

The Rundown - Welcome to the Show

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[ARRRRRGHHHH SOME ANNOYING COMMERCIAL ABOUT BUYING DIAMONDS ENSUES, UNLESS YOU PAY HULU AN EXTRA \$3 BUCKS AMERICAN FOR HULU PLUSER!]

[The following broadcast is brought to you exclusively by HULU PLUS!]

[Que the Christmas Music, Rudolph the Red Nose Cocaine Addict, one of those classics nobody but your mom and annoying people on Facebook want to listen to all of the time. So, your mom.]

[Que a totally not legal use of the old school flava that is claymation Rudolph, the little red nosed freak is frolicking around like he's not some radioactive accident that needs to be destroyed.]

[That is until a big goddamned fist smashes down from the heavens, leaving poor Rudolph the Red Nose Reindeer a bloody pile of fail. The screen cracks then shatters, giving way to the sound of four thousand of the craziest wrestling fans in all the world. The Faithful.]

[The shot fades to a sweeping shot of the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex, seeing many of those four thousand strong, cheering and screaming and jumping about, many of them with their signs...]

GET STREET FIGHTED!
GLORY TO THE UNCROWNED QUEEN!
OLD SKOOL FLAAAVAAAH!
OMEGA BE CREEPIN'!
HAPPY FESTIVUS!
EUGENE, THE RED FACED NERD-DEER!
FOUR FOR GLEN COCO, YOU GO GLEN COCO!
AND NONE FOR GRETCHEN WEINERS, BYE!
BRONSON'S A DICK IN A BOX!
ALECY & BOOYA WISH YOU A MERRY FLEXMAS!
DAN RYAN EGO BUSTED TINY TIM'S LEGS!
SLEIGH BELLS CLAPPING, ARE YOU LISTENING?
TY WALKER IN A WINTER WONDERLAND!
JAKE DONOVANS CHESTNUTS ROASTING ON A OPEN FIRE!

[The shot finally fades to the booth where we are greeted by the long time coconspirators of pro wrestling commentary. Angus is on the right and wearing a festively colored version of his tuxedo tee shirt, it's all sparkly and green with a red "tie" and a Santa cap on his head. Meanwhile Keebler is on the left and a bit more subdued with a red sport coat and green shirt underneath, looking mighty dapper this evening.]

Angus:

HO HO HO, MURRRRRRRRRRRRRRAY CHRIST-MAAAAAAS, FUCKERS!

DDK:

I can see we're already going to not be better versions of ourselves even during the holiday season, eh partner?

Angus:

It wouldn't be DEFIANCE Wrestling if I suddenly changed or tried to meet peoples expectations for decency, now would it?

DDK:

A fair point... ANYWAY, we have a heckuva show for you this evening, our last of twenty fifteen! None of them are bigger than tonight's main event, as we see if Lindsay Troy can match Bronson Box by surviving Kelly Evans' Contendership Gauntlet.

Angus:

Heh, yeah. The Queen wants yet another chance, and why not give it to her, right? Lets see what she can do with three rounds of unknown competition. Just don't be surprised when she cries foul because of reasons that should give her a pass into the main event of Ascension if she loses.

DDK:

Conspiracy theories aside, if she wins it punches her proverbial ticket where she'll have to compete with Dan Ryan, Bronson Box and Eugene Dewey for the FIST.

Angus:

Right, what else do we have? We know Curtis Penn's mockery of the SOHER is bound to happen, so moving along!

DDK:

Uhm, kay... After the last couple of weeks of getting to know the always *interesting* Chance Von Crank, Harmony is looking to get a measure of revenge after being screwed over in her bid for the SOHER title.

Angus:

Heh, interesting. You can say the walking episode of COPS, the redneck psychopath Chance Von Crank is due to get beat by the sweetest creature that THA GAWD has ever seen fit to bestow upon us.

DDK:

I *could* say that, but I'm not. Also in action, Dusty Griffith and Aleczander the Great will finally go toe to toe in tag team action when Dusty teams with his protege, Howlin' Joe Wolfe against Aleczander and another BRAZEN prospect, Flex Krueger.

Angus:

Hopefully Flex proves to balance out the worthless that is Jonny Booya in Alecz' life, ugh, why do all my heroes have to have some kind of flaw? Cancer Jiles is a flake, Alecz bros out with that flat topped idiot, Team Danger still hasn't returned to DEFIANCE... Hard times, Keeps, hard times.

DDK:

The struggle is real, your suffering is immense.

Angus:

I knew you'd understand, Keeps.

DDK:

Sure, sure, we have all that and more for our big year ending episode, but coming up next, we have Andy Sharp and Jason Natas both looking to bounce back after losses over the last few weeks.

Angus:

I bet'cha Natas bounces back win or lose.

DDK:

Veeerrrrry funny... We'll be right back, folks!

[Cut to elsewhere in the building.]

Immigration Reform

[A podium comes into focus. Displayed across the front proudly is the DEF logo with “cVc” spray painted over it. It sits backstage all alone for the moment. Camera’s flash as Chance Von Crank walks into the still camera shot. The suit he is wearing is nice, a red tie to match his new Trump hat. The crowd reacts quickly inside the arena after seeing the hat on the big screen. They boo him with real hatred causing a sly grin to cross his face. He gets behind the podium and faces the camera. cVc adjusts his tie to relieve tension around his neck before he begins.]

cVc:

I thought this was the appropriate place and time to endorse Donald Trump for President. I hear you, Louisiana... I’m sure a billionaire cares about a swamp full of white trash that worship Wal-Mart and a white Jesus from the Middle East. You all suck so bad. I hate every person here that isn’t named cVc. So ungrateful. Trump even wants to strengthen your levee’s but I say let the weak sink if they refuse to swim.

[The crowd relentless boo Crank. He eats every bit of it up. cVc blows a kiss at the camera inciting the crowd even further. He adjusts his “Make America Great Again” hat slightly to ensure it is facing the camera at all times.]

cVc:

I don’t know why you are so mad, he’s not gonna get rid of welfare or your “draw” checks. So don’t worry someone will still keep you all up. He, like cVc, wants to get rid of these illegals and refugees. Trump sure won’t back down from Putin like our sissy President does. They are friends, I say we send all the illegals and refugees to Russia to shovel snow. I’m full of great ideas. Donald... If you need a running mate, this ole boy from Harlan has got you.

Harmony:

Why am I not surprised that you’re a supporter of that cretin?

[Harmony appears to the side of the podium and needless to say, she’s not thoroughly impressed.]

Harmony:

What the hell is your problem exactly? Getting pissy because you think they’re going to take your guns off you?

[Crank rips his suit jacket off. He then slings it to the ground. cVc then tears off his dress shirt popping buttons everywhere. Left in just a wife beater shirt now, he flexes his muscles right up in Harmony’s face.]

cVc:

There’s no background checks at this gun show, bitch!

[Almost as if on cue, the scene gets interrupted when another man not of this U S of A approaches the podium. The fans watching along cheer when none other than “The Lord of the Skies” pops into view, shooting a glance at an already-annoyed Harmony and then the flexing Chance Von Crank. Andy has a quick laugh of his own as he gestures to his own hat.]

Andy Sharp:

Oh... shit, I thought this was “bring a political hat to work day...”

[Sharp has on a blue hat with “Vote Trudeau” on it... even though Canada’s election has been over for several months now. Harmony rolls her eyes and has a laugh, but cVc is clearly not amused with the Canadian’s interruption.]

Andy Sharp:

...Well, they can’t all be gems, can they?

cVc:

And what the fuck makes you think YOU can just ice skate your way into this country? You getting tired of your baby-face Prime Minister of Mothercanuckery too?

[Sharp laughs... no, seriously. He likes the joke. Even Harmony looks a little put off.]

Andy Sharp: [in as thick of a Canadian 'accent' as he can]

Nope, just here to take your job, eh? You know, us dirty snowbacks coming over here, being all polite, speaking all metric, hockey and maple syrup, oot and aboot and so forth... [stops and throws the hat away] Nah, I just wanted to see if this Chance Von Crank guy was as much of a dipshit as I've heard from others... It's pretty unreal, I gotta say...

Harmony:

Sanders is the best option.

cVc:

Woah. Woah. The only time cVc feels the Bern is when he takes a piss.

[Sharp and Harmony laugh at Crank further infuriating him. He storms off knocking the podium over. Crank continues walking away not watching where he's going. He continues until he bumps right into Henry Keyes, hard, in the shoulder. Keyes nearly drops a box he's holding in his hands, and shoots Crank a wide-eyed glare.]

cVc:

Watch where you're walking, you fucking hipster poofa.

[Crank huffs off as Keyes burns a hole in the back of the Shock N' Rolla's head. It's been a while since we've seen this look on Keyes's face.]

Henry Keyes:

WATCH IT!

[Keyes composes himself with great struggle before going back about his business.]

Andy Sharp vs Jason Natas

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, our next match features two men who are definitely looking to turn their luck around after some in-ring setbacks last week. The so-far 0-2 Jason Natas is looking to defeat the world-traveled Andy Sharp, coming of his first DEFIANCE loss to "The Ego Buster" Dan Ryan!

Angus:

Let's not mince words, Keebs, the situations were completely different- Andy was beat in a match that could've gone either way to the NUMBER ONE CONTENDER of the FIST of DEFIANCE, Dan Ryan. Natas has been outran by Jake Donovan, then outgunned by the debuting Omega!

DDK:

Very true. It's gonna come down to wants it more. Andy's gunning for a Southern Heritage title shot, Natas wants his first in the win column! Let's head to the ring now for our next match!

♪ "Light Up The Sky" - Thousand Foot Krutch ♪

That can only mean that Andy Sharp is on his way out! Looking to get back on the winning path tonight, The Lord of the Skies takes in a big reception from the crowd and goes to a knee, pointing both index fingers upward. Sharp heads toward the ring at a breakneck pace and slides underneath the bottom rope before flipping forward to his feet. Once he stands, he executes a standing backflip to show off for the crowd!

♪ "NY State of Mind" - Nas ♪

The Anti-Superstar is out next and despite keeping his rather disheveled appearance, he looks a little more determined than in weeks past since returning to DEFIANCE. Natas charges towards the ring pensively as Andy Sharp watches the former PRIMEate enter the squared circle. Natas tries to get himself mentally ready for what's to come as the bell rings.

Not really having any beef with Natas to speak of, Sharp offers a hand. While Natas doesn't shake it, he does at least slap the hand out of some sort of sportsmanship. Andy goes to grapple, but Natas BLASTS him with a solid Elbow to the face and a big Scoop Slam! Natas goes right for a cover, but gets a one-count off of it. The last two weeks seem to motivate the Anti-Superstar as he pulls Andy up and tries to take him towards the corner. Natas casually approaches it to try and conserve energy, but Sharp flips right over and catches him with a roll-up out of the corner for a two-count of his own!

Sharp takes over with speed right away when he catches Natas with a Leg Lariat. Natas goes to the floor to save himself, but this is Andy Sharp - NOBODY is safe, as evident from a Suicide Dive! Sharp goes for a second Suicide Dive that connects! The third dive is a **Somersault Tope** THROUGH the ropes! After the aerial artistry on display, Sharp throws Natas back in the ring, but only scores a two-count. The Lord of the Skies measures him up for a Corner Elbow Smash, but Natas gets a back elbow up of his own. He throws Sharp into the corner and hits a Corner Back Elbow of his own and then uses a Scoop Powerslam for two!

Natas is already looking spent, but decides to try and slow things down by using a rudimentary Armbar submission to ground Mr. All-Star. Submissions are not his strong suit, but Natas hangs on while Sharp crawls to the ropes and eventually makes it. Sharp goes to pull back up to his feet, but Natas beats on him some more with a few solid right hands. With a little more wind in his tank, he tries a German Suplex, but Sharp backflips out and AMAZINGLY lands on his feet! Natas is slow to get up, but Sharp is already on him with an Enzuigiri followed up by **The All-Star Line-up** for a two-and-a-half count!

Sensing the end is near, Sharp goes up top, but a very groggy Natas sucks in wind and heads to the corner. He cuts off Mr. All-Star with a right hand again and throws him off the top. With a chance to clinch the win, Natas goes to the ropes but is noticeably slower than he used to be, trying for his Facebreaker, but Sharp ducks out of its path. Sharp goes to pick Natas up, but he shoves him into the ropes - only for Sharp to come back and land **THE SHARPER IMAGE!** The Pendulum Lariat drops Natas and then Sharp heads up top...

ALL-STAR FROG SPLASH!

The three-count is academic as Sharp claims a victory tonight while Natas - as hard as he fought tonight - has another notch added in the loss column. Sharp has his hand raised by the official while Natas rolls over and looks frustrated himself, clutching his ribs in pain after the impact of the huge Frog Splash.

