

SHOW OPEN

Pyro.

Crowd.

Noise.

A ring. A stage. And everything else associated with a DEFIANCE show.

The scene is inside Eissporthalle Frankfurt in Frankfurt, Germany and we go to the announce team, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner.

DDK:

Welcome everyone to the Year End Awards Show! We have matches coming, awards, awards and more awards. Plus at the end of the night, the FIST of DEFIANCE on the line in the main event!

Lance:

It's going to be a great night! Let's start off by showing everyone the list of the nominations!

DEFIANT of the YEAR

Corvo Alpha ([bio](#))

Dex Joy ([bio](#))

Henry Keyes ([bio](#))

DEFIANTS of the YEAR

Lucky Sevens ([bio](#))

M4NTRA ([bio](#))

PCP ([bio](#))

FACTION of the YEAR

Honor Society ([bio](#))

Titanes Familia ([bio](#))

Vae Victis ([bio](#))

BREAKOUT DEFIANT of the YEAR

Butcher Victorious ([bio](#))

Dr. Ned Reform ([bio](#))

JJ Dixon ([bio](#))

ROOKIE DEFIANT of the YEAR

Declan Alexander ([bio](#))

Eric Dane Jr. ([bio](#))

Scott Hunter ([bio](#))

MANAGER of the YEAR

Teri Melton ([bio](#))

Tom Morrow ([bio](#))

Sonny Silver ([bio](#))

MATCH of the YEAR

FIST & SOHER ELIMINATION MATCH: Vae Victis vs. "FML 3.0" ([DEFIANCE Road](#))

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: Lucky Sevens (C) vs. SNS ([DEFCON](#))

FIST of DEFIANCE: Lindsay Troy (C) vs. Dex Joy ([MAXIMUM DEFIANCE](#))

SOHER: Henry Keyes (C) vs. Rezin ([MAXIMUM DEFIANCE](#))
SOHER: Henry Keyes (C) vs. Corvo Alpha ([ACTS of DEFIANCE](#))

SEGMENT of the YEAR

Ned Reform challenges Elon Musk to a match at DEFCON ([DEFTv 183](#))
Flying Frenchie challenges Malak Garland - Snowflake Flutter Countdown Clock ([DEFTv 184](#))
Era of Everyone - Dex Joy's first promo as FIST of DEFIANCE ([DEFTv 190](#))
Henry Keyes' new record ([DEFTv 190](#))
Thank you Brock Newbludd ([DEFTv 192](#))

SHOCK of the YEAR

Henry Keyes vs. Justin Sane match ([DEFTv 187](#))
Elon Musk fake out to Gage Blackwood's return ([DEFCON](#))
Rezin doesn't win SOHER ([MAXIMUM DEFIANCE](#))
Mikey Unlikely returns to DEFIANCE ([DEFTv 194](#))
Ed White returns to DEFIANCE ([ACTS of DEFIANCE](#))

ONGOING STORYLINE of the YEAR

Henry Keyes' SOHER record setting
Malak Garland's ongoing identity crisis
The Meltonverse
SNS & Pat Cassidy singles career
Vae Victis' dominance

BRAZEN of the YEAR

Kaz Troy ([bio](#))
Nick "Lotto" Otto ([bio](#))
Ophelia Sykes ([bio](#))

DEFCON PERSONALITY of the YEAR

Bronson Box ([bio](#))
Malak Garland ([bio](#))
Rezin ([bio](#))

DDK:

We also wanted to take the time to congratulate Tim Tillinghast on winning the reviewer of the year, once again.

Lance:

Yes! Hopefully, we will have more reviewers for 2024.

DDK:

Are *you* going to review?

Lance:

I might. I hear Yannick Fillimore wants to do more.

DDK:

Do you believe him?

Lance:

We'll see. Anyway, it's going to be a great night. We also have the Hall of Fame announcement!

DDK:

Let's go to ringside for the Hall of Fame reveal!

****HALL of FAME****

Inside the ring, announcer Darren Quimbey stands.

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, it's time to start the night!

RAAAAAHHHH, but a German *RAAAAAHHHH* of course.

Darren Quimbey:

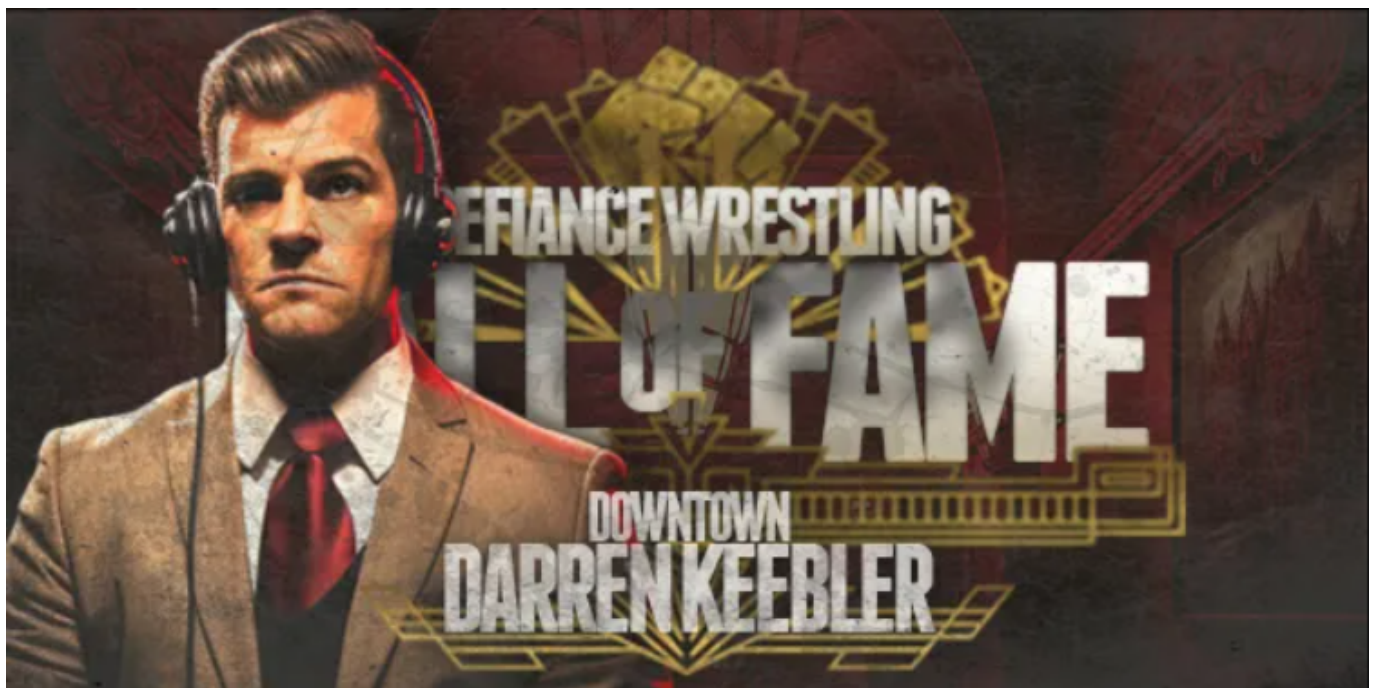
We are going to reveal the HALL of FAME class for 2023!

Quimbey points to the DEFI-A-TRON.

...

...

...





The crowd gives a standing ovation!

Over at the commentary station a stunned Downtown Darren Keebler is already receiving a standing ovation from his fellow commentator Lance Warner.

Darren Quimbey:

Please welcome into the Hall of Fame, the original announce team of Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland!

Lots of clapping. It's obvious by the several shades of red he's turning Darren Keebler absolutely wasn't expecting this.

DDK: *[speechless]*

...

Lance:

Well deserved, partner. Very well deserved.

DDK:

Thank you, everyone! What can I say here? Wow.

The crowd keeps cheering, so Keebler stands and acknowledges them. This builds even more cheers within the arena.

The German Faithful won't let up. The clapping is nonstop.

DDK:

You know I've been here since we opened this place. It's been a part of my life for almost a decade and a half now and I can honestly say this is the proudest I've been since the day my son was born!

Lance:

I am proud, too! I now work with a Hall of Famer!

A familiar voice chimes in.

"You're such a toolbox, Lance."

Lance:

What the whole holy heck?

Angus Skaaland, erstwhile color analyst and executive producer of all things DEFiant slides into the frame. He snags a headset and takes a seat in a curiously spare chair behind the desk.

Angus:

Congratulations, Keebs, all these years later an' yer still carryin' my bags! This time all the way to the HALL OF FAME!

DDK:

I really don't know what to say- there's so many deserving of this honor, gosh, world champions- people who ran this place- I, wow!

Angus:

What ol' Keebs means to say is, him bein' a robot and me bein' me- sincerity ain't our strongest quality. But this place matters- so, yeah- we're in rare company-

It's at that moment the tinkling of ragtime piano draws a raucous ration from the German Faithful-

RAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Of for the love of f-

DDK:

HOKAY THEN!

The Original DEFIANT- and DEF Hall of Famer- the Bombastic Bronson Box strolls out onto the stage in full gear- his eyes trained on the commentation station. Much to Darren Keebler's chagrin, Boxer makes his way over- microphone already in hand. He takes a moment and puts a hand on Darren's shoulder- he looks Keebler up and down with his bloodshot brown eyes and smiles.

Bronson Box:

Unclench yer' cheeks there Keebler, I ain't out here to cause trouble. I wasn't gonna come out here but I heard ye' just now- talkin' about people you think are more deservin' of this than you. Lad- and I'm talkin' about you, Darren- in this old man's estimation you're more than damn deservin' of helpin' me and that bastard Eugene lay the foundation of this here Hall of Fame. Every one of us owes our careers to you and the soundtrack you've give this *fookin'* circus. It's a small club but yer' in decent company even if I do say so myself- welcome, boy'o. Sincerely.

The two-time FIST of DEFIANCE extends one of his huge mitts to Keebler- astonished, Darren reciprocates the handshake as the Faithful erupt in raucous cheers for the heartwarming scene.

Bronson Box:

As fer' you-

Angus does his best "who, me" as Boxer redirects his gaze back over his broad shoulder.

Angus:

What about me, Boxy? Hmm?

The Wargod grins and leans in close to Angus' ear.

He waits a few beats before saying anything-

Bronson Box:

Someday very very soon-ish- I'm going to come callin' and sort out a few things with that *BOY* you have walkin' around here with Eric's name pinned to his bib there, sunshine. So congratulations for now, ya' mouthy prick.

Boxer pats Angus on the shoulder a little too hard, as evidenced by the pained expression on the Motormouth's face.

Bronson Box:

Oh- and do say hello to Frank for me.

Another violent pat on Angus' shoulder and the Wargod is off, back through the curtain with nary a wave or glance over his shoulder. Leaving Angus Skaaland, Darren Keebler and a giggling Lance Warner alone behind the commentary desk.

Angus:

Shut your stupid mouth hole, Lance! He don't want any part of Frank Dylan James, never has, and never will. And somebody tell ol' Bald Spot that the kid's *off limits*. And that's non-negotiable!

Lance:

Ha! I didn't hear any of that sass when Bronson was out here!

Angus:

You know what, nobody asked you a GODDAMN thing, Lance. There's a reason me and Keebs're goin' into the Hall and you're busy giggling about- ya'- fuckin'- GIGGLER. *FUCK!*

DDK:

Not your best work, bud.

Angus:

You eat shit too, Keebler! *EVERYBODY EAT SHIT!*

Angus throws his headset down and stomps away from the commentation station flipping everyone and nobody in particular the double bird as he does so.

Lance:

So proud of you guys.

DDK:

Thanks, partner.

TITANES FAMILIA & JUN IZUCHI vs. THE MOST PRECIOUS GEMS

DDK:

I believe I have some extra energy to provide play-by-play tonight!

Lance:

You're on another level, Keeps.

DDK:

So. We are about to starting WRESTLING with a big six-person tag team match that has been brewing for weeks! Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems have been targeting Dan Leo James all stemming back to James appearing in a higher-rated segment! From there, Titanes Familia of Titaness and Dan Leo James have been picked off by JJ Dixon and NDR.

Lance:

This continued all until JJ Dixon's former tag partner from BRAZEN, Jun Izuchi, made the save during an attempted assault on Titaness. Since then, Izuchi has been key in evening the numbers. Titanes Familia didn't even want to wait until DEFIANCE Road next month for this match. They wanted it tonight and they're gonna get it!

DDK:

Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems against Titanes Familia and the appointed "Extended Familia" Jun Izuchi! Up next!

The bell rings for the next match as Darren Quimbey stands by the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a six-person tag team grudge match schedule for one fall! Introducing first...

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

The Faithful roar their approval as blue and gold lights flood the arena! The wife of Uriel Cortez and the "son" of Titanes Familia march to the ring and high-five fans on either side of the ramp, looking for payback tonight.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... at a combined weight of 463 pounds... they are the team of "The Show of Force" Titaness... "The Young Titan" Dan Leo James... they are... **TITANES FAMILIA!**

Titaness is wearing a sleeveless blue and gold Titanes Familia top and blue leather gear. Noticeable is a wound mostly healed up on her forehead from the brutal battle with Corvo Alpha for the Southern Heritage Title the week prior. Dan Leo James is in his blue and gold wrestling singlet! He shouts to the masses and then they both climb into the ring. Once they both head inside, the music fades out for the arrival of their partner.

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

The arena is greeted with darkness. The all-too-familiar whistling intro sounds out and out from the back, a man in blue trunks, tights, a lasso, and a cowboy hat tilted down to obstruct his face.

Darren Quimbey:

And their partner... hailing from The Double Dragon Ranch in Tokyo, Texas, weighing in at 264 pounds... **"THE TEXAN DRAGON" JUN IZUCHI!**

The Frankfurt Faithful give a nice reception for the former Massive Cowboy as he heads to the ring and points at a few fans before high-fiving a few others. He reaches the ring, walks up the steps, then makes it into the squared circle. He takes off his hat and hangs it and his lasso on the nearby post. He shakes hands with Titaness and then Dan Leo James surprises the Extended Familia with a big hug.

DDK:

Before this match, we had the following comments from Titanes Familia and Jun Izuchi.

Cut to inset promo.

Dan Leo James:

Titanes Familia and Cousin Jun here! Tonight, Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems better get their dancing shoes on because tonight.... they're all gonna get taken to a ballroom blitz!

Titaness buries her face in her palm. Jun is trying to look the other way.

Dan Leo James:

My Dad used to listen to nothing but The Sweet and it drove my Mom nuts... but enough about that. Tonight, we're all ready for a fight and we're gonna make Papa Tez proud. Let's heckin goooooo!

Jun Izuchi:

The young wordsmith is right... The Most Precious Gems have gotten away with far too much lately, attacking anyone they please. Tonight's gonna be the night that all that stops. JJ, you might be too far gone for me to save you, but you're not too far gone for me to put you down.

They both look to Titaness, waiting for the wife of Uriel Cortez to add any words of wisdom.

Titaness:

...Granny Goodness is getting five across her goddamn eyes.

She storms off from the inset promo. Jun and Dan follow after her as the scene goes to real time.

♪ "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths ♪

The eerie 80s alternative rock anthem plays. The DEFiatron shows the smoky, empty theater and its stage. Madame Melton sits in a director's chair in the center, silver and short flapper curls and an outfit that is silver upon silver upon silver, holding a silver cigarette holder. Flanking her to the left is JP Reeves - his hair wavy and long, with a dark suit jacket over his bare upper body, smelling a yellow rose. To the right is Raiden - his black death metal mullet wearing a shirt that reads "I Give Concussions" and a snarl to the match. And on the floor, kneeling with his brown leather mask is "The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon.

JP Reeves:

Tell me -- what other rookies main evented an episode of DEF TV, in a match where I - The Yellow Rose of the Gems - dove off the top of the DEFiatron? What other rookies closed out Night 2 of DEFIANCE's first show South of the Border? What other rookies won a barnburner of a tag team match at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE? What other rookies were in a brutal cage match like none other held this year? The only rookies of any level of true accomplishment this year were myself and my enigmatic tag partner Raiden. Yet we were not nominated for the award? This injustice will not go unpunished. It is something I will address in my upcoming book of poetry named The Garden of Despair... and that is the place where we will indeed bury your beloved Familia tonight!

Raiden:

The Faithful had the power to nominate us for Rookie of the Year -- an award we EARNED. Instead, they choose to ignore us. I've been ignored my whole life. By my father, by my peers, by everyone except the ones who surround me -- MY family. Well, tonight I take the power back from The Faithful for their cruelty towards us... by taking away the core brain functions of Titaness, Jun Izuchi and Dan Leo James!

