

THE RUNDOWN

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

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

HEY MIKEY, I NEED RENT MONEY

GET WELL SOON TY!

DAN RYAN'S A BAG OF DICKS

[A VERY detailed drawing of Eric Dane cupping Bobby Dean's moobs from behind.]

JACKSON GOT PUNKED THE FUCK OUT

FRANK = ELBOW SWINGIN' D.O.C.

#WHOISLBRUISES

BOX SHOULD ENTER TO BOWIE AGAIN

A sweeping crane shot of the packed Wrestle-Plex crowd, the Faithful roaring as the heavy rock riff hits and DEFtv officially gets underway. Signs and banners fill the screen... the most noticeable, nearly a whole row of black t-shirts holding up a long sign that reads... **ALL HAIL THE QUEEN OF THE RING** with a photoshop of Lindsay Troy as Daenerys Targaryen from HBO's *Game of Thrones*. The crane camera finishes it's pass over the buzzing crowd and we cut to our hosts parked behind the desk up at the commentation station, the voices of DEFIANCE Downtown Darren Keebler and the one and only Angus Skaaland. As Darren starts his usual welcome Skaaland stands and "unbuttons the coat" of his tuxedo shirt and does a little twirl for the enamored fans around the announcer's platform.

DDK:

As my partner panders to his adoring public, folks, WELCOME to another edition of DEFtv!

Skaaland plops back down and repositions his headset.

Angus:

GOD being beloved is fun. I totally get the whole "babyface" thing now.

DDK:

Is Angus Skaaland turning FAC...

Angus:

HEY... you shut your goddamn whore mouth, Darren Keebler! I've been training broseph, I'll slap an armbar on you so fast your toupet would spin. I said I GET IT, not that I lost my mind and decided to guzzle cu...

DDK:

MOVING ON... folks we have an incredible show for your here tonight, DEFtv 65's going to be a hot one. Tonight, we have what I'd easily call THREE incredible main event caliber matches capping off the show tonight. Coming off the simply BRUTAL Clash of the DEFIANTS event, Angus we've got ourselves a new...

Angus:

FRANKIE'S GOT A BELT, KEEBS!

DDK:

Indeed he does. As my partner said, Frank Dylan James walking out after defeating none other than BRONSON BOX in brawl for the ages, our first ever DEFIANCE Onslaught division champion. Frank's not going to waste a second, telling the front office he wanted to be a, and I quote, "GAL DERN FIGHTIN' CHAMP" umm, end quote...

Angus:

I hope someone thought to order some sorta' special casket shaped like a giant carton of Muscle Milk or something, because Mr. Jonny Booya might be needin' it after gettin' in the ring with a VERY motivated Mastodon tonight, Keebler.

DDK:

After that, Jason Natas having just tested himself against ONE participant in last month's WARCHAMBER match just a few weeks ago. Tonight he gets to lock horns with the *other* as he goes one on one with the one and only Lindsay Troy!

Angus:

You see that fuckin' banner up in the cheap seats?! Someone send those neckbeards some t-shirts or something on me. Dude ... Troy could lead my Khalasar any day of the week, lemme tell you. Troy's ten times the Khaleesi that British broad they got on that show.

DDK:

Jesus, is that *show* on again... I've told you before, I have no idea what you're talking about. Now, our main event...

Angus:

Where Angel Trinidad is going to erase Dusty Griffith from the face of the earth!

DDK:

... something like that. More, we're going to witness what the parties involved are calling "an end to the aggression" we've seen building for weeks now between these men in what I'm sure will be a brawl for the AGES. Folks all that and so so much more, in fact I believe our first contest is starting right now with Elise Ares and The D looking to settle some *issues* after a certain statue was destroyed at DEFIANCE Road as they take on...

Angus:

MAIBOYS! Slash pot dealers! LET'S DO THIS KEEBS! LESS TALK, MORE *FITE!*

ANGEL CITY EXXXPRESS VS. THE POP CULTURE PHENOMS

Angus:

Now I'm excited about for this one, Keeps.

DDK:

I have a feeling this is Rich Mahogany related.

Angus:

I'm excited about anyone who is going to destroy those cumstains, the Pop Culture Phenoms.

♪ "The Bad Touch" by The Bloodhound Gang ♪

The lights pulse to the music around the arena as Don Hollywood and Rich Mahogany, The Angel City eXXXpress walk out to the cheers of the crowd. Don struts down towards the ring as Rich bounces around to the beat. At the bottom of the ramp, they both slide into the ring, where the man affectionately known as Don-Ho goes to the top rope to look across the crowd, and Rich Mahogany pelvic thrusts to the bass line in the middle of the ring with his arms behind his head.

Angus:

There they are! The team that's finally going to wipe this PCP scum clear out of DEFIANCE and start the ethnic cleansing of these new Hollywood types that have infested our wrestling promotion.

DDK:

Well one could argue that Don Hollywood was a pioneer for this kind of thing.

Angus:

Don Hollywood is an accomplished wrestler and works his ass off, these new Hollywood types wouldn't know a hammerlock if it bit them in the ass.

♪ "Live For The Night (MIA Intro)" by Krewella ♪

A red carpet unrolls onto the ramp, ushering in the arrival of Elise Ares and The D, wearing sunglasses that are worth more than your car. From a distance, Klein follows with the typical box over his head as the Pop Culture Phenoms swagger their way down to the ring, trying to avoid being touched by the filthy hands of the masses. Halfway down the ring, the ringside crowd realizes the team's fear of being touched by them and they reach out, making the PCP dodge the grubby little hands on their way down to the ring.

DDK:

Say what you will about the Pop Culture Phenoms, but they have yet to lose match here in DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Oh shut the fuck up, Keeps. Have you seen these clowns? They have yet to actually wrestle a match here in DEFIANCE. I've seen them fuck around in the ring and try to get as much time on camera as they possibly can... but no love for the craft or the sport. They only care about themselves, as most times I can get behind the sort of thing, but not with these two dipshits.

DDK:

Regardless of outcome here tonight, I don't think I'm alone in saying that this match is certainly going to be... interesting.

Angus:

If by "interesting" you mean Rich and Don are going to spank these two toddlers like their parents should've a long time ago, then yes. It's going to be VERY interesting.

DDK:

And funny enough, I wouldn't be surprised if spanking actually happens... from either side!

Klein becomes the protector of the sunglasses, as The D and Elise present the two precious items to the boxed man as if they were the one ring. Klein grabs a pair of smaller boxes matching his own out from under the ring and put the glasses in their own individual Klein boxes. On the apron Elise Ares wraps her arms around the top rope and looks out into the crowd as The D steps into the ring, getting on the top rope and putting his arms into the air. On the other side of the ring ACX do the same, antagonizing the duo to much greater cheers. Elise's jaw drops when she sees the audacity of her opponents and The D closes it shut before...

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

And here... we... GO.

The D starts the match against Rich Mahogany. They lock up in the ring and The D starts off with an arm wrench, Rich Mahogany rolls through the kicks D's arm away from him before locking up once again. Rich locks in a side headlock and The D pushes him off, Rich off the ropes and floors The D with a shoulder block. The D gets back up and throws a punch that is blocked by Mahogany, who throws a forearm in return staggering the PCP member. Rich picks up and scoop slams The D, who gets back up and gets slammed again, and then again. The D keeps getting back up, that's what she said, and then gets whipped into the corner where Rich backs up and pulls his arm up and down like a train conductor.

Angus:

Choo choo!

DDK:

This doesn't look good for The D!