DDK:

Jason Natas tried to change up his gameplan from the last two weeks and pace himself, but when Sharp upped the tempo, there was just no slowing him down! A hard-fought win for Sharp who gets back on the winning track!

Angus:

I think Natas could use a few more hours on the treadmill. He's trying, I'll give him that, but you can't come in half-assing it in this ring, pal!

[The Lord of the Skies tries to approach Natas and offers another hand, but he's already rolled out of the ring and back up the ramp, limping slowly and refusing help from one of the ringside attendants. Andy shrugs it off and celebrates by leaping on the second turnbuckle and revelling in the cheers of the crowd. With that, the scene goes elsewhere.]

Prey - Part 3

[The camera pans backstage from the ring after the Natas/Sharp match to the reception area. Some tech hands and wrestlers were congregating in the area. One of the most recognized members of the people in the area was the “Ego Buster” Dan Ryan. He stood in a sea of people as he looked through the chaos of tech hands and fans. The reception area was now the sight of the enigma Omega’s gaze. The madman peered from another hidden area as he watched the reception area with intent. The monster seemed to have his eyes set on random individuals each week so no one in DEFIANCE has no idea who this maniac has chosen for his next victim. Omega slunk in the shadows as the camera tried to get a glimpse of the big man. Omega had his head down as his long dreads fell from the opening the hoodie.]

Omega:

Each week we continue to give facts to you sheep about what is to come and why you follow the false heroes of DEFIANCE. We continue to see you people cheer and cheer the pragmatic nature of these wrestlers. Each week we sit here and give you peons a clue into who our next victim may be. Each week we show you the starting point to our plan. We give you the insight you need to understand what they have planned for you. We believe that our victim will be reborn after what we have in store for them. Our victim has been trying to make his mark in DEFIANCE but now Omega is here to end that. They want your blood and that’s why they have sent us here.

[The monster slowly pulls his hoodie back. Omega grabbed his long locks and moved them back from his face as he move slightly into the light. The camera caught a glimpse of his eerie dead left eye. The madman looked straight into the reception area to see the large man Dan Ryan standing near a table talking to someone. Ryan was in the midst of his own battles for the FIST title. The former champion continued speaking to a tech hand as Omega watched intently. A smile came across Omega’s face as a couple of wrestlers flashed in front of Dan and the tech hand.]

Omega:

They know exactly what needs to be done and they have executed it for Omega. He is the perfect weapon for them and they feel that the weapon needs to be unleashed fully rather soon. We have nicknamed Omega the boogeyman. Why you ask? Well the boogeyman was used to scare children into good behavior, however this boogeyman has been made to scare adults because of the indiscretions. The monster shall punish the week for their inequity. And the monster will reveal the victim in the next coming weeks.

[Omega continues to watch the reception area as a few people continue to move about. Dan Ryan grabs a sheet of paper for the tech hand. He looks at the paper and flings it back at the tech hand in disgust as the enigma smirks at the exchange. Omega pulled his head backwards slowly and he looked up into the air for a few seconds before moving his head downward looking toward the reception area once more. The long dreadlocks fell over his face almost touching the floor.]

Omega:

They say pain only makes you stronger. The pain that we have endured all our life has made us into what we you see before you. We have spent most of our life in an insane Asylum because of what people perceived us to be. We suffered in life because you people wanted to pass judgement on us. We suffered through everything imaginable in order to get to this pinnacle in our life. You normal people believe that a six year old child could kill his whole entire family in one night. Your so called doctors tried to cajole information from me but to no avail. We took it upon ourselves to lead Omega from the confines of that place. We made him believe that he was more than just a bewildered soul because of the crimes he was unjustly accused of. That’s the same thing ACW and jOlt tried to accomplish with us. DEFIANCE, however will not get that chance.

Omega: [Pointing toward Dan Ryan as he peered up from the shadows.]

That man right there has been in this business for a long time and if we decided that he was our victim, what would you people do. Would you cheer us for destroying him or would you hate us for destroying him? The problem is you people are fickle and have no idea what you want and that’s why we have unleashed Omega on DEFIANCE. We will show you people what you want and need.

[Omega slowly moved from the shadows and placed the hoodie back over his head as the dreadlocks continued to cover the left side of his face. he stood to his feet as he watch the reception area with delight. Dan Ryan had already made his way from the area and other wrestlers and tech hands moved to the backstage area as well. The monster continued to watch before a small smirked form from his lips. He moved his hiding place and made his way down some stairs to the bowels of the Wrestle-plex. Omega turned to look at the camera that stopped at the top of the stairs.]

Omega:

We are watching **you**.

[The camera faded back to the ringside area.]

Angus:

Keeps, I sent a welcome basket to Omega.

DDK:

Why did you do that?

Angus:

Because when the reign of terror comes down from this monster. I will be on the spared list. So I'll watch as this maniac destroys all around me. Maybe they'll give me a partner with some personality.

DDK:

I can safely say that Omega does not discriminate because he was stalking Dan Ryan. He goes after the heavy hitters doesn't he.

Angus:

All I know is everyone better beware of this guy.

DDK:

Let's head back to the ring as we're to see Jake Donovan in action.

Jake Donovan vs Walter Levy

[The shot cuts back to the arena.]

♪ "Heaven Is a Place on Earth" - Belinda Carlisle ♪

Folks don't exactly know what to think as Walter Levy comes down the aisle.

DDK:

Kind of interested to see how Referee Hector Navarro will handle keeping his ex-tag team partner in line.

Angus:

You can bet that Jake's got a fireball for both of them if Navarro gets in his way.

DDK:

Now you're condoning the torching of officials?

Angus:

I'd condone you on fire if it got boring enough p here tonight.

The boos began

♪ "Fire it up" - Black Label Society ♪

Jake Donovan came down the aisle with two burning escrima sticks and it was pretty clear he knew how to handle them.

Angus:

It's firebaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaallllllll time!

DDK:

Why did you do that? Seriously. That wasn't called for.

Angus:

Well, I say it was, so deal with it.

Jake spit fluid at the burning end of one of those sticks, sending a ball of fire into the air, bringing gasps from the fans and a few oohs and awws too. Laughing, Jake snatched a large drink from the hand of a fan, tore off the top and plunged the ends of the flaming sticks in it to put them out, before tossing the drink over his shoulder. Escrima sticks abandoned beside the steps, Jake grabbed the legs of Walter Levy and yanked him out of the ring.

A quick flurry of strikes and kicks soon saw Jake come out on top. He drills Levy with a sit out powerbomb, leaps onto the ring apron, and comes off with a moonsault before sliding into the ring. The match still doesn't officially start until Levy crawls in under the bottom rope and joins him. A cocky Jake is right there with stomps and kicks, yanks Levy to his feet and catches a standing dropkick to the face for his trouble. Levy with a flipping leg drop and a springboard moonsault before getting a two count on Jake.

Irate, Donovan fires back with a headbutt to the face as soon as Levy tries to pull him up. Follows it up with a jawbreaker, then pitches him back out of the ring. Jake follows, launching himself at Levy, driving him to the mat with a summersault DDT. Jake leaps onto the barricade, springboards off and drives his knees into the back of Levy before dragging him back into the ring. Two count, but only because Donovan pulls his head up to stop the count.

Navarro warns him, but five minute later, Jake does it again following a phoenix splash. Levy nearly scores an upset, when he catches Jake with a schoolboy while he's arguing overly long with Navarro about the count. Jake replies with a series of strikes, before drilling Levy with a Brainbuster in the corner. The shooting star press should have been a three count, but Jake pulled Levy up again and waved one finger in front of his face, as if saying no, not over yet.

Once more Navarro warns him, but Jake doesn't even acknowledge him this time, he just drags Levy to his feet, nails him with a flipping piledriver and pins him at last, much to the frustration of the fans.

DDK:

Totally disgusting display by Jake Donovan, seriously he had the man beat five minutes ago.

Angus:

I don't think beating folks is enough for Donovan anymore. He's on a mission to make people pay.

DDK:

For what? What the hell did Walter Levy ever do to him?

Angus:

The world may never know.

Not done, Jake decides to stomp and kick his downed opponent, before rolling out of the ring, locating his trusty flask. The flicker of a lighter later and Donovan spits a fireball in his prone opponents face as Security rushes the ringside area.

With Jake kicking a screaming Walter Levy, someone in a pair of black sweatpants, and black t-shirt slides in the ring tackling Donovan down to the mat, raining punches down on top of Jake. The crowd comes alive.

DDK:

It's Sam Horry! He's been waiting for this moment ever since Acts of DEFIANCE, when Jake burned him with a fireball to his face!!!

Angus:

It takes a real tough man to attack someone when he's vulnerable! I thought these martial artists were supposed to be all about honor!

Sam and Jake spill to the floor, with Sam still throwing punches at him. The punches aren't landing flush, but they're making their point. Jake trying to create space so he can fight back, moves into the aisle but Sam is relentless. Sam is still landing blows, when DEF Security storms the aisle separating the two. With DEF Sec holding Sam's arms, Jake gives Sam a parting blow: a right hand right between Sam's eyes. Sam staggers backwards while DEF Sec. separates them further from each other.

Angus:

Hahaha!!! And Jake gets the last shot of the night.

DDK:

Yeah, with about 12 other people holding Sam back. And Sam still wants to go, look at him!

In the ring, with DEF Security trying to calm him down, Sam is pacing back and forth shouting at Donovan to meet him. The crowd is roaring, anticipating their confrontation. Sam eggs the crowd on.

Fans:

Let them fight! Let them fight! Let them fight!

DDK:

Sam doesn't want to wait until Ascension!!!

Angus:

But I like how in control Jake is of himself. Sam is in a state of total turmoil.

Camera pans in on Jake who slyly smirks at Sam who is standing on the middle ropes still shouting at him. One of the

security guards pulls Sam from the middle rope forcefully, causing Sam to hit the canvas. The camera pans to Sam's face as he stands back to his feet, with the security guard screaming at Sam, and pointing at him.

Fans:

Kick his ass!!! Kick his ass!!! Kick his ass!!!

DDK:

Um.....If I'm this security guard, I'd stop while I have the chance. Sam does not look like he's in the mood, and this crowd isn't helping any.

Angus:

Yeah Sam's not above kicking this guy in the head. I tell you he's worse than Jake ever could be. At least Jake is upfront with it.

Sam and the security guard begin to have words, which cannot be heard over the boisterous crowd. Stepping towards Jake's direction causes the security guard puts his hand on Sam's chest impeding Sam's forward movement. Sam exploded with a left leg roundhouse kick to the security guard's head knocking him out. The crowd came unglued.

DDK:

Come on, Sam! You're better than this!

Looking at another guard, Sam takes him down with t-bone suplex. Sam nips to his feet, and connects on another guard with a right hook/left roundhouse kick to the guard's liver. Jake claps sarcastically, as Horry grabs another guard and belly to belly suplexes him over the top rope and onto the guards already on the floor. Another guard hops onto the apron, and quickly receives a jumping knee, sending him crashing to the arena floor as well. The ovation for Sam grew louder, as he stood alone in the ring.

Angus:

He should be fired! Sam's gone crazy!

DDK:

Look at all the bodies, the--the collateral damage!

Donovan walks back up the aisle, while more security flood the ring. Sam tenses to fight, getting in his fighting stance.

DDK:

Look at that predatory look in Sam's eyes! They look like they're attempting to reason with Sam, but I'm not sure he can be reasoned with.

Angus:

They should be armed! DEF Sec lives matter!!!

Tyrone Walker came sprinting down to ringside, quickly stepping in between Sam and the security guards.

Angus:

MUHBOITAH to the rescue!

DDK:

Hopefully Sam's cousin, Tyrone Walker can get Sam to calm down here. No more bodies need to be broken over this issue between Sam Horry and Jake Donovan.

Sam who was still tense for a fight, spoke with Ty.

DDK:

Folks we can't hear the conversation going on between Ty and Sam, but Sam looks to be heeding whatever it is Ty is

telling him.

The more Ty talks, the more Sam nods, and he eventually relaxes from his fighting stance. Ty motions for them to head to the locker room, which Sam acquiesces. He and Ty make their way past the additional DEF Sec gathered at ringside.

DDK:

Look at the carnage left by both Sam and Jake as they head towards their collision course at Ascencion. If this is any indication, I shudder to think of the carnage they'll leave behind after Ascension. We're going to go backstage while we attempt to get some order here at ringside.

