

SHOW OPEN

[*♪ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♪*](#)

Düsseldorf, Germany welcomes back DEFIANCE as the Mitsubishi Electric Halle is hyped for DEFTv 195 Night TWO! Pyro explodes from the top of the rampway as the camera reveals there's a giant FIST logo to walk out from colored in the German flag.

Signs and excitement, as always, are everywhere!

JANE KATZE = HEADSCISSOR ME PLZ
DEFIANCE IS FOR EVERYONE!
I'D PAY 100K TO SEE TOM MORROW GET MAIMED
OKAY WE LIKE THE GEMS AGAIN
MADAME MELTON = HEADSCISSOR ME PLZ
GERMAN WORDS
NOT-SO-LOVELY SUZIE = SELL ME LOTTO TIX PLZ

To the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:
Hello and welcome to night two! We've got another great show.

Lance:
We do!

DDK:
FIST of DEFIANCE on the line as Dex Joy defends against Scott Hunter.

Lance:
Rain City Ronin against The Rainbow Reapers!

DDK:

M4NTRA in action!

Lance:

Jack Harmen against Ned Reform!

DDK:

Uriel Cortez defends the FS Title against TA Cole!

Lance:

And the opener...

EDWARD WHITE vs. LONNIE STONE

♪ "Desperado" by Me First and the Gimme Gimmes ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first ... from Caliente, Nevada ... he weighs in at one-hundred fifty-nine pounds ... LONNNNNIIIIIIII STONNNNNNNEEEEE!!!

Zippering through the curtains, Lonnie Stone doesn't wait too long for his entrance music to play. He points at the ring with two fingers then charges at the ring like there's no tomorrow. He jumps and slides right under the bottom rope. Wearing some new long silver tights and boots, he's keeping things simple tonight as he prepares for what will be his DEF TV debut!

DDK:

Lonnie Stone has been on Uncut on two prior occasions. He defeated Thomas Slaine for his contract to DEFIANCE Wrestling, then ran into an angry brick wall called Max Luck.

Lance:

In those two appearances, he's given up size, but he's not shown any fear. He comes from the Winston Luck Sin City Gym that also spawned The Lucky Sevens. Just by that training, he knows how to fight!

Lonnie Stone jumps to the middle turnbuckle on one side of the ring to throw up both hands, then speeds over to the opposite side to do the same. Li'l Lon gets ready for the giant task presented to him as the first opponent of Edward White in DEFIANCE in many years.

Lance:

Folks- if you're someone who's become a fan of young Lonnie here since his debut here in DEF- you all should probably skip this next one.

DDK:

Edward White isn't the biggest, he isn't the strongest- but he is one of the most ruthless, low down and dirty competitors to ever set boot to canvas.

Lance:

No low too low, no trick to underhanded for The Socialite, Keeps.

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

Even the Defiant Faithful all the way over here in Düsseldorf have already had their fill-

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen- the following competitor has asked me to refrain from any and all crowd pandering in the form of any word or phrase spoken in the native German language, as he's and I quote *"heard just about enough of that guttural nonsense for one lifetime, thank you"*-

Ed has managed to piss everyone off before he's even shown his face-

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in tonight at a ripped and ready 231 pounds of lean muscle- originally from Louisville, Kentucky and now residing in his beautiful plantation home outside New Orleans, Louisiana- THE FINANCIAL BACKBONE OF DEFIANCE- THE PLATINUM FOX- THE MULTI MILLIONAIRES MILLIONAIRE- THE ASPIRATION OF A NATION- Ladies and gentleman, Faithful, for the first time in eight years ready to put fine leather boots to canvas- HERE HE IS, THE SOCIALITE! EDWAAAAAARD WHITE!

"Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" seems to swell as Edward White steps out from behind the curtain flanked as always by the seven plus foot former mob enforcer turned bodyguard, the Judge, Nicky Corozzo and the leggy accountant slash personal assistant slash jiu jitsu practitioner Jane Katze. Ed's black boots shine under the lights. White trousers, black belt, wrists and fingers taped with black athletic tape.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Socialite stops at the top of the ramp, Jane and Nicky a few paces ahead. They both stop, turn and applaud their boss as he takes in the absolutely uproarious reaction from the fans here in Düsseldorf, Germany. As he does a breathtaking downpour of golden fireworks start falling down across the stage like rain-

Lance:

Pennies from heaven, Keebs!

As the fireworks display concludes, Ed and company finally start towards the ring.

Ed White isn't done, he has a few more gimmicks up his sleeve-

Paper starts fluttering down from the rafters of the arena- green paper.

DDK:

Wait- is that- MONEY?

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Not fake money- not funny money with Ed's face on the front-

We cut over to the announce desk where we see tens, twenties, fifties, even one hundred American dollar bills fluttering down around the announce teams heads. Lance Warner's eyes grow wide with greed-

Lance:

OH MY GOD! It's actual American currency falling from the rafters, Darren! MOVE!

DDK:

HEY! Would you watch it!

Darren Keebler is almost shoved out of his chair by his own broadcast partner as Lance sprawls across the desk trying to grab as much money as he can possibly shove into his pockets. Even young Lonnie Stone is caught looking around and snatching a few bills from the air and shoving them into his tights when he thought nobody was looking. As Ed matches up the steps he's handed a microphone- the jeers and boos he was receiving when he entered have become decidedly mixed as the crowd all viscerally cheer for the pocketfuls of free cash.

Ed White:

DID YA' HEAR THAT?! Did ya' witness how damned easy it is- PICK IT UP! SCOOP IT UP YA' ANIMALS! Greatest currency from the greatest country on God's green Earth! You boo me but like I said to Dexy's fat little face when we had our little face to face- you all ACHE TO BE ME! You hate me for the things I do, you loathe me for how ruthless, how HEARTLESS ol' Ed can be but at the end of the day all it takes is a few hundred thousand dollars tossed to the four winds over your poor little heads and you become whooping animals climbing all over one another to scoop up MY MONEY into your pockets! My filthy, ruthlessly earned money- HYPOCRITES!

Lance:

Well- now I feel bad. Sorry Darren-

DDK:

You spilled my water-

The Socialite blind tosses the microphone to ringside without a care, a deft stagehand manages to catch it before it hits the ground.

Lonnie Stone hops off the turnbuckle upon which he was perched through all that- and marches right up to Edward White. Ignoring Nicky and Jane's presence completely, the diminutive grappler gets chest to chest with The Socialite. Both of his henchpeople look like their about to jump into action but Ed places a hand calmly on both their shoulders-

DDK:

Oh my!

Lance:

Mr. Stone's GOT some Stone's, Keeps!

We see Ed mouth "it's ok" as he motions for both Nicky and Jane to take their places at ringside. As they acquiesce Lonnie continues to mean mug The Socialite. Ed, unbothered chest bumps the much smaller wrestler back a few steps, poses and flexes at his staggered opponent-

DDK:

Ladies and gentleman, let it be said Edward White has never traditionally sported what one would call a ripped bod. In fact his physique was often referred to as a "dad-like"-

Lance:

A few years shy of a decade in prison does a body good, Darren.

DDK:

He's never been very specific with his age- we gathered he was older back during his first run. So if those gray streaks are any indication, Ed is up there with the likes of Jack Harmen and Bronson Box in age-

Referee Mark Shields scrambles into the ring and immediately shakes Ed White's hand with the same reverence devout catholics save for the day they're lucky enough to meet the pope.

DDK:

Oh, would you- come on!

Lance:

It's not a bribe if it fell from the ceiling, Darren! Mark stays in a state of perpetual brokenness on account of all the gambling, so he's probably over the moon for some free sky money.

DDK:

Oh for the love of-

Mark Shields calls for the bell. Even his eyes join Jane, Nicky and Ed in making Lonnie feel as though the sharks are circling. Katze and Corozzo each take a different side of the ring- Ed claps referee Mark Shields on the back with a wide smile before starting to finally circle young Lonnie Stone. As Darren and Lance discuss the fully expected, but still no less sickeningly stacked deck here tonight Ed and Lonnie lock up-

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

To Ed, the announcers and the Faithful alike, all surprised at the lithe Lonnie Stone's agility as he uses Ed's own arms as leverage to drop down and zip between The Socialite's legs, spring up behind him, ricochet off the second rope to seemingly repeat the process several times in several different variations- all while staying just one half step ahead of Ed who begins to get red in the face after a few minutes of this game of cat and mouse with his seemingly nitro fueled opponent.

Lance:

Is Ed red in the face out of embarrassment or are we seeing evidence of "all show and no go" when it comes to all those fancy new muscles of his?

DDK:

Yes!

With Ed winded and off his game slightly Lonnie starts peppering The Socialite with lightning quick kicks to White's shins and calves, trying desperately to chop the bigger grappler down to size. The crowd is on their feet cheering him on as Lonnie manages to *almost* get Ed to one knee when, expectedly-

DDK:

Oh come on now, really?!

Jane Katze is on the apron and has referee Mark Shields' attention instantly. In the same breath all seven foot plus of the Judge, Nicky Corozzo is in the ring far quicker than a man his size should be able to move and lariats poor Lonnie out of his proverbial boots. The duration and degree with which Mark Shields is distracted, considering the gang beating what's happening behind him would be almost comical if the beating to poor Lonnie wasn't so brutal-

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Never one for anything fancy or overly complicated, Nicky Corozzo drops down to one knee and uses his immense size to just rain down brutal, sloppy forearms across the side of Lonnie's poor head. Just rattling the much smaller mans head in a way that would send a normal person off the street to the hospital. As this egregious display of villainy plays out at the hands of his hench people, Ed produces a cigar and a small box of matches from the back pocket of his pants-

Lance:

Is- is he lighting a cigar? In the middle of a match?

DDK:

You don't think he's going to repeat- not to this poor kid Ed, come on! What's the point!

The Socialite rolls the cigar around as he inhales, the tip glowing bright orange- Nicky drags the now bleeding Lonnie Stone over to where Ed is luxuriating with his stogie. Things are looking about as grim as they possibly could be when all of a sudden young Lonnie defies the odds yet again-

AARRRGGGH!

Nicky Corozzo screams as the cigar gets accidentally shoved right between his eyes thanks to Lonnie reaching up and yanking the big man's head down as hard as he could manage- shifting Nicky's weight just enough to cause the painful distraction. Stone uses the big man as leverage to reach up and pop Ed ass over teakettle back into the ring with a lightning quick hurricanrana. Nicky ends up blindly stumbling through the ropes to ringside- Lonnie takes him out of the equation for good as he gets a running start off the ropes and with a flying leap-

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

THE LONN DART! LONNIE STONE WIPES OUT BIG NICKY COROZZO!

