

THE RUNDOWN - DEFIANCE ROAD EDITION!

We roll live in... **FIVE... FOUR... THREE... TWO... ONE...**

BLACK.

The audio feed comes to life and we hear the roaring sound of four thousand maniac wrestling fans, all of whom are cheering and stomping and clapping as the video comes up.

THE WRESTLE-PLEX!

The shot swoops in from up high where the covered form of the WARCHAMBER hangs above the ring. The shot pans over the rowdy crowd and of course... THEIR SIGNS!

I'M ON THE DEFIANT ROAD TO HELL!
AWWWWWWC'MMMOOONNN!
I CAME FOR THE SUPERBEST!
ON-RAY KEY-EZ!
MARIE VAN CASHERSON
I SEE FUCKBOIS!
#PURPGANG!
#BAD(ASS)PROGRAPSVIEWINGPARTY!
NEWBLOODRISING WAS EFFIN TURRIBLE AMIRITE?!
WCW 2000... WHERE THE BAD WRESTLERS PLAY!
THE QUEENS GONNA BEAT BRONSON'S BOX!
WERES COLLY FARTINGWORTH?
HASHTAG REAL WORLD CHAMPION RIGHT HERE!
I WANT TWO MORE YEARS OF THE DORK LORD!
SAM HORRY'S JUKEBOX NEEDS BETTER MUSIC!
ANGUS... BLOW IT UP!
MIKEY UNLIKELY TO WIN!
THE HAGGIS CLUB!
I'M FROM THE SOUTHSIDE OF DAN RYAN'S HOUSE!

With it's sweep of the Faithful concluded, the shot cuts to our hosts of the show. Darren Keebler is in a nice,

professional suit, while his broadcast partner Angus Skaaland is in his customary tuxedo shirt.

DDK:

Welcome everyone to DEFIANCE Wrestling! This is DEFIANCE ROAD! As always, I'm Downtown Darren Keebler and to my right, my partner in broadcasting crime, the incorrigible Motormouth of Malcontent himself, Angus Skaaland!

Angus:

What it do, DEFFERINOS?!

DDK:

We have one heckuva a show tonight, partner. Are you ready?

Angus:

Shoot, I've been ready, Keebs. We got a full plate of violence and big stakes to serve up here tonight, there will be blood and dudes milkshakes will be getting drunk.

DDK:

We certainly do, and it's not likely to get any bigger than our main event this evening as the Ego Buster Dan Ryan seeks to defend the FIST of DEFIANCE against the former champion, Eugene Dewey!

Angus:

For real. The Dork Lord has been absolutely nuts since losing the FIST. It's actually kind of funny to see him cracking up like this, but he better be on his game, because the Ego Buster ain't playing tiddlywinks out there tonight!

DDK:

He certainly is not... Someone else who isn't playing kid games is Lindsay Troy, who'll be going one on one with Bronson Box in his new creation of wanton violence and bloodshed that hangs high above the ring here tonight... THE WARCHAMBER!

Angus:

When the cover comes off and that thing gets lowered... Man, someone's gonna die... or at least wish they were by the end of that one, Keebs. Those two have been clawing at each other like a pair of feral cats since they day met. The only difference between now and then, their claws have gotten sharper and their intentions more evil.

DDK:

Absolutely. Speaking of bad intentions, after weeks, months even of battles that have lead them to this point, Team HOSS will fight the united front of Dusty Griffith, Frank Dylan James and Jason Natas in trios tag team action!

Angus:

This might be my favorite match on the whole show, Keebs. HOSSSES doing HOSSLIKETHINGS and smashing each other into smithereens. Who doesn't love big, monster sized bastards beating the piss outta each other?

DDK:

With our crowd? I think that's pretty much universal relevance to their interests. But that's not the only tag team action we have tonight, as Eric Dane teams up with Bobby Dean against Andy and Cayle, the Murray Brothers!

Angus:

Also known as the moment THE BOSS puts an end to these annoying, haggis eating, goody goodies from Scotlandia... and then, ANNND THEN, he puts his fist through that no good Sean Jackson poofier.

DDK:

Yes, well, if Eric Dane is wise, he won't be overlooking the Brother's Murray. Andy and Cayle are chomping at the bit to serve the Only Star some comeuppance for his less than warm welcome since their arrival.

Angus:

Yeah, yeah, NEXT!

DDK:

The Southern Heritage Title will be on the line tonight as Harmony looks to defend her championship against Jake Donovan.

Angus:

I think you mean to say... The Love of My Life and Future Mother of My Chil-

DDK:

No, I absolutely do not mean any of that. In any case, the British Vixen has been chased for weeks by the Phoenix, and tonight he gets his chance to win a title he's raised before.

Angus:

Heh, yeah, good luck with that. Harmony's hotter than any fireball that lunatic pyro can throw.

DDK:

Speaking of heat. Things have been getting hotter and hotter between Mikey Unlikely and Andy Sharp ever since the Hollywood Superstar made his first appearance at ASCENSION.

Angus:

I hate this match. First we got a flippy doo idiot in Sharp, then we got Mikey McFuckAss from Hollywood, and to make matters worse, I got to root for the Canuckistani to win because fuck Hollywood McFuckAss!

DDK:

Quite a problem you have there, partner.

Angus:

I know, right? My suffering is great, why can't we just have shows with nothing but my MUHBOITAI, Harmony doing stretches in yoga pants, and Henry Keyes Bellclapping idiots into another dimension?

DDK:

Because the show isn't catered only towards you?

Angus:

Well it should be! What else ya got for me?

DDK:

There will be plenty more suffering, maybe not for you, but Tyrone Walker is sure to be in for one heckuva fight when he squares off with the enormous enigma, Omega!

Angus:

Heh, yeah. MUHBOITAI said he's gonna bust that big bastard in the face with a brick, and MUHBOITAI doesn't lie... Of course, Omega's crushed everyone put in his way... This match is like the perfect storm of things I really like, but also hate. I love MUHBOITAI, I love seeing Omega smash things, but he wants to smash MUHBOITAI...

DDK:

Quite the connundrum you have there, Angus. Speaking of things you're not a fan of, Curtis Penn is in action against another of DEFIANCE's Scottish contingent, Lamond Alexander Robertson.

Angus:

Oh god, when it rains, it pours. We got MicroPennis and a dude who wears a skirt... A SKIRT! This is like some odd porno setting somewhere, I'm sure.

DDK:

Right... I'll just take your word on *that*.

Angus:

Not that I know anything about that!... AHEM, yeah! Here's to ELL AYE ARR overcoming his skirt wearing oddness and smashes that fuckstick Curtis Penn in the mouth and sends him to paywinda with another loss.

DDK:

Yes, well, there will be plenty more smashing to come when Mushigihara makes his return to DEFIANCE pay per view against Sam Horry.

Angus:

Aye Kay Aye a preview of what the new hotness, the DEE OH CEE will be all about. I think these two're gonna beat each other to a pulp.

DDK:

Yes, and both have something to prove with this rematch, that has been years in the making when Horry and the God-Beast competed against each other for the Trios Championship.

Angus:

Just give me more good fights!

DDK:

Well, speaking of the DEFIANT Onslaught Championship, two more men who are sure to make themselves big factors when it comes to that title. The ever popular Henry Keyes battles Van Carver after weeks of these two crossing paths in some rather odd encounters.

Angus:

It wouldn't be Henry Keyes if it weren't odd... and by odd, I mean AWESOME! I'll tell you what though, Keebs, I like this kid Van Carver. He's got no shits to give about fun and games, he just wants to kick one ass after another. What's not to like?

DDK:

Well, before we get to that, we've also got live coverage from the crowd!

Angus:

We're all live, Keebler, have you started to go senile?

DDK:

I mean LIVE COVERAGE! Let's go to Impulse and Calico Rose in the upper deck!

Angus:

If she's up there, she's not down here! Hooray!

Cut to the upper deck, to the very last row, where Calico Rose and Impulse are standing in the stairway, surrounded by screaming fans.

Impulse:

Thank you, Keebs. We're up here, as far from the ring as you can get while still being part'a the show, but the Defiance Faithful are just as passionate as anywhere else! Guys! You see the ringside seats down below? Let 'em know you're here!

They respond with a deafening roar of excitement, and Impulse responds by approaching a guy on the aisle.

Impulse:

Hey, how are ya? What's your name?

DEF fan:

Tommy Segal! WHOOOO!!!!

Impulse laughs, and behind him, Calico Rose covers her mouth to 'stay in character.'

Impulse:

Good to see you, Tommy. What are you lookin' for tonight?

Tommy Segal:

Eric Dane gonna win! DANE IS DEFIANCE! WHOOO!!!

Around him, his friends high five and chug beers.

Impulse:

Well, there ya have it. We'll check in with you later, gents.

Angus:

Man, I knew Imp was up for doing *anything* just to get a spot, I didn't know he was willing to demote himself to roving sideline reporter, HAH... Just as long as he and *that girl* stay over there...

DDK:

I think Cally would be a wonderful addition to the team here at the desk... ANYWAY... We're rolling right through into our first match of the evening, folks, and this might be the most... "interesting"... clash of the night: Jack Hunter vs. El Trebol Jr.!

JACK HUNTER vs EL TREBOL JR.

Angus:

God, who's idea was it to put the "piss break" match on first?

DDK:

Say what you will, Angus, but the animosity between these two is absolutely real. Last week's UNCUT brought us exclusive footage of a brutal Jack Hunter assault that left ETJ crushed between a flight case and a wall. Trebol may well be fighting injured tonight, but he's gotta be desperate for a measure of revenge.

Angus:

"Brutal assault"? Maybe, Keebs, but it was completely accidental. Jack Hunter is a goddamn putz, pure and simple. Look at it this way: Jack Hunter DDTs inanimate objects and thinks El Trebol Jr. is a cactus who lives in a flight case! Do you really think he's capable of winning here?

DDK:

Well, he did beat El Hijo Fishman Deluxe two weeks ago on DEFtv 64...

Angus:

... yes, because *FISHMAN KNOCKED HIMSELF OUT SHOOTING FOR A DOUBLE-LEG!* This guy has absolutely no idea what he's doing. Fate has dealt him a couple of great hands, but it runs-out tonight.

DDK:

Whether Hunter's violence is deliberate or not, he's going-up against one of the most spirited wrestlers in DEFIANCE. What ETJ lacks in size he more than makes-up for in grit and determination, and he's not going to let weeks of Superbest-induced torment get in his way tonight.

Angus:

I'm no fan of the little green snotball, but he should have more than enough in his locker to put Hunter away. For one, Trebol seems to have a functioning brain. That should do it.

Cut to Darren Quimbey in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following *STREET FIGHT* is set for one fall!

♪ *"Shipping up to Boston" by Dropkick Murphys* ♪

Celtic folk-infused punk rock slowly builds-up throughout the arena as the house lights are replaced by intermittent green and white flashes. The Faithful show their appreciation: El Trebol Jr. might have only been here for a month or two, but it ain't too hard to throw your support behind DEFIANCE's biggest underdog.

DDK:

Here comes ETJ, who's still looking for his first clean victory here in DEFIANCE but has displayed plenty heart and soul thus far, particularly in his debut against Tyrone Walker.

Angus:

I know MUHBOITAI was all-in on Trebol joining DEFIANCE in the first place, and the snotball certainly turned a few heads in th--... hold on, where the fuck is he?

The song reaches a decent 10-15 seconds beyond the point where ETJ would normally bounce through the curtains but there's still no sign of the pint-sized luchador. Just about everyone in the arena's scratching their head when the song hits the chorus and El Trebol's still nowhere to be seen.

DDK:

Ladies and Gents, we *are* expecting El Trebol Jr.'s imminent arrival here, but--

Angus:

Wait! There he is!

ETJ *finally* hits the stage, but he's not leaping and bounding like usual.

Hell, he's not even *walking*.

He's propped upright in an open black flight case, and Jack Hunter's wheeling him out.

DDK:

What on Earth?!

The Street Fighter stops at the top of the ramp. He's decked-out in his usual "SUPERBEST!" tee and has what looks like a goddamn *sword* in a holster slung over his shoulder, but most importantly: ETJ is completely at his mercy. Jack cups his hands around his mouth and musters his finest "MOOOOOOOO!", before shoving the flight case -- an El Trébol Jr. -- all the way down the ramp.

Angus:

IIIIIIINNNNNNCCCCCOOOOOOMMMMMMIIIIINNNNNNNGGGGGGGG!

The case barrels down to the ring at an uncontrollable speed and crashes violently against the side of the ring! ETJ lurches forward and spills onto the apron, while a couple of weapons fall-out and scatter around the halted case. A grinning Jack Hunter follows closely behind, tightening his Black Belt in Street Fighting around his forehead.

Angus:

... okay, I'll admit it: that was kinda funny.

DDK:

El Trebol Jr. might be out before this one's even started, Angus!

Angus:

I'm *guessing* that Hunter got hold of the lima bean backstage and incapacitated him with another accidental rampage, because ETJ looks totally out of it.

DDK:

Can it really be called "accidental" if it happens every single week, Angus? I'm starting to wonder if there's more to Jack Hunter than meets the eye, you know. He's committed a sickening, cowardly act tonight, but his chances of winning this just increased tenfold.

Trebol's torso remains splayed over the canvas as the bell finally rings. Jack Hunter reaches the bottom of his ramp, pushes his palms together, and bows before his fallen opponent. He finally reaches over his shoulder and unsheathes the weapon from its holster, before gently drawing it down upon ETJ's neck.

DDK:

Oh no! Don't do it, Jack! Don't decapitate El Trebol!

Angus:

Have you visited the optician lately, Keeps?! That's a *plastic* sword.

Jack Hunter:

Sayonara, Cactus!

The Superbest pulls the blade back over his head then suddenly swings it downwards, but El Trebol throws himself back into the flight case. The plastic hits the apron's edge with such force that it bends and almost snaps clean in half, much to Jack Hunter's ire.

DDK:

ETJ escapes with his life this time, but Hunter isn't happy!

Furious, Jack throws the broken toy to the floor and immediately goes after Trebol. He throws fist after fist after fist into the little guy's masked face, before yanking him out of the flight case and ragdolling him over the barricade and into the fans!

DDK:

And now The Little Bruiser goes back to his box of tricks, but what's he looking for?

Angus:

I dread to think...

He starts sifting through the flight case, Jack. Clichéd Wrestling Weapons nos. 23 & 67 -- the kendo stick and the trash can lid -- come first, but he throws both over his shoulder. That's looking for something special.

A street sign? Nope. He throws that away too, and it almost clears the barricade.

A 2x4? Get that outta here!

A... giant bag of Skittles? For some reason, Jack decides to throw *that* in the ring.

Angus:

What's this oxygen thief up to? He has a perfect chance to fuck El Trebol up here, and he's wasting every second... I... I just... I... I can't even...

Finally, The Superbest finds what he's looking for: the weedkiller! He hoists it up for all to see, then moves towards Trebol, who has started climbing over the barricade. Jack grabs ETJ by the mask and pulls him over before creating a little distance. The weedkiller bottle gets a home-run swing, but Trebol ducks! Jack turns back around, ETJ charges...

DDK:

¡Mis Joyas! There go Jack Hunter's child-bearing days!

Angus:

Did he just headbutt him in the dick? This is literally the dumbest match I've ever seen, Keeps.

Jack Hunter folks like an accordion, and every male in the audience cringes simultaneously. Feeling the effects of Jack's prior assault, ETJ hits the deck too, but soon picks himself up and rolls into the ring. He sits upright, then double-takes when he sees the big bag of Skittles beside him.

DDK:

This is where Trebol can get back into it, Angus. We don't know the extent of the damage done to him en route to the ring, but Hunter just took the kind of blow that'd flatten any man.

Angus:

Here's hoping that beating was as severe as possible so we can end this mess once and for all.

DDK:

... are you saying you want Hunter to win, Angus?

Angus:

No. I'm saying I don't want to watch this goddamn shambles of a match any more.

Now The Little Bruiser's back to his feet, wobbling around like a baby foal. ETJ sees this and springs to life, dashing across the ring, bouncing against the ropes, then rebounding and charging for Jack. He propels his tiny frame through the top and middle ropes... and flies shoulder-first into the barricade.

But Jack Hunter didn't dodge, duck, or sidestep.

No. He tripped over his own boots, and can barely believe his luck when he lies Trebol lying limp behind him.

DDK:

Expect evasion from Jack Hunter! ETJ is down and out again!

Angus:

Are you kidding me?! That motherfucker has no idea what he's doing! He just fell over his own goddamn feet, and somehow -- *SOME FUCKING HOW* -- he's on-top of this match again. I hate Jack Hunter.

Pulling his head back and letting-out a trademark cackle, The Superbest is in his element. He rolls El Trébol into the ring then grabs the bag of Skittles and tears it open. Tiny balls of candy fly everywhere, though Hunter does his best to tip them all in the centre of the ring. Finally, Jack picks ETJ up and scoops him into the air...

DDK:

No, Jack! No! Don't do this! That man has a family!

... before slamming him down onto the Skittles.

DDK:

GOOD GOD, THE HUMANITY!

Angus:

Keebs?

DDK:

Yup.

Angus:

Stop playing along with this; you're making me want to kill myself. Thanks.

The Little Bruiser carefully clears Skittles away from a section of canvas before dropping to his knees and covering.

ONE...

TWO...

No! ETJ kicks-out!

Unsurprisingly, Jack Hunter is the only one in the building who didn't see the kick-out coming.

Jack Hunter:

Why aren't you dead, sillyman?!

An incredulous Street Fighter pops to his feet and immediately starts stomping down on ETJ.

Jack Hunter:

STUPID...

Stomp.

Jack Hunter:

LITTLE...

Stomp.

Jack Hunter:

CACTUS!

Unrelenting in his assault (and stupidity), Jack pulls the lima bean up to his full 4'7" and pulls him towards the corner. ETJ gets hoisted and scooped upside down, with Hunter hooking one of his boots over the top turnbuckle. Predictably, this isn't enough to support him, and ETJ falls back down. Jack literally scratches his head and picks him up again.

DDK:

What's he doing?

Angus:

I think he's trying to figure-out how a Tree of Woe works, but, y'know... Jack Hunter.

Jack repeats the same act, and again Trebol tumbles down. Instead of repeating it for a third time, however, Jack lifts ETJ sideways and attempts to wedge his stocky little body between the top and middle 'buckles. This almost works, but there's just enough room for Trebol to wiggle free and hop down, thus causing Jack's running shoulder tackle to miss. The Little Bruiser's shoulder hits cold steel, Trebol rolls back into the ring, then School Boys Jack to the mat.

DDK:

Wait! Trebol's gonna take this!

ONE...**TWO...****NO! Jack powers out!****DDK:**

Wow, that was close! Jack's outright weirdness has been both his greatest strength and worst enemy in this match thus far, and now ETJ can recover.

Angus:

He might be beaten black and blue beneath that match for all we know, Keebs. He needs to recover, sure, but he also needs to start putting a beating on King Stupid over there.

Breathing heavily, ETJ sits upright and slowly works his way to his feet. The Faithful are chanting his name, but he's clearly in considerable pain and discomfort as he works his way up. Nonetheless, The UNCUT General Manager gets there eventually, but Jack's stirring too. As Hunter reaches all fours, Trebol takes a decent run-up then cracks Hunter square in the skull with a Shining Wizard!

ONE...**TWO...****No! Shoulder up!**

DDK:

You can feel the momentum shifting now, Angus! Let's see if Trebol can capitalise!

Near the corner, ETJ grabs two handfuls of turnbuckle and climbs. The Faithful are fully behind him now, but he's still struggling to maintain balance and stay steady.

Angus:

If he were facing a functioning human being tonight, I'd say that ol' snotball's gotta end this before he takes any more damage, but let's be honest: Jack's just as likely to hurt himself as he is Trebol.

DDK:

Such is the unpredictability of The Little Bruiser.

Trebol's not about to give-up, though. He puts one foot onto the bottom rope, then another. Slowly, surely, he makes his way to the top rope and takes a few moments to get his footing.

DDK:

The little man's going to fly!

Unfortunately, ETJ takes just a moment too long. Jack Hunter clambers to his feet, lumbers forward... and punches Trebol right in the sphincter.

Angus:

Wow, I've seen it all now.

DDK:

A devastating buttpunch! Trebol's in trouble!

Though not exactly a knock-out strike, it's enough to give Jack the window he needs to pull ETJ down, then throw him onto the Skittles again. This time Jack feels it in the air, and picks his hands to his mouth for the second time this evening...

Jack Hunter:

MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Here it comes!

A sloppy cartwheel precedes the "mooo," before Jack throws ETJ into the front facelock, flips him around, the drives his head into the mat.

DDK:

Cow DDT! It's over!

Angus:

Thank you, Jesus!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

That horrible -- *HORRIBLE* -- MIDI version of Killswitch Engage's "This Fire Burns" seeps painfully through the PA system, and Jack Hunter slowly rises to his feet, victorious.

DDK:

He's done it, Angus. Jack Hunter has vanquished El Trebol Jr.!

Angus:

I am truly glad that this match is over, Keebs. What a deeply unpleasant experience.

DDK:

The Little Bruiser will go down as the winner, but that doesn't quite tell the whole story. Lord knows what Jack did to ETJ pre-match, but it gave him a clear advantage here.

Angus:

ETJ was severely diminished tonight, that's undebatable, but I dread to think how it went down. Matter of fact, I don't even want to know.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by pinfall... **JAAACK HUNNNTERRR!**

The Little Bruiser pulls his arm away from the referee, then glares down at Trebol and laughs.

DDK:

Mark it down, folks: Jack Hunter has just won a singles match at a DEFIANCE pay-per-view.

Angus:

And that makes this planet a place that I don't want to be any more. Let's move on.

HENRY KEYES vs VAN CARVER

DDK:

Well, coming up next, we have DEFIANT rookie, Van Carver looking to score his first victory against a man who has taken a special, yet odd interest in him, Henry Keyes.

Angus:

It's not odd, Keebs! The Master of Time and Space, Henry Keyes is an unexplainable enigma.

DDK:

I rest my case.

Angus:

I just mean he is what he is, and we all know that, so is it really odd? GAWD!

DDK:

Right, well, lets take it on down to the ring and find out.

Cut down to the ring where the Voice of DEFIANCE, Darren Quimbey awaits to make with the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall...

♪ *"Figure It Out" by Royal Blood* ♪

Instead of waiting for the song to work into the chorus as he normally does, Van Carver tears the curtain open.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first, he is accompanied tonight by Jane Katze... Hailing from Boston, Massachusetts, and weighing in tonight at Two Hundred and Seventy pounds, this is... **VAAANNN CARRRVERRR!**

Behind him a step or two is Jane Katze, the COO of Katze and Associates. Katz is dressed professionally as always. Carver nods his head as he looks out over the Faithful who give him a bit of a negative reaction.

DDK:

Van Carver not exactly well liked so far during his time here in Defiance, Angus.

Angus:

He's going against the BELLCLAP, how can you be well liked in that scenario?

Carver and Katze have a brief discussion before making their way down the ramp and into the ring with precision. Katze circles around the ring, taking residency in the far corner. Van is up the near steel stairs, ducks the ropes on his way into the ring. He spins and begins throwing strikes into the air to keep himself loose. It's then that the song changes, red lights glow throughout...it's time for --

♪ *"Airship Pirate" by Abney Park* ♪

Darren Quimbey:

And now his opponent... Hailing from the Skies Above, he weighs in tonight at Two Hundred and Thirty Seven pounds, this is... **HENNNRRRY KEEYEYESS!**

The Faithful leap to their feet as everyone's favorite Airship Pirate, Henry Keyes emerges from behind the curtain. A fresh buzz cut on the sides of his head, his red hair swept over in his trademark hairstyle. Keyes takes a moment to soak in the roar of the crowd and twirl the ends of his mustache as red lights pulsated in time to the song.

DDK:

Henry Keyes going against the Murder Machine, Van Carver here tonight, folks. And while the last match you saw might have been a bit of fun and games, something tells me this one might be a little more intense.

Angus:

You've got that right, Keebs. These two have been at each other's throats since the SECOND Van Carver signed on the dotted line. And with Jane Katze suddenly in his corner, who knows what he's capable of.

Keyes manically heads down the ramp and straight away into the ring. He tightens the brace on his left arm as he walks. Carver squats down waiting, Keyes rolls under the bottom rope, the bell sounds and this one is off to the races.

DDK:

Keyes not even to his feet and Carver already dishing out the strikes.

It's forearm after forearm from Carver to start as the rookie presses Keyes back into the ropes.

Angus:

Keyes taking the ride.

Carver stops, waits for Keyes to approach. As Keyes does Carver twists and turns, leaning his weight forward looking for a Roaring Elbow when Keyes ducks underneath.

DDK:

Scouted well.

Keyes turns and steps into a strike of his own, catching Carver firmly under the chin with a European Uppercut. Jane Katze's most recent pet project is sent stumbling backwards a few steps, as the Faithful roar. A brief "BELLCLAP!" chant breaks out but quickly realizes it isn't the time.

Carver spits to the side.

Angus:

Literally getting the bad taste of that one out of his mouth, Keebs.

DDK:

Probably checking for blood too. Keyes is known to be quite the brawler.

Carver and Keyes surge forward again, this time going for the tie up. Carver is able to slip Keyes, and slap on the side headlock.

Angus:

Carver looking a bit more like a wrestler, week by week.

Carver thinks he's in the driver's seat, but it's Keyes who shoves Carver away and Van is set for the ride.

DDK:

Van Carver sent across, now.

Keyes throws a sloppy clothesline, that Carver ducks. Van is off the far side and delivers a hard forearm to the face of Henry, sending him stumbling back. Keyes catches himself and answers the call with a forearm of his own. Then Carver, then Van. Then Carver, then Van. And then it's a melee.

Fists are coming in fast and hot. Carver gets rocked, Keyes gets rocked. The bad blood has been building for weeks and these two finally have a chance to settle it. Keyes is able to get his knee high enough to knock some wind from Carver's chest. Carver caught off guard stumbles and Keyes improvises with a strong headbutt. Carver is reeling and heads into the turnbuckle.

DDK:

Henry Keyes finding a dent in the armor here. Working on a run. Let's see what he's got in the tank.

Keyes pushes Carver back into the turnbuckle and whips the arm hard. The rookie reverses it. Keyes into the opposite corner now. Carver charges hard, Keyes turns the shoulder, Carver catches it. Carver stumbles. Keyes pivots quickly and rocks the Vanimal with a Spinning Back Elbow. Carver brings his hands to his face in pain.

Angus:

Carver opening himself up here.

Keyes steps forward, hugs Carver and hoists him into the air before dropping him down to the mat with a HUGE Belly to Belly Suplex. The Faithful pop.

DDK:

Henry Keyes with a textbook suplex there.

Carver is holding his midsection. He squirms on the mat, gasping for breath. A boot from Keyes and another one, and another one. All into the chest of Van Carver. Keyes sits Carver up, presses back into the ropes and runs forward, looking to connect with a knee strike to the back of the head.

Angus:

Carver feels it coming.

Carver leans himself forward and Keyes overshoots his mark. Carver has an opening and pulls Keyes' leg quickly, twisting it, dragging Henry over with a Dragonscrew.

DDK:

Carver with the takedown there.

Carver is to his feet, still looking for his breath. He bends down, Keyes to a seated position now. Carver charges and his knee finds the mark, with a thud Keyes begins to fall to the mat. Carver turns proud of his work, but pure resolve is something that Henry Keyes just simply doesn't lack. His hand finds the canvas, somehow before his head and he steadies himself. The crowd can't believe it, Jane Katze calls to Carver but it's too late. Carver turns around and Keyes lays him out with a car crash of a spear.

Angus:

Van Carver just got split in two.

Keyes falls into a pin, the Faithful count along.

ONE!**TWO!**

And Van Carver gets his shoulder up. The Faithful sigh.

DDK:

Carver has shown he can take a beating. He went toe to toe with Box in his first match, ate some hard fists from Omega in his second. And so far in this, his first Pay Per View match, he's holding his own with Henry Keyes.

Angus:

Kid's tough.

Carver is leaning on his side, shaking his head trying to knock the cobwebs loose. Keyes is doing much of the same. Carver is to a knee first, and beats Keyes to his feet. Keyes is still dazed. As Henry gets to his feet Carver delivers a planted elbow strike right to Keyes' left shoulder. Keyes instantly is in pain and drops to a knee. Carver reaches out quickly grabbing the left arm, peeling it away from the body. And then come some punches, a few of them, right to the dome of Henry Keyes, before Carver yanks the arm behind Keyes and uses his knee to push Keyes forward, armbaring the left limb of the Pirate.

Angus:

A little bit of Jane Katze peeking through there, Keebs.

DDK:

Carver trying to isolate that left arm of Keyes. Everyone knows he injured it, but if there's anyone on this roster tough enough, maybe even dumb enough to stick with it through the pain, it's the Airship Pirate.

Keyes pushes forward and brings his paw to the ropes, breaking the hold of the armbar. Official getting involved and everything. Carver backs off, but only for a second. He grabs Keyes' arm again and pulls it back this time opting to drive a quick palm strike into Keyes' forearm, sending his left limb in two separate directions. Keyes is in pain and Carver responds to it with a series of forearms to the side of Henry's head. Keyes eating each and every one like the brawler he is.

Angus:

Backed into the ropes again. Not a good look for Keyes.

DDK:

Henry gets sent across again.

It's Carver who impresses as he spins around Keyes, turning him around placing his shoulder under the Airship Pirate's jaw, before falling into a sitting position driving Keyes' left jaw into Carver's shoulder.

Angus:

Might've been a little too flippy there for me, but it got the job done. Henry Keyes is seeing stars in a big way.

Carver surges at the opportunity, running forward and driving a knee into Keyes' head. Keyes crumbles to the mat. Carver pushes into a pin.

ONE!**TWO!****DDK:**

Kickout!

Van slaps the mat frustrated that Keyes withstood the three count, while the Faithful applaud Keyes for the fight he's shown by answering the bell. Katze barks to Carver, Carver stares over and Jane refocuses Van's attention back to Keyes.

Angus:

Jane Katze wisely getting control of her client there. Van didn't look too pleased with that count.

DDK:

Van seems to have plenty of aggression, Angus. Perhaps someone like Katze is exactly what he needs.

Carver resumes the work on the left arm of Keyes, this time extending it and throwing it down hard over his knee cap, as if trying to break it in two. Keyes recoils in pain, popping to his feet and throwing a dead left arm over the top rope to steady himself.

Angus:

You gotta wonder how much longer that limb can even hang on!

Carver pushes up, rather easily, to a vertical base and grits his teeth at Keyes. Carver charges, but Keyes wisely drops his shoulder at the last moment, and the brash rookie gets vaulted over the top rope. Unable to find the rope to steady himself, due to Keyes hanging off of it Carver spills to the outside.

DDK:

Keyes sends Carver over the rope.

Keyes needing a break from all the action and to heal his wounded arm, plays the retreat game, backing into the furthest corner, still favoring his arm. The Faithful begin a slow clap, causing Keyes to answer, slowly and surely.

The ascending ten count reaches only eight before Carver slides back in from discussing strategy with Katze and once again, now for the second time. The two men dance.

DDK:

Circling up, but you've got to wonder about the state of that left arm of Keyes.

Angus:

Hanging on by a thread, I'd assume.

They come together, Carver heading for the left arm again but Keyes knows it's coming, he side steps Carver and responds with a rather devastating hard right cross. It's Carver's own momentum that acts mostly against him as he stumbles, Keyes sees his chance.

The fans react almost instantly as Henry Keyes finally moves his injured left arm.

Angus:

BELLCLAP!

The crowd roars. Carver stumbles to the mat, his ears ringing. Keyes falls on top. The count.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

DDK:

NO!

The fans aren't happy as Van Carver gets his shoulder up in the nick of time.

Angus:

Van Carver just took that like a man.

Carver is face down on the mat, kicking his feet in pain. He can't get the ringing out of his ears. Keyes is in a sitting position dazed, still favoring the arm. Van to a knee. Keyes to a knee. Carver to his feet first, Keyes not far behind. Carver with the left and Keyes with the right, in double time, as fast as you can see it. Going blow to blow with one another, fist flying.

DDK:

Guess you don't need a left arm to throw rights!

Finally Carver lets Keyes have it catching him in the already tested and wounded arm with a punch, instead of the side of the head. Keyes instantly favorites it and Carver surges forward running his knee high and into the side of Keyes' ribs. Carver picks Keyes up by the back of the neck and delivers a sharp elbow strike to the left shoulder, furthering the work on the arm. The brack absorbing some of the blow, but not all.

Then there's a forearm shot to the head, another forearm shot to the head. And Henry Keyes standing tall through it all.

Angus:

Henry Keyes is a straight brawler.

Keyes catches Carver off guard with another headbutt, the rookie never saw coming. Now Keyes has to use his other limbs, he brings a foot up, catching Van's thigh with a kick, trying to bring the man down to size. Keyes with another kick, this one a bit faster. Van goes to block, but his attention is shifting so Keyes brings an elbow of his own, this one is of the roaring variety and it nearly knocks Van Carver's head off.

The crowd responds with craze. They chant for it, they want it. They need it. THE BELLCLAP!

DDK:

Second one!

And it connects, before Carver could even fall from the elbow he was BELLCLAPed. Carver hits the apron.

Keyes to his knees, pressing down.

ONE!**TWO!****THRE-****DDK:**

NO! NO! NO! Somehow, someway - Van Carver kicked out.

Fans can't believe it, Keyes can't believe it. Jane Katze just nods her head as if it's all part of the plan.

Keyes stumbles to his feet, picking Carver up with him. Keyes with chops across the chest hard ones that come fast. He backs Carver up into the ropes. He yanks Carver for the ride, Carver reverses, but Keyes reverses that and ends up behind Carver, he yanks back looking for the German but Carver gains a wide base, locking legs with Henry. Jane Katz smacking her hands together, barking orders.

Angus:

A wheel of reversals there and there's no way Keyes can get Carter over here, not with that dead arm.

DDK:

He's probably just trying to buy some recovery time.

Angus:

Well that might cost him.

Whatever Jane was barking caught Van's attention and he acts quickly, tossing an elbow to clear space. Keyes ducks the elbow and quickly Van floats behind. Van scoops underneath of Keyes and delivers an Exploder Suplex that JUST misses sending Keyes into the turnbuckle.

Angus:

Keyes is folded up like an accordion and it could've been a lot worse. Van was looking for the turnbuckle there.

DDK:

That would've ended this one, and probably called the medics out here.

Carver is still a little dazed from his latest introduction to the Bellend. He stumbles over. Covers Keyes. And the count.

ONE!**TWO!****THREE!?**

Van Carver celebrates but wait...

DDK:

FOOT on the ropes!

Angus:

Not close enough to hit the turnbuckle on the Exploder and not far enough from the ropes on the pin. Unbelievable.

Jane is angry, slapping the canvas. Van is in the ring, running his hands through his hair. Keyes is still down. Van is foaming at the mouth, he's waiting for Keyes to come to his sense. It takes Keyes a moment or two but he's up. Then it's a plant of a high knee in his stomach to bend him over. Carver takes a second to soak in the moment before getting back to the task at hand. He hooks each of Keyes' arms, lifts him into the air, flipping him over and throwing the Airship Pirate down to the mat.

Angus:

MURDER BOMB!

Carver drops to his knees, pinning Keyes.

ONE!**TWO!****THREE!*****DING! DING! DING!*****DDK:**

Van Carver's done it!

Angus:

I can't believe it, Keebs, Carver even survived the BELLCLAP! Is this reality?!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner, by PINFALL, **VAAANNN CAAARRRVVVERRR!**

Carver is up, though after the battle he's just been through he doesn't look like a winner, but certainly feels like one. The effects of Bellclap still ringing in his skull as he staggers around a bit, while Jane Katze looks on approvingly from the apron.

DDK:

I'll tell you what partner, after that hellacious fight, Van Carver has put a lot of people on notice.

Angus:

Man, I know you're right, but I can't believe he actually survived the Bellclap... THE BELLCLAP... Jayzuss, but yeah, big ups to the new kid. It's looking like Boxer and Omega got to him early, because nobody is going to be getting an easy win off this guy.

As the adrenaline fueled excitement of his victory starts to kick in, Van gets a bit more amped as he takes to a nearby corner and raises his fists. Meanwhile, the Airship Pirate is left to wonder what happened as he rolls out of the ring and makes the long journey up the ramp.

Angus:

Alright, what's next?

FLOW

DDK:

Before we get to our next match, Angus, let's check in with Impulse! I believe he's at the concession stand! Impulse?

We cut to a trio of long, barely moving lines. Impulse is in the camera view, front and center, while Calico Rose looks like she's in line, but impatiently looking around.

Impulse:

Thanks, guys. Looks like everyone's off to get some refreshment during the current lull. Excuse me sir?

He taps a man on the shoulder.

Impulse:

What are you looking to see tonight?

Fan #1:

Me? Jake Donovan taking the Southern Heritage title.

Impulse:

Interesting. You don't think Harmony can retain?

Fan #1:

You kidding? No way a chick can--

Impulse:

Allright, enough of that. Excuse me, sir?

Fan #2:

Sup? Impulse, hey!

Impulse:

What do you hope to see tonight?

Fan #2:

The whole thing, man - but I'm lookin' forward to the War Chamber match, particularly.

Behind them, Calico Rose has left the view.

Impulse:

That's gonna be a good one, sir. Have a favorite?

Fan #2:

Lindsay Troy, definitely. She's the equal of any other athlete in DEFIANCE, and I think she's even more fired up than she usually would be after what happened with the Trios titles.

Fan #3 (Approaching from the side):

You're outta your mind, man! Ain't no way Lindsay Troy can take out the Original DEFIANT.

The two get into a bit of a good natured argument and shoving match, which causes Impulse to subtly step to the side.

Impulse:

Guys, guys - Hey, the line's moving, you don't wanna lose your spot.

In fact, the line is moving now, quite quickly. The fans jump back in line - they don't want to miss out on their beers, after all. Impulse gestures to the cameraman to step forward, and they move to the window to speak to the concession

workers, except...