The Last Nerve

[The camera pans to one of the many, many halls where a pair of stagehands are walking, trying to hurry to their destination. The conversation between the two isn't heard, but when they see something coming their way, they immediately turn to see the frustrated, lumbering mass that is Jason Natas heading their direction. The two scatter like cockroaches as the limping Anti-Superstar continues towards an unknown destination after his third consecutive loss in as many shows. Natas takes a brief second to collect himself now that nobody is around, but any chance for a little peace and quiet to reflect on recent events goes out the window.]

???:

HAHAHA! Just follow my lead out there tonight, mate, and the ladies are gonna be all over us!

??? #2:

BOAH, WE'LL BE GETTIN' MORE PUSSY THAN AN ANIMAL SHELTER! YEEAAHHH!

[Natas hears the voices from a proverbial mile away and instantly snarls with annoyance, looking up from the floor confirms his suspicions as he sees Aleczaender the Great and Jonny Booya along with BRAZEN prospect, Flex Krueger coming his way.]

Jason Natas: [grumbling]

Fuckin' great...

[Natas attempts to turn on his heel, he's already agitated as is and obviously isn't the mood for more of the dimwitted dumbbells that are Alec and Jonny. Those Christmas wishes however fall on deaf ears.]

Jonny Booya:

FATAS!

[Because Jonny Booya sees the target of his and Aleczaender's less than friendly 'attention' since Natas' return to the company.]

Jason Natas:

Here we fuckin' go.

[Accepting his fate, Natas' jaw flexes and his fists clench as the musclebound morons of DEFIANCE approach with broad smiles and bad intentions.]

Aleczaender The Great:

Hahaha, hey, Flex, look at this fucking gimp! He blew out his leg by spendin' too much time on his knees, slobbering nobs! Hahaha!

[Flex sits back and has a laugh while Natas' urge to kill is rising faster than Homer Simpson during "A Chorus Line." Booya approaches him and starts to point at his knee.]

Jonny Booya:

HEY, FATAS! CATERING'S THAT WAY, NER...

[He's cut off by a SOLID right fucking hand colliding with his Duke Nukem-esque jawbone! Booya doesn't see the shot coming and goes staggering backwards, but Aleczaender jumps to his BFF's aid while Flex jumps in the fray, looking to make an impact of his own! Natas tries to fight off both musclebound nimrods, but they're too much for him and soon, he's on the ground and now Aleczaender and Flex are putting the boots to the Anti-Superstar.]

Jonny Booya: [roaring mad]

YEW NO GOOD SUNUVABITCH, AH'M TEH BIG KANG KEWL AN' DEESTROYAR O' NERRRDS LAHK YEW!...

GIT HIS ASS UP, I'MMA KEEL DIS FATAS NERD!

[Alec and Flex both turn their heads at the oral explosion coming from Jonny and listen to the enraged Big King Cool. Stopping their assault, they lift Natas up to his feet and this is totally looking like the Halloween scene from Karate Kid as Jonny Booya Lawrence squares up to the restrained Jason-San Natas.]

???:

I think he's had enough, brother.

Jonny Booya:

AH'LL DEESAHD WHIN HEES HAD ENOUGH, BOAH!

[Before Jonny could add his two cents to the beating, he's suddenly shoved out of the way with the arrival of Dusty Griffith, who barrels into him with a football tackle, while also followed by his protege, Howlin' Joe Wolfe. The two good samaritans jump into the scrum with Dusty turning from Booya and going right for his English "friend" (mate?) and Wolfe targeting his fellow BRAZEN hopeful, Flex Krueger. Alec and Flex see them coming and opt to bail, letting Natas slump halfway back to the floor, while Dusty stands between the two sides. Joe attempts to help Natas up, while Dusty continues to glare back at Alec, who is none too pleased with this rude interruption.]

Aleczer the Great:

You WANKER! You've got in my way for the last fuckin' time! You'll be gettin' yours tonight, mate!

Dusty Griffith: [standing his ground]

Yeah, just keep walking, brother, you'll get yours soon enough!

[A growling Booya is pulled back by Aleczer and Flex, muttering incoherently about not being done with Natas as the three men head down the hallway, Aleczer in particular eyeballing Dusty Griffith, putting back on a confident grin since the two will be in opposite corners later tonight. The three depart, leaving Natas alone with Dusty and Joe, who dust him off after helping him to his feet. Growling, Natas shrugs them off.]

Jason Natas:

Fuck off me, boyo. If I wanted yer help, I'd have asked.

Dusty Griffith:

Right, because you had 'em right where you wanted them.

[Natas looks at Dusty, his nose flaring like an angry bull as his teeth grind in frustration before he shoves past the Griffith and Wolfe, leaving with a more noticeable limp as he goes.]

Joe Wolfe:

Gee thanks, man, you're welcome. Nice crowd around here eh, Dusty?

Dusty Griffith:

Yeah, just another day in DEFIANCE, kid. [he shrugs] Whatever, we got our business to handle.

[Joe nods as Dusty walks off as the shot cuts to elsewhere in the building.]

Merry Keyesmas

[From the scene of the previous madness, the camera cuts to the hallway outside the women's locker room and finds Harmony exiting the interior. Her match with the Trailer Park Prodigy is imminent and she looks focused and determined to mash his face into white trash potato. Hold the garlic.]

[She starts walking down the hall when a voice from behind her calls out.]

Henry Keyes:

AHOY THERE! Wait!

[Harmony winces slightly at the loud bark from the Airship Pirate, before turning with an arched eyebrow. Keyes approaches, holding a box in his hands that's wrapped in simple brown paper.]

Harmony:

Umm can I help you?

Henry Keyes:

While I was away, one of my...associates...suggested I give this to you. You know, just as a small gesture. A token of friendship for my good friend!

[Keyes holds out the box expectantly as Harmony just looks at him confused.]

Harmony:

I think there might be a mix-up here. I don't know you.

Henry Keyes:

Oh that's silly. [beat] When did you get an accent?

Harmony:

...I was born with it?

Henry Keyes:

Why is this the first time you've spoken to me with it? And wait...

[Keyes looks down at Harmony's boots, then back at her face]

Henry Keyes:

I thought you were taller...

[Harmony is clearly dumbfounded.]

Harmony:

Who exactly do you think I am?

Henry Keyes:

What do you mean, "think?" And WHERE IS THIS ACCENT COMING FROM?!

Harmony:

I told you, I was born with it! As a matter of fact... [she narrows her eyes] ...who are you?

[Henry is about to answer when he feels a tap on his right shoulder. He turns and looks at the new face in front of him, then back at Harmony, then back at the new face once again.]

Lindsay Troy:

Come to show me your new brace?

[The Airship Pirate's cheeks flush to the point of nearly matching the color of his hair and mustache. Now aware of his mistake, Henry clears his throat and addresses the ACTUAL Lindsay Troy.]

Henry Keyes:

While I was away, one of my ... associates ... suggested --

Harmony: [cutting him off]

No. No more talking until SOMEONE enlightens me as to who you are!

[The Queen chuckles a bit; the young Padawan has much to learn.]

Lindsay Troy:

This is Henry Keyes, resident Bell Clapper and Absinthe aficionado. He also has a habit of popping up unexpectedly and then disappearing.

Henry Keyes:

I'll have you know I DEFINITELY expected to be here...we ARE "here," aren't we?

[Harmony's wide eyes tell a story of thinking she made a wrong turn into Crazy Town.]

Lindsay Troy:

I don't think Mini-Me has time right now for your breakdown of the space-time continuum, Henry.

Henry Keyes:

Ha! "Breakdown"...a fantastical word you've come up with, Miss Troy! Not unlike your so-called "Hand Grenade"...

[Keyes turns to Harmony.]

Henry Keyes:

Anyway, Miss...um...wait. I'm afraid I don't have your name. You're not ALSO Miss Troy, are you?

Harmony: [laughing]

No, I can't live up to that honour. Harmony Scott.

[The brunette extends her hand out for a handshake. How British of her. Henry clasps her forearm in a Roman-style handshake. How Keyesian of him.]

Henry Keyes:

A pleasure! I'm afraid that I possess but one gift, and it is for Miss Troy. But! I'll find a way to make it up to you, for your kindness.

[Keyes hands the box to Troy with a nod. She looks very surprised at the gesture but tries to play it cool. How Troyvi...Troyi...how very like her.]

Lindsay Troy:

Henry...not that I'm not flattered by this, because I am...but you know the point of Secret Santa is for me to *not* know ahead of time that the gift is from you. Right?

Henry Keyes:

Who or what is a San-Ta?

[Harmony's mouth drops open. What sorcery is this?!]

Harmony:

You don't know who Santa is? Do you live in a cave or something?

Henry Keyes: [not missing a beat]

An airship, actually. Miss Troy, does San-Ta work here? Is he that flaxen-haired, cigarette-smoking fat man with the Northeastern Continental accent? [pauses, thinks] I'll have to introduce myself...

[Troy facepalms and tries not to laugh, but her shoulders are shaking a little and the struggle is real. Keyes, oblivious as ever, shrugs and bows.]

Henry Keyes:

I'll leave you ladies to it. Cheers!

[Keyes gives Harmony and Troy one hearty pat on the back apiece and exits stage left.]

Harmony:

Did that really just happen?

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, did it ever. And this isn't even the weirdest conversation I've had with him.

[Harmony's eyebrow pops up.]

Harmony:

It gets weirder?

[Troy considers going into further detail but opts to keep the magic alive. Just a little while longer.]

Lindsay Troy:

I blame the Absinthe, really.

Harmony:

I'm sure many have used it as an excuse. Aren't you going to open the gift?

Lindsay Troy:

Well... [looks at the parcel, shrugs] Yeah, alright.

[Troy tears the paper to reveal an intricate, hand-carved wooden box about the size of a basketball. She lifts the gold-inlaid lid and the box's hinge catches so it only opens halfway. The camera's view is obstructed but Harmony and Troy can see what's inside...and that's all that really matters.]

Lindsay Troy:

What the...

Harmony:

Is that what I think it is?

[Now it's Troy's turn to look dumbfounded.]

Lindsay Troy: [muttering]

I can't take this on the plane with me... [the muttering turns into a full-on yell as she turns her head to the left.] HENRY, I CAN'T TAKE THIS ON THE PLANE WITH ME!

Harmony:

I wouldn't advise it. It looks like amazing craftsmanship.

Lindsay Troy:

I don't know why I yelled that; he's very clearly gone. [sighs.] Guess I'm renting a car back to Tampa.

[She looks at Harmony.]

Lindsay Troy:

Aren't you supposed to be killing von Crank in the face right about now?

Harmony:

That's next on the agenda. Ladies don't start fights but I'm damn sure ending this one.

[She walks off to the right and the camera cuts away.]

Harmony vs Chance Von Crank

[The shot comes back to the arena for the next match of the evening.]

♪ "I'm Broken" by Pantera ♪

[Chance Von Crank comes through the curtain fast. His rhinestone robe shines under the bright lights. Crank heads down the ramp towards the ring. Amongst all the boo's is a rare cheer? One of those few rare fans is standing at the security barrier screaming for cVc. The little boy holds up a hat and sharpie. Chance snatches it up then signs the cap for the ecstatic child.

Angus:

Chance is signing autographs! See he has changed, Keebs!

cVc turns away dropping the hat on the ramp then stepping on it. He then twists his heel as his foot lands flush on the hat. Chance grins and continues on towards the ring, The child begins to cry and his father is outraged.

DDK:

Spoke too soon.

Angus:

Chance Von Crank has entered the Wrestle-Plex! He is already making fans in the front row.

DDK:

He just signed an autograph for a small child then stepped on it. Jesus...

♪ "Just A Girl" by No Doubt ♪

Angus:

Here comes Harmony!

Harmony walks out just as Stefani begins to sing and the crowd erupts. She holds up both arms and walks down the ramp. She picks up the hat the little boy keeps reaching for. She gets his sharpie and signs it herself. She gives it back to the little one then playfully ruffles up his hair a bit before focusing back on Crank.

DDK:

Harmony is attempting to show Crank what class looks like.

Angus:

It's a lost cause.

DDK:

Indeed.

Harmony gets in the ring watching Crank the whole way. Chance rushes at her and she flinches, he laughs as the referee warns him. The bell rings and both wrestlers dash at each other. Harmony slides between Crank's legs suddenly. He hunches over attempting to catch her as she slides through, swinging his arms wildly at her. She catches him with a swinging neck breaker as he turns around to face her!

DDK:

Harmony strikes first! She has took Crank to the ground!

She goes a for a standing moonsault but Crank quickly rolls out of the way. He gets back to his feet while she is still on all fours so he drops a knee in her back. The weight pushes her flat to the mat. Crank applies a crossface. Harmony is caught! She swings her arms wildly for the ropes. She rolls and swings, while Crank screams, "**TAP, BITCH!**". He continues to scream but Harmony continues to fight to reach the ropes.

Angus:

Almost there... Almost, girl...

