

THE RUNDOWN - WELCOME TO THE SHOW

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

GET IN THE BIN!

I ONLY CAME FOR THE #HOSSFITES!

THE BAWS>SOMEONE'S DAD

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

DDK:

Welcome, everybody, to CLASH OF THE DEFIANTS! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and as always, my partner for the eve--

WELCOME TO THE CLASH

♪ "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins ♪

DDK:

And we're gonna lead things off with the FIST of DEFIANCE! So much we could say right now about this guy.

Angus:

Yeah, you know, I'm really curious what he has to say. The beating he gave his own sister-in-law was brutal, even for him, and the way he decisively defeated the longest reigning FIST in DEFIANCE history was a sight to behold.

Dan Ryan steps out through the curtain as the song kicks in, in business attire with the FIST around his waist. He has the dark sunglasses on, and the strobe effect in DEFarena reflects off them as he stands and basks in the crowd reaction. Ryan, already with a microphone in hand, smirks and raises a hand to cut off his music.

Dan Ryan:

Thank you all so much for that rousing reaction. I truly enjoy coming out here every week and standing in front of the best fans in the entire wrestling world.

A raucous reaction from the faithful for that one. Ryan waves his hand in an upward motion for a louder response, which he gets. He turns his hand over and lowers it, prompting them to bring it down a notch. They don't really, but Ryan smirks at this anyway.

Dan Ryan:

Tonight, of course begins the Clash of Defiants. Eight of the best DEFIANCE has to offer pair up and fight until there's only one left, the new DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion. Now I know what you're all thinking. You all saw DEFIANCE Road and what went down. You all want to know what my thoughts are....on this tournament.

Some boos. Someone in the crowd shouts "CANE DEWEY".

DDK:

I think the crowd has other questions in mind.

Dan Ryan: [smirking]

Interesting, interesting. At DEFIANCE Road, I did what I said I would do. I put an exclamation point on my reign as FIST of DEFIANCE. I put an emphatic end to any notion that my win was a fluke, and I charted a course toward DEFCON1.... With style. In one fell swoop, I took care of all business and I stand here the one true undisputed best professional wrestler in the entire world.

DDK:

Quite the statement.

Angus:

Hard to argue though.

Dan Ryan:

Now, tonight...you all will witness a happening, an event that will be history in the making as we crown a new champion for a brand new championship that will no doubt go down as one of the most highly respected in our sport. But let me be clear about something.

Ryan makes a dramatic pause, then unstraps the FIST and holds it high overhead.

Dan Ryan:

That championship will mean something only because THIS championship means something. And this championship means something because I'm the one wearing it. No more will the FIST of DEFIANCE walk into the building, then spend his entire time looking for a way out. No more will your champion search for loopholes to escape confrontation. I

will seek out confrontation, I will meet it head on and I will thrive in it. I will find every challenge and I will face it. I will step into that ring and you will KNOW who the best professional wrestler in the entire world is.

Angus:

I like the way he thinks.

DDK:

Shocking.

Angus:

Hey, when the man is right, he's right. The better he looks, the better we all look. Probably more money, too. Hey, I bet I can leverage this into something.

DDK:

Way to think about what's best for everyone.

Angus:

Hey, what's best for me IS best for everyone.

Dan Ryan:

Tonight is the beginning of something special. Enjoy it, revel in it all, and remember why DEFIANCE....is the standard bearer of this sport. Good evening.

With that, Ryan drops the microphone and gives a little one handed head bow, puts the belt over his shoulder and turns to leave.

COMMENTS FROM BRONSON BOX & JASON NATAS

We return to the booth and our hosts of the show, Keebs and Angus.

DDK:

Well, it's about time we get this thing rolling down, don't you think, partner?

Angus:

It's my entire reason for being here tonight, Keebs, lets do it!

DDK:

Before we take it to the ring, we've got some comments from Jason Natas and Bronson Box about tonight's event...

Cut to the pre-recorded footage.

Jason Natas stands in front of black backdrop with the DEFIANCE logo on it. The Anti-Superstar is ready for battle and looking to be up for the challenge that stands in front of him this evening.

Jason Natas:

To win tonight, I gotta go through the biggest, baddest lion in the pride in the very first round. But I ain't intimidated. I ain't scared of fightin' Bronson Box. Goin' against the Original DEFIANT -- the DEFIANCE Ace -- don't worry me one bit: it encourages me, 'cause I know if I can get over the biggest hurdle first, I can beat anyone tonight.

You might be one of the foundin' fathers, Boxer. You might've helped pave the way for guys like me to be standin' here tonight, and you might be the most feared force in DEFIANCE history, but that don't mean squat tonight.. because when we get inside the ring, when the bell rings and it's time to let the elbows fly, there's only one thing that matters: who's bringin' the fight.

... and brother? I got more fight than anyone else in this goddamn building tonight.

I don't got the resumé or the legacy, but I got two fists, two elbows and an iron will that you ain't ever gonna break. Clash of the DEFIANTS? Let's do it.

The shot cuts away to find Bronson Box, who is also in his gear and standing in front of the same black backdrop. His thumbs hooking the straps of his singlet as he stares with a cool intensity.

Bronson Box:

The thing you lot need to realize... this whole tournament? The Onslaught Championship? It's mine by design! You're lookin' at the FOOKIN' blueprint, lads! The Onslaught himself, in the bruised, battered, ripped and FOOKIN' tattered flesh of a man who's not only walked the walk... but built the road you all are standin' on... [he chuckles to himself] and Jason Natas? There was a point in his career I mighta' been excited to step in there and trade blows with a stout pugilist like himself... [crinkling his nose] now though? [laughing derisively]

Let's just say this... I fully advise Mr. Natas on becomin' painfully comfortable with his dark side if he expects to walk out of that ring tonight with a victory. That boy better unlock every door in his mind containing every dark impulse, every demon he ever grappled with and use every FOOKIN' ounce of that out there because if he don't... if Jason Natas thinks he can walk through that curtain and play that fookin' "former villain with a heart of gold" bollocks with ME he's gunna find out the same lesson our dear Ms. Troy learned when she decided ter' plant her boot right in the middle of my arse... playin' NICE don't pay the bills, lad.

And around here? Playin' nice might just get ye' killed... [he smiles a smile behind which is obviously nothing but the worst of intentions] ... an I 'aint usin' hyperbole when I say that, Jason. No... Because nothin' short of death itself is keepin' the D.O.C. from my hands, boy'o. [neck pop]

As Boxer walks off, we cut back to the arena.

D.O.C. FIRST ROUND - BRONSON BOX vs JASON NATAS

DDK:

Angus, we're about to take step one in a journey tonight to crown the first ever DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion. And my WORD is there a more appropriate duo to kick things off than the two men we're about to see walk down that isle?

Angus:

A man who's style a lot of folks say this whole division is FOUNDED on, the Bombastic Bronson Box taking on a newer DEFIANT but one who's throwin' forearms for YEARS now in The Pugilist Jason Natas... the excitement is REEEEEEEAL, Keeps!

Nowhere else in the world will you hear thousands of people pop harder for a ragtime classic written before most people's grandparents were even born. But to the DEFIANCE Faithful, "The Entertainer" by way long since dead, turn of the century pianist Scott Joplin starts to play each and everyone of them hit their feet, all eyes on the entrance curtain. The Wargod saunters out casually checking his ring tape, stopping at the top of the ramp to pop his neck to either side before making a beeline towards HIS ring.

Angus:

Bronson apparently told production to save the Cash tune for later... the balls on this guy.

DDK:

His confidence knows no bounds, partner. You know that.

Boxer hoofs it up the ringsteps and whips between the top and second rope to spin towards center ring with his arms out stretched, taking a few moments to "bask in his legacy" a bit before getting down to business preparing for the task at hand. A challenge from a young man who's more than capable of holding his own when it comes to quick brutal spine rattling pro wrestling...

♪ "NY State of Mind" by Nas

The legendary slab of East Coast hip-hop tees-off with the same sample and the same pounding drum pattern as always. The bass starts to fade-in after about ten seconds or so, and that's when The Anti-Superstar brushes the curtain aside and begins his walk to the ring. Decked-out in the "PUGILIST" tee, there's definitely more energy to Jason Natas than usual tonight, as evidenced by the spring in his step. Eventually he reaches ringside and rolls under the bottom rope, before getting to his feet and throwing his hands up multiple times, trying to whip-up the Faithful's excitement.

Angus:

Fatas playing to the crowd a little bit here, partner.

DDK:

He's getting more comfortable, Angus. The knee hasn't bothered him in months, the excess weight is long gone, and he looks more than ready to go the distance tonight. What do you think his odds are stepping in there with The Wargod?

Angus:

Oh he's going to get Bronson's knob right down his GORAM throat. Just stating the obvious don't change the fact he's a goddamn porker.

DDK:

Was a porker, maybe. So I take it you're going to be supporting Boxer in this match? You're as fickle with your support of The Wargod as the Faithful are, Skaaland.

Angus:

He's a terrifying sociopath that's stuck with this company since day ONE Keeps. Dude scares the shit out of me, sure, but... honestly, what's not to like? When people ask me what DEF is all about all I really have to do is show them

Bronson's highlight package and 'nuff said.

The two rawboned grapplers start off by calmly circling one another. We can hear Boxer running his mouth as Natas saltily grimaces across the empty canvas chasm between them, sizing up the much lauded Original DEFIANT, looking for any chinks in his armor. They get closer and closer, crouched down with their hands and fingers outstretched reach to lockup. Natas takes Box unaware with surprising quickness, rushing forward and clobbering The Wargod with a sharp shoulder block that sends Boxer staggering backward... and NONE too pleased.

DDK:

Jason Natas showing a little attitude here, partner!

Natas just cracks a tiny lopsided grin, beckoning the stout Scotsman to step up. The crowd immediately responds with an impressed ooooooh.

Angus:

I predict he's going to SERIOUSLY regret doing that here in a few minutes time, Darren. Mark my words. Re. Gret.

The Wargod comes SCREAMING back across the ring with an absolutely brutal forearm that Natas only blocks a portion of. Enough that his bell is sufficiently unrung enough he can fire back with a forearm of his own. The two brutal individuals lay into one another with forearm after forearm, one after another with Boxer eventually getting the better of the exchange, landing more than one or two completely unanswered shots to the side of The Pugilist's cranium. The Wargod sprints back and hits the ropes, obviously looking for a little extra oomph to finally get Natas off his feet but is cut off as Jason beats him to the punch, using Bronson's own momentum against him sending him staggering. The tough as nails South Bronx native tries the same trick, hitting the ropes and coming back at Bronson with every intention to continuing the war of forearms, but the DEFIANCE Ace obviously has other plans.

The European uppercut catches Jason right under the chin sending him once again staggering back into the ropes. He doesn't stay phased long, the two adrenaline fueled brawlers meet in the center of the ring, forehead to forehead, like two rams that just cracked head and horn atop some snowcap mountain somewhere. After a spittle laced tirade from Boxer and a look of silent seething aggression from The Bronx Bully the two men each suddenly rear back and hit the ropes at the exact same time. Natas, just a hair quicker and a with a significant mass differential, manages to drop The Scottish Strongman with a big boot to the mush but hisses his opportunity to capitalize, whiffing a standing knee-drop. As Natas grabs his knee with a grimace of pain he deftly avoids a receipt-boot from Bronson by rolling gracefully out of the way.

As the Faithful chant and cheer and boo and scream and pound the ringside barriers, each and every one letting the two men know exactly how they feel about this opening contest, the two men find themselves back where they started, slowly circling one another looking for an opening, looking for the other to act first and open up a target.

DDK:

These two are so evenly matched, aren't they Angus?

Angus:

Sure Natas is tough, but come on Darren... come on... really?

DDK:

What? In my estimation Natas just weathered an opening volley from The Wargod that's put down some of the very best in this business. Boxer isn't invulnerable, he IS just coming off a very high profile loss to The Queen Lindsay Troy, afterall.

Angus:

... come on, man... [long pause] think about it... the D.O.C., hell, the whole division... you heard Box say it himself before the match started. His style, his brutal concussion inducing style, the same "forearm you do death and send your flayed skin to your family" style he's used for years to build his legend here in DEF is the blueprint for this whoooooole Onslaught schmoo we're calling right now, Keeps.

The Bronx Bully raises his arms for a lock-up. Boxer does the same, but pulls 'em down at the last second and knees Natas square in the gut as he advances. Jason falls down to a seated position and Box steps behind him, before pulling his leg back and slamming his boot hard into the kidneys! As Jason Natas recoils in pain, Bronson stuffs him under the bottom rope and follows him to the outside.

Natas is on his feet but can't prevent Box from grabbing his arm and Irish Whipping him all the way to the barricade! Natas' back meets steel with a loud rattle, and The Scottish Strongman follows-up with an immediate running knee. As Natas doubles-over, Box takes a few steps away and recovers some lost breath, then moves back in.

Box grabs Natas' arm again, looking for another whip, but Natas reverses! Box hits the barricade! The Anti-Superstar charges forward and clotheslines his opponent over the top and into the crowd, drawing a hearty roar from the surrounding Faithful. Fired-up, Natas beats his chest twice then throws a fist into the air.

Angus:

Jesus! Fatas is actually bringing the fight tonight!

DDK:

He's never been short of spirit, Angus, and he's ready to prove his worth tonight! Jason Natas' first singles victory has been a long time coming, and he's desperate to put Boxer away here!

As the count-out reaches seven, Box pulls himself up against the barricade but Jason yanks him over the top, then rolls him into the ring. Back inside and on his feet, Natas pulls Box up and lands a forearm, then pushes him into the corner. Keeping the pressure up, Natas wails away with forearm after forearm, but Box regains his senses and pushes away from the 'buckles. Bronson fires back with a wild flurry of strikes that stagger Natas at first, then send him to his knees.

Grabbing Natas by the throat, Box pushes him back into the opposite corner and props him up. A left-hand lands, then a right, then an elbow, a forearm, a left, a right! A headbut slumps Jason Natas, a chop stings his chest, an elbow slumps him further and the blows continue 'til Jason's sat on the floor. Box pushes his boot into Natas' throat for just a liiiittle bit longer than necessary, before turning round and jogging to the opposite co--...

But Jason Natas hops-up! He gives chase! The Scottish Strongman turns around in the corner and blasts him with a running forearm! Natas stumbles for a moment, still short of air following the choke, and Boxer clobbers him with a clothesline. Both men hit the deck: Box on his hands and knees, Natas on his back.

DDK:

These men would do well to conserve their energy here, Angus: they've set a furious pace thus far, and the winner's going to have at least one more match ahead of them tonight.

Angus:

Not just that but they're knocking LUMPS out of each other too, and those type of shots add-up. This is exactly the kind of match tonight was made for!

Both men work to their feet. Box tries to clinch-up, but Natas powers out of it and scoop slams him down. He runs to the ropes and comes back with the knee drop, then hooks the leg...

ONE!**TWO!****KICKOUT!**

The Bronx Bully pulls Box up with him then whips him to a corner, but the Scot pulls a boot up and clips Jason in the jaw as he charges. A double-leg takedown, and Box is soon on-top of Natas, smashing his head into Jason's with pure, unbridled fury! Once the damage is done, Box rolls Natas onto his stomach and tries to clamp him in The Boston

Massacre, but Natas' hand quickly finds the bottom rope.

After a stomp to Natas' head, Box brings him to his feet then applies the front face-lock. He pulls him into the air and lets him hang, before landing the suplex a few seconds later.

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

Angus:

Here's where we see Box start to take control, Keebs! A beautiful hanging vertical into the pinfall, and this is typically where we start to see Jason Natas slowing down.

Bronson Box again climbs to his feet, but Jason fires back with a few short elbows! He locks his arms around Box and tries to lift him, but Box grapples free and lifts Natas onto his own shoulders. The Bronx Bully slips out, but Box is quick to react with a spinning back-handed chop to the face!

The Scottish Strongman attacks again. Headbutt after headbutt, chop after chop, but Natas covers-up when Box goes to the face. He finds an opening, then drives his decorated opponent down with a Spinebuster!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

A collective "OHHHHH!" reverberates through the building as Box powers out.

DDK:

There is absolutely nothing between these two at the moment, and the fans are loving every second! This Jason Natas is a million miles removed from the cumbersome striker who stumbled back through our doors last October!

Angus:

I can't even lie Keebs... I'm almost impressed here. Still a long way to go, though.

The Anti-Superstar looks to pick Box up again, but Bronson finds a way to slip out the back. Boxer quickly puts a forearm over Natas' throat and locks-in a tight Sleeper Hold that Natas writhes and thrashes against. The grip's just too precise for such an approach, however, and Natas slowly fades. His movements become slowly and his eyes drift closed. His hand gets raised once, then slumps down.

Twice, then slumps down.

Thrice... he fights back! An adrenaline burst gives him the straight to stomp towards the ropes, forcing Box to break the hold. Box kicks him hard in the chest as he turns around which drops Natas to a seated position. The Scottish Strongman hits the ropes and comes back like a speeding bullet, launching a Penalty Kick... that Jason Natas catches!

Keeping hold of the boot, Natas rises back up. Box clobbers him with a few closed fists, but Jason's unperturbed. He cracks Box with a headbutt of his own, then drops his boot and spins around with a crushing Roaring Elbow!

DDK:

FOEHAMMER!

Angus:

God! Bronson Box's clock just got cleaned! What's happening, Keeps?! Fatas looks like a goddamn killer in there!

Natas doesn't go for the cover and looks out at the crowd, feeding-off their energy. Finally he reaches down, wraps his arms around Boxer's waist, and pulls back...

Angus:

You have GOT to be kidding me!

The Gutwrench takes Boxer off the mat and up into the air... and the ring SHAKES as he's powerbombed back down!

DDK:

GUTWRENCH POWERBOMB! THAT'S IT! NATAS MAKES THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE?!

NOOOOOOO! BOX KICKS OUT!

Angus:

How close was that!? Real heart-in-mouth stuff here!

DDK:

Bronson Box is one of the toughest men in the business to put away! Jason Natas is learning that first-hand.

The Bronx Bully sits upright and pounds a fist into the mat, but he won't let his frustration get the better of him. With Box already stirring, he slowly gets up and starts winding his arm up, opting to let Box rise on his own.

DDK:

South Bronx Lariat! Here it comes!

Natas grabs Box's shoulder and throws the Lariat with enough force to knock his head clean off his shoulders... but the Scot ducks! He knocks Natas' skull with a pointed elbow then pushes him away. Natas turns round and charges at the same time as his opponent. Both men throw a shoulder block that staggers the other, but Box immediately comes back with a knee to the gut, followed by the One-Armed Side Slam! He covers...

ONE!

KICKOUT!

Boxer jumps right back up and dashes towards the ropes. As Natas rolls onto all fours, Box comes back with the Kitchen Sink Knee right to his gut! Again, Box covers.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Now it's Box's turn to pound his fists into the mat. He mounts Natas, again looking for The Boston Massacre, but Natas POWERS up before Box can lock his hands under the jaw! Box is stumbled, allowing Natas to rise up.

Box charges.

Natas spins around...

FOEHAMMER!

... then Jason drops down. Hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

TWO POINT FIVE!

NOOOOOOOO! SHOULDER UP!

Angus:

What?!

DDK:

What a contest! Jason Natas has been on the verge of defeating Bronson Box TWICE now! Can he do it, Angus?! Can he put him away?!

Angus:

I... I don't even know anymore, Keebs!

Agony written all over his face, a groggy Jason Natas pulls himself up using the ropes. It takes a long, long time to get there but eventually he steps back towards Box and pulls him u--... no! Big right hand from Box! Natas falls backwards before Boxer slumps back down himself, still feeling the effects of Natas' offence.

The Faithful are clapping, whooping and hollering life back into both men. Boxer recovers first, and ducks a Natas elbow before lifting him into a Fireman's Carry... that Jason falls out of! Natas pulls Box around...

DDK:

SOUTH BRONX LAR--

Angus:

NO! HE DUCKED AGAIN!

Natas misses. Box knees the gut.

He throws Jason's head between his thighs, then lifts him up with everything he's got.

Angus:

BOMBASTOOOOOOO BOOOOOMMMMMMMMBBBBBBBB!

Natas' back hits the 'buckles and he falls down into the mat. Visibly fatigued himself, Box pulls him away from the corner and drops on top of him.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Angus:

Box wins! Fucking HELL Keeps... what a goddamn match!