Lonnie pops to his feet almost super humanly after the wild springboard rolling senton that clobbered the giant seven foot two inch bodyguard of Ed White. Speaking of Ed- he's currently taking his frustrations out on stupid Mark Shields, grabbing the utterly corrupt referee by his collar rhetorically asking if he knows how to "do his blasted job"- if Ed has kept his eyes on the prize he'd have noticed Lonnie scaling the turnbuckle behind him-

Lance:

FLYING BULLDOG OFF THE TOP ROPE! ED WHITE IS DOWN!

DDK:

DO IT KID! PIN THE BASTARD AND MAKE YOURSELF FAMOUS!

ONE!

...

...

...

TWO!

...

...

...

DDK:

TH- NO! KICK OUT BY ED WHITE!

Lance:

Good grief, Keeps! What a showing by young Lonnie Stone!

The flippant look we've seen on Edward White's bearded face up to this point is gone- as he rolls to one knee his narrowed eyes spark volumes about where his head is at after that nearfall. This was set up to be a cakewalk, a pantomime of a match to make clear to the world nobody can touch Ed White- but tonight young Lonnie Stone has done just that- and he's going to pay.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

COCKPUNCH! God help me I can't believe I have to call that move again-

Still on one knee, Lonnie stands, turns and WHAM The Socialite literally just punches the poor boy in the dick and balls. He immediately follows that up with a crisp Hangman's Neckbreaker-

Lance:

Trickle Down Theory! We're getting an Ed White highlight reel, Darren!

The Socialite reaches down and drags Lonnie to his feet via a fistfull of hair-

WHAM!

DDK:

Laissez-faire Headbutt sends poor Lonnie Stone sprawling!

The already busted open head of Lonnie Stone leaves a grizzly splat of blood on Edward's unblemished forehead. The Socialite effortlessly heaves the smaller wrestler up to his shoulders- in doing so every single fan in attendance is on their feet, those in the know know what's coming next-

DDK:

STOCK! MARKET! DROP!

The Death Valley Driver is simple, but executed expertly for extreme brutality. The Socialite folds poor Lonnie Stone in half with his classic finishing maneuver, simply draping an arm casually over the backs of Stone's legs for the textbook three count from Mark Shields-

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

Ladies and- hey, watch it lady!

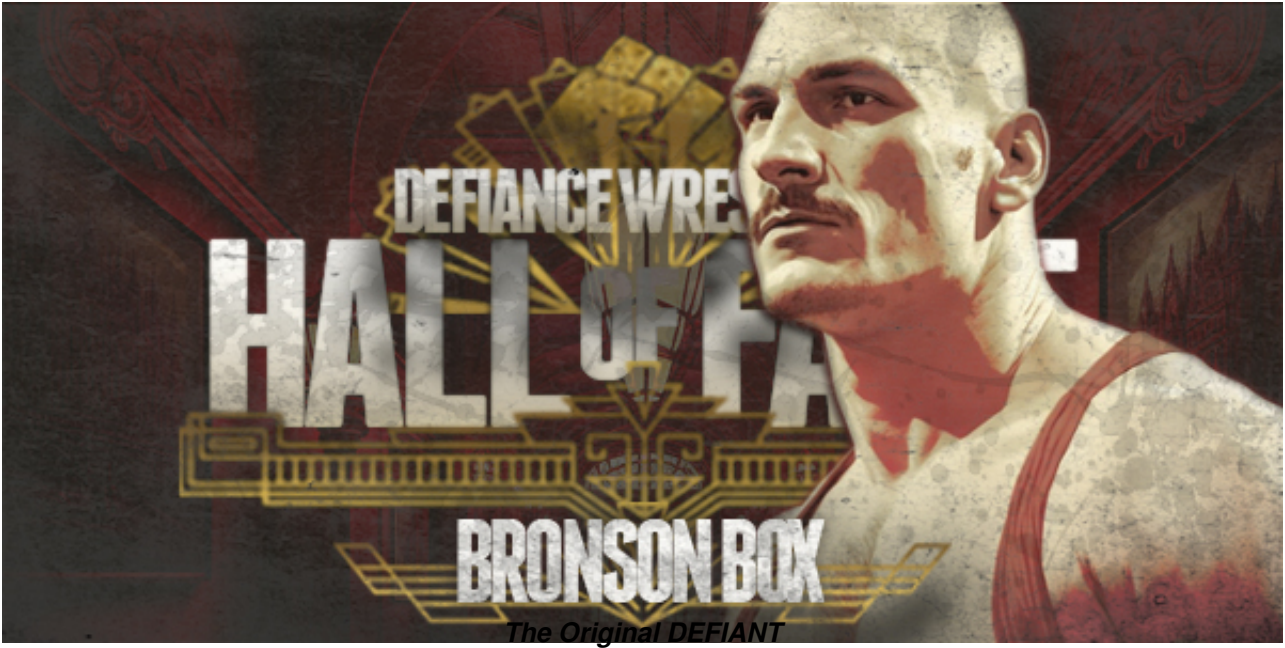
Jane Katze:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN YOUR WINNER- THE FIRST OF MANY WINS, MIND YOU- YOUR NEXT FIST OF DEFIANCE! The *ONLY* champ- THE SOCIALITE! EDWARD WHITE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

"Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" can barely be heard over the din of the DEFIANCE Faithful here in Düsseldorf make their voices heard. Jane and Nicky join Ed in the ring as he gets his hand raised by Mark Shields much to everyone in attendance's chagrin.

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX



MIL AND BUTCH TALK TURKEY, BUT IT'S TIGERS

Earlier This Afternoon

The three words appear in the lower left-hand corner of the screen and focuses on Butcher Victorious in a plain white tee (Hey, Delilah) with "VV Trainee" written in Sharpie on the front and torn blue jeans. He's standing in an unmarked room with a massive cage - emptied - and looking pretty dejected at his current circumstances.

Butcher Victorious: *[depressed]*

I can't believe Butch Vic... has to clean tiger shit...

He sighs to himself and then tries to scoop something that we don't see on the actual camera... but since Butcher has already spoiled that little secret...

Butcher Victorious:

This blows goats. No Favoured Saints Title. No Vae Victis membership. No stick...

He is talking into his fist, but since he had The Stick™ taken away as well, he shakes his head and goes back to sweeping something.

KNOCK KNOCK

Banging is heard from the other side of the door.

Butcher Victorious:

Sorry, Henry! I'll clean faster, I'll clean faster! I can't get stuck in here with Helen... again...

He visibly shudders and then turns around, but the person he's expecting to see isn't Henry Keyes or any Vae Victis member.

Instead, it's Mil Vueltas and Thomas Keeling standing in the doorway, shocked by what they've seen. Thomas gives a once-over of Helen's quarters and looks genuinely surprised.

Thomas Keeling:

How'd he even GET that tiger through Customs?

Mil shrugs and has no answer for him, but The Man of a Thousand Flips has a reason for being here.

Mil Vueltas:

Butcher?

The (former?) Vae Victis member points a finger at the luchador.

Butcher Victorious:

YOU! YOU DID THIS TO ME!

He tugs at his shirt.

Butcher Victorious:

I GOT DEMOTED BECAUSE YOU STUCK YOUR FLIPPY ASS WHERE IT DIDN'T BELONG! I WAS **THIS CLOSE** TO BEING SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION! I WOULD HAVE HAD OSCAR'S RESPECT! ME AND HENRY KEYES WOULD HAVE SHARED THE SOHER AND BE BELT BUDDIES AGAIN! AND LINDSAY TROY WOULD HAVE SEEN ME ALL GROWN UP AS A FULL VAE VICTIS MEMBER! WE WERE ALL GONNA BE HAPPY TOGETHER...

Mil and Thomas Keeling stare at him uncomfortably.

Butcher Victorious:

...AS A STABLE, YOU PERVS!

Vueltas tries to move past whatever Butcher is talking about.

Mil Vueltas:

Amigo, you did this to yourself! You jump through hoops for these egomaniacs! You're the reason Oscar beat me last week on UNCUT and...

Mil points to the cage that Butcher is cleaning.

Mil Vueltas:

THIS how they repay you?

Butcher Victorious:

You don't know anything that doesn't have to do with a flip!

Mil Vueltas:

I know Oscar can barely get by anymore in big matches without your help. Why you do this? Why you cleaning tiger crap out of a cage?

Butcher turns to Thomas.

Thomas Keeling:

Young man... what Mil is trying to ask is why are you subjecting yourself to this drivel? You're a wrestler, not a zookeeper!

The Texan shakes his head at both Mil and Keeling.

Butcher Victorious:

Don't pretend either of you care! Neither of you cared! I bet neither of you even knew who the hell I was before Vae Victis! Nobody did! You want to know why I'm doing this...?

He shakes the broom frantically in the air.

Butcher Victorious:

Oscar Burns! The guy who is among the first people you think of when you talk DEFIANCE! He's the reason I'm doing this! He gave me a chance when nobody else did! He gave me the confidence to wrestle! He gave me the chance to be a CHAMPION in this company!

Thomas Keeling:

...The same Oscar Burns LEFT YOU high and dry after you helped him win last week? THAT Oscar Burns? I was there, kid... Mil kicked you over for trying to get in his business.

Mil nods.

Mil Vueltas:

Yeah... I kick you in the head. But Oscar left you. Didn't check on you. He and Vae Victis only care about you picking up after them! But if you want to keep being errand boy...

The Man of a Thousand Flips looks up at Butcher!

Mil Vueltas:

Tell "DEFIANCE" that I want rematch!

Mil gestures at Thomas and the two of them leave the room while Butcher shakes his head.

Butcher Victorious: *[muttering]*

Tell DEFIANCE yourself...

He steps over... and a nasty squelch is under his foot. Butch Vic looks down.

Butcher Victorious:

No, no, no, no, not again! Butch Vic... stepped in it!

FAVORED SAINTS: URIEL CORTEZ (C) vs. TA COLE

DDK:

What a match that we're gonna have next for the Favoured Saints Championship! The defending champion Uriel Cortez is officially at the halfway point with two successful defenses. Two more will earn him the shot he wants for the Southern Heritage Championship, but to do so, he's going to have to go through a hungry TA Cole!

Lance:

On UNCUT 150, we saw TA Cole take one of DEFIANCE's top stars, Conor Fuse, to the limit. Meanwhile, Cortez has defeated Eric Dane Jr. in a very one-sided affair for his first defense, then used questionable tactics to defeat one-third of the Unified Tag Team Champions, Klein! It looked like incidental contact to Klein's eye, but Cortez didn't seem that bothered after he won.

DDK:

Nobody knows where Uriel Cortez's head at these days, but he's not taking things easy. He's demanded competition and tonight, he gets it in the form of the 265-pound TA Cole!

♪ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♪

The arena lights turn purple as the rock version of the classic Beethoven jam begins. TA Cole, looking intense in a purple and white singlet, walks through the curtain.

Lance:

Remember that two weeks ago, Weighted Grade defeated Titanes Familia members Titaness and Dan Leo James to retain the BRAZEN Tag Team Titles. Tonight, Cortez is fighting for Titanes Familia's honor while Cole wants to make things two for two in title matches with The Honor Society!

Levi methodically makes his way down the ramp, not paying attention to any of the German Faithful who are likely experiencing a DEFIANCE event for the very first time. He climbs inside the ring and sheds his Letterman Jacket. He looks up at the entrance, awaiting the arrival of the big man.

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

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

DDK:

What do you make of Uriel Cortez's recent actions, Lance? He has made a bold claim that he's going to make examples out of anyone looking to mess with him or Titanes Familia, but he wasn't anywhere to be found when The Most Precious Gems attacked Titaness and Dan Leo James!

Lance:

I really don't know. I asked around and the rumor I heard was that Uriel was dealing some sort of matter away from the arena when the attack happened, but not much more than that. He's been in a zone, that's for sure.

When Uriel reaches the ring, he steps up to the ring apron and then pulls himself upwards before stepping over the ropes. He comes face to face with TA Cole and holds up the title. Cortez backs off as the Düsseldorf Faithful cheer for the match to begin with special in-ring introductions for the match!

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is scheduled for one fall and it is for the FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP!

The graphic for the white-strapped championship is flashed on screen for all to see.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first in the corner to my left, the challenger... representing The Honor Society, he hails from Omaha, Nebraska, weighing in at 265 pounds... he is **T! A! COLE!**

Cole remains stoic and looks ahead at the big man, showing no fear of the giant. He has one goal and that's to continue the massive wave of momentum The Honor Society is on, following he and Ned Reform defeating Hall of Famer Bronson Box and former FIST Gage Blackwood at Acts of DEFIANCE!

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, in the corner to my right... representing Titanes Familia, he hails from The City of Industry, California... standing at SEVEN-FOOT TWO and weighing 339 pounds... **"THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

The champion not only holds the title up, he almost **SHOVES** it in the face of TA Cole before the official has to break things up.

Uriel Cortez:

I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN WHAT YOU AND NED DID TO ME AND MY WIFE! YOU'RE A DEAD MAN, COLE!

DDK:

Last year, it was Titanes Familia chasing after Ned Reform and TA Cole when Reform was in possession of the Favoured Saints Title! And things could come full circle if TA Cole defeats the giant tonight!

Cortez goes back to his corner and then gives the title up to the official. Rex Knox raises the title, then the bell rings...

DING DING

Right at the bell, Cortez charges right towards TA Cole, but the powerful Nebraskan ducks under the oncoming clothesline! The Titan of Industry turns and gets struck with a big elbow from Cole! He fires off a few more shots and then tries a kick to the leg to stop the big man!

Lance:

Cortez tried to charge in blind, but that tutelage under Ned Reform seems to be helping Cole tonight! He knew it was coming!

Cole tries a whip on Cortez, but he's in the rare position of fighting an opponent with more size to them! He counters and throws Cole into the corner first! He charges full speed ahead and then collides with Cole via a running back elbow in the corner! Cole gets rocked when Uriel turns around and holds a hand out...

THWACK!**DDK:**

OOH! All business by Cortez! And Cole just got the business end of one of Uriel Cortez's chops!

The challenger stumbles away from the corner and tries to hide in an opposite corner, but Papa Tez continues to smother Cole. He runs and hits another big jaw-rocking running back elbow that crushes Cole! The Nebraskan is left teetering when Cortez grabs his hand again...

THWACK!

...and the second chop has more mustard on it than the first! The crowd collectively groans on behalf of TA Cole, who is now trying to get some separation between himself and the angered giant.

DDK:

TA Cole is no small man by any means, but Cortez is just all over him with these attacks! Now the second-in-

command of Honor Society is doing his best to try and get away!

When he's in a corner, Cortez tries to pull TA Cole out, but Cole is hanging on tightly to the top turnbuckles! Cortez finally RIPS him out of the corner! The turnbuckle pad isn't all the way off, but it is ajar when Rex Knox tries to fix it quickly. As this goes on, there's a murmuring in the crowd...

Stepping out from the shadows in the crowd...

DDK:

LOOK! IT'S CORVO ALPHA!

The Southern Heritage Champion - the monstrous Corvo Alpha - watches on with title draped over his shoulder and a snarl. Uriel looks out to the champion briefly...

Lance:

Focus on the ring, Uriel!

But when he turns around, Cole rakes the eyes of Uriel!

Lance:

Cortez almost took the entire turnbuckle with him trying to get Cole out of that corner! No! Cole raked the eyes while Rex Knox was distracted!

DDK:

No question unlike what happened when Cortez defended against Klein!

Corvo quickly retreats to the backstage area. Meanwhile in the ring, the rake of the eyes allows Cole to go low and take the left leg out from under Cortez with a huge chop block! He falls to a knee when Cole gets up and uses that former athletic background to hit the ropes and FLOORS Cortez with a huge tackle that brings the angry giant to the canvas!

DDK:

What a takedown! TA Cole smartly goes after the leg, then uses his power to bring Cortez off his feet!

With Cortez down near a corner, The Nebraskan heads to the nearby middle turnbuckle. He eggs on The Tall-Father to try and stand, but when he does the TA flies off the second rope and connects with a huge flying bulldog that plants Uriel on the mat!

DDK:

TA Cole with that flying bulldog! Are we gonna see a new champion? Lateral press!

ONE!

TWO... NO!

Cortez powers out quickly, but Cole is not deterred one bit in his quest for bringing more gold to The Honor Society! Cole quickly goes into a Gator Roll by hooking the head and neck of the giant to try and ground him!

Lance:

Look at TA Cole! Going back to what brought him to the dance with that amateur-style Gator Roll! He's got it locked in tight!

He CRANKS on the head and neck of Uriel Cortez with tremendous force and does his best to keep The Titan of Industry grounded on the mat. Uriel tries to fight out, but has a hard time doing so against a man weighing 265 pounds latching on quickly. He has a hand up in the air, trying his best to get up while Rex Knox is checking for any signs of a

tapout.

DDK:

Great job by Cole... but Uriel not giving up!

Even with the strength of TA Cole keeping him down, Cortez manages to fight to his knees and throws a few right hands into the chest of the Nebraska native to try and get him to finally let go. Cole tries to tighten his grip, but with a last surge of strength, Cole gets **SHOVED** away! He remains on his feet, but when he charges back to Cortez, he fires back...

THWACK!

...and knocks Cole off his feet with the Chop of Ages!

DDK:

GOODNESS! The Chop of Ages MAX connects, but that Gator Roll took something out of the big man!

Cortez is on a knee, grasping onto his neck while TA Cole's chest is looking mighty red right now from the chops he has taken in this contest. He knows that he's been in a fight, but he still gets up and then tries to catch Cortez with a right hand, but the Favoured Saints Champion blocks and then **SMACKS** him down with a huge short-arm clothesline! He hangs onto the same arm of TA Cole and then **WALLOPS** him with a second short-arm clothesline. Cortez yanks him up again and then scoops him up, then holds him there before **DUMPING** him on the mat with a powerful delayed body slam!

Lance:

Now we're seeing the Favoured Saints Champion fight back! Cole is giving him a lot at the moment, but Cortez fighting back!

Cortez shouts at Cole to get back to his feet, then whips him to the corner after he does. He connects with a body avalanche in the corner, then charges off the far ropes to hit a running shoulder block that knocks the challenger over! Cortez holds out a hand and gets ready to finish things off!

DDK:

Here comes the Chop of Ages MAX! He's trying to chop TA Cole down to size, both figuratively AND literally!

Once he has Cole in his sights, he charges for the final chop... but Cole sees it coming and ducks! He sneaks behind Cortez and pushes him into the ropes. When he comes back, the crowd is **SHOCKED** when TA Cole is able to get the massive man off his feet with a **HUGE** German Suplex that rocks the ring!

Lance:

NO WAY! NO WAY! COLE WITH THE GERMAN SUPLEX ON URIEL CORTEZ!

Not only that, but Cole is hanging on to the waist of the big man! Cole tries to negotiate Cortez up and the Favoured Saints Champion tries to fight... but he catches a second German Suplex in a row and bounces across the mat! Cole lets go, but not for long as he pulls the straps down while a wobbling Cortez tries to get back up. He gets ready for a third one and has his arms out, but instead of a third German Suplex, he catches the champion by the waist and delivers a **RING-SHAKING** side belly-to-belly suplex!

DDK:

THREE SUPLEXES IN A ROW BY COLE! COVER!

Cole hooks a leg tightly!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Cole is shocked the battering suplexes have not stopped Cortez! He looks down at Rex Knox, holding up two fingers in return.

Lance:

That might have been it! I thought TA Cole was going to bring more gold to The Honor Society with those suplexes!

DDK:

Cole's not done... no way! I think he's gonna try another one?!

The Dusseldorf Faithful watch in shock as TA Cole grabs a groggy Uriel by the neck and then teases the GPA Brainbuster! He hooks the head of Cortez and tries to suplex the big man up, but Cortez counters and shoves him away, almost making contact with Rex Knox! Cole stops himself so as not to be disqualified!

DDK:

No! Uriel Cortez almost pushed Cole away and he almost flattened Rex Knox in the corner!

Lance:

Wait... what's Cortez doing?!

But quickly, Cortez reaches out near the corner and RIPS the previously ajar turnbuckle pad off before throwing it outside the ring! Cole doesn't see any of this, only the groggy Favoured Saints Champion hunched over in the corner. Cole charges, but Cortez moves and sends Cole chest-first into the exposed steel!

DDK:

Hey! What did Uriel Cortez just do?!

Cole has the wind knocked out of him by hitting the exposed metal corner, then frees up Uriel to swing for the fences, FLOORING him with the Chop of Ages MAX! Corte

DDK:

Cortez exposed that turnbuckle! Chop of Ages MAX! Cover!

Knox hasn't seen anything as Cortez hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

The reaction for Cortez seems to be a little more mixed than two weeks ago as the giant sits up and gets handed the Favoured Saints Championship.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Rex Knox notices the padding exposed, then looks at Cortez about it, but the giant shrugs and has no idea what

happened.

Lance:

Look... I understand that Titanes Familia and The Honor Society did have a very heated issue before with the Favoured Saints Title when Ned Reform was the champion, but was that turnbuckle necessary?!

DDK:

You can look at it as fighting fire with fire, but there's more going on here. Corvo Alpha caught Uriel's attention for a while and it appears these monsters want this battle to happen!

Cortez takes the title and then holds it up before leaving the ring, once again not even showing any concern for his opponent. Cole holds his chest in pain, then when he sees the exposed turnbuckle, he points at it and growls at Rex Knox, but since he hadn't seen anything the referee's decision is final.

DDK:

Any way you look at it... three defense successful with just one more to go. And if I'm Corvo Alpha, I'm holding that title close seeing the mood that Uriel Cortez has been in.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



READY TO

On a sound stage earlier today, we see a large waving DEFIANCE FIST flag, and at the very edges of the frame, a slow flame begins to engulf it. Stepping in front of the burning flag is none other than the Neighborhood Lunatic, Jack Harmen. Harmen removes his snowball shades and cocks his head to the side.

Jack Harmen:

By the time you listen to this message... you will know that later tonight, I take on Ned Reform in my first match on DEFtv in over a year. See, Ned deserves my full attention, so I've recorded this little message for Tyler Fuse earlier in the week to accommodate both douchnozzles. So, I address Tyler Fuse... the man who wants to write the last chapter of my 30 year career. The man who wants to pen the epilogue to 30 years of Madness. Tyler Fuse, the Fuse brother no one can remember exists... wants to be the one to end MY career?

Harmen leans forward.

Jack Harmen:

Ha! I say, even twice! HA HA. HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HAAAAAA...

Harmen trails off just like his Ozzy Osbourne theme song. By now the flames are continuing their slow ascent, about halfway up the tapestry by now.

Jack Harmen:

Better men than you have tried, smarter men, stronger men, people with more talent in their pinky than your entire body have tried to end my career, but it hasn't happened yet, and I ain't ever stoppin'. I ain't quittin'. I made a resolution to myself. I die in the ring. Like father like son. So, you want to end my career Tyler? You're gonna have to end my life. Cause until my very last breath, I will fight people like you, the scourge of this industry, leeches just taking the money, calling everyone MARK and NOT GIVING A DICKALL back to this business. I will fight for the fans, THESE fans, the FAITHFUL, because their spirit runs through me like gasoline. And every time I hear that laugh from Ozzy as I part the entrance curtain, that's the spark that ignites me into a rocket, sends me into a wild frenzy, ready to tear the head off of whoever stands in my way. This week, it's Ned Reform. At DEFRoad... it'll be Tyler Fuse finally. I'll accept your nonsense, even though the website already booked it. They knew I'd say yes. And now, after everything you've done Tyler... you know now that you can't destroy someone else's love for pro wrestling. I am ready to DIE for this sport.

As the flames flicker and the last of the FIST flag is burnt to a crisp, ashes fall behind Harmen.

Jack Harmen:

Are you ready to kill for it?

Harmen tosses his head back in a cackle and wanders off frame.

ON STRIKE

In Düsseldorf Germany, we find ourselves in a fine dining establishment, where you can feel the refined taste and elegance as soon as the scene opens. The dining area is decorated meticulously to cater to the class of people who patronize establishments like this one. From the white tablecloths on each table, to the crystal stemware beside each plate, every single detail has been chosen and crafted to showcase a fine German dining experience... with a twist.

Candles nestled inside their crystal centerpieces provide a warm glow across the restaurant. As the menu is perused by guests, the waitstaff move busily, refilling drinks and delivering dishes that would have Gordon Ramsay jealous.

On the far end, the large oak door that serves as the entrance opens slowly and in walks a very tall, handsome, and shadowy figure. As the camera gets closer we can see that he holds a box in his arms. From behind him, comes another man who looks around the restaurant with the agape'd mouth of a teenager going to Prom. Suspiciously he eyes the patrons one by one, lowering his shades to more clearly look for someone.

The D:

So, is this the place? This... doesn't seem like a place you'd get invited to.

Klein:

You don't know everything about me D.

Klein playfully slaps the D in the chest. The D deadpans.

The D:

You don't know who invited us either, do you.

Klein just looks at the D and doesn't answer. He puts his box back on his head, and the two turn back to gawk. The Maitre D approaches the pair and invites them in.

Maitre D:

Ah, hello Herr Klein, and Herr D, we have been expecting you.

The D:

I assure you, I'm shaved.

Maitre D:

I was told we would recognize you right away, and how could we not? You two gentlemen look outstanding this evening. If you'll accompany me, we have your table ready.

The D leads the way, as the Maitre D waits for Klein to pass. Klein takes a moment and gawks at the Maitre D. He reaches out and feels his suit.

Klein:

Yes, thank you. Your costume looks so real.

The Maitre D doesn't respond, but simply follows the D and directs them down a hallway and through a door. All three men find themselves in a private room. From the other side of the long table comes a quick clasp of the hands and a shout of excitement.

OSV:

GENTLEMEN! HOW ARE WE DOING!?

The camera pans towards the sound of the voice, but doesn't have to wait long as the person is already moving to greet the pair of wrestlers.

Mikey Unlikely:

The D! Klein! Guys it's been way too long! What have you been up to? Looking svelte there Klein, what are you pressing these days? Way more than me I'm sure! And D, have you had some work done? You look outstanding, the chiseled face of a man made of rock, my god you handsome devil! I'm so glad you joined me tonight, it's going to be a great meal.

Mikey snaps his fingers and in pops two servers who were clearly waiting by the door. Mikey motions for both men to have a seat, and then pulls up a chair of his own on the other side of the table.

Mikey Unlikely:

Anything you want, it's on me. Feel free, food, drinks, whatever! Anything for a couple of old good friends.

Klein seems to loosen up under the box, he picks up a fork and a knife, ready to eat anything put in front of him. The D eyes Mikey suspiciously then looks at the menu. Slowly his eyes move upward and look over the menu once more, locked onto Mikey's face. A bit of suspicion can be sensed but he's also a little excited.

The D:

My lawyers say I shouldn't talk to you because I tried to redeem 10 million Mikey Moneys and you wouldn't give me 10 k.

Mikey belts out a loud laugh, and slaps his knee.

Mikey Unlikely:

You're so funny D! I've always said that. All those times we spent together, talking about me, figuring out plans for me, Coming up with ways I'd win my matches, was always so fun because you were the life of the party!

The D was completely dismissive of everything Mikey was saying, until his very last statement. The D leans in a bit further, and motions for him to go on.

Mikey Unlikely:

I mean seriously, I was always cracking up thinking about all the fun we had. Klein, remember the Wall!? We built a wall around the locker room to keep everyone out, and accidentally locked you guys out instead. HILARIOUS! Sorry guys, look at me getting all nostalgic, in reality I asked you here for a very specific reason, but before we get there... let's get some food!

Klein turns to the Maitre D

Klein:

One of everything.

Mikey raises an eyebrow but brushes it off.

Mikey Unlikely:

You gotta eat big to get big AMIRITE!? I'll have the Königsberger klopse, side of currywurst, and a bottle of Von Winning Königsbacher Ölberg Riesling. Seems appropo.

The D:

I'll share with Klein, but do you have three shots of vodka and a red bull? Thanks.

The hostess looks at Unlikely with a worried face, he nods once and off they go looking for a Red Bull. Mikey leans forward and tries to get the attention of his compadres.

Mikey Unlikely:

Listen guys, I need some help. I'm sure you saw last week, but I am up against the odds right now. The beatdown I got from The Honor Society last week was brutal, and I mean B.R.U.T.A.L. I learned a few things while I was laying there,

waiting for medical help. I learned that I need to protect myself better. I learned that I shouldn't go on talk shows with nefarious hosts who have the worst intentions for me, but most of all... I learned that I burned way too many bridges the last time I was in DEFIANCE.

He waits a beat.

Mikey Unlikely:

I know I was an asshole before, I know the way I have been is not sustainable. Hell, I know I've been gone a long time, without a shout, a word, a call, nothing... That was wrong. You guys were there for me on the way up, and when I got to the top I tossed you away like yesterday's newspaper. For that I want to apologize. That's why I've invited you here tonight.

Klein:

I accept your apology.

The D:

Great. Great. Good for you Mikey. Listen, I don't need your apology. I've moved past you.

Klein:

D. C'mon. I think he's telling us the truth. Finally.

The D:

Yeah. Well, too little too late. C'mon Klein.

Klein:

No. I'm staying to hear him out.

The D:

But... but you're the one who knows the language.

Klein:

Then I guess you better sit down for your entree.

The D reluctantly sits back down and sighs. He offers Mikey to continue.

The D:

What's your offer?

Mikey motions to Klein as if to thank him, then turns back to D.

Mikey Unlikely:

Derek, listen, I never would have been the FIST of DEFIANCE if it wasn't for PCP. Fact! Teaming with you guys and Elise gave me a confidence I had never had before. It gave me the opportunity to feel like I had an army behind me, that no matter what I did, I could back it up with the help of my friends. Then I took advantage of you, I used you, and I'm truly sorry. I'm back now, I've got a clear head, a new attitude and a lot of room for improvement. Derek, if you'll give me a chance, I want to prove that I've changed, and I want to prove that I've got your best interest at heart. Long story short, I want you back!

The D takes a deep inhale. He then leans back in his chair, and taps both his index fingertips against each other. Finally, he grunts, and leans forward, and nods to Klein.

The D:

Based on my council, I'm open to it. But. You know what the D wants.

The D nods, and waits for Mikey to say it. Klein behind the D, starts miming an old timey video camera from the 40s.

Unlikely takes a deep breath.

Mikey Unlikely:

I thought you might say that...

Unlikely reaches under the table and pulls up a silver briefcase. He snaps open two clasps and slides it across the table. The food begins to come in from side door, but D has seen the big shiny case, and only has eyes for it now. He slowly reaches up and opens the lid. When he sees what's inside, he slams it closed once again, he looks around nervously.

The D: (whispering)

How much is that?

He leans forward so he can hear Mikey whisper back.

Mikey Unlikely:

I've decided to make good with you. If it means we can have a relationship again, if it means I can have two of my favorite guys, if it means.... I can have my friend back.

The D: (stammering)

Yo...You.. Mean... it's...te

Mikey Unlikely:

Ten thousand dollars! From me to you. Call off the lawyers, call off the dogs, let's make good. Let's start over!

The D:

Th-Thanks. Y'know, It wasn't about the money Mikey. It was about the trust. I don't know if I can ever trust you again. But... this is a good first step to keeping true to your word. Always read the fine print Faithful. Always.

The pair look at the camera and then back to one another.

Mikey Unlikely:

You're right, you have no reason to trust me. You actually have every reason not to. I will say this though. I'm outnumbered Derek. I'm outgunned. I'm undermanned. If it's me versus the entire Honor Society, I don't have a chance. I might as well pack it up and go back to Hwood right now. I see a way through this though. I see a world where...

Mikey goes into movie mode, he holds two hands up as if they were the camera shot. Inside of his hands sit the boxed and unboxed faces of Klein and The D.

Mikey Unlikely:

IN A WORLD where one man must fight against an army of soldiers... can he find the help he needs and the friends he once left behind. He'll need their help if he has any hope of defeating the evil Ned Reform and his band of angry misfits!

The D:

That sounds like a great movie. Maybe I could get you to finally star in a D production?

Mikey Unlikely:

Let's not get ahead of ourselves...

The D:

Alright, one day. I'm wearing you down. I know it. So, Klein believes you, and I know how hard all of this was for you to do. You need help, and honestly... I do kind of miss the ol' days a bit.

The former FIST gets excited.

Mikey Unlikely:

There he is! That's my guy!

The D:

So I'll be willing to help... IF... and it's a BIG if... we get Elise on board. I don't know how you're gonna convince her to help you... she REALLY holds a grudge about the whole FIST thing... but if anyone can talk her into it. It's me.

JACK HARMEN vs. NED REFORM

To the ring, where Darren Quimbey stands.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL...

♪ "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne ♪

As smoke rises from the rafters and footage of an oncoming locomotive plays over the DEFtron, Jack Harmen emerges from the backstage area, parting the smoke. His red leather jacket covers his body as he throws up his patented Devil Horn taunt. As the verse kicks in, Harmen stomps his way to the ring, slapping the fan's hands on each side of the aisle. He points to a sign that says "Flieg Hoch" and then climbs up the ring steps.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... JACK! HARMEN!

Harmen hops onto the second turnbuckle and looks out at the sea of Faithful, and smiles. He just shouts "TEACH ME" and hops into the ring, staring up the rampway toward his oncoming opponent.

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The German fans begin to boo as Ned Reform, in all his purple robbed glory, walks onto the stage. He pauses, scanning the entire arena with a punchable smirk as TAs Cole, Horrigan, and Owens sidle up behind him to fold their arms and look menacing.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from New Haven, Connecticut and weighing in at 226 lbs... NED REFORM!

Reform frowns, mouthing "DOCTOR Ned Reform," before resuming his smarmy demeanor and beginning a slow and arrogant walk to the ring.

DDK:

Ned Reform is set to square off with Jack Harmen, seemingly continuing his recent trend of targeting legends of this industry.

Lance:

From a victory over Bronson Box to the Honor Society laying out Mikey Unlikely two weeks ago, The Good Doctor sure has a bone to pick with veterans.

DDK:

You have to believe that Reform has his sights set on the end of December when he challenges for Dex Joy's FIST of DEFIANCE... that is assuming Dex is still champion by then.

Lance:

But what about Mikey? He's on the hunt for some backup... I don't think this issue between them is settled.

By now, Reform is in the ring while his goons lurk on the outside. He removes his robe and hands it over the top to TA Cole before motioning to Quimby for his mic. The fans boo as Reform raises it to his lips.

Ned Reform:

Children: I have a very special message for Mr. Unlikely...

And we never find out, as Jack Harmen attacks! He begins to light Reform up with chops and elbows as The Good Doctor drops the mic and tries to cover. Brian Slater, seeing that things are starting early, calls for the bell!

DING DING

Ned is getting overwhelmed, so he bails through the ropes and to the outside for a breather. Harmen is not about to let that happen, though, as he quickly follows suit. On the outside, Harmen continues his onslaught while Slater makes sure The Honor Society keeps themselves at bay. Harmen grabs Reform's head and tosses him headfirst into the turnbuckle, with the Sage on the Stage bouncing off like a basketball!

DDK:

I think what we're seeing here is one legend that is ensuring Reform won't make a name at his expense!

Harmen rolls Ned back into the ring and hops onto the apron. He waits there for Reform to get to his feet and then leaps at him, dropping him with a springboard Lou Thesz Press! The people are 100% behind High Flyer as he makes sure Ned is down with a neckbreaker before heading to the top rope.

Lance:

Jack Harmen is looking for the frog splash!

Harmen leaps...

...but Ned rolls out of the way!

...BUT Harmen lands on his feet!

DDK:

Reform again out of the ring, looking for some respite!

And just like before, Harmen follows Reform out. The difference this time is Ned immediately rolls BACK in, and when Jack follows, The Good Doctor is ready to cut him off with kicks to the head. Now back in control, Reform uses the bottom rope to choke Harmen, only breaking the hold on a four count by referee Brian Slater. Reform takes a second to let Slater know how much he respects his authority before he STANDS on Harmen's back, driving the veteran's neck even deeper into the rope! He again breaks on a four count before bringing his opponent to the nearest corner and lighting him with some chops.

Lance:

Reform sends Harmen into the opposite buckle... he charges... no! Harmen gets the boot up!

The Good Doctor stumbles back, allowing Jack to charge OUTTANOWHERE looking to end with the Locomotive... but Ned catches the leg! In a swift motion and before Slater can stop him, he plants his own leg right in between Harmen's extended one with a low blow!

Slater gives Ned his final warning as Harmen crumples to the mat holding his little high flyers. The fans also give Ned hell, but this simply eggs him on as he parades on the ring aggressively pointing to his big brain and talking shit. Reform turns back to his opponent, seeing that Harmen has gotten back to his feet. Ned hits the ropes, charging at Harmen with what is supposed to be a clothesline...

...but Harmen ducks and slips behind Ned, dropping him with a swift and brutal German suplex! He holds on for the bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

Reform kicks out!

Not to be deterred, and feeding off the energy of the German Faithful, Harmen gets back to his feet and brings Ned

with him. He hooks the Good Doctor and drives him into the mat with Hypothermia! A cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE - NO! At the very last second, Reform manages to power a shoulder up!

The crowd thought that was it and they urge Harmen to keep up the pressure and put Reform away. That seems to be his plan until...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Tyler Fuse! He and Harmen have been at each other's throats for the very better of the year!

The elder Fuse brother has appeared at the top of the ramp. He simply folds his arm and looks toward the match with an unreadable expression. In the ring, Harmen's eyes track the source of the boos until he lands on Fuse. Harmen begins to pantomime for Tyler to come down and get in the ring, but Fuse doesn't seem to be interested. Instead, TA Cole leaps on the apron and gets in Harmen's face!

DDK:

Harmen drops Cole!

TA Cole goes down as Slater warns him and the rest of the Honor Society that he's about to eject them. Harmen gestures one final time to Fuse, and then turns... right into a flying headbutt from Reform!!

Lance:

He calls that The Equivocator! Harmen took his eye off the ball for just a second too long!

Harmen is rocked as Ned's bald head collides with his own, and The Sage on the Stage takes immediate advantage with a boot to the gut. He hooks the dazed Harmen, and lifts him high into the air before dropping him straight down with his signature brainbuster The Syllabuster! Ned hooks the leg as hard as he can.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

DDK:

Ned Reform scores ANOTHER upset win... thanks in large part to Tyler Fuse!

Fuse simply shakes his head once before turning and walking back through the curtain. In the ring, The Honor Society swarm Ned Reform to help him celebrate his latest victory. Ned allows them to lift his hand into the air before heading to one side of the ring to point at, smile at, and generally piss off the booing Faithful.

DDK:

Ned Reform on a collision course with the FIST of DEFIANCE... and Mikey Unlikely... and maybe everyone the way he's going!

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT



WEAK OLD MAN

Off the commercial break the broadcast begins on DDK and Lance.

DDK:

Up next-

Lance:

Wait a second, I'm being told we need to go backstage.

The scene switches to a backstage location where Tyler Fuse has commandeered a camera. He stands in front of it, face fuming red.

Tyler Fuse:

Imagine being a thirty year vet in this sport and being distracted by someone WALKING OUT ON THE STAGE.

Fuse huffs and puffs. He places his hands on his hips.

Tyler Fuse:

Imagine being so weak minded you can't keep your focus WHERE IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE.

Fuse shakes his head.

Tyler Fuse:

Imagine being an embarrassment. A shell of your former self.

He hangs his head.

Tyler Fuse:

NOTHING left to give.

Tyler spits on the ground.

Tyler Fuse:

I am trying to tell you, Jack, you have **nothing** anymore. It's over; you're finished. And now the final acts are upon us.

Tyler raises a finger.

Tyler Fuse:

First, next week in the main event of UNCUT, I'm going to kill your kid. I'm going to send him back to the hospital and banish him to BRAZEN.

Tyler raises a second finger.

Tyler Fuse:

Second, I'm going to waste your other *flying friend*. Another *old man* and I'll show him the door so he can find the fWo retirement home and never come back.

Tyler's two fingers move upwards and point to his own two eyes. Then he points the fingers into the camera lens.

Tyler Fuse:

Then it's me and you, DEFIANCE Road, no holds barred, anything goes. It's not a retirement match, I won't do *that* to you. I'll leave the door open. Because I don't NEED IT to be a retirement match. After I'm done with you, after we've finally finished all of this... Jack... old man... washed up has-been...

Fuse smirks.

Tyler Fuse:

You'll WANT to retire.

He spits into the camera lens and walks off.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm counting on it

The scene goes back to ringside.

DDK:

Well...

Lance:

I guess we're going backstage again. Let's hope it's not as intense.

ONGOING NEGOTIATIONS

Transitioning backstage here in Dusseldorf, the D is speaking into a cell phone, holding it directly in front of his face. He's wearing the same attire he wore earlier today, but you can tell he's also got his working boots on, just in case. The telephone rings, once, twice. And then goes to voicemail.

Elise Ares:

Hey BBY. If I didn't answer, I don't wanna talk. Leave me a message and I'll probably not get back to you. Thanksssssssss!

BEEP.

The D sighs, and retries.

The D:

She never answers the first time.

A ring, and finally, Elise picks up.

The D:

Alright, so, hear me out...

Elise Ares:

I got your text D and no. Let me emphasize. HELL. NO.

The D:

I expected you to say that. But I counter that argument.

Elise Ares:

With what?

The D:

I don't know. I just do. By the power of friendship! I dunno.

A heavy sigh can be heard on the other side of the phone.

Elise Ares:

Where do I even start... I know! You wanted to cast him for a movie and he was "too good" for us. Then he stabbed us in the back, dropped us for Kendrix the first chance he got, then stole our skybox away from us and we've been stuck in the shitty locker room with the poors ever since! He cheated me out of my only FIST of DEFIANCE shot. He formed a stable that made our lives a living hell and they BROKE MY FUCKING FACE, D. MY FACE. The most important thing to me in all of this world. Then as soon as things got mildly inconvenient he fucked off and started some shitty podcast everyone stopped listening to a year and a half ago and is only coming back to DEFIANCE because the EFED TEES money stopped rolling in. Now suddenly he's going to just stroll back into our lives like he's the best friend we've ever had and we're supposed to just swoon over him because he's a big fuc-

The FACE of DEFIANCE stops suddenly, leaving a pregnant awkward pause in the air.

Elise Ares:

You have me on speaker and he's in the room... isn't he?

The D:

No?

Klein:

He is.

The D:

Narc. Listen, uh... I thin-

Elise Ares:

OH EM GEE! Mikey! It's been so long, how's the podcast life BBY? I have to say... 23rd on the Top 100? Puhlease. Not even on my worst day.

Mikey pulls the phone from the hands of The D and puts on his million dollar smile.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey GURRRRRRL! Damn you look good! No I know, you're right. Listen, number 23 on the list, number 1 in our hearts AMIRITE!? Listen listen listen, I'll cut right to it. I'm BACK and ready to go, I know I screwed up with you guys, and I'm sorry for that. I got ahead of myself. I had everything I ever wanted, and I forgot about all the people who helped get me there... I'm terribly sorry. I need some help, and I didn't know who else to turn to. I wrecked my reputation in DEF when I put everyone through the ringer, to retain the FIST, and I've got no one now.

Elise goes to speak but Mikey won't let her get a word in.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm alone, and I understand that I got myself here. I'm lying in the bed that I made. I have no one else to turn to, and I really really need your help!

You can hear Elise's eyes squint as she tries to see through Mikey's bullshit.

The D:

AND HE GAVE ME TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

Elise doesn't hear the good news but makes a noise. Klein grabs the phone now.

-Klein:

I believe in Mikey when he says he's sorry. You guys gave me another chance even when I went with Flex. Hell, you gave each other a second chance after you feuded over the SoHer. Why shouldn't we give Mikey a second chance?

There's a long pause. The pause is very long. Klein taps the screen.

Elise has long since hung up.

Frustrated, Klein dials the phone back up again and the voice of the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE immediately picks back up again.

Elise Ares:

Hey BBY. If I didn't answer, I don't wanna talk. Leave me a mes-

Klein taps the phone again to end the call, lets out a deep sigh and shakes his head in disappointment.

Mikey Unlikely:

Damn. Maybe I can just slide in her DMs...

RAIN CITY RONIN vs. THE RAINBOW REAPERS

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

By the time the broadcast returns to the arena, Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett are already standing in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

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

DDK:

We've got tag team action coming up next, ladies and gentlemen! The Rain City Ronin, back in action after several months of being M-I-A, are scheduled to face off with old rivals of theirs in the Rainbow Reapers!

Lance:

For those that missed Uncut last week, the former BRAZEN Tag Team Champions Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett returned in style with a dominant win over a certain pair of devious magicians.

DDK:

The young duo seem to have adopted a new mantra in their time off. I know they've only just come back, but something makes me think they will be an interesting addition to our already robust tag team division in the coming weeks!

Daymon and Burnett get a moderate pop, which they only briefly acknowledge with a set of pumped fists. The former BRAZEN Tag Team Champions are looking focused and ready for a fight. Burnett is noticeably wearing a t-shirt that plainly reads four words in block lettering: "SHUT UP AND WRESTLE".

The lights dim. An array of lights, spanning the spectrum from red to violet, stretches across the stage. A modulated voice booms over the PA.

"THIS... IS... A MESSAGE!!!"

♪ "Rainbow in the Dark" by Dio ♪

Through smoke and cheap sparklers, the RAINBOW REAPERS file out through the entryway and form an echelon on the stage. At the forefront stands Reaper Green, who holds his glowing green LED kendo stick high into the air, leading the others in a salute that forms a rainbow of singapore canes.

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponents, hailing from parts unknown... the RAAAAINBOOOOOW REEEEAPPEEERRRSS!!

Lance:

The Spectrum of Death have arrived here tonight, and I gotta say, Keeps, I'm rather surprised right now.

DDK:

Surprised that they've been around this long, and their identities *still* remain secret?

Lance:

No, I was going to say, I'm surprised they were able to afford all those plane tickets to be here tonight!

DDK:

Well, I can't say I blame you. But in any case, the last vestiges of Stalker's Kabal are here tonight to make their presence known and deliver a "message" to the German DEFIANCE Faithful, so to speak.

Lance:

There's a lot of history between these teams, dating back to when Daymon and Burnett allied themselves with Jessica Reeves to form the Guardians in their battle against the Kabal.

The ever serious Reaper Green leads the way, followed by the tertiary Three Stooges known as Reapers Cyan, Magenta, and Chartreuse. Cy and Mags are rocking Fortuna Dusseldorf jerseys for all the cheap heat they can get. When the crew arrives at ringside, Greenie does an about face and speaks to his subordinates while holding up two other Reaper masks.

The masks of Reaper Red and Reaper Blue.

Reaper Green:

DESTROY these traitors... and earn your place among the PRIMARY!

Reaper Cyan:

GADZOOKS! We get promotions?!

Reaper Magenta:

Has this always been a thing? Like, are there rules about this?

Reaper Chartreuse:

I wanna be REAPER MOOSE!

Reaper Green:

...ugh... just GET IN THE RING, you idiots!

Reaper Cyan:

Aye-aye, captain!

Reaper Magenta:

JAEWHOL!

Cy and Mags slide under the ropes...

DING DING

...and find themselves immediately besieged by the tandem of Daymon and Burnett.

DDK:

And we're off to a hot start as the Rain City Ronin waste no time bringing the fight to their opponents!

Lance:

Leo's shirt pretty much says it all... less talky, more punchy.

Zack and Leo respectively corral Carlo and Gomez into parallel corners of the ring and continue to slug away with repeated forearms until official Carla Ferrari attempts to restore order. Soon after, Burnett takes Reaper Magenta by the back of the head and sends him over the ropes before following him out.

Daymon takes the reeling Reaper Cyan by the arm and flips him out of the corner with a Japanese armdrag. He transitions smoothly into the armbar and works the shoulder. Lacking any technical skillset whatsoever, Cy can do little more than moan loudly in agony.

DDK:

Daymon with control of the arm, now forcing Cyan back to his feet... and a Side Russian Legsweep immediately puts him back down! Goes right into the pin!

One!

Two!

And there's a kickout!

Lance:

There was an outside hope they'd catch them sleeping, but the Reapers are hardly pushovers. Lest we forget, they've survived a number of dust-ups in their tenure.

Zack locks up Cyan around the head before he can get to his feet and leads him over to his corner, where Burnett is waiting. After a tag, Leo steps through the ropes and takes the hand-off, bringing Reaper Cyan up and over with a high-angle back suplex!

Cyan takes a wicked bounce and falls through the ropes to the outside, landing at the feet of a disapproving Reaper Green and legitimately concerned (or maybe just confused) Reaper Chartreuse. Burnett slides under the ropes in pursuit, only for Greenie to pull a Gandalf and bar his passage.

Reaper Green:

HALT, Oathbreaker! YOU SHALL NOT PA-AWWW!!

Leo, two-hundred and forty plus pounds of merciless muscle, barrels his way through the scrawny Reaper in green, sending him sprawling across the ringside floor like a crash-test dummy. Reaper Cyan gets to his feet in time to find himself on the receiving end of hammering rights and lefts from the Chicago native.

DDK:

This fight quickly spills to the outside, but the Ronin aren't giving the Reapers any reprieve out there as Leo Burnett keeps the pressure on Cyan! Now he rolls him back into the ring!

Lance:

And Reaper Cyan uses what wits he has left to scramble to his corner. This may be his only opportunity to get out of this!

Cy tags out to Mags, who is still recuperating from the ambush at the opening bell. So much so that they barely realize they've been tagged in, until Leo Burnett is there, part hammering them over the head and part dragging them over the ropes.

Burnett manhandles Magenta into the front facelock before throwing the arm over and lifting him high overhead. He holds him aloft for several moments, amping up the Dusseldorf crowd! Then... the fall!

DDK:

MASSIVE SKYSCRAPER SUPLEX by the Iceman! He crosses over and hooks the leg!

One!

Two!

NO! Magenta TWITCHES a shoulder off the mat!

Leo wrenches the arm and promptly tags back out to Daymon, who swings through the ropes to the second turnbuckle and springboards straight into a swinging DDT! Kipping up to his feet, he spies the unassuming Reaper Cyan recovering against the ropes, and makes eye contact with Leo.

Burnett nods, picking up what he's putting down. Together they charge, and send Cy flipping over the ropes with a decapitating double lariat! With only Reaper Magenta left in the ring, Burnett wastes no time going for the double

chickenwing lift, with Daymon bringing him crashing down with the leaping reverse STO.

DDK:

And there's the RAIN CITY REVENGE! This one is over!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

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

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winners of the match... the RAAAIN CIITYYY ROOOONIIIIIN!!

Daymon and Burnett are already out of the ring and heading back up the rampway, a job well done. They pump fists as their names are called, but don't stick around to celebrate.

DDK:

Quite the dominant win for the Rain City Ronin, who are definitely sending a message tonight that they are playing for keeps!

Lance:

Two strong showings in as many weeks, but it remains to be seen how they'll fare against the teams that aren't magicians or footsoldiers to a defunct secret organization bent on taking over wrestling!

DDK:

Good point, Lance. Still, I can't help but think... hold on a second, what's happening up there on the stage!

The feed goes to the stage, where the Ronin have come to a standstill when someone emerges through the curtain.

Lance:

That's TOM MORROW!

The erstwhile Keeling is all smiles, offering congratulatory handshakes to Daymon and Burnett on the hard-fought win and passing them his card.

DDK:

Well, we have M4NTRA scheduled for more tag team action in our next match, but the proprietor of the Better Future Talent Agency has apparently saw fit to introduce himself to the victors here tonight!

Lance:

Is it possible he's scouting a new team for his "Tom Morrow Division"?

DDK:

Could be, Lance! It definitely appears that he likes what he sees in the Rain City Ronin... but right now, ladies and gentlemen, we need to take a quick break! When we come back, more of Tom Morrow as his pride and joy M4NTRA go head to head with Team No Fun!

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE LIVE



M4NTRA vs. TEAM NO FUN

The show returns from commercial and M4NTRA are in the ring with Tom Morrow and his personal security detail all outside the ring to protect him at all costs. Declan Alexander is waving his hands around to try and get the M4NTRA Rays to move along with him and Nathan Eye holds up his metal-plated autobiography in the air!

DDK:

We are at the next match and what an interesting sight we saw before the commercial! Tom Morrow and M4NTRA offering business cards to the Rain City Ronin! Perhaps Tom Morrow's claims of making the tag team division the Tom Morrow Division will have better chances the more tag teams he puts into BFTA?

Lance:

And Rain City Ronin didn't say no! He's got M4NTRA! He's got the Devil's Circus watching his back!

DDK:

Rain City Ronin victorious against the Reapers! Up next, M4NTRA take on the team of No Fun Dean and Slightly Fun Jen aka Team No Fun!

The bell ring for the start of the next match!

Darren Quimbey:

The following is a tag team match set for one fall! Introducing first ...

Tom Morrow takes his microphone.

Tom Morrow:

I'll do this part big boy! Step aside!

He stands in the ring ready to do his introductions.

Tom Morrow:

Introducing the Present and future ... no, no, the Better Future of the Tag Team Divisi ... No! The Tom Morrow Division! They weigh in combined at a perfect five-hundred pounds of perfect synchronous synergy! "Natty Eyce" Nathan Eye! Declan "DEC4L" Alexander! They are ... M4NTRAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Declan Alexander and Nathan Eye take off their third eye sunglasses simultaneously!

Tom Morrow:

Now you'll all get a show of what real American efficiency is like! Bring out their opponents!

Darren Quimbey:

And coming out next weighing in at three-hundred eighty pounds! SLIGHTLY FUN JEN AND NOOOOO
FFFFUUUNNNN DEEEEAANNN!!!

No Fun Dean has his arms in the air while Slightly Fun Jen tries to garner more cheers for her husband as they approach with no music, but some cheers. Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander decide who will wrestle first and it looks like Declan will do that for them. Nathan Eye goes to the corner and Tom Morrow watches the match with his six-man security detail in tow.

DDK:

M4NTRA are on a real win streak since they defeated the Lucky Sevens at Acts of DEFIANCE! They got a win over the former BRAZEN Tag champions, Monster Mash, last week on Uncut 150!

Lance:

Declan and Jen to start.

DING DING

Declan goes right at Slightly Fun Jen, but she moves to the side and then Declan goes flying through the ropes with his own momentum. He lands on his feet on the floor but he catches a baseball slide kick by Jen first! She catches Declan and then she grabs the ropes and then jumps over them with a slingshot plancha right onto Declan!

DDK:

I don't believe it! M4NTRA tried to make this one an early night tonight, but Declan got caught off guard by Slightly Fun Jen in the beginning here!

Slightly Fun Jen is up first but while she is playing to the crowd, the Intrepid Influencer is already on top of it and gets back into the ring with Nathan Eye guiding him.

Nathan Eye:

Embody this book, Declan! Shared Success!

Declan gets up when Slightly Fun Jen tries getting back in the ring. DEC4L tries to hit a clothesline, but she ducks and then leans on all fours to catch Declan with a slip and then tries to roll him up.

One!

That is all she gets as Declan is much stronger and kicks out quickly.

Lance:

Both of these men are former BRAZEN Champions! Top of the class in their respective tenures there and what a team they have made in a short time!

Slightly Fun Jen tries to make a tag to No Fun Dean, but Declan pulls her away and then picks her up to put her in the corner of M4NTRA. The tag gets made to Nathan Eye and with some quick work, they both huddle up shoulder to shoulder and hit her with a double big boot! Nathan then goes with Declan behind him and then hits the Trust Fall Exercise!

DDK:

Great move there! But maybe celebrating a little too long!

After the aided standing moonsault, both Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander run in circles waving their arms to play to the faithful M4NTRA Rays in attendance. Some small groups of fans are seen doing it in the front row, but all this taunting allows Jen to make the tag to No Fun Dean!

Lance:

Dean gets the tag for his team to defend Slightly Fun Jen's honor!

When the two men stop dancing around, No Fun Dean hits Declan with a clothesline. Natty Eyce turns around to see him coming and then tries to hit a jumping back elbow, but No Fun Dean moves out of the way and Eye curbs it on the canvas. When he gets up, he kicks him in the gut and hits a DDT!

DDK:

M4NTRA playing around too much! Tom Morrow doesn't like this!

He is irate and yells at both of his mean to deal with the No Fun Dean problem! No Fun Dean tries to grab Nathan Eye and lock him in You Quit, his chicken wing cross face hold, but Nathan moves out of the way, just in time for Declan to crack him with the GGEZ! The rolling drop kick catches No Fun Dean right on the money and then puts him back in the corner.

Lance:

Score one for the M4NTRA Rays, I guess!

Nathan is up and with No Fun Dean in their corner, he hits a huge corkscrew corner splash and then tags in Declan Alexander. He hoists No Fun Dean up on the shoulders and then spins around and throws him up in the air. Declan catches No Fun Dean on the way down!

DDK:

M4NTRA CODE! That move has racked up all their wins in tag team action and I think we're gonna see another one!

Slightly Fun Jen is on the apron to try and save No Fun Dean, but Natty Eyce tags her with a big pounce tackle, the Side Eye! Declan pins Dean!

One!

Two!

Three!

DING DING DING

♪ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♪

Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander have not broken too much of a sweat tonight and Morrow looks very proud of the duo!

Tom Morrow:

Your winners and heads of the Tom Morrow Division ... M4NTRAAAAAAA!!!

The music cuts when Nathan Eye wants the microphone.

Nathan Eye:

Declan, Declan, great work, great work! We had this one in the bag, my friend!

DEC4L:

No cap, Natty Eyce, no cap!

Nathan Eye:

Not a single cap detected! But after this win ... I had some important business that I need to discuss. Tom, may I?

Tom Morrow moves and gives Nathan a brown package he'd been holding at ringside. Eye holds the book up.

Nathan Eye:

This victory would not be possible without the bond that the three of us share! Tom Morrow, with his infinite knowledge of all things tag teams! Declan Alexander with a whole world of talent! And of course, myself for having gone through fourteen months worth of struggles to get here to be the man I am today! Declan? Can you do the honors?

DEC4L:

Got you, fam!

He grabs the package and starts to unwrap it as a restless crowd wants to see wrestling, not books.

Nathan Eye:

This is the very first edition of our new autobiography! This is ...

Declan unwraps the book to show the cover! A picture of Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander, arms over the shoulders

and a thumbs up with a silhouette of Tom Morrow behind them.

Nathan Eye:

Hot off the presses! From the makers of 251 Pages of Pure Perseverance comes the tale of M4NTRA's story! 500 Pages of Shared Success!

M4NTRA are being booed out of the building with Tom Morrow wiping a fake tear from his eye.

Nathan Eye:

This book tells the story of two men from two different backgrounds but similar interests such as being really damn good at tag team wrestling and being two of the best pure super athletes that BRAZEN has ever produced! Two men leading the Tom Morrow Division today and into tomorrow! That is why in two weeks, I am proud to announce for the first time in DEFIANCE Wrestling history, The Golden State Guru himself - me, by the way - will be holding a special in-ring book reading where I will read excerpts from 500 Pages of Shared Success just hours before this book's planned launch at defiancewrestling.com!

DEC4L and Tom Morrow are clapping like seals. Morrow makes the security detail clap with them, but everyone else is booing!

Lance:

Oh God no ... nobody asked for that. Why?

DDK:

I don't know ... but back to earlier. There is no way that the Rain City Ronin are actually entertaining the idea of joining Better Future Talent Agency ... right?

M4NTRA, Tom Morrow and the security detail all walk to the back and Declan Alexander proudly holds on to the book!

COMMERCIAL: ON THE ROAD AGAIN



FIST of DEFIANCE: DEX JOY (C) vs. SCOTT HUNTER

DDK:

Up next ... for the first time since Acts of DEFIANCE we have the Era of Everyone Open Challenge for the FIST of DEFIANCE! Dex Joy has no shortage of challengers! He has officially accepted a challenge for the UNCUT Year End Awards Show next month against Dr. Ned Reform! And beyond that, he has accepted the challenge from "The Socialite" Edward White for DEFIANCE Road in January!

Lance:

Dex wants to get his hands on Edward White for that attack that stole his moment at the end of Acts of DEFIANCE! He wants to get his hands on Ned Reform, but he can't look past his current challenger - the undefeated Scott Hunter!

DDK:

That would definitely not be wise. Scott Hunter's entire attitude is peculiar to say the least, but you cannot argue with results and the results are this - he knows what to do in the ring when he's got a hold of a leg. Dex Joy can't look past that!

♪ "Burning Heart" by Survivor ♪

Audible booing and groans ripples through the Mitsubishi Electric Halle just as Scott Hunter appears atop the ramp. Sparklers fizzle around him disappointingly, but he doesn't seem to pick up on their lackluster impact.

DDK:

Four and zero! Wins to losses and like we said, two of those wins came at the expense of the injured MV1! Scott has a key to the FIST of DEFIANCE and it is that figure four leg lock!

Hunter pumps his fists so hard with excitement that he nearly falls off of the steel ring steps. Catching the middle rope, he jerks himself back upright, wipes his boots on the apron, and steps into the ring with over-the-top energy and enthusiasm! His music cuts and the entrance for the champion comes next.

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

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

DEFtv!

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

BOOM!!!

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

DEXtv ... is for EVERYONE!!!

♪ "Undefeated" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

The camera is just behind the Biggest Boy as he makes his way out in a special body suit with red and gold lightning in a tribute to tonight's country hosting DEFIANCE Wrestling! On the back, the words, "EveryChamp Everywhere!" are written in a lightning font!

DDK:

That burn on his face from Ed White's cigar might have finally healed, but Dex hasn't forgotten. He wants to use tonight's match as a reason that Edward White should be afraid when they can meet in the ring.

Lance:

Is Dex burning the candle at both ends as champion? He hasn't stopped the Era of Everyone Open Challenge even

with two big title matches looming!

Joy walks to the ring and high fives and dabs fists with everyone on the way to the ring! When he gets inside the ring, he holds the title out for everyone to see. After his music and fanfare fade out, Dex looks at Scott Hunter.

Scott Hunter:

Hey! *I'm* the one that's undefeated buddy! That theme song should be *my* theme song!

Dex rolls his eyes at the challenger and then the championship introductions start on tonight's big main event!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and it is for the FIST OF DEFIANCE!!! Introducing first, the challenger ... He hails from Miami, Florida and weighs in tonight at two-hundred and forty six pounds! Please welcome... SCOTTTTTTTT HUNTERRRRRRR!!!

Scott Hunter points that he will win the title in front of all the Germaniums tonight!

Darren Quimbey:

And the opponent ... he is the defending FIST of DEFIANCE!!! He hails from Los Angeles, California and weighs in tonight at three-hundred and eight pounds! Please welcome "THE BIGGEST BOYYYYYYYY" ... DEXXXXXXXXXX JOYYYYYYYYYYY!!!

Dex Joy throws the title up to the sky and then looks at the face plate. He hands the title over to the referee.

DDK:

Scott Hunter getting a title shot in only his fifth match in DEFIANCE! That's saying something!

DING DING

Joy and Hunter lock up in the center of the ring. Scott zeroes in on the left leg of Dex, but the second that Dex Joy tries to pick Hunter up off the mat, he scrambles as far away from Dex Joy as he can.

Scott Hunter:

Foul! Foul!

The referee tells Scott Hunter that wasn't a foul and that this isn't basketball.

Scott Hunter:

No, I'm talking about how he smells! Foul! He needs to take a bath!

Scott kinda leans toward Dex.

Scott Hunter:

Hey, if you take that bath, make sure you have adhesive ducks on the tub so you don't slip and fall.

Scott returns to a fight-ready pose.

DDK:

Scott Hunter, ladies and gentlemen.

Joy has no idea how to respond other than to put his leg out and telling Hunter to try his luck again!

Dex Joy:

Come on! You want to try and knock me off my feet and take my title, pally, here's your chance!

Scott Hunter locks up and then goes for the leg again, but Dex stays away just enough so he doesn't get tripped. He pushes Scott into the corner, but Scott reverses and then slaps Joy across the face! The same side that was burned by Edward White's cigar! That makes Dex charge like a bull, but Scott Hunter gets as far away from the Biggest Boy as possible. He hides in between the ropes and tells the referee that he needs to get Dex back!

Lance:

We've seen Scott Hunter wrestle and the word "savant" has been used, but is he really trying to get under Dex Joy's skin like this? He slapped him on the cheek that was burned by Edward White's cigar!

DDK:

I'd say that couldn't be coincidence, but it could just be Scott Hunter being Scott Hunter!

The EveryChamp decides that enough is enough and he grabs Hunter right out of the ropes and chucks him into the corner. He hits Scott Hunter with a heavy elbow smash to the face in the corner.

Scott Hunter:

Hey! That's illegal! That's a closed fist... err... elbow!

Dex Joy goes in for another elbow, but Hunter moves off to the side. He tries to kick Dex, but The EveryChamp catches his leg. He spins Scott around for a punch, but Scott ducks and then makes a retreat by climbing out of the ring! He waves his hand and is happy he avoided the punch but he can't get away from Dexy Baby for long. He climbs through the ropes.

DDK:

Dex going after Scott Hunter ... but Hunter pushes him into the apron! Scott Hunter has a chance to strike!

Hunter spins Dex around and then throws him into the barrier. After two of these he grabs Dex and sends the Biggest Boy back in the ring. Even Scott Hunter knows the FIST can't be won outside the ring. When Dex gets up, he throws kicks right out of the 80s wrestling era right into the stomach of The EveryChamp. He climbs up to the middle buckle and then rains down the familiar ten punches in the corner. Hunter counts along with his own punches!

Scott Hunter:

One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine ... but in Germanian!

He spins his fist around for punch number ten ... but Dex catches the punch! Scott Hunter's face goes white when Dex picks him up out of the corner and counters with an inverted atomic drop!

DDK:

There's another blast from the past! Scott Hunter played around too much and just paid for it! Now a running clothesline sends him outside!

Dex Joy hits a wicked clothesline and Hunter is now on the floor. The Biggest Boy has a big smile on his face and the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful know what to do. They chant "whoooooooooaaaaa!!!" loudly when Dex speeds across the ring and then leaps through the ropes to crash right into Scott Hunter!

DDK:

Dex Joy with an international flight edition of the WHOA-PE!!!

Lance:

Dexy Baby now isn't giving Scott Hunter any more breathing room. He's already back in the ring and Dex is ready to attack again.

Dex stands on the apron. When Scott Hunter stands up, Dex puts him right back down with a slingshot shoulder tackle over the ropes! Dex stands up and takes in the cheers of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful. He picks Hunter up and hits a big scoop slam followed right away by a falling headbutt!

DDK:

Dex Joy unloads with a combo of great moves! Here's the first cover of the match!

One!

Two!

NO!

Scott kicks out, but Dex hits him with a shot gun drop kick that knocks him outside of the ring!

Lance:

After all that time Scott Hunter spent trying to get under the skin of the champion, I don't think that was wise!

Backstage, the camera is on a very *lavish* private locker room. It resembles more the inside of a fine cigar club than that of a professional wrestling locker room. Inside, Edward White sits with a lit cigar in hand. Nicky Corrozzo watches and Jane Katze is on the phone as all three watch the match.

DDK:

There's a look at Ed White and Associates! White was victorious in his return match over Lonnie Stone but now he's got his eyes on The EveryChamp!

Back to the ring and Dex has followed Scott Hunter and throws him back to the ring again. Dex yells out to Dex's Wrecking Crew and they yell back! He starts to climb back inside, but quickly Scott Hunter is able to turn the tables with a kick to Dex's knee before he can get into the ring!

Lance:

Oh, no! Scott found a chance to target leg of Joy!

Scott goes outside with Dex and then pushes the big man so his same knee hits the steel steps! Dex is in pain! Once again, the camera is back to Ed White who is watching and looks pleased as punch with what he's seeing. Jane Katze mutes her phone, then whispers something to Ed White that makes The Socialite smile big.

Lance:

Something catch Ed's attention?

DDK:

I'm not sure, but we're back to the action! Dex is in the ring, but that knee might be compromised.

Before Dex Joy can fully stand after being back in the ring, the leg gets taken out under behind when Scott Hunter clotheslines it out from under Dexy Baby! He hits the mat and allows Hunter to strike him down with a jaw-rocking flying forearm from across the ring!

DDK:

Scott Hunter now in control! He's up ... elbow drop to the head of Dex!

But Hunter does not stop there! The challenger comes off the ropes with a leg drop, then he stands up and then finishes the sequence of moves with a big knee drop on top of Dex's head. Scott goes in for the pin!

One!

Two!

NO!!!

Lance:

We have questioned Scott Hunter's smarts on more than one occasion, but he's been laying into the FIST of DEFIANCE tonight!

When Scott tries to go for the leg, he is hit with a big kick from Dex. The EveryChamp is back on one good knee and hits two heavy elbows to the face of his challenger. Dex goes for a roaring elbow, but Scott dodges the blow. He grabs Dex's leg and then whips him to the mat with a dragon screw leg whip!

DDK:

That looked devastating! Dragon screw leg whip! Dex has had prior knee injuries during his battles with Lindsay Troy earlier this year! There's no telling if there's any lasting damage Scott Hunter could be capitalizing on!

Instead of going for the pin, he goes onto the apron and then to the top turnbuckle! He screams as he leaps.

Scott Hunter:

EVA BRAUN IN A HALTER TOP!!!!!!!!!!!!

And he hits a perfect flying body press on Dex Joy from off the top rope!

DDK:

Umm all uncomfortable historic references aside, he could become the FIST of DEFIANCE right now!

The official slides into position as Scott Hunter has the perfect chance to make the pin!

One!

Two!

... NO!!!

Scott Hunter finds himself flabbergasted at the kick out and asks the referee if the public school system has failed him because he's sure he had a valid three count!

Lance:

Scott Hunter is wasting precious time here! Don't argue with the official when you could become the FIST of DEFIANCE!

When he is done putting the bad mouth to the referee he turns to Dex and then goes for the leg again. He knows the leg is in a very bad spot!

DDK:

I think he finally realizes this! He's going to the figure four leg lock! Remember the damage he did to MV1 with this move!

Dex tries to fight him off, but Scott grabs the leg and then spins a finger around to tell the champion that he's done for! He grabs the leg and spins, but before he can fully fasten the hold on, Dexy Baby kicks him in the keister and sends Hunter flying forward so he hits the post shoulder first!

Lance:

Dexy Baby knew it was coming and wanted no part of that figure four! He just sent Scott right into that corner post!

The EveryChamp slowly fires up and then stands on his two feet as Hunter holds onto his shoulder. He turns just in time to see the FIST of DEFIANCE coming at him ...

DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNER!!!

DDK:

Not a person sitting right now in the Mitsubishi Electric Halle! Dex just sent Scott Hunter *packing* with that shoulder tackle into the corner!

Dex's leg still hurts, but he yells out and then grabs the arm of Scott. Showing how strong he is, he pulls Scott and dead lifts him right into his arms ...

DDK:

DEX DRIVE!!! THAT'S IT!

He is still holding his left knee with one hand, but but he hooks Scott Hunter's leg with the other on the cover to make sure he stays down!

One!

Two!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner ... and *still* FIST of DEFIANCE ... DEXXXXXXXXXX JOYYYYYYYY!!!

DDK:

Scott Hunter put in a tremendous effort tonight! He may no longer be undefeated, but he did step up in a big way against the champion!

Lance:

The EveryChamp took everything the challenger could give, but he knew he couldn't afford to be in that figure four leg lock! And with Dex Joy, he can say the title belongs to Everyone!

The referee is helping Scott Hunter out of the ring, but Dex grabs the title and immediately goes outside the ring to climb the rail and then sit front row with the Faithful!

Dex Joy:

NEDDY ... EDDY ... TAKE NOTES!!! YOU GUYS CAN USE ALL THE BIG WORDS YOU WANT YOU CAN *BUY* ALL THE BIG THINGS YOU WANT AND TRY AND BURN MY FACE! BUT AS LONG AS *WE* HAVE *THIS* ...

He holds up the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Dex Joy:

THAT MEANS YOU NEVER WILL!!!

Lance:

What a challenge tonight from Scott Hunter, but Dex Joy remains on top to end the show.

DDK:

Thank you for joining us! From Lance Warner and me, Darren Keebler, thank your for watching DEFtv! We will be back next week with UNCUT 151!

Dex Joy and The Faithful continue their long celebration! Dex raises a hand up and they join in! He points to the plate on the title marked "Everyone" and then smiles big for the camera!

Dex Joy:

ON BEHALF OF EVERYONE, I'M "THE EVERYCHAMP" SAYING GOOD NIGHT, PALLIES!!!

THIS.***IS.******DEFIANCE.***