Impulse:

Rosie?

Behind the counter, the workers are ringing fans up and collecting money, but Calico Rose is moving like greased lightning, filling cups of beer two at a time with a perfect pour in every one.

Calico Rose:

No time for love, Docta Jones, this line needs to empty before Horry and Mushi hit the ring!

Impulse watches her move for a few seconds, then turns back to the camera.

Impulse:

What a woman.

Smirk.

Impulse:

Regardless of why we're here, it's clear that the DEFIANT Faithful each have their favorite matches, and as much excitement that we've had so far, there's gonna be a ton more! Keebs, Angus - back to you.

SAM HORRY vs MUSHIGIHARA

DDK:

Up next is a grudge match nearly 3 years in the making. I can promise you that Mushighiara versus Sam Horry will not be a catch-as-catch can, hold versus counter-hold classic. This is going to be a physical, knock down, drag-out brawl between two men intent on destroying each other.

Mushighiara is shown walking through the corridor with Dante, who is speaking seemingly at a hundred miles a minute. Decked in black and red, Mushi ominously moves through the throng of photographers and media quick to snap photos.

DDK:

There he is, DEFIANCE' resident God-Beast. That mask hides his emotions, but even with that it's not hard to tell what is going through his mind: Destroy, destroy, destroy!

Angus:

It's like Mushighiara is Godzilla, and tonight Sam is going to be Tokyo, bad dialogue and all.

DDK:

Was that really necessary?

Angus:

Of course it was, I'm paid handsomely to add insight.

Sam is shown inside of his locker room with the rest of his fight team. Clad in purple fight shorts with black trim, purple and black compression kneepads and shin pads, Sam matches his team. Jeanie kisses his taped hands, then hugs him. She pulls back from Sam, 'Be careful, 'kay? Te amo mucho.

Angus:

It's like she's saying, 'goodbye'.

DDK:

She just told Sam she loves him. Jeanie knows full well the threat that Mushighiara poses, and as Sam and his fight team make their way into the corridor, his face tells the story: I can't lose, I can't lose.

Angus:

If Sam doesn't make it back from this match, MUHBOITAH'll give me her number. I can console her in her time of need.

DDK:

Yes, I'm sure that's exactly what will happen... Let's take it on down to the ring.

The shot cuts to find Darren Quimbey ready to make the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall.

The lights dim as red lights illuminate the entrance area.

♪ ***"Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada*** ♪

Dante emerges from the backstage first as the red lights point towards the God-Beast walking directly behind him. The intimidating Sumotori stood at the entrance ramp, soaking in the cheers of his ever growing fanbase.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, he is accompanied to the ring by his manager, EDDIE DANTE! Hailing from MITO, IBARKI, JAPAN, and weighing in tonight at Two Hundred and Ninety Four pounds, this is... the **GOD-BEAST**
MUUUSSSHHHIIIGIIHAAARRRAAA!

DDK:

The sight of this man walking down the aisle to do what he does in that ring, is one of the most intimidating in all of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

You ain't lying either.

Mushighiara makes his way to the center of the ring, as the red lights focus in on him. He bellows a thunderous "OSUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!!!" before the lights come back on.

DDK:

The Monster of Mito Ibaraki...is here.

The lights dim again, as this time purple lights illuminate the arena. Air sirens play as the intro for Horry's intro song kick in.

♪ "Hot N***a" by Bobby Shmurda ♪

Sam, flanked by the Red Dragon Fight Team, makes his way down the aisle wearing a sleeveless, hooded, purple gi top, adorned with the logos of his various sponsors.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, hailing from the EAST ELMHURST SECTION OF QUEENS NEW YORK, he weighs in at Two Hundred and Thirty Eight pounds, this is the **KING OF THE STREETS SAAAMMM HOOORRRY!**

DDK:

Sam has said in different interviews that he feels as if he has unfinished business left with Mushighiara. That if he can't settle this with him, then he can't move forward in DEFIANCE. Mushighiara is a hell of a mountain to climb.

Angus:

The hell with all that, why can't he settle on just one theme, like everybody else?

DDK:

You'd have to ask Sam, I don't know.

Sam makes his way into the ring, and poses with both arms raised over his head as the lights come on.

DDK:

F!ght magazine still lists Sam as the best pound-for-pound fighter in the world, he's going to need every bit of it to win here tonight.

Angus: (scoffing)

Psh! No way does Sam beat Mushi tonight!

Handing his top to his team, and placing in his mouthguard, Sam stretches in the corner. Sam begins hop up and down, as his fight team make their way to the back.

DDK:

No fight team, no Dante, just Sam and Mushighiara one-on-one. They way it should be!

Mushighiara and Sam stare each other down in the middle of the ring. Whatever Sam is saying to Mushighiara is lost amongst the anticipating crowd.

DING! DING! DING!**DDK:**

Here we go!

Mushi and circle each other before a few moments, when Mushi initiates the collar-to-elbow tie up. Sam ducks under Mushi and scores with a right hook to the body, overhand right, and left roundhouse kick to the chest that backs Mushi up half a step. Mushi remains stoic as Sam dances to the opposite corner to the approval of his crowd.

DDK:

We've seen this before from Sam in both his initial bout with Mushi in Japan, and his match against Frank Dylan James. Look for Sam to use hit and run tactics early to soften up the big man.

Angus:

Dancing around like that is only gonna get Mushi angry.

DDK:

Sam does have a lot of real estate to use inside the squared circle. Look for Mushi to close the gap and cut off Sam's escape routes. Dante told us that Mushi has been working exclusively on that in his training. He's also slimmed down it seems too.

Stalking Sam, Mushi closes in for another lock up attempt, but Sam sidesteps again, with a right body hook to Mushi's ribs, a left roundhouse kick to Mushi's thigh, and a right roundhouse kick that lands on Mushi's butt. Sam backs away and smiles at Mushi, grinning a mouth full of mouthguard.

DDK:

Mushi's gonna explode any minute now, I guarantee you Sam will not be smiling in a few minutes.

Back to the center of the ring again, the God-Beast stalks, and again Sam attempts to create distance. When Sam backs up into the turnbuckles, Mushi feigns a collar elbow tie-up, which fools Sam into throwing a straight right hand. Mushi evades the blow, and shoulder throws Sam, crashing him hard into the mat. Mushighiara's crowd came alive.

Angus:

I keep telling everybody Mushi is no slouch when it comes to the martial arts. Ain't he like a 14th degree black belt in Judo in addition to Sumo?

DDK:

That's 1st degree, Angus.

Angus:

Still divisible by 2, Keebs.

Quickly making it back to his feet, Sam is sent back down to the mat courtesy of a heavy open palm strike from Mushighiara.

DDK:

And there it is: One palm strike from Mushighiara, one trip to the canvas for Sam.

Allowing Sam to make it to his feet, Mushighiara scores with another palm strike that sends Sam reeling into the

corner. Mushi brings the crowd to their feet when he opens up a flurry of hard palm strikes to a covered up Sam, strikes which echo throughout the arena. Sam answers back with an uppercut, backing Mushi off of him temporarily. With Sam still in the corner, Mushighiara plants Sam to the mat with a falling Judo-style hip throw, which lands the considerably heavier Mushighiara on top of Horry.

DDK:

That cannot be fun for Sam who I said would not be smiling a few minutes ago. Sam was sandwiched in between the force of the throw and Mushi's crashing weight on top of him.

Angus:

And the God Beast is just getting started!

Mushi stands Sam to his feet, and hits Sam with a hooking palm strike to the body, then a quick palm strike to the temple, forcing a disoriented Sam back into the corner. Mushighiara then rams his massive shoulder into Sam's waist, then again; holding and pressing his weight against Sam until the referee counted to 4.

DDK:

Sam's in major trouble early in this match!

Angus:

A lot of talk from Sam has been about his wanting that match, well from the looks of things, one of those 'OSU!' from Mushighiara meant I want this fight just as bad.

DDK:

So far Mushighara's gameplan has been perfect. Corner Sam and hit him with those heavy sumo palm strikes. Then force Sam to carry his weight as Sam is trying to recover. In his match against Jake Donovan, Sam was able to control the distance, in his match against Frank Dylan James, Sam was able to control the distance, and out strike FDJ. I don't think anybody saw Mushi dominating with strikes and being able to keep Sam so contained.

Angus:

Well, I didn't want to say this but, yeah, I may have helped Dante and Mushi plan their strategy.

Mushi hammer throws Sam to the ropes, and bounces off, exploding with a jumping Thai knee to Mushi's chest that backs him up, but does not floor Mushi. Sam's crowd comes alive, as Sam himself bounces off the ropes, to throw a Yakuza kick, but Mushi sidesteps the kick, and plants Sam to the mat with a thunderous Ura Nage suplex, bringing the crowd again to their feet!

Angus:

IT'S OVER!

DDK:

You may be right! Cover!

ONE!

TW-

DDK:

Sam gets a shoulder up just before the two count! There's still some fight in Sam, but wow! Just when you thought Sam could get some daylight, Mushi answers back.

Rolling out to the ring floor, Sam turns around to see a smiling Dante. As the referee starts his mandatory count, Sam paces the floor trying to gather himself together, clutching his ribs.

DDK:

Smart move by Sam to break the God-Beast's momentum, and create some space for himself.

Angus:

Yeah, except that God-Beast is still standing, and he ain't showing no signs of slowing down.

DDK:

You have to believe that at this point in time, Mushi is in Sam's head wreaking as much damage to him mentally as he is damaging Sam physically. And if the mind goes, its only a matter of time before the body follows. I'm sure that's what Dante has been telling Mushighiara leading into this match.

Sam attempts to roll into the ring when Mushighiara charges at him which prompts Sam to roll back to the floor. Some boos ring out through the crowd.

DDK:

You really can't blame Sam for rolling back to the floor.

Angus:

Would you wanna be in there with an angry Judo throwin' Sumo wrestler?!

Hopping onto the ring apron, Mushi again charges at Sam, who jumps away from Mushi's grasp. Sam grabs Mushi's head in mid-air and clotheslines Mushi's neck against the top rope as Sam lands on both feet on the arena floor. With Mushi reeling backwards from the top rope clothesline, Sam slides in and opens up with a double left hook to the body, and right leg roundhouse kicks alongside Mushighiara's lower back and kidneys forcing him into the corner. This draws a mixed reaction from the crowd.

DDK:

Just like that, Sam has created his opening back into the match, with a top rope clothesline. So much emphasis has been on Sam's MMA based style that it's easy to forget he's an accomplished pro wrestler. He knows all the tricks of the trade.

Angus:

And he's as dirty as it gets. You just saw it right there.

Now it was Mushi's turn to cover up in the corner, as Sam struggles to land a clean strike. Mushi finds his own opening, courtesy of palm strike to Sam's ribs, making Sam take a step back. To a loud roar, Mushi comes back firing at Sam with open palm strikes forcing the action to the middle of the ring. Sam slips an open palm thrust, and executes his own shoulder throw to an off balance Mushighiara, planting Mushighiara to the mat! Sam's crowd comes alive.

DDK:

Sam a 2nd degree Judo black belt as well, takes Mushighiara down for the first time in this match.

Angus:

That was out of desperation if you ask me.

Still holding on to the massive arm of the God-Beast, Sam drops to the mat, and sinks in the short-arm scissor submission hold.

DDK:

There you see a classic short-arm scissor. Sam hooked a similar hold to Jake Donovan's leg at Ascension to negate his speed. One would have to assume Sam is trying to negate Mushighiara's awesome power.

Angus:

I believe right now, Sam's brain is trying to run plans B through Z titled, "How in the hell do I keep Mushighiara from separating my head from off my body with those palm strikes?!"

DDK: (*chuckles*)

He probably is, but weakening one of those arms is—at the very least—a good start. Those palm strikes Mushi has been tagging Sam with are a call back to Grindhouse: Japan a few years ago, where Mushi tortured Sam with them. Very successful with those thudding palm strikes.

Angus:

And remember, there's no Matthews or MUHBOITAI to rescue Sam when the going gets tough, like the last time they fought.

The referee checks on Mushi, making sure not to miss a possible sign of submission, and also being sure Mushi's shoulders are not on the mat. As Sam grinds the hold, tighter, Mushighiara looks for an escape route. Unfortunately for the Masked Sumotori, he is in the very middle of the ring with the ropes out of his grasp. With no other options, Mushighiara grunts and rolls to his side. The crowd begins to stir as Mushi rolls to his side. Then begin to stir even more as Mushighiara bases up on all fours, curling Sam into a little ball on Sam's own neck. Sam still doesn't let go of the hold. Mushighiara plants one of his feet in a standing position.

DDK:

Sam's tenacity may be his downfall here...literally!

Angus:

Is Mushighiara doing what I think he's doing?!

DDK:

Mushi has planted his other foot!

With Sam stubbornly refusing to let go of the short-arm scissor, Mushi grunts again, lifting the curled up Sam with one arm! Mushi roars as Sam reaches his zenith in the air. He holds Sam afloat for the crowd who is on their feet.

DDK & Angus: (*in unison*)

LOOK AT THE STRENGTH—

The crowd roars in unison with the God-Beast while the camera pans in on Sam's "Oh Shit!" face. Mushighiara then throws his own legs out from underneath him, and crashes Sam to the mat to break the hold!

Fans: MU-SHIIII! MU-SHIIII! MU-SHIIII!

DDK:

What a display of power by the God-Beast! That was incredible!

Angus:

I don't think anybody's ever slammed Sam with one arm before! But look at Mushi, how much did that take out of him?!

Dante meets Mushi as he is pulling himself up along the middle rope. He grabs Mushi's sore arm and slaps at it a few times, trying to get the blood flowing. Sam meanwhile, slowly pulls himself up along the opposite corner.

DDK:

Look at Sam holding those ribs of his. That last uncomfortable ride he took must've done all kinds of damage.

Not wanting to let up on his hurt opponent, Mushi charges Sam with a head full of steam, but Sam moves out of the way, causing Mushi to hit the turnbuckles sternum first. With Mushi stunned against the ropes, Sam loads up and throws a haymaker of a roundhouse kick at Mushighiara's head, which Mushi ducks. The kick instead slams viciously into a cameraman on the ring apron, busting the camera and sending the cameraman down to the floor in a heap.

Angus:

HE KICKED A CAMERAMAN! What a tough guy that Sam is, to pick on a defenseless cameraman! That man has a family, dammit!

DDK:

That looked accidental...I--I mean that was a brutal roundhouse kick, and this cameraman is down.

Sam, looking down at the felled cameraman, turned into a hooking right palm strike from Mushighiara that dropped Sam against the second turnbuckle, and then to the mat.

DDK:

Hard shot from Mushi!

Mushi closes in to follow up on his advantage, when Sam grabs a handful of Mushi's tights and sends him through the middle ropes to the floor, near the fallen cameraman where some of the DEF Medical personnel were attempting to help the young cameraman to his feet. Sam slides to the outside as well, and as the medical personnel began to walk the cameraman away, Sam gets a running start, and springboards off the ring apron to attack Mushighiara. Only the God-Beast catches him.

DDK:

Sam tried to sneak attack Mushi, and is now at the mercy of a merciless God-Beast!

With Sam trying to punch his way out of Mushi's grip, Mushi ignores the punches and rams Sam ribs first into the ringpost! Then does it again, to louder crowd approval! Then one more time, for good measure. He throws Sam to the floor at the feet of the timekeeper for this match. The crowd is solidly behind Mushighiara.

DDK:

This is not a good night if you are a Sam Horry fan. Mushighiara is on the verge of handing Sam his most crushing defeat yet. Horry's ribs have taken a beating since the beginning of this match.

Angus:

You can hear Sam struggling to breath down there on the floor. It's only a matter of time before he runs out of tricks against Mushighiara.

Coughing, and trying to pull himself up against the guardrail, Sam watches as Mushi goes in for another heavy palm strike to him. This time Sam is the one who moves out of the way and Mushighiara levels the timekeeper with a thudding palm strike which echoes throughout the DEF Plex.

DDK:

The collateral damage continues to pile up!

Sam rolls underneath the bottom rope, and sits in the corner clutching his ribs. Mushighiara checks on the timekeeper, when Dante walks over to him and points at Sam inside the ring.

Angus:

I hope Dante is telling Mushighiara to go in there and finish Sam off. Wasting time out here only gives Sam a chance to rest.

DDK:

You're absolutely right, partner.

Angus:

Of course I'm absolutely right! I'm always right, sometimes!

Mushighiara walks back into the ring through the second rope, where Sam meets him with a kneelift that stuns him. Sam locks him in the Thai clinch and begins throwing devastating knee strikes to Mushighiara's upper torso. Sam

scores with a European uppercut and Thai style elbow.

DDK:

Mushighiara is absorbing a lot of punishment, that short time of rest was all Sam needed to get back into this match.

Pushing Sam away from himself, Mushighiara gave Sam an opening to land a heavy roundhouse kick to Mushi's liver, buckling the big man. A jumping knee to the chest sends Mushighiara back and gets him tangled into the ropes.

Angus:

If Sam were all about the purity and harmonious...ness of the martial arts, he'd let Mushi go here.

DDK:

I doubt Sam would--what's he doing to Mushighiara's legs?

Angus:

He's pulling them outside of the ring?! That doesn't make any gorram sense unless...oh no.

DDK:

Definite 'oh, no'! Mushi is completely defenseless in the ropes.

Still holding on to his ribs, Sam stares the God-Beast in his face. Sam touches in order, Mushi's forehead, his sternum, then left shoulder blade, to right shoulder blade.

DDK:

Sam just gave Mushi 'Last Rites'!

Sam bounces from the left side of the ropes, and crashes into Mushi's face with a running Yakuza kick. He then bounces from the right side of the ropes, and hits another running Yakuza kick. Horry's crowd came alive more and more with each kick Sam delivers. Dante helps to unhook Mushi from the ropes, along with the referee. With Mushi down, Sam slumps in the corner still clutching his ribs.

DDK:

These two men are in the process of trying to end one another's career. Mushi can't know where he is right now, and Sam may have broken, or at the very least bruised ribs.

Angus:

And there's some internal bleeding going on too! Sam's mouthguard used to be white!

DDK:

How much more can either man take?!

Mushi bases up to one knee, and stares at Sam who gives a 'why won't you stay down' sigh, in return. Sam bounces off the ropes again, to deliver another strike, but Mushi explodes, throwing Sam into the air. On his way down, Sam lands a heavy roundhouse kick to Mushi's head, but not before Mushi can land a megaton bomb of a palm strike to Sam jaw. Mushi falls to the mat, and Sam crashes hard to the canvas.

DDK:

They're both down!

Angus:

And neither of 'em are moving!

ONE!

No movement.

TWO!

More of the same.

THREE!

FOUR!

DDK:

Does either man have anything left in the tank?

FIVE!

SIX!

Angus:

I don't think so, both men used some heavy artillery on the other.

SEVEN!

DDK:

Referee's count is up to 8 and...MUSHI'S MOVING!!!

EIGHT!

With the crowd counting along, they roar as Mushi pushes up on his hands. No movement from Sam at all.

NINE!

The God-Beast pushes up more, only to collapse back to the mat.

TEN!

Referee Brian Slater waives his hands and calls for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

Slater goes over to the ropes and begins conversing with Darren Quimbey. When their little pow-wow ends, Quimbey readies to make the referee's call official.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, referee Brian Slater has informed me that due to neither wrestler being able to make it back to their feet by the count of 10, the referee has ruled this match a draw!

The Faithful voices their displeasure as they break out into chants of "LET THE FIGHT!" while the ring begins to fill with trainers and medical staff. As they check on both combatants, Jeanie rushes in to check on Sam, while Dante does the same as he kneels by his charge, Mushighiara.

DDK:

What a confrontation this was tonight! With no clear and decisive winner tonight, I shudder to think of what these men will do to each other the next time they collide.

Angus:

I predict more violence...

Both men are helped to their feet to the applause of the crowd. Sam, with his fight team by his side give a lasting look to Mushighiara, who is standing tall with Dante by his side. 'Next time,' Sam says, to which Mushigihara gives him a nod as the DEFmed staff and trainers help both of them out of the ring.

Angus:

...More sweet, sweet violence.

DDK:

You are a sick man, Angus Skaaland.

Angus:

Yeah, I know... The nights young, so lets have some more, what's next?

CURTIS PENN vs LAMOND ALEXANDER ROBERTSON

DDK:

We're just minutes away from our next encounter, as Curtis Penn takes on Lamont Alexander Robertson in what should be an exciting match!

Angus:

Exciting, sure. Can we skip exciting and move right to the point where Curtis MicroPenn is getting his ass whooped and teabagged by the guy in the skirt?

DDK:

Really, Angus? We're... really?

Angus:

Why else does he wear a skirt?

DDK:

First of all, it's called a kilt, and second of all, I really don't want to continue this conversation. So let's check in with Impulse and Calico Rose, from ringside!

Angus:

Sigh... anything to keep Penn away from me.

We cut to ringside, where Impulse and Cally are - again - in the aisle, leaning on the barrier. All around them, the fans are cheering like crazy.

Calico Rose:

Are we having fun yet, or what?!?!?

They cheer, even louder.

Impulse:

That's what we wanna hear, guys. We're having a blast, too - and right now, we've got some inside info for everyone watching on DEFCON. You wanna hear it?

More cheers rise from the fans.

Impulse:

Well--

Voice:

SHUT THE FUCK UP.

Boos rise from the fans as Curtis Penn walks out, slowly and confidently, microphone in hand. Impulse stops talking, and subtly maneuvers himself between Cally and Penn's angle of approach.

Curtis Penn:

I've been back there all night, sick to my stomach at the fact that this company has, for some reason, plastered the two of you all over the arena tonight when you're not even booked. I mean, what sense does that make? Jack Hunter wrestles tonight, and you're not good enough to rate above him. And they decide that you're going to show up in

between matches. Is this the consolation prize for letting Dan Ryan kick your ass?

The fans continue to boo as Penn walks toward the ring. He holds his head high, soaking in the boos like they're a standing ovation.

Curtis Penn:

By the way, that abortion of a title shot just went to prove my point: I'm the only man in this company who has the skills to defeat Dan Ryan. Eugene Dewey failed to defend it, why does anyone think he'll take it back? You hadn't earned a shot - and you proved why. I am better than you, than Dan Ryan, than Dusty Griffith, than Eugene Dewey... and I'm definitely better than Dan Ryan.

More boos. Penn has nearly reached the ringside area, and he looks right at Impulse, standing on the corner of the entrance aisle and ringside area.

Curtis Penn:

Regardless, son - pay attention to what I do to Roberts.

DDK:

It's Robertson--

Angus:

I don't think he cares.

Curtis Penn:

Because it's only the tip of the fucking iceberg for what I've got in store for you and your cheap, cheating ass the next time I can get you in the ring.

Cally:

I don't think you--

She's cut off, as Curtis Penn slaps the microphone out of her hand. The microphone flies down the entrance ramp, as everyone around quiets.

Curtis Penn:

Shut up, cunt.

More boos. Cally stares at him, shocked. Impulse again subtly gets between them.

Curtis Penn:

You come out here, your bouncy perky obnoxious bullshit, and you think anyone here wants to see that? God damn, nobody cares. What they want to see is you shutting the fuck up and stripping off your clothes, because you look trashy and desperate enough to do that.

He locks eyes with her.

Curtis Penn:

What, you gonna cry? Cry for me, princess.

A chant of "Asshole" starts up, but it slowly dissolves into cheers as Impulse puts the microphone to his lips.

Impulse:

I'd step over this barrier and snap your leg like a twig, or collapse your spine and leave you temporarily paralyze for that, Curtis... but for two things. Number one, I don't act out of emotion, and the things you say mean less than nothing to me, and less than nothing to Cally.

Cheers.

Curtis Penn:

Then why are you talking?

Impulse continues without acknowledging Penn.

Impulse:

Number two? Robertson is about to humble you in front of thousands in the Wrestleplex, and millions on Pay Per View... and I don't want you to have any excuses.

A smile forms on Impulse's face.

Impulse:

But I'll see you. Real... real soon.

Penn's face contorts in anger, and he throws his microphone down and points at Impulse accusingly, until he's cut off by the sound system.

♪ *"Promentory" by Trevor Jones* ♪

A slight rise in volume from the crowd greets the Scotsman, who appears from backstage in his traditional royal Robertson tartan, the sporran hanging loosely around his waist, the large heaving chest rising and falling slowly, the large man with a smile draped across his face.

DDK:

Here he is, Lamond Robertson making his Pay Per View debut here in DEFIANCE! And with a growing fan base after his courageous debut a few weeks ago it's easy to see why.

Angus:

Courageous? He almost got his arm snapped again. Only saving grace is that he will hopefully get lucky against that asshole in the ring!

Robertson walks onto the stage, eyes transfixed on the ring with his arms raising into the air as the violin lines twist and dance across the audience. He moves to the ramp way, as in the ring Curtis Penn steps backwards to the opposing ropes stretching his arm, Impulse clapping to the tune of the music from his position behind the railings.

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is set for one fall. Currently in the ring, and weighing in at Two Hundred and Fifteen pounds... He is the GREATEST WRESTLER ALIVE... **CUUURRTIS PEEENNNNNN!**

The boos rain down from the crowd as Penn scowls in the ring, shouting some indelible abuse at members of the audience.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, weighing in at Two Hundred and Seventy pounds... This is **LAMOND ALEXANDER ROBERTSON. ELL AYE ARR!**

Cheers from the crowd greet the announcement, as LAR, his right arm wrapped in tape with a thick black brace across the elbow moving to the fans and shaking hands with audience members one by one.

DDK:

It's well documented the problems Robertson has had with his right arm since June last year when Alex Beckmann snapped it in the UTA.

Angus:

He needs to watch out! That brace is a veritable bullseye for a shameless guy like Penn.

Robertson gets to a young family and bends forward, sharing a few words with a young boy and placing his hand on his father's shoulder as the camera cuts to the image of Curtis Penn scheming in the corner of the ring, circling his left arm and sharing a few words with himself. Back to Robertson who throws a nod at the calm collected figure of Impulse, before sliding under the bottom rope and springing to his feet, arms aloft. The audience pops at the show of energy, Robertson raising on the corner turnbuckle and unleashing a war cry between the louder version of the chorus of the music. He takes off the cross around his neck, drops down to one knee in the corner and kisses it, eyes closed and whispering a few words.

Angus:

What is this idiot doing? This is a professional wrestling match and he needs to be focused.

DDK:

I think that's exactly what he is **Angus!** If you'd done your homework you'd know this is Robertson's pre-match ritual - a gift from his late wife there.

LAR springs back to his feet, the silver necklace left on the outside as he turns back to face Curtis Penn who is having a few words with the referee and tapping his right arm, pointing at Robertson.

DDK:

Don't tell me Penn is telling the referee to take off LAR's arm brace?

Angus:

I guess in the right hands that could be viewed as a dangerous weapon.

DDK:

It's there to hold his arm together!

The referee comes over to LAR, asking to see his right arm. Robertson lifts it up and the ref pats it with his right hand. He leans on the corner and has some words with Robertson, who listens in concentration before the crowd suddenly boos and the music dies. Robertson crumples down to one knee, his left elbow on the middle turnbuckle.

DDK:

A vicious forearm there by Curtis Penn! All part of that man's twisted game plan.

A series of boots are flung into the ribs of the Scot, who protects his side with his good arm before being laid out with a huge boot across his face from Penn. The referee calls for the bell following some choice words from Penn after the moment of surprise who immediately drops down and hooks the leg.

DDK:

No way!

One...two...kickout!

Angus:

I don't think skirt boy was expecting that but I doubt Penn will get another such opportune moment and I'm glad for it!

Robertson rolls onto his front, lifting in the corner and turning just in time to sidestep a running lariat, Curtis Penn slamming into the corner and stumbling out into a huge overhead Belly-to-belly, drawing a huge pop from the crowd!

DDK:

That was beautiful Angus!

Robertson springs back to his feet, the smile back across his face as he soaks in the cheers, Penn holding onto the bottom rope and lifting himself to a seated position in the corner, holding his back.

Angus:

He needs to take advantage of the momentum instead of playing to these people though!

Robertson, as if on cue walks over to Penn in the corner, who grabs LAR's kilt flinging him backwards face first into the turnbuckle before wrapping his arm under Robertson's leg into a schoolboy. Penn's legs immediately launch off the mat onto the middle rope for leverage.

One...two...the referee jumps up seeing the legs on the ropes and admonishes Curtis, who raises his arms in innocence and backs off. The two men, back to a vertical base step to the centre of the ring and lock up. The strength of LAR forces Penn back, who uses Lamond's momentum to spin him around and into the corner. A right to the ribs followed by a European uppercut stir Robertson into action, who grabs Penn's head and transitions him into the corner firing a series of right fists into the smaller man's head to the delight of the crowd.

He brings Curtis out, lifting him into a vertical Suplex and down to the canvas with a thud, before taking Penn's head into a chinlock.

DDK:

A nice start here by LAR, still looking for his first win here in DEFIANCE.

Curtis Penn rolls onto his side in the lock, slipping out, immediately launching his feet forward in an attempted drop kick, that Robertson ducks before wrapping his arm around Penn's leg and sitting onto his back in a single leg lock.

Angus:

This is the first time we've seen Robertson use any real kind of submission holds and I'm liking what I see! Those lessons with Andy Murray must be paying off.

Penn easily slips out of the hold and shakes off his leg in the corner, lifting back to his feet. The two men once again approach the middle of the ring, Penn ducking under the lockup into a waist lock. He tightens the hold and fires a forearm into the side of the large Scot, before running forward with LAR's body in tow to the ropes and rolling backwards into a pin attempt.

ONE!**KICKOUT!**

A clothesline attempt by the energised LAR is ducked as Penn turns round wrapping his arms around the shoulders of LAR, who fires an elbow and a second back into the face of Curtis before lifting the smaller man onto his shoulders and dropping backwards with a Samoan Drop!

DDK:

It seems like Robertson has an answer for everything Penn is throwing at him right now!

LAR lifts Penn to his feet and whips him across the ring, using his strength to hoist Curtis into the air and face first down onto the canvas, as the crowd once again pops at the momentum. Robertson runs to the ropes himself, and springs off of them into an elbow drop driving the full weight of the Claymore's Hilt onto the lower back of Curtis Penn. He transitions his arms through into a version of the crossface, the fans really showing their appreciation for the technical wrestling attempts on show. Penn is able to easily manoeuvre out of the hold only to be met by a huge clothesline from his fired up opponent who unleashes a roar, lifting onto the bottom rope with his foot and raising his arm into the air to the delight of the crowd.

Angus:

Robertson showing his lack of technical experience with that crossface there, but the fans seem to like the fact that

he's trying!

Robertson turns back to Penn, who is slow to rise. Lamond sends a right fist into Curtis' temple, followed by a second and lifts him into a scoop slam. LAR comes off the ropes again with an elbow drop but this time Penn rolls out of the way and out of the ring.

DDK:

And Penn showing his ample experience by breaking the momentum there!

The fans boo as Penn props himself up with his elbow on the ring apron. Robertson raises his arms wide as if to question Curtis, before slipping out of the ring himself. LAR wanders round to where Penn is standing and takes his head in his hands. Curtis though, drives an elbow into Robertson's gut before grabbing his right arm and slamming the brace down over the ring apron. Lamond shakes it off before throwing a left hand at Penn, who ducks and drives LAR back first into the ring post, the referee getting to a three. Curtis whips Robertson into the steel barricade to an "oooh" from the crowd before thrusting a kick forward into the head of LAR, who crumples down into a seated position.

Penn follows up with a vicious knee to the face of the Scot before raising his arm at the crowd, a smirk over his face, one eye on Impulse in the crowd. He digs back down and lifts LAR to a vertical base, taking the larger man's arm and again driving it down this time over the steel and following up with a second. Robertson reels backwards only to be met with a kick to the gut and a snap DDT down onto the outside!

DDK:

Wow! Curtis Penn in complete control now as he slides in and out of the ring to break the referee's count.

Angus:

I hate it when he's like this - so hard to beat!

Curtis drags Lamond over towards the corner of the ring, slamming his arm again against the corner of the apron before stomping violently onto the brace. Penn drives a knee down onto it and uses his fingers to rip at the material, opening it up to expose the arm of the Claymore's Hilt. Tossing the brace aside, Penn lifts LAR once more to his feet, driving his back into the ring before whipping him once more into the barricade. Penn immediately follows up with a huge running enziguri before wrapping Robertson's arm around the top of the barricade in a modified armlock. Penn applies further pressure using his foot on LAR's hand as the referee exits the ring and forces him to break the hold. Curtis raises his arms and backs off, before driving a hard boot into the arm on the steel.

DDK:

This is looking bleak for Lamond Robertson here.

Angus:

Curtis is targeting the arm again that helped him win last time the two met. Now it's only a matter of time!

Penn takes Robertson off the barricade, who protects his arm with his free hand, rolling him back into the ring and sliding in after him. Curtis covers.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Penn demands the referee to count again and he hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

KICKOUT!

Curtis stands back to his feet and drops a knee down onto the arm of Lamond Robertson. He lifts Robertson to a knee, who then stands back to his feet, before running back to the ropes and coming off with a running boot to the face. Lamond reels back before coming forward only for Penn to drive downwards with a stiff Neckbreaker. Penn gets back up and signals to the crowd for the end. He turns his attention to the downed Robertson, arrogantly grinding his boot over the Scot's face, the smirk visible and wide.

DDK:

Bad intentions on the face of Penn right now...

As if waiting for that signal, Curtis drops down and wraps up Lamond's arm. He stretches it out and drives his legs down over Robertson's chest yanking backwards.

Angus:

Not like this! Not like this again!

Robertson yells out in pain as the ref drops to all fours, asking LAR the inevitable question.

DDK:

He's got no choice Angus, this one is over!

The crowd rises in volume, an LAR chant rising from one section of the crowd. Robertson, the pain clearly etched on his face, yells out in a strained roar. He slams his free elbow onto the mat, his eyes wide, teeth clenched and breaths laboured. The chant continues to spread, growing in its crescendo throughout the arena as LAR raises his back from the canvas.

DDK:

My god! How is he...no way!

The moment of surprise from the announce team is accompanied by the image of Robertson's arm lifting from a horizontal position as if lifting a large dumbbell. Lamond's free arm leans over and grabs his hand, lifting upwards. The rest of the crowd gets involved, the noise deafening as LAR lifts to one knee then to his feet, Penn being hoisted seven feet into the air. The look of surprise and almost desperation on Curtis' face is evident as he looks to his left and right as if to find a way out but it's too late.

Angus:

Powerbomb! What a huge Powerbomb!

The impact on the canvas causes the chants to cede to an almighty roar from the audience, half cheering LAR and half cheering the pain on Penn's face. Robertson, eyes full of focus, full of rage, backs off to the corner, his body bent low.

DDK:

My god I think I know what's coming!

Penn rises slowly, turning just in time...

DDK:

Spear! Spear!

The crumpled mass of Penn's body lays on the canvas, Robertson lifting him up to his feet and hoisting him onto his shoulders. Walking to the middle of the ring, Lamond yells out before driving Curtis down to the mat.

Angus:

Clansedge! It's the first time we've seen it in DEFIANCE! Yes! Pin him Robertson! Pin him!

LAR drops down, hoisting Penn's leg and making the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The fans explode! Angus explodes too! The joy is unanimous and the expression on LAR's face as he sits up, breathing heavily is one of a combination of ecstatic joy, surprise and perhaps a little belief.

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner of the match, by PINFALL... **LAMOND ALEXANDER RRROOBBBERRRTSONNN!**

DDK:

He did it! Lamond Robertson did it! He beat...he beat Curtis Penn!

The bell rings, the ref pulling Lamond to his feet and raising his arm into the air as the violin music bursts onto the PA system. Robertson raises his arm in the air, a fleeting glance down at Penn, before taking his arm in his hand and massaging at the joint. Lamond leaves the ring, straight into a section of the fans for a thankful embrace.

He's quickly joined by Impulse and Calico Rose, offering their own congratulations on a match well fought. The pleasantries are quickly forgotten, however, as Impulse shouts "DUCK!" in LAR's face.

DDK:

Curtis Penn with a steel chair! He missed! Impulse's warning gave Robertson time to duck, and Impulse grabs the chair! We've got a tug of war!

Angus:

Oh, please bash him over the head with that, Knox! It'll make you so much more bearable.

As they each maintain their grip on the chair, Robertson clubs Penn between the shoulder blades, and Penn lets go, spins around, and fires a punch! Robertson fires back! Impulse hops the barrier!

DDK:

Can we get some help down here to separate these three men?

Angus:

Can someone hit Curtis Penn over the head with a steel object? And if it's not Impulse, can someone hit him, too?

The two combatants continue to trade punches, until Impulse hooks Penn from behind in a full nelson, isolating his arms. When Robertson moves to fire another shot, however, Impulse spins Penn to the side and shakes his head.

Angus:

Wait, what?

Penn struggles against his grip, but after the war with the DEFIANCE newcomer, the fresh Impulse is able to keep his

arms locked.

DDK:

It looks as if the adrenalin is calming down, and Impulse lets Penn go.

Angus:

Why didn't he let the man hit the man? What kind of goody goody idiot - Wait, we know exactly what kind. How typical.

DDK:

I think it was an appropriate show of sportsmanship, **Angus!** Penn backs up the ramp, shouting threats at Robertson and Knox, but Impulse raises Robertson's hand in victory to a round of cheers!

The second Curtis Penn disappears behind the curtain, Impulse, LAR, and Calico Rose move up the entryway, slapping hands. Pulse and Cally hang back a bit, trying to give Robertson his moment.

A chant starts to rise, however - softly at first, but increasing in volume.

DDK:

You know what's coming, Angus!

Angus:

Oh... no. No, no, no. I thought I was safe tonight.

"Blow it up!" is now clearly audible. The commentary booth takes center stage, showing Keebler following something with his eyes, and Angus covering his face with his hands. Slowly, he sinks below the desk.

From the right side of the screen, Calico Rose approaches, and she blows it up with Keebler almost immediately. She looks down at the spot where Angus was sitting a few seconds ago, and smiles.

