow's bounty by taking on the Lucky Sevens next ... but after that attack earlier today by The Devil's Circus on Max Luck's left knee, will they have the chance to collect?

Lance:

They just might! Lord Sewell and Oliver Tarquin Monroe have Earl Roberts at ringside, but they're going in with this disadvantage. There's no doubt that attack on Max's knee was retribution for their part in lighting Tom Morrow's limo on fire.

DDK:

Allegedly.

Lance:

Yes. Allegedly. Excuse me. That match is up next!

♪ "Land of Hope and Glory" ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a \$100,000 bounty match sponsored by Tom Morrow and the Better Future Talent Agency! First at combined weight of 459 pounds... accompanied by "Royal Guard" Earl Roberts, they are Oliver Tarquin Monroe and Lord Sewell... GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT!!!!

The theme plays and out come all three members of the group. Lord Sewell with a red overcoat and yellow epaulets, covering a red and gold singlet.. Oliver Tarquin Monroe with a dark gray sleeveless coat. He takes it off to reveal a sleeveless button-up shirt and tie, which he adjusts, but his arms are free to show off his chiseled guns. "The Royal Guard" Earl Roberts, wearing a clean black singlet and wearing his black Royal Guard hat. Once all three men make it to the ring, Lord Sewell and OTM shake hands with one another, while Earl Roberts stands still with his arms folded behind his back.

Oliver Tarquin Monroe:

We are going to be *wealthy*, Lord Sewell! Wealthy!

Lord Sewell:

Quite! Quite!

Once their music is up, out come the men the bounty is directed towards and the voice of Max Luck echoes throughout the QUARTERBACK Immobilien ARENA!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!!! THIS NEXT MATCH IS SCHEDULED FOR ONE FIVE-STAR BEATDOWN AND IS YOUR MAIM EVENT OF THE EVENING!!!

♪ "Doc Holliday" by Volbeat ♪

The arena lights now flash in rapid-fire three-second increments of red and green ... And standing on the stage, both Mason and Max raise the Winning Hands to the sky! Mason and Max are also wearing new shirts! A picture of Mason Luck in his green plaid suit and Max Luck in his red plaid suit. The front reads "DEFIANCE'S HOTTEST TAG TEAM" and then they turn to the back at the same time ...

"ALLEGEDLY!"

Max does have a slight limp but isn't letting the attack from the Devil's Circus slow him down. Mason and Max hit the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing their opponents ... they weigh in at a combined six-hundred twenty four pounds! They stand at a combined height of FOURTEEN feet tall! They are Mason and Max Luck ... THE LUCKY SEVENSSSSSS!!!

DDK:

We received word that Max Luck is wrestling against doctor's orders right now. They wanted to call this match off, but the Lucks weren't hearing that and basically told Iris Davine some unflattering comments before they hit the ring.

Mason and Max throw the shirts off and each toss them into the crowd. They finally get to the ring and then climb inside. The second they both throw the Winning Hand in the air, red and green pyro explode from the turnbuckles behind them! Gentlemen's Agreement look like they have a gameplan.

DDK:

Can Lord Sewell and Gentlemen's Agreement take advantage of this opportunity afford to them by the Devil's Circus and win the bounty?

The bell quickly rings. Mason Luck is starting things off and Lord Sewell is looking hesitant to lock up, but gets talked up by Roberts and Monroe.

DING DING

Mason goes right after Lord Sewell hoping to end the match as quickly as possible, but Lord Sewell ducks and the Brit fires back and hits him with three European uppercuts. The pompous Sewell has the Maim Event Monster backed up in the corner and then hits knees to the ribs of the seven foot beast. He turns and then poses for the crowd.

Lance:

Lord Sewell got the better of Mason briefly ... not for long though!

Mason clutches Lord Sewell by the throat with both hands and tosses him right into the corner. He pins him there with an elbow and then holds his hands out ...

CHOP!!! CHOP!!! CHOP!!! CHOP!!!

DDK:

That's Four of a Kind! A move from one of the Lucky Sevens mentors, Adam Roebuck!

Four chops are brought down in quick succession on the chest of Lord Sewell with Mason saying if you want to play the striking game then he is game, too. Mason grabs Lord Sewell and biel tosses the Brit right out of the corner! Monroe and Roberts watch ringside when Sewell is using the corner ropes to pull himself up only to find himself sandwiched with a big running splash! Sewell is dragged by his mutton chops to the corner and Max Luck gets the tag! He steps into the ring with Mason whipping Lord Sewell into knee strike from Max. Max spins Lord Sewell around and then throws him into a huge clothesline from The Maim Event Player! He goes down and then Mason and Max yell out the name of the move together ...

Mason and Max Luck:

KA-CHING!!!

DDK:

An oldie but a goodie there from the Lucky Sevens! Max makes a cover!

One ...

Two ...

The three count doesn't happen because Monroe jumps in with an elbow drop to the back of Max's head. OTM scurries away and he aids Lord Sewell in getting to his corner. Max Luck is only stunned momentarily from the elbow

drop and he gets up to slug OTM off the apron!