Angus:

Rich Mahogany is about to do what he does best, he's about to run a train on him!

Mahogany sprints across the ring and leaps for what looks like is going to be a splash but instead turns into a flying teabag and he jumps up onto the second rope, starting a 10 count punch on the PCP member. Don Hollywood tags himself in at 9 and the tag team grabs both of The D's arms and whip him into the ropes, and on the rebound they both duck their heads and do a double back body drop on The D! Mahogany exits the ring and leaves Don Hollywood as the legal man. As The D favors his back in the ring, Don-Ho pulls him up off the mat only to get hit by a hidden low blow!

DDK:

The D taking a play out of the Rich Mahogany playbook!

Angus:

I've seen harder ball shots in a kids tee ball game. A 4/10, would not recommend.

The D gets up and points to his head as if he's the smartest man alive. The D takes advantage by hitting Don with a snap suplex. He then pops up and lands a front flip leg drop across the throat of the ACX member. Derek Edwards reaches his feet and takes a bow while Don Hollywood pushes himself up off the mat, and The D lands a kick right into his midsection. He then runs and does a flip-over neckbreaker onto Don-Ho and somersaults through into a tag to Elise Ares, who leaps up onto the top rope and sails through the air landing a slingshot senton on the downed OG Hollywood. Popping back up to her feet Elise looks down at her fallen opponent and smirks before putting her boot on his chest.

Elise Ares:

Que Tal Eso?!

Angus:

Say what now?

She uses the boot to step over her opponent and puts her hands behind her head and does a pelvic dance while looking over at Rich Mahogany in the corner and winking, then she spits on Don Hollywood on the ground.

Angus:

I'd watch out doing that kind of shit to Don Hollywood.

DDK:

Why is that?

Angus:

He might be into that kind of thing.

Rich Mahogany goes after Elise Ares but Hector Navarro quickly gets in his way. Elise taunts Mahogany from behind Navarro, meanwhile behind her Hollywood has reached his feet. The crowd cheers but suddenly The D sneaks up behind him and face plants him with a Contractual Obligation. Ares turns around just in time to see The D leave the ring and screams at Navarro to pay attention to her as she jumps on the downed Don Hollywood.

ONE!**TWO!****T... KICKOUT!**

The Havana Harlot shakes her head in disappointment as she walks over and tags The D back in. Don Hollywood starts to crawl back to his corner as the duo catch him in the act. They both run over and each pull a leg back over to their corner. Don kicks Elise off but can't shake The D, who jumps on the escaping man and pulls him back by his arms with a boot on his back. Ares bounces off the ropes and lands a baseball slide right into the face of Don Hollywood before being forced out of the ring by Hector Navarro.

DDK:

We don't have to like them, but that's good tag team work by the Pop Culture Phenoms right there.

Angus:

Just wait until Rich ball punches them.

DDK:

Elise, too?

Angus:

Especially Elise.

The D goes for the cover.

ONE!**TWO!****THR... NO!**

Rich Mahogany breaks up the pinfall attempt with a well-placed stomp. The intrusion brings Elise Ares back into the ring rushing at Mahogany who then throws her over the top rope and to the outside of the ring. Hector Navarro starts his count but Mahogany dives through the ropes as soon as Elise reaches her feet. Inside the ring The D goes to pick up Don Hollywood but he rolls him up into a small package!

ONE!**TWO!**

T... KICKOUT!

The D gets back up to his feet and Don Hollywood nails him with the Blond Bomber! Both men are down on the mat as Rich Mahogany and Elise Ares pull themselves back into their own corners. The crowd are on their feet as they both crawl towards their corners. Elise reaches out despite just taking a hard shot of her own, and she gets the tag. She jumps into the ring just in time to see Rich Mahogany get the tag! The roof blows off and Mahogany charges into the ring!

Angus:

Oh yeah! Get them, Rich!

DDK:

Listen to this crowd getting behind ACX!

Rich Mahogany immediately ducks under a kick attempt by Elise Ares and then steps on her foot! As she reaches down to grab it he pushes her over! The D is back up on his feet and is heading towards the fray, but as Hector Navarro checks on Elise, Rich hits him with a low blow! The D falls to the mat and Navarro turns around to see The D on the ground in the fetal position, meanwhile Elise Ares gets back up and goes to low blow Rich Mahogany but hurts her forearm on impact! She grabs her arm and screams out in pain as Mahogany flexes before booting her in the face! He then reaches down and locks her into Sex Panther! The Havana Harlot screams out as Rich Mahogany grinds into the back of her head. Luckily The D lands a shot across the back of Mahogany breaking the hold before he's forced out of the ring by Navarro with Mahogany taunting him.

DDK:

Navarro is getting control back of this match!

Angus:

Good, if he doesn't get his head out of his ass then I'll go do it myself!

DDK:

Elise Ares is back up!

Ares goes to club Mahogany on the back but he is one with the essence of wrestling and drops to one knee avoiding the move. Ares almost hits Navarro and stops herself so she doesn't get disqualified before...

Mahogany:

TWAT STRIKE!!!

Mahogany low blows Elise Ares, who doesn't seem all that effected by the move. She turns around and begins to say "What the fu..." before he gets up and locks her into position for the SexPlex! The crowd roars as he goes to lift Elise Ares but she manages to roll him up into a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

Rich Mahogany powers out! They both reach their feet once again and Rich goes for the Springboard Bitchslap and misses! Elise then rolls him up in a school boy!

ONE!

TWO!

Outside of the ring The D reaches out and grabs Elise Ares hand right as Mahogany goes to power out!

THREE!

Angus:

NO!!!!

DDK:

You've got to be kidding me!!!

Angus:

GOD DAMMIT!

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of this match... The Pop Culture Phenoms!

The D quickly pulls Elise Ares out of the ring before Don Hollywood charges in. Outside of the ring now, Klein raises their arms in victory while backing out of the arena up the ramp. Hollywood exchanges a few words with Navarro as Klein presents PCP back with their sunglasses in mini-boxes, which they promptly put back on their faces.

DDK:

Well looks like the Pop Culture Phenoms stole another one here.

Angus:

How does that keep happening?! Do they have Navarro in their pocket?!

DDK:

Maybe they're smarter than we give them credit for?

Angus:

The hell they are! The couldn't find ice in Alaska!

DDK:

Well they certainly found victory again here tonight.

Angus:

Dammit man, this night better get better, because it's already starting to piss me off

ALMOST GOT 'EM

Catering.

“Osu...”

With a tone of bitterness and exasperation, Mushigihara mutters his signature battle call to his handler, the one and only Eddie Dante. Neither look prepared for battle, and in fact, the God-Beast himself is wearing a unique mask tonight, one that exposes his nose, mouth, and jaw, presumably to allow him to eat without showing his face entirely.

Eddie Dante:

I don't like this any more than you do, but sometimes you have to think long-term. A little rest now, and we can continue running roughshod over this company.

The God-Beast scowls at Dante, but soon nods in acquiescence, before lumbering to the nearby spread and grabbing a plate.

Eddie Dante:

You had Boxer dead to rights, you know. And it's not your fault; you just ran out of gas after having to fight so soon after DEFIANCE Road. This is ultimately a minor setback, Eiichiro. If being sent down to BRAZEN couldn't derail us, then a night off won't be any more than a blip on the radar.

Mushigihara:

(muttering under his breath) Shimatta baka ni...

Eddie Dante:

It's fine, really. After everything that happened to Troy, I need to be more cautious with you and make sure you don't get injured. You can't exactly conquer the world of professional wrestling from a hospital bed, after all.