Calico Rose:

Do you think Miss Evans will appreciate you holding up the show like this?

If a fist could look defeated, Angus' does as it slowly rises into view. Cally blows it up to a huge pop, and a chant of "Angus, Angus!" fills the arena before he climbs back up.

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU KID!

We cut to a crowd shot of the Wrestleplex. The camera darts across the many faces in attendance.

DDK:

You alright, partner?

Angus:

What? Yeah. I'm sure I've got some kind of contact high and suger diabetes, now hopefully she leaves me alone!

DDK:

Cally is wonderful, but now let's cut to the Interview stage where Lance Warner is standing by!

We switch to a shot of the DEF interview stage where Lance Warner stands alone with a microphone in hand. He looks excited.

Lance Warner:

Thank you Darren and hello Wrestle-Plex!

The fans get excited when they hear the name of their home arena.

Lance Warner:

What an exciting night of action we have had so far! We saw the Little Bruiser himself take out El Trebol Jr. in an exciting matchup! We saw Van Carver make an impact on Henry Keyes, We just saw L.A.R. and Curtis Penn mix it up, ANNNNNNDDDDDD We're just getting started folks, this night is only just beginning! Remember later on tonight we have...

♪ *"Fucking in the Bushes" by Oasis* ♪

The fans let out a loud round of boos as the signature red carpet rolls from the entrance way. Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix appear together on the stage. The two are dressed... well, they are dressed weird. Unlikely is sporting a pair of blue jeans, and a denim jacket. Overtop the jacket is a bright orange bubble vest.

Kendrix on the other hand is wearing a long white lab coat but his hair is slicked back as normal. The pair pose atop the ramp before slowly making their way over to the interview stage.

Angus:

Not these two! I don't even know this JFK guy and I already hate em. Blame it on the shit company he keeps.

DDK:

It's true, while both these young men are quite detestable, Kendrix does have quite the skill set for someone his age Angus! The man was a highly touted free agent after the closing of the other guys. Some would say were lucky to have him!

Angus:

Who says that!? Bring them to me, I'll set them straight!

As the pair get nearer Kendrix unbuttons his lab coat and reaches inside. He pulls out large wads of Mikey Money™ and throws them into the crowd. Unlikely does the same from the inside of his bubble vest.

DDK:

Clearly Mikey is promoting the release of his second blockbuster, a remake of the classic film "Back to the Future". The film did exceptional in the box office and is now making it way to Blu-Ray and Digital Download this Tuesday!

Angus:

Haven't seen it, Wont see it.

Soon the duo stands next to an increasingly uncomfortable Lance Warner. Unlikely puts his arm around the shoulder of Lance as the music stops. The two share a look before Hollywood reaches down and takes the mic from the interviewer. The fans boo relentlessly.

GetTheFuckOut clap clap clapclapclap GetTheFuckOut clap clap clapclapclap.

Unlikely rolls his eyes.

Mikey Unlikely:

You guys! Calm down. Lance is doing his best up here! You can't put him down like that!

Boo's once again.

DDK:

Uhm, I think they were talking to ...

Angus:

Oh Hollywood McFuckass knew who they were talking to. He knew.

Mikey Unlikely:

Enough about Lance Walker!

Kendrix shouts from behind him...

JFK:

A little bit of professionalism please Lance, you cheap attention whore! NO ONE LIKES YOU!

Mikey Unlikely:

Let's talk about DEFIANCE ROAD! Ladies and Gentleman, live here tonight, you will all be witnesses to history! You will all be the talk of your respective shit towns! You will all go running home after curtains, screaming to your family members that this was the greatest show you have ever been to! And it will all be for one reason!

Kendrix sticks his pointer finger into the air, symbolizing that one reason.

Angus:

I for one, cannot wait to see Flippy-do pound this asshats face in. So yea I'm excited!

Mikey Unlikely:

AND THAT REASON IS..... THE greatest ring entrance in SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT history!!!!

Kendrix "WOOOOOs" his excitement! The crowd begins another chant.

YouCantWrestle..... YouCantWrestle....

Unlikely looks out frustratingly at the crowd, their chant has clearly got to him as he angrily shifts his attention from one side of the arena to the other. At that moment, Kendrix reassuring pats his best bruv in the world on the back and gestures for the mic. As Mikey takes in a deep breath to compose himself, he hands the mic over to Kendrix followed by a dramatic fist bump explosion!

Angus:

Do I have to stay for this?!

Looking out at the crowd, shaking his head in disgust, Kendrix rolls his eyes at the boos before bringing the mic in front of his mouth.

JFK:

Listen, Yeah!

Boos ring out as Kendrix looks over at Mikey as the two share a cocky chuckle. As Mikey holds one index finger behind his ear and the other in front of his mouth, gesturing for the crowd to shut up and listen, Kendrix returns his attention out at them.

JFK:

You people need to stop making fun of Lance Walker right now...

Looking over at a quizzical looking Lance Warner, Kendrix modestly holds his hand out flat at him.

JFK:

That's right, Lance, JFK got your name right this week...you're welcome!

Lance opens his mouth to correct Kendrix but before he can say anything Kendrix swiftly focuses his attention upon his audience.

JFK:

It's not Mr Walker's fault he can't wrestle, innit?! Just like it's not your fault that you're all inbred...and just like it's not your fault, that you've been fed bloody, violent, BORING...bore fest after bore fest week in and unfortunately for you all...week out, right here in Defiance!

Kendrix suddenly steps back with a look of shock on his face as the boos ring out inside the arena. Being new to Defiance he's not quite sure why they have reacted like that, so he turns to face Mikey for some sort of explanation. Mikey simply rotates his index finger horizontally by the side of his head and can be picked up by the mic shouting.

Mikey:

They're stupid...and poor!!!

Raising his eyebrows, satisfied with his tag partner's explanation, Kendrix gets back to the point at hand.

JFK:

Ah, it all makes perfect sense now. You people are soooo stupid because your brains have become numbed due to the borefest "wrestling" you're served by this "business". You've become so numb that you don't even recognise how lucky you are to be graced by the presence of an actual world renowned, real life success...a real life hero...a real life MOVIE STAR DAMMIT!!...AND THE GREATEST ENTERTAINER IN THE WORLD, MIKEY UNLIKELY!!!!

Deafening boos ring out as Kendrix points over at Mikey who, in apparent modesty, holds his arms out by his side to accept his tag partner's accurate description. Composing himself, Kendrix runs his hand through his beard as a cocky smirk spreads across his face before wagging his index finger vertically by the side of his head.

JFK:

You people don't know or appreciate what you've got standing in front of you right now. But not to worry, yeah?! Cos, JFK knows what you people are gonna get from here on in, innit?!

Smugly and slowly nodding his head he points out at the crowd.

JFK:

You lucky people, are gonna get woken up from your slumber. Because you people, are gonna get Sports Entertained whether you like it or not!!! Because you people don't know what's good for you! Not only are you people already getting someone who's soooooooo Hollywood...Mikey Unlikely has actually been kind enough to actually bring to you all the greatest gift that Defiance has ever had....

Lowering the mic he bites his bottom lip in suspense, his eyes narrowing upon his audience as he scouts the arena

from left to right.

JFK:

Because Mikey Unlikely has done the impossible, people. Mikey Unlikely has literally delivered every...single...one of you...BACK...TO THE FUTURE, BACK TO J...F...K!!!!

Spreading his arms out wide by his side he confidently presents himself to the arena as he confidently nods away the onslaught of boos before handing the mic back to Mikey.

Mikey Unlikely:

And don't think I forgot about you Andy Sharp! Ohhhhh no! The man who thinks he can interrupt my time!? Why do you think I'm out here now!? I'M ON A TIGHT SCHEDULE PEOPLE!

Kendrix points to a watch that he is obviously not wearing.

Mikey Unlikely:

I am a man who commands attention, I am a man who can interrupt someone like Lance Walker Texas Ranger and no one even blinks. Why? Because I do what I want! Because the people of DEFIANCE, or as I hear from a guy in the back they're called the DEAF FIRE ANTS... are out here every week CHEERING MY NAME!

An eruption of boo's rings out across the Wrestle-Plex from every corner.

Mikey Unlikely:

Tonight Andy Sharp, I have good news and bad news! The good news is you get the best seat in the house for the greatest entrance in SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT history! The bad news is after that, I'm going to have to show you why you don't interrupt MikeyMoney™!

Unlikely drops the mic and after jabbing with a few nearby fans, the pair returns to the entrance way tossing MikeyMoney™ in every direction.

OMEGA vs TYRONE WALKER

Angus:

I hate 'em, I hate 'em, *I hate 'em*.

DDK:

The Hollywood Bruvs certainly don't lack for confidence, do they?

Angus:

Ugh, lets just get moving, *something*, **anything** to scrub my brain of those two douchenozzles.

DDK:

Well, coming up next is Tyrone Walker versus Omega and... Wait, I'm getting word about a change to the match.

Angus:

What, what?!

DDK:

I'm being told this match is going to have relaxed rules by request of the competitors.

Angus:

So basically, none? And... wait... WHAT? MUHBOITAI wants to fight this freakshow with no rules?!

DDK:

Precisely. I'm guessing this is why Mark Shields is the referee as well.

Angus:

Oh, goodie. I just hope MUHBOITAI doesn't die.

DDK:

I certainly don't think that's going to happen, have a little faith in YERBOITAI. If anyone's crazy enough to actually go and find trouble with Omega, like Ty is, something tells me he'll be alright.

Angus:

Right, right. That's a good point... TAKE IT AWAY DQ!

Cut to the ring where Darren Quimbey stands center stage, ready to make the introductions for the next match.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is an ANYTHING GOES MATCH!

♪ "Redeemer" by Marilyn Manson ♪

The Wrestle-Plex goes completely dark as the eerie lyrics of the song echo throughout the arena. Suddenly the Faithful rain down with a loud chorus of jeers as they look toward the stage, where a single spotlight shines down upon the shape of DEFIANCE's most ominous figure. Stepping out from under the spotlight as the rest of the Wrestle-Plex illuminates with every methodical step the Boogeyman makes towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first... Hailing from somewhere in Missouri. He weighs in at Three Hundred and Forty Five pounds.

He is the craziest bastard in wrestling. This is OMMMMMEEEEGGGGAAA!

Angus:

I'll tell ya what, Keebs. I've seen MUHBOITAI go through various levels of hell, but this might be the one I'm actually worried about.

DDK:

Only a fool wouldn't be concerned. If it makes you feel better, I think you're a good friend, Angus, I'm sure Ty knows...

Angus:

Aww jeez, did you have to go making it all touchy feely?

DDK:

Oh right, silly me, how dare I make it seem like you actually have feelings.

Angus:

Damn right, besides, he owes me twenty bucks! How am I gonna get that back if he's dead?

DDK:

You're one a kind, Angus, truly one of a kind.

As Omega reaches the ringside area, he ignores the deafening sound of four thousand strong booing him before stopping at the ring and looking up. Reaching for the top rope, Omega pulls himself from the floor and up on to the apron before slinging one leg over the top rope and then stepping into the ring. Quimbey gives him a wide berth as Omega takes his place in the middle of the ring, where he pulls the hood of his jacket back from over his head and looks out and around at the raucous crowd as a sick smile spreads across his face. Taking in the sight of the booing crowd, Omega removes his hoodie and tosses it to the floor as he awaits his prey to come to him.

Angus:

Man, he looks serious. Then again, when doesn't Omega look ready to snap someone in half?

DDK:

Thus far we haven't seen him be anything less than menacing.

Angus:

Heh, and that's his default setting, but like you said, MUHBOITAI's cray cray stat is maxed out too, so... cautious optimism?

DDK:

Better than nothing, right?

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

♪ *"Black" by Sevendust* ♪

The Faithful buzz with anticipation as the lights drop. They immediately flash rapidly with a seizure inducing pace that matches the synthesized opening of the song.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Jacksonville, Florida. He weighs in at Two Hundred and Five pounds. This is TYYYROOONNNE WAALLKKERR!

The seconds tick away as music continues to play, but no Tyrone Walker comes bursting through the entrance with his usual and boundless energy. In the ring, Omega stirs with anticipation as he steps closer to the ropes.

Angus:

Uhm...

DDK:

There must be some kind of expl--

The Faithful's buzzing anticipation shifts slightly to confusion the longer Walker doesn't make his appearance until suddenly...

LIGHTS UP!

The Faithful's simmering boils over as they roar with cheers.

DDK:

HE'S BEHIND HIM!

Angus:

And Omega doesn--

Standing in the ring behind Omega, Walker is in full psychopath mode. Orange prison jumpsuit? CHECK. Casey Jones x Jason Voorhees mask? CHECK! A big assed, Louis Vuitton golf bag full of fun toys to play with that he's got cocked back and ready to launch? CHECK! When Omega turns around, Walker chucks that heavy ass bag right into his mush, causing most of the plunderous loot within to explode all over the ring.

GUNSHOT!

♪ *"Natural Born Killaz" by Ice Cube & Dr. Dre* ♪

Angus:

Oh shizzle, Keebs, here we go.

DDK:

Well, Walker did say he was going to show Omega what crazy really was.

As the iconic gangsta rap anthem plays on, Mark Shields calls for the bell and this one is officially underway. Meanwhile as Omega tosses aside the bag after having it blasted into his face, he tries to locate Walker. Unfortunately for Omega, Walker is armed with one of those implements, that being a driver with a black leather club cover that has the 'Mikey Money' logo etched in gold on it.

DDK:

Wait a minute, do we know where Walker got that golf bag?

Angus:

Huh, I have absolutely *no* idea what you're talking about.

DDK:

C'mon now, who else would have a six thousand dollar golf bag?

Angus:

A McFuckass from Hollywood?

Walker hollers "FORE!" before swinging the club like he's on Hole 13 at Augusta National and makes solid contact with Omega's unprotected crotch. As the massive maniac immediately doubles over in pain, Ty looks up to track his 'shot' for a couple beats before tossing the club aside to a huge cheer from the Faithful.

Angus:

Jesus, Mary Mother, and Joseph, he got all of that one!

DDK:

And Walker's looking for something else to play with!

He certainly is, that being a big damn shovel that he now holds like a baseball bat and begins to time his shot. When Omega rears himself back up, he turns gingerly after the shot to the balls, and is clearly not amused, but then...

BAAWWWNNNNGGGGG!

SHOVEL TO THE FACE? CHECK!**DDK:**

Good lord! Did you hear the sound of that?!

Angus:

I bet Omega and all 37 of the voices in his head are going to be hearing it a week from now!

Omega's hands come up to his face as he reels back from another unexpected shot that banged off the blindside of his head. Walker takes a mocking lap as if he were rounding the bases, but soon picks up some speed and comes charging in with a full speed Shotgun Dropkick! The blow lands squarely against Omega's back and sends the gargantuan psychopath tumbling to the floor. Omega manages to land on his feet, but is given no time to recover as Walker comes flying back at him again with a Baseball Slide Dropkick directly to the face!

Angus:

SAFE!

DDK:

It's all fun and games right now, but Walker had better...

Angus:

INNCOMMMINNG!

Walker bounces into a full sprint and comes rebounding back as a snarling Omega snaps back around looking for Walker. What he sees however is Walker racing back across the ring right before he dives over the top rope and scores with a TOPE CON HILO!

DDK:

And Omega is DOWN! For the first time since he's arrived in DEFIANCE, he has been taken off of his feet by an opponent!

Angus:

Yeeaaaah, baybay.

Walker pops up and rushes towards the nearest barricade where he mugs for the cheering crowd as Omega stirs on the floor. Walker asks for a chair and a fan gleefully hands him his as he yells "FUCK HIM UP!" to which Ty nods and pounds fists with the guy.

Angus:

Looks like we're about to get a stirring rendition of MUHBOITAI's Conchairto Number 5.

DDK:

He better start getting to it, because Omega is far from being done.

Indeed. Walker turns and whacks Omega with the chair, the blow crashing down on the giant's shoulder. A second and a third make impact on Omega's back and shoulders, but the Boogeyman of Professional Wrestling simply absorbs every shot he's given. Walker switches gears and tries to kick him in the head, but Omega's anger is starting to show. When Walker brings the chair back up, Omega catches it and doubles him over with a boot to Ty's gut.

Angus:

Aww piss!

DDK:

If he wasn't suddenly gasping for breath, I think you just took the words right out of Walker's mouth, partner.

In an instant Omega rips the chair away and brings it down across Walker's spine with a sickening crack that cuts the music. Walker immediately recoils as he stands upright, his back arching in pain as he tip toes around. Omega isn't done though and right as Walker turns, he blasts him right in the face with a chair-assisted homerun swing of his own!

Angus:

GAWD-DAYUMN!

DDK:

Oh Christ, he might have just rearranged Walker's face!

Angus:

Jayzuss, he hit him so hard with that chair it's all bent to hell!

Omega stares down at Walker, who is nearly out on the floor. Reaching down, Omega pulls Walker up with a fistful of his afro and raises him high with a Military Press before dropping him back down neck and chest first over the barricade. While Walker clutches at his throat, Omega turns to look into the ring. Seeing the assorted objects both foreign and domestic, Omega twitches with a slight snarling smile before he drags Walker back to the ring.

DDK:

Whatever that beast has in mind, it's not going to be good times for Walker.

Angus:

Good call on the obvious there, Captain.

Walker tries to fight Omega off of him with elbows to the gut, but the massive monstrosity subdues him with a big knee to the body and then whips him into the nearby ring post. Walker's face cracks off the steel and he falls to the floor as he clutches his face. Not nearly done, Omega pulls Walker up and reveals that he's bleeding from the nose before hurling him into the barricade. Walker slumps against the steel, but is given little time before he's thrown against the side of the ring. Walker bounces off the edge of the apron and crumbles to the floor. Satisfied that Walker is subdued, Omega's fury seemingly dissipates as he lifts him off the floor and then almost gently, maybe even carefully rolls him back into the ring.

Angus:

This is not good, Keebs.

DDK:

Not good at all, partner. You might want to be worried now.

Angus:

Heh, yeah... waaay ahead of you.

Omega slowly walks up the steps, while Walker turns over on to his stomach and tries to push himself up. Referee Mark Shields attempts to check on Walker, but Omega is there to grab a handful of his afro and pulls him up.

Omega:

Now we will show what real pain is.

Walker suddenly spins and clobbers Omega with an elbow upside the his head, but the height difference and a clear lack of 'umph' behind it does nothing to the monster.

Tyrone Walker:

Bring it, you fuckboi, sonuvab--

Before Walker can even finish his statement Omega clutches and slams him with a Belly to Belly Suplex in one swift, sudden and brutal movement. Walker gasps desperately for air after the impact of having all of Omega's three hundred and forty five pounds dropped on top of him. Picking him back up, Omega looks to shoot Walker to the ropes, but pulls him back and drives him down with all of his weight on a Sidewalk Slam.

DDK:

Why is Omega not going for the cover here?

Angus:

Because... reasons?

DDK:

Well, those reasons seem to involve crushing Walker's body.

Omega pulls Walker back up and still, the beloved veteran offers him another smile as if to say "give me more." To which Omega obliges by yoking Walker up and crushing him between himself and the mat with a Powerslam, but doesn't go for the pin. Walker curls up as he wraps his arms around his midsection, coughing and gasping for breath that has become progressively harder to get with every smashing impact. All the while Omega just stands over him, as if observing him like a problem that needs to be solved.

DDK:

I hate to say it, partner, but I think this one is just about over.

Angus:

Yeah, I mean, who can do anything to this guy? He's literally crushed everyone set in his way.

Picking Walker up, Omega seems to look him over as if studying him for any left over signs of life. Walker coughs, a little blood coming up before he suddenly snaps to and spits a bloody wad at Omega's chest before grinning back at him weakly, but defiantly.

Tyrone Walker:

That all you got, you big, bitch, mothafu--

Omega goozles him, lifts and THROWS Walker back down to the mat with a thunderous Chokeslam, practically spiking him like a human football. Walker writhes on the mat, clutching his ribs after the impact as he coughs and wheezes for breath yet again. Omega wipes some of Walker's blood from his chest as he eyes the golf club that was used on him earlier.

DDK:

The machine is starting to turn behind that eye.

Angus:

Yeah, and MUHBOITAI keeps telling him to fuck off. Heh, I can't decide who is crazier.

Grabbing the club Omega grips it with both hands and snaps it in two before discarding the club end. Now brandishing the handle, Omega sits Walker up and then STABS the broken end of the club into his forehead! It takes all of a

second for Walker to holler and thrash around from the pain of having the jagged metal jammed into flesh. The Faithful are split as some boo, while other cheer the barbaric spectacle in front of them as more blood flows from Walker's face.

DDK:

Good grief, this is disgusting.

Angus:

Jayzuss, he's starting to bleed like a faucet now.

Finally relenting, Omega discards his weapon as Mark Shields tries to check on Walker, whose face is quickly covered in crimson. Omega however doesn't give the referee much of a chance to see if Walker wants to give it up before yanking him back up to his feet. Driving Walker into the nearest corner, Omega wallops him a couple times before sending him rocketing across the ring into the far corner. Walker hits the turnbuckles like a car crashing into a wall.

DDK:

How is Walker still able to stay on his feet?

Angus:

Because he's got 'em right where he wants 'em, Keebs?

DDK:

Wishful thinking?

Angus:

Yep.

Omega watches from across the ring as Walker stumbles forward before exploding forward and ducks his shoulder as he looks for the Spear. Walker suddenly leap frogs and causes Omega to crash into the corner at full speed.

DDK:

Omega just hit the corner so hard it **moved** the ring!

Angus:

Hah, he just used his get beat to a pulp style to lure Omega into a false sense of security!

DDK:

Sure he did.

Omega staggers back after busting his ribs against the turnbuckles, while Walker stumbles around still favoring his midsection. Omega turns to see Walker hunched over, trying to catch his breath. Turning his head to see Omega coming towards him, Walker reaches down to the mat and clutches something in his left hand.

DDK:

Walker just jammed a cricket bat into Omega's gut!

Angus:

HIT 'EM AGAIN!

Omega ignores the blow and tries to grab for Walker, but takes a second and third jabbing shot that backs him off a couple steps. Walker rears himself up and swings the cricket bat right into Omega's midsection. The blow doubles him over and Walker swings the bat down as hard as he can, cracking it over Omega's shoulders and neck as if he were trying to decapitate him.

DDK:

Omega is DOWN!

Angus:

He just went Game of Thrones on him!

The Faithful roars with cheers at the sight of Omega being dropped to his knees. They are short lived however, as the monster forces himself back to his feet. Seeing this, Walker drops the bat and grabs the golf bag, spins and slams the edge of its heavy base right into the side of Omega's skull before he could stand fully upright.

DDK:

Walker just cracked Omega with a six thousand dollar golf bag!

Angus:

YAS! Hit him with all of the stuff!

Already a bit wobbly, Omega tumbles back from the shot and falls into the ropes, where he ends up trapping himself with the top and middle ropes! Omega struggles to free himself as the realization dawns on Walker that the big bastard is finally helpless.

DDK:

The fans are going bonkers, partner!

Angus:

C'mon, dude, this is your chance to mess him up!

Walker sets the bag down and reaches up to his face. Touching the crimson that flows from his forehead, he stares at Omega with bad intentions before unzipping a pocket on the golf bag. After rummaging for something, he pulls out a...

DDK:

Oh lord, Walker has a cheese grater!

Angus:

Hey Keebs, do you like... *cheese*? Because MUHBOITAI is about make shredded cheese outta Omega and all his personalities faces!

Omega sees the object and snarls at Walker as he approaches, until rushing at him and smashes it right into his forehead! Walker goes full savage and starts running it up and down Omega's face, causing the big man to thrash around violently. Walker pulls back and holds the grater up, which is now soaked with Omega's blood.

Angus:

Ack, that's gross as hell... DO IT AGAIN!

DDK:

Let's not and say he did, *Jesus*!

Omega stares intensely at Walker through his own crimson mask as Walker stands over him and runs his mouth before unloading with a frenzy of punches and kicks to his head and body. Walker turns rushes across the ring, rebounds and comes flying back with a BUSAIKU KNEE that lands flush with Omega's face. Walker pops up and rushes the ropes again, but when he comes back on the rebound, Omega manages to free himself and obliterates Walker with a high impact Clothesline that turns him inside out! Walker pops up and Omega catches him with a huge running Big Boot to the face! Omega backs off a step, then charges as Walker struggles to get back up...

DDK:

SPEAR, SPEAR, SPEAR!

Walker doesn't avoid it this time and takes all of Omega's momentum right through his midsection.

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Omega nearly cut Walker in half and we got a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

Omega pulls up just before Shields can make the three count, instantly bringing down the wrath of the Faithful with a relentless storm of boos.

DDK:

Oh no, Omega is not finished.

Angus:

No, no, this is what he did to Troy Matthews!

Omega stands up and surveys the proverbial battlefield before his mind settles on a plan of action. Lifting Walker up like a bundle of cord wood, he drops him across his knee with a Backbreaker, holds on and then tosses him up and over with a Fall Away Slam

DDK:

Omega's just having his way with Walker now... and the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

TH--

The Faithful boo again as Omega pulls up before Mark Shields can complete the three count. The referee thinks twice before admonishing the creature before him, but then does just that, telling Omega to get on with it.

Angus:

Goddamn this *fuckin' guy*, what's he trying to prove?

DDK:

I think... I think he's trying to make the point that you don't break your word with him.

Angus:

Yeah? Well, fuck this guy and his voices! We were cool when he was beating up on Kickpads McDerpaDerp, but not MUHBOITAI!

Omega almost seems to bask in the jeering of the crowd until finally dragging Walker's near lifeless body back up again. Hoisting him on to his shoulders, he turns his hips and throws Walker off of his shoulders before dropping with the rack assisted Neckbreaker!

DDK:

THE END!

Angus:

Thank god, this one's finally over. I just hope MUHBOITAI isn't permanently damaged.

Omega turns over and presses his down on top of Walker's chest for the cover before Shields drops down into position.

ONE!**TWO!****THREE!****Angus:**

ZOHMAHGAWMUHBOITAIKICKEDOUT!?

The Faithful erupt with a massive wave of cheers! Mark Shields can't believe it as Omega stares at him intensely with a blank look of disbelief.

DDK:

This place is absolutely shaking from the roar of the crowd!

Angus:

I can't believe he's still in thi--

Omega shakes himself and grabs a fistful of Walker's hair before ripping him up from the mat and literally TOSSING him into the nearest corner. Omega savages Walker with several uncontested shots before driving a shoulder into his gut and setting him up on the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

Oh no, is Omega going to try to hit THE END from the top?!

Angus:

No, MUHBOITAI is fighting!

Walker starts kicking his legs to push Omega away as he tries to climb the turnbuckles. Omega grabs the top rope to stay in place, but Walker continues to fight throwing wild haymakers to Omega's head and neck.

DDK:

Omega refuses to go away, but Walker refuses to be put away!

Omega tries to swing with his free hand, but Walker manages to avoid it, grabs Omega by the ears and goes full zombie mode as he BITES HIS FACE!

Angus:

MUHBOITAI is sampling some of that Omega shredded cheese!

DDK:

Ugh, that's disgusting, Angus!

Mark Shields gags at the sight of their two bloody faces connected as they are. The Faithful however roar with approval as Omega bellows while trying to remove Walker from his face. Omega finally breaks Walker's grip on his ears, but is suddenly hit with the dreaded Red Mist!

DDK:

Walker just sprayed Omega in the face with his own blood!

Angus:

Whatever it takes, Keebs!

Omega's hands come up as his one good eye is now blinded with his own blood. Walker reaches down into a pocket in his prison jumpsuit and in a flash smashes Omega in the head...

Angus:

HOLY SHIZZLE!

DDK:

Walker said he would at #64 and just now busted a BRICK against the side of Omega's skull!

Omega almost topples over, but Walker manages to keep him on the ropes and grabs a front facelock. Adjusting his positioning on the turnbuckles, Walker flips over Omega while maintaining the front facelock and takes him off the turnbuckles with a SUPER BLOCKBUSTER!

DDK:

WALKER JUST HIT A FLIPPING, TOP ROPE NECKBREAKER ON OMEGA!

Both hit the mat with tremendous force with Walker landing flat on his back, impacting his already damaged body hard. Omega however took the worst of it as he landed with all of his nearly three hundred and fifty pounds on his shoulders, head and neck crunched against the mat before flopping over and ending up on his back.

Angus:

Jayzuss, they're both dead, Keebs!

DDK:

It certainly looks that way, partner.

The Faithful fall silent as the two of them are both laid out on the mat. Omega is almost motionless as his one eye stares vacantly up at the lights, while the rest of him tries to move, but his body not fully responding. Walker clutches at his ribs as he desperately tries to suck oxygen into his lungs. All the while, referee Mark Shields is visibly bewildered as far as what he's supposed to do, but then suddenly Walker flips over and lays a nearly lifeless arm over Omega's chest.

DDK:

COVER!

ONE!**TWO!****THREE?!*****DING! DING! DING!*****Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of the match, by pinfall... TYYYYYROOOOONE WALLLLLKERRRRR!

The Faithful erupt excitedly as Sevendust's "Black" begins to play. Walker rolls away, still favoring his midsection, but a sudden rush of adrenaline surges through him as it begins to dawn on him that he's won. Somehow he manages to get to his feet, an arm clutching his ribs as he uses the ropes for balance. Meanwhile down on the mat, Mark Shields checks on Omega, who begins to twitch back to life as well.

DDK:

Walker has **survived** Omega!

Angus:

I dunno how, but MUHBOITAI did it! He said he would take as much pain as he had to put this big bastard down, and BAWGAWD, he did that too!

Walker winces with pain as he makes it to nearest corner away from where Omega is now coming around. The Faithful are cheering and singing along with Walker's music as he climbs the turnbuckles and throws his arms in the air.

DDK:

People can say what they want about Walker, to will yourself through the kind of beating that Omega gave him just to find an opening, that has to count for something!

Down on the mat, Omega sits up and grips the back of his neck as he glares over at Walker standing on the turnbuckles, who is mugging it up for the fans at his expense. Omega's jaw clenches and he shoves Mark Shields out of the way.

Angus:

Damn sure does, Keebs. It might notta been a five star classic, but Omega came out here to erase MUHBO--

Ignoring the burning pain in his neck after the impact it suffered, Omega is up and stalks over to where Walker is and pulls him off the turnbuckles and throws him into the middle of the ring. The Faithful boo their hearts out as they watch Walker tumble on the mat as he manages to roll to his feet before Omega charges him.

DDK:

The match is over, somebody get this lunatic under control!

Fueled by anger, Omega drives Walker into the corner and begins a new assault on DEFIANCE's elder statesman. Walker tries throw shots back at Omega, but he's overwhelmed quickly and tries to cover up as the timekeeper frantically rings the bell. Omega grabs Walker and HURLS him out of the corner, sending him crashing into the center of the ring. Stalking his prey, Omega reaches down for the cheese grater before trapping Walker in another corner, where he unloads with a frenzy of hard hitting blows that squashes the metal object flat.

DDK:

Omega just crushed that cheese grater against Walker's skull, this is disgusting! Is there anyone in the back who...

Then suddenly, the Faithful's rage turns.

Angus:

YUS! DEFsec's FINEST ARE HERE!

Several members of DEFIANCE's security team in fact, all clad in black tee shirts and jeans, swarm Omega and pull him off of Walker. Omega struggles against their attempt to subdue him, even tossing a few of them off like a bucking bull. However they've effectively stopped him from getting back to Walker, who is slumped in the corner and being checked on by a couple of DEFIANCE's medical team who followed behind DEFsec in their mad dash to the ring.

DDK:

Thank goodness for Wyatt Bronson's boys, who knows what Omega would have done without their intervention.

Walker grumbles as he rubs the side of his face, feeling the marks left on it by grater. Turning his gaze towards Omega, who DEFsec have managed to get halfway through the ropes. Walker reaches for the top rope and pulls himself up before breaking away from DEFmed. Sprinting across the ring, Walker DIVES on top of the pile and starts throwing wild haymakers until he's pulled back personally by Wyatt Bronson himself.

Angus:

Somebody hit MUHBOITAI with a tranq dart or something. I can't believe he's even still standing after all of that.

DDK:

Me neither, but it looks like Omega's finally *letting* DEFsec escort him away.

Angus:

Heh, no doubt, right? Jayzuss and this night's barely even started.

While DEFsec leads Omega away, Walker brushes off DEFmed as they try to get at his cut up face that is covered in dried and wet blood. As he walks towards the ropes, he gets a little wobbly, but is aided by the DEFmed staffers, who help him out of the ring.

DDK:

Yes, but this night is over for Tyrone Walker and Omega. Something tells me we'll see these two fighting again someday.

Angus:

Right, just hopefully not soon.

With the DEFmed staffers following close behind him, Walker makes his way up the ramp and gives the Faithful an appreciative bow before disappearing behind the curtains.

Angus:

Anyway, what's next?

A GIFT TO THE WORLD

DDK:

Coming up next, we have two men who have been getting in each other's way for weeks now and tonight, we'll see Andy Shar--

Angus:

What the hell is this shit?

DDK:

What? It appears we have a crew wheeling out a large, hideous contraption covered by a black shiny cloth.

Angus:

The people at home can see it Keebs. They and I just want to know, WHY.

♪ *"Live for the Night" by Krewella (w/ MIA Gunshot Intro)* ♪

The lights cut out as a bunch of flashbulbs go off toward the top of the entrance. Once the music builds and has its first "bass drop," the lights return, and Elise Ares and The D stand triumphantly on the stage. Elise laughs, tosses her hair and flirts with the camera dressed to the nines in a low cut dark blue and pink dress that hugs her curves. The D wears the finest armani, accompanied with silver mirror shades and the smuggest of smiles. Flashbulbs continue to shower light on the PCP, as a gang of paparazzi have formed at the entrance ramp and began taking their picture.

Meanwhile, Klein hesitates from around the entrance curtain. We only see his box peek out, and when he notices the flashbulbs going wild, he quickly scurries backstage.

Angus:

These guys? These guys get on pay per view? My boys from BRAZEN bust their ass for a year. They deserve this spot more than these two flippy doo can't wrestle sycophantic man-children.

DDK:

The Pop Culture Phenoms, The D & Elise, have been a polarizing and strange tandem since entering Defiance. They have two victories in that ring though Angus, even with all the... whatever they are.

Angus:

This is a Pay Per View douchebags! This type of shit is why you should be relegated to Uncut!

The D and Elise make their way to ringside bathed in jeers from the crowd and the light of their self-paid paparazzi. Oops. Spoilers. The D points to the camera and audibly says to the crowd at home, "You're Welcome" as they pass.

Angus:

NO! Fuck you! Go and die under a tractor!

DDK:

They're not so bad. I mean. (pause) Jack Hunter.

Angus:

Damnit Keebs! Why? Why is this happening to DEFIANCE? I've been a good man, haven't I?

DDK:

Well...

Elise provocatively enters the ring as the D climbs the other side and hops inside. As they pose to the jeering crowd who they've actively ignored, the paparazzi surrounding the ring start heading backstage. The D turns to them and shouts, before one of the paparazzi turn around and points to his watch. The D stomps his feet in frustration and turns to Elise. The DEFIANCE camera crew is excellent at their jobs.

The D:

Quick, we need 80 dollars.

Elise Ares:

Do you see a wallet bulge in this dress?!? (after a moment) No seriously, can you? Because I'm not carrying my wallet and I'll fire my stylist.

The D sighs in frustration and then pulls out a microphone from his back pocket. This microphone does not have the DEFIANCE logo on it. It has the Hollywood star from the walk of fame on two of its four sides. The other two sides of the microphone's logo are just a picture of Mikey Unlikely.

The D:

DEEE-FIIIIII-AAANCE! LEMME HEAR SOME NOISE!

The D points out the microphone, and the majority of what he hears are boos. He pulls the mic back to himself.

The D:

Thank you! Thank you for paying your hard earned money, your week's or month's salary to see YOUR Pop Culture Phenoms, the greatest tandem this sport has ever seen that doesn't include Mikey Unlikely. (boos) You are here, and witnessing HISTORY at DEFIANCE Road. It's an amazing time to be alive! Give yourselves a hand.

The crowd doesn't know how to react, so there's a bit of silence and a smattering of clapping, with a bit of boos. I believe most of the clapping was for Klein, the box man, who had finally made his way down the rampway and was now surrounding the ringside area.

Elise Ares:

Backstage they told us that we could "take the night off" because they had "nothing for us." They tried to deprive us of the precious air-time that all of our beautiful fans out there have been clamoring for! (jeers) Right?! That's what we did. We booed! And rightfully so!

Elise looks at her tag team partner and they nod in agreement. Klein is trying to figure out a way to get into the ring without being on camera.

Elise Ares:

So we forced the issue. We stood our ground for all of you, the little people, and accelerated our time table to properly unveil OUR gift to the world! So if I could get a drum roll please...

The Pop Culture Phenoms wait. Nothing happens but a choir of boos. The D looks down at his watch and shrugs as Elise looks towards the back.

Elise Ares:

I said... A. DRUM. ROLL. PLEASE.

Finally, the PA system picks up the cue and starts a stock drum roll sound effect. Elise reaches out and grabs the cloth. The D stands next to it and does his best Scott Hall point. As the drumroll cascades to climax, Elise rips off the tarp.

Revealing a bronze statue of Mikey Unlikely.

Cue the rain of boos. Of Jeers. If people had the foresight to bring tomatoes, they would be throwing them. Idiots. The D and Elise react proudly, completely ignorant or oblivious or woefully delusional. The D looks down and picks up a small dangling string, attached to a tiny card. He reads.

The D:

To DEFIANCE, Love. From the greatest tandem Defiance has, The Pop Culture Phenoms. YOU'RE WELCOME!

♪ “Revolve” by the Melvins ♪

The crowd reaction pulls a complete one-eighty as the music hits, sparing them from any more of the unveiling ceremony with a timely interruption. “The Pacific Blitzkrieg” Kerry Kuroyama and “The Undying” Rocko Daymon stride out onto the stage with looks of incredulous anger plastered on their determined faces. They waste no time with posturing as they advance down the ramp, while the D and Elise stand aghast in the ring.