Lance:

Monroe just tried to save the leader of the group there from the pin and got slugged for his efforts!

Max grabs Lord Sewell and he picks him up to drop a big body slam. He checks his leg and it is bothering him, but not enough to not hit the ropes and come back with a running jumping elbow drop to the heart of the former BRAZEN Onslaught champion! Max hits the move and then points at the corner!

DDK:

There's the Box Cars elbow drop by Max Luck! Now he's gonna go for the flying clothesline called the Check-Raise!

He goes outside the ring when Monroe distracts the referee by pointing over at Lord Sewell. Max looks back at him and that allows Earl Roberts to take a cheap shot on Max's bum knee with a chop block! The giant goes toppling and the fans jeer the Royal Guard outside the ring for what he's just done!

Lance:

Gentlemen's Agreement use their numbers advantage to take control here! Monroe's distraction just Earl Roberts the opening to go after the leg!

Max Luck rolls back inside the ring, but now Max is favoring the knee. Lord Sewell finally has the chance to crawl away after the beating he's sustained and tags Monroe. The agile young protege of Lord Sewell springboards to the top rope and he takes out Max Luck with a springboard clothesline!

DDK:

That's the Pistol Whip by Monroe! And could we see them win this match and collect the bounty that's been on the Lucky Sevens for weeks now?!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

Max Luck kicks out, but the knee is still giving him trouble. Monroe goes right to the left leg and then drops an elbow right into it. He stands up again and drops another elbow. Monrow up a third time and then a third elbow. He then grabs the leg and twists off to the side in order to snap the leg back!

DDK:

What a deadly move! Monroe and Sewell are both excellent technicians at heart and once they have a body part they can work it over.

Mason has to watch his twin brother get his leg picked apart with Monroe tagging in Sewell. The two old time gentlemen do something very ungentlemanly and work the leg. Monroe holds his leg down so Sewell can stomp it. He locks in a knee lock and OTM gets the chance to stomp on the knee. Now Lord Sewell has Max grounded with a perfect knee lock. The Beast of the Bright Lights is trying to pry his way free and almost grabs the face of Sewell, but the former British Royal Navy member cranks back on the knee, forcing Max onto his back!

Lance:

That attack by The Devil's Circus just gave Gentlemen's Agreement the perfect opening to keep the twins off their game tonight. It's not too often you see them vulnerable like this.

DDK:

Sewell has the knee ... wait! No! Max has the Winning Hand!

Max has reached up off the mat and has the Winning Hand locked in. The iron claw is gripped tight across the face of

Lord Sewell, but OTM comes back into the ring and kicks the leg! That stops Max and as Monroe is ordered back to his corner by the referee, Lord Sewell grabs the neck of Max as he's on his knees and then plants him with a big DDT!

DDK:

Once again the knee coming into play and he hits the DDT! Lord Sewell with the tag!

Lord Sewell tags in Oliver and then Sewell grabs hold of the knee again. He jumps and hits a leg drop to the knee and Sewell follows up with a knee drop from the second rope to the chest. The double team allows Monroe to get the pin.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The Beast of the Bright Lights kicks out again!

Lance:

Gentlemen's Agreement have taken control! Mason has a hand out, but Max hasn't been close enough to get to his corner.

Monroe grabs the leg of Max and then tries to turn the big man over into a half boston crab, but before he is able to completely turn him over, The Beast of the Bright Lights kicks him using his good leg. Monroe bounces back. Max grabs the bad leg, but gets a shock when Max jumps up using his good foot and hits the tallet enziguri kick ever used in DEFIANCE! Max lands on the canvas and Lord Sewell is angry at this turn of events with his protege being kicked over!

DDK:

WOW! Monroe didn't see that enziguri coming! Max finally has a counter to the leg work and you can see Mason Luck practically ready to strike anything that moves!

Lance:

Can he get to his twin brother? He's almost there!

Monroe tags Lord Sewell and he gets into the ring. Max reaches in ... and the tag is made to Mason Luck!

DDK:

MASON LUCK WITH THE TAG! HE'S ANGRY AND WANTS TO HIT THINGS!

The Maim Event Player runs right into the ring and he slugs right through Lord Sewell with a clothesline. The second that OTM gets up on his feet, Mason gets him with a shoulder block. He picks up the legal man Lord Sewell and hits a corner splash from one side. He whips him to the other side and then charges to hit a second corner splash. He waits for Lord Sewell to stagger out of the corner and then hits a side walk slam that almost shakes the ring! Mason stands up and then he leaves the ring!

DDK:

Wait, where's he going?

The Maim Event Player charges around the corner and then he *slugs* Earl Roberts right over with a shoulder block and sends him packing on the floor!

Lance:

That's a little receipt from earlier when Roberts attacked Max's leg!