Mushi looks over his shoulder to his manager in between loading up his plate, but stops stone dead for a moment as he looks to his side...

Mushigihara:

HORRY.

Soft cheer from the crowd in the arena, as Sam and Jeanie come into frame. The tension is thick between two rivals.

Sam:

Hello, Mushi. Dante. I've been meaning to catch up to you two for quite a bit now. I ain't big on kissin' up to people, but at Clash of the DEFIANTS, I gained a whole new level of respect for you both. Tell you the truth, y'all had it from me since DEF Road. Destiny is a funny thing, because this new D.O.C. title means that you and I gotta do battle again, and again. I just want you to know that it's all respect from this side; respect to **both** of you.

Sam holds out his hand for the monster to shake.

Mushigihara looks at Sam's hand for a moment, and after a quick look at Dante, relents and shakes Sam's hand in kind, but he suddenly leans into him, mouth to his ear, and mutters to him...

Mushigihara:

...kore wa owatte inai, Horry. Ore no genkai ni tsureteitte kuremashita. Jikai wa, totemo kōunde wa arimasen.

Sam:

Ijō no koto o nozonde inaidarou. Dono yō DEFCON wa?

A brief pause. Then, Mushi cracks a grin before breaking out into hearty laughter. Sam looks over at Dante, returning the grin.

Sam:

Any match you want.

Mushigihara:

Haha, eien ni kore o okonau koto ga dekimasu! Chōsen o ukeiremasu! Ha ha ha HAAAA!

Dante:

...I think he's up for it.

Sam:

Hai, eien ni Mushi-san.

Mushigihara:

Sugureta, Horry-san. Sore made...

With a beaming smile, the God-Beast departs to his meal, while Eddie nods to the couple.

Eddie:

We should probably depart. I'm not interested in the tongue-lashing Dr. Davine will surely give us if things get too physical here, and I'm sure you feel the same way. You know how protective she gets...

Sam and Jeanie begin heading back towards the locker room area, and are talking amongst themselves, when Christie Zane catches up with them.

Christie:

What just went down just now with you and Mushighiara? I understood some things, but then you both started speaking Japanese? Since when could you do that?

Sam:

Well Christie, I'm all about calling a spade, a spade. Mushighiara is a tough, tough opponent, and I know it's not the "toughest" thing in the world to do, but I wanted to show him respect for the great match we had at DEF Road. What you heard in Japanese was us saying in effect, 'Let's do it again at DEFCON'...

Big roar from the crowd.

Sam:

...And then he laughed at me.

Laughs from the crowd.

Sam:

But he accepted Christie, and Jeanie will draw up the paperwork for he and Eddie to sign, and at DEFCON, me and the big man will write another chapter in the storybook rivalry we got goin' on. Sore made, Mushi-san.

Christie: (laughs)

What does that mean, Sam?

Sam: (laughs)

What do I look like, Christie; Google Translate? (winks at her.)

Christie laughs as Sam and Jeanie leave.

Sam:

I said all of that correct, right Jeanie?

Jeanie:

Yeah, but you gotta work on your enunciation more. It almost sounded like you asked him to fix your luggage.

Christie:

Darren, Angus, back to you.

ONE MORE SECOND CHANCE

Backstage.

Way backstage.

Eric Dane sits comfortably in his own personal office/dressing room/miniature penthouse. A smug look of satisfaction is plastered across his face as he's obviously still riding the high of kicking Sean Jackson's teeth in and taking back what was rightfully his.

And then dropping it in the trash.

A feeble knock comes to his door. Eyes roll as there could be only one person who would knock on his door in such a limp-wristed manner. You know him as Bobby Dean. The Boss answers through gritted teeth.

Dane:

What is it, Robert?

BBD: (muffled)

Can I come in?

The answer is emphatic.

Dane:

No.

A bloated moment of silence follows.

BBD:

P-P-Puh-lease?

Exasperated, The Only Star stands up from the sitting chair that he'd occupied and pads to the door, jerking it open quicker than Bobby could regain his balance. Through sheer force of will Eric keeps Bobby from falling on him with a look that says if it happens, Bobby dies a painful death.

Dane:

What. Do. You. Want.

Bobby blusters momentarily. After a few deep breaths he gets it together.

BBD:

It's just, well --things were going so good! I felt like. And then, okay so maybe I screwed up at DEFIANCE Road, but it wasn't my fault!

Eric rolls his eyes.

Dane:

Oh?

BBD:

Well, I mean... It's just... things were happening *really* fast and I got mixed up and a little dizzy. I hadn't had second lunch yet, and frankly I think you underestimated those two Murray boys!

The End Boss's eyebrows flare out in abject disbelief.

Dane:

Are *you* trying to put this on *me*?

Bobby gasps.

BBD:

I may not be the sharpest lightbulb in the drawer, but come on Boss, I'm not THAT dumb!

Dane:

All you had to do was take the fork that I gave you and dig out Asshole Murray's eyeball. How hard is that? I mean, seriously? You fucked up Cayle pretty good a few weeks back!

BBD: (sheepish)

But then I blew chow.

Dane:

Bottom line, Bobby, is that there is a big fat fucking **L** next to my name in the record books, and it's your fucking fault!

Bobby looks like he's about to cry. Eric stares him down, willing him to turn his bulbous body around and just leave. It doesn't work, Eric's mastery of The Force is not yet that strong. After another impregnated silence Bobby blurts out his proposition.

BBD:

I just need a second chance! That's all!

Dane:

You're already on your sixth or eighth second chance. What? Do you think this is an all you can eat buffet of second chances?

Bobby licks his lips at the mention of the buffet, but he still looks towards Dane imploring him with his sad puppy dog eyes.

BBD:

Then just give me ONE MORE second chance! Pwwweeeeeeaaassssee!

The Only Star's face runs the gamut of shades of red. It takes the inner strength of a yogi combined with his inexplicable fondness of the big bastard in front of him to keep him from taking out a compliment of his teeth. Several more centering breaths are drawn before he continues.

Dane:

Fine.

A smile spreads across Bobby's bulbous face like an infection. He'd start to jump up and down in excitement, but that would probably give him a heart attack.

Dane:

Even though I know I'm gonna regret this, I'll give you one more **final** fucking second chance. If you fuck this up, or if you fuck up again, me and you are through. Do you understand?

The Beautiful Blob of Bobby is almost glowing.

BBD:

Absolutely, boss! You just tell ol' Bobby what to do, and consider it DONEZO!

Eric contemplates for a short moment.

Dane:

I want you to *kill* Andy Murray.

Bobby's eyes go wide. Eric's smirk goes wider.

Cut back to the commentary station where Darren Keebler has shock written all over his face and Angus Skaaland can't stop giggling.

DDK:

Did Eric Dane just order a hit on Andy Murray?

Angus: (giggling)

Yer gorram right he did! The real question does he expect that goof Bobby Dean to actually pull it off, or is he sending the kid to his own funeral?

DDK: (shaking his head)

Sometimes I'm not so sure that this is the best environment to work in.

Angus:

Sometimes? Are you high? If you're on Eric Dane's bad side, DEFIANCE is *never* the best place to work!

SEAN JACKSON VS. ELIJAH CROSS

DDK:

We are back Angus and I can tell you, I wouldn't want to be in the shoes of Elijah Cross tonight.

Angus:

Please! After the beatdown Eric Dane dished-out at CLASH, I'd be surprised if Sean Jackson's even fit to wrestle tonight!