DDK:

I'm still trying to catch my breath here, Angus!

Angus:

I've NEVER seen Nat-- err, Fatas throw down like that! He came in here, stood toe-to-toe with The Wargod and didn't give an inch, but it wasn't enough. Box lands the Bombasto Bomb and moves on to the next round!

DDK:

Bronson took some absolutely brutal hits from Natas there, and the Bronx native has absolutely NOTHING to be ashamed of. It took the biggest move in Box's arsenal to put him away in the end. CLASH OF THE DEFIANTS is well and truly underway!

COMMENTS FROM BOBBY DEAN & MUSHIGIHARA

Angus:

Underway? We're one match in Keeps and we're already over the top!

DDK:

We sure are, partner, but before we get to our next first round battle, we have some comments from Mushigihara and his last minute substitute of an opponent, Bobby Dean.

Angus:

Last minute is one way of putting it, but hey, the BAWS says and we all gotta do.

Cutting to the pre-taped footage, we get a shot of Eddie Dante standing with his charge, the massive God-Beast from Japan, Mushigihara, who's arms are crossed over his barrel-like chest. The both of them are in front of the same black backdrop.

Eddie Dante:

Clash of the DEFIANTS... tonight, eight behemoths will lock up for the right to call themselves champion, but only one of them has what it takes to reign supreme over everyone he sees... and that would be the God-Beast beside me right now.

Mushigihara:

OSU.

Dante:

Bobby Dean is but a hapless hurdle to be toppled tonight, and none other than Eric Dane himself signed the poor man's death warrant. Once he is reduced to rubble, the other six who remain should pay heed to the threat of Mushigihara.

The camera closes in on the masked face of the God-Beast himself, as he begins to speak.

Mushigihara:

Jihi wa arimasen. Yuiitsu no itami ya hakai ga kamikemono no te de ga arimasu.

Dante smiles at us and translates.

Eddie Dante:

"There will be no mercy. There will only be pain and destruction at the hands of the God-Beast."

Mushigihara chuckles, then bellows out...

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!

Quick cut to a blank set. Barely a moment later and we hear the tell tale wheezing and whining of a not at all wanting to be there Bobby Dean. DEFIANCE's Beautiful Lump of Lard is being dragged into frame by Eric Dane.

Bobby Dean:

I'm sorry, Mr. Dane, please... please don't make me fight Mushi! I'm sorry I made you to lose to Cayle again!

Dane glares at him with laser eyes.

Bobby Dean:

Pretty please with sprinkles... Mmmm sprinkles!

Bobby smiles with the momentary thought of sugary goodness to distract him from his terror, but the Only Star is

having none of it.

Eric Dane:

Shutup. For once in your life, stop being so gorramn pathetic, Christ! You are going to go out there and fight, or you're going to fight me!

Bobby frowns big, no seriously, it's the saddest face of defeated acceptance ever.

Eric Dane:

Now then, try and actually surprise me by lasting more than two minutes.

Bobby Dean:

But I never last more than thirty seconds, just ask Loquisha on 1-900-

The look on Eric Dane's face? It's one of absolute revulsion at the image that was just planted in his brain. He stares at Bobby with disgust and just walks away, leaving Dean to waddle after him.

DDK:

Okay, I know more about Bobby Dean's sex life than I ever wanted to know.

Angus:

What can you say, Keeps, Loquisha knows how to get you there, son!

DDK:

Ugh.

D.O.C. FIRST ROUND - BOBBY DEAN vs MUSHIGIHARA

DDK:

Tonight continues with first-round CLASH OF THE DEFIANTS action...

Angus:

I think you mean it continues with a snuff film, Keeps... Mushigihara had a hellacious war with Sam Horry back at DEFIANCE Road, and while neither one of them got their hand raised in victory, the God-Beast wants to show that HE is the superior fighter, and what better way to do that than by winning the Clash and raising the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship over his head? And BOBBY DEAN is his first roadblock? That won't be pretty.

DDK:

Indeed, Angus. Let's go to Darren Quimbey for the introductions!

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a first-round match in the Clash of the DEFIANTS Tournament, set for one fall!

♪ "You're the Best Around" by Joe Esposito ♪

Bobby Dean AKA Ian appears at the top of the ramp as his music plays, then begins walking to the ring. Bobby ascends the stairs and steps into the ring to await his opponent.

BOOM. SNAP. BOOMBOOMBOOM SNAP.

BOOM. SNAP. BOOMBOOMBOOM SNAP.

"Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada

The familiar Terminator-esque salvo of industrial drums and shattering glass fills the hallowed WrestlePlex as the DEFIANCE Faithful respond with a mix of cheers and jeers. The arena entrance glows in golden light and smog as the familiar figures of Eddie Dante and Mushigihara materialize into view.

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

And his opponent, accompanied to the ring by Eddie Dante! From Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan, weighing in at two hundred ninety-four pounds, he is THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Dante saunters to the ring with a grin flanked by the God-Beast, who slowly makes his way down the aisle and raises his arms and bellows out a mighty...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

The mixed reactions continue, but cheer or jeer, the monster simply eyeballs them under his mask as he passes them by, as Dante reaches the ring and climbs onto the apron before opening the ropes. Mushi follows suit, stepping between the ropes and raises his arms one last time before going into his corner and assuming the traditional sumo crouch.

Mushigihara is preparing himself in the corner as Dante stands on the apron, leaning in and whispering words of advice into his ear. All the while, Bobby Dean is attempting to do a sumo squat while slapping his belly.

DDK:

Dean looking game to take on the God-Beast, but he's going to have a LOT on his hands...

Dean is now grunting loudly, letting loose a stream of gibberish and stomping his feet, and shouting "SUMO FIGHT! SUMO FIGHT!"

DDK:

I don't believe it.

Angus:

YES! Do it!

Bobby Dean throws up a cloud of white powder, clapping his hands together causing a puff of white powder to puff out.

DDK:

Salt? Well look at that, he's got the proper technique down and everything.

As the cloud of powder dissipates around him, he pulls one of his hands to his mouth and licks the palm of his hand hungrily, as Mushigara stands there absolutely flabbergasted.

Angus:

I don't think that was salt Keeps.

DDK:

What could it possibly be?

Angus:

If I had to guess, I'd say probably powdered sugar.

DDK:

No, it can't be.

Bobby is down in full squat position, with both clenched fists down on the mat, egging Mushigara on, as the fans take up the chant! SU-MO! SU-MO! SU-MO! With a shrug of his shoulders, the massive Mushigara squats down, placing one knuckled hand onto the mat while preparing to drop his other, a look of determination on his face.

Angus:

Let. It. BEGIN!

Mushigara's hand touches the mat and then the big man explodes into action, Bobby Dean, surprisingly moves into action a split second after Mushigara! Both men meet in the center of the ring with a might clash...

DDK:

Well, I'll be damned, Dean's actually holding his...

Angus:

No, he's not.

After a successful series of slaps, BBD, clearly outclassed in the ways of sumo, is pelted with a flurry of Mushi's own palm strikes to his face and abdomen, his shouts becoming screams of pain and fear, before Mushi finally puts him to the mat by grabbing his shoulders and sweeping his ankle. As the Beautiful One reels from the whipping he's received, Mushi raises his fists to a mixed crowd, bellowing out his signature war cry of...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

He gets a mix of cheers and boos, with a growing throng of fans replying with their own "OSU" chants.

DDK:

You gotta give it to Mushi, since he's come back onto DEFIANCE's main roster, he has left a path of destruction in his wake, and poor Bobby Dean is in for the punishment of a lifetime.

Mushi goes back to the offensive, laying some DEEP forearms on the back of a doubled-over Bobby Dean, before whipping him across the ring and knocking him on his ass AGAIN with another stiff forearm. Mushigihara shakes his head and points to his fallen opponent while muttering to Dante. Dante just waves at Dean, signalling Mushi to finish him off. He lifts Dean back to his feet and whips him again, ducking low on the rebound in order to go for a back body drop, but Bobby manages to stop short and drop to his knees, popping Mushi in the face with an uppercut, which reels the God-Beast a little as Bobby Dean rises back to his feet... only to eat a MASSIVE shoulderblock that knocks him off the ropes, bouncing him back into a clawhold by Mushigihara...

DDK:

He's got Dean ready for the Beast's Claw, and...

THUD!

DDK:

HE TAKES HIM DOWN! He keeps the claw on as Hector Navarro goes for the pin...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

As "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" kicks in, Mushi releases the clawhold and rises to his feet. Eddie Dante rolls into the ring to celebrate with his client, who just stares down at the bloated corpse of his opponent and shakes his head, before the pair depart.

COMMENTS FROM HENRY KEYES

We cut to a very plain DEF backdrop, and a very distracted Gearshift Grappler. Henry Keyes, be-goggled and suspended, appears to only be half-aware that Christie Zane is waiting for him, microphone in hand.

Christie Zane:

I'm joined now by the Airship Pirate, the one and only - Henry Keyes! Henry, you've had a very up-and-down stretch in the ring lately, and we're-

Henry Keyes:

I wonder if - no, no. That's impossible. The Mongolian Scarab Gem is under lock and key. Excuse me! Sorry, my lady! Please, continue!

At one time, Christie may have been phased by this sort of nonsensical outburst. Whether through specific media training or just the experience of operating in this environment for a long enough stretch of time, she shrugs this off and continues forward.

Christie Zane:

We're all wondering what's next for you. Things obviously didn't go to plan with Van Carver, but you find yourself now squared against The King of the Streets, Sam Horry. Your thoughts?

Keyes's eyes scan from one side of the room to the other, as if a bird flew across the room in an angle only visible to Keyes himself. His left arm brace, intricate as ever, features a fully-clenched Man Fist bobbing back and forth, itching for action.

Henry Keyes:

There's one thing you must remember, dear lass. Samuel and I, we have a code - a bond. He is one of the few men I've encountered in my combative journeys that is capable of communicating with the Three-Man Hand Language of Dionysus. He, and Tyrone Walker. So you'll forgive me if I'm a bit hesitant to speak about my eagerness to go to war with such a rare specimen.

Okay, THAT one got to Christie. Her expression is on par with reading Donald Trump's twitter feed. Fortunately, she is still capable of holding the microphone in front of Henry despite the rest of her brain shutting down.

Henry Keyes:

However. Any pirate worth his sky-salt will tell you the same thing; you press forward, no matter what lies in front of you. Samuel Horry will learn what it TRULY means to...to...

Christie scrunches up a bit as Keyes looks off in the distance once again. The camera catches a very short, black-robed Plague Doctor standing *almost* out of frame behind Christie as it pans to catch her expression.

Christie Zane:

To what?

Henry Keyes:

War is coming. You must excuse me.

Zane, like almost all of the DEFIANCE staff, is unable to stop Henry Keyes from going off and doing what he wants, like a hound on a scent. The Plague Doctor is now much closer to Zane, though she doesn't see him. We cut away abruptly.

D.O.C. FIRST ROUND - HENRY KEYES vs SAM HORRY**DDK:**

The DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship Tournament is getting off to a hot start tonight. Up next, in the Quarter-Finals; the first ever in-ring meeting of Henry Keyes and the 'King of the Streets,' Sam Horry.

Angus:

Neither one of 'em are on my Christmas list. I hope they both destroy each other until there's nothing left...in the spirit of good competition and fair play of course.

DDK:

Of course, Angus. (*rolls eyes*) Henry Keyes, a perennial contender for the Southern Heritage Championship, currently held by Harmony, is an unorthodox tactician in the squared circle. His unique blend of scientific catch-as-catch-can wrestling, and rugged brawling frustrates his opponents who can't keep up.

Angus:

Even though I don't like him, I think Sam's in-ring style matches up with Keyes. Sam's a 2nd dan in Judo, as well as a Freestyle/Greco-Roman wrestler. Sam's smoother Muay Thai and Boxing prowess make him a nightmare to stand and trade with because you never know which limb is gonna hit you from which angle.

DDK:

That almost sounded like a compliment, Angus.

Angus:

Shut up.

DDK:

I for one, feel this is going to be a great display of scientific ability, a chess match which unfortunately, only one can win. Take it away Darren!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest, scheduled for one fall, is a Quarter-Final match in the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship Tournament!

The lights dim as the opening horns of Busta Rhymes' "Why We Die" blasts over the P.A. system. Orange lights illuminate the entrance ramp as Sam with two members of his entourage walk to the ring to a solid greeting from the DEF faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

IntroducinDarren Quimbeyg first, from the East Elmhurst section of Queens, New York, weighing in at 237 pounds, here is the 'King of the Streets' **SAAAAAAMMMMMMM HOOOOORRRRRYYYYYYYYY!**

Wearing a sleeveless, orange and black robe, Sam steps into the ring. He hops in place for a bit, loosening up. He takes off his robe to reveal a solid, orange rashguard with the logos of Sam's sponsors, matching orange fight shorts, with black, compression style knee pads and with orange and black shinguards and orange and black wrestling sneakers. The lights dim as Sam puts in his orange and black mouthguard.

FANS: WE WANT BELL CLAP *Clap-clap,clapclapclap*!! WE WANT BELL CLAP *Clap-clap,clapclapclap*!!

The place comes unglued when "Airship Pirate" plays over the P.A. sytem. Red lights illuminate the entire arena. Out walks Henry in his traditional, white tanktop and red workpants tucked into his boots.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, from San Francisco, California weighing in at Two Hundred and Thirty Seven pounds, this is THE AIRSHIP PIRATE **HENRYYYYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!**

Keyes steps through the ropes, hopping onto the turnbuckles and making a giant 'Bell Clap' gesture that gets the crowd going. When he hops down, he bounces in place, adjusting his red suspenders. Before the ref can give the signal to ring the bell, Keyes steps back through the ropes and hands a lucky fan a pair of the red Steampunk goggles that were on his head.

DING DING DING!

Keyes and Horry meet in the middle of the ring. They shake hands and immediately begin circling one another. They initiate a collar-to-elbow tie up, and Keyes transitions Sam first into an armbar and then into the top wristlock. Sam throws himself to the mat, kipping up to reverse the hold, and locks Keyes into a top wristlock.

DDK:

You can expect both men to feel one another out in the early moments of this match.

Keyes' gets out of the hold by first shoulder rolling onto the mat, then kipping up to reverse the hold back to his advantage. Keyes transitions the wristlock into a headlock. Sam shoots Keyes into the ropes, who comes back and shoulder blocks Sam back to the mat. Keyes bounces again off the ropes, Sam drops down as Keyes jumps over him, and as Keyes rebounds from the ropes, Sam leapfrogs Keyes. As Keyes again bounces off the ropes, Keyes and Sam dos y dos, with Sam bouncing off the ropes, first hopping over Keyes, and then with Keyes leapfrogging over Sam. Sam bounces off the ropes and grabs Keyes, monkey-flipping him, which Keyes does a full flip, landing on his feet. Sam gets off the mat to find Keyes charging at him. Keyes monkey-flips Sam, who cartwheels himself back to his feet. The crowd explodes as the two look at each other in a stalemate.

DDK:

The DEF Faithful on their feet, appreciative of the chess match Keyes and Horry are playing in the ring.

Angus:

A touch of old-school flavor, eh Keebs?

DDK:

Um...partner...Copyrights.

Angus:

Oops.

Sam shoots in for a takedown, going behind Keyes. Sam takes Keyes to the mat, and wrapping his legs around Keyes midsection, sinks in a half nelson. He turns Keyes over to his back, but Keyes is back to his stomach before the ref can administer a 1 count. Sam inverts his position, wrapping his legs around one of Keyes' legs, and his arms around Keyes' other leg. Sam tries to roll Keyes over in the banana split, but doesn't have enough momentum. Keyes, showing his amateur prowess, rolls Sam to his back courtesy of a Petersen roll, but Sam kicks out before the 1 count. Both men stood to their feet, with the fans appreciative of another stalemate.

DDK:

Both men are putting on a clinic with their scientific repertoire!

Angus:

Eventually, it's gonna come down to who has the fastest draw, Keyes with his 'Bell Clap' or Sam with that Roundhouse kick.

Feigning a collar-to-elbow tie up, Keyes stuns Sam with a series of European uppercuts, before dropping Sam with a backstabber. Sam clutches at his ribs as Keyes picks him up, Fireman-carry style across Keyes' shoulders. Sam receives a gut buster, and slides to the outside groaning. Keyes pulls Sam back into the ring by his ears, and tags Sam with another European uppercut.

DDK:

This back and forth between Sam and Keyes really took another turn, when Sam's ribs took heavy damage from Keyes' backstabber and gut buster. I don't think Sam has had time to properly heal from the beating Mushighiara gave him.

Angus:

Don't go making excuses for Sam.

DDK:

Henry Keyes now with the Irish Whip...

The Irish whip is reversed by Sam, who ducks under the Irish Whip attempt, as Keyes comes back towards Horry, Sam drills him with a roundhouse kick, that connects Sam shin to the sweet spot where the base of head and side of the neck meet. Sam's crowd comes unglued when Keyes goes down limp.

DDK:

A short-arm....Murderdeathkick?! Cover!

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

AW, COME ON!

DING DING DING!**Darren Quimbey:**

The Winner of this match, and advancing to the Semi Finals of the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship Tournament:

SAAAAAMMMM HOOOOOORRRYYYYYYY!

Camera pans in on Sam standing to his feet, with two members of his fight team surrounding him. Sam still clutching his ribs. Raises an arm to his crowd.

DDK:

It was hold and counter hold; reversals to reversals and...

Angus:

No Sam pulled a roundhouse kick outta his ass and won. Lucky! Plain and Simple! I'm talking Jack Hunter levels of lucky!

DDK:

Nevertheless he's advancing to the semi-finals of the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship Tournament. There's more in store here at Clash of the DEFIANTS, stay with us!

COMMENTS FROM ALEZANDER

We cut backstage for some more pre-taped comments.

Alezander the Great steps into frame and is joined by his hetero lifemate and gym bro, Jonny Booya. The Mancunian Muscle is dressed for battle as he stares intently towards the camera, but doesn't say a word as he flexes and preens.

Jonny Booya:

This is what a *real* rassa s'posed t' look like, nerds!

Alec proceeds to get a few hindu squats in as Booya continues ramble like an idiot.

Jonny Booya:

Not like all these boylovers in this here tournymant.

Jonny Booya:

Yew ready t' whip some nerds asses, boah?

Alezander the Great:

Now that I've gotten a good pump in, I'm ready to toss some fuckboys around, mate!

Cut.

D.O.C. FIRST ROUND - ALECZANDER THE GREAT vs FRANK DYLAN JAMES

DDK:

And we're finally to the last of the Round One matches to crown DEFIANCE'S first-ever Onslaught Champion! These next two opponents are certainly no strangers as one-half of The Super Muscle Bros, Aleczander The Great, takes on none other than "The Hillbilly Madman" Frank Dylan James.

Angus:

Oh, hell yes, MOAR HOSSFYTE! Let's go, let's go!

DDK:

These two have been on opposite sides of the DEEP personal issue between Dusty Griffith and Angel Trinidad. Aleczander was one of the men who attacked Dusty Griffith when Team HOSS returned last year and now for the first time ever, Aleczander goes one-on-one with Frank Dylan James! We're gonna see who wins out in this one tonight!

Angus:

Winner: Me. Two big dudes are going to truck over one another for my personal amusement. Let's go!

And to the ring we go.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall and is the final match in the opening round of the Clash of the DEFIANTS tournament!

♪ *"Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent* ♪

When the music hits, 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. Getting to ringside, Big Frank climbs up on to the apron and then steps OVER the top rope and into the ring where he continues stomping around while he awaits his opponent.

DDK:

Frank Dylan James is ready for a fight tonight, but he's fighting an opponent who has actually defeated him once before, albeit on opposite sides of a tag team match

Angus:

Hey, Aleczander can get it done, Keebs! OUR HOSS OVERLORDS have proven there's nobody they can't beat!

♪ *"Great" by Instruction* ♪

With the sound of the music, the crowd starts BOOING the shit out of one of the members of Team HOSS making his way from the back. Thomas Keeling Sr makes his way out first and waves his hand as right behind him, the man who has aided in making life hell for Dusty Griffith and friends steps forward and kneels down, flexing an arm.

Aleczander stops short of the entrance and flexes his muscles, even making his pecs dance in tune with the beats of his kicking theme. The Big Brit climbs into the ring and steps on the second turnbuckle, yelling about how he's going to break FDJ in half! Aleczander soaks in the jeers of the crowd before stepping off...