Mason continues running and the Maim Event Player sees Oliver outside of the ring. He charges and with full speed,

he hits a running drop kick on the floor! OTM is sent flying into nearby barrier! Loud cheers ring through the Arena for the angrier of the twin terrors of DEFIANCE Wrestling when he throws up the Winning Hand!

DDK:

Roberts has been wiped out! Monroe has been wiped out! Now all that's left is Lord Sewell in the ring!

The giant returns to the ring. Lord Sewell tries to stop his progress by clawing at the eye. He stops Mason and then tries to go for a DDT. Mason shakes free and throws him off to the side. Sewell recovers then gets his head kicked clean off with the Suited and Booted standing spin kick!

DDK:

Suited and Booted! Tag to Max Luck!

Max is back! The twins have both their hands up when Lord Sewell starts to try and stand up. Max grabs his throat. Mason locks in the Winning Hand! They hit the double team Winning Hand Slam!

DDK:

Seven Stars by the Lucky Sevens! Pinfall by Max!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Doc Holliday" by Volbeat ♪

The music plays but before Darren Quimbey can even make the announcement official for the Lucky Sevens as the winner of the match, Mason is already outside of the ring and he has taken his microphone!

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens are hot right now! No way they forgot about earlier.

Mason is back in the ring with his brother and grabs the microphone.

Mason Luck:

CUT THE MUSIC! NOW!

The music stops quickly.

Mason Luck:

MORROW!!!

The name gets booed out of the building!

Mason Luck:

You want someone to collect a bounty? You have someone try to run me down with a truck?! You have the little clown and Big Bitch Ali'i try and attack Max's knee?! You want to end this ... and we want to end this, so we have a proposition for you!

Max tells the referee his leg is fine enough and brushes them off not wanting aid. Mason passes the microphone to his brother.

Max Luck:

Tommy, bring your scrawny ass to ringside and try and have the Devil's Circus collect this bounty themselves! Either they can finish what they started earlier tonight in the ring with us at DEFIANCE Road ... or we come back there and finish this right f[censored] now!

It takes a few moments ... then static starts up on the DEFIA-Tron and there sits Tom Morrow! Jestal is on his left and Big Kahuna Ali'i is on his right.

Tom Morrow:

You two managed to rub together two working brain cells to muster up a little challenge, did you? Trust me, you stupid brutes ... I'd love *nothing* more than to be rid of you! You want The Jester of Jesters and The Suave Savage? You want the Devil's Circus at DEFIANCE Road?!

Jestal and Big Kahuna Ali'i both nod.

Tom Morrow:

They already got Maxie's widdle knee earlier so thank you both for giving them a pass to finish the job! When you want something done right, you go in house! We'll see you at DEFIANCE R ...

Max Luck:

Why don't you shut up, you stupid bitch!?

That gets Morrow upset big time! Max laughs.

Max Luck:

Oh, we ain't done. See ... my knee may be hurt, but the hands of our many fans submitting art work are working just fine! We've still got tonight's entry for #NoTomorrowForTomMorrow! Can one of them tech monkeys do a little side to side so Tom Morrow can see this too? The winning pictures come from one lucky winner ... Jeff from Northern Ohio! Thank you for these submissions!

Tom Morrow:

No! No! You ungrateful gorillas aren't going to show off some 1st grade artwork at my expense ... HEY!!!

The picture goes on full display! The Faithful are laughing but Tom Morrow isn't!



DDK:

That's mighty fine work!

Max Luck:

That one is us taking turns just straight up beating the s[censored] out of you with classic fists! This next one follows that up nicely cause when we're done with you ... you're going in a body bag!

The next screen goes up! Morrow is completely livid!

**Tom Morrow:**

CUT THIS FEED! CUT IT NOW!!!

Max Luck:

No, wait, Tommy! You're gonna want to see the last one! I promise, it's a good one! It's pretty relevant to your recent times!



The last goes up ... and it is the brothers holding Tom Morrow up surrounded by flames! Morrow is losing his mind and the feed finally cuts from his side of the arena!

Lance:

Ouch! That one is a little below the belt right now! Too soon!

Max Luck points up.

Max Luck:

One good leg, two good legs, no good legs, we don't care. We will *still* not stop until we get you in this ring and beat the ever loving s[censored] out of you, Tom! We'll see you and your cheap knockoffs you call "monsters" at DEFIANCE Road!

Max throws the microphone out of the ring and then leaves the ring with his brother. The match has been made!

COMMERCIAL: FUNKO POPS COLLECTION



THE STEADY MARCH OF PROGRESS

BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!! BEEP!!!

The beeping continues and then two words back up from opposite sides of the DEFIA-tron ...

DEftv

A time bomb graphic appears just below ... three ... two ... one ...

BOOM!!!

That's all that is left ... followed by a small 8-bit Dex Joy graphic ...

DEXtv
IS FOR EVERYONE!!!

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

The ovation is so loud, Dex is almost unable to hear himself think as he talks to the people.

Dex Joy:

Y'ALL ARE A BUNCH OF LOUD PALLIES, AIN'T YOU?!