DDK:

Regardless of your personal feelings towards the guy, Sean Jackson is one of the finest wrestlers walking this planet, Angus. Period. His resume is among the most impressive in DEFIANCE, and in THIS company, that's saying something.

Angus:

Meh, whatever. I guess he is fighting some plankton tonight. Maybe we'll see a different side to his game.

On cue, Elijah Cross steps out onto the stage, looking confident. There is a light response from the fans which doesn't seem to affect the martial artist / stuntman from LA.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first from...

Quimbey never finishes as a blur flies from behind the curtain and a blind-sided Cross crumbles to the ramp.

DDK:

Sean Jackson with a sneak attack! Angus, it's obvious that he isn't waiting for the bell to start this match.

As the Lone Star of Texas is laying in kicks and heavy stomps on 2 F'N Xtreme, Angus is beside himself in anger.

Angus:

Only a coward would attack someone when their back is turned. I'm telling you Keeps, there's no place in DEFIANCE for an animal like this! He should be fined and suspended indefinitely for this act of aggression.

DDK:

Your hatred runs deep, huh?!

Angus:

Oh I fuckin' haaaaaaaate Sean Jackson, Keeps. I'm not about to start hiding that. Are you telling me you condone these actions?! YOU, Keeps, of all people?!

DDK:

Of course not! Never in a million years!

The arena erupts into boos as the Dallas native continues the assault. With hatred etched all over his face, Sean pulls Cross up by the hair and rams him face first into the railing, causing a sickening thud before Elijah collapses to the floor. But the Lone Star of Texas is far from finished, with Cross still dazed from the unprovoked attack, Jackson begins laying in heavy stomps to the unprotected skull.

DDK:

Be that as it may, this is an obvious message being sent from the former World Heavyweight Champion and he's using Elijah Cross to send it.

Angus:

I guess he's trying to make amends for that mercillous fuckstomping at CLASH.

Once again Jackson pulls Cross up by the hair and begins to pull him towards the ring. As the camera pans slightly, Marshall Owens appears on screen and is sporting an indifferent look. Within moments, both Jackson and Cross are in the ring with Marshall demanding the bell to be rung.

Angus:

Oh sure, beat the kid down and THEN ask for the bell to ring. Way to be a class act, Jackson!

Once the bell rings, Elijah Cross tries to fight back, firing a pair of weak punches into the abdomen of the Dallas native, with no effect. The Lone Star of Texas then shoots a stiff knee into the face of the stuntman, knocking him to the canvas.

DDK:

Jesus, what a devastating knee! He may have broken Elijah's nose with that shot.

Angus:

Well as far as I'm concerned, that knee needs to be banned! He probably has a metal plate in there or something!

Speaking of the knee, the Texan begins to back up as Cross struggles to raise from the mat. On both knees, trying to regain his bearings, Sean takes a running start and connects on the back of Elijah's skull, knocking his unconscious body to the mat.

DDK:

Oh my God, we need the trainers out here! Cross may seriously be hurt.

Angus:

Ugh! Just make this end, please!

Sean rolls Cross on his back and lazily hooks the leg as Benny Doyle drops down to count the pin. With every slap of the hand, a finger raises from the hand of Marshall Owens.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by pinfall, the Lone Star of Texas... Sean Jackson!

After paint brushing Elijah's face, Sean gets up and immediately poses with his arms raised, the trainers and EMT's racing into the ring. Still showing no concern for his opponent, the Dallas native steps through the ropes and hops to the floor with Marshall Owens following closely behind.

DDK:

That wasn't even a match, folks! That was an evisceration. Sean Jackson is fired-up after the events of CLASH OF THE DEFIANTS, and he's just taken every lost drop of frustration out on Elijah Cross.

Angus:

This man is a goddamned disgrace to DEFIANCE. As far as I'm concerned, Sean Jackson has no place in this game.

DDK:

So what's the difference between the acts Sean Jackson just committed and, say, some of the stuff you praise Eric Dane for?

Angus:

SEAN JACKSON committed them! That's the problem, Keeps! Just... GAH! Let's head elsewhere!

BASEMENT BRIEFCASE BONANZA

We find ourselves in the bowels of the Wrestle-Plex. Not the literally bowels of course because the Wrestle-Plex as a physical building does not have a functioning digestive system but the metaphorical underground earthy bowels. The bits that smell of sulphur and failure, where the Young Boys go to cry after being straight up murdered and probably pooping their pants. I mean seriously... Lindsay Troy doesn't fuck around.

Of course the more important question would be "why are we in said bowels?" and that is a very important question. Well, man who is not actually on the roster due to not possessing a contract, Mr. C. Farthington, is currently scrambling around the basement zone of the Wrestle-Plex with a pudgy man in a boxing referee shirt and bowtie. Who is this man? This man is Uncle Barty! This would imply he is an uncle and he is called Barty.

Cecilworth Farthington:

QUIET BARTY! If they know we're in the building, they'll set the steroid ridden hounds on us. I assume every building has them and they are terrifying Barty. TERRIFYING! Have you ever seen a Postman broken literally in half and then had his upper half face humped while his lower half is devoured? I HAVE!

Uncle Barty:

...I think steroid hounds was one of your father's cited crimes against humanity... I'm pretty sure I read that in one of those Hague documents somewhere Young Master.

Cecilworth yanks his phone out of his jacket pocket and spends upwards of thirty second fiddling around, attempting to turn on his torch app. As he continues to swipe and mumble to himself, Uncle Barty casually strolls over to a nearby light switch and flips it.

Uncle Barty:

Cecilywecily! Who knew you were such a genius hacker? You turned on all the lights with your phone!

Farthington taps his phone a few more times in the hopes that other magical things will happen too. They do not. He looks sad.

Cecilworth Farthington:

The hacking apps must have run out of battery.

Uncle Barty shrugs his shoulders and mumbles something about not understanding these kids and their new fangled technology.

Uncle Barty:

Dear nephew, we must stay focused! The rapscaillon of a villain of a man, the mysterious L. Bruises said that your treasured briefcase would be here and that you must pay the princely sum of eighteen dollars to get back the precious item!

Cecilworth opens up his suit jacket pocket and begins the rummage for cash in his inside jacket pocket. He first pulls out an individual slice of honey roast ham, looks at it curiously for a second, contemplates eating it and decides instead to throw it to the ground. On his second attempt he yanks out a stack of one hundred dollar bill notes.

Uncle Barty:

That looks like a lot! Remember we only need eighteen.

Cecilworth Farthington:

Eighteen? I DON'T HAVE EIGHTEEN! I ONLY HAVE THESE NOTES! Hang on... how many of them do I have.

A flop sweat develops on Cecilworth's brow as he begins to furiously count how many individual notes he has.

Cecilworth Farthington:

Barty! I only have fourteen! I only have fourteen of these monies! I am four short!

Uncle Barty:

My dear boy... I'm not sure that's how money work...

Cecilworth Farthington:

OF COURSE THAT'S HOW MONEY WORKS! How am I meant to get my briefcase now? This is a terrible situation. Like a dance horse than only knows Riverdance.

Uncle Barty nudges Cecilworth through the door that they are standing in front of. It is labelled "DANGEROUS BOILER ROOM. NO GIRLZ ALLOWED". Cecilworth falls face first into the room, breaking his fall with his nose. Upon scrambling back to his feet and nursing his sore nose, he begins to peer around the room for the signs up the evil archvillain, Mr L. Bruises.