RIGHT INTO A CLOTHESLINE!

DING DING DING!

The bell rings and things get hectic right from the get-go! Frank Dylan James has blasted Aleczander right over and he

wastes no time in picking up The Mancunian Muscle. With two handfuls of Aleczander's hair, FDJ launches him right into the corner and goes to town with a variety of sloppy, but crazy punches!

DDK:

Some may question Frank Dylan James' mental faculties from time to time, but this may be the best strategy for anybody in these opening rounds! They may have to wrestle up to THREE physical matches against some of the hardest hitters in DEFIANCE, they'll need to conserve all the energy they can!

Angus:

SAY MORE HOSSFYTE STUFF, KEEBS!

Frank Dylan James grabs Aleczander by the arm and he launches him into the corner where he follows and crushes him HARD with a Running Corner Splash! Aleczander twitches from the impact, but things go from bad to much, much worse for The Mancunian Muscle. He throws him with an Irish Whip back to the corner he was just in and crushes him again with another big Running Corner Splash! With Aleczander hurt, James runs off the ropes and nearly TAKES his head off with a massive Big Boot! FDJ goes right into a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

James almost stole one right there, but when he tries to pick up Aleczander again, the non-movie star Great One jacks his jaw with a European Uppercut to save himself and then rolls to the floor. The crowd boos Aleczander who has bailed for the moment, but the one shot he landed only seemed to make FDJ angrier. The Hillbilly Madman rolls out to the floor and gives chase to Aleczander The Great when Thomas Keeling, Sr. gets in his way! James doesn't give two shits about the old man and tries to maneuver around him, but Aleczander leaps past him and he clocks FDJ in the head with his bicep. Aleczander goes to the ring apron and then waits for James to face him...

DDK:

Running Booya-shakalaka off the ring apron! His version of a Shoulder Tackle was like an explosive missile and he finally gets FDJ off his feet!

Angus:

...I can't believe ANYBODY, let alone one of OUR HOSS OVERLORDS named anything in tribute to that big retard, Jonny Booya.

After hitting the tribute move to his Best Bro Forever, Keeling commands Aleczander to follow up on his assault. Aleczander The Great uses a little effort in getting Frank Dylan James back into the ring. James is still pretty disoriented from the big shot as Aleczander heads back into the ring. Going for broke tonight given his first DEFIANCE singles title could be his tonight, The Big Brit heads to the top rope. He flies off and lands **THE BICEPS EXPLOSION!** The Flying Lariat took FDJ off his feet again and Aleczander goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH - NO!

Two of his biggest signature moves back to back didn't get Frank Dylan James the win, but Aleczander shockingly doesn't waste any time arguing with Mark Shields. Instead the disoriented Hillbilly Madman tries to get back up only for Aleczander to rush off the ropes and land another huge blow in the form of a diving European Uppercut! Frank lands on his back when Aleczander The Great goes for yet another quick cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR - KICK OUT!

DDK:

After that opening salvo from Frank, this match has been all Aleczander The Great! He's gotta stay on Frank if he wants this win!

Angus:

Come on, Frank, less laying around, more DESTROYING OF FACES!

Aleczander tries to pull him up again, but now Frank fights back with a huge right hand to his granite-like abs. The blow manages to stun Aleczander The Great, but he fights back with a Headbutt of all things to disorient FDJ. The blow actually fazes the monster as Aleczander throws one more, then two more European Uppercuts that keep Frank disoriented for the moment. With him lined up in his sights, Aleczander runs off the ropes with something big in mind - perhaps another Biceps Explosion lariat - but when he gets there, Frank OBLITERATES him with a crippling Headbutt of his own and soon, both men are down!

The crowd is firmly behind Frank Dylan James as he lays sprawled out on the canvas a little bit. Shockingly the blow did not bust open either man, but it's very clear it had taken its toll on both men. Thomas Keeling, Sr. starts yelling for Aleczander The Great to get back up and end things quickly. He's the first up followed by Frank and when he tries to attack Frank, he launches the big bruiser back into the corner with all his might. Aleczander tries to grab him by the body.

DDK:

Uh-oh, are we gonna see a HOSS Toss?

Angus:

We just might, Keeps! You know I love both these men, but come on, Aleczander, spin his dumb ass!

He has Frank up in the Torture Rack position amazingly and tries to spin him around, but Frank locks on both arms around Aleczander The Great's neck, completing Frank's Kickass Sleeper Hold! Now slipping out behind him, but keeping the powerful submission hold locked in, He starts to shake Aleczander violently and tries to rob the air from his lungs! Aleczander is in a panic as he tries to get to the ropes while Frank is about ready to choke a bitch and move onto the semi-finals.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

Drop!

Aleczander nods and drops down to his knees, effectively using a modified Jawbreaker to stun Frank, but FDJ STILL has a Jaws of Life-type grip on his neck! Aleczander is in a dangerous position so he moves back to his feet again and manages to snag the ropes, which makes Mark Shields have to do his job for once and order James to release the hold!

DDK:

Great strategy there by Aleczander The Great, but Frank Dylan James has him dead to rights now!

The Big Brit hits the corner and takes a respite, but Frank isn't going to let him have that. The Hillbilly Madman charges like a big hairy freight train towards the corner when Aleczander side-steps him at the last minute! Now Aleczander goes for the neck!

Angus:

How prophetic is this, Keeps? Aleczander going for Alezander Wins The Match: Submission Edition! James could go

nite-nite!

Aleczonder and his big biceps make for a deadly submission finisher that he's racked up victories with before, but Frank Dylan James takes a page from Aleczonder's own book and frantically backs up.

One time.

Two times.

Three times!

Frank manages to finally shake The Mancunian Muscle off of him and turns around... **RUNNING BIG BOOT IN THE CORNER!**

DDK:

Good LORD, Aleczonder just had his lights turned out with a hell of a corner Big Boot! And now he's going the apron!

Angus:

No way! No way!

Frank Dylan James heads up top and the crowd goes nuts... the DEFIANCE Faithful see him as he leaps off the top rope and connects with the **MOUNTAIN TOP KNEE DROP!** Keeling is beside himself as Frank Dylan James rolls over after Aleczonder convulses from the impact and goes for the win!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The crowd pops as Frank Dylan James throws the leg of Aleczonder The Great off the mat and has his arm raised!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **FRANK DYLAN JAMES!**

DDK:

FDJ WINS THE MATCH AND HE MOVES ON TO THE SEMI-FINALS!

Angus:

Aleczonder The Great ain't no slouch, though, Keebs! There were several occasions that Aleczonder very well could've gone, but in a rare bit of irony, we just watched Aleczonder get OUT-HOSSED.

Keeling sinks his head into his hands as his lone horse in the race for the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship is now out of the running. Frank Dylan James doesn't waste any more time celebrating as he gets his chain handed back to him. He flops between the ropes and speeds towards the back. He knows he has been through a fight, but he still has two more if he wants to be the top dog of DEFIANCE's new division!

I WANT MY BRIEFCASE

We cut to outside the Wrestle-Plex where a man appears to be in an incredibly irritable state. He is at the entrance to the backstage area but appears to be unsuccessful in whatever he is trying to achieve. The reason for this frustration appears to be the stagehand that is not allowing this gent access to the arena.

From the current shouting that the man is vocalising, we can assume that his name is "CECILWORTH BLOODY FARTHINGTON". Perhaps bloody may not be his actual middle name though.

Cecilworth Farthington:

Well this is ridiculous. A member of this awful companies' plebian riff raff decides that he wants to steal MY legacy, MY family's greatest heirloom, the Farthington Family Briefcase and I can't go back there to get MY property? Pish posh, I say, PISH BLOODY POSH.

Only half listening to the ramblings of a man clearly overdressed for the Wrestle-Plex, the stage hand continues to scan his clipboard.

Stagehand:

I don't believe Riff Raff is scheduled to appear tonight. Do you work for him? I love him!

Cecilworth Farthington:

What on earth are you talking about? Riff raff isn't a person, it is a class of person, one that I very much think you are part of.

The stagehand continues to scan the clipboard, still only have paying attention as the raving me in front of him continues to get more rosy of face.

Stagehand:

As much as I'm a fan of Mr. Raff, I can't just let some random who walks up here and claims he's Riff Raff's best friend access to the backstage area. You could be a murderer for all I know! You could be Stabby McStabbingworth of the Stabbington family.

Cecilworth Farthington:

Well that makes no sense.. If my surname was McStabbingworth why would I be part of the Stabbington family...

Cecilworth trails off as he tries to follow his logic train into the station. He mumbles "that would ruin to whole family lineage" to himself before he shakes himself free of the thought hole and gets back to his original point.

Cecilworth Farthington:

Look, I need to get back there and claim what is mine. So let's speed up this process and I'll just bribe you, that seems like the quickest option. How much is a lot of money for a person like you? Twelve dollars?

Cecilworth pulls a wad of loose dollar bills out on his inside jacket pocket, licks his thumb and begins to count.

Stagehand:

Look sir, I'm sorry I can't let you backstage and mocking the amount of money I earn for this job is hardly going to convince me otherwise.

Cecilworth throws his hand up apologetically, catching the Stagehand off guard as he was clearly expecting those hands to do something quite different. Cecilworth digs back into his inside jacket pocket and begins to rummage around some more.

Cecilworth Farthington:

Okay, okay, you drive a tough bargain. I can see you're a man of needs, twelve dollars was clearly not enough for a man of your refined tastes. I'll toss in this fifty cents off coupon for Cold Stone Creamery.

Stagehand:

Look, rules are rules, you are not DEFIANCE contracted talent, so even if one of our employees does have something that belongs to you, I cannot let you backstage. You and whoever has your briefcase will have to deal with this matter in private. I'll take the coupon though...

The stagehand yanks the ice cream coupon out of Cecilworth's hands, as Cecilworth's eyes grow wide, almost as if he's concocting some form of plan. So deep in thought that he doesn't even notice being robbed of a delicious discount.

Cecilworth Farthington:

So you're telling me that if I get one of these contract doodads that I can get my briefcase back from that trumped up beardy midget who stole it from me?

Stagehand:

If you were a member of the DEFIANCE roster, we wouldn't be outside having this conversation right now...

Cecilworth casually strokes his chins.

Cecilworth Farthington:

I see, I see... and how much would one of these quote, unquote contracts set a man like myself back? Fifty bucks? SIXTY? Can't be more than seventy... surely not.

Stagehand:

Normally people pay YOU in a contracted situation... how do you not know this? How do you not know how the world works? Also, why is there a camera here? Has that been here the entire time?

Cecilworth holds up his hand to hush the hussy mouth of the stage hand.

Cecilworth Farthington:

Look, I'm a Farthington, cameras follow me everywhere, it's just how my life works, I'm a modern day Kardashian... well apart from the part about my father letting a man get away with murder. Hell, even that part's true if you include war crimes.

The stage hand raises a quizzical eyebrow and Cecilworth goes right back to hushing him up.

Cecilworth Farthington:

Now, I think I know a little bit more about how the world works than you do Headset McClipboard. If I wanted finance advice I'd asked the wonderful man that is my Uncle Barty, thank you very much. He fought in a war you know. I haven't ever dared to ask him which one or what side mind you.

Cecilworth begins to walk away from the door but can't resist and pivots around after a few footsteps of walking away to yell back in anger.

Cecilworth Farthington:

I'll be back with one of those contract things that you keep raving about like they're a bloody cronut! I'll be back with it AND then I'll show you, I'll get my briefcase back. I know you're a co-conspirator but I will have my revenge on you and Mr. L. Bruises.

Stagehand:

L. Bruises?

Cecilworth Farthington:

That's the name he gave me on the ransom note...

The stagehand begins to giggling to himself.

Cecilworth Farthington:

Oh a man losing his personal property is really funny to you? If you were on my estate right now, you'd be tied up around a tree with a hot crumpet in the rear!

The stagehand's giggling turns out full blown laughter.

Cecilworth Farthington:

I will be back. You will rouge this day! YOU WILL ROUGE IT SO HARD!

Cecilworth spins around and storms off, walking out into the night air without the briefcase he came to claim as the camera fades out of whatever this was.

A WARNING FROM THE REAL WORLDS CHAMPION

Walking backstage, the REAL World Heavyweight Champion has the pixilated championship draped over his shoulder, and is dressed in a tailor made suit from head to toe. At his side is the ever present manager/attorney Marshall Owens who is dressed in a suit of his own. They don't get very far before a mic is thrust in their direction, put there by the lovely Christie Zane.

Christie Zane:

Mr. Jackson, a few questions if I may?

Almost startled by the mic being thrust in his face, the Lone Star of Texas takes a semi-step back, less than happy about the ambush.

What follows is that awkward moment where Christie is waiting for an answer, and Sean is waiting for the question. Of course, Christie Zane is easy to look at, but not the sharpest tool in the shed. The silence is deafening before it is snapped by Marshall.

Marshall Owens:

Excuse me, but can we help you with something Ms. Zane?

She cocks her head to one side before slowly releasing a first question.

Christie Zane:

I...would...like...

Yeah, tonight is going to be one of those nights.

Sean Jackson:

Your name is Christie right?

She nods her head.

Sean Jackson:

Look Christie, I'm the REAL World Heavyweight Champion, which means that my time is money. I don't want to stand here and listen to you fumble through questions like Eric Dane does contract signings, so I tell you what...

The Dallas native reaches out and takes the mic from the backstage reporter before facing the camera.

Sean Jackson:

Eric, I'm going to make this short and sweet, just like I did in Atlantic City. What happened in Kelly's office, during the contract signing is nothing compared to what I'm going to do to you tonight.

The Real World Heavyweight Champion taps the pixilated faceplate, the sound of skin slapping metal echoes down the hall.

Sean Jackson:

I've got the blue-print to beat you Eric. I know it, you know it, and every fan sitting in this building knows it. Your knees are sawdust, protected by bubble wrap and trust me...

The camera zooms in tight.

Sean Jackson:

It won't take much on my part to destroy them...

He snaps his fingers.

Sean Jackson:

Just like that.

That million dollar smirk begins to form on his face.

Sean Jackson:

Hell Eric, the only reason this match is even taking place is because Kelly Evans can't tell you the truth. She just can't bring herself to inform you of the cold hard facts, that you're too old, too slow, and too stupid to call it quits.

You can't see it, but Christie Zane has a horrified expression on her face and Marshall is smiling larger than his client. As the camera starts to pan outward, the verbal barrage continues.

Sean Jackson:

But not to worry Kelly, because after tonight, you won't have to lie to him any longer. I tried to give him an easy way out, a way to save face by faking blindness, or faking an injury...

The Dallas native wags his index finger.

Sean Jackson:

But the dumb bastard was too stupid to take it. So tonight Kelly...

That finger is now pointing towards the camera.

Sean Jackson:

His blood will be on your hands, not mine. Because of your morbid curiosity, every shriek from every child in this building will be yours to cherish. With every gasp, with every moment spent behind cupped hands...

Mockingly, Marshall Owens cups his hands and places them in front of his eyes, sending a clear message to everyone.

Sean Jackson:

YOU will have to explain my actions to these fans tonight. Confused and bewildered as to why YOU allowed the death of their hero's career. Because trust me Kelly, what happened in your office after Defiance Road is child's play compared to what I have in store for your precious main event....

The smile is long gone, replaced by an ominous stare that accompanies the veiled threat.

Sean Jackson:

And Eric Dane.

The Real World Heavyweight Champion turns his attention back to Christie Zane.

Sean Jackson:

I'm not responsible for what happens tonight Christie. Between now and the rest of my stay in Defiance, I'm not going to be responsible for a single action.

The Lone Star of Texas thrusts the mic into Christie Zane's left shoulder and as her hand slowly moves up to grab it...

Sean Jackson:

Not...one...single...action.

Angus:

This fuckhead doesn't have friends that he doesn't pay.

Mikey shakes his head in disgust while the fans give their opinion. The D whispers to Elise "Why is the crowd booing themselves?" to which Elise shrugs.

Mikey Unlikely:

Well I'm here to let you know that DEFIANCE's GREATEST SPORTS ENTERTAINER will not stand for their brutality. WE won't stand for your bloodthirsty cries anymore! WE won't stand here while all of you cheer on sheer insanity. What each and every fan is doing is promoting violence. Promoting barbaric displays of combat just so the boys can get their tiny paycheck and pay their hospital bills! I'm all about wrestling, hell we all know that I'm not only the greatest entertainer, but that I'm probably the best wrestler here...

YouCantWrestle / Mikey Sucks!

YouCantWrestle / Mikey Sucks!

YouCantWrestle / Mikey Sucks!

Mikey Unlikely:

There are guys who are just fighting for a roster spot... guys who would do ANYTHING to get airtime... Guys who would put their lives on the line in a match like these Onslaught matches just to earn a contract... People who are willing to kill themselves for YOU!

Mikey reacts by pointing out to the crowd. Realizing this The D and Elise Ares quickly jump to their feet and point to the crowd also, nodding in agreement. As they sit back down Klein gets up to point at the crowd, but sees everyone else is sitting and awkwardly looks around before slumping back down to his bean bag chair.

Mikey Unlikely:

AND YOU DON'T CARE... You don't care that these people deal with concussions and long term affects, you dont care that they are scarred and maimed, you don't care that they have drug or drinking problems from the pain... So today we fight back. Today the five of us take a stand. END THE VIOLENCE PEOPLE, MAKE DEFIANCE SAFE AGAIN!

Angus:

What the fuck is this guy talking about? Does he know where he is....?

DDK:

You think Mikey is trying to avoid ever being in a match with one of these guys?

Angus:

Are you asking me if he's afraid of the Onslaught division? Because my guess is he's already pissed himself twice.

Mikey Unlikely:

Today I lead the revolution of change! The five of us are united on this front, and we will sit right here and occupy this very ring, until Kelly Evans comes out here and calls this whole tournament off!

DDK:

I can't believe this. Mikey Unlikely, PCP, and Kendrix have organized a sit in! Right here on live pay per view!

Angus:

I've had it up to here with this guy Keebs. Now he's going too far, DEFIANCE was built for this kind of fighting, if he doesn't like it, he knows where the door is.

Mikey sits down with his group and drops the mic on the ground. The rest of the group react by giving him a round of applause for his thoughts. Nothing happens for a few minutes as the D and Elise start playing Go Fish with a deck of

cards. Finally....

♪ "Just A Girl" by No Doubt ♪

The Wrestle-Plex absolutely erupts as the definitive #girlcharacter song rips through the speakers and Harmony strides out with the SOHER Championship over her shoulder, not looking overly pleased with what she's just heard happening. The brunette makes a beeline for the ring, stepping through the ropes to take a microphone from one of the ring attendants.

Angus:

This just got infinitely better.

Harmony:

Well this has to be the least threatening protest group in the world ever. Christ even PETA seems more of a threat than you group of misfits. Reality check for you here, Mikey. Those people are booing you because you're talking out of your ass.

Unlikely gets visibly upset as the crowd laughs. Kendrix pats him on the shoulder and shakes his head no, calming Mikey a bit.

Harmony:

Let me break it down for you and don't worry, I'll use small words and speak slowly so you can understand. The root of the problem here is that you know you're WAY out of your depth in DEFIANCE. We've got the best talent in professional wrestling today and you can't tell the difference between a DDT and a neckbreaker, and that pisses you off because you know you just cannot hang. Tonight's tournament is showcasing our toughest competitors and you're out here whining and complaining because you're left stood on the sidelines to be the waterboy.

YouCantWrestle... clapclap-clapclapclap

YouCantWrestle... clapclap-clapclapclap

YouCantWrestle... clapclap-clapclapclap

DDK:

Amen to that. Our DEFIANTS are made of strong stuff.

Harmony:

Clearly you didn't get the memo that this is professional wrestling, not a hollywood stunt studio. If you want crash mats and retakes, then you need to get the fuck out of here and go back to Los Angeles.

The crowd once again blows up.

GetTheFuckOut... clapclap-clapclapclap

GetTheFuckOut.... clapclap-clapclapclap

GetTheFuckOut.... clapclap-clapclapclap

Kendrix gets out of his bean bag chair and puts his hands over Mikey's ears. The D follows suit for Kendrix, and Elise Ares for he, before Klein joins the train. Unlikely eventually shrugs off his tag team partner and pulls his mic up to his face.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey you don't say that! Little girl, do you know who I am!? I am the World's Greatest Entertainer! I am the 14th most eligible bachelor as rated by Hollywood Magazine, and I am the quickest rising star in DEFIANCE history!