Angus:

FINALLY! Another second of those idiots talking, I’m pretty sure I’d strangle myself with this headset...

DDK:

The Rain City Ronin are in attendance here tonight at DEFIANCE Road, and by the look on their faces, I’d say they’re just as tired of all this pomp and circumstance as the fans!

Angus:

I would hope they toss the whole lot of the Pop Culture Phenoms out of that ring, along with that abominable statue they brought with them. But something tells me these boyscouts Daymon and Kuroyama are more interested in holding back and arranging a playdate or something.

Daymon, clad in black khakis and a DOJO t-shirt, holds out a hand as he passes by the timekeeper, being handed a mic while keeping his gaze on the two in the ring. At his heels, Kuroyama, dressed in the Seattle standard of flannel and jeans, can only shake his head in disgust as he walks by the prized bronze statue on Mikey Unlikely’s stark “unlikeness”.

Despite the attempts of the D and Elise to stop the two uninvited guests from entering the ring, Rocko and Kerry take to opposite sides and slide in under the ropes. The Pop Culture Phenoms are backed up to the center of the ring. Thankfully, some strong-willed tech hand in the sound booth has temporarily unplugged their mics, allowing Daymon to let his voice be heard as he turns to the DEFIANCE faithful.

Rocko Daymon:

Ladies and gentlemen... how are you enjoying DEFIANCE Road thus far?

The fans call back with a strong wave of cheers, though decidedly mixed, given the scene they’re currently put through. Rocko nods, seeming to understand what they’re saying.

Rocko Daymon:

I am pleased to hear that. And I hope you will forgive us for this interruption. But here tonight, there is something my partner would like to say in front of all of you.

He turns to the Pop Culture Phenoms, shaking their heads and waving him off.

Rocko Daymon:

Specifically, he has something to say to you, Miss Elise, and you, Mister... (shakes head in dismay) “Dee”.

Rocko hands the mic with the rightful DEF logo on the side over to Kerry. Kuroyama again looks at the Mikey Unlikely statue at ringside, and he can only bring himself to pitifully shake his head.

Angus:

Tell me about it, kid. Words cannot describe.

Kerry’s attention goes back to the Pop Culture Phenoms, as they continue to shoo the interlopers from the ring to no avail.

Kerry Kuroyama:

D... Elise... no disrespect meant by the two of us coming out here tonight. I’m sure everybody here would LOVE to hear

more about how... *this* all came to be. (rolls eyes) But as we were sitting back there listening to the two of you talk about your “gift” to the world, I felt compelled to come out here and ask you something personally. So with all due respect, perhaps you can tell me, and all of these fans...

Palm out, hand shaking fiercely, he extends his free arm incredulously back to the statue.

Kerry Kuroyama:

What the HELL does this have to do with wrestling?

The DEFIANCE faithful concur with a hearty cheer. The D and Elise look to each other, absolutely bewildered. Elise can be seen mouthing, “Is he SERIOUS right now?” The D blows them a raspberry into his Mikey mic.

Kerry Kuroyama:

You know, in the weeks that have passed since the three of you arrived in this place, we’ve all been forced to put up with your constant pandering for attention. I sometimes wonder what the two of you are really here to accomplish. Is this all a show to you? Is this company nothing more than a platform for you to stand in the spotlight?

Elise is currently checking herself out in a compact mirror. The D is smiling directly at one of the DEFIANCE camera ops. He turns to Kerry and looks confused as if he heard nothing he said. Kerry shakes his head. “The Undying” stands firmly behind him, arms crossed over his chest, watching his student lay it out.

Kerry Kuroyama:

There’s more to this sport than just lights and cameras and fame. There’s more to it than... stupid bronze statues, and D-list movie sequels that nobody asked for.

Big pop from the crowd. Elise and the D are infuriated. Elise tosses her compact mirror to Klein outside and the D starts stomping in the ring. They both step to the Rain City Ronin, but pause, thinking better of it.

Kerry Kuroyama:

The two of you are caught up in the style. But the two of us? The Rain City Ronin? We’re here in DEFIANCE to remind people that it’s the *substance* that counts in the end. So the two of you want to go around calling yourselves the greatest tandem this sport has ever seen? We’d like to see you put your money where your mouths are!

Bigger pop from the crowd! Kuroyama smiles confidently, feeling the love.

The D:

We, kinda spent all our money on the Mikey statue and the paparazzi...

Elise Ares:

He means the paparazzi followed us here and we totally didn’t pay for them. We’re important people and we do important things!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Well here’s your chance to make it back. How about the two of you name the time... everybody knows the place... and the four of us can hash this out like--

The lights go out and suddenly...

♪ “Doomsday” by Nero ♪

Before anything can be made from Kuroyama’s challenge, the loud, dramatic and thoroughly obnoxious opening of the SUPER MUSCLE BROS dubstep theme bangs the airwaves. As it builds and builds with the pounding beat, two spotlights shine down to reveal Jonny Booya and Aleczander the Great, who are FLEXING AND POSING FOR THE DELIGHT OF ALL MANKIND AS THE MUSIC RACES INTO ITS SOARING CRESCENDO!

Angus:

Oh, good. It's Aleczander the Great and his the Muscle Monkey Idiot that is Jonny Blockhead. EFF MY ELL!

DDK:

Well, you had to know that these two were going to show up when a discussion about being the top tag team in DEFIANCE, seeing how they've already anointed themselves the greatest.

Angus:

Blockhead doesn't even know how to spell discussion, much less know how to have one. It's actually his only redeeming quality, because it means we don't have to suffer through him talking so much... Even still, I can feel my brain cells dying just being in his presence.

As the soaring build gives way to the drop of its crescendo, the SMB's make their way down to the ring as Doomsday kicks it into full gear with blaring noises that are somehow considered music. Along the way Alecz and Booya stop to point out and make fun of the various basement dwelling neckbeards and flex for the occasional female that dares to reside in the front row. Eventually the Magnificent Marvels of Muscledumb reach ringside. They completely ignore the bronze statue of Mike Unlikely, as it is not nearly as impressive as their own chiseled slabs of muscle, before hitting the ring, where they immediately begin to size up their competition.

DDK:

This thing is about to become a powderkeg ready to blow.

Angus:

Maybe Ol' Man Rocko will smash Blockhead in the face, that'll be fun... for me anyway.

Alecz and Booya converse amongst themselves briefly as they look the Ronin and Phenoms over. Alecz stops on the taut body of Elise Ares and is anything but subtle with his gaze, even making eyes with the young brunette. Booya however never loses focus on acting like the muscled up, alpha male, fuckboy that he is as he flexes and twitches his muscles towards Daymon and Kuroyama in a classic display of gym rat dominance.

Angus:

Man, Kuroyama looks ready to throw down with Blockhead right now and... Oh, EFF MY ELL SIDEWAYS, the Moronic Muscle is gonna talk.

Angus says as he see Booya reach into his pocket and produce a mic before focusing on the younger of the Ronin.

Jonny Booya:

Back yer ass down, boah, you ain't got nothin' fer BIG KING COOL. 'Cuz Ah'm teh BESS FLEX 'N RASSLIN' an' whatt're yew 'sposed teh be, huh? Yew know what ya are? SOME SKINNYFAT NERD WITH NO DEFINITION! Come back after you 'n yer ol' man there hit the gym! NERD!

Truly believing he *told* him, Booya chuckles mockingly as he continues to taunt and flex and, in general, be a fucking alpha male douchebag. He also flips the mic over to his fellow Super Muscle Bro, Aleczander the Great, who is still intrigued with the lone female in this situation, but eventually takes sight and thus acknowledges everyone else in the ring.

Aleczander the Great:

What do we have here, Jonny?

Booya "huhs" and shrugs, he's not good at pop quizzes, but he is pretty good at standing menacingly with his arms crossed over his chest.

Aleczander the Great:

I'll tell you what we have, a buncha fuckboys who...

Booya's eyebrow rises as he taps on Alecz' shoulder.

Jonny Booya:

I ain't inna sexin' no boahs.

Aleczauder the Great:

Oy mate, we're not fuckin' boys, they're fuckboys.

Booya ponders this a bit as he looks at Kuroyama and Daymon like they have a disease. Then a lightbulb pops over his head.

Jonny Booya:

Duh, yew sayin' them boahs fuckboahs?

Alecz nods and for some reason, Booya gets awfully offended.

Jonny Booya:

YEW FUCKBOAHS, YEW PERVARTS?!

And that lightbulb dies out because Booya is to stupid to English.

Aleczauder the Great:

NO, no, no, they don't fuck boys, mate. It means they're soft, weak, pretenders who think they're the best tag teams in DEFIANCE! Now, as I was sayin...

Aleczauder finally returned to talking to everybody else as Booya remained behind him, still trying to do the math.

Aleczauder The Great:

As you'll all be seeing later when we DESTROY Dusty Griffith and The Wanker Squad tonight... The Super Muscle Bros RULE tag team wrestling, mate! Any team that I've ever been a part of has been blessed with the gift of gold! Or do you not remember that Team HOSS DESTROYED the Trios Division?!

DDK:

As many personality faults as he has, Aleczauder The Great is right! Longest reign and most successful defenses with the titles!

Angus:

OUR HOSS OVERLORDS!!!

The Mancunian Muscle continues to smirk.

Aleczauder The Great:

What you're all looking at now is THE BEST in professional wrestling! Team HOSS dominated DEFIANCE and me and my best mate, Jonny here, will be no different! The Pop Culture Pansies can piss around with the Wank City Ronin all day for all we care, but Booya and I'll be RUNNING this division and ain't a thing that that ANY of you gormless tits can do about it!

Kerry's anger has continued to rise steadily, and finally reaches its limit as he begins to get verbal. Keenly aware of the tension boiling over in the ring, the veteran Rocko Daymon taps Kerry on the shoulder and tries to get him to follow him out of the ring. The young Kuroyama, however, continues to jaw with Alecz and Booya. The D and Elise, meanwhile, see an out.

The D:

Well we came out here for the payday... and we've gotten what we wanted. So, since it seems you two tandems are in proper conflict with each other, we'll let you work out your differences.

Elise and the D slip outside of the ring to a chorus of jeers. As they begin to make their way backstage, they hear the boos as cheers and react as such. About a third of the way to the back, they're cut off by a miced voice from somewhere backstage.

"N'AAAAAAWLINS! WE HAVE RETURNED! Those GORAM Angel City boys are back, and... wait for it... waaaaaait for it... WE. ARE. *INSIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIDE YOU!*"

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

♪ **"Bad Touch" by The Bloodhound Gang** ♪

The Faithful pop way harder than it seems even the boys of ACX expected. As soon as "The Son of A Stripper" Rich Mahogany (mic still in hand) pops out from behind the entrance curtain followed closely by his partner in crime (literally, actually...) "The Big Bad Wolf" Dapper Don Hollywood, the combined looks of shock on the Angel City boys faces are pretty priceless.

Angus:

MAHBOYS!

DDK:

You mean your drug dealers.

Angus:

Hey, just smoke, okay? Like the late great Muddy Waters sang, *"Well you know it's good for your head and it relax your body, don't you know."* Don-Ho and Richy have some premo buds. Besides, listen to this crowd! Angel City is over as hell, Keebs!

DDK:

They've acquired some newfound fans... and *motivation*, it seems... thanks to their recent work on UNCUT.

Rich, in all his hairy chested Hawaiian shirt clad glory (going with a purple theme this evening) stops at the top of the ramp with a sleazy smile plastered on his face. Dapper Don, his usual flawless lime green ring ensemble, steps up next to his tag team partner and pushes his sunglasses (also green) up atop his platinum blond head exchanging a few words with his partner off mic before The Sleaziest Man in Professional Wrestling treats the fans to more *HOT PROMO FIYAH* as only the ACX can deliver.

Rich Mahogany:

Would you look at this Donny? These six sick sons of bitches think they've got claim to the long vacant title of "best damn tag team in the company"... can you BELIEVE that shit?

Hollywood sighs deeply and gives a little "tisk" to all three teams down the ramp, grouped in various locals in and around the ring.

Don Hollywood

Sad state of affairs my good brother, sad sad state of affairs... one random pairing brought together by a common love of Human Growth Hormone and four DEF newbs lookin' to step waaaaaay out in front of the line... listen *kids*... this company might have taken a hot steaming dump on the whole concept of tag team wrestling the last few years but don't get it all twisted, 'k lovelies?

Rich Mahogany:

It might have taken us a little while to realize it but you six assholes are LOOKIN' at the best damn tag team in DEFIANCE today!

ACX! ACX! ACX! ACX!

Don Hollywood

Now... I'm sure the six paramecium minded nincompoops down there are already racing to refute that claim due to you and I, admittedly, having spent a considerable amount of time...

COUGH

The D: [cutting in]

Jobbers... ["clearing" his throat] Wow, pardon me. Had a tickle there.

Don Hollywood

Ahhh, see?! See Rich, before I even get the damn sentence out of my mouth... they can't goddamn help themselves! YES Mr. Edwards, yes! Richy and myself have been known to be a little, let's say DISTRACTED... but a few weeks ago, a bottom of the barrel 'roid fueled muscle beach living pile of hot human garbage we're both sadly acquainted with down in BRAZEN... wow, come to think of it, this dude is like the third "Muscle Bro" in training, you two idiots should totally meet this kid and take him off our hands... *anyway...* this idiot comments to us the other day that seeing as Richy and myself are dear dear BFF's forever and ever-amen with the greatest one (*and a quarter*) man announce team in wrestling one Mr. Angus Skaaland...

Rich turns around and shares a loud bro-like "WHAAAAAT UP, SON?!" and ridiculous air-high five across the chasm with The Motor Mouth of Malcontent over at the commentation station before jogging back over and joining Donny in making their collective way down the ramp towards ringside.

Don Hollywood

Exactly... that since ol' Angus is our boy, Rich and myself are kinda' *bulletproof*, wouldn't you say Richy? I mean... case in point, I'm *PRETTY* sure we dodged an indecent exposure and *several* steep drug charges the other day upstairs in the gym... all Kells did was ban us from UNCUT for a week... a WEEK! That's the sort of clout a deep undying friendship with a man the stature of an Angus Skaaland will get ya' folks! LOVE YOU ANGUS, LOVE YOU EVERY DAY!

Angus:

SEE? SEE DARREN?! We're BOYS... you *WISH* you had boys as awesome as Rich and Don-Ho. I saw you eating with Quimbey and referee Navarro the other day... CAUTION, NERD ALERT.

A bit of the jovial delivery has suddenly vanished from the ACX boys voices, replaced with a little *bass* we haven't heard before from the usually asinine duo.

Rich Mahogany:

It's all about who you know, Donny... *amazing* the shit we've been able to perpetrate around this joint. And here we are, still standin', lookin' as only we can look, whippin' these fans into a frenzy as only we can... [gyrates hips, rubs chest, thrusts groin] WHIP... *aaaaaaahifyaknowwhatimean*.

Well I didn't say they weren't still *idiots*, now did I?... No, I didn't.

AN-GEL CI-TY! *clap clap clapclapclap*

AN-GEL CI-TY! *clap clap clapclapclap*

AN-GEL CI-TY! *clap clap clapclapclap*

Don Hollywood

Yeah, that's two "*jobbers*" *cough cough* totally STEALIN' this segment away from you six mooks, and with a JIZZ joke no less... how you like us now, jerks?

Tension continues to mount as The D and Elise Ares insist ACX step out of their way. Back in the ring, a quick moment of scheming between Jonny Booya and Aleczander the Great leads to the two of them finally making the first move and clubbing the unsuspecting Kerry Kuroyama from behind. "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" immediately tumbles forward as he is pushed through the ropes and tragically falls *into* the statue, sending it tipping over.

DDK:

Kuroyama just inadvertently destroyed that work of... uhm, that statue of Mikey Unlikely!

Angus:

Aaaaaawwwwwwwwwww, what a shaaaaaaaaaaame! *pffff* BAAAAHAHAHAHAA...

Angus laughs as looks of absolute horror cross the faces of the D and Elise as they see the wreckage of Mikey Unlikely's bronze likeness after shattering all over the floor into a dozen pieces. You know, like foam that has been spray-painted bronze to try and look like an expensive statue would normally explode. The Pop Culture Phenoms wail in outrage as Don Hollywood and Rich Mahogany laugh uncontrollably.

DDK:

The way Ares and Edwards are reacting, you would think they spent their life savings!

Angus:

Dude, Keebs, they're starving Hollywood clownbabies, they probably **did** spend all of their money on that pile of fuckassery.

The Super Muscle Bros have turned their attention to the other member of the Rain City Ronin. Left on his own in the ring and caught completely off guard, Rocko Daymon can only get a few shots in on the muscle-bound brutes before the double-team of sheer strength forces him to the mat to take a series of kicks. Outside the ring, Kerry gets his own set of licks from the D and Elise, seeking revenge for their damaged statue. With chaos fully breaking out, Mahogany and Hollywood sprint the rest of the way down the ramp, and the DEFIANCE faithful go into full pitch.

Angus:

Here comes the real champs, Keebs!

DDK:

Wait, who else is here?

Angus:

AYE SEE EXX!

DDK:

Oh... right. This already is starting to make no sense, sure why not.

The D and Ares see Rich and Don-Ho coming for them and immediately leave Kuroyama on the floor as they beat feet around the ring with the Angel City boys hot on their tails. Rolling into the ring, D and Ares run into the Super Muscle Bros. Immediately the Phenoms realize their mistake when the two largest men in this kerfuffle turn their attention to them. To make matters worse, the Phenoms try turn and leave as the SMB's approach, but find the ACX entering behind them.

DDK:

Talk about being between a rock and a slick place.

Angus:

HAH! I see what you did there... GET 'EM! GET THOSE TINSELTOWN TWATS!

Elise and D give each other a quick glance and then exit stages right and left respectively before jumping the barricades and escaping into the crowd. With them out of the ring, the ACX and the SMB's turn to each other and immediately, Rich and Don challenge the mounds of muscle to throw down, much to the delight of the Faithful!

Angus:

Oh, oh, this is going to be...

DDK:

A massacre?

It's Booya and Alecz staring down the oncoming ACX, and Booya is the first to flex in Rich Mahogany general direction. Alecz also takes this opportunity to flex at Don. The ACX look at each other, shrug, and pounce with rights and lefts to a thunder of DEFIANCE approval. Dual irish whips from ACX, and both members of the Super Muscle Bros grab the top rope to stop their momentum, just as the Rain City Ronin reunite when Kuroyama joins a recovered Daymon in the ring.

The D:

EXCELLENT! YES! ATTACK! DESTROY EACH OTHER!

The trio of duos turn their attention to the front row, where The D was still yelling and screaming into his Mikey microphone, Elise by his side. The D begins to freak out.

The D:

Wait. No. What are you doing! Attack each other! Not us!

And indeed, the ACX, the RCR and the SMB all turned their attention to the mouthy Pop Culture Phenoms to glorious cheers from the DEFIANCE crowd. The six men climb out of the ring as the D and Elise stare at each other wide eyed.

Angus:

YEAH! Stick it up those Hollywood tinklebabies keisters!

The D:

Run, you cur, RUN!

The D drops his microphone as Elise and The D book it through the crowd. The RCR are first on their tail, leaping over the barricade and giving chase. The ACX are not far behind, but get waylaid by the Defiance faithful's praise and respect, swallowed in a seer of their peers. Meanwhile, the SMB have decided not to give full chase, instead deciding to flex in front of Quimby, and shout at him demanding him to grow muscles.

DDK:

Well folks, that was an only an extremely small sample size of the recent explosion of DEFIANCE's tag team division. I'm sure these four teams will lock up horns many times in the future.

Angus:

As long as someone kills Scrappy Doo and Hannah Montana, I'll be shitting rainbows.

ANDY SHARP vs MIKEY UNLIKELY

With all of the ballyhoo and shenanigans from before finally cleared from the ring, the camera switches back over to those lovable lugs and hosts of the show, Angus Skaaland and Darren Keebler.

DDK:

Well, this is just proof that this tag team division has been on point.

Angus:

Fucking right... and can we talk about that instead of this NEXT match? Out of super goody-two-shoes Mothercanucker Andy Sharp and Hollywood McFuckass, I don't know who to root for.

DDK:

Well, no. We're moving to the next match. Things have gone from budding rivalry to personal real quick between Andy Sharp and Mikey Unlikely since the latter interrupted the former's interview on our last PPV, ASCENSION. From there, things have been out of control. Mikey's constant annoyance, interrupting Andy's time and being a general nuisance have led to tonight. Unlikely was aided by his UTA tag team partner, Kendrix in a post-match attack and now, Sharp FINALLY has the chance to get some payback when he takes on Mikey Unlikely one-on-one.

Angus:

[deflated] Sharp, Sharp, he's our man, if he can't do it, no... ugh, no, I'm just not feeling this. DQ, you say things now.

And with that, to the ring we go!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a grudge match set for one fall!

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

The lights return after a modified opening to the song and standing with his back to the audience, with one finger pointed upwards, the crowd goes BONZO-GONZO for the world-traveled high-flyer! He turns around to greet the raucous crowd with a wide grin!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... from Montreal, Quebec, Canada, weighing in at Two Hundred and Thirty One pounds... This is **"THE LORD OF THE SKIES" AAANNNNDDYYYYYYYY SHHHHHAAAAARRRRRRPPPPPPPP!**

Wearing red and gold-themed attire, Andy Sharp approaches the ring at an energetic pace, slapping some hands with the fans and even taking a second to jump on the guardrail, practically throwing himself into the sea of fans!

DDK:

Andy looks to be in a good mood for the most part, but I'm betting most of this is that he can finally get his hands on Mikey Unlikely for the first time.

Angus:

All right, FINE, I'll bite... I hope Sharp kicks Unlikely's Hollywood McFuckAss tonight in two minutes.

Andy runs up the steps then Sharp leaps over the ropes, into the ring. After taking a moment to compose himself, he executes a STANDING backflip, landing on his feet before taking a knee! He kneels down mid-ring and points a finger to the heavens one more time as his music fades.

The lights in the Wrestle-Plex go off. Angus sighs audibly.

♪ ***"The Back to the Future Theme" by Alan Silvestri*** ♪

Angus:

What in the utter and actual fuck!?

DDK:

Shhhh..... Do you have any popcorn?

A car's engine can be heard revving in the darkness. Quiet at first but growing louder. The DEFIATRON lights up with headlights from afar. The tires squeal and the car comes barreling towards the screen. Purple and white sparks start shooting from the car that can now be seen as a DeLorean, as it gains speed. Suddenly a lightning bolt in the Wrestle-Plex hits the stage at the same time the car would hit the screen and a pair of flaming tire tracks light up the entrance ramp. The lights come on after another huge blast of pyros revealing the DeLorean now sitting on stage, "smoke" from a fog machine pouring in all directions off of it. Mikey and Kendrix both step out from the driver and passenger side of the car respectively hands in the air in celebration!

Unlikely wearing a tshirt and his ring gear. The shirt reads "Mikey McFly". The two make their way carefully down the ramp in between the flaming tire tracks.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... Being accompanied to the ring by Kendrix!... He hails From The Burbs, but currently residing in beautiful Los Angeles, California, he weighs in at Two Hundred and Twenty Five pounds.... This is **"THE WORLDS GREATEST ENTERTAINER" MIIKEEY UNNNLLIIIKELLYYY**

At the bottom of the ramp they high five and laugh loudly before sliding into the ring. Mikey poses on each turnbuckle, never really paying any mind to his opponent. He is greeted by boos at each post. There is one shrill voice in the crowd that shouts at the top of her lungs, "I LOVE YOU MIKEY!"

Finally the music fades, and the referee forces Kendrix to leave the ring.

DING! DING! DING!

Andy Sharp goes right for the kill the second the bell rings, but Mikey Unlikely immediately hides in the ropes! It seems that he's done a wee bit of homework knowing that The Lord of the Skies goes for high-risk moves off the bat. He hides with his upper body in between the ropes, ordering Benny Doyle to do his damn job. Doyle can BARELY keep the two apart as an irate Sharp continues to try and attack the Hollywood star.

Angus:

Just take your beating like a man, Hollywood!

DDK:

Andy wants to get this thing going right off the bat, but Mikey won't let him! As much as I hate to say it, it's good strategy.

Mikey Unlikely:

Get him off, get him off, get him off! And I'll give you a THOUSAND MikeyMoney™!

Andy finally has enough and snakes his way past Doyle, but by the time Andy Sharp has gotten to him, Mikey has already taken a powder! The crowd jeers Unlikely and he and Kendrix strut along the outside, taking a walk from the ring. There's a sign in the crowd with artwork of Mikey Unlikely dukes of hazard sliding over a deLorean. Andy Sharp bides his time and hunches over, daring Mikey to get back in the ring. Instead, Mikey ain't having any of that shit and ignores the ring completely, taking a selfie along with Kendrix. The Hollywood Bruvs continued their hamming it up on the outside and the crowd is getting restless.

Mikey finally realizes that he has a match going on as Benny Doyle counts, making it all the way to five by the time he turns. Unlikely then runs halfway up the aisle and Andy is about ready to unleash some frustrations as he slides in the ring...

...And rolls back out the adjacent corner!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Oh, lord, stop this Memphis amateur hour bullshit! Say what you want about Lord Flippy-Doo, but at least he shows up to fight!

DDK:

Can't say the same for Mikey. He's now back on the outside again talking more trash with Kendrix!

Indeed they are. The camera doesn't pick up all of what they're saying, but The Hollywood Bruvs chat with themselves when they suddenly turn around, shoot a menacing glance to Andy, and then go back to their conversation while laughing like them bitches from Mean Girls. You know the ones. If you don't, shame on you.

The crowd continues to give both of The Hollywood Bruvs hell and start booing them, but they couldn't spare a fuck what the non-famous folk thought, let alone give one. Two fans hold up a "Mikey for President" sign, complete with him in a Richard Nixon I am not a crook pose. Mikey and Kendrix continue to huddle over at ringside and when they both turn around to shoot a glare at Andy Sharp...

DDK:

CORKSCREW PLANCHA! ANDY AIN'T PLAYING THEIR GAME ANYMORE!

Angus:

Two Hollywood fuckboys for the price of one!

Sure as shit that's what happens! Andy's dive pays off and takes out both Bruvs in the process! Andy pushes Kendrix out of the way and starts beating on Mikey Unlikely like one of the many ladies of the night that the Hollywood star allegedly interacts with... hey, I said ALLEGEDLY.

So Andy continues with the beating and rains down hard elbows into the face of Mikey, trying to ruin any future 8x10 headshots he plans on taking. With the quickness, Andy grabs him by the arm and whips Unlikely HARD into the barricade! A rattle travels up the spine of The World's Greatest Entertainer who lets out a howl, but things are about to go from bad to worse for Mikey...

DDK:

Uh-oh, what's Andy got going next?

Andy kicks the steel steps back away from the ropes and places them in front of Mikey who still doesn't know where the hell he is. With that in motion, Andy uses the steps as a launching pad and launches himself right into a HUGE Cannonball, taking him out on the floor! The crowd is going nuts for Andy's aerial assault on his heated rival as The Lord of the Skies starts to dust himself off and feed off the energy from the crowd! Kendrix is tempted to check on his buddy but Sharp stares him down.

DDK:

So far, this one is ALL Andy Sharp! If Unlikely lets himself get overwhelmed like this, this one won't go much longer!

Angus:

YOU PROMISE?!?! REALLY, REALLY, MISTER?!

Andy picks up Mikey Unlikely again and finally takes the action back into the ring where it all belongs. Mikey is still

groggy from Andy's assault but when Andy starts to climb on the ring apron, Mikey goes on the attack. He tries to go low with a shoulder in between the ropes but Andy sees it coming and clocks him with a knee to the head. With Mikey Unlikely continuing to get wobbly, Andy Sharp goes to the top rope and leaps off with the quickness, catching him with a high-impact Missile Dropkick! Unlikely looks out cold as Sharp rolls over into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Close one there for Andy Sharp, but Unlikely with the kickout.

Angus:

Do one of them Shiny Flipping Dog Doo-doo Destroyer Drops or something! You know he's got something called that!

Andy goes to pick up Unlikely by his messed-up hair when Mikey gets back up and cracks Andy in the mouth with a solid punch. Nothing fancy about that or a couple of boots to the stomach after the fact. He palms the back of Sharp's head and goes to causally dump him out to the floor, but as he turns around he doesn't see the tall Canadian land on his feet. When Unlikely turns around and sees him, he tries to charge at him when Andy pulls the ropes down, sending Unlikely going for yet another ride!

DDK:

Andy is just one step ahead of Mikey Unlikely! And now Andy's going up for something dangerous here.

Unlikely and Kendrix are both back up when Andy starts to head to the top turnbuckle again, but he stops on the second rope and connects with an Asai Moonsault... no! Unlikely moves out of the way, but Andy takes out Kendrix for the second time in this match! Sharp takes a moment to recover from his own landing. He begins to come at Unlikely. However, Mikey has finally had enough of constantly being attacked by the Canadian, He darts his hand into the face of Andy and drops a thumb to the eye before...

DDK:

OOOOOOOOOOOOOH! Mikey just picked Andy up and shoved him back-first into the steps!

Angus:

Way to leave yourself open, Lord of the Dipshits!

Indeed, it was one costly mistake that allowed Unlikely a huge opening for the first time in this match and now he finally has a chance to make Andy suffer for it. Andy is still shaken up from the blow when Unlikely goes to shove Andy back and slams him back-first into the ring apron! He then turns around and does the same to Sharp against the barricade!

DDK:

I think Mikey's realized that playtime is done for. He can't give a veteran like Andy Sharp ANY chance to get offense going!

Angus:

Hopefully, he'll finally nut up!

An enraged Mikey finally throws Andy back inside the ring after working his back over a little bit and goes to town, doing his best Bojangles impression and tap dancing all over his back... okay, so it's more like uncoordinated stomping and shit, but he's doing a number on Andy's back and continues to work him over with more boots. There's a "Hollywood Bruvs Bruv" sign held in the crowd. When Mikey goes to pull Andy up, he tries a kick, but Sharp spins him around and rolls him up with a Schoolboy.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Andy tries to make it up to his feet when he gets stopped cold in his tracks with a vicious Dropkick by The World's Greatest Entertainer! The blow lands right on the button and now Mikey takes a chance to pause for a photo-op instead of going for a cover. Someone in the crowd holds up a "Mikey is THE star" sign with a Hollywood Walk of Fame styled star. Mikey raises his arms in celebration of his dropkick. Kendrix with a thumbs up. The fans have something to say however.

YOU-CANT-WRESTLE CLAPCLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP!

YOU-CANT-WRESTLE CLAPCLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP!

YOU-CANT-WRESTLE CLAPCLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP!

Mikey points at Sharp.

Mikey Unlikely:

And he can't Sports Entertain! Bug off!

Angus:

Have you been LISTENING to Keebs at commentary, Mikey? ...Well, I mean, I can't blame him, I rarely do, but cover him!

DDK:

Gonna ignore your biting commentary and move on. Now Mikey's gonna make Sharp pay for that!

Unlikely goes to pick him up again. He pushes him to the corner and lays into a Sharp with more right hands before thinking big picture. Unlikely puts Andy on the top rope and is thinking a Superplex of some sort, which would be ideal for fucking up Andy's back to set up his Backstory submission finisher.

He tries to budge Andy with the move, but Andy isn't going anywhere at first. The Canadian hangs onto the top rope and tries to keep Unlikely from doing his thing, but when he gets there, he makes him pay with a few more rights. Andy finally manages to shake Unlikely off of him and shoves him off the top rope! The crowd comes to life as Andy goes up top and waits for his opponent to stand. When Mikey turns around, Andy goes flying...

DDK:

DIVING CROSSBODY... wait, NO!

Mikey rolls through and manages to hang onto Sharp's legs as he goes into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICK OUT!

Angus:

Did I just see Hollywood McFuckass beat Lord of the Flippy-Doos?

Andy scrambles to his feet, but Mikey is already there to lay into him with a kick to the gut followed by a vicious DDT! Mr. All-Star gets dropped right on his head before flopping over while Unlikely sits up, dusting himself off like he's already won the match! He goes to pick up Andy and throws him outside the ring, right at the feet of Kendrix! Mikey then goes back and gets in Benny Doyle's face.

Mikey Unlikely:

You could've been a Thousandaire with my Mikey Money! What were you thinking!? I had a beer coozie with your name on it! Well actually it's my name, but you get it!!

As he continues to chastise him, the official doesn't see Kendrix putting the boots to Andy on the floor now. The other half of the Hollywood Bruvs continues making it rain... in kicks and punches to the fallen Sharp now, obviously a little bit annoyed that Andy had twice flown into him earlier like a projectile. Doyle finally turns around when Kendrix takes a casual walk away from Andy now, leaving Unlikely to pick up the scraps.

DDK:

The Hollywood Bruvs haven't actually had any tag team matches, but they're working well as a team... too bad this isn't actually a TAG TEAM match...

Angus:

Can't completely hate on that, at least. It's actually good strategy by these two idiots, which is more than I thought they could do.

Unlikely slides out to the floor and points at Kendrix with one of those obnoxious "No, YOU da man!" fingers that idiots do sometimes before he throws Andy back inside. Someone from the crowd holds up a "YOU da man!" sign. Mikey rolls inside and tries to put away Andy for good.

ONE!

TWO!

KICK OUT!

Unlikely slaps his hands in rapid cadence three times, telling Benny Doyle in a not-so-nice way to count the fuck faster. Mikey lifts Andy Murray to a seated position and applies a rear chin lock!

Angus:

Wow, what technical prowess.... Kill me now Keebs.

The fans begin to get behind Andy Sharp with a slow clap. The man begins to gain some resistance slowly building on the energy of the crowd. Mikey shakes his head violently trying to tell the people to shut it. It doesn't take long before Sharp finds his feet and starts delivering elbows to the midsection of The World's Greatest Entertainer. Sharp finally breaks free and goes to hit the ropes, at the last second Unlikely reaches after him, finds a handful of hair and drives him to the mat. Benny Doyle warns Unlikely about the hair. Mikey claims Sharp was the perpetrator before standing up and walks over to the corner where Kendrix hands his buddy a bottle of water.

DDK:

Unlikely wasting valuable time right now. He should be following up with another move, or a cover here. Instead he is drinking water and taking a breather.

Sharp is slowly finding his legs, Mikey sees him and is back on the offensive. Mikey now whips Andy into the corner. When he comes charging in after, Sharp uses the ropes to springboard himself up and over the superstar. Andy rolls to his feet as Mikey turns around. Frustration has Unlikely moving before he's thinking and he catches a hard dropkick to the chest that sends him sailing back into the corner with authority.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH

DDK:

The fans excited to see Sharp back in control.

Angus:

They are not alone Darren!

Sharp wasting no time now, jumps onto Unlikely and monkey flips him out of the corner. Both men quickly back to their feet, Sharp hits a standing dropkick sending Mikey onto his back again. He follows up quickly with a running shooting star press. The fans jump to their feet.

ONE!

TWO!

KICK OUT!

Sharp having regained his composure is moving fast once again. He pulls Mikey up and delivers a few elbows to the chops of the Hollywood actor. Andy signals to the crowd before going for one of his signature moves. Sharp attempts the Pendulum Lariat that he calls the Sharper Image, but...

DDK:

OH MY! MIKEY PULLED REFEREE BENNY DOYLE INTO HARM'S WAY!

Angus:

Not sure if it was intentional or not Keebs, but it looked to me like Hollywood McFuckass didn't have two legs to stand on. What a blow on the referee.

Mikey rolls out of the way, as Andy Sharp starts to check on Benny Doyle. The concern is obvious on the face of the Lord of the Skies. Outside the ring two fans jump the barricade. The Mikey Unlikely signs seen throughout the match go flying around the ringside area.

DDK:

Hey! Why isn't security....

Angus:

Not these fucking fucksticks!

DDK:

Wait a minute!

The duo of fans are in fact the Pop Culture Phenoms, who climb into the ring. Kendrix on the outside is unsure what to think. Sharp slowly turns around as Elise Ares hits the ropes opposite of Andy. By the time Andy Sharp realizes what's happening, he is too late. Elise and the D sandwich him between a synchronous superman punch and a crescent kick, respectively.

DDK:

Drive-By At The Roxy! That's "The D" Derek Edwards, and Elise Ares! The Pop Culture Phenoms!

Angus:

I hate to admit it, but those dimwits folded Andy Sharp in half!

The D and Elise slip out of the ring to a chorus of jeers. Kendrix is busy at the time keeper's table.

DDK:

Kendrix now slides a chair into the ring. Mikey has got it! Unlikely now has that chair over his head and DOWN across the back of Andy Sharp! Once! Twice! Three Times! He tosses the chair back out of the ring, and Kendrix is trying to wake up referee Benny Doyle!

Just in time as Mikey makes the cover. The D and Elise making exaggerating counting motions on the outside as a

dazed Benny slowly counts...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match, by PINFALL! **MIIKEEEY UNNNLLLIKELYYY!**

As DQ announces the winner, PCP and Kendrix all slide into the ring. Mikey stands over the fallen body of Andy Sharp smiling wide. Kendrix reaches Mikey first, he quickly points to PCP as they approach. Mikey stops them in their tracks with a hand. For a second everyone stops. Suddenly Mikey smiles, shoots out his arms to the side, and embraces the Pop Culture Phenoms in a group hug.

The fans boo throughout the arena loudly. Kendrix and Derek Edwards lift Mikey onto their shoulders and parade him around the ring like he just won a championship. Elise doing her best Vanna White, is trying to pose and point to Mikey.

Angus:

Dammit Keebs, Not only did Fuckboi numero uno win the match, he now has his own fuckboi faction!

DDK:

You may be right Angus, It appears as if Mikey has finally accepted the team that has been following him, or stalking him, depending on who you ask. The foursome plus Klien could bring together some of our newest and youngest talents in Defiance. What a night for Mikey as he gets a huge win against the ever popular Andy Sharp.

