

OF ALL THE GUYS...

Earlier in the Day.

The Pleasure Dome.

Sitting behind her desk, Kelly Evans is in the middle of dotting the I's and crossing the T's when the double doors to her office fly open. Looking up from her work, she finds a none-too-pleased Eric Dane stepping in.

Eric Dane:

Him? You had to sign him? Of all the assholes in all of the shitbox indies and hot shit "national" companies in the world, you **HAD TO SIGN HIM?**

Kelly Evans:

Oh hi, nice to see you.

Dane is not amused with the flippant attitude of Evans' response.

Kelly Evans:

I've signed a lot of hims, care to be more specific?

She smirks, knowing exactly who Dane is referring to. Watching his quickly growing annoyance, she rolls her eyes and gives up on the games.

Kelly Evans:

Fine, business it is then.

She huffs loudly, mockingly.

Kelly Evans:

You told me to strip Utah for parts, don't you think the last World Champion was an important part?

Dane practically vibrates with anger as his face turns a particularly deep shade of red at the reminder that it isn't he who is the last Utah World Champion.

Eric Dane:

I legitimized that title. I put that company on my back and made it worth all the money that was spent on it! Then Sean Jackson cashes in some bullshit briefcase on me after I just finished working a half an hour main event, and **THAT** makes him a World Champion?

Kelly Evans:

Yeah. That pretty much is exactly what that means.

Eric Dane:

You know that I'm going to cripple him the first chance I get, right?

Kelly Evans:

I'm counting on it. Planning on airing it, even.

Dane shakes his head, realizing in all likelihood he was set up to do just that the moment Kelly allowed Sean Jackson to put pen to paper. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he's smiling. Everywhere else, however, is hate-daggers.

Eric Dane:

Fine. Whatever. Just don't give me a bunch of shit when you have to keep paying him after I've put him in traction.

The Only Star turns to storm out of the office just the way he'd stormed in. He gets most of the way to the door before

Kelly's voice stops him in his tracks.

Kelly Evans:

Don't go getting overly cocky, Eric. And don't forget you've already got a couple of giant obstacles standing in your way by the names of Cayle and Andy... Wouldn't want to see you get too distracted, yanno, bite off more than you can chew?

Eric bristles.

Eric Dane:

Yeah. About that...

He trails off and walks away, leaving Kelly alone to her work.

THE RUNDOWN - WELCOME TO THE SHOW

IN FIVE... FOUR... THREE... TWO... ONE...

The opening splash dematerializes and the show drops in with a sweeping shot of four thousand strong of the DEFIANCE Faithful packed into the Wrestle-Plex... and of course, their signs!

BETTER THAN THE REAL THING!

GET YOUR SHIT IN!

SWAGSUKE!

I CAN FEEL IT COMING IN THE AIR TONIGHT!

I WANNA BE ON SHIT TALK!

I'M JUST HERE FOR JACK HUNTER!

I NEED 348,813 MIKEY MONEY FOR A MIKEY MONEY CLIP!

WE COMIN' FOR YOU, NINJA!

The shot fades in on the booth, where we are greeted by the hosts of the show and the best damn commentary team in the business today. Keebler, as always, is in a nice sport coat and button down shirt, while Angus is in a tee shirt representing some band that isn't lame.

DDK:

Welcome everyone to DEFtv! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler, and as always, my partner in broadcasting crime, the "Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland!

Angus:

Yooo! We're only a week away from DEFIANCE ROAD, Keebs, and I'm absolutely hyped out of my mind!

DDK:

Absolutely, partner, but first we got one last turn to make here tonight and we have a heckuva show in store for the Faithful.

Angus:

Damn right we do.

DDK:

And it can't possibly get any bigger than tonight's main event, where Dan Ryan called his shot last week and will look to defend the FIST of DEFIANCE against IMPULSE!

Angus:

Ugh, I don't like it.

DDK:

What? Why? It should be an outstanding match between two former, multi-time World Champions!

Angus:

Meh, what can I say, Keebs? I'm not sold on Randall getting a shot barely a month and one match into his comeback from wherever he was... Plus, his girlwhateversheisfriend is annoying and I want her to stop being so, so... Nice... It's annoying, have I mentioned that? So, really it's just about her having an excuse to come over here, heh.

DDK:

You are a man who is action packed with issues, Angus. In any case, Impulse may have not asked for the match, but if competition is what he wants? He certainly will have a tough time finding any better than our reigning and eager to defend FIST of DEFIANCE, Dan Ryan.

Angus:

Anyway, what else do we got for the kids at home?

DDK:

Well, speaking of multi-time World Champions. Eric Dane makes his official, in ring return to action here in DEFIANCE with Bobby Dean, as the two of them take on Rebel Yell.

Angus:

I love me some Southern Bastards, but who did they piss off to draw this assignment? Eric's still a little assmad about that whole Sean Jackson thing.

DDK:

And he's got the Brother's Murray mounting on the horizon.

Angus:

Meaning Eric's just in a bad mood, which is bad news for my BRAZEN kids, poor bastards.

DDK:

Yes, but staying with tag team competition. The Rain City Ronin make their official, in ring debut tonight against the Nightmare Express from BRAZEN.

Angus:

Talk about giving Rocko and his Halfanese young boy a tall task, Keebs. Savage and Graves are just two, big, towering stiffes. They don't know a lot rasslin', but they know how to beat the piss outta guys.

DDK:

Yes, indeed, and did you just call Kerry Kuroyama... Halfanese?

Angus:

I believe I did, yep.

DDK:

Eh, nevermind.

Angus:

That's the spirit, Keebs, just let me be me and we'll get through this with flying colors.

DDK:

Oy vey... We also have Southern Heritage Champion, Harmony teaming up with Andy Sharp against Mikey--

Angus:

McFuckAss, the Hollywood Don of Douche, the Tinseltown Twat, the King of What-the-fuck-is-that-guy-doing-on-my-wrestling-show?

DDK:

Ahem, yes, also known as Mikey Unlikely and he's teaming up with Jake Donovan, who looks to nail down his spot next in line for a crack at Harmony's SOHER title.

Angus:

And they're gonna lose to Mrs. Angus Skaaland and the Lord of the Flippydoos... Eck, I can't believe I'm actually

rooting for Andy Sharp to win anything, but here we are, Keebs. I can't believe there is someone who is quickly gaining on MicroPennis for most insufferable douchenozzle in DEFIANCE, but Mikey McFuckBoy is doing a swell job of it.

DDK:

Again, you have problems, partner, but speaking of Curtis Penn... He's going to be in trios action tonight with the Super Muscle Bros against Lamond Alexander Robertson, Frank Dylan James, and Jason Natas. Should be one heckuva battle.

Angus:

Oh good, so I have to stomach all three of my most hated tonight. Why does this company hate me? Why must I live in a world where McFuckBoy, MicroPennis and Blockhead are things that exist?

DDK:

Because there's no such thing as a perfect world?

Angus:

Tell me about it. At least Aleczander the Great will be there to bring some actual HOSSING to the festivities.

DDK:

Indeed, and with FDJ and Natas in there, something tells me the war between them and the SMB's is going to see another chapter written as they barrel towards DEFIANCE ROAD.

Angus:

Saving graces and silverlinings, Keebs, I like how you think.

DDK:

Well, I certainly try... But speaking of HOSSING, your HOSS OVERLORD is in action tonight.

Angus:

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAS! Why didn't you just start with that? Everything else would seem so much better knowing there is some Angel Trinidad smashfesting to look forward to.

DDK:

I'll remember that next time... In any case, Trinidad squads up with Bronson Box and Van Carver as they square off with Lindsay Troy, Dusty Griffith and Henry Keyes in tonight's semi-main event.

Angus:

YUS! The Master of Time and Space is here too?! Oh man, this night is getting better and better.

DDK:

Figured you'd like that... And with those six volatile personalities, and there being little to no love lost between any of them, there's no telling what could happen here tonight.

Angus:

Can we like, just go straight to this match?

DDK:

'Fraid not, partner, because our very first match of the evening, as Angus Skaaland's favourite wrestler, Jack Hunter, returns to action!

Angus:

Ihateyou, Ihateyou, Ihateyou, Ihateyou...

JACK HUNTER vs EL HIJO DEL FISHMAN DELUXE

DDK:

The Little Bruiser didn't have much luck against Jake Donovan in his DEFIANCE debut a couple of weeks ago and finds himself deeply entrenched in what is probably the weirdest rivalry in wrestling. Tonight he takes on Hijo del Fishman Deluxe... will we see an El Trebol Jr. appearance?

Angus:

I'll be sure to have my cyanide capsules ready if he does!

Cut to the ring. The colourfully-attired Hijo del Fishman Deluxe is already there, stretching himself loose by the ropes.

DDK:

Fishman's partner Walter Levy suffered a DQ loss to El Trebol Jr. last week after a Jack Hunter interference. Will Ol' Fish Sticks fare any better tonight?

Angus:

If this guy has anything about him at all, he should put our "Little Bruiser" away with ease. Fuck Jack Hunter.

♪ "This Fire Burns (MIDI Version)" by Killswitch Engage ♪

The most obnoxious piece of entrance music in wrestling history rips through the arena, causing most in attendance to jam their fingers in their ears. Jack Hunter walks out from the backstage area with a comically exaggerated swagger, stopping only to yell-out a trademark "MOOOOOOOO!" halfway down the ramp. He's clad in a typical "SUPERBEST" t-shirt, and has what looks like a karate belt tied around his forehead.

Angus:

What in Christ's name does Jack have around his head, Keebs?

DDK:

That's his "black belt in street fighting," Angus! Jack is now an 8th Dan in the noble art of applying little bruises to his opponent's skin, or so he says...

Angus:

That's about the dumbest thing I've ever heard! God, Keebs... I... I just hate this guy, okay?!

The Little Bruiser catches his boot on the bottom rope and trips on his way into the ring. Face flush with anger, he turns around and stomps away at the rope multiple times, before dropping an elbow across it. Jack hops back up to his feet.

Jack Hunter: [pointing at the rope]

That's what you get for tripping The Superbest!

Completely perplexed by Jack's assault of the bottom rope, Hijo del Fishman Deluxe approaches the middle of the ring as the bell chimes. He gets to within a few inches before The Street Fighter suddenly spins around on his heel and adopts a typical Karate stance, with one palm extended to his opponent.

Fishman stops in his tracks and eyes Jack curiously. The Superbest stands perfectly still, barely even breathing, glaring a hole through Fishman. Hijo tires of the stalemate after a few seconds and decides to yank the belt from around Jack's head.

Big mistake.

Jack yelps as his belt gets tossed to the ground then points a furious finger at his portly opponent. Without warning, Hunter leaps at him like an angry dog, winging wild punches to his opponent's head and torso. Hijo puts his hands-up to block, but he can only prevent so many of the sloppy shots from landing.

DDK:

Not a wise move from Fishman Deluxe! Jack Hunter is *unloading*!

Angus:

I'd have done the exact same thing, only difference is I wouldn't be cowering against the ropes right now.

Jack keeps his opponent pressed against said ropes until the referee eventually forces a clean break. Instead of diving back into the action, Jack is more content with retrieving his belt. This gives Fishman an opening to club him from behind then whip him against the ropes. Jack slips out of the ring instead of rebounding, then turns to Fishman and blows a big raspberry.

Hijo follows the Superbest out, but Jack immediately slides back inside. He turns to blow another raspberry, but Fishman's surprising quickness catches him off-guard as he slides back in and knocks Hunter down with a clothesline. Jack climbs back-up but eats a knee to the gut, followed by a textbook suplex. The lateral press brings a two-count.

DDK:

Solid fundamentals from Fishman here as he pours cold water on Jack Hunter's hot start.

Angus:

Using actual wrestling moves is undoubtedly the best way to beat this guy. I'd be surprised if he can even spell "suplex."

Hijo brings Jack to his feet, but The Little Bruiser catches him with a headbutt. Unfortunately, the move seems to hurt Jack more than his opponent and he turns away in pain. Fishman grabs Hunter and looks for a back drop, but Jack literally *wiggles* free from Fishman, then slaps him hard across the cheek. A second slap follows before a surprisingly technical front kick smashes Hijo's jaw and knocks him down. The Superbest looks out to the crowd.

Jack Hunter:

LITTLE BRUISES!

The Faithful jeer. Hunter turns towards a corner and walks towards it, before trying to untie the top turnbuckle cover. Regrettably, Jack is far too stupid to understand things like "knots," and he's forced to give-up and violently tear the padded cover away instead.

Fishman has already returned to his feet by this point, just in time for The Superbest to step to the side then point at the exposed 'buckle.

Jack Hunter:

Look at that!

Fishman, not exactly the sharpest knife in the drawer himself, looks compulsively at the turnbuckle. Jack suddenly throws the cover at his masked head. It hits him harmlessly on the nose before floating to the ground. Hijo glares at The Little Bruiser, completely unperturbed.

DDK:

Devastating move from Jack Hunter! How is Hijo del Fishman Deluxe even standing?!

Angus:

Don't you dare play along with this bullshit, Keebs! I'm warning ya...

Completely shocked that Fishman wasn't knocked over by the harmless turnbuckle cover, Jack stands frozen. Hijo del Fishman shoots forward for a double-leg takedown.

But it doesn't exactly go to plan.

Either Jack Hunter miraculously adjusts, or Fishman completely flubs his timing... but after taking the legs, the luchador's head drops down *hard* into the canvas! Fishman goes almost completely limp, but he's still lying on top of Hunter. It takes a two-count for Jack to snap to his senses, realise what happened, and throw a shoulder-up.

Angus:

... wait, did he just KO himself?!

Jack Hunter isn't willing to wait and find-out. He pulls Hijo to his feet, but Fishman's so wobbly he can barely stand-up without Jack's support. Thus, Jack can only put one hand to his mouth before he yells...

Jack Hunter:

MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

... then performs the most contrived, flippy, spinny... *weird* DDT that completely defies conventional description.

DDK:

Cow DDT! Cow DDT! Cow DDT!

The three-count is elementary. Jack Hunter rises to his feet, grinning broadly, but tugs away from the referee's arm and instead retrieves his black belt from the floor, tying it around his forehead again.

DDK:

The Little Bruiser picks-up his first ever DEFIANCE match in somewhat unconventional means.

Angus:

That might have been the worst match I have ever seen, Keebs. *Ever*.

DDK:

I've gotta be honest, even I don't know how to adequately surmise what we've just witnessed. Still, a win's a win, and Jack Hunter will be more than happy with the match's outcome.

Angus:

I'll be more than happy for us to move the fuck on... NEXT!

The Sharp/Harmony Power Hour

And to the backstage interview area we go! Standing by is Christie Zane looking oh-so-nice in a tight red sun dress for tonight's show.

Christie Zane:

Hey-lo, DEFIANCE! I'm Christie Zane and standing next to me are two people who are looking to kick some heinie tonight. Say hello to "The Lord of the Skies" Andy Sharp and the reigning Southern Heritage Champion, Harmony!

From either side of the lovely young lady approach the two people she just got done telling you about. Andy Sharp to her left and Harmony to her right.

Andy Sharp:

Thanks, Christie.... [turning over to Harmony] ...and I never got the chance to actually say this about our match two weeks ago, but great match.

Harmony smiles modestly, but still seems a little perturbed.

Harmony:

Thank you, but you weren't too shabby yourself. I'm just sorry I couldn't get out to you after that douchebag jumped you.

Andy Sharp:

Not your fault, I know you would've if you could... wasn't your fault Mikey acted like a douchewaffle and jumped me like a coward.

Christie finally pipes in so she can earn her paycheck for the evening.

Christie Zane:

Let's talk about tonight. So... the two of you got beat up by Mikey Unlikely and Jake Donovan. Now Kelly Evans made a tag team match tonight where you're fighting Unlikely and Donovan, so...

Andy Sharp:

...The Fiery Fuckboys.

Harmony chuckled.

Christie Zane

Excuse me?

Sharp elaborated as he raised a finger.

Andy Sharp:

Well, we're a tag team name... we're still trying to pick a name for us... but Jake Donovan and Mikey Unlikely are The Fiery Fuckboys. On account of Mikey Unlikely likes to play with fire weekly... and Donovan has been nothing but a whiny little fuckboy for weeks.

Zane looked confused... her natural state, mind you.

Christie Zane:

Wait a minute... I think Jake's the one who likes playing with fire.

Andy Sharp:

I understand where the confusion lies, so let me explain. I've seen what Jake does with fire, Christie; that isn't playing. Jake hurts people with those fireballs. But Donovan would also rather be a fuckboy instead of working to earn a shot at

titles. And as for Mikey... that walking YouTube comment section has been playing with fire by screwing with me for weeks since he showed up on the scene. Now that they have to handle their business when our backs aren't turned, THEY'RE gonna be the ones that get burned tonight.