The crowd boos from every corner of the Wrestle-plex as Harmony tries to hold back the chuckles.

Harmony:

Justin Bieber has sold millions of records but it doesn't mean he's a good musician.

Mikey Unlikely:

FUCK JUSTIN BIEBER!

Angus:

OH MY GOD! I agree with Hollywood McFuckass for once!!!

The crowd quickly starts a Justin Bieber/Mikey Sucks chant directed at Mikey. The Hollywood star loses it. Kicking the ropes, and throwing a fit much like that of a toddler. He comes back on the mic.

Mikey Unlikely:

Listen, I don't know what possessed you to march down to this ring, and interrupt our VERY IMPORTANT business, but you simply aren't worth my time. So if you'll excuse us...we were busy.

Harmony jabs a thumb in Kendrix's direction.

Harmony:

Sorry to burst your bubble, but holding your dick and his doesn't constitute busy.

Angus:

She makes me so proud...

Harmony:

But if you're so confident that I'm wrong Mikey, prove it. I'm here and I have nothing to do tonight, and you have nothing to do tonight, obviously.

Kendrix starts to say "Totally Ob...." but stops himself short when Mikey glares back.

Harmony:

So let's throw down!

The fans explode in response to Harmony standing up to Mikey and his....people.

Mikey Unlikely:

Why on earth would I take time out of my day to beat you.... AGAIN? Or do you not remember that tag match a few weeks ago when I single handedly took down you and that nobody, Andy Sharp. So you're going to have to wait just like everyone else to share the silver screen with Mikey.

Harmony rolls her eyes.

Harmony:

If you want to be a pussy...

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh I assure you, fear has nothing to do with it. Motivation plays a large role. As in, Mikey is not motivated to beat a two bit hack like yourself for a second time. You are simply a footnote in the film that is my career. In the credits, it will read "random girl Mikey beat #479."

Justin Beiber / Mikey sucks!

Justin Beiber / Mikey sucks!

Justin Beiber / Mikey sucks!

Harmony:

Yeah, you're the superstar and I'm the two bit hack, yet I'm the one holding a championship and you're the one out

here hiding behind a “protest” because you’re mad you didn’t get picked to play the game.

The D holds up a T symbol with his hands. Designating a timeout. The group turns and forms a huddle in the middle of the ring. On The D’s Go Pro camera angle, we hear him say “I didn’t think time outs worked in wrestling.” Cut back to a wide shot of the huddle. After a moment, they all FINALLY come out smirking and confident.

Mikey Unlikely:

Ok...Ok... you want to go tonight? You want to go one on one with the BIGGEST STAR IN DEFIANCE HISTORY!?! Then make it worth my time sweetheart... Put that Southern Heritage title on the line...

DDK:

Woah, could we see a Southern Heritage title match here tonight?

Angus:

McFuckass doesn’t deserve ANYTHING, let alone a shot at the strap. He needs to get what he deserves sooner, rather than later.

Harmony shrugs.

Harmony:

If that’s what you want, that’s fine by me.

The capacity crowd at the Wrestle-Plex blows up at the thought of the match.

Angus:

WHAT!?! WHAT!?! WHY!?!

DDK:

OH MY! The match is made! Live tonight we’ll see Mikey Unlikely take on Harmony for her Southern Heritage championship! This is huge.

Mikey smiles and slowly brings the mic back up.

Mikey Unlikely:

Splendid.

He makes the sign with his hands as if he were reading off a marquee.

Mikey Unlikely:

“Clash of the DEFIANTS: The REIGN of Hollywood!” Hey! That sounds pretty good! You better head to the back and prepare for the biggest night of your life, tonight you’re my leading lady.

Elise Ares stares daggers at Harmony as the SOHER Champion begins to laugh. The D leans in and tells Elise she’s prettier.

Harmony:

Oh don’t you worry your head about that Mikey. I’ve had plenty of experience with one minute men before.

“Just A Girl” begins to play again as Harmony lifts the SOHER Championship off her shoulder and lifts it high in front of Mikey before she steps back through the ropes and leaves the ring.

Mikey looks back without the usual smirk on his face. Kendrix catches the D bobbing his head to No Doubt, and he immediately stops. The D, Elise and Kendrix began to smile and embrace Mikey, but his eyes never leave Harmony.

I BLOW IT UP VIA SATELLITE

DDK:

Before we get to our first Semi - Finals match in the DOC tournament, Angus... let's get some more comments from the DEFIANTS watching from the sidelines! Up next is your favorite and mine...

Angus:

MUHBOITAI?

DDK:

Not exactly, Angus.

The DEFIANTRON statics to life.

DDK:

Impulse? Rose? Are you with us?

Angus:

Why do you hate me, Keeps?

The DEFIANT Faithful cheer as the screen fades to Impulse and Calico Rose, a story high, looking down into the arena.

Impulse:

Faithful?

They cheer. Impulse smirks, but shakes his head.

Impulse:

I can't hear you!

They cheer again - this time louder. He shakes his head again.

Impulse:

Nah, nah, nah. This is DEFIANCE Wrestling. This is the Clash of the DEFIANTS. This is the Wrestlezone. You need t'make so much damn noise that you wake the gods up. Third time's the charm.

Deep breath.

Impulse:

Faithful?

The DEFIANT Faithful send up a deafening cheer that causes Impulse and Cally both to exaggeratedly flinch. They look at each other, and Cally takes the mic from Impulse.

Calico Rose:

Well, I can't speak for the gods, but I heard that. You guys havin' a good time out there?

They cheer again.

Cally:

So, we were asked to give our thoughts on the tournament so far, and to make a prediction. You know the drill, you've heard it before. But this is a job I don't take lightly... there's plenty of legitimate psychics out there in the quarter that I wouldn't want to offend with my nonexistent precognitive abilities.

She puts her fingers to her head a la James McAvoy from the X-Men movies.

Impulse:

Anything?

Cally:

...I see... a desperate need for a taco. We should wrap this up.

The fans laugh.

Impulse:

Before the tournament started, our favorites were Jason Natas and Frank Dylan James, because we've gotten to know both of 'em pretty well. But at the same time, we couldn't discount the experience of Bronson Box.

They look at each other.

Impulse:

It's a conundrum.

Cally:

It is.

Impulse:

Should we tell 'em our prediction?

Cally looks down the lens of the camera.

Cally:

We're pulling for Frank Dylan James to take the tournament.

The Faithful cheer - FDJ is certainly a favorite.

Impulse:

Why is that?

Cally:

It's simple, really.

She winks.

Cally:

He isn't evil.

And that was... different. The Faithful cheer, somewhat confusedly.

Angus:

That's it, Keebs?

Impulse:

So, let's hear it for everyone who's already competed tonight, and who's still t'come. We'll be back to contribute next time out, Faithful... and it's been our pleasure.

They leave the camera view as the Faithful cheer.

DDK:

Positive comments from -

Cally (offscreen):

Wait!

Angus:

At least she's up there.

Cally's face returns to the screen.

Cally:

Angus? Angus, my love!

The fans cheer, some start a chant of "Blow it up!"

Angus:

It's not fair.

Cally:

Angus, I know you wish I was out there but I can't be. So I think we need to make some history, and give these fans a teleconferenced fist bump. What'cha think?

They all cheer, and the chant rises. Cally smiles, and puts her fist in the view of the camera, obscuring her image.

Cally (V/O):

Put your fist on the monitor, Angus.

DDK:

Come on, Angus... humor her.

Angus:

I... I've got my fist on the screen, Cally.

A moment of silence.

Cally:

You know, I can see you, right? There's more than one camera, and you clearly don't. Come on!

Angus leans forward on the desk with his face in his hands. Cally moves her fist slightly, so you can see her eyes.

Cally:

Come... oooooonnnnn...

A low moan escapes Angus' lips.

Kelly Evans (Offscreen, from somewhere near Cally):

Angus! We're on a timetable! Fistbump the damn monitor!

Angus:

Yipe!

He fist bumps his monitor to at least a half - participating standing ovation, while Cally blows it up on the screen.

Cally:

You're a rock star, Angus.

Angus:

I think I need a minute.

DDK:

We'll be right back.

DEFIANT ONSLAUGHT CHAMPIONSHIP - SEMI-FINALS

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen coming up next we have a semi-finals match filled to the BRIM with DEFIANCE history.

Angus:

Ooooooh yeah. I think we all remember that DEFMAX double count out "pro wrestling shenanigans" BULLSHIT...

DDK:

Considering the context these Onslaught division matches are contested I don't think "shenanigans" is quite the descriptor I'd pull to apply to tonight's action. I'm pretty confident we're about to witness a VERY decisively contested match, partner.

As Angus continues to grumble, continuing on to bring up the similar end to Horry and Mushi's absolutely brutal encounter at DEFIANCE Road. All of The God-Beast's nearly three hundred pounds of steam engine-like power and intimidation looms over the front row Faithful as he takes a second to cross his redwood-sized arms across the plateau he calls a chest. This allows Eddie Dante to steeep from behind his monster client and lead the rest of the way towards the ring.

Angus:

The office told Mushigihara to head down to the house show circuit, down to BRAZEN! They told him to either shape up or ship out, jack! He swallowed the bitter pill like a MAN, he made lemonade out of the proverbial lemons and he went about ripping in half anybody and everybody in his path and quicker than you can say OSUUUUU....here he stands a heartbeat away from the finals, Darren!

DDK:

Once again standing tall as one of DEF's most intimidating competitors, without a doubt.

Eddie Dante takes the ringsteps two at a time and hurries up to the ring apron to respectfully spread the first and second ropes. The Monster of Mito Ibaraki takes each ring step with a deliberate THUD. Once his boots are finally planted firmly on canvas The God-Beast Mushigihara takes to his corner and squats down, going about his usual pre-match ritual.

Obviously getting as focused as possible on the task at hand...

OOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

OH MYYYY, HERE WE GO FOLKS!

The arena goes pitch black. The sound of the man in black's unmistakable guitar and drum kick are simply swallowed by the uproar from the Faithful. ALL of the Faithful. From the cheap seats to the diehard ringsiders each and every seat in the arena is undoubtedly assless in the inky darkness based on the deafening reaction alone.

Darren Quimbey:

And now! Making his WAAAAAAAAAY to the ring! He is the Original DEFIANT! The first Undisputed DEFIANCE World Champion! AND A TWO TIIIIIME FIST OF DEFIAAAAAANCE!

The front row fans start beating on the guardrails to the beat of "God's Gunna' Cut You Down" after a few more moments of darkness the lights come on all at once...

Darren Quimbey:

HAILING FROM BANFF, SCOTLAND! HE IS BRONSOOOOON BOOOOOOX!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The sight of The Wargod standing on the ring apron INCHES from Mushigihara, the two men separated by just the mere width of the ring ropes incites the Faithful even further. What really truly puts the whole situation over the top? The sight of Bronson Box's "better half" oft-not seen at ringside, the manager and all-round backstage playmaker Jane Katze. The gorgeous corporately attired brunette has her finger in Eddie Dante's face. We don't pick up what exactly is said but by the look on Dante's face we can tell the exchange isn't pleasant.

DDK:

There's something of a warrior's respect between Bronson and The God-Beast, that's not exactly news. But... well, the let's say COMPLICATED backstage relationship between Dante and Katze is icy to say the least, Angus.

Angus:

Long story short Katze did a lot of flickin' of that goddamn business card of hers all around, tryin' REAL hard to poach Mushi from Eddie. Manager heat, Darren. Worse than goddamn women that lot is, I tells ya'... and staying on the topic, what's the deal with Jane Katze prancin' her frustratingly flawless posterior out here at ringside? Not usually her bag...

DDK:

Perhaps... concern? Think about it, Angus. Dusty Griffith, Ladder War, a Spike wielding Queen of the Ring and the brutal cell match of his own design that followed. Bronson has been going full bore since returning from his Edward White induced exile so many months ago...

Downtown Darren continues to lay out the facts. He recounts how The Wargod has, win or lose, has continued to put on one brutal bone breaking performance after another for months on end. Before he can properly finish his thought the pot boils over and the two beasts finally come to blows with some dueling overhead shots to the head after a next level mugging session the last minute or so. Knowing being this close to either of their respective clients when they're... well, working is really just a downright terrible idea from a self preservation standpoint, the two managers pocket their grievances and evacuate the ring, STAT.

Angus:

Like the citizens of Tokyo in a goddamn Godzilla movie... RUN YOU FOOLS!

Just a hair quicker, Mushi lands a succession of sharp spine rattling elbows across Bronson's cranium before grabbing two giant fistfulls of as much flesh and ugly brown singlet as he possibly can before assisting The Wargod in entering the ring the hard way with a wild unclassifiable throw that sees Boxer's back painfully meet canvas. Figuring that's about as good a start to this match as we'll ever possibly get, referee Hector Navarro signals for the bell to officially start the contest.

DING DING!

Angus:

Finally. I swear to Christ, I think 15% of "Onslaught style" is just mugging and grimacing...

The King of the Monsters lives up to ever overwrought nickname he's picked up over the years, rushing Box and pouncing on him like a starving direwolf. The speed that GIANT young man from Mito, Ibaraki Japan can call upon is almost inhuman. Add that to his undeniable strength and power and it's no wonder Mushigihara is behind The Wargod tossing him with a quick release German to start things off. Mushi pops back to his feet so quick it draws a response from the crowd.

DDK:

Ooooooh myyyyy, The God-Beast, unintimidated, unafraid...

As Downtown Darren continues on listing several more apt adjectives describing just how much of an emerging superstar ass-kicker DEFIANCE has on its hands, Mushigihara wastes zero times repeating the RECKLESS release German suplex not one... not two, not even three, but FOUR nasty release German's. He puts a period on this vicious exchange with a TIGHT Bearhug suplex for good measure. Punctuating each maneuver by getting to his feet and bellowing at the top of his lungs...

Mushigihara:

OSUUUUUU!

MUSHI-GI-HARA! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*

MUSHI-GI-HARA! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*

MUSHI-GI-HARA! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*

DDK:

Would you listen to these people?! Have you EVER seen someone come out here and, right out of the gate, PRESS Boxer like Mushi has already tonight? We've only a couple minutes in and the former two time FIST is being tossed around like a ragdoll! I mean, my WORD!

Angus:

You know what this is? Box and Jason Natas rattled each others BRAINS earlier, Darren. Mushi... well, Mushi got fed Bobby Dean. Something tells me The God-Beast might have a tee-tad more left in the tank at this point than The Wargod, Keeps.

The Bombastic Bronson Box is allowed to crawl over to the ropes and slowly find his feet, finding and crouching down in the nearest corner... The Golden Goliath's masked face watching him every step of the way. Once his opponent is solidly on his feet Mushigihara squats down into a sumo stance and beckons The DEFIANCE Ace to "bring it..." "in the only way he knows how.

Mushigihara:

Osuuuuuuuu...

OOOOOOOOOOOOH!

The range of emotions and intentions The God-Beast can convey with that one word, that one sound never ceases to amaze anyone, the Faithful obviously included. We can see Bronson getting heated, going to "that place" the place where he tends to make a LOT of anger fueled mistakes. Mistakes a hungry young competitor like Mushigihara would use to rip the DEF original apart. But then we're all of a sudden reminded that Bronson isn't out here alone as Katze & Associates CEO Jane Katze scrambles up onto the apron to have a little pow wow with her currently quite beleaguered client. The exchange doesn't look exactly pleasant but when the very brief conversation concludes The Original DEFIANT steps out of the corner with icy calm determination instead of his trademark flailing anger.

DDK:

Bronson Box obviously the better for Jane Katze's presence here at ringside, Angus.

As Keebler and Skaaland go on musing about Jane revisiting her old role as a "ringside presence" in the past for her old employer Edward White the action in the ring continues. Not quite as one sided as before, Mushi absorbing his fare share of nasty combinations to the head and neck from Boxer. There aren't many DEFIANCE competitors, even ones as big and brutal as Mushigihara, that can simply brush off a precision forearm assault to the cranium from the Bombastic Bronson Box.

Then again, Mushigihara isn't your typical DEFIANCE competitor... is he?

OOOOOOOOOOOOHOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT...

Mushi whips Bronson around and locks in a classic full nelson, wrenching his much smaller opponent off his feet and like lightning, out of NOWHERE dropping the back of Boxer's head across the sharpest point of his ENORMOUS knee.

DDK:

CHAOS ENGINE! OH MY GOD! CHAOS ENGINE ON BRONSON BOX!

Angus:

HE'S GUNNA' TAKE IT! MUSHI'S GUNNA TAKE IT, HOLY SHIT!

The God-Beast drops down and pulls in both of Bronson's legs as tight as he possibly can for what would be easily one of the quickest and most shocking upsets of the year.

ONE!**TWO!****THREE!****NO!**

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

BOX GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

Even with his face covered completely by his mask, we can deduce the look of pure shock etched on The God-Beast's face based on body language alone. Mushigihara gets to his knees and pulls Bronson's limp body towards him, wasting no time dropping several forearms across Boxer's head before finding his feet and DRILLING him with a couple more just for good measure before raising his hand high, fingers spread for his patented clawhold STO maneuver...

Angus:

Oh, Box has to be done. He has to be. Sad to see a guy fall so hard, but...

Before The Motormouth of Malcontent can finish his doom and gloom laced statement, the exact moment Mushigihara clamps on his brutal Clawhold onto the sheared cranium of The Bombastic Bronson Box, the iron willed Scotsman's eyes shoot wide open and he quickly applies his own "Red Right Hand" to the masked mellon of The Golden Goliath.

DDK:

GOD'S FIERY RIGHT HAND! BEAST'S CLAW! DUELING CLAW HOLDS, ANGUS!

The two men stand locked near motionless in one another's vice-like grips, but after a few moments we see Mushigihara's back leg falter even so slightly, the big man forced to take a step backward... then again... and AGAIN.

DDK:

Sure he might have had Bobby Dean in the last round, partner, but let's not understate just how spent The God-Beast must be at this point. He just went through a certifiable war with Sam Horry at DEFIANCE Road, and like you said half the BRAZEN roster before that... I think we're watching all that abuse catch up to Mushigihara.

Bronson slowly but surely pushes his MUCH larger opponent back into the ropes, screaming and yelling at the top of his lungs as he HEAVES Mushi off the ropes with an irish whip fueled by what might be all Boxer has left in the tank. On the return trip Boxer reminds everyone watching, both in the arena, at home, and in the back EXACTLY why he is who he is and commands the respect he does in the hallowed halls of DEFIANCE. Drawing on his seemingly inexhaustible well of pure brute strength Box stoops and uses Mushigihara momentum to get him firmly planted on his shoulders simply POWERING up the near three hundred pound Japanese wrecking machine with pure and simple goddamn grit and determination.

Angus:

JEEZUS!

Skaaland and Keebler take a few moments to get across Bronson Box's almost inhuman, haggis fueled brute strength. After mugging like triumphant big game hunter for a few moments for Faithful and TV camera alike, Box aims top of his hoisted opponent's head directly at the canvas... and simply lets gravity do the rest. Both men hit the ring with a loud clattering thrump, all of Mushigihara's near three hundred pounds of BULK pushing down on his spine, his neck, his skull. The God-Beast crumples to the mat like an enormous sack of produce.

DDK:

DEATH VALLEY DRIVER! MY WORD! WHAT IMPACT! WHAT STRENGTH!

Obviously exhausted, not a drop of blood or gore in sight, Bronson Box struggles to his feet but once boot is firmly planted to canvas Boxer lets loose a guttural war cry as he whips down the straps on his singlet. His seemingly perpetually bloodshot brown eyes open WIDE, that big vein on the side of his bald head throbbing. Mushi has just baaaaarely struggled up to his hands and knees when Box swings a leg over The God-Beast's wide back and hooks his hands under the big man's chin and sitting back... HARD.

DDK:

BOSTON MASSACRE! BRONSON BOX HAS THE CAMEL CLUTCH LOCKED IN, ANGUS!

Angus:

He 'aint tappin' Darren! He 'aint tappin'!... WAIT, LOOK AT DANTE!