Angus:

Stupid flippy doo, YOU HAD ONE JOB, you filthy snowback!

DDK:

Jeez, Angus, tell us how you *really* feel.

Angus:

Ugh, lets move on...

INEVITABLE

We move backstage, where Impulse and Calico Rose are pacing after their encounter with Curtis Penn. Well, Impulse is pacing; Cally sits in the lone chair in the bare hallway. She no longer looks shaken by what happened earlier, but Impulse continues to pace.

Calico Rose:

I wouldn't worry too much about it. Everyone knows Mr. Penn is a totally hexed, totally bitter man, and nobody takes him seriously. You shouldn't, either.

Impulse nods, but also shrugs.

Impulse:

I don't. Trust me, Rosie... I don't take him seriously, and I know he was just trying to bait me... but you know how this always ends. I stop thinking, I start reacting on emotion?

He counts off on his fingers.

Impulse:

Castor. JJ. Stalker. SARS. Wells.

Cally:

The 'The' family.

He points at her, and gives her a thumbs up.

Impulse:

So our grand plan of 'show up, give the fans a good match, and stay under the radar' is pretty much shot to hell. What else d'you feel like doing tonight?

Cally grins.

Cally:

Shots?

Impulse looks up, exhales, and holds out his hand to help her to feet, smiling.

Impulse:

Shots.

He puts his arm around her as they walk down the hall.

Impulse:

All in all it's not a big deal. At least we haven't had to deal with --

In front of them, a door opens, slamming against the wall. They stop walking, as Eric Dane and Bobby Dean emerge from a side room. Dane turns first, and as his eyes lock with Impulse, the look of determination on his face slowly morphs into a smirk.

Eric Dane:

Well... well... well.

Bobby waves at Cally, and she returns the wave, but a glare from Dane stops him in his tracks.

Impulse:

Dane.

Eric Dane:

What's that saying, Knox? Of all the gin joints in all the world, y'finally traded up?

Impulse:

I s'pose you could say that. You've got a good crew here--

Eric Dane:

Don't, Knox. I know I've got a good crew. It was a good crew before you showed up. It'll be a good crew after you leave. While you're here?

He cocks his head to the side.

Eric Dane:

You're givin' the Faithful good matches, and something to get behind, so that's cool. Make sure you keep it up.

Dane gently, but with authority, puts a hand on each of their shoulders and pushes them to the side so he can walk past. After about three steps, he turns back.

Eric Dane:

Oh, and just so we're clear? This is my house - so you're here... because I'm allowing it. Bobby? Let's go.

He turns again to walk away, and Bobby Dean passes the two. Before he gets more than a step away, he turns toward Cally.

Bobby Dean:

Any chance you brought cupcakes--

Eric Dane:

Robert! Now!

Bobby Dean:

Yipe!

He... hurries(???) past them, following Eric Dane to the ring.

Cally:

Eric Dane. You were about to say Eric Dane, right?

Impulse:

Yep.

She laughs.

Cally:

Murphy's Law. And he clearly never started doing yoga like I suggested.

Cut back to the arena.

SOUTHERN HERITAGE TITLE MATCH

DDK:

What a night of action it has been so far folks!

Angus:

But here comes the match I know I'VE been waiting for! Bring on those legs!

DDK:

You truly are shameless.

Angus:

Why thank you for noticing!

DDK:

Up next, the Southern Heritage Championship is on the line as champion Harmony defends against Jake Donovan, and you know neither of them are going to pull any punches!

Angus:

My girl will come out victorious, don't you worry about that!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is for one fall and is for the Southern Heritage Championship!

♪ **"Fire It Up" by Black Label Society** ♪

Flashing lights burst overhead like fireworks, wildly shifting between red and orange as "Fire it Up" by Black Label Society erupts from the arena's speakers and the fans come out of their seats as Jake appears at the top of the ramp, one arm raised to the rafters. They're booing their former hero like he just kicked their favorite puppy, and Jake, he just stands at the top of the ramp, head thrown back, soaking it up.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, hailing from Mason City, Iowa, he weighs in at Two Hundred and Fifteen pounds. This is **"THE PHOENIX!" JAAAKE DONNNOOOVAAAANN!**

♪ **"Just A Girl" by No Doubt** ♪

The opening guitar strains of "Just A Girl" by No Doubt echo through the Wrestle-Plex as the arena darkens and a purple hue surrounds the stage. A spotlight appears at the entranceway and as Gwen Stefani begins to sing, Harmony trots out onto the staging with a huge smile and pauses at the top, looking out at the fans before the song kicking in full force prompts an explosion of silver sparkling pyro either side of Harmony, who throws a hand up to the sky.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, hailing from London, England and now residing in Manhattan, New York, weighing in at One Hundred and Fifty pounds, she is the reigning and defending SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION, this is **HAAARRRRMMMOOONNNY!**

She strides down the ramp, taking a little time to make contact with the fans before she hops onto the apron on one knee and stands up, launching herself over the top rope with both hands. She leaps onto the middle rope and poses to the fans, blowing a kiss out to them before jumping down and staying loose.

Carla Ferrari takes the SOHER belt from Harmony and displays it to Donovan then holds it up for the fans to see before handing it over to a ring attendant and calling for the bell to get the match underway.

Harmony and Donovan both dive in for a tie up, but Donovan gets a knee to Harmony's midsection at the last second, pulling her down into a side headlock that he holds on tight to, making Harmony try her hardest to fight out of. With a grin on his face, Donovan pulls her into the hold even tighter and the Champion desperately tries to battle her way out of it before finally managing to fire Donovan off into the ropes and duck underneath his attempt at a clothesline on the rebound, taking him down with a deep arm drag as he comes back off the ropes a second time! Donovan scurries to his feet, only to be taken down by another deep arm drag from Harmony before he gets up for a second time and the brunette knocks him down flat with a huge standing dropkick!

DDK:

And Harmony has come out of the gate with the early advantage. I don't think Donovan was expecting this at all.

Angus:

Of course he wasn't. We all know that Harmony is far superior to Donovan in every way, shape and form.

DDK:

Could you at least try not to be bias?

Donovan struggles to his feet, but he doesn't stay there very long as Harmony hits the ropes and lands a huge Handspring Enziguri that knocks Donovan flat on his face! Harmony immediately rolls him over and makes a cover ...

ONE...

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Smart strategy there from Harmony. She saw the opportunity but it didn't work out.

Angus:

All it takes is one opportunity like that to win or retain a championship, Keebs. I should know, I've seen it happen enough times!

Donovan pushes Harmony away as he kicks out, rolling towards the ropes to create some space between the two then uses the ropes to pull himself up to his feet. Harmony is quick to try and attack, but Donovan quickly ducks the top half of his body through the ropes which prompts Ferrari to back Harmony away. Donovan slowly brings himself back through the ropes and Ferrari gives the okay to continue, but Donovan cuts Harmony's attack off with a sharp kick to the midsection that doubles her over then slams his knee into her face, sending the champion sprawling back into the mat!

DDK:

Ouch! That'll rearrange your face.

Angus:

Not the face! You monster!

Ferrari quickly drops to the mat to make sure Harmony is fit to continue, but Donovan gives the champion no breathing space at all, dropping to the mat and making a cover ...

ONE

KICKOUT!

Harmony rolls over to stop another cover and Donovan takes the opportunity to get up and stamp down on the

champion's left shoulder over and over again before he drops to the mat and locks on a fujiwara armbar that makes her cry out in pain! Ferrari swiftly hits the mat to ask Harmony if she wants to give in and the champion screams out defiantly as she uses her free arm to slowly start to drag herself to the ropes. Donovan pulls back on the arm even harder, prompting another wail of pain from Harmony as she edges ever closer to the bottom rope, but it just not quite within her reach.

DDK:

Talking of smart strategy, Donovan has clearly done his homework on Harmony! She needs both her arms to be able to lock in her finishing submission, The Fermata.

Angus:

It's okay I suppose.

Ferrari asks her again if she wants to give in and Harmony is vehement as she lets out one more guttural scream before managing to wrap her fingers around the bottom rope! Ferrari begins a count as Donovan ignores her demands to release the hold, using the five count to its full advantage and not letting go until Ferrari hits four.

Donovan backs away as Harmony pulls herself up to her feet, the challenger almost knocking Ferrari off her feet as he goes back on the attack, landing a dropkick to Harmony's already afflicted shoulder that knocks her back into the turnbuckle! Donovan is quick to go on the attack again, but Harmony manages to put a stop to his head of steam with an elbow to the face as he charges, staggering Donovan enough for her to come charging out of the corner herself, only for Donovan to recover in time to hit a superkick right on the button! Harmony hits the canvas hard and Donovan spots his opportunity, hurrying to the corner to climb the turnbuckle.

DDK

I've got a bad feeling about this.

Angus:

Oh great, flippy-do crap. Give me a kick when he's done with it.

Donovan takes a second to find his balance on the top rope, looking down on Harmony's prone form with a cocky grin before he leaps off with a Shooting Star Press that misses the mark as the Champion gets her knees up, blocking the move's impact completely!

Angus:

And THAT'S why you don't go flippy-do!

DDK:

Harmony countered the move but she's taken a fair bit of a hit, can she get herself back into this match?

Angus:

Keep the faith, Keebs. Keep the faith.

Donovan rolls around on the mat, gasping for breath as he clutches at his ribs while Harmony gets herself back to her feet, massaging her shoulder as she lies in wait for Donovan to get from his hands and knees to his feet before she charges and plants him with a swinging neckbreaker! Donovan immediately sits up to prevent a pin attempt, but Harmony doesn't give him any breathing room, grabbing hold of his arms to lock Donovan into a Lotus Lock! Donovan screams out in pain as Harmony tightens her grip on his arms, telling Ferrari to get lost as she asks him if he wants to give in!

DDK:

A Lotus Lock from Harmony and the champion really is pulling out some moves from her arsenal.

Angus:

What I would give to be between those legs right now.

DDK:

I don't think Jake Donovan shares that sentiment, Angus.

Indeed he does not. Donovan uses his legs to try and pull his body weight and Harmony's towards the bottom rope, reaching out with one leg to try and get there. Harmony leans back with the hold again and Donovan cries out in pain before he tries to get closer to the bottom rope, using his feet and legs to drag himself across the canvas and finally drop his foot onto the bottom rope. Ferrari calls for the break and Harmony rolls herself away from Donovan, the challenger rolling himself under the bottom rope and to the outside to put space between him and Harmony.

Ferrari begins to count as Donovan tries to get the feeling back into his arms, the count reaching five as he turns around to be met by Harmony flying between the middle and top rope with a suicide dive, crashing into Donovan on the outside!

DDK:

Air Harmony!

Angus:

Is there anything she can't do?!

DDK:

Go to the bathroom standing up?

Angus:

Oh you got jokes now?

Ferrari starts her count again as both competitors land on the floor in a heap of humanity, Harmony managing to drag herself back to her feet rather quickly to pull Donovan back to his feet and roll him back into the ring. Donovan looks like he's in la la land as he tries to get back to his feet, finally turning around to find Harmony on the top rope ready to pounce and he shoves Ferrari into the ropes, bring the champion crashing down onto the top turnbuckle!

Ferrari admonishes Donovan for putting his hands on an official but he just waves it off, making a beeline for the turnbuckle where Harmony is perched, the champion wincing in pain.

Angus:

Even for a chick, that's got to hurt.

DDK:

Jake Donovan wants to be careful he doesn't get himself disqualified manhandling officials like that.

Angus:

Where are your priorities? Harmony may have just broken her lady parts and you're bothered about that freak?

Donovan climbs the ropes, stopping at the second to hit Harmony with a hard right hand, the champion firing back with one of her own, but she's not able to get anymore in as Donovan hits her with a huge headbutt that dazes her completely. In one swift movement, Donovan leaps up and throws Harmony from the top turnbuckle with an Avalanche Frankensteiner that sends her sprawling half way across the ring! There's no sign of movement from her as Ferrari scurries to check on her, Donovan shoving the referee out of the way to make the cover ...

ONE...**TWO...****KICKOUT!**

Harmony rolls herself away from Donovan, but he's quick to drag her up with a fist of hair and a fistful of tights,

spinning her around before throwing the champion into the turnbuckle, sending her crashing left shoulder first into the ringpost! Harmony staggers back, clutching at the shoulder and Donovan drops down behind her with a roll up ...

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Donovan has had a couple of close falls there and it's got to be taking the energy from Harmony.

Angus:

That move from the top rope was insane. He could have killed her!

Donovan gives Ferrari the evil eye, yelling that it should have been a three count, but the referee stands her ground, telling Donovan it was only a two count. He grabs hold of Harmony by the hair as she tries to get to her feet and drives his knee into her face once again, sending the champion sprawling back into the turnbuckle back first in a daze.

With a twisted smile forming on his lips, Donovan begins to stalk Harmony into the corner, reaching into his wrestling boot to pull out his trademark lighter, flicking it open and closed with every step he takes towards her.

DDK

Damnit Donovan, don't you dare do that!

Angus:

Jake, please think about the viewers here! No one wants to see Harmony look like Freddie Kreuger, least of all me!!

Ferrari begins to yell at Donovan not to do it, but the challenger ignores the pleas of the referee and the threats of disqualification until Ferrari snatches the lighter out of his hand!

Donovan turns around with absolute furore in his eyes, screaming at Ferrari that she shouldn't have done that while Ferrari stands her ground, yelling at Donovan that she won't allow him to do it. Donovan begins to move closer to Ferrari, but he's stopped as Harmony pulls him down into a roll up ...

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Both Harmony and Donovan are quick to their feet, and Donovan goes for a clothesline attempt but Harmony ducks and hits the ropes, planting Donovan face first with a wheelbarrow DDT on her return! Donovan tries to hurry to his feet, but Harmony attacks as soon as he's vertical, bringing him down spine first across her knees with a Lungblower! Donovan flops to the mat and Harmony rolls him over then hops to her feet and lands a standing moonsault before hooking the leg ...

ONE...

TWO...

THR-KICKOUT!

DDK:

Harmony with an impressive offense that almost earned her the three count!

Angus:

That's twice he's been between her legs now. What has a guy gotta do to get in on that action?!

DDK:

Not be a slimeball?

Harmony lets out a frustrated sigh before she tries to pull Donovan up to his feet, but Donovan counters with a jawbreaker that sends the champion staggering into the ropes. Shaking the cobwebs off, Donovan charges at Harmony, only to be sent sailing out to the floor below as the champion pulls the middle rope down! Donovan hits the floor with a thud and Ferrari begins to count, but she's interrupted as Harmony goes for a double foot kick through the ropes, only for Donovan to scout the move and dodge to the side, pulling her feet to make her slam spine first into the floor!

Ferrari begins her count again as Donovan hits Harmony with a stiff kick to the side of the head as she sits up then drags her to her feet by her curls and drives her spine first into the ring apron! The champion crumples to the floor, wailing in agony as Ferrari's count gets to five and Donovan kicks Harmony square in the chest. She coughs and gasps for air as Donovan pulls her back up to her feet then grabs hold of her hand and pulls her into a lariat! Ferrari's count reaches eight and Donovan rolls himself in then straight back out of the ring, making Ferrari restart the count!

DDK:

Damnit Donovan, get her back in the ring!

Angus:

You can't win the championship out here, it's not falls count anywhere!

DDK:

Something tells me this is becoming about punishing Harmony!

Donovan drags Harmony up to her feet again then throws her into the ring steps left shoulder first, making the champion cry out in pain at more punishment being inflicted upon her already damaged shoulder! Harmony sits with her back against the ring steps and Donovan spots an opportunity, ignoring Ferrari's pleas to bring it back in the ring and taking a run up to hit a huge dropkick, sending Harmony's head slamming back into the ring steps!

Ferrari's count hits seven as Donovan drags Harmony back up by her curls, throwing her limp form under the bottom rope before he hops onto the apron and climbs into the ring, pausing for a moment to check Harmony is in the right position before he begins to climb the turnbuckle. Donovan gets to the top rope and takes a second to get his balance before he leaps off and lands a corkscrew moonsault, landing directly across a prone Harmony! Donovan hooks the leg ...

ONE...**TWO...****THRE-NO! KICKOUT!****DDK:**

What a close call!

Angus:

Thank god she kicked out!

Donovan slams his fists into the canvas in rage, screaming at Ferrari that it should have been a three count before he makes another cover, pushing his forearm into Harmony's face ...

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Harmony rolls over to prevent another pin attempt as Donovan slams his fists into the canvas once more before he climbs to his feet and drags Harmony into the set up for the Canadian Destroyer! Donovan pauses the soak in the hatred from the crowd in the Wrestle-Plex, but it turns out to be a bad decision as Harmony lifts Donovan up and over, sending him crashing onto his back on the canvas!

Slightly wobbly on her feet, Harmony grabs Donovan by the feet and wraps his legs around her own, looking for The Fermata, but she can't seem to get the bridge in place with her damaged shoulder! Donovan manages to drag himself to the ropes and grab hold of the bottom, making Ferrari call for the break of the hold!

DDK:

And there was the pay off of Donovan working the shoulder. Harmony could not get the bridge in place to finish off her finishing move.

Angus:

God damnit, I wanted to see down her top.

Donovan charges at Harmony, swinging for a lariat but the champion ducks underneath it and hits the ropes, coming back to Donovan as the pair both hit each other with a hard clothesline that takes them both down to the mat! Ferrari has no choice but to start counting as neither competitor is moving! The crowd in the Wrestle-Plex begin to get louder and louder to try and will Harmony on and it seems to work as she begins to show signs of life as Ferrari's count reaches five. Donovan begins to come to life as well but the champion gets to her feet first and goes to pull Donovan up, only for the challenger to pull her down into a small package ...

ONE...

TWO...

THR-KICKOUT!

Both competitors scramble to get up first to get the advantage and Donovan manages it, hitting Harmony with a stiff knee to the midsection before throwing her into the corner and charging for an attack, but the champion gets both feet up and connects with Donovan's jaw! Donovan turns away from the corner, staggered and bent over, and Harmony takes the opportunity to leap onto his back and hit a Leg Trap Sunset Flip Powerbomb, keeping hold of his legs on the mat to make the cover ...

ONE...

TWO...

THREE-NO! KICKOUT!

DDK:

What a move from Harmony and she was so close to retaining!

Angus:

So near and yet so far.

Harmony drags Donovan back up to his feet, but he breaks out of her grip and starts to hit her with strike after strike, backing her into the ropes to throw her across the ring. Harmony hits the ropes and ducks underneath Donovan's attempt at a clothesline to hit the ropes again, this time rebounding and wrapping Donovan up into a crucifix hold to drop him on his head with the Staccato Driver!

DDK:

STACCATO DRIVER! Harmony does not pull that out very often!

Angus:

Unlike myself, who pulls out every time. HIYO!

Harmony hurries to make the cover ...

ONE...**TWO...****THREE!!****Darren Quimbey:**

And the winner of the match, by pinfall... and STILL your Southern Heritage Champion, HARRRMOOONY!

The bell rings and Ferrari retrieves the SOHER Championship from the ring attendant, presenting it to Harmony before raising her left hand in victory, the defending champion pulling her arm away in pain almost immediately. She apologises to Ferrari who does the same, asking her if she wants to get the arm checked out before backing away as Harmony refuses, the champion using her good arm to lift the title belt high before the fans in the Wrestle-Plex.

DDK:

One hell of a hard fought defense from Harmony who pulled out all of the stops to put away Jake Donovan tonight!

Angus:

That Staccato Driver is a real thing of beauty and Jake Donovan won't forget about it anytime soon!

DDK:

I'm sure he won't, partner.

Angus:

So what's next, Keebs?

DDK:

The battle between Eric Dane and the Brothers Murray continues to rage, but first we go backstage where the Brothers are standing by before their match... coming up next!

LEGACY

A DEFIANCE backdrop hangs from the wall. The Murray Brothers are ready to go.

The setting's simplistic, barebones, and uncomplicated.

It's *perfect*.

Andy Murray:

I respect legacy. Let's get that out of the way nice and early. I recognise anybody who's ever found the guts to lace-up and step through the ropes, *especially* those who've dedicated their lives to it. But while I always admire *the wrestler*, I can't always say the same about *the man*...

Andy's fired-up and ready to go. Dressed for a fight and as animated as he's ever been in his twenty-plus year career, he speaks with true urgency.

Andy Murray:

Eric Dane! I can buy and sell men like you. No class! No dignity! No respect! You may be one in a million inside the ring, but you're a dime a dozen outside. This sport is littered with men who've lied and cheated their way to the top, and there's nothing special about you. *NOTHING*.

The emphasis on that last word carries it down the corridor.

Andy Murray:

You might have one of the grandest resumés of your generation -- of *OUR* generation -- but here's the thing: *so do I*. Championships, awards, accolades: we've both had 'em, Eric. We've both made it to the mountain top. We've both reached the pinnacle of this business, and as much as I want to, I can't take that away from you.

He shakes his head.

Andy Murray:

But I believe that the journey is far more important than the destination. You might be The Only Star... you might be The Big Bad of DEFIANCE, but you've never met a shortcut you didn't wanna take. You've politicked, connived and cheated your way to everything you have, and you might *feel* like a millionaire, but you ain't worth a dollar to me!

Skin reddening, sweat forming, eyes widening: the elder Murray is like a coiled spring. His energy practically leaps through the camera lens.

Andy Murray:

My brother and I? We worked *hard* for this. We *fought* our way to this position! We scratched, clawed and *dragged* our way to everything we have, and we take *nothing* for granted... *especially* the opportunity to face you and Bobby tonight.

Enter Cayle.

Cayle Murray:

Do you remember the old *you*, Bobby? Because I do.

The younger sibling takes his brother's place as the shot's main focus. He balances his weight, takes a deep breath, then looks dead into the camera.

Cayle Murray:

I remember the thrills and spills, the fun and games, the jokes, the antics, the laughs. I remember when you *stood out*, Bobby. No matter how seriously you took this business, you had a lane of your own. You had an identity. *You meant something*.

Cayle snorts his displeasure.

Cayle Murray:

But you let the snake sink his fangs into you. You let the poison into your veins and slowly but surely, you started losing everything that made you special. Now? You're just a footnote on Eric Dane's legacy, and that's not just disappointing: it's sad. You've been corrupted by The Big Bad. You probably think this is your ticket to the top, your bypass to success, but lemme tell you first-hand, Bobby: trading your soul for the spotlight rarely pays-off and if you think Dane gives a damn about you, you're dead wrong.

There's still some faint scarring on Cayle's forehead. The signs of Dane and Dean's brutal attack remains brutally apparent, both physically and mentally. A man known for his ethics and good nature *drips* with intensity like never before.

Cayle Murray:

Eric, Bobby: you've pushed me around. You've insulted and abused me. You've disrespected who I am and everything I've ever done. You've jumped me from behind and put me in the hospital, and tonight... it all comes back around.

He claps his hands together. Andy joins his side.

Cayle Murray:

We're gonna show you exactly what we're made of. It's not cowardice or greed: it's fire, passion, and sheer force of will.

Cut.

BROTHERS MURRAY vs ERIC DANE & BOBBY DEAN

Angus:

Well now. *This* is gonna be interesting, especially after that impassioned little speech...

DDK:

That's putting it mildly, Angus. Up next we've got The Murray Brothers taking-on "Beautiful" Bobby Dean and The BAWS himself, Eric Dane, in what may turn-out to be one of the most-heated matches of 2016 thus far.

Angus:

In which the Brothers Murray get folded-up, packed into a shipping crate, and thrown onto the next flight back to Scotland by the Big Bad and his able accomplice.

DDK:

The Murrays have only been here since February, but that's a lot more to this match than two months of head-bashing and insult-trading. The bad blood between Dane and Cayle stretches way back to mid-2015, and I don't think it's even close to coming to a head.

Angus:

I disagree, Keebs. The Murrays are spirited competitors, and I respect Big Andy's legacy of hossness as much as the next guy, but these guys have flown waaaaay too close to the sun. Andy's done nothing but pester Dane since he got here, and The Baws already has a pre-made reason to wanna tear Cayle's throat-out. Tonight's the night these Scotsmen realise they've bitten-off way more than they can chew.

DDK:

I think you're grossly underestimating the Murrays here, Angus. Cayle might just be one of the most athletically gifted wrestlers of this generation, and Andy's background speaks for itself. They--

Angus:

That's great, Keebs, but they're facing the *GODDAMN* Only Star. They're facing Eric *FUCKING* Dane in his own yard! Then there's Bobby Dean: a jester, but a genuinely dangerous competitor under Dane's tutelage. Cayle's fluke roll-up victory over Dane back in Mormon Country only made his opponents *angrier*, and this inevitable match a whole lot more dangerous.

DDK:

But that works both ways. Andy asked Dane for a match as soon as he got here, and Dane refused. Then Eric & Bobby hospitalised Cayle while Andy was out wrestling. Then Sean Jackson shows-up on the scene, and the Murray Brothers feel overlooked and undersold. They're just as fired-up for this match as their opponents, Angus, and I think we've got a potential classic on our hands. Regardless, we're about ready to take it to ringside...

Cut away from the announce table. Darren Quimbey's stood in the centre of the ring, primed and ready.

Darren Quimbey:

The following tag team contest is set for one fall...

The houselights drop as the last word leaves Quimbey's lips. A pounding drumline and wobbling synthesisers play through the PA system and the DEFtron lights-up with a series of fast-moving career highlights.

♪ "Get Busy" by The Roots ♪

The track's thick, distorted bassline rumbles throughout the building and the lights get to flashing. Andy and Cayle burst enthusiastically from the curtain and take their place on the stage; Cayle dropping to one knee, Andy standing tall. They raise their arms and point skywards as three pyrotechnic blasts shoot-up either side of them before one giant blast brings the lights back up.

Black track jackets, black tights, black boots: the attire's almost identical, except Cayle's detailing is red and Andy's is gold. They begin their descent to the ring: Cayle takes point and slaps hands with the fans, while his elder brother follows closely behind.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... hailing from ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND, and weighing in at a combined weight of Five Hundred pounds... this is **ANDY AND CAYLE... THE MURRRRRRAAAAAYYYYYY BROOOOTTTTHHHHEEEEEERRRRRRSSSSSSS!**

DDK:

You can almost feel the passion seeping out of these two Scotsmen tonight, Angus! They live and die for this business: Andy's been at it for 21 years, and his brother 16! Now they're stepping-out on the most competitive wrestling stage on planet Earth, and they're more than ready to go.

Angus:

These guys have wrestled all around the world, but there's no place like DEFIANCE, and there's nothing -- *nothing* -- like facing Eric Dane inside a DEFIANCE ring. Cayle in-particular might have an idea of what he's in for tonight, but he hasn't got a fucking clue.

DDK:

Cayle and Dane have wrestled before, but you're right. This is DEFIANCE. This is the house that The Only Star built. Dane can get away with anything he wants under this roof, and the Murrys are gonna have to draw on *ALL* of their skills and experience to win tonight.

The two Scots roll into the ring and take to opposite corners, before throwing their arms in the air in one last pre-match salute to The Faithful. Soon they're hopping down and moving towards their corner, with Andy issuing some last-minute instructions to Cayle as he pulls the jacket from his shoulders.

DDK:

Andy is always looking out for his younger brother. We see it every single week, and we're seeing it again tonight. Cayle is a remarkable wrestler in his own right, but there's no substitute for experience.

Angus:

Big brother can't always be around to keep him safe, though. Squidboy might have the skill and technique, but he can't use Andy as a crutch if he's gonna survive in DEFIANCE. He's a nice, respectable young man: that's great, but it won't get him anywhere in *this* company.

The lights drop.

The bass kicks.

♪ *Heavy is the Head that Wears the Crown* ♪

Angus:

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAW SHIT!

The riff, all full of bass (and in your face... at the place) heralds the coming of the owner and founder of DEFIANCE, and the Faithful are quick to their feet, as if they weren't already up, and showering the as yet unseen End Boss with enough adulation to make a grown man cry.

Like Bobby Dean.

A single tear rolls down his rosy cheek as he steps out into the ringside area and takes it all in. Eric Dane is everything Bobby Dean ever wanted to be but was too hungry to put in the effort.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents...

The Only Star pops out from behind the curtain and the crowd redouble their efforts. He pats Bobby Dean on the chest and points all around at the four thousand strong chanting his name before leading his partner onward to war.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at a combined weight of Six Hundred and Eight and One-half pounds...

Angus:

I call bullshit!

DDK:

On what?

Angus:

Bobby Dean weighing less than four hundred pounds! We know the boss is coming in at a slim, trim, destined for quim two-forty, so that leaves Bobby at... uh...

DDK:

Three-Sixty-Eight and a half.

Angus:

Right! And I call bullshit.

Darren Quimbey:

They are **BOBBY DEAN** and **ERIIIIIIIIIIIC DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!**

And the crowd goes wild.

(er)

Dane and Dean, all business, make their way quickly down to the ringside area. The Only Star climbs the steps and wipes his feet on the apron while "Beautiful" Bobby rolls under the bottom rope and pulls himself up mightily with the help of the ropes and the referee.

Angus:

Here we go, Keebs, This is big time wrestling right here!

DDK:

You can say that again!

A face-off ensues. The Murray Brothers and the BBD/Eric Dane tandem stand firm in their respective corners, eyeing each other with care. Andy, after a few moments, nods down at his sibling, prompting him to leave the ring.

DDK:

Looks like Big Andy's starting this one off.

The King focuses his attention solely on Eric Dane. He looks The Only Star dead in the eye, then raises a hand and becomes for him to "come get some."

Angus:

Confirmed: Andy Murray has a deathwish.

DDK:

He's wanted a piece of Eric Dane since the day he got here, and that desire's only been amplified since the forking incident.

A few seconds pass, before a wry smile starts creeping its way across Eric's weathered features. He calls for Bobby Dean to leave the ring, and the bell rings as soon as The Name That Entertains grabs the tag rope.

DDK:

Here we go! Looks like Andy's wish has been granted!

Angus:

Sit yourselves down and prepare for for an evisceration, ladies and gents!

DDK:

These are two of the most decorated athletes in the *history* of our sport, Angus, but they've never crossed paths in the squared circle. That's all about to change.

Murray returns Dane's smile with one of his own before taking a few steps towards the centre of the ring. Eric does the same but stops just short of lock-up distance.

Angus:

I'm not denying that Andy is an excellent wrestler with an excellent resumé, but he's done nothing but poke and prod Dane since he got here. *HUGE* mistake, Keebs. Dane's dangerous enough without giving him a reason.

The circling commences. Andy takes a couple steps to his left. Dane does the same. The Scot tests the waters by putting a hand out for the greco roman knuckle lock, but Dane doesn't oblige him. Instead, Eric switches it up by stepping his circle to the right, waiting patiently for an opening.

DDK:

These opening stages might pan-out like a purist's dream, Angus. These two are both renowned students of the game, and their fundamentals are flawless.

Andy takes a step forward and raises his arms for a collar-and-elbow, but Dane evades with a sidestep. As Dane passes an inaudible comment to his opponent, Andy steps back, ups his dukes, and calls The Only Star forward once again.

Eric obliges by stepping forward... then shaking his head, turning quickly, and slapping Bobby Dean's outstretched hand.

Angus:

Ha! So much for Andy Murray's big moment. Expert trolling from The Baws...

DDK:

Heh, can't say I'm surprised.

In comes Bobby Dean, and Andy's face turns sour almost immediately. As Dane smiles mockingly from his corner, Murray comes forward quickly, but finds BBD no more willing to engage.

DDK:

Andy and Bobby, here we go.

Unfortunately, Bobby lacks the speed (obviously...) to evade Andy for too long, and soon the two of them are tied-up in

the middle. Andy's superior technique wins-out, and he transitions fluidly into a side headlock, gripping his arm tightly around Bobby's skull. Dean loosens the grip with a few shots to Andy's back, then wriggles his head free and pushes Murray to the ropes for separation.

DDK:

Bobby finds a way out of Andy's clutches, but for how long? Here comes Andy again...

The King goes for another tie-up...

Eric Dane:

Now!

.. and Bobby slaps him *hard* across the cheek as he moves in! Bobby's first reaction is to laugh hysterically, but that soon changes when Andy looks back-up with a face full of thunder.

Angus:

Uh-oh!

BBD tries to retreat, but Andy comes forward far too quickly and cracks him with a forearm. Another shot follows, then another, before Murray eventually whips Bobby into the corner. BBD lands back-first. Andy charges, but Bobby counters by raising an elbow that Big Murr runs right into. The King staggers away and Bobby grabs his wrist, but Murray fires back by spinning round with a huge roaring elbow that almost knocks Dean's block off.

DDK:

I don't think that slap's paying too many dividends for Bobby at the moment, Angus! Andy just hammered him!

Angus:

It pissed him off, Keebs, and now Andy's fighting angry. That's never a good idea against opponents as crafty as these two.

Bobby's back in the corner, and Andy unloads with a punishing knife-edge chop against his oversized chest. BBD curls-over in pain, but Murray stands him straight back up and slaps him with another chop, before letting the hurting Dean stumble out of the corner.

DDK:

Good start here from the veteran, and Bobby really doesn't want to endure any more of those chops. I could feel them over here!

Andy grabs Bobby in a belly-to-back position and pulls back. Before he can pull him into the air, however, Bobby hooks his boot around Andy's, then throws a back elbow that catches Andy's temple. Murray releases the hold, and after taking a few moments to recover from the chops, Bobby punches him square in the gut and follows-up by whipping him across the ring. Murray ducks Bobby's clothesline on the rebound, and quickly skips behind to wrap his arm around his opponent's throat.

DDK:

Sleeper hold! Andy's working to take the wind from Bobby's sails.

Angus:

There's not much wind to begin with, Keebs. Bobby Dean is *NOT* an athletic wonder, that should be apparent from looking at him. Andy can seriously hinder him by taking away what little cardio he has early-on.

At first, Bobby clamps his hands around Andy's arm to try and release the hold. Murray's technique is just too precisely, however, and Dean soon finds himself failing. Instead, BBD goes to one of his biggest advantages: his weight. He leans back at first, then suddenly forces himself down to the mat. The impact causes a slip in the hold, and Bobby's able to roll free.

Angus:

Heh, I suppose that's one way to do it.

Andy gets to his feet first and watches his slower opponent pull himself up with the aid of the ropes. He moves back into action and turns Bobby around, but a quick eye poke stops Murray before he can do anything else. Bobby follows-up with a couple of closed fists before scooping the Scot up and slamming him into the mat. Cayle Murray calls something to his brother, catching Bobby's attention, and BBD responds with a shit-eating grin and a wave.

DDK:

Bobby Dean has developed a real nasty streak since teaming-up with Eric Dane, Angus. The Only Star's influence is really rubbing-off on him, and he's using some of his partner's old tricks to take control here.

Angus:

I'm not sure Eric will like Bobby letting Cayle distract him here, but yeah. Bobby Dean's always gonna be Bobby Dean: there's always gonna be a degree of buffoonery about the guy, but he's a *LOT* more dangerous now than six months ago.

Andy starts rising, and Bobby slows this by grabbing his head and throwing a knee to the gut. Bobby goes for a bionic elbow to the double-over Murray, but Andy applies a grip around Bobby's waist and surges him back into the corner! A European uppercut follows, before pulls Bobby closer to the middle of the ring and applies the front facelock. Grabbing a handful of waistband, Andy hoists Bobby into the air with a strained grunt, but he doesn't slam him into the mat: he keeps him dangling.

DDK:

Wow, would you look at the strength of Andy Murray! That's a near-400lb man, and Murray's just got him *hanging* there!

Angus:

That'll do Murray's lower back the world of good, I'm sure.

Finally, Andy completes the hanging vertical suplex by dropping Bobby to the mat. The Scot scuttles over and hooks the leg.

ONE...

TWO...

Kick-out!

DDK:

So the first pin attempt goes to the Murrays. What do you think of the match thus far, Angus?

Angus:

I'm just waiting for The Baws to get in there and wreck shop, honestly. That's what this match is all about.

DDK:

He doesn't exactly look to eager to get involved at the moment, though. I don't think Dane wants anything to do with Andy Murray tonight!

Angus:

Have you been drinking, Keebs? It's a strategy. Bobby and Eric are playing a frustration game with the big oaf. He knows that these do-gooders often fight with their hearts over their heads, and he's trying to draw that out of them.

The King rolls off of Bobby Dean then hops to his feet. His eyes meet with Dane's once more, and as Bobby slowly starts to recover, Andy calls for The Only Star to join him in the ring.

Eric Dane?

He flips Andy the middle finger, then hops down from the apron. A frowning Murray shakes his head.

Angus:

See? It's working...

Andy readjusts his focus and goes back to work on Bobby Dean. This time he pushes BBD into a seated position, clamps his hands beneath his chin, and pulls back. Andy pushes a knee between Bobby's shoulder blades as he holds onto the chinlock.

DDK:

There are those fundamentals at work. Murray might be known for his spectacular power game, but he's a very, very balanced wrestler.

Time passes. Bobby raises his hands and blindly claws away, hoping to catch Andy's eyes, but The King combats this by unlocking his fingers, slipping one arm under Bobby's jaw, then another beneath his arm.

DDK:

A half nelson sleep-- hey! Wait a minute!

THUD!

That's the sound of Cayle Murray's head hitting the apron when Eric Dane hooks his feet away and yanks him down.

Angus:

Yes!

Cayle falls to the floor, and Dane throws a few boots into his gut for good measure. Distracted by the commotion, Andy leaps to his feet and barrels towards the ropes, which draws the grinning Only Star away from Cayle and back round towards his corner.

Angus:

That's what I'm talking about! Andy watched Dane hop down from the apron, but he was so focused on Bobby that he didn't even notice him creeping round the outside towards Squidboy!

DDK:

Sly work from Eric Dane, and Andy Murray is *not* happy about it!

Sure enough, Andy looks close to furious. He leans over the top rope and hurls a verbal volley at The Only Star, who raises his hands innocently and walks slowly away. Eventually, Andy moves back away from the ropes... only for Bobby to spin him round, kick him hard in the shin, then level him with a clothesline!