Cecilworth Farthington:

MR. L. BRUISES! SHOW YOURSELF! I HAVE ALMOST THE CORRECT AMOUNT OF MONEY THAT YOU ASKED FOR!

Uncle Barty loudly clears his throat.

Cecilworth Farthington:

I MEAN I HAVE EXACTLY THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF MONEY YOU ASKED FOR.

There is no sign of the mysterious masked maniac but rather a large spotlight turns on, shining down upon a briefcase that glistens in the glow. Cecilworth's eyes light up with delight, he slowly walks towards the light... not in the way dead people do but the literal light where his briefcase is.

Cecilworth Farthington:

So... I just leave the TOTALLY LEGITIMATE AMOUNT of eighteen dollars in the light?

There is no response but a weird feedback noise that sounds like someone attempting to turn on a vocoder, Cecilworth assumes that is confirmation and snatches his briefcase from the light. He winces for a few seconds, almost expecting something to explode but once convinced there are going to be no explosions, he tosses his piles of fourteen hundred dollar bills onto the spotlight.

Cecilworth Farthington:

SO ARE WE DONE HERE L. BRUISES?

Again there is no direct response, apart from another feedback squeal and what sounds like a man muttering "testing, testing" as quietly as he can. Cecilworth scampers back to the warm embrace of Uncle Barty, tearfully clutching his briefcase as he does so, clearly convinced his horrible ordeal is now over. Uncle Barty carefully eyes the briefcase with an air of suspicion.

Uncle Barty:

My young ward... that doesn't look like one of our famous Farthington Family branded briefcases. That looks like something you'd get at a Walmart.

Cecilworth Farthington:

I THINK I KNOW WHAT MY OWN BRIEFCASE LOOKS LIKE BARTY.

Uncle Barty:

I'm just saying...

Cecilworth Farthington:

THIS IS CLEARLY MY BRIEFCASE!

Uncle Barty lets out a weary sigh and shrugs his shoulders.

Uncle Barty:

I think we should get out of this boiler room, it gives me the heebie jeebies and I think someone is testing a microphone behind those boxes.

Cecilworth Farthington:

Testing a microphone? What a ridiculous thought!

Cecilworth laughs to himself muttering "microphone" and giggling over and over again as he slowly walks out of the room, Uncle Barty following closely behind.

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

An obnoxiously high-pitched cackle bounces around the room. It sounds suspiciously like Jack Hunter's trademark titter, but it's obviously not Jack Hunter. **OBVIOUSLY.**

A man we can only assume to be the evil supergenius himself, Mr. L. Bruises, strides slowly from behind the boxes. The camera pans upwards from his heavy black boots, beyond his cloak (because he's a villain, you idiot) and up to his mask.

What kind of mask, you ask?

It's not such much a mask, actually: more a dirty white sack that's been pulled over his head. It's got a couple of crude little eye holes cut-out, and it's covered in blotches of brown felt-tip pen (little bruises, duh).

L. Bruises:

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

The pro-wrestling Darth Vader laughs into his switched-off vocoder once more, cocking his head back, then looking down at wear the briefcase once sat.

L. Bruises:

YOU SILLYMEN! YOU THINK YOU CAN GET THE BETTER OF I, THE NOTORIOUS -- AND **EVIL** -- L. BRUISES, CHAMPION OF BEING EVIL, AND ALSO SCARY, AND TAKING BRIEFCASES FROM SILLYMEN, LIKE YOU, YOU SILLYMAN, AND YOUR SILLYUNCLE, UNCLE FARTY?! HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Wow.

Such evil.

Much scary.

Many terror.

Wow.

... **CUT.**

AMAZING CELEBRATION TIME!

We cut to the interview stage, where things seem a little different. Instead of the usual look, it's adorned in gold and red. The stage has red carpet laid out, with an enormous podium resting on the center. The sign across the front of it reads "AWARDS!". Christie Zane is standing next to the podium, looking very sexy indeed.

DDK:

Coming up next folks we have our NEW South....

Angus:

No! No! No! Don't you dare declare that man a champion in this company! Are you kidding me!? I thought I imagined that entire terrible scenario...

DDK:

Imagine it, you did not Angus, because coming up next is our NEW Southern Heritage Champion....

♪ "Fucking In The Bushes" by Oasis ♪

The red carpet rolls out from the entrance way and onto the stage. The crowd boos loudly as by now the sight of the carpet and the theme song have become a recognizable signature for the man they call "Mikey Money". Mikey and the crew are not the first people through the entrance way however. Instead a large contingent of people walk through the curtain, and over to the Interview stage. That's when we see Klein for the first time. He stands on the arena floor, standard box on his head, he holds up a sign with both hands that reads "Media". The people fill in around him and follow him to the podium.

Finally after the commotion has died down out comes Kendrix, dressed to the nines in a slim fitting light blue three piece suit, his waist coat buttoned up whilst sporting his ridiculously huge bug eye shades. The D, and Elise Ares. The D wears his now standard Giorgio Armani suit, three-piece for the occasion. Black jacket and vest, black tie. Very expensive. Elise Ares is also wearing a matching Armani take on a little black dress. Keyword: little.

The D and Kendrix each carry one end of a large rectangular object. It is covered with a red cloth. They carry it to the Interview stage, and place it on the podium, where Elise Ares pulls off the cloth, exposing the Southern Heritage Title on display in all of it's glory.

Angus:

This is over the top Keeps, Don't these people still have to wrestle tonight? Why do we have to deal with this waste of time every single week?

DDK:

Like him or not Angus, Mikey Unlikely is a celebrity. Music, movies, and wrestling, this guy has done it all...

Angus:

I'll contest the wrestling part....

Elise walks over to Christie Zane and slowly pulls the microphone from her confused hands. The D is quick to shoo Zane away. She gives the mic a quick tap to make sure it is on, then hands it to the King of the Man Bun, JFK himself. The theme song stops.

The Hollywood Bruv has an excited look on his face as he rubs his hands together whilst taking a brief moment to scan the arena. Taking a note from his jacket pocket he unfolds it, over exaggeratingly clears his throat into the mic and proceeds to read from it.

Kendrix:

Ladies and Gent....

He stops himself mid sentence to remove his shades and place them on the stand in front of him before looking confusingly over at The D and Elise who look at each other, not sure what's wrong.

Kendrix:

Ladies? In New Orleans?...are you guys sure? They all look like men out there...

Elise is picked up by the mic shouting back over the boos.

"There are women, I think! They just look like the men!"

Kendrix sticks his lower lip out and shrugs his shoulders in begrudging acceptance of the situation.

Kendrix:

OK, JFK guesses....

He continues to read from the paper

Kendrix:

Ladies and Gentlemen...

He pauses, looking out at the arena with a smug look on his face, soaking in the boos...

Kendrix:

Listen, Yeah?!

Nodding his head proudly sporting a smirk he looks over at Elise and The D who are applauding. As the boos die down he puts the paper back in his suit pocket before bringing the mic to his mouth and holding his free hand out wide by his side.

Kendrix:

Tonight, you are in for one hell of a treat, even though you all don't deserve it! Tonight, you will all bear witness to the first ever...Sports Entertainment Awards Ceremony!!

The D and Elise hold their hands to their cheeks in utter excitement before applauding their hands off (not literally). Klein has made his way over to them and holds up a cardboard sign that says "Clap dammit."

Pointing out at the crowd, Kendrix continues.

Kendrix:

Tonight, one of your Defiance HEROES...will FINALLY...be acknowledged for how OBVS SPORTS ENTERTAINING THEY ARE!!!