Eddie Dante looked as though he might have been heading to intervene on behalf of his client when he's caught by the belt and pulled back out to ringside. Jane glares down at the God-Beast's platinum blond handler with bad intentions as she kicks off her heels and hikes up her mini-skirt. Before the announcers or the Faithful can process what's happening Jane has Eddie Dante SCREAMING, locked in a blast from the past...

DDK:

GOLDEN GATE GUILLOTINE FROM JANE KATZE! OH MYYYYYY!

Angus Skaaland's snorts of laughter at the poor fortune of Eddie Dante are swallowed up by the uproarious reaction from the Faithful at the sight of BOTH Bronson Box and Jane Katze applying their signature submission holds at the same time. But long after Jane relents and allows Dante to squirm off and lick his wounds... The God-Beast is STILL STRUGGLING IN THE WARGOD'S BOSTON MASSACRE! Obviously ready for this to be over with Bronson suddenly releases the submission hold and allows Mushi to drop back to his hands and knees.

WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM

Angus:

Good God that sound...

Bronson Box begins just straight up UNLOADING stiff FRUSTRATED elbows to the back of the huge melon of Mushigihara one after another after another... it's after about the fifth of sixth brain rattling elbow Bronson reaches down and scoops the giant Japanese wrecking machine back up into the BOSTON MASSACRE. It's not long before The God-Beast gruesomely droops in Boxer's iron-like grip. Hector Navarro steps in and checks on the well-being of Mushigihara. He looks over over his shoulder to Eddie Dante standing again at ringside with a VERY concerned shrug... with a dejected droop of his shoulders Dante nods back at Hector and turns from the ring as the ref signals for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Hector leans through the ropes to Darren Quimbey and explains his final ruling.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winneeeeer... due to Mushigihara being UNABLE TO CONTINUUUUUUUUE... moving on to the finals to crown the VERY FIRST D.O.C.... BRONSOOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOOX!

COMMENTS FROM ANGEL TRINIDAD

The camera cuts backstage where Christie Zane is looking as ravishing as she ever has. She'd make a burlap sack look good. Just admit it.

Christie Zane:

Hey, everybody! I'm Christie Zane and I've got a BIG guest with me right now! I've got...

She getss cut off when a giant hand wraps its fingers on the microphone and slowly pushes her hand downward. The camera pans back to reveal the gargantuan form of Angel Trinidad. Ever so slowly, he gets real close and looked her dead in the eyes.

Angel Trinidad:

GO.

Even Christie Zane knows when to take a powder when Angel Trinidad tells her to do it. Angel takes the microphone and hands it right over to his manager, Thomas Keeling Sr.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

So we were going to use this time to predict a winner for the next match, but here's what WE'RE going to do instead. Frank Dylan James had no right to be in this match over Aleczander The Great, but we're going to move along.

Keeling glares right at the camera.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

DUSTY GRIFFITH.

The crowd in the audience could hear an audible "OOOOOOOH" in the background.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

What happened at DEFIANCE Road... that was the biggest FLUKE in humanity and my client and I are not going to live in a world that allows ANYBODY to think that you are even in the same league as my client. What you fail to realize, Dusty, is that no matter how many times you have asked... you have BEGGED... you have **DEMANDED** a match with my client, what you don't realize is that I have purposely kept Angel away from you.

Angel snorts behind him while Keeling continues.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

As we've told you ever since we came back, our attack on you was nothing more than a reminder that Team HOSS... no, ANGEL TRINIDAD runs things here now. He is The Biggest AND The Best in DEFIANCE today and he was already through with you. We warned you. We TOLD you that things were going to get worse the more you persisted to get in our business. We're not using this time to predict the winner of the next match in the Clash of the DEFIANTS Tournament. No. We are using this time to give you ONE last warning: that after tonight, there ARE no more warnings. If Angel sees you in the hall, I'm done holding him back. If you cross his path, you WILL regret it. If that isn't clear enough, then let Mr. Trinidad simply this for you:

Angel takes the microphone again.

Angel Trinidad:

YOU'RE A DEAD MAN...

The Biggest And The Best throws the microphone down and he and Keeling storm off the set as the scene fades back to the ring.

DEFIANT ONSLAUGHT CHAMPIONSHIP - SEMI-FINALS

DDK:

Our next match on Clash of DEFIANTS is the Semi-Finals of the D.O.C. tournament. It features a rematch of sorts from DEFtv in Frank Dylan James...

Angus:

Where are your manners, Keebler Elf? His name is, Fd'n J!

DDK: (Rolls eyes)

...'Fd'nJ' versus the 'King of the Streets' Sam Horry. The last time that these two were in the ring against each other, it was a knockdown, drag out affair.

Highlights air from Sam and Frank's first match.

DDK: (during the highlights)

It went back and forth between these two: Frank Dylan James' rugged, smash-mouth, aggressive style; versus Sam's calculated, surgical precision. Just when Sam thought he'd had the advantage, FDJ would turn the tide. After FDJ missed a kneedrop, Sam shocked and stunned the DEFplex, when he capitalized with a roundhouse kick he calls the 'Murderdeathkick' and briefly knocked FDJ out.

Highlight ends.

Angus:

'Murderdeathkick?' More like "Hail Mary!" Sam got lucky against Fd'nJ the first time, and there's no way lightning will strike twice!

DDK:

My erasable broadcast partner may be right. Earlier tonight, Sam scored with the 'Murderdeathkick' virtually from out of nowhere against Henry Keyes. You have to believe that FDJ will be ready for it this time.

Angus:

Not to mention Sam's also coming off a war against Mushighiara from DEFIANCE Road, he's worn down. All the more reason why Sam will lose tonight to Fd'nJ! His body hasn't had time to heal from that kinda war. Especially for a fresh and ready to kill Fd'nJ! Admit it, Keebs!

DDK:

It is certainly going to be a daunting task. Backstage with Lance Warner, is the King of the Streets.

Scene shifts backstage to Lance Warner in Sam's locker room. Flanked by his team members, Sam, decked in a black and blue long-sleeve rashguard top adorned with his sponsor's logos, adjusts the drawstring on his black and blue fight shorts which also is adorned with is sponsor's logos.

Lance Warner:

Tonight Sam, in the semi-finals of the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship tournament, you've drawn a familiar face in Frank Dylan James.

Sam Horry:

Whoever said "life was an easy ride," never had to stare down Frank Dylan James, much less after being stretched by Henry Keyes. I'm close, Lance, I can practically taste the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship. Even against FDJ, I'm gonna do what I do best: win.

Lance Warner:

Now Sam, prior to tonight's match against Henry Keyes, you had a draw at DEFIANCE Road against Mushighiara. You took an insane amount of punishment in that match, and you were able to squeak by Henry Keyes in the quarter-finals. Are you physically at 100%?

Sam Horry:

Does it matter? There's gold at the end of this tunnel, and my dream has been to hold gold on my own since I got back to DEFIANCE. You think I'm gonna let bein' sore stop me?! My cousin just beat a monster in Omega, and that same blood courses through my veins. When we're backed up against a corner, we come out swingin', Lance...

Sam places a hand on Lance's shoulder.

Sam Horry:

..And nobody—I mean, nobody-- swings better than the best pound-for-pound fighter in the world...me.

Lance Warner:

Well there you have it, folks. Straight from the man himself; he's coming to fight. I send it over to my broadcast colleague, Christine Zane.

Scene shifts over to **Christie Zane:** who is standing with a focused Frank Dylan James. Frank is draped in his heavy chains, a trademark of his rugged, mountain man apparel.

Christie Zane:

Thank you, Lance. I am here with Frank Dylan James. Frank you had a dominant win in the quarter-finals of the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship Tournament, and in the semi-finals you'll get the chance to avenge your loss from a few weeks ago, when Sam knocked you out...

Christie cowers somewhat, as the look Frank gives her could melt steel.

Christie Zane:

...what is your mindset heading into this match?

Frank turns towards the camera offering that same glare.

FDJ:

I'ma keep this short ahn sweet. Sam, last time I tol' yew Ol' Frank'll owe you one. T'naght, (he raises his big canned ham size fists) these big ol' bear claws're gon' pay you back, but good!

FDJ brushes past Christie towards the entrance way.

Christie Zane:

That was a focused and hungry FDJ. Let's get back down to ringside.

Camera pans back to Darren Quimbey, standing the middle of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest scheduled for one fall, is a semi-finals match in the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship Tournament!

Lights dim as the opening horns on Busta Rhymes' "Why We Die" plays on the PA system.

Sam walks out, flanked by his Red Dragon Fight Team teammates. The hood of his sleeveless robe hangs low over his eyes.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from the East Elmhurst section of Queens, New York, weighing in at Two Hundred and Thirty Six pounds, he is the "King of the Streets," **SAAAAAAAAAAAAAM HOOOOOOORRRRRRRYYYYYYYYY!**

Sam steps through the first and middle ropes, where he removes his robe and drinks from a water bottle handed to him from a member of his entourage. He puts his mouthpiece in and stretches in the corner.

DDK:

Not like Sam to wear a shirt during his match. Wait—wait a minute, I'm told that it's a rashguard. I stand corrected.

The lights dim again, as Ted Nugent's "Stranglehold" blares over the PA system. FDJ steps through the curtain as a loud 'FDJ' chant rings throughout the arena.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent weighing in at 320 pounds, from the Mountains of West Virginia... **FRANK**

DYLAIAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNN JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMES!

With revenge on his mind, FDJ stalks to the ring, stepping over the top rope. He raises his chain high above his head in the middle of the ring to the cheers of the DEF Faithful. After giving his chain to a nearby ring attendant, he points at Sam telling of impending doom.

DING DING DING!

Sam charges FDJ, pushing him into the corner as the crowd cheers on. Alternating left hooks and right hooks to the body, FDJ covers up as the referee steps in to administer the 5 count. Sam backs up briefly, and as FDJ steps from out the corner, Sam meets him with a running Yakuza kick to FDJ's chest sending him back into the corner. From there, it's a double left hook to the body, and then a left uppercut that snaps FDJ's head back before FDJ can get his hands up. The referee steps in again, admonishing Sam harder with another 5 count.

DDK:

Sam trying to get this over with early, and I don't blame him! You do not want to be in there against FDJ any longer than you have to be.

Angus:

I think Sam is just throwing shit against the wall to see what sticks.

DDK:

None of those seemed to hurt the Monster of the Appalachian Trail. But I think you're right in that Sam wants to see whether or not he can get FDJ to push the pace with him, and either gas the big man out, or get him to walk into a mistake.

Rushing in again, Sam runs into a big boot from FDJ which floors Sam. Sneering as his opponent bases up on all fours, FDJ charges in again and stuns Sam with a kneelift, sprawling Sam against the bottom ropes. FDJ wraps a huge palm around Sam's throat, pulling the mixed martial artist to his feet before lifting Sam high into the air for a gorilla press slam. Sam adjusts his weight in FDJ's grasp and lands on his feet. FDJ took a step backwards, when Sam hits him in the sternum with a jumping Thai knee, but it was only a step backwards. He charges Sam with a clothesline attempt which Sam ducks, and allows for Sam to spring off the ropes to catch FDJ with a tilt-a-whirl into the Octopus hold, only FDJ did not ride with Sam's momentum and instead crashes Sam ribs first to the match with a side slam

Groaning, Sam rolled underneath the ropes to the arena floor, where he FDJ quickly follows him. FDJ tears the rashguard off Sam's body to reveal that Sam's ribs are heavily taped.

Angus:

I knew it! Those ribs are injured from his match against Mushi! I told you he didn't have time to heal, Keeps!

DDK:

He wore that rashguard to try to keep how heavily taped his ribs are, a secret. Now that he's been exposed it may be just a matter of time.

Angus:

Look at him stomp Sam, Fd'nJ smells blood in the water, Keeps! This is gonna get very ugly, very quickly!

Indeed FDJ was viciously stomping Sam's injured ribs on the outside. He pulls Sam up by throat again, throws him ribs first against the ring apron. FDJ rolls Sam back into the ring, where he drops a knee to Sam's injured mid-section. He covers Sam...

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

Sam gets a shoulder up, which brings his crowd into the match. FDJ makes it to his feet, grabbing Sam by the throat again to pick him up. Sam uses his hands to trap FDJ's arm while Sam's legs wrap around FDJ's neck to sink in a triangle choke. Sam expertly switches grips from FDJ's arm to FDJ's neck to increase the torque on the choke. Though he were rapidly losing air, FDJ never lost his composure. He took advantage of the weight difference between he and Sam, and hoists Sam into the air, powerbombing Sam to the mat. Sam didn't release the triangle choke. The crowd reached a fever pitch when FDJ hoists Sam into the air again, powerbombing Sam first onto the nearby turnbuckles, and then delivering another powerbomb—a wild bomb—which effectively broke the hold.

FANS: HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT! HO-LY SHIT!

FDJ basks in the cheers briefly before dropping to both knees and dominantly placing both hands on top of Sam's chest. The referee hops down for the cover as the fans count along...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, and advancing in the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship Tournament **FRANK DYLA**AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNN JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMMES!

As FDJ stands on the bottom turnbuckles to acknowledge the crowd, DEFMed's swarm to the ring en masse with Jeanie leading the charge.

DDK:

FDJ will advance to the finals of the D.O.C. tournament. What a finish partner!

Angus:

Just goes to show you what kind of monster FDf'nJ truly is. You ain't gonna come in there with busted ribs, or anything less than 100% and hope to win. FDf'nJ doesn't deal in hope, he kicks ass! There's your 'King of the Streets', flat on his back!

DDK:

DEFIANCE Medical Personnel on standby here. Jeanie, Sam's agent, is of course concerned. And you have to give Sam credit too, he came to fight because that is what the D.O.C. means to these competitors, leaving it all out there in the ring. Sam will be back, but this round, belongs to Frank Dylan James, and he continues his quest to become the inaugural DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion.

As Sam is being tended to, FDJ steps to Jeanie before he heads out the ring.

FDJ:

Tell 'yer man, we're even.

DDK:

More action to come at Clash of the DEFIANTS. Let's go backstage.

COMMENTS FROM DUSTY GRIFFITH

We cut backstage to find Lance Warner standing in front of a locker room door.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome... Dusty Griffith.

A noticable roar from the Faithful can be heard as the former DEFIANCE World Champion's name is called, growing louder as he steps into frame. The Wild Bronco is all smiles as he pats Lance on the shoulder and gives a nod.

Lance Warner:

You're certainly in a good mood tonight, Dusty.

Dusty Griffith:

Well, it's been a helluva night, brother.

Lance Warner:

It definitely has, no doubt bolstered by your best friend, Frank Dylan James' punching his ticket to the finals of the Dee Oh Cee title tournament. Care to comment on the tournament thus far?

Dusty Griffith:

It's been a brutal symphony out there, Lance, and all these boys involved should be proud of the showing they've made for themselves.

Lance Warner:

Especially Big Frank, right?

Dusty nods as a proud smile spreads across his lips.

Dusty Griffith:

Is it that *obvious*?

The Bad Man from Boise jests as he playfully nudges Warner.

Dusty Griffith:

Anyway, yeah. I'm **damn** proud of my big brother out there tonight, showing everyone that Ol' Frank is capable of being one of the best on any given night.

Lance Warner:

Got a prediction on the finals?

Dusty Griffith:

It's a tough one, Frank and Boxer are two of the meanest bastards you'll ever find in the world. I won't deny there'd be a special kind of *personal* satisfaction if Frank takes this whole hog home by beating Boxer to do it.

Lance Warner:

Well, speaking of bad blood... Thomas Keeling Sr. had some *interesting* things to say earlier tonight.

Dusty's eyes narrow momentarily as he stares a hole into Lance, who quickly begins to wonder if this was territory he shouldn't have tread upon. Griffith snorts and thumbs his nose.

Dusty Griffith:

Yeah, sure... *It's about damn time!*

Before Griffith can elaborate he and Warner are joined by the victorious storm that is Frank Dylan James who hoots and hollers as he approaches. Warner however isn't allowed to get anymore questions as Dusty leads Frank into the

locker room.

UNANOUNCED MATCH

DDK:

Well coming up next folks we have a match that was just made earlier tonight! Southern Heritage Champion Harmony...

Angus:

MUHFUTUREWIAFFF

DDK:

...defends her title for the fourth time as she takes on The World's Greatest Entertainer...

Angus:

Hollywood McFuckass

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely!

Angus:

This should be good! MUHFUTUREWIAFFF is going to mop the floor with this fuckboi.

DDK:

Keep in mind Angus, Mikey is coming off a huge win over Andy Sharp at DEF ROAD. In a very controversial matchup putting the chair to Andy at the end, as well as a little help from his friends. Furthermore, Unlikely has a tag team win over Harmony from just a few weeks ago.... Somehow, someway... Mikey Unlikely has actually EARNED this match!

Angus:

You talk too much. DQ take this one away.

♪ "Blunt Blowin" by Lil Wayne ♪

Darren Quimbley:

Ladies and Gentleman the next matchup is scheduled for one fall, and is for the DEFIANCE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!!!

The red carpet rolls out and soon comes DEFIANCE's true Hollywood superstar.

Darren Quimbley:

Introducing first, the challenger! He hails from "The Burbs" but currently resides in beautiful Los Angeles, California. Weighing in at Two Hundred and Thirty pounds... The World's Greatest Entertainer... this is **MIKEYYYYY UNLIKELLYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!**

DDK:

I can't believe he's coming out here alone.

Angus:

Yea don't count on it Keebs, those premadonna goons are somewhere. Harmony better keep her eyes open.

He reaches the end of the stage and poses like he's taking a headshot. The pyro around him explodes instead of shooting out flames and light, it shoots out small green bills in every direction. Unlikely slowly strolls down the ramp, ignoring the fans who reach out to touch him. He rolls into the ring and begins to pose at every corner when his music stops.

♪ "Just a Girl" by No Doubt ♪

Darren Quimbley:

Introducing the champion! She hails from Manhattan, New York, weighing in at One Hundred and Fifty pounds. This is the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION... **HARMONYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!**

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.

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.

The referee holds up the Southern Heritage Championship before the bell rings.

Unlikely slowly walks to the center of the ring. Harmony follows suit, she is on guard. Mikey stands with his hands to his sides just laughing at her. The two jaw back and forth in the center of the ring. Mikey laughs at something Harmony says before bringing his forearm up and across the mouth of the Southern Heritage Champion. She takes a few steps back with the blow, but never takes her eyes off Unlikely. Without any hesitation she steps right back into the face of Mikey, now looking up but basically nose to nose. Much to the delight of the fans.

DDK:

Harmony not backing down from Unlikely.

Angus:

She stood up to Flippy-do, MUHBOITAI, and Jake Donovan... if this asshole thinks he's going to intimidate her, he's wrong.

Unlikely tries the same cheap shot. Harmony is ready this time and ducks underneath. Mikey spins and now he's on the receiving end of the forearms as the crowd goes crazy. One, two, three, four all connect with sickening thuds against the skull of Hollywood. Up against the ropes, with nowhere to run Mikey purposely falls backwards out of the ring, creating distance. The referee begins his count as Mikey tries to regain his bearings. He signals the ever famous "Time Out" signal at Mark Shields who just shakes his head. Harmony takes off towards the ropes. He sees her coming and moves just in... NO! Harmony adjusts herself in midair, bounces off the ropes and lands back in the ring. Mikey thinks he avoided the attack, not paying attention as Harmony baseball slides out of the ring and grabs him by the hair. She bounces his face off the ring apron, before rolling Unlikely back into the ring.

Unfortunately he makes it to his feet before she does, so when she gets up Mikey is ready. A boot to the gut from Hollywood, followed up quickly by some knife edge chops against the ropes. He whips her off and on the return ducks for the back body drop. Harmony leapfrogs the attempt, and comes back around with a crossbody block that falls into a pin attempt.

One...

Kickout.

DDK:

The inexperience is obvious on the side of Mikey Unlikely. Harmony has an answer for everything he does, but she isn't going to pin him this early in the match.

Angus:

It's all about mind games Keebs. The more times Harmony gets Mikey wrapped up, the more frustrated he will become, ultimately exposing himself and creating an opening for Harmony to close this out... smart girl...

DDK:

Wait... did you just call him Mikey?

Angus:

Mikey McFuckass, you didnt let me finish!