DDK:

SHE'S GOT THE ROPES!

The referee comes in to break the hold. Crank will not release it at first so the ref begins to count. Chance finally releases the hold. The referee sends him to the corner while Harmony gathers herself. The referee continues the contest and both rush at each other again. Harmony ducks a clothesline and bounces off the ropes on the opposite side of the ring. On the return she drop kicks Crank in his left knee cap at full speed. The sudden blow causes him to do a complete front flip. cVc hits both knees and she nails him with a huge Pele kick to the head. He falls forward and she rolls him up!

DDK:

Two and a half! Crank is favoring that left knee now.

Angus:

That shot was a game changer. It was brutal!

Harmony continues her offensive assault. She grapples chance back to his knees just to hit a DDT! She then goes for another standing moonsault but Chance counters with both knees in the air. She hits the mat directly beside cVc. He rolls over on top of her and begins hammering her with both fists in the face. She attempts to block the shots with little success. Chance stands up pulling her up by the hair. The referee warns him but Crank pays it zero attention. He hooks her for a pump handle slam! The crowd boo's as Crank goes for the pin. The referee hits the mat but before a count of two, cVc pulls her shoulder off the mat. The referee stops his count puzzled.

DDK:

Why did he do that?

Angus:

I'm not sure...

Crank pins her again but again pulls her shoulder off the mat before a count of two. Harmony suddenly begins to hit Chance in the face. She fights him flat on her back. She nails him in the left eye with a right jab so he rolls off her. She gets back to her feet shaking her head to gain back her bearings. cVc has his back turned to Harmony, so she rushes up behind him then leaps up on his back. She locks in a sleeper causing Crank's eyes to grow wide with shock. He attempts to get the ropes but she twists her arms to maneuver him backwards. Crank realizes his weight is an advantage and just drops back. The two hit the mat with huge force but Harmony doesn't release the hold. The sudden impact robs both wrestlers of their breath. Crank can't believe it and begins to fling his arms about reaching for the ropes, fighting for air. The referee comes in close to watch for a tap. Chance snatches the ropes with mere milliseconds to spare, so Harmony releases the hold. Crank stays flat on his back holding his throat, gasping for air. Harmony goes for a standing moonsault again, this time she nails it! She goes for a quick schoolboy pin.

DDK:

One!

Crowd:

"TWO"

Crowd & Angus:

THREE!!!!!!!!!!

Angus:

Crank played around with the wrong girl. HARMONY HAS DONE IT!

Harmony gets back to her feet. She limps slightly from an earlier bump. Harm raises both arms just as Crank realizes what's happened. He explodes with rage then nabs Harmony by her hair from behind. He pulls her back towards him, cradling her to be GodBooked. The swinging reverse STO is devastating.

DDK:

Chance is being sore loser here. She beat him fair and square. This crowd has turned.

Angus:

What is he doing now?

Chance pulls Harmony up off the mat. He slings her up onto his right shoulder. The crowd is booing out of control now. The Shock N' Rolla grins fully intent on kidnapping Harmony. The crowd begins to cheer suddenly as Crank heads for the ring steps. Henry Keyes comes flying down the ramp towards the ring. cVc notices him immediately and drops Harmony. Keyes slides in the ring just as Crank bounces through the ropes on the opposite side. Henry rushes towards Chance who is now standing on the apron. Keyes throws a wild BELL CLAP at cVc, which Crank ducks beneath; cVc hops down as Keyes shakes his hands out. Henry then quickly checks on Harmony, who has yet to stir.

DDK:

Keyes with the save here. cVc is one vile creature.

Angus:

Chance Von Crank has completely pissed off this crowd.

DDK:

He continues to do just that. They have been all over him all night, Angus.

Chance stands on the ramp looking back at the ring. Harmony finally comes to and begins to stir. Keyes helps her up and holds her hand high into the air. The crowd shower both with cheers while cVc stares down the two from a distance.

[The shot cuts backstage.]

I'm Not The Nerd You're Looking For...

[The scene opens up backstage to where Aleczander The Great is already leading his BRAZEN tag team partner for the evening, Flex Kruger, through the halls. In just moments, Aleczander and Flex will be taking on Team HOSS' current rival, Dusty Griffith, along with protege Howlin' Joe Wolfe. Aleczander shares a few pointers with the determined BRAZEN rookie as he follows shortly behind.]

Aleczander The Great:

Now remember, mate... when you tag me in, I go in, I embarrass the shite out of that wanker, Griffith and his pet rookie, then I make meself look like the bee's fuckin' knees when I make them tap out! Got it?

[Flex shakes his head.]

Flex Kruger:

Well.. what if *I* want to win the match? I mean, if I get Dusty or Joe in my sights, I should just mess 'em up, right? Give 'em some of this...

[Flex with the left arm.]

Flex Kruger:

And THIS.

[Flex with the right arm.]

Flex Kruger:

The Double Gun Salute? Or well... I take a cheap shot when the ref's not looking, right?

[The Team HOSS member rests a hand on Flex's shoulder and gives him an "aw, shucks" shake of the head like a father teaching a son life lessons.]

Aleczander The Great:

...Mate, you're overthinkin'. I got this, you can sit back and look pretty while *I* sit back, look pretty AND kick their fuckin' arses myself! See, when you're as experienced as me, mate, you can do all three. I'm a triple threat!

Jonny Booya:

Uuh [scratching his head], how's yew gonna sit back an' kick their asses, bro?

[Aleczander waves a dismissive hand in spite of the fact that Booya actually had the mental capacity to make a good point.]

Aleczander The Great:

Simple, mate... Dusty is old fuckin' news and if that Wolfe ponce is stupid enough to listen to anything that choker has to say, that means they're BOTH gonna lose tonight and I don't have to break a sweat! Griffith is the past, we're the future, and tonight I'm gonna make sure both of those tossers KNOW it!

[From off screen we can hear a Christmas'y tune being hummed to the beat of Snoop Dogg's "Gin and Juice" as all three of the perpetrators of Flexual Assault turn their heads to locate the sound.]

Tyrone Walker:

"Got some Cocoa in a cup and some Hydro in a blunt, that I am gonna smoke with Santa Claus. Get him all shit-faced till the break of dawn and, watch him fly off in the night..."

[A Very Twiztid Christmas.]

[The trio look at Walker like he's some sort of alien. Ty however doesn't even pause his forward momentum.]

Tyrone Walker:

Yooo, wassup Super Muscle Bros?

[Ty greets the trio with a respectful head nod as he continues heading down the hall, not expecting to take up anymore of the attention than that, however, that's not he's just got himself in for. Aleczander deliberately stands in Ty's way to keep Blackimus Prime from going any further.]

Tyrone Walker:

What? Not a fan of the classics...

Aleczander The Great:

Ya know, mate, you're awfully giddy for a guy that had his arse handed to him by Angel Trinidad a couple weeks ago!

[Ty eyes Alecz for a couple beats and then shrugs.]

Tyrone Walker:

Guess he was due to whoop my ass, I mean, suns shining on dogs asses an' shit, 'sides, I still got yalls belts... [he smirks] Good times, mayne.

[The last shot makes Aleczander's nostrils flare as he tenses up and balls up a fist. Walker's brow arches up as this threat display.]

Tyrone Walker:

Sure you wanna keep fuckin' with me, bruh? [he steps in closer] The last time you an' I had some fun, I scuffed your titties like they were a block of cheese.

[Ty deadpans that fact as he reaches out and touches Alecz in the general area of his chest where he had taken a cheese grater to him, to which Alecz responds by swiping his hand away.]

Jonny Booya:

Whattaya think, BRO, [he says to Alecz] think we should teach this NERD, who ain't got a real title, a lesson? Maybe I, the real Southern Heritage Champ should show you a thang or two!

[Booya flexes, because much like Tweeter drinks because that's what Tweeter does, flexing is what Booya does. Ty however is all sorts of confused by this assertion that Booya is a real champion of anything aside from being a giant idiot.]

Tyrone Walker:

Real title? The HALES you talkin' about, you ain't no real cham--

[Booya goes red faced at the insinuation that he isn't

Jonny Booya: [annoyed]

AH'M TEH REAL SOHER, BOAH! AH'M UNDERFEETED AS TEH REEL CHAMP! AN' AH'LL--

[Booya flexes as he talks, but Walker is even more confused, then snickers when he says "underfeeted," and finally just cuts him off before his redneck roid rage can go any further.]

Tyrone Walker: [getting annoyed as he rants]

MAAAAAAYNE, **Shutthehellup!** Standin' there talkin' shit like you done did been defendin' that title when it's been the dickless wonder makin' sure you don't fuck it up for him. Fuck you, nigga!

[Aleczander The Great is visibly annoyed at this point with Walker.]

Aleczander The Great:

Mate, I'll have you know half of me is offended at your bigotry... and the other half really wants to say that word, too, but I'm a better man than that!

[Ty eyes Alecz like "yeah, you better not say that word you really want to say." Aleczander taps Booya on the shoulder and glances back to Flex Kruger, who has remained largely silent in this confrontation.]

Aleczander The Great:

Take notes for later tonight, Flex, this is a lesson called "shuttin' a bloke the fuck up." [turning to Booya] Jonny, don't let this stupid tit talk to YOU like that, mate. Show him why you're all underfeeted- whatever that means - and kick this wanker's arse TONIGHT! I'm pretty sure Curtis Penn would have zero objections with you puttin' that title on the line without him knowing!

[Jonny nods along as Alecz talks, getting more convinced as the words pour out and finally eyes Walker, completely convinced and ready to rumble.]

Jonny Booya:

AH'M GONNA POWERBOMB THIS NERD AN' SHOW 'EM WHO TEH REEL CHAMP IS, BOAH!

[Ty scoffs and then laughs.]

Tyrone Walker:

Game on, bruh... Game, fuckin', on.

[Walker shoves past the wall of meat in front of him and makes his way, presumeably to get ready for his all of sudden shot at the Southern Heritage Championship. Aleczander gestures to Flex Kruger.]

Aleczander The Great:

Well, Booya's gonna handle his business, so let's go handle ours, mate. We're gonna march to that ring and after tonight, I'll be underfeeted against Dusty Griffith! Let's go!

[Aleczander hastily makes his way down the hall to go meet with Thomas Keeling Sr. Flex watches Booya disappear down one hall, giving himself a really fucking loud pep talk about powerbombing nerds while his tag partner goes the other way, ranting in lots of British slang.]

Flex Kruger:

...Idiots.

Dusty Griffith & Joe Wolfe vs Aleczander & Flex Krueger

Angus:

We there yet, Keebs?! Is it time for tonight's HOSSFITE?

DDK:

I believe what my partner is anxious for is this issue that has been brewing between Team HOSS and Dusty Griffith and Frank Dylan James finally hitting the ring! Dusty Griffith and Aleczander the Great in particular have had issues stemming from HOSS' unprovoked attack on Griffith at Acts of DEFIANCE. Now they'll be pitted against one another! Dusty Griffith and his protege, "Howlin" Joe Wolfe take on Aleczander The Great and BRAZEN star, Flex Kruwger!

Angus:

One of the HOSS OVERLORDS and Flex Kruwger are gonna make quick work out of Mayberry and Son of Mayberry! Just you wait, Keebs! Wolfe won a main event at the last BRAZEN show, but I know Flex Krueger is this kid is hungry for a chance to shine!

♪ "I Love It Loud" by KISS ♪

The good guys make their arrival first and out comes the former DEFIANCE World Champion, Dusty Griffith and his protege/BRAZEN star, "Howlin" Joe Wolfe! Wolfe thrives off the crowd reaction while The Unbreakable Pillar of DEFIANCE has his game face on tonight. This will be the first opportunity for him to get his hands on a member of Team HOSS in the ring and will look to make the most of it. Both teacher and student get inside the ring! Wolfe is egging on the crowd for cheers while Dusty is paying no attention to anything other than who is about to come through the curtains.

♪ "Great" by Instruction ♪

Out from the back comes Thomas Keeling Sr. stepping to the side with Aleczander The Great, flexing his pecs in tune with the opening drums of his BRAND NEW entrance music! Flex Krueger is right behind him, holding his arms out and looking ready for this match. The 275-pound Californian would fit right in with Team HOSS and Keeling is sure to give him instructions, filling his head with promises.

Thomas Keeling Sr:

You got this, kid! Show the whole world that DEFIANCE is YOURS for the taking!

Flex nods before he and Aleczander hit the ring. The two men go to their corner and talk some strategy that mainly consists of Aleczander The Great telling Flex how he's gonna, quote, "mess up his shite, mate." Dusty tells Wolfe to go back to his corner so he can start. From what it looks like, Aleczander wants to go, too...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO...

...Then tags in Krueger!