Harmony:

Let's put it this way, Christie. I don't think either of them has got a testicle to lend the other. Jumping people from behind after they've had a match? Get out with that weak shit. Donovan thinks he deserves a shot at the SoHer championship because he won a couple of matches, but here's the deal. There were people in line for the chance before him. People who had put themselves through a lot more than a couple of matches against DEFIANCE newcomers, and he has to learn that he has to wait his turn. Penn had a rematch clause and I kind of owed Andy for almost killing him in the ladder match.

Andy Sharp:

[shrugging, with a grin] I also DID beat KELLYSBOITAI to earn that shot, but I appreciate the sentiment.

Harmony:

I still kind of owe Ty for the near death experience too...

Christie Zane then had a thought.

Christie Zane:

Well, best of luck of to you both tonight... [gear turning in her head] ...but wait! What's YOUR tag team name going to be?

Sharp and Harmony both exchange a confused glance; it's clear neither one may have thought that far ahead.

Andy Sharp:

Team... Sharmony?

Harmony:

Or team Harp? I was once in a tag team with my best friend Tara, and they nicknamed us Tarmony. I wasn't keen, it sounded really weird.

Sharp visibly winces at the name.

Andy Sharp:

...Yeah, that is terrible. We'll work on it. But you know... match first?

Harmony grins.

Harmony:

Now you're talking my language.

The two allies depart the interview area and Christie continues giving a smile to the camera before the scene goes elsewhere.

CLASH OF THE DEFIANTS

MAY 2016! EXCLUSIVELY ON HULU PLUS!

CURTIS PENN & SUPER MUSCLE BROS vs LAR, FDJ, & JASON NATAS

DDK:

It's time for our first of two trios matches tonight, Ladies and Gents, and this one's not lacking in bad blood.

Angus:

Fatas, Micropennis, The Stupid Muscle Bastards (not counting Alecz)... the Fuckboy Factor is high in this one, Keeps.

DDK:

We've got familiar foes and guys who've never stepped into the ring with each other before. That's what makes this one so interesting, Angus. Natas and Frank have had obvious issues with the Super Muscle Bros lately, and LAR is a training partner of Natas' at Andy Murray's gym. Then there's Penn, who defeated LAR in the Scot's debut the other week...

Angus:

Violence is all I ask for, particularly if Penn or Booya's face is on the receiving end.

♪ "Promentory" by Trevor Jones ♪

From the back, the newly signed figure of Lamond Alexander Robertson appears. Pockets of the crowd, clearly recognising him from his UTA run begin to raise their volume, but the reaction is limited. With a bright smile on his face, Robertson does a three sixty, looking up and around the arena, before looking down to the ring and beginning his walk. L.A.R eagerly shakes hands with members of the audience as he marches towards the ring.

♪ "Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent ♪

FDJ walks through the curtain to a strong reaction from the Faithful, who cheer when he pulls his big ass chain from around his neck and raises it high with his sledgehammer of an arm. He's not alone, however: Jason Natas walks-out beside him and raises a fist to the air, before both burly bruisers start making their way down the ramp and into the ring.

DDK:

Make no mistake, guys: the Frank Dylan James/Dusty Griffith/Jason Natas alliance is very much alive, and there's your evidence!

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" - eRa ♪

Everyone in the Wrestle-Plex boos as the villainous trio emerge from the back. Curtis Penn is once again riding on the shoulders of Jonny Booya... Aleczander, of course, is not. Penn regards the fans with a cold glare as the trio march to the ring, even going so far as to flog a ball of spit at the first row.

There's no time for further shenanigans, however. Jason, Frank and Lamond suddenly clamber out of the ring and charge towards their opponents for the night. Natas cracks Booya with a big right elbow that almost knocks him (and Penn) to the floor, but Curtis is able to escape before his situation gets too precarious.

DDK:

Here we go! These six aren't even waiting for the bell!

A three-on-three brawl erupts. Natas goes for Booya, Frank smashes Alecz, and LAR trades with Curtis Penn.

The bad guys slowly come back into it as they overcome the initial shock factor, but it's Frank who's making the most headway. He cracks Aleczander with a headbutt the downs him with a short clothesline, before assisting Natas in his battle with Booya.

Meanwhile, Robertson and Penn have made their way towards the apron and Penn, with a handful of hair, tries to smash LAR's face down upon it. LAR stops him, however, and fires back with a back elbow, before whipping him

towards FDJ who flattens Curtis with a big boot.

DDK:

LAR, Natas and FDJ came to fight, and they're standing tall early-on!

Angus:

This is their wheelhouse, Keebs. Personal opinions aside, each of these men is tougher than a \$2 steak! Frank might've knocked a few of Penn's teeth loose with that one!

They don't pause, however. Natas peels Aleczander up from the floor and leans him against the barricade, before peeling-off a heavy knife-edge chop. Alecz buckles over, and we cut to Frank, who now has Penn stood-up in a two-handed choke. A blatant boot to the ground soon puts an end to that, however, and both men crumple into a heap.

LAR, the most altruistic participant in this match, decides to roll Jonny Booya into the ring. The bell finally rings and we're officially underway.

Robertson stomps down hard on Jonny, but Booya rises through the barrage. A couple of clubbing overhand blows to the skull follow, before LAR pushes Booya into the corner and goes for a forearm. Jonny counters with an eye rake, however, before switching places and tossing LAR shoulder-first into the ring post!

DDK:

Jesus, Angus! This is brutal! LAR just flew through the turnbuckles and right into the steel post! His shoulder might be cracked!

Meanwhile, an enraged Frank Dylan James is giving chase to Curtis Penn on the outside of the ring. The former SOHER rounds a set of ringsteps and almost runs right into Jason Natas' chest, but sidesteps The Bronx Bully and rolls into the ring to stand beside Jonny Booya.

Frank and Jason climb-up opposite sides of the ring, but the referee shoos them towards their team's corner. It takes a good while for him to convince Frank in-particular, but FDJ eventually follows the command. Unfortunately, the diversion has given Penn a chance to lay a few boots into LAR, before eventually retreating to his own corner.

An opportunistic cover from Booya brings a one-count. He pulls Lamond to his feet but eats a shot to the gut, then another, and soon LAR is back up. Booya thwarts this with a knee and an uppercut, then whips LAR to the ropes, and flapjacks him into the mat.

Smiling and verballing mocking FDJ and Natas, Booya tags-in the recovered Aleczander. Alecz wastes no time in stomping on LAR a few times, before lifting him up, whipping him across the ring, and tossing him high with a back body drop. He drops to his knees and applies the lateral press for another two.

DDK:

The tide has turned in Penn's team's favour, but what an impressive show of strength from Aleczander! That's a near 270lbs man he just threw into the air!

Angus:

He might be "The Pretty One," Keebs, but never underestimate Aleczander's power.

The bad guys continue to do a solid job of isolating LAR. Penn tags in when he feels LAR is suitably weakened. He immediately goes after LAR's bad arm, just like he'd done a few weeks ago, but can't quite get full extension on the armbar. Just when it looks close, LAR reaches out for the bottom rope with his other hand, and Penn's forced off of him.

A burst of adrenaline overcomes LAR as Penn pulls him up. He levels Curtis with a clothesline before falling to the mat, fatigued and short of breath. It takes him a little while to get there, but LAR eventually clambers towards his corner and slaps Jason Natas's outstretched hand.

In comes The Anti-Superstar on one side, and Booya on the other. Jason leaps into his foes face and fires away with rapid fire elbows, then a stiff liver kick. Booya stumbles backwards, then falls to his knees under the force of a couple of leg kicks. Natas runs the ropes, comes back, and hits a sliding Lariat for another two-count.

DDK:

Curtis Penn with the last second save!

Angus:

Yeah, and here comes Big Frank to give him a piece of his mind.

FDJ rumbles in and clobbers Penn before the former SOHER Kingpin could escape and sends him out of the ring. Which brings in Alecz, who blindsides the Mastodon and shoves him out to the floor. Before Alecz can set his sights on Natas however, LAR comes storming back into the fight and tackles The Big Brit and they stumble out to the floor and continue fighting.

Meanwhile, with craziness erupting around the ring, Jason Natas looks to seize the opportunity before him. Picking Booya up, he blasts him with a flurry of forearms and then sends him to the ropes. Natas times his shot, goes into a spin and scores with a FOEHAMMER that flattens Booya.

Sensing his chance to finally get a win, the Faithful urge Natas to finish Booya. Meanwhile, LAR is joined by FDJ and they double up on Aleczander, as Curtis Penn returns to the apron. When Natas sends Booya to the ropes and Penn appears to slap Jonny on the shoulder on the rebound, before getting slammed down hard with a ring rattling SPINEBUSTER!

Natas is up quick and raises his arm, signalling for the SOUTH BRONX LARIAT!

DDK:

Natas is looking to end this!

Angus:

Sense a LARIA--

Natas drags Booya up by the head and continues to hold him as he cocks back his arm for one powerful shot...

DDK:

Here comes Curtis Penn! Wait, did he tag in?!

Angus:

I think he did!

Right as Natas is about to deal the killing blow, Penn sneaks up and quickly and SCHOOL BOYS Natas with a roll up! As Referee Brian Slater drops into position, Booya somehow has the wherewithal to turn and stop FDJ from getting into the ring, while Alecz does the same with LAR. Curtis Penn grabs a big handful of Jason's trunks to keep him down as he kicks and flails to escape the pinning predicament as the Faithful boo their hearts out.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

And your winners of the match, by pinfall, CURTIS PENN and the SUPER MUSCLE BROTHERS!

Angus:

HAH HAH, FATASS LOST AGAIN!

Penn scurries from the ring quickly as FDJ and LAR finally return to the ring, with FDJ hollering at Slater, who was unaware of Penn's having a handful of Natas' trunks. Being joined by the SMB's, Penn backtracks towards the ramp, an obnoxious grin on his face while Alecz and Booya mug it up behind him.

DDK:

Natas was so close and he gets it stolen from him like that? What is it going to take?

Angus:

I would say an act of God, but I don't think even he wants to see Natas win at this point.

DDK:

Ugh... Alright, stay tuned, because we'll be back, right after this!

IN SEARCH OF THE DAHKNESS

Backstage.

Walking the halls of the Wrestle-Plex, Tyrone Walker moves with a purpose as he appears to be on the hunt. Opening doors and peeking inside, he grumbles with annoyance when he doesn't find what can only be his very large prey.

Tyrone Walker:

Hells you at, ya big, cyclops lookin' mothafucka!?

"Ty!"

Says a familiar voice along behind him. Walker spins around quickly, ready for something vastly different than what appears behind him. Christie Zane, the bubbly blonde mic stand extraordinaire flinches back a step with startled caution.

Tyrone Walker:

Hell do you want?

He snaps instinctively before his brain processes all of the information. Once he see's the sudden frazzled hesitation in Zane's body language reflecting back at him, he applies some much needed chill to his own.

Tyrone Walker

Dag, girl, I'm sorry.

Awkward silence.

Tyrone Walker:

...

Christie Zane:

...

Yep, still awkward.

Tyrone Walker:

Sup?

He says with a head nod and a shrug. It's enough to snap Zane out of it as she composes herself and a mic magically materializes in her right hand. Or it was there the whole time, either or, one of those is what happened.

Christie Zane:

Um... What are you doing?.

Tyrone Walker:

I'll tell ya what I'm doin', YUHBOITAI is lookin' for the DAHKNESS. 'Cause up 'til now, it's been all fun and games upp'in' this bitch. Omega thinks he can play the big bad, rough up some of these kids around here, damn near kill one of 'em... Which is all good, do yo' thang big bruh, make some noise, get yo' monies and rise up that ladder, yanno?

He pauses and Zane nods along with the logic

Tyrone Walker:

Problem is, whatever his bidniss with Kels is, ain't none of mine. Neither's whatever it is he wants outta this deal he's made with her. 'Cept this big nigga just had to go ahead and make it mine when he started messin' with me. Which is fine, you wanna fight, you wanna eye me up like I'm next? It's all good, let's do this shit, and I'll show you what crazy is, mothafucka, because this pain game's only just begun.

Zane's brow pops with curiosity.

Christie Zane:

Wait, are you actually challenging Omega?

Tyrone Walker:

You gotdamn right I am. Like, what, I'm supposed to be afraid of him 'cause he's some 57 personality havin' sonuvabitch?

Christie nods emphatically.

Tyrone Walker:

PSSH! Man, I'mma whoop him and alla his personalities, includin' the one called Omegeesha from over on hundred and tenth street. The one that puts lipstick on like he's the black Buffalo Bill. I'mma bust alla them bitches in the head with a brick.

Christie Zane:

But aren't you the least bit concerned...

Tyrone Walker:

Of what? Omega hurtin' me?

Christie nods and Walker scoffs at the notion.

Tyrone Walker:

Nah, I mean, yeah, he's big, he's bad, he's gonna leave me with some painful ass memories to remember him by. The thing is, errbuddy walkin' 'round this place just hopin' to not be next in line to get run over by him, or worse, be the missin' piece in Omega's big game of mystery he's got goin' on around here.

He presses his palm to his chest as if to point himself out.

Tyrone Walker:

Me? I'm over here sayin' the hell with it, sounds like fun, because I'm crazier than all yall. I can take more pain than anyone here and I'mma show him what crazy really is... Unless I find him here tonight, then I'mma get this party started... **immediately**. If not, I'll be lookin' him up at DEFROAD, either way, we gon' be wild n' out.

Walker throws up a pair of wholly ironic deuces before walking off in search of the darkness.

FINAL AUDITION

The scene opens to the backstage area where we see The World's Greatest Entertainer, Mikey Unlikely. "Hollywood" as he's become known around the DEFIANCE locker room is yelling away on his brand new Galaxy S7.

Mikey Unlikely:

No you listen to me, you slimy piece of shit! I told you I wanted a Gulfstream 200 for my flights down here! You have me on a Citation V!? Are you kidding me!?... I don't care who was flying. His presidential campaign is not half as important as my appearances. 8 SEATS! Are you kidding me!? I need at least 12! Plus a place to lay my head!

As Mikey walks into an open area with no one around, he raises his voice.

Mikey Unlikely:

GOD FORBID I HAVE COMPANY! CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW EMBARRASSING THAT IS!? Don't let it happen again.

He hangs up the phone and slips it into his pocket. Running his hand through his hair, he turns and looks around. That's when he sees them. Hiding behind a soda machine is "The D" Derek Edwards, Elise Ares, and Klein. Unlikely sighs heavily. While both members of PCP, are hidden pretty well, it is Klein who gives away their position. As he stands in plain view with the cardboard box on his head.

Klein politely waves. Mikey pretends not to notice them. He quickly tries to walk on by...

The D:

(To Elise) Oh God, we're losing him. (Shouting) Hey Mikey!

Mikey lowers his head and grabs the bridge of his nose. He quickly looks up to the ceiling, and mumbles something under his breath while shaking his head. The D and Elise rush up, each dressed to the nines. The D wears a baby blue custom made suit, Elise decided to go with purple with a revealing neckline. Mikey turns and meets them, as Klein continues standing exactly in the same spot he was before, way off from the group.

The D:

I just wanted to say... my cousin works at the TSA. Maybe he can help you?

Elise Ares leans in and gently runs her finger down from Mikey's shoulder to his chest.

Elise Ares:

I'm a frequent flier but my points are all caught up in work related siestas. You see the way the points work you can't really move them from earned flight miles to... you know what. Maybe I can't help you with your travels, but I can make the trips a bit more fun.

That last comment elicits a quick grin from the superstar. He glances her way more than once. Elise reveals a DVD from her back.

Elise Ares:

With your own genuine signed copy of Lake Placid Vi.

The D:

With director's commentary.

Elise Ares:

Special features include our demo reels. You can see me on ER for like, two seconds. I was so close to George Clooney I could smell his musk.

The D:

And I totally ate the most hot dogs in Chicago on January 27th, 2014.

Elise Ares:

I was there. Witnessed the whole thing.

The D:

But we didn't meet until...

Elise Ares:

SHHH shhh shhh shhh.

Unlikely accepts the DVD. He flips it over and pretends to read over the case. He nods approvingly.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hot Dogs huh!? Thanks guys! I'll definitely check it out! Ok gotta go....

Not a chance. "The D" steps right back in front of Mikey smiling.

The D:

Listen, hard sell. We want in your next movie. We can be huge assets.

Elise protrudes her ass, and the D does the same.