Angus:

Boom, down goes Andy! This guy is fighting waaaay too emotionally, Keebs! You saw it in his little pre-match speech, and you're seeing it right here, right now!

DDK:

A moment's lapse is all it took, and look at this, Angus! Somebody wants to get in on the action all of a sudden!

Dane's climbed back onto the apron. He's leaning over the top rope and calling for Bobby to bring Andy to him -- which he does, before tagging The Only Star in. The building fills with anticipation as Eric steps through the ropes. He and double double stomp Andy in the corner until Murray slides down to the bottom 'buckle.

Angus:

Here comes The Baws! If the tide hasn't already turned, it's about to!

Eric keeps stomping away on Andy as Bobby leaves the ring. When he's finally satisfied with the damage done, Dane turns, takes a few steps back, then knocks Andy square in the head with a running knee! He doesn't relent, however, and immediately presses his boot into Andy's throat *hard*.

The referee's count reaches four, and Dane breaks away *just* before it hits five. He turns away from the elder Murray and turns to Cayle, who has worked his way back to the apron. Dane stretches his arms out by his sides and taunts the younger sibling, who can only watch.

DDK:

The gameplan seems to be working thus far. Eric and Bobby have used cunning to take control of the match, and they've got Andy exactly where they want him. Let's see if they can keep him in the corner.

Angus:

He's not going anywhere, Keebs.

The Only Star goes back to Murray and lifts him back to his full height. Though Andy stands a good few inches taller than Eric, Dane keeps control and pushes him back against the turnbuckles. One chop hits, then another, and another... the time between them lessening with every repetition, until Dane's hand and forearm are but a blur.

DDK:

Machine gun chops! Andy Murray is in trouble!

Dane eventually peels away as Andy doubles over. He blindly swings his hand for a tag, but it's a fresh air swipe. Bobby's hand is nowhere to be seen, but Eric soon locates his partner after a quick scan.

Angus:

... Jesus Christ, Bobby!

DDK:

Is he...?!

Angus:

Yes, Keebs. He's eating a fan's hot dog...

Bobby's eyes go wide when he realises Dane has seen him, but he knows what to do right away. He drops what remains of the hot dog to the floor, climbs up, and tags the scowling Dane's hand. Eric shakes his head as Bobby re-enters the ring and boots Andy in the gut.

DDK:

Some things'll never change, I guess...

BBD takes Andy away from the corner momentarily, then pushes him back against the ropes. He applies a rough two-handed choke that's quickly separated by the referee, before stepping forward and kneeing Murray. Finally, Bobby throws the head under the arm and pulls back for a suplex of his own, but Andy denies the leverage by dropping to one knee

DDK:

Andy blocks the suplex, but Bobby takes control of his arm.

Applying the wristlock, Bobby wrenches hard on Andy's arm. He can't prevent the big man from rising, however, and as soon as he's on his feet, Murray's pulling Bobby close and grabbing him. The King suddenly pulls back with all his might...

DDK:

Belly-to-belly! Wow! Bobby Dean just went *flying* across the ring!

Angus:

I think I saw the ring shake, Keebs!

DDK:

Another impressive display of strength by Andy Murray, and here comes the tag!

It takes a moment or two for Andy to recover, but he's soon leaping forward and bringing Cayle into the match.

Angus:

Unleash the Squidboy!

Cayle Murray sprints out of his corner and nails the seated Bobby Dean with a sliding lariat! Hopping back to his feet, Cayle dashes quickly to the ropes, rebounds, then *flies* with a running shooting star press!

DDK:

What a move! And now the cover!

ONE...**TWO...****No! Bobby gets a shoulder-up!****DDK:**

Explosive start from Cayle Murray!

But it's not to last. Before Cayle can get up, Eric Dane grabs his boot and hauls him out of the ring. The Only Star throws a forearm but Cayle ducks beneath it, then superkicks Dane square in the gut!

Angus:

Oh dear, Squidman! That was not a wise move!

DDK:

He was defending himself, Angus! Dane pulled him out of the ring!

As Dane crumples, Cayle quickly leaps up on the apron and takes a couple of steps back. He stomps his boot into the mat once, twice, thrice, clearly looking to launch himself at his greatest professional foe, but Bobby Dean pulls him around! Bobby grabs Cayle and hauls him over the top rope... but Murray lands on his feet!

Angus:

What the... is this guy a cat?!

DDK:

He's a squid, remember?

Cayle again takes to the ropes. Bobby turns, but he can't avoid the dropkick that Cayle comes back with. He has the ropes to keep him on his feet and stomps angrily back at Cayle, who darts beyond him, hops onto the ropes and springboards back...

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD DDT! Wow! What athleticism from Cayle Murray!

Cayle crawls onto Bobby and hooks the leg.

ONE...

TWO...

No! Kick-out!

DDK:

What a great start for Cayle Murray! This guy is absolute lightning when he's in full flow!

Angus:

It doesn't help that Bobby moves like a glacier.

Feeling the adrenaline, Cayle hops to his feet and starts pulling Bobby up with him. Once both are on their feet, Cayle attacks with a couple of elbows and a spinning back kick to Bobby's ample gut. BBD stumbles backwards, Cayle hits the ropes...

... and Eric Dane's elbow hits the back of Cayle's skull.

Angus:

Ha! I *told* you that superkick was a mistake!

Cayle staggers, then turns around holding his head. Dane meets eyes with him, and the distraction gives Bobby time to roll Murray up from behind.

DDK:

School boy!

ONE...

TWO...

No! Kick-out!

DDK:

That was close!

Cayle gets to his feet as Bobby straightens himself out. Knowing a lock-up would be foolish, Cayle elects to charge at Bobby Dean... who telegraphs his next move, and *DRIVES* Murray down with a scoop powerslam!

Angus:

There we go! Bobby might not be a technical wizard, but there's no doubt that he's sharpened his game under Dane's tutelage!

DDK:

Speaking of Dane...

Tag. In comes The Only Star.

Angus:

And if you think Andy was desperate to get his hands on Dane, wait 'til you see how eager Eric is to murder Squidboy!

Dane's furious stomps prevent Cayle Murray from rising. Eric relents after a few seconds, but only to let Cayle get to all fours so he can soccer kick him right in the gut! Murray falls onto his back, and Dane drops an elbow across his throat

before hopping to his feet and smirking at Andy Murray.

Angus:

Let's not beat around the bush: The Baws straight-up *HATES* Cayle Murray. He's waited a long time to settle his score with the honourable little cheeseball and it's not gonna be pretty, Keebs.

DDK:

These two are water and oil, Angus. Cayle's mantra is built on dignity and nobility, and Dane's is based upon success at all costs. I don't know if their differences can be settled in a tag match, but we're about to find-out!

Eric keeps Cayle grounded. He pulls one of the younger Murray's legs up from the mat, then stomps down hard on the knee joint, then repeats the act a couple more times. Dane follows-up by dropping an elbow across the knee, adjusting himself on the mat, and applying a tight kneebar.

Angus:

If Eric Dane decides to focus on Cayle's knees, you'd better go ahead and call ahead for some crutches. The guy is a surgeon in the ring, as Cayle Murray both already knows and is about to find out again!

The Only Star wrenches tightly, twisting and pulling Cayle's knee in all kinds of unpleasant directions. Murray wails in pain and digs his elbows into the mat, trying to drag himself to the ropes.

DDK:

Doesn't look like he's gonna get the chance!

Desperate boots collide with Dane's body, but Cayle lacks the leverage to do significant damage from his position. He throws his head back: the rope's only a few more giant heaves away, but barbs of molten pain shoot through his body every time he moves.

Angus:

Uh-uh! No way Cayle Murray has the testicular fortitude to get to the ropes!

But there's no choice. Cayle *HAS* to fight. Encouraged by his brother's calls, he *FINALLY* reaches the bottom rope. Dane obviously keeps the kneebar synched for a few seconds longer than necessary, but he eventually breaks.

DDK:

And of course Dane takes full advantage of the referees five count!

Angus:

And why wouldn't he?

Dane climbs to his feet and looks Andy Murray in the eye, flashing the Scot a wink. Andy puts one foot through the ropes but retracts almost immediately, electing to try and talk his brother back to life rather than fall for Dane's goading. The Only Star, meanwhile, rolls Cayle onto his stomach, lifts his leg up, then *drives* the knee in the mat.

DDK:

I'm starting to be fearful of permanent damage to that knee!

Angus:

I fuckin' told ya...

With Cayle immobilised, Dane drags him across the ring and over to his corner. Bobby's actually paying attention this time, and he's ready when Dane tags him in. Without a moment's hesitation, BBD uses his boot to roll Cayle onto his back. He then hops into the air and comes crashing down with a big splash!

ONE...

TWO...

No! Cayle with the shoulder-up!

DDK:

HE GOT OUT!

Angus:

Not this time, Bobbo!

Bobby starts pulling Murray to his feet. Cayle connects with a gut punch, slowing Bobby for a moment, but Dean halts any attempted comeback with a knee to the forehead. Cayle falls back down again and Bobby, after "running" the ropes, drops one of his tree-trunk legs across a Scottish torso.

DDK:

JESUS! Mary and Joseph!

Angus:

Plus another hundred and fifty pounds and you got Bobby Dean. Ha!

ONE...

TWO...

Another kick-out!

Satisfied that he's worn Cayle out enough (or maybe hankering for another hot dog), Bobby takes to his feet and tags Dane back in. The Only Star re-enters and swiftly puts a boot to Cayle's gut.

DDK:

You know I could admonish Eric Dane all night long for his tactics, but if you watch with an unbiased eye you can see he's using simple, time tested, WRESTLING psychology! He's marked his target, cut the ring off, and he and Bobby have been waylaying the younger Murray here.

Angus:

That's why he's the End Boss, Darren.

Murray's on the mat, and Dane's walking back and forth, stalking his pray.

Eric Dane:

Get up!

DDK:

I don't know, maybe he should stay down at this point...

Angus:

Who, Cayle? The Biggest Goody-Two-Shoes this side of Dusty Griffith? HELLZ NAW! Get up and take your beating like a man you salad-headed schmuck!

Cayle struggles to his knees. He reaches out for the ropes and pulls himself up, but clearly winces when he puts weight on his right knee.

The Only Star's fed-up of waiting for Murray to face him. He pulls him round, boots him in the stomach, then throws his head under his arm.

DDK:

This could be it!

Dane lifts Murray into the sky, but Cayle's been here before. He knows what's about to happen.

Angus:

STAAAAAAAAAARDRIIIIIIIIIIIY-

Cayle throws his good knee downwards. It connects with Dane's skull, and before The Only Star can complete the Stardriver, Cayle fluidly rolls his body down with the knee's impact before rolling Dane through and putting his shoulders to the mat.

DDK:

SMALL PACKAGE!

ONE...**TWO...****NOOOOOO! Big kick-out!****Angus:**

Not today, clownshoes!

Infuriated, Eric Dane leaps out of the pin attempt and up to his feet. He attacks like a whirlwind, burying Cayle beneath a flurry of boots, then pulling him up, setting him against the ropes and chopping his chest. The Only Star finishes with a brutal kick to Cayle's buckling knee, before taking Cayle's boot and snapping him down with a dragon screw.

DDK:

Look at that TECHNIQUE! A Dragon Screw is one thing, but a Dragon Screw as performed by Eric Dane can separate tissue from bone!

Angus:

Snap, crackle, pop!

Instead of pinning, Dane rises to his feet once again, dusting his heads off as he goes. He gives Cayle a few moments to recover. The younger Murray shakes the pain away and crawls towards Andy, who reaches frantically over the top rope.

Before Cayle gets too close, however, Dane climbs over his grounded body and kicks Andy Murray's hand away, before stomping down brutally on Cayle's fingers!

DDK:

He's just playing with them now!

Angus:

Damn right he is!

DDK:

He'd better keep his head in the game, Angus, we've seen this kind of chicanery backfire before!

Angus:

Yeah, maybe from the likes of Eugene Dewey or Bronson Box, but this is ERIC MOTHERFRIGGIN' DANE We're talkin' about!

Andy's seething. Dane's in his element. Knowing he's in complete control, The Only Star slowly drags Cayle back to hostile waters. He props Cayle up in his corner, but doesn't tag Bobby in quite yet. Instead, he puts a hand around Murray's throat and barks something inaudible in his ear before pulling away and slapping him across the cheek.

DDK:

YOWZA~

Angus:

DWAAAAM!

A second slap follows, then a third. Suddenly, Cayle storms out of the corner and presses his forehead into Dane's. The adrenaline makes the pain in his knee bearable, and the next time Dane slaps him, Cayle answers with one of his own!

DDK:

Uh-oh! Here we go!

Angus:

This is a mistake! You watch!

Dane recoils momentarily, then springs the trap. As soon as Cayle hobbles towards him, Dane sweeps his legs out from under him, pulls the leg up and boots him hard in the knee! Keeping his grip, Eric pulls Murray back to the corner again and tags Bobby back in.

Angus:

TOLDJA SO! POOFTER!

BBD immediately stomps the knee a couple of times, but limb work isn't exactly his forte. He's soon pulling Cayle back and smacking him right in the kisser, before snap-maring him back down and booting him hard in the kidneys.

DDK:

Bobby Dean has been particularly vicious tonight!

Angus:

Eric Dane: Champion, Promoter... Motivational Speaker?

Cayle's back arches with pain and Bobby grabs him again. This time, however, Cayle tucks his head beneath BBD's jaw and pulls down on his head! The jawbreaker sends Bobby falling backwards, and buys Cayle some valuable recovery time. Cayle stays knelt and throws his hair back over his head, breathing heavily.

DDK:

Murray's creating some room! This could be his chance!

Feeding-off the buzzing atmosphere, Cayle finds himself on his feet. He straightens the bad knee out a couple of times, then pushes his foot down into the mat to test it out. It just about supports his weight, but there's a clear limp in his step. Nonetheless, Cayle's able to throw the bad leg weakly at the rising BBD. Bobby catches it, but that was the plan all along... Cayle throws his other leg round and the enzuigiri sends Bobby down!

ONE...

TWO...

THR--

NOOOOO!

Angus:

YES! Dane breaks it up!

Dane's boot to Cayle's back stops the pin in the nick of time. He quickly pushes Cayle on his back and starts hammering away.

DDK:

HERE COMES ANDY MURRAY!

Big Murr rushes to Dane like an angry bull to a matador. Dane ducks the big boot, but Andy immediately leaps back at him with an elbow before whipping him across the ring, allowing the rebound, then tossing The Only Star in the air with a back body drop!

DDK:

Down goes Dane!

Angus:

Look out for Bobby Dean!

BBD's back up... but not for long.

DDK:

WHAT A LARIAT!

Bobby hits the mat like a sack of potatoes and a fired-up Andy Murray turns to the crowd and beats his chest.

Angus:

I think Bobby might be dead, Keebs! But what's that big bastard even doing in the ring?! Cayle's the legal man!

DDK:

I think Dane breaking Cayle's pinfall attempt then laying into him gives Andy carte blanche, Angus!

Unfortunately, Andy has his back turned just a moment too long. Eric Dane clobbers him from behind and knocks him to the ropes.

Angus:

Yes!

Dane's unrelenting in his assault. As Andy slumps, Dane goes to his legs and starts chopping the big man down with a flurry of kicks. Murray winces as each strike connects with his thigh but he knuckles down, grits his teeth, and *catches* one of the kicks.

Angus:

No!

Andy throws the short lariat, but Dane ducks...

... and throws his boot up between the big Scot's legs.

DDK:

Dane with the low blow, but him and Andy aren't even legal!

Angus:

This is descending into chaos, Keebs! I love it!

Andy falls to his knees to a collective wince from every male in the building. The Only Star readies himself to inflict further punishment but finds himself pulled round before he can actually do anything.

DDK:

Cayle's up!

Angus:

And Dane's about to rearrange his pretty little face!

Cayle throws the first elbow.

Dane responds.

Cayle, elbow.

Dane, elbow.

Cayle.

Dane.

Cayle.

Dane.

Dane.

DANE.

Eric whips the wobbling Scot to the corner, but Cayle dashes out of the way before The Only Star can follow-up. Dane turns back around in the corner and eats a flying forearm, before Cayle whips him to the opposite corner... and walks right into a Bobby Dean clothesline.

Angus:

And there's the equalizer!

DDK:

This one is spiralling out of control, Angus!

With a handful of hair, Bobby yanks Cayle to his feet then wraps his arms around his waist. BBD pulls Cayle clean off his feet and squeezes like a vice.

DDK:

Bobby Dean with the bearhug, and this one *can* end the match! Bobby and Cayle are still the legal men, remember!

Angus:

So nice of Bobby to offer Squidboy a nice, friendly hug this late into the match, don't you think?

Writhing and kicking at first, Cayle's struggle slowly fades. His thrashings become fewer and farther between, until he finds the inner strength to throw an elbow into Bobby's head, then another.

Seeing the struggle, Dane kneels down in front of Bobby and extends a knee for him to drive Cayle down on. Before he can do this, however, Andy Murray darts onto the scene and sweeps Bobby's legs away.

Cayle falls into a pinning position...

ONE!

... but Dane breaks it almost immediately.

DDK:

Dane practically *TEARS* Cayle off of Bobby! And here comes Andy!

Big Murr throws himself at The Only Star, knocking him back with a shoulder charge. Dane gets steady then flies into the fight, and soon the two are trading blows in the middle. A trademark Murray European uppercut breaks the pattern, and it catches Dane by surprise, giving Andy an opportunity to hoist him up for a spinebuster...

DDK:

Here we go!

... that Dane counters with a blatant eye gouge.

Angus:

Not even almost! HA! Classic Dane!

Meanwhile, in the background, Bobby Dean has flattened Cayle Murray with a belly-to-belly side slam punctuated with a few stomps.

The Only Star slides under the bottom rope but not off of the apron. He stands back up and grabs Andy's head, looking to guillotine his neck across the top rope, but Andy *CRACKS* him with a strong elbow!

DDK:

Here comes Andy, and he's got some AUTHORITY behind that elbow!

A second elbow follows, before Andy grabs Dane's throat to pull him back inside. Unfortunately for him, BBD arrives on the scene and smacks him in the back of the head! This gives Dane the chance to hop off the apron and pull Murray's head down with him as initially planned.

Angus:

Yeah, and now he's got a throat full of top rope.

Andy falls down inside the ring. Outside, Dane's feeling the effects of Big Andy's big strikes, but still has most of his wits about him.

Well, enough to reach down into his boot...

DDK:

Oh no! Not this! Not again!

... and pulls out you-know-what.

Angus:

Oh yes sir! More CLASSIC DANE!

Dane slides the fork under the bottom rope and towards Bobby Dean.

Eric Dane:

Do it!

Gingerly, Bobby kneels down and retrieves the fork from the apron. Andy Murray is knelt over, clutching his throat, struggling for breath.

DDK:

Bobby can't do it, he doesn't have the stomach!

Angus:

HA! Don't make me laugh!

DDK:

Oh for the love of...

Eric Dane:

DO. IT.

Angus:

DO IT BOBBY! DO IT OR FACE THE CONSEQUENCES!

Bobby's eyes widen.

He swallows.

His mouth quivers with uncertainty.

Andy's broad shoulders are right there in front of him, but The King's recovering. He's getting back up.

DDK:

He can't do it!

Time is running out.

Bobby Dean closes his eyes.

He lifts the fork over his head.

Angus:

He's gonna do it! DO IT BOBBY!

... but Cayle Murray dropkicks him from behind!

DDK:

Cayle with the save! He of all people knows what that fork is all about and he doesn't want his brother having to suffer the same fate that he did a few weeks ago!

The fork hits the mat. Bobby wobbles. Eric Dane bashes his fists into the apron and starts to climb back into the ring, but he's not alone.

Angus:

Oh for the love of FUCK! THIS GUY? NOW?

Sean Jackson.

DDK:

SEAN JACKSON IS HERE!

The Lone Star of Texas pulls Eric down from the apron and stands firm, smirking.

Eric Dane? He's about to explode.

Angus:

Dane's gonna KILL him!

The Baws curls a fist with one hand and throws an accusatory finger in Jackson's face with the other. Sean backs away ever so slowly, his sneer never wavering.

DDK:

Jackson is taking Dane out of the game!

But before they can come to blows, Andy Murray's whipped Bobby Dean across the ring. BBD comes back with a slow-moving rebound, but it's enough momentum for Andy to hoist him into the air with the flapjack...

Angus:

NO! NONONO!!!

... and for Cayle to leap-up and catch him with a jaw-crushing European uppercut on the way down.

The charmingly-titled *Shutthefuckuppercut* connects. The opposing forces of Cayle's fist swinging upwards and Bobby's weight falling downwards collide with great impact, and Bobby rolls onto his back.

DDK:

THIS IS IT! BOBBY DEAN IS OUT COLD!

Cayle dives atop Bobby's motionless body.

ONE...**TWO...****THREE!**

Eric Dane had made a last-gasp attempt to get in and disrupt the pin, but he was too late.

Sean Jackson had made sure of that.

The bell rings, The Roots blast, and DQ makes with the formalities.

Darren Quimbey:

Here are your winners, by way of pinfall... **CAYLE AND ANDY... THE MURRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYY
BBBBRRRRROOOOOOOTTTTTTTHHHHHHEEEEEERRRRRSSSSS!**

An exhausted, battered and beaten Cayle Murray punches the air with pure delight, then embraces his elder sibling in the middle of the ring. They break away, and Andy raises his brother's arm into the air.

Angus:

Oh for fuck's sake, what a disgusting display!

DDK:

What are you on about? That was a great win for the Murrays!

Angus:

Are you watching the same shit I am? SEAN JACKSON won that match for the Murrays! As a matter of fact it wouldn't surprise me if Jackson and those two idiots have been planning this ALL ALONG!

DDK:

You're out of your mind!

Outside the ring, a deeply frustrated and thoroughly pissed-off Eric Dane turns his fury away from the ring for a moment, but what he's looking for just isn't there.

He stomps around one side, then glares over to the other.

Angus:

Sean Jackson is going to bleed for this.

Sean Jackson is nowhere to be found.

The Murrys soak-it-up for a few moments more. Their first DEFIANCE pay-per-view has ended in triumph, and the elation is there for all to see on both of their faces.

Eventually, inevitably, they make their exit, slapping hands with fans on either side of the ramp. Dane ends his rage-fuelled search for the departed Sean Jackson and rolls back into the ring, where Bobby Dean has recovered enough to roll onto his stomach.

DDK:

Well, they may have lost, but that's not to say that they didn't look good out there!

Angus:

Look good? Are you high? Who gives a shit about looking good?

Dane paces back and forth. He runs a hand across his stressed head, then stomps his boot down hard into the mat. Watching carefully as Bobby Dean splutters, then slowly moves into a seated position, The Only Star primes himself.

DDK:

Oh no. I don't like that look in Eric's eyes!

BBD doesn't even see it coming. Dane lurches forward like an animal, and the running knee strikes Bobby clean in the side of the head.

Angus:

STARBREAKAAAAAAHHHHH! BOBBY DEAN IS DEAD!

The Starbreaker knocks Bobby Dean's lights out, but Eric Dane isn't sticking around for the aftermath. He immediately bails from the ring and storms up the ramp, cursing and swearing as he goes.

DDK:

I can't believe that!

Angus:

What?! Why?

DDK:

Why would Eric Dane take out his own partner like that?

Angus:

Simple, Keebs, because he let himself get beaten.

DDK:

I... I'm at a loss for words.

Angus:

It's a dog eat dog world in Camp Dane, son, and Bobby Dean just got chewed up and spit out.

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TEAM HOSS vs DUSTY GRIFFITH, FRANK DYLAN JAMES & JASON NATAS

Angus:

I'M DOING THE INTROS FOR THIS ONE, KEEBS...

DDK:

Have at it, my friend.

Angus:

HAAAAAAAAAWWWWWSSSSSSSSFFFFFYYYYYTTTTTEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

Keebler clears his throat.

DDK:

Thanks. This one just has bad blood written all over it. We've seen these battles rage on for months now ever since Team HOSS made their return and singled out Dusty Griffith and Frank Dylan James. More recently, we've been seeing Jason Natas involved in this whirlwind of destruction! Back at ASCENSION, Angel Trinidad defeated Frank Dylan James in a straight-out brawl and Dusty Griffith knocked off Aleczander in what many called the sleeper match of the night! Team HOSS have picked apart these men on several occasions individually, but now that Dusty, FDJ and Natas are a united front now, but will that be enough to overcome one of the strongest groups in DEFIANCE history?

Angus:

HmmmmmmmmmmmmNO. HOSSFITE!!!

DDK:

And as if that weren't enough, we just got some big news dropped earlier today by Kelly Evans! This match will be under Scramble Rules! Unlike your typical tag match where tags are required, all it takes is for somebody to leave the ring and then another person can enter!

And on that note, it's back to ringside with Darren Quimbey for the next match's announcements.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a six-man tag team match and this will be set under Scramble Rules! Introducing first...

♪ *"Tag Team" by Anvil* ♪

It's a song that has not been heard in some time. It was the old theme of the original Team HOSS combination of Angel Trinidad, Aleczander The Great, and Capital Punishment. But with the latter retiring from the ring, Aleczander's new regular tag team partner Jonny Booya had been more than handling his fair share of business aligned with Team HOSS.

Darren Quimbey:

Making their way to the ring, being accompanied by Thomas Keeling, Sr... at a combined weight of EIGHT-HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOUR POUNDS... they are the team of Super Muscle Bros - **ALECZANDER THE GREAT AND JONNY BOOYA...** and "The Biggest AND The Best" ... **ANGEL TRINIDAD!**

With that said, all three men make their way out now with Thomas Keeling, Sr. providing their marching orders to destroy anything in front of them. While The Super Muscle Bros both provide the Best Flex in Wrestling on either side of the ramp, Angel doesn't give a shit about their showmanship. He pops the bone in his neck before all of TEAM HOSS-MB head to the ring.

DDK:

Both SMB and Angel Trinidad look like they all mean business tonight! Some have said Angel has been ducking Dusty Griffith for months and while I do disagree with that, he's gone out of his way to not fight him.

Angus:

Simple. Mayberry is too stupid to learn his place that this new wave of HOSS are running things now and evolution has passed him by. It's that simple.

DDK:

We'll see about that!

Soon the massive collection of brawn makes their way to the ring. Alecz and Booya stopping to make fun of the various booing neckbeards for their lack of physique along the way. Once in the ring, Booya continues to pose and taunt the crowd while Alecz kneels in front and flexes his arms. Angel merely rips off his sleeveless shirt and throws it down as the music fades out.

♪ *"NY State of Mind" by Nas* ♪

The Anti-Superstar stomps out from behind the curtains wearing a black "PUGILIST" t-shirt draped over his slimming torso. Sporting determination over his gruff facial features, the gritty New York stomps his way down the ramp without pause for fanfare. Getting to ringside, Natas takes a couple quick steps towards the ring and wants to fight, but he stays his ground.

Darren Quimbey:

First, from The Bronx, New York, weighing in at 270 pounds.. **JASON NATAS!**

Angus:

FATAS!

DDK:

Quiet, you!

Natas stays his ground while both members of SMB dare him to come inside now. Aleczander even sits on the ropes and holds them open for The Pugilist to try something. He knows better as he waits.

♪ *"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. The Mastodon has fightin' on the brain though, so he doesn't pay much mind to the crowd's reaction as he stomps his way towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner, first... weighing in at three-hundred and twenty pounds... **FRANK DYLAN JAMES!**

Getting to ringside at long last, Big Frank approaches Natas and the two wait for the last man in their group. SMB are still looking pretty smug while Angel Trinidad shoots the deadliest fucking expression anybody on DEFIANCE television has ever seen. The last man is about to come out.

♪ *"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. Stopping at the edge of the rampway, Dusty just stares down towards the ring, as if he were locking on to every target in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And finally, from Boise, Idaho, weighing in at 278 pounds... he is the former DEFIANCE World Champion... **DUSTY GRIFFITH!**

The crowd roars even stronger as Dusty is joined at his right flank by Frank Dylan James, who looks ready to get some payback for Angel's dominant performance at ASCENSION at his expense. Jason Natas, comes up on Dusty's left flank, looking equally ready to rumble as the three stand united against the deadly threat of Team HOSS-MB. All three run to the ring.

DDK:

Batten down the hatches...

Angus:

I'll say it one more time... plus many more through this match, probably...HOSSFITE!

DING DING DING!

Jason Natas picking up where he left off at ASCENSION where he lost to Jonny Booya.

Frank Dylan James getting him some of Aleczander The Great in one corner!

And finally, the fight that people have been clamoring for a long time... for the first time since Team HOSS targeted Dusty Griffith last year...

ANGEL TRINIDAD AND DUSTY GRIFFITH THROWING BOMBS!

DDK:

I do NOT envy Brian Slater one iota! He's the biggest referee that we have and he's going to have his hands full tonight with all this humanity!

Angus:

And we don't even have a legal person yet!

The slugfest between all six men continues and the first men to the floor are both Jonny Booya and Jason Natas. Neither man dumps the other to the floor, per se, but the ugly scrap between the two strikers ends up spilling through the ropes! Their fight is pretty intense as both of them go to the floor and they continued to scrap until the fight gets interrupted by Aleczander The Great getting THROWN over the top rope!

As Dusty Griffith now tees off on the large Angel Trinidad in one corner of the ring, it's Frank Dylan James who goes to the ring apron. His ring style can best be described simply as "hit the other guy until they stop moving" but from time to time, he's known to bust out something good.

This is now one of those times...

Angus:

That was sweet! Frank Dylan James just Ron Burgundy'ed SMB and Fatas! CANNONBALL!

DDK:

Probably the biggest cannonball I've ever seen, that's for sure!

As all four of those men are disposed off, the camera now fixates on Angel Trinidad now turning the tables on Dusty. He blocks an elbow from Dusty and grabs him by the throat with both hands before CHUCKING him in the corner! Angel turns around and holds both his arms out before unleashing his signature alternating back elbows in the corner! Dusty takes a few, but unlike most opponents who eat the move, it's Dusty who blocks a shot and returns fire with HARD Elbow Strikes of his own!

The crowd is going wild for the fight as SMB, FDJ, and Natas all continue to fight on the floor in front of the ring. Dusty goes to grab Angel Trinidad while he's stunned and tries to eject him from the ring when Angel turns the tables on him and THROWS him through the ropes, out to the floor in front of the other competitors. Thomas Keeling then watches as Angel Trinidad looks ready to pull out something big.

DDK:

Oh, no, we saw this happen at ASCENSION when Angel fought FDJ. There's no way he's going to do this again...

Angus:

He's gonna WRECK fools via the power of HOSS-POWERED FLIGHT...

The crowd hates the shit out of Angel Trinidad, but they go wild as the twenty-six year-old giant starts to run off one side of the ring. Both SMB and Team Griffith are both scrambling in their respective fights when they all take notice of the very large blur that's coming thier way...

DDK:

OH, MY GOD! HE DID IT! OVER-THE-TOP SUICIDE DIVE!!!

Angus:

LAND, SEA OR AIR, NO ONE IS SAFE FROM THE WRATH OF OUR HOSS OVERLORD!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

It takes a few moments with all six monsters scrambled across the ringside floor. But when the proverbial smoke finally clears after a few insane replays of the death-defying move, it's Angel who is the only man standing right now!

Angel Trinidad:

I TOLD ALL OF YOU! THE BIGGEST **AND** THE BEST!

Thomas Keeling orders Angel Trinidad to focus on the task at hand and the giant prodigy agrees. He singles out a member of the wreckage and picks Jason Natas as he throws him underneath the bottom rope. Both members of SMB start to get back up themselves and regroup to their corner while Angel Trinidad pick up Natas and doubles over The Pugilist with a powerful succession of knee strikes!

DDK:

I hate to say this, but this may be the best strategy for Team HOSS right now. Not that he's a slouch in the ring, but with his current mindset...

Angus:

And the fact he hasn't won a match yet! Don't forget that!

DDK:

[sighing] ...Natas may be the weakest link on his end of things! Team HOSS-MB now have the advantage.

Outside the ring, Dusty is back up to his feet and looks upset at the fact that Angel getting the better of him at least for that exchange has now led to his team already being put at a disadvantage. Frank wants into the ring, but Dusty keeps him at bay while Angel tees off on Jason Natas with right hands. To his credit...

WHAM!

WHAM!

WHAM!

Natas fights back! He levels Angel with some of the hardest chops thrown in the business today and the blows even have enough force to make Trinidad wince even slightly. Jason heads towards the ropes when Jonny Booya tries to catch him with a knee. Jason sees it coming and moves before he cocks back and **BLASTS** Jonny Booya with a Spinning Backfist!

DDK:

MY GOD, WHAT A SHOT!

Angus:

...I'm not gonna lie, that was sick. **AND** it happened to that fuckstick, Booya. I'm in heaven right now!

But the opening was more than enough for Angel to catch Natas in the back of the head with a gruesome Northern Lariat of his own, dropping him to the mat! The crowd jeers as Angel Trinidad starts to now rub the heel of his boot across the face of Natas more so out of disrespect than doing actual damage. He powers up Natas and with relative ease, he muscled the 270-pound Natas in his arms.

He drop Natas across his knee with a brutal Rib Breaker, but Trinidad holds him in place. Thomas Keeling watches with a smile on his face as he drops him again with an even harder Rib Breaker! Trinidad then continues to parade around with him in his arms as he shoots Dusty a dirty look. Without taking his eyes off of him the whole time, he **THROWS** Natas over his head like a ragdoll, throwing him with a Standing Fallaway Slam!

Angus:

He has crazy strength **AND** speed! The fuck they feed this kid in the Bronx? And why isn't Booya going to that guy?!

DDK:

I don't know, but Keeling has a physical specimen here. Angel has called himself The Biggest And The Best in DEFIANCE and if his career keeps going in this trajectory, there won't be anybody who can argue that.

Dusty wants to knock the smirk off his face, but Angel purposely blows him off and turns back to Natas. Aleczander The Great now wants in.

Aleczander The Great:

I want in, mate! I'm gonna make that fuggo pay!

Trinidad nods and he and Aleczander The Great go to work. Aleczander runs across the ring and comes back with a **STIFF** Running European Uppercut to the chin of Natas! The Pugilist's situation grows a little bit more dire when Angel runs full speed towards the corner and crushes him with a huge Body Avalanche! When he tries to slide out of the corner, Angel then clocks him with a Short-Arm Clothesline and then Aleczander finishes off the combination with a nothing-fancy Jumping Elbow Drop to the chest! Keeling looks pretty damn proud of his boys as he watches with a sinister smile.

DDK:

What a deadly combination! Angel's more about his singles career these days, but he and Aleczander are still one of the best combinations in DEFIANCE today.

Angus:

Not to mention Fatas is done! Aleczander's gonna get the easy win!

He lays across Natas' chest rather nonchalantly as he covers for the first time this match.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Despite the combination of bombs, it's pretty easy for Natas to get a shoulder up. Aleczander The Great then gets back up and starts to mug for the crowd before he suddenly turns around and CLOCKS Dusty Griffith with a huge right hand, knocking the former World Champ off the apron! Aleczander laughs, but Brian Slater allows a few seconds for FDJ to come in and BLAST Aleczander with a Headbutt for his trouble! James returns to his corner to check on FDJ, but now both Aleczander and Natas are down!

DDK:

Normally, Slater would be all over that, but those are some of those relaxed rules we talked about. Obviously, they can't wail on one another with weapons, but both sides can play the field or do something extra to break up falls and that sort of thing!

Angus:

Goddamn, though, Aleczander's jaw might be broken.

Aleczander is hurt, but he has enough in him to roll out of the ring, allowing Booya the chance to make it inside now. Frank wants in and watches as Natas tries to get out of the ring. The Hillbilly Madman is ready to make the jump when Booya suddenly comes out of nowhere and NAILS him with a Running Big Boot! No escape for Natas right now, anyway! The crowd boos Booya as he stands over Jason Natas.

Jonny Booya:

Oh, no, BOAH... yer fixin' ta get your ass WHUPPED ON!

Natas tries to fight back with two big rights to the chest of Booya, but the meathead fires back with some of his own deadly right hands, courtesy of his boxing background! A few blows are enough to bring Booya back to the mat and now Booya drags him all the way back to the corner where he is easy pickings for Team HOSS-MB.

DDK:

Can you believe this? We knew that Team HOSS-MB were a well-oiled machine, but they've dominated this match so far!

Angus:

I don't give two shits about Booya, but Angel and Aleczander were two-thirds of the most dominant Trios Tag Team Champions we've ever had, so yeah, I CAN believe it!

Booya grabs Natas and THROWS him down with a vicious Body Slam before he climbs out, allowing Aleczander The Great to enter. He also picks up The Pugilist and repeats the Body Slam! Angel watches now as Booya enters the ring... another big Body Slam! And finally, Aleczander climbs in and... yep, you guessed it, a Powerbomb. Just kidding, another fucking Body Slam. Aleczander then stands over him and flexes both guns, much to the annoyance of the crowd.

Angus:

Some serious Flexual Assault going on here!

DDK:

They better make a cover here pretty quick.

Aleczander doesn't do any such thing and instead, he allows Angel Trinidad to get in on the fun. Natas has his back worked over by all three men and when Angel tries to force him up, he gets a STIFF European Uppercut for his trouble! The blow stuns The Bronx monster, but when Natas goes to the ropes, Angel wipes him out with a massive Running Crossbody that knocks the wind right out of him! Unlike his compatriots, he wastes no time in going for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

And Dusty breaks it up!

A boot from Dusty breaks up the fall, but he doesn't take his eyes off Angel Trinidad. Dusty does have to go back to his corner, but Natas is only moments away from eating defeat. Trinidad slashes a thumb across his throat and then hoists Jason to his feet. Trinidad glances at Dusty from the corner and pulls up Natas...

Angus:

It's time for Bad Man's Land!

Keeling looks a little bit giddy, but when Natas starts to squirm free at the apex of the move, his jaw drops! Natas goes to land over the ropes but when Trinidad comes at him, Natas pulls the top rope down and he goes flying through the ropes to the outside!

DDK:

Natas just saved himself from defeat!