DDK:

WE'VE GOT THE FIST OF DEFIANCE IN THE HOUSE TONIGHT! HE'S BEEN FIGHTING A VERY RIGOROUS SCHEDULE IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS! OSCAR BURNS! SCOTT HUNTER! KLEIN! AND HE'S NOT DONE! HE HAS NOT JUST ONE, BUT TWO BIG MATCHES COMING UP FOR THE FIST OF DEFIANCE!

Lance:

LISTEN TO THE OVATION FROM THE DEFIANCE WRESTLING FAITHFUL!!!

With the theme playing wearing a black, blue and yellow "EveryChamp" t-shirt, black jeans and two sneakers (one sneaker blue and one sneaker yellow), the FIST of DEFIANCE is in the house tonight. Dex Joy is high fiving as many people as possible and points a finger to all sides of the arena!.

Dex Joy:

WHO WRECKS LIKE DEX?!

NO ONE!

He makes his way to ringside but as his custom has been since wearing the FIST of DEFIANCE, Dex Joy Instead he steps off the ropes and wants a microphone. He gets one from Darren Quimbey and he starts walking amongst the outside of the ring among the people he champions.

Dex Joy:

LEIPZIG!!! Lass mich hören, wie du Lärm machst!

Dex asking the people to let him hear them make some noise and that's exactly what they do!

Dex Joy:

Thank you, thank you. This championship ... *our* championship. I have worked this fine white backside off mine right off in order to give everyone the champion that DEFIANCE deserves! Defending this title in *fair* contests that *everyone* can partake in after the nine months that Lindsay Troy spent gatekeeping challengers cheapshotting the ones that threatened her run. I'm proud of this work and I am proud that I hold the distinction of being the only man who has been fortunate enough to defend this championship literally across the world!

Dex is raising up the title and continues walking along the ringside area with the people hanging on every word.

Dex Joy:

United States! Mexico! *GERMANY!!!*

He pauses for the obligatory cheer for the home country.

Dex Joy:

For many, it's gonna sound like old Dexy Baby is ass kissing, sucking up and pandering. Grown men aren't allowed to cry or express emotions, but *BUNK THAT!* Cause it's 2023! Love you who want to love and love whatever you love doing! And Dexy Baby is proud enough to stand and say that I *love* coming to work to represent this company and the people who pay our salaries so I can fulfill *mylove* of punching baddies in the face!

With another rousing cheer Dex is grinning from ear to ear.

Dex Joy:

And I've got not just one, but two of DEFIANCE Wrestling's Worst of the Worst coming right up back to back cause Dexy Baby ain't wasting this title on tomato cans. Ned Reform ...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Dex Joy:

Edward White ...

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

The booing is just a hair louder for the very first FIST of DEFIANCE. The current to hold the title speaks up.

Dex Joy:

Those are no doubt going to be two of my biggest and most dangerous challengers yet. That's not just one, that is *two* main event quality opponents. People think I'm an idiot ... and those pallies might have a point. Ned Reform acts like the smartest guy in the room and probably 95% of the time, he is! He's got three big bags of meat – two of them are about as big if not bigger than Dexy Baby alone - and the biggest brain! He can do it ... he *won't* but he could if I'm not careful. And if that wasn't bad enough ...

Dex taps the right cheek where Edward White burned him.

Dex Joy:

Beyond that is the one that I want the most! Ed White! The one that stole my moment by finally vanquishing Vae Victis off the mountaintop only to come back unannounced and attack me and sear this fine cheek of mine with the cigar that he clearly uses to compensate for having a manhood so small, it's practically an innie! DEFIANCE Road is where he wanted to fight cause he wanted one more big main event payday ... and I let him have it because it will be the *last one* he has and Dexy Baby will make damn sure of that ...

The lights in the arena dim- out of the darkness we hear the chirp of birds and the sound of children playing-

DDK:

What the hell?

A picturesque neighborhood park appears on the tron. As the vignette brightens the darkened arena we get a clear look at the look on Dex Joy's face- one of recognition and confusion.

Lance:

Wait ... Didn't- didn't Dex mention him donating to some park back home back on episode 194?

DDK:

Yeah ... yeah, he did. I believe you're right, partner-

The camera pans across the park. A small area for dogs, a beautiful well maintained playground, walking path, big beautiful trees that look like they've been there a hundred years. The entire grassy open area in the middle of the park is filled with all sorts of community involvement from exercise classes for the elderly to intramural sports and the like- if any of us lived near this particular community space we'd count ourselves very very lucky.

The video is subtitled in German for the audience in attendance.

V/O:

Beautiful- aint it? If it weren't for all the lazy, poor, liberal millennial types it'd be a goddamn Norman Rockwell painting.

We all catch Dex Joy's face going from one of recognition and confusion- to one of blind anger.