Both get to their feet. Harmony with some quick strikes before sending Mikey into the turnbuckle. She runs after him and monkey flips him out of the corner and onto his back in the center of the ring. Mikey reaches back for the aching area. He slowly climbs to his feet but the smaller athlete is already back on the offensive with a running swinging neckbreaker on the actor and wrestler. Harmony stands right back up and signals to the fans before delivering a standing moonsault to her downed opponent. The fans cheer as the referee drops into position.

One..

Two..

Kickout.

Angus:

MUHFUTUREWIAF is on fire!

DDK:

You're not kidding, if Mikey has any hopes of winning this match, he needs to change the pacing...fast!

HARMONY! / MIKEY SUCKS!

HARMONY! / MIKEY SUCKS!

HARMONY! / MIKEY SUCKS!

Harmony wastes no time and grabs Unlikely by the back of his head and lifts him to his feet. She sends him off the other side of the ring and on the return she tries a jumping lariat. Mikey finally able to muster up enough of his surroundings and ducks the clothesline attempt. He comes back and wraps his arm around the chin of Harm, before swinging around and sinching in a sleeper hold. Harmony flails wildly at first swinging for Mikey to break the hold. Unlikely keeps his body away from her as he pulls the hold on tighter. Mark Shields now checking on Harm and to make sure the hold is legal. Harmony slows eventually and begins to fade. Unlikely yelling at the referee to check on her as he now pulls and yanks her head in different directions.

Her arm drops once....

Mikey now pushes pressure down on her, and drives her down to a seated position. He yells at the crowd...

Mikey Unlikely:

SLEEPER HOLD!! MAKE DEFIANCE SAFE AGAIN!!

Harmonys arm drops again.

BORING...

BORING...

BORING...

Mikey smiles wide thinking he has this one won. Harmony doesn't let her arm drop a third time, in fact it doesn't even come close. She raises it straight into the air, and the fans begin to cheer loudly. Unlikely shakes his head wildly trying to shut everyone up. Harmony pushes up off the mat using her feet, before coming right back down in a seated position bouncing the chin of Mikey Unlikely off the top of her head. The hold is immediately broken and Mikey begins clutching at his mouth.

Angus:

HA! That'll shut him up!!

It takes Harmony some time to shake the cobwebs but when she does Unlikely is still holding his jaw, using the ropes for support. She takes off and lands a beautiful dropkick square in the chest that sends Mikey up and over the top rope, crashing down to the floor. The referee once again begins his count as Mikey finds his footing. He has no time to prepare however because Harmony slingshots herself off the turnbuckle up and over with a Quebrada, taking down Mikey in the process. The Wrestle-Plex collectively loses its mind.

Angus:

YUS! That's why she is the SOHER and the mother of future children!

DDK:

Harmony now rolls Mikey into the ring and goes for the lateral press.

1..

2...

Rope break!

Unlikely reaches the bottom rope with his feet, Harmony failed to pull him out of reach before pinning. Harmony goes right back on the assault, lifting Mikey by his chin. A few stiff shots from the forearm of Harmony rock Mikey where he stands. He reaches out blindly with one hand, reaching for her face. Harmony has the eye poke scouted and ducks underneath it, delivering a quick kick to the gut of Unlikely. When he bends over Harmony climbs onto his back to set up one of her signature moves the leg trap sunset flip powerbomb.

Angus:

YUS! She has him right where she wants him!

Harmony leans back before flipping forward as quickly as she can. Just as she comes between the legs of Mikey, he figures it out and drops to his knees.

DDK:

Oh my god! What a move by Mikey! AND It looked completely unintentional! Unlikely just pulled his legs out so he couldn't be flipped, he didn't realize he trapped Harmony's head until after the move. Mikey looking down eyes wide now, can't believe it. He dives for the cover!

1...

2..

Angus:

NOOOO!!!!

Kickout!!

Unlikely gets after Mark Shields.

Mikey Unlikely:

DAMMIT! DID YOU SEE THAT!?! I CAN'T DO THAT AGAIN! COUNT FASTER!!

He stands up and drops a few stomps across the head and neck of the Southern Heritage Champion, before sizing her up and dropping down with a standing fist drop across the skull.

Harmony grabs at her face, but doesn't have any time to recover. Mikey pulls her by her hair to a seated position, places a knee square into her back and applies a rear chin lock. The fans boo loudly at him. Mikey looks around with a smirk on his face before adjusting his hands from the chin, to her face. He grabs a fistfull of nose and eyes and

wrenches away as Harmony screams out and the referee begins his five count. Mikey converts back to the chin lock juuuuuust before five. He waits a couple seconds then goes right back for the face. Shields once again begins his count. Mikey again waits till the last possible second to revert to the legal hold.

Get the fuck out! Clap...clap...clapclapclap.

Get the fuck out! Clap...clap...clapclapclap.

Get the fuck out! Clap...clap...clapclapclap.

Angus:

This is disgusting! I'm a fan of cheap tactics as much as the next guy, but peeling at someone's face with your fingers? Even Hollywood should have more class than that... fucking asshole.

The referee asks Harmony if she wants to tap, she shakes her head right away to the delight of the fans. A slow clap breaks out across the arena and Harmony immediately responds. As the Southern Heritage champion begins to find her footing, Mikey Unlikely switches over to a side headlock. Harm delivers some quick blows to the midsection of the challenger but not enough to break the hold. She backs him into the ropes before trying to send him off the other side, Mikey's grip is tight however and he simply falls down on the push attempt and drags down the champion with him, keeping the hold locked in.

Mikey let's go with one hand and points to his head, letting the fans know how smart he is. It's in that second that Harmony uses all her strength to pull herself free of the one handed hold, much to the surprise of one Mr. Unlikely. Mikey spins and stands up as Harmony is coming off the ropes full speed. She leaps, before connecting with a jumping hurricanrana. The fans become electric once again. Mikey gets right back up at the same time the champion does. Harmony delivers a dropkick, both get right back up, and Harmony goes off... Armdrag, Mikey back up, hiptoss, Mikey back up, back elbow, Mikey back up, Pele Kick, Mikey back up, Sunset Flip Powerbomb!

DDK:

WOW, What offense from Harmony here! Mark Shields slides into position now.

ONE..**Angus:**

C'MON!

TWO...**KICKOUT!**

The entire arena lets out its collective breath after what they thought was the end of the match.

Angus:

DAMMIT!!!!

Harmony wastes no time, she moves right to the feet of Mikey. The fans cheer as Harmony signals it's time to end this match. She begins to spin around the leg of Unlikely attempting to setup the Fermata submission hold. At that moment Kendrix, The D, and Elise Ares come from behind the curtain and begin to walk towards the ring. Harmony sees them and drops Mikey's leg and moves towards the ropes to confront the trio.

Angus:

What did I tell you keebz? I knew we couldn't get through this match without an appearance by the fucky foursome.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely's entourage is headed to ringside. Harmony needs to get her head back in the game and let the referee take care of this.

Indeed Harmony goes back across the ring and reaches down for The Hollywood Superstar. Mikey grabs her and rolls her up into a small package pin attempt!

DDK:

Watch out! Mikey's got her!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Angus:

That's muh girl!

They both climb to their feet, Harmony is a little quicker however. She connects with some forearm shots to Mikey in the corner. The three wrestlers outside the ring go to said corner and yell at Harmony to let their buddy go from the arena floor! Harmony irish whips Mikey across the ring into the opposite turnbuckle. Elise Ares is directing traffic outside and the other three members of the group run around to that corner to continue with their goading. Harmony smartly choosing to ignore the distraction.

Harmony backs up and raises an arm in the air. The fans respond positively. Harmony does a running handspring before jumping up spinning her body in midair and connecting against the side of the temple of Mikey Unlikely with an enziguri. Mikey takes two or three steps out of the corner before faceplanting in the middle of the ring. Once again Harmony signals for the finish. The Southern Heritage champion spins around, locks in the leglock and finishes with the bridge.

Angus:

SHE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!

DDK:

Harmony with the Fermata applied, this could be it for the crossover entertainer! Mikey is screaming in pain!

Reaching for his legs but unable to extend fully. He flails wildly. On the outside his compadres are desperately urging Mikey to reach the ropes. Elise Ares hops up on the ring apron pointing and yelling. Harmony ignores her, bridging even further up as the effects are obvious across the face of Mikey Unlikely. Unfortunately for Harmony, Referee Mark Shields does not ignore The Havana Harlot. Shields now in the face of Elise, trying to urge her off the ring apron. Behind him, the action continues...

Angus:

HE'S TAPPING KEEBS! MIKEY IS TAPPING AND MARK SHIELDS ISN'T SEEING IT!!!!
TURNAROUNDREFFFFF!!

DDK:

Wait what's Edwards doing!?

In the opposite corner The D climbs to the top turnbuckle before leaping.

DDK:

The D comes off the top rope with what he calls the "B Movie!"

That frog splash finally breaks the hold as he lands directly on the midsection of the bridging Harmony. Kendrix slides under the bottom rope with the Southern Heritage title. The D lifts the champion to her feet, and Kendrix goes running before striking Harmony in the head with title.

Angus:

This is bullshit! The fix is in Keeps.

DDK:

Definitely some underhanded tactics by the World's Greatest Entertainer. Harmony is in trouble right now.

Kendrix and The D scatter from the ring, taking the title with them. Ares hops down off the ring apron, and Mark Shields finally turns around to see both competitors down. Mikey slowly crawls towards the champion. He lays his body across hers for the pin. As Mark Shields slides in for a better view of the champions shoulders Mikey puts both feet on the second rope and all three of his partner put their weight on Mikey's legs. There is no way for Harmony to escape.

ONE...**Angus:**

NOT LIKE DIS!

TWO...**THREE!****Angus:**

You have got to be kidding me!

The Wrestle-Plex blows up. The boos are deafening.

Unlikely is pulled to his feet by his friends who have once again entered the ring. Mikey is only half able to stand as they all carry him. Kendrix grabs the SOHER and hands it to Unlikely who raises it above his head to another round of boos.

Darren Quimbley:

Ladies and Gentleman, Your winner by pinfall, AND NEWWWWWWWWW DEFIANE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION, **MIKEYYYYY UNLIKELYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!**

DDK:

In an unprecedented and unexpected turn of events Mikey Unlikely has captured the Southern Heritage Championship here tonight in an unscheduled match against Harmony.

Harmony is shaking the cobwebs and beginning to get to her feet. The foursome stops celebrating, Elise Ares points to Harmony to get Mikey's attention. Slowly they crowd around her, Harmony becomes aware when she sees all the boots near her, she slowly looks up. Unlikely grabs her by the hair and lifts her to her feet. The music stops and the members of PCP each grab one of her arms and hold her back from striking Mikey. Mikey begins the jawing and yelling at Harmony.

Suddenly there's a commotion on the stage and the Wrestle-Plex explodes as a blurry figure races down the entrance ramp and slides into the ring.

Angus:

YUS! IT'S FDJ!!!! HOSSSSSSSFITTTTEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!

Frank Dylan James hits the ring fast and begins to clean house. Kick to the gut of Elise Ares before sending her over the top rope and out to the floor. He delivers some forearms to Kendrix before sending him over the same rope. The D is up next and once again follows suit. Now Harmony and FDJ stand in the ring with Mikey Unlikely who is wide eyed and afraid.

DDK:

Oh how the tables have turned on Mikey here! For the first time since his debut in Defiance the numbers do not favor the Hollywood superstar!

Angus:

FUCKHIMUPEFFFDEEEEEJAY!

Both slowly walk towards Mikey who has both arms in front of him begging not be the next one throw out. He has the title over his shoulder. FDJ fake checks him, and as soon as James moves, Mikey drops to his back and rolls out of the ring quickly. The fans boo as they are unable to get him but as soon as the theme hits the fans explode in applause.

♪ **“Stranglehold” by Ted Nugent** ♪

FDJ checks on Harmony in the middle of the ring as the foursome walks up the ramp Southern Heritage Title in hand. Mikey raises it above his head staring back at the ring, as FDJ DARES him to come on back...

THE VIEW FROM V.I.P.

Cut to Christie Zane.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen, what a night it's been!

DEF's top female broadcaster addresses the camera with a broad smile. She's standing on a balcony outside one of the DEFarena's four V.I.P boxes, high above the arena floor.

Christie Zane:

We have a *NEW* Southern Heritage Champion, we're about to crown the very first DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion, and later on Sean Jackson puts his "Real" World Championship on the line against The Only Star himself, Eric Dane!

The Faithful pop as Christie's words ring out through the building.

Christie Zane:

While Frank Dylan James and Bronson Box get ready to throw down, I am joined at this time by three of the most popular wrestlers in DEFIANCE today...

The camera pans across.

Christie Zane:

The Murray Brothers and Lindsay Troy!

The Faithful lose their collective shit as the names are read and the faces appear. None are dressed for war, of course: The Murrays are a picture of simplicity in their monochrome tees, whereas Troy's opted for a tight black double-breasted blazer, gold blouse, and jeans.

Christie Zane:

Folks, how do you feel about our brand new SOHER Champ -- Mikey Unlikely?

Cayle Murray:

Ugh.

Andy Murray:

Yuck.

Troy opts to let an eye-roll do the talking for her.

Christie Zane:

... I take it none of you are fans, then?

Andy Murray:

I like being hungover more than I like Mikey Unlikely. I like head colds more than I like Mikey Unlikely. I like undercooked microwave dinners more than I like Mikey Unlikely. I like the music of Nickelba--... you get the picture.

Cayle Murray:

Nickelback? Jeesh, that's cold...

Cayle shakes his head, then looks to Zane.

Cayle Murray:

He's not a fighter, Christie; he's a coward. What just happened down there proves it, but it'll catch up with him. Always does.

Christie Zane:

Perhaps you'll be more enamoured by what's coming next: FDJ and Box, one-on-one, for the Onslaught Championship! Both of these men have already been through two heavy-duty opponents tonight -- how do you think that'll factor into their performances?

Lindsay Troy:

If Box has any teeth left after both the WARCHAMBER and what's gone down so far tonight, I'm sure ol' Frank will knock the rest of them out.

Andy Murray:

At least he's safe from ninja stars down there.

Lindsay Troy: [smirks]

You haven't checked my shirtsleeves, Big Murrr. Don't be sure that you're safe up here.

Andy Murray:

Guess I'm gonna have to take Jack Hunter up on that 'Street Fight Training' offer if these threats keep coming, but look...

The King turns back to Christie and her microphone.

Andy Murray:

These guys have been in some serious fights tonight, but I think Boxer got a little more than he'd bargained for against our lad Jason at the top of the night. Frank? I don't think "pain" is even a thing to Frank. He's just a big ol' lovable hillbilly zombie, bless him.

Lindsay Troy:

Even Mastodons feel pain, though. Corozzo put him through the ringer at Acts of DEFIANCE. He and Mushi brawled all over the Wrestle-Plex a year and a half ago. Before all of that? Frank and Box have some nasty history. I might've bested Box in the WARCHAMBER, and while I don't want to be "on the record" as betting against FDJ, these two might leave each other as pulpy, bloody, Play-Doh balls by the end of it.

Christie Zane:

So your pick?

Lindsay Troy:

Still Frank. I like being on his "drinking buddy" good side.

Andy Murray:

Oh yeah, if a bar fight breaks out, I want that guy standing *beside* me, not opposite me.

Christie Zane:

So are we looking at a clean-sweep for FDJ as far as predictions go?

Zane pushes the microphone towards the younger Murray, who nods.

Cayle Murray:

I think so. No disrespect to my countryman, because Boxer's obviously one of the cornerstones that this place is built on, but I'd be amazed if he was anything close to 100% at the start of the night, let alone now. We're only a few weeks removed from DEF ROAD and the WARCHAMBER: Frank didn't walk into the building with that handicap.

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

I think we're looking at the match of the night, though. Both guys will be close to running on fumes now, and that's

when you really see a fighter's *spirit* come out. I can't wait.

Christie bobs her head in agreement then looks back at the Queen.

Christie Zane:

There was no lack of fighting spirit in Bronson's WARCHAMBER match at DEFIANCE ROAD, but the aftermath was something that none of us expected to see: Dan Ryan attacking you as you were leaving ringside. We heard from him right after it happened and, well, ...

Lindsay Troy:

You'd like me to retort?

That garners a big ol' POPSPLOSION~! from the Faithful. Troy smiles.

Lindsay Troy:

Alright. But I'll save it for DEFtv 65 if it's alright with you, Christie.

Some BOOOOOOs then, which earns a small look of pity from the FIST of DEFIANCE Number One Contender.

Lindsay Troy:

I know you're all chomping at the bit for this HOT TAKE but tonight isn't the time or the place. I'm not about to overshadow the D.O.C. Finals or Dane/Jackson with any of that. 65 is as good a place as any to address ... the issues.

Acknowledging LT's point with a nod, Christie turns back to the camera and lifts the microphone to her lips.

Christie Zane:

There you have it, folks: Frank Dylan James is a clear favourite up here in the VIP box! Angus, Keebs... back to you guys.

... aaaaaand cut.

DEFIANT ONSLAUGHT CHAMPIONSHIP - FINALS

DDK:

Angus Skaaland... are you ready for what we're about to witness?

Angus:

You mean sitting here a stone's throw away from two young men we've each personally worked with for going on seven, eight years now quite literally try to kill one another with their bare hands live on pay per view for all the world to see?

DDK:

Well, I... I mean...

Angus:

Sike! [looking directly into the camera] *THIS IS OBVIOUSLY FUCKING AWESOME!*

DDK:

And about as jam packed with DEFIANCE history as you can get, partner. The bad blood between The Wargod and The Mastodon runs DEEP into the very bones of DEFIANCE itself. For months on end Frank Dylan James was... for lack of a better term, a *SLAVE!* An indentured servant to Boxer and his then partner-in-crime Edward White.

Angus:

Goddamn Blood Diamonds bullshit. *GOD* I'm curious how many times ol' Ed's been violated at this point. It's gotta' be like... a LOT, right?

Downtown Darren goes on to detail Frank breaking free from Ed and Boxer's sway and helping wage tireless war against The Blood Diamonds. Proving time and time again to not only be a stalwart defender of all things DEF, but his legend as one of the single toughest most resilient men in the history of not just DEF but pro wrestling, period. The Darren Keebler fueled Frank Dylan James *shine-fest* is cut short however by the unmistakable sound of [ragtime piano](#).

Angus:

No lights out, no man in black. No theatrics, Darren. Bronson Box is ready ta' *FINISH* this.

Darren Quimbey:

OUT FIRST! HAILING FROM BANFF, SCOTLAAAAAAND! HE IS... THE ORIGINAAAAAAL
DEFIAAAAAAANT... BRONSOOOOOOOOOOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOX!

The Bombastic Bronson Box walks out onto the stage like he owns it. Like everything, all of it ring and all was HIS and his alone. We can barely make out the sound of Scott Joplin's "The Entertainer" as the crowd roars for a man that, love him or loathe him, EARNED the right to be called *The Original DEFIANT*... but as Boxer starts making his way down the ramp it becomes painfully obvious to anyone with eyes that *The Original DEFIANT* is in decidedly poor shape after TWO brutal encounters already under his belt tonight.

DDK:

Listen. A lot of terms and "styles" and buzzwords like "Onslaught" have been used since this whole division was announced... Angus, you're one of the ones behind this. Explain to everyone what these two young men are competing for here tonight.

Angus:

Keeps, Onslaught means DEF's bread and butter. It's two guys gettin' in that ring and finding out just how much you GOT. It 'aint just about the "W" it's about how hard you hit and how hard you can GET hit. This is unapologetic, rawboned *brutality*. The kind DEFIANCE has built it's reputation on... these two guys? Boxer and Frankie? They wrote the *book* this tournament, this new division was aaaaaaall based on. I literally can't think of two more appropriate BAD MOTHERFUCKERS to be stepping in there tonight to compete for... well, for this... guys?

Down at ringside several DEF polo-shirted ring monkeys pull a black satin sheet off something perched on a table near

where ring announcer Darren Quimbey sits. Underneath is the brand new DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship. The D.O.C., as it's already being called. As the fans ooh and aaah and all desperately attempt all at once to be the first one to post a picture of the new title belt on reddit or Twitter or whatever. Half of them almost drop their smartphones as "Uncle Ted" and his big ol' electric guitar start screamin' over the PA system. No lights flash when "Stranglehold" starts to play. No body comes out with big foam shoulder pads, and there's definitely no pyro.

There's just Frank.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Darren Quimbey:

AND MAKING HIS WAAAAAAAAAY TO THE RIIIIING...