Finally Mikey has had enough. He holds up a hand to stop them.

Mikey Unlikely:

Ok listen. I'm sure you guys are HUGE in your home towns!

The D:

Don't forget the internet!

Mikey Unlikely:

I appreciate every Mikey fan around the world! Especially the good looking ones I get to meet every single day!

"Hollywood McFuckass" slips his arm around the shoulder of Elise Ares. The pair share a smile. Ares pulls out her phone before she flashes a peace sign like a K-Pop star and takes a selfie.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now I explained last time that I am a very, very, emphasis on the VERY busy person. So allow me to be blunt. You guys want me to notice you? You guys want to play a role for Mikey? You only need to do one thing! Audition!

Elise and the D give each other a knowing look. The D in particular, smiles.

Mikey Unlikely:

So you guys show me what you got, live and in person! If you prove to be both entertaining and an asset, then I'll be inclined to pass along my recommendation to a few "famous" directors.

The D:

That's extremely fair of you. We will do exactly as you say. Listen... uhm, we weren't sure how this conversation was gonna go, so as a precaution, we sent your assistant like, 18 cakes, five dozen donuts, a nice bouquet of roses, kinda went overkill... but one of those cakes has a stripper in it, and we're not entirely sure which one... She likes to tranquilize herself so she's unconscious.

Elise Ares:

She has nice assets, too.

Unlikely's frustration shows through his fake smile.

Mikey Unlikely:

Thanks guys! That sounds... tragic.

The D:

Oh no, she loves it.

Mikey looks around, He's ready to get out of this awkward encounter.

Mikey Unlikely:

...Oh there's my phone again! Wow! Busy, busy!

His phone doesn't ring, he pulls it from his pocket and pretends to slide the screen.

The D calls out to Mikey as he leaves.

The D:

(shouting) Is that Spielberg? (to Elise) It's definitely Spielberg.

He struts past the pair, committed to the faux call he begins a conversation. Klein waves again to Mikey as he passes.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh hey Jay Abrams! What's up my man!? (Pause) What's that? You have a spot in the next one? (Pause) They sent you? I thought you weren't directing. (Pause) Mikey Ren? Count me in! Do I get a lightsword?

Back to the D and Elise.

The D:

He's so cool.

Elise Ares:

The coolest.

The D:

He's gonna get a lightsword!

RAIN CITY RONIN vs NIGHTMARE EXPRESS

DDK:

Welcome back, folks! On a night filled with tag team action, our next match promises a glimpse at something fresh and new, as we will witness one of DEFIANCE's newest tag teams make their honorary debut!

Angus:

Another tag team? Man, I hope they aren't as annoying as those Pop Culture Phenom douchebags...

DDK:

Rumor has it that the tag scene is poised to make a comeback, Angus. How do you feel about that?

Angus:

Well a revitalized tag division can only mean good things for DEFIANCE, but I seem to remember that same comeback shit being said about cassette tapes and crocs, so I guess I'll believe it when I see it!

The shot cuts to the ring, where the hulking duo of Black Jack Savage and Alex Graves of the Nightmare Express restlessly pace around, waiting for the arrival of their opponents.

♪ "Revolve" by the Melvins ♪

The song's building intro plays out as "The Undying" Rocko Daymon strides out onto the stage to a modest fans reaction, followed closely by his young apprentice "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama. The Rain City Ronin stand side by side at the top of the rampway and pump their fisted right hands into the air, waiting for the thirty second mark in the song before breaking the pose and striding down to the ring. The younger Kerry wears an excited smile, and slaps hands with as many fans reaching over the guardrail as he can. Meanwhile, Rocko's determined gaze remains transfixed on the men waiting for them in the ring.

DDK:

The Rain City Ronin look absolutely ready to make a statement here tonight as they make their way to the ring, and it goes without saying that there's been a great bit of building anticipation to see these two in action!

Angus:

Supposedly, Rocko Daymon has a resume as long as my arm, and the words "World Heavyweight Champion" appear more than once. Only problem is, most of those places I've never even heard of, so I guess they couldn't have been *that* significant.

DDK:

In any case, "the Undying" Rocko Daymon has put many years into many companies in this industry, and now he comes to DEFIANCE looking for a challenge, accompanied by his best pupil and his protege, "the Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama. Many are interested to see what the master and student can accomplish as tag team partners.

Angus:

If these guys are as good as their try-out video on Uncut #2 would suggest, then maybe DEFIANCE has struck tag team gold. But if these guys want a challenge, they'll have plenty of it against the twin towers waiting for them in the ring! The Nightmare Express make these guys look like *shrimps* at a combined weight of about six-hundred pounds!

DDK:

I imagine nearly anyone would look like a shrimp when standing next to either Black Jack Savage or Alex Graves! No doubt, the Rain City Ronin will have their work cut out for them here tonight in their debut against this tandem of giant powerhouses!

Kerry Kuroyama and Alex Graves are elected to start things off as the presiding official Hector Navarro gives the signal for the bell. The towering Graves occupies the center of the ring, wearing a confident smirk as he beckons Kuroyama to come at him. Fearless, Kerry steps up and goes straight into a collar-and-elbow tie-up, only to immediately be tossed to the mat as Alex Graves puts all of his strength forward to push the smaller man off of him.

Kuroyama rolls back to his feet and runs in again, this time going low and hooking Graves' right leg to sweep the big man down to a knee as he swings around behind him. Alex reaches back to grab him, but only succeeds in gifting Kerry his right arm, which the young athlete quickly wraps up under his arm and locks the big man into a standing armbar. Kerry clinches in the hold, but Graves nearly effortlessly pushes himself back to his feet and shrugs off the smaller Kuroyama with a hip toss. Kerry takes a bounce off the canvas, and rolls back to his knees in time to see Graves flexes the massive muscles in his arms and torso in a show of intimidation.

Angus:

Yeah, no, you ain't gonna get your licks in doing THAT, kiddo!

DDK:

Kuroyama is proving he's not going to shy away from a larger opponent, but there's a definite size and strength advantage working in favor of the Nightmare Express!

Looking a little less certain of himself, Kuroyama briefly looks to his corner, getting an encouraging nod from his mentor and tag partner standing by on the apron. Galvanizing himself, the young up-and-comer rises back to his feet and steps up to the massive Graves once more. Alex comes at him this time with a wide haymaker--but Kerry successfully DUCKS and gets behind him, meeting the big man as he turns around with a sharp kick to the side! Graves is momentarily stunned as his body soaks up the force of the blow, giving Kuroyama the window to land a second! But he goes to the well too many times with the third, as Graves catches "the Pacific Blitzkrieg" by the leg, lifts him off his other foot with ease, and slams him HARD back down to the mat!

Kerry lingers on the canvas, eyes shut in pain, and Graves takes advantage of the situation by taking a quick bounce off the ropes and going down for a knee drop to the younger wrestler's head--but the knee hits only the mat as Kerry rolls out of the way at the last second. Kuroyama quickly gets back to his feet, stopping Graves in his tracks with a high judo chop to the neck, and takes him by the arm for the Irish whip. Alex quickly puts on the brake and reverses the momentum, whipping Kuroyama into the opposite corner!

The opportunity is perfect for Graves to run in for the corner splash--but Kuroyama evades him once again at the last second, and Alex's crashes hard into the top turnbuckle. Graves staggers back into the center of the ring clutching his chest as Kuroyama keeps in motion, hitting the ropes and dropping the giant to the mat with a quick running bulldog! Kerry slaps his hands with rising confidence as he rises back off the mat, and then goes back to Graves to roll him over and go for a pin. Hector Navarro barely gets past one before Alex Graves uses all of his strength to bench press the lighter Kuroyama off of him, and begins working his way back to his feet.

DDK:

"The Pacific Blitzkrieg" looks as though he's finally got things going his way, but he's got a long way to go still!

Angus:

Looked like the kid floated a couple feet off the mat from that push-off! DAMN, Alex Graves is a beast...

The faster Kuroyama gets to him first, wrapping his head tightly into a side headlock. His grip doesn't do anything to stop Graves' legs however, as they push the big man back up to his feet, and he easily breaks free of the hold by lifting Kerry off the mat and bringing him back down with a HEAVY back suplex. Kuroyama rolls on the mat clutching the back of his head as Graves sees the chance to make the pin. Navarro drops to mat to count once... twice... and Kuroyama kicks out before the three. Graves looks cool as a cucumber as he leaves Kerry to struggle on the mat and makes the tag to Black Jack Savage.

Savage enters the ring as Kerry works himself back to his feet, immediately trying to fend off the next big man with a series of hard chops across the chest. Savage simply soaks it up and bulldozes over the smaller Kuroyama with a HARD lariat! Kerry is helpless now as Savage lifts him back off the mat, nearly yanks the arm off his torso with a whip to the ropes, and puts the young man HIGH into the air with a back body drop! Kuroyama bumps the canvas hard, and finds himself trapped in yet another pin as Savage lays over his chest and hooks the leg. Kerry again kicks out after the two, but has to dig deep to force himself out.

With full control of the match, Savage lifts Kerry back off the mat by the head and traps him in the Nightmare Express corner, where he further punishes him with hard and heavy rights and lefts to the ribs! After Hector Navarro steps in and breaks it up, Savage makes the tag back to Graves, who earnestly reenters the ring with a scent for blood. Alex wrangles Kerry out of the corner to the center of the ring, quickly grasping the young wrestler by the neck and preparing him for the chokeslam! The DEFIANCE faithful cheer wildly in anticipation of a quick and dominant finish--when Kerry suddenly springs off the mat and wraps his legs around the massive shoulder of Alex Graves, dragging the surprised big man down to the mat and locking his wrist into a cross armbreaker!

DDK:

Timely reversal by the young Kuroyama, preventing the finishing chokeslam by Alex Graves! This could be his chance to turn things back around!

Angus:

The kid lucked out on that one! But he needs to make a tag, or these guys are going to pound him into that canvas like a hammer to a nail!

The crowd cheers the amazing turnaround, and Kuroyama twists the wrist forcefully to put as much strain on the arm as possible. Graves' face has lost its overconfidence and become an expression of pain and pain, but his towering height comes to his rescue as he sees the bottom rope in reach of his foot. Hector Navarro breaks it up as soon as he makes contact, and Kerry releases without almost any hesitation, quickly going to his corner to make a much needed tag out to Rocko Daymon.

A few pockets of Rocko Daymon fans let themselves be heard in the crowd as the veteran steps into the ring, waiting for Graves to pull himself to his feet using the ropes. Alex quickly bursts forward with a running lariat--but Rocko calmly jukes a step to his left to dodge the arm, and buries an elbow square into his mid-section. The force of the strike doesn't so much cause Graves to double-over as much as he COLLAPSES down to his knees, the wind completely blown from his lungs. His new position puts him right in line for Rocko to bring a HARD backhanded forearm strike to the big man's temple, and Alex's eyes roll back into his head as he drops to the mat!

Angus:

JESUS MOONSAULTING CHRIST!! Where the hell did KENSHIRO come from?!

DDK:

Two strong blows, and Rocko Daymon has brought the seven-foot tall mammoth down to the mat! Just like that, the Rain City Ronin have taken control of the match!

The DEFIANCE faithful react in shock and amazement as the giant falls onto his back after two very strong, precise strikes, and Daymon remains stoic as he goes for the pin. Something deep in the back of Alex Graves' head forces him to pop up the shoulder just before the three, but the flutter in his eyes shows he's not quite all there as Rocko picks him back off the mat. Alex's rubber legs attempt to bring him to his corner, but Daymon doesn't give him a chance by gripping him around the neck and pounding him further with more forearm strikes to the head. The two dance from one set of ropes to the next until Rocko finally releases, turns around, and BLASTS the big man with a forceful discus elbow! Graves reels back into the ropes, and comes stumbling forward back into Daymon, who lets out a savage ROAR as he scoops the three-hundred plus pounder off his feet and SLAMS him to the canvas! The faithful pop loud at the amazing show of strength, and Daymon hardly notices as he again goes for the pin! Navarro reaches two and Graves somehow manages to pop the shoulder again, but still looks groggy, and takes in the heavy breathes of a man who is tiring out.

"The Undying" tags back out to "the Pacific Blitzkrieg", giving his student further words of encouragement as the master exchanges places with him on the apron. Kerry is a ball of fire as he takes back to the ring, meeting Graves with a running palm strike right to the sternum that pushes him back into the ropes! Not giving him a chance to recover, Kuroyama quickly wraps his hands around the big man's head into a clinch hold, pulling him down in reach of a few well placed knee strikes to keep his legs wobbling. With Graves sufficiently stunned, Kerry slips behind and behinds his head back to lock in a Dragon Sleeper!

The agonized groans of Alex Graves fill the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex as Kerry forcefully pulls back on the neck! Kuroyama holds him in place for a few moments, trying to get as low as possible... but Graves fights through the pain to roll out to his left, using his strength to drag Kerry with him, and the lighter wrestler ends up getting crushed beneath all three-hundred plus pounds of Alex Graves as he steamrolls him to the canvas.

Angus:

Does this kid ever learn? Alex Graves is over three-hundred freaking pounds! You aren't just going to hold him down like he's *anybody*!

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama is noticeably struggling against the strength advantage of these two BRAZEN brutes, but he has to hang in there if he wants his team to have any hope of a victorious debut!

Rubbing the back of his neck, Graves quickly seizes the moment to get back to his corner and tag out to Savage. Kerry is hurt, but still has the look of determination on his face as he struggles back to his feet... but isn't fast enough to get up in time to dodge the running YAKUZA KICK from Black Jack that nearly tears his head off! The faithful vicariously "OOOhhh..." in painful reaction. Savage, convinced he just made a clean knockout strike, quickly goes for the cover, but grunts in frustration as Kerry again kicks out at the last moment.

Growing tired of the young athlete's stubborn refusal to give in, Savage wrangles him back off the mat and traps his arms into a full nelson. Kerry looks to be in extreme anguish as Jack clinches in the hold, putting further strain on the arms and shoulders. Kuroyama's pain-stricken finds his corner once more, as he sees Rocko Daymon extending a clenched fist and encouraging him to fight on. The DEFIANCE faithful begin getting into the spirit of things, clapping louder and louder into a steadily rising crescendo of noise. Regaining his will, Kerry slowly pushes himself back onto his feet, fighting back against the unyielding strength of Black Jack Savage.

Savage isn't buying the comeback however, and tries to put an end to things by planting his feet and throwing the lighter Kuroyama up and over his head with a DRAGON SUPLEX--and the faithful squeal with excitement as Kerry LANDS ON HIS FEET! Savage turns around to be met with a sudden flurry of chops to force him back into the ropes! Kerry pours it on... but everything screeches to a halt once Jack bites back with a HARD double-axehandle that catches him square in the face and sends him spinning to the canvas!

Kerry shakes his head to clear out the cobwebs as he slowly pushes himself back up, and Black Jack Savage uses the opportunity to make the tag back out to Graves. Alex steps over the ropes to enter and quickly wraps his massive hands around Kerry's head to yank him back to his feet. Overpowered completely, Kuroyama is helpless as Graves effortless scoops him off the mat and holds him in place briefly. Alex bares his grinding teeth as he brings Kerry down HARD across the knee, and quickly follows through with a Falling Powerslam that leaves "the Pacific Blitzkrieg" flat on his back. From the corner of the Rain City Ronin, Daymon looks on with concern, but doesn't make a move even as Graves goes for a pin and hooks both legs. Once again, Kerry bucks out a half second before Navarro can bring his hand down for the third time.

DDK:

Another kickout by "the Pacific Blitzkrieg"! It's been a hard battle, but he's still putting up a fight!

Angus:

Yeah, but methinks the Nightmare Express are ready to put this one away and send these two guys packing!

Savage looks to Graves and the two of them nod, eager to put an end to this. Black Jack peels Kerry back off the mat and holds him by the arm as he makes the tag to Alex, and both members of the Nightmare Express work in tandem to send Kuroyama across the ring with the double-whip. Kerry hits the ropes--reaching over and making the near tag to Daymon in the process--and returns to Savage and Graves as the two monsters lift up their legs for a DOUBLE BIG BOOT... and he DUCKS the battering ram of doom at the last second!

Both Savage and Graves stagger briefly as they regain their balance and are slow to turnaround as Kerry hits the opposite set of ropes on the rebound. Kuroyama catches both big men off guard by going low and powersliding in on

his knees, putting two elbows into two different sets of abs and doubling the big men over. With Savage and Graves stunned, Kerry quickly pops to his feet, takes a head under either arm, and plants the Nightmare Express to the mat with a two-sided Rolling DDT that gets the DEFIANCE faithful popping to their feet!

The now legal Rocko Daymon hustles to the scene, extending an arm and pulling Kerry back to his feet before quickly giving orders, and the two men hastily work at getting the stunned Savage and Graves back off the mat. With Rocko handling Graves and Kerry in charge of Savage, they raise both men back to their feet face to face and simultaneously give the both of them a hard shove from behind, sending the two of them stumbling into each other and bumping heads! The giants reel back, walking straight into synchronized RUSSIAN LEGSWEEPS from the Rain City Ronin!

DDK:

WOW! How about that? A well coordinated double strike puts both members of the Nightmare Express on the mat, and suddenly, the Rain City Ronin are poised to walk out of here with the win!

Angus:

Okay, I'll admit it, that was kinda cool to see...

The faithful are cheering wildly as RCR stand dominant in the ring, and the over-excited Kerry can't help but return the love with a pumped fist! Daymon stays on point, pulling Kerry back down to earth by giving him directions while he pulls Graves back up. Alex is put into motion with a hard whip from Rocko that sends him to the ropes... and Kerry meets him there with a clothesline that carries both men over the top rope and to the floor!

Left in the ring with the other legal man, Rocko spies a groggy Black Jack Savage getting back to his feet, and quickly throws himself against the ropes. Savage looks up in time to see Daymon lower his head and completely blast through his midsection with an absolutely brutal SPEAR that knocks him on his back! Daymon quickly follows through by mounting the big man's chest and pulverizes him further with hammering right and left forearms! All Black Jack Savage can do to defend himself is hold up his arms to cushion the blows, but it has little effect as his head continuously bounces hard against the canvas with every fierce strike!

Rocko Daymon's early stoicism has now erupted in a full-blown fighter's frenzy as he comes off the chest of Savage and hooks the big man's arms to pull him back to his feet. Savage can't break free as Daymon puts a couple of knee strikes into his exposed ribs, and the Wrestle-Plex is once again filled with Rocko's MIGHTY ROAR as he uses every bit of his strength to lift Black Jack Savage inverted off the mat with both arms hooked, before bringing him crashing down HARD with the double-underhook facebuster! The DEFIANCE faithful pops HUGE for the feat of unimaginable strength as Daymon rolls Savage over onto his back and crosses over the chest. Hector Navarro makes the three count and rings the bell!

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of the match, by pinfall, ROCKO DAYMON and KERRY KUROYAMA the RAIN CITY RONIN!

DDK:

A hard fought victory for Kerry Kuroyama and Rocko Daymon!

Angus:

DAY-mon... Ah-AH-AAAHHHH!! Fight-er of-the NIGHT-man... Ah-AH-AAAHHHH!! Champ-ion of-the SUN!

The shot cuts from the ring just as Kerry slides under the ropes and begins celebrating with his mentor, and we go back to the commentary table as Keebler stares hard at the smirking Angus Skaaland.

Angus:

You know, like from It's Always Sunny?

DDK:

Oh, I know, I just... ugh, you know what? Forget it. What did you think of the Rain City Ronin in their debut?

Angus:

What the hell is Rocko Daymon made out of anyway? Did Skynet send him here from the future? The guy's got badass written all over him... but all the same, both of them are a little too vanilla for my tastes. And you know my feelings on goody-two-shoes.

DDK:

There's definitely a disparity of experience between the student and master, but that will likely all factor into the young Kuroyama's training under the wing of Daymon. No doubt, these two could make waves here in DEFIANCE, especially after seeing them overcome the massive duo of Alex Graves and Black Jack Savage!

Angus:

Yeah, but it's still a loooooong step up from BRAZEN to DEFIANCE.

DDK:

We've still got more action on the way, folks! We'll be right back!

SIGNED. SEALED. DELIVERED

Camera pans in on both of DEF stalwart announcers who have turned away from their desk to face the camera with their headsets still on.

DDK:

Our upcoming DEFIANCE Road event is a stacked card from top to bottom. One of the particular matches of note will be the hard hitting match between 'The God-Beast' Mushighiara and 'The King of the Streets' Sam Horry. Earlier today, during DEFIANCE Road's Media Day blitz, many were on hand to witness the official contract signing between these two athletes. Here is some footage from DEFIANCE Road's Media Day

Cut to the footage...

Earlier Today.

Members of the media for both professional wrestling and other combat sports gathered inside the main conference room for New Orleans' 5 star Ritz-Carlton Hotel. There is a genuine buzz in the room as DEFIANCE has been the talk of the combat sports world in recent months due to the influx of new talent from the now-defunct UTA, the return of Eric Dane, and the crowning of the New Fist of DEFIANCE, Dan Ryan.

Mushighiara, led to the main platform by Eddie Dante made his way through the throng of reporters and flashbulbs. Both dressed to the nines in fine suits, and Mushighihara, as always in his mask, the duo seem to ignore the buzzing around them. Sitting to the left of the podium, Mushighiara ominously crosses his arms, while Eddie Dante shakes Kelly's hand.

From the opposite entrance, Sam along with Jeanie made their way to the platform. Jeanie was clad in a black DKNY business suit with white blouse, Sam in a Louis Vuitton navy blue pinstripe suit with royal blue shirt and tan Prada Aviator shades. Sam offers a nod to a few of the reporters in the room from his MMA days. These press conferences are nothing new to him. Jeanie and Sam shake hands with Kelly, as they take their seats.

DEFIANCE General Manager Kelly Evans, then steps to the microphone.

Kelly Evans:

Good afternoon, members of the media, and to our streaming audience. One of the featured bouts of DEFIANCE Road involves a grudge match between two of the most physically intense athletes on our roster: 'The God-Beast' Mushighiara and 'The King of the Streets' Sam Horry. In the years that have passed since Mushighiara's and Sam's last encounter, both men have only become more dangerous, more unrelenting in their quest to climb the DEFIANCE ladder. Mushighiara tore a path through Brazen, and owns a victory over current DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion, Harmony; while Sam has been a wrecking machine since returning to DEFIANCE, scoring brutal wins over Jake Donovan and an unprecedented knockout of Frank Dylan James. Their rivalry runs deep, and who doesn't love a good old-fashioned grudge match, huh?

Her question is answered in the form of cheer's and woo's from the media in attendance.

Kelly Evans:

My point, exactly. So at this time, I'm going to turn the floor over to the 'King of the Streets' Sam Horry.

As Sam approaches the podium, he receives a warm reception.

Sam Horry:

The last time some of y'all seen me, I was tryin' to cope with bein' robbed out of my MMA Championships. It's funny how sometimes things really do come full circle. See the reason I left DEFIANCE initially, was because I wanted to be my own man. HnB was fun and all, but I was the young member of the group and my mindset was more on havin' fun than bein' successful. Comin' back to DEFIANCE and more specifically who stands in front of me now...

Sam turns towards both Dante and Mushighiara briefly before turning back to the media.

Sam Horry:

...is life's test to see how far I've come. On a personal level, this is the most important match I've had to date here in DEFIANCE. 'Cause beyond all the hype, and all the threats and all the hyperbole, when I look at Dante, and Mushighiara I see who I used to be. At DEFIANCE Road, the best pound-for-pound fighter in the world is gonna fight like hell to show and prove I ain't that person no more, nah'mean?

He turns back towards his opponent.

Sam Horry:

This will be the worst fight you've ever been in Mushighiara. And it's one you ain't gon' win.

Motioning for the contract, Kelly hands the contract over to Jeanie who peruses it again. She leans over to Sam while whispering details of the contract itself to him. Sam nods that he understands then Jeanie nods towards Kelly who produces a pen which Sam signs his name.

Kelly Evans:

I will now turn the floor over to Mushighiara's manager and confidant, Dante.

Dante approaches the podium to a warm reception of his own, again shaking hands with the DEFIANCE General Manager.

Eddie Dante:

Thank you, Kelly. Thank you media for gathering here today. DEFIANCE Road is appropriately named, because we will know the direction for Mushighiara, after he wins against Horry. Don't get me wrong, Sam is indeed tough, a warrior unquestionably, but he faces against an unrelenting monster in Mushighiara, who is refocused and rededicated to his pursuit of gold here in DEFIANCE. Mushighiara doesn't need to be long winded about his accomplishments, that's what I'm here for...

Some laughs echo throughout the conference room as Dante nonchalantly shrugs and smiles.

Eddie Dante:

And they are more than plenty, let me assure you. At the top of the list, is the fact that The God-Beast has beaten the current Southern Heritage Champion, Harmony; the very same Harmony who is as on a tear in DEFIANCE as Mushighiara's opponent.

Dante now turns towards Sam.

Eddie Dante:

And just like Harmony tasted defeat at the hands of The God-Beast, so will you Sam. The difference between you and her though, Sam is that Mushighiara will savor every bit of damage he deals to you. Every ounce of agony you taste that evening, every bit of despair you suffer in the ring, Mushighiara will relish. So he's gonna take his time with you, and when he's had his fill, will mercifully end the match.

Dante motions for the contract which he receives from Kelly. He reads it over and shows it to the massive God-Beast, who nods once, before Dante exercises his power-of-attorney privilege to sign for his charge.

Both men stand and meet face-to-face for the obligatory photo op. Kelly assumes the microphone again.

Kelly Evans:

You don't beat a Mushighiara and you don't beat a Sam Horry unless your dedication and application to the craft is perfect on that night. This will be one of the most physically intense fights that DEFIANCE has had the privilege to present you. We look forward to seeing you all at DEFIANCE Road!.

Camera pans in on the still face-to-face rivals.

Sam Horry:

I'm like nothing you've ever experienced in that ring, Mushi. If you ain't ready, you ain't gon' survive.

His mask hiding his emotions, Mushi threateningly growls.

Mushighiara:

Oooooooooosu!!!

The feed ends, bringing it back to the present and our hosts.

DDK:

This is going to be an epic confrontation ladies and gentlemen. The only way to see is by contacting your reliable I-pay-per-view provider and ordering DEFIANCE Road! Let's get back to the ring!

PROFESSIONALS

Backstage.

A DEFIANCE backdrop.

Lance Warner.

You know the goddamn drill.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen, allow me to introduce my guests at this time... Cayle and Andy, The Murray Brothers!

The camera pans-out just enough to reveal two affable Scots standing side-by-side. Their appearance garners a warm response from The Faithful, who are really beginning to warm to their presence in DEFIANCE. Both wear similar black track jackets branded with the Lion Rampant symbol of Scottish courage: Andy's logo's gold, Cayle's is red.

Lance Warner:

Guys, thanks for stopping by. It's been a fast-paced start to your respective DEFIANCE careers and you've wasted no time in getting right down to business here. This is the first edition of DEFtv *not* to feature either of you on the match card since your arrival, but there's no such thing as a "quiet night" in DEFIANCE. What's on the agenda for you two tonight?

Cayle leans into the mic.

Cayle Murray::

Not getting stabbed. That's definitely top of my list.

He cracks a smile. The bandage is gone, replaced by a long, padded dressing. The black eyes have faded, and the scrapes have all but healed.

Cayle Murray::

You're right, Lance: we've been going non-stop since we got here and regretfully, we've made a very powerful enemy along the way. We're not fighting tonight, but we're not relaxing either. Tonight's all about keeping our guard-up and our eyes open, because you never know when Eric Dane and Bobby Dean are gonna strike.

Lance Warner:

Eric Dane has made no secret of hiding his disdain for you in-particular, Cayle. The seeds of this rivalry were sewn elsewhere several months ago, but things are really starting to boil over here in DEFIANCE. Is this how you envisioned your DEF career starting-off?

Cayle Murray::

Yes and no.

He pauses.

Cayle Murray::

After all we've been through, I expected Eric to come after me from day one...

Andy Murray::

Especially after you pinned him back in Jan.

Uncommitted to claiming his brother's jab for himself, Cayle flashes Andy a brief, uneasy look.

Cayle Murray::

... right. What I'm saying is I knew we'd collide sooner rather than later, but I didn't expect him to send me home in an

ambulance on my second night on the job. But that's just the kind of guy Eric Dane is: an out-of-control, domineering bully. It's my job to confront and stand-up to men like him, and at DEFIANCE ROAD, my brother and I get a chance to do just that.

Lance Warner:

Speaking of which, tonight marks Eric Dane and Bobby Dean's official debut as a DEFIANCE tag team as they take on the BRAZEN duo of Earl Lee Roberts and J.J. Dixon. I trust you'll be watching?

Andy leans-in now. It's his turn to talk.

Andy Murray::

Absolutely, Mr. Warner. We'll be watching closely, because that's what we do. We take our jobs seriously, we do our homework, and we give our opponents all the due care and attention they deserve.

The King looks down at his brother.

Andy Murray::

Cayle and I? We're professionals. We're gonna sit backstage and scrutinise every second of that match because we've got a big pay-per-view match coming-up, and we want to give ourselves every opportunity to overcome the heartless Tin Man and his Cowardly Lion. Eric Dane is one of the most dominant competitors in the history of our sport: we can't go into this match driven by anger and frustration alone. We have to *prepare*.

He snaps his fingers with that last word, then switches gears.

Andy Murray::

And that's that difference between us and Eric Dane.

Lance takes a moment to comprehend.

Lance Warner:

Are you suggesting that Eric and Bobby are already looking beyond your match?

Andy Murray::

I'm suggesting that Sean Jackson just appeared, and all of a sudden Eric Dane is hypnotised by the strap of leather and gold that The Lone Star of Texas snatched from his clutches a couple of months ago. I'm suggesting that maybe Andy and Cayle aren't such a big priority to him any more.

Cayle Murray::

We're not gonna let him brush us aside, Lance. We've got a score to settle, and we're gonna do it fair and square at DEFIANCE ROAD. Eric and Bobby started this situation in the first place, and they'd damn sure best be doing all the can to prepare... because we are.

Andy Murray::

As far as I'm concerned, if Sean Jackson wants a piece of Eric Dane, the line starts behind us. Tonight, I'm gonna get Eric Dane's attention. No matter what.

Lance Warner:

Gentlemen, thanks for your time.

Cut.

Angus:

These Murrys just keeping digging their hole deeper and deeper, don't they?

DDK:

They've got a point, Angus. What if Eric Dane is as blinded by Sean Jackson's sudden appearance as they make-out?

Andy Murray: is one of the most decorated wrestlers of his generation, and Cayle is a much-lauded rising star...

Angus:

Yet neither of them are The Only Star, Keebs. That's the difference. They're talking themselves into a very dangerous situation with The BAWs here.

HARMONY & ANDY SHARP vs MIKEY UNLIKELY & JAKE DONOVAN

Angus:

And now we come to my favourite part of the show!

DDK:

Just try and keep it in your pants.

Angus:

With Harmony in the ring, I can make NO promises!

DDK:

As Angus has already alluded, up next we've got a tag team match between the team of Harmony and Andy Sharp, and the team of Mikey Unlikely and Jake Donovan.

Angus:

I don't care about the other, just so long as Harmony is out there.

♪ "Come On Get Up" by Adrenaline Mob ♪

The crowd in the Wrestle-Plex are completely unimpressed as Jake Donovan appears on the staging, blowing a fireball up into the air before sauntering down to the ring, ignoring the boos and jeers. He rolls into the ring and drops down in the opposite corner, sitting and watching the entranceway.

♪ "Blunt Blowin" - Lil Wayne ♪

Mikey Unlikely's entrance theme roars through the arena, and a red carpet unravels from the entrance way. As he struts down the ramp arrogantly... Very very arrogantly, he stops halfway down and does a double clap high in the air. When he does, Mikey Money TM begins to fall from the ceiling over the audience.

Mikey, pausing now to have an argument with a fan whose sign he snatches and rips up before he slides into the ring and hops to his feet. Unlikely stands on the ropes and leans over, shouting at the fans again.

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

The fans in the Wrestle-Plex explode as Andy Sharp appears at the top of the ramp, pausing momentarily before charging down to the ring and warp speed and sliding in under the bottom rope, his appearance making Unlikely scurry out of the ring like a rat leaving a sinking ship. Sharp pops up to his feet then climbs the turnbuckle, throwing his arms up in the air.

♪ "Just A Girl" - No Doubt ♪

The music roars through the arena as Harmony strides out onto the staging with the SoHer Championship strapped around her waist. She throws a hand up in the air as she strides down the ramp, touching hands with fans and pausing to give a young fan a hug before hopping up onto the apron and throwing herself over the top rope, pulling the belt from round her waist as she lands and holding it up at the ropes with pride.

Harmony climbs back out onto the apron and Mikey climbs back into the apron from the outside, leaving Donovan and Sharp to start off the match. Donovan leisurely gets to his feet and meets Sharp in the middle of the ring, the pair diving into the tie up that Donovan quickly takes control of with a side headlock that Sharp is quick to get out of by pushing Donovan off into the ropes, taking him down with a smooth armdrag that sends him back into his own corner. Donovan scurries to his feet but Sharp gives him no time to breath, knocking him down with a standing dropkick that sends Donovan rolling back towards his own corner where he makes a quick and unexpected tag to Mikey.

Mikey is hesitant to get into the ring, ignoring Benny Doyle's demands until Sharp gets fed up of waiting and drags him into the ring over the top rope! Mikey lands flat on his ass but tries to scurry to his feet as Sharp goes to attack, only for Mikey to drag Benny Doyle in front of him to stop him! Sharp immediately halts his head of steam while Benny Doyle admonishes Mikey for his tactics, but Mikey isn't finished there as he rolls out of the ring as soon as Sharp is given the go ahead to carry on, running around the ring to his own corner where Donovan is lying in wait to almost take Sharp's head off with a huge lariat! Mikey looks mighty proud of himself as he drags Sharp up and rolls him in under the bottom rope to make a lazy cover that only gets a one count.

Mikey hits Sharp with a stiff right hand that earns him a talking to, but Mikey ignores it and climbs to the second rope before jumping off with a fist drop that misses the mark as Sharp rolls out of the way! Trying to find his bearings, Sharp begins to crawl towards his corner but Mikey tries to stop him by grabbing his foot, earning himself an enziguri to the side of the head for good measure that gives Sharp the chance to tag Harmony in! The SoHer champion comes in with a full head of steam, taking Mikey down with a swinging neckbreaker as soon as she gets in the ring to make a cover that gets a two count. Harmony is quick to try and pull Mikey up, but Mikey rakes her eyes then dives for his corner and makes the tag to Donovan who is more than happy to use opportunity to his favour, rolling Harmony up from behind while she's blinded, but the champion kicks out at two.

Donovan jumps on her quickly, hitting Harmony with stiff strikes and kicks as she tries to get to her feet before finally catching her on the side of the head with a hard roundhouse kick that knocks her down hard. Benny Doyle quickly drops to check on Harmony as Donovan heads for the apron, barely missing Benny Doyle as he leaps over the top rope with a somersault legdrop that lands right across Harmony's chest! The SoHer champion tries to roll over to stop a cover, but Donovan catches her right and locks her into a fujiwara armbar! She cries out and desperately reaches for the bottom rope as Benny Doyle asks if she wants to give in, but the champion screams out defiantly as she edges herself closer and closer to the bottom rope, finally getting her fingers wrapped around it.

Benny Doyle calls for the break but Donovan ignores it until the count reaches four, backing away for a second before he goes back in to attack, only for Harmony to pull him down into a small package that only gets a two count. Both competitors scramble to get to their feet first for the advantage, a race that Harmony wins as she takes Donovan down with a lungblower! Harmony rolls to her corner and makes the tag to Sharp, who comes into the ring and charges at Donovan, but Donovan sidesteps the charge only for Sharp to hit him with a Pele kick that sends Donovan crashing back into his corner and making contact with Mikey!

Benny Doyle calls it the tag and Mikey stands screaming on the apron that he did no such thing! Mikey argues with Benny Doyle but spots Sharp making a beeline for him and jumps off the apron away from him, screaming at Benny Doyle "I DIDN'T TAG IN, YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!!" and it's enough for a distraction for Sharp to hit the ropes and fly over the top rope to crash into Mikey! Benny Doyle begins to count as both Sharp and Mikey are down, but Sharp manages to come round quickly and roll Sharp into the ring before hopping onto the apron and climbing to the top rope to look for The All-Star Frog Splash! Sharp leaps from the top rope but eats the canvas as Mikey rolls out of the way and back to his corner, where he tags Donovan in again.

Sharp begins to make his way to his corner, reaching out for Harmony's outstretched hand but Donovan grabs his foot to stop him, only to be met with a donkey kick that gives Sharp enough time to get the tag to Harmony! Harmony ducks under Donovan's clothesline swing and takes him down with a wheelbarrow DDT that gets her a two count before the SoHer Champion heads for the top rope to go for a moonsault! She just about gets herself steady when Mikey walks along the apron and starts yelling at her, distracting her long enough for Donovan to shove Benny Doyle into the ropes, a move that brings Harmony crashing down on the top turnbuckle!

Mikey dusts his hands off and jumps down off the apron as Donovan gets onto the second turnbuckle and begins hammering into Harmony's back with forearm after forearm before he carries on to the top rope and leaps off, dragging Harmony back down to the mat with a reverse frankensteiner! Donovan hurries back to his feet and drags Harmony up by the head, planting her with a Canadian Destroyer and making the cover to get the three count, Sharp's attempt to save the match stopped by Mikey holding onto his foot from the outside!!

Darren Quimby:

The winners of the match, by pinfall, JAKE DONOVAN AND MIKEY UNLIKELY!

Unlikely pulls Sharp to the outside and climbs into the ring. He begins to jump up and down celebrating. As Jake Donovan stands up, he looks down over Harmony before giving her the ever famous "title pose".

Angus:

Oh Hell! How did this happen? You're telling me that Hollywood McDouchenozzle and the fire guy just beat Harm and Filppy do?

Unlikely embraces Donovan in a hug. Not so sure of his tag team partner, Donovan pushes at Unlikely before exiting the ring himself.

Mikey climbs the turnbuckle to celebrate when Andy Sharp rolls back in to check on Harmony. Unlikely sees the pair, he sneaks up behind his recent rival before "woooooing" in celebration, right into the ear of Sharp.

Frustrated, Sharp stands up and grabs Mikey quickly by the hair before he can escape.

Angus:

Oh yea! Here we go! Get him Sharp! Shuuutttt that man up!

Unlikely puts his arms out in front of him begging off Sharp. The crowd begins to cheer loudly thinking Mikey is finally getting what he has coming to him.

Sharp looks around and elicits a response from each section of the audience. Suddenly a commotion on the ramp.

A man in dark clothing and a hoodie slides into the ring behind Sharp. The mystery man puts a hand on Andy Sharps shoulder to spin him around, and when he does.... BELLEND!!!

DDK:

Wow! What a move! Who is that Angus?

Angus:

Not a clue over here! Whoever it is, just stopped Hollywood from getting his face pounded in.

The man pulls his hood down to reveal himself as none other than former UTA superstar and Mikey Unlikely's tag team partner, KENDRIX!

DDK:

Oh my! That's the other member of the Hollywood Bruvs! That's JFK! That's Kendrix!

Unlikely and Kendrix hug in the ring and begin to celebrate over Sharps down body, before the screen cuts to the next segment.

THE EMPIRE STRIKES FIRST

Backstage, the camera zooms in on tonight's challenger for the FIST of DEFIANCE: Impulse. He's in the training room, with carpeted floor and training tables in the background. The tables, however, are not being used. Impulse squats on the floor, stretching his knees and hips, getting as limber as he can before his match. Behind him, Calico Rose sits barefoot, her back against the wall, cross - legged in what appears to be a meditation pose.

Off camera, a knock is heard followed by the sound of a door opening.

Lindsay Troy:

I've been looking for you. Got a minute?

The Queen of the Ring steps into frame, and Impulse stands up. She offers her hand to him, and they shake.

Calico Rose:

Lindsay Troy; I don't think we've met face to face yet.

Impulse:

Randall Knox. We've met before.

She squints her eyes and wracks her brain, trying to remember.

Impulse:

Not surprised if you don't recall. It was a company that no longer exists: you were top of the middle and I was in the dark match. Good times, though.

Calico Rose:

Miss Ivy says you're bossa nova, so you're bossa nova.

Troy looks at Cally, noticing her for the first time. She blinks, confused.

Lindsay Troy:

That's...good, right?

Impulse:

Trust me, that's good.

A small smile of relief briefly appears on Troy's face.

Lindsay Troy:

Anyway, I don't want to take too much of your warm-up time, but I need to talk to you about the main tonight.

Before she can continue, Impulse shakes his head and puts his hands up in defense.

Impulse:

I didn't ask for it, I didn't expect it, I didn't want it. But Dan Ryan's an opponent, and I'm gonna give it my best. Hey, I've managed to get past him once before, I'm interested in seeing the new that we both bring to the ring this time.

The moment breaks as Cally stands up, takes a breath, nods her head, and does a handstand. Impulse and Lindsay look at her, then look back at each other.

Lindsay Troy:

That's why I'm here: the "new" he's been bringing in the ring lately has something a little extra ugly underneath the surface.

Impulse looks willing to be convinced.

Lindsay Troy:

Look...it's well documented that Dan's known for his ruthlessness and his attitude. He's never been the guy who walks out with a smile, makes with the ringside hand-slaps, and serves at the pleasure of the fans. I think you know all that. But this...

She stops, sighs, tries to find the right words.

Lindsay Troy:

I don't know what or why, but a switch got flipped after Ascension. Something's shifted; this version of "Champion Mode" isn't like the others, and it's not just as things have concerned me. You go in there with the same naiveté and hopes of sportsmanship you gave Curtis Penn, and you might get burned far worse than only a cheap shot with your back turned.

Impulse:

You know, the first time I was in the ring with Dan Ryan I was his tag team partner, and the match ended with him Humility Bombing me. Twice. I know what he's capable of, and what he likes to do. I appreciate the concern, but trust me - I'm prepared for the worst he can give.

He nods his head in respect, then turns around and cracks his neck, and stretches out his shoulders. Lindsay Troy doesn't move.

Lindsay Troy:

From a former EPW Champion to the final one, just watch your back. OK?

Her tone of voice, and the words she uses stop both Impulse and Cally. Cally returns to her feet and Impulse looks Lindz in the eye.

Impulse:

I'll be careful.

That seems to be all Lindsay Troy wanted to hear. She nods her head - first to Impulse, then to Cally.

Lindsay Troy:

Good luck out there.

She takes her leave. Cally leans her head on Impulse's shoulder.

Cally:

So what are you gonna do?

Impulse:

Same as I said - work as hard as I can, give the fans a good show, and try to win.

He looks straight into the camera.

Impulse:

What do you think?

Silence. For several seconds.

Cameraman:

I... don't think I'm supposed to talk.

Impulse smirks, and leaves the frame.

Cally:

Dude... no imagination.

She smiles and walks out of the frame as well, and DEFtv moves elsewhere.

HOLLYWOOD BRUVS

The scene cuts the backstage area, where Lance Warner is walking through the hallway, having just left his latest interview here on DEFtv64. The man get's almost no recovery time as a pair of sweaty wrestlers come through the door at the end of the hall and head his way.

He sees the stars coming and realizes the opportunity.

Lance Warner:

Mikey Unlikely! If I could just get a wor....

Unlikely smiles when he sees Lance and reaches out for what appears to be a handshake. As Warner extends his own hand, Mikey's floats right past it, and scoops up the microphone. He quickly brings it to his face.

Mikey Unlikely:

Woooooooooooooooooo! Andy Sharp, you think you can put your hands on me!? You think you can hop into MY RING and assault the greatest thing going in Hollywood today!? You think someone with my level of success doesn't have someone watching his back!? Doesn't have friends in high places? HA!

Mikey pulls his partner in crime into the scene, and loudly pats the man on the back. The new superstar smiles wide

Mikey Unlikely:

Well listen up, because we're putting DEFIANCE on notice. Mikey is slowly building something here....and no, i'm not just talking about my already stellar filmography! I am here to bring about a changing of the guard in DEF. Let's get rid of the garbage wrestling and the violence Lance, let's throw out the useless trash in the BRAZEN division, and give more spotlight to those who matter.... Like me!

He slowly passes the mic off to the newcomer, his eyes never leaving the camera lens.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah...Dance Wanker....if that even is your real name?

Kendrix looks quizzically in Lance's direction as the interviewer is taken aback by the seemingly mis-pronunciation of his name. He Looks at the camera and then back at Kendrix who holds the mic out incredibly low by his side. As Lance leans low to answer the question, Kendrix pushes him away out of shot, before he can answer.

Kendrix:

Get out of our shot bruv, no one wants to see you dance! Just like no one wants to see Blunt Andy, innit?!

Turning his attention to the lens he strokes his beard and throws a cheeky wink its way.

Kendrix:

DEFIANCE! No longer do you have to put up with painfully dull and pointless segments. NO LONGER...do you have to cheer for bland, average, BORING...people like you.

Pointing at the lens he shakes his head from side to side

Kendrix:

What you all fail to realise, what you NEED...is someone to cheer for, someone to believe in...someone...who is soooooooooo Hollywood!

He wraps his arm around the shoulder of Mikey, who modestly widens his eyes, as he holds the mic up to his mouth.

Mikey Unlikely:

OBVS!

Kendrix:

TOTALLY OBVS!

The two point at each other before pumping their fists together. Turning his attention back at the lens, Mikey jabs his thumb back upon Kendrix's chest.

Mikey Unlikely:

What you people NEED...is someone who's sooooooooo BRUV!

Kendrix:

OBVS!

Mikey Unlikely:

TOTALLY OBVS!

The two follow up with a sharp high five.

Kendrix:

What you people NEED... and what Defiance is gonna GET...is the single hottest team that this industry has ever seen. The most hyped team to never have an official match together...And the FUTURE... Defiance Tag Team Champions...

Holding his hands out flat by his waist and motioning them in front of his stomach, he continues.

Kendrix:

The World's Greatest Entertainer... MIKEY UNLIKELY

The trademark sly smile crosses his face.

Kendrix:

And none other than the future of Defiance himself... JESSE FREDERICKS KENDRIX...THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS!

The two begin to celebrate before Unlikely holds up one finger (Not that one). Kendrix slows up.

Mikey Unlikely:

But before we do that! Before we change the face of wrestling forever! Before we entertain box offices worldwide! I have to attend to some unfinished business.

Kendrix smiles, nodding along with Mikey now.

Mikey Unlikely:

Andy Sharp, on DEFtv63 you challenged me to a match at DEFIANCE ROAD. Unfortunately, you didn't give me the opportunity to accept before running off and losing your Southern Heritage championship match. Losing MY OPPORTUNITY at the SOHER! So allow me to officially accept your challenge, and warn you that tonight is just the trailer, at DEFIANCE ROAD will be the World Premiere of the beginning to the greatest career in the history of sports entertainment!

The pair walk off together laughing and smiling.

ERIC DANE & BOBBY DEAN vs REBEL YELL

♪ "If I leave here tomorrow, would you still remember me?" ♪

It's a fair question, if you haven't grown tired of "Freebird" after the BILLIONTH listen. But it sends the Faithful into full sing along mode because it's one of the most iconic songs of ALL TIME. Without letting the question even resonate with the crowd, without letting them even reach the next line of the song the first member of Rebel Yell, Earl Lee Roberts tears through the curtain, spreading his arms to either side full of huff and puff, and blowing your houses down. He nods his head, confident in his ability heading into the match here tonight.

Purposefully walking a step behind him is his partner in the Rebel Yell tag team, the flashier of the two BRAZEN boys, the Stars and Bars himself, J.J. Dixon.

Angus:

Jesus, this song. Feel like I'm closing down a dive bar with FDJ.

DDK:

I'm sure that's an experience.

Angus:

God only knows.

DDK:

Another good track.

♪ *Heavy is the Head that Wears the Crown* - Zac Brown/Chris Cornell ♪

The bluesy riff heralds the in-ring return to DEFIANCE of the owner, founder, and final boss of the place: Eric Dane. The Only Star explodes out of the curtain to a heavy ovation and he soaks it in, twirling around in a circle to see every single screaming face in the crowd. A moment passes and "The Defiant Beauty" Bobby Dean makes his way out behind the boss and receives a significant pop himself.

Dane throws a glance at Bobby to make sure he's in serious business mode. Satisfied, the two of them make their way toward the ring, Bobby slapping hands and Eric allowing the ringside Faithful to reach out and brush his arm and chest as he makes his way. Eric leans in and begins a last minute game plan discussion with Bobby as they reach the ring.

Angus:

And Dean and Dane having some words.

Eric Dane assumes his spot on the outside, simply barking orders over at Bobby Dean. The Deaner stays in the ring to start the match against Earl Lee Roberts. Roberts is down to one knee, eyeing the larger man; determination in the eyes. The opening bell tolls and Roberts surges. Earl Lee is fresh out of the gate to a commanding lead. It's a tie up, into a side headlock, sloppy work on a clearing elbow from Dean. Roberts ducks it and uses it's opening to clear his own space with a furious forearm that allows him to "whip" Dean into the ropes. The, self proclaimed, Name that Entertains, hits the ropes. Earl Lee ready with a huge shoulder to put him down on his back, but Bobby uses his weight to halt his process.

Angus:

Can't believe Bobby actually MEANT to do that.

Quicker than either member of Rebel Yell can whistle "Dixie" J.J. Dixon leaps out from his corner, bringing his legs up and nailing Dean in the back of the head with a flashy looking dropkick. Bobby stumbles, Roberts explodes into his midsection with the shoulder and down goes Dean. Quick cover, quick count. Not enough. Bobby turns his shoulder.

DDK:

Dean drops to the mat like a sack of freaking potatoes.

Angus:

The BAWS Man has his hands full if he thinks he's going to turn Bobby into some sort of hurting bomb.

It takes Roberts AND Dixon to get Bobby to his feet, the referee not doing a good job of keeping the peace. Dane doesn't care. He nods, throwing his shoulders up into a shrug. Allowing the double team to effectively happen. Roberts and Dixon toss Dean into the ropes, it's enough to move the man but barely. Before Bobby hits the ropes he comes to a slow stop, then lazily turns around and "charges" back, ducking their first double clothesline, but there isn't much more he can do. Rebel Yell begins the painstaking process of eating the elephant that is Bobby Dean.. One bite at a time.

Carla establishes control in the ring as Roberts makes a legal tag. Dixon enters and begins to isolate Bobby's leg. Working it over with kicks to the inside, and the outside. Dixon drops his own knee to the inner and outer thigh of Dean. Dixon leaps into the air and brings both feet down hard on the knee. Dean's hands find the knee as he is clearly in pain.

Angus:

The Stars and Bars going to work on Bobby Dean's knee and the Only Star hasn't even broken a sweat.

DDK:

Rebel Yell doing a good job of dividing the ring so far. Easy to do with someone like Dean.

Dixon throws his hands to the side, proud of his work, always the more flashy of the two. Earl shakes his head and there's a blind tag. Earl is fresh and the stomps come hard and fast on the shoulder of Dean, as Rebel Yell continue to try to break down all his extremities. Stomps, and stomps, and knees, and kicks, and then a running knee that catches the, verified, Long Dong from Hong Kong in the side of the head.

Angus:

I think Bobby is seeing birdies, and not the kind he's used to.

Roberts nods his head satisfied. He rolls on top of Dean. There's a count. It's close, but still not enough.

DDK:

The BAWS and Bobby still alive here. In a contest that has been pretty much a Rebel Yell showcase.

Angus:

Tides are shifting. I can feel it.

J.J. Dixon is calling out to Earl that he wants in. Earl Lee obliges. Dixon dances around, taunting Dean, high on the idea that he'll earn a win here tonight, on THE show. Surely the call up is around the corner. Dixon turns back and Bobby Dean does what Bobby Dean does, he pulls a leg, tripping the brash member of the BRAZEN roster. Dixon falls. Dean Crawls. Dixon leaps to tag in Earl, but it doesn't matter. The crowd reaches a fever fucking pitch as Bobby Dean reaches out and touches Eric Dane. Referee indicating there has been a tag.

Then it's a tale as old as time. A song as old as rhyme. Both members of Rebel Yell a little scared, neither one prepared. It's one high knee after another that Dixon and Roberts take turns eating. The Knee Brace, yes that one, made of solid titanium aiding the impact to their skulls; rattling their brains. Turning the gray matter into gravy.

Angus:

And the BAWS has cleared the ring.

Dane shakes his head, almost embarrassed it was this easy to shift the tide. It's finally J.J. Dixon who reaches his feet, blood pooling from his check, hell-bent on standing toe to toe with Dane. He swings with a punch, Dane blocks easily. Another one, Dane with another block. Then Dixon brings his head forward suddenly for a headbutt only for Dane to shift and level him with a forearm. Dixon stumbles into the waiting arms of Bobby Dean.

Eric Dane:

Do it.

Bobby hesitates.

Dane's brow squints down, pressing his eyes further into their sockets.

Eric Dane:

NOW.

Bobby reluctantly lifts J.J. Dixon inverted and spikes his head clean into the canvas. The Stars and Bars part of Rebel Yell is down for the count. Earl Lee, still dazed from the knee brace shot keeps his distance knowing better.

Angus:

Damn, are necks supposed to move like that, Keeps?

Dane points a finger.

Earl Lee tries to escape but a huge massive, formerly KFC covered paw grabs his ankle and pulls him back into the ring. Up to his feet Earl Lee Roberts goes, Dean knees him and again delivers a *thudding* Piledriver, that leaves a Rebel Yell member limp in the ring.

DDK:

Always thought Bobby had potential but that was monstrous.

Angus:

I mean Eric Dane is one HELL of a motivator.

Dane turns his back, steps through the middle ropes. Over his shoulder, on his way out essentially, he motions. Dean puts a foot on J.J. Dixon's chest. The official drops to his knees and it's a three count.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners of the match, by pinfall, ERIC DANE AND BOBBY DEAN!

Angus:

And Dane and Dean get the win. I mean was there ever any doubt?

DDK:

And Rebel Yell will probably need a nice little trip to the hospital. Just another night of DEFtv for you.

"DEFIANCE...Can you feel it..."

Angus:

Oh for fuck's sake!

WHEN SHIT GOES SIDEWAYS

♪ In the Air Tonight - Phil Collins ♪

The arena erupts into boos as the Lone Star of Texas steps out from behind the curtain. Sporting a million dollar smirk, he seems to enjoy the negative reaction from the DEFIANCE Faithful as the Dallas native just stands there, soaking everything up. Not lost on anyone in the building is a World Heavyweight Championship belt fastened around his waist, something that is conveniently pixelated for those watching on television.

Slowly he raises the mic to his mouth.

Sean Jackson:

Eric, Eric, Eric. Congrats on once again fooling the masses, making these boudin and cracklin eating morons believe you are better than you actually are.

With the smile getting larger on his face, Sean has no problem raining on Dane's parade.

Sean Jackson:

But what can you expect from a city starved for championship caliber athletes? A city which has been disgraced by no talent hacks and pretend trinkets that could **NEVER** be on the same level as this...

With his free hand, the Dallas native points down towards the pixelated championship.

Sean Jackson:

The **REAL** world championship. Not some FIST crap that no one could ever wear with pride. Face it Eric, you're a second rate chump, running a second rate company that will finally be legitimized by me, the **REAL** World Heavyweight Champion. The man who exposed you in Atlantic City, and in relatively short order...

The Boss has been given a microphone, finally.

Eric Dane:

Are you fucking retarded?

This gets a pop from the crowd.

Eric Dane:

The only thing you exposed in Atlantic City was that you can't beat me unless I've already been in a half-hour Main Event!

At ringside Sean Jackson guffaws.

Eric Dane:

I guess the fact that the company shut down five minutes after you got that belt is completely lost on you, ain't it Sean? You have the balls to walk into **my house** with *that belt* around your waist and call yourself the "Real" World Champion?

Dane is getting hot around the proverbial collar, pacing back and forth to the point that Bobby Dean is careful not to get ran over.

Eric Dane:

I'll tell you what, you might think you've got some big brass balls on you, pulling this stunt, well guess what bitch, REMATCH CLAUSE! Come on down!

Sean Jackson:

You think I'm gonna come down there, right now, for free, so you and that fat piece of garbage can jump me like the miscreants you are?

Unnoticed until just now, a large contingent of DEFsec has taken up positions all around the ringside area and the stage. It's like they're used to this kind of thing.

Eric Dane:

As a matter of fact, I don't, I know how big of a bitch you are.

Jackson gets irate now his own self.

Sean Jackson:

Listen here you second rate wanna-be Sean Jackson, I'll have you-

Eric Dane:

You won't have a goddamned thing, fucko! We're in MY HOUSE NOW! And while maybe I can't make you come down here and get in this ring and take your beating like a man, I *can* book you into any fucking match I please.

The crowd pops. Sean Jackson is not impressed.

Eric Dane:

So how about this you Steer-Queering Texas fucktard, Clash of the DEFIANTS, Main Event, THAT belt on the line, we finish this once and for fucking all!

Super Mega Pop. People don't like it when we do the "raaah" thing, so you get this line instead. Sean Jackson's eyes go wide. He doesn't get the chance to answer though.

♪ *Get Busy - The Roots* ♪

Just when it seems things can't get any more chaotic, here come The Murray Brothers.

All heads turn to Cayle and Andy as they stride-out onto the stage and waste no time whatsoever in getting down to business. Andy taps his microphone then raises it to his lips.

Andy Murray:

Eric, Sean...

He passes his gaze between The Only Star and The Lone Star of Texas, then over to Bobby.

Andy Murray:

...Robert.

Big Murr shakes his head in disgust as Bobby happily waves back with a cheery smile on his cherubic face, oblivious to the mounting tension that surrounds him.

Andy Murray:

Help me out here lads, because I'm a little confused. I get that you two have a little unfinished Utah business to wrap-up, but it seems to me that you're forgetting about *our* unfinished business. You know, DEFIANCE ROAD? Andy & Cayle versus Eric & Bobby? *Two weeks* from today?

Having reached the bottom of the ramp, Andy & Cayle stop for a moment.

Andy Murray:

Seems to me that you're not taking our little situation too seriously, Eric, and I don't take too kindly to that. Matter of fact, I'm pretty damn pissed-off about it.

Cayle slides beneath the bottom rope and Andy hops onto the apron, then clambers over the top rope. A group of DEFsec move cautiously towards them.

Andy Murray:

You've been treating my brother like a whipping boy for the best part of a year, and since we got here, you've done all you can to bully us out of the company. I asked for a match, you laughed in my face. I stood up to you, and you stuck a fork in my brother's head. Forgive me if I'm not too happy about you sweeping our situation aside to make room for your little vanity project over here.

He points to the belt rested on Sean Jackson's shoulder.

Eric Dane's attention has been ripped away from Sean Jackson and now rests squarely on the largest of the Murray Brothers. Rage flashes in The Only Star's eyes and he bares his teeth as he spits into the microphone.

Eric Dane:

Alright, you big bastard...

He walks directly into Big Murr's personal bubble.

Eric Dane:

I've been trying to give you the benefit of the doubt for weeks. I've begged you to STAY OUT of my business since the day you showed up here. Hell, I think I've been pretty goddamned nice about it considering the situation and how often you like to pop off at the mouth.

Dane is as close to in Murray's face as physics allows.

Eric Dane:

Let me tell you something, *son*. You ain't THAT goddamned big, and ain't nobody here scared of you. Say one more fucking word to me and I'll put you on your big ass right here and right now, you understand?

Without a hint of trepidation, Andy smiles.

Andy Murray:

Sounds--

That's all it takes. The Only Star swings a microphone-loaded right hand at the Scottish King of Cool, but he never connects. Murray saw it coming, hell he was banking on it. With a practiced ease he blocks the haymaker and responds in kind, connecting satisfyingly to the jaw of The Only Star for the first time. Dane sprawls backward and both Bobby Dean and the younger Murray move to get involved before the DEFsec finally make their move. The ring fills up faster than human eyes can follow.

Sean Jackson, who had taken a backseat to the Murray Brothers, was the first one out of the ring when things started going sideways. With a smirk and a world title over his shoulder he leaves the ringside area as Dane, Dean, and the Murrys struggle to get at one another amidst tons of DEFsec beef.

THE PAIN GAME HAS ONLY JUST BEGUN

DDK:

[Puts his hands to his head set] I am getting word from the back that there is a huge commotion in the backstage area involving Tyrone Walker

Angus:

Get a camera back there now, that's MUHBOITAI back there.

The cameraman sprints down the hall to the open backstage area to see Tyrone Walker and Omega going blow for blow. Ty did everything he could to knock the massive man down but to no avail as Omega stood there with a smile on his face. Ty swings wildly almost hitting a tech hand as the big man moves to his left. The madman grabs Walker and nails him with a big right hand that sends Ty to the floor. Omega slams his size sixteen boot into Ty's stomach relieving him of what oxygen he had left. Omega looks around as he grabs a tech cart. He slams the cart on the floor but Ty moves just in time before being crushed. Finally DEFsec comes into view to break up the two men.

DDK:

That cart weighs almost one hundred pounds.

Angus:

He just tried to kill MUHBOITAI!!! Someone stop that maniac, and I say that in the nicest way possible.

DDK:

Great save.

Ty Walker fights through the DEFsec blockade and dives onto Omega who was being held by the other half of DEFsec. Ty drives his fist into Omega's head while the DEFsec had a hold of the monster. Omega pulls his arms from the security force while Ty continues to wail away on him. Ty grabs Omega by the head and slams him face first into the tech cart. The monster looks at Ty and smiles. He motions for Ty to bring more. Walker obliges as he slams Omega's head into the cart once again. The big man stands straight up and peers down at Ty before he drills him with a big right hand to the jaw. Ty holds his jaw as Omega grabs him by the throat and flings him into some palettes on the ground. The madman picks up a palette and drives it into Ty's head. Omega picks up Walker and slams him face first into the wall. Ty slumps the floor as Omega stands over top of him.

Omega:

We did not want this to happen Mr. Walker, but Ms. Evans will be the reason you end up in a hospital bed. You cannot stop what comes next. You say that you can take the pain we dish out, well let's test that theory.

DDK:

Ty better stay down because this madman will not stop.

Angus:

I may have to agree, MUHBOITAI needs to stay down.

Walker did not stay down as he charges at Omega with some sort of renewed surge of energy. Walker did not knock Omega down but he sends him back enough to gather himself. Walker goes toe to toe with the maniac again as everyone watches the fight in Tyrone Walker. Ty clotheslines the big man but that did not knock him down. Ty was trying to be the first man in DEFIANCE to knock Omega off his feet. Walker runs at Omega again but the big man sends Ty to the floor with a big boot to the face. DEFsec once again runs in to separate the two men. Omega shoves the men out of his way as he stalks Ty once more.

Omega bends down to grab Ty but Walker jabs a finger into Omega's eye, temporarily blinding the massive man. Ty gets to his feet and starts wail on the big man. Omega could not do anything as he could not see. Ty has an advantage as he continues to throw rights and lefts to the big man's body and head. Walker looks around in the area and finds a steel chair. He folds up the chair and moves back toward Omega. Ty holds the chair up and nails Omega with three vicious chair shots.

Omega:

I have transcended above pain, Mr. Walker.

Tyrone Walker looks on in shock as Omega stood there with a grin on his face after three vicious chairshots that would crumpled any normal man.

Angus:

WHAT THA FUCK!! He did not fall from three chairshots.

DDK:

I'm speechless and I think Ty is also. He standing there in shock at the moment.

Angus:

The DEFsec finally pulling these two men away from each other. These two men are not done by a long shot.

DDK:

While DEFsec sorts this out, let's head to the ring.

BRONSON BOX, ANGEL TRINIDAD & VAN CARVER vs LINDSAY TROY, DUSTY GRIFFITH & HENRY KEYES

DDK:

In this business, the term “combustible elements” is one that gets thrown around a lot, but...

Angus:

This is nuclear war, Keebs! HOSSFITES and Hatred and Bell Claps, oh my!

DDK:

All of those things might ring true here tonight. Before several of DEFIANCE's best and brightest meet up at DEFIANCE ROAD, we've got this HUGE trios tag match! Lindsay Troy, Dusty Griffith and Henry Keyes will be taking on respective rivals... Bronson Box, Angel Trinidad, and Van Carver!

Angus:

It's not just about their current conflicts, either. There's a lot of bad blood that goes back months. Keyes and Box from the first DEF*MAX. My HOSS OVERLORD Angel Trinidad's and Lindsay Troy's trios titles conflict at Aftershock....

DDK:

And more recently, Dusty Griffith and Bronson Box at Acts of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

I was hoping to get through that history lesson without mentioning Mayberry. Meh. Whatever. LET'S GET THIS WARFARE STARTED!

And sure enough, it's time for entrances now!

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

From the back, the self-proclaimed “Biggest AND The Best” Angel Trinidad stomps out from the back, eyes locked dead ahead toward the ring. Thomas Keeling, Sr, is at his side and points towards the ring, giving him instructions on what to do tonight. They make their way down the ramp and into the ring.

♪ "God's Gonna Cut You Down" by Johnny Cash ♪

No tricks with the lights tonight, no smoke and mirrors. The first figure through the curtain is none other than Jane Katze. The long legged brunette in her usual flawless business attire stands confidently at the top of the ramp, a smile on her face... as the rookie sensation, The Murder Machine Van Carver?!

DDK:

Well it seems Mr. Carver's gone and found himself some *allies*, partner.

Angus:

Jane *and* Boxer have both been courting...well, speak of the devil...

Katze and Carver step to one side and gladly give the final member of this little cabal ample room to swagger out onto the stage. The Wargod emerges with a *smile* plastered across his mangled mustachioed mug. Bronson Box brushes past Jane and Carver and heads towards the ring, the duo falling in behind. Jane leans in and whispers to Carver as they head down the ramp.

DDK:

You were saying?

Angus:

Listen, Box isn't the “pat you on the back” *atta' boy type*, okay? He's teaming with the kid, Jane's got his ear...

obviously all those elbows to the side of the head made quite the impression on The Original DEFIANT couple episodes back.

The Original DEFIANT in the first into the ring, rolling under the bottom rope and brushing RIGHT past Keeling and Trinidad without even a glance. Before the elder Keeling can protest, Jane is right there with a hand on his forearm and some obviously sugary sweet words to calm any feelings of “perceived” disrespect. Carver joins The Wargod in their corner to prep for the match and await their first opponent...

♪ “Airship Pirate” by Abney Park ♪

The arena lights go red as Henry Keyes steps out, slightly hunched over and strutting out to the stage. He pauses at the top of the ramp, ready for a fight but willing to wait for the rest of his teammates...

♪ “I Love It Loud” by KISS ♪

That familiar drum beat begins to pound the airwaves, causing the Faithful to stomp in unison as the lights begin to flash. When the song kicks into gear, Dusty Griffith comes charging out to a huge roar of cheers. He paces the stage, riling the Faithful up even more, then stops next to Keyes. The two men clasp forearms in a Roman-style handshake as The Wild Bronco’s music cuts to...

♪ “Trampled Under Foot” by Led Zeppelin ♪

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 and strides out to join Dusty and Henry on the platform. After a moment for photo ops, the three walk stride-for-stride down the ramp to the ring. They hop onto the apron, climb through the ropes, and the jostling and posturizing between all parties starts.

DDK:

Mark Shields looking to get everyone sorted here and into their respective corners. There are a lot of bodies out here. Question is, who’s going to start it off?

Angus:

Could be any of these guys, Keebs.

It ends up being brash rookie Van Carver who makes the first move. He steps forward in hopes of starting the match off quickly, Jane clapping her hands at ringside. However the hand of Angel Trinidad stops Van. Angel instead steps to center, firmly set to open this one up here tonight. On the outside of the ring, Keeling now is all claps, showing his appreciation for his client taking matters into his own hands.

DDK:

And Angel Trinidad wants to show Van Carver how things are done here in DEFIANCE.

Angus:

And after watching him this first month, I think Van could use that lesson.

With Angel situated in the ring, of course it’s Dusty Griffith who answers the call. He and Angel waste no time in throwing strikes, trying to knock each other’s blocks off and picking up right where they left off last show. The Brand New Bad would eventually surge to overpower Griffith, leading to a fury of Scoop Slams, including a brutally devastating variation that saw Angel drop Dusty’s back clean onto his knee.

Keeling is pleased at the work Trinidad is putting in on Griffith and urges him, from the outside, to keep the pressure on. Angel keeps working over Griffith with another barrage of strikes, but the Unbreakable Pillar would show that he was - ya know - unbreakable. Answering the bell, getting to his feet.

DDK:

Dusty Griffith, answering the call. Per usual.

Angus:

Please, Keebs, I just ate. Your love of Dusty will upset my stomach.

Dusty runs a forearm over his brow to throw away the sweat. He's chest to chest with Angel, both men stand with gritted teeth. Then comes the quickness from Dusty as the crowd roars to life. The chops come hard, they come fast, and they're knife edged. They paint the chest of Angel Trinidad a certain shade of red. Dusty uses the surge to push Angel back into the ropes, whipping the big man across. It's then that Van Carver takes his revenge.

Angus:

Carver with a blind tag.

Dusty, focusing on Angel, throws a clothesline. Angel, thinking he's still the legal man, ducks it and responds with an elbow catching Dusty in the chin. Dusty stumbles and runs right into a strong arm Lariat from Van Carver, who perfectly picked his opportunity. Angel stomps on Dusty, Mark Shields doing little, if anything, to maintain the situation. It isn't until Carver comes over and pulls Dusty to his feet that Shields even bothers acknowledging that he's the legal man. Angel is irate at Carver.

Angel Trinidad:

He was MINE...

Carver doesn't care and brings a massive club down on the neck of the former collegiate football player, Mr. Dusty Griffith, as Keeling yells for his subordinate to get back to his corner.

Van would continue pounding away, but just like Angel before him, he finds that the Pillar doesn't break easy. Griffith throws a knee into the mid section of Carver, from his knees, after answering a picture perfect Roaring Elbow. Carver has the wind knocked out of the sails. With Carver sucking wind, it's Griffith off the ropes and a well-placed Knee Lift totally sends Carver into La La Land and falling to the mat.

DDK:

Griffith is going to pin.

Shields slides down slow and counts but it's a Bronson Box stomp that breaks things up. Griffith rolls quickly to his feet, knowing the history of the Boxer. Griffith squares, Box throws his hands towards the sides. All he was doing was just trying to break the pin. He steps through the ropes, resuming his place outside.

Angus:

Box not throwing down, surprising.

DDK:

A bit.

Griffith turns his attention back to the fallen Carver, he smiles and heads to his corner. He tags in Henry Keyes. The crowd pops.

DDK:

Keyes and his Airship always seem to entertain the Faithful, Angus.

Angus:

Well he hasn't been entertaining Van Carver. And he better hope Carver doesn't wake up from his Mayberry-induced nap or he could be on the wrong end of a beating.

Keyes is off the ropes and drives the back of his knee into the back of Carver's head. The pain jolts Carver from La La

Land and sends him rolling in pain. He turns and sees Keyes, who was causing said pain. Carver's eyes light up; you can see the fire and suddenly the Murder Machine is to a knee. But it's not enough.

Keyes keeps the pressure on, delivering a knee strike to Carver's head as he continues to work the young gun over. There are a few counters off of the ropes, ending with Carver ducking a clothesline, throwing himself off of the ropes and dropping Keyes to the mat with Spinning Sitout Sleeper Slam. There's a vertical press, a quick count from Shields, Keyes thrusting his shoulders up after a quick two. Carver puts himself in the corner, waiting.

DDK:

Carver eyeing up Keyes here.

Angus:

Ready to take his head off.

Carver surges forward as soon as Keyes stands. There's a picture perfect Roaring Elbow but Keyes has it well scouted, drops underneath of it and the Belly to Belly that comes next is textbook.

DDK:

Wow!

Keyes pins.

Shields counts and again Box is stomping out the count and saving this one for his side.

He again takes his spot outside the ring. Keyes pops to his feet and has a word or two with him.

Angus:

Keyes better focus here.

Carver is still dazed but he's at least standing. Keyes with a forearm into the side of his head and then off the ropes again, this time Carver is the one who has him scouted and when he goes for the sprinting clothesline, Carver drops him with a simple toe hold. Keyes is dazed, Carver leaps and drives his knee into the back of Keyes' head, sending the front of his face in a vicious impact onto the mat.

Angus:

I think we're gonna need an accounting of Henry Keyes' teeth.

Carver is still dazed, perhaps even confused. But he stumbles into the right corner and it's the Boxer who does the rest. Tags Carver on the shoulder, pulls the dazed Keyes into position and Bombasto Bombs the shit out of him. Keyes humps into the middle of the ring and the Boxer drops to his knee to pin.

Shields with the quickness but it's TROY with the stomp that breaks his count, saving this one for her side. The crowd goes batshit. Boxer, to his credit, doesn't get hot. He rolls to one knee, pushing himself up and stands face to face with her.

Angus:

Uh ohhhh....

DDK:

This staredown is right on the heels of Box and Jane's fringe involvement in Troy and Tyrone Walker's Trios Titles loss on the last DEFtv.

Mark Shields tries to send Troy out of the ring, screaming at her. The Lady of the Hour stands her ground, right fist clenched, a deep scowl on her face. Jane Katze chirps a few words at her but Troy says nothing, preferring to let a certain one-finger salute in Jane's direction speak for her. Shields tries to send her back outside and she obliges,

reluctantly.

Boxer has to take his aggressions out on someone and that someone is gonna be Henry Keyes. There's forearms, and there's elbows. There's strikes littering Henry Keyes' sidewalk. Keyes is dizzy. Boxer drops the shoulder to throw him over for something, but Keyes wobbles loose just enough, bringing a wild knee into the side of Bronson's head. On the way down Keyes would quickly DDT Boxer and make a leaping tag to Lindsay Troy.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

HERE COMES THE QUEEN!

Angus:

... and THEEEEEERE goes Boxer...

Troy launches herself across the ring but The Wargod's famed indestructible Scottish dome allows him the wherewithal to reach out and quickly tag in Angel Trinidad, as the Original Defiant is quick to exit the ring. The crowd groans momentarily, as they were eagerly anticipating Troy and Box throwing down, but remembering the last time the once-called Rookie Monster was in the ring with Troy, they change their tune to cheers of anticipation.

Angel is into the ring quickly and meets the charging Queen. He throws a clothesline and Troy ducks underneath it, turning quickly and answering his call with a hard chop across his already red chest. Angel can't help but feel the pain, putting his weight on his back foot. A quick shot to the head from Troy as she would work herself and her team into the advantage.

DDK:

Long live the Queen as she's punishing Angel Trinidad in the ring right now.

Angus:

Box did him no favors tagging him in...but maybe that was the point.

Troy kicks out the back of Angel's leg and then uses his own knee to leap up and push off, sending Angel crumbling to the mat with a Step Up Enziguri. She goes for the cover and Angel powers out at two. Troy clambers to her feet quickly and runs to the ropes nearest her team's side. As she ricochets off, Angel's got himself up to a sitting position. She sprints back toward him and launches her body forward, her hands catching the side of his head and snapping him forward with a flip-over neckbreaker. Another cover, another two count, and Troy stays on the attack with repeated knees to his temple.

DDK:

And the Queen keeping it going with the strikes!

Angus:

This isn't how MY HOSS OVERLORD is supposed to be treated, Keebs...but I'm not hating these hard strikes from the Queen.

Another knee and another one, and another one, as Troy keeps the ground and pound going on. She would follow this up with pulling Angel to his feet and plowing him in the side of the head with a hard forearm sending Angel stumbling back into the ropes. It's here that Troy ramps herself and makes a dive toward Trinidad, who wisely drops down the shoulder and sends the Queen to the outside.

DDK:

Troy keeps her feet, landing herself on the apron.

Angus:

But look!

Angel winds up and DESTROYS the Queen with a Pump Kick, catching Troy's chin hard. Lindsay to her credit, although dazed, sticks her hand out and grabs the top rope to steady herself. Angel acts quickly and brings her up and over the top rope with a quick Snapmare, landing Troy in a standing position. Before surging forward and bending the Queen's neck in half with his knee.

Angus:

The HOSS OVERLORD returns to where he belongs! What a combination there, and just like that Angel is control.

Angel stands the fallen Troy up as Keeling gives instructions on the outside. Angel lifts Troy into the air bringing her hard down on the injured ribs, from the Trios match on DEFtv 63. The Queen's hands find the ribs as she is in clear, immense pain. Angel wastes no time, pushing her shoulders, hooking the leg. As Shields slides in for the fast count. Troy kicks out at the last second.

DDK:

Lindsay Troy will not go quietly into the night, Angus.

Angus:

Sometimes I don't think she knows the word, "quiet."

DDK:

Easy there, partner.

With Troy fallen in the center of the ring, Angel presses back into the corner. It's here he takes a forearm and runs it into the face of Dusty Griffith, drawing the ire of the crowd. Angel turns his attention back to Troy as she stands, launching himself at her. Troy quickly and more out of desperation than anything, Snap DDTs her assailant to the mat and leaving both superstars down in the center of the ring, Troy still favoring the ribs.

DDK:

Chaos in the ring, big collision there.

Angus:

The HOSS Overlord will NOT be pleased, Troy!

Lindsay Troy reaches out and desperately tags in Henry Keyes. Angel does the same and gets Box. Keyes ducks Box's clothesline and responds to it with one of his own. Van Carver, explodes out of the corner, on the advice of a ringside Jane Katze, hell bent on Spearing Keyes out of his boots. Keyes feels it coming and drops his shoulder, sending Carver tripping forward down to the mat. Keyes acts fast and strikes Carver hard with a knee to the side of his head, spinning to a knee as he runs two hands through his mustache, posing before the wild crowd.

DDK:

Keyes standing tall!

Angel stumbled back to his feet, about to lay the posting Keyes to waste when Dusty Griffith would explode from the opposite corner and lay Trinidad out through the ropes, sending them both crashing out to the floor.

Angus:

HOSSfight out onto the floor. This is perfect.

Keeling Sr. narrowly avoids the damage on the outside. Lindsay Troy now gets yanked off the apron by an appearing Nick Corozzo. And in all of this, Mark Shields has his attention on Van Carver, slowing making the man leave the ring. He doesn't see any of this.

DDK:

Mark Shields doing a fine job as always, Angus. So much going on and what's he off doing?

Angus:

He's getting an illegal man out of the ring. Isn't that his JOB?

Dusty and Angel exchange fist after fist after fist on the floor. Finally their action continuing up the ramp and towards the back. Security is spilling out and the crowd is responding in tune. Troy is trying to fend off Nicky, a forearm, a fist, another forearm, doing good job clearing herself some room. But room is nothing against steal and it's Jane with the chair shot to the ribs. Then her and Nick hook the queen and together DDT her onto said chair. There's nobody to help Henry Keyes.

Bronson Box has that look in his eye. He smiles. Suddenly Van Carver rushes past Shields. Box boots Keyes, Keyes is in position and Carver is over to help.

DDK:

Double Bombasto Bomb into the corner!

Angus:

They might've knocked Keyes back to Plymouth Rock!

Box pins. Shields counts the three. One DEFsec squad swarms the Troy and Jane situation while another hits the ring, taking extra care to keep Van Carver away from Henry Keyes.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners of the match, by pinfall, BRONSON BOX, ANGEL TRINIDAD AND VAN CARVER!

DDK:

Well that one got a little wonky.

Angus:

Wonky's an understatement. Bronson Box pin Henry Keyes clean, NO BELL CLAPS, Mayberry and my HOSS OVERLORD are who knows where...

DDK:

And this situation with Box, Jane, Nicky Corozzo, and Lindsay Troy just continues to boil over.

DEFsec's managed to get Jane and Nicky pulled off Troy; an easier feat to accomplish as far as Jane and her bum leg are concerned. Nicky Corozzo is, naturally, a much tougher job. *"Il Giudice"* finally acquiesces to DEFsec's demands to back off and decides instead to help Jane up onto the apron and into the ring to join Bronson Box and Van Carver. He stomps over to Darren Quimbey, snatches his microphone, and tosses it into the ring before heading between the ropes himself.

Box has the microphone in his hands...and you know this is never good...

WARCHAMBER CHALLENGE

Outside the ring, Lindsay Troy is being helped to her feet by DEFsec. An offshoot of the secondary crew is also attending to Henry Keyes on the outside while others remain in the ring, eyes trained on Box and Company.

DDK:

We've got some order restored now, but it looks like it'll be short lived.

Angus:

Box watching the proceedings like a deranged ringmaster just adds all kinds of insult to injury, Keebs.

The Queen's vertical now and that's all the assistance she's willing to accept. She pulls her arms out of security's grasp, and the Faithful let loose a mighty roar of approval.

LIND-SAY TROY!

LIND-SAY TROY!

LIND-SAY TROY!

Bronson Box:

Well then, Miss Troy...

The Original DEFIANT's words cut through the din like a hot knife. He's up on one knee using the ropes kitty-corner to the Queen for support. Troy looks at the man, heated as hell and hurt from both Jane and Nicky's beatdown and the lingering effects of the match against the Vikings. The Wargod responds with deep guttural, genuine laughter.. His sweaty, gnarled face beams at an angry Lindsay Troy with what can only be described as... pride?

Bronson Box:

Just call me The QUEEN MAKER, eh lass?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

More laughter and a small grunt as Box gets to his feet.

Bronson Box:

Listen to these people, Troy... you hear 'em now. You been here for a couple years but it's like you're hearin' 'em for the first time lately isn't it? I DID THAT... I was the fuel on this fire. Like I am in EVERY "FIRE" OF CONSEQUENCE that this promotion has presented to a worldwide paying audience since its inception in one way or a-FOOKIN'nother. I've said it... [chuckling, popping his neck] every DAY every bloody MONTH every random asshole from wher-theFOOKK'ever toutin' their many accolades from this and that... I've said it to EACH and EVERY one and given 'em all the same trial by FOOKIN' fire.

Troy hasn't called for a microphone, she's standing silently... listening to every word. Boxer is pacing the ropes now, the adrenaline obviously starting to course through his extremities.

Bronson Box:

Once I light that fire you lot either thrive... or you BURN. Boston Bancroft, Kai Scott, Edward White... all champions, all top stars. All now no more than ash. But those lucky few... Those lucky few who step through the flames REBORN and REFORGED... yer' brother-in-law did it. He strode in here with a smile on his face wantin' to leave his days of being a monster behind him. I crawled into his brain... as I raked the flesh from his bones and traded the FIST with the man over in Japan I flipped a switch in his head... a switch no amount of quality family time trading jibes in the back with the likes of you could EVER hope to flip back...

We can read Troy's emotions advertised right across her face.

Bronson Box:

He can dismiss me and make the same four “circus tent, calliope music, lion tamer” related jokes over and over and over every time my name comes up in conversation... but deep down he knows the truth of it.

Tight lipped, steely eyed, the Queen listens on.

Bronson Box:

But not everyone thrives, do they Troy? Sadly Eugene hasn't... I... [another wide-eyed chuckle and a shake of the head] I, true to my word, tried to help that boy find some sort of a killer instinct. He looked to be just like dear Dan-O with that near indescribable GRIT and DETERMINATION, that fat little idiot had truly tested me on so many occasions, how could he not... wild, unhinged passion just waiting for a spark, for my fire... but the flames are sadly engulfing him as we speak.

As he speaks his eyes drop slightly, sounding truly disappointed in his self-perceived “failure” in regards to his hand in Eugene's new “attitude”... but his head pops right back to full wild-eyed focus right back at Troy. The Wargod licks his lips in anticipation, his tongue anxiously darting in and out of his mouth like some sort of massive haggis-fueled reptile-man.

Bronson Box:

And then there's you.

The crowd can't help themselves, a classic long winded promo from The Original DEFIANT and Troy casting wordless, unblinking aspersions at her adversary with eyes of pure ice like she's Ivan Drago in Rocky IV.

LIND-SAY TROY!

LIND-SAY TROY!

LIND-SAY TROY!

Bronson Box:

They certainly seem to be finally takin' to you, eh sunshine? I remember when you walked in here, window dressin' fer' those fookin' lads of yours, Big Damn Heroes my arse. A loud little gnat remindin' anyone who has the misfortune of gettin' too close just how much respect you deserve and what a great champion you were wherever the

DEFIANCE ROAD

APRIL 19TH. LIVE ON PAY PER VIEW!

FIST of DEFIANCE

We return to ringside, as the fans have somehow gotten even louder.

DDK:

It's been a great night of action so far, and we're only getting started! We've got a big main event up next, as Dan Ryan defends the FIST of Defiance against newcomer Impulse! Angus, you don't look happy about it!

Angus:

Why should I be? Some random yahoo off the streets wrestles one match and gets a shot at Dan Ryan? Where's the justice in that? MABOITAI was screwed over by Dan Ryan at DEFtv 63, where's his shot?

DDK:

This match was decided between Kelly Evans and Dan Ryan himself, Angus. Curtis Penn wanted a shot, Ryan suggested that the winner of Penn's match against Impulse would earn it, and here we are.

Angus:

Beating that hack is a far cry from earning a shot at the FIST.

DDK:

Should I remind you that Impulse holds a win over Dan Ryan?

Angus:

And? That was years ago. Since then, Impulse has taken two years off and Dan Ryan has won the FIST of Defiance. Who actually matters?

♪ "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins ♪

The strobes kick in, and the fans come to their feet. There are a decent number of boos: the fans recall the FIST of Defiance abandoning his TRIOS partners at DEFtv 63, but for the majority, it's impossible not to respect the efforts that the Ego Buster puts in at every show.

Dan Ryan walks out and stops, taking in the reaction. His eyes are hidden behind dark glasses, but the cold sneer on his face tells us all we need to know. He's wearing a new shirt: it still says 'ZERO' across the chest, but now there's a fist behind it.

Subliminal? Is anything Dan Ryan does subliminal?

DDK:

The FIST of Defiance is looking confident, Angus!

Angus:

Why shouldn't he? He ended the little boy's two year fantasy camp, and he's been effortlessly holding onto the FIST ever since. That won't change tonight.

Ryan walks to the ring slowly, deliberately taking his time. He slaps two or three outstretched hands, but either ignores or glares at the vast majority of fans. He doesn't take a lap outside the ring: he simply walks up the stairs and enters the ring over the top rope. The referee gives him a once over, but keeps his distance: he'll get the title belt when Dan Ryan decides to hand it to him.

♪ "Revolution Baby" - Queen V ♪

Angus:

If that crazy girl comes at me again, I'm gonna go for the throat.

Most of the fans cheer at this point; a very small minority boo the imminent arrival of the Marathon Man. These are the fans who remember, years ago, the conflicts that Impulse had with the DEFIANCE mainstays.

Still, most of the fans don't care about that stuff. All they care about is the fact that this wrestler is one for one on giving them an exciting, competitive match.

Entertainment is the key. Most of the time.

DDK:

Listen to these fans, Angus! They're solidly behind the challenger in this title match!

Angus:

Yeah, you'd think that. But fans enjoy the underdog, and I'm sure a good part of this reaction is the fact that Impulse is in this match instead of Curtis Penn. Oh - oh no. Why?

As Impulse and Calico Rose enter, they each take a separate side of the entryway to soak in the fan reaction, and just like DEFtv 63, Cally makes a beeline right for the commentary table.

DDK:

Welcome back again, Rose!

She holds up her fist, as Keebler pounds it as before. A huge smile forms on Cally's face as she holds her fist to Angus. He looks less than impressed.

Angus:

Seriously?

DDK:

You know she's not gonna leave, Angus.

A few fans closest to the commentators start to shout 'Blow it up' at Angus. Reluctantly, he does so - he's learned that it's the easiest way to get her to leave.

DDK:

You're still a good sport.

Angus:

...

The challenger and his valet slap hands on the way to the ring, with the camera angle low and in front of them - on the video wall behind Impulse, Dan Ryan's unmoving gaze stares through him.

Angus:

There's the difference, Keebler. I love the DEFIANCE faithful, but Dan Ryan's got the right idea - the championship is where the focus should be, not on the fans.

Cally does not enter the ring: she stays on the outside while Impulse steps between the ropes. His demeanor suddenly changes - his eyes lock with Dan Ryan's, and the gravity of the moment becomes apparent to everyone.

The bell rings, and the referee holds up the FIST of Defiance for all to see. Dan Ryan has not moved, other than to

unhook the belt and hand it over: Impulse has to walk towards him for the photo - op staredown, and he looks up into the eyes of his one time boss.

DDK:

Look at the difference in size, Angus. What can Impulse do to chop down this mountain of a man?

Angus:

Nothing. He's gonna lose, and lose badly.

DDK:

... Do your job, Angus!

Angus:

Fine, fine. He can't overpower Ryan. He can't out - leverage Ryan. He can try to outwrestle Ryan, but look at those muscles: he'll power out of anything he tries. If Impulse wants to win, he's gonna have to play defense and try to outlast Dan Ryan, stamina - wise.

They circle each other, with both men studying the others' moves, trying to find an opening. Ryan steps towards Impulse, but the Marathon Man backs up from the feint. They circle for a few more seconds, and Impulse dives for Dan Ryan's leg, but he steps back and Impulse slides on his knees, only to rise back up in a defensive pose.

Impulse arches an eyebrow; the unspoken context seems to be 'Well, that didn't work,' and he moves in quickly with a collar and elbow tie up. Almost immediately, Ryan shoves him backwards, and Impulse stumble - falls into the corner.

Angus:

What did I say? What's he really gonna be able to do against Dan Ryan?

DDK:

The FIST of Defiance showing his power early on, and I think his attitude is clear, that Impulse has to win this match. Dan Ryan doesn't.

Impulse circles again, while Ryan waits in the middle of the ring, keeping his eyes on his opponent. He cracks his knuckles, but looks patient, like he has nothing to do but wait for his opponent to make the next move.

Which he does: Impulse locks up with him again. This time, Dan Ryan hoists him up by the neck and shoulders, and tosses him into the ropes. Impulse holds on, but barely.

Angus:

Wow. What did he think would happen when he ran at a guy who has almost a foot and over a hundred pounds on him?

They circle again, and the fans cheer: they don't say a name but they appear to respect Dan Ryan's strength along with Impulse's tenacity. He circles Ryan again, but kneels down near the corner to whisper something to Calico Rose. She says something back, and Impulse returns to the middle of the ring.

Dan Ryan looks bored. Impulse moves in for another lockup.

DDK:

Impulse ducks under Ryan's grip!

Angus:

Wow, does he really think that'll work, too?

While Impulse had ducked Dan Ryan's attempt to meet his lockup, what he's actually done is slip behind him and hook him around the waist. Ryan looks at the hard camera and rolls his eyes, as he reaches down to break Impulse's grip.

Unfortunately, he can't.

Impulse has his hands locked tightly, and Dan Ryan, no matter how hard he pulls, is unable to break the grip. No matter, he shrugs his shoulders and fires an elbow backwards.

DDK:

Impulse hooks Dan Ryan's arm! He's locked, and he's staying behind the Champ! Dan Ryan's face is etched in pain!

The camera focuses on the hold itself - Impulse has one hand around Dan Ryan's wrist, his other forearm wedged into Ryan's inner elbow, and he's pulling together, which puts an unbelievable amount of pressure on Dan Ryan's elbow and shoulder.

Shoulder? He's being pulled down a bit by the height difference. The only other option would be to put all of the pressure on his shoulder. Ryan tries to spin out of it to get Impulse in front of him, but the quick challenger stays one step ahead. The only choice he has is to grab the ropes. Impulse breaks on the three, and Dan Ryan spins out of it with a clothesline - Impulse with a drop toe hold! Dan Ryan slides out of the ring!

DDK:

Listen to these fans! I don't think Dan Ryan was prepared for this kind of attack, but he'd better start playing for keeps if he wants to keep the title!

The referee's count hits six before Ryan rolls in and back out again, still gingerly rolling his shoulder. Impulse waits impatiently in the ring, pacing like a caged animal, but Dan Ryan will not be rushed. Another roll under the bottom rope, and back out to the ring! The fans boo Dan Ryan's stall tactics, but the FIST will not be rushed. Impulse tries to go out on the opposite side of the ring to bring his opponent back in, but again - the referee stops him, which breaks the count.

Angus:

Dan Ryan is too stubborn to lose via countout, at least when he's up and walking. Can't this idiot just leave well enough alone?

Still pacing, still anxious to get this match moving, Impulse climbs to the top turnbuckle behind the referee's back, and he launches himself at the Champion! The fans rise, both to their feet and in volume, at the inevitability of impact and the unbelievable thought that this newcomer to DEFIANCE may somehow upset the overpowering FIST. Until...

DDK:

Ryan catches Impulse in midair! The strength of that man!

Dan Ryan staggers back a step, as he was catching his opponent with one and a half functional arms, but, having learned from the initial assault, immediately slams Impulse on the steel ring steps. The uneven surface impacts his spine at several points, and Impulse rolls to his knees on the floor, his hand in a fist and pain etched across his face.

Angus:

Nice shot, Champ! Don't let up!

The Champ doesn't let up. Ryan pulls Impulse to his feet and sends him back into the ring, and follows right behind. Impulse rises to his feet gingerly, taking care of his back, only for Ryan to jerk him all the way up and send him, back - first, into the corner. A series of vicious right hands slump the challenger, and a knee to the gut doubles him over. Ryan shoves him down and covers, ONE... TWO... Kickout!

Looking annoyed but not surprised, Ryan lifts the challenger to his feet and wraps a hand around his throat. The referee cautions him but the Champ ignores, and lifts his challenger by the neck - Impulse fires a kick that lands square on Ryan's knee! Ryan staggers, and Impulse breaks the hold and locks on a kata hajime!

DDK:

Ryan backs into the corner! He fires an elbow behind him! Lefts and rights, and he's risking disqualification!

Angus:

He's got a five count, and he's smarter than Impulse because he's using it.

The count does hit five, but Ryan doesn't let up. The referee gets between the two athletes and threatens Ryan with disqualification, but the FIST of Defiance is unconcerned. He pulls Impulse to the middle of the ring - IMPULSE WITH A SUDDEN SMALL PACKAGE! ONE... TWO... KICKOUT! Ryan to his feet, and a scoop and a spinebuster drops Impulse back to the mat!

Angus:

Stick a fork in 'em, Keebler!

Ryan pulls Impulse back to his feet and hoists him over his shoulder, and he walks him toward the corner. We're not sure what, exactly, is on his mind but it can't be good. He adjusts his grip and is about to drop Impulse face first on the top turnbuckle, but the Marathon Man uses the readjustment to scramble out behind him, and he shoves Ryan, chest - and - abdomen first, into the corner himself! The Champion stumbles back a step --

DDK:

SUDDEN IMPACT! Impulse just drove his boot square into Dan Ryan's jaw! We've got a new FIST of Defiance! There's the cover!

Angus:

Not yet, Keebler! Ryan's tangled in the ropes, ain't no pinfalls here!

It's true. After the impact of Impulse's boot on Ryan's face, his fall lands him right on the ropes. Impulse drags him to the middle of the ring and wearily covers, ONE... TWO... THICKICKOUT! Ryan barely gets his shoulder up, and Impulse rolls to the ropes to give himself a bit of a boost back to his feet. The FIST of Defiance pushes the palms of his hands into his eyes: he has tasted the Sudden Impact before and clearly remembers some shortcuts on how to clear his vision.

DDK:

Impulse climbing to the top!

Angus:

I've been waiting for this - he can't fool me with his mat wrestling and submission holds. Skinny McStick here is a flippy - do waste of time in disguise.

The fans rise to their feet while Impulse takes a deep breath, and launches himself up and around with a shooting star press - - - DAN RYAN ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY! Impulse faceplants on the mat while the FIST of Defiance pushes himself to his feet and lifts his challenger high!

DDK:

HUMILITY BOMB!

Angus:

It's over, and not a moment too soon!

DDK:

I think Ryan may have underestimated Impulse to open this match, he's now clearly looking to end it quickly!

Impulse actually bounces on impact. Ryan drops to his knees and hooks the leg for the academic ONE... TWO... THREEKICKOUT!

...Kickout?!?

Everyone looks shocked, not the least of which is Dan Ryan himself. A replay does in fact show the shoulder rising with a tenth of a second to spare, though Impulse may have used the rest of his reserves to do so.

Angus:

Now he's done it. What does the Ego Buster do with something like that?

The look of shock on Dan Ryan's face quickly transitions to one of anger. He shoots to his feet, scoops Impulse, and Humility Bombs him once more in the middle of the ring. This time, Impulse isn't moving. The referee checks on him, but looks at Dan Ryan for his next move.

Unfortunately, the next move is to pick Impulse up and Humility Bomb him for the third time.

The fans drop to oddly quiet. The long and low camera angle shows Calico Rose with her hands over her mouth. Finally, Dan Ryan kneels down and puts a hand on Impulse's chest for an academic three count.

Darren Quimbey:

And the winner of the match, by pinfall... and still the FIST OF DEFIANCE, the "EGO BUSTER" DAN RYAN!

DDK:

There's the bell, there's the announcement, and there's Dan Ryan with his title belt held high. Was that necessary, Angus?

Angus:

Necessary? No idea. But it was a hell of a good time to watch it! You don't mess with Dan Ryan, kids!

DDK:

Regardless, Dan Ryan is leaving with his title and a dangerous aura about him, while Impulse is still on the mat! He's moving, fans - I don't think he's seriously injured but we'll keep you updated with any developments. The thing I have to ask, with this type of warmup, what does Eugene Dewey expect to be able to do to try and win the title back?

Angus:

Nothing. Is that still a hard concept? This man is our future, and we have to accept it.

Ryan takes his belt and walks past Impulse on the mat as Calico Rose scurries in to check on her man. Ryan gives him a cursory look, but otherwise just passes by him as he heads to the ropes and climbs out.

DDK:

Honestly, considering how well knows it's been that Dan Ryan played a part in recruiting Impulse to DEFIANCE, I'm surprised this wasn't a bit... friendlier.

Angus:

Has Dan Ryan ever been.... "Friendlier?"

DDK:

I guess not.

Ryan reaches the curtain and turns around one last time, smirking back at the ring as Impulse is finally up to a seated position, grasping at the back of his neck. He and Rose glance up at the champion, who holds the smirk one beat longer, then turns and walks through the curtain.

FADE.