Elise Ares steps across and hands Kendrix a golden envelope, pausing at said passing as the crowd chants...

Get The Fuck Out...Clap clap, clap clap clap

Get The Fuck Out...Clap clap, clap clap clap

Get The Fuck Out...Clap clap, clap clap clap

Holding the envelope high for all to see Kendrix continues.

In the background, Klein reverses the previous sign and shows a "At least they're clapping" to the camera.

Kendrix:

Yes, yes...JFK hears you, Who will it be, clap clap, clap clap clap! Well, without further ado, the FOUR... nominees for THE PRESTIGIOUS SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD are...

The screen in the arena switches to footage of the Mikey Unlikely v Harmony SOHER Championship match from CLASH

Kendrix:

Mikey Unlikely...Mikey Money...

The footage continues to play in the background, all of it being different angles of Mikey Unlikely pinning Harmony for THE SOHER title.

Kendrix:

The World's Greatest Entertainer...or none other than...Mikey...Unlikely!!!

Boos ring out as Kendrix begins to open the envelope, stopping momentarily to pick up his mic to address a thought process of his.

Kendrix:

JFK wonders who it could be, it could be any of those four deserving men...

PCP sit back and ponder this thought. Klein in particular scratches the top of his box.

Angus:

This is fucking ridiculous.

Suddenly Kendrix jolts back and drops his mic to the floor in apparent shock at the revelation of the winning name on the card in his hand, holding onto the stand with his free hand to stop himself from falling over, such was the shock. Composing himself he grabs the mic.

Kendrix:

Manly looking women and feeble gentlemen...JFK is HONOURED... to present to you all, the winner and very first recipient of the Sports Entertainment Lifetime Achievement Award...The WORLD'S...Greatest Entertainer...and NEEEEWWWWWW SOHER CHAMPION...

MIIIKKKEEEEEYYYY UNLIIIIIKKKKEEEELLLLLYYYY!!!!

♪ "Blunt Blowin" by Lil Wayne ♪

Mikey Unlikely slides through the curtain and saunters onto the stage. The fans boo him loudly over his theme music. He outstretches both arms and takes it all in. His smile grows quickly as he looks over at the Interview area. He and Kendrix exchange douchebag "you da man" poses. The D tries to push Kendrix aside to get into Mikey's eyeline as he replicates the pose.

The World's Greatest Entertainer slowly but surely makes his way towards the Interview stage, the present 'media members' begin flashing their cameras and trying to get a good shot of the wrestler/actor.

Unlikely wears a suit jacket over his wrestling gear. His sunglasses reflect all the many spotlights on him. He finally climbs the stairs and embraces his crew in a group hug. Elise Ares fights her way to the center of the hug to be the closest to Mikey. The D places a hand on Unlikely's back and guides him to the podium. Elise fans herself from all the excitement as Kendrix does his best to make sure everyone is clapping. Klein is clapping loudly and urging the media guests to follow his lead.

The theme song dies out as Mikey pulls the microphone to his face.

Mikey Unlikely:

Wow! What a surprise!! You guys...

Mikey holds his hand to his chest and acts like he's still in shock. He looks at his friends adoringly.

Mikey Unlikely:

Thank you all soooooooooo much! This means everything in the world to me! I would like to thank the academy!

Angus:

What academy!? Doesn't this idiot know this is all made up!?

DDK:

I'm afraid not Angus.

Unlikely takes a second to wipe a tear away from his eye as he smiles through his emotions.

Mikey Unlikely:

I would like to thank some very close friends and confidants. I would like to thank the PCP here for always having my back and being the best damn assistants I could ask for!

Elise smiles for the crowd and leans in close to The D and whispers "He meant to say co-stars, right?" The D gives Elise a look and then nods his head emphatically. They both shoot a thumbs up back to Mikey Unlikely on stage. Elise then looks at the presumably hired extra standing next to her faking delight and takes the champagne glass out of her hand, when she turns around she sees The D has done the same thing and they share a smile before clinking their glasses together..

Mikey Unlikely:

I want to thank the Worlds Greatest Tag Team partner..... IN THE WORLD! Jesse Fredricks Kendrick! Bruv, Without your partnership inside the ring, and your friendship outside of it, this never would have come to fruition. Thank you to the four of you! YES! Even you Klein! You big goofy bastard!

Klein puts his arms into the air, until the camera gets right in his face, then he sits down and tries to pull the box over his entire body until the scene changes.

Mikey Unlikely:

If not for the four of you...well...I would still be amazing, but I may not have climbed to these heights SO QUICKLY in DEFIANCE.

Mikey motions towards the Southern Heritage Championship. Elise wipes a tear from her eye and nods, agreeing with Mikey.

Angus:

Well that's for fucking sure...

DDK:

They have certainly added a bit of a 'competitive advantage'.

Angus:

They're cheaters Keebs, no two ways around it, Mikey is worthless in the ring and these other three fight all of his battles for him. I enjoy a good cheap shot as much as the next man, but Mikey takes it to a whole new level. I've never seen anyone win on less talent.

DDK:

What about Jack Hun....

Angus:

Oh Jesus F God.... what happened to this place...(Audible sigh)...I'm moving to Utah.

Mikey Unlikely:

I would thank Kelly Evans for signing me to that massive multiyear 100% guaranteed contract....but really... that's was

a no brainer!

JFK pats his best bruv on the shoulder, and Mikey looks over. Kendrix holds up one finger and motions to the mic. Mikey backs up. Kendrix leans in slowly.

Kendrix:

OBVS!

He steps back and pushes Mikey forward.

Mikey Unlikely:

TOTALLY OBVS! You know I've always strived to be an amazing sports entertainer! I've always wanted to bring more to the table than my world class wrestling ability. I wanted to bring DEFIANCE a SHOW! I wanted to bring each and every one of you fans something you would actually be excited for every week! And guys! WE DID IT!!!

Mikey points out to the fans as they explode in boo's. Slowly but surely a chant begins.

Justin Bieber/Mikey Sucks!

Justin Bieber/Mikey Sucks!

Justin Bieber/Mikey Sucks!

Before Mikey Unlikely and company have a chance to retort...

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

And the crowd goes WILD...

And the lights go out!

Mikey Unlikely looks IRATE as all get-out with the music interrupting what is supposed to be his time! Looking like some shit is about to go down, Kendrix and the PCPs all leave the stage and take point as they head up the ramp one by one. as they wait in front of the ring for The Lord of the Skies to make his grand return. Mikey now brandishes the title like a weapon, should Andy find a way to get through his crew somehow.

Mikey Unlikely:

When he gets out here, get him!!

Kendrix, The D and Elise all nod and wait... but there's a buzzing from the crowd when a spotlight shines up in the rafters on the far end near the Boss' Skybox...

Angus:

Wait... wut da fuuuuuuuuu?

DDK:

HOLY LORD!

The crowd goes CRAZY as coming to the interview stage via a MOTHERFUCKING ZIPLINE is none other than The Lord of the Skies himself! After he gets to a safe distance just over Mikey Unlikely's head, he lets go and lands on his feet in front of Mikey!

Angus:

That's a zipline! Where the fuck did we get one of THOSE?! Does he even KNOW how dangerous that shit was?!

DDK:

I don't know, Angus, but Andy Sharp might have just lived up to his name after that big entrance!

The SoHer Champion's eyes widen at Sharp's display and he takes a bow. Kendrix and the PCPs turn around to see Sharp on the stage and just as Mikey goes charging forward...

SUPERKICK TO MIKEY'S CHIN!