But Aleczander is now free to go into the ring! Natas tries to make an escape from the ring, but he gets a boot up and kicks him away. Aleczander rushes at him, but Jason is ready and catches him with the Foehammer!

Angus:

Wow, I can't believe Fatas managed to spin in a circle and hit that Roaring Elbow without getting a heart attack!

DDK:

Oh, for the love of...

Natas rolls out of the ring and now it's Frank Dylan James' turn to make somebody his bitch. That somebody was an old rival of his, Jonny Booya! Frank Dylan James lets out a howl and The Hillbilly Madman runs at him and slugs Booya across his chiseled jaw with a huge right hand! Booya goes stumbling back in the ropes when Frank runs at him again and lands a second one in the face! Angel Trinidad gets back on the ring apron, but before he can do anything, FDJ charges and whacks him with a Big Boot, knocking his opponent from ASCENSION off the apron!

With Booya now stunned, Frank shoves him back into the corner and starts to kick the ever-loving shit out of him with some sick boots. He charges back to the opposite corner and runs all the way back, connecting with a Running Corner Splash! He then takes Booya out of the corner and drops him down with a fuck-ugly Body Slam in the middle of the ring! Aleczander slides back into the ring and slugs FDJ in the back of his head! He tries to run off the ropes for his Biceps Explosion, but FDJ ducks. When Aleczander comes back, Frank hoists him up also and SLAMS him right on top of his SMB tag team partner!

Angus:

So many conflicting emotions right now! Aleczander getting slammed... but getting slammed into Natas... holy shit! That was awesome!

DDK:

Super Muscle Bros are now getting the worst of this and now Frank is about to go up top! What the hell does he have planned here?

Angus:

I think somebody gonna get it!

The crowd is loving every bit of this as Frank Dylan James goes up top and when both members of SMB start to get up, he takes flight with what has to be the ugliest version of a Flying Shoulder Tackle, but it does the job and now the entirety of Team HOSS-MB have been taken out for the moment by one crazy redneck!

DDK:

Keeling is going crazy now! He can't believe this!

Angus:

Just finish off that chiseled dumbfuck, Booya! It doesn't count if the actual Team HOSS guy sdon't get pinned!

Dusty Griffith still tends to Natas while keeping an eye on the action as Frank looks to end Booya now. He goes up top for a second time and he's looking for the Mountain Top Knee Drop, but Angel shoves him off the top rope! Angel throws him in the ring, but Dusty goes over to Angel and clocks him with a flurry of hard Elbow Smashes to the face! The two continue trading shots on the floor while the action is going crazy in the ring

DDK:

Once again, the numbers game too much for Dusty's team when Team HOSS-MB have the advantage!

Angus:

Uh-oh, what the fuck is this?

Jonny Booya has been sufficiently rattled, but he still makes it back to his feet in a daze as Aleczander The Great returns to the ring. Booya grabs FDJ with a Rear Waistlock and holds him there, which allows Aleczander The Great to grab him from behind.

Angus:

Uh... wut...

DDK:

WHOA!

Aleczander POWERS Booya up and with that bit of momentum, takes Frank all the way over! In effect, he German Suplexes his own partner, but the impact is MUCH worse for Frank as he lans on his head and shoulders!

DDK:

They call that The DudeBroPlex! Aleczander just scooted his own tag team partner down now and he's going for the win!

The Mancunian Muscle hooks the leg of the massive hillbilly and counts along with the referee!

ONE!**TWO!****THR... NO!**

James has landed on his head violently, but he STILL manages to kick out of that big double-team move from The Super Muscle Bros! The Mancunian Muscle is shaken with disbelief and protests to Brian Slater, but the gigantic official holds up two fingers. The camera switches to another side of the battle where Aleczander rushes over to Jonny Booya and tries to get his partner back up. Booya holds the back of his head, but The Mancunian Muscle and the meathead are both ready to end things.

Frank Dylan James uses the ropes to get back up, albeit still in a daze when both members of SMB put the boots to him. They hoist him up...

DDK:

Uh-oh! I can't believe I'm going to make this call, but here comes SMB with the SMB!

Angus:

Super Muscle Bomb coming up! It's only half as good because Booya might fuck it up!

This is a move they defeated FDJ with once before and they can very well do it again. They both press FDJ overhead with amazing strength, but before they can hit it, Natas boots Booya in the chest! The SMB members drop FDJ as Natas starts handing out shots...

European Uppercut to the chin of Aleczander!

Headbutt to the face of Jonny Booya!

Discus Chop to the neck of Aleczander!

Kick to the face of Booya!

Angus:

Holy crap, Fatas has some freaky fat guy strength going on!

DDK:

Will you stop it! He's been in fighting shape for a while now... and to the match, Natas is going to town on both members of SMB! And we've STILL got Angel Trinidad and Dusty Griffith trading blows all around ringside! I think Slater is having to let this go!

Indeed, the two big men are still fighting with no signs of slowing down as they trade shots on the floor. Back on the inside, the crowd is a hundred percent behind Natas as he runs off the ropes and CRACKS Booya upside the head with a Running Yakuza Kick! When he finally gets to the corner, he charges at Aleczander, but the Mancunian Muscle stops him cold with an elbow! Aleczander runs off the ropes, only for The Bronx Bully to drive him down into the canvas with a VIOLENT Spinebuster! Natas wastes no time going for the win!

DDK:

Natas has him down! Can he get his first win tonight!?

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Aleczander The Great kicks out again! The SMB are known for messing around a lot, but one thing you can't fault them on is their toughness!

Angus:

No, Aleczander The Great is tough! Jonny Booya is a cockroach in the refrigerator of life that won't go away and die.

Speaking of, Booya is back in the saddle again like an Aerosmith song as he drills Natas in the mouth with a pair of stiff right hands. He looks to take Natas' head off with a big Axe Bomber when Natas moves. He turns and he sends him flying over the top rope! Natas is about to turn...

DDK:

Biceps Explosion!

Angus:

He WHACKED him good! Natas is out!

DDK:

Uh-oh, look!

Aleczander kips up to his feet after the move and takes a bow, but behind him...

Angus:

FRANK'S KICKASS SLEEPER HOLD! HE GON' GET CHOKED OUT!

The Mancunian Muscle has a vicious chokehold being locked on him by The Hillbilly Madman. He continued to try and choke him out and Aleczander tried to grab a rope for dear life. He spun around and tried to get back out of the ring...

DDK:

Angel with the save there! He saves his partner and he throws Frank Dylan James out of the ring!

Angus:

And there's Mayberry again!

Dusty Griffith finally gets into the action and throws Aleczander The Great out of the ring. When Angel turns around, Dusty does so at the same time. They've been fighting on and off all match, but this is now the first time that both men have been legal at the same time.

DDK:

At this core, this is what all these fights and all of these attacks have been all about: Dusty and Angel looking to settle a grudge that has gone on for months now!

The crowd gets noticeably louder - even more so than they did at the start of the match when they locked horns. There's no SMB and there's no Natas or Frank Dylan James. The tension between the two is so thick that it looks like Brian Slater might have trouble breathing. Thomas Keeling Sr. watches as Angel makes the first move...

BAM!

He fires a right hand into Dusty's jaw and the blow staggers the former World Champion, albeit briefly. After months of wanting this, he finally has his chance so he makes his shot count...

BAM!

A vicious Elbow Smash catches him in the face!

And it isn't long before the two are firing shots all over again! Elbows and punches continue flying between the two when The Brand New Bad rocks Dusty with a knee strike to the abdomen. He goes to whip Dusty across the ring, but The Bad Man from Boise turns the tables and it's Angel who goes flying into the corner. Before Trinidad even knows what hit him, he gets CRACKED in the mouth!

DDK:

Dusty gets the better of that exchange!

Angus:

It's going to be amazing when OUR HOSS OVERLORDS whacks Mayberry... any minute now... yep!

Dusty then launches Angel Trinidad across the ring and CRASHES him to again with another Avalanche Splash! He throws him out of the corner and rushes towards the ropes before he comes back, knocking the giant over with a Running Elbow Smash! The crowd is losing it and Dusty feeds of the energy from the crowd as he

DDK:

The Stampede! Dusty landed the move and now he's got Angel on the ropes!

On the floor, the members of SMB are fighting with FDJ and Jason Natas all around the ringside area as Dusty grabs Angel. He goes to pull the self-proclaimed Breaker of the Unbreakable and tries for an Olympic Slam when Angel Trinidad elbows him in the head! Trinidad continues and then tries to set him up for a Suplex.

Angus:

Mayberry about to go for a ride now!

DDK:

No! Dusty's fighting back!

The Wild Bronco fights back and blocks the shot before he delivers some harsh knees to the rib cage of Angel to get him to let go. Angel rushes forward for a Clothesline when he ducks....

DDK:

OLYMPIC SLAM! THAT'S GOTTA DO IT!

Dusty goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR- BROKEN UP BY BOOYA!

Booya runs into the ring and pushes Dusty right off of Angel, but when The SMB try to do something about the Mayberry problem, but Jason Natas and FDJ both intervene and they get rid of the Super Muscle Bros! They all clear the ring again and that leaves the leaders of each respective side.

DDK:

Natas and FDJ are keeping the SMB from intervening! Dusty has wanted this chance to fight Angel for months and they aren't going to ruin that!

Angus:

He's going to ruin Mayberry's face, just you watch!

The Breaker of The Unbreakable is groggy when Dusty kicks him in the gut. He's going for broke and even though Angel has half a foot over The Wild Bronco, he has the strength to pull things off. He pulls Angel up and he's going for the Atomic Powerbomb, but The Brand New Bad surges to life and throws Dusty over with a Back Body Drop! Angel unleashes a guttural roar before he plants a Running Knee to his face against the ropes! Angel then hooks him up for a Suplex, but then THROWS Dusty overhead!

Angus:

Told you! In your face, Keebs! Mayberry just took a first-class trip into the next PPV... DEFCON, SON, ORDER IT NOW!

After the Throwing Vertical, Angel wastes zero time in going for the cover on Dusty!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE- NO!

Trinidad's eyes go wide as he can't believe Dusty has kicked out!

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

Stay on him, son, stay on him!

Angel nods and picks up Dusty again by the waist. He's looking for the start of The Holy Trinidad combination as he drives him down across his knee with a vicious Backbreaker! Angel looks slightly winded from the pace of the last few seconds as he tries to turn him over for the Gutbuster... but Dusty breaks free and the big man somehow lands on his feet!

Trinidad tries to swing, but he gets greeted by Dusty with a Knife-Edge Chop! Elbow! Chop! Elbow! Chop! Elbow! Chop! Elbow!

DDK:

This fight could be going on all night! These two hate each other that much!

Angus:

Mayberry's time is done, son! This is THE HOSS OVERLORD'S TIME NOW!

It doesn't look that way as Dusty doubles over Angel Trinidad with a kick and runs off the ropes before unleashing a seriously fierce Running Knee Lift! Angel almost looks out on his feet and he throws a few more knee strikes for good measure!

DDK:

We saw Dusty unleash a similar striking combination on Aleczander The Great to beat him at ASCENSION! Can he do it again tonight against the leader of Team HOSS?

The fights rage on the outside between FDJ, Natas and The SMBs still as Angel looks glassy-eyed. Dusty Griffith heads to the ropes and looks to end the combo with the killer elbow that ended Aleczander's boasting (at least for that night) at ASCENSION...

Angus:

PUMP KICK! NIGHTY-GODDAMN-NIGHT, MAYBERRY!

Thomas Keeling Sr is once again in the best mood ever as Angel goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-KICKOUT!

The crowd is stunned when Angel Trinidad lets out a scream of rage! Since he's come back, he's been a calm and effective killing machine (for the most part) but tonight, he's about to lose his shit!

DDK:

When it's a fair fight, Angel may have met his match! Dusty won't give him the satisfaction!

Jonny Booya tries to run interference again in the the ring and goes to help put the boots to Dusty when Angel shoves him away.

Angel Trinidad:

HE'S MINE!!!

Keeling watches as FDJ grabs Booya by the leg and drags him out of the ring, taking him back down to the floor to once again leave the playing field empty. Angel has another arrow in his quiver as he forces Dusty up to his feet. He drills him with some Clubbing Forearms to his back and neck to wear him down. Once he's done that, he sets him up

for the corner. FDJ tries to come to the rescue of his friend when Aleczander grabs Booya and pushes him away. Angel powers him up...

Angus:

Eat it, Mayberry! Bomb coming up!

DDK:

NO! THERE'S LIFE IN DUSTY!

He squirms his legs and slips out behind him! Angel doesn't know what the fuck it him when he turns around and MUSCLES Angel over with a Release German Suplex! The 303-pound Angel goes sailing over when Dusty gets back up and screams again, the crowd igniting his every move! When Angel tries to get back up again, Dusty grabs him by the side and DRILLS him with a Backdrop Suplex!

DDK:

My God, Dusty's pulling out all the stops tonight!

Angus:

No, no, no, this isn't happening!

When Jonny Booya tries to find an opening, Jason Natas pulls him out of the ring and SLUGS him with a Burning Lariat that nearly turns him inside out on the floor! Aleczander is trying to save his buddy when FDJ holds him back! Trinidad is struggling to move and Keeling looks petrified as Dusty powers Angel up again, this time DRILLING him with a HUGE Sambo Suplex! Angel goes over and the huge monster from The Bronx is barely moving now! Dusty pulls him up by the head....

DDK:

GOOD GOD! THAT'S THE SAME KNEE THAT LED TO DUSTY BEATING ALECZANDER!

Angus:

NO, NO, THIS ISN'T HAPPENING! NOTHING STOPS OUR HOSS OVERLORDS!

Dusty is bound and determined to prove him wrong! Keeling even tries to get into the ring when Natas grabs his arm and throws him to the ground! Dusty grabs Angel yet again...he's got him as he muscles the giant up...The crowd is on their feet!

DDK:

ATOMIC POWERBOMB! HE'S GOT ANGEL STACKED FOR THE PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Dusty collapses after the fall and Aleczander's jaw drops at ringside. Thomas Keeling looks ghostly white as FDJ and Jason Natas both roll into the ring to join the side of Griffith.

Darren Quimbey:

And your winners of the match, by pinfall... **JASON NATAS, FRANK DYLAN JAMES, AND DUSTY GRIFFITH!**

Jason Natas and Frank Dylan James both help Dusty to his feet and each raise a hand along with Brian Slater! The crowd is going nuts as Thomas Keeling fumbles to articulate a thought. Aleczander goes to help Booya back to his feet after his jaw got jacked by Natas. Team HOSS-MB clearly did not expect this result tonight and any pomp and circumstance they had earlier has been effectively killed off!

Angus:

No way! This isn't happening! Mayberry won! He BEAT Angel!

DDK:

That's the very first loss that Angel Trinidad has suffered since returning to action last year and of all the people, it was the very person that he's lorded a victory over for months! He beat Dusty in 2015, called himself The Breaker of the Unbreakable, and lorded this over him. Angel has gone out of his way to deny Dusty a match of any kind until tonight... and Dusty beat him fair and square!

Angus:

There is NO fucking way Angel takes this lying down! No way whatsoever!

The crowd is still going crazy as The SMB members help drag Angel out of the ring. Dusty doesn't take his eyes off of Angel being dragged to the back, but Frank Dylan James and Jason Natas both celebrate this momentous six-man tag team victory tonight! Team HOSS-MB and Thomas Keeling disappear from sight while the triumphant trio enjoy the moment.

DDK:

Team HOSS-MB have dominated the majority of the lead-up in this match, but Dusty and company proved that they're still here to stay! But we've still got plenty more of DEFIANCE Road here tonight, including our main event with The FIST of DEFIANCE Dan Ryan defending his title against the previous champion, Eugene Dewey! Coming up next though, we have the WARCHAMBER between Bronson Box and Lindsay Troy! Stay tuned, because we'll be back in just a moment!

NO MAN OF HONOR

Backstage.

Andy Murray stands just outside the medical room with a bottle of ice-cold water in one hand and a small white towel in the other. He's still clad in his ring attire, still gleaming with sweat, and still breathing relatively heavily -- clearly, Big Murr's still cooling down from a particularly intense tag team match.

The camera lingers on the Scot as he pours half of the bottle down his throat. The door creaks open moments later, and outsteps his younger sibling. Cayle's physical state is much the same as his brother's, but he moves slower, and with a noticeable limp.

Andy Murray:

How's it looking?

Cayle Murray:

Better than it feels.

Cayle nods, then flicks a few strands of sweat-matted black hair away from his forehead.

Cayle Murray:

Nothing a few days worth of rest won't heal, so she says.

Andy Murray:

Good, lad. That's a relief.

He pauses momentarily, Andy: trying to breathe away some of the adrenaline that's still coursing through his veins.

Andy Murray:

Talk about a sustained beating. You took one hell of a pounding out there, Cayle. All I could do was stand and watch as they cut the angles, kept you in their corner and ground you down... but it didn't work. *They* failed, because *you* refused to lose, and in the end, brother, *you* won that match.

The younger Murray does his best to stifle a growing smile. He doesn't do a good job.

Andy Murray:

I'm proud of you, kid. Maybe now those two bullies will understand who we are and what we're about.

As if on cue, the sheer EVENT that is Eric Dane coming onto the scene suddenly becomes a thing. As big as life and twice as dastardly, The Only Star strides around an unseen corner and is very quickly very close to both Andy and Cayle Murray.

Andy immediately steps into Dane, allowing his brother to take up more of a defensive posture. Everything is about to go fucky before Eric does the unthinkable.

Eric Dane:

Hey, HEY!

The Only Star backs off, raising his hands in as neutral of a posture as he can force on himself.

Eric Dane:

I ain't here to fight. If I was you'd have never seen me coming and both of you know it!

Big Murr keeps the defences up. Trusting his brother to keep an eye on Dane, Andy looks up beyond The Only Star, then over his own shoulder.

Andy Murray:

Where's the other one?!

He moves forward, deep within Eric Dane's personal space.

Andy Murray:

Bobby. Tell me where he's hiding.

The King clenches a fist.

Andy Murray:

NOW.

The Only Star grits his teeth, quietly regretting coming here in the first place. He takes another step back before answering.

Eric Dane:

I haven't seen Bobby since I left him crying in the ring. He's *probably* either letting Iris Davine kiss his boo-boo, or devouring everything left at Catering. Either way I told you I'm not here to fight, so back *the fuck* off before I change my mind.

The two former Champions stare holes into each other while Cayle watches on, waiting for the other shoe to drop. A tense moment passes before Andy relents, albeit slightly, and not at all very far. The Scottish King of Cool doesn't trust Eric Dane any further than he could throw him.

Andy Murray:

Guess you're just gonna have to forgive my lack of trust, Eric, given all that's happened since we signed.

A smirk half-forms on his tired features.

Andy Murray:

So Eric Dane says he doesn't want a fight. That's a first, but I doubt you're here to shake our hands and bury the hatchet either, so spit it out...

Dane sneers.

Eric Dane:

I'm here... to ask a favor.

The words visibly leave a bad taste in his mouth, Andy's eyes go wide and Cayle raises an eyebrow out of some strange mixture of curiosity and disbelief.

Cayle Murray:

... a *what?*!

The younger sibling *almost* laughs.

Cayle Murray:

After all you've done to us... after sticking a fork in my skull and leaving me for dead, you--

Andy raises a hand, interrupting.

Andy Murray:

It's alright, lad. The Big Bad Wolf isn't gonna go away until we hear him out. Might as well let him speak.

Eric waits a few seconds to be sure both Murrays are quite finished getting their jibes in before engaging them again. This is not a particularly comfortable moment for him, and it's a constant struggle not to say "fuck it" and headbutt Andy Murray in the face.

Eric Dane:

It's about Jackson.

Andy Murray:

What about him?

Eric Dane:

I want you to leave him to me.

Cayle Murray:

Meaning?

Eric Dane:

Meaning I'm asking you not to come out at the Clash of DEFIANTS to try to take your pound of flesh. From either of us. Leave Sean Jackson to me, and we can reconvene our current standing issues when I put him in the ground.

Andy Murray:

The only issue Sean Jackson's brought to my table is--

Cayle Murray: [interrupting]

Hold on, Andy.

Cayle's sudden burst of assertiveness catches Andy completely off-guard, and he let's his younger brother push past him and stick a finger in Eric Dane's face.

Cayle Murray:

How *DARE* you!?

Nostrils flared, teeth gritted, brow tightened: Cayle Murray is *pissed*.

Cayle Murray:

You still don't bloody get it! *We* are not like *you*, Eric! Jesus!

Struggling with his sense of self-control, Cayle backs down and shakes his head, but only momentarily.

Eric Dane's as surprised as anyone by the younger Murray's newfound fire.

Cayle Murray:

We don't lie, we don't cheat, we don't ambush, we don't bully, and we sure as hell don't stoop to *your* goddamn level! If either of us had a problem with Sean Jackson, we'd find a way to settle our differences in the ring, and I'm downright insulted that you'd expect anything else!

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

There's no honour in what you do. *Not. A single. Damn.. Shred!* I'm not like you, Andy's not like you, and we never...

Cayle suddenly lunges forwards with both hands, pushing Dane hard in the chest.

Cayle Murray:

... *EVER* will be!

Dane stumbles, but doesn't quite fall. Just as Eric's regaining his posture, Andy steps forward, ready to pounce if things go south.

Eric's head drops as to avert his deathgaze from either Murray. Jerkily his hands go back up, again in as *neutral* of a posture as he can muster. Teeth grind as he speaks.

Eric Dane:

It's cool! Everything is goddamned **icy**.

He takes a step back.

Eric Dane:

I get it. Yer fuckin' choirboys.

Big Andy can see the spark deep within Eric's cold cerulean eyes as The Only Star returns his glare from the floor. Andy tenses, his brother already ready to jump at any opportunity.

Eric Dane:

You know what, forget I brought it up.

The Only Star shoulders past Cayle, radiating a level of rage that could reduce the entire DEFplex to rubble if it's allowed to come to the surface. He puts his back to the Murray Brothers and begins to put distance between himself and them. Under his breath Eric mumbles some mantra or another meant to help him keep his restraint. It's barely helping.

Andy Murray:

Christ, lad...

Cayle turns to his brother, whose expression is somewhere between bemused, amused and relieved.

Andy Murray:

Where the hell did *that* come from...

A long, deep sigh escapes Cayle's lips. He closes his eyes, shakes his head, then looks back up at big bro.

Cayle Murray:

I'm sorry, Andy. I'm just fed-up...

Andy Murray:

No, no -- don't apologise. *I like it*. Can't survive in shark-infested waters without learning how to bite back... besides, isn't it sweet watching him scamper away with his tail between his legs?

Cayle Murray:

Heh. Sure is...

Aaaaaaaaand cut!

WARCHAMBER - BRONSON BOX vs LINDSAY TROY

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, things are about to get very, very *serious*.

Angus:

Did you see the cage earlier when they were putting it together? It looks like you could grate goddamn cheese on that thing.

DDK:

The structure was assembled this afternoon, covered in several yards of black tarp and raised high above the ring where it's loomed over the crowd since the first bell, and now...

An unfamiliar theme starts to play over the PA as the house lights dim by half.

♪ *Cat People (Putting Out Fire) by David Bowie* ♪

DDK:

... we welcome it's creator? But that... that's not his mus...

Angus:

SHHHHHH, *shhh*hut the fuck up Darren, it's Bowie, goddamnit.

♪ *"See these eyes so green
I can stare for a thousand years
Colder than the moon
Well it's been so long"* ♪

We can see movement on the darkened stage. As the dim lights start to slowly pulse along with the music his dyed in the wool Faithful pop hard for the Original DEFIANT's clearly recognizable silhouette. The slowly flickering image of The Wargod stands perfectly still with his head down as Bowie sings on.

♪ *"Feel my blood enraged
It's just the fear of losing you
Don't you know my name
Well, you been so long"* ♪

The voice of DEFIANCE's intrepid ring announcer cuts through the darkness of ringside and the din of the crowd with the introduction of the first competitor of tonight's co-main event.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemeeeeeeen! Making his way to the ring. Weighing in tonight at a stout seventeen stone, hailing from the boggy coasts of Banff, Scotlaaaaaaaaand... he iiiiii is the Original, the Originator, the *Instigator* of all things DEFIANCE...

♪ *"And I've been putting out the fire... with gasoooooIIIIIIIIINE!"* ♪

Darren Quimbey:

... BRONSooooooooooooon BOooooooooooooooooooooooX!

Two HUGE pillars of fire shoot up from either side of the stage at least eight or nine feet into the air as The Immortal David Bowie hits that awesome high note, illuminating the Bombastic Bronson Box in the orange and red light of the flames roaring at the crowd in that quick moment of illumination. Even The Wargod's detractors have trouble not popping for this absolutely unexpected spectacle, The Wargod looking like he's walking out of the gates of hell itself. Box takes his time at the top of the ramp as the house lights all come back up. Letting the song play behind the cheers, chants, boos and jeers from the enthralled Wrestle-Plex crowd... it's obvious Bronson hears not a word, good or bad. He just bobs his head slightly to the beat of the song... his eyes are focused completely on the task at hand... on the mysterious WARCHAMBER, still hanging tarped hiiiiiiigh above the ring. Even backed with a healthy score of *booooooooo's*, the reaction from Bronson's "true believers" is deafening.

Leave it to the Motor Mouth of Malcontent to encapsulate all our feelings as only *he* can.

Angus:

Theeeeeeeee *FUCK* just happened, Darren?!

DDK:

I'm not sure, partner, but these people are going absolutely un*GLUED*.

"RAAAAAAAAAA" "BOOOOO" "AAAAAAAAAAH" "OOOOOO!"

Angus:

I believe the word you're looking for is *bipolar*, actually... I mean, just listen...

"DA-VID BOW-IE!" **CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!**

"DA-VID BOW-IE!" **CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!**

"DA-VID BOW-IE!" **CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!**

DDK:

Only in DEFIANCE, partner!

The Wargod wastes no more time and makes a beeline straight for the ring. He may be playing fast and loose with his entrance tonight, but once he rolls under the ropes and pops up dead center ring with a microphone magically clenched in his white knuckle tight left hand it's quite obviously business time. Boxer gives the crowd precisely zero moments to settle in, kicking the verbal door off its frame almost immediately.

Bronson Box:

Drop those FOOKIN' curtains!

The tarped cell structure lowers slightly, the black cloth being pulled up and away revealing the cage... diamond cut chain link makes up the four walls and roof, chosen intentionally to wound and tear flesh. The whole monstrous structure is painted inky black, like it's creators heart. The bottom of the cell lowers to just about head height... because upon closer inspection, The Strongman's custom made cage has no discernible *door* to speak of. The DEFIANCE Ace glances up and about the cell with a look of what can only be described as *pride*.

DDK:

Folks, may I present Bronson Box's **WARCHAMBER**.

Angus:

Paid for that shit *himself*, Keebs. Guess it pays being a main event presence for years on end, eh?

Boxer smacks his open palm against the bottom of the cage with a satisfied grunt.

Bronson Box:

This is what'cha wanted girl. Idn't it? You and me? No shite, *right*? No interference? No dickin' around? 'Aint nobody out here, lass. An 'aint nobody gunna' be. Just me and you. Because this new toy of mine, here? It was built with the

intent of settlin' grudges and banishin' foes an that's what I'm aimin' to do tonight... I aim to settle THIS *issue* just like I went an settled Dusty Griffith's *issue*, same ruthless efficiency, same brutal climax ... YOU FOOKIN' HEAR ME, SUNSHINE?! THIS BLOODY ENDS TONIGHT!

He delivers that last line perched on the second rope, one hand gripping the cage which allows him to lean waaaaaay out over ringside. Licking his lips with wide eyed intensity he hops off his perch and takes a few steps back towards center ring, bringing the microphone to his lips one more time.

Bronson Box:

Can ye' feel it, lass? This right here, right now... this is one of them moments I'm always goin' on an on about... know how I know?

He slowly points an intensely rigid finger right at the gnarly scar running down and across his right eye.

Bronson Box:

I'm wearin' it proudly right here on the right side of my FACE... [wide eyes, small chuckle] I bloody believe ye' Lindsay. I believe every word. I believe yer' one bad ass line steppin' bitch... [nods] Yes ma'am. Now as fer' you an' I right now in this wild fookin cage? We're about te' steal the *FOOKIN'* show right out from under that fat titted shit Eugene and that shite brother-in-law of yer's... because try as they might, nothin' they can dream up is gunna' match the near CRIMINAL level of violence I'm about to perpetrate on yer' mouthy behind, *girl*.

He grits his teeth through the word "girl" SO tight, it's impossible he didn't damage some dental work. That, the white knuckle tight grip on the microphone, the lip quivering pause hanging in the air letting the crowd react as they may... he doesn't care, he has them where he wants them either way. Here comes the punctuation to this epic *sentence*.

Bronson Box:

Hear yee', hear yee', here comes the bloody *Queen*.

PFFFTsqueeeeeeepf

The Wargod violently spikes the microphone after snarling through the word "Queen" and starts going about his pre-match preparations. We notice his now gnarled right eye noticeably twitches in anticipation as the moments tick by, everyone waiting with baited breath for the arrival of the would-be *Queen* of DEFIANCE Wrestling.

♪ **"Trampled Under Foot" by Led Zeppelin** ♪

Even though Troy has opted to stick with the theme that brought her here, the DEFIANCE Faithful aren't any less loud and rowdy for her entrance. Cell phone screens and camera flashes light up the arena, Robert Plant begins the song, and pyro explode from the stage like cannon fire.

"Greased and slicked down fine.

Groovy leather trim.

I like the way you hold the road.

Mama it ain't no sin."

"Talkin' 'bout love...

Talkin' 'bout love...

Talkin' 'bout..."

At the first break, Her Highness made her appearance amidst the pyro blasts. Troy storms out from behind the curtain in black, silver, and red ring gear, sturdy shit-kicker boots on her feet.

Darren Quimbey:

AAAAAAND HIS OPPONENT....From Tampa, Florida! Weighing in at one hundred eighty-five pounds...she is the QUEEN OF THE RING and the HERALD OF BRONSON'S DAMNATION.... LIIINNNNNDDDDSSAAAAAYYYY

TRRRRRROOOOOYYYYYYYYYY!

Angus:

Troy's sticking it right to the Wargod with that nickname addition! She's got balls, Keebs!

DDK:

Bronson's head snapped right to the aisle when he heard that come out of Quimbey's mouth.

Angus:

DQ's lucky he's not IN the ring, else Box might've popped him in the teeth one time! He's all snarls and spit again.

Bronson's enraged at the, well, the *disrespect* that the Queen obviously asked Quimbey to utter. She's by the apron now and lifts her heavily-taped arm up to run her fingers along the bottom of the WARCHAMBER cage, then bangs the top of her forearm against it, just to rattle Box up a bit more. Her long legs carry her up the stairs and she slips in-between the ropes to settle into a corner and nod at Benny Doyle. The Irishman's only there to call a ten count, or check a pulse, or signal for the cage to be lowered, and that last bit is precisely what he does right now.

The WARCHAMBER lowers slowly over the ring while Troy's glare hones in on Box.

DDK:

I don't think Bronson Box has stopped yelling at Lindsay Troy since she started making her way down to the ring, Angus.

Angus:

I hope you're not shocked by this. The only time we won't hear the Wargod talking is when he's six feet under. Then he'll be someone else's problem.

The cage settles into place on the floor. No way in or out now.

Bronson's brogue is thick and taunting and he eases out of his corner. Lindsay Troy's face is a granite slab; the lines in her forehead set in determination. She takes two long, aggressive strides to center and sweeps the toe of her boot along the canvas.

A line in the sand.

Box grins wickedly as Troy begs him forward with a few quick flicks of her fingers.

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

Oh man, here we go!

The Queen and the Wargod meet in the middle and Troy cuts off his jabbering with a stiff forearm shot to the mouth. Box staggers a step back and then throws a forearm of his own to force Troy back. She shakes off the blow and reaches forward, catching Box behind the head with her left arm to bring him into another forearm. And another. And another. Box is up against the ropes and Troy starts in with the stiff muay thai kicks. Ribs, hip, thighs, knees, she unleashes a furious round of precision shots to Box's compact body. He manages to cover up and swat her leg away when she tries for a head kick. This spins her around and she's tackled to the canvas. The Wargod wastes no time diving right into one of his favorite pastimes...

DDK:

Boxer raining down forearm after clubbing forearm from the dominant position to Troy's midsection, Angus!

Angus:

The same ribs that were kicked apart by CUL and his Viking War Cult at DEFtv 64... that running spear from Torvald

left Troy LAYING, and sans a couple Trios titles to boot.

Bronson's strikes are wild but damn quick. He switches up lefts and rights often enough to keep Troy struggling to fend off the absolutely brutal assault. Troy manages to wriggle free of Bronson's mount, The Wargod however wastes no time meeting her to their feet, continuing on immediately with the near ceaseless forearm assault. After a few stiff shots to her right temple, he grabs two fistfulls of Troy's hair and WHIPS her into the cell wall. Troy's body crumples awkwardly down through the ropes, banging against the cage wall again when she lands on the canvas.

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!"

Bronson stands over Troy for a moment as she starts using the ropes to get to her feet, and AGAIN The Scottish Strongman grabs two huge fistfulls of hair and HUCKS Lindsay Troy like a throwing hammer into the unforgiving cell wall. Troy lands between the ropes and the cell, her head resting on the cage wall. Without hesitation she reaches up, grabs the top rope and once again pulls herself to her feet. The two immediately start trading overhand shots to the head, The Wargod eventually gets the better of the exchange and violently yanks her through the ropes and back into the ring. Lindsay barely has the chance to take a breath before Boxer pops off a HUGE belly to belly overhead suplex back into the turnbuckle!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy hits the canvas HARD after that maneuver! Referee Benny Doyle seems convinced she's... yup, he's starting the first ten count!

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

As referee Doyle counts, Boxer takes a moment to go about one of his OTHER favorite pastimes, fucking with the Faithful's "*wee minds*." He wraps his fingers and presses his face into the chain link, screaming obscenities at the front row usuals.

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

Bronson Box:

... AND TAKE YER' FOOKIN' SMART MARK SHITE AND SHOVE IT UP YER '...

Angus:

He reels 'em in with a Bowie classic wrapped in a Tarantino movie reference then smacks them across the face like a mouthy girlfriend... it's this weird abusive relationship with our fans that fuels the Wargod, Keebs.

Bronson Box:

... AN' THEN FIREBOMB YER' GRAN'S HOUSE, YE' WEE' PRICK...

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

What the Wargod loses track of in working the Faithful into a lather, however, is referee Benny Doyle's ten count. Which ended around eight and three quarters, by the way...

DDK:

SPACE ROLLING ELBOW FROM LINDSAY TROY!

Troy dug down deep and met Bronson's cocky exchange with a wild backflip and a stiff elbow right into the surprised mushmouth of The Original DEFIANT. The Queen takes advantage of Boxer's state of shock, bounces off the ropes, and plants him with a leaping bulldog. The Wargod's mustachioed snout plants HARD into the canvas. Troy spins gracefully up onto her knee and zeroes in on the side of Boxer's head, popping off a crisp basement dropkick to his temple that sends him sprawling. Troy capitalizes with a series of reckless stomps to the back of Bronson's head that gets the crowd close enough to hear the sickening thud of steel-toed boot on skull cringing back into their seats.

Angus:

Looks like Doyle's starting another ten coun... nope, wait, nope...

Lindsay drags The Wargod up by the ears before Benny can get "wuh" beyond his lips to a few "oooooh's" from the fans. She forearms Bronson's face back into the cage with a determined snarl on her lips, before she can manage to rake his already gnarled mug across the steel he quickly fires back with a quick neck snapping European uppercut that manages to stagger Troy a step or two. Bronson follows through with a quick Irish whip, catching her on the rebound with leaping high knee to the midsection that sends Troy flipping over onto her back with a loud pop. Box drops several reckless knees down across Troy's... again, stepping back for a moment to watch her once again struggle to find her feet. He hunkers back into the nearest corner and sizes his opponent up, slightly doubled over, and...

DDK:

KNEE TREMBLER FROM THE WARGOD!

The Scotsman's knee cracks into Troy's neck and head like a battering ram, sending her once again to the canvas. He grabs her by the scruff of the neck and tosses her chest first across the bottom rope, using the top rope for leverage. Boxer works his boot into the back of Lindsay's head and GRINDS her face into the unforgiving cell wall. Doyle makes a weak attempt to appeal to Bronson's sense of sportsmanship and let Troy find her feet... but yeah, as you might have figured, to no avail.

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!"

Angus:

Troy's bleeding now, Keebs. THAT'S gunna leave a mark in the morning...

DDK:I know we all expected this level of ruthlessness from the get-go, but my *GOD!*

Boxer stares down referee Benny Doyle and his attempts to come to Troy's aid with a wild, nonsensical, mid-fight *roar* right into the Boston referee's wide-eyed face. Box takes his boot off Troy's face and immediately yanks her away from the ropes and drops down into a tight side headlock, mugging for the camera as he does so. The Queen clears enough to combat the hold, eventually managing to reverse the maneuver. If this were a normal match, the two skilled grapplers might find themselves putting on a clinic... but this isn't a normal match, *now is it*.

DDK:Just look at that pure unbridled STRENGTH on display, folks! My *GOD!*

Bronson manages to get his feet planted underneath him and just effortlessly heaves Troy up onto his shoulders, sleeper and all. Wasting almost no momentum he carries through and tosses her her neck first into the nearest available chamber wall. Troy's hands shoot straight to the base of her neck. As soon as Boxer is to his feet, he drops a few quick boots to Troy's aforementioned damaged midsection, eventually GRINDING his boot long and hard with assistance from the ropes deep into her ribs, pushing her back-first against the cell wall with every ounce of strength he can leverage.

Troy works herself into a sitting position, back-first against the cage, blood running down the side of her face and cheek. Before she can even manage a hand-hold on the second rope, she's met with the business end of another one of Boxer's patented European uppercuts. With each one he stands and drops down with every ounce of his seventeen stone, each European uppercut sending Troy's head rocking back into the steel.

