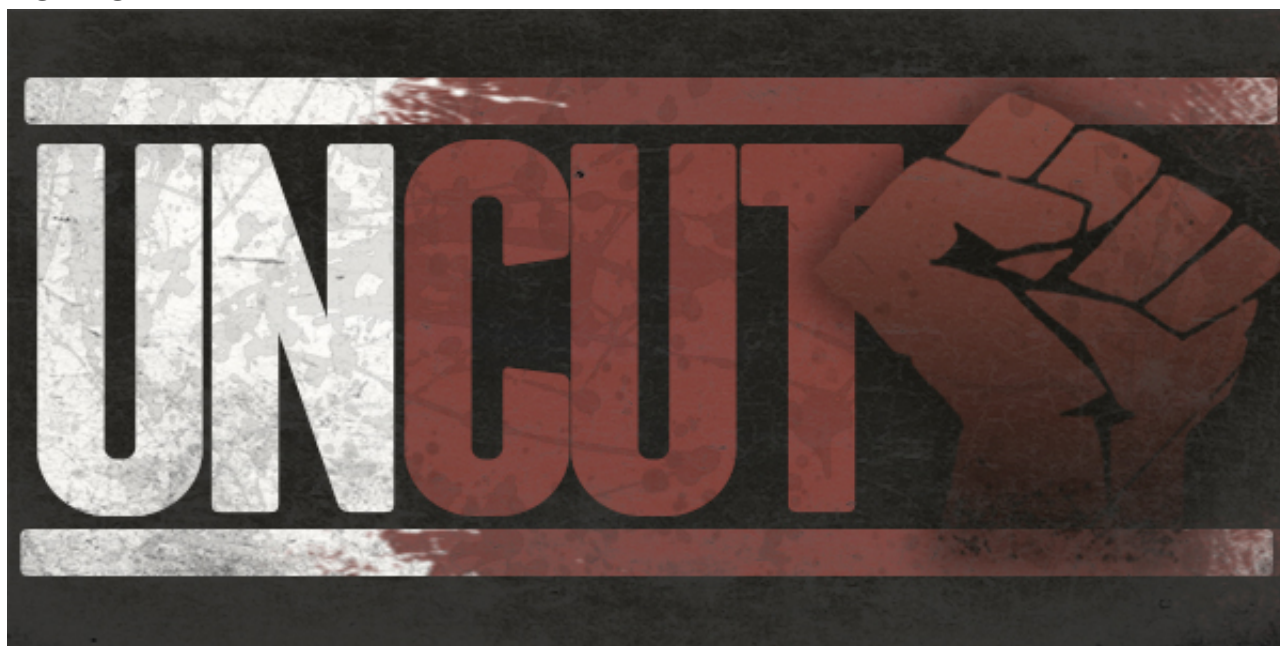


SHOW OPEN

THERE'S WHAT YOU SAW AND WHAT YOU DIDN'T SEE

Recorded footage rolls from a phone that someone off to the side is holding. In front of the hot lens is the gorilla position. Many DEFIANCE talents filter through the shot. A table stacked with water bottles sits by a producer staring at a monitor. There's an open bottle with a Gage Blackwood label on it. Through the noise and clutter cuts a suspicious looking Cyrus Bates. He stops only a few feet from the table and has no choice but to engage in conversation with one of the approaching ring crew members.

Worker:

Oh, hey there, Cyrus. What are you up to? Didn't think you'd be here tonight because I thought you weren't booked but you're prancing around like a bandit bear or something.

Bates looks around suspiciously, trying his best to conceal his oversized muscular frame.

Cyrus Bates:

Listen, Chuck, I'm not here. You didn't see me right now. I'm a ghost.

Worker:

Ghost, eh? Like Ghost Recon? Hey, that reminds me, have you played the new Call of Duty game? I got an extra spot in my squad if you want to join up. Please get in on it, it'll be fun. I got a few of the other guys involved. Conor just joined, too. He's a sniper.

Bates impatiently rubs the back of his shiny dome. His eyes linger over to Gage's water bottle just sitting there, wide open and defenseless for the taking.

Cyrus Bates:

Nah, I ain't squading up.

The ring crew worker begins to frown.

Worker:

Oh. Oh okay, I just figured it would be great to have a tactical master such as yourself on my team. We could take down baddies together and kit out our gear. Make it all tricky and shizz or whatever the cool kids say nowadays. I even have a code for double XP from the Mountain Dew I overpaid for.

As the worker rambles, Bates tunes his ears to listen in on the producer nearby.

Producer:

Check one, two. We got Gage Blackwood versus Malak Garland for the Paper Title coming up next.

The producer listens to the voice inside his headset.

Producer:

Jolly roger, I have Malak's pre-match protein power pack on standby and Gage's water is right here ready for him.

The producer's eyes visually check the water bottle before diverting back to the screen.

Worker:

So what do you say? PLEASE JOIN MY SQUAD, SEARCH PARTY!

Bates knows there is no getting rid of this guy so the best way to handle things is head on.

Cyrus Bates:

Sure. Yeah, awesome. I will join your squad. Heck, we can go back to the hotel and play all night. It's just, I have this

really important one thing to do before we can go do that. So, why don't you head back to my locker room and I'll meet you there in like five minutes?

The producer stands up as the ring crew mulls over his options.

Producer:

Gage Blackwood due to arrive at gorilla in mere moments!

Worker:

Okay, sounds great!

The ring crew member slaps Bates on the shoulder before departing. With haste, Bates checks to ensure the coast is clear before pulling out a clear looking eye dropper device from his pocket. He walks as close to Gage's open water bottle as he can before squeezing in a few drops of magic liquid goodness into the bottle. To the naked eye, it just looks like Bates walks by the table when in reality, he's somehow poisoned Blackwood's water bottle before disappearing. A few moments later, none other than The Noble Raider marches by. The producer hands him the bottle and Gage blindly takes a large swig followed by dumping the remaining contents of the bottle on his head and shoulders.

Producer:

Cue the music in three, two, one! Go, go, go! Have a great match, Gage!

Blackwood walks out and in a dark corner stands a smiling Cyrus Bates. He rubs his hands together, satisfied with knowing whatever he dumped into Blackwood's drink was surely making its way through The Noble Raider's system as he walks down to the ring. The footage comes to an abrupt end.

SOHER: CORVO ALPHA (C) vs. AARON KING

DDK:

We are coming out shooting, folks, as the Southern Heritage Championship is on the line to kick off this edition of UNCUT!

Lance:

Our ferocious, newly crowned SoHer looks to dash the desperate hopes of a bitter pretty boy!

♪ "Godzilla" by Eminem feat. Juice WRLD ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, the CHALLENGER...

Out steps King, dressed in a leather sleeveless jacket and black tights with red and blue stripes down the side. He is immediately rejected by the Faithful but is equally unphased. He pauses atop the rampway and turns around, two-thumbng the golden crown graphic spray painted on his jacket's back before spinning back around, peeking over his ugly blue shades, and strutting down the aisle.

Darren Quimbey:

From Pensacola, Florida... weighing two hundred and thirty one pounds... He is the "PENSACOLA PLAYBOY"... AARON!! KING!!!

Lance:

It's been a different kind of journey for Aaron King here in DEFIANCE! He's been associated with groups like the Gulf Coast Connection, The Scourge, even the Better Future Talent Agency - before they cast him aside in favor of Nathan Eye!

DDK:

He certainly has a chip on his shoulder!

King poses in the center of the ring, arms wide and cockily grinning, to a disinterested groan from the assembled. Stepping past him as respectfully as he can, Quimbey raises the microphone back to his lips.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent!

Quimbey cranes his head around, scanning the arena as the fans do the same. Before long, a rising tide of cheers helps us locate the Champion. In the crowd, stomping down the concrete steps with a driven purpose, is a brutish figure with long, dark wet hair and bright yellow face paint. Lacking music, pyro, and a lightshow, Corvo Alpha feeds instead off of the energy of the rabid fans.

Darren Quimbey:

He hails from Parts Untold and weighs in tonight at two hundred and sixty three pounds. He is the reigning, defending DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage Champion...

Pink strap with glinting metal slung haphazardly over his shoulder, the beast leaps the railing...

Darren Quimbey:

Call him... CORVO! ALPHAAAAA!

Alpha slides into the ring and scrambles up the turnbuckle to a chorus of applause, revered title belt held high overhead.

DDK:

Coming off of a dominant win over Butcher Victorious at DEFTv 191, Alpha has seemingly been embraced by the

German fans on this tour!

Lance:

It is remarkable! Germany is known as “Das Land der Dichter und Denker”; “the land of poets and thinkers”, and Corvo Alpha is more apt to quickly beat a problem into submission than he is to reason with it or ponder all of his options... and yet, to your point, the German fans are all-in on the Alpha experience.

DDK:

Have a feeling we'll find out how “on-board” Aaron King is in just a moment!

DING DING

King immediately begins to circle and measure Alpha. Alpha reaches and swats at his opponent, but King pulls back and dodges deftly. Another paw swipe from Alpha that King this time loops for a fluid arm drag takedown.

On one knee, somewhat taken aback by the speed of King, Alpha snorts. Across from him, King smirks and taunts the monster.

DDK:

Now they lock up! Immediately, it's the power of Corvo Alpha on display! Even with a half-foot height advantage over Corvo, King can't match the Southern Heritage Champ's raw strength! He's built like a bear and twice as strong! He SMOTHERS the Pensacola Playboy across the ring and into the corner!

Lance:

Mauling him!

A barrage of forearms, elbows, and closed fists fall without mercy. Benny Doyle edges in between them, urging Alpha to step back and let King off the ropes and out of the corner after a 5 count. Alpha begrudgingly obliges, blinking in frustration at the referee as he takes a step back.

Suddenly, King springs out of the corner and levels Alpha with a clothesline! Before he can get fully upright, King bounces off the ropes with a running back elbow!

DDK:

That elbow caught Alpha right in the temple!

In the lower right corner, we see a slow-motion replay of the latest action and, true enough, digitally zooming in on the point of King's elbow shows it viciously blasting Corvo in the side of the head. At the same time, live, King gut-wrenches Alpha to his feet before HURLING him overhead with an impressive German Suplex – only Alpha lands on his feet!

DDK:

Aaron King charges!! JUMPING NECKBREAKER BY AARON KING!!!

Lance:

King goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO! KICKOUT!!!

King pulls Alpha's hair like carry-on luggage to wrench him to his feet. He hooks Corvo for a DDT – but Alpha surges and SHOVES King backwards into the far turnbuckle. He charges into the corner and CLOBBERS King with a clothesline.

DDK:

Alpha picks King up and sets him on the top turnbuckle! LOOK AT THIS! Corvo is going upstairs with him!!!

Lance:

Alpha lays in a few right hands! Perched on the middle rope, he repositions himself... WHOA!!! AARON KING EATS A CUTTER FROM THE TOP!

DDK:

That Corvocutter might as well have been a high-altitude, high-impact guillotine! King SPLATTED center-ring! Corvo hooks his far leg!!!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

KICKOUT!!!

Sputtering in frustration, Alpha sweeps a tangle of hair out of his flecking yellow face paint and again, climbs the corner, taking a patient seat on the top turnbuckle – eying King’s slow movements with a hunter’s eye.

DDK:

Aaron King somehow pulls himself up and – BULLDOG FROM THE TOP BY CORVO ALPHA!

Upon impact, and perhaps instinctively, Aaron King rolls out of the ring to find respite. Much to the excitement of the German Faithful, Alpha offers a quick pursuit out of the ring. Scurrying to get away and catch his breath, King rounds the ring – not noticing that Alpha has opted to slide back into the ring!

DDK:

King doesn’t see him!

Lance:

SUICIDE DIVE THROUGH THE ROPES BY CORVO ALPHA!

Corvo hits his mark, smashing into and sending an unsuspecting King CRASHING into the railing.

DDK:

What an impact!

We see a replay slowly reveal itself.

Back live, a front row fan promptly and politely pours his full beer on King’s head, to his chagrin, “crowning” him as it were. The Pensacola Playboy crawls out of the sudsy puddle, wiping the hoppy bubbles from his eyes as he goes.

In the ring, Senior Official Benny Doyle begins his mandatory ten-count.

Alpha stalks King around the ring once more, this time catching him at the steel ring-steps. He snatches him and SLAMS King’s head into the steps.

CLAAAAANG!

King staggers up the steps, collapsing on the ring apron. Corvo slides under the bottom rope and into the ring just as King finds a knee on the apron. Alpha seizes King, throwing one of the Playboy’s arms over the monster’s head and then POWERS King up into a stalling vertical suplex!

Corvo takes three steps backwards, pivots and JACKHAMMERS Alpha to the canvas!

ONE!

TWO!!

THR-!!!

Doyle points out King's foot on the bottom rope and Alpha seethes.

Lance:

Call him "bitter", call him "arrogant", call him "cocky"... call him ALL of those things... but do NOT leave out "CRAFTY"! Aaron King, even when he is out of it, always seems to know exactly where he is and we just saw that trait in action right there!

Alpha wrestles King up, eying the crowd maniacally as he does so. They seem to sense something coming.

DDK:

I hope that Aaron King knows that right now...

Alpha forcefully whips King into the ropes-

DDK:

He is in TROUBLE!

-when King springs back, Corvo ducks behind him and CATCHES King's left arm, pinning it up, then lays his own fat forearm across King's throat, completely halting his forward momentum. In one pitiless motion, it's just too late.

Lance:

ALPHA CLUTCH!!! He's got him!

Corvo grapevines King and they fall to the mat. It seemed as though Aaron King was tapping out before they even hit the canvas.

DING DING DING

Corvo lets the hold sink in for a moment longer before letting go and bolting to his feet, ravenous and galvanized!

♪ "Children of the Grave" by Black Sabbath ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this bout, by way of submission... and STILL DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage Champion: Call him... CORVO!!! ALPHA!!!!!!

Doyle has only a moment to raise Alpha's arm before Alpha, belt in hand, gambols back up the turnbuckle, hoisting his prize for all to see.

DDK:

Give Aaron King credit where it is due; he put up a valiant fight, had a few shining moments, and gave this massive opportunity all that he had. It just wasn't enough in the face of the formidable Southern Heritage Champion. Not today!

The camera catches an exhausted King rolling out of the ring, a hand clutched at his throat, before panning back up at our celebrating warrigal, reveling in the moment.

Lance:

Everything you throw at Corvo Alpha, he just keeps on coming - we have seen it time and time again. Tonight was no different.

DDK:

A great opening contest and some more great action ahead! Don't go anywhere! Dr. Ned Reform is in action coming up!

Lance:

...may I be excused?

DDK:

Funny.

Lance:

Don't go away!

FAMILIA BUSINESS

DEFtv 195 Exclusive - Backstage following Jun Izuchi's save of Titaness

Backstage just through the curtains of the Guerilla Position, Titaness comes barreling through with a chair in hand, ready to pick up where she left off with Madame Melton and The Most Precious Gems.

Titaness:

Where are they? Where the *[BLEEP]* are they?!

Not far behind her, the noted former friend of JJ Dixon - Jun Izuchi - is holding both hands up. He's trying to keep her calm and offers her a water, but both of them come to a stop when a booming voice comes from the opposite direction.

"T?! T! HEY!"

Coming through the hallway, Titaness' husband and the Favoured Saints Champion, Uriel Cortez approaches his wife.

Uriel Cortez:

T! T! Hey! I'm here! You all...

Titaness:

If you SERIOUSLY ask me if I'm all right, right now... I'm going to kick you right in the dick.

That gets the largest man in DEFIANCE to stop immediately.

Uriel Cortez:

You're right... you're right. Stupid-ass thing to ask right now. But... hey. I'm here now.

Uriel gestures down the hall.

Uriel Cortez:

I got a free dance card tonight. I'll get Mil, and we'll find those assholes right now. They're going to PAY for what they did to Danny and...

The Favoured Saints Champion starts to move down the hall, but stops when he sees Jun standing there.

Uriel Cortez:

Jun...

He starts to inch towards the man who saved Titaness a moment ago.

Uriel Cortez:

Dixon's YOUR boy, isn't he? Do you wanna be a good friend and take his ass-whomping for him or do you wanna tell us where he is so we can handle the problem ourselves?

Jun is about to speak, but Titaness gets in between them.

Titaness:

No, Uri, stop...

She grimaces.

Titaness:

I don't know where YOU were... but he's the one who kept them from attacking me.

Cortez looks gut-punched by his wife's last remark, but Jun speaks up.

Jun Izuchi:

Your reputation precedes you, Titaness, but I wasn't about to let them attack you three-on-one.

Then he turns to Uriel.

Jun Izuchi:

Unfortunately... JJ ain't been my "boy" in at least a year. Whatever Teri's done to him, it's messed him up REAL bad. I've tried to stay out his business... but the worst thing I can do is sit back and do nothing. Neither of you deserve that... so if you need some help...

He tips his cowboy hat.

Jun Izuchi:

I'm right here.

A regretful Uriel shakes his head.

Uriel Cortez:

...Sorry. But... hey. I got a call a little bit ago... Whatever crap that old hag blew into Danny's face thankfully didn't cause any lasting damage. He's gonna take the first flight out after Thanksgiving and he'll be back.

Titaness nods.

Titaness:

That's good.

Uriel hoists up his title.

Uriel Cortez:

And even BETTER news... I'm going to chop the hell out of TA Cole tomorrow night to keep this title... then I'm defending this against OSCAR BURNS for my fourth defense!

The Show of Force looks at her husband quizzically.

Titaness:

...Are you serious right now?

Uriel Cortez:

Dead. He screwed Mil over on 150 then got in his face about not giving him a rematch so I handled that business. I'm gonna make an example out of somebody from VAE VICTIS themselves that The Familia aren't gonna take this shit any more.

Titaness rolls her eyes and storms off, not believing that her husband is more concerned with his title. Jun looks at the direction and tries to go after her, but Uriel holds up a hand.

Uriel Cortez:

HEY... I'm grateful for the assist tonight, but I can talk to my own wife, thank you. This is Familia business...

The giant turns.

Uriel Cortez:

And you ain't Familia...

Uriel storms off while Jun looks nonplussed at everything going on around him. He shakes his head and departs as the scene heads elsewhere.

MASON LUCK vs. THOMAS SLAINE

DDK:

Up next on Uncut, we have a grudge match between one half of the Lucky Sevens, Mason Luck, taking on Thomas Slaine! Tom Morrow put out a bounty on the Lucky Sevens and last week, both the Dunson Clan as well as Flex Kruger tried to cash in during the Lucks appearance on Flex's talk show, "The Appeal!"

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens have started their own campaign to get at Tom Morrow - the No Tomorrow For Tom Morrow campaign, and Mason threw out an open challenge on DEFCOM social media! Thomas tried to collect on the bounty earlier this week by jumping both brothers in the parking lot with a kendo stick only for Mason to deliver a Winning Hand Slam on the hood of his car!

DDK:

Now here comes the time for this grudge match! Thomas Slaine wants retribution on Mason Luck and he'll get his chance ... but truthfully I don't like those chances!

♪ "I Feel Love (Every Million Miles)" by The Dead Weather ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Nachitoches, Louisiana, weighing in at 221 pounds... THOMAS SLAAAINNNEEEE!!!

The music hits and Thomas Slaine steps out from the back, ready to fight. The brawler then starts running to the ring and when he gets there, he points an imaginary gun up in the air, blows imaginary smoke from pulling the imaginary trigger, then steps inside. He looks ready to fight as he pulls on the ropes and starts biting down on the top cable.

♪ "Doc Holliday" by Volbeat ♪

Volbeat's beats thunder loudly and smoke starts to fire off from either side of the stage. Walking through the smoke wearing a black tattered jeans with green lines and cowboy boots is Mason Luck. Behind him, his seven-foot twin brother is wearing the trademark dark red plaid suit and red-tinted sunglasses. He tapes a custom microphone with the Lucky Sevens flaming dice logo. He walks with Mason hopping alongside him to get himself ready.

Max Luck:

We got this introduction Quimbey!

He taps the microphone with an open palm and clears his throat to do his best introduction voice.

Max Luck:

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

Mason continues hopping in place at ringside.

Max Luck:

BEING INTRODUCED BY YOURS TRULY, DASHING MAX, HE IS SEVEN FEET TALL! HE WEIGHED IN THIS MORNING AT THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN POUNDS AND BULKED UP JUST FOR TONIGHT'S MATCH!!! HE IS ...

Max points at his twin.

Max Luck:

PRETTY FACE MASE! THE MAIM EVENT PLAYER! MAAASSSSOONNNNN LUUUCCKKK!!!

Mason Luck roars and then he walks over the ropes to get into the ring. He takes off his shades and then hands him to

his brother ... and that gives Thomas Slaine a chance to attack!

DING DING

Right at the bell, Thomas Slaine is all over Mason Luck against the corner and batters him with punch after punch after punch. The shots keep raining down, but Mason is quick to push Slaine away.

Lance:

I can't even blame Slaine. It doesn't matter if the Sevens are cheered or hated - these are two of DEFIANCE Wrestling's most dangerous men!

DDK:

Mason shoves him away, but Thomas Slaine comes right back! He ... he's biting Mason!

He does bite the older of the two Luck twins. Max is watching the match at ringside with Thomas biting down on Mason's arm. The referee reprimands him but he then switches up his plan of attack by going after the knee of Mason. The Maim Event Player grabs Slaine and then turns around to throw him into the corner!

DDK:

Oh, no! This is not where Thomas wants to be!

Thomas Slaine sees the seven foot monster coming at him and out of desperation, he gets both feet up to hit the chest of Mason. That's when the swamp dwelling brawler runs out of the corner with a shot gun drop kick!

Lance:

Look at Slaine on offense! Mason doesn't go down, but he was caught off guard by that shot gun drop kick!

Slaine sees that Mason Luck is wobbling. He goes to the top rope and then comes right off with a flying elbow to the face that does manage to knock Mason down!

DDK:

Flying elbow to the face of Pretty Face Mase!

Lance:

You're a poet and I know it! And I think Mason might have blown it!

Thomas makes a cover as fast as humanly possible!

One ...

Mason gives Thomas Slaine the old heave-ho just after one!

Lance:

What a knockout! I think Mason Luck is through with this!

The shot gun drop kick and the flying elbow have still got Mason on edge. Thomas charges but ends up walking right into a running clothesline from the Maim Event Player first! Mason grabs Thomas by his wifebeater and then holds him up in the air! He throws him into the corner and then follows that with a corner body splash. Thomas is hurt but Mason grabs him by the back of the neck and then throws him out of the ring to take the action to the floor.

DDK:

Oh no ...

Mason Luck hears the cheers of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful but he doesn't give them the time of day because he's 100% focused on making life hell for Slaine. When he steps outside the ring he runs around the corner and then

flattens the brawler using a huge clothesline!

Lance:

The train just ran off the tracks and Slaine got derailed!

Mason grabs Slaine in a belly to back suplex next and instead of suplexing him, he just throws Slaine up in the air and he crashes onto the apron with spine-rattling force!

DDK:

This is the five-star beatdowns that used to get Mason and Max so hated by the Faithful! Now they love it!

Slaine is reeling and Mason is just getting warmed up. When he steps back inside the ring, Mason doesn't even wait on Slaine to get up. He pulls him up ... and then nearly kicks his head clean off his shoulders with a standing spin kick!

DDK:

New move by Mason Luck! He calls that move Suited and Booted! And we know what's up next!

Lance:

We sure do! The Sons of Sin City calling for the Winning Hand!

Max is at ringside holding up his hand in unison with Mason Luck holding his hand out like a claw! Some in the stands can be seen doing it along with him! He grabs Slaine ... and locks in the Winning Hand! He picks him up and then crashes him into the canvas with the Winning Hand Slam!

DDK:

And Mason's holding that claw in! Referee is counting the fall!

The Main Event Player holds the claw in!

One!

Two!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner ... MASONNNNNNNN LUCK!!!

The Winning Hand is applied for several more seconds with Slaine flailing around weakly. Mason finally lets the hold go and then stands up. He does not wait for the ref to raise his hand. Instead he walks out of the ring and waves at Max for his sunglasses. Mason puts the tinted green shades back on, but Max whispers something to his brother.

DDK:

Oh no ... what do they have in mind?

Max Luck wants a turn! He takes off his shades and coat then gives them to Mason. Max climbs into the ring. Unlike Mason, Max is a little more receptive to the people. He holds out the Winning Hand ... and then picks up Thomas Slaine!

Lance:

Max wants a turn himself! Another big Winning Hand Slam! Did you see Slaine bounce off that mat!

Mason shakes his head and then joins his brother back inside the ring. He pushes Max's clothes back on him as a "one more time!" chant starts! Mason's focus is only on Thomas Slaine ...

DDK:

You hear it! One more time!

Mason applies the Winning Hand on Thomas Slaine then holds him up, but makes sure to hold him in the air! Slaine is flailing around in mid air before Mason *dunks* him full force into the canvas again!

Lance:

I think Thomas Slaine is going to think twice before he ... pardon this pun ... tries his luck!

After a third consecutive Winning Hand Slam, Mason wants Darren Quimbey's microphone now and he decides he'd better do it. Mason points at Slaine.

Mason Luck:

TOM MORROW!!!

Mason points a finger right at a broken Thomas Slaine.

Mason Luck:

If somebody wants to collect on this money that you got floating around ... we don't give a f[censored] who it is! We'll see your asses in the ring on DEFtv! And once we're done making some wannabe bounty hunters collect on us ...

Max wants the mic and his twin hands it over.

Max Luck:

There will be NO TOMORROW FOR TOM MORROW!

The mic is down and the brothers leave to the tune of their music!

DDK:

When these brothers have a goal ... we know how they are. They will not stop until they get it.

Lance:

And they'll hurt whoever gets in their way!

NO PUNCHES PULLED

We're backstage in a nondescript part of the arena, someplace out of the way so Hilton Promotions can have a little team powwow without being interrupted. Doris Hilton is dressed in her usual power suit, hair done just so, pearls, and a scowl. She crosses her arms and breathes a heavy frustrated sigh as she glares at poor Gordy Lovett. The good ol' Texas boy stands his ground, but you can tell Ms. Hilton makes him intensely nervous. She shoves an aggressive finger into the forehead of Willie Nelson on the front of Gordy's homemade crop-top t-shirt. With his eyes cast down to his beat up old roach kicker cowboy boots Doris continues dressing down the Texas Stampede-

Doris Hilton:

So I'm crystal clear?

Over Doris' shoulder Felton Bibsby chuckles and folds his massive arms across his chest. Obviously enjoying watching Doris work-

Gordy Lovett: *[sullenly]*

Yes ma'am.

The canny manager narrows her eyes at that.

Doris Hilton:

Am I? Or do you want to have another private chat with your new buddy Angus Skaaland? That nasty little druggie pervert and his network of sicko degenerate friends- you think I'm bad, son? I'm a cold beer after a long hard day of work compared to the trouble gettin' tangled up with Angus Skaaland will get you-

She leans in for emphasis.

Doris Hilton:

Off the ranch- out here in the real world- there is a veritable endless, teeming army of people out to use you, son. Folks like myself will handle you and yours gently. I take care of you, don't I Gordy? You and your dear old Peepaw out there in east Texas?

The Stampede hesitates, running his fingers nervously through his shaggy mullet but ultimately concedes-

Gordy Lovett:

Yes ma'am, you do.

Doris Hilton:

It really would be a shame if that poor old man had to leave that ranch- say if someone yanked it out from under him with one call to the bank? Where would he go at his age, you being out here being a wrestler- he might have to go in a *home-*

You can see clearly in poor Gordy's eyes that that most certainly isn't an option.

Doris smiles at that- consider the leash yanked.

But Doris was always a mean, puppy torturing little girl-

Doris Hilton:

You go out there and HURT Angus' nasty little delinquent- do you understand me?

We can tell he had a "yes ma'am" chambered, but Doris steamrolls right over him with the sternness of a judge.

Doris Hilton:

I want to hear that Dane boy got hauled off to a local medical facility- I swear to God, son, if you even *glance* in Angus Skaaland's damn direction tonight- that old man will be out in the cold.

There's no "yes ma'am" this time. Gordy's usual timidness has become resolve- he sniffs as he pops his neck. The rubbers hit the road, he's got no choice- time to take care of business.

Gordy Lovett:

After you- Ms. Hilton.

The smug smile on Doris' face drips with self satisfaction. She walks off, Gordy is about to start off after her when Felton Bigsby places a huge hand on the equally huge chest of The Texas Stampede.

Felton Bigsby:

You pull some shit- try and make ya' name makin' me and Ms. Hilton look like fools? My mindset- shit- I won't leave you pappy out in the cold, I'll head out there and cripple the old [censored]ker myself- *partner*.

The look in Gordy's eye at that is one we haven't seen from the big Texan- true *fire*. There's probably a million things Gordy would like to say- to do- to Felton at this moment but the big Texan isn't so stupid as to take his stablemate's bait.

True to his nick name "Texas Strong", Bigsby claps Lovett less than playfully across the chest.

Felton Bigsby:

Leave some for me, champ! Kickin' the hell out of Eric Dane's kid sounds like a damn fine way to make a dime.

Bigsby saunters off in the direction Doris headed moments before, leaving Gordy alone for a moment- his fists and jaw all clenched tight.

Gordy Lovett:

You got it- *partner*.

Gordy reluctantly starts off after the rest of Hilton Promotions.

After he disappears around a corner the camera pans back and to the left and catches none other than Angus Skaaland having heard the entire exchange. He narrows his eyes and rubs his chin before whipping out his cell phone, dialing an unknown number just as we cut away.

ERIC DANE JR. vs. GORDY LOVETT

I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU, BROTHER

The camera shows the shut door to Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems, now intentionally located in the sub-basement (when available) of DEFIANCE's leased arenas. "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon sits slouched against the wall, still wearing his leather mask, as he's holding a new Massive Cowboy Funko Pop doll in his lap.

JJ Dixon:

MC — I mean, Jun — one of the best weeks of my life was spent with you and your lovely family in your beautiful hometown of Tokyo, Texas. They took me in and treated me as their own. I never had a stable family growing up, as you know. And being there for your family dinners and exploring the ranch and, of course, riding those beautiful, championship-winning American quarter-horses with The Modern And Massive Cowboy. It was the nicest thing anyone has ever done for me.

How could I expect anything else? From the first day we met, I considered you more than just a friend, but as a brother. We had so many fun nights together as good 'ole boys drinking whisky and rye, but even more nights talking about everything from our place in the universe at large to the specifics of our careers and the ups and many downs of life. You were the first person I ever showed vulnerability to, which is usually a very dangerous thing to do in our industry, but you never used the inner secrets I divulged to you against me and instead helped make me a better me. We ended every conversation with "I love you, brother" — and we meant it every single time!

But our unfortunate interaction tonight, as brief as it was, took me on a separate stroll down memory lane. Especially the part when you emerged from the shadows to the deafening reaction of that raucous Düsseldorf audience — one of the loudest responses we've ever heard hear in DEFIANCE and much louder than any response that I or my fellow Most Precious Gems and, criminally, Mommie Dearest have ever received.

Because even though The Southern Basterds were a fellowship like no other, there was a pecking order. We didn't want it that way, but the BRAZEN coaches and The Favored Saints and the other powers that be have the ones they think are going somewhere... and those about to get wished well in their future endeavors.

Now our mentor and leader, Earl Lee Roberts? He was always safe. While it is borderline offensive that a man as talented as he is now spends his days as the Honor Guard of Gentleman's Agreement, he is also the type of person needed for every locker room in our industry — a straight shooter, when allowed to talk, and willing to give his veteran advice to just about anyone, even if they're his opponents.

And then that left me and you, MC. They took one look at you and knew stardom awaited. How could they not? You are pound-for-pound the toughest and strongest son-of-a-bitch BRAZEN or damn near anywhere has ever seen, and I am sure you will chuckle when I say that is a lot of pounds considering your old monicker of Massive Cowboy. You are dripping with charisma, with the ability to light up any room you ever enter, and an innate ability to capture the attention of the masses -- just as you did tonight. Plus, and I will not tell the story because it is your story to tell, your personal backstory will one day result in an Oscar award winning biopic.

But me? Despite my "one percent of one percent" athletic ability, despite my once handsome features and growing reputation as a noted cocksman, and despite being the first to arrive and the last to leave, no matter how big the rye-fueled hangover... I was the one always on the cut list, worried that each day was going to be my last day, and that I'd have to go back home to the nowhere I came from.

Do you remember the last of our late night, heartfelt conversations, Mad Cow? I know I do. The date was August 23, 2022 -- the night before DEFIANCE TV 174. I was taking on Nicky Synz where, if I lost, I was gone. I WAS GOING TO LEAVE DEFIANCE. And I sat on your couch, crying -- like I did so many times before -- because I wanted it so bad. But I didn't want it for the fame and fortune. I WANTED IT SO I COULD BE A HERO! I wanted to make it in wrestling so the kids out there who need someone to look up to, the people at home who deserve a second chance, would know they had SOMEONE FIGHTING FOR THEM!

I thought for sure that when I had my head tucked into your shoulder, the last time you whispered in my ear "I love you, brother" was the last time I was ever going to hear those words from you.

As it turns out, they were.

What happened the next night took an unexpected turn. Mommie Dearest came to ringside, stuck a cigarette in the eye of Nicky Synz, and my career took a different trajectory.

And so did our friendship. Those late night talks became text messages and then sporadic text messages -- with the last being a wish of support on the day of my infamously failed wedding. I figured our relationship just went that way because I was cementing myself on DEFIANCE while you were still repairing yourself from the awful personal tragedy -- I'll let you divulge those details, when you're ready and only if you're ready, as it's your story to tell -- that kept you from your rightful place on the roster.

Now here we are, Jun. I was so happy when I found out that you finally, after all of this time, cemented a spot on DEFIANCE. Nobody was happier than me. You deserve it. Because you and me will forever be more than just Southern Basterds... we will forever be brothers.

But if I'm being honest right now, and I'm nothing if not a brutally honest man, I've always been more than just a little jealous of you. Because this comes so easy for you. Because despite how much of myself I gave to The Faithful, because I destroyed my face and damn near lost a testicle for these people... The Faithful don't care about me, despite how much I care about them. But look at how much they love you already.

I was hoping that we'd never have to come to this moment between us, Cowboy. I was hoping that you'd take your career in one direction far away from mine. Because the path I'm on right now... it's not one I'm proud of, but it's one I have to take. BECAUSE I WANT WHAT YOU HAVE! I WANT THE ADULATION THAT COMES YOUR WAY SO EASILY! I WANT THE FAITHFUL'S LOVE AND ADORATION! I WANT WHAT IS YOURS!

Now, Jun, I won't pretend to guess or understand the reasons why you've decided to intervene in my affairs right now, and why you cast your lot with Titaness Familia. That's for you to explain. But I do know, Cowboy, you have put me in a very difficult position right now.

I've become this monster I no longer recognize so I can become the hero The Faithful deserve. And the only way The Faithful will love us as much as we love them... is when there's nobody else left for them to love.

What you are making me going to do to you is very much not fair to me.

Please, Jun. Massive Cowboy. I hope you'll understand. Because even though I am going to end your career and your life as you know it...

I will always love you, brother.

The scene ends with JJ cradling the Funko Pop doll as he starts to weep.

FROM CUSTOMS TO CONFRONTATIONS

We open to a sea of faces in the linoleum palace known as the airport. Streams of passengers walk quickly in all directions, disregarding social norms, and polite pleasantries for angry grunts and shoulder checks. Large windows line one wall where taxi's, Ubers, and other shuttle buses line the road in hopes of catching a fare or two. In the air is a sense of stress and excitement, as well as stale coffee and body odor from a number of passengers.

As we pass the ticket counters, we see customers pushing bags with their legs every time an inch opens up between them and the sweaty back in front of them. Families with children, teenagers, and business men and women are in constant motion with the coming and going of humans.

We come to the arrivals area where people of all shapes and sizes are moving down an escalator towards a bank of moving conveyor belts meant to bring your luggage from the plane to your hands before finally leaving the airport. Many people wait in lines, almost all have earbuds hanging from their heads. Finally we see a familiar face stepping onto the top of the escalator to move down a floor. Elise Ares with her sunglasses on, earbuds in, oversized hat, and an exasperated look on her face. She's been trying to get into Germany for weeks now, and she's finally broken through the barrier known as Customs.

She checks her phone and sees 24 missed text messages from Klein and The D. As soon as she reads the word "Mikey" in each one she eagerly swipes past it to the next. Ignoring most messages, she puts her phone back in her pocket. She looks down amongst the many limo and party bus drivers to find her name. Finally she sees the sign she's been looking for... "Ares", only it's being held by one Mr Mikey Unlikely who lights up when they make eye contact. Elise on the other hand, visibility grimaces and reacts. Immediately she tries to turn and walk back up the elevator to customs once again. Even that seems like something she'd rather deal with than her current situation. Alas, she can't move through the giant mass moving downward.

Mikey moves towards her, holding the sign up, trying to get her attention.

Mikey Unlikely:

Elise! Elise ARES! HEY! It's ME!

With a sigh she ignores his cries, when reaching the bottom of the escalator she walks in the opposite direction of the Hollywood socialite. Unlikely quickly catches up to her, walks beside her, and continues on with his pitch from last week.

Mikey Unlikely:

Elise! You look great! What's happening gurl? Killing the game. You love to see it!

Elise Ares:

Sorry BBY, I have a cab to catch. I don't sign autographs at airports anymore after "the incident." I'm sure you understand. Have a great day, oki, byeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

Mikey Unlikely:

"The incident?"

Pausing in thought he almost loses the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE as she hops onto a people mover. Mikey, realizing he's almost lost her, rushes back towards her keeping a light jog to keep pace with her as she's stuck behind a family with small children who won't walk on the people mover. She mutters under her breath in Spanish as Mikey continues to jog to keep pace.

Mikey Unlikely:

This is a great plan, get our cardio in at the airport. Really saves a lot of time for having a conversation to clear the air about things. Have my people talk to your people, and by my people I mean me... and by your people I mean you!

The former FIST of DEFIANCE almost takes out an elderly German woman but gracefully dodges. The old Mikey would've lowered his shoulder. Perhaps he was a changed man.

Mikey Unlikely:

I told you I had some connections to get you through customs! Glad it all worked out. Just had to grease a couple of wheels, call in a few favors. You know, the way things were done when you worked in Hollywood.

Ares looks back over at him, pulling her sunglasses down her nose with a scowl.

Mikey Unlikely:

I mean, you still work in Hollywood, obvs! How silly of me. All this jogging has me a little flustered. It's been a while since I've been in the ring and I've lost a little bit of the cardio. So yeah, this is good.

The people mover stops and Mikey jumps in between the family and Elise, leaving her no choice but to talk to him as they step onto a second people mover. This time with 100% less cardio.

Mikey Unlikely:

Are you using a new foundation? It looks great by the way.

Elise Ares:

You're not better than me at this game, you do realize that right?

The New Principle of Podcasting tilts his head to the side questionably, but before he can rebuttal, Elise continues.

Elise Ares:

The "oh hey bby, you look great, who are you wearing?" game. That's MY game. Don't patronize me, Mikey. I got connections too. Better ones. I've had issues with customs since I was a little girl. Don't just assume because you made a couple of phone calls you swept in to save the day and I "owe you one."

Mikey Unlikely:

Well, I mean... I kinda did, but you don't owe me one. I already owed you one for that little stunt I pulled last time I was in DEFIANCE. We'll call it even!

Ares' eyes roll so hard she almost sprains an optic nerve.

Elise Ares:

Fuck off, Mikey. You owe me like... a billion. More than you're capable of providing. Let me remind you that it wasn't just that you got a couple sponsorships for some dick pills and some popular podcast for the poors that you became too big for DEFIANCE and you just moved on. You planted a knife directly between my shoulders. Then you and your boys twisted it. For nearly a YEAR. Your dick riders broke my face! I'm still recovering! I haven't been in a movie since! Then you show back up and you're all "Hey, my buddies! My pals!" because you realize you forgot to bring your "better friends" with you and suddenly you need help.

A slump of the shoulders for the former FIST, he knows she's right.

Mikey Unlikely:

Look, I made some mistakes but it's not like tha-

Elise Ares:

I'm not buying your bullshit, BBY.

The FACE of DEFIANCE says as she pushes her sunglasses back up over her eyes.

Elise Ares:

And stay the fuck away from my friends. The D and Klein are AH-MAY-ZING guys and would totes take you back in a

heartbeat. They loved you. They would again too, but I'm not going to sit back and let you do to them AGAIN what you've done to me and everyone else you've "befriended" over the years and use them just long enough to get yourself ahead and shove them off the mountain when you climb to the top. Not again.

The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style pushes her way past her former Sports Entertainment Guild member and adjusts the Louis Vuitton carry-on bag hanging from her shoulder. He tries to grab her attention

Mikey Unlikely:

Can you at least give me the chance to talk to you?

The Unified Tag Team Champion pauses and looks over her shoulder.

Elise Ares:

You know what BBY, I'm so sorry, I gotta run. Have your people call my people. I've got a full schedule but maybe we can work something out between shows. It was nice seeing you! Mwah. BYEEEEEEEEEE!

And just like that, she blows a kiss and disappears into the mass of humanity. Leaving Mikey all alone in the airport with nothing except the shirt on his back and a giant sign that reads "ARES".

THE MOST PRECIOUS GEMS vs. THE SAFETY PATROL

♪ "The Safety Dance" by Men Without Hats ♪

The music plays as The Safety Patrol - Jeff Belltron and Dick Flanagan - stand in the ring, with their Safety Gear on, and very angry scowls on their faces.

DDK:

This match is a special challenge from what we saw last week on DEF TV, when "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon, in his first appearance after his apparent attitude shift, pummelled the beloved Sgt. Safety -- along with the help of Madame Melton and her other Most Precious Gems in Raiden and Reeves! All in this warped belief that Sgt. Safety received "top billing" over JJ months ago on an episode of Uncut!

Lance:

Jeff Belltron and Dick Flanagan are, of course, The Safety Patrol -- Sgt. Safety's lieutenants in the cause to promote safety throughout not just professional wrestling but the world at large! And they immediately issued this challenge to try and gain some semblance of justice for what was perpetrated against their mentor.

♪ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪

The eerie 80s alternative rock song starts as the arena lights go out. The DEFiatron shows the eerie theater stage -- a hazy, smoky effect. In the middle is Madame Melton, sitting in her director's chair as she has her eyes closed, waving around her cigarette holder like she's conducting a symphony. To the right stands Raiden, his black mullet flowing, wearing a black hoodie that reads "I CHOOSE VIOLENCE." To the left stands "The Boy With The Thorn In His Side" JP Reeves, with his dark hair now longer with a matching goat-tee, sniffing a yellow gladiola in one hand and holding a black composition notepad in his right. And on his knees facing the camera in his mask is "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon.

Reeves:

[As he speaks with a hint of a British affectation that he did not have just a few weeks ago] I've jotted down a few of my musings from my journal that, if you'll indulge me, I'll share with you right now.

He unfolds his composition book and clears his throat.

Reeves:

You throw your disregard at our feet. Yet I'd still step in front of the train for you. Because while The Faithful lack faith in those that love them the most, The Most Precious Gems will always protect them from their lies... like the lies that the palace of the world is a safe place. But we shall redraw their maps. We shall rewrite what you've been taught. We shall storm those palace walls where she will take her rightful throne... and...

He sniffs his gladiola and closes his book.

Reeves:

Our garden shall bloom! When will this occur, you ponder? Well, I'll ask you the question instead... How Soon Is Now?

Madame Melton rises from her chair as she opens her eyes, looking around the empty theater she believes filled with Her Adoring Public before batting her eyes and looking at the camera.

Madame Melton:

While I am the Grande Dame of Olde Hollywood... I recognize a classic when I see it! Such as The Iron Giant — a child's cartoon but one a parable for us all! One where the titular hero of the film sacrifices himself to be destroyed by a missile on course to destroy the lovely town of Rockwell. I mention this because of the folly of your quest of revenge, Safety Patrol! Because your mentor, Sgt. Safety will one day be looked at as a hero for his self-sacrifice as one of the first to suffer our wrath on our march that ends when The Faithful come to worship me once again as I — DEFIANCE's Iron Lady rules this promotion with her Iron Fist! Tonight, we continue on our hero's journey, Safety Patrol. Me and my Gems — My Most Precious Gems — are EVERYTHING EVERYWHERE ALL AT ONCE! Because you are about to

learn why...

She lets out a wicked smile as she puffs on her cigarette, Raiden makes his cutthroat gesture before ripping off his hoodie, Reeves smells his gladiola and JJ extends his arms out wide.

Madame Melton:

MADAME MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSE UP!

The DEFiatron turns off. The lights in the arena remain off for the handful of seconds as the chorus plays. Then the lights turn on —

DDK:

Melton and Dixon are in the ring! Bellaton in the ring staring them down nervously—

Lance:

While Raiden and Reeves just ripped Flanagan off the ring apron!

DING DING

Raiden hits a spin kick to Flanagan who spins 180 degrees to the waiting arms of Reeves, who then Reeves throws him back with a snap suplex to the floor, giving himself up in the process!. Bellaton turns to rescue his partner, but Raiden drags him under the ropes by his feet, clobbers him with a series of vicious axe kicks and cinches in a cross-arm bar while leaning back over the ring apron!

DDK:

That scream from Bellaton!

Carla Ferrari trying to get Raiden to stop. Reeves is on the apron and runs with a surgically-precise kick right to the exposed upper arm!

Lance:

That may have caused an incredible amount of damage to that left arm!

Flanagan falls to the apron, holding his arm as he lays face first on the mat. Carla then turns and sees Melton on the ring apron, yelling about something and distracting her.

DDK:

Dixon is on the apron on the opposite side — he runs off with a sommersault senton onto Flanagan!

Lance:

I talked to Madame Melton earlier — which, even under the best of circumstances, can be exhausting. She is calling this chaotic, swarming style “Everything Everywhere All At Once,” which she keeps referencing in her manic diatribes! They never intend for anything to ever be a 1-on-1 or a 2-on-2 match!

Reeves grabs Flanagan and rolls him in the ring as Raiden slithers into the ring. Ferrari is trying to admonish both of them to get some semblance of order, but Madame Melton grabs a chair while JJ hops to the apron, leading to the distraction.

DDK:

Reeves bounces off the ropes -- he just clipped the knee right as Raiden clocked Flanagan with that Suddenly Last Slumber spinning backfist!

Lance:

Raiden calls himself The Concussion King, and he just landed that blow right to Flanagan’s temple!

Carla finally turns around and points for Raiden to head to the corner. He yells "FINE" in a nasty tone and does, only to get tagged right back in.

DDK:

Raiden has Flanagan and whips him to Reeves -- overhead toss that sends the Lieutenant of Safety flying into their corner!

Reeves picks Flanagan up so he's prone into the corner before sliding in a flamboyant manner to get on all fours. Raiden runs and leaps off his partner's back that leads to a flying knee to Flanagan's jaw.

Lance:

We knew this was a great young tag team, but now they're just absolutely malicious!

Reeves runs to the apron real quick and holds the tag rope in a way to taunt Ferrari. He tags in blindly as Raiden whips Flanagan off the ropes, picks him up as Reeves positions himself for A Bridge Too Far! (Assisted German Suplex.)

One!

Two!

Three!

DDK:

And this one is mercifully over!

Lance:

I didn't even know this was a match!

DING DING DING

Madame Melton and JJ roll into the ring. Raiden takes Flanagan by the hair and throws him between the top and middle ropes where he lays in a heap right next to his partner, still holding his arm and yelling in pain.

♪ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪

Lance:

It appears that Madame Melton has her Most Precious Gems well on their way to becoming one of the most dangerous units here in DEFIANCE! As she becomes more unhinged by the week, they become more vicious!

She stands in the middle of the ring, cackling with glee. Raiden and Reeves each flank her on the side, while JJ kneels and holds his arms wide open while sticking his tongue out. Madame Melton then takes a theatrical bow, which leads to the arena lights going out.

TUNE IN TO A VERY TRUTT THANKSGIVING!

We cut to friendly DEF correspondent, Chris Trutt, standing before a standard DEFIANCE backdrop.

Chris Trutt:

Hi! Chris Trutt, here!

Moving to a split screen, Chris is on the left, while stock-video Thanksgiving scenes play out on the right.

Chris Trutt:

On behalf of everyone here at DEFIANCE Wrestling, I'm honored to wish you all warm wishes this Thanksgiving Holiday week! This special day is all about community, about gratitude, and about family.

The split screen closes as we settle back on a tighter shot of our buddy, Chris.

Chris Trutt:

I'd also like to invite you and your family to join me and *my family* this Saturday night, LIVE on DEF Radio as we present the first ever, first annual **Thanksgiving Festival**. It's probably going to be ridiculous. So you won't want to miss it.

Chris awkwardly chuckles.

Chris Trutt:

We're hosting a holiday meal at my house and me and mom are expecting some of DEF's biggest stars to drop in... so you should too! I'm told there might even be a few special surprises.

Adjusting his grip on the mic, Chris's smile stretches further.

Chris Trutt:

So swing by! And bring a dish! Call in! I can't wait to hear from you! And neither can Mom!

A graphic promoting DEF Radio this Saturday replaces Chris before fading to black.

SUBMISSIONS ONLY: TYLER FUSE vs. HIGH FLYER IV

The scene goes to ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

This is the main event and it is a submissions match so it is NOT for ONE FALL!

RRRAAAHHH RAAAHHHH RAAHHHHH, the German crowd gets it.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania... weighing two-hundred-eighteen pounds... HIGH FLYER IV!

The fans cheer as a more intense-than-normal HFIV walks out from the back.

DDK:

Twice. Tyler Fuse has broken High Flyer's arm twice. Now we have a submission match between them.

Lance:

I was told both signed off. Of course they would or the match wouldn't be taking place right about now. Rope breaks are still on, so I guess you can technically be disqualified, too. I also believe neither man wants that to happen so they will follow the rules.

HFIV makes his way down the ring but doesn't slap hands with the fans, he nods to them instead. Flyer rolls into the ring as his theme song dies down.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada... weighing two-hundred-eight pounds... TYLER FUSE.

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

It takes a moment or two, but Tyler Fuse slowly walks out onto the stage in his typical deadpan demeanor. He starts his descent down the rampway.

DDK:

Say what you want about Tyler but he's broken High Flyer's arm twice, legally. Most of what he's done to the Harmen's has been legal and even then, it's not like Jack wouldn't support taking things further...

Lance:

Not at all, the OG Harmen is the OG Lunatic. He's up for anything.

DDK:

It's also interesting to note that HFIV has ten pounds on Fuse. It's not a lot, but it certainly doesn't look like it.

Lance:

Tyler is pound-for-pound one of the strongest guys in DEFIANCE. Some say his strength is Henry Keyes-like and that's a pretty heavy statement. Of course he's not going to be able to hit Uriel Cortez with a brainbuster but I bet he's able to lift him up. By no means does Tyler look like he's hovering around two-hundred.

Fuse rolls into the ring, in a much similar fashion as HFIV did. Benny Doyle is the referee, he runs down the rules to both men in the center of the ring and then he calls for the bell.

DING DING

The two circle each other, with Tyler's eyes locked on High Flyer's chest as HFIV slides much quicker across the floor than Fuse. Flyer raises his arm but once Tyler reaches out for it, he pulls back and goes for a roundhouse kick. Tyler, however, leans to the side so the kick narrowly misses him. Fuse lunges forward and HFIV goes for another kick but

this time it's clear Tyler did so on purpose. He drops down, tackles Flyer to the mat and attempts to grab his arm, in the hopes of ripping it out of its socket.

DDK:

Smart play by Tyler, he's clearly playing the role of veteran.

Lance:

But Fuse and Flyer have faced each other twice before in singles matches, once in a triple threat and then there was the ACTS tag match, too. Even though Tyler didn't tag in. The point I'm trying to make is High Flyer should know Tyler rather well. He should have seen what was coming.

Fuse can't quite get a hold of Flyer's right arm, however. IV is holding it back with his left hand. Tyler then quickly shifts himself across the mat so he's on his knees. He delivers a hard right elbow into High Flyer's neck. Fuse delivers another. He sends many elbows forward. HFIV tries to cover up and that's when Tyler gets Flyer's right arm fully extended.

The German Faithful boo but Tyler remains focused and only interested in inflicting as much punishment as he possibly can.

DDK:

Going for another break of the arm-

However, just as Keebler is about to finish his sentence, HFIV rises up and lifts Fuse into the air with his right arm still being held onto.

HFIV slams Fuse against the mat with a modified powerbomb.

Fuse still holds onto Flyer's arm, so the kid does it again. He lifts Tyler up...

But Fuse doesn't let go.

Tyler has a look on his face suggesting he's never going to let go. He's completely locked on the arm bar and even though the two powerbombs hurt, it's not like HFIV can get enough solid leverage to hammer Fuse into the mat with significant force. The move is merely done in an attempt for Tyler to break the hold.

The OG Player's eyes remain blood thirsty on the arm. HFIV lifts Tyler into the air again but this time he hoists Tyler ALL the way up and then sends the former Tag Team Champion crashing across the other side of his body, face and chest first into the mat. Tyler breaks the hold.

The crowd cheers as HFIV takes a couple steps back. He loads up for a superkick-

WHAM!

And it connects under Tyler's jaw.

Fuse tilts his head back, he's almost completely collapsed on the canvas until he gets a second wind and sits back up on his knees.

WHAM!

Another superkick.

High Flyer shoots into the ropes and aims for a third superkick when Tyler rolls out of the way, latches onto HFIV's leg and then trips him with a leg sweep.

High Flyer falls to the mat while Tyler Fuse has Harmen's right leg. Fuse wraps his legs around the intended target and applies an ankle lock.

HFIV shouts as he reaches for the ropes but realizes he's very far away.

DDK:

I've seen Tyler wrestle for six years now. He can hang with the best of them but it's clear he doesn't want to toy with Flyer, he doesn't want this match to go on for long. He's looking for submissions and submissions **only**.

Lance:

I hate to say it, it's a smart call. I understand the superkicks by HFIV, it's meant to soften Tyler Fuse up but in the end, it's not exactly what Flyer needs to win this match, either. He got caught with the third superkick attempt and now he's dead to rights.

High Flyer uses his arms to rack them against the side of his face. Then he uses his free leg to start kicking Tyler away but Fuse continues to rip and tug at the right ankle of the former FS Champion.

Harmen hammers the mat with a free hand but lets referee Benny Doyle know he isn't giving up. Instead, he's trying to rally himself. Trying to make a push towards the ropes.

He places both hands underneath him and he moves a little closer.

And a little closer still.

Tyler sinks his feet into the ground, keeping High Flyer at bay. He grits his teeth together and tugs on the ankle even harder.

Flyer shouts. He throws his arms in the air. He tries to reach for the bottom rope but he's still not close enough.

Once again, Greg Harmen places both forearms underneath himself and tries pushing up off the mat. He moves forward a foot... then a second foot... he's almost there.

Tyler is about to fall back to the mat with Harmen's ankle still in his arms when Flyer pushes up and off the mat as hard as possible-

And snatches the bottom rope!

The fans provide supportive clapping but Tyler IMMEDIATELY drops the hold. He drags Flyer into the center of the ring and applies a crossface chickenwing!

DDK:

Textbook. I hate to say it, but Tyler Fuse has come to play. He's totally outmatched his opponent.

Lance:

Dropping the submission the SECOND Flyer got into the ropes was a really good call. Fuse knew what he was doing. HF's guard was down and he took advantage.

Fuse has the crossface locked in and again High Flyer has to move his way towards the ropes. While this one is an easier go than the last, it doesn't take away from the pain he's in. His jaw is open, his mouth lets out a low, painful cry as he moves across the mat with his feet pushing himself and Tyler towards the rope break.

Flyer reaches out... he's almost there...

Tyler keeps the hold locked in.

HFIV moves forward again... he tries for the ropes...

He's got them!

And AGAIN just as Flyer has the legal break, Tyler drops the hold, hoists Flyer into the air and connects with a release belly-to-back suplex.

Flyer is dropped right on the crown of his head.

HFIV stumbles to his feet as Tyler spins around but then out of nowhere Flyer hits a desperation superkick. He roars forward and clotheslines both himself and Tyler over the top rope and to the floor below. With a little bit of momentum and a second wind, Flyer kicks Tyler in the chest and then hurls him into the guardrail. Flyer throws Fuse into the ring under the bottom rope. He's going to the top buckle...

DDK:

It's not a submission but anything to keep Tyler Fuse down is a good call.

Flyer measures Fuse but Tyler is slowly getting back on his feet so the High Flyer leaps in the air, lands on top of Tyler's shoulders and wraps his legs around him.

WHAM!

Instead of a hurricanrana by Flyer, it's a powerbomb by Tyler!

There is no pin, however, and Tyler knows this. He instantly grabs the ankle of Flyer and tries for another submission.

Flyer dives into the ropes, although since Fuse was unable to apply the hold completely before the ropes were gained, this time he's going to use that Benny Doyle FIVE count.

Doyle gets to FOUR-POINT-NINE-NINE-NINE before Tyler lets go of the hold and drags Flyer into the middle of the ring. Fuse stomps on Flyer's right arm. Then he stomps on it again.

DDK:

Working on that previously broken arm. The ankle was smart to ground High Flyer but now it's all about the upper body.

Fuse drags Flyer up to his feet while holding the right arm. Then Tyler wrenches the right arm down towards the mat, bringing Flyer's entire body with his arm. HFIV crashes into the mat but Tyler Fuse still has the arm so he pulls Flyer to his feet again and does the exact same thing.

Lance:

Tyler is either going to break Flyer's arm, or he's going to pull it out of its socket.

Tyler tries for a third time... dragging Flyer to his feet when he's about to throw the arm towards the mat.

No!

Flyer latches onto Tyler Fuse, leaps up and connects with a hurricanrana!

There is no pin, of course, and nor should there be. Flyer kips to his feet and races into the ropes. He lands a missile dropkick to Tyler's face. Then he lifts Fuse and completes a falcon arrow suplex.

Flyer pops back up. He shakes his fists to fire up the crowd. He marches over to Tyler and takes hold of Tyler's left arm...

Arm bar!

Fuse screams out and the crowd is on their feet. Dead center in the middle of the ring, Jack Harmen's son is looking to make Tyler Fuse tap to the same hold he had tapped from, twice. The same hold where Greg Harmen had his arm broken, twice.

The OG Player tries to hold back the pain which is spreading across his face. It's like he doesn't want to show High Flyer has him dead to rights. Fuse raises his right arm as he tries to pull his left arm away but it's no use. Flyer has the hold locked in.

DDK:

This will be the first singles loss Tyler has faced in almost TWO years!

Tyler reaches for the ropes but he's in the center of the ring. He has to do something...

Benny Doyle leans down-

And Tyler "inadvertently" knocks Benny Doyle in the face!

Doyle stumbles back.

DDK:

Hey! Hold on a second!

Benny seemingly can't see as he falls into the corner and starts rubbing his eyes out with his index fingers.

Tyler taps!

TAP TAP TAP!

The crowd cheers!

But no one is there to make the call!

DDK:

Tyler did that on purpose!

Lance:

It certainly was questionable, Keebs!

Flyer drops the hold, thinking the match is won. He didn't see what happened to Benny Doyle, he was too invested in the arm bar submission. However, once High Flyer gets on his feet, he scans his surroundings and starts to put it all together.

Before he can fully understand, though, Tyler creeps up from behind HFIV and hooks him down to the mat...

Applying the same arm bar submission!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

The jeers roll in, as Tyler Fuse's eyes are as wide as ever before. They are completely fixated on snapping Harmen's forearm in half.

CRACK.

Which it sounds like he just did.

TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP.

Flyer taps wildly on the mat. Still, however, Benny Doyle can't see a thing in the corner of the ring. He's trying to rub out his eyes, he's trying so hard. The arena is silent and Tyler hasn't broken the hold... because, well, why would he? The match hasn't been called off!

TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP!!

DDK:

YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH, TYLER. STOP.

Finally, Benny Doyle sees what's going on and he calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

Tyler Fuse drops the hold as the bell rings for the last time.

Fuse rolls to his side. He gives his head a slight shake, probably because of what Benny Doyle "didn't see". Luckily for him, the record books will still show Tyler Fuse hasn't lost a singles match since January 6th, 2022.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match but submission... TYLER FU-

Quimbey's mic is taken right out of his hands by none other than the person whose name he is announcing.

Tyler Fuse:

JAAAAAACCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKK.

Fuse stares straight into the apron camera.

Tyler Fuse:

Three times is a charm. Then again, so were the first two.

Fuse stares coldly into the camera.

Tyler Fuse:

I'll never face your kid again.

The camera pans to show High Flyer rolling around in pain in the middle of the canvas as Benny Doyle tries to help him.

Tyler Fuse:

How many times can we do the same garbage puppet dance? Your kid is shit.

Fuse cracks his neck.

DDK:

Shit? Shit!? He made you TAP!

Lance:

Sadly, unofficially.

Fuse leans into the front of the camera lens and holds up two fingers.

Tyler Fuse:

High Flyer, check. Flying Frenchie, what's up?

Fuse smirks into the camera as the DEFIANCE signature appears in the bottom right-hand corner of the screen.

Tyler Fuse:

I'll send you a one-way ticket out of here, too.

Fuse drops the mic, winks into the camera and casually walks up the ramp as his theme music cues. Meanwhile, a couple EMTs are down to help High Flyer IV, who has definitely broken his arm... again.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.