Even Flex seems slightly surprised, but Aleczander The Great tags in the BRAZEN star and he and Keeling laugh as he leaves the ring. The Lord Paramount of Pectoral Perfection enters the ring and goes right for Dusty, but the grizzled veteran trips him up with a Drop Toe Hold! He takes the fight to Flex on the ground with a volley of elbow strikes before throwing him in the corner. He LIGHTS him up with Knife-Edge Chops and then CLOBBERS him with a Clothesline! He then takes him out of the corner with a huge Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex that pops the crowd!

He stares out at Aleczander and almost dares him to make the tag to Flex as he rolls back to the corner, but Aleczander The Great doesn't budge. He turns and makes the tag to Howlin' Joe Wolfe who starts to head up top. When Flex gets up, he goes flying off the top with a Diving Crossbody! He gets a two-count before Flex powers off of him. He goes right at Flex and works over the arm with a few Arm Wringers then throws in a few chops of his own. Flex blocks and shot and throws him down with a slam. He runs off the ropes and tries a Leg Drop when Wolfe rolls out of the way. When he tries to get up, he manages to muscle him up and over with a Gutwrench Suplex for a two-count!

Joe Wolfe heads off the ropes looking for something big when Aleczander pulls the top rope down, sending Wolfe fumbling over the ropes and crashing out to the floor! The REAL Great One then reaches out for the tag from Flex. Krueger gives it to him, then Aleczander goes to the the floor, slamming Wolfe into the guardrail with a Back Suplex! With that, Wolfe was now easy pickings for the two powerhouses.

Wolfe tries to get up, but Aleczander lands the **Biceps Explosion** to take him right down! Aleczander amazingly kips up after the landing and then gets in Dusty's face, laughing like an asshole and daring him to get in the ring. He tags out to Flex Krueger. The shrewd powerhouse seems more focused on winning the match than antagonizing Dusty, picking up Wolfe and slamming him in the corner. A series of Shoulder Thrusts wear him out and a Delayed Vertical Suplex drops him, getting another two-count.

He tries to pull Wolfe up, but he surprises Flex with a Inside Cradle, only to kick out. Flex then makes him eat a HUGE Running Double Sledge to the face as he tries to stand! Flex with the tag to Aleczander The Great and the crowd is AAAAAAALLLLLLLLLLLLLLL over The Mancunian Muscle! Aleczander puts a boot down on Wolfe's throat and dares Dusty to come in.

Aleczander The Great:

Come on, ya wanker! I'm right here!

Dusty wants into the ring, but Doyle watches him like a hawk. Aleczander then picks Wolfe up and throws him into the ropes before landing **THE BPI!** The Gorilla Press Powerslam gets another two-count, but the protege of Dusty keeps on fighting. Aleczander scoops him up with Suplex, but Wolfe flips free and lands a HUGE DDT! Aleczander The Great goes down and now both men go to their corners. Flex tags in first and tries to stop Wolfe, but Wolfe kicks him away and tags in Dusty!

The Unbreakable Pillar of DEFIANCE goes nuts in the ring and runs right through Flex with a series of hard Clotheslines, followed by a HUGE Release German Suplex to send him across the ring! Keeling is having a shit fit as Flex pops up in the corner. He gets an Avalanche! And the crowd knows what's coming next as he gets another one! He then hooks him out of the corner with a HUGE Olympic Slam! He goes for the cover, but it's broken up by Aleczander! Before Dusty can get any further, Angel Trinidad heads down the ring! He hasn't forgotten about Angel's part in the Acts of DEFIANCE assault as the main offender... However...

DDK:

Angel Trinidad is out here... NO, IT'S FRANK DYLAN JAMES COMING OUT! HE'S GOT PAYBACK ON HIS MIND AFTER TEAM HOSS ATTACKED REBEL YELL ON THE LAST BRAZEN SHOW! THOSE ARE SOME OF HIS CLOSEST FRIENDS!

Angus:

HHHHHHHHHAAAAAWWWSSSSSSSSFFFFIIIIITTTTTTTTTTEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

FDJ is fucking INSANE going after Angel Trinidad in the aisleway! The leader of the Southern Bastards goes right for Angel Trinidad with his chain, wrapping it around the giant's throat! FDJ is a man fucking possessed trying to finish off The Brand New Bad when Capital Punishment attacks him from behind! Cappy throws some right hands, but the wild man is going crazy and goes after him with the chain also! He takes the chain around his fist and SLAMS it right into the side of Capital Punishment's skull!

Angus:

AWESOME!

Blood starts to drip from the side of Cappy's head, but Angel then throws another blow to the side of FDJ's head! In the ring, Dusty makes the tag to Wolfe and has one eye on the fight, trying to go out and help Team HOSS from ganging up on FDJ. Wolfe goes inside, looking to finish off Flex Krueger for good. He sets him up on the top rope, but Aleczander makes the blind tag as he takes him off the top with a Superplex! He goes for the pin, but Doyle tells him he isn't the legal man!

Aleczonder then STOMPS him right into his back and locks in his submission finisher, Aleczonder Wins The Match: Submission Edition! Back on the top of the aisle, Angel Trinidad disappears backstage and FDJ gives chase! Dusty sees what's happening and tries to go back to the ring, but he taps out!

Aleczonder flees the ring just as Dusty slides inside, blowing a kiss at him as he and Keeling head back up the ramp!

DDK:

Frank Dylan James is a MADMAN possessed and he's got Angel Trinidad retreating, but the story here is the rest of Team HOSS! Aleczonder The Great and Flex Krueger get the win thanks in part to the distraction!

Angus:

Nope, the REAL story here is that Dusty takes his eye off the ball and loses ANOTHER match!

[Aleczonder The Great and Thomas Keeling Sr. retreat up the ramp with The Mancunian Muscle grinning like an asshole, completely leaving Flex Krueger behind. They go to help Capital Punishment up to his feet and the remaining members of the group gloat about this huge victory. Dusty has one eye, hovering over his protege to make sure he's well, but has the other on Team HOSS. This issue isn't over, but for tonight, Team HOSS is victorious.]

Only You

Knock Knock Knock

[That's an unfamiliar noise. Not just because this is DEFIANCE and nobody knocks around these parts, but because we're in Bronson Box's locker room, and there are very, very few people that would dare to knock on the door of the Wargod. The Original DEFIANT looks up from his duffel bag towards the door, clearly unsure as to whether or not he actually heard the ratta-tat-tat on the other side. Slowly the door creaks open just enough to allow the knocker to poke their head around it, again, something very few people would dare do.]

Eugene Dewey:

Yoo-hoo, anyone home?

[Bronson rolls his eyes and returns to what he was doing before as the FIST of DEFIANCE pushes the door open fully to allow himself entry.]

Eugene Dewey:

Ahh, Bronson, I'm glad I've managed to find you.

[Silently Bronson continues to rifle through his bag, but he does roll his eyes again, which is totally missed by the champion who obviously has his own agenda.]

Eugene Dewey:

So listen, buddy, there's something I wanted to run by you...

[Bronson stops fiddling with his bags and looks at Dewey, giving him his undivided attention. Clearly Eugene wasn't expecting that and he swallows hard.]

Eugene Dewey:

Yeah, so, uh-hh, I was thinking... Maybe it would be an idea if... Like, what if...

Bronson Box:

Spit it out, Lad, I ain't got all day!

Eugene Dewey:

Oh, yeah, 'course, uh-hh... So...

[With a heavy sigh Bronson stands up and faces Eugene. While he might give away several inches to the champion, his presence fills the room and dwarfs that of the FIST.]

Bronson Box:

If the next words outta your mouth ain't somethin' intelligent then they'll be the last ones you ever speak.

Eugene Dewey:

Alright, well, I kinda wanted to clear the air after last week. I think we both said some things that we didn't mean, and some of us got a little flustered, and some of us got a little shouty...

Bronson Box:

Some of us?

Eugene Dewey:

Yeah, and I just wanted to say that I forgive you and it's all water under the bridge as far as I'm concerned, and now we can push forwards and be a better, stronger unit than ever before.

[The Wargod offers up little more than a 'hrumpf' as he sits himself back down.]

Eugene Dewey:

And so, now that we're friends again, I want to offer you the opportunity of a lifetime.

Bronson Box:[sighing]

What?

Eugene Dewey:

How would you like a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE?

[That causes Box to raise his eyebrows, but not in interest, no, more like a 'are you fucking mental?' sort of way.]

Bronson Box:

How would I like...? in case you ain't aware laddie, I have a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE.

[Eugene forces a laugh.]

Eugene Dewey:

No, I mean a one on one shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE! Eugene Dewey versus Bronson Box for the FIST of DEFIANCE! Come on, how awesome does that sound?

Bronson Box:

Believe me, boy'o, I'd like nothing more than for the two of us to square off in that ring again, one on one, and figure out just who is the best. After all, where are we now? Two and two in singles matches?

Eugene Dewey:

Yep! One more match to finally figure out who's best, and all for this...

[Dewey lifts the FIST into the air and pats it with his free hand.]

Eugene Dewey:

And all you have to do is make sure I walk out of Ascension still as the FIST of DEFIANCE.

[For a moment Bronson stands and stares at the FIST with a smile on his face.]

Bronson Box:

You know what I say to that, Sunshine?

[Eugene extends a hand to shake that of the Wargod.]

Bronson Box:

No.

[And pulls it straight back.]

Bronson Box:

Didn't ye' even listen to me last week, Boy'o? This obsession a' yours with keepin' that belt no matter what, all so as ye' can say ye've reigned as champ for two years is borderin' on pathetic. What is it now? 680 days?

Eugene Dewey:

688.

Bronson Box:

See, that's what I'm talkin' about. Those 8 days don't matter to anyone but you. To the average Joe on the street 680 and 688 are the same bloody thing! You're so obsessed with hittin' that fabled 720 ye' can't see ye've already reached it. Everyone in that arena already talks about Eugene Dewey's two years as the FIST, not his one year and ten months.

[Eugene goes to speak, but Bronson cuts him off.]

Bronson Box:

But what ye' should be concerned about, what ye' should be listenin' to, is what they're sayin' about those two years. Because everywhere I go, all I hear is 'Eugene dodges this' and 'Eugene runs from that'. Those people out there don't respect what ye've done fer the last two years because ye' ain't given 'em anything to bloody respect!

Bronson Box:

I'm gonna help ye', Eugene. And I'm gonna do it just like I said I would, by keepin' ye focused. 'Cause if ye' aint, I'm gonna walk out of Ascension as the FIST of DEFIANCE, and then I'm gonna show ye' how a true champion behaves. So as much as I'm dying for us to go one on one one more time, I only want that if you're truly at your best, because I'd consider anythin' less as an insult. An' the only way you're gonna be your best is if you can overcome the biggest challenge posed to you durin' these last two years.

[Eugene swalls hard and puffs up his chest.]

Eugene Dewey:

You wanna be like that? Fine. I'll make it to 720 days without you then. Then I'll make it to 1055, then 1056 because of the leap year, then 1381, and on, and on, and on I'll go, forever the FIST of DEFIANCE! And, whenever you come to me asking for a shot at the FIST I'll laugh and say the exact same thing you just said to me... "No."

Bronson Box:

You just don't get it, do you?

Eugene Dewey:

You might have been able to worm your way into the Ladder War at Ascension already, but I'm gonna make damn sure no-one else does the same thing. This is all a god-damned conspiracy to take MY title from me, and I won't stand for it! Dan Ryan, Lindsay Troy, Kelly Evans, they're all working against me... and now... now you... You're not gonna take this... **You're never gonna take this!**

[The champ spins around on his heels, exiting the room a little less politely than when he came in. With a growl and a slammed dressing room door Bronson is left again all alone. We see a smile form in the corner of The Wargod's lips as we cut back to Darren and Angus at the commentation station.]

SOHER TITLE - Jonny Booya vs Tyrone Walker

[The shot cuts back to the arena where Skaaland and Keebler prepare to call the Southern Heritage Championship.]

DDK:

Next up, folks, we have the Southern Heritage Championship.

Angus:

More like the Southern Heritage Disgrace with the way Penn has been screwing all my favorites over!

DDK:

He certainly has been more involved than someone who claims to be incapable of defending his own title.

Angus:

To think, if not for Curtis Penn, we could have Colton Thorpe as the SOHER Champ or, even better, Harmony... Mmm, Harmony...

DDK:

Focus, Angus... And now Jonny Booya's relationship with Aleczander has landed him in hot water with the ever popular Tyrone Walker, who didn't take to kindly to their antics earlier this evening.

Angus:

Aleczander being associated with that flat topped moron, I get they have that whole baby oil and flexing thing in common, but does he have to... Really? [sighs] ugh! At least MUHBOITAI can do me a big solid and beat the black off of Booya and win the SOHER, please Ghetto Claus, that's all I want this year for Christmas.