WHAM

WHAM

WHAM

Over and over and over the Scottish Strongman lands clubbing uppercut after uppercut. He eventually lets Lindsay's head slump forward and drops satisfied and breathless to his knees right in front of her. Benny Doyle is right there as soon as he establishes Troy's lack of movement starting his ten count.

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FI... "

Doyle points as Troy's hand shoots up and grabs the top rope. Box looks almost *pleased* at Troy's gumption. She manages to get one leg slung over the rope back into the ring before the Wargod's filthy mitts are back on her, wrenching her back into the ring. Boxer drives Troy to her knees with a brutal forearm. He continues with four or five more before grabbing a fistfull of hair and wrenching her into position for his patented "scalped" submission maneuver, the...

Angus:
BOSTON MASSACRE!

DDK:
Bronson Box took that move from Boston Bancroft and he's got this locked in tight now! Lindsay Troy is ...wait...what's that in her hand?

Angus:
A white flag? God, I hope not.

DDK:
No, partner, she reached for something when Box was screaming at Benny...

Troy's eyes flutter open with a look of pure determination as she cracks The Original DEFIANT across the side of the head with the blunt end of...

Angus:
HOLY SHIT IT'S BRONSON'S SPIKE! The same one she carved up his face with back at ASCENSION!

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

DDK:
She must have scooped it up after the match was over, Angus! The wily veteran has more than a few tricks up her sleeve to counter Bronson's strength advantage, that much is obvious!

The blunt impact of the butt end of the Spike hitting his temple staggers Boxer enough that he releases Troy from the neck-wrenching agony of the camel clutch. The Faithful are behind the Queen with a rousing “*LETS GO LIN-DSAY!*” that gets swallowed up in the roar of the collective crowd as (still clutching the Spike) Troy waylays Box with a wild maneuver adopted from her husband Tyler Rayne.

DDK:

FLYING DOUBLE KNEE STRIKE FROM TROY THAT SENDS THE WARGOD SPRAWLING BACK INTO THE CAGE!

Angus:

They call that one the *Raynes* of Castamere, Keebs! And there’s not a single ass in a seat here in NAWLINS!

Bronson’s neck snaps back, his bald head making clear and *audible* contact with the cell wall. Before he can get his bearings - or fall to the mat - Troy wipes her forehead and runs back in, wrapping her arms around Box’s waist and bulldozing him into a corner. Box is still woozy as Troy ascends the turnbuckles and continues wailing away on him with the blunt end of the Spike. The Faithful count it off...

“ONE!”

“TWO!”

“THREE!”

“FOUR!”

“FIVE!”

“SIX!”

“SEVEN!”

“EIGHT!”

“NINE!”

“TEN!”

Troy hops down and out of the corner and then, for good measure, drives a **stiff** elbow to Box’s jaw. The Wargod slumps to the canvas. Troy backs off a couple steps and wipes her forehead again as Benny Doyle picks up where the Faithful left off.

“ONE!”

“TWO!”

“THREE!”

“FOUR!”

“FIVE!”

“SI--”

Benny didn’t get the rest of the word out before Box hauls himself back up to a vertical base. Troy quickly steps back in, rearing back and clubbing Bronson in the ribs with the Spike. The Wargod yells out, clutching his sides now.

DDK:

The Queen giving Bronson a taste of what her ribs must be feeling like.

Angus:

If she were smart, she'd be using the other end of tha--oh shit.

Angus was about to suggest Troy go all stabby-stabby with the sharp end of the Spike. She couldn't hear him, what with the announcers table being up on the stage, but that same instinct from ASCENSION must have come creeping back in. She deftly flipped the Spike around in her taped-up hand, with the sharp edge jutting out toward the Wargod, and brings it toward Box's good eye.

The Original DEFIANT catches her arm...

"OOOOOOHHHHHHH...."

...And headbutts her! Troy lands hard enough that the Spike goes bouncing off the mat, landing right within the Wargod's reach...

Angus:

W'uh oh...

DDK:

Oh God, if he reaches that before...

Before the words even escape Darren Keebler's lips, Bronson Box's near unconscious, totally running on autopilot at this point fingers *sloooooowly* wrap around the body of the Spike. With blood trickling down from his own gash on the side of his head, Boxer slowly gets to his feet, his weapon of choice returned to him. He holds it aloft to a short, raucous reaction from the Faithful, and swings wildly at Troy's stomach.

Angus:

Jesus hell, he's trying to gut her!

Lindsay manages to throw her arms forward to bring her stomach away from the pointy end of the Spike before it slices her right across the navel. Box then slashes for her throat, which Troy backbends out of the way of, Matrix-style, before she drops down to the canvas and rolls towards a corner.

DDK:

I don't know if Box can actually see right now, Angus. The blood from that head wound isn't slowing down any and it's coming right over his brow.

Angus:

That might been the only thing saving us from getting an up close and personal look at Troy's intestines.

Box is wobbly on his feet, the blood causing him to wipe his good eye so he can get a visual of where his prey is. This buys Troy some time. In the corner, she's very hurriedly unwinding the tape from her arms and ripping a black pouch hidden in-between the thick layers.

It's safe to say that going into the WARCHAMBER, the Wargod absolutely underestimated the Queen's ingenuity, and she's about to make him pay...

SHUH-THUNK!

After a collective moment of shock the entire arena Faithful, crew, security, even the guys and gals selling beer popped for what was just perpetrated inside the confines of the WARCHAMBER. And they aaaaaaall let the world know...

"HOLY FUCK!" "HOLY FUCK!" "HOLY FUCK!" "HOLY FUCK!"
"LIND-SAY TROY!" "LIND-SAY TROY!" "LIND-SAY TROY!"
"WHAT JUST HAPPENED?!" **CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!**
"WHAT JUST HAPPENED?!" **CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!**

The Wargod clutches at his shoulder, blood GUSHING from between his fingers.

Angus:

What the shit WAS that?! What the *SHIT* just happened, Darren?! What?! Shit?! Guh?!

We can barely hear Keebler and Angus over the absolutely *unheard of* reaction from the Faithful.

DDK:

I... I think... I think Lindsay Troy just... just HUCKED a throwing star at Bronson Box?!

And that she did. Tucked away in the rolls of tape criss crossing up and down her arms, Troy produced a hand on the Bible, honest to God, true to life **SHURIKEN**. The sharp piece of metal whizzed through the air so quick it took a few moments for those in attendance... and even the Wargod himself... to realize what happened. The look of confused shock on Box's mustachioed face as he painfully dislodges the little star-shaped sliver of metal from his shoulder meat is truly one of a kind

DDK:

Have you EVER seen... Angus, have you ever seen that look on the face of Bronson Box?

Angus:

Dude just got ROCKED by a GORAM NINJA STAR, DARREN! He's SCARED! That just might seal it, man. I'm sorry Tyler Rayne, I'm sure you're watching at home but I think I just fell in love with your wife...

DDK:

You know he could kill you, right?

Angus:

Worth the risk, having legit dead-eyed ninja star throwing skills is literally the sexiest goddamn thing I've ever witnessed.

SHUH-PLINK!

And then another one whizzes by the Wargod's hand, slices his knuckles, hits the cage and falls to the mat.

Bronson Box:

GAAAHHHH GODBLOODYFOOKINDAMMIT!

"LIND-SAY TROY!" "LIND-SAY TROY!" "LIND-SAY TROY!"
"THROW A-NOTH-ER!" **CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!**
"THROW A-NOTH-ER!" **CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!**

As Bronson staggers back into the ropes, clutching at the STAB wound in his shoulder and watching blood spill from the top of his hand, Troy ducks in and nips the Spike from where he dropped it out of pure shock moments ago. As soon as she's armed, Bronson's shock turns right back into white hot hatred. After a few steam-powered steps forward, Box has his momentum used against him as Troy plants both feet square in his chest with an effortless front dropkick that sends him FLYING back into the corner from whence he came. The High Queen DEFIANT wastes no time rushing in and stomping Boxer down to his ass with everything she can muster... once he's dazed, once she has a clear opening she LEANS into the corner, into Bronson's forehead... *Spike first*.

DDK:

TROY GOING TO WORK ON BOXER'S FACE WITH THAT *SPIKE* AGAIN!

Angus:

This chick has some BALLS, Darren! WHO'S MAKIN' WHO NOW *QUEEN MAKER*?!

Troy finally relents stepping out of the corner leaving an absolute bloody mess behind that we THINK might have been Bronson Box at some point. All the Wargod can manage to do is blearily blink through the gushing blood as Troy stands over him raising HIS crimson Spike over her head as HIS Faithful chant HER name.

"LIND-SAY TROY!"

"LIND-SAY TROY!"

"LIND-SAY TROY!"

"LIND-SAY TROY!"

DDK:

Fans, I know how strange it sounds saying this about someone as *decorated* as Lindsay Troy is in this sport, but... Angus, Lindsay Troy has ARRIVED!

Angus:

You gotta' figure, wherever Dan Ryan is back there in the back, what's he think about little sis-in-law standin' there covered in Bronson Box's BLOOD, Darren?

DDK:

Sound familiar, partner? It was after a particularly bloody feud with The Wargod during Grindhouse Japan that many pundits agree DAN RYAN "*arrived*" here in DEFIANCE.

Troy brings the Spike to eye level, rolling it around her palm for a moment... watching as Bronson sloooowly starts to crawl out of the corner, his wide shocked eyes peering from behind a crimson mask. As though the Original DEFIANT hasn't been humiliated enough, Troy manages to slip behind him... taking the Spike and, not unlike the bit on a horse's bridle, places the steel between Bronson's TEETH...

Angus:

Oh, dude wow. Yeah, that sound is...

We hear Angus's teeth almost chatter into his headset as Troy takes hold of each end of the spike and PULLS BACKWARD, sitting waaaaay back into the Wargod's lower spine.

DDK:

For lack of a better descriptor... *SPIKE ASSISTED BOSTON MASSACRE*!

If Bronson's eyes weren't already wide with shock, when Troy pulls back on the "*modified*" camel clutch and all he can hear is the roar of the crowd, the blood in his ears and the crack of each and every single molar in his mouth they sure as hell were now. The crowd solidly behind her, Troy doesn't relent. She digs in and rears back on the sickening maneuver. After what seems like an eternity, *impressively* gritting through the blinding pain... the Wargod's eyes roll back in his head, the muscles in his neck relax and he quite literally passes out *COLD*.

DDK:

Oh... oh my God, Angus!

As soon as she feels him go slack she lets go of the Spike, and rolls out of the maneuver. Leaving the weapon where it lay, between her opponents *teeth*.

Angus:

Consider your *TOY* returned, dude.

Benny Doyle drops to a knee and begins another ten count.

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

Bronson is to his hands and knees, the blood coming from the wound on his forehead, his shoulder, his hand, and now being spit from his mouth comingles in one gorey mess cascading down from his face, pooling on the canvas below.

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

It looks like Box might get to a knee and break the count, but at the last moment collapses back down into the now crimson canvas.

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

DDK:

THE WARGOD'S NOT MOVING, FOLKS!

"EIGHT!"

Obviously exhausted, Troy backs into a corner and waits. The count continues on.

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

DING! DING! DING!

The "ten" gets swallowed up by the roar of the crowd. Troy drops to her knees as Zeppelin and DQ's announcement of her Number One Contendership to the FIST of DEFIANCE gets lost in the din. With a jerk, the WARCHAMBER cell starts to slowly ascend back to the rafters from whence it came, and Doyle is joined in the ring by Mike Sloan and staff doctor Iris Davine to check on The Original DEFIANT. Bronson has barely moved a muscle since he last dropped to the canvas. The trio of DEFstaff manage to get Boxer propped up in a corner in some stage of what some might call conscious. He definitely knows he lost... the snarling disappointment is evident even on his still blood caked mug.

DDK:

I have to say, as bad as Bronson Box looks right now, Lindsay Troy isn't exactly ready to run a marathon. This has been a battle long coming and a bloody mess long promised.

Angus:

Everyone is getting their money's worth. That's for sure.

As Bronson Box gets the bulk of the medical attention, one of the medics gives a look in Lindsay Troy's direction, but she waves them off. They go back to work on Box, whose eyes are still clearly glazed over, while Troy manages to slip out of the ring under the bottom rope. She stops there though, leaning face first on the apron trying to regain her composure fully before gathering the throwing stars and pouch. She slips them inside their carrier and walks out. A commotion is heard rolling through the crowd, as in a flash, much faster than you'd expect, a figure races down the aisle and crashes full bore into Lindsay Troy, practically crushing her against the ring apron. The pouch goes flying,

right at the feet of a camera man. The Faithful look on in stunned awe, as do a couple of the medics working on Bronson Box, as it registers just who *waylaid* the Queen of the Ring.

DAN.

RYAN.

DDK:

Dear God!!

Angus:

This is.... I can't.... I don't know what to say! I don't believe this!

Ryan stands over Lindsay Troy for a brief moment, and we realize he has the FIST strapped around his waist. He looks like he's about to smile, but instead drops and start throwing haymakers with full strength down over and over on the top of Lindsay Troy's head. Ryan's right fist, wrapped in a thick layer of tape, continually drives down into the now-number one contender's head as she lies there, barely able to get her hands up in defense after an absolute war of a match with Bronson Box.

DDK:

Someone get out here and stop this!! Lindsay Troy has just been to hell and back with Bronson Box! What is the meaning of this!?

Angus:

I know we've all been seeing this tension build between these two, but I gotta tell ya, Keebs, I didn't honestly expect THIS. He's beating up his own family... and he's doing it... while WEARING THE FIST OF DEFIANCE AROUND HIS WAIST!! This man is a GOD!

Ryan stops and stands up, then bends over at the waist and looks Troy in the eyes, giving her a full view of who's doing this, and taps the championship belt with his left hand. Recognition flashes in her face, but she's helpless as Ryan rares back and delivers a hard full-force kick to her injured ribs, and her eyes roll back in her head in pain. Ryan looks over and sees the pouch lying on the ground.

DDK:

Oh come on. Seriously, someone get out here already! Where the hell is security?

Ryan picks up the bag of tricks and looks down at Troy, then smirks and tosses it back over his shoulder. He gets back down to his knees, measures another punch with his taped up hand, then turns her head to the side and drives his fist down, sandwiching her head between the punch and the floor. Lindsay Troy is knocked out cold, and blood starts pouring from her forehead. And only now, right on time, DEFsec comes running out.

DDK:

Well it's about time!

Angus:

I think they were just as stunned as we are!

DDK:

It's their job to keep things like this from happening!

Angus:

Well who expected this, though?!

But Dan Ryan is already up, with his hands up in surrender, and backing his way up the aisle. Security passes him and gets in between him and the ring, where they make sure no one else can get to Lindsay Troy. Several medics break off

from Bronson Box and get down to the floor where Troy is so they can tend to her.

DDK:

Just so much to process here right now. Dan Ryan is up the aisle and heading through the curtain...

Angus:

There goes the champ, Keeps.

DDK:

We're hearing from Lance Warner backstage. It seems like he's gonna try and get a word with Dan Ryan as he heads back...

Angus:

Approach at your own risk, Warner....

IT'S A NEW DAY, YES IT IS!

As the medical personnel tends to Lindsay Troy at ringside, Dan Ryan comes through the curtain backstage, eyes ablaze with intensity and furiously unwrapping the thick tape around his right fist, still wearing the FIST OF DEFIANCE around his waist. He stops, surveying everyone standing around gorilla staring at him, as they try to come to grips with what just happened. Ryan smiles, a growing sense of satisfaction coming over him. Only one person is brave enough to approach. Who else?

Lance Warner.

Ryan only gets a few steps before Warner runs up to him with a microphone in hand. Ryan's smile widens, an unnerving smile to say the least.

Lance Warner:

Mr. Ryan...

Dan Ryan:

You'd like a word?

Lance Warner:

Well, I think we all would like to know why you've done this. Why have you savagely attacked your own sister in law after her match with Bronson Box? There's been some issues between the two of you, but this...?

Dan Ryan:

Issues. There's been some issues. You've been asking me about issues for months, Warner. This isn't even about that. I'm the FIST of DEFIANCE, and in case you haven't noticed, Lindsay Troy is now the number one contender. I'm just staking my claim, that's all.

Lance Warner:

That's all?? So this has nothing to do with the confrontation backstage last week that we saw on UNCUT?

Dan Ryan:

You mean when she thought to confront me like I was her child again? You mean when she put her hands on me and tried to dress me down in public like she's my mother or I'm somehow beholden to her will? Is that the confrontation you're talking about??

Lance Warner:

Well yes, I mean...

Dan Ryan: [getting more fired up]

No, it had absolutely nothing to do with that. I'm the FIST of DEFIANCE. And no matter what some pixelated jerkoff from a closed company says to you or Eric Dane, it means I'm the holder of the ONLY CHAMPIONSHIP IN THIS SPORT THAT MATTERS.

Ryan pats the belt around his waist.

Dan Ryan:

Do you know what it means to be top dog in the most competitive company in our sport, holding the most important championship in this sport??

Lance Warner:

Well no, I...

Dan Ryan:

No, you don't. Of course you don't. Well I'm gonna give you some pro-tips. It means I will do whatever it takes to stay on top. It means I will make sure everyone remembers just who I am and what I'm capable of. It means... that I don't answer... to ANYONE. Not now, not last week, not ever. This isn't about family or any of that other nonsense. I'm the FIST OF DEFIANCE, and I make the motherfuckin' rules around here. You got that, Warner?

Ryan is right in Lance Warner's face, and even Warner knows better at this point.

Lance Warner:

Absolutely. Crystal clear.

Dan Ryan:

So what I'm gonna do right now is get myself ready to do what I do. Do you know what I do, Warner?

Lance Warner: [not sure what to say]

Uhhh...

Dan Ryan:

I go to the ring and I do work. And tonight, I will prove to you and to every single person in this building that Dan Ryan is the best in the business, as I take the reign of Eugene Dewey and put it in the ground permanently.

Dan Ryan stalks away from Warner. As he heads down the hall people are lined up against the wall staring at him as he passes. He turns about ten feet down and screams into the face a smaller crew member....

Dan Ryan:

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU LOOKING AT??

The crew member shrinks in place, looking down and shaking his head. Ryan sneers and tosses the balled up mass of tape at the wall and continues his walk down the hall as Lance Warner just stands there, staring.

FIST of DEFIANCE - DAN RYAN (c) vs EUGENE DEWEY

DDK:

Well, I think it's safe to say after what we just saw, and what we just heard, that things are at a fever pitch in this building right now.

Angus:

I mean look, normally I'd have something witty to say here....

DDK:

Debatable.

Angus:

Shut it. Normally I'd have something witty to say, but I'm at something of a loss for words, really. We've seen Dan Ryan go to some extreme lengths to get his point across before, but I honestly never thought I'd see the day he would lay into Lindsay Troy like he just did.

DDK:

Without a doubt. Lindsay Troy was just carried out of here after one hellacious beating from her brother in law. We have no idea what her status is right now, but we'll report it as soon as we hear something.

Angus:

Boy, the annual family Memorial Day picnic is gonna be AWK-WARD!

DDK:

Speaking of awkward, it's been several weeks since Eugene Dewey was thrown out of the building before DEFtv 63 by Kelly Evans and he hasn't been seen since.

Angus:

It's not like the nerd king to be quiet this long, that's for sure.

DDK:

Even stranger, no has seen him here tonight either. As a matter of fact, as we speak, there's some commotion in the ring as our ring announcer Darren Quimbey is leaning through the ropes talking to someone at ringside.

Angus:

After a show like this, you can't tell me we're gonna end with a missing challenger for the FIST.

Quimbey returns to center ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, this match is set for one fall and is for the FIST OF DEFIANCE!!!

♪ *"Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins* ♪

DDK:

Well apparently, we're gonna have the champ come out first.

Angus:

What other choice do we have? Eugene is nowhere to be found.

Strobe lights envelop the arena. Dan Ryan steps out into full view, the FIST of DEFIANCE around his waist, and pauses, looking through sunglasses at the crowd for a moment. He's still got beads of sweat on his brow from the extra-curricular activities recently, and you can tell the man is fired up. The main riff of the song kicks in and Ryan starts a steady stalking pace down the aisle.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first... hailing from Houston, Texas... and weighing in tonight at THREE HUNDRED FIVE POUNDS.... He is the REIGNING THREE TIME FIST OF DEFIANCE..... DAAANNNN RYAAAANNNNN!!!!!!

He reaches up and climbs his way into the ring, steps up onto the second turnbuckle and the crowd hits him with a wall of thunderous boos.

DDK:

After what Dan Ryan did just a few minutes ago, this crowd of the faithful is absolutely letting him have it.

Ryan smirks at this and gives a look back at Quimbey in the ring, questioningly. Quimbey shrugs and Ryan pulls off his sunglasses and tosses them to the outside. Ryan hops down into the ring and approaches Quimbey in the ring. Brian Slater is there too, and Ryan hands him the FIST.

DDK:

There seems to be some discussion going on here.

Angus:

I'm sure the champ just wants to know where the hell Dewey is.

DDK:

Sure would be anticlimactic having a show like this end this way.

As the discussion continues in the ring, some commotion begins on one side of the area, as some commotion comes in a wave toward the ring. It doesn't take long to realize what's going on as Eugene Dewey is out of the crowd, over the railing, and into the ring in a flash, where he jumps Dan Ryan from behind and starts raining down lefts and rights on the champion.

Angus:

Gaaahhh!! Nerd death from above!!

DDK:

Eugene Dewey is here!! And he's laying into the champion!!

Darren Quimbey heads for cover, getting through the ring ropes and to the floor in a hurry and Slater gestures to the timekeeper who rings the bell to signal the start of the match. Meanwhile, Dan Ryan covers up as Dewey swings wildly, his mouth practically frothing in anger. Ryan manages to shove Dewey off of him, but is back to defending lefts and rights as soon as he gets to his feet.

DDK:

Dan Ryan came ready for a fight tonight, but Eugene Dewey managed to catch him off guard.

Angus:

Yeah, I don't know if this was a ploy by King Koopa or not, but it's certainly got the champion on the defensive.

DDK:

If it is a ploy, it's a good one, if not a little unnecessary.

Angus:

Unnecessary?? You do whatever it takes when the championship is on the line, Keebs? You know how much the FIST

of DEFIANCE means to nerd supreme.

Dewey continues the onslaught as Dan Ryan starts to succumb in the corner. Eugene steps back about four or five paces as Ryan slumps against the turnbuckles, then charges hard, and with a scream, drives a knee into the temple of Ryan. Ryan slumps down even more and Dewey, his face red with rage, screams out again into the crowd.

Angus:

I have to admit, Eugene is on fire.

DDK:

I do have to say, if you're gonna face up to the behemoth that is Dan Ryan, a surprise attack isn't a bad way to go.

Eugene yanks Ryan out of the corner and looks to go for a cover, but instead jumps down across his chest and starts pummeling him with left and right hands again. Ryan has his hands up fast though, and manages to block enough of the blows to get an opening to shove Dewey back off of him. Ryan turns and slides under the bottom rope to the outside, holding his head and walking away around the ring. Dewey pounces out and gives chase, but Ryan is waiting. As soon as Dewey hits the floor, Ryan drives a huge forearm into the side of his head, then another, and another. Dewey staggers back, then turns around into a huge clothesline.

DDK:

And with that, we're back to square one.

Angus:

Well, he had to know it would take more than just a few punches.

DDK:

Yes indeed, hopefully there's more to his strategy than just catching Dan Ryan off guard.

Ryan steps away a bit, still clearing the cobwebs, but turns around and grabs a rising Dewey by the back of the head and throws him hard into the ring steps, loosening them away from the corner post with the impact. Ryan rolls up onto the ring apron and back into the ring.

DDK:

The champ has been able to shake off Eugene Dewey's initial attack, but he's gonna need a moment to get his bearings it seems. Those attacks on the outside looked to be more out of instinct than anything.

Angus:

Well, he's a survivor.

Eugene isn't done though. He's hurt, but he still has a crazy look in his eyes as he gets up and dives back in under the bottom rope. He crouches as Dan Ryan has his back to him, and when Ryan turns around, he leaps up into a SHORYUKEN but Ryan manages to avoid it by falling backward out of instinct. He backs into the ropes as Dewey comes back down to the mat. Ryan tries to lunge back at the challenger, but Dewey meets him with a forearm shiver. Ryan bounces back into the ropes and Dewey charges him with a Biotic Charge that sends both men tumbling through the ropes to the outside.

DDK:

Eugene Dewey went for the kill, and Dan Ryan owes it to his quick thinking to avoid a possible quick loss!

Angus:

I have to say, Eugene is throwing everything at Dan Ryan here. He's really gotta find a way to withstand this flurry of offense from Dewey until he can take control.

Both men are down on the outside, but Dan Ryan manage to get up and crawl under the bottom rope back into the ring first. Dewey, who hit the guardrail hard as he tumbled out of the ring, gets to his feet a little more gingerly. He

approaches the ring to climb back in and doesn't notice Dan Ryan with a full head of steam charging and diving through the ropes with a shoulder tackle to the outside. Dewey goes sprawling back into the guardrail, while Dan Ryan lands in a crouched position as the crowd erupts in cheers for the fast-paced action.

Angus:

Every time Eugene goes on the offensive, the champ has an answer for it!

DDK:

Eugene's been charging up the batteries, as he's prone to say, for this match for some time but as you mentioned, Dan Ryan is ready and then some. He is absolutely determined not to lose the FIST tonight.

Angus:

Eugene has always been good at strategy, but lately he's been so singularly focused on the FIST of DEFIANCE that I think Captain Nerdgasm has lost the magic touch a little bit.

Ryan grunts as he gets to his feet and roughly pulls Dewey up against the guardrail. He lays a punch in to Dewey, then another and another, and one more before grabbing him by the head and throwing him hard back into the ring under the bottom rope. Ryan climbs back into the ring, and Dewey struggles to his feet as Ryan approaches. Dewey instinctively jabs at Ryan, but this mostly irritates the champion and he returns with another hard right hand of his own that drops Dewey immediately. Ryan drops an elbow, then covers.

ONE!!!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!!

DDK:

A quick cover by Dan Ryan gets two!

Angus:

That was a little closer than I expected. These heavy right hands are taking a toll.

Ryan pulls Dewey back up to a standing position and rolls Dewey over and into leglock. He reaches up and clasps his hands around Dewey's face and wrenches back on the crossface.

DDK:

And now, the champ is pulling back hard on Eugene Dewey's face, putting all kinds of pressure on the neck.

Angus:

We all know how much Dan Ryan likes to hit those big head droppers. He softening up that neck area real good right now.

Dewey reaches out, struggling to get to the ropes and break the hold, but Ryan pulls in tight. Dewey yells out, angry and pounds a fist on the mat, then reaches up and grabs a hand full of Dan Ryan's hair.

DDK:

Eugene Dewey doing all he can to break this, but Dan Ryan just is not budging!

Angus:

It's worth a shot, but Dan Ryan is a big man...

Surprisingly, Dan Ryan lets go and just drives two forearm smashes hard into the top of Dewey's head, leaving him face first on the mat.

Angus:

And there you go.

DDK:

I guess you never know.

Dan Ryan reaches down and pulls Dewey up from behind, then drives another forearm into the small of his back. Dewey stumbles forward, but Ryan pulls him back by his trunks and delivers another.

DDK:

And no, the FIST is wearing down the back of the challenger.

Angus:

Smart strategy, though we should expect nothing less.

Ryan gives Dewey a shove into the ropes where he hits face first and bounces back into a hard overhead clubbing blow to the back of his head. Dewey stumbles forward and down to a knee, then turns and drops into a sitting position.

DDK:

Just brutal clubbing blows. What the Warchamber gave us in blood this match is giving us in just sheer physicality.

Angus:

Yeah, you know, it's not metal spikes, but I bet it doesn't feel all that great.

As Ryan leans down to pull Dewey up again, Dewey ends his momentum quickly with hard palm strike up into his face. Ryan is stunned, giving Dewey an opening to get up to his knees and start a flurry of strikes, starting with hard jab to the ribs, then to the left thigh. Dewey gets up on his feet and delivers a hard kick to the thigh, to the ribs, to the other side of the ribs and finishing with a spinning back fist across the face.

Angus:

King of NERD STYLE!!

Ryan stumbles to the side into the ropes where he leans in and bounces off into a roaring clothesline attempt, but Dewey ducks, and when Ryan turns around, Dewey locks him into a front facelock and drops him hard to the mat with a DDT.

DDK:

A big DDT by Eugene Dewey!! Here's the cover!!

ONE!!**TWO!!****NO!!**

Ryan kicks out, but Dewey shoves him back down and demands another count from Brian Slater.

ONE!!**TWO!!****KICKOUT!****Angus:**

Eugene is frustrated, but this never works. He kicked out, Move on.

Dewey gives Brian Slater a piece of his mind over the count, but Slater is unmoved by the complaint and Dewey quickly turns his attention back to Ryan. He reaches down and pulls Ryan up, then delivers a hard knee to the gut. With Ryan doubled over, Dewey grabs him in a waistlock and brings him up and over with a waistlock suplex. A quick kneedrop to the side of the head and Dewey stands back up and looks around into the crowd to a chorus of boos.

DDK:

It's a really interesting dynamic. Normally these fans know just who they support in a match like this, but with the way Dewey's been acting since losing the FIST of DEFIANCE and after what Dan Ryan pulled earlier tonight, it's just boos everywhere.

Angus:

It's super strange when the booing just reigns down like this.

Dewey leans down to pull Dan Ryan back up again, and Ryan snatches him by the back of the head and rolls him up.

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR... KICKOUT!!

DDK:

My God that was close!!

Dewey's eyes go wide as he was *this* close to eating the pinfall. Dan Ryan is over on his stomach as Dewey seethes in the general direction of Brian Slater one more time. This doesn't last though as Dewey gets back to his feet and goes to meet a rising Dan Ryan near the ropes. Ryan throws a back elbow into Dewey's stomach, but Dewey cuts off any rally with a knee lift. He bounces Ryan into the ropes and fires him off toward the other side of the ring. Ryan comes off and ducks a Dewey clothesline. Ryan stops, and as Dewey turns around, Ryan throws him with an overhead belly to belly suplex that bounces Dewey up into the corner where his feet land propped up onto the bottom turnbuckle.

DDK:

Dewey got himself on a roll but Dan Ryan puts an end to that again.

Ryan practically stomps over to Dewey and pulls him up roughly, propping him in the corner. Ryan unleashes a flurry of rights and lefts to the ribs, then back to the head, then he pulls Dewey out, spins him around and flips him over with a release German suplex. Ryan jumps up after the impact and roars to the crowd.

Angus:

The champ is on fire, Keeps.

DDK:

A belly to belly suplex into that corner, then a HUGE German out of the corner! Just an amazing series of offense!

Ryan yanks Dewey back up to his feet again and shoots him into the ropes. Dewey comes off almost in a daze right into a big powerslam. Ryan covers.

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR.... KICKOUT!!

DDK:

Another two count, but much closer this time!

Ryan grabs Dewey by the legs and drags him to the ropes. He steps up onto the middle rope and springs off with a springboard legdrop across the throat. He's up one more time and drops another from a standing position. He hooks the legs and hooks his hands for the cover.

ONE!!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!!

DDK:

Dewey is out again! And this time Dan Ryan slaps the mat in frustration.

Angus:

You know Eugene has a power up or two left in him!

Ryan to his feet giving the referee the evil eye. He turns around...

SHORYUKEN!!!!

DDK:

MY GOD!! EUGENE CAUGHT HIM FLUSH ON THE CHIN!!

Angus:

He's gonna do it!!

Unfortunately, the impact of the move sends Dan Ryan sprawling and he tumbles through the ropes and to the outside. Eugene Dewey sees this and slams the mat in frustration, looking up and cursing into the air at his bad luck.

DDK:

Just an huge unlucky break for Dewey. Dan Ryan is out on the floor, but Dewey can't take advantage and make the cover without getting him back into the ring!

Dewey scurries out to the floor and tries desperately to drag the dead weight of Dan Ryan up to get him into the ring. When he can't manage to do it, he settles for shoving him angrily up against the guardrail. He charges in, and at the last second Dan Ryan ducks his head and send Dewey flying into the crowd with a backdrop. Unfortunately for Dewey, the crowd scatters and he lands right on the concrete floor.

Angus:

Splat goes the nerd!! Someone get a spatula!

Dewey lies motionless as Ryan turns around to see the carnage. He lifts a leg over the barricade and goes into the crowd area, standing over Dewey, then looking out into the crowd with a smirk. Ryan kicks a couple chairs away and gestures for the fans to stay back.

Angus:

I both don't like the looks of this, and love the looks of this.

There's a loud mixture of cheers and boos as he leans down and pulls Dewey into a standing headscissors.

DDK:

Dear Lord, don't tell me he's gonna try to do what I think he's gonna try to do!

Angus:

I'd love to tell you otherwise, but I'm pretty sure he's planning on doing it...

Ryan lifts Eugene Dewey with a roar, but Dewey sits on top of his shoulders and fires down right hands instinctively. Ryan staggers, but has enough presence of mind to turn and fling Dewey back over the guardrail to the ringside area. Dewey falls on his back, but with only a portion of the usual impact of the move. Ryan shakes out the cobwebs and climbs back over near Dewey.

DDK:

Dewey very narrowly escaped a devastating Humility Bomb on the concrete, but he's not out of the woods yet. Dan Ryan is back over him and stalking him once more.

Angus:

We almost saw Eugene Dewey get killed on television. That's what we almost saw.

Ryan pulls Dewey up and rolls him back into the ring. He climbs in behind him and waits for him to stand up. Ryan stalks behind Dewey and locks Dewey in position for a dragon suplex. Dewey tries to struggle out, but is unable to counter as Ryan throws him back and over. Dewey lands hard and clutches at the back of his head immediately. Ryan comes over and reaches to pull Dewey up. Dewey comes to his feet and immediately drives a palm thrust into the bridge of Dan Ryan's nose.

Angus:

Dewey is deadly with that palm strike. He already hit it once earlier tonight and he really needs this to turn into some offense if he's gonna have any chance at winning this match!

Ryan is trying to shake away the stars. Dewey seizes the opening and scoops him up and slams him back down. Immediately, Dewey steps out and starts to climb to the top rope.

DDK:

Eugene Dewey is going up top and he is perhaps going for the senton!

Angus:

No!! Not the BOB-OMB BOMB!!!!

Dewey grits his teeth and goes airborne, coming down back first...

ON THE MAT.

Ryan rolls out of the way and is up to his feet in a hurry, smirking down at Eugene Dewey on the mat.

DDK:

And Dan Ryan is out of the way!! He was playing possum!

Angus:

I'm afraid Mario knows Bowser all too well!

Dan Ryan rips Eugene Dewey up violently and puts him in the standing headscissors. In one quick motion he lifts him high into the air and drives him hard down to the mat with the Humility Bomb. Instead of the cover, he pulls him back up and forces him into another standing headscissors.

DDK:

Huge Humility Bomb and... he's going for another?? Come on, this isn't necessary at all!

Angus:

When stakes like this are on the line, you make sure your opponent is finish, Keebs!

Ryan lifts Dewey one more time and against drives him hard down to the mat. Eugene Dewey hits hard and does not move.

DDK:

This is academic at this point. Dan Ryan goes for the cover.... Wait...

Ryan reaches down and grabs Dewey by the hair. He looks up and chuckles a bit into the crowd, then his smile turns to an evil sneer as he drags Dewey up and puts him across his shoulders in position for the Headliner.

DDK:

No!! This is completely uncalled for!

Angus:

Oh maaaaan....

DDK:

This move has crippled people in the past, partner, as you well know.

Angus:

This is the move that put Virginia Quell on the shelf for good. Dan Ryan is trying to cripple Eugene Dewey here tonight!

Just as Ryan is about to deliver the move, the crowd rises to feet at the sight of someone stepping out onto the stage. It's LINDSAY TROY, seething and with a face redder than the devil himself. She's got a bandage around her head with some blood still caked near her hairline, but she dragging herself down the aisle, clutching her ribs. Ryan sees this, and smiles. Dewey slips from his shoulders and falls to the mat. Ryan keeps a smirking gaze on the approaching Lindsay Troy for a moment, then drops down to cover Eugene Dewey.

ONE!!!**TWO!!!****THREE!!!!*****DING! DING! DING!*****Darren Quimbey:**

The winner of the match, by pinfall... And STILL THE FIST OF DEFIANCE..... DAAAAAANNNN RYAAANNNN!!!!

Ryan is up and over by the ropes immediately. Lindsay Troy is clearly in no shape for this, and it takes no time at all for medical personnel and members of DEFSec to overtake her and get between her and the ring.

DDK:

Dan Ryan defeats Eugene Dewey to remain the FIST of DEFIANCE but look at this display of bravery by Lindsay Troy!!

Angus:

It's only brave if someone keeps her away from the ring! If she makes it there, Dan Ryan is gonna finish what he started earlier tonight. This girl's amazing, and possibly the future mother of my babies, but she's got a death wish!

Troy tries to get through the crowd of medics and staff, but she has hardly any strength and can barely stand. In the ring, Dan Ryan mockingly holds the ropes open a yells in her direction, "LET HER GO!!" He waves toward the ring, begging them to allow her to make it to the ring. Troy gets only about halfway to the ring before simply collapsing in pain. Medical personnel kneel down next to her as she sneers up at her brother in law in the ring, gritting her teeth enough to wear through the enamel.

DDK:

Troy just doesn't have the energy to make it to the ring here. She needs some medical attention in a hurry.

Angus:

Good thing for her she can't make it down to the ring. I don't like her chances in a ring with Dan Ryan right now.

DDK:

Well I'll tell you what, partner, what a night. Dan Ryan retains against Eugene Dewey and we start out on the road to DEFCON1 with two family members ready to tear each other's heads off.

Angus:

No kidding, all throughout this show.... some of this stuff.... It'll be a night to remember for sure.

DDK:

For my broadcast partner, I'm Darren Keebler..... Good night everyone!!!

The camera switches to Dan Ryan leaning on the ropes, smiling and holding up the belt.

Fade to copyright.