Angus:

Holy shit, YES, get rid of Hollywood McFuckass! This might be the coolest thing that the Lord of the Flippy-Doos has ever done!

In all the commotion, Mikey had dropped the Southern Heritage Championship. Andy picks it up and holds it high over his head to a tremendous cheer from the crowd!

DDK:

I think THAT message is loud and clear! Andy Sharp wants the Southern Heritage Championship and he's in no way done with Mikey Unlikely!

As The PCPs and Kendrix all turn speed towards the stage, Sharp turns to wink at Christie Zane who had been there in the corner as all the action unfolded. He then **KNOCKS** over the podium and throws the title at the PCPs. They catch the belt for fear of Mikey's wrath, which gives ANdy enough time to escape and run into the crowd! Unlikely is now **FUMING** as the crowd chants!

*YOU GOT UPSTAGED! *Clap-clap-clapclapclap**

*YOU GOT UPSTAGED! *Clap-clap-clapclapclap**

*YOU GOT UPSTAGED! *Clap-clap-clapclapclap**

Sharp points one more time at a sore Mikey Unlikely, but by the time any of his crew can do anything about, The Lord of the Skies disappears into the sea of fans!

DDK:

I don't know how Sharp put all of that together, but he did it! Mikey Unlikely does NOT like this at all!

Angus:

I don't care what he doesn't like... I'll buy Sharp all the hookers and blow he can handle if he gets that Southern Heritage Title off of Unlikely!

DDK:

...Angus, come on! He's sober!

Angus:

...Okay, the hookers then!

The last scene is that of an **ENRAGED** Mikey Unlikely looking at the path of destruction caused by Andy and his whole party being turned to shit in front of him!

ANDY MURRAY VS. CRISTIANO CABALLERO

DDK:

Welcome back, Ladies and Gents. It's time for our next match of the evening, as BRAZEN rookie Cristiano Caballero takes-on The King himself, Andy Murray. Angus, you have a big hand in BRAZEN's daily operations: what can you tell us about Murray's Spanish opponent?

Angus:

I can tell you that this guy's a certified bitchmade coward who does *not* like getting hit in the face, Keebs. This guy fuckin' *loves* his own reflection, but that's not to say he doesn't have skills. The guy wrestles a very frustrating stop-start style that's very effective in winding-up opponents, even if he does curl-up like a hedgehog whenever someone hits his face.

DDK:

It'll be a real clash of styles against Andy Murray, whose ring presence is right up there with the very best DEFIANCE has to offer.

Angus:

More importantly, Keebs, did you hear The BAWWS a few minutes ago? "I want you to *KILL* Andy Murray!" Regardless of who he's facing tonight, Murray had better watch his back tonight.

♪ "Sexy Boy" by Air ♪

The famous slab of French synth-pop spreads through the arena and the bronzed Cristiano Caballero saunters out from the backstage area. Carrying a rose in one hand, and with the other behind his back, he walks every-so-slowly down the ramp with his nose up and his eyes scanning the vicinity for females. He eventually reaches the ringside area and walks halfway around the ring, extending the rose to an eager-to-accept blonde before flowing her a kiss, then sliding into the ring. Once vertical, Caballero carefully tucks a wayward strand of hair back into his man-bun, then pauses to admire his own visage on the DEFtron.

♪ "King" by T.I. ♪

The DEFIANCE edit starts with the vocal sample then kicks-in with the beat. A burst of pyro accompanies the increase in tempo and Andy Murray strides out onto the stage without his brother by his side. The popular Scot pauses at the top of the ramp to gaze out across the packed DEFarena, before calmly making his way down the ramp, bumping fists with a few fans as he goes. He's soon inside the ring, hopping to his feet, and unzipping his black track jacket. Before he can complete the act, however, Cristiano Caballero jumps him from behind!

DDK:

Wait a minute! The bell hasn't even rung yet!

Caballero clobbers away on the back of Murray's head and the Scot struggles to break free. Carla Ferrari turns to the technical area and calls for the bell.

Angus:

What'd I tell you about this guy?!

Being 6'7" and 280lbs has its advantages, however, and Andy's soon able to knock Caballero to the mat with a big two-handed push. Finally freeing himself of his jacket, Murray moves towards Cristiano, who's back on his feet and beckoning his opponent forward. Andy's happy to oblige, but *just* as he gets his hands on the Spaniard, Caballero slips his torso through the ropes to force a break.

Andy moves back to the centre. Caballero follows, but only for a moment, and soon skips away from the Scot again. The King shouts-out for him to lock-up, and Cristiano puts a hand in the air for a Greco Roman knuckle lock, only to pull it right back down. Smirking and wagging his finger, Caballero turns away from Andy Murray.

DDK:

Caballero doesn't look all that willing to engage with Big Murr here.

Angus:

Yup, this is what he does. The guy might as well be Hollywood McFuckass' understudy with all this fuckery.

DDK:

And it's pretty interesting that Andy opted not to bring his brother out with him tonight, especially with that conversation between Dane and Bobby earlier.

Angus:

A dumb move from a dead man, Keeps! Keep your eyes open -- you don't wanna miss the murder!

The King pulls Caballero round by his shoulder and throws a forearm. This gets ducked, and Cristiano skips behind Andy before booting the back of his knee. Andy's leg gives way momentarily, but he soon turns 'round and stalks Caballero down. Once again, however, Caballero reaches the ropes, and Andy's forced to back-off.

While Andy Murray shakes his head, Cristiano Caballero hops out of the ring all-together and takes a little breather. He finds a nearby TV camera and gets right-up close, performing a quick study of his reflection in its lens, before Murray says "screw this" and baseball slides out of the ring. Caballero, however, sees this coming, and dives back in as Murray's coming out! Andy follows him inside and weathers a storm of stomps as he tries to rise.

DDK:

Andy just can't get anything going in these early stages, but this won't be enough to keep the big man down! Here he comes!

Sure enough, Andy rises through the barrage and dazes Caballero with a European Uppercut. Coming back from the ropes, Andy charges with a Big Boot, but Cristiano ducks, skips behind, and throws an elbow into the back of Murray's skull. This only agitates the Scot, who turns around and goes to throw a forearm, but gets taken off-guard when Caballero raises his hands and screams.

Cristiano Caballero:

NO! NOT THE FACE!

But the Spaniard knows exactly what he's doing. The moment's distraction allows him to rake Andy's eyes, before hitting a few open-hand slaps, then running the ropes. He dashes back at Andy Murray... who scoops him clean-off the mat!

Angus:

Uh-oh, pretty boy!

Murray holds him horizontal for a few moments, before spinning 180 and Powerslamming him down into the mat!

DDK:

Earthshaker by Andy Murray, who may just have taken the wind out of Cristiano Caballero's sails!

Angus:

"Taken the wind out of his sails"? Andy just pancaked him, Keeps! Where's Bobby Dean, though?! We're about halfway through, and Andy Murray's still among the living...

Instead of covering, Andy picks Caballero up and tosses him in a corner. He follows-up with a running splash, then throws forearm after forearm into his oh-so-precious face. Dazed and unable to fight back, Caballero gets whipped to the opposite corner, before Andy follows-up with a running Big Boot!

Smiling, enjoying himself, Andy lets Caballero drop face-first to the mat. From there, The King wraps his arms around

Cristiano's gut, deadlifts him off the mat, and Gutwrench Suplexes him down again! But it doesn't end there. Andy maintains his grip, flicks his legs over, and drives him down with *another* Gutwrench Suplex!

DDK:

He's going for three!