JJ Dixon:

The most coveted award we in this industry all have is Match of the Year. Because matches at that level leave you transformed and change who you are as a competitor and a person. I was in a match like that this year. No Surrender at Uncut 148. The brutality of that match force me to now hide my handsome features that once made me a noted

cocksman behind a mask and my once boyish smile is now eternally toothless. But, hey, at least my ruptured testicle was saved! Dare I say -- and I will dare say -- there was no match this year as brutal as that one with stakes that high! I've spent these past few weeks as The Fatal Attraction wreaking havoc on all who have come across my path because of the lack of reaction from The Faithful from that match. You had a chance to rectify your mistake and to nominate that match. You didn't... which means that I have to continue down this road and hurt the ones you love -- TO HURT THE ONES I LOVE! Titaness, you and Uriel have been the heart-and-soul of this promotion for years. Dan Leo James, there is a reason why you set television records every single week and why Germany has embraced you as America's Sweetheart. And Massive Cowboy... I will always love you, brother! But The Faithful are making me do some very vicious things to you this evening... because they made me this monster I no longer recognize so I can become the hero they deserve!

Madame Melton:

It was at last year's award ceremony where I was named Rookie of the Year and sipped vintage champagne as I absconded away in a hot air balloon, a bag of dear Lord Nigel's money clutched in my steel grip! The symbolism was clear in that I was to reach heights no one else could help to match! Well, what happened in that year? You, The Fickle Faithful, turned your backs on me -- THE WOMAN WHO LOVES YOU THE MOST - in my time of need! Now you must pay for that egregious sin. Because I've closed my eyes and have heard the beautiful melody I've conducted at my BitterSweet Symphony... and it's a melody that will be accompanied tonight by the screams of agony of your beloved Familia! And soon enough, I - DEFIANCE'S IRON LADY - will rule over this promotion with my Iron Fist! And all of you will have no choice but to come crawling back to me, looking at me as I sit upon my justly throne with your Clear Eyes and Full Hearts filled with adoration... devotion... and submission!

Melton claws her "son's" hair after that last word as he looks up at his Mommie Dearest. He then holds his arms out wide and looks at the camera.

JJ Dixon:

You will learn to love us as much as we love you... because there will be nobody else left for you to love!

Melton smirks and takes one long, cool drag from her cigarette holder before emitting a long cloud of smoke.

Madame Melton:

And you'll all learn why MADAME MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

As they all approach the ring, The Frankfurt Faithful are ready to see some action on a very special UNCUT! Titaness wants to start and on the other side, JP Reeves starts for his team.

DDK:

This one has been building for a while now! Will it be the Titanes Familia alliance or will it be Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems?!

DING DING

Right away, JP Reeves goes right for a boot to the gut of The Show of Force then slaps on a very tight headlock. He twirls around her quickly to fire off a quick drop toe hold, then brings her down to the mat in quick fashion! He does a quick spin around the body of Titaness while the Matriarch of Titanes Familia is down, then brings her to the mat... just to take a smell of his favorite flower to jeers from The Faithful.

Lance:

Does JP Reeves think this is really a good use of time in the ring?

DDK:

The border between normalcy and whatever The Most Precious Gems are doing now waved bye-bye to this group a long time ago.

Reeves goes to lock up with Titaness again and takes her over with a fast arm drag before holding her to the ground in

a quick arm bar. He takes a moment to really smell the roses - proverbially, this time as his hands are both occupied - then continues to try and work the arm... but he gets a shock when Titaness uses nothing more than raw power to fight up and then THROW Reeves to the canvas! The crowd cheers when she runs off the ropes quickly and uses a big flying shoulder tackle to knock down The Yellow Rose of The Most Precious Gems!

DDK:

Titaness fighting back now! Tag to Dan Leo James!

The Faithful cheer on the largest man in the match as the exuberant 6'7" Utah native leaps over the ropes and into the ring. Titaness grabs Reeves off the mat and then body slams the poet harshly back onto said mat. She gestures to Dan, who sighs, then assumes the position to allow Titaness to body slam the big man right on top of Reeves! Madame Melton looks angry that Reeves is being shown up!

Lance:

As always, very unique double-teams from Titanes Familia! Now Dan grabs Reeves and takes him to the corner!

He plants JP Reeves in the corner...

THWACK!

Then absolutely lets him have it with a STIFF Fastball Chop!

DDK:

OOOH! Just like Papa Tez taught him! That Fastball Chop is so powerful!

Reeves is hunched over in severe pain when Dan makes the tag to Jun Izuchi. The Texan Dragon enters the ring and both men shot him off the ropes. When Reeves comes back, both big men floor him with a double shoulder tackle! Dan returns to the corner as Izuchi rushes off the ropes. He drives a big elbow drop right to the heart of Reeves, but once isn't enough. He sits up to hit a second one, then a third before settling right into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Kickout by Reeves there! The teamwork of Titanes Familia has always been impressive and Jun seems to fit right in, despite Uriel Cortez's recent skepticism.

Lance:

I don't understand... he should be grateful. Twice, Titaness was almost assaulted by the Gems, had it not been for his involvement.

Jun Izuchi carries Reeves then back to the corner of Titanes Familia. Another tag from Titaness! The Show of Force climbs into the ring and then Jun aids Titaness via an Irish whip right into a running shoulder thrust in the corner that knocks the wind out right out of The Yellow Rose! She connects with a hard powerslam out of the corner, then runs off the ropes to follow up with a sliding clothesline!

DDK:

More quick teamwork by the Familia! Cover by Titaness!

ONE!

TWO!

But Raiden makes the save with a stomp to Titaness' back! She howls in pain as Raiden returns to the corner. JJ Dixon continues to only watch and wait.

Lance:

Quick tags in and out by Titanes Familia here tonight! They're playing it smart for the moment by isolating Reeves.

Titaness has Reeves, but then makes the tag back to Jun Izuchi again. The Texan Dragon goes back into the ring. He tries to grab Reeves, but a desperation kick to the knee stops his advance. He scurries away to the corner where Dixon has a hesitant hand out.

DDK:

Is he gonna do it? Is he going to tag in and fight his former partner?

JJ Dixon watches Reeves, then finally holds a hand out and The Fatal Attraction makes the tag!

Lance:

Here we go! Former partners about to come to blows!

Izuchi shakes off the pain in his knee and then starts to circle up with Dixon.

Jun Izuchi:

You ready to do this?

Dixon says nothing as they continue to circle up... until Reeves enters the ring and kicks the same leg out from under Izuchi that he attacked moments ago!

Lance:

Hey!

The Faithful jeer the Gems member as Dixon turns and suddenly KICKS Titaness off the apron with a running big boot! Dan tries to lunge at him after the kick, but The Fatal Attraction is too fast and ducks away, but he leaves himself wide open for Raiden to swoop in with a flying gamengiri, knocking big DLJ off the apron!

DDK:

Cheap shots all around from The Most Precious Gems! Now Dixon going right after his former partner!

The Fatal Attraction swarms his former partner and starts unleashing a large number of vicious forearm shivers! And with both members of Titanes Familia on the floor, Izuchi is all alone with the Most Precious Gems!

DDK:

JJ Dixon calls this move 400 Blows and they are coming down hard and fast on The Texan Cowboy!

JJ Dixon:

!! WILL! ALWAYS! LOVE! YOU! BROTHER!

He continues to rain down fire upon his former friend and tag team partner until Hector Navarro finally steps in and tells him to break it off. Dixon sits up and nearly lunges at Navarro just long enough to get him to stop counting, then goes back to driving forearms into the head and temple of Izuchi!

Lance:

The transformation of JJ Dixon from one of the most talented blue chip prospects to this masked monstrosity is something to behold. Those wars with The Estate of Tabitha Kinsey really just did a number on all of The Gems.

DDK:

And Teri... er, Madame Melton at that! They've just cut through the competition like a buzzsaw in recent weeks.

Finally Dixon stands up and drags Izuchi to the corner. With help from both Reeves and Raiden, they hold up the roughed-up Izuchi as Dixon rushes in and CRACKS him with a running big boot in the corner! He grabs The Texan Dragon and then hurls the bigger man through the ropes and out to the floor, then makes the tag to Raiden.

DDK:

Uh-oh, where is Raiden going?

Raiden looks out to the jeering Frankfurt Faithful, then dives off the apron with a quick double knee drop to the rib cage of The Texan Dragon! Izuchi's eyes bulge out of his head after the impact and he's now doubled over in pain!

Lance:

Oh, no! That was brutal! Those double knees coming down into the chest of Izuchi!

Raiden rolls back into the ring to make the legal tag to his partner in crime, JP Reeves. They both leave the ring and then roll Izuchi back inside under the bottom rope. Dan Leo James is finally starting to get back on the apron, followed by Titaness.

Lance:

Titanes Familia are back up in their corner, but they're a world away from Jun Izuchi, who has been brutalized and isolated by The Most Precious Gems in rather quick fashion!

JP Reeves is the legal man and takes flight off the top rope with a big diving headbutt right to the sternum - the same place Raiden's double knees off the apron hit their target! After a groggy headbutt connects, Reeves makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Izuchi gets a shoulder up, but Reeves quickly back to his corner. Tag to JJ Dixon!

Once again, the former tag partners have a chance to confront one another with Dixon looking the much better of the two. He stands over Jun and starts grinding the heel of his boot against his face.

JJ Dixon:

Brother! Brother, it didn't have to be this way!

He hits a double foot stomp right down in the midsection of Izuchi, who continues to hunch over in pain! The Fatal Attraction heads to the nearby ring apron, then takes flight right back inside with a wicked slingshot legdrop across the throat of The Texan Cowboy!

DDK:

What a slingshot legdrop! Dixon may have lost his marbles lately, but he's still a hell of an athlete at heart! Cover by Dixon!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Somehow, The Texan Dragon gets the shoulder up!

Lance:

How'd he do that? He's taken a lot of punishment and the rest of Titanes Familia haven't even had so much as an opportunity to tag back in!

James and Titaness watch as Dixon goes to grab Izuchi by the hair again to pull him to the corner... only to get caught with a quick haymaker in the breadbasket!

DDK:

Jun Izuchi trying to do what he does best... punching his way out of this!

He fires back, but Dixon doubles him over with another kick and then rusehs him back to the corner. He tries a punch, but Cousin Jun blocks and fires a jab! One for Reeves on the apron! One for Raiden! One more for Dixon! After the wicked shots, The Frankfurt Faithful continue showing support to the Extended Familia member tonight!

Clap

Clap

Clap

Lance:

Can Jun fight out and make the tag to one of his partners?!

He gets out of the corner, but a tag by Reeves, then a subsequent tackle to the mat! The Frankfurt Faithful continue jeering as Reeves has gone back to the knee and has an ankle lock on the bigger man!

DDK:

Reeves with that tight ankle lock! Is Jun going to tap before getting the chance to tag out of this match?!

Lance:

It's locked in expertly as well! Jun has some distance to make up!

Both Titaness and James are cheering on Jun to try and get out of the ankle lock that Reeves has on tightly! Still, Jun manages to try and crawl towards his corner while taking Reeves with him...

Clap

Clap

Clap

Until The Yellow Rose yanks him back a few steps! Jun manages to turn around and swing his other leg around to kick Reeves off of him, but quickly tags in Raiden! Melton yells at Raiden to take care of the problem!

DDK:

Jun escapes the ankle lock... OOH! But not a penalty kick to the back by Raiden!

Raiden cuts off The Texan Dragon with a stiff running kick to the back, sending him back to the canvas! Raiden shoots more dirty looks to the side of the Titanes Familia corner of the ring. Raiden measures him up, then goes to the middle rope and comes off with a triangle enzuigiri! Jun goes down and Raiden makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

But a running senton from Titaness cuts off the cover in the nick of time! She stands up and talks some trash to Raiden to a big cheer before heading back to her corner!

Lance:

Titaness gets there in the nick of time! Did they just give Jun a chance?!

Jun gets up and has a clear path while Raiden holds his own back in pain!

Clap

Clap

Clap

He tries to get up while The Texan Dragon leaps to his corner... TAG TO DAN LEO JAMES!

ROOOOOAAARRR!!!

DDK:

Tag to the Young Titan! And when the big man gets going, he's so hard to stop!

Right away, Dan leaps over the ropes and makes a beeline for Raiden by smashing right into him with a running shoulder tackle! He jets right at the corner and catches Reeves with a back elbow, followed by a shot at Dixon! When he sees Raiden getting back up, he charges off the ropes and then speeds off the ropes to knock Raiden down with a running forearm smash! One more hit off the ropes and he ROCKS Dixon with a big boot that knocks him clear off the apron! The Faithful are roaring with approval for The Young Titan as he frantically kicks his legs in place and pumps a fist!

Lance:

Look at him go! That track and field background he boasts lets him run these ropes like no other big man I've seen!

DDK:

And he waits for Raiden! What's he thinking?

The Young Titan speeds off one set of ropes, then the other before CRACKING Raidne with the Dash and Bash! The blow is enough to send Raiden flying across the ring! Reeves comes into the ring as Dan runs off the ropes and tries to go low, but AMAZINGLY Dan leaps over him and keeps running before he gets clobbered with a big clothesline coming off the ropes!

DDK:

Dan Leo James is on fire! He's back to Raiden, the legal man! He takes him up... Fallaway slam!

Right after that, Dan gets back up and then connects with a running senton on Raiden, then makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

SOMERSAULT SENTON BY JJ DIXON!

DDK:

WHOA! The Fatal Attraction cutting things off with that senton out of the sky!

Melton is yelling as Dixon recovers from the rough landing, telling her go after James! The Fatal Attraction stands up and starts attacking James with a volley of forearms and continues... until Jun comes back into the ring and knocks

Dixon upside the head with a huge boot to the face! Dixon gets knocked away!

Lance:

Jun Izuchi back in action!

He looks around, but gets surprised when a pair of hands wraps around his waist and then he gets taken for a ride, courtesy of a huge German suplex from Reeves! The crowd is shocked by the strength of The Yellow Rose, but he stands proudly for the moment and laughs at taking down The Texan Dragon!

DDK:

Wow! Reeves hasn't forgotten about that loss to Jun Izuchi from a few weeks ago! He takes him down with that suplex!

But out of nowhere, he turns around... SPEAR BY TITANESS!

Lance:

Titaness takes down Reeves! Everyone's getting involved in this match in quick fashion while James and Raiden are still the legal men!

Titaness goes over and yells at James, telling The Young Titan he needs to finish things! He starts to get up, but Madame Melton has seen enough and grabs the leg of The Show of Force!

DDK:

Navarro's lost track of the action! He's checking on James in the corner and that gave Melton the chance to get involved!

Melton is on the apron... until Titaness grabs her by her silver curls! The crowd is going nuts as she rears back, ready to slug her until out of nowhere, a shotgun dropkick from Raiden knocks Titaness through the ropes and out to the floor!

Lance:

Raiden's back in the game! He knocks Titaness to the outside and saves Madame Melton from what would not have been a good night!

Melton dramatically holds her hands to her chest, taking in deep breaths. Then her eyes return to wickedness as she points at Titaness and tells Raiden to finish the job. He goes outside and then yells at Reeves to give him an assist. Both Reeves and Raiden try and deal with the situation, but before he can do anything outside, Jun Izuchi comes to the rescue with a diving shoulder tackle from the apron to the outside, knocking both men down!

DDK:

Goodness! Jun just launched himself like a missile! But look! Dixon is back!

The Fatal Attraction is already up on the ring apron and takes to the skies with a HUGE springboard moonsault that wipes out The Texan Cowboy!

Lance:

This match has COMPLETELY broken down now! Jun wipes out the Gems, but Dixon just took out his former partner!

Dixon is back up and helps Reeves and Raiden to their feet... but unbeknownst to them, a giant shadow is heading their way...

CANNONBALL SENTON FROM DAN LEO JAMES TO THE MOST PRECIOUS GEMS!

The Faithful stare with their collective mouths agape after he makes the dive all the way from the top rope to the floor,

wiping out Most Precious Gems!

Lance:

WHAT A DIVE! WHAT A DIVE! DAN LEO JAMES PICKS UP THE STRIKE WITH THE ROLLING SENTON OFF THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!

DDK:

AND HE KNOWS WHERE HE IS! HE'S GOT RAIDEN! THEY WERE THE LEGAL MEN!

After Dan throws Raiden back inside the ring, The Cause of Concussions doesn't know where he is and is about to be even worse off when he feels the big hand wrap around his throat! He gets hoisted up and James runs out of the corner with Raiden still in his grip, DRIVING him down with the Titan's Orbit!

DDK:

TITAN'S ORBIT! HE JUST **PLANTED** RAIDEN WITH THE RUNNING CHOKESLAM! COVER!

Dan hooks the legs tightly as Teri Melton is losing her mind at ringside, yelling at Raiden to kick out!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING

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

The bell rings and the theme plays as James slaps the mat with excitement!

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners of the match... **JUN IZUCHI AND TITANES FAMILIA!**

Lance:

What a match to kick off tonight's UNCUT Year End Awards! The Gems used numbers to isolate Jun Izuchi for a matter of time and seemed to really thrive in the chaos of tonight's match... but tonight, Dan Leo James proved to be the difference maker!

DDK:

That he did! That experience in tag team action came in handy! He never lost track in the madness of who the legal man was and he pinned Raiden to win the match for his team!

