CHECKING IT THRICE

Just before looking at signs and fireworks and show openings, DEFIANCE Wrestling starts a little bit different …

FIST of DEFIANCE Dex Joy dressed in a new Dex Joy lightning bolt-covered ugly sweater. The ensemble is not complete without the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt with the name plate marked as “Everyone”.

Dex Joy:
Chug this down your chimneys, pallies! Cause Dexy Claus has a list of opponents and he’s checking them thrice! Cause they’re all getting checked when I make my way through every last one of them to keep this title starting tonight!

From the side he pulls out a quick piece of paper.

Dex Joy:
This is Dexy Claus’s Nice List! And there’s only one name on here! The name of the opponent who answered tonight’s Era of Everyone Open Challenge. He’s one of the nicest, he’s one of the strongest and like me, he’s also a champion!

He flips the paper around.

KLEIN

Dex Joy:
Box Man, may the best man win tonight! Good luck, pally.

He gently tucks the paper off to the side then comes out with a new list … that comically opens all the way and rolls to the floor.

Dex Joy:
And this is Dexy Claus’s Naughty List and this lists all the reasons that these jack wagons are gonna get smoked like Christmas ham when they get in the ring with me. Let’s talk about the guy who tried to ruin everyone’s Thanksgiving Feastival … talking about you, Ned Reform! You pontificate, you speechify, you admonish, you harangue, you lecture, you dogmatize and all these other words I looked up in a Thesaurus Rex before this interview and for that, I’m going to be slapping you silly, Neddy! I will do everything in my power to defeat Klein tonight so it’s me you’re staring at across the ring and the only Christmas gift you’ll be getting from Dexy is a big, shiny L! I will see you at the Uncut Year End Awards!

He waves the list around.

Dex Joy:
And last and least in my heart, but first for my fist – I’m talking a balled up hand and not this title on my fine shoulder - I’m talking about you Edward White. You’re on the naughty list for burning my face with a cigar, treating people like dirt, thinking you can pay people to like you and generally being a painful blister on this keister that we call professional wrestling! I humbly invite you to get a closer look tonight when I defend our FIST of DEFIANCE against Klein so you can see what a respectable fighting champion actually looks like and so you can see first hand that when I go to DEFIANCE Road with this title on my shoulder, there’s a reason that with me, Everyone Wins!

Dex causally discards the long paper behind him.

Dex Joy:
Welcome one and all to DEX! T! V! And from the FIST of DEFIANCE, on behalf of Everyone … Merry Dexmas!

The image of Dex melts and shifts and morphs until it re-forms (get it?) into a new one: The Good Doctor himself, standing in front of a DEFIANCE banner, wearing a suit, spectacles, and scowling. He holds up a piece of paper.

Ned Reform:

Bah. Humbug.

…and he tears that paper into pieces, throwing them into the air and letting them flutter to the ground.

Ned Reform:
You can distract with animated gesticulations and a “go get ‘em” attitude all you’d like, Mr. Joy, but the fact remains that your increasingly unremarkable tenure as figurehead of this company is mere weeks away from coming to a fitting end. Enjoy your match with Mr. Klein… and…

Reform smiles.

Ned Reform:
… I will be rooting for the entire way. I very much want the championship to be around your expansive waist at the end of the year, as beating a man wearing a piece of cardboard would hardly be as satisfying.

Reform removes his glasses.

Ned Reform:
In fact, I believe it a safe bet I may help myself to a closer seat for the action, yes? Oh: and Mr. Unlikely… do not think I have noticed your little flutterings… your attempts at seeking revenge for my embarrassment… and dare I say I may have some words for you before the night is over…

Reform puts his glasses back on.

Ned Reform:
So fear not, children. The Good Doctor is making a list alright, but no need to check it twice… as I got it right the first time.

TO THE INTRO!

SHOW OPEN

♫ "DEFY" by Of Mice & Men ♫

Bremen, Germany welcomes DEFIANCE as the ÖVB Arena is hyped for DEFtv 196! 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!

COUNT NOVICK PUTS IN THE WORK
DIE ERSTE NATCH WAR WILD!
LANCE TURNED INTO THE HUMAN PERSONIFICATION OF THE HORNY BUG-EYED CARTOON WOLF
KEEP IT IN YOUR PANTS, LANCE
I AM SO HAPPY THAT SO MANY GERMANS WHO ARE VERY FLUENT IN ENGLISH HAVE MANAGED TO GATHER IN ONE SPOT TO WATCH ANOTHER THING WE ALSO HAVE IN COMMON. A LOVE OF PROFRESSIONAL WRESTLING. (Rate this translation from Google)
HIGH WANT TO BELIEVE
BIGFOOT WIZARD IS CANON
LUCKY SEVENS DID NOT START THE FIRE, BUT THEY ARE DEFIANCE'S HOTTESR TAG TEAM
BRINGEN SIE GVP ZURÜCK
FUCK AMBROSIA SALAD
COVER YOUR BRAINS IN TINFOIL AND HE'LL KNOW YOU BELIEVE
PUSH SGT SAFETY, ROLAND, YOU BUM
BREMNE ROLAND IS THE GREATEST!

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

DDK:
Welcome to BREMEN! We have a full show coming up with the Favored Saints AND FIST on the line!

Lance:
There's a lot of ROLAND signs in the crowd? We don't have a guy on this roster named that.

DDK:
I believe it's a German name. There is a statue here named Roland. I don't know. He's probably not worth our time.

Lance:
Loser. Got it. Hmm, we often see a lot of Brian signs, too. What's the origin of *that* name?

DDK:
Irish.

Lance:
Remind me to never go there.

DDK:
I'll tell the Favored Saints.

Pause.

Lance:
Anyway, let's see what's on the card for today!

DDK:
Well in the main event we're going to watch Dex Joy defend the FIST against Klein.

Lance:
Boxman, I like it.

DDK:
Speaking of boxes, we're supposed to see BOXWOOD against The Comments Section.

Lance:
Murder written all over it. RIP Malak Garland.

DDK:
Not so fast. Unsure what the status of Gage Blackwood is after the Garland match two weeks ago.

Lance:
Makes sense.

DDK:
We've got a lot more coming up. Let's get this show started!

FAVORED SAINTS: URIEL CORTEZ (C) vs. OSCAR BURNS

DDK:
What a match we have coming up for you on tap! For Uriel Cortez, he is one more title defense away from being able to challenge Corvo Alpha for the Southern Heritage Championship. For the past several shows, we've seen those monsters stare down one another. But if he wants to get there, Uriel Cortez takes on one of this company's very best to get to the final fourth defense - Oscar Burns!

Lance:
Oscar Burns cheated to defeated Mil Vueltas back at UNCUT 150 to set a career record - his seventieth win in DEFIANCE! Burns, a former two-time FIST and former Favoured Saints Champion wants the title back for Vae Victis after his own subordinate, Butcher Victorious, lost this very title to Uriel back at UNCUT 149!

DDK:
Only four men in the history of this title have successfully made it to four defenses! Matt LaCroix, Henry Keyes, Kerry Kuroyama and Rezin. Of those four men, only TWO have been able to successfully cash in to win the Southern Heritage Championship. A lot riding on the line tonight, so we are going to the ring now for the intros of this next match… NOW!

The bell rings to signify the start of the next match.

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

The graphic appears on the screen for the next match!

♫ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♫

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

V A E V I C T I S

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

The lights dim to a simple red and smoke starts to pour out from under the entryway, covering the stage quickly. Out comes Oscar Burns in a very simple ring gear. A burgundy robe. Underneath? Black pants-length trunks, absent the usual Oscar Burns/DEFIANCE logos. White taped wrists and black wrestling shoes. At his side, his stooge, Butcher Victorious trying to keep pace with a fired-up Oscar who doesn't even give him the time of day.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:
Oscar's treatment of Butcher has been disgraceful since he lost that Favoured Saints Title. Took away his membership to Vae Victis after losing to Corvo Alpha for the Southern Heritage Title, making him clean Helen's cages, constant snack duty for the Vae Victis locker room…

Lance:
And can't forget DEF Radio's Thanksgiving Feastival. Made Butcher fly across the world to visit, only to call him back to polish the very boots he's wearing now!

When Oscar reaches the ring, he points a finger at the steps and gestures at Butcher to clean them up! Butcher goes to wipe down the steps with the quickness of a one-man NASCAR pit crew. After it has been wiped off, Oscar walks up the steps. He wipes his boots on the ring apron and then climbs inside the ring looking to become a champion again. He throws the robe off and and then hands it over to Butcher. He points and gives his lackey instructions to stand at ringside and do as he's told before his music cuts.

♫ "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:
And here comes the champion! He defeated Butcher to win that very title. He has retained that title against Eric Dane Jr, against one-third of the Unified Tag Team Champions, Klein, and two weeks ago against TA Cole… but we've seen him use questionable tactics to win those last two matches!

Lance:
Not only that but his wife, Titaness, didn't seem to be happy about that as we saw on UNCUT, either. But Cortez made this challenge directly to Oscar's face after his own issues with his best friend and stablemate, Mil Vueltas!

When Uriel reaches the ring, he steps up to the ring apron and then pulls himself upwards before stepping over the ropes. He looks out to Butcher and smiles as he lords the title he took away from him that put him in this mess. Papa Tez then turns to Burns and holds up the title, but Oscar walks up and taps the faceplate, then gestures the belt will be his! Cortez backs off as the Bremen Faithful cheer for the match to begin with special in-ring introductions for the match!

Darren Quimbey:
Introducing first, the challenger… being accompanied to the ring by Butcher Victorious… from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 237 pounds, representing Vae Victis… **HE! IS! DEFIANCE! OSCAR BURNS!**

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Oscar shows no reaction to the jeering as his focus is solely on toppling the giant in front of him to take the coveted Favoured Saints Championship. Butcher watches from ringside silently, still holding Oscar's robe.

Darren Quimbey
And his opponent, he is the reigning and defending Favoured Saints Champion! From The City of Industry, California, standing in at SEVEN-FOOT TWO and weighing in at 340 pounds! Representing Titanes Familia… "**THE TITAN OF INDUSTRY" URIEL CORTEZ!**

Cortez holds up the title and almost gets close to shove the belt in Oscar's face! Burns shouts back as the giant as Benny Doyle tries to separate the two.

Uriel Cortez:
YOU'RE NOT TAKING THIS FROM ME!

Oscar Burns:
IT'S ALREADY GONE, YOU BIG PONCE!

Doyle takes the title and raises it in the air. Once that happens, he calls for the bell…

DING DING DING

Right away, the match starts with Butcher jumping up on the ring apron to yell at Oscar.

Butcher Victorious:
THAT TITLE SHOULD BE BUTCH VIC'S!

Before Uriel can even turn around to deal with Butcher, Burns jumps the big man and hits a jumping high knee to the

back of the champion! Booing rains down on the challenger and Butcher jumps off the apron, allowing Burns to rain down continuous elbow smashes to the side of Cortez's head!

DDK:
For someone that says he doesn't need Butcher Victorious, Butcher has been integral to his recent success. A distraction from Butcher led to Oscar defeating Uriel's best friend, Mil Vueltas, at UNCUT 150!

Lance:
Mil Vueltas and Thomas Keeling even confronted Butcher about it two weeks ago, but that conversation fell on deaf ears, it seems.

He fires off a number of elbow smashes, but Cortez tries to push him away. But Oscar comes right back and kicks the left leg of the big man in the corner! He fires off a STIFF European Uppercut! He rocks Papa Tez with another shot! The big man is stunned when Oscar tries to pull him out of the corner… but The Titan of Industry holds his ground. Oscar looks wide-eyed when Uriel whips HIM to the corner instead. Burns winces as he hits the corner, then bounces right back into a BIG headbutt by the champion! The Bremen Faithful show The Tall-Father some love when he picks Oscar up off the mat. He throws him into the corner, then looks out…

THWACK!

DDK:
OOH! Oscar's plan just backfired by Cortez and one of those chops! What a brutal shot!

Lance:
Now Oscar trying to back off!

The former two-time FIST gets overpowered by the largest man in DEFIANCE. He tries to get away, but Cortez palms the back of his head and throws him face-first into a buckle before he hits the mat. Uriel now stands on his back now in the ropes! Burns yells out in pain and yells at Benny Doyle to get the monster off of him, but he isn't going anywhere. Benny Doyle counts, but Uriel milks it until a count of four and finally steps off his back to cease his free back cracking.

DDK:
I've never seen Uriel Cortez this focused on anything in some time! And he's overpowering one of the best wrestlers we have! But the things he's been doing… that questionable attack to the eye on Klein? The exposed buckle on TA Cole?

Lance:
Yeah, now he's taking advantage of the five-count. He's always had a short fuse and blind spot where family is concerned, but this is beyond that.

Cortez grabs Burns and pins him to the corner… *THWACK!* …and another blistering chop rocks him! Burns scrambles around the ring in pain, but not long before Oscar gets grabbed and then held up in the air. He tries to squirm free, only to get dropped with a big delayed body slam! Uriel wastes no time coming off the ropes only to hit a HUGE running elbow drop! He covers quickly to try and secure the last win he needs to secure a future Southern Heritage Championship match!

ONE!

TWO… NO!

DDK:
Kick-out by Burns! Look at Uriel Cortez! I called Uriel's first FIST of DEFIANCE championship match a few years ago when Oscar was the champion! Oscar beat him then, but this is a VERY different Cortez we're seeing.

Lance:
Indeed. Much more mature. And a very different Oscar, who was once the top hero of this promotion!

Burns gets picked up, but he fires off a huge elbow. The blow barely stuns Uriel who fires back with a knee strike. Uriel talks some trash as Burns is doubled over. Butcher watches on worried as Uriel charges off the ropes for a running shoulder, but Oscar ducks out of the way. When Uriel comes back, the former two-time FIST hits the leg with a low dropkick and sends Cortez CRASHING to the mat!

DDK:
Wow! Just like that, Oscar Burns swings the momentum back his way! He doesn't bust out dropkicks like that, but one clear shot to the knee brings the big man down!

Butcher claps like a seal until Oscar sits up and tells his subordinate to zip it! Butcher stops and then Oscar rushes over to connect to the side of the grounded Cortez's head with a flying knee drop! Uriel winces in pain, but Oscar fires back by leaping on top of him and drilling him with multiple elbow smashes to the face. Benny Doyle yells at Oscar to get off him and he does move, but when Uriel gets back up he gets cracked in the side of the head with a jumping enzuigiri! The big man goes down in a heap. Oscar gets up and then delivers a double stomp to the chest of the champion!

Lance:
What a barrage by the champion! All of those strikes!

DDK:
And there's the cover! Can Oscar bring the title back to Vae Victis?

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:
No! Powerful kickout by Cortez, but Burns is staying on him!

With Cortez down, Oscar goes right to the attack on the left arm by delivering a jumping stomp. Papa Tez tries to block, but the former two-time FIST attacks the arm with a few more shots! He picks up the arm and fires off a European Uppercut to the joint! Cortez winces in pain on the mat when Oscar jumps and hits another stomp! Uriel pulls back the arm in pain, allowing Oscar to snatch the arm for an arm lock!

Lance:
Cortez has the arm snatched up… but he's using that height advantage! Foot already on the ropes! Now look at Oscar milking the official's five-count in the ropes!

Now it's Oscar's turn to let Benny Doyle count down until four, then he finally lets go of the hold. DEFIANCE Himself stands up again and inches behind the Favoured Saints Champion as he tries to push himself up off the mat, only to soccer kick the bad left arm out from under him!

DDK:
Another brutal shot to the arm! Oscar's skills to work body parts can chop any wrestler of any type down to size. He goes after an arm and that could limit Uriel Cortez's use of power moves and even those chops!

When Cortez tries to kneel back up again, Oscar hits the ropes and ROCKS him with another big jumping high knee that brings him down to the mat! Burns goes to work with a keylock variation! He cranks back on the arm again with Uriel on a knee, trying to fight back. Oscar looks outside the ring directly to Butcher Victorious.

Oscar Burns:
SEE WHAT I'M HAVING TO DO BECAUSE OF YOU?! I'M CLEANING UP YOUR MESSES, BUTCHER! I CAN'T BELIEVE I EVER LET YOU BE PART OF VAE VICTIS!

Butcher looks like he got shot in the chest with that last comment.

Lance:
Wow, that's cold. You know, this all started with Butcher wanted Oscar's attention. He got it, but since then we've seen Oscar and Vae Victis just make him do the grunt work. We all laughed for longest time, but… this is becoming cruel…

Uriel tries to fight back with The Faithful cheering him on. He uses his free arm and catches Oscar in the ribs with a hard right. But before he can get up, Oscar NAILS Uriel in the temple with the Hard Out Headbutt! Then another! Two Hard Out Headbutts rock the big man as he's on a knee, affording Oscar the opportunity to land a double knee armbreaker to the left arm! The Favoured Saints Champion flails around holding his arm and stumbles back as Oscar shakes his hands and gets ready…

DDK:
OH, MY GOD! GERMAN SUPLEX BY OSCAR ON THE MUCH TALLER URIEL! AND HE HAS A BRIDGE?!

The Faithful can't believe it as Benny Doyle slides into position for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Titan of Industry kicks out! Butcher is watching what's happening and he looks shocked as well!

Lance:
That was nuts! And now Oscar right back to the arm! Some great mat work, working around the big man!

He tries to work quickly to get him locked up and tries a seated armbar, but Cortez maneuvers quickly to keep out of the hold. The Tall-Father uses his free arm and LAUNCHES Oscar into the ropes and when he bounces back… *THWACK* …he catches him with a Rebound Chop! Burnsie falls to the mat while clutching his chest and Uriel shakes his arm!

DDK:
WHAT A SHOT! God, Uriel Cortez is so proficient with those chops and he just dropped Oscar with one of those! And he's not a small man by any means!

Lance:
Can Cortez fight back and find a way to close in on his fourth and final successful defense of the Favoured Saints Title?

Some fans cheer on the big man, but he doesn't play to it or pay it any mind. When Oscar tries to get up, he gets the shock of his life when Cortez PICKS HIM UP and runs him right into the corner! Cortez shakes the pain out of his left arm and charges off the ropes before FLOORING Oscar off the return with a massive running shoulder tackle from his good side! He backs up and waits for Oscar to stand and when he does, he gets the shock of his life when Uriel Cortez leaves his feet to hit DEFIANCE's Biggest Dropkick, sending him flying halfway across the ring!

DDK:
OOH! Cortez is now switching up his offense! He rocks him with DEFIANCE's Biggest Dropkick after that shoulder out of the corner!

The roaring of the crowd is loud when DEFIANCE Himself is picked up off the canvas by an inverted facelock from The Titan of Industry, shortly before he CRACKS him with Big Business!

DDK:
Big Business by Uriel Cortez! That inverted facelock into the chop was BRUTAL!