Every flashing camera in the arena captures the third rolling Suplex, before Andy finally decides to hook the leg.

ONE!**TWO!****NO! SHOULDER UP!****DDK:**

Caballero's frustration tactics appeared to be working early-on, but they've definitely petered out now. That's what happens when you're in there with a man of Andy Murray's skillset: the guy's been doing this for 21 years, Angus. There's *nothing* he hasn't seen in there.

Angus:

Oh yeah, I definitely prefer Big Murr to his dorky little brother. Don't get me wrong, I still don't *like* the guy -- particularly when he's sticking his big dumb nose in Dane's business -- but he's a goddamn hoss. There's no doubting that.

Having not yet broke a sweat, The King rises to his full height and takes Caballero with him. Cristiano groggily raises his hands, expecting another face strike, but Big Murr grabs his arms and forces him into a lock-up. Caballero tries to squirm to the ropes, but Andy yanks him back towards the centre, before transitioning into a standing armlock. With inch-perfect technique, Andy twists the arm behind Caballero's back and holds it for a few seconds, before slowly lowering it and pushing Caballero away.

Andy keeps hold of the wrist, however, and *pulls* Cristiano back towards him with one hand, swinging a *brutal* Lariat with the other!

But no! Caballero ducks! Murray's momentum takes him forward, and Caballero dives into the back of his knee with a chop block!

Angus:

We almost saw a live televised murder, folks! That Lariat was about to knock Caballero's head into the nosebleeds!

DDK:

And somehow, Caballero has worked his way back into this! Look at him!

Perhaps it's pride, perhaps it's a lack of experience, but Caballero isn't doing the best job of utilizing his advantage. Instead of working the leg, he's kneeling down, slapping Murray across the face and launches barrages of insults in his native tongue.

Cristiano Caballero:

BESA MI CULO, PUTO!

Predictably, this backfires. Andy rolls onto his stomach and Caballero goes back to stomping, but the Spaniard downright panics as Andy rises and gets back in his face. Caballero tries to run, but he can't escape the forearm volley or the Irish Whip. On the rebound, Andy pops Cristiano up in the air, and catches him with a European Uppercut on the way down!

Andy Murray:

Shut the *FUCK* up!

Angus:

So *that's* why he calls it the... ahem... SHUTTHEFUCKUPPERCUT!

DDK:

... it took you *that* long to figure it out?

Angus:

Shut up, Keebs!

Not looking to spend any more time with Caballero than is necessary, Andy pulls his opponent up then drapes him over his shoulder. With his arms around Caballero's torso, Andy jumps, falls to the side, and drives Cristiano's neck and shoulders down into the mat!

DDK:

That's the Highland Hangover! Here's the cover!

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

T.I.'s "King" plays out through the arena once again, and a smiling Andy Murray rises to his feet. Carla Ferrari raises the big man's arm as high as she can, before eventually letting him break away to hit a corner and throw both arms up for the fans.

Angus:

Well, that was predictable!

DDK:

Caballero gave Andy Murray a few things to think about throughout the match, but Andy's skillset is too much for most tenured veterans, let alone BRAZEN rookies. A very clinical performance from Big Murr, who remains undefeated since debuting in February!

Angus:

Let's not polish a turd, Keebs: that was a one-sided pounding. As soon as Murray hit that first big move, Caballero was done for. Anything other than a quick victory would've been incredibly disappointing. I'm just fuckin' surprised that Big Murr's not been hung, drawn and quartered yet, but alas, the night is young...

DDK:

I'm not trying to downplay the situation here, Angus, but c'mon... it's *Bobby Dean*.

Angus:

... and?

DDK:

I don't think Andy's gonna be spending the rest of his night cowering behind a sofa, put it that way.

Angus:

We'll see, Keebs. We'll see...

LAYING DOWN THE LAW

Backstage right outside the door that leads to the superstars dressing area. Christie Zane smiles broadly at the camera with microphone in hand.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time is the former FIST of DEFIANCE, The End Boss, Eugene Dewey.

The shot zooms out to reveal the Ginger Guru of Gaming stood next to the perky blonde. He's wearing a black t-shirt adorned with the silhouette of Magneto's helmet and an extremely serious look on his face.

Christie Zane:

Eugene, DEFIAns around the world have been talking lately about your disappearance before DEFIANCE Road. There were even rumours floating around that you weren't coming back. I guess I have to start by asking, what's been going on with you recently?

Eugene rubs his chin as though he knew that question was coming.

Eugene Dewey:

What's been going on with me? I've been playing Dark Souls 3 and Uncharted 4 quite a bit... I went to see Civil War...

Christie Zane:

That's not quite what I meant-

Eugene Dewey:

Oh I know what you meant. But the fact is Christie, where I've been and what I've been doing is my business...

Eugene looks down at the floor, almost in embarrassment.

Eugene Dewey:

I've not been in a good place... not just recently, but for a long time now... and it's all kinda come to a head recently. After Kelly Evans sent me home a few weeks ago I sorta fell off the deep end. And you know what? When Dan Ryan dropped me on the back of my head with that second Humility Bomb I realised something-

???

That yer' a *FOOKIN'* weakling?

The shot zooms out even further to reveal the Wargod, Bronson Box walk into shot flanked, as always by Nicky Corozzo and Jane Katze. Eugene straightens up and puffs out his chest, but he doesn't back down from the Scottish Strongman. Christie knows not to get in the middle of this and so takes a step back, but she still has a job to do and so keeps the microphone in the middle of the two Original DEFIANTS.

Bronson Box:

That what ye' realised, boy'o? That ye' couldn't cut it with the "big boys" of DEFIANCE? You do realise, don't ye' Christie, that Eugene over here needed MY HELP to hold on to that strap from the moment he beat Dusty Griffith, right? A man I went on to defeat *SOUNDLY*, mind you... on my own.

Eugene screws up his nose at the Wargod as his eyes burn a hole into the one good eye Boxer's got left.

Bronson Box:

Ye' know, I thought I saw somethin' in you, Eugene. That spark ye' had when ye' joined DEFIANCE... That twinkle in yer eye ye' had when ye' pinned me, not once, but twice... that determination in yer soul when ye' took the FIST from me... good, bad, "babyface, heel"... I thought there was something SPECIAL in here...

Box taps his index finger right over Dewey's heart, it's quickly swatted away. Jane and Nicky share a little chuckle at

Eugene's expense.

Bronson Box

That's why I came to you... That's why I proposed the alliance between you and I, because I thought we could rule DEFIANCE together. The Original DEFIANTS. The two men that truly deserved to be here, two men that never left... But what came of that, eh? While I helped you keep one fingernail hooked on the FIST for another year, buryin' that sot Griffith fer the both of us. *I got nothin'*. Not a damn thing from you. Bareilly even a word...

Bronson takes half a step forward and squares up to Eugene. He might stand a few inches shorter than Dewey, but that menacing aura more than makes up for what he lacks in height.

Bronson Box:

I tried to motivate ye'. I tried to get that "twinkle in yer eye" to burn brighter and become a fookin' INFERNO, turn ye' into one of them brutal ass-kickers like in them funny books ye' love so damned much [*flippantly motioning towards Eugene's t-shirt*]... but there's no helpin' that which can't be helped. Ye' showed it in the Ladder War, and ye' proved it at DEFIANCE Road. Eugene Dewey's nothin' but a bloody *feart wee jessi*... an translated frpm Scot inter' FAT American "XBox-ese"... I'm callin ye' a fookin' *PUSSY*, sunