

SHOW OPEN



BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. LEE LAZ

DDK:

Welcome to UNCUT, ladies and gentlemen and we have some great action! Later tonight, Heavy Artillery looks to settle the score against the popular Count Novick, who has enlisted his tag partner -- known only as The Monster -- and will be known as the tag team Monster Mash! JJ Dixon looks for payback against the BRAZEN star who arguably cost him a first-round loss in Tag Party IV when The Special Attraction takes on Cristiano Caballero.

Lance:

And that's not all! Aaron King of BFTA looks to follow up on that Dumpster Match win against Aleczander The Great by taking on Nicky Synz. But first up... Butcher Victorious in action!

DDK:

We saw Butcher Victorious... well, victorious, in action last week against Gulf Coast Connection's Theodore Cain! Can he follow it up tonight against a young BRAZEN star, one half of OnlyFlips, Lee Laz? We'll find out next!

And now, the camera is fixed to Darren Quimbey for announcements.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first... from Seattle, Washington, weighing in at 194 pounds... he wants you to click like and subscribe to their OnlyFlips page... he is **LEE LAZ!**

♪ "Rocket Fuel" by DJ Shadow and De La Soul ♪

Zooming out from the back, the young Lee Laz comes out and flashes his knuckle tattoos that read "JUMP HIGH!" before he heads on down to the ring.

DDK:

One third of the popular rising trio, OnlyFlips. Kenny Yi and Liz Icarus not here tonight, but would have to call this an upset if Lee can somehow pull off the win against Butcher Victorious.

Lance:

Say what you want about Butcher. Toadie. Stogie. Kind of a goof. Bad fashion... what was my original point?

DDK:

That he is capable in the ring when he stays focused?

Lance:

Your thing. Yes.

Lee Laz is in the ring, motioning for the crowd to get louder. They give him some more applause before the scene turns to the stage...

♪ "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. With his signature microphone now attached to a mic stand he's carrying with him to the ring.

Butcher Victorious:

VAE VICTIS WITH YOUR FRIEND BUTCH VIC! THAT'S MY NAME AND I GOT THE STICK! WHOO-OOOH! WHOO-OOOH! STRANGER FRUIT, BEANS ARE MUSICAL FRUIT, THE MORE YOU EAT, THE MORE YOU TOOT! WHOO-OOOH! WHOO-OOOH!

He continues crooning.

Butcher Victorious:

LEE LAZ WHO? NO ONE CARES! HE JUST WALKED OUT TO CRICKETS AND STARES! WHOO-OOOH! WHOO-OOOH! SOME BRAZEN KID THAT'S GONNA GET WHUPPED, LIKE DECLAN ALEXANDER, WHO WILL... (figuring out words as he goes along) AlsogetwhoopedWHOO-OOOH! WHOO-OOOH!

Lance:

For the love of all that is holy... stop.

Butcher stops singing and hands off his microphone and mic stand to a stagehand. He yells at the fans before rolling into the ring. When he stands up, he get a huge surprise in the form of a big running dropkick by Lee Laz! Butcher tumbles backwards as referee Jonny Fastcountini calls for the bell.

DING DING

With Butcher still discombobulated (as opposed to his normal confused self, of course), Lee Laz kips back to his feet after the first dropkick, then circles the ring to hit a second running dropkick on Butcher, sending the stooge of one Oscar Burns stumbling through the ropes! He spills out onto the floor and when he's there, Lee Laz gets the crowd cheering as he pops back up again.

DDK:

Look at Lee go! He knows he's looking at a big opportunity and the young high-flyer is looking to make the most of it!

Lance:

He most certainly is! Look!

Butch Vic gets back to his feet, but the second he does...

Lee Laz LEAPS with a springboard plancha to the floor that wipes out both men! The DC crowd are cheering for the young kid from BRAZEN!

DDK:

We literally saw a HUGE upset last week when BRAZEN Champion Declan Alexander upset Butcher's boss, Oscar Burns! What's gonna happen if he loses this tonight?

Lance:

I don't know, but Lee's gotta get Butcher back into the ring!

It takes Lee Laz a few moments, but he quickly rolls back to his feet and pushes Butcher back under the ropes and into the ring. When he gets back inside, he leaps over, sits on the top rope and hits an Arabian press-style moonsault across the chest of Butcher!

DDK:

Laz looking for the win!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

Butcher kicks out to the disappointment of the crowd who are already impressed by what the young Seattleite brings to the table. He waits as Butch Vic tries to stand up again and readies his next move.

Lance:

Foot on the pedal, kid, don't let him get back up!

DDK:

Lee's now looking for something... headscissors?

He tries a headscissors and flings around... but Butcher stands his ground and throws Lee off of him. Lee Laz lands on his feet, but when he spins around to face Butch Vic, he gets caught by an inverted atomic drop from the Liberal City Landlord. When Laz is stunned, Butcher hits the ropes and hits a running front dropkick to the knee of Laz, sending him flipping forward before crashing to the mat!

DDK:

Ooh! That will stop anyone in their tracks! Butcher manages to go after the leg!

Lance:

Butcher Victorious often gets teased about... well, a whole host of things. But one thing that can't be overlooked is what he must be either learning or observing. Since wanting to sit under the learning tree of Oscar, it's clear Butcher has picked up a skill or two.

Laz tries to get back to his feet, but Butcher grabs the leg again and then jerks the leg over with a quick dragon screw takedown! Lee hits the mat again while Butcher is all proud of himself for taking down the high-flyer from BRAZEN. He leans down next to Lee Laz and starts mocking his downed opponent by grabbing his knee.

DDK:

You called it, Lance. Really learning from Oscar by doing things like this.

With Lee Laz attempting now to hobble to his feet, the Austin, Texas native seamlessly leaps over the ropes to the apron, then jumps to the top rope before nailing Laz with a big springboard flying forearm!

Lance:

Springboard forearm connects! Will that be all?

Butcher causally hooks the leg.

ONE...

TWO... NO!

DDK:

Quick kick out by Laz... but look! Butcher goes to the knee!

Butcher applies a halfway decent leg lock in order to stunt the leaping ability of Laz. The high-flying Seattleite tries to crawl and make the trek to the ropes as the slightly larger Butcher keeps the hold locked in tight. He crawls further... until he hooks the bottom rope!

DDK:

Laz makes it... but Butcher stays on him! He's attacking the knee!

Butch Vic attacks the knee with a couple more stomps. He starts to strut around a little bit while holding the leg like an idiot. He turns for a figure-four attempt, but Laz kicks Butcher in the backside with his other leg, shooting him to the ropes. Butcher scrambles back, only for Laz to come back and try a roll-up!

ONE...

TWO... NO!

But Butcher rolls back and delivers a thrust kick to the knee!

DDK:

OOH! Kick to the knee... OOH!

Butcher hooks the head and flips forward with a headlock-style ranhei! The crowd cringes as Butcher hooks the leg.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Wow! Just like that! Butcher attacked that knee and it paid off perfectly!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Butcher hobbles up and then smugly leaves the ring with his music playing. He grabs the "stick" and mic stand before taking his leave.

Butcher Victorious:

BUTCHER WINS! WHOO-OOOH! WHOO-OOOH!

DDK:

Butcher scores another win following his victory over Theodore Cain! There's something there with Butcher, that's for sure... but does he realize it?

Butcher Victorious slings his mic stand over the shoulder and saunters right on through the curtain with the show moving forward.

The PogChamp Has Entered The Chat

A DEFTv graphic flashes across the screen before going directly into a highlight from DEFTv 177.

Both men are up! Declan tries to push Burns into the ropes for what may be an O'Connor Roll, but The Man Called DEFIANCE clings to the ropes, sending Declan rolling backwards... then CRACKS him with a huge diving European uppercut off the ropes!

DDK:

No! What a counter by Burns! Declan almost walked away with it there a couple times, but Burns countered right back.

Now seeing he's in control again, the very smug Vae Victis member almost laughs. He grabs the bad arm of Declan and stomps it, then strikes him with another uppercut! Burns actually has a smile on his face now that he has grounded Declan again!

DDK:

Oscar remaining in control! Those uppercuts can shut anyone down!

Burns gets into Declan's face as he still holds the bad arm tightly with Declan on a knee.

Oscar Burns:

Good try, GC... but you don't walk in here and challenge DEFIANCE himself!

He pulls hm in for another uppercut... but Declan sidesteps!

AND HITS BURNS WITH A JUMPING CUTTER ON THE REBOUND! THE FAITHFUL JUMP UP!

DDK:

CUTTER! CUTTER! HE CALLS THAT MOVE THE PLAY OF THE GAME AND COUNTERS THE UPPERCUT!

The Faithful go ballistic when the BRAZEN Champion hooks both legs of Burns with one arm and cradles the neck with the other!

Lance:

No way! No way!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING

♪ "Brachyura Bombshell" by Attack Attack! ♪

RRRRRRRRRAAAAHHHHHHHH!

Declan gets the hell out of dodge and rolls out of the ring! Butcher Victorious tries to get through the ropes, but the stupid California Raisin costume he's in won't let him get inside! The roof BLOWS off the Bender Arena as Declan looks on outside like he can't believe it!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... the BRAZEN Champion... DECLAN ALEXANDER!

Lance:

NO WAY! NO WAY! DARREN, WHAT DID WE JUST SEE?!

DDK:

WHAT AN UPSET! THE YOUNG GAMER! THE BRAZEN CHAMPION DECLAN ALEXANDER HAS JUST PINNED OSCAR BURNS!

Lance:

BURNS TALKED A LITTLE TOO MUCH TRASH THERE AT THE END... AND HE JUST PAID FOR IT! BIG TIME!

Declan is on the mat on the outside, slapping the mat as the official heads out to give him his BRAZEN Championship! He leaps to a section near the front row and celebrates with The Faithful, raising the title above while pumping a fist in the air! Meanwhile, Burns is still holding his face and hasn't sat up from the seated position, watching Declan with a DEATH GLARE, then yelling at Butcher about dressing like a goddamn raisin instead of REZIN!

After the highlight package from Night Two of DEFtv 177, the camera pans out to show UNCUT's own Chris Trutt standing in the backstage studio in front of a flatscreen monitor. With a microphone in his hand he looks directly into the camera with a smirk before continuing on.

Chris Trutt:

After that amazing upset on DEFtv 177, I'm here with an amazing streamer and wrestler who did what he's been doing since he was signed by the Favoured Saints a little over a year ago. My bro DEC4L, Declan Alexander. How the heck are you my friend?

The scene pans out a second time as the raven haired streamer excitedly walks into frame and slaps hands with his fellow former digital media star before pulling him in for a quick hug. Wearing his patented varsity style jacket with his D4 logo and his BRAZEN Championship over his shoulder, the PogChamp takes off his Pit Viper sunglasses after pulling away from his old friend. He slips his glasses into his pocket and adjusts his title with a smile.

DEC4L:

Look at us. Who would've thought?

Trutt:

That's what I'm saying. MY MAN. What an upset! I didn't even know you were in the building, next thing I know I see that Payload™ coming from the ceiling and you're pinning Oscar F'N Burns! How hype are you?!

DEC4L:

BRO. Listen. No Cap. I see Oscar pull out that shovel on UNCUT and I'll be honest, I've been looking for a way to approach Coach Troy about this Vae Victis thing. It's been looking pretty lit. Henry Keyes. Oscar Burns. Lindsay Troy. Kerry Kuroyama. What a list of GOATs in this business. I'm here to show the world that I'm for real and just learn as much as I can... this seemed like the perfect opportunity. I came down to the ring, I took my shot... and as you know, I don't miss.

Chris Trutt just grins and knowingly nods in approval.

Trutt:

You don't, bro! How do you do it?! You took a lot of crap in your streaming days about being a lucky shot, and a lot of the teenagers and young adults out there certainly don't need an introduction but maybe some of DEFIANCE's long time fans want to know, who is this kid? So let 'em know, DEC4L.

DEC4L:

SAAAAAAAAAAAAALUTE DEC4LLION! It's your boy, DEC4L here! Just a normal kid from Brookline, Mass with a dream... and that dream is to BE. THE. GREATEST. Whether that be behind the controller, behind the microphone, or in the squared circle. I got on the scene by being a member of the REV0LT Gaming Team in shooters and fighting games. Gained a following of fans that I brought to Twitch and YouTube streams where I met my boy Trutt here, blew up, and became what I would call internet famous. Doing conventions around the world, hosting video game tournaments and streaming events, no stranger to talking a little crap.

Trutt:

NOOOO stranger.

DEC4L:

I've been a MASSIVE wrestling stan, not a Cowboy... I know what you guys were thinking, my entire life. I wrestled in high school and almost won a state title. I played football and was recruited D1 before I had an issue with my arm/shoulder right about when my streaming career started to take off. I got tired of sitting around wondering if I could've done it or not, fam. I had to give it a shot. Got a hold of Coach Troy, she took a chance on me and here I am DEC4LLION. WOW. On DEFtv picking up DUBS on Oscar Burns.

Trutt:

It's the start of something special for sure, DEC4L, I felt it. I'm SO freakin proud of you my dude!

DEC4L:

Thanks bro, I'm glad to see you here. I think I turned some heads. Gained a couple of followers. Hopefully enough to catch Coach Troy's eye. If you see any of the gang around here, let 'em know Declan is looking for 'em. I'm seeing Double V's in my future. It's so bright, I gotta wear shades indoors.

The Intrepid Influencer pulls his Pit Vipers back out of his pocket and puts them over his emerald eyes before letting out a massive.

DEC4L:

SHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESH!

Trutt:

SHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESH!

They share a FIST bump (get it?) before Alexander walks past the former YouTuber before pausing. He sticks his hand up in the air and begins to shake his finger as if he forgot something and just remembered. Walking back off camera the other direction, Declan Alexander picks the Platinum Shovel up off the floor and swings it over his other shoulder opposite his BRAZEN Championship and walks off hyped out of his mind.

MONSTER MASH vs. HEAVY ARTILLERY

♪ "Momma Said Knock You Out" by Five Finger Death Punch feat. Tech N9ne ♪

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, coming up next, we've got Heavy Artillery facing a debuting new tag team. A... rather unusual new tag team.

Bobby Horrigan and Roosevelt Owens, the heavysset duo known as Heavy Artillery, appear through the curtain and... well, they look like shit. Horrigan has dark bags under his eyes and Owens' soul patch is tussled. Both guys, usually so outspoken and brazen, simply walk to the ring looking as if this is a complete obligation.

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team match is scheduled for ONE FALL. Introducing first, Bobby Horrigan and Roosevelt Owens... HEAVY ARTILLERY!

The two big men enter the ring. Looking defeated, Horrigan asks Quimbey for the mic as their theme fades out. When he speaks, his usual brashness is gone. Instead, he sounds defeated.

Bobby Horrigan:

Please. Please!

Lance:

Is Horrigan about to cry?

Bobby Horrigan:

We're sorry, okay? We were picking on... Count Novick. But now... they won't leave us alone!! We can't sleep!! We can't eat!! Everytime we turn our back, we see them...

A shiver runs through Horrigan.

Bobby Horrigan:

We're sorry. Let's just do this match and we can put this all behind us, okay?

Horrigan hands the mic back to Quimbey as both he and his partner look toward the entrance.

The house lights go out.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

A crack of thunder!

♪ "Everyday is Halloween" by Ministry ♪

A blue mist begins to bellow out from around the ramp. In that mist, two figures shrouded in shadow: one smaller, sleeker, and wearing a billowing cape. The other is larger, hulking, a seeming MONSTER of a man.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents... from Parts Unknown... The Monster and Count Novick... they are the MONSTER MASH!

With that, a spotlight shines onto the duo and we see them clearly: Count Novick, his usual vampiric self, hiding behind his cape before sweeping it behind him dramatically. And his new partner: a seven foot tall mountain of a man in a leather jacket and wearing make-up that makes him look like Frankenstein's monster. Complete with bolts and forehead scar. Whereas Novick is animated and over the top cartoonish, The Monster is stoic and walks with purpose and expressionless eyes.

DDK:

I... well, if you've been watching Uncut, you know that Count Novick had been suffering regularly at the hands of Heavy Artillery. Until he... well...

Lance:

He created himself a tag team partner. Supposedly from a laundry list of DEFIANCE spare parts.

DDK:

I will say this. Obviously Novick's nature is over the top... and clearly, I don't believe he built this man and gave life to him. But regardless... The Monster is an absolute beast of a human being.

The Monster steps over the top rope as Heavy Artillery shrink away. Novick leaps up to the top and again dramatically sweeps his cape around before jumping into the center of the ring. Novick points and shoots a fangy smile at Heavy Artillery while The Monster stands by his side, arms folded.

DING DING!

With the match officially underway, Horrigan and Roosevelt throw their hands up, asking for peace. Hector Navarro tries to tell them that only one of them can start the match, but they appear to completely ignore him. Instead they appear to be pleading with Novick and The Monster. In response, Novick smiles an evil smile - followed by a dramatic hiiiiisssss - followed by Novick and The Monster attacking both members of Heavy Artillery with big right hands!

DDK:

And it looks like Heavy Artillery will get no quarter!

Lance:

What do you suppose Novick and his Monster have been doing all this time to have Heavy Artillery so spooked?

DDK:

Going bump in the night, maybe?

The Monster pounds Horrigan into the corner while Novick has Roosevelt on the ropes - literally. With Rosie dazed, Novick gets a head of steam off the ropes - but the dastardly vampire runs right into a big back body drop over the top rope! Novick lands with a thud on the ring floor below. This act appears to bring new life into Roosevelt Owens - his scared face melts away into a scowl. He turns to see his partner at the mercy of The Monster in the corner, so he attacks!

Lance:

It appears that Heavy Artillery not just going to roll over.

Unfortunately, Owens' right hands are seemingly having no effect on The Monster, who stops pounding on Bobby and instead slowly turns toward his partner. The Faithful and Owens figure out what's going on at the exact same time and The Heavy Artillery member's bravado melts away as he throws his hands up in immediate apology. Rosie starts to backpedal as The Monster reaches out and slowly stalks him around the ring - but that's when Bobby Horrigan finds new life and attacks The Monster from behind! Heavy Artillery begin to double team The Monster, who it appears they have finally gotten dazed!

DDK:

And a big - A HUGE - double suplex puts The Monster down!

The two fat bad guys are on their feet in a hurry - well, relatively. But they howl at the audience and demand to know who the man is, apparently having found their badass backbone once again. They take their back off The Monster for a little too long, however, as the big man sits up! The Faithful pop as The Monster gets back to his feet, and as both members of Heavy Artillery turn, they both go pale at nearly the exact same time.

Big Boot to the face of Horrigan!

Clothesline to Roosevelt.

Horrigan off the ropes - baaaaack body drop!

Roosevelt off the ropes - sidewalk slam!

Lance:

The monster is taking these guys apart!

And in a move that causes a collective *GASP* from The Faithful, The Monster scoops Horrigan up and SLAMS him down with a massive body slam!

DDK:

Bobby Horrigan is three hundred pounds! That is SCARY strength!

Bobby is down, and that's when Count Novick elects to reappear, leaping from the apron to the top rope. He turns to The Faithful, again sweeping his cape in dramatic fashion.

Count Novick:

AH! HA! HA!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

And Novick flies...

Lance:

GRAVEYARD SMASH!

Novick covers Horrigan, and Hector Nevarro, who hasn't pretended to have a second of control of this match, just shrugs and makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEE!

(ah ha ha!)

♪ "Everyday is Halloween" by Ministry ♪

DDK:

Is that... is that Count Novick's first victory on DEFIANCE television?

Lance:

I'd have to check, but it just might be partner! Maybe this new tag partner is going turn around The Count's fortunes!

The Monster resumes his stoic stance with his arms folded as Novick takes position in front of him, bending forward and making spooky fingers to the audience. The lights again go out and a single red spotlight falls on the team known as Monster Mash as The Faithful (especially the younger ones) show their appreciation for the spooky duo.

Shrinky Dinks

DEF TV 177 Night 2 - Dex Joy versus Corvo Alpha

Dex is feeding off the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful's cheers and applause. He heads to the ropes and comes back for a lariat ... but Corvo Alpha surprises him by ducking Dex's shot and then coming off the ropes with a massive lariat of his own! Dex hits the mat after Corvo sticks the running lariat but ... something is wrong.

Dex isn't moving.

DDK:

Oh, no ... no! I think that lariat may have knocked Dex out cold! Look!

To his shock, Dex isn't knocked out, but he has definitely had his bats knocked out of the belfry. The official wants to check on Dex, but Corvo Alpha goes right for the kill and locks in THE ALPHA CLUTCH!!!

Lance:

Corvo Alpha with the Alpha Clutch!!! I don't believe this! Dex was almost unable to get out of those earlier sleepers Corvo used on his neck!

Corvo Alpha has Dex out in the middle of the ring with no way out. Dex isn't even moving at this rate. Lord Nigel Trickelbush appears to be reveling in the booing of the Wrecking Crew! Dex's arm is checked and when it goes limp ...

That is it.

DING DING DING

Corvo Alpha stands over the unmoving Dex Joy and Lord Nigel Trickelbush is proud of what his monster has done.

News Update - Dex Joy

11/9/22

Jamie Sawyers speaks to the audience via a news exclusive for DEFIANCE Wrestling.

Jamie Sawyers:

Hello, DEFIANCE Wrestling. As you just saw, "The Biggest Boy" Dex Joy suffered a terrible loss in the ring thanks to Corvo Alpha. We've heard rumors since his match with Kerry Kuroyama at Acts of DEFIANCE that Dex has been possibly dealing with either some neck or nerve-related injury. Dex was brought to unconsciousness by a powerful lariat from Corvo Alpha, but the damage started here ...

Highlights of the match include Dex being pushed into the steel ringpost back first and possibly suffering some sort of whiplash. This effect is followed up with Dex being thrown head first at the steep steps outside of the ring resulting in a bloody cut just above his forehead.

Jamie Sawyers:

Dex received sixteen stitches on his head to seal the wound caused by the steel stairs. Miraculously, there were not symptoms of a concussion, however Dex did receive a stinger from that shove into the post with the lariat knocking him right out soon after. Dex was treated this past Monday and has been told to rest at home ...

He continues.

Jamie Sawyers:

When we reached out to Dex Joy for a quote on what happened, he had this to say.

A quick video message plays from Dex Joy, from his home in Los Angeles sitting down as he records from his phone.

His voice is a bit more somber than usual. He has a large set of stitches on his forehead

Dex Joy:

Hey, pallies. Dex Joy here. The last few days ... well they sucked ass, but unlike Vae Victis and our new FIST Lindsay Troy, I don't talk out of both sides of my face. I tell you, the Wrecking Crew, the truth. I am not 100%. I am hurt. Doctors have told me that I need to rest at home after having my head stitched up and being observed at a hospital a few days ago ...

The somber voice starts to sound a little more like the Dex fans know.

Dex Joy:

... But eff that noise. I can walk. I can talk. I can wash my own ballsack. As long as I can still do those things under my own power, then I can fight! I'm not waiting for a doctor's permission. Not when Vae Victis is keeping this place under its thumb and not when assholes like that five-dollar word-spewing asshole Lord Shrinkydink are running around with Corvo Alpha's leash going after whoever they want. I'm coming to DEF TV 178, I'm going to drag that cross-eyed half-wit with the stupid face in the ring so I can beat his as... then I'm going to do the same to Corvo Alpha! I'll see my Wrecking Crew live and in color!

End transmission.

RAIN CITY REQUIEM

It's midday at the WrestlePlex Training Center, and the place is abuzz with activity. A variety of talent, most from BRAZEN, are engaged in their daily workout activities.

Our focus however lies on the main ring, which has (some would say rightfully) been overtaken by Vae Victis in the recent weeks. Currently, it's occupied by the faction's two Seattle natives, Kerry Kuroyama and Sonny Silver. Dressed in their exclusive black, silver, and burgundy trainers and matching gray "VV" a-shirts, the two stand face to face with their hands set into a collar and elbow.

Sonny Silver:

...now when he's got you by the back of the head like this, he's going to want to put that head somewhere. But what he's really done is he's gifted you his hand.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Hm.

Sonny Silver:

That's why when you feel that hand go back there, you go for the wrist--here--and when he tries to reposition you, you just roll on through.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Roll through.

Sonny Silver:

Yeah. Keep ahold of that wrist, and before he knows it, you got him by--

"Kerry!"

The call brings the lesson to a halt. Kuroyama and Silver glance over in time to see tag partners Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett of the Rain City Ronin standing beside the ring. The Pacific Blitzkrieg gives them a friendly nod...

Kerry Kuroyama:

Hey guys.

...and goes right back to work with Sonny.

The former BRAZEN Tag Champs exchange a glance and slide into the ring.

Leo Burnett:

What's up, man? Been a while since we've heard from you.

Beside him, Daymon nods.

Zack Daymon:

Right? It's like as soon as you saddled up with Vae Victis, we suddenly became strangers to you.

Kerry and Sonny stop working again when it becomes apparent that the two greenhorns aren't leaving any time soon.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Sorry if it's felt that way. I've been busy.

Sonny Silver:

Yeah... and we're busy right now. You kids got somewhere else to be?

Leo, the Iceman, living up to his namesake, stares coldly back at the Silver Tongue while keeping his emotions chill. No such luck for “Skyfire” Zack Daymon, as he angrily waves a hand in Sonny’s direction.

Zack Daymon:

What the hell are you working with this guy, Kerry?

Kerry Kuroyama:

Trying to improve my game. Is there a problem with that?

Zack Daymon:

Come on, man. Don’t you know who this is? This is the guy that stole The Dojo!

Sonny’s face fills with his acclaimed “are you fucking serious?” expression.

Sonny Silver:

Please, kid... I didn’t steal shit! And don’t ever insult me again by insinuating that I’m some sort of thief. Truth is, your junkie old man was practically knocking my door down wanting to sell that poor excuse of a wrestling school he had, and I took it off his hands, because I was looking to expand, and he was looking for his next fix.

As soon as the barbs come out, the fury ramps up in Zack’s expression. He takes one step forward, intent on starting something he may not be ready to finish, but a hand on his shoulder from Leo keeps him from making that mistake.

Kuroyama sighs, seeing he has to diffuse this situation, and looks appealingly to the veteran.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Sonny, can we take five here? The boys and I need to have a talk.

The Silver tongue doesn’t look keen on having his instruction interrupted like this, but looking between Kerry’s expression and the two rookies, he can read the situation without needing anyone to spell it out for him. A daring smirk crosses his face as he obligingly heads to the ropes.

Sonny Silver:

Sure. Five minutes. I could use a Diet Coke now that you mention it.

The veteran wrestler and Vae Victis mouthpiece quits the ring. With the students of Rocko Daymon’s erstwhile Dojo left alone in the ring, Kuroyama gives the younger wrestlers his full attention.

Kerry Kuroyama:

If you guys got something to say to me, then let’s deal with it now.

Zack and Leo look to one another for a beat, speaking without speaking on how they want to handle what’s on their collective minds. Burnett clears his throat, and the Iceman breaks the ice.

Leo Burnett:

We aren’t here to judge, man. It just seems odd to us that you aren’t really as affected by the situation with the school as we are. We just hope you haven’t forgotten your roots.

Beside him, Daymon readily nods in agreement.

Zack Daymon:

Yeah! Your roots! Dude, where the hell is your loyalty? You shouldn’t be listening to what this guy has to say! You should be pissed off at him!

Kuroyama sighs again--long and heroically patient. He’s known Zack as a friend for many years, and is well aware of how much the kid has looked up to him. And now he knows he has to deliver tough love.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Look, I'm well aware of the situation with The Dojo. And your dad, Zack.

The younger Daymon's face reddens with shame. Supportively, Kerry grabs the shoulder and gives it a shake before

Kerry Kuroyama:

Listen... I'm always going to have a place in my heart for Rocko. He was there when my dad passed. He brought me into this sport. But guys, we can't deny the truth anymore. He's sick, and he needs help, and believe me when I tell you that every day I pray he finds it.

Zack is silent, processing what's being said to him by someone he practically considers his older brother.

Kerry Kuroyama:

He trained us as best he knew how, and taught us all that he knew about wrestling, and I will always appreciate that. But the thing is, guys, he didn't know everything. He had the passion and the experience, I'll give him that.

Kerry shakes his head, wincing as he thinks back to his former mentor. It hurts him to admit what he's saying.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But unfortunately, he lacked the education. The fundamentals. The technical know-how. The skills that separate the champions from the everyday players. He tried to compensate for this by developing a mentality of "mind-over-matter", which sounded great in theory, but in reality was just as applicable in the ring as positive thinking.

He shrugs.

Kerry Kuroyama:

And you know what happened? He brought me here, neither one of us knowing I was still green. And before we realized it, he lost his own battle with his personal demons, and proceeded to abandon me in New Orleans. Left me to find my own path. Just like he's abandoned the two.

The Rain City Ronin maintain silence. Kerry is giving them hard truths that they can't deny.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I was at least lucky enough to have Scott around to look out for me, but I still had to take my lumps for years just to get where I am. The two of you still got plenty of years ahead of you, though, so if you want my advice? Forget all that crap about "loyalty".

A sneer crosses the face of the Pacific Blitzkrieg.

Kerry Kuroyama:

"Loyalty" is what got you into trouble with the Kabal. Because you thought you had to be loyal to Jessica... who, as it turns out, was waging a war against herself. All for her deadbeat dad's attention. And what did you gain from that? Absolutely nothing.

He curtly shakes his head.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Fuck that. "Loyalty" doesn't mean shit if we don't do what's best for ourselves. Which is why I'm working with Sonny. Because I'd like to get to a point where I'm winning matches, instead of setting people up to have their careers ended. He's a tenured veteran, and unlike Rocko, he can actually help me be the best of what I am. If there's anyone in this industry worth being loyal to, it's people like that. Not Rocko. Not The Dojo.

Zack and Leo are beside themselves for a moment, until older brother Kerry sets his hands onto their shoulders.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But now you guys have to ask yourselves what you want to stay loyal to. Something that's dead?

He taps the blue, aqua, and green triple Yin Yang logos on their matching Dojo t-shirts.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Or something new and robust. Something that can actually tap into your potential, and nurture it the right way, and elevate you into becoming serious contenders.

Leo nods, knowing where he's going with this.

Leo Burnett:

Something like Vae Victis, is what you're saying.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Exactly.

Zack grumbles at this suggestion.

Zack Daymon:

The same assholes that humiliated us months ago...

Kerry Kuroyama:

Look, that doesn't matter. What does matter is that while every other tag team in this company hid in the back, the two of you fearlessly went head to head with two of the best wrestlers on the planet. Believe me, that didn't go unnoticed.

He glances over his shoulder to see if anyone is listening in, but the ring belongs to the three of them.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Without giving away too much, there's a possibility we may be expanding our ranks with a tag team. Couldn't hurt your chances by showing us you're on the ball with what we're trying to accomplish here. And I want you guys to be on the ball. Prove to us that you guys aren't stuck in the past and clinging to your old loyalties. Prove to me that you guys legitimately want to be better athletes.

Zack and Leo again look at one another. Their expressions are mixed with intrigue and doubt.

Leo Burnett:

...he makes a solid case, man.

Zack Daymon:

Yeah, I know... but I need to think about it some more.

Kerry nods.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Take all the time you need, guys. I'll be in touch.

As a show of trust, Kuroyama offers his hand. Burnett shakes it. Daymon hesitates... but shakes it as well after a moment.

Zack Daymon:

We'll be in touch, too. And... thanks for not blowing us off.

Rain City Ronin take their leave of the ring, just as Sonny Silver returns, pitching an empty soda can over his shoulder.

Sonny Silver:

Get all the family drama sorted out?

Kerry Kuroyama:

That remains to be seen. But nevermind, where were we? Roll through and keep hold of the wrist?

A wry smile forms on Sonny's face as they go back into the collar and elbow and pick up where they left off.

JJ DIXON vs. CRISTIANO CABALLERO

DDK:

Now our next match stems from the events of Tag Party IV, and in particular the short-lived pairing of The Special Attraction Attractions of JJ Dixon and Cristiano Caballero.

Lance:

JJ and Cristiano ran into Kraken Skulls, the duo of Henry Keyes and FLAMBERGE, who ended up with the victory. And after the match, JJ Dixon - with the approval of Teri Melton - took it out on Cristiano Caballero by hitting him with his Sunset Boulevard finishing move!

DDK:

Cristiano took exception to that, and in particular took exception to JJ's finisher possibly hurting his handsome features. So he has called out JJ Dixon tonight looking for revenge!

Darren Quimbey:

Now entering the ring... Cristiano Caballero!

Cristiano stands on the middle rope, gesturing to his face and body to the boos of the crowd.

The lights in the arena go out and on the DefTRON screen are The Uncut Gems - Teri Melton, "The Special Attraction" JJ Dixon and Zoltan. There is cult-sized crowd pop at their appearance.

The crowd starts chanting *Un-Cut Gems! Un-Cut Gems!* As the trio pause and bask.

Teri leads the pack. She's wearing a tiara made of sticks with violet lilies adorning them, silver dangling earrings with a violet gemstone, a glistening violet shawl over a sparking silver dress, cigarette holder in her hand. JJ is behind her and to the right, wearing his elaborate floor-length robe that's in matching violet with "JJ" in cursive over his heart in silver jewels. Behind the two of them, lurking as always, is Zoltan in his funeral parlor suit. The trio begin their walk-and-talk to the ring.

JJ Dixon:

Cristiano, I really don't have time for this. I don't have time for petty little revenge ploys. You see, I am who I say I am - Quentin Tarantino just finishing up the final edit to Reservoir Dogs, Blondie at CBGBs, Aaron Judge getting the call up from Triple A. I am right at the precipice of greatness. Just last week, I took on MV1 in one of the best matches in all of 2022 and I left with a standing ovation. But I also left with a loss. We've spent the last week breaking down that match. Because there will be a rematch. I know what I have to do to get better. Facing you, Cristiano, does not make me a better wrestler. It just wastes my energy. So tonight, I am making you the guarantee of a lifetime. You're not going to last even ONE MINUTE in the ring with yours truly tonight. Because The Special Attraction commands the spotlight... Uncut is OUR playground, and we're not sharing any toys!

Teri Melton:

Cristiano Caballero, at Tag Party IV, you got a sense of this, didn't you? You got a sense of what is happening here, didn't you? You sensed what so many in The Faithful have picked up, and that is the rise and the eventual reign of The Uncut Gems! And while we may be the outcasts and the cast-offs... We are also the dreamer of dreams! We are the music makers! We do things differently and we do them on our own terms. We gave you a chance, Mr. Caballero. But you withered once you were cast in our spotlight! So now, through nothing more than the pity we feel for you, we are giving you another shot. If you can last more than ONE MINUTE in the ring with Mr. Dixon... well, you take his place! But I have a funny feeling that won't be happening tonight. Because...

The trio stop walking as Teri pauses and smirks, waiting for the crowd to say it with her.

Teri Melton:

Teri Melton...

She leans into the camera and bends over as JJ and Zoltan stand behind her, each making the "DiamondHands"

gesture...

Teri Meton:

Is ready...

Teri's face is now directly into the camera and the crowd finishes off the catchphrase with her.

Teri Melton:

For her closeup!

JJ snaps his fingers and now there is a spotlight at ringside. Teri stands on the floor, emitting a large puff of smoke from her cigarette holder. JJ stands on the ring apron behind her, his arms out wide. Next to Teri is Zoltan. And then all three of them, in unison, make their alliance's "DiamondHands" gesture, as many fans follow and start chanting...

Uncut Gems! Uncut Gems! Uncut Gems!

DDK:

And here they are! "The Special Attraction" JJ Dixon. Zoltan. And the bewitching and beguiling mastermind of The Uncut Gems, Teri Melton! And tonight, JJ has certainly upped the stakes by stating he will beat Cristiano Caballero in under one minute or else he will give his sport to his short-lived tag partner!

Lance:

I will never quite know what to make of this trio, especially Teri. But I will say this - you don't make a pronouncement like JJ did without having extreme confidence! Now,

Darren Quimbey:

Now entering the ring, making his home in Hollywood, California... representing The Uncut Gems... This is "The Special Attraction" J!J! DIXON!!!

JJ throws his "DiamondHands" high as many fans follow suit.

DDK:

JJ is stretching the ring ropes and Teri Melton is for some reason making her way to the timekeeper's table!

Teri Melton starts to seductively walk to the table and then crawls on it, and slowly grabs his tie and runs her finger down the man's flabby chest.

Teri Melton:

Wow... you are so incredibly attractive. You're a representative of the Louisiana State Athletic Commission? Authority figures are such turn-ons.

She smiles at him and licks her lips.

Teri Melton:

I've always wanted to ring a timekeeper's bell. Could I ring your timekeeper's bell? Please? Pretty please?

DDK:

Referee Mark Shields has no idea what to make of this but he signals anyways.

Lance:

And the timekeeper has no idea what to make of this either! He's nearly trembling at the advances from Teri Melton, who slowly grabs the hammer from him!

And Teri Melton rings the bell.

Ding Ding

DDK:

Now Zoltan is on the apron distracting Shields... and Teri just snatched the hammer for the ring bell from the timekeeper! She tosses the hammer to JJ! Caballero sees JJ has the hammer and freezes! Now JJ tosses the hammer to Caballero and falls to the mat! JJ's pretending he got struck in the head!

Lance:

JJ is acting like he suffered a major concussion! Teri has told us that JJ has recently been taking acting classes at the Groundlings Theater in Los Angeles as a means to get better as a wrestler. And now we can see why!

The camera shows Teri Melton "shhh"ing the crowd as she laughs.

DDK:

Zoltan's off the apron and Shields turns around... He sees Caballero with the hammer! Shields is pointing to the hammer as JJ is rolling around like he has a fractured skull! Caballero denying he did anything wrong...And now JJ kips up behind him - Full Nelson - SUNSET BOULEVARD!

JJ coyly holds up The Uncut Gem symbol as a lot of people in the crowd cheer the act of deception. JJ then takes the hammer and nonchalantly throws it backwards over his head to Teri Melton who catches it.

DDK:

JJ with the cover!

One!

Two!

Three!

Teri counts each pinfall accordingly and times a slow step with each count until she gets back to the timekeeper's table and slowly hammers the bell while eyeing up the still stammering man.

Ding Ding Ding

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match... and in 48 seconds... "The Special Attraction" J! J! Dixon!

JJ Dixon throws his hands up in The Uncut Gem symbol as a lot in the crowd do the same as he stands with one boot on Cristiano's chest, not paying him any mind.

DDK:

Teri Melton used her seductive charms to steal the ring bell hammer from that timekeeper! It was all part of their ploy to, well, humiliate Cristiano Caballero into taking a loss in under one minute flat! And she's still working the timekeeper over!

Teri Melton:

I want a kiss!

Teri smiles wildly at him and makes her "come hither" finger.

Timekeeper:

I... I'm married! I have kids!

Teri mouths "I don't care" as she turns her cheek to him and taps it three times.

DDK:

Teri Melton is demanding that this man kiss her cheek! And the crowd wants to see it, too!

Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!

And the crowd erupts as the man gives in and plants a kiss on her cheek. She smiles and nods at him before gently shoving him in the chest, causing him to fall backwards in his chair. JJ and Zoltan are now beside her. The trio one last time do the Uncut Gem hand gesture before Teri clutches JJ's arm and they start to depart.

STRONG AF

Sweaty muscles.

Pumping iron.

Thrashing chains.

And of course...

A voiceover.

Strong AF: (V/O)

Next week... I make my DEFtv debut...

More clips continue of the man working out.

Strong AF: (V/O)

For two years, I put that time in BRAZEN. I overpowered and tossed around ANYONE that was put in front of me... and if Declan Alexander hadn't, like, totally cheated that one time at CLASH, I would have been YOUR BRAZEN Champion. But whatever. I'm here now. Eat a dick, Dec.

Archive footage of the man -- real name Allen Fosters -- racking up win after win in a number of strongman competitions. Then footage of him racking up wins in BRAZEN.

Strong AF: (V/O)

And unlike Dan Leo Dumbshit... I'm not here to let down my friends because I don't need them. I'm not here to be your buddy. You want a friend? Get a dog. I've already got my fans. I'll unite the Debs and the Chickentenders of the world when they come together to see how strong I really am.

Finally, a shadow of the man downing water from a bottle.

Strong AF:

The future of this business is going to be me carrying DEFIANCE across these boulder-like shoulders! I am Strong AF! That's not just one of the coolest wrestling names you've ever heard...

And now, a smile.

Strong AF:

It's what I am.

STRONG AF.

DEFtv 178.

DAS BUS

After DEF TV 178 Night 2

Max Luck:

We did this! You hear us! We did this! Nobody can touch us in between those ropes.

Mason Luck:

Champs coming through! Get out of our way you tiny assholes!

Pushing their way through a sea of crew and DEFIANCE Wrestling staff and security backstage, the now two-time, two time Unified Tag champions, The Lucky Sevens are bullying their way backstage with Aaron King and Tom Morrow right behind them.

Max Luck:

Where are we going anyway?

Aaron King:

My guy, just keep going! Your brain is going to pop when you see what Tommy Boy got for you!

Morrow behind him is laughing.

Tom Morrow:

We did it! We did it! And just wait until you see what I had made for you guys! I knew this was going to go off without a hitch!

Max Luck:

Of course it did! We have everyone's number, Tom! Everyone's!

The twin seven footers get even more obnoxious with a big chest bump. A couple of technicians see the twins, do an about face and then walk the other way with Mason bellowing.

Mason Luck:

That's right! How many times have we told these assholes? We have the power! We have the stroke! Acts of DEFIANCE was a once-in-a-generation fluke that won't ever be repeated! These titles belong to us! Now and forever more!

Max Luck:

Almost there?

Aaron King:

Almost there!

Finally the four men make it to the parking lot. Aaron King jumps ahead of the group and then holds his arms out like a game show host showing them what they've won.

Aaron King:

Here it is, my guys! Tommy Boy spared no expense on this knowing you were going to be the Unified Tag Team champions again!

Max's eyes are wide like a kid on Christmas morning and even the more bullish Mason looks impressed.

A sleek red and green tour bus with the Lucky Sevens' Triple 7 logo across the side in a pristine gold.

Tom Morrow:

Main Event Monsters make Main Event Money! And now they got a main event monster bus on top of it! I call it the

Triple 7 Express! We retired the old Great-Hound last year and got this sucker instead! Living room, built-in bar, kitchen, bedroom, and everything you could want! And it's all ours from now on, every show going forward when we're getting from city to city.

Mason Luck lets out a drawn-out whistle.

Mason Luck:

Damn. That's nice.

Max Luck:

That thing is slick a-f, guys. Way to go!

Mason and Max bump their fists.

Mason Luck:

Let's take it for a spin guys!

Tom Morrow:

Sweet. I'll tell Alvaro we'll swing by to get him. He ain't seen this yet!

Aaron King:

Can't wait! Time to get litty-titty!

The new champions and Aaron King walk in one by one to check out their new transportation and get the hell out of Washington DC with their Unified Tag Titles now in hand (and on shoulder!)

AARON KING vs. NICKY SYNZ

Back to the announce booth for the next match.

DDK:

The next match we have is BFTA's Aaron King about to take on Nicky Synz! We saw Aaron King play a pivotal part in helping The Lucky Sevens regain the Unified Tag Team titles and he wants to get some success in the singles realm for himself!

Lance:

Aaron King also defeated a DEFIANCE veteran, Aleczander The Great, in a dumpster match a few weeks ago. He's been looking great in the ring since he has joined up with Better Future Talent Agency. We'll see if he can keep the winning ways going or if Nicky Synz can play the spoiler!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is set for one fall! Introducing first...

♪ "Good F***king Music" by Solange (covered by Synyster Sledge) ♪

Nicky Synz, your favorite rock star and mine, emerge through the curtain to a nice positive reaction using a new theme song! Synz's long blond hair ripples in the wind as he headbangs along with his new theme song. On his way to the ring, he continues to headbang and slap the outstretched hands of some of the younger fans in attendance.

Darren Quimbey:

...From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 216 pounds... he is NICKY SYNZ!

Synz is on the apron, playing a little air guitar and rocking out, before he enters the ring. He jumps up the top rope and plays a little more guitar to the people as his theme fades out. Up next.

"BOOOOOOO!"

The boo birds are circling overhead and being as loud as they can when Tom Morrow smirks.

DDK:

I HOPE HE IS PROUD OF HIMSELF!!! THE LUCKY SEVENS SNUCK UP ON TITANES FAMILIA AND STOLE THE TAG TEAM TITLES!

Lance:

AND THIS JERK HELPED OUT!

Morrow clicks on his headset.

Tom Morrow:

Jeez ... who died?

"BOOOOOOO!"

Tom Morrow:

Oh right ... the Unified Tag Title reign of Titanes Familia did! But I don't care how much you people piss and moan! I don't do anything without a plan! Acts of DEFIANCE didn't go our way, but I'm Tom Morrow! In the rare event that things go wrong, I correct things! The titles are back where they belong and now The Lucky Sevens are on top again!

Morrow spins to face the entrance.

Tom Morrow:

Just like this man will be after tonight! Nicky Synz, your ass is going right back to the dive bar playing for beer money! The Pensacola Playboy! The Baby Faced Killer! The Pretty Dangerous ... AAARRROONNNN K-I-N-G! KING!!!

♪ "U Mad" by Vic Mensa ♪

The beats and trumpet sounds start playing and strutting out to the theme wearing blue sunglasses, a blue leather jacket and black and blue colored leather pants comes out and swishing a small whiskey glass! He takes a quick drink and hands the unfinished drink to Tom Morrow. The coat comes off. Next, the sunglasses. Then with a confident smile he jumps into the ring.

DDK:

This should be a good one.

DING DING DING!!!

King and Synz lock up with King going for a drop step and a go-behind. He lifts Nicky off his feet and he drops him on the mat with a takedown. He salutes the booing crowd with only Tom Morrow being happy to see him successful.

Lance:

The Pretty Dangerous going right for the assault here ... ooh!

King has whipped Nicky Synz into the ropes before he strikes him with a running elbow on the return. The Frontman is wiped out with King being booed by mere association with Tom Morrow.

DDK:

Aaron King not endearing himself. We thought he was bad when he was with Arthur Pleasant but this new alignment with Better Future Talent Agency ... I think this is the real deal for what Aaron King can be!

The Pensacola Playboy picks up Nicky by the neck and then puts him back into a corner. Kick after kick lands in the rib cage of Nicky and things get worse when he hits a violent irish whip across the ring. Nicky's back collides with the corner, and then King collides with Nicky's neck with a powerful lariat.

Lance:

Aaron King has turned up the intensity in a big way! He defeated Alecander The Great just like he said he would and now he's overwhelming Nicky.

DDK:

Hopefully Nicky can get some offense going somehow, but King has not given him any chances to do that.

After kissing his closed fist, he plants one between the eyes of Nicky Synz and soon he is back in the corner he started in. The fans boo King some more but he closes all of it out so he can yell in Nicky's face.

Aaron King:

K-I-N-G! KINNNNNGGG!!!

King turns back to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and yells at them to close their traps. He is back on Nicky, but Nicky surprises him with a kick to the chest. He runs at King out of the corner, but The Pretty Dangerous One drops him with a scoop power slam first!

Lance:

I thought he had him there, but no! King is just closing down Synz at every turn!

Instead of a cover, he yanks Nicky Synz up and puts him on the shoulders and rams him upside down in the corner. Synz is upside down in the tree of whoa now while he circles up the arena. King walks around and then charges with a big running spear to the ribs! Nicky falls down and collapses.

DDK:

Aaron King likes to break down that midsection to set up that elevated crab, the Pensacola Crab ... scratch that, he's going for a cover.

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

The Frontman is able to kick out, but that only makes King try harder to break him. He puts some well placed stomps to the back with feeling the pain. Nicky has been hurt when Aaron King pulls him up. Aaron puts Synz on the shoulder and then has an idea to run at the buckles, but Nicky gives him the slip. King turns around and gets hit with a drop kick from Nicky that jets him into the corner.

DDK:

Synz escapes the move and counters back with that drop kick! Can The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful lend him a win?

King gets back to his feet first and Nicky is struggling to make it vertical again so he can possibly capitalize on what he's just done. He gets back up first and with Aaron King in the corner, The Frontman charges forward and then strikes King with a springboard back elbow against the corner. Synz takes King and then pushes him outside the ring.

Lance:

Synz fighting back but where does he go next?

Synz answers that question by running right to the ropes and then zipping right through them to hit a tope suicida onto Aaron King!

DDK:

The Frontman still has some fight left in him!

Lance:

Nicky is driven by a lot of heart! Can he get a big win under his belt tonight?

Synz takes King and after he tosses him back to the ring, Nicky goes in as well. He makes a beeline right at King with a rushing elbow in the corner and rolls back out of the corner. Nicky gets to his feet and then hits the spear that completes the Double Platinum combo!

DDK:

There's Double Platinum! Tom Morrow can't believe it!

King is shook from the attacks and Nicky follows with one more with a jumping face buster out of the corner! King is down! Synz jumps over to make the pin!

One ...

Two ...

No!!!

DDK:

King kicks out, but Synz has him on his back still!

He kicks King once in the chest and then goes for the apron. Morrow watches Nicky Synz jump up for the Flying V, but when he makes the jump the knees of King come up and he can't readjust! He bounces off King's knees!

DDK:

Oh, no! King blocks the spring board senton with the knees! He is hurt!

Lance:

And now he's got him!

Aaron King gets up and quickly puts Nicky Synz in his grasp. The Pensacola Playboy hits a uranage back breaker!

DDK:

Oooh! Right after the knees up, the Party Down! And now ...

King follows right up by hooking the legs of Nicky Synz and turns him over into the Pensacola Crab! He cranks back!

Lance:

He has the Pensacola Crab locked in! That's hooked in tight!

Synz tries to move, but too much weight is down on his his back! Synz has the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful urging him to fight ... but he can't! The damage to his back is too much! He taps out!

DING DING DING!!!

♪ "U Mad" by Vic Mensa ♪

Instead of letting go right away, King is pulling back further on the hold until the referee yells at him to let go. The Pretty Dangerous lets go and lets him fall to the mat. Before Darren Quimbey can tell the fans who won, Tom Morrow's head set is on first.

Tom Morrow:

He's mine, Darren! MINE!!! The winner as I correctly predicted ... AARON K-I-N-G! KING!!!

Aaron King gets his jacket back and then takes a drink to finish off the whiskey he brought to the ring. After a side hug and a kiss to Morrow's forehead, King celebrates the win cause now he can get back to the party.

DDK:

Aaron King racks up another victory. He's been very impressive in recent showings and with success like that, title shots should be coming his way soon!

Lance:

I agree! He's got ... hey!

King heads to the back but then he grabs Lance's head set.

Aaron King:

K-I-N-G!!! KING!!!

He throws Lance's head set back in his lap and then takes off with Morrow laughing behind him.

Lance:

Woof. I could smell the whiskey breath.

DDK:

Be that as it may... thanks for joining us, folks! We will see you next week for DEFtv 178! A HUGE battle royal to crown our next contenders for BOTH the Southern Heritage Championship AND the FIST of DEFIANCE opened to the younger generation of DEFIANTS! Those who have never held the FIST or SOHER will have the opportunity of a lifetime! That and so much more!

The show ends with Aaron King and Tom Morrow posing on the ramp, much like he got to do with The Lucky Sevens, now with another member of BFTA.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.