Lance:
It was, but look at Cortez! The arm is giving him trouble! He goes into the cover!

Cortez hooks a leg with his good arm and lays across the body of the former two-time FIST, looking for the biggest singles win of his career! The Faithful count along!

ONE!

TWO!

TH… NO!

The Bremen Faithful get deflated when Burns throws a free shoulder up! Uriel checks with Benny Doyle, but only gets two fingers up.

Lance:
I think if he had a better cover, that might have been it!

DDK:
I believe you're right, but now Uriel's calling for 218! That powerbomb of his has been very useful!

Cortez ignore the cheering Faithful and goes right for the kill. He picks up Oscar and doubles him over while Butcher Victorious watches from outside, unsure what to do. Oscar gets dragged up into a standing headscissors and Butcher, just out of Doyle's vantage point, grabs a foot! Uriel lets go of Oscar and turns to Butcher and drags him on the apron. When Butcher freaks out, Uriel looks behind him and moves with Oscar NAILING Butcher with a running European uppercut and knocking him of the apron!

Lance:
A little miscommunication there!

Uriel tries to take advantage, only to get his knee attacked from behind again by Oscar!

DDK:
Oscar just laid out his own lackey, but isn't checking up on him! He's focused squarely on winning the Favoured Saints Title!

The Faithful JEER when Oscar goes to the middle rope near Uriel and takes flight with a diving knee,, catching him square in the face! After the shot, Burns holds out his elbow with the big man down, then leaps and DRIVES a huge leaping elbow smash into the side of the big man's jaw!

DDK:
ELBOW OF DEFIANCE! THAT'S HOW HE BEAT MIL VUELTAS TO EARN HIS SEVENTIETH DEFIANCE WIN!

Burns arrogantly shouts at Benny Doyle to hurry up and count! Burns hooks the far leg and The Faithful jeer!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE… NO!

Oscar can't believe it and The Faithful are in shock!

Lance:
WHAT?!That was three?!

DDK:
NO! NO! URIEL KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT! DOYLE IS CALLING IT A TWO-COUNT!

The giant was barely able to kick out, but it was a two-count! Oscar screams bloody murder and then goes to grabs Uriel by the neck. It keeps going until he sees someone at ringside.

Lance:
Darren, look! Look! It's Mil Vueltas and Thomas Keeling! Are they… are they checking on Butcher Victorious?!

DDK:
I don't know! They tried to talk to Butcher Victorious on the last DEFtv, confronting him about Butcher continuously taking this abuse from Vae Victis and Oscar Burns!

Oscar screams at Mil to get away from ringside, but Mil returns the double bird! He goes back to checking on Butcher along with Thomas Keeling!

Lance:
At least Mil is trying to do the right thing here!

Burns has had enough and goes back to finishing Uriel Cortez.

Problem?

CHOP OF AGES MAX TO THE THROAT!

DDK:
OOH! CHOP OF AGES MAX! HE NAILED BURNS WITH THAT BRUTAL CHOP!

Lance:
DEAD ON! IS HE GOING TO GET THE FOURTH AND FINAL DEFENSE TO EARN A SOUTHERN HERITAGE TITLE MATCH?!

After catching Oscar Burns off-guard, Uriel hooks BOTH legs tightly and The Faithful count along!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

Uriel immediately sits up and slaps the canvas multiple times with his free hand! Thomas Keeling claps with approval for the win, but Mil is still helping Butcher up.

Darren Quimbey:
Here is your winner of the match and STILL Favoured Saints Champion… **URIEL CORTEZ!**

DDK:
Uriel Cortez has done it! FOUR successful defenses of the Favoured Saints Championship! Couple that with the BIGGEST singles win of his career and he has just punched his ticket for a future title match with Corvo Alpha for the Southern Heritaget Championship!

Lance:
What a fight that one's going to be! The biggest man walking DEFIANCE, taking on DEFIANCE's most dominant monster in recent memory!

Uriel Cortez is handed the Favoured Saints Championship and holds it up with his good arm! He looks out for Mil and Thomas Keeling and then climbs over the ropes. Thomas Keeling claps for the big man and when Mil is helping Butcher up, Uriel looks down at his best friend and stablemate.

Uriel Cortez:
…Why are you helping HIM? They don't deserve it!

Mil Vueltas: *[pointing at Oscar]*
Because that gilipollas is using him!

Uriel Cortez:
I don't care. He ain't Familia.

Butcher is now leaning against the guardrail holding his jaw, watching the exchange between Mil and Uriel. Cortez shakes his head and walks away. As the giant leaves and holds the title up, The Man of a Thousand Flips looks over at Oscar in the ring. Burns is seething while holding his throat.

DDK:
I can't make heads or tails of all this… but the one thing I'm clear on is this… with this win, he has made it to four successful defenses, and with that, he gets to name the time and place of his choosing for a future chance at the Southern Heritage Championship… and CORVO ALPHA!

Mil and Thomas Keeling both depart ringside with Butcher confused as to what's happening and Oscar now looking up at the lights, ready to burst a blood vessel! As this happens, Uriel Cortez raises the Favoured Saints Championship up over his head on top of the ramp, then taps the faceplate with his hand before delivering a special message to someone he hopes is watching.

Uriel Cortez:
CORVO ALPHA… I'M GONNA BE TRADING THIS BELT FOR **YOUR** BELT REAL SOON!

COMMERCIAL: FUNKO POPS COLLECTION

eries 1 just released! New series on the way! Be like Conor, [illegible] them all but most important
KEEP THEM IN THE BOX!

NO LONGER ON TOUR

DEFtv comes back off the commercial break to the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:
Hello and welcome back, everyone. Two weeks ago, Arthur Pleasant attacked Conor Fuse in a post-match beating.

Footage of the DEFtv brutalization airs. Pleasant rips apart the canvas mat, exposing the wooden boards underneath and then drops Fuse on it with a brainbuster.

Followed by a pump-handle piledriver.

Four more times.

The scene returns to the announce table.

DDK:
Unfortunately, we have news on the health of Conor. He is going to be out of action for a while. He will not be in Germany, he will not be on tour, we're looking at a minimum three month injury.

Lance:
That's awful. I know how much he wanted to perform in front of the German Faithful.

DDK:
Sadly, Pleasant did exactly what he said he was going to, take Conor Fuse out of the holidays and the tour entirely.

Lance:
Awful.

DDK:
Pleasant is not with us this week but I'm told we will hear from him directly on the next DEFtv.

Lance: *[sarcasm]*
Great.

And DEFtv moves along.

Chris Trutt: EMBEDDED

Relocating to a shot of Lance & Keebler seated at the Commentation Station, the pair offers a unified front of professional poise and canned-warmth in pressed fabric.

DDK:
At DEFIANCE Wrestling, our broadcast team takes a lot of pride in the work we do. Whether it's here on television, on radio, or on the web, telling the stories that need to be told in a direct and insightful fashion is our shared mission statement.

Lance:
One of our brightest young journalists who has distinguished himself these past few years is our colleague, Chris Trutt. For this tour of Germany, Chris has had his boots on the ground, traveling with DEF stars and trying to learn more about the person behind the performer.

DDK:
One of those performers is the improbable fan favorite & Southern Heritage Champion, Corvo Alpha.

Lance:
Let's catch up with Chris and… his new friend.

A black & red "**Chris Trutt:** EMBEDDED" logo slams into the screen, leaving digital rubble before fading to a DEF backdrop. In a black polo shirt and tan khakis, Chris Trutt smiles in front of the milieu, adjusting his grip on the microphone.

Chris Trutt:
With no shortage of fascinating personalities and interesting characters on the road, it's been a challenge for me to focus on just one individual to follow and chronicle as we weave our way through Germania.

Candid photos and videos of various DEF performers scroll across the screen.

Chris Trutt:
However, no matter how far off I wandered, I always found myself coming back to Corvo Alpha.

Slow motion in-ring footage of Alpha plays; black and white except for the yellow warpaint on his face and red smudge across his hirsute chest. A brutal clothesline, wide & wild eyes peering through strands of wet hair, an Alpha Clutch locked in.

Chris Trutt:
His story was of a different kind. He had appeared in DEF under the dark sway of Lord Nigel Trickelbush before MV1 appeared and shocked the world - along with Alpha himself - revealing Corvo's true identity; that of the former MV2.

We see the tragic tale unfold before us via file footage from the last 16 months.

Chris Trutt:
After almost a year of internal struggle, we watched as, along with the help of his old partner, Masked Violator #1, Alpha finally shed the spectre of Lord Trickelbush, banishing him from DEFIANCE forever and finally able to forge his own path, armed with the evolving knowledge of his past.

Back to Trutt and the backdrop.

Chris Trutt:
This past summer, I made a connection with Corvo that surprised even me. Since then, he's been a hard man to nail down. Crossing an ocean and navigating a foreign country tends to bring a traveling troupe together but if anything, our tour of Germany has isolated Alpha even more. Unless it's out there.

We cut to black and white footage of Alpha emerging from a rabid crowd, surrounded by surging Faithful. They slap him on the back and pump their fists all around him as he hoofs down the concrete steps towards the ring.

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*
The German Faithful have embraced the new SOHER and provide the soundtrack for his dramatic entrance. But backstage? It's a different story. From building to building to building, he'd avoid locker rooms and common areas.

We cut to Trutt smiling before the backdrop once more.

Chris Trutt:
Sometimes…. You've gotta know where to look.

The catwalks, high above the Porsche-Arena in Stuttgart. Dotted with lighting rigs and massive speakers, Alpha could be found seated amongst the equipment, eyeing the matches on display far below.

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*
We watched the first few matches up there, together.

Dressed in scuffed boots, beaten jeans and a faded, bleach-spackled t-shirt, Alpha's eyes narrow at the appearance of Keyes in the ring. Legs dangling off the catwalk, he leans through the railing. Trutt took his seat just to his left. The pair passed a bag of shelled peanuts back and forth.

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*
I won't pretend we had an enthralling discussion. But there *was* conversation. When he left for his match, I asked how he felt about taking on Butcher Victorious again. I can't get the low growl of his voice out of my head. It's still buzzing in my ears.

Corvo Alpha:
I'd say… he's **doomed**.

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*
He was right.

A still black and white image of Butch Vic snatched in the Alpha Clutch, eyes fit to burst from his thick skull.

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*
Two weeks later in Dusseldorf, I found him again. Different catwalk, same vibe.

We cut to Alpha tearing a bratwurst on a roll in half. He offers a half to Trutt, who awkwardly accepts it.

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*
Watching Night 2, it was clear that the Favoured Saints Champion, Uriel Cortez had caught Alpha's eye. Upon the big man's entrance to take on TA Cole, Alpha found his feet and went off without a word. The crowd would eventually spot him taking a closer look.

Cutting to footage of Alpha in the crowd - he and Cortez briefly lock eyes.

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*
When Corvo came back, he didn't have much to say. In fact, as we watched the rest of the event I realized I'd been doing all the talking. We watched all night, culminating in Scott Hunter's dashed winning streak against Dexy baby. I asked Corvo if he'd spoken to MV1 since his injury against Hunter at ACTS.

Alpha's face fell dark, silent like his voice.

Chris Trutt: *[voice-over]*

I don't think he liked that question much. So I was quick to change the subject.

Trutt anxiously kicks his feet off the side of the catwalk.

Chris Trutt:
Uhhh... they're saying it's gonna be a big show for DEFtv 197! Leipzig sold out in record time! You have a match for 197?

Tapping the fifteen pounds of gold across his lap with fore and middle fingers, Alpha solemnly regards his championship.

Corvo Alpha:
Any of them. All of them. I'll be ready.

IN TWO WEEKS
DEFtv 197
For the DEFIANCE Wrestling Southern Heritage Championship

CORVO ALPHA © vs ???

OPEN CHALLENGE

I SEE DEAD PEOPLE

♫ "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 … LONNNNIIIEEEEE STONNNNNNEEEE!!!

Zipping 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 and then runs at a slower pace due to taking an attack from the last two weeks. He jumps and slides right under the bottom rope. Wearing long silver tights and boots, he's keeping things simple tonight as he prepares for what will be a tough match with JJ Dixon.

DDK:
Lonnie Stone is so far 1-2 since joining DEFIANCE, but he's not taking it easy. After he won his debut over Thomas Slaine, he has stepped up considerably in competition against a seven-foot Max Luck and the first-ever FIST of DEFIANCE, Ed White! Now tonight, he takes on the dangerous JJ Dixon.

Lance:
Dixon has looked unstoppable, but we got a few words earlier today with Lonnie Stone. We'll go to his picture-in-picture comments right now.

Lonnie Stone appears in picture-in-picture as he's in the ring.

Lonnie Stone:
Okay so … my bones hurt. And JJ Dixon is probably going to make them hurt a lot more … but I'm ready. Winston Luck taught me that you don't back down from *any* fight … I mean, seriously. Ed White walked the dog on me … but despite that, you don't *ever* walk away from a fight. JJ, I'm ready for you and whatever Grandma Melton have coming. Let's go!

♫ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♫

The comments conclude. Stone looks ready for a fight The lights in the arena go out as the German fans buzz. The DEFiatron turns on revealing the empty theater that is now home to Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems -- a hazy, smoky effect. Madame Melton sits in her director's chair, legs crossed, wearing silver upon silver upon silver, enjoying the tobacco in her long cigarette holder as she looks at the "audience" before her. "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon kneels at her side, wearing his brown leather mask and a black sleeveless shirt that reads "THE FATAL ATTRACTION" in death metal style in scrawled silver.

JJ Dixon:
There was this kid I grew up with named Gavin -- a very entitled little boy who got everything he always wanted, but never appreciated what he had. Case in point was Christmas one year when his parents gifted him a doll of Woody, from Toy Story At first, Gavin loved his Woody doll and played with him all of the time. And the Woody doll, well, he loved Gavin more than any of the other toys did. But then the following Christmas, along comes Buzz Lightyear... and, unlike the plot of that great Pixar movie, Gavin tossed his own Woody doll away, forgetting about him forever, despite how much Woody loved the boy... and still does!

Now even Ned Reform's students can understand the metaphor above. Right around this time last year, Lonnie, I was The Faithful's shiny new toy. I was their breakout star -- JJ Dixon, always an inch away from losing his job, sprung to relevancy after being unearthed as a hidden gem through the genius of Mommie Dearest.

Lonnie -- you're the shiny new toy. When The Faithful hear the upbeat pop-punk cover of a beloved classic rock song, they know they're about to see one of the most electrifying young performers DEFIANCE has seen in years! They know they're going to see someone with a never say die attitude like few others have in this industry! They know they're going to see someone who gets up no matter how hard he lands after one of his already legendary crash landings!

I like the cut of your job, Lonnie. Dare I say -- and I will dare say -- we could even be friends in another place and time! Unfortunately, for you, I have to take you out tonight. Because you've replaced me in the eyes of The Faithful -- WHO I LOVE MORE THAN YOU WILL EVER KNOW! Because of that, I have become THE FATAL ATTRACTION -- a monster I no longer recognize... so I can become the hero The Faithful deserve!

Madame Melton rises from her chair dramatically.

Madame Melton:
They say I'm crazy, that there's something wrong with me, THAT I HAVE GONE MAD! *[The hand holding her cigarette holder flies high above her head]* It's all because I have this… this SIXTH SENSE where I see and hear things apparently nobody else can!

She closes her eyes and starts to wave his cigarette holder around like she's conducting an orchestra.

Madame Melton:
Like now, when I close my eyes... There I stand at the front of the Sydney Opera House, gently clutching the baton in my hand as I lead a 100-member philharmonic! The timpani drums beat louder and faster and the cellos and violins as I conduct the most beautiful of songs… the BitterSweet Symphony that is the soundtrack of your demise... which has unfolded exactly as I orchestrated, Mister Stone! But that's not the only thing I see.

She opens her eyes and smiles before speaking in a cruel whisper.

Madame Melton:
I see dead people. I see the decaying corpses and the shattered bones of those The Faithful deem more worthy of their love, with their skulls aligning the path that leads to me — DEFIANCE'S IRON LADY — sitting upon my just throne, ruling over this promotion with her IRON FIST! And there are The Faithful, with their CLEAR EYES and FULL HEARTS, in love with me once again. But I do not mean the love between Bogie and Ingird in Casablanca. I mean the type of reverence where you will kneel before me. You will look up at me with unwavering devotion and infinite awe, knowing that to dare look away means my wrath will be so severe it will be felt by your progeny for generations to follow!

She then pets JJ's head like he's a toddler. He looks up her with a beaming smile on his face.

Madame Melton:
And unlike my loving, doting son... I don't speak in metaphors.

JJ Dixon:
BECAUSE YOU WILL LEARN TO LOVE US AS MUCH AS WE LOVE YOU... *[JJ folds his arms out wide]* WHEN THERE IS NO ONE ELSE LEFT FOR YOU TO LOVE!

Madame Melton:
And you will all see why… *[Raiden and Reeves emerge from the shadows behind her looking sinister]* MADAME MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

JJ DIXON vs. LONNIE STONE

The lights abruptly turn back on. Melton, Reeves and Raiden each stand on separate sides of the ring. Lonnie looks around nervously around the ring. Rex Knox looks around, warning The Most Precious Gems. JJ is perched on his knees like he was in the promo and waits for the moment before tackling Lonnie.

DING DING

DDK:
JJ is swinging those clubbing forearms wildly at Lonnie!

Lance:
We saw the same thing last week in his match against Sgt. Safety. He -- or, more accurately, Madame Melton -- calls this “400 Blows,” named after her favorite French film!

Lonnie, from underneath, hits a jab of his own.

DDK:
Lonnie is now biting JJ’s forearm to repel JJ’s attack!

Lance:
And Lonnie did this in his breakout match against Max Luck at Uncut 149!

JJ screams in pain as he holds his forearm. Lonnie kicks JJ off him completely and whips JJ hard into the corner. He points to the crowd, who scream in response!

DDK:
Lonnie with a running dropkick! He gets up and charges again -- a second dropkick with JJ in the corner. And he readies himself again --

The crowd goes “ohhhhhhhhh” as Lonnie revs up with another dropkick!

Lance:
Good things come in three!

JJ rolls to the floor as Madame Melton tends to him. Lonnie bounces off the far ropes -- no, Raiden tries to grab his foot!

DDK:
Lonnie with that ‘Lonn Dart’ Springboard Sommersault Senton to the floor to take out Raiden!

Lance:
Lonnie knows he’s facing an uphill battle here as he’s outnumbered! He’s well-schooled as the latest graduate from The Luck Academy and knows he has to fight these stacked odds!

JJ is on all fours on the ring apron. Lonnie scampers across the ring and heads onto the apron. Lonnie hooks JJ in a front-face lock as the set-up for Drop It Like A Stone (The Running Springboard Cutter)

DDK:
Lonnie’s going for it!

But Reeves runs over quickly and says something to Lonnie, causing him to pause briefly. Lonnie then Lonnie says something to Reeves, but moves forward and uses the steel post to propel himself up by his feet --

DDK:

NO! JJ SOMEHOW JUST FLIPPED LONNIE ON TOP OF HIS SHOULDERS!

Lance:
Just because he's snapped doesn't mean his elite athleticism has disappeared! The strength and agility it takes to do that!

JJ hits his Cartwheel Death Valley Driver on the ring apron! The crowd buzzes as Lonnie collapses to the floor, holding his head and neck.

Lance:
That's the hardest part of any wrestling ring! And absolutely diabolical from The Fatal Attraction!

Madame Melton, with a smile on her face, eyes Lonnie as JJ gets back on the ring apron. She squats down and pushes Lonnie back into the ring apron with her ample derriere like Charles Barkley boxing out for a rebound. She catches the camera and leans in with a devilish smirk on her face.

Madame Melton:
We are Everything Everywhere All At Once!

The former Teri Melton spins out of the way as JJ springboards off the middle rope with a moonsault!

Lance:
Madame Melton has dubbed this swarming, non-stop madness of interference from The Gems "Everything Everywhere All At Once!" And it just resulted in JJ bending Stone backwards over the railing!

Lonnie is on the floor, now holding his back. JJ takes a few steps up the aisle and falls to his knees, right next to a 10-year-old boy, spreading his arms out wide and screams at the terrified German child --

JJ Dixon:
ALL I EVER WANTED WAS TO BE YOUR HERO!

The crowd boos at JJ's histrionics. Madame Melton now has her eyes closed, as she pantomimes her BitterSweet Symphony. Reeves rolls into the ring, and the incredulous Rex Knox is telling him to get out.

DDK:
Raiden rips the ring steps away and drags it onto the floor, and Madame Melton is perched on the top step, still conducting her imaginary orchestra!

Knox turns around, but Raiden has rolled into the ring and blocks his view. JJ hops over the ring railing and grabs Lonnie in a full-nelson --

DDK:
No! Don't do this!

JJ drops Lonnie with Sunset Boulevard, face-first on the bottom step and at Madame Melton's feet! JJ stares at the wreckage next to him, and while kneeling holds his arms out wide again and looks up at his Mommie Dearest for approval. Her eyes bat wide open as she enjoys a long drag from her cigarette holder, laughing maniacally as she exhales.

Lance:
This is just utter chaos! She is a full-fledged mad woman!

JJ rolls Lonnie, out cold, back into the ring as Raiden slithers out of the ring. But instead of pinning Lonnie, JJ rolls him face-first onto the mat and sits on his back and returns with his 400 Blows clubbing forearms. He screams each word with each blow, looking not just at the camera but his former fellow Southern Basterd Jun Izuchi!

JJ Dixon:
I! WILL! ALWAYS! LOVE! YOU! BROTHER!

JJ stops, kneeling next to Lonnie.

JJ Dixon:
I... I'm sorry, Lonnie. But... but you'll understand one day...

JJ hooks the arm for A Streetcar Named Retire (Straightjacket Crossface.) He screams as he wrenches back.

DDK:
And, mercifully, Rex Knox is calling for the bell!

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey heads in to announce the winner, but a stern look from Madame Melton now on the apron now tells him otherwise. JJ remains next to Lonnie, as he's weeping while apologizing in Lonnie's ear. Madame Melton wags her finger, and Raiden, out of the pocket of his hoodie hands her a plastic baggie. She holds it up high, and dumps hundreds of thumbtacks onto the mat!

DDK:
We saw them try this last week to Sgt. Safety!

Lance:
They're not kidding when they say they want to eliminate anyone they think are more popular than them! All of them -- Madame Melton, JJ, Reeves and Raiden -- have completely snapped!

JJ picks Lonnie up for another Sunset Boulevard --

RAAAAAAAHHHHH!

DDK:
No! Look, Lance! Titanes Familia are here! And they have backup!

Lance:
Full force, too!

Melton warns the group, then they scatter like cockroaches in the nick of time as not only Titaness heads down the ramp, but Dan Leo James has returned! "The Texan Dragon" Jun Izuchi brings up the rear as all three head into the ring! They all start kicking thumbtacks out of the ring!

DDK:
Titanes Familia and Jun Izuchi make the save for Lonnie Stone, who's now being helped out of the ring… and, wait! Dan has a microphone!

The returning Dan Leo James has a microphone and The Young Titan doesn't look happy.

Dan Leo James:
Madame Melton? Precious Gems? You're gonna have to excuse my langauge, but I am NOT a happy camper!

He points to Jun Izuchi.

Dan Leo James:
After the big creepy movie star spider lady blew weird magic smoke dust in my eyes, I got blinded and had to miss DEFtv! But now I'm back together WITH Muscle Mom… but let me introduce you all to the good guy that helped save

HER!

Both Dan and Titaness put an arm around the shoulder of Jun Izuchi.

Dan Leo James:
This man right here is our Extended Familia! First cousin once removed, but then added twice, so he's like our four-halves cousin… or something. But he doesn't like what that JJ Dixon guy has become ever since Madame Melton got her old, wrinkly mitts into! And on his behalf, we're issuing a challenge right now! He'll take on any one of you one on one, right here, right now!

Jun takes the microphone from Dan.

Jun Izuchi:
Brother, you talked a whole lotta noise about me on UNCUT. My story is a crazy story you'll all have to hear someday… but it ain't about me. It's about you, JJ. Whatever Melton's over there selling you… it ain't good. You say you want to show me love, JJ?

He bats his chest with his fist.

Jun Izuchi:
Well, it works both ways, JJ. I love you, too, brother… enough to beat some sense into you. Let's do this.

Lance:
Wow! First words we've ever heard him speak! These two went through a LOT in BRAZEN with Earl Lee Roberts. But what does JJ say to this?

JJ goes to step forward, screaming "I LOVE YOU, BROTHER!" at Jun -- but JP Reeves snatches the microphone from Darren Quimbey. Reeves pulls out a yellow flower from the front of his black jeans, holding a black composition notepad in his other hand. He smells the yellow flower and begins to speak -- his voice now sounding a bit British even though, just a few weeks ago, he spoke like a normal person.

JP Reeves:
Jun Izuchi, I don't have a bone to pick with you... but I am The Boy With The Thorn In His Side! But I have been awaiting a moment like this, as I penned in my journal -- the contents of which shall no doubt soon be published in the illustrious Paris Review! This is entitled "The Garden of Justice!"

He clears his throat as he reads from his book.

JP Reeves:
It was a cold, distant night in Bremen -- the rancid smells of this grotesque wasteland filling the souls of its ambitionless residents who wish they were successful enough to move to Hamburg! (The crowd boos immensely due to the fierce rivalry between the two nearby residents.) There stood outside of the ring a man -- an angry man who no longer appreciates being unappreciated, The Boy With The Thorn In His Side! But he was more than a man. He is also a warrior -- nay, a conqueror! And he gladly accepts your challenge, Jun Izuchi! Because he is The Yellow Rose of The Gems (he takes a giant sniff from his flower)... and I welcome you to your burial... right here in our garden!

Reeves slides off the suit jacket he was wearing over his shirtless body, and slams the book in Quimbey's chest.

Lance:
I... I assume that Reeves has accepted the match?

DDK:
It's not the match Jun Izuchi wanted, but he's got one! JP Reeves fights on behalf of the Most Precious Gems to take on Jun Izuchi with Titanes Familia watching his back! We need to get a new referee and clear out those thumbtacks, but when we come back, JP Reeves and Jun Izuchi are in action!

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

"TEXAN DRAGON" JUN IZUCHI vs. JP REEVES

DING DING

Right at the start, Reeves sees The Texan Dragon coming his way and gets LEVELED with a running shoulder tackle by the cowboy! Titaness and Dan Leo James cheer him on at ringside while the rest of the Most Precious Gems look annoyed.

DDK:
JP Reeves was not expecting this challenge, but here we are! Now that the odds are even, we'll see how The Gems do in a fair fight!

Reeves gets picked up and gets his face planted into the corner by Izuchi! The Texan Dragon shoots a look at JJ Dixon, then holds a finger up to the crowd who want one more. The much larger Izuchi drags him across the ring for another faceplant into the adjacent corner! Reeves is stunned, but The Faithful chant for one more, so Izuchi follows up and gives the people what they want… another faceplant into the corner, not a hug.

Lance:
Goodness! Jun Izuchi is coming out swinging tonight! We always said he was half a step away from greater things and he could be here tonight with help from the rest of Titanes Familia.

DDK:
That could be! Jun was ready for this fight and Reeves wasn't!

Reeves tries to beg off while Madame Melton is having a fit at ringside, but his face gets introduced to the fourth and final corner in the ring! Reeves is stunned, but Jun spins him around and then takes him over with a high and tight vertical suplex! Jun rolls right over into the cover while still not taking his eyes off The Fatal Attraction at ringside.

ONE!

TWO… NO!

DDK:
Two-count! But Izuchi staying on the attack! Reeves is a talented mat wrestler who knows his way around a suplex, but he's been overwhelmed so far!

Dan Leo James:
Get him, first-second cousin! One-third cousin?!

Titaness explains how cousins work at ringside to DLJ as the former Massive Cowboy drops a big elbow into the chest of Izuchi. He sits up only to drop a second one, then a third! Madame Melton is irritated at Izuchi roughing up a member of her stable while Dixon and Raiden watch silently. Reeves gets picked up for another suplex, but he manages at the last second to wiggle free and land in the corner behind him.

Lance:
Reeves escapes out of desperation!

Izuchi turns around and charges…

THUD!

…But JP moves out of the way and Izuchi hits shoulder-first into the ring post!

DDK:
No! Izuchi was trying to gut check him in the corner and came up against steel!

Lance:
This is the chance that Reeves needed!

He goes behind Izuchi and then wraps both arms around the larger opponent's waist. He looks on proudly to Madame Melton and then tries to hoist the big man up for a German suplex, but Izuchi elbows his way free using his good arm. He swings around, but Reeves quickly grabs him by the arm and snaps him down to the mat with an ugly single arm DDT! The Yellow Rose of the Gems is able to finally breathe a little easier knowing that he's finally got him down to his level!

DDK:
And now Reeves exploited that attack on the arm after the German suplex attempt came up short. Now where does Reeves go?

Lance:
Top rope maybe?

Reeves is thinking about it, but when he sees Izuchi trying to sit back up, he hits the same arm with a quick dropkick! Izuchi goes to the mat and then Reeves quickly climbs out of the ring to head to the top rope. When he reaches the top, he takes off with a perfect diving headbutt to the same shoulder/arm area he's been working over! Titaness and James now look worried for their Extended Familia at ringside!

DDK:
Now that Reeves has found a target, he's working that shoulder after Jun Izuchi's earlier offensive flurry! Right into a lateral press!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Izuchi kicks out and Titanes Familia breathe a temporary sigh of relief while The Most Precious Gems look annoyed! Dixon still doesn't react to Izuchi other than a blank stare for a man he's proclaimed to respect, but yet want to hurt.

DDK:
Close kickout, but now Reeves with that top wristlock! He's really grounded Izuchi!

Lance:
Can he get out of this hold?

Titaness climbs up and begins stomping a foot on the nearby bottom steps, getting the fans to clap in rhythm to fire Izuchi up. Dan leads the chants as well. JJ holds his hands over Madame Melton's ears as she gets outraged at the fans.

Madame Melton:
No! We are the ones you should love!

The Muscle Mom yells back at Madame Melton!

Titaness:
Eat a dick with a side of Metamucil!

Dan Leo James:
Yeah, you old ass-butt!

Izuchi hears the people and starts to try and will himself up while JP Reeves continues to crank back on the elbow. Izuchi reaches behind him and grabs Reeves by the head before THROWING him forward. Reeves does a roll out of the hold and gets back to his feet, but when he gets there, Izuchi manages to CRACK him in the jaw with a wicked big boot! The Texan collapses to the mat while holding his arm while Reeves is checking the OVB Arena lights!

DDK:
Titanes Familia and the people are now getting behind Jun Izuchi! He's doing well for his first night as Extended Familia!

Lance:
Can he punch his way out of this, though? JP Reeves has targeted the arm very well!

When Izuchi finally gets up off his knees, he takes JP with him, but JP counters back with a quick kneeling jawbreaker. He gets back up and tries another suplex, but this time, Izuchi spins around and CLOCKS him with a discus back elbow! With Reeves sufficiently chin-checked, he gets whipped into the ropes…

DDK:
High Noon by Jun Izuchi! He scores that huge sit-out spinebuster and goes right into the cover!

Izuchi braces tight in a seated cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Reeves rolls backwards just before the three-count! Titanes Familia and the Most Precious Gems are collectively watching with bated breath.

Lance:
Izuchi almost got him with High Noon, but Reeves kicks out!

Izuchi takes Reeves up again and then scoops him up on his good shoulder looking for The Tokyo, Texas Stampede, but when he gets to the corner, Reeves pushes out of desperation. He spins around, but Raiden tries to pick the leg. Izuchi moves, but no contact was made, so no disqualification. What it does do is allow Reeves to creep up behind the larger man… before catching him in a big bridging German suplex!

DDK:
What strength and technique by Reeves! Can he beat The Texan Dragon?

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Izuchi kicks out and the people are with the Extended Familia member! Raiden shakes his head, but gets TAKEN DOWN with a huge spear by Titaness! She stands up after the big move and talks trash to Raiden while he's covering his ribs!

DDK:
No! That's what Raiden gets for sticking his nose where it doesn't belong!

Madame Melton looks infuriated, but when Dixon wants to get involved, she holds him back as Reeves tries for a

modified springboard German Suplex!

DDK:
The Gems have dubbed this Gone With The Pinned!

He gets near the ropes, but Izuchi hangs on and pushes him off. Reeves rolls backwards, but when he gets picked up, he gets DROPPED with a quick flying lariat!

Lance:
Impressive counter by Jun! Titanes Familia cheering him on as he grabs Reeves! He slams him into the corner… TOKYO, TEXAS STAMPEDE! THAT'S IT!

DLJ and Titaness cheer at ringside as Melton shows off an angry scowl in Izuchi's direction! He goes for the pin after the modified running powerslam out of the corner!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

♫ "The Good, The Bad and The Ugly" by Ennio Morricone ♫

Darren Quimbey:
Here is your winner… **JUN IZUCHI!**

Izuchi is helped up with Titaness and Dan Leo James coming in to do the honors and raising his hand. Titaness raises the good one, but when James tries to raise the one that Reeves worked over, Izuchi pulls it away. Dan gives him a pat on the back instead and claps!

DDK:
This is a big singles win here by Jun Izuchi, scoring the pin over one of The Most Precious Gems with Titanes Familia watching his back!

Lance:
After two weeks of brutal sneak attacks, the odds are now evened for Titanes Familia thanks to Jun Izuchi acting as Extended Familia here tonight!

Izuchi waves at Dixon, daring him to try and get in the ring. Dixon starts to move forward, but Madame Melton grabs him by the shoulders with a scowl on her face and sternly directs him to the locker room. JJ apologizes to his "Mommie Dearest" and complies. Raiden holds his ribs and hobbles over to help get his NDR tag partner out of the ring. Reeves is helped up while Titaness and Dan wave goodbye to the departing Gems.

DDK:
No way that The Most Precious Gems take this setback on the chin and walk away!

USED

Oscar Burns:
THE TWO OF YOU ARE BLOODY BFFS NOW?! HUH?!

The booming, raspy voice of Oscar Burns is heard echoing through the halls. His chest bears the battle scars of someone who has taken several chops to his chest from Uriel Cortez and he's got an ice pack on his neck from taking a Chop of Ages MAX earlier in the evening from said giant. Butcher shakes his head incredulously.

Butcher Victorious:
No! It ain't like that, Oscar! No! I don't know why he even came down to the ring! I…

Oscar Burns:
SHUT IT!

Butcher goes silent. Oscar Burns leans forward and gets right into the face of his long-time lackey.

Oscar Burns:
You… you WERE in Vae Victis because of ME. You became Favoured Saints Champion because of ME. You became RELEVANT… to ANYONE… because of ME.

Quietly seething, Oscar inches even closer.

Oscar Burns:
Do you know what you cost me tonight? What you cost VAE VICTIS tonight?! We had the chance to win gold again! I was THIS CLOSE to putting Cortez away when YOU had to fraternize with that little piss-ant, Mil Vueltas!

Uncomfortably close now, Oscar SLAMS a hand in the wall directly behind Butcher, making him jump.

Oscar Burns:
That's the last GODDAMN straw, G… no, this is the last GODDAMN straw, Butcher. You can pack your th…

¡Bastante!

Oscar looks over and sees none other than Mil Vueltas, with Thomas Keeling behind him.

Thomas Keeling:
In case the young man wasn't clear, he said enough!

The Man of a Thousand Flips marches forward and looks up at Oscar, still growling.

Mil Vueltas:
You're done bullying him, Oscar. Déjalo en paz!

Oscar looks at Butcher, who hasn't moved from his spot, then Mil and Thomas… then laughs incredulously.

Oscar Burns:
YOU?! Are going to lecture ME about bullying? YOUR STUPID FAMILIA COST ME THE FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP!

Mil shakes his head.

Mil Vueltas:
Cry… or do something about it, Burns. Revancha.

Thomas clarifies.

Thomas Keeling:
He wants a rematch. DEFIANCE Road. You and him.

Butcher tries to speak, but Oscar raises a hand and he zips it instantly without uttering a syllable. Oscar stares angrily at Butcher, then back to Mil.

Oscar Burns:
…This? You… of course, it's about me and this obsession you have with wanting to be respected, Mil. No… you aren't gonna goad me into a match. You want to be taken seriously as a big star, huh? Well, you had your chance! You could be The Man of Infinity Flips and I'd STILL beat you!

Mil Vueltas:
This coming from guy who can't win without help anymore.

Burns' blood continues to boil… but he turns to Butcher. And if one looks carefully, gears begin to turn.

Oscar Burns:
You know what?

Oscar walks over to Butcher, then carefully puts an arm around him like he's palling around with his best friend. Everyone, even Butcher himself looks confuzzled.

Oscar Burns:
Mil, you clearly won't let this go… and Butcher… well, call this a miracle. GC… I owe you an apology… AND an opportunity to make all of this right. You want to prove yourself to Vae Victis…

He points at Mil.

Oscar Burns:
And you want a rematch? In two weeks on DEFtv 197, you can fight Butcher here. And if you win, I'll give you your rematch at DEFIANCE Road.

Burns looks at Butcher. His grip around Butch Vic's shoulder starts making his lackey uncomfortable.

Oscar Burns:
But that won't bloody happen cause I know Butcher here feels REALLY bad about costing me the Favoured Saints Championship… and I know how much being in Vae Victis means to him. So if you beat Mil… I'll put in a good word in the Vae Victis group chat about reinstating you as a member.

Butcher's eyes grow wide, then he looks at Mil. He takes a moment to think about the task that has been put in front of him.

Butcher Victorious:
Consider it done, Osc… DEFIANCE.

Mil looks up at Thomas Keeling, then back to Oscar and Butcher.

Mil Vueltas:
Acepto.

Oscar Burns:
Good. Then it's settled. Let's go, Butcher.

Butcher looks at Mil and Thomas one more time, then shakes his head and follows Oscar. The Man of a Thousand Flips and his promoter watch them leave before discussing the situation amongst themselves.

Thomas Keeling:
Do you really think he's worth our help?

Mil Vueltas:
Si... You helped me when Morrow tried to do the same to me. Butcher don't have that.

Mil walks away and his promoter follows down the hall as the show moves elsewhere.

PENDING

Tyler Fuse stands outside in the city center of Bremen, Germany, beside the Town Hall statue.

Tyler Fuse:
Greg Harmen, you gave a noble effort.

Recent UNCUT footage of Tyler breaking Harmen's arm once again in the arm bar submission is shown.

Tyler Fuse:
But the same result transpired.

Fuse shakes his head.

Tyler Fuse:
I don't understand you, Flyer. You're not your father, you don't have his skills and abilities. At twenty-three-years old your dad was already a **megastar**. You haven't even graduated BRAZEN.

Footage of Tyler breaking Harmen's arm the other two times rolls through.

Tyler Fuse:
I hope this three month period helps you figure out what you *actually* have to give this business. And it's not a lot.

Tyler changes course.

Tyler Fuse:
One down. What's up, Pierre? Of legendary fWo fame. Should've aligned yourself with better people. DEFtv 197, I'll see you there.

Tyler holds up three fingers and starts to count them down.

Tyler Fuse:
High *Flyer*. *Flying* Frenchie. OG *Flyer*.

A cold, hard stare into the camera.

Tyler Fuse:
Jack, your time is ticking, too. Watch me. From the sidelines, helplessly watch me take apart your son and your very good friend. Add these events up, all of them, let the fuel you, because come DEFIANCE Road, it's the end of *your* road, Jack. I promise.

Tyler points off camera.

Tyler Fuse:
You're pending, Pierre. I'm definitely not Malak Garland. I'm nothing like my brother, either. You haven't faced someone like me yet.

Tyler sneers into the camera.

Tyler Fuse:
And you never will.

Cut to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: CLASH

BOXWOOD vs. THE COMMENTS SECTION

A shot of DDK and Lance Warner sitting cozily in their commentating station fills the broadcasting screen.

DDK:
Lance, up next we're supposed to be having a tag team match between bitter rivals, Malak Garland, Cyrus Bates, Bronson Box and Gage Blackwood but everyone has been made aware, thanks to Malak and Cyrus- Gage Blackwood is suffering an adverse reaction to whatever it is they **DRUGGED** him with, therefore, putting the status of Gage up in the air for tonight. To be honest, I don't even think he's here this evening. Honestly the last thing he should be concerned with currently is wrestling-

Lance leans in.

Lance:
That's right, Darren. In fact, the de facto Paper Champion himself has been bold enough to actually take credit for *causing* the harm. Garland has stated numerous times to a number of media outlets that he intentionally put Gage "on the shelf with a shoulder injury" after their match at the last DEFtv- but we all know the truth.

DDK:
If you caught the last edition of UNCUT, found footage aired of none other than Malak's main handy person, Cyrus Bates, drugging Gage's water with some sort of foreign substance beforehand which clarifies why the former FIST might've gotten steamrolled so easily and why Malak's confidence was sky high.

Lance:
Excellent point, Keebs. Or else I think we would have witnessed a very different contest two weeks ago. One where the Snowflake Superstar might have eaten his own teeth for dinner. Regardless and obviously, Malak has washed his hands clean of the situation and there is an investigation pending into whether or not Bates acted alone and what the substance was but in the meantime, we're supposed to have a tag– hold on! I'm getting word there is a commotion backstage!

The camera cuts to the very familiar gorilla position post where Malak Garland is marching back and forth within a five foot radius with a picket sign in hand. He's absurdly wearing long wrestling tights themed in the Scottish flag.

Malak Garland:
Look at me! Look at me! I am from Banff National Park in Alberta!

DDK:
Bronson Box is from Banff, SCOTLAND.

Mark Shields and Cyrus Bates are seen in the background. Mark is clapping along like the mindless chump he is, while Bates looks awfully suspicious. Malak's sign says 'THIS SIDE OF THE WORLD SUCKS - ALL OF IT' as he parades it around proudly, distracting everyone in the area to pay attention to him like a muse.

Malak Garland:
I AM THE BEST! I AM THE BEST! Everyone LOOK AT ME! PAY NO MIND TO CYRUS BATES BEHIND ME! I AM THE PERSON, THE MYTH, THE LEGEND WHO DISMANTLED GAGE BLACKWOOD! There won't be a tag team match tonight! Instead, my arm will be raised in victory by DEFAULT! I AM THE LEGENDARY SNOWFLAKE DELEGATE! I AM LSD! LSD! LSD! LSD! CHANT IT WITH ME!

By now, Malak's attracted more people TO gorilla than if he wasn't marching around at all. Nevertheless, they stare at the Keyboard King, entranced by his silliness. What they don't see is what's going on behind him. Cyrus Bates is up to his old tricks once more as he snatches the open water bottles on the producer's table and whips out his shady eye dropper but before any liquid can be dispensed, in rushes BRONSON BOX!

RAHHHHH!

The ROAR from the crowd can be heard from a mile away as Box prevents Bates from poisoning water presumed to be given to him pre-match. Box pummels Bates in the back of the skull as his black trench coat goes flying, along with his eye dropper and water. The producer throws his hands up in the air as the backstage brawl breaks out!

Producer:
Don't you two idiots like water after a match- YOU'RE RUINING THIS FOR EVERYONE!

With a look of concern painted on his face after he realizes what's taking place behind him, Malak panics uncontrollably. Box is relentless. He feeds his fists to Bates who can only try to cover up until he sees red. Then Box stops and turns towards Malak who suddenly gets a dry throat.

Malak Garland:
Look. Look, I can explain. I just needed a little something to even the playing field when facing Gage. Don't take it so personally, my man-

Bronson is beyond seething. Malak pushes his verbal luck a little TOO far after getting his anxiety out.

Malak Garland:
Honestly, you're acting like a moody little bitch right now.

He might as well have lit the wick to a stack of dynamite as Box lunges forward like a feral wolf. Trying to defend himself, Garland has no choice but to swing his picket sign at Box's beautiful bald head as hard as he can. He connects. Oh yes, he connects flush, snapping the sign into smithereens but the only bad news for Malak is, Bronson stands tall. Unphased. If Malak's throat wasn't dry before, it is now and maybe a different part of his body was just beginning to get a tiny bit wet.

DDK:
Malak is going to get it now!

Malak Garland:
Eeeeeep.

Doing his best Bart Simpson impression, there's a brief moment of the air settling between Box and Garland before The Wargod grabs his prey by the trapezius muscle. Garland is clearly rattled as he tries to shake free but the iron grip from the bare knuckle brawler only tightens.

Malak Garland: *[Between Pained Gritted Teeth]*
You- ahh- Wouldn't. Hit. A fellow Scotsman now, would you?

Box seeing the Scottish flag angers him but only because it's dyed into Malak's tights who he knows has no right to don the blue and white.

Bronson Box:
Are you TRYIN' to find ways to *piss me off*, sunshine?!

Box winds up, looking for the knockout blow but before he can unload, a black steel chair swoops through the air and wraps around his broad back and raised arm.

DDK:
Chairshot from behind!

The camera slowly pans to reveal Siobhan Cassidy standing there with chair in hand. She pulls the chair back again once more and delivers another shot. The second shot in the same place causes a brief wince to break across Box's face.

Bronson Box:
That *[censored]* tickled. Does the little girly want to play?!

Lance:
It's Siobhan Cassidy! Run, kid!

Box relinquishes his hold of Malak and begins stomping towards Cassidy until a kendo stick comes flying into view, striking Box across the face!

Lance:
What now!?

None other than Teresa Ames is standing there, weidling the kendo stick.

DDK:
It's Teresa Ames! Looks like she's back in Malak's fold now!

So there stands Bronson Box, being circled by Cassidy, Ames, Garland and Bates who gets back up on his feet. Garland has a jagged piece of wood from his picket sign and Bates grips a bat he pulls from within his trenchcoat. Box already has his weapon of choice selected.

His *[censored]* fists.

Malak Garland:
Let's gut this prick and put him on the sidelines along with his friend.

Box is the first to make a move, wildly swinging his arms towards his enemies. As the chaos unfolds and Mark Shields runs for the hills, DEFsec floods the scene immediately, giving their best efforts to pull everyone apart!

DDK:
This is madness! The ENTIRE Comments Section is trying to gang up on Bronson Box! They already took out Gage Blackwood! I don't think this match is going to happen!

Lance:
But it's important to point out! Bronson Box isn't backing down! He is INVITING them to come at him!

DEFsec somehow holds everyone back even though they're trying to get at each other's necks.

DDK:
Faithful! Don't go anywhere! We'll be right back after we try to settle this chaos down!

As we return from commercial break, the Bombastic Bronson Box is already in the ring pacing like a caged animal along the ropes closest to the ramp. “The Entertainer” by ragtime pianist Scott Joplin still tinkling in the background as Boxer scowls and stomps his way around the ring- its then we notice the microphone gripped white knuckle tight in his red right hand.

The piano music stops.

The Original DEFIANT collects his thoughts.

Bronson Box:
Aye- Gage is out fer a tick. Out not because he had a limb snapped or twisted in battle, no not for any fault of his own. He’s a few miles down the road at a local hospital getting treated fer whatever *POISON* that little shite Malak Garland his his toadie dosed him with two weeks ago. Now I understand I’ve always been a right prick. I’ve never shied away from pullin’ some nasty [censored] bollocks on the poor bastards I faced over the years- there's been lines I’ve crossed in brutal, violent fashion that turned this promotion on its blasted ears-

He looks directly into the camera.

Bronson Box:
But I ain't never *drugged* anyone. I’ve pushed competitors into blind bloody rages with the maniacle bullshite I pulled- but never once did I not stand there and take my lumps like a man. Not you though- not Malak Garland. You don't have it in you to be a villain worth your salt- a real villain walks to the gallows with his head held high- whereas you slink around like the [censored] rat bastard ye’ are. You’re nothin’ but words- so it dawned on me to respond in the most brutal, life altering way I can think of- no [censored] words necessary.

He licks his lips, almost as if in anticipation of something-

Bronson Box:
I have a plan to humble you Malak- before you come out here and run your mouth and deflect and make yer’ jokes and japes- whilst you’re standin’ back there with yer’ little friends waitin’ to come out here and finish what we just started backstage I want you to listen to me, son, and listen good. I made a call back to the Wrestleplex in New Orleans earlier today- had the archivist head into the old warehouse and look fer’ somethin’ I aint touched in nigh-on seven long years- somethin’ just fer’ you.

DDK:

What's he talking about?

Lance:
No clue, partner.

Bronson Box:
NOW HIT THAT LITTLE SHITES MUSIC! THE WARGODS LOOKIN' FER A BLOODY FIGHT!

He blind hucks the microphone over his shoulder.

COMMERCIAL: DEFy AWARDS

Live on DEFonDemand, Wednesday, December 20 from Eissporthalle Frankfurt in Frankfurt, Germany!

R-E-S-P-E-V-V

DDK:
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to DEFtv…

As the show returns from commercial, we're treated to an unexpected sight: Pat Cassidy, wearing SNS shirt, jeans, and Boston Red Sox hat; standing in the ring and reaching out for a mic!

DDK:
And we have been joined, quite surprisingly, by Pat Cassidy!

Lance:
This was not on the rundown…

DDK:
Well, that came out quite late anyway, so maybe it was a late addition

Cassidy has his mic.

Pat Cassidy:
Sorry, folks…

He gestures toward the commentation station.

Pat Cassidy:
Sorry Keebs… sorry Warner… I know I'm crashing the party a bit, but the ol' DEF powers-that-be didn't afford me any time tonight, and sometimes you've got to *[BLEEP]*ing ask for forgiveness rather than permission, you get me? So here I am. With a message.

Cassidy points into the hard cam.

Pat Cassidy:
Gonna make this short and real sweet. For the past few weeks, somebody has been sticking their nose in a place where it's very likely to get *[BLEEP]*ing broken. I don't know where this America's Funniest Home videos jokah gets off, but as I'm pretty sure Bob Saget is *[BLEEP]*ing dead, I gotta say I don't see the humah.

Lance:
He's referring, of course, to whoever has been filming arguments he's been having with Ophelia Sykes and airing them on DEFtv.

Pat Cassidy:
Funny enough, nobody in the production truck is talkin'. Fine. I've watched a ton of Law and Ordah. I can do my own detective-like work. And it's gonna be a short investigation. BUM BUM!

Cassidy makes the classic Law and Order transition sound effect before pointing to the entrance.

Pat Cassidy:
Whoever the *[BLEEP]* is airing my dirty laundry on TV, march your sorry ass to this ring right now so I can kick it.

The crowd approves of this.

DDK:
Short and sweet!

Pat points to a corner of the ring… and a cooler sits right in front of the DEFIANCE branded turnbuckle.

Pat Cassidy:
Fellas… I got about a dozen of Germany's FINEST laughahs sitting in that coolah. And I have no problem sittin' here all night and… how do you guys say it? Lass un einfach weiter saufen?

The crowd pops for that.

Pat Cassidy:
See? I'm a man of culture. Anyway, I ain't going nowhere until…

The crowd doesn't exactly cheer, but a murmur definitely rises up as someone marches out from the back… but it's the BRAZEN Women's Champion Ophelia Sykes herself! With the championship belt slung over her shoulder, she marches to the ring like a woman on a mission. Cassidy seems taken aback by this interruption as she enters the ring brandishing her own mic. Cassidy throws up his hands in a "what the hell?" motion and she raises her own hand to calm him down.

Ophelia Sykes:
Pat… hold on, babe. Hear me out.

He appears willing to do this.

Ophelia Sykes:
I have no idea who's been airing that stuff… but in a weird way, I'm glad they did. It pushed me. Almost gave me the courage to…

Pat Cassidy:
Courage to what? Go to Lindsay Troy for advice?

Ophelia Sykes:
No. To stand here in front of the world and tell you that… I love you.

This is not what Pat nor The Faithful were expecting.

Ophelia Sykes:
…but sometimes I want to strangle you. I know that since Brock had to retire, it's been a big time for you. I totally get that. I'm here for you. But guess what? It's been a big time for me too. I'm the BRAZEN Women's Champion, babe… I've been proving all the doubters *[BLEEP]*ing wrong, but it feels like you haven't noticed. In fact, it feels like nobody has noticed.

Cassidy goes to protest, but she silences him.

Ophelia Sykes:
You're going to be the top guy in this company someday Pat. I mean that. The FIST is almost assured to be over that shoulder. But I'm making a name for myself, too. And I need to know that you see that. I need to know that I'm just as much a competitor as you are and not just some eye candy to walk you to the ring. I need to hear you say that.

Cassidy blinks. Smirks.

Pat Cassidy:
Babe… I mean, I'm not gonna pretend you're not eye candy. Ray Charles could *[BLEEP]*ing see that shit. But you're also tough as nails… I've SEEN you kickin' ass, and I respect the SHIT out of you as a competitah. If that's how you feel, say no moah. I got you. This ain't my spotlight, it's OURS. In fact, you can damn sure bet that I'll be playing the role of YOUR eye candy in your cornah the next time you put that belt on the line.

Ophelia breaks out into a smile. Cassidy mimics it. She motions and he moves in for a smooch when oh baby it's doom piano time!

♫ "Stranger Fruit" by Zeal and Ardor ♫

Y'all already know what's up on the DEFIATron:

V A E V I C T I S

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Besties, Co-Consuls Lindsay Troy and Henry Keyes step out and soak in the boos. Henry's looking dapper in his pink military coat complete with bright blue epaulets on the shoulders. LT's wearing a sharp navy and pink pinstripe vest and pants ensemble with pink heels. Custom made. Most likely from Kerry Kuroyama's tailor. They've got the 2023 Flynn Cup with them as well, and they are VERY happy about it.

Ah hell, they both have microphones.

Henry Keyes:
Well isn't this the most wholesome thing you ever saw? A sweet little Boston Bean and his gal pal showing the world the true meaning of inadequacy

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Henry Keyes:
You know what, Germany? You're right - that's unkind of me. Miss Sykes is the better wrestler, she should be the one getting top billing over young Patrick here!

Beside him, the Queen nods in agreement. Cut quick to the wrong where Cassidy leans forward over the top rope as if he's straining to hear these two - his face blank and expressionless.

Henry Keyes:
So I'll start over, bear with me here…WELLLLLLLLLL! Isn't this the most WHOLESOME THING, yadda yadda! The shining star of BRAZEN and her basket case of a boyfriend, all smoochy smoochy! It's very noble of her to do this after all the losing young Patrick has done in his career…most notably, of course, when I crushed him under my boot for the SOHER, or when Vae Victis wiped the floor with him and his buddies at DEFRoad! It's good that Ophelia, the SUCCESSFUL wrestler in the household, is so generous to that charity case in the ring with the crap German brew!

Lindsay Troy:
And we would never, *ever,* want to insinuate that she could do better. That would be rude.

Henry Keyes:
Never. No matter how true it is.

Lindsay Troy:
Or how blatantly obvious it is.

She smiles.

Lindsay Troy:
Y'know, this gives me an idea, Henry. How about you and I give good ol' Paddy the opportunity to put his money where his mouth is. He fancies himself this "new and improved" wrestler, and he's had *quite* a lot to say about us lately despite not having much in the way of standing to back it up. Beating Butcher Victorious isn't exactly *hard,* y'know, and he was such a monumental failure as a tag partner in SHOOT Project it's a literal wonder he's had the success here that he's had. No wonder Brock Newbludd had to retire; he had to carry Cass on his back for so long, it was only a

matter of time before he got injured and had to be taken out behind the woodshed.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:
Oh that was low.

Lance:
I never thought I'd see the day that Lindsay Troy would stoop to that level to make fun of someone's career-ending injury. Truly a sad day.

Lindsay Troy:
So I propose that Vae Victis - the 2023 Flynn Cup Champions aka The Best Tag Team in the World - give Pat Cassidy another ass kicking at DEFRoad like we did a year ago. Really…bring things around full circle.

Henry Keyes:
I like a sequel - hey Patrick! Do you have any money to put where your mouth is, or did that ten dollar ballcap put you in the red?

Cut to a close up of Cassidy's face. He's still leaning on the top rope toward the pair and his expression is still unreadable… although his face has turned various shades of red. Ophelia puts her hand on his shoulder and he roughly shrugs it away. He brings the mic to his lips as he visibly pulls it together.

Pat Cassidy:
You know…

He laughs. Without humor.

Pat Cassidy:
It's kinda great. Back in high school, when the privileged "cool kid" jerkoffs with no friends made fun of me for where I lived, or what I wrote, or how I spoke… if I punched them in face, I got in trouble. But this is professional wrestling… and here we solve our problems by punching each other in the face, don't we?

A smirk into the camera and then back to business.

Pat Cassidy:
Henry, we've all been betrayed by Conah Fuse, but most of us don't go through a midlife crisis because of it. It's okay, man. And Troy - I know you're salty Brock nevah gave you the ol' second date, but that's no reason to trash the man's legacy. And the idea that you might actually think you're the best tag team of all time is…

Cassidy looks down at his shirt.

Pat Cassidy:
…a *[BLEEP]*ing joke.

Pat Cassidy:
And so, in case it wasn't clear, you're *[BLEEP]*ing on for DEF Road. I'll find myself a partnah and…

Lindsay Troy:
Oh…no, Cassy…you're doing it again.

The Lady of the Hour tilts her head and mock-pouts.

Lindsay Troy:
You're doing that thing where you're being selfish and self-absorbed and overlooking your "pahtnah."

She points to Ophelia standing beside him.

Lindsay Troy:
Your DEFRoad partner's been by your side all along, since you respect Ophelia so much and everything…

Henry Keyes:
I mean, WE respect Miss Sykes, at least. Hello, Miss Sykes! You're really on a roll these days! And so supportive of that tax rebate you call a boyfriend, so much so that - did I hear correctly - you said you're ready to support *him* when *he* goes for the FIST? Is that right? Because all this time, here I'm thinking - YOU could be the FIST one day. In fact…

He turns to Lindsay Troy with a wry grin.

Henry Keyes:
Why not see just how close you are to the mountaintop? Why don't you test your mettle against the greatest FIST this company has ever known? I mean, I don't want to speak for you, Miss Troy, but isn't Miss Sykes so talented? She's the one who actually deserves the spotlight!

Lindsay Troy:
She does. She does indeed. What do you say, Ophelia? A friendly contest in a couple weeks' time?

Ophelia goes to respond, but…

Pat Cassidy:
Alright, alright, alright. We're not gonna fall for your bullshit. I'll go find someone to team with and…

…and then she snatches the mic out of his hand.

Ophelia Sykes:
And why not? Why wouldn't you team with me at the PPV? Why wouldn't I face Lindsay Troy at DEFtv 197? You just looked me in the eye and said you respected me in this ring. As much as anyone else. Was that a lie?

Cassidy takes the mic back.

Pat Cassidy:
Scratch that, I guess we ARE falling for your bullshit. Babe: I wasn't lying. But this ain't BRAZEN. This is one-eyed murdah Grandpa and the Wicked Witch of the West. This is serious *[BLEEP]*. You gotta crawl before you can walk, ya know?

Ophelia's eyes soften. It looks like Pat's words have gotten through a bit. A little more meekly, she gestures for the mic. He hands it back to her. And the second it's in her hands, there is a fire in her eyes and a sneer on her face. She turns to face Vae Vicitis.

Ophelia Sykes:
On both counts… YOU'RE ON!

She spikes the mic as Cassidy runs his hands through his hair, causing his hat to fall to the ground. He looks toward the sky. On the stage, both Henry and Lindsay smile.

Lindsay Troy:
Sounds like a date then. And by the way, Ophelia…when we meet in two weeks…

She points to the BRAZEN Women's Title on Ophelia's shoulder.

Lindsay Troy:
It'll be for that. Wouldn't want you to not be a fighting champion, after all.

Ophelia looks determined as she raises the BRAZEN Women's Championship high into the air in response and the fans cheer. Stranger Fruit begins to again play throughout the arena. Cassidy closes his eyes and shakes his head.

DDK:
Well… two blockbuster matches! Not only will Lindsay Troy compete for the BRAZEN Women's Championship at DEFtv 197… but at DEF Road, Pat Cassidy and Ophelia Sykes will team up to take on Vae Victis!

Lance:
You have to feel for Pat a bit… between a rock and a hard place…

DEFtv goes elsewhere.

THE LUCKY SEVENS vs. NICK "LOTTO" OTTO & 1099

♫ "Glorious" by Macklemore feat. Skylar Grey ♫

The lights in the ÖVB Arena shift to green and golden walks out into the arena with his arms high in the air, basking in the glory of his big opportunity.. He spray tan incarnate, wearing ring attire with green and yellow. He shows off his "Strike It Rich" tattoo to the hard camera and points to himself before looking around the Faithful with a nod, basking in their reaction. Behind him is a monstrous bald man with a neatly trimmed beard, black sweater blazer and black dress jeans. Nick whispers instructions to the man and they head to ringside.

Darren Quimbey:
The following contest is a special Tom Morrow $100,000 Bounty Tag Team Match! Introducing first from Shreveport, Louisiana, he weight in at 211 pounds … NICK LOTTOOOOOOOOO OTTOOOOO!!! And his partner, standing at six-foot nine and weighing three-hundred twenty-six pounds … TEN-NINETY-NINE!!!

DDK:
We've seen Thomas Slaine, The Dunson Clan, Kyle Shields and Flex Kruger all try their hand at collecting Tom Morrow's bounty so far, but no one has been able to collect. Tom Morrow has either had security or his enforcers, the Devil's Circus, or has stayed as far away from the Lucky Sevens as he possibly can.

Lance:
I don't blame him. He turned his back on the Lucky Sevens in favor of M4NTRA and he's come to regret that decision.

Otto and 1099 are in the ring and Otto has a microphone ready to speak.

Nick Lotto Otto:
Hallo und guten Abend, DEFIANCE Faithful! Ich bin Nick Lotto Otto und dies ist mein unabhängiger Auftragnehmer, 1099! Say hello, 1099!

The monster says and does nothing.

Nick Lotto Otto:
For those who have yet to discover the man that people like me are calling BRAZEN's Best Kept Secret, I am Nick Lotto Otto, a former BRAZEN Champion for almost 200 glorious days! 1099 here is a former BRAZEN Onslaught Champion and knows a thing or two about having to get his hands dirty. Tell them, buddy.

Same response as before.

Nick Lotto Otto:
Wunderbar! Wunderbar! We're out here tonight not just because we want an opportunity beyond the walls of BRAZEN, but because my good Independent Contractor here is out to collect Tom Morrow's $100,000 bounty on those arsonist bullies, the Lucky Sevens! Not only do they need to be stopped, but Mr. 1099 here wants to buy his twin daughters something extra nice for Christmast! Sure, I could loan him any part of my $5 million dollar lottery winnings … but hard work is even more rewarding!

Lance:
Sounds very Ed White Jr to me.

Nick Lotto Otto:
So Lucky Sevens, BRAZEN's Most Humble Man humbly requests your presence in this ring so we can collect Mister Morrow's bounty and give both he and 1099 the Christmas they both deserve! Bless!

He thankfully stops talking and the reaction gets much more positive. The voice of Max Luck now rings out loudly over the PA!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!!! THIS NEXT MATCH IS SCHEDULED FOR ONE FIVE-STAR BEATDOWN AND IS

YOUR MAIM EVENT OF THE EVENING!!!

♫ "Doc Holliday" by Volbeat ♫

The arena lights now flash in rapid-fire three-second increments of red and green …

And standing on the stage, both Mason and Max raise the Winning Hands to the sky! They are clad in tattered black jeans with green and red belts and shades in the respective colors of the twins!

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

DDK:
Listen to this ovation they are getting! Did you ever think that we'd ever see the Lucky Sevens get cheers from the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful?

Lance:
Whether you like them or hate them – and they were mostly hated for the last three years except one night in Las Vegas – they have been a major attraction of the tag team division! Multiple pay-per-view main events! Two Unified Tag Team title reigns!

Mason and Max finally get to the ring and then climb inside. The second they both throw the Winning Hand in the air, red and green pyro explode from the turnbuckles behind them! Nick Lotto Otto and 1099 watch from outside the ring. Watching backstage, the camera cuts to an undisclosed location within the many backstage rooms in the arena. Tom Morrow is seated closely. He nods to Jestal and Big Kahuna Ali'i.

Tom Morrow:
Security outside the door?

Jestal smirks and nods toward Morrow.

Tom Morrow:
All right, boys let's watch the show!

Tom Morrow and The Devil's Circus watch in the locker room. In the ring, Nick Lotto Otto stands across from Mason Luck.

DING DING DING

Nick approaches Mason Luck.

Nick Lotto Otto:
Hey, friend, nothing personal okay? This is just me trying to provide a great Christmas for my massive friend. And besides, you guys burned down a bar. Probably not co …

Mason sucker punches Otto to a big cheer!

Mason Luck:
Allegedly burned it down!

The Five Million Dollar Man gets picked up by Mason and then slammed into turnbuckle. When he staggers out, The Maim Event Player picks up Otto and holds him up in the air with both hands!

Lance:

I don't know what Nick Otto thinks he was trying to do by throwing the past back in the face of the Maim Event Monsters!

DDK:
And there's Nick Otto being thrown into the corner with a gorilla press snake eyes!

The Most Humble Man gets dropped face first into the corner. He stumbles out and then walks right into a scoop slam position from Mason Luck. He adds a little spin on it for show and then throws him as hard as he can down on the mat with a spinning scoop slam! Mason then heads for the ropes and then jumps off with a running jumping leg drop! Nick twitches under the leg and Mason doesn't go for the pin. He in fact dares him to try and earn Tom Morrow's money.

Lance:
The Lucky Sevens don't seem to be bothered at all. This is their first in-ring match as a team since Acts of DEFIANCE when they faced M4NTRA.

Mason stands up and charges the ropes but out of nowhere he feels a big forearm to the back from 1099! The massive monster is an inch or two shorter than Mason, but wider and there's force behind his shot. Nick is able to get up and hit a basement drop kick to the leg of Mason! That stuns Mason and then Otto makes the tag to 1099. The Independent Contractor enters the ring, but Max wants in. He tags Max in for the first time. The Beast of the Bright Lights gets the tag and he climbs in the ring to size up his opposition.

Lance:
There's a lot of beef in that ring right now! They lock up!

Max Luck and 1099 lock up. The former BRAZEN Onslaught champ clubs him in the side of the head. He stuns Max, but the Maim Event Monster whips him to the ropes. 1099 is able to reverse it! He ducks and comes off the ropes with Max hitting a shoulder but he doesn't go down. 1099 clubs him with a knee and irish whips Max to ropes but he comes right back and nails a seven foot cross body!

Backstage, Morrow watches intently, While Jestal mumbles something to Ali'i while they both watch on the screen.

DDK:
Max Luck takes down 1099 with the cross body!

Max rolls out and then tags Mason Luck. Max whips 1099 into a knee strike and then spins him around into a running big boot by Mason! The Independent Contractor goes down and Mason and Max shouted.

Mason and Max Luck:
KA-CHING!!!

DDK:
The brothers hit their Ka-Ching combo and here is a cover by Mason!

One …
Two …

No!

1099 gets the shoulder up but Mason hits a chop. The big muscle for Nick Lotto Otto gets booted in the corner. Mason poses and goes to the ropes but Nick is there to yank on the ropes and it sends Mason Luck spilling out over the top and lands on the floor.

DDK:
That was a move beyond the years of Nick! Less than a year in BRAZEN and he's already been to the top of that mountain!

1099 gets a tag and Nick leaps into the ring. When Mason Luck starts making a stand outside, Otto shows off the agility that has helped make him a top BRAZEN star with a springboard into a flipping cannonball senton to the outside of the ring on Mason!

DDK:
Otto calls that the Moneyball! He gives up a lot of size to either giant, but those high risk moves will even the odds!

Nick slides back into the ring and tags 1099 again. Both employer and employee work together to pick Mason Luck up and put him into the ring. Back in the locker room of Tom Morrow, he is watching the match with the Devil's Circus and they are enjoying what they are seeing right now.

Lance:
We're seeing Tom Morrow right now having a look at this match. Nick Otto and 1099 are showing out tonight! 1099 has Mason … he hits a big running powerslam! That's called the Steep Penalty!

1099 looks impressed with himself for powerslamming a fellow giant! Then he goes to the middle rope and makes a tag to Nick Lotto Otto. 1099 climbs the middle rope and hits a corner slingshot splash! The big bomb rattles Mason's body and he moves just in time for Otto to come off the top rope with a picture perfect moonsault!

DDK:
What a combo! Are we going to see Otto and 1099 collect the bounty tonight?

One …
Two …

NO!!!

Mason Luck kicks out! Nick nearly jumps out of his skin, but he decides he's gonna go up top again!

DDK:
Good team work by the BRAZEN duo! Nick off the top. He uses a diving leg drop bulldog he calls Strike It Rich! His personal motto could score a big upset if he hits!

Otto leaps but Mason catches him first and then plants him with a big gutwrench back breaker!

DDK:
Mason counters into the Jack Pot Drop! Nick's spine just got realigned! He gets the tag to Max!

Lance:
Listen to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful!

Max makes a hot tag just when Otto makes a desperation tag to 1099. The Independent Contractor misses a running clothesline on Max, who moves and strikes Otto with a big boot to the head and then flies off the ropes and then hits a side walk slam on 1099! When he gets dropped, Max climbs over the ropes and then goes to the top rope. He is fully perched and then takes flight and almost takes off 1099's head with a flying clothesline!

Lance:
You see that air Max got? The Check-Raise takes down 1099!

The Beast of the Bright Lights is standing tall! Max climbs over and tags Mason. Otto tries to climb back into the ring, but Max cuts him off with a Winning Hand! The iron claw is applied before he hurls him at Mason Luck right into the Suited and Booted standing spin kick!

DDK:
The Lucky Sevens are cleaning house! They're locked on 1099!

The twins both apply a Winning Hand! Mason applies the claw and Max goozles for the chokeslam. They both lift him down with the double Winning Hand Slam! Mason makes the cover and Max makes sure no one else can break it!

One …
Two …

THREE!

DING DING DING

♫ "Doc Holliday" by Volbeat ♫

Backstage, Tom Morrow throws the controller for the monitor directly at the screen, leaving a crack in it! Jestal and Big Kahuna Ali'i try to calm him down.

Darren Quimbey:
Your winners … the LUCKY SEVENSSSSSS!!!

Backstage, Morrow looks annoyed, Ali'i just stares at the screen not much can be known from his eyes as they are behind a black pair of shades, but one could only surmise that its also irritation. Jestal on the other hand is giving a golf clap to the Sevens.

Lance:
This was a good showing here by Otto and 1099, but the Lucky Sevens just showed why they've been at the top as long as they have!

Mason and Max both hold up the Winning Hand while Otto and 1099 are helped at ringside. Mason wants a mic and by cracky, he gets one.

Mason Luck:
Hey Tom! You scared yet? Cause you should be! You keep sending 'em and we keep stacking 'em!

Mason gives the microphone to his twin brother.

Max Luck:
You've seen this all over social media and our own DEFCOM!! tonight, one lucky winner gets to have their artwork featured up there on the DEFIA-Tron! This week's winner is a guy named Seth! Good job, buddy … you win the jackpot. Here we have Tom Morrow where we're gonna throw him ... right into a hole in the ground!

The picture is put on display. A picture in picture shows Tom Morrow looking shocked at the cartoon image depicting himself being thrown in a hole by the Lucky Sevens!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful laugh and cheer for the imagery.

Max Luck:
But wait, there's more! We've also got one to show you where Tom Morrow gets put in his natural habitat. Put that one up on the screen before we come back there and make you do it ...

Max and Mason point up to the DEFIA-Tron ...

More laughs in the arena! Back to Tom Morrow in the locker room and he is equally angry and scared for his well-being!

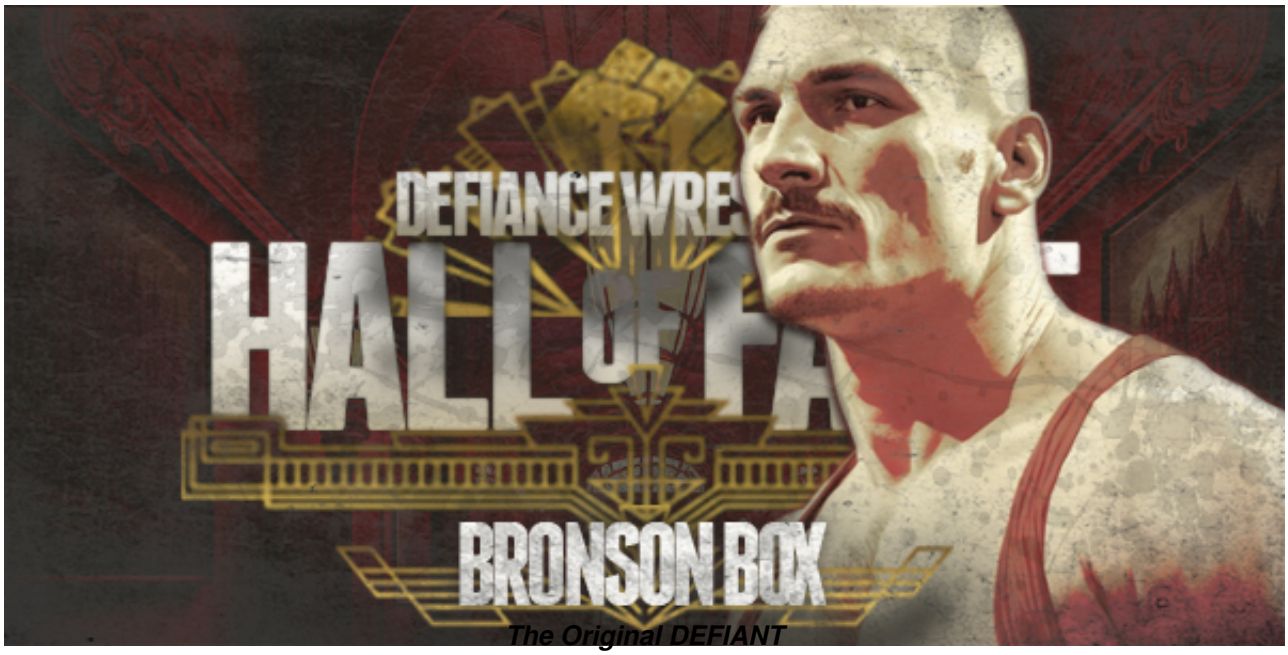
Max Luck:
My suit is red and not green, but hey points to the illustrator! So keep giving us ideas for when we get our hands on that little shit head! Use the hashtag #NoTomorrowForTomMorrow and maybe we'll feature your art over on the DEFCOM and maybe here on TV!

Mason Luck:
You Lucked around, Tom … and pretty soon, you're gonna find out.

The mic gets thrown down and the twins quickly depart the ring! Back in the office, Tom Morrow is irate at what's happening and then notes to the Devil's Circus that now that the brothers are done wrestling, they need to be on the move. They quickly evacuate the locker room and follow security on the way out!

Lance:
The Lucky Sevens playing some mind games with Tom Morrow. Another pair of wrestlers are unable to collect Morrow's bounty, but people have been coming out of the woodwork to challenge them! Who will step up next?

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME, BRONSON BOX



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

Backstage, the camera cuts to Scott Hunter and Craig Massey, standing in front of a large backdrop. On the backdrop is an image of a pumpkin patch on one side, a scarecrow in the middle, and a large turkey.

Scott Hunter is dressed in full Pilgrim attire. His brown tights hug the muscles in his legs and a big silver belt buckle gleams in the orange light illuminating the scene. Scott has a black cockel hat on his head with another silver buckle across the front. His ensemble is completed by a black tunic buttoned down the front of his chest.

He's holding a musket.

Next to him, Craig Massey is dressed like a turkey… a full-blown feathers-and-all turkey. Craig has a piece of paper in his hand.

Scott Hunter:
Hiawatha and good evening fellow DEFIANTS! As you all know, we are here in Bremen, Germany, which I have recently learned is not a den of ill-reputed fopdoodles. That is neither here nor there but it may come up later so I thought it best to include it. We have just finished the very famous American Thanksgiving holiday, which of course is a celebration of our friendly and healthy relationship with Native Americans. It is also why I am dressed like this and also because it's the law. Next to me of course is a very big turkey…

Craig Massey:
Man, what are we doing?

Scott Hunter: *[holding up a finger]*
Nuh uh uh, read your lines, please.

Craig sighs deeply, then looks down at his paper. He glances up with a narrow-eyed scowl in Scott's direction, then looks back at the words he is meant to speak.

Craig Massey:
Gobble. Gobble Gobble Gobble. Gobble Gobble. Gobble Gobble. Gob Gob Gobble.

Scott Hunter:
A good point turkey-Craig, a good point indeed. You see, not only am I here to celebrate the three wise men bringing sweet potatoes to the baby Jesus, but also I am here to clear up a few misconceptions about what happened on the last DEFtv. As you all know, I had a match against the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE, Dex Joy a few weeks back in some place called 'Dusseldorf', which of course was named after the beloved Tim Conway character, Dorf. You know, Dusseldorf on golf, Dusseldorf on basketball, Dusseldorf on Mrs. Dusseldorf… not a stinker among them. But I dye grass.

Next to him, Craig crosses his feathered arms and taps a very large three-toed turkey foot impatiently.

Scott Hunter:
As everyone knows, that match took place on November 16th, which of course is the International Day for Tolerance. As you **also** know, I DO NOT TOLERATE LOSING!! Therefore I have confirmed, verified, and otherwise ensured that my so-called 'loss' to Dex Joy does not count. Those are the facts forever and if you disagree you should jump into a wood chipper like a common street harlot. Additionally, you don't get any of the good sides. It's Brussels Sprouts for you.

Scott straightens up his tunic and holds his chin up proudly.

Scott Hunter:
Now that we have cleared that up, I am proud to announce that I am considering making an open challenge at DEFIANCE ROAD about a month from now. Also, I have spent a considerable amount of time trying to find DEFIANCE

ROAD, but apparently, it isn't an actual road even though we are having a wrestling show there somehow. It is also not a song from the movie National Lampoon's Vacation by Lindsey Buckingham, which sounds like a girl's name but he is apparently mostly a man. What that means for all of you is that I am saying I would go out to the ring and stay there until someone worthy comes out to face me. This could be another DEFIANCE wrestler, or some local street toughs, or perhaps a roving band of Girl Scouts up to no good. The sky's the limit! The thing is, this is big news, so I wanted to make sure I gave it sufficient time to sit out there for a moment and sink in.

Scott holds a hand up and looks upward.

Craig Massey:
Scott…

Scott Hunter:
NO!

Craig Massey:
But what's the poi - -

Scott Hunter:
Silence, turkey man! Or I shall throttle you about the neck and giblets! Then I will cook you in an oven, and not even use homemade gravy when I eat you! That's right! I will use store-bought, and won't you feel like such a turd??

Craig Massey:
Not really, no.

Scott Hunter: *[irritated]*
SPEAK IN TURKEY!!

Craig sighs… again.

Craig Massey:
Gobble Gobble. Gobble Gobble Gobble.

Scott Hunter:
Thank you, but also you watch your tone! I don't take no turkey sass, not on this holiest of nights.

Craig Massey:
Holiest of the nights?? What the hell are you - -

Scott Hunter: *[interrupting]*
IN TURKEY!

Craig Massey:
Gobble Gobble.

Scott Hunter:
Better. Where was I?

Craig Massey:
Gobble Gobble Gobble.

Scott Hunter:
Oh right. As I was saying, at the DEFIANCE ROAD, I am planning a possible open challenge, so each and every one of you, make sure you train, say your prayers, and eat your candied yams, because God knows I will. In fact, I may pray twice as much as you! So watch yourself! And don't forget, I am the master… the absolute master… of the figure

four leg lock. I've already used it this week to submit fourteen other turkeys, so don't think I won't do the same to you, CRAIGORY!!

Craig Massey: *[rolling his eyes]*
Gobble Gobble.

Scott Hunter:
I accept your apology. Now then, since I have finished communicating with all of my words, it is time for us to play out the very first Thanksgiving with you running and me trying to shoot you.

Scott holds up and readies his musket, aiming it at Craig. Craig, startled, backs away slowly.

Scott Hunter:
PREPARE YOURSELF FOR DEATH!!

Seeing an uneasy gleam in Scott's eye, Craig turns and darts away.

Scott chases after him and they disappear off-screen. Suddenly we hear a loud gunshot, followed by this interaction…

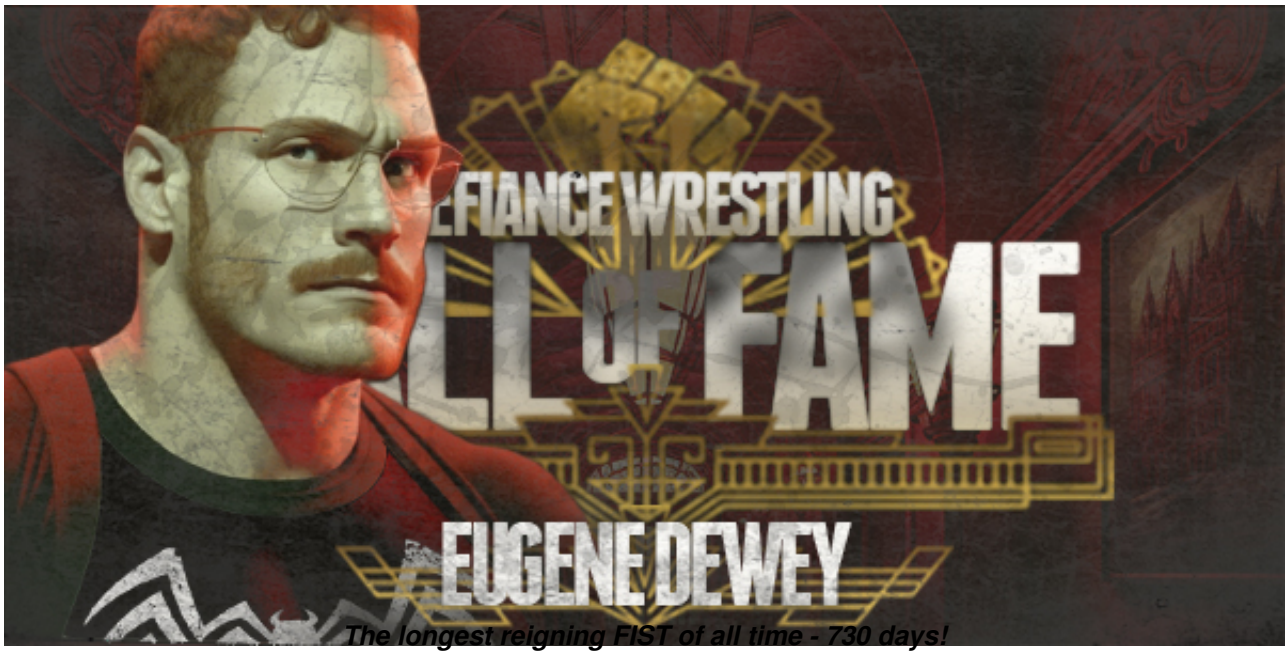
Craig Massey:
You almost hit me!

Scott Hunter:
DIE TURKEY SCUM!

Cut to ringside.

RIA vs. JANE KATZE

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME, EUGENE DEWEY



SHARED SUCCESS

M A N T R A

♫ "MANTRA" by Bring Me The Horizon ♫

DEFtv comes back from the commercial and the show is joined in progress by Tom Morrow in a sharp dark blue suit, Nathan Eye wearing a blazer, powder-blue dress shirt, and khakis and Declan wearing a navy blazer over a navy tie and white dress shirt tucked into a pair of khaki shorts, the ring has quickly been given an elaborate makeover.

Inside the ring are life-sized cardboard cutouts of M4NTRA members Nathan Eye and Declan "DEC4L" Alexander with their arms out for their fans, the M4NTRA Rays, and a slightly shorter cardboard cutout of the BFTA brainchild Tom Morrow is next to them clapping. A table has been placed in the ring with several books and a six-person security team is outside the ring to make sure no shenanigans happen.

DDK:
Folks, we have been told that the Lucky Sevens have once again been thrown out of the building after going after Tom Morrow and his security detail right after their match and for damaging property here in the OVB Arena. The situation was not televised. Unfortunately … Tom Morrow himself is still here and we have been told this is the in-ring book reading that Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander have promised for weeks!

Lance:
More of his tag team division being the Tom Morrow Division! M4NTRA have been on a roll in recent weeks. Tom Morrow even made an offer to former BRAZEN Tag Team champions, Rain City Ronin, and my sources have told me that they are considering that offer.

DDK:
We are now taking this to the ring where we have Tom Morrow and M4NTRA ready to get this sham … sorry, a slip of the tongue there. I mean this in-ring book reading underway.

Nathan Eye and Declan Alexander do their best pose by flailing their arms all over the place and get some fans to join in! The M4NTRA Rays don't have much time to have fun because Tom Morrow has already stopped that and grabbed a microphone.

Tom Morrow:
Ladies and gentlemen, it has been a joyous night! A little birdie in the back told me those blood-thirsty monsters, the Lucky Sevens got the boot … or as it is known here in Bremen … das boot!

DDK:
Not even remotely the same thing. That's a war movie.

Tom Morrow:
Which means this joyous, once-in-a-lifetime event in the Tom Morrow Division is going down uninterrupted! Tom Morrow brings a number of firsts! I'm the first manager to have clients main event back to back nights of DEFCON!

Lance:
… who both lost …

Tom Morrow:
I have the midas touch for any team that wants my tutelage. I've made main eventers out of many tag teams and I am already doing the same for a team like M4NTRA. I will do the same for my personal enforcers, the Devil's Circus! To not only commemorate what M4NTRA have achieved in their short time as a tag team as well as the things they are going to do as a collective, I will now open the floor for Nathan Eye! Natty Eyce, do your thing!

Booing rains down on the Golden State Guru before he has even said anything.

Nathan Eye:

Guten tag, M4NTRA Rays! Let's get those arms out and stretch! Sitting for too long causes blood clots! Get healthy!

He and Declan Alexander run a circle around the ring with their arms out trying to encourage the M4NTRA Rays! They bump their chests next.

Nathan Eye:
My book, *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance* has not only been a bestseller on defiancewrestling.com but it has also been instrumental to the success of Declan and myself in more ways than one! It is a source of strength, courage and wisdom to draw from in times of need. When we first teamed together, we did clash, but by sticking with us and by enduring hardships early on, we became the best tag team going in DEFIANCE Wrestling! By taking my own personal experiences when I spent *fourteen months* on the shelf and endured *two* shoulder surgeries and a life-threatening staph infection, I recreated my entire being to become the man you see today and that influence spread to you, Declan! This moment is about you, too, my friend!

DEC4L:
Thank you, Natty Eyce. Your book was truly an inspiration. No cap. If everyone would take the time to read your story and realize how fragile life is… this world would be a much better place. It took a lot of courage to be so vulnerable yet so brave. To reinvent yourself the way you did… it made me who I am today. 251 pages later I am a new man and it's all thanks to you, fam. To get to work with you for all these months, and especially on a big project like this, I feel as if I have truly ascended.

Nathan continues.

Nathan Eye:
Thank you, Declan. That was wonderful! Now … we get to the unveiling of *our* new book! From the makers of *251 Pages of Pure Perseverance* comes a tale of two men and one manager who all came together for the greater good! Individually, they are three of the most amazing and inspiring forces in all of DEFIANCE Wrestling, but together they can be even greater! Their story has been well-documented and while it is still a story being written for the ages … we've got enough for a first chapter …

He removes the sheet to reveal the cover of their new book!

Nathan Eye and DEC4L:
502 PAGES OF SHARED SUCCESS!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:
This is garbage. Nobody asked or paid for a ticket for this!

The people have had enough but M4NTRA aren't even close to finished!

DEC4L:
Whoa, whoa, WHOA. Holdchamp. I'm not fluent in German, but I'm pretty sure these people are saying "TWO".

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Nathan Eye:
I think you're right! It takes *two* to make this book all right! Because with this book, you can share your successes with family, friends, colleagues and anyone you share a common bond with! You can show that there is absolutely nothing wrong with leaning upon your fellow man to hold each other up and make yourself become your *best* self! Having said that … you people have earned a treat! I'm now going to be reading several chapters from this book!

That gets even more booing from the Bremen Faithful. Nathan has a seat at the table with the books placed on it and then begins. Tom Morrow is clapping endlessly like a proud father and Declan is M4NTRA Ray-ing all over the ring!

DDK:
Wrap this up, please.

Nathan Eye licks his finger to go to the first chapter.

Nathan Eye:
All right, M4NTRA Rays … Chapter One …

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

The tone of the room shifts with the flip of a switch. All eyes turn to the entry-way in time to see the tandem of Zack Daymon and Leo Burnett step through the curtain and promptly make their way down the ramp.

DDK:
Looks like the live reading is going to have to wait, as "Skyfire" Zack Daymon and "The Iceman" Leo Burnett of the Rain City Ronin are making an unexpected appearance here!

Nathan and Declan are equally perplexed, as though this wasn't part of the agenda. Morrow, on the other hand, looks somewhat intrigued. The young and hungry duo of Burnett and Daymon, wearing matching "SHUT UP AND WRESTLE" t-shirts, are wasting no time walking to the ring.

They come to a halt at ringside as the security detail briefly form a wall to bar them entry. Then from in the ring, Morrow orders his hired goons to step aside. Zack and Leo slide in under the ropes. Once on their feet, a silent stand-off ensues between the teams of BRAZEN alumni. Morrow slinks his way between them to break the ice with his characteristic sleaze.

Tom Morrow:
Gentlemen, welcome! Have you considered my offer?

Zack and Leo exchange a glance, but no words. Burnett pulls out a personal card and shows it to him.

DDK:
That's Morrow's card! The very one he handed them at the last DEFtv following their impressive victory over the Rainbow Reapers.

Morrow's smile broadens. He extends his hand for a shake.

Tom Morrow:
Then allow me to welcome you Ronins to the Tom Morrow Division!

Burnett tears the card in half. Morrow's face melts into an aghast grimace.

Lance:
That's one way to give an answer!

Leo returns to the two halves of Tom's card into his waiting hand… and gives it a pull. Without warning, Morrow is scooped off his feet. The shock wears off of Eyce and DEC4L and they snap into action. Burnett tosses Tom into their arms, and the momentum carries M4NTRA rolling back into the table. Dozens of un-autographed hardcovers spill out across the ring.

Morrow and M4NTRA scramble out of the ring as the Rain City Ronin begin a rampage. Zack begins tearing the cardboard cut-outs apart and throwing their remains out of the ring while Burnett keeps the lions of the security detail at bay as they attempt to retake the ring.

DDK:

Looks like we weren't the only ones loathing this book signing! Burnett and Daymon are figuratively and literally clearing the house! M4NTRA are absolutely livid at ringside!

Lance:
The message they're sending here is loud and clear: the wrestling ring is for wrestling *matches*.

The Ronin likewise get rid of the table and begin shuffling books out under the ropes until the canvas is bare again. Expectedly, the trio of Eye, Alexander, and Morrow are driven to fury at the sight of this destruction, and command the rent-a-goons to do something about it.

When he's finally run out of patience, Eye grabs the ring announcer's microphone.

Nathan Eye:
How *dare* you disrespect the pristine and beloved name of the Tom Morrow Division and M4NTRA! I worked incredibly hard to email a number of higher-ups before someone finally acquiesced to giving me my book reading! That's it!

Natty Eyce points at Zack Daymon.

Nathan Eye:
You! Me! Right now in this ring! Get us a referee and an ice cold Fiji water for my upcoming post-match victory!

Morrow is somehow already with the water. He gives Nathan a drink of the water like a good cornerman and DEC4L is ready for a pep talk!

DEC4L:
Waste him, fam! Don't let him disrespect our name!

Darren Quimbey:
Ladies and gentlemen, the following impromptu contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, standing in the ring… "SKYFIRE" ZACK DAYMON!

Bremen cheers Daymon as he removes his shirt and tosses it into the crowd, eyes on Eye. He beckons his opponent into the ring while Burnett makes his exit.

Darren Quimbey:
And the opponent, representing the Tom Morrow Division… NATHAN EYE!

Nathan slides into the ring and begins unbuttoning his dress shirt. Anger and vengeance is etched upon his face. When he's finished dressing down, referee Brian Slater slides into the ring. He barely has time to get in his checks before Eye barks at him to cue for the bell.

NATHAN EYE vs. ZACK DAYMON

DING DING

Eye is still fuming as he comes out of his corner and swiftly comes out of the initial lock-up with an arm wringer on Daymon. Zack shrugs off the pain and reverses. Nathan goes one further by flipping through and yanking Zack over onto his back and sets in a standing armbar. Daymon responds by slipping out through the back door and trips Eye to the mat.

DDK:
Here we go, and we're already off to a hot start!

Lance:
Eye may be looking to set an example, but Zack Daymon clearly came ready to fight.

Daymon pounces into a headlock to keep the pressure on Eye, but Nathan soon pushes his way onto his feet. He attempts to reverse into a back suplex, but only succeeds in somersaulting Zack back onto his feet. Daymon moves in, but gets met with a back elbow.

DDK:
Daymon with an opening… but gets a sharp elbow to his jaw instead! Zack reeling, and now here's Nathan off the ropes, getting a head of steam… running CLOTHESLINE takes Daymon off his feet!

Zack rolls onto his front off the impact. Eye follows it up by laying into him verbally with incessant trash talk and physically with fierce, angry stomps to his head, back, and shoulders.

Lance:
Zack Daymon could be entering unfamiliar territory here. This is a situation where he'd normally be wanting to tag out and recoup.

DDK:
Nathan Eye, on the other hand, has had plenty of experience in the ring both as a singles and tag team competitor!

When Nathan has had his fill of footwork, he peels Daymon off the mat and lifts him up and drops him with force.

DDK:
SCOOP SLAM by Nathan Eye!

Daymon rolls up, clutching his back and wincing in his pain. Eye takes him by the head and pulls him back up, figuring that maybe one wasn't enough to get the point across.

DDK:
SECOND SCOOP SLAM by Nathan Eye!

Lance:
Doing everything he can to dominate Zack Daymon right now.

Zack tries to get up, but collapses again. A cocky smirk forms on Nathan's face, admiring his handiwork. And yet, he can't help but pull Daymon to his feet again.

DDK:
Eye with a THIRD SCO--SMALL PACKAGE!!

One!

Two!

KICKOUT!

Lance:
Almost got away with that one!

DDK:
But credit to Daymon for holding out until Eye let his guard down!

Nathan is hot as he scrambles to his feet and comes swinging with another clothesline. Daymon ducks and heads into the ropes for some speed. He goes airborne off the ropes with a cross-body block

DDK:
EYE DROPKICKS HIM out of the air!

Daymon folds up into the fetal position when he hits the mat. Eye's smirk returns as he nods into the audience and points to the center of his forehead, his figurative "third eye". The Deutsche Faithful jeer his show over overconfidence, while down at ringside, Declan Alexander claps in support.

DDK:
Bremen may not like it, but Nathan Eye has to be feeling good about his chances right now! Here he is, going for the pin…

One!

Two!

Daymon kicks out!

Zack sits up, but Eye promptly puts him into a bulldog choke and proceeds to squeeze the life out of him. Daymon gets wrangled to the mat, arms reaching for the far ropes while Nathan presses his weight into him. Burnett begins slapping the mat to keep his partner in the fight, and the Deutsche Faithful follow suit.

DDK:
Nathan Eye is trying to win by attrition at this point, but can Zack Daymon find something within himself to keep this fight going?

Lance:
It's an uphill battle, considering Eye has nearly forty pounds over him.

Through grit and determination, Daymon finds his footing and gradually works his way up. Eventually, he gains the willpower to land a few elbows to Nathan ribs. Eye shuts that shiz down by breaking the hold and delivering a clubbing forearm across the back. While Zack is stunned, Eye snags him by the back of the head and sends him into the ropes.

DDK:
Eye sends Daymon into motion… here he comes off the ropes, and Nathan is waiting with the T-BONE SUPLEX to send him over the ropes!

Eye kips up to his feet and points to the center of his forehead once again…

…but behind him, Zack Daymon skins the cat.

DDK:
Wait a sec, Daymon still on the ropes, and Nathan doesn't see him… SPRINGBOARD TORNADO DDT the moment he turns around! Daymon covers and hooks the leg!

One!

Two!

NO!

Eye scrambles to his feet, but runs himself straight into a Japanese armdrag. He takes a bounce off the bump and quickly comes to his feet, but runs himself straight into another armdrag. Bremen is roaring as Daymon mounts his comeback.

Lance:
Zack was in dire straits, but he's got momentum on his side now.

DDK:
Let's see if he can keep it up! Eye, back on his feet, going for the enziguri--DUCKED by Daymon--who follows through with a CORKSCREW ROUNDHOUSE!!

The crowd cheers loudly as Eye hits the mat off the straight kick to the head. Battered and bruised, Daymon finds the energy to roll him over onto his back. At ringside, Declan Alexander and Tom Morrow exchange looks of concern.

DDK:
Nathan Eye is out like a light! Could that be it?!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!! Eye pops the shoulder!

The energy deflates in the arena, whereas Morrow and Alexander applaud. Daymon looks borderline defeated.

Lance:
Zack Daymon is beside himself right now. It took a lot of effort and luck to finally gain some leverage.

DDK:
And yet it's all for naught, as Nathan Eye stays alive in this contest. Daymon bring Nathan to his feet again… wait, Nathan with a shot to the abdomen! And ANOTHER doubles him over! Eye takes Daymon by the head and throws him into the ropes once more!

Lance:
This didn't work out too well for him the last time.

DDK:
Here comes Zack off the ropes with the HURRICAN-NOO!! RISE AND GRIND by Nathan Eye!

Eye BLASTS Daymon onto his back with the pop-up spinebuster and quickly makes the cover.

DDK:
Could that be it?

ONE!!

TWO!!

THRE--NO!! Daymon managed to get the shoulder up!

Lance:
He's staying in it. But unfortunately for him, Nathan Eye has regained control of this match.

Nathan leaves Zack to writhe on the canvas as he steps out to the apron. Once more, he points to the center of his forehead before springboarding off the top rope and diving into the ring.

DDK:
Here comes Nathan Eye with the EYES UP HERE--

Daymon rolls out of the way!

DDK:
NOOO!! That elbow hits nothing but canvas!

Eye comes to his feet clutching his arm. Right then, Daymon comes up from behind, pounces upon his back, and their bodies roll.

DDK:
DAYMON WITH THE O'CONNOR ROLL!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THREE!!

Eye kicks out… but a half second too late. Slater cues for the bell.

DING DING DING

RRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!

Bremen cheers loud as Daymon and Eye break apart and end up sitting on the mat staring at each other in shock. Finally, it dawn on both of them what has happened.

Darren Quimbey:
Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the match by pinfall…"SKYFIRE" ZAAAACK DAAAAYMOOONN!!!

DEC4L and Tom Morrow slide into the ring as Daymon slides out. The trio are dumbstruck by the sudden turn of events. Eye, quite expectedly, is furious, and pleading his case to the official.

DDK:
Daymon picks up the win here tonight, surviving the onslaught brough by Nathan Eye! What a match between two prominent BRAZEN graduates!

Lance:
This is a win that will definitely work in the favor of Rain City Ronin as they continue to send their message without words to the DEFIANCE tag team division. Zack Daymon was punished tonight, but he took his licks and stayed in the fight until the bitter end.

DDK:
I don't imagine this will sit well with Tom Morrow, not only having the Rain City Ronin turn down his offer to join the "Tom Morrow Division", AND interrupt this absurd book signing… but now he has to come to grips with one of his prized talents taking the L against a resurgent young tag team looking to make a name for themselves!

Lance:
This may only be a sign of things to come between M4NTRA and the Rain City Ronin.

DDK:
I'm afraid you may be right, Lance. But for right now, we need to take a commercial break. Don't go away, ladies and gentlemen!

Before fading out to commercial, the shot lingers on Tom Morrow and M4NTRA occupying the ring, angry and embarrassed. On the outside, Burnette rallies his partner--beaten and bruised, yet victorious--and helps him back up the rampway.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD 2024

FIST of DEFIANCE
Dex Joy (C) vs. Edward White

NO HOLDS BARRED
Tyler Fuse vs. Jack Harmen

RUNNING AFOUL

Back from commercial, the camera swoops around the capacity crowd.

DDK:
Ladies and gentlemen, up next is a huge main event with the FIST of DEFIANCE on the line as Klein of the Pop Culture Phenoms answers the call and challenges Dex Joy!

♫ "Beethoven's Fifth" by Cole Rolland ♫

BOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:
Or not.

Lance:
We saw messages from both Dex Joy and Ned Reform at the opening of the program and The Good Doctor alluded that he'd be out here for the title defense. Oh… do you think he's joining us here?

DDK:
We'd only be so lucky, Lance.

The house lights turn purple as Ned Reform, dressed in suit and tie, marches through the curtain… but he is not alone! Behind him, equally dressed up, marches TAs Cole, Horrigan, and Roosevelt respectively. As Ned smirks and lazily walks down the aisle, his goons take point behind him the whole way like some sort of demented secret service.

DDK:
We are mere weeks away from Ned Reform's shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE on our Year End Award show. One would imagine, as he himself alluded to, he'd be getting the shot even if the current champion, Dex Joy, lost the championship tonight.

Lance:
Keen-eyed viewers should also note in an exchange on DEFCOM, Reform and Edward White both confirmed that should Ned walk out of the Year End Show with the FIST, he's agreed that White would still get his shot at DEFIANCE Road.

The Honor Society has entered the ring. Reform holds a mic and leans over the top rope, smiling out into the fans and shaking his head in a combination of amusement and disappointment. TA Cole stands behind his mentor, glaring into the Faithful menacingly. Bobby Horrigan is hitting Roosevelt Owens on the shoulder and pointing out and laughing at the fans in the section opposite the hard-cam section.

The Honor Society's theme fades out, leaving nothing but the chorus of jeers. The Good Doctor continues to lean over the top rope in an uncharacteristically casual way even as he brings the mic up to speak.

Ned Reform:
Guten Abend, kinder.

The boos only make him smile wider.

Ned Reform:
Far be it from me to deprive of what is sure to be a riveting main event… I need only a moment of your time. You see, we are mere weeks away from the crescendo to which my entire hero's journey has been building. The moment where I snatch victory from the undeserving grubby sausage-like mitts of an uncouth would-be people's champion. And when we welcome the tide that is 2024 to wash across our glorious faces, it will be a world in which Ned Reform stands proudly… well, as proud as one can be… as YOUR FIST of DEFIANCE!

TA Cole starts clapping.

Ned Reform:
But… something is not quite right, children. Despite the fact that weeks ago I removed the boil on the posterior of this company that was Michael Unlikely… it appears that it was not a surgical strike as one would hope. I am told that he is fruitlessly attempting to build a coalition. To rebuild a shattered trust in former compatriots. All in hopes to counter my Honor Society…

Without looking back, Reform gestures lazily toward his peeps. Cole simply nods while Horrigan takes the chance to flex and roar.

Ned Reform:
And where has this effort gotten him? Standing there, holding what remains of his fortitude in his withered hands, and…

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

DDK:
And here he comes!

It takes no time at all for Mikey Unlikely to move through the curtain. He looks across the raucous crowd who respond in his favor. Mikey motions to them before moving down towards the ring. He points and talks as he walks but unfortunately the camera isn't picking up what he's putting down.

Lance:
Mikey Unlikely is back in DEFIANCE, and it's apparent he's taken a special interest in Ned Reform. While that's cost him once or twice, Mikey is doing something he very well may have never done… he's showing a backbone!

DDK:
You got that right Lance, he's marching down to a ring where the numbers once again do not favor him. This is a man who's whole career has been based on who he knows, and who can help him achieve more… he's made some overtures, but one thing's certain… this man hasn't earned too many friends in that locker room. He's been a liar, a cheat, and heathen since debuting here almost a decade ago. He's burnt bridges and laughed as they crumbled. Now the chickens have come home to roost, and he's a man without an army.

Lance:
And surprisingly not backing down!

The German fans break out in a Mikey chant as he smirks their way. Finally he slides into the ring and immediately gets in the face of Ned Reform. Ned to his credit, doesn't flinch. The Honor Society suddenly move two steps forward and now stand right behind their leader. Mikey takes note and steps back a little bit. He motions for a microphone.

Mikey Unlikely:
DEFIANCE FAITHFUL! You love to see it!

The roar of the crowd is electric, they say the catchphrase along with Mikey. He turns his attention back to Reform.

Mikey Unlikely:
You know what you don't love to see? You know what I HATE to see? I hate to see the "Are You Smarter Than A 5th Grader Kid" is all grown up and hasn't learned shit….

The collective laugh in the crowd is audible.

Mikey Unlikely:
I hate to see that Alex Trebek and Ken Jennings had a love child and it turned out balder than the Gerber baby!

DDK:
There's the Mikey we all know.

Mikey Unlikely:
We got Sir Isaac Newton in the ring, and he's too dumb to see the gravity of the situation…

Lance:
He'd better be careful here…

Mikey Unlikely:
Most of all, I hate to see someone making the exact same mistakes I did. I hate to see a group of really good wrestlers being pulled into something that's far beneath them. I hate to see one man take advantage of so many… so many of the faithful, so many of the people here at DEFIANCE, and most of all, so many of YOU GUYS!

The Hollywood alum points to the men behind Ned. Reform scoffs and stands poised in front. Cole narrows his eyes.

Mikey Unlikely:
Guys like Levi Cole who I know as the best pure wrestler BRAZEN had ever seen before moving up to DEFIANCE. Guys who were underdogs to the fans, but budding superstars in our hearts. Levi Cole, a guy who I faced one on one many moons ago in the MAXDEF tournament. Who wanted to shake my hand after our match…. I wonder where that guy is today?

TA Cole's steely expression falters just a second. He tries to shake it off and get back to frowning.

Mikey Unlikely:
Guys like Roosevelt Owens. Founding member of No Justice, No Peace. A group that was making waves in DEFIANCE just a few short years ago. A group full of young men ready and willing to make a name for themselves. Men not afraid of hard work. Sure, not all your tactics were good natured, but you did what you had to do for your brothers. You made a name for yourself in one of DEF's best eras. Hell you could have been on the same trajectory as our FIST OF DEFIANCE, Dex Joy… instead, you're playing second fiddle…TO NED REFORM!?

Roosevelt looks at Cole and the two share a moment in each other's eyes. Reform stands unmoved by any of this.

Mikey Unlikely:
And guys like Horrigan….uhm….

Unlikely snaps his fingers a couple times.

Mikey Unlikely:
I'm just kidding, I don't know shit about you!

The fans collectively laugh once again. Horrigan goes irate and is ready to burst when Reform stops him with a hand. Ned sneers as he again raises his mic.

Ned Reform:
Very amusing. But ultimately for naught, Michael. My compatriots will not be swayed by the words of a court jester when they're already witness to the musings of a king. And frankly, I could simply say a word and you rwould once again lay broken and beaten at the feet of my Honor Society. But as it seems our prior trouncing has taught you nothing, perhaps another approach is in order

Reform steps slightly forward. Mikey doesn't draw back.

Ned Reform:
I propose DOCTOR Ned Reform vs. HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA AT BEST Mikey Unlikely for DEFIANCE Road.

The German fans explode at the mention of the match, which catches even Mikey off guard. He looks across the sea of faces, all of which encourage him to accept the challenge.

Mikey Unlikely:
…And here I thought you were the educated one Ned! You want to tangle with me!? Former SOHER, former Tag Team Champion? Former FIST OF DEFIANCE? The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer? The Pinnacle of Podcasting? Hell Ned, I'm a former a lot of things, and about to be a lot more, if you wanna dance from Bremen to Tinseltown, then just show me where to sign baby!

DDK:
ALL RIGHT!

Lance:
Mikey Unlikely hasn't had a wrestling match in two years!

The fans again explode at the prospect of Mikey's return match. For his part, even Ned seems to get caught up in the reaction.

Mikey Unlikely:
…But we don't need to wait for DEFIANCE ROAD… We can do this right here and right now!

Mikey rips off his jacket and throws it towards the crowd. Reform merely grins.

Ned Reform:
Woah, woah, woah. I can see that you're rambunctious. But Michael, in case you haven't heard, I will be defeating Dex Joy for the FIST of DEFIANCE in mere weeks. Should I risk an injury here and now because you're suddenly feeling a little spring in your step again? No, my good man, I'm afraid this doctor is by appointment only.

Ned chuckles to himself. He's proud of that one.

Ned Reform:
But the good news for you, sir… is that after I put the FIST around my educated waist… I will happily defend the championship in our bout at the PPV event. Would you like that? A chance to win back the accolade that put you on the map

Ned doesn't give Mikey a chance to respond.

Ned Reform:
I'm sure you would. So no… we will not be fighting now…

He pauses. Milks the moment. Then raises an eyebrow and jerks his thumb to The Honor Society behind him.

Ned Reform:
However, I said nothing about *them*.

With that the Honor Society attack. They jump on Mikey quickly. He tries to fight them off, gets in a shot or two, but ultimately is overcome. Surrounding him on all sides, Cole and Horrigan each pull an arm while TA Roosevelt goes to town on Mikey's midsection. Finally he crumbles to the mat. Now all three men start to rain boots down on him. Mikey tries to get to the ropes to climb away but he's pulled back multiple times.

DDK:
This is a relentless assault! Someone's got to stop this.

Lance:
Mikey Unlikely is on an island in there Keebs. There's no one to help. 24K is long gone, and he's been rebuffed by

others.

Ned Reform smiles from the corner, watching his men at work. They pick up Mikey and TA Roosevelt holds him up by the hair. He's got a little bit of blood running from his nose. They push him into the corner where TA Roosevelt comes running and slams into Mikey chest first. Mikey falls back into the turnbuckle, the ropes the only thing holding him up. Ned Reform motions to Cole who starts to take action.

Lance:
TA Cole now, taking directions from his instructor! This is getting out of hand.

Cole pulls Mikey up onto his shoulders and starts pulling down, wrenching at the midsection of Unlikely.

DDK:
The Letter Jacket! He's got that body rack locked in. This is Cole's signature move. He's put a lot of people away with that one.

Lance:
Mikey Unlikely is in excruciating pain here!

The panic is beginning to set in when suddenly…

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

TA Cole drops Mikey who falls to the mat, as there's a roar to the crowd. Klein rushes out from the backstage position, wasting no time.

DDK:
Here comes backup Lance! Klein's got that big match coming up next, but he's out here first to help Mikey!

Lance:
The D is coming right behind him!

The D is still trying to tear off his street jacket and getting caught up as he runs. Klein hits the ring first, sliding in and charging toward Rosey and Bobby, who side step and use their size to hurl the box man over the top rope and to the outside. Somehow, his box remains on his head, but tumbles into the barricade.

Immediately after, The D slides into the ring. He quickly stands and sees TA Cole, Bobby Horrigan, and Rosey Owens all lurching to him. He points over to Ned Reform and just mouths the word "Who?" before Bobby and Rosey just sandwich him between two splashes. The D's eyes roll into the back of his head, as TA Cole hooks him and lifts him into a vertical suplex. He's delayed a moment, enough for Klein to hop onto the apron only to be shoved off again by Rosey, before Cole plants the D center of the ring. The D bounces off the mat and lands right beside Mikey, their two hands almost touching like a very classic painting.

Ned shouts instructions toward Weighted Grade, who lift both Mikey and the D up.

♫ "Emperor's New Clothes" by Panic! At The Disco ♫

DDK:
WHHAAAAAA?

RAAAAAAAAAAA!

Lance:
There's no way.

Ned Reform's eyes grow wide and his heart skips a beat as Elise Ares comes sprinting down the aisle to the roar of the German Faithful. Weighted Grade drop their victims to the ground like sacks of rice as Ares slides onto the apron, jumps up to the top rope and flies through the air with Amethystation aimed right at the shiny dome of Reform… who quickly throws TA Cole in front of him to take the blow. Weighted Grade try to move up to grab Elise but from behind, Mikey and The D have made it to a knee each. They look at each other. The D nods… each man uppercuts.

DDK:
DOUBLE LOW BLOW BY MIKEY AND THE D ON WEIGHTED GRADE!

Lance:
Apparently what you can't see DOES hurt you.

Ned Reform sees all members of Honor Society down but him. Mikey, The D, Klein, and Elise all slowly move their heads at the same time. They spot Ned whose eyes go wide. He holds up a hand and shakes his head before moving for the ropes. With a single move he spins through and to the mat on the outside. Frustrated, he grabs TA Cole by the arm and pulls him out of the ring as well.

DDK:
Well howabout that!? The German FAITHFUL seem to be happy to see this!

With TA Cole laying outside, Ned moves to get Weighted Grade as well but as they both start to move and grumble there's a blur in the ring. Elise Ares is off the top rope.

Lance:
DOUBLE CURB STOMP ON WEIGHTED GRADE!

DDK:
Elise Ares comes off the top rope with that one! What a move!

The German Faithful erupt as Elise Ares takes off her leather jacket and throws it on the ground before screaming something to her adoring fans that is drowned out in their cheers. She turns around to check on her friends and bumps right into Mikey Unlikely, who immediately puts his arms up to show he wasn't trying to do anything shady. The Queen of Sports Entertainment Style looks the former leader of 24K up and down, tilting her head to the side unconvinced. This interaction has quickly silenced the Faithful who want to see what happens next.

DDK:
Clearly there are still some hurt feelings here, Lance. As they say, Rome wasn't built in a day.

Lance:
Nor did they tear down the Berlin Wall in a day. There is a lot of history in this ring.

With all the focus on Elise and Mikey in the ring, no one notices the Honor Society lick their wounds outside the ring and slowly slink their way back up the aisle. Well… almost nobody. The D pushes through between Elise and Mikey and shouts into a microphone.

The D:
NEXT WEEK! US, VERSUS YOU! 8 MAN TAG!

Elise turns to the D and stares daggers at him. The D looks at her dimly, then understands.

The D:
I mean… SEVEN MEN AND A WOMAN!

Ares facepalms and drags her hand down her face before taking a deep breath. Klein just pats the D on his shoulder as the D asks him "What?" off mic.

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

Elise and Mikey continue to stare at one another as Honor Society exit. The D and Klein discuss things in the corner, as Mikey slowly backs away. Elise turns and yells at the D, but the D points to Klein and Elise stops, wishing Klein well in tonight's Main Event.

DDK:
That's a big challenge Lance! The reformed SEG, Mikey Unlikely and Elise Ares on the same side, against Ned Reform and his Honor Society for next DEFtv!

Lance:
That's going to be one heck of a fight Darren, if Ned and his cohorts have any honor! But we've still got…

FIST OF DEFIANCE: DEX JOY (c) vs. KLEIN

As PCP celebrate and stare up the ramp toward the Honor Society, Klein gets pulled aside by Iris Devine. She shines a light in his face and the ref asks if he can go. Klein nods to cheers from the crowd. He nods toward the D and Elise, each giving him a fist bump. The trio exit, as the music transitions.

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

Starting from the chorus, Klein's music replaces Mikey's as Klein stretches on the ropes. He places his box gently onto the top turnbuckle and pats it twice. This causes it to fall and he barely catches it in time, so he places it instead underneath the bottom rope in his corner.

DDK:
One heck of a main event up next … Dex Joy in another Era of Everyone Open Challenge for the FIST of DEFIANCE. This time, Dex Joy takes on one of the holders of the Unified Tag Team champions, PCP member, Klein! Klein better be more worried about his upcoming opponent rather than his box!

Lance:
You're right, but Klein and that box are inseparable.

DDK:
And we have it on good authority that Ed White is going to be watching this match.

Lance:
Ed White's title shot for the FIST of DEFIANCE is already locked in, but what a gamut Dex Joy has to run through. He took on a very talented Scott Hunter two weeks ago. Klein himself just came off a run as the Unified Tag Team champions with Flex Kruger before rejoining his PCP family! Can he bring home the biggest title yet to PCP?

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:
Dex Joy is not resting easy, but I'm still wondering if he's playing into the hands of people like Ned Reform and Edward White. Their title shots are locked on for the UNCUT Year End Awards and then for DEFIANCE Road.

Lance:
He's never been the kind of person to take it easy. When he was the Southern Heritage Champion he did the same thing. He was bound and determined to give the people a show even when Tyler Fuse destroyed the physical title -

Conor Fuse gave him that Paper Title that Malak Garland now holds and he still defended it proudly.

DDK:
And he cannot overlook Klein. Klein has held titles in BRAZEN and DEFIANCE. He's strong and he took Uriel Cortez to the limit on DEFtv 194 before Cortez took advantage of a shot to the eye to win that match.

Joy walks to the ring and high fives and dabs fists with everyone on the way to the ring in Bremen! 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 the FIST of DEFIANCE and then gets ready. He waves at Klein and the Box Man waves back.

Darren Quimbey:
This match is set for one fall and this is for the FIST of DEFIANCE!!! Introducing the challenger … from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania! He weighs in at two-hundred sixty three pounds! He is a member of the Pop Culture Phenoms and co-holder of the Unified Tag Team championships … KLEINNNNNN!!!

The Box Man flexes and poses for the cheering German fans!

Darren Quimbey:
And now introducing … from Los Angeles, California. He weighs in at three-hundred and eight pounds! He is a former Favoured Saints and Southern Heritage champion! He is *your* FIST of DEFIANCE …

Dex throws the title up high!

Darren Quimbey:
THE BIGGEST BOYYYYYY … DEXXXXXXXXXX …. JOYYYYYYY!!!

The Biggest Boy gives the title up to the referee and then braces himself for what will be a big boy battle!

DING DING

Dex Joy and Klein show the other sportsmanship with a solid handshake.

Lance:
What a way to kick off this main event with respect for these two competitors!

DDK:
It is refreshing to see. We've …

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

DDK:
... I spoke way too soon.

Edward White accompanied as always by his business manager and personal assistant Jane Katze and his bodyguard the absolutely massive Nicky Corozzo make their way out onto the stage to a chorus of boos from the gathered Faithful. The Socialite locks eyes with Darren Keebler and Lance Warner and starts making his way over towards the commentation station. Ed takes a seat in the conveniently placed third chair, his cohorts take their places over his shoulder.

DDK:
Well- to what do we owe the pleasure, Ed?

Edward White:
Why I'm out here to scout my competition, or have you forgotten that fat little nincompoop and I have a date at DEF Road for my FIST of DEFIANCE?

Lance:
Darren's just being obtuse, Ed- can- can I have more money? The sky cash from two weeks ago was really helpful-

Edward White:
You sicken me, Lance Warner.

Dex looks up at the stage with Ed White joining commentary but turns around in the nick of time. Klein and Dex lock horns. The two power houses try to get the first advantage, but they charge at each other and neither man will get knocked off their feet easy. Klein gets it with a head lock but Dex goes to the ropes and then he pushes the Box Man away. Klein hits the ropes before he hits Dexy Baby using a shoulder block but neither bull goes over.

DDK:
In his previous defenses, the only opponent that has been able to exceed Dex's power was Max Luck in a highly charged bout of two athletic monsters! Could Klein do the same?

The Box Man hits off the ropes again and he runs into Dexy Baby with all the force he can get behind him, but he does not fall. They lock up for the second time and now it is the champion that gets the advantage by using a head lock to try and restrain Klein. The beloved Klein leans backwards into the ropes and uses that to propel Dex forward. Dex comes back and hits a shoulder but Klein surprises him. He wobbles, but he doesn't fall down which surprises the champ.

Lance:
These big boys are throwing big shots in the early going but nobody has the clear cut advantage.

Edward White:
Please- have you seen me lately? I'm just as if not stronger than both of these sorry fools. Ol' Ed is pure muscle- ol' Dexy has size sure, but he lacks *the definition*, gentleman-

They lock up again but this time Klein hits a shoulder to rock Dexy Baby and then goes for the ropes. He moves for another shoulder by Dex is able to leap right over it with a leap frog. When Klein comes back again, Dex ducks to the mat and then when Klein least expects it, he hits Klein with a cross body just as he comes around! The champion lands the first big blow of the match and kneels up to throw his arms up and points over at Edward White and then shouts out to the people.

Dex Joy:
WHO WRECKS LIKE DEX?!

NO ONE!

Lance:
Looks like Dex is telling you that's the kind of action that awaits you when you get to DEFIANCE Road.

Edward White:
This young man still *needs* to have that title by DEFIANCE Road!

In the middle of their distant staredown, Klein has retreated to the outside and this is something that Dex notices right away. The FIST of DEFIANCE rolls outside of the ring and then he looks at where Klein has landed. The Box Man looks like he doesn't know where he is after the surprise cross body attack. Dex runs around the corner and it looks like he has an attack in mind!

DDK:
Are we going to see the Dexy's Midnight Runner outside the ring?!

Lance:
He's going for something big early!

But when the Biggest Boy rounds the bend and has Klein in his sights …

LARIAT BY KLEIN!!!

DDK:
Dexy's Midnight Runner gets run off the tracks!

Edward White:
Well, there's you champion folks, flattened by a man who wears a cardboard box on his head, professionally- stunning, just stunning-

Klein stands up proudly now and flexes his arms in the air showing off for the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful! He realizes that now may be his best chance to capitalize on a big situation so he goes help Dex up and then nudges him back in the ring where he needs to pin the champion in hopes to become champion. The man also known as Sir Reginald Klein Boxman III is in the ring and then he has the champion right where he wants him. He sets him up for a major vertical suplex and then he is able to put Dex up in the air!

DDK:
Incredible! He is holding Dex up in the air! That is a three-hundred plus pound man!

Edward White:
Once again the EVERYchamp is gettin' his sorry keister shown up by this clown shoe of a competitor- SHAMEFUL! The FIST deserves better, by God!

Lance:
When's he going to put him down!

Edward White:
DROP HIM ON HIS DAMN HEAD, BOY!

The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful are counting along with him! He holds Dex up all the way for the count of ten and then lands the suplex! Klein has disoriented the champion and then he rolls backwards to land on top of Dex for a cover.

One …

Two …

No! Dex kicks out of the pin attempt.

Edward White:
Resilient little bastard, I'll give him that-

The Socialite and company are still watching the match. Klein has Dex now in a tough situation and then tries to overpower the champion again with another suplex. He goes behind and attempts a german suplex. He is up on his feet, but Dex gets a leg up to prevent from being taken over by the suplex. Dex executes (Dexecutes?) a standing switch and then tries his luck with a german suplex, but Klein grabs his wrists. Using his strength, Klein is able to break free, but the champion lays in a heavy elbow smash and then follows with a big scoop slam and then immediately hits the falling headbutt to the chest! Klein is near the ropes when Dex climbs through them. He waves at Edward White and then follows with a *hefty* slingshot senton!

DDK:
Dex takes over with the slingshot senton! There's a cover by the champion! Can he retain tonight?

The FIST makes the cover!

One …

Two …

No! Klein kicks out!

DDK:
Good cover by Dex! Now he's working the ribs! We don't see Dex do a lot of mat wrestling, but Klein has overpowered him more than once and needs to grind him down.

Edward White:
Well there ain't no grindin' down what ol' Ed White's made of, damnit- Dex'll have to dig down far deeper than this pathetic display to get one over on me come DEF Road!

Dex is wrenching on the grounded Klein with a reverse version of a bearhug in order to sap his strength. He continues trying his best to suppress the Box Man and his power game, but Klein isn't having it for long! He starts to grab the arms of the champion and attempts to climb to his knees to get Dex's fingers apart. The champion realizes he is getting nowhere with these tactics and then throws more elbow smashes against the back of his challenger and then lands a very impressive jumping enziguri to the side of the head!

Lance:
Dexy Baby switching up tactics! Wearing down Klein was a mistake, but he's got so many offensive moves for a person of his size!

Edward White:
All those moves'll mean precisely zilch when I punch the fat little jackass right in his damned privates, by God-

The people that Dex proudly represents cheer on the EveryChamp when he makes his way up top. He makes the leap and hits his signature diving head butt!

DDK:
Jump For Joy!

Dex is right for the cover!

One …

Two …

No!!!

Lance:
Klein kicked out of Jump For Joy! He has won matches in the past using that diving head butt!

Dex knows that enough is enough and he needs something big in order to put Klein away. He picks up Klein in his arms but as he is about to set up the spinning power slam that he calls the Dex Drive, Klein is able to give him the slip by landing behind him to hit a big german suplex!

DDK:
German suplex by Klein! He just made that suplex look so easy! And I don't think he's done!

Edward White:
Jane, dear, make a note about this Klein fella'- whatever he's doin' it's talent wasted-

Dexy is reeling from the first suplex, but Klein is able to keep his grip tight on the EveryChamp. He goes for a second

suplex and is able to hit it! He even has Dex up for a third time. Dex tries to fight it but he cannot escape his fate when he is forced to go for the ride with a third German suplex!

Lance:
Klein is suplexing Dex around like he owes him money … our guest at the table probably knows a thing or two about that.

Edward White:
You're damn right I do- when you're back in your sad little hotel room tonight, Warner, I want you to think about the beautiful people on the luxurious private jet I'll be winging my way back to Saint-Tropez on, you sad little poor.

DDK:
Gentlemen, decorum, please! We're calling a match and Klein may have the EveryChamp on the ropes!

Now Klein has the people with him! When Dexy Baby is up to the good old vertical base he is picked up and taken for a ride. He gets sent packing across the ring for Klein to follow that with a clothesline in the corner. He has Dex up and then goes for another one. Dex hits the opposite corner, but Dexy Baby surprises everyone when he not only gets both feet up to catch Klein … but he slowly flips upwards to catch himself seated on the top rope!

Lance:
What the heck?! How did Dex do that?!

DDK:
His agility is uncanny! Hope that you and Jane Katze have been taking notes out here, Edward.

Edward White:
Oh we've been takin' notes for *weeks* Mr. Keebler- haven't we Jane? And not just about his goddamn wrestlin' moves-

Dexy Baby is on the top rope, but before he can fully position himself Klein is already up on the middle rope to block Dex with a flurry of blows! After he is sure he has landed enough to do the trick, Klein looks out to Dexy and the then the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful. He holds Dex up in the air … and incredibly he is stalling with the superplex!

DDK:
Oh my goodness! What are we witnessing here? Dexy Baby is up in the air!!!

After yet another ten seconds, Klein finally falls backwards and both men *crash* with thundering force on the canvas after the delayed vertical superplex!

Lance:
This long into the bout and Klein still has this strength! That's amazing!

Klein is down! Dex is down! The fans are up!

Lance:
This is Klein's best chance! Will the card be subject to change at our Uncut Year End Awards and at DEFIANCE Road?

Edward White:
Considerin' what I've seen here, I'd be honored to gift ol' box head up there a tidy little reign with the title before I relieve him of that particular burden come the PPV, Warner!

Klein is the first to sit up! He grabs the EveryChamp and he goes for the ride again! Three-hundred pounds on Dex's shoulders and he gets spun around … and around … and around … and around … and around some more! It continues and then he lands …

DDK:
THINK OUTSIDE!!! WE MAY HAVE A NEW FIST OF DEFIANCE TONIGHT!!!

The crowd cheers when Klein lands the airplane spin into the TKO! Woozy himself from the spinning it is all the co-holder of the Unified Tag titles can do to crawl backwards and then lay for a cover!

One …

Two …

DEX'S FOOT IS ON THE ROPE!!!

Lance:
That was close! That was so close!

Klein cannot believe it and even Edward White is now watching silently worried for a moment almost lost the match he wanted with Dex for DEFIANCE Road! Klein gets up and then wants to hit a second one. He is picked up again.

DDK:
Is he going for another one? If he can hit a second one we will definitely have a new FIST of DEFIANCE representing everyone!

The Box Man makes for another airplane spin … but now Dexy slips away from him and pushes Klein into the ropes as hard as he can. He bounces from the left side of Klein and when they meet in the middle, Klein is knocked completely across the ring with the most devastating tackle in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

DDK:
No! Dex counters the Think Outside into the Dexy's Midnight Runner! Did you see Klein fly?!

Edward White:
That's right boy! Show ol' Ed you got somethin' in the tank other than goddamn nachos, you disgrace!

Dexy Baby points down at Klein and then the EveryChamp howls! Klein is picked up off the mat and then it is his turn to end up in a precarious position …

Lance:
He does it! He lands the Dex Drive! He lands the Dex Drive!

The EveryChamp is in a hurry to pin Klein! He stares out into the distance at Edward White but doesn't make a mistake and he pins down both shoulders of the challenger!

One …

Two …

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♫ "Undefeated" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♫

Darren Quimbey:
Your winner and *still* FIST of DEFIANCE … DEEEEEXXXXXXX JOOOYYYYYYY!!!

Dex knows that he has been through a complete battle tonight against the sheer power of Klein. He takes the FIST of

DEFIANCE in his hands and then holds it up proudly, then quickly offers Klein a hand to get the Box Man back on his feet.

Lance:
Incredible main event tonight! Dex Joy had control, but Klein's power turned the tide multiple times! He has nothing to be ashamed of tonight by his efforts in this match.

DDK:
Dex Joy has defended the FIST against wrestlers of varying styles! The seven foot Max Luck. The incredible aerial skills of Mil Vueltas. The technical ability of Oscar Burns. The cunning of Scott Hunter. The power of Klein. Edward White, I'll pose this question to you … if he makes it through Ned Reform, will you be ready for Dex Joy at DEFIANCE Road?

Edward White:
You goddamn know I am, Keebler-

White stares at the EveryChamp in the center of the ring. Dex has now walked up to the second turnbuckle and looks back across the arena to the very first holder of the title Dex proudly wears now.

Lance:
At this time, there appears to be no stopping the EveryChamp, but two of his toughest tests lie ahead!

DDK:
That's right, partner. We're sitting with one of them now, but Ned Reform has also been in the hottest run of his DEFIANCE career as well. Can Dex Joy possibly overcome those odds?

Edward White:
It doesn't matter one goddamn bit, Darren! Come DEF Road you are LOOKIN' at the next FIST of DEFIANCE! By any funds necessary, gentlemen! I've said it for years!

The Socialite stands and glares back across the arena at Dex Joy.

Edward White:
And come DEFtv two weeks from now? You and everyone else will see how true that statement can be-

The sound of Ed White's headset clattering to the desk is the last thing we hear on commentary with Dex Joy standing proudly as the champion … but for how much longer?

As DEFtv goes off the air the last image we see is side by side shots of champion and challenger still glowering at one another from across the arena.

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.