As the vignette continues- the camera pans closer to the walking path, into frame struts none other than "The Socialite" Edward White. He smiles at a couple jogging past, his hands in the pockets of his white trousers. The breeze blows through his salt and pepper hair- Ed honestly seems pretty at peace-

Ed White:

Your charitable donations certainly did go to good use, Dexy- who knew quaint little places like this existed out here in a blighted state like California? I thought it was all concrete and all them vapid Hollywood types. Upjumped commoners, the lot of them- no class. You want an example of Hollywood classlessness, look no further than that scoundrel that tried to steal the thunder from my own return here to DEFIANCE back at the PPV- Mikey something- pathetic little upjumped *actor scum*- but enough about him- we're here to talk about THE CHAMP! Rah rah rah and all that-

The Socialite chuckles to himself- which trails off quickly, ending in a stony silence. All we hear is the twitter of birds and the sound of some soccer going in the field over Ed's shoulder.

Ed White:

I get the distinct feelin' you haven't been payin' me the kind of attention I deserve, Dexy-

The look that Ed White shoots the camera is as stone cold serious as we've seen him since his return. A coldness, and an intensity that gives anyone new to The Socialite a window into the man behind the sometimes cartoonish bravado.

Ed White:

Your focus has been on these cockamamie open challenges you've been bookin' yourself into- preposterous behavior from my perspective, but who am I to judge the actions of an imbecile. Dexy, I am not a man to play second fiddle to the likes of Scott Hunter and that goddamn idiot that walks around here a box on his head- I'm Edward White damn you! You disrespectful not-so-little turd, I deserve ones undivided attention- when I don't get it I- well, I have a tendency to- *overreach*.

He takes a long hard look at his picturesque surroundings.

Ed White:

Dex when I said that powerful, canny, ruthless, *RICH* men like me nowadays seem to be able to get away with just about anything? I goddamn meant that-

He raises his hand and snaps his fingers- and the scene around Edward changes so significantly we get an audible gasp from the crowd. Dex Joy takes a helpless step forward, balling up a fist white knuckle tight as he observes every inch of his beloved park back home reduced to a huge construction zone as far as the eye can see. The playground equipment, the grass, and most importantly the people are all long gone. Even the modest looking apartment buildings that surrounded the park look to be being emptied and stripped for future demolition.

DDK: *[quietly]*

Jes-

Lance:

Oh wow- people *lived* there. For God's sake, Ed.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, this is sick.

The anger sure, but the hurt- it's written all over the EveryChamp's face as he continues to watch the video, helplessly. Of this piece of his childhood, of his charitable works since coming to prominence here in DEF all obliterated out of sheer spite- we can all tell a part of him almost can't believe what he's seeing.

Ed White:

You must not get home much, because all this-

Still sitting on the same bench he was in the obviously older half of the vignette, Ed motions around himself-

Ed White:

Started *WEEKS* ago- with enough money you can move mountains, Dexy. And damn fast, too. And boy howdy do I have a *lot* of money.

He leans back and drapes his arms over the back of the bench.

Ed White:

And don't worry Dex my boy, I let all the folks who's homes we bought up around this here park know they have you to thank for all this. Silver linin' bud, you and they can all come on back and visit once this soon to be state of the art multi million dollar golf course opens sometime next year. I don't play myself, but I needed a big investment opportunity- to accomplish that financial goal AND break your fat little heart all at the same damned time? I mean come on, kiddo- I couldn't pass an opportunity like that up, now could I?

Ed pauses again. No birds, no children playing. Just the shouts of construction workers and the rumble and clanking of the demolition work going on all around him in all directions.

Ed White:

Tell me truly- do I have your full and undivided attention now- *champ*?

Dex hasn't moved, his hands still grip the FIST white knuckle tight- his eyes filled with pain and furious anger. As the vignette ends Dex is left alone in the ring, the crowd not sure how to respond to this intense, real life drama that just played out in front of them.

DDK:

All this time ... Jane Katze taking notes ... that business call while Ed White was scouting. White even alluded to this on commentary with us a few weeks ago ...

Lance:

That no good SOB ... he bought this park that Dex donated money to and had it torn down ... just to make a point?!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are in shock while Dex starts to storm up the ramp without a single word ...

SOHER OPEN CHALLENGE: CORVO ALPHA (C) vs. ???

Keebler and Warner smile at the Commentation Station.

DDK:

Well, fans... it's been a wild ride tonight but it's time now for the evening's Main Event!

Lance:

Corvo Alpha captured the Southern Heritage Championship at ACTS of DEFIANCE and since then he's turned our tour through Germany into a brutal victory lap, winning over the hearts and minds of a truly global audience. Tonight, we are told that he has issued an open challenge to any athlete in the building and there is certainly no shortage of qualified challengers backstage!

DDK:

That's absolutely true! A case could be made that several top stars are deserving of a shot. Most interestingly, Uriel Cortez, our Favoured Saints Champion, recently racked up his fourth title defense and could easily make a case for stepping into this Main Event and no one could protest!

Lance:

What we saw earlier from him indicates that tonight won't be that night. But! Let's go to the ring and see who it'll be!