We're all collectively reading Darren Quimbey's lips at this point. The reaction from the Faithful is absolutely *deafening*. Quimbey, knowing he's going to lose his goddamn voice if he attempts to be heard over... well, the Faithful doing his job for him. The first few rows crowd the railing, reaching over and pounding the boards along with the music.

*FRANK! FRANK FRANK!
FRANK! FRANK FRANK!
FRANK! FRANK FRANK!*

His wild mane is the first thing your eyes can focus in on when you see him. Like a giant ball of hair just sprouted the biggest meanest looking human being you've ever laid eyes on. All near *seven feet* of the wild West Virginian stoops through the entrance curtain and emerges onto the stage. The usually unflappable, rampaging Mastodon can't help but pause for a second and take in the reaction once he's fully emerged out onto the ramp.

DDK:

Frank Dylan James! Has been called a lot of things, Angus! Redneck, monster, servant, *mascot*... tonight Frank could add CHAMPION to that list, partner!

Angus:

FUCK YEAH... I mean, shit, listen folks. I know we're supposed to be impartial here... DON'T, don't you laugh Darren I'm trying to be goddamn sincere here. Like I was saying... Frank means a lot to a lot of folks here. Especially those of us who have known the big idiot for years so, well... [getting up from his seat and yelling towards the ramp] *GO FUCKIN' GET 'EM FRANKIE!*

With a loud guttural *HOLLAR* Frank Dylan James rushes the ring. After only a handful of giant strides Frank is sliding under the bottom rope only to be scooped up IMMEDIATELY by The Wargod and straight up, DEADLIFT suplex's Frank up and over like he wasn't *literally* ninety goddamn pounds heavier than the Scottish Strongman. As the crowd marvels at Bronson Box's strength, Bronson gets to his feet after the maneuver quite satisfied with his quick thinking, even tapping the side of his head to emphasise as much... not realizing his opponent had actually managed to find his feet a haaaaair faster than he...

Angus:

FRANK'S GONE A' CLUBBERIN', KEEBS!

Downtown Darren Keebler recounts the almost *inhuman* resilience Frank Dylan James has displayed throughout his storied career in the squared circle as Frank himself UNLOADS on a shocked Bronson Box with the most wild, uncallable mess of lefts, rights, stomps, uppercuts, eye pokes, headbutts... just an endless, reckless mixed bag of pain and punishment that makes it immediately evident where his singular, brutal nickname came from...

DDK:

MY GOD! *THE MASTODON* HAS BOXER ON THE ROPES!

Angus:

Darren, if Frank drags Boxer into a wild... well, "Frank-like" brawl? Boxer's fucked. He needs to WRESTLE Frank... but as we all well know, Box, logic, high pressure title situation... you get what I'm sayin' doncha Darren?

DDK:

They're going to kill one another, aren't they bud?

Angus:

Ooooooooooh yea *HOLY SHIT!*

With Bronson backed firmly against a turnbuckle with a prime view of all the pretty stars, The Wild West Virginian backs up a step to raise a risk, HOLLAR to the crowd and... get a taste of the tip of Bronson Box's haggis feuled elbow as it connects squarely with Frank Dylan James' mouth. Frank can't help but falter a step, Bronson doesn't wait before he lays in another and another and another ad nauseum until there's bloody starting to pour from Frank's mouth. No sooner does Bronson relent, stopping if only to view the damage he'd caused to this point...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The fans come unglued as blood and spittle fly from the open maw of The Mastodon. Even with his mouth now opened up and bleeding like a *wound* he roars into the shocked face of his opponent...

FDJ:

SHEEEEEEEIT, THAT ALLS YOU GOT HOLLIS?! GOTDDAMN HIT ME, BOY

Without hesitation The Wargod clasps his redwood sized arms around the enormous waste of his opponent and recklessly LAUNCHES the big man back into the turnbuckle with a crisp Overhead belly to belly suplex that sees the big man hit the turnbuckle pads and land awkwardly down to the mat. Still ass over teakettle, Box rushes Frank and lays a veritable stampede of sharp bootheels to any fleshy part of The Mastodon he can make any contact with. Stomp after vocious stomp manages tight right Frank, now sitting with the back of his head resting against the bottom turnbuckle like it were a pillow...

Angus:

Oh wow, BRUTAL...

With an unhinged sneer on his mustachioed face Bronson leans into his boot-shots. It gets to the point where we figure Box won't be satisfied until the back of Frank's face is *smear*ed on the face of the turnbuckle, right across the DEF logo. Finally relenting only to reach down and grab two huge squishy fistfulls of Frank Dylan James' hair, wrenching him to his feet.

Bronson Box:

"COME ON YOU BLOODY ANIMAL! SIDESHOWS NOT FOOKIN' OVER QUITE YET!"

The way Boxer manhandles a man TEN POUNDS SHY of a hundred pounds heavier than he is a stark reminder what sort of competitor we're dealing with when it comes to The Bombastic Bronson Box. What follows can best be described as a brutal clinic, put on in an attempt to CRIPPLE another human being...

DDK:

Bronson setting Frank up for something here, he's got him up...

The Wargod effortlessly muscles Frank up onto his massive shoulder before quickly cracking off a spine rattling Canadian Backbreaker that leaves FDJ clutching his back in pain... clearly not satisfied, Boxer again WRENCHES Frank to his feet, slapping him a few times for good measure before WHIPPING him back up to his shoulders with similar painful results. Frank is left clutching at his left side where his ribs meet his spine after a body jarring Argentine Backbreaker. Boxer takes a moment to let the Faithful *sing their song*.

FUCK HIM UP BRONSON!

LET'S GO FRANKIE!
FUCK HIM UP BRONSON!
LET'S GO FRANKIE!
FUCK HIM UP BRONSON!
LET'S GO FRANKIE!

Bronson Box:

"ONE MORE? ... AYE, ONE FOOKIN' MORE... "

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Call it bloodthirsty, call it wholesale brutality... *THIS* is DEFIANCE Wrestling.

As promised, Boxer hauls the Mastodon back to his feet one more *fookin'* time. On this occasion, however, he traps one of FDJ's arms and pulls it across the throat. He doesn't keep the Cobra Clutch locked-on too long, however, and soon snaps Frank down with yet another Backbreaker!

Now operating somewhere close to his terrifying peak level, the Scot pulls Frank back up and unceremoniously flings him into the corner. Boxer charges like a raging bull and scrapes the side of his face with a running boot. This sends Frank down on his ass, and Box steps away momentarily, only to dash right back with another boot to the face.

DDK:

Think about what that man, Bronson Box has been through not just tonight... but the last number of *MONTHS* here in DEFIANCE! LOOK AT HIM GO! His conditioning, Angus, his conditioning is the stuff of legend, partner. Boxer absolutely has the title of DEFIANCE Ironman...

Angus:

We're dealing with two men with literally no sense of self preservation here, Keebs. They'll each run themselves into the GROUND before they quit.

Having turned away from his opponent, Boxer steps towards the center of the ring and runs a palm over his forehead. He flicks the coating of sweat and Frank's blood from his hand, looking every bit the God of this here War as he stands alone on his podium of violence covered in a *wet red sheen*.

DDK:

What an impressive performance we've see--...

Angus:

Uh-oh! UH-OH, DARREN!

Unbeknown to Bronson Box, Frank Dylan James ain't lying immobile in the corner.

He's clambering to his *goddamn* feet, and his vision's firmly set on the back of the The Scottish Strongman's shiney sheared head.

Angus:

Here comes big Frank!

Boxer turns around just in time for the Mastodon's *CHAAAAAAAAAARGE!*

Frank swings a huge elbow that hits Box's skull so damn hard his soul might've left his body on impact. A second elbow almost leaves a dent in the Scottish Strongman's hairless head. His legs turn to jelly, and that's when Frank spins around with his third elbow -- this time of the "Roaring" variety -- and sends Bronson crumbling to the canvas!

The Faithful?

Yup, they're losing their shit.

Propelled not only by the noise in the building but also the adrenaline coursing through his gigantic body, Frank makes for the corner.

The noise only gets louder: *everybody* knows what's coming next!

FDJ steps outside the ring then clambers his way up to the top rope. It takes a good few seconds for him to steady himself (especially after the beating Boxer's handed out), but he eventually does... and before you know it, Frank's flying through the air like the biggest, ugliest projectile you've ever seen!

DDK:

MOUNTAIN TOP KNEE DROP!

Angus:

RIGHT TO THE MOTHERFUCKING *HEAD!* Jesus Christ, Keeps!

Frank is quick to his feet, he can't help but take a victory lap. As he clomps and stomps around the ring pumping his fist and basking in WELL EARNED respect and admiration from the Faithful... The Wargod, well... somehow, propelled by what can only be called instinct or... muscle memory or SOMETHING... Bronson Box is slowly finding his spaghetti legs, standing by the grace of God on his *own two feet*.

Angus:

FUCKING! HOW!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Darren Keebler answers Angus' question, but everyone can tell immediately regardless of how that Bronson Box. The Wargod. The ACE. Has LEFT the building. Without missing a beat Frank Dylan James picks up steam on one of his victory laps running up behind Bronson and...

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

ANGUS... DID... did Frank just...DID FRANK JUST...

Frank Dylan James, The Mastadon. Runs up, swinging his legs up and over Bronson's shoulders and yanks him back down to the canvas with a PICTURE PERFECT Crucifix hold takedown. As Angus and Keebler sputter through shock that FDJ not only performed an actual wrestling move, but in what could be the final moments to crown the first "brutal elbow throwing" D.O.C.

Angus:

AN ACTUAL *WRESTLING MOVE!*

All the overblown, comical shock and awe washes away once everyone puts together exactly the situation Bronson Box finds himself in. Arms pinned and outstretched by Frank's left arm and grapevined legs... and his head, his helplessly exposed and vulnerable head? Well...

DDK:

OH MYYYYY! HOW LONG, ANGUS?! HOW LONG CAN BOXER ABSORB THIS... *PUNISHMENT?!*

Frank RAINS down sharp, unprotected *FUCKYOU MURDER BURN THE WITCH* elbows to the spongy exposed cranium of the Bombastic Bronson Box. After what amounts to an eternity in "getting elbowed in the head by Frank Dylan James" calculated time, Bronson Box blearily taps, best he can manage, where his hand helplessly rests on Frank's thigh. Referee Brian Slater... who up to this point has literally just stepped back from jump street and let this

madness unfold... steps in and signals for the bell.

DING DING DING!

There's a moment after Frank rolls out of the hold and Bronson falls limp onto the canvas, the sound of the ringbell seems to ring into a vacuum... the collective shocked breaths of over four thousand wild, screaming wrestling fans all realizing at once...

Darren Quimbey

LADIEEEES AND GENTLEMEEEEEN, YOUR WINNEEEEEEEER AND... FIRST EVEEEEEEEER DEFIANCE
ONSLAUGHT CHAMPIOOOOOOOON... JUST A GOOD OL' BOY FROM WEST VIRGINIA **FRANK! DYLAN!**
JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMES!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

COMMENTS FROM DAN RYAN

Backstage, we find Lance Warner standing next to FIST of DEFIANCE Dan Ryan, still in his business attire, dark sunglasses and the belt back around his waist.

Lance Warner:

I'm here with a man who needs no introduction, three time FIST of DEFIANCE Dan Ryan. It's already been an amazing night, but Mr. Ryan, what I'd like to ask you about is the main event, a match between Eric Dane and Sean Jackson for the so-called "real World Title." You had some words about this in passing last week and...

Dan Ryan:

Yeah, you know, I get that this is important to Eric Dane. I understand his position. You work your ass off for a company, you sweat, you bust your ass, you BLEED YOUR OWN BLOOD, and then, like a thief in the night, someone pulls the rug out from under you just when all of that work is primed to pay off. Sean Jackson? I don't know the guy, but what I DON'T like is pretty much anyone coming out here with their little UTAH gift shop belt and calling it the "real" anything. That belt is about as valuable to me as the remains of this morning's breakfast burrito I dropped in the john this afternoon.

Lance Warner:

Who do you think will come out of this match the winner?

Dan Ryan:

Eric Dane. If you think I'm picking Sean Jackson, you haven't been paying attention. Par for the course with you, Lance. But I decided a long time ago, if I have any skin in a game that involves Eric Dane, that's where my bet goes.

Lance Warner:

There you have it. Eric Dane is the pick. Back to the booth.

"REAL" WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP - SEAN JACKSON (c) vs ERIC DANE

DDK:

What a night of action it's been, Angus. We've crowned our first Onslaught Champion in Frank Dylan James, and in an unexpected twist, Mikey Unlikely is our brand new SOHER Champ! Now it's The REAL World Championship's turn, as the man who built this house, Eric Dane, challenges Sean Jackson.

Angus:

A more accurate description would be "The BAWS turns Sean Jackson's face into marinara sauce and steals his lunch money," Keebs. This ain't gonna be pretty, and it ain't gonna be close...

v/o:

"Defiance, Can you feel it coming, in the air tonight?"

The lights in the arena shut down, leaving the crowd in the dark as a dark crimson color light illuminates the entrance area. Just as a thick mist begins to roll across the entrance ramp, a hush falls over the building as the mist pours off the entrance ramp and into the crowd.

Angus:

This fuckin' guy...

♪ "In The Air Tonight" by Phil Collins ♪

Without warning, the Phil Collins song begins to filter throughout the arena as Sean Jackson steps into view. Jackson is motionless, completely focused, the pixelated belt secured around his waist.

DDK:

Regardless of popular opinion, Sean Jackson is a verifiable superstar in the world of-

Angus:

The world of what, Keebs, Utah? Fuck this overblown douchenozzle.

His face remains stoic as Vanessa and Marshall Owens steps into view, taking up positions on either side. After soaking up the reaction, the REAL World Champion finally motions for them to follow down the ramp.

DDK:

And here comes the "Real World Champion" and his entourage. If nothing else can be said about Sean Jackson, he *does* hold a pinfall victory over Eric Dane-

Angus:

ARE YOU FUCKING SERIOUS RIGHT NOW?

DDK:

Well? He does!

Angus:

He cashed in a fuckin' *briefcase* on the man after he spent thirty minutes whipping another guy's ass! There's no honor in that, and I don't give a shit what you say we're not putting this overblown piece of garbage over on DEFIANCE programming until he does something impressive *inside* DEFIANCE!

Once in the ring, the spotlight continues to bathe Sean Jackson as he takes to the turnbuckles and slowly climbs up. As he sets foot on the middle turnbuckle, the ring is surrounded in falling pyro on all sides as he peers out at the fans

at ringside. Much to the approval of a clapping Vanessa, he then begins to pose with the pixilated championship belt before hopping down off the turnbuckle. As the pyro dies out, the lights return back to the arena and the Dallas native prepares for Eric Dane's entrance.

DDK:

Ready or not, here we go...

Angus:

You know, normally I'd ask why the Champion is coming out first, but, you know, he's about as much of a champion as I am a Space Marine.

The lights drop.

You know what time it is.

So does everyone inside of the Wrestle-Plex.

A hush falls over the crowd.

With an audible buzz the DEFIAtron hums to life and without hesitation the smirking face of Eric Dane is live and in living color, ten feet high in High Definition. A second passes before his smirk widens, the camera pans out to a medium closeup, and he speaks.

Eric Dane:

Here we are, Sean... It all comes down to this.

He pauses.

Eric Dane:

This business... it's not about being in the right place at the right time, it's not about who you know, or how much money you can weasel out of some promoter somewhere...

The Only Star is bare-chested, ready to fight. His fists are taped, boots are strapped, and knee-pads gleaming in all of their vibranium glory.

Eric Dane:

It's about moments.

The smirk disappears and his face takes on a hardened look.

Eric Dane:

And tonight, real, real soon, you and I are going to make a moment. You specifically are going to have several moments. I'm gonna drop you on your head so many times that you're in traction for six months you loud-mouthed prick.

The smirk returns. Inside of the ring Marshall Owens is throwing a fit, screaming for anyone listening to cut the feed, while Vanessa does her best to cover the "Champ's" ears. The End Boss continues.

Eric Dane:

All of this, Sean, everything you and I have been together, it ends tonight. It ends with me crushing you underneath my bootheel, grinding you into the mat like a cigarette, taking that fake five pound piece of shit you call a World Title from you whether you like it or not, and with you *finally* understanding just exactly who the superior wrestler is.

The crowd pops large.

Eric Dane:

Can you feel it, Sean?

His smile widens like the Cheshire Cat.

Eric Dane:

You will. You're gonna feel every. Last. Fucking. Bit.

In a flash the arena is once again bathed in darkness.

Seconds pass.

♪ *"Rip Your Heart Out" by Hopsin/Tech N9ne* ♪

kraka-THOOM!

Strontium and Magnesium explodes in an intense red and silver pyrotechnic assault on the senses. The grimy beat of the music heralds the coming of the Founding Father of DEFIANCE himself. Eric Dane steps out from behind the curtain dressed as before and the crowd goes wild.

Angus:

IT'S PANDA BEAR LINOLEUM!

DDK:

You mean pandamonium?

Angus:

Suck it, Keebs, don't you dare ruin this for me!

The Only Star juts his arms out widely in either direction, slowly circling around while making his way down the aisle and taking in the reaction from the small but vocal Super No Vacancy house of DEFIANCE Faithful, packed in so tightly that somewhere a can of sardines are jealous.

DDK:

You gotta wonder how confident Dane is after being on the losing end of his and Bobby Dean's efforts last time against The Murray Brothers-

Angus:

Pfft. I'd say his confidence is right where it ought to be considering that Bobby Dean is nowhere to be seen.

DDK:

Yeah, well, especially not after the beating he took from Mushigihara earlier this evening.

Eric makes his way to ringside and easily pulls himself up onto the apron. He stands and steps through, glancing at Sean Jackson and dismissing him as he ascends the near turnbuckle and throws a defiant fist in the air.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!

Sean Jackson tries to get at The Only Star but he's held back by head referee Benny Doyle. Dane turns around before hopping down and stares two holes through Sean Jackson's soul as he listens to a couple of final instructions from Doyle.

Angus:

Any second now, Keebs!

DDK:

What?

Angus:

We're gonna witness a murder, live and in living color, ONLY IN DEFIANCE!

DDK:

And, you know, High Octa-

Angus:

SHUT YOUR WHORE MOUTH, KEEBLER!

The bell rings.

Eric Dane stands almost perfectly still: arms down by his side, brow tightened, gaze focused.

Sean Jackson? He's wearing *THAT* smirk as his eyes lock with his opponent's. The Lone Star of Texas slowly nods his head and mouths something that's completely inaudible over the crowd's buzz.

Jackson takes a few steps towards the centre of the ring. He beckons The Only Star forward, but Dane refuses to bow to the champ's whims and stays in his corner, his glare unwavering.

Sean Jackson:

Come on, Eric!

Jackson paces from side-to-side. He calls on The Only Star once more which draws a few forward steps from Dane, but little more. His focus is sharper than a samurai's blade tonight, and he refuses to play Jackson's games. Finally, Sean Jackson starts circling his opponent. Dane, not wanting to give him a fraction of an opening, does the same. His steps are slow, methodical and purposeful: Sean's aren't quite frantic, but they're definitely *quicker*. There's a real sense of urgency about Sean Jackson tonight.

DDK:

Looks like Sean's trying to goad Dane into making the first move, but The Only Star ain't budging!

Sean fires-off another undecipherable volley of words at Dane, and *again* he gets nothing in response. This time, however, Jackson lunges forward and feints to the left before dropping to a knee, but Dane doesn't even flinch.

Unable to find an opening, Sean Jackson parts his lips yet again but Dane jumps-in before he can say a word. Eric forces the collar-and-elbow on his rival, but Jackson takes one step back, then another, until his momentum carries him back to the ropes.

Benny Doyle forces the break and calls for Dane to back-off, but The Only Star lunges back in with a knee to Jackson's gut. Finally taking a few steps back, Dane watches Jackson hold his stomach in pain then suddenly burst forward. Unfortunately, The Lone Star runs right into Eric Dane's knee again and immediately recoils.

Angus:

Ha! Nice try, scrub!

DDK:

For all the anger and frustration built around this match, Eric Dane has never been one to scrimp on scouting his opponent. A typically calculated start from him.

A frustrated Sean Jackson stomps his boot down on the mat and curses loudly, drawing a smile from Eric Dane.