DDK:

Beat the black off of... Nevermind, let's take it to the ring!

[The shot cuts to the ring where Darren Quimbey is set to make the introductions.]

♪ "Black" by Sevendust ♪

The lights drop and are replaced by a strobe effect as the synthesized opening of Walker's entrance theme begins to dance along the airwaves. This instantly creates a buzz in the crowd who explode with a rush of cheers for the Black Jesus' arrival, chief among them being Angus on commentary, naturally. The spry 41 year old hits the stage looking ready for battle as he bounces about, whipping the crowd into a frenzy before heading towards the ring.

Along the way, Ty stops to slap hands and bump fists with a few of the regulars that have seemingly taken permanent residence of their seats during most of DEFIANCE's tapings. Once he gets to the ring, Walker continues to hype up the Faithful as he takes to a corner, throwing his hands in the air and barking at the crowd.

DDK:

Ol' Ty is looking ready to go here tonight, Angus.

Angus:

Of course he is, Keeps, MUHBOITAI is always ready, especially knowing how much a win here will mean to me this Christmas.

DDK:

Well, as long as we know what really matters, right?

Angus:

Exactly, Ghetto Claus is gonna deliver big time for me this year, I just know it!

He does indeed look ready to get rowdy here tonight, and with good reason, as he once again chases a title that he's

challenged for a number of times since returning to DEFIANCE. However the good vibes are about to come crashing down as the familiar sound of Jonny Booya's song hits.

♪ "Funky Shit" by the Prodigy ♪

Unsurprisingly, the once happy audience turns on a dime for the arrival of the reigning Southern Heritage Champion and his muscled up stand in. The always smug Curtis Penn saunters out with the SOHER title proudly draped over his shoulder, reacting to the Faithful's reaction to him as if they were cheering him. Meanwhile Booya struts out to the center of the stage and drops down into his trademark Best Flex in Wrestling pose, taking a knee before hitting a double bicep curl.

Angus:

Somebody get me a bag to hurl in.

DDK:

He certainly is proud of his technique.

Along the way, Penn struts towards the ring like a returning hero, while Booya occasionally stops to taunt members of the Faithful with jabs about their appearance while also demonstrating his true talent: Flexing. Once in the ring, Booya continues to run his mouth, but this time turning his attention to Walker, who is neither amused nor impressed telling Jonny his "flex is weak as fuck", much to Booya's chagrin as he goes to his corner, while Penn mills about on the floor.

DDK:

Walker certainly giving a less than positive review there.

Angus:

AAHAAAHHAHA! Take that you Jonny Bravo looking idiot!

With the flash and flair out of the way, referee Mark Shields retrieves the title from Curtis Penn, who obviously isn't keen on letting it go. Shields presents it to Walker, who gives the ten pounds of gold plates and leather a glance before looking over to the ever smug Curtis Penn and smirks back at him confidently. With the formalities out of the way, Shields hands the title off to Quimbey and calls for the bell.

Walker looks to engage slowly, but Booya, still stinging from Ty's critique, charges the ageless veteran. Proving to be a little quicker than Ty expected, Booya swarms with blunt force as he drives Walker back towards the ropes where he continues to pummel away. Ty covers up until finding an opening, ducking a wild shot and escapes as he slides away before firing off a few educated hands and feet, peppering Booya with a selection of high and low strikes.

Reeling, Booya lashes out desperately with a knee to the gut and sends Ty running to the ropes. Walker ducks a meathook clothesline on the rebound and comes back off a second with a flying forearm right as Booya turns around to catch it on the jaw. Ty bounces off of Booya, who doesn't even budge from the blow. Seeing he has his work cut out for him if he wants to chop down this tree, Ty comes off the ropes again, and once again Booya is unmoved and smirking.

Walker backs off, annoyed as Booya laughs while striking a pose, taunting him for being a "weakling". Unamused, Ty steps right up to him and blasts him with a back hand that catches him across the cheek, instantly waking up, a now more angry, Jonny, who swings and misses with a haymaker and gets smacked yet again, much to the delight of the Faithful. Meanwhile, Penn is frantic as he sees Booya starting to lose his cool.

Jonny roars at Walker as he comes flying back off the ropes, but this time, Ty stops just short which confuses Booya just enough to get him to pause. The Faithful laugh when Walker cheapshots Booya with a thumb to the eye and then hits the ropes again, but is interrupted when Penn reaches in and catches Ty's foot enough to trip him up. Turning around, Walker hollers at Penn to stay out of his business.

Turning back around, Walker is met with a big running boot to the mush from Booya, putting him flat on his back, while

Penn looks on proudly as the Faithful rain down upon him with boos. Getting instruction from Penn, Jonny goes to work and proceeds to batter and toss Walker around the ring like a rag doll. Eventually, Booya throws Ty into the corner, where he puts his boxing background on display with a flurry of big lefts and rights that knock Walker around.

Having seen enough, Shields steps in and puts Booya on a count. Finally relenting to Shields' command, Booya grabs Ty and hurls him out of the corner, where he slams hard down on to his back. Booya grins big and swagger walks out of the corner before putting a single boot on Ty's chest, which of course only gets a one count. Jonny rips Walker off the mat, scoops and slams him hard in the center of the ring before dropping down for the cover, which gets a two count.

Thinking, Booya looks out to Penn, who tells him to "do it again," which Jonny interprets as keep body slamming him until he doesn't kickout. This is precisely what Booya does, and by does, I mean he repeatedly picks up, scoops and slams Walker. After several hellacious rides on this rollercoaster from hell, Booya finally drops down and hooks a leg for good measure and once again, Walker kicks out to a huge cheer from the Faithful.

Jonny Booya:

Dangit, this BOAH gotta lotta fight in 'im!

Booya drags Walker over to the nearest ropes and drapes him front first over the bottom rope and begins choking him as he steps down with one foot and then both feet. It doesn't take long for Shields to get in there and pull Booya off of Walker. Seeing an opportunity, Penn scurries over and lays in a few shots of his own, once again drawing the ire of the Faithful, which also gets Shields attention as he looks to see what's happening, but not in time to catch Penn.

As Shields eyes Penn for a moment, Booya goes back on the attack as Ty tries help himself to the second rope. Booya runs, jumps and drops his weight down across Walker's shoulders, straddling him as he holds the top rope for balance with one hand, while flexing his other arm as he once again chokes Ty across the rope. Frustrated with this, Shields puts Booya on a count and Jonny makes sure to milk it just long enough before breaking.

Shields backs Booya off again, admonishing him and threatening disqualification if Booya doesn't get the match back on the straight and narrow, which gets him a cheer for using his authority in Ty's favor. Meanwhile Penn once again takes advantage of the distraction, immediately turning The Faithful sour as they roar with boos when Penn grabs Ty by the head and pulls him down across the middle rope.

Hearing the fans as they yell at him to pay attention, Shields turns just in time to see Penn trying to back away from the scene of the crime. Shields questions Penn, who acts innocent, and then outraged when Shields threatens to order him to away from the ring, which Penn argues about having "no proof". While this is going on, Ty gets a much needed breather as he struggles to his feet.

Seeing this, Booya charges, but Walker, be it by instinct or luck, drops drop down and sends Jonny tumbling to the floor right into an unsuspecting Curtis Penn, earning a big cheer from the Faithful. Seeing the wreckage on the floor, Ty grins as he struggles back to his feet, while an unwelcome guest arrives at ring side in the form of Booya's "Muscle Bro," Aleczer the Great, much to the dismay of Keebler and the angst ridden confusion of Angus.

As he helps Booya and Penn to the feet, they're not paying attention to the fact that Walker has recovered enough to not only get to his feet, but has bounced himself off the ropes for a head of steam. Coming off the rebound, Walker leaps over the top rope in a single bound and takes all three of Booya, Penn and Alec out in a single crowd pleasing effort with a diving, somersault tope.

Energized, Walker is up and pulls Booya from the combined wreckage of douchery and rolls him into the ring. Feeling this is his chance, Walker blitzes Booya with a blistering barrage of strikes that end with a vicious high kick to Booya's head and leaving him staggering. Walker rebounds off the ropes and puts Booya on his back with the Busaiku Knee Kick. Not done there, Ty scrambles to end as he hooks Booya and drills him with the **OL' DIRTY BUSTER!** Exhausted, Ty doesn't bother trying to reposition Booya away from the ropes and goes for the cover as Alec is seen pulling himself off the floor and then reaches into the ring.

ONE!...

TWO!...

THREE!...

Angus:

YUUUUUSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

DDK:

He did it, Walker's the new Sout...

While the Faithful blow the roof off the place, Alecz yells at Shields to get his attention, just as he was about to signal Quimbey to make the announcement. Unbeknownst to Shields, it was Alecz who made the critical save on behalf of his "bro," by grabbing Jonny's foot and putting it on the rope. Seeing the evidence given, Shields changes course which does him no favors in the eyes of the Faithful, immediately booing and chanting "BULLSHIT!"

Angus:

Goddamnit, Alecz, what the hell are you doing?!

DDK:

He just saved Curtis Penn's reign as the Southe--

Angus:

IT WAS A RHETORICAL QUESTION, KEEBS!

Quimbey tries to inform the crowd that the decision doesn't stand, but his voice has been completely drowned out by the angered mob of fans. The Faithful soon changes their tune when another uninvited guest joins the party, this time however, it's a still mad as hell Dusty Griffith, who charges down to ringside and immediately starts brawling with Alecz. Shields throws his hands up in frustration as he watches those two fight their way up the ramp on the outside.

Meanwhile, Curtis Penn has been slithering around in the shadows where he goes to grab his title belt. In the ring, Walker looks to land "O.D.B." once again, but sees Penn trying to scurry away and goes to stop him, taking his attention off of Booya. When Ty tries to reach for him, Penn wheels around in a panic and back hands him with his cast covered hand! Walker staggers back from the shot right into the waiting Jonny Booya.

KICK, WHAM, **BOOYA BOMB!** right as Shields turns back around to see it happen and dive into position to make the count. Curtis Penn doesn't even wait to see the count as he runs for his life with the SOHER title clutched in his arms while making his escape.

Angus:

NNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

ONE!...

TWO!...

THREE!

The bell rings, this time officially and the Faithful are not at all happy as they shower the ring with their enraged displeasure. Penn turns briefly to see that Booya won and immediately starts to laugh as he continues backing his way up the ramp. He's soon joined by Booya, who celebrates with a bit of posing and flexing, because that's what Jonny Booya does. Back in the ring, Walker has a few words with Shields, telling him what went down, but of course, since he didn't see anything, there's little Shields can or will do about it.

Angus:

Damnit, Keeps, Christmas is ruined and it's all your fault!

DDK:

How is this my fault? I didn't just bamboozle Your Boy Ty, that was your best friend in the world, Curtis Penn!

Angus:

First of all, it is, it just is your fault! Secondly, it's MUH-BOI-TAI, there's a difference, learn it! And third, I think I'm gonna hurl because of this travesty! CHRISTMAS IS RUINED, RUINED I SAY!

DDK: [sighing]

Christmas break can't come soon enough, ugh!

[Completely disappointed and with a ringing head, Walker grudgingly heads up the ramp, giving Angus a shrug like "sorry, bruh, better luck next time" as the scene cuts elsewhere.]

Diplomacy

[The camera now finds itself back in the center of the Pleasure Dome - aka the offices of one HBIC of DEFIANCE, Kelly Evans. Fresh off the Southern Heritage Title match where her paramour, Ty Walker, has been blatantly screwed out of the SoHer title thanks in part to Curtis Penn and Jonny Booya, Evans casts a look of disappointment at the final results of the match, watching from a monitor in her office.]

Kelly Evans:

[Growling] That fuckface Penn is gonna get it sooner or later.

[Turning the TV off in her office, she goes back to some of her daily duties, but because this is the sport of professional wrestling, there is absolutely no such thing as a private moment. Before Kelly can open up her filing cabinet to pull out whatever paperwork she planned on doing, the door bursts open and in comes none other than the large member of Team HOSS, Angel Trinidad, standing in the doorway shooting a dirty look right at Kelly. Right behind him is an outraged Thomas Keeling, Sr. Even at the sight of this monstrous interruption, Kelly looks slightly more aggravated than anything that somebody has the balls to barge into her office.]

Kelly Evans:

And to what do I owe this... [she waves a hand] ...let me guess, something something Frank Dylan James?

[Angel and Thomas Keeling march right up to her desk.]

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

Oh, you bet your backside it's Frank Dylan James! For three weeks running now, he has attacked my clients. Angel Trinidad just barely managed to get away from that chain-wielding maniac that - need I remind you - is STILL loose in this arena somewhere! And Capital Punishment is getting stitched up backstage after James cracked his head open with said chain! This is shoddy leadership, Ms. Evans!