We cut to Darren Quimbey in the ring who adjusts his bow tie before nodding to the hard camera.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, it is now time for our MAIN EVENT! The following contest is an OPEN CHALLENGE for the Southern Heritage Championship! Introducing first...

The crowd buzzes as the lights dim. A lone spotlight scans the arena before resting several tiers up in the rabble where we see a surge of attention and energy.

Darren Quimbey:

He is the reigning and defending DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage Champion! Weighing in at two-hundred and fifty pounds...

Shirtless with just a smear of red warpaint emblazoned across his chest, Alpha stops at the railing - regarding the cheering fans all around him - before leaping over the guardrail and unhooking the pink leather strap from around his waist. He hurls it under the bottom rope and into the ring and slinks in after it.

Darren Quimbey:

Call him... CORVO! ALPHA!

Rising to his feet, Alpha's wild eyes peek from behind a more deliberately applied mask of yellow and black face paint. He raises the SOHER high overhead with a single arm to an ovation before bending over to carefully lay it out in front of him on the canvas — an invitation in the very center of the ring. He falls back, seated into his corner; brooding, waiting...

Quimbey steps forward once more, brushing past Referee Rex Knox.

Darren Quimbey:

And his OPPONENT... the CHALLENGER!

Anticipation quickly builds once more as the lights slowly dim.

DDK:

Who's it gonna be?!

Lance:

While Dex Joy has made the FIST a title for EVERYONE, sharing his amazing, heroic journey with the Faithful, on the other side of the coin, Corvo Alpha seeks to put his strap out there for *ANYONE*!

An indecipherable-to-the-english-speaking-ear chant takes hold of the building.

DDK:

Who will answer the challenge here in Leipzig?!

Annoyed by the delay, Alpha bolts to his feet, pacing.

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

DDK:

WAIT... That's Titanes Familia's music? Are we going to get Uriel Cortez after all?!

Three huge guitar riffs play and the music pique's the champion's attention. When the music plays...

It's not Uriel...

Lance:

TITANESS?!

Sure enough, the wife of the current Favoured Saints Champion is out in full force and gets a reception from the crowd. The serious look on her face is not too different from earlier in the night when confronting The Most Precious Gems. She has a look on her face that's she's about to jump into the fire, but does so with a full march to the ring and gets cheers for her efforts!

DDK:

Wait! Uriel Cortez is waiting to announce his title shot?! What if Titaness wins this match?! Then what?!

DDK:

Questions for another time! We have a title match to get to!

Once she reaches the ring, Titaness leans down to retrieve Alpha's silent invitation, the prized championship, off the mat and regards it for a long moment before raising it above her head to a cheer from the Faithful. Alpha eyes her handling his belt warily, almost snarling. Handing the title to the official, Knox steps between them both to hold the belt up, showing the world just what is at stake. Flashbulbs burst around the building.

DDK:

You can't help but feel the tension!

The combatants step forward, Corvo looking up at his challenger -- Titaness down at the champion. They are nearly nose to nose when—

DING DING

DDK:

Titaness with an EXPLODING knee lift seems to have caught Corvo Alpha off guard!

Lance:

Simply bullying Alpha across the ring! Irish whips the Southern heritage Champion into the ropes! Alpha ducks a CATASTROPHIC clothesline! Rebounds! ALPHA EATS A RUNNING BOOT FROM TITANESS! The Show of Force is a HOUSE OF FIRE!

DDK:

Alpha is BACK UP! WALKS RIGHT INTO A POWERSLAM!

Lance:

Far leg of the Champion hooked!

*ONE!**T—**KICKOUT!***DDK:**

One of the ANGRIEST kickouts I've seen in some time as this CROWD has come alive!

The hard cam dramatically peels back to show the German Faithful 100% into – and adding to – the moment. In the ring, Alpha rises from one knee to return Titaness' threatening stance and glare, the pair keenly “in the moment” as well.

Lance:

Since her debut in 2019, we have all had a proverbial ringside seat to the once and former Princess HOSS' development into one of the most well-rounded, most impressive performers on the roster. All along the way, she has been dreaming of a moment like this. Is *this* that moment?!? Leipzig, Germany, a sold out OVER capacity, standing-room only, RABID crowd! Stepping up for the Southern Heritage Championship in the MAIN EVENT!

Once again, the pair press towards each other - nose to nose. More flashbulbs.

DDK:

This crowd feels it too! They could be part of something special!

Alpha BLASTS Titaness with a forearm across her jaw!

Lance:

Corvo has other plans!

Titaness fires back with a forearm of her own! And ANOTHER!

DDK:

Corvo is ROCKED! Into the corner!

Titaness lays in a series of surgically placed knees and back-elbows, just dissecting Alpha. Into the midsection and across the dome, respectively.

DDK:

Carving him up!

Suddenly, Alpha SLAPS her across the face, grabs her, and HURLS her into the corner.

Lance:

Hold that note, Keebs!

Alpha BLISTERS her with three knife-edge chops, each more vicious than the one that preceded. Going to whip her to the far corner, Titaness REVERSES and sends Alpha CRASHING into the far turnbuckle with a *RATTLE*.

DDK:

Look at this!

Alpha staggers out of the corner to meet a RUNNING SPEAR from Titaness!

Lance:

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!!

DDK:

Early into this contest, it's clear that Titaness has Corvo off schedule!

As Corvo struggles to his feet, Titaness catches him and grasps him for a piledriver–

Lance:

Corvo puts the breaks on... STANDS AND TOSSES HER OVER!! BACKDROP!!!!

DDK:

BUT TITANESS ROLLS THROUGH!! ROLL-UP PIN!!!

ONE!

TW–

Alpha aggressively kicks out and in a flash the two are back on their feet and locked up. Titaness pushes them towards the ropes before Alpha lands a knee that forces the breath from her lungs.

Alpha crudely side suplexes her over with a *SLAM*. In the time it takes for you to hear the impact, she is somehow back upright – HAMMERING Alpha with another stiff forearm. This time when she goes for a piledriver, it starts with a powerful scoop into the TOMBSTONE VARIETY.

DDK:

SHE'S GONNA SPIKE HIM!!

But they CART-WHEEL into a Corvo reversal! The crowd *OHHHHHs*.

Lance:

WAIT!

This time, an upside-down Titaness bridges backwards somehow to her feet. Her core and back strength is on display as she powers two-hundred and fifty pounds over in a reversal of her own!

Say it with them: *WHOOOOOAAA!!*

DDK:

SHE'S GOT HIM!

Lance:

NO!

This time it's Corvo who, held in suspension, bridges backwards to find his feet and GRUNT the Lady Powerhouse overhead!

DDK:

CORVO! TOMBSTONE!!

Spiking her center-ring, Alpha swoops her right arm in for a dizzied cover.

Lance:

Did you see that impact?!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!!

Lance:

I think it's important to point out that there was a time – a LONG time – when the concept of Corvo Alpha even attempting a PINFALL was off the table! Him going for one just now, *I* feel, in this spot, illustrates his slow, steady, persistent evolution! If there are measurable, plodding stakes on his own personal story of self-rediscovery... This is one of them!

Alpha sucks wind as he uses the ropes to lift himself upright. Titaness CHARGES at him in an unfocused lariat and Alpha drops down to pull the top rope down with him, spilling Titaness over the top rope and to the apron.

DDK:

Alpha goes to SUPLEX Titaness back in! BUT SHE LANDS ON HER FEET, back in the ring! SHE POWERS CORVO UP! TORTURE RACK!!

Lance:

INTO A FACEBUSTER!!! CLASH OF TITANESS! She HOOKS THE FAR LEG!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!!

TH—!!

DDK:

CORVO GRABS THE BOTTOM ROPE!

Referee Rex Knox catches it at the last possible moment and holds up an arm in alarm. Those in attendance are at attention, making all kinds of noise, loving the contest they are seeing.

After pulling Corvo back to his feet, Alpha DUMPS Titaness through the ropes back onto the apron. Clubbing each other in a battle of attrition, she eventually hooks an arm and HOISTS Corvo up in a suplex of her own! The Leipzig Faithful GROAN in approval of its hang, before Alpha shifts his weight at the moves apex and lands on his feet behind Titaness on the apron!

Lance:

OH MY!

DDK:

CORVO!!!

Lance:

CorvoCutter off the apron to the ringside floor!!!

HEILIGE SCHEIßE! HEILIGE SCHEIßE! HEILIGE SCHEIßE!

The floor-cam captures Knox leaning through the ropes to warn the combatants of the mandatory ten count's imminent inception.

DDK:

LISTEN TO THIS CROWD!

Another sweeping shot of an electrified arena.

Lance:

As our tour of Germany winds down, it's hard not to feel something in this moment! This is an entire country showing its gratitude!

A sweeping boom shot swings across the crowd before resting at ringside, where Corvo Alpha uses the guardrail to establish a vertical base. Immediately, just as Titaness becomes upright, Corvo starts at chopping-and-hacking her back down to a knee.

In a blur, the beast is back up to the apron... and then LEAPING!

DDK:

RUNNING, FLYING BULLDOG!!!

Lance:

OFF THE APRON!! INTO THE RING STEPS!!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

The hard cam captures the shocked, shook reaction of the Faithful upon the impact before shifting to the floor camera, zooming in on Titaness reacting to being driven into the steel, recoiling on the ringside mat.

DDK:

Look at this!

An instant replay takes over much of the screen, showing a different angle of Titaness' impact on the steps. Suddenly, a startled, German "HUUUUUUUUUH?!" ripples through the building.

On the tron, the floor cam shows that Titaness is bleeding heavily from a cut above her right eye. Profusely, even.

Lance:

Oh goodness.... There has to be some concern here... That's a lot of blood, Darren.

DDK:

It is, but Titaness is moving... she is alert...

The floor camera shows the gore. A deep laceration breathes crimson down Holly Aldaine's face.

Lance:

Oh GOODNESS.

Laying across the steel ring steps, bleeding out, she labors to her feet as Referee Rex Knox leaps out of the ring and slides to a knee at her side. In turn, Alpha slides back into the ring, measuring his next move.

Lance:

That's a lot of blood, Keebs.

Suddenly, as if on cue, DEFmed is there at ringside. In the ring, Alpha even shows concern. It's momentary. But it's there.

DDK:

It is, but...

Titaness pushes one of the medtechs onto their bottom. Shrugging them off, running on instinct, Titaness slinks under the bottom rope back into the ring. Blinded by red, she staggers into his arms. Corvo Alpha blinks. And the clutch is LOCKED.

Lance:

ALPHA CLUTCH!

Right arm pinned up, Titaness flails.

DDK:

That modified kate ha jime!

It doesn't take too long.

Squeezed out of air, squeezed out of blood, Titaness melts. Alpha grapevines and the two fall to the canvas as In one.

Lance:

Rex Knox slides in to check—

DDK:

Corvo's got it CLAMPED!

DING DING DING

Rex frantically calls for the bell. Corvo is a bit too invested to recognize the immediate change in temperature.

DING DING. DING DING DING. DING.**Darren Quimbey:**

The WINNER of the match...

DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

By SUBMISSION!

Alpha lets go of the hold and rolls over to a knee, slavering, glaring down at an unconscious titan. Knox raises an arm.

Darren Quimbey:

AND STIIIIIIILL!!! DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage Champion... Call him: **CORVO!!! ALPHAAAAAAAAA!!!!**

RAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!!

Knox presses the SOHER into Alpha's exhausted chest, laid out in a far corner of the ring.

♪ "Children of the Grave" by Black Sabbath ♪

Lance:

These fans know they just saw a battle! They know they just saw a— WAIT...

The mood changes INSTANTLY.

The Favoured Saints Champion -- and her husband - Uriel Cortez comes charging down the aisleway to check on Titaness! Corvo Alpha keeps the Southern Heritage Championship close and is watching as Uriel hits the ring. He starts talking to Titaness with a trainer and the official present as they cover the bloody gash with a towel. As Uriel is checking on her at ringside, Corvo stands tall and raises the Southern Heritage Championship high overhead for all to see!

Lance:

What a tense situation we have here, but Titaness has nothing at all to be ashamed of with a performance tonight against one of the very BEST we have going today!

DDK:

We have finally reached the end of our last show with only the UNCUT Year End Awards standing between us and DEFIANCE Road and the last big show with only DEFCON beyond! For Lance Warner, I'm "Downtown" Dar... HEY!

CHOP OF AGES MAX TO CORVO ALPHA!

The Faithful are in shock as Corvo turned around, only to get CHOPPED across the neck by Uriel Cortez! The Favoured Saints Champion sends the Southern Heritage Champion down to the canvas in violent fashion! The Titan of Industry SCREAMS as he now stands over him, taking in a big reaction!

Lance:

URIEL CORTEZ LASHING OUT! I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN BLAME HIM... BUT SURELY THAT BULLDOG ON THE STEPS WAS AN ACCIDENT!

DDK:

Just hours ago, he said he had no problem with Corvo Alpha... how quickly that's changed!

Titaness is barely conscious, but she sees her husband DRAG Corvo up by the arm...

218 POWERBOMB!

But Cortez isn't done! He STRAINS but manages to pull Corvo up a second time...

218 POWERBOMB!

Then ONE more time...

218 POWERBOMB!

DDK:

COME ON! THAT'S ENOUGH! STOP!

After THREE deadly jackknife powerbombs, Corvo is a mangled mess! Uriel walks over and grabs the Favoured Saints Title, then the Southern Heritage Title. He stares down at Corvo and then raises the Favoured Saints

Championship for the nearby camera to pick up what he says.

Uriel Cortez:

CORVO! I'M CASHING IN MY TITLE SHOT AT DEFIANCE ROAD! I'M LEAVING THIS...

He lowers the Favoured Saints Championship... then raises the Southern Heritage Title...

Uriel Cortez:

...AND TAKING **THIS!**

Cortez finally drops the Southern Heritage Championship across the body of Corvo Alpha and then goes over to help his wife.

DDK:

God... I have NEVER seen Corvo Alpha manhandled like that. EVER.

Lance:

The last time Uriel was a man possessed like that, he brutalized DEFIANCE official Brian Slater... when someone close to him gets hurt, he snaps... and this was his wife.

Cortez tends to Titaness with help from two of the trainers at ringside... but his gaze is also fixed on Corvo Alpha laid out in the middle of the ring, never once leaving the man he just brutalize

DDK:

We have to wrap up this show... but... I'm stunned. For Lance Warner... I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler. We will see you soon for the UNCUT Year End Awards and beyond that, we'll see you in the New Year for DEFIANCE Road!

One final shot of Uriel leaving ringside, helping Titaness to the back with the help of medical personnel... then one more stare back at the ring to what he just did to the monster who has the gold he wants.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.