Overcoming his little temper tantrum, Sean begins to circle his opponent once more. They lock-up again, and this time Jackson's actually prepared. He's able to slowly push Eric back into the corner, before maneuvering one of his arms loose and punching Eric's side a couple of times.

Eric finds an opening in Sean's offence, however, and uses it to pull the ol' switcheroo on Mr. Jackson. He steps out of the corner, maintains the grappler, and pushes Jackson's back against the turnbuckles before breaking quickly, pulling his hand back, then lashing it across Sean's chest with a chop so hard it can probably be heard ten blocks away.

Sean hunches over, but Dane pushes him back up.

Another chop.

Then *ANOTHER!*

Angus:

Yeah! Turn that chest to moosh, Baws!

DDK:

Those chops are so hard they're stinging *MY* skin, Angus!

Sean wails in pain as his chest turns red. Instead of relenting, Eric turns away briefly, before spinning back around and catching Jackson with a perfect Rolling Elbow! As Jackson hits the mat, Eric Dane steps away with his hands out to his side, soaking-in The Faithful's applause.

The Only Star turns back around just in time to catch Sean Jackson popping back to his feet. The champ comes at his challenger once again, but walks right into a strong right elbow from Dane. Jackson hits the deck but immediately pops up, before a second elbow puts him down again...

Jackson gets up once more but Dane's already got him scouted. Another Rolling Elbow puts Sean Jackson all the way down!

Benny Doyle kneels down to the mat to check on Dane's fallen opponent. The Lone Star of Texas rolls onto his stomach then props himself up on his elbows as the official jabbars. Meanwhile, Eric Dane's backed himself into a corner and finds himself throwing a few choice words at The REAL World Champion.

DDK:

Dane batters Sean Jackson to the mat, but wait...

On the outside, Marshall Owens steps round to where Sean Jackson lies. Jackson crawls a little closer to the ropes to confer with his lawyer, who gesticulates wildly as he talks; pointing once at Dane, then slapping his own elbow for effect.

Angus:

Fuckouttahere, Lawyerdouche!

Finally, Eric comes out of the corner and calls for Jackson to get back on his feet. Sean grabs the middle rope and hauls himself back up, before shaking-off what remains of his butterflies.

Back on their feet and circling, it's Eric Dane who once again takes the initiative. He moves-in and takes a headlock from Jackson. Sean struggles for a few moments, before throwing a series of slow punches into Dane's side again.

Out of pure annoyance more than anything else, Dane breaks the hold by Snapmaring Sean to the mat. He takes a brief step back before coming forward and cracking the back of Jackson's head with his knee!

At the match's first real sign of danger, Marshall Owens buzzes into the action like a fly to dog shit. He reaches under the bottom rope and grabs Jackson's wrist, desperately trying to pull his client out of the ring. Before he can make any real progress, however, Dane grabs Jackson's boot and yanks backwards.

DDK:

Marshall Owens is trying to get involved, but Dane's having none of it!

Angus:

Yeah, that suit had better reconsider his action right away, 'less he wants to get smacked upside the face..

The tug 'o war continues before an almighty heave brings both men inside the ring!

The Only Star grabs the petrified Marshall Owens by the collar and hauls him to his feet, before grabbing his dress shirt and violently yanking it open! Buttons fly everywhere as Eric pulls his hand back and strikes Marshall's chest with a big chop!

Angus:

What'd I tell you?!

Jackson's back to his feet and tries to come to his lawyer's aid, only to eat an elbow from Dane.

Eric turns to Owens... chop!

Back to Jackson... elbow!

The back-and-forth continues.

Chop for Owens!

Elbow for Jackson!

Chop!

Elbow!

Chop!

Elbow!

... then a biiiiiiiiig elbow just about knocks Marshall's block-off and sends him flying to the outside!

DDK:

What an excellent start from Eric Dane, Angus! He refused to play Sean Jackson's kinda fight and took advantage through good old-fashioned strikes. Sean might have to rethink his gameplan here, because so far, it's not working.

Angus:

There IS no rethinking, Keeps. This is it for Sean Jackson. Everything was all fine and dandy for him over in the Land of the Mormons, but this is DEFIANCE! This is a whole different universe: one in which he just won't survive...

The Only Star spends a few moments basking in his own glory, before turning back to Sean Jackson. The Lone Star of Texas has backed-off into a corner and has both hands clasped together, begging for Dane's mercy. This draws a grin from Eric and he moves in... only to fall to a sudden low-blow!

DDK:

Oh no, right in the family jewels! Jackson really suckered him in...

Angus:

Confirmed: Sean Jackson is a straight-up BITCH.

Eric crumbles, and Sean pushes him below the bottom rope and to the outside. Dane falls to his and and knees when SOMETHING flies towards him at high velocity, cracking him in the temple!

Angus:

Was that a goddamn SHOE?!

Sure enough, Vanessa raises her arm to lob a second shoe but this one flies just a few inches wide of Dane's head. A groggy Marshall Owens rolls Dane back in, where he's met by a barrage of Jackson stomps. The Lone Star scoops Dane off the mat and slams him down, before scaling the second rope and launching off with an elbow drop into the cover.

ONE!**TWO!****No! Kick-out!**

Unperturbed, Sean takes to the mat and pulls Dane into a chinlock. He yanks back tightly, digging his knee between Dane's shoulders for good measure. It takes a while for Eric to respond, but he's soon able to put an arm over his shoulder, clamber up, and throw Jackson down to the mat. Eric sweeps Sean's legs and leaps for a knee drop but Sean rolls out of the way, then goes for a second cover.

ONE!**No! Shoulder up!****DDK:**

A couple of quick-fire cover attempts from Sean Jackson, who's beginning to gain traction here.

Jackson takes an arm and pulls Dane to his feet. He props him up in a corner and hammers away with a few moments, before going to whip Eric to the other side. The Only Star reverses the whip, however, and charges in as Sean's back hits the 'buckles. Jackson pulls a knee up at just the right time, however, and catches Dane, knocking him backwards.

Sean quickly scoots up the turnbuckles and hops off with a Double Axe Handle, but no! The Only Star catches him mid-air and lands an inverted Atomic Drop! The Champ tries to hop away, but Eric soon has him in his grasp again and launches him overhead with a big Exploder Suplex...

... right into Benny Doyle.

DDK:

Oh no...

The official tumbles out of the ring on impact.

Angus:

Oh for the love of fuck...

DDK:

That was a pretty heavy impact: Doyle might need some medical attention out here. Meanwhile, it's the perfect opportunity for the shortcut-taking style of Sean Jackson to reach full effect...

Angus:

Heh, like the Baws doesn't have a trick or two of his own up his sleeve.

A wobbly Sean Jackson recovers to one knee. One problem, though: Dane's already up, and running towards him at full pelt...

Angus:

STAAAARRRRBRRRREEEEEAKKKKKAAAAAHHHHHHH!

The running knee hits like a sledgehammer, and Dane instinctively drops into the cover, completely unaware of Benny Doyle's plight.

Seconds pass without a count. Dane hopes to his feet and realises the referee's nowhere to be found, before locating him on the outside. The Only Star hops out to help Doyle revive himself, but Vanessa's scheming nearby. The jezebel reaches under the ring and pulls-out a briefcase...

... with a big fat "Atlantic City" sticker across the front.

DDK:

Atlantic City... that's a reference to the fateful night that set this whole thing in-motion in the first place! It was there that Sean Jackson cashed-in his briefcase to take advantage of Eric Dane's weak--

Angus:

We all know what it means, Keeps! Give it a rest, would ya?

CRACK!

Vanessa swings the case and catches Dane right in the back of the head...

Right in-front of the newly-revived Benny Doyle, who's still clutching his head but has enough wits about him to make sense of what just happened.

The official looks to the technical area and waves his hands frantically. The bell rings a few seconds later.

Angus:

What?!

DDK:

That's a disqualification, Angus! Benny Doyle has stopped the damn match!

Angus:

Are you fucking kidding me?!

Outrage pours from every corner of the building. It's so loud, in fact, that Darren Quimbey quickly gives-up the idea of officially announcing the decision and instead waits for it to subside.

DDK:

That was a highly illegal move performed just inches away from the official, and I'm willing to bet it was predetermined. Marshall Owens made it very clear that if Dane lost tonight, this would be his very last shout at the Real World

Championship.

Sean Jackson rolls out of the ring with a mile-wide grin across his face, and hops into the air like he's just won an Olympic gold medal.

Angus:

This is a goddamn outrage! There's NO WAY that this wasn't Sean Jackson's plan all along, Keeps. The man's a coward! He knows he's simply incapable of matching Eric Dane in a fair fight, and he's shortcutting his way out of it!

Jackson and his entourage are celebrating wildly, and Quimbey's moving the mic to his lips again.

But it gets torn from his grasp before he can utter a word.

Eric Dane:

Hold on a GODDAMN minute!

The Faithful pop wildly as The Only Star spits down the mic, still clutching his head.

Eric Dane:

You're not getting out of this that easy, you yellow-bellied piece of shit. Not under my roof...

He strides purposefully towards Benny Doyle.

Eric Dane:

Benny, restart the goddamn match!

Doyle hesitates at first.

Eric Dane:

NOW!

But it's hard to defy the boss when he's screaming in your face. He calls for the bell, it rings, and the crowd goes wild.

Angus:

YES! Not tonight, Sean! You're fucked now, boy...

Sean and his entourage are a picture of pure outrage, but they've no time to protest. Dane stomps towards them with a righteous fury so Sean turns on his heel and flees.

Angus:

And now he's running away, Keeps! I love it!

DDK:

Eric Dane has restarted the match, and now he's all about getting in the ring and finishing this! Sean likely thought he had a trump card when Vanessa forced the disqualification, but Dane went one better... his house, his rules.

The chase persists for one lap, but Sean accidentally gets caught-up near Vanessa and Marshall on his return. This allows Dane to catch-up and get a few licks in, before rolling Sean into the ring. Jackson quickly hops up and lands a few boots as Dane comes back in, but Eric fights to his feet and lands a couple of shots.

Jackson responds, and soon they're trading in the middle of the ring. Eventually The Only Star lands three unanswered and goes to the ropes. He swings with a wild Lariat on the rebound but Sean ducks beneath him, causing Dane to stumble beyond the champ and land on awkward footing.

The Lone Star of Texas flies in with a chop block, cutting Dane off at the knees.

Angus:

This is disgraceful! Sean Jackson didn't come here to fight: he came here to run away, and outdo The BAWs with a series of premeditated bitch moves!

DDK:

Like him or not, Jackson isn't just one of the most skilled technicians in the game, but much like his opponent for the night, he has no problem whatsoever with doing absolutely anything to seal the victory, legal or otherwise.

Jackson grabs Dane's boot and puts a few stomps down on his knee joint, looking to work the leg. Eric recognises the danger and kicks him away, however, before returning to his feet. Dane struggles up himself but eats a quick clothesline that doesn't quite send him down, but buckles his knee and forces him to a knelt position.

Wincing and groaning as he clutches the knee, Eric Dane refuses to stay down. He rises again but Sean dashes at him and executes a perfect Swinging Neckbreaker into the cover.

ONE!**TWO!****No! Dane kicks out!****DDK:**

There's a lot of mileage on Eric Dane's joints, and Jackson recognises that. A well-timed chop block and do all kinds of damage to a knee, as we're seeing right now.

Having risen to his feet, Jackson circles The Only Star's body. He prods his torso with his boot mockingly, and launches off a verbal barrage that only those in the front few rows can really hear. Nonetheless, the fact that he's doing it draws a huge chorus of jeers.

Moving around Dane's body, Jackson lands a hard kick to the targeted knee and continues to circle. He hits Dane's torso with another couple of gentle kicks, before kneeling down and slapping him hard across the face. As Dane's anger meter hits 100/100, Sean grabs him, lifts, then sends him back down with a backbreaker, before landing a standing elbow.

ONE!**TWO!****No! Shoulder up!****Angus:**

Ugh, Sean Jackson is in complete control and I fucking HATE it. Just look at this pathetic little weasel!

The Lone Star of Texas is quick to hit his feet and even quicker to get in Benny Doyle's face, demanding a quicker count. The official puts his hands up and instructs him to concentrate on the match, which draws a head shake from Jackson, who turns back to Eric Dane.

He continues to stomp away on Dane, before leaning down and trying to apply a front face lock... the Dane counters into a small package!

ONE!**TWO!****No! Kick-out!**

Jackson immediately leaps to is feet. He stomps down on Dane to prevent him from raising, then picks him up and throws him into a corner. Jackson ducks down and shoulder charges Dane right in the gut a couple of times before standing upright and slapping him hard across the cheek.

Grabbing Dane's jaw and squeezing, Sean points a finger as he delivers a mini-lecture to The Only Star, before pushing his head back and hitting another slap. The boos are almost deafening, and The Lone Star of Texas is lapping it up.

Angus:

He does realise that he could be wrestling here, right?! This is a perfect opportunity for that dipshit to really do some damage, but he's doing more bullying and posturing than he is damage.

DDK:

Good point, Angus. We all know that Jackson hates Dane with a passion, but he'd do well to not let that cloud his judgment here. Say what you will about his dirty tactics, but they worked early-on.

Jackson steps away momentarily, and that's when Eric Dane comes to life. Sean turns around and eats a couple of hard elbows, before Dane pulls-off a knife-edge chop! The crowd's vitriol turns to encouragement as Dane battles his way out of the corner, then whips Sean into it. From the centre of the ring, Eric Dane charges at Sean Jackson, but the champ steps out and Flapjacks him onto the top turnbuckle!

Dane staggers backwards and Sean rushes-in. He pulls Dane around and tries to tie him up, but Dane counters, grabs Jackson by the waste, and hits a perfect North Lights Suplex!

Angus:

What a counter!

ONE!**TWO!****NO! KICK-OUT!**

Both men reach their feet at the same time. They're both tired and beaten-up, but the adrenaline's really starting to take control now. Sean and Eric leap into each other and blast-off rapid-fire right hands, with each man's left firmly secured around their opponent's head.

Angus:

HOCKEY FIIIIIIIIIIIGHT!

DDK:

Hold onto your hats, folks!

Dane comes out of the striking exchange better off and breaks away from Jackson, landing a couple of stiff elbows. When he moves back in, however, Sean thumbs him in the eye then kicks him hard in the gut. This puts Dane to one knee, and Sean Jackson's done taking chance.

He runs to the ropes.

DDK:

Here it comes, Angus! LIGHTS OUT!

The Lone Star dashes back at Eric Dane...

Angus:

No! Not like this!

... but Dane feels it coming! He ducks just in the nick of time, and Jackson's knee flies over his body.

DDK:

HE MISSED! Jackson went for the kill but Dane telegraphed it!

Angus:

YES! THAT'S what I've been saying all night long, Keeps! The BAWS has Sean Jackson's number!

Dane reacts quickly. He hops up and grabs the off-balance Jackson, before ripping him overhead with another Star Exploder suplex!

Angus:

STAAAAARRRRRRRRRRREXXXXXXXXXPPPPPLLLLOOOOODDDDDDDAAAAAAHHHHHHH!

DDK:

That's GOTTA be it!

Dane hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO

THREE?

NOPE! SEAN JACKSON KICKS OUT!

Dane slaps the mat in frustration, clearly not expecting Sean Jackson to still have gas in the tank. The Endboss sucks in a few much needed breaths before getting to his feet and dragging the mostly lifeless body of Sean Jackson up with him.

DDK:

What can Dane do to keep Jackson down?

Angus:

I'unno, at this point, maybe a good ol' fashioned Double-Tap?

DDK:

For that matter, what on planet Earth is keeping Sean Jackson going?

Angus:

That one's easy, he's too stupid to even lose when he's supposed to.

Dane pulls Jackson into a rear waistlock and with a mighty heave he lifts him up as high as possible before snapping him backward and down, hard onto the back of his head and neck!

But The Only Star isn't done, he pops his hips, twists, and rolls through, pulling Jackson up again slowly and without

ever letting go he lifts him up and drops him back again, this time at an even uglier angle on the head and neck.

Angus:

ROLLING GERMANS! BREAK HIM IN HALF! FOLD HIM UP LIKE AN OLD NEWSPAPER! DROP THAT UGLY BASTARD ON THAT STACK OF DIMES HE CALLS A NECK TWO OR THREE MORE TIMES!

DDK:

Good God, man, calm down!

Doyle slides in place to count the pinfall, but instead of holding the bridge Dane rolls through again! This time it takes quite a bit more effort as Sean Jackson appears to be out on his feet, for so much as he's on his feet. Dane takes a moment to readjust his grip and heaves Jackson up and over one last time...

Angus:

BAKKU DROPPU DRYYYYYYYYYYYYYVAAAAAAAAAH!!!

Indeed, Eric Dane throws Jackson over with the most dangerous backdrop ever witnessed by mankind, and with every last ounce of might he can muster he clasps his hands and arches his back, holding on for another attempted pinfall...

ONE!

TWO!

THRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRICKOUT!

DDK:

HE DIDN'T GET HIM! SEAN JACKSON IS STILL ALIVE!

Dane slaps the mat again, and again and again, a guttural roar of pure bile and rage coming from somewhere deep escapes his lips as his lips peel back away from snarling teeth. He's beginning to take on the look of a rabid dog who has his prey in his sights but doesn't quite yet know what to do with it. Again, The Only Star sucks in several gulps of air as he forces himself to calm down.

Dane takes a position in the far corner, stalking his prey as The Lone Star of Texas finally begins showing signs of life. With every gasp of breath Sean Jackson takes Eric repositions himself, waiting patiently for just the right time to strike.

DDK:

I think I know what he's loading up for here, and it's not good for Sean Jackson.

Angus:

You can say that again.

As Jackson pushes himself up off of the mat Dane quickly reaches down and readjusts his right knee brace so that it sits at a dangerous angle for striking. He almost salivates as he stays just far enough away for Benny Doyle to check up on Jackson. For his part, Jackson shakes his head violently when Doyle asks him to give it up. Doyle spares a glance to ringside and Marshall Owens glowers back at him in way that says that he knows throwing in the towel for Jackson would be the worst possible career move and he'll have nothing to do with it.

Finally, Jackson makes it up to one knee, and that's all it takes.

DDK:

Here it comes!

Jackson turns just far enough that he can lock eyes with his crazed assailant, but before he can make anything of the situation he eats the nastiest brace assisted knee to the head that he's ever seen.

Angus:

STAAAAAAAAARBREAKAAAAAAAAAAH!!!

Jackson's neck is snapped around at another awkward angle and it's a miracle that his head didn't just pop off of his neck due to the sheer force behind that running knee attack. Sean crumples to the mat and his eyes roll back in his head. Benny Doyle, as is befitting a referee of his stature, is at the perfect spot to catch all of the action and make the best decisions possible.

DDK:

Come on, Eric, it's over! He's done! Show some compassion!

Angus:

You don't know your boss very well, do you?

Rather than attempting another pinfall, Eric grabs Jackson by the hair and lifts him up as high as he can get the near three-hundred pounds of deadweight at his feet. Dane tosses an arm over his head and signals for the end.

DDK:

This could be-

Angus:

STAA--

DDK:

Come on, man, be professional for once!

Angus:

--RRRRRRDRYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY--

Finally Eric lifts Jackson up into a vertical position. As per usual he holds it for a moment, but this time he drops Jackson down over the top rope! However, instead of hanging him out to dry Eric uses the momentum to springboard Jackson back up and with every ounce of momentum and torque he can provide Eric Dane drops Sean Jackson down hard directly onto his head.

DDK:

HE HIT IT! IT'S OVER!

Angus:

--VAAHHH!!!

With a thump and a crumple Sean Jackson falls into a pile of himself in the center of the ring. Dane, ever the veteran, quickly transitions into a lateral press.

Angus:

Get in the fuckin' BIN Jackson!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

CAN HE HOLD HIM DOWN?

THREE!

Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DDK:

He did it!

Angus:

You're Goddamned right he did it!

Pyro Explodes again. Music plays and ol' Benny retrieves the "Real" World Championship from the timekeeper at ringside. After conferring with Darren Quimbey for the slightest of seconds Doyle hands the title over to an exhausted Eric Dane, who doesn't even stand up to take it, opting rather to roll off of Jackson and slump over onto his back, taking inasmuch as is possible without hyperventilating.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner, and **new REAL WORLD CHAMPION...**

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

Darren Quimbey:

ERI!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!C DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!!!