[Kelly Evans looks at Angel, whose hands are gripping the front of the desk so tightly he looks like he's gonna flip it over.]

Kelly Evans:

And what the hell do you call what you and Team HOSS did to Rebel Yell on their BRAZEN show last week?

Angel Trinidad:

Eye for an eye, that's what. [Angel leans in further] James. I want him in a match and I want him in a match NOW.

Kelly Evans:

Did I not warn you about coming in here and making demands? Look, I'll concede that Team HOSS brings people in and it's by that grace that you haven't all been sent out on your asses again... but that doesn't mean I'm gonna sit here and take this bullshit.

[Thomas tries to get in between Angel and Kelly and just BARELY manages to do so.]

Thomas Keeling Sr:

Look, Angel, let me handle this... Ms. Evans, my client has a point. Frank Dylan James came after him with a chain earlier tonight when he was only out there for moral support with Aleczander and Flex Krueger...

[Kelly rolls her eyes. If anybody actually believes that, then I'd like to welcome you to your first DEFIANCE show.]

Thomas Keeling Sr:

...But if Frank Dylan James wishes to continue this war, then I find the best course of action is for my young charge here to FINISH it. I am formally requesting that my client, Angel Trinidad, be allowed to right these wrongs that have been inflicted. He is seeking a match against Frank Dylan James and he would like that match to take place tonight.

[Angel is about to let another outburst slip when Thomas Keeling gets in his way.]

Thomas Keeling Sr:

Angel, calm down! I told you that I am handling this.

[While Angel stands back, Kelly looks nonplussed with the two having the audacity to demand a match at this point, but the gears turn in her head. She snaps her finger and points at the two.]

Kelly Evans:

Because of THIS crap we're doing now, your request for a match tonight [looking to Keeling] is formally DENIED....

[When Angel is about to let loose another shitfit, Keeling waves a hand again. Trinidad is about ready to put a fist through the wall, but Thomas silently gets him to stand down. Evans isn't finished.]

Kelly Evans:

But... people want a fight and if you two big fuckers are gonna fight, it'll be to sell some tickets. At Ascension, Angel Trinidad, you WILL get your match with Frank Dylan James.

Thomas Keeling Sr:

Thank you, Ms. Evans. [Turning to Angel] See? People still respond to diplomacy.

Kelly Evans:

Don't thank me, I'm not doing this for either of you. And since you Team HOSS boys can't help but stick your nose in other people's shit, then you can ALSO wrestle Frank Dylan James on the next DEFtv!

[Keeling raises an eyebrow quizzically while the wheels continue to turn in Evans' head.]

Kelly Evans:

I'm making a tag match: Angel and Aleczander The Great against Frank Dylan James and a partner of his choosing. A fight so nice, you're getting it twice. Now get out of my office.

[Keeling is a little put off by the news, but the news brings a grin to the face of Angel Trinidad.]

Angel Trinidad:

That redneck fucker is DONE. [Gesturing to Keeling] Let's go.

[The Brand New Bad and Thomas Keeling Sr both depart from the office, which finally gives Kelly Evans the peace that she really needs right now after a high-stress night...]

"I'MA FUCK YEEEW WWW UUUUUUUPPPPPP!"

[...That lasts about three seconds. Kelly gets up and in the doorway, she sees Frank Dylan James and Angel Trinidad both coming to blows right in front of her office! James picks up right where he left off earlier in the night with him trying to take Angel Trinidad's head off with the chain, but Angel just manages to sidestep the shot... the wall is less fortunate and the chain cracks the wall. Thomas Keeling is long gone by this point while big Frank goes mad, trying to get at Angel still. Inside the office, Evans can be heard calling for DEFsec to intervene.]

Kelly Evans:

SECURITY! GET YOUR FUCKING ASSES OUT HERE AND EARN YOUR PAYCHECKS!

[A FLOOD of DEFsec enters the fray and tries desperately to pull apart the two behemoth battling it out. Angel grabs one of the smaller member and chucks him down to the ground, but two more enter the fray. Wyatt Bronson is in the middle of the fray and it takes he and three more DEFsec members to finally get Frank away from Angel. Meanwhile, The Brand New Bad wants to fight, but Keeling comes back.]

Thomas Keeling Sr:

Angel, no! You have two matches with that maniac, we have nothing to gain from tonight!

[A wall of DEFsec is between the two monsters and after much consideration, Angel and Keeling disappear from the fray as a frantic FDJ tries to fight security off to get at the man that attacked his family on the last BRAZEN show. As the crack security team try to get order restored and avoid the wrath of Kelly Evans, the show goes elsewhere.]

Gorilla... in the midst

[Gorilla position, just inside the curtain.]

[Dan Ryan is there waiting for MUHBOITAI! as he comes through the curtain. Blackimus Prime's feeling a bit worse for wear after taking a Curtis Penn cast shot to the skull.]

Dan Ryan:

Man, you alright? I told you if you need me out there all you gotta do is ask.

Tyrone Walker:

It's all good, big bruh, I'll get 'em the next time.

[Ryan looks at the bruise welling up on Ty's noggin and shakes his head.]

Dan Ryan:

You know, it's not like I've made some habit out of saving your ass. We all know how tough you are. You don't have to prove it by walking into situations like this every week.

Lindsay Troy:

I think Ty knows what he's doing, don't you think?

[The Queen's padding her wrist tape into place as she walks into the frame; all three TRIOS title holders on camera in the same place for the first time in a few months.]

Lindsay Troy:

You gonna make it, though?

Tyrone Walker: [smirking]

Yeah, I'll live. Always do.

[He looks over at Ryan, who turns and gives her his attention as well.]

Dan Ryan:

Lindsay.

Lindsay Troy:

Dan. Interesting choice of words there...you not making a habit out of saving his ass.

Dan Ryan:

It's a true statement. He's been pretty much handling his own business, while I've been..... well.

Lindsay Troy:

Mishandling yours?

[A tense moment passes, and suddenly TAI, looking back and forth between the icy glares of the in-laws, remembers he needs to be somewhere.]

Tyrone Walker:

Sooo, yeah... I'mma go see about this *thing* that's not nearly as awkward as this little staredown y'all's got goin' on here. I'll be around the office if either y'all need me.

[No one says anything, and in a beat, Walker walks off.]

Dan Ryan:

Don't read too much into it. You managed to get yourself another chance at a chance at a shot at a chance for a shot

at another shot or something.... right? You? Bronson? Why would I begrudge you that?

Lindsay Troy: [chuckling]

Trying to figure that out myself.

Dan Ryan:

It's fine, really. Honestly. If Bronson has to be there, having you there at least balances things out. I already know it's gonna be a mess, but I don't need a two on one situation breaking out. They may look like they're on the outs, but I don't buy it.

Lindsay Troy:

Only things I buy are Box benefitting from Jane being a weasel and Eugene getting the cold sweats because of it.

[Her eyes dart around the Guerilla position, looking for any hints or appearances of potential Gauntlet Runners. Ryan just watches this.]

Lindsay Troy:

Anyway, my involvement means squat if I don't see my arm raised at the end of what's upcoming.

Dan Ryan:

Yeah, I'd hate for something to mess that up.

Lindsay Troy:

Care to wish me luck? [smirk] Or maybe I'll be seeing you out there.

[Ryan softens his stance, putting a hand on Troy's shoulder.]

Dan Ryan:

That would be something wouldn't it? [Ryan pauses, then relaxes his shoulders a bit.] I do wish you luck. And if things start to go badly out there, you know I'm right here to make sure nothing too crazy happens. [Smiles.] Where else would I be?

[Tension somewhat alleviated, Troy takes a deep breath and smiles.]

Lindsay Troy:

Good. Time to find out who's coming to this dance, then.

[She walks closer to the curtain to wait for "Trampled" to cue up and disappears behind the fabric. Dan lingers for a moment, just long enough for his smile to evaporate before he walks down the hall and out of sight.]

FIST of DEFIANCE Contendership Gauntlet

From that... *INTRIGUE*~!-ing scene backstage, we're taken to Angus and Keeps at the announce booth.

DDK:

I don't know about you, Angus, but I'm getting the sense that things aren't as hunky-dory as the in-laws are making them out to be. Dan Ryan especially.

Angus:

The man just said that everything was fine, and he even told Dear Sis to not read too much into things. You should listen to Dan, Keeps. He's a cool dude.

DDK: [rolls his eyes]

My broadcast partner channeling his inner Hansel aside, it's time for the second Ascension Gauntlet main event! We saw Bronson Box make it through his last show, despite the best efforts of Ulfric, Felton Bigsby, and Colton Thorpe. Now it's Lindsay Troy's turn.

Angus:

Kels might be trying to display her dominance as HBIC, but it's not like she gave Box a real awe-inspiring lineup to get through. Thorpe's got the chops for sure, and I know DA BAWWS is lending a guiding hand with him over in yonder country, but Bigsby's not on Bronson's level yet and Ulfric's at least a half decade past his prime.

DDK:

Bigsby's one of the most promising BRAZEN kids we've got - which I know you know - and Ulfric's a former world champion.

Angus:

Yeah, and how long ago was that? All I'm saying is if this where the bar's set, don't start bitching if Jimmy Kort swims his way back into your heart and down the ramp here soon.

I guess we should probably find out if that's the case then, shall we?

♪ "Trampled Under Foot" - Led Zeppelin ♪

The DEFIANCE Faithful jump to their feet with a roar. Cell phone screens and camera flashes light up the arena and red, silver, and gold pyro explode from the stage like cannon fire. Robert Plant serenades the Wrestle-Plex with the first verse and chorus before Lindsay Troy makes her appearance. She throws the curtain aside, strides out to the platform, and walks purposefully down the ramp to the ring. Once she's between the ropes she gives Quimbey a nod, foregoes her traditional posing on a corner turnbuckle, and turns to face the ramp. It's srs bsns time.

♪ "Guardians Of Asgaard" - Amon Amarth ♪

Three figures step out onto the stage, bathed in a pulsing red light. The first two men, identical twins, are The Holmström Brothers. Exactly which one is Floki and which one is Ivar is anyone's guess... they aren't telling. Accompanying the twins is over seven feet of masked Viking death and destruction. Cul's Destroyer, Torvald. Troy glowers at the trio as they stop at the foot of the ramp, their music fading. The pulsing red lights slowly fade to pitch black as a deep growling Scandinavian voice fills the arena...

"... we will take what's ours, Ms. Troy.

We will not stop, not until we free what you have neglected for far too long."

The house lights go up and all three of the Vikings are in the ring, surrounding Troy. For a few tense moments it looks pretty bad... then we realize it's Lindsay Troy we're dealing with here.

Angus:

Pageantry and cute gimmicks don't mean dick when you've got a hundred eighty pounds of screaming Koji Clutch-ing Lindsay Troy standing a foot from your goddamn face.

Troy fends off both twins, ending the pre-bell sneak attack by drop kicking the seven footer ass over teakettle to ringside and dumping her Holmström of choice out after him. She yells something to referee Brian Slater that makes him laugh as he calls for the bell. With the match officially under way Troy wastes very little time turning her opponent into a victim as she takes him to the mat for a good stretching.

DDK:

For those unaware, these three men represent one of the top factions on our developmental brand BRAZEN. Along with their leader... who I believe we heard from a few seconds ago before the lights came back up... they form the Viking War Cult.

Angus:

And they want those Trios belts Troy, Ryan and MUHBOITAI~! have been using as coasters for almost 200somethingplus days something FIERCE, Darren. They've been throwin' mad shade Troy's way since they day they showed up in BRAZEN lookin' for a title opportunity... which, from what I hear, 'aint out of the question.

DDK:

Really now?

Angus:

Kids are showin' some initiative, Keebs. Gotta give 'em that.

The schooling continues in ring as Lindsay pulls back on her opponent's arms and drives her knee cap deep into his soft neck meat. His cries are answered by what sounds like laughter from Troy. With things looking hopeless, referee Slater's attention is drawn away from the suffering Floki to his brother Ivar who's hopped up on the apron. Across from them, unbeknownst to Troy, four hundred and ten pounds of terrifying Viking muscle is stepping quickly over the top rope. One huge boot to the head later Troy is sprawling on the mat clutching the back of her head as Torvald tries to scramble quickly as he can out of the ring... Slater turns around in time to gather what happened and goes about admonishing Torvald.

Taking advantage of yet another distraction, the two brothers swap places during the confusion. The broken, bruised, stretched out Holmström plopping down at ringside clutching his aching neck as the fresh Holmström... looking rather proud of himself... goes about cockily kicking the back of Troy's head with his heel. Following each one up with a switch boot to the guts and more than a little of what sounds like shit talk from the Finnish "Viking."

Pride cometh before the fall, seems to be the appropriate proverb as Troy nips the fresh Holmström's heel and drops him to the mat, after a few mounted punches she's on her feet with the crowd solidly behind her. With her wits back about her Troy notices immediately the perpetrated switcheroo. Having obviously had her full of "goddamn cheating ass heels" over the last few months, Troy decides to... *let off a little steam.*

She grabs the young Viking by his platinum blond hair and launches him between the ropes, directly into his brother and Torvald at ringside. The trio lands in a heap... Troy couches down slightly, winks at Slater, then bolts for the nearest corner. She scales the turnbuckle in several graceful steps...

DDK:

HUGE DIVE TO RINGSIDE FROM LINDSAY TROY!

The crowd erupts as Troy lands on the trio of Vikings just as they were getting to their feet, finding themselves once again sprawled out over the concrete floor. Showing veteran resolve Troy is back to her feet like lightning, immediately grabbing the nearest shock of blond hair she could lay her hands on, violently depositing whatever Holmström she has in hand under the bottom rope following close behind. She lays a few more well targeted knees into her opponent's neck, tenderizing him before she locks in the finish.

Angus:

Ooooooh Troy, you better turn around kid...

Almost as though she heard Skaaland all the way up in the commentation station, Troy manages to leapfrog the seven plus feet of angry horned Viking whizzing past like a goddamn bus. Torvald connecting with his dreaded spear, **Gungnir**... only, delivered to the wrong individual. Torvald cuts through his stablemate like a knife, leaving him a crumpled head on the canvas. The giant rolls to ringside, hands on his masked head in complete shock... watching helplessly as Troy drops down for the pinfall. The conscious Holmström brother makes a last ditch attempt to break up the pin, but he's too late.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the fall, LINDSAY TROY!

Torvald and the still mobile Holmström gather up their fallen comrade and leave through the crowd, as they're wont to do. The Faithful part like the Red Sea for the massive Destroyer, Torvald.

DDK:

Successful start from Troy.

Angus:

Don't count those dudes out. A. Technically she didn't beat 'em... Torvald sort of did, and B. She hasn't stepped in the ring with Cul yet. You heard him earlier, he wants what's his.

Darren Quimbey:

... and her next opponent...

♪ "Ignorant Shit" - Jay Z ♪

The Red Dragon Sports fight team precedes Sam Horry down the aisle, carrying the belts he's held from MMA, WWA and DEFIANCE. They stop at the bottom of the ramp and Sam strides through the curtain wearing his traditional sleeveless, black hooded sweatshirt with a towel over his head. He heads down to the ring to meet up with his entourage and removes his head covering.

Troy doesn't have time or patience for the big song and dance number, though. As another cornerman is about to put Vaseline on the Ronin's face, she runs against the far side ropes to get some momentum and charges back toward the group at large. She leaps over the top rope, flips in the air, and crash-lands on top of Sam with a Tope Con Hilo!

She took to the air against the Vikings....why not do it again here?

The fight team scatters as Troy gathers herself, gets to her feet, and is back on the attack. She grabs Sam by the nape of his neck and pushes him underneath the bottom rope, then gets into the ring herself.

Horry is up to a knee and Troy lands a couple stiff kicks to his torso. She tries for a shot to the knee, hoping to neutralize the possibility of Sam's potent roundhouse kick, but he swats her leg away and tackles her to the mat. There's some mat grappling going on and eventually Sam's able to pass Troy's guard and lock in an armbar. The Queen is close to the ropes and swings a leg over the bottom cable before any real damage is done. Brian Slater calls for the break and Sam, reluctantly, lets go. He removes his sweatshirt and tosses it outside the ring to one of his coaches while Troy stands up.

DDK:

Both Sam Horry and Lindsay Troy are proficient martial artists but this may be the first time in a very long time - if ever - that Troy's faced off against someone with similar, if not better credentials in this area of fighting.

Angus:

I give Horry shit for the HOO and the HIYAH and the KICKING because he should've stuck around DEFIANCE

instead of pissing off elsewhere, but I'll begrudgingly concede the point. And he's got over 50 pounds on Her Highness. She'll have to figure out a way to counter that.

The two DEFIANTS go back on the attack again and this time Sam gets the upper hand. He sends her against the ropes with an Irish whip and lands a knee to the midsection on the rebound. Troy flips forward and onto the mat and Sam is quick to pounce. He kicks Troy's back and then her chest but when he tries for a cover she kicks out at two. Sam starts to pull Troy up by her hair but instead slips around and moves in for a rear-naked choke. Troy senses danger and blocks his legs with her arms, preventing him from hooking her waist with his legs, then lifts up with her legs to force Sam down onto his back. Horry has no choice but to release his arms from around Troy's neck in order to not be forced into a pinning situation.

Troy's up to her feet first and keeps on Sam with boots to his upper back and arms. He manages to catch her leg and hits a dragon screw leg whip that sends her to the mat. Sam quickly gets to his feet, as does Troy, but he's just a touch faster. He plants his lead foot and spins, looking for the **MurderDeathKick**, but Troy backbends out of the way and Sam gets nothing but air. He pivots back to front and is greeted with three stiff knife-edge chops. He stumbled toward the ropes and Troy charges, connecting with a flying double knee strike that catches Sam on the chin and sends him between the middle and top cables down to the floor. He lands near the barricade and Troy takes a knee in the ring, needing a breather.

Sam's entourage darts over to him but they don't get very far before a **WHOOSH~!** of fire from the crowd keeps them at bay. Brian Slater has his back turned so he doesn't see **Jake Donovan** grinning maliciously from the Faithful's side of the barricade.

DDK:

First there's shenanigans with those Viking Twins and the ol' switcheroo and now we've got Jake Donovan down here where he doesn't belong!

Angus:

You want to go over there and tell him that?

DDK:

Not especially, no, considering I like my eyebrows intact and unsinged. Doesn't make this any less true, partner.

DEFsec starts to swarm toward the area, and the Faithful don't dare get too close to Jake for fear of being torched themselves. The Firestarter leans over and starts hammering away with forearms and fists to Sam, striking him clean and hard and opening up a cut above his eyebrow. Just as Slater turns around to start his ten count, Jake pulls an about-face and dashes away from the scene.

Sam's groggy as hell as his crew attends to him. One of the guys has the towel on his face to stop the blood flow from his eyebrow. Inside the ring, Slater's up to 5. Then 6.

Sam's struggling to get vertical as Troy starts moving toward the ropes to collect him and bring him back inside the ring. Once she sees him wobbling on unsteady legs, she stops short of actually exiting the squared circle.

7!

...

8!

Sam's leaning against the ring steps, trying to focus. Troy steps away from the ropes and back toward the center of the ring. If Sam can't make the count...

9!

...

10!

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the fall, LINDSAY TROY!

DDK:

Troy advances through to the last stage but it's not without more outside malarky.

Angus:

Stretching the ol' mental thesaurus there, eh Keebs.

DDK

What can I say, the Viking's mischief and Jake Donovan's unwanted presence have both worn on my patience.

Darren Quimbey:

And her next opponent...

Silence, for a spell.

Then...

♪ "The End" - The Doors ♪

Troy, hands on knees, slowly looks over her shoulder as Nicky Corozzo lumbers out to the stage, adjusting his black wrist tape as he walks. The Faithful unleash a resounding chorus of BOOOOOOs toward *Il Giudice* as he makes his way down the ramp. The Queen drops her head back to center, takes a couple deep breaths, and whirls around to face what's coming.

What she should have done before that was check her blind side.

Angus:

PA-PA-PA-POOOUUUUUNNNNSSSSAAAHHHHHHH!

Troy goes airborne and crashes in a heap near a corner turnbuckle. While she was lucky to not hit her head or any part of her back on the protective pads, she still didn't make a soft landing.

DDK:

Eugene Dewey just hit the **Biotic Charge** on Lindsay Troy. He's not even supposed to be here!

Angus:

Maybe he is, Keebs. Look.

Brian Slater didn't see the strike play out but there was no mistaking Dewey in the ring now instead of Nicky Corozzo. He lifts his hand to call for the bell but Eugene grabs his wrist.

Eugene Dewey:

The End Boss of DEFIANCE is the End Boss for this Gauntlet, Slater. Not that stupid Super Mutant Behemoth!

DEFIANCE's head official, just for a second, considers calling for the DQ anyway. But out of the corner of his eye, he sees Jane Katze scurrying down the ramp toward Nicky. She catches up to her hired muscle and puts her hand on his arm, giving him pause.

Jane Katze: [via the boom mic]

Let them beat each other senseless. All the better for us, Nicky. Come on...

Nicky scowls and doesn't move right away. It's only when Jane tugs on his shirtsleeve that he starts to back off. In the ring, Lindsay Troy is pulling herself upright using the ropes while Eugene grins from ear to ear. Bronson Box's associates make their way up the ramp and, before they disappear back behind the curtain, Jane makes sure to shoot Eugene an irritated glare.

The FIST of DEFIANCE darts in toward the corner and starts kicking the Queen in the midsection. She slumps down a bit as he backs away before running back toward her and plastering her against the turnbuckles with a running splash. He doesn't stop there, opting to back away a third time and charges in a third time to hit a running butt bump. Troy is down on the mat again and the Faithful *BOOOOOOOOOO!* even louder than before.

Slater moves in front of Eugene, making him give Troy some breathing room, but the FIST isn't having it. He stomps around Brian, latches onto the Queen's hair with a sweaty palm, and drags her out of the corner. Eugene brings Troy's face toward his and headbutts her once, twice, three times. She doubles over and he wraps his arms around her waist, lifts her up, and plants her with a gutwrench powerbomb. He nonchalantly makes a cover but only gets a two count.

Dewey gets to his feet and yells at Troy to do the same. He nudges her shoulders with his boot but isn't prepared for the back fist that slams against his knee. He grunts, shocked, and then rears back to kick her square between the shoulderblades. Troy cries out in pain and Eugene kicks her again. He grabs her arm, hauls her to her feet, and wraps his arms around her waist again. Dewey lifts her off the mat and charges back toward the corner, first hitting a spinebuster to the turnbuckles and then a second spinebuster to the mat! Troy's back arches off the canvas and she's very clearly in a bad way thanks to the **Wyoming Stampede**.

Angus:

The FIST of DEFIANCE is putting a stamp on this one, Keeps. He beat her twice at the big dances and now it's looking like the third time will be a charm.

DDK:

God, this makes me sick. He's not even going for a pin here. Why?!

Angus:

Probably gonna be splashdown time!

Indeed, Eugene can't be fussed with trying for the fall. Instead, he swaggers over to the ropes and slips out to the apron. He walks over to the turnbuckles and puts his foot on the bottom rope, waiting for the fans to pick up on what he's doing. Then he climbs to the second rope, making it a point to now yell back at the Faithful who are in the front row closest to him.

DDK:

He's taking a long time to get up there.

Angus:

Can't blame the guy for wanting to savor the moment.

Eugene's finally up to the top rope and he stands, perched, for a couple of seconds. Whether he's making sure his balance is there or he wants to preen just a little bit longer will be up for debate in the coming weeks. After a few moments, Eugene jumps from the top and flips himself forward, looking to connect with the **Bob-Omb Bomb** Senton, but Troy rolls away and Dewey misses completely. Troy rushes to her feet, spins, and drives her heel against the FIST's temple with a hook kick! Eugene's eyes start to cross and he teeters to the side, but Troy grabs him and muscles him to his feet. She butterflies his arms and jumps backwards, driving him face-first to the mat with the **Final Judgment!** The Queen pushes Dewey onto his back, hooks the leg and Slater counts the 1, 2, 3!

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the fall, and the Gauntlet, LIIIIINNDDDDSSSSAAAYYYY TRRROOOOYYYYYY!

RAAAAHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

It wasn't pretty, it wasn't clean, but it doesn't matter! Lindsay Troy has punched her ticket to the FIST of DEFIANCE title match at Ascension!

Angus:

Dammit, I hate it when a brilliant plan backfires!

DDK:

Eugene Dewey tried to pull a fast one with that last-minute audible and the Queen made him pay for it! He's not going to be happy when he comes-to.

Angus:

And you gotta bet that Bronson and Jane are looking like cats that ate the canaries backstage after seeing what went down here. A polite golf-clap for Troy...she stepped up to the challenge.

DDK:

One day you'll give her a better ovation than just a golf clap. We're out of time, folks. Tune in after the New Year for the next installment of DEFtv! For Angus Skaaland, I'm Darren Keebler. Goodnight!

The camera closes in on Brian Slater raising Lindsay Troy's hand in victory and the broadcast fades to black.