James stands up with Titaness and Jun joining them in the ring! On the outside of the ring, an enraged JJ Dixon has to be held back by both Reeves and a flustered Madame Melton!

DDK:

What a great way to kick off the show! Coming up next, we'll be getting to the awards... wait... ladies and gentlemen...

DDK:

Lance?

Darren Keebler is listening to something in his headset.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen... as you all know... the Favoured Saints Championship is declared vacant after a champion has

successfully made four defenses and declared their intent to cash in their title shot at the Southern Heritage Title. As Uriel Cortez has just done so against Corvo Alpha at DEFIANCE Road...

Pause.

DDK:

Based on the issues that have been brewing between these two groups as well as based on tonight's decision... we WILL add a new match to DEFIANCE Road!

The graphic appears on the DEFIAtron for the new match added to DEFIANCE Road!

DEFIANCE ROAD
FOR THE VACANT FAVOURED SAINTS CHAMPIONSHIP:
"The Fatal Attraction" JJ Dixon vs. "Young Titan" Dan Leo James

When the graphics appear, JJ Dixon looks up. Madame Melton smiles and cackles while on the other side, Dan Leo James pumps a fist in the air! Titaness pats him on the back and Jun shakes his head, then Dan points outside the ring to Dixon!

DDK:

Tonight, Titanes Familia and Jun Izuchi score the win, but who will become the next Favoured Saints Champion? Can Dan Leo James follow in the footsteps that "Papa Tez" just walked or will JJ Dixon bring home the first set of gold to The Most Precious Gems?

Lance:

Stay tuned, everyone! We have several big matches to go! Bronson Box will take on Cyrus Bates and if the Hall of Famer wins, he WILL get Malak Garland one-on-one inside the dangerous WARCHAMBER. In our main event, FIST of DEFIANCE Dex Joy will defend the championship against Doctor Ned Reform! Not to mention! The DEFys! And we start out after this break!

COMMERCIAL: ON THE ROAD AGAIN

****DEFCOM PERSONALITY of the YEAR****

UNCUT comes back off the commercial break with Lance Warner at a podium on the top of the ramp.

Lance:

It's time for our first award of the night, DEFCOM PERSONALITY. The finalists are the following...

DEFCOM PERSONALITY of the YEAR

Bronson Box ([bio](#))

Malak Garland ([bio](#))

Rezin ([bio](#))

Lance:

And the winner is...

The BIG SCREEN reveals the name.

Lance Warner tries not to vomit.

Lance:

Malak Garland.

The tone of the room is desolate at best as Lance stands at the podium, looking for the man whose name he just announced.

Lance:

Is Malak even here?

Suddenly, Teresa Ames storms the stage with her phone in tow. She doesn't even acknowledge Lance. Instead, she uses her booty to slide in front of Warner. She holds her phone out for the crowd to see as she's been FaceTiming with someone.

Teresa Ames:

Hey so, I've got Malak on FaceTime right here so if everyone could shut up and listen, that would be great.

The Tasty Gurl holds the phone as Malak appears on the screen.

Malak Garland:

Fellow constituents, it saddens me that I cannot grace you all with my presence at this moment because I am still holed up at this wonderful safety witness stronghold for fear of my life. You see, Bronson Box has threatened me for the last time and alas, I have gone into hiding but I digress. I graciously accept this award as DEFCOM Personality of the Year. Like, it's kind of obvious when you think about it. Who else would have won this award? No one. That's who. So please give the GOLDEN FIST trophy to Teresa who will hold onto it until my release. I think it's a bit trivial but I do promise to unpack EVEN MORE interesting tidbits on the DEFCOM next year. Thank you and stay prosperous.

Ames ends the call immediately, grabs the trophy like a deranged robot and walks away.

****BRAZEN of the YEAR****

A video for BRAZEN of the YEAR airs. The finalists...

BRAZEN of the YEAR

Kaz Troy ([bio](#))

Nick "Lotto" Otto ([bio](#))

Ophelia Sykes ([bio](#))

And the winner, as the other two names are deleted off the screen...

...

...

...

Ophelia Sykes!

UNCUT goes back to ringside.

YOU WERE EXPECTING SOMETHING ELSE?

♪ "Machinehead" by Bush ♪

DDK:

Wait a second! We aren't expecting Tyler at this point. I believe he is booked to wrestle The Flying Frenchie later tonight...

Eventually, a calm and collected Tyler Fuse emerges from the entrance way. He sports black jeans and a black shirt. He slowly walks past the podium where Lance Warner is standing, perhaps ready to move on with the awards part of the show. However, Tyler simply strolls by, taking a glance at Warner and the podium as he does and makes his way down the ramp.

Tyler holds something in his right fist but he's gripping it so tightly, nobody can make out exactly what it is. It looks like some kind of black and red cloth...

Fuse reaches the bottom of the ramp. He stops and looks to his left, then his right and expresses... disinterest.

The elder Fuse approaches the announce table and takes a mic with his free hand. He walks up the steel steps on the other side of the ring and enters the ropes through the top and middle ones. His theme music comes to a close, while some of the Faithful boo, knowing he's going to be taking up their time.

Fuse stands in the middle of the ring, mic in his left hand and a cloth in his right.

He doesn't say anything. Yet.

DDK:

We'd like to get on with the show, Tyler. So if you have something to say-

Even though the newest Hall of Fame inductee, Darren Keebler, is not within ear shot for Tyler to hear, it's as if the OG Player was following along because Tyler interrupts Keebler's train of thought.

Tyler Fuse:

Hello.

Boos.

Tyler Fuse:

Lot of awards being passed out tonight, huh?

The Faithful can catch on when a man is merely going through the motions with his comments. It's clear Tyler doesn't care who is winning or what is being handed out.

Tyler Fuse:

I don't need to win an award.

DDK:

Okay, great. Let's move on with the show then. You talked a big game against Frenchie, why don't you go backstage and pump yourself up there?

Finally, the right side of Tyler's lip perks upwards.

Tyler Fuse:

I don't need to win an award... when I have the best prize going...

He looks down at his right fist.

Tyler Fuse:

Already in my possession.

Fuse's tiny little smirk has developed into a full blown, evil looking grin. His eyes scan the bleachers. One by one, picking off the German Faithful.

Tyler Fuse:

Yeah. Lot of awards going out tonight. Lot of good, deserving people, too.

Tyler nods.

Tyler Fuse:

I can't wait to find out who wins DEFIANT of the YEAR...

His voice trails but he keeps scanning the crowd and landing on the odd fan for a moment before moving on.

The fans start chanting for The Flying Frenchie. The smirk doesn't leave Tyler's face. It only grows wider.

Tyler Fuse:

Who is this Frenchman you speak of? We are in Germany.

The Faithful's cheers grow louder.

Tyler Fuse:

I'm sorry...

And louder still.

Tyler Fuse:

The legend, right? The man I'm "supposed" to wrestle.

Tyler stops. The smile drops from his face. His eyes lower to the ground.

Tyler Fuse:

I never said I would wrestle him. Oh no. Go back and listen to my last comments. I said he's "never faced someone like me yet". "Face" could mean... well...

Fuse casually shrugs.

Tyler Fuse:

Just about anything.

DDK:

What is Tyler up to?

Suddenly within the broadcast, Lance Warner fumbles his way around the announce table to put on his headset.

Lance:

I think we're in trouble.

DDK:

What?

Tyler, once again, starts scanning the audience.

Lance:

Sorry, [fumbling through his headset], I mean Tyler. Well, not Tyler. I saw it. I saw what's in his hands. Tyler's hands. It took me a minute to figure it out but I saw it. I get it. We need to get security backstage PRONTO.

DDK:

What's going on, Lance!?

Lance drops the headset and sprints to the front of the stage, then he races towards gorilla.

Tyler starts nodding his head again.

Tyler Fuse:

Lots and lots of awards.

Fuse starts laughing.

Tyler Fuse:

BREAKOUT DEFIANT.

Fuse rolls through the various achievements up for grabs.

Tyler Fuse:

ROOKIE DEFIANT.

He rolls his shoulders back to loosen up for a long, yet exciting night ahead.

Tyler Fuse:

FACTION.

He likes that one.

Tyler Fuse:

DEFIANTS. Oh, that could've been my brother and I, once upon a time.

Tyler shakes with sarcastic excitement.

Tyler Fuse:

Little golden FISTS for everyone to win.

Tyler looks down at his right FIST...

Tyler Fuse:

Which reminds me... of the award I won tonight, too.

And then he slowly starts to reveal it. He opens his right palm. The cloth, the black and red cloth...

Looking more and more like...

A beret.

DDK:

Oh my god.

A beret covered in blood.

The blood is dripping down Tyler's arm, creating a small pool at the sole of his right foot.

DDK:

Lance is right, we need help backstage ASAP!

The Faithful have caught on and the scene immediately changes to absolute CHAOS backstage, as a cameraman is running down the hall to a ton of commotion from within a certain open locker room door. Once the cameraman arrives, he enters to reveal a slew of DEF Medicals surrounding what can only look to be The Flying Frenchie lying, face down, in a MASSIVE POOL of his own blood.

Realizing this is also being played on the DEFI-A-TRON for all to see, Tyler adds context.

Tyler Fuse:

I never said we were going to wrestle.

He closes his FIST upon the soaking wet beret, allowing for blood to drip out of it at a quicker rate.

DDK:

YOU'RE A SICK MAN, TYLER. This is an AWARDS SHOW! I don't think Jack Harmen is here tonight... but... but there is going to be HELL TO PAY!

Fuse smirks. He stares into the camera and then the smile upon his face disappears in a flash... as if it was never there before.

Tyler Fuse:

I have the only trophy handed out that MATTERS.

He slowly places the bloody beret on the top of his head.

Tyler Fuse:

Looks like Pierre is headed to an early retirement.

Tyler shakes his head.

Tyler Fuse:

JACK HARMEN, the blood I wear on my head, make no mistake, it's on YOUR hands. You will be the second man in a matter of weeks, the second legend I put out to pasture, NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN. Pierre Delacroix is finished. His career is over. There won't be a doctor alive in Germany... America... to hell with it, even FRANCE that is going to clear The Flying Frenchie for a long, long time. And he doesn't have time. He's a beaten down old man. Your dipshit kid, he had time. I don't discriminate, though. I broke his arm. THREE. SEPARATE. OCCASIONS. At DEFIANCE Road, I am going to god damn murder you, Jack. No holds barred. I am going to HELP YOU do what you should've done a long time ago. NOT TAKE UP ROSTER SPACE. RETIRE. GO AWAY. GOOD BYE AND GTFO. NOBODY WANTS YOU ANYMORE. I MOST CERTAINLY DON'T. This is the end. DEFIANCE Road. Harmen Road. No detours. No left turn. No right, either. Straight-on. Head on collision. Collision. I like that. Count the days, Harmen. What I did to Pierre will be NOTHING like what I do to you.

Calm.

Relaxed.

Focused.

Fuse looks into the apron camera once more.

Tyler Fuse:

Go left, Frenchman. Go back to your country. Drive the ambulance straight out of Germany. Go west and never, ever come back.

Fuse takes the beret off his head. He looks at it.

Tyler Fuse:

I have my trophy. Enjoy the night, Faithful.

Fuse drops the mic, places the beret back on his head and exits the ring.

DDK:

This is disgusting. This is AWFUL. We are going to take a commercial break but folks, the Frenchie vs. Fuse match is definitely off. I'm hearing Frenchie isn't conscious and is being transported to the hospital as we speak. Dear god.

Dear, dear, god...

UNCUT goes to commercial.

COMMERCIAL: THIS IS DEFIANCE!

****ONGOING STORYLINE of the YEAR******DDK:**

Faithful, what an awful act by Tyler Fuse. Lance is at the podium and we are going to try getting on with the night. I don't have an update on The Flying Frenchie. We can only hope for the best. Let professionalism take over. Pierre, we are thinking of you right now!

Lance Warner is at the podium. He seems a little rattled at first but nevertheless, he powers through.

Lance:

It's time for the ONGOING STORYLINE of the YEAR. The finalists are...

ONGOING STORYLINE of the YEAR

Henry Keyes' SOHER record setting
Malak Garland's ongoing identity crisis
The Meltonverse
SNS & Pat Cassidy singles career
Vae Victis' dominance

Lance:

And the winner is...

Lance opens the card in his hand and his eyes open.

Lance:

We have a tie! The winners are Henry Keyes' SOHER record and Malak Garland's ongoing identity crisis!

Teresa Ames once again marches on stage with a purpose. This time she waits until arriving next to the podium to FaceTime dial Malak Garland.

Teresa Ames:

Malak is pissed over this tie.

A moment later, Malak appears on her screen and he is outright LIVID.

Malak Garland:

Why am I being bothered again? The more contact I have with the outside world, the more likely Bronson Box will be able to triangulate my location through GPS and Henry, don't get me wrong, I know we both HATE Box but there's one thing I hate more than him and that's a tie. It ain't happening. So seeing that I'm not physically there and I actually have a shred of respect for you, I am deferring my portion of this award to Henry Keyes effective immediately. Now Teresa, hang up and don't call me back unless my mom needs to talk to me-

The lights go out and a video appears on the screen, interrupting Malak Garland's speech.

Henry Keyes is wearing a pink robe and is sipping a mimosa on a leather recliner inside a luxurious wooden cabin. There is a faint glow of a crackling fire. Keyes turns to the camera.

Henry Keyes:

Oh, hello. I didn't see you there. I suppose this is the time for me to accept my DEFY for "Ongoing Storyline of the Year" for my incredible record-setting reign with the SOHER. Of course, I'm incredibly insulted that A) I have to share even a moment of my life with Malak Goddamn Garland, and B) that my #NewRecord is considered an "ongoing storyline of the YEAR"??

Keyes takes a sip of mimosa.

Henry Keyes:

IT WAS 447 DAYS! HOW ABOUT ONGOING STORYLINE OF THE YEAR PLUS 82?? COULDN'T FIT IT ON THE PLACARD??

He takes a second to compose himself, running a hand through his hair and examining his nails.

Henry Keyes:

Need to get these filed. ANYWAY. Thank you, awards supercommittee, for this half-assed shared award that fails to encapsulate everything that makes me special. I hope you do better next time.

The feed cuts out and the awards stage lights back up.

Lance Warner looks thankful to be done with this mess.

****SHOCK of the YEAR****

We transition back to the podium and Lance Warner for SHOCK of the YEAR.

Lance:

Moving onto the next award. The finalists are...

SHOCK of the YEAR

Henry Keyes vs. Justin Sane match ([DEFTv 187](#))

Elon Musk fake out to Gage Blackwood's return ([DEFCON](#))

Rezin doesn't win SOHER ([MAXIMUM DEFIANCE](#))

Mikey Unlikely returns to DEFIANCE ([DEFTv 194](#))

Ed White returns to DEFIANCE ([ACTS of DEFIANCE](#))

Lance:

And the winner is...

Warner opens the card.

He looks *shocked*.

Worried.

Lance:

Well this will get the critics going. The winner is... KENRY KEYES vs. JUSTIN SANE!

The lights go out and a video appears on the screen. Again.

Christ, it's Henry Keyes again.

He's wearing the same pink robe, but this time, he's sitting poolside, dipping his toesies into the heated waters as snow falls in the background. He's sipping on a sparkling rosé.

Henry Keyes:

Oh, hello. I didn't see you there. I suppose NOW it's time to receive my award for "SHOCK OF THE YEAR"! You know, when I heard I was up for this one, I figured it would be for my shocking obliteration of Rezin, or my shockingly amazing SOHER Spectapalooza Sponsored by IHOP, but then I found out - it was for my match against Justin Sane??

Keyes takes a sip of rosé.

Henry Keyes:

Let me tell you what's "shocking", DEFIANCE: the fact that apparently, the only people around here interested in making new stars is Vae Victis! Justin Sane was a damn AFTERTHOUGHT before his match against me for the SOHER, and you know what happened afterwards? Justin Sane was the talk of the wrestling world! Far and wide, wrestling fans would see me on the street and say, "Hey! Aren't you the guy that had that match against Justin Sane?" And after I realized that these people are ignorant to the broader wrestling world for not first bringing up my records, it brought a smile to my face. Justin Sane MEANT something to the broader wrestling world, and it was all thanks to the opportunity I provided him.

He does a little splish splash with his feet and downs the glass.

Henry Keyes:

How's that Edward White feud going, Dex? Nice way to shine a spotlight on the new generation, you dick. Were Curtis Penn and Chance Von Crank busy? But what do I know, I only wrestled (and beat) a who's-who of up and coming names that will run this place whenever I hang up the ol' red boots. No big deal. At the end of the day, Vae Victis

brings professional wrestling into the 21st century kicking and screaming, as usual, and that's apparently a shock. Kudos to me for this second DEFY, I guess, but again: awards supercommittee, DO BETTER.

The feed cuts out and lights return to the stage.

COMMERCIAL: CLASH



****SEGMENT of the YEAR****

Back off a commercial, UNCUT is at the podium.

Lance:

The finalists...

SEGMENT of the YEAR

Ned Reform challenges Elon Musk to a match at DEFCON ([DEFtv 183](#))

Flying Frenchie challenges Malak Garland - Snowflake Flutter Countdown Clock ([DEFtv 184](#))

Era of Everyone - Dex Joy's first promo as FIST of DEFIANCE ([DEFtv 190](#))

Henry Keyes' new record ([DEFtv 190](#))

Thank you Brock Newbludd ([DEFtv 192](#))

Lance:

The winner is...

Warner opens the card.

Lance:

THANK YOU BROCK NEWBLUDD!

No music, just Pat Cassidy walking through the curtain onto the stage. He's not dressed for the occasion at all: he's rocking a simple pair of jeans and a SNS shirt. No drink in his hand because he's a human being and not a caricature... shame on you. Cassidy raises a fist to acknowledge the pop from the crowd before walking over to the podium. He happily takes the golden FIST, shakes Warner's hand, and steps up to the mic.

Pat Cassidy:

Shit... thank you.

He pauses for the applause.

Pat Cassidy:

But you know what? This segment that this award is for... I did a hell of a lot of talking. But there's someone who never got a chance to. Seems like it's time for me to shut up and a buddy of mine to get a chance to say goodbye...

The Faithful let out a cheer of approval as Cassidy turns his attention to the DEFtron. The screen comes to life to show a man sitting on a barstool with his back to the camera. He slowly spins around and the crowd's cheering escalates into a roar at the sight of Brock Newbludd. Last seen being carried away from the ring after sustaining a career ending back injury at Maximum DEFIANCE, the now retired grappler raises a mug of beer up to the camera.

Brock Newbludd:

Hey-O! Long time no see, Ballyhooligans!

Lowering his mug, Brock takes a drink and sets the mug down on the bar behind him.

Brock Newbludd:

I just received word from my former employer that your boys won the DEFy for best segment of 2023. While I wish more than anything that the circumstances that brought us here didn't involve me breakin' my back, it's still a honor. There's not a day that goes by that I don't think about being back in the ring and doing what I love most in front of the people I love most...

Emotion getting the best of him, Newbludd chokes up a little bit and clears his throat as he points a finger at the camera.

Brock Newbludd:

You guys, the Ballyhooligans. I miss all of you. Whether I was at the top of the mountain with gold around my waist or all the way down at the bottom standing in the ashes of Ballyhoo Brew, you guys always had my back. You people gave me the best twenty years of my life and I wouldn't trade that for anything in the world.

Tears form in Newbludd's eyes and he wipes them away with a chuckle.

Brock Newbludd:

Ah shit, look at me, blubberin like a baby. Hot damn, I thought this would be easier but it's hard to say goodbye. Unless it's Siobhan, that was a happy goodbye, believe me.

Newbludd clasps his hands together and leans forward towards the camera.

Brock Newbludd:

So, instead of goodbye, let me say thank you. Thank you to DEFIANCE. Not only for this award but for also being the best damn wrestling organization on the planet. Thank you to the best friend anyone could ask for, Pat Cassidy. Your future is bright, buddy, and it was an honor to share the ring and more than a few cocktails with you. And finally, thank you to The Faithful. You guys are the heart that keeps this industry alive with your passion and love for the sport. I'll always appreciate everything you guys did for me.

Leaning back, Brock grins and clears his throat again.

Brock Newbludd:

Now, why don't you give your boy Brock one last thing to remember you by. DEFIANCE! Get up on your feet and let it rip, baby!

He takes a deep breath and cups his hands around his mouth.

Brock Newbludd:

BAAAAAALLLLYYYY!!!???

The DEFplex instantly responds.

The Faithful:

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Brock raises his glass up one final time as the DEFtron slowly fades to black.

****MATCH of the YEAR****

Cutting back to our friendly commentator booth where Darren Keebler is all smiles.

DDK:

Up next is the 2023 DEFY Award for Match of the Year! When you consider the many memorable matches and moments DEFIANCE performers have given us this past year, to narrow it down to just ONE match is a staggering achievement all on its own. In my view, this was one of the toughest categories to settle on just ONE match! But, here we are! Let's go to Lance for our winner!

Standing at the podium, Warner takes his cue as the boom-camera sweeps in.

MATCH of the YEAR

FIST & SOHER ELIMINATION MATCH: Vae Victis vs. "FML 3.0" ([DEFIANCE Road](#))

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS: Lucky Sevens (C) vs. SNS ([DEFCON](#))

FIST of DEFIANCE: Lindsay Troy (C) vs. Dex Joy ([MAXIMUM DEFIANCE](#))

SOHER: Henry Keyes (C) vs. Rezin ([MAXIMUM DEFIANCE](#))

SOHER: Henry Keyes (C) vs. Corvo Alpha ([ACTS of DEFIANCE](#))

Lance:

The nominees for the **2023 DEFIANCE Wrestling MATCH OF THE YEAR** are...

Lance peeks over his shoulder at the DEFIAtron and the fans react at the sight of the DEFCON logo. Images of the Lucky Sevens/SNS hit hard and fast. Brutal highlights of their two out of three falls contest, culminating in a celebratory moment with SNS.

Lance:

The Lucky Sevens versus the Saturday Night Specials for the Unified Tag Team titles at DEFCON 2023!

The camera pans the crowd, settling on an excited fan wearing a BROCK NEWBLUDD t-shirt.

The high-powered music shifts as the camera cuts back to the 'tron. Blistering high spots featuring "The Kraken" Henry Keyes & Corvo Alpha attack the screen. The last shot shows a triumphant monster hoisting the pink leather strap overhead in victory.

Lance:

From ACTS of DEFIANCE, it's Corvo Alpha versus Henry Keyes for the Southern Heritage Championship!

Another sweeping shot finds a handful of fans with their faces sloppily painted yellow.

Lance:

And finally... from MAXDEF 2023-

A roar of excitement as peak moments from Maximum DEFIANCE's Night 2 main event play on the DEFIATron. Troy & Joy clash, climaxing in an incredibly cathartic Dex Joy win. The EveryChamp: Ascendant.

Lance:

Dex Joy versus Lindsay Troy for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Dex Joy-related signs dot the arena and the production team seems to find them all before turning back to Lance Warner at the podium.

Lance:

And the winner is...

The lights dim as the tension builds.

Lance:

Corvo Alpha vs Henry Keyes at ACTS of DEFIANCE!

A roar sweeps the arena. Gliding over Eissporthalle Frankfurt, a pregnant pause gestates.

Lance:

Uh...

Lance looks behind him on the stage and then shoots a glance in each corner of the arena, clearly made a little uncomfortable by the delay.

Lance:

Ladies and gentlemen... uh, mein damen und herren... I'm aware that Vae Victis is not here tonight and it seems that---

His voice is suddenly drowned out by a rising cheer from across the stadium. Relief blushes across his face as Warner notes the shift in sound and locates its source. In time, the camera finds it as well.

The disturbance stomps down the steps with purpose, dressed in red-and-yellow-paint-blotched faded denim. Pausing at the guardrail just long enough to slowly eyeball the Faithful from left to right, punctuating it by slinging the SOHER over his right shoulder, Corvo Alpha leaps the rail near the stage and bounds up to Warner on the podium. Lance quickly demures and defers.

Soaking in the appreciation of the Faithful, his own personal, customized "entrance music", Alpha feels the unique beat and the emotion of the moment before glancing up at the DEFIATron which finds itself locked on his still-shot of triumph in Keyes/Alpha II.

His face unanointed for the evening's festivities, Corvo glares with unpainted eyes back out at the crowd.

Turning to the podium with something between curiosity and uneasiness, Corvo grips each side, taking in a slow, deep breath. Suddenly, rhythmic clapping sings throughout the building.

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

The crane-cam flies and the Faithful are jubilant. Alpha steps back from the podium, listening intently to the gratitude being displayed by these German fans, before stepping back. Both hands grasp the podium and he leans in towards the microphone.

Corvo Alpha:

...

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

Alpha eyes the highest tier of the building as if fascinated by the crowd's energy. He adjusts the belt slung over his shoulder, heavy does it sit. Squinting and focused, he finds the lens of the camera and musters his courage, leaning in to the mic once more. With a grit-filled grunt, the monster speaks.

Corvo Alpha:

Danke shein.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

Raising the DEFY statue overhead to applause, Corvo Alpha holds on to the moment for just so.

Dipping off the stage and into the crowd, Alpha turns steps up on a fans chair, buoyed by the Faithful around him. The DEFY in one hand, the SOHER in the other, Alpha basks dropping off the chair and immediately being absorbed in the

multitude. The floor camera follows the throng as long and as far as it can before it's swept out into the sea.

Back on stage, Lance Warner returns to the podium. Pausing for the applause to fade, Warner chimes in.

Lance:

Vae Victis is not here tonight, I'm told we will hear from Henry Keyes later on when—

Almost on cue, the damn video feed interrupts Lance Warner. The still shot of Corvo's triumph over Henry Keyes has been replaced by another stupid dumb clip. We now see Henry Keyes in his pink robe, swaying happily on the roof of the cabin as snow falls around him. Apparently he doesn't mind the cold - it could be on account of the (presumably spiked) mug of hot cocoa in his hands.

Henry Keyes:

Oh, hello. I didn't see you there. I suppose NOW I get to have the BIG FUN TIME of accepting my third DEFY of the night, and for what - for the one freaking match I lost?? HOW DARE YOU, DEFIANCE. HOW DARE YOU.

He takes a deep swig of the cocoa and it spills down his chin. He scrambles to wipe it with his robe sleeve and nearly slips on the roof, but steadies himself.

Henry Keyes:

Let me tell you something about Corvo Alpha. Lemme Corvo Alpha at you for a sec. What is a Corvo, huh? Is there a Beta? I'll tell you what, I bet he's a reeeeeeeal Corvo Beta, you know what I mean?

He takes another swig, downing the mug. We now learn that he's been sitting in front of a whole jug of the stuff and he's pouring himself another steaming cup.

Henry Keyes:

Damned sycophants, all of you - I can't believe I have to have YET ANOTHER PROBLEMATIC AWARD FROM YOU PEOPLE! Imagine someone trying to treat Lindsay Troy or Oscar Burns like this, am I right? Who do I have to punish for this? Who's getting a big ol' choppy choppy on the chest, huh? Is it you, Lance Warner? I KNOW YOU'RE WATCHING THIS LANCE, ARE YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR TRYING TO EMBARASS ME LIKE THIS? I swear to Helen that I'll turn your insides into your outsides if I find out you're involved with all this...

He CHUGS the mug. Oh boy is Keyes tipsy.

Henry Keyes:

YOU'RE OH FOR THREE WITH ME, AWARDS SUPERCOMMITTEE. OH FOR THREE. GET IT TOGETHER.

He slides down the roof, not thinking about how the snow might find its way into nooks and crannies, and we hear a faint yelp as we return to the stage.

COMMERCIAL: BRAZEN



****MANAGER of the YEAR****

Off the commercial break...

Lance:

It's time to announce the MANAGER of the YEAR! The finalists...

MANAGER of the YEAR

Teri Melton ([bio](#))

Tom Morrow ([bio](#))

Sonny Silver ([bio](#))

The lights in the venue go completely out, setting off a Pavlovian buzz. An orchestral version of "How Soon Is Now" by The Smiths plays. Finally, a spotlight blares on the stage and podium. Lance Warner jumps back, blinded by the spotlight and the seeming teleportation powers of the Manager of the Year -- Madame Melton.

Melton stands in the spotlight, with her short curly flapper curls and dangling silver earrings and silver necklace and silver gown (with a silver shawl) and silver heels. He holds up the award with a sneer on her face.

Madame Melton:

Do you think this changes anything? Do you really think this changes anything? Me and My Gems -- Madame Melton's Most Precious Gems -- have been wreaking havoc and chaos upon this promotion because of The Faithful's disrespect. But all this prove is our point further -- The Faithful are nothing more than a collection of selfish, delusional ingrates who don't appreciate anything given to them! Just because you've come back to me simpering in hopes that we'll spare your heroes and icons doesn't even begin to earn my forgiveness. Because being named Manager of The Year means NOTHING to me... because I am the Manager of EVERY Year! Plus... I already saw this unfolding!

Melton closes her eyes and "conducts" her symphony with a wide smile as the crowd boos.

Madame Melton:

You all made my life a living hell these past few months. Now, I intend to do the same to all of you for the next 12 months -- from The Faithful and to every single person in the locker room and to every single person who ever wrestled here. We are not just building a legacy. We are pissing on yours. (She sweeps her hand across the audience.) Because while the name of this promotion may be DEFIANCE, I call it something else... MINE! And I am Everything Everywhere All At Once! No one -- none of your heroes or icons or legends -- is safe from my wrath. I dare you all to continue to dismiss us, to underestimate us, to try and bury us! Because the sour grapes you will eat pair very well with the cold dish of revenge I shall serve you! It will only be once everyone is crushed and I take my rightful throne that Madame Melton will order you to kneel at my feet and GRANT YOU PERMISSION to worship me again. And don't act like you haven't fantasized about that very moment from happening! And then... and only then... will you realize why...

She stares at the awards as she cackles with her eyes fully mad, raising it over her head.

Madame Melton:

MADAME MELTON! IS READY! FOR HER CLOSEUP!

She snaps her fingers and the spotlight goes out, leaving Lance alone on the stage when the lights turn back on fully.

****ROOKIE DEFIANT of the YEAR****

Lance:

ROOKIE DEFIANT of the YEAR. The finalists...

ROOKIE DEFIANT of the YEAR

Declan Alexander ([bio](#))

Eric Dane Jr. ([bio](#))

Scott Hunter ([bio](#))

♪ "Burning Heart" by Survivor ♪

Scott Hunter steps out onto the stage and smiles a very big idiot smile at Lance Warner. Scott is dressed to the nines, that is to say, he spent nine dollars on this ridiculous neon pair of pants and another nine dollars on the skinny gold chain around his neck, and another nine dollars on the sunglasses perched on the top of his head.

Scott approaches Lance Warner, who holds out the award, a large golden FIST, in Scott's direction.

Once Scott is close enough he takes the award from Lance and gives him a little nod. Lance waves toward the crowd, indicating to Scott that he can say a few words if he wants.

Scott Hunter:

Hello everyone! I'm Scott. Well I guess the first thing I want and need to say is.. When I was first notified that I had won this award, I was thrilled and honored that finally my skills as a baker would be noticed by my peers. My snickerdoodles are the pride of seven South Florida counties and my Blondies are so good they named a punk bank after them. But then, Craig whispered in my ear that it was the award for Rookie of the Year, not Cookie of the Year. So I guess that's cool, too.

Scott looks down as though in deep thought, though we clearly know better. He looks back up, a slight tear in his eye.

Scott Hunter:

Truly, this is an honor. If you are an actor, you want to win an Oscar or an Emmy, if you sing you want to win a Grammy, if you like to break out in song for no reason you want to win a Tony. But I am a professional wrestler in DEFIANCE, and I am proud, so very proud...

Scott holds the golden FIST statue up and out in front of him.

Scott Hunter:

...so proud... to win a Handy.

There's a gasp from the crowd, then chuckles of laughter, though Scott has no idea why people are laughing.

Scott Hunter:

This is my very first Handy, and I know that when I'm old and gray I'll look back on this moment with such fondness. You never forget your first Handy.

Scott looks out in the crowd wistfully.

Scott Hunter:

Thank you!!

He leaves the stage.

****BREAKOUT DEFIANT of the YEAR****

Lance takes over the stage.

Lance:

Thank you, Scott. Now the finalists for BREAKOUT DEFIANT of the YEAR.

BREAKOUT DEFIANT of the YEAR

Butcher Victorious ([bio](#))

Dr. Ned Reform ([bio](#))

JJ Dixon ([bio](#))

Lance:

The winner is...

Warner opens the card. He looks sick. This has seemingly happened a lot tonight.

Lance:

Dr. Ned Reform.

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

Ned Reform walks through the curtain, and boy is he beaming. He isn't dressed to impress because he's competing in tonight's main event - in fact, he's in his ring gear with a black t-shirt over it. Warner goes to hand him the golden FIST, but Ned snatches it out of his hand and shoos Lance away. Reform clutches his new prize as he steps up to the podium.

Ned Reform:

I...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Reform smiles, leaning back from the microphone. He begins to swirl his hands in the air as if he were conducting an imaginary symphony as the fans let him have it. He waits for a break in the decibel level to lean back in and resume.

Ned Reform:

Well, it appears I have won... what is this...

He makes a big show of squinting at the writing on the golden FIST award.

Ned Reform:

..."Breakout Defiant of the Year." Well. Yes. Sure. I understand that it is customary to thank others right now, yes? To give an exhaustive list of those to whom I am grateful for their undying support? Without whom I would not be standing in front of you today to accept this award?

Ned pauses for effect.

Ned Reform:

Well... that will not be happening. Perhaps we can save that for the Dex Joys of the world to pander. Doubtless he would be up here spouting some nonsense about doing it for all of you. But not I. You see, I have no one to thank. In the three years I have been listed on the DEFIANCE roster, to claim I have received any support would be laughable. In fact, I have weathered a storm of doubt, criticism, resentment, and hostility. Oh yes, children... you... my colleagues... and management... you've all tried to sink the SS Reform with your towering waves of cynicism, but greatness will always rise to the top, won't it? So no... I don't thank anyone. Except, of course, myself. Do I deserve this award? I do. Is this a long time coming in recognizing my contributions to this sport? It is. Am I proud of my achievement here tonight?

Ned stops. Pauses. He looks down at the golden FIST in his hand. He nods his head and smiles.

Ned Reform:

But am I? "Breakout Defiant of the Year." I have a doctorate from Yale hanging in my study. Is this children's toy supposed to now occupy a similar space on my mantle? Or worse yet... in my heart? I think not... in fact, I will instead reserve that very space for the FIST of DEFIANCE. Because at least that is a recognition of my achievement. Of my hard work. The FIST of DEFIANCE will stand as proof that I exposed and humiliated Dex Joy. I EARNED that, yes? This? I received this because people voted for me. What people? All of you? My peers. There isn't possibly another group of people on this planet that I respect less. So I'll tell you what... if this award means that much to you...

Reform steps off the podium. Rears back. In a disgusting display, he SPITS on the award. Then he HURLS the "Breakout Defiant of the Year" golden FIST into the crowd!!! The camera turns to try to track where it goes, but they are unsuccessful. We do see people diving for it, though. Back to the stage.

Ned Reform:

Fair warning for next year: don't ever insult me with "accolades" like this ever again. Instead, join me later tonight as I revel in my schadenfreude when I close out 2023 by holding the FIST of DEFIANCE high into the air. And then in three weeks time, when I send Michael Unlikely back to Hollywood where his vapid, shallow, dimwitted self belongs. And then, children, and only then...

Reform closes his eyes for a moment, imagining this glorious future.

Ned Reform:

...will you have no choice but to concede my greatness. See you soon.

The fans begin to boo again as Reform's theme fires back up and he marches through the curtain.

BRONSON BOX vs. CYRUS BATES

In DEFIANCE Wrestling the relatively cheery opening piano riffs of Scott Joplin's "The Entertainer" means nothing but doom- as it's the classic entrance theme of the Original DEFIANT.

RAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The Bombastic Bronson Box comes out with the straps of his usual brown and gray striped singlet down, a little less clean shaven as usual. His trademark mustache accompanied by a stately beard. The clear outline of his receding hairline is visible thanks to the stubble atop his head. The fifty year old grappler walks out to the top of the ramp to an absolutely thunderous ovation from the Faithful.

DDK:

There isn't a legacy here in DEFIANCE Wrestling quite like that of Bronson Box, Lance.

Lance:

He's been everything from the company's staunchest defender to its greatest villain, his antics at one point almost closing the place down!

DDK:

There is no more divisive figure on this roster, and that's really saying something-

Darren Quimbey:

Faithful, this next match is set for a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first, BRONSON BOX!

♪ "Savage" by Megan Thee Stallion ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the opponent, from Fort Worth, Texas, CYRUS BATES!

Bates enters into the fray and stops at the foot of the ramp. He looks a little worried at the sight of his menacing foe so he tries to psyche himself up with a few self inflicted face slaps.

Lance:

Cyrus Bates looks quite comfortable standing atop the ramp and not moving from there.

DDK:

If history has taught us anything, Lance, it's that Bates has probably laid some sort of trap.

Having had quite enough, Boxer impatiently asks for a microphone from ringside.

Bronson Box:

Aye- what's wrong, lad? Did yer' Snowflake daddy toss ye' into the deep end of the pool without askin' permission first? Seems you do a lot fer' that soft headed lad that leaves you either takin' a beatin' or lookin' a bloody fool or worse, both. Malak Garland is a *reasonably* talented wrestler- but from his mouth flows woefully nothing but utter steamin' wet shite- him and his *FU*[censored] Twitter-

Lance:

The social medias do seem to frustrate Boxer.

DDK:

It's a cesspool, partner. And his temper has always made him an easy target for those on our roster who see poking this particular bear as some sort of pastime.

Bronson Box:

Malak does love his Tweeting, doesn't he- he values being a snite little tw[censored] on the internet more than the air he breathes, that one. Too many folks around here seem much more inclined to TWEET passive aggressive jokey nonsense to pop one another over social media than actually bloody *fight*. Henry Keyes and his loud, curly headed friend for instance. Ol' Henry and myself have been in each other's orbit for so long and never really gotten there- have we, Hank? Never really gotten into it and left some scars- I do love me some scars. Well my boy- maybe now that you've become such a snarky little "bad boy" having *xeroxed* Lindsay Troy's personality and all, you might actually develop a set and step up to ol' Boxer and do somethin' other than talk at me for once, ya' snide little shit.

It becomes clear Bronson isn't talking to Cyrus Bates - Malak Garland's right hand stands as confused as the rest of us as Bronson's grip around the microphone grows white knuckle tight. The Original DEFIANT's hand shakes with intensity- it's at this point he turns his blood-shot brown eyes and his full attention back to the here and now, and to Cyrus Bates.

In a low, guttural growl.

Bronson Box:

You. Get in this fu[censored] ring- *now*.

Cyrus Bates does a literal point to self "who me" gesture before letting out a long sigh and making his way into the ring to face off with an obviously very very motivated Bronson Box. The Wargod doesn't pounce on Cyrus, he points right in front of himself- indicating he's not done talking and to get here, now. Cyrus looks perturbed being ordered around like this but acquiesce- he gives his bulging muscles a flex as he steps up to Bronson in an ignored attempt at intimidation- the height differential though is worth mentioning, Bates looming over Boxer.

Bronson Box:

Fu[censored] snarky little comedians, fuckin' carnival performers- bloody overproduced Broadway productions worth of sets and extras and masks and cardboard entrance *bullshite*- I'm lookin' into yer' beady little eyes, Cyrus, knowin' Malak is somewhere listenin'- because that's the thing aint it? They're always all listenin'- every one of 'em back there. Love me, hate me, belittle me- they're all ALWAYS listenin' to Bronson fu[censored] Box.

The wargod leans in closer.

Bronson Box:

Ain't they, Cyrus?

He pauses- Bates looks nervous- not knowing whether to answer to keep his mouth shut.

He correctly chooses the latter.

Not that it's going to make a lick of difference, what's comin' his way.

Bronson Box:

Here in a moment, lad? I'm going to make an example of you. And when that whole vicious, bloody affair is over and Mark Shields over there is too much of a shitheel coward to step in and stop me from making a bloody fu[censored] mess of your pretty little face? When you're screamin' fer' someone- anyone to come and pull me off ye' I want you to think about yer' good friend Malak and how he's not here for ya'- and how *HE* put you in this unenviable position. I want you to drag what's left of yourself back to whatever spa or retreat or where-bloody-ever he *SAYS* he's at as a ghoulish physical representation of what's going to happen to *HIM* inside hell itself at the pay per view- Amen.

THOMP-squeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

Box buries the butt of the microphone into the bridge of Bates' nose as microphone feedback makes everyone within earshot wince. We deduce from the steady drip drip of blood onto the canvas as Bates struggles to his feet that he probably has a broken nose. Knowing this is probably the last opportunity he has, Mark Shields calls for the opening bell.

DING DING

Bronson doesn't let Bates get his feet too much farther underneath him as the Wargod just recklessly stomps the Bellicose Brawler back down to the mat. Boxer almost immediately reaches down and grabs his opponent by the ears and violently yanks him up to his feet.

DDK:

Boxer not giving Cyrus a single moment to breathe, here!

Lance:

Yeah, I'm pretty sure big man's nose is broken after that shot, he can't smell anything-

Cyrus wobbles on spaghetti legs as Boxer steps back and plants the sole of his boot in Bates' gut, Sparta kicking the much larger competitor back into the nearest available turnbuckle. Box lunges in with the first of several skin blistering open palm shots across Cyrus' chest- enough so that the chiseled chest of Chrus Bates splits open and starts to BLEED due to the impact and velocity of the Wargod's chops.

WHAP- WHAP-WHAP- WHAP- Boxer's giant open palm connects over and over with Bates' chest.

On the last couple we literally see the red poof of blood spray into the air as he connects.

OOOOOOOOOH!

Lance:

GOSH ALMIGHTY that looks like it smarts, Darren!

DDK:

VICIOUS open palms to the chest of Bates!

Lance:

Just to recap: bloody possibly broken nose, now a bloody chest- Cyrus is not having a good time, folks!

Out of pure desperation Bates reaches up and buries the tip of his thumb in Bronson's good (see: left) eye causing the Wargod to stumble back, clutching his face. He immediately capitalizes, cat-like quickness around behind Box and chop-blocks the back of the Scotman's knee. Box drops down to his knees- Bates rebounds off the ropes and comes barreling back towards Box-

DDK:

Bates with the running knee to the side of the Wargod's head!

Bates hauls Box up to his feet and goes for what looks like a ripchord lariat, Bates lunges for the lariat but Box ducks and in turn waffles Bates with a forearm, Bates fires back with one of his own, and so on and so on- the two men clobber the sides of one another's head for a number of back and forth rounds before Box gets the better of the exchange.

With Bates staggered, Box rebounds off the ropes only for Cyrus to get a boot up, connecting right under Bronson's chin. Seizing his opportunity, Bates somehow manages to hoist Box into the air! The fans marvel at the show of strength as Cyrus deadlift German suplexes Box across the ring!

DDK:

What a move by Bates! It takes an equally large man to huck a stout competitor like Box around the ring!

With Bronson shaking the cobwebs out, Bates proceeds to stomp any and every exposed part of him! Finally, the Bellicose Brawler reaches down to pick Box up until the Scottish Strongman connects his knuckles to Bates' face!

Lance:

Right across the eyes! Bates stumbles backwards!

Box reaches down in his boot for something.

DDK:

What's he got in his hand!?

It's a SPIKE! Not just any spike, either but the trademark rusty one we've seen Box utilize to such vicious ends throughout his tenure here in DEFIANCE. Referee Mark Shields inserts himself into things as he waves his arms at Box.

Mark Shields:

Hey, you can't use that here! Are you nuts?! This isn't a weapons match!

Box's blood-shot brown eyes stare a hole right through Mark Shields.

Bronson Box:

Get *[expletive]*ed you pathetic, bootlicking little recreant!

Mark puts his hands up and immediately backs up.

Mark Shields:

Alrighty! Go ahead! Do your worst! I value my life, perfectly legal-

Bronson smirks as he walks up behind Bates and forces the rusty piece of metal between Bates' teeth. Fans begin to cringe at what they can only imagine is going to happen next.

DDK:

He put that spike in Cyrus' mouth!?

Bates grits his teeth on the spike as Box pulls back. Cyrus' eyes go wide with no idea how to escape without damaging his perfect pearly whites!

Lance:

Box is going to rip the jaw right off his opponent's face and Mark Shields is too much of a weiner to do anything about it! How is this idiot still employed?!

The crowd jumps into a frenzy.

DU KRANKER MISTKERL!

DU KRANKER MISTKERL!

DU KRANKER MISTKERL!

DU KRANKER MISTKERL!

DU KRANKER MISTKERL!

With the bit still between his teeth, Box flips Cyrus' shit with an inverted exploder suplex! Upon impact, the spike shoots out of Cyrus' mouth when he lands, he immediately clutches his now suuuuper bleeding mouth. Understandably, Bates is absolutely beside himself here clutching his jaw and throat area, his mouth absolutely *pouring* blood-

HEILIGE SCHEIBE!

HEILIGE SCHEIBE!

HEILIGE SCHEIBE!

HEILIGE SCHEIBE!

HEILIGE SCHEIBE!

HEILIGE SCHEIBE!

DDK:

DEAR LORD! I THINK I SEE SOME TEETH ON THE CANVAS!

Lance:

I KNOW I SEE THEM TOO! Bronson Box is one *sick* individual!

DDK:

I think Bronson is sending a clear message to one Malak Garland, partner-

As Cyrus rolls around in pain, holding his clearly aching face, Box slowly strolls over and with one hand, he RIPS the top turnbuckle pad off the nearest available turnbuckle- the fans marvel at the feat of strength, Faithful familiar with the Wargod know exactly what's coming next.

Lance:

Oh no, oh Cyrus my friend you're in a serious pinch now-

With the turnbuckle pad still clenched in his ham sized fist Box turns to referee Mark Shields-

Bronson Box:

WE GOT A PROBLEM, SUNSHINE?!

The absolute shittiest referee we have couldn't shake his head "no sir" any faster if Boxer had had a gun in his hand. Bronson gives some German fans a fantastic souvenir as he hucks the torn off turnbuckle pad out into the audience to a pretty big pop in and of itself. Boxer turns his attention back to Cyrus- again grabbing the big man painfully by the ears and dragging him to his feet. He pulls Syrus to almost the center ring, deposits him in the usual position and makes a little production of pointing towards the now bare top turnbuckle.

DDK:

BOMBASTOOOOO BOMB TIME! OOOOOH MY!

Showcasing his almost inhuman strength Bronson Box hoists the much larger man effortlessly up onto his broad shoulders, takes two steps forward and plants the small of Cyrus Bates' back against the bare steel lug of the top turnbuckle. The Bellicose Brawler falls to the canvas in a heap- Bronson immediately grabs an ankle, drags the almost corpse of Cyrus Bates out into center ring- and places a well worn brown boot right in the middle of Cyrus Bates' chest. Boxer looks over towards Mark Shields whose eyes are as round as dinner plates watching the carnage- it takes him a second.

Bronson Box:

OYE! FU[censored] HEAD! Care to actually do your bloody job correctly for once?!

Shields finally slides in for the somewhat reluctant three count-

1...

2...

3...

DING DING DING

As Iris Davine and DEF medical hustle immediately down the ramp to check on the various and indeed multiple injuries of Cyrus Bates- Bronson Box immediately cuts his own music and asks again for a microphone from ringside. His breath- just breathing. He finds the ringside camera and crooks a finger for the camera man to come close. The Original DEFIANT stares directly into the lens- microphone still pressed against his mouth, breathing- just breathing- then.

Bronson Box:

OYE MALAK-

A beat.

Bronson Box:

WARCHAMBER! Fit that in yer' fu[censored] schedule, ya' contemptuous little prick.

THUD

Bronson drops the microphone and turns and leaves the ring on a dime.

He marches up the ramp, stopping for only a moment to gaze down at his good friend Doctor Iris filling poor Cyrus Bates' mouth and nose with gauze to try and stem some of the blood oozing from nearly every hole in his face. We get an albeit brief but clear look at the absolutely devastated state of Cyrus Bates' teeth.

Lance:

Is there an orthodontist in the house?! I think Boxer's message has been sent, partner!

DDK:

Looks like Box isn't the only one sending messages to, presumably, Mr. Garland-

Looking more than a little worried, referee Mark Shields takes out his phone in a panic and starts frantically texting someone his concerns over the shilacking he just presided over-

COMMERCIAL: HALL OF FAME



****FACTION of the YEAR****

Back off the commercial break, Lance is at his typical spot.

Lance:

FACTION of the YEAR. The finalists are...

FACTION of the YEAR

Honor Society ([bio](#))

Titanes Familia ([bio](#))

Vae Victis ([bio](#))

Lance:

And the winner is...

He opens the card. Once again, he doesn't look thrilled. Poor guy.

Lance:

VAE VICTIS!

DDK:

I believe that's back-to-back victories for this group.

Audible boos drown out Lance's announcement as, once again, a video appears on the DEFIAtron. This time, everyone from Vae Victis is inside the cabin - wherever it is - and they're having themselves a grand ol' time far, far away from their annoying, moronic coworkers.

Henry Keyes is DRUNK. His pink robe is looking sloppy, but thankfully, he has cucumber slices over his eyes and there is a Manicurist Plague Doctor taking a look at his nails. A fizzy water is on the table next to him.

In a recliner next to Henry is Lindsay Troy, and between them is the Flynn Cup. Like her Bestie, she is also in a pink robe and sips from a fizzy water. A second Manicurist Plague Doctor dips her nails in bright pink powder while Helen snoozes at her feet.

Scott Hunter stands behind the Besties in the World, absent-mindedly looking up at a mounted Elk on the wall of the cabin. He is heard muttering, "Poor Gary."

Oscar Burns is decked out in a forest green silk dress shirt, burgundy-colored khakis and black loafers (cause as always, GTFO, shoelaces) while slowly sipping a Hot Toddy. Standing over him, as always, is Butcher Victorious having to remain silent and has a second Hot Toddy ready in his hand when Burns is finished with the first one.

Oscar Burns:

This really was a great way to get away from all the stress of trying to better the promotion that we represent, GCs! Good idea, Kerry...

He looks around.

Oscar Burns:

Hey, where'd Ker go, anyway?

Stepping into the frame at that moment, dapper as ever in a personally tailored emerald green leisure suit ...

Kerry Kuroyama:

What the hell, guys? When you said you were all coming up here to my remote lodge in the mountains outside of Seattle, Washington for our annual seasonal Vae Victis get-together, nobody mentioned anything about an award presentation!

Burns smiles along with the rest of the crew.

Oscar Burns:

Well, GC, we got a surprise for you... we just won Faction of the Year! One of these DEFys belongs to you!

Kerry Kuroyama:

But... I'm not even in DEFIANCE anymore.

Lindsay Troy:

KerBear, just because you've gone off to conquer new lands doesn't mean you don't deserve this.

Oscar Burns:

You're still part of the group, GC, so this is as much yours as anyone else's! And as soon as we get those DEFys in our hands, one of them will be yours... and NOT Butcher's.

Butcher Victorious:

NO WAY! BUTCH VIC... BUTCH VIC WON? THIS IS SICK! I...

Oscar Burns:

WHO THE HELL SAID YOU COULD TALK?

Scott Hunter:

Gary never tried to talk.

Oscar Burns:

You're bloody right, Scott. Maybe SOMEONE ELSE'S head should be mounted on the wall instead...

Butcher goes silent.

Oscar Burns:

Because of you LOSING, I have to fight that little ponce, Mil Vuelas, at DEFIANCE Road! AGAIN! So when we get those DEFys in hand, it won't be yours, you dumb muppet...

Butcher is flummoxed.

Oscar Burns:

Yeah nah, don't even worry, Ker. When we get done, I'll get that nameplate changed to someone who DESERVES it!

Butcher's fist can be seen balled up tightly, but the focus is now back on Kerry, who looks into the camera and smiles.

Kerry Kuroyama:

My fellow DEFILE-ANTs...

The Faithful boo louder than ever.

Kerry Kuroyama:

I am honored to know that despite no longer being with the company, I am still considered significantly better than a wide swath of you lowlifes. I also want every single one of you to know, from the bottom of my heart, that I don't miss a single one of you ugly, amateur, infantile, clownshow-mongering motherfuckers in the least bit. Leaving DEFIANCE was easily the best decision I've ever made. Honest truth. Zero regrets. And I totally don't spend my off-time rereading old Tillinghast Tirades. Sometimes read out loud by Scott, but almost always while lifting weights in front of the mirror.

Scott Hunter: [sniffle]

Gary used to lift weights in front of the mirror.

Kerry Kuroyama:

But on a serious note, allow me to recognize some of the overachieving assjacks that got me here, in the generous position of winning a prestigious leg-lamp of an award from a federation I don't draw money for anymore...

Kerry pulls out a curiously pre-prepared list from one pocket and reading glasses from another. He clears his throat and begins...

Kerry Kuroyama:

To the FIST, DEX JOY, I hope you get work in the future as a personal care specialist or a male cheerleader or whatever pathetic vocation fits a man of your brains and talent, after you get run out of this business by Sir Edgar Winter, the famous millionaire, and composer of the instrumental epic "Frankenstein."

Scott Hunter:

That guy IS good.

Oscar Burns:

Oh, snap! As the American GCs say!

Lindsay Troy:

Ed White walked so Elon could run, and Dex is dimmer than a box of broken lightbulbs. Worst DEFRoad main since Gage Blackwood let Stalker become the FIST.

Kerry Kuroyama:

To TITANES FAMILIA, eat your hearts out, and better luck next year. Honestly, though, I can hardly believe you were on the ballot to begin with. Daddy looks like he's one day away from going out for smokes and never coming back, and the rest of you literally only have jobs because there isn't enough merch in existence to satisfy a world full of desperate marks. Otherwise, Holly, if you're listening, when you get tired of being his side-piece, give Double K a call.

Scott Hunter:

Gary never even had a chance to be a side-piece.

Henry Keyes:

OH HELLO I DIDN'T SEE YOU THERE, FOUR AWARDS FOR THIS GUY! NEWWWWWWWWWW
RECORRRRRRRRRD!!

Lindsay Troy:

HASHTAG NEWRECORD! BRINGING IT BACK!!!!

Kerry Kuroyama:

To the SOHER, CORVO ALPHA... You. Big champ. Big dope. No hope! Arms. Much strong. Head. Much empty. No talk. Make fire. Hunt food. You ugga-lugga? Good. Yabba-dabba-fuck you.

Henry Keyes:

HEY, HEY, LISTEN TO ME FOR A SEC. FUCK CORVO ALPHA!!

Scott Hunter:

Gary always preferred the Jetsons to the Flintstones.

Oscar Burns: (ignoring Scott)

That's right! And I totally didn't tap out to him this year, either!

Kerry Kuroyama:

To REZIN, I honestly hope I never have to look at your nauseatingly ugly goddamn face again for as long as I live. The only thing you do well is fall over and make other people look more talented than they really are. Shitting your pants and smoking dope is not, nor was it ever, an effective replacement for having an actual personality.

Scott Hunter:

Gary had a great personality.

Lindsay Troy:

How could you have been a worse Universal Champion than Clyde Walkins? What an astonishing feat. And if you don't get that reference, go fuck yourself.

Keyes has succumbed to the alcohol and snores in his seat. Helen growls at the mention of Rezin.

Kerry Kuroyama:

To cOnOr, I hope your save file becomes corrupted, and you lose all your progress in whatever trend-of-the-month game you pretend to play for street cred. I'm assuming it's the Mario RPG remake. The day will come when the world sees right your pitiable "aw shucks" bullshit for the flimsy, fake-ass safety blanket that it is, and I can't wait to see it.

Scott Hunter: [sternly shaking his head, still looking at Gary the Elk]

Gary always made sure his save files were encrypted to prevent corruption.

Lindsay Troy:

Personally, I hope there's an unwritten rule that says cOnOr has to stay off DEFIANCE television for the rest of our lives. That would truly be ELITE.

Kerry Kuroyama:

To BROMSOM BROMX, I hope you one day finally realize you're better suited for the circus. No, not as a strongman; if anything, you're a carnival barker. Given all you do these days when you're not fucking sheep on piles of your own fanart is stand on a box and bray angrily into the masses like a fucking hairless ape. Have fun playing in the snow.

Scott Hunter: [weeping]

Gary loved playing in the snow!!

Kerry Kuroyama:

To the UNCUT GE--no, wait, what are they called now? Madame's Marvelous Mudshow? Ah, fuck it... TERI MELTON! Roll 'em up and pack 'em in, girl, cause literally nobody wants to see those sad, saggy gemstones of yours.

Cue: 25 more fanart posts of Teri in #def-fan-art that are scrolled past.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Thank every single one of you, for being absolute embarrassments to this proud profession of ours. I seriously don't miss a single solitary one of you in the slightest. And if there's anyone that has anything to say to me in that ring, they can just name the time and place, and make the check out to the motherfucking paragon of professional wrestling himself, KERRY KUROYAMA, and he'll be there. Soon as the check clears. In the meantime, you losers can catch me every other Friday night over on the ACE Network, doing what I fucking do best.

Kerry turns to Hunter, who is still sadly looking up at the head of Gary the Elk on the wall.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Scott?

Scott Hunter: [wiping tears away]

Kerry?

Kerry Kuroyama: [hand outstretched]

Mic.

Scott Hunter

No, Scott.

Kerry Kuroyama:

...what?

Scott Hunter

Scott. Not Mike.

Kerry Kuroyama: [impatiently shaking his hand]

MIC, Scott! MIC!

Scott Hunter:

Mike Scott? Didn't he pitch for the Astros? Or the 76ers or something?

Kerry Kuroyama:

Dammit Scott, MIC!

Scott snaps into action, impulsively hands him the closest thing he can find to fulfilling the request. It just happens to be a framed photo of Mikey Unlikely.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Does this look like a microphone to you?? Am I supposed to speak into this photograph? Is that how it works?

Scott Hunter:

Unlikely.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Wait, why is this even in my house? ...eh, whatever works.

Kerry drops the Mike(y) and walks out of the shot. Scott picks up the Mike(y) and follows. Oscar Burns steps in.

Oscar Burns:

This was all just a formality, honestly. I mean... the only reason Titanes Familia even got on the ballot is because SOMEONE...

Again, staring down Butcher.

Oscar Burns:

...Allowed Uriel Cortez to not only TAKE the Favoured Saints Championship, but keep ME from winning it back from that BRUTE! And The Honor Society... I mean, it's no comparison. Ned Reform has brains and he has muscle behind him, but Vae Victis represents the best of the best! Championship and DEFy-caliber athletes without compare! Athletes who make DEFIANCE better just by being in it! Whether we have titles or otherwise, you CANNOT deny our impact! That's why I am proud to hold another DEFy again and that's why I am going to take GREAT pleasure in making an example out of Mil Vuelas by showing why we are Faction of the Year! I'm going to show EVERYONE the gulf in talent between Vae Victis and the rest of DEFIANCE...

He turns to Butcher.

Oscar Burns:

And you... since I'm having to once again clean up YOUR mess... when this show is over, we are going to be having a very...VERY... **VERY** long talk about your future as my protege and EVER having a future with us...

Butcher Victorious:

Hey, I won a title for Vae Victis! Why does Kerry get my DE...

Oscar Burns:

BECAUSE YOU LOST THAT BLOODY TITLE IN THE FIRST PLACE! BECAUSE YOU ARE A USELESS SCREW-

UP!

Butcher looks up at Oscar. His fist is clenched even tighter, but Oscar angrily points in the direction of the bar.

Oscar Burns:

NOW DO WHAT YOU DO BEST AND GO FETCH US DRINKS! GET ME A NEW HOT TODDY CAUSE THE ONE YOU HAVE NOW IS PROBABLY LUKEWARM AT BEST! THEN GET EVERYONE ELSE DRINKS ON TOP OF IT... MAYBE GET KEYES A BLOODY MARY WHEN HE WAKES UP!

Scott Hunter: [reappearing behind Oscar]

Gary was always happy to fetch us drinks.

Butcher's face is trembling. He glares at Scott, then Oscar... then shakes his head and storms off. The mood needs to lighten, so cue the Queen and her freshly manicured nails.

Lindsay Troy:

Hey so, Henry and I are going to Japan for one last prep match before we dismantle Pat and Ophelia if anyone wants to come. Clash of Aces in Tokyo on January 4th. Should be a murder!

She looks at a still-snoring Henry.

Lindsay Troy:

Super big murder! And then, at DEFRoad, we'll crush the Little Couple That Could and prove that the only place those two plucky underdogs belong is under the heels of our boots.....and no tear-jerking, inspirational message from Brock Newbludd is going to help them conquer the best tag team in the world today. Because we have that...

She points to the Flynn Cup.

Lindsay Troy:

...and you don't, and you can't sit with us. Right Henry?

Manicurist Plague Doctor holds up Keyes' hand for a high-five, which the Queen slaps emphatically. She turns back to the camera and sneers.

Lindsay Troy:

The march to glory begins again. Sorry about your shitty, dead luck, DEFIANCE.

SMASH-CUT TO PINK.

CALAMITY PAIN

PINK moves to shades of DARK GREEN as the DEFI-A-TRON is on with a special message before the commercial break. Hey, at least it isn't BLUE.

Arthur Pleasant.

You got what you wanted... and now you have vanished. This speaks to your character. Then again, The Faithful expected nothing different.

You can back it up... occasionally. You do not have the stamina to sustain.

Arthur Pleasant, man of calamity, bringer of pain.

But do you know what pain really feels like?

You are going to.

Arthur Pleasant, the one who fails to live up to his own lefty expectations. You do not have the work ethic to make those expectations a reality.

You think you are strong; you are weak. Those whom you torture are actually... powerful.

Arthur, if you would like to see what true Calamity Pain manifests itself as...

You will report to Berlin.

Mercedes-Benz Arena.

In the middle of the ring.

And Calamity Pain will show you what it really means.

The scene cuts to commercial, leaving the letter C for Calamity on the screen until it fades away entirely into the DARK GREEN background.

COMMERCIAL: DEFIANCE ROAD 2024



FIST of DEFIANCE

Dex Joy (C) vs. Edward White

UNIFIED TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS

PCP (C) vs. Weighted Grade

SOHER

Corvo Alpha (C) vs. Uriel Cortez

FAVORED SAINTS (VACANT)

JJ Dixon vs. Dan Leo James

Lindsay Troy & Henry Keyes vs. Pat Cassidy & Ophelia Sykes

NO HOLDS BARRED

Tyler Fuse vs. Jack Harmen

Oscar Burns vs. Mil Vueltas

The Lucky Sevens vs. The Devil's Circus

Mikey Unlikely vs. Dr. Ned Reform

M4NTRA vs. Rain City Ronin

Scott Hunter Open Challenge

Arthur Pleasant Challenged by CALAMITY

****DEFIANTS of the YEAR****

Back from break, the last two awards.

Lance:

DEFIANTS of the YEAR...

DEFIANTS of the YEAR

Lucky Sevens ([bio](#))

M4NTRA ([bio](#))

PCP ([bio](#))

Lance:

The winners are...

He opens the card.

Lance:

THE LUCKY SEVENS!

There are cheers everywhere now and the camera pants to the two men coming up to receive their DEFY awards. They look completely confused by the reaction. Mason Luck and Max Luck, wearing their signature dark green and dark red plaid suits and sunglasses, walk up to the podium and are still confused as they get cheers. They are each given their respective DEFY award by the presenters and then left on the podium. Mason decides to start things off by raising his DEFY to the sky!

Mason Luck:

TWO TIME TWO TIME DEFIANTS OF THE YEAR!!!

A chant starts to ring out among the Faithful here for the show!

"LUCKY SEVENS!!!"

"LUCKY SEVENS!!!"

"LUCKY SEVENS!!!"

Max Luck:

What a damn difference a year makes, huh? Last year, we won two DEFY awards! One for the Shock of the Year and one for the DEFIANTS of the Year and last year, we came up onto this stage and we denied our involvement in the burning of the OG Ballyhoo Brew ...

Mason Luck:

And still do ...

Max Luck:

But we sat up here, cursing out the fans, cursing out our enemies, and you guys hated us for bragging about how much money we made from being aligned with Better Future Talent Agency and how many people we hurt. Then things happened. We went on a losing streak in big matches ... we lost to PCP, we lost to M4NTRA and got screwed over royally in the process by that little snake oil-slinging sack of shit, Tom Morrow. But here's the thing about Mase and I? We don't get humbled ...

Max smiles.

Max Luck:

We get fucking even.

Now Mason Luck points into the camera.

Mason Luck:

Now you guys love us! We still gotta get used to that. I'm tripping up here ... but Max and I made a promise we intend to fulfill this year. Tom Morrow, you are going to get maimed and when we do, it will be the biggest event in DEFIANCE history! In 2023, Unified Tag Titles or no Unified Tag Titles, Max and I showed we are the baddest, the toughest and the most entertaining tag team in DEFIANCE! We started this year as Tom Morrow's Main Event Monsters and even though we lost our big money contracts, we have done very well to make up for it in killer t-shirt sales and your fine art to help terrorize that spineless little prick. Now we're Model Employees and now, we are DEFIANCE's Hottest Tag Team!

Max Luck:

Allegedly.

Mason Luck:

Ain't no allegedly anymore, bro. We won DEFIANTS of the Year two years running. Pretty sure that makes it officially official now.

Max looks over his DEFY.

Max Luck:

That's fire!

Mason Luck:

No, that was Morrow's ride.

The fans burst out in laughter.

Max Luck:

Yeahrealshame anyway ... Now, we're Model Employees! At DEFIANCE Road your two time two time DEFIANTS of the Year are going to stomp the hell out of the big Hawaiian dude and the fat little juggalo, then we're going to carry out our promise! #NoTomorrowForTomMorrow! DEFIANCE's Hottest Tag Team Always and Forever!

Mason and Max hold up their DEFY Awards for DEFIANTS of the Year and pose for photos!

****DEFIANT if the YEAR****

The Sevens leave. And one last time Lance Warner takes the podium.

Lance:

THE final award, DEFIANT of the YEAR. The finalists...

DEFIANT of the YEAR

Corvo Alpha ([bio](#))

Dex Joy ([bio](#))

Henry Keyes ([bio](#))

Lance:

The winner is...

The card is opened. Lance looks thrilled!

Lance:

DEX JOY!

There is a thundering ovation for the next man coming up! Dex Joy is wearing a special customized black business suit, tie and dress shoes, but because it is Dex Joy, his suit has more subtle blue and yellow lightning bolt designs than his typical ring gear! He's walking up to the podium with the FIST of DEFIANCE strapped over his shoulder and takes a moment to let the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful continue their cheers.

"DEX!!!"

"DEX!!!"

"DEX!!!"

"DEX!!!"

"DEX!!!"

The chants continue and Dex Joy is at the podium.

Dex Joy:

All right guys, I gotta get out of this monkey suit like lightning fast cause we got a FIST of DEFIANCE title match up next against the guy who won Breakout DEFIANT of the Year and this thing was a total b to get into!

Fans laugh at his comments and the chants finally die down. He puts the FIST of DEFIANCE front first on the podium next to his DEFY Award.

Dex Joy:

Truthfully ... before I get into the year that I have had, I want to go out of my way to credit two people that were nominated for this award. Personally, I can't stand one and the other, I don't ever forget what he did to me this time last year, but you can't take away from their talent and you can't take away from what many call the best years of their own DEFIANCE careers. Henry Keyes ...

The name is booed!

Dex Joy:

That's how I feel about him and Vae Victis, too! But he had the longest reign in the history of the Southern Heritage title and made that title feel like the most important championship in our company while he had it. Then you have Corvo Alpha ...

The name gets cheers!

Dex Joy:

That's throwing Dexy Baby for a loop ... but Corvo Alpha submitted that loudmouth Oscar Burns and he ended the SOHER reign of Henry Keyes! Either one of them could have been up here and old Dexy Baby wouldn't have been surprised. My personal feelings put aside, either of them would have deserved it, too ...

Dex looks at the DEFY Award.

Dex Joy:

... But tonight, you pallies chose me. That ain't a responsibility that I ever take lightly! I ...

"DEX!!!"

"DEX!!!"

"DEX!!!"

"DEX!!!"

"DEX!!!"

Dex Joy:

Guys, please! Thanks ... but hey. They're gonna be flashing that "please wrap it up" sign like the Game Awards a few weeks ago. Anyway ... just a year ago, I didn't even know that I was going to be back, let alone have the year I had. That guy I mentioned, Corvo Alpha ... he was only doing what he was told from Lord Nigel Shrinky Dink so I can forgive, but I don't forget. He beat me twice and he injured my neck. Doctors told me that if the damage to my neck had been just a little over, I may not be wrestling right now. So after I spent almost two months on the shelf not knowing how things were going to heal, I treated that night like my second chance ... and Dexy Baby was not going to piss it away ...

Recalling the events seems to be painful but he keeps going.

Dex Joy:

... I busted my ass off even harder than I did before. I dropped even more weight cause I knew to be the best version of Dexy Baby I could be, I had to work even harder than I ever had. I had to push myself in ways I didn't know I could push myself. I whipped Corvo Alpha's ass! I whipped Conor Fuse to earn the right to fight the women who held DEFIANT of the Year 2022, kicked Lindsay Troy's high and mighty backside right off her pedestal and well ...

He places his hand firmly over the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Dex Joy:

How'd that second chance turn out, pallies? You tell me!

Applause erupts in the venue!

Dex Joy:

That's right! You gave your attention and your trust to Dexy Baby and we made this happen! We righted DEFIANCE Wrestling and made it what it needs to be. Not Vae Victis's childish and hypocritical whims where they accuse the roster of being soft, then fellate themselves with blue text and pancake parties! People want the best matches and the best fights! They want the DEFIANCE Wrestling where everyone gets a chance to succeed regardless of who they are, where they came from, how long you've been here or where they are on the card. A place where everyone has a chance to make their own journeys to get to the top.

Even louder applause! Dex speaks through it.

Dex Joy:

That is why Ned Reform, you won't ever be the FIST as long as I'm on top! Not because you aren't good enough to do it, but because I won't let you! Guys who know nothing but act like they know it all ain't gonna be representing our promotion any time soon, pally! Tonight, you are walking into this match as a certified top contender and as good as you are, tonight you are walking out an example of what Edward White has waiting for him at DEFIANCE Road! You can bring TA Cole, TA Horrigan, TA Roosevelt, TA Lincoln, TA Nixon, TA Ford and TA Washington and all the former

TA presidents and it won't be enough! For months, you have been campaigning for a good stomping and tonight, pally, you're getting elected to office!

The camera pans to the German Faithful supporting their DEFIANT.

Dex Joy:

And Ed ... Ed, congrats. You pulled a fast one on old Dexy Baby. Let me be clear – not once, did I ever look past you or ignore you. You had to have the big pay per view match and the only reason I gave it to you is because Dexy Baby wanted to make sure it was your last one! No matter how many times I defended this FIST of DEFIANCE on the down the road to DEFIANCE Road, I wanted you to know I was never going to let you have this, either! It only took you weeks to get rid of all the months of hard work and time I put into my old neighborhood just to get under my skin. You did, pally ... and I'm pissed. But tonight, I'm gonna use it. Then at DEFIANCE Road, I'm gonna use it again ... and all the money you got in your bank account will not stop Dexy Baby from giving your Dos Equis guy-looking ass the beating you deserve!

The ovation blows the roof off the building.

Dex Joy:

I will keep fighting and fighting and fighting until I ain't got nothing left in the tank ... but tonight won't be that night the tank runs dry and DEFIANCE Road won't be that night either! I got plenty left for 2024 and I will not stop because we are DEFIANT of the Year 2023 and we don't back down from any fight! Thank you!

Dex Joy holds up both the DEFY award and the FIST of DEFIANCE proudly then he departs the stage to quickly get ready for his title match!

COMMERCIAL: SPOTLIGHT

FIST of DEFIANCE: DEX JOY (C) vs. DR. NED REFORM

DDK:

Our last match of the year for 2023 and it is a huge one! Just weeks removed from defending the FIST of DEFIANCE, our most prestigious title in our company, against the first-ever man to hold the title, Edward White, Dex Joy is staring across from a man who will do anything to have it - Ned Reform!

Lance:

Dex Joy was voted the DEFIANT of the Year for 2023 and vowed just moments ago to keep the Era of Everyone going strong, but he isn't looking past Ned Reform who is this year's Breakout Defiant of the Year! Despite how he received and treated his award, its undeniable that Reform had a heck of a 2023. This year, Reform was Favoured Saints Champion, he defeated Hall of Famer and a former multiple-time FIST, Bronson Box! He defeated legend Jack Harmen! Ned Reform is days away from taking on the man who had the legendary 499-day reign, Mikey Unlikely!

DDK:

There was also the Elon Musk debacle, but the less said about that the better. Also, I was just told before we came back on the air for this match that tonight, if Ned Reform wins the FIST tonight, the scheduled match at DEFIANCE Road between he and Mikey Unlikely *will* be for the FIST of DEFIANCE! Something I'm sure Edward White doesn't want, especially after months of attacks of the personal and professional type on the champion!

Lance:

There's a lot of interest in this match and all eyes are on the champion and the challenger!

♪ "Für Elise" by Cole Rolland ♪

The arena lights turn purple as the boos begin to fly. The camera zooms in on the entrance way and then begins to pan left to right slowly as this year's Breakout Defiant, Ned Reform, marches through with the utmost confidence. He pauses at the top of the ramp, looking out into the sea of Faithful with that combination of smugness and glee. He's wearing his usual robe: long, covered in shiny gray diamonds, three black lines on each arm, and a big glittery "DR. NED REFORM" on the back. Behind Ned, with arms folded, stands a scowling TA Cole in a three-piece suit. Reform takes a few steps forward so that he is inches away from the camera and his eyes are staring through the lens and directly into our soul.

Ned Reform:

This has been a long time coming, children.

The camera switches to a father shot as Reform begins his confident saunter down the ramp. He smirks and shakes his head in disappointment at the jeering fans as he does so. He pauses at the bottom of the ramp and points at a particularly rowdy fan. Reform says something that we can't hear and this only adds fuel to the fan's fire. TA Cole stands in front of his mentor as Reform's smirk grows wider. He jumps up on top of the apron, wipes his boots briskly, and steps inside the squared circle.

DDK:

Odd poetic that the Defiant of the Year 2023 and the 2023 Breakout Defiant would be squaring off for the big prize tonight!

Lance:

This is without a doubt the highest profile match Ned Reform has ever been in, and his performance here tonight will go a long way in showing us if the rumblings of him entering the main event scene will come to pass.

Ned removes his robe, folding it precisely and handing it off to the stage hand. He begins to run the ropes and warm up as...

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

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

UNCUT

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 ...

*DEX JOY
DEFIANT OF THE YEAR 2023
THANKS TO ALL OF YOU*

~♪ "Undeclared" 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! He holds up the FIST of DEFIANCE and then holds his DEFY award in the air!

DDK:

The best career year for Dex Joy he doesn't plan on slowing down in 2024, but to get there, he'll need to go through the Sage of the Stage to do it!

Lance:

It's true that Ned Reform always has a plan and always has a way, but it's also true that everyone has a plan until they get punched in the mouth! Dex Joy doesn't care about your plans. If he can run you down, he can beat you!

DDK:

And how about Edward White undoing all of Dex's local charity endeavors, just to make a golf course ... lots of money spent just to get under the skin of the EveryChamp. That's still weighing heavily on his mind and if his focus is anywhere else but right now, that title is as good as gone.

Joy walks to the ring and high fives and dabs fists with everyone on the way to the ring in Frankfurt. He has his game face on and there's no catch phrases and buzz words tonight. When he gets inside the ring, he holds the title out for everyone to see and Ned Reform gestures that the title will be his. Dex is looking at the FIST closely and when his music goes quiet Darren Quimbey reads introductions for the men in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is set for one fall and this is for the FIST of DEFIANCE!!! Introducing the challenger ... from New Haven, Connecticut! He weighed in this morning at two-hundred twenty seven pounds! He is the Sage of the Stage! The Pedagogue of Pain! The Warrior Poet! The BRAIN of DEFIANCE ... he is The Good Doctor ... NEEEEEDDDDDDD REFORRRRRRRRRMMMMM!!!

Ned's smirk is gone and he appears intently focused as he loosens his wrist.

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 Dexy Baby! The Wrecking Crew Foreman! The EveryChamp! He is *your* FIST of DEFIANCE ...

Dex throws the title up high and tells Ned Reform that this will be as close as he gets to the title!

Darren Quimbey:

THE BIGGEST BOYYYYYYY ... DEXXXXXXXXXXXXXX JOYYYYYYYY!!!

Dex gives the title one last look and then relinquishes the belt to the referee. The Biggest Boy is in a fighting mood and

the Good Doctor knows it as well.

DING DING

Right at the opening bell, Dex Joy goes full speed ahead at the Good Doctor, but Ned does not engage. He side steps the champion and he goes right to the outside. That nearly gets him booed out of the Eissporthalle Frankfurt but Ned knows what he's doing as noted by the all-knowing grin he sports at the moment. Dex is even a little confused by what the Sage of the Stage could be trying to pull as he takes a quick walk around ringside.

Lance:

What's Reform doing here? You can only win the title in the ring!

DDK:

Very true, but he also knows that Dex Joy is one of the most prideful men in our company. He wants to do everything right and that includes not taking shortcuts with his wins. Dex wants to beat Reform in the ring.

Dex knows he shouldn't ... but he goes outside the ring anyhow to confront the Good Doctor anyway!

But as he goes out, Ned goes back in! He taps the side of his head again and looks out.

Ned Reform:

You're going to let these people down! Just like those people you let down throwing your money into that park that Ed White turned into a golf course! Seems you're destined to be outsmarted!

Dex is seeing red and slides back into the ring – exactly what Ned Reform counted on when he catches Dex across the head with a back elbow before he can fully enter the ring! The FIST of DEFIANCE is in a vulnerable spot and Ned quickly goes on the offensive and throws some cheap shots into the Biggest Boy before he can even set foot in the ring.

DDK:

Ned knew that The Socialite's recent antics with Dex are still weighing him down mentally and he just took advantage!

The Frankfurt Faithful boo birds are out and flocking loudly as he fires more shots across the body of Dex then switches up from clubs to stomping while he's still down. Boot after boot after boot rains down on the Biggest Boy as he is in the ropes. The official has no choice but to step in and finally break things up. Not wanting to be cost the biggest chance of his career, Ned Reform does what the referee asks and backs up but he is already looking as confident as he ever has knowing tonight, he's living rent free in the head of the champion.

Lance:

Ed White meant to get under the skin of Dex Joy with his recent act. Mission accomplished there! But did he unknowingly hand Ned Reform a key to victory as well?

DDK:

He just might have if he keeps this up ... ugh. Speaking of White ...

The camera directs its attention to one of the skyboxes in the upper level. Watching down at the Faithful from high up is none other than "The Socialite" Edward White, along with Jane Katze and Nicky Corozzo. Ed White's face is mixed tonight.

DDK:

Ned back all over Dex!

He goes for the neck of the Biggest Boy and a neck breaker seems to be incoming, but the Frankfurt Faithful rise up when Dex turns around and launches him off of the ropes. Dex charges in with a clothesline, but Ned is quick enough to duck it. When both men meet in the middle a second time, Dexy Baby goes airborne and he takes Ned down with a

flying headscissors! The fans are completely shocked and Ned goes spiraling ass over teakettle and is sent packing to the floor! Dex is finally starting to shake things off and he is on a knee with intent to overcome.

Lance:

That athleticism is so scary! It's unreal how Dex Joy finds new ways to tell physics to sit down and mind its business!

But there is nothing fancy about what Dex does next! He goes right after Ned on the outside as he is trying to pick himself up but gets nailed with a running clothesline outside of the ring! The Good Doctor is down but not for long when he pushes Ned up against the barrier and then delivers a chop so nasty that it almost sends Reform tumbling over the barrier!

DDK:

Here comes the champion fighting back! We don't see Dex Joy brawl too often, but he's obviously got size over a lot of opponents in DEFIANCE Wrestling!

The ringside tour continues for Ned Reform when Dex Joy grabs the back of his bald head and then introduces him face first into the steps! Ned sails backwards and now he's disoriented and trying to crawl away from an enraged champion as he does so.

Lance:

I wonder if Ned Reform considered this part of his gameplan to fester under Dex's skin ... the fact Dex might catch him and do some damage!

Ned is face planted into the ring apron now! Dex hears the official warn them about being counted out and then makes the decision to throw Ned back inside the ring. Dex Joy looks out to the skybox of one Ed White and points up.

Dex Joy:

AT DEFIANCE ROAD, THIS IS YOU, PALLY!!!

Ed White is up in shi skybox and waves his hands, telling Dex to finish his current business. Dex goes back inside the ring, but once again, Ned Reform is able to cut him off first by grabbing him by the head to pull his throat down on the top rope!

DDK:

Another opening exploited by the challenger!

Dex is on the apron, but Ned finally brings things inside the ring. He drags Dex with some extra effort and then sits him up quickly to follow up with a perfect rolling neck snap. The whiplash effect causes Dex to snap back and Reform quickly jumps on him with a knee drop aimed right at the face. Reform is back up and another knee drop from the other side catches Dex on the forehead. He points at the official and tells him to hurry when he slides into position for a cover.

One ...

Two ... Dex kicks out!

DDK:

The first pinfall of the match is just a two count but Reform is in firm control of the momentum right now!

The Sage of the Stage hits hard and hits fast with an upper cut or two just as Joy is starting to get vertical. A third upper cut get blocked and then countered with an open chop by Dex. The shot sends Ned backwards into a corner. Dex charges forward with a back splash intended, but he only ends up hitting the corner when Reform remains one step ahead of him. He grabs the neck of Dex again and then locks him up in a neck lock while using the top rope as an aid for the hold! Dex groans in pain, but the official counts to make him break it up again.

Lance:

It seems like Reform has found his weakness in the form of that neck! Remember at this time last year, Corvo Alpha took Dex Joy out for almost two months with a neck injury. Dex ended up miraculously not needing surgery, but the neck has proven to be a big weakness for Dex in the past!

DDK:

It most certainly has and Ned Reform uses several different neck breakers and similar moves at his disposal!

Ned attempts a whip on Dex, but he only ends up getting it reversed. The BRAIN of DEFIANCE collides with the running back elbow of the FIST of DEFIANCE upon his return! Dex fires up with the Faithful behind him when he scoop slams Reform back to the mat and then comes off the ropes not with his usual headbutt, but with a senton back splash! Ned's eyes go wide and he rolls over in pain as Dex gets back up and then goes to the apron.

DDK:

Over three hundred pounds coming down on top of Ned Reform! Where's Dex gonna do next?

The Biggest Boy has Ned Reform locked on target and then slingshots over the ropes to drop him with a big slingshot shoulder block! The challenger goes down in a heap and now Dex Joy firmly plants him with a lateral press pin.

One ...

Two ...

No!

Lance:

That was Dex's first attempt at a pinfall now, but the champion is now controlling the pace of things. Big chops to the chest!

Dex fires a chop! He throws another chop! Ned in a corner trying to protect himself and when Dexy Baby throws another chop, Ned instinctively tries to protect himself, but then leaves himself wide open for a heavy elbow smash to catch him on his head! He pulls Ned out of the corner and right into a big bionic style elbow, then flips him around to take him out of the corner with a released german suplex! Ned bounces quickly off the mat!

DDK:

I think Dex Joy is getting back into things!

The Biggest Boy drags Ned off the mat with two hands and then pulls him in! The DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful cheer loudly when he goes for the Dex Drive, but when he's up at the height of the slam, the Sage of the Stage slips out and then he escapes to the corner in a panic! Ed White can be seen from the skybox watching the match and getting irritated that Reform imitated a bar of soap and gave Dexy Baby the slip.

Lance:

Dex was trying to wrap this match up early, but Reform clearly studied up on some of Dex's key moves!

DDK:

And Dex sees him! He's trying to pull Ned, but he's hiding between the ropes!

The official tries to get between he and Dex Joy, but as he goes low, Ned goes high with a thumb straight to the eye of the FIST! Dex flinches in pain when he grabs at his eye and that gives Ned the chance to strike with a big move when he headlocks Dex and jumps clear over the ropes to hit him with a heck of a macho-looking hang man guillotine over the ropes! Ned lands on the floor while Dex is in pain!

DDK:

There's Ned Reform taking another cheap shot! The eye poke that the referee didn't see followed by that leaping

guillotine over the ropes!

Lance:

And Ned sees him! Dex is in trouble!

The BRAIN of DEFIANCE slides back inside the ring as fast as he can and when Dexy Baby gets up to his knee, Reform flies right at him using a torpedo-like flying head butt that strikes Dex square in the chest!

DDK:

Equivocator by Ned Reform! When Ned Reform tells people he uses his brain, that isn't some joke. He literally used his head there and wiped out Dex!

Up in the skybox, Ed White & Associates look worried for the state of White's championship match! The flying head butt took a lot out of Reform but Dex catches the brunt of the impact. He hooks the leg in a cradle pin.

One ...

Two ...

NO!!!

Reform rolls over the champion, showing a hint of frustration. Outside, TA Cole pounds the mat in support. Ned gets back to his feet, draping Dex's head over the bottom rope so it is facing the outside. The Good Doctor STANDS on the back of the Biggest Boy, using the top rope for support as he pours all his weight into Dex's back and causes Dex's throat to be mercilessly driven into the bottom rope. Hector Navarro begins to count and then finally just pries Reform off lest he cause any permanent damage. Ned throws his hands up and steps back, but with the officials back turned, TA Cole DRIVES his boot right into Dex's head that is still hanging outside the ring!

DDK:

This is not a handicap match!

With the official none the wiser, Reform moves Dex Joy closer to the center of the ring. The fans voice their disapproval at his cheating as Ned taunts them by pointing a single finger down at Dex, then toward the Faithful, then toward the top rope, and then toward his head. He smirks and begins to climb the top!

Lance:

Ned Reform looking to put it all on the line here!

The Sage on the Stage steadies himself on the turnbuckle as he looks down at the champion. To give the devil his due, he leaps and sails rather gracefully, driving a picture perfect elbow into the chest of Joy with this Scholar and Elbow! He wastes no time in hooking the leg!

One...

Two...

NO!! Joy powers out!

DDK:

There's still life in the champion!

Reform remains in a seated position in the ring for a second, furrowing his brow and insisting that it was a three count by clapping his hands together three times. Seeing that this is going to get him nowhere, he gets back to his feet. Again, he seems perturbed by the booing of the German Faithful. On the outside, TA Cole yells at the fans to be quiet but Ned takes a different approach. With the champion down, he takes the opportunity to march around the ring in a

full circle, mockingly cheering for the Every Champ by clapping his hands.

Ned Reform: *[sarcastically]*

wReCkS lIkE dEx! wReCkS lIkE dEx! wReCkS lIkE dEx!

After walking a full circle, he leans over the top rope so he's closer to the ringside camera.

Ned Reform:

Dr. Suess was more inspired!

DDK:

For a man who flaunts his intelligence, this isn't very smart. He's wasting time and letting Dex recover! That is NOT something you want to do in a match like this.

And indeed, Joy is beginning to get back to his feet... but Ned shocks everyone where out of nowhere he gets a running start and leaps HIGH into the air, dropping Dex back down with a Fameasser! Joy hits the mat and immediately starts grabbing at his neck!

Lance:

Ned targeting that neck again!

Reform with the lateral press..

One...

Two....

Three... NO! Joy gets the shoulder up!

Lance:

So close! That was another near fall by the Good Doctor and thus far he has been unable to put Dex Joy away, but Dex Joy has vowed to keep fighting until he has nothing left to give!

DDK:

But given how ruthless we have really seen Ned Reform really become when he can press his advantage like this. He stood toe to toe with a man as violent as Bronson Box - and won!

Reform picks up where he left off with his offense on the Biggest Boy by going for a quick variation on a camel clutch but placing a knee on the back so he can continue wrenching the neck. The Good Doctor manages to crank on the neck!

Ned Reform:

Tap out, you simpleton! You aren't worthy of the championship!

DDK:

And there's the Good Doctor continuing to fester under the skin of the champion like a leech! He's got that camel clutch variation locked in firmly.

Lance:

He's quite the technician when he isn't cheating, taking cheap shots, playing dirty, talking trash or being ruthless.

Dex Joy continues to punch at the mat in a bid to drag himself to the ropes. TA Cole is watching his mentor do the work of trying to earn the submission. Hector Navarro is asking if he taps out.

Dex Joy:

No way! No damn way!

Ned Reform:

Submit, you walrus!

Dex Joy ignores the taunts of the Good Doctor as hears the crowd.

"WRECK EM DEX!!!"

"WRECK EM DEX!!!"

"WRECK EM DEX!!!"

"WRECK EM DEX!!!"

The Sage of the Stage finds the chants utterly preposterous, but when he feels Dex Joy starting to push himself upwards off the mat, he starts to become a believer in Big Dex Energy!

Lance:

The Biggest Boy looks like he's about to make the biggest comeback! He's got Ned up!

Dex Joy has Ned up in the electric chair position! Ned tries to squirm his way free, but not before Dex spins him around to the front and then drives him downwards with a sit-down power bomb! TA Cole is left speechless just as the roof comes off of the building!

DDK:

What a counter to the submission attempt by Reform! Can Dex make his comeback?!

Lance:

The neck is slowing him down! He'd normally be going for the cover right about now but that innovative powerbomb was more about buying time I think!

Dex Joy feeds off the crowd and he grabs his neck and TA Cole is telling the Good Doctor to watch out for the incoming champion. When Ned gets back up, Dex Joy grabs him and then slams his face directly into the nearest corner. Ned is seeing stars from one face plant, but the Biggest Boy is far from through.

DDK:

Joy mounting the comeback! He slams him right into the corner! But he's not done! He's pointing to the next corner!

The Good Doctor pleads for his safety, but the pleas fall upon deaf ears and he gets his face smacked onto the top turnbuckle of another corner of the ring! Dex drags him to the fourth and final corner before driving his face back into the padding. Ned is left disoriented after being taken for a ride around the world and then it gets worse when he takes an inverted atomic drop and then follows that up with a huge running body block that turns the challenger for the FIST inside out! After the shot is able to catch him Dex is fully energized and ready to wrap things up!

Lance:

What a comeback by Dex Joy! Can he wrap this one up and look ahead to DEFIANCE Road?

DDK:

Where's he gonna go?

Dex goes to grab Ned Reform by the waist and pushes him into the ropes before he pulls him away and throws him over with a huge belly to belly overhead suplex! Reform tumbles around and when Dex is back up he pushes Ned into the corner and launches him again with a second belly to belly overhead suplex!

DDK:

Ned Reform just flew twice off of those suplexes!

Up in the skybox, Ed White continues to watch the match with his posse and counts along with the rest of the German Faithful!

One ...

Two ...

THR — NO!!!

Ned's far shoulder is up and Dex instantly regrets choosing to hook a far leg instead!

Lance:

Dex Joy gives Ned his best shot, but he's not done! He's still got him on the ropes!

The Biggest Boy is now gesturing to the DEFIANCE Wrestling Faithful and then puts Ned Reform on his shoulders! He spins for the Dex-5, but Reform manages to once again sneak out behind him! He grabs him by the neck and the arm!

DDK:

Ad Hominem! Can he lock in the Ad Homimem fully on Dex?

The Faithful get loud when he has hold of Dex's arm and tries to fully lock in the cross face chicken wing submission, but the Biggest Boy fights out and then runs himself backwards into the corner to crush Reform between himself and the corner until he lets go!

Lance:

Joy breaks free! And he's got the Doctor!

DDK:

Dexy's Midnight Runner coming up!

Dex Joy gets ready to pounce on the Good Doctor. He grabs him and he whips the challenger against the ropes, but when Dex comes back, Ned uses his momentum and he pushes Hector Navarro in place of himself to take the shoulder tackle! Hector Navarro goes flying so far that he lands near the ropes and rolls out of the ring! Dex realizes his error and looks shocked at what Reform just did!

Lance:

No! Dex Joy nailed Hector Navarro by mistake and what's worse?

Before Dex can do anything to course correct himself, he gets caught between the legs with a field goal kick courtesy of the Good Doctor! Dex falls to his knees as a desperate man with the Yale doctorate falls to his knees as well. Edward White's cigar nearly falls out of his mouth when he realizes what's happening?!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

DDK:

And we now have no referee! Edward White looks shocked!

Lance:

We both know he could send Nicky Corozzo down here, but I don't think the big man could make it all the way down here!

As the DEFIANCE Road challenger is left up cursing the situation, Reform gets up and charges off the ropes to deliver a huge clothesline to the back of the bad neck of Dex, and then begins pounding away on the champion! He waves at TA Cole and then his most loyal TA unties his tie then enters the ring. Now the German Faithful are showering them with boos galore as the both stomp on the champion.

DDK:

Now the Honor Society has the two-on-one situation here! They can't get away with this!

Edward White points at Nicky in the skybox and is telling him to get down there ...

BUT THE BOOING TURNS TO CHEERING!!!

White watches the action unfold! Running like his life depended on it, MIKEY UNLIKELY is speeding down the ramp and he is heading right towards the ring!

Lance:

MIKEY UNLIKELY!!! MIKEY UNLIKELY IS HERE TONIGHT!!!

DDK:

IS HE HERE TO EVEN THE ODDS?!

The German Faithful are cheering Mr. 499 when he slides right into the ring! Reform tells Cole to deal with him and he charges at Unlikely, but Mikey ducks that and comes off the ropes to catch TA Cole with a big running clothesline that knocks the big man over the ropes and knocks him to the floor! Reform is screaming at Mikey now that he's all alone with his scheduled opponent for DEFIANCE Road! Dex is hunched over in the corner with the two men in the ring locking eyes!

Ned Reform:

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU BUFFOON?!

Mikey stares him down when Reform points at Dex.

Ned Reform:

IF I WIN, *YOU* GET THE FIRST SHOT AT THE FIST! WALK AWAY! WALK AWAY NOW AND YOU CAN HAVE A SHOT AT *MY* FIST OF DEFIANCE!

Mikey looks out to the German Faithful and they are telling him not to do it!

DDK:

Like we said before this match started, if Ned Reform wins tonight, his match with Mikey Unlikely will be for the FIST of DEFIANCE! All of Edward White's actions against Dex Joy will have been for nothing!

Everyone - Ed White and Associates included - watch as Mikey smiles and then holds a hand out. Reform even looks shocked by the decision, but he smiles and goes towards Dex ... until Mikey grabs him by the arm and spins him around right into a nasty right hand! Ned goes down and the arena erupts! Edward White is clapping like a seal up in the skybox!

DDK:

Mikey tells him what he thinks of his deal with that right hand to the face!

Lance:

I don't think *any* of us expected that! Mikey Unlikely was one of the most reviled champions that DEFIANCE Wrestling ever had! He could have let Ned Reform take advantage of this situation and slid right into a title match fresh off his, but he turned that down flat!

DDK:

I have to believe Mikey Unlikely really has changed!

Mikey leaves the ring, but stands by in case TA Cole tries anything else! Dex Joy sees what just happened, then nods to Mikey and gets back to his feet just as Ned Reform does the same! Ned tries to go after the champion, but Dex Joy

gets up and picks him up on his shoulders and rams him into the corner with a big running tackle!

Lance:

Ned tried to jump on the FIST of DEFIANCE, but Dex Joy is back up! He didn't see that coming!

All eyes are back on the match when Dex picks up Ned and puts him on the top rope. The Biggest Boy starts to climb to the top rope and is looking for what might be a superplex, but Ned surprisingly is able to fight his way out first and punches Dex! He rakes the eyes once again and with a steady series of right hands he is able to knock the champion off the middle ropes and send him to the mat.

DDK:

No! I thought that Dex was going to be able to take advantage, but Ned Reform is *still* very much in this match!

With Dex down, Ned is perfectly perched and standing on the top rope. He gives a dirty look at Mikey outside the ring and lifts both hands in the air before he takes flight for the Scholar and Elbow ...

BUT DEXY BABY SITS UP FIRST!!!

Lance:

Ooooooh! Nothing there for Ned to hit with the Scholar and Elbow but the canvas itself! Joy's back up! Joy's back up!

Dex Joy is back up on his feet with Ned feeling the pain shooting up his arm after the missed diving elbow drop. Dex tries to work out kinks in his neck quickly and then he speeds off the ropes near Ned Reform like a charging bull and collides with the Good Doctor using the Dexy's Midnight Runner! Everyone, including Mikey Unlikely at ringside are gasping out of pure shock from the impact!

DDK:

The EveryChamp put *everything* into that Dexy's Midnight Runner! My God!

Dex pulls Ned's leg and puts him near the corner and goes to the corner. The Biggest Boy starts the biggest climb and when he goes up top, the cell phones come out! He leaps backwards ...

DDK:

JOY BUZZER!!! THE DIVING MOONSAULT LANDS!!! THE SAME MOVE HE USED TO WIN THE FIST!!!

Dex Joy scores with the perfect three-hundred pound diving moonsault and makes the cover just as a new referee, Carla Ferrari, slides into the ring to count the fall!

One ...

Two ...

THREE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Undeclared" by Beacon Light and Tommee Profitt ♪

The music is barely audible over the noise of the hectic German Faithful! Edward White leans back in his cushy chair and he can breathe easy knowing now that his path to the title has no more obstacles. Back in the ring Dex Joy is holding his neck with one hand and then

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner ... and *still your* FIST of DEFIANCE ... DEEEEXXXXXX JOOOYYYYY!!!

Mikey Unlikely gives both TA Cole and the fallen Ned Reform a wave good bye and then leaves ringside! Inside the ring Dex Joy has the FIST and runs his fingers across the specialty nameplate marked "Everyone" then holds it up in the direction of Edward White up in the skybox.

Dex Joy:

And then there was one, pally! No more games! All the money in the world won't save *your* fugly, crooked ass!

DDK:

What an incredible match we just witnessed to close out this year! 2023 Breakout Defiant of the Year Ned Reform proves his worth and does everything he can to win the FIST in his first ever shot at the big gold, but tonight, *the* 2023 DEFIANT of the Year, Dex Joy, turns back one of his toughest challengers yet!

Lance:

Ned had a game plan going into this. He anticipated Dex's moves and kept up with him every step of the way but made one fatal error and it cost him!

DDK:

He'll have his chance for revenge on Mikey Unlikely at DEFIANCE Road ... and speaking of, the main event of DEFIANCE Road stays intact. Dex Joy has made it through every challenger he's set out to fight in these Era of Everyone Open Challenges, and now he fights the one he's wanted the most since the conclusion of Acts of DEFIANCE! Dex Joy will defend the FIST of DEFIANCE against the very first man to hold the title — Edward White!

The challenger Ed White – as he has done all this time - looks down upon the challenger. Dex Joy looks up in his direction and holds the FIST of DEFIANCE tightly!

Lance:

Happy Holidays and Happy New Year to all of you watching!

DDK:

That's right! Thank you for joining us tonight in celebrating the best of 2023 and we will be back in a few weeks for DEFIANCE Road! This is Lance Warner and "Downtown" Darren Keebler wishing you a Happy Holidays and we'll be back in 2024!

The Biggest Boy stands on a close second turnbuckle with the FIST proudly in the air. He points one last time at the "Everyone" name plate on his championship with the Era of Everyone going strong into 2024!

THIS.

IS.

DEFIANCE.

AWARD WINNERS RECAP

2023 WINNERS

DEFIANT of the YEARDex Joy ([bio](#))**DEFIANTS of the YEAR**Lucky Sevens ([bio](#))**FACTION of the YEAR**Vae Victis ([bio](#))**BREAKOUT DEFIANT of the YEAR**Dr. Ned Reform ([bio](#))**ROOKIE DEFIANT of the YEAR**Scott Hunter ([bio](#))**MANAGER of the YEAR**Teri Melton ([bio](#))**MATCH of the YEAR**SOHER: Henry Keyes (C) vs. Corvo Alpha ([ACTS of DEFIANCE](#))**SEGMENT of the YEAR**Thank you Brock Newbludd ([DEFtv 192](#))**SHOCK of the YEAR**Henry Keyes vs. Justin Sane match ([DEFtv 187](#))**ONGOING STORYLINE of the YEAR**

Henry Keyes' SOHER record setting

&

Malak Garland's ongoing identity crisis

BRAZEN of the YEAROphelia Sykes ([bio](#))**DEFCON PERSONALITY of the YEAR**Malak Garland ([bio](#))**REVIEWER of the YEAR**

Tim Tillinghast

HALL of FAMERS

"Downtown" Darren Keebler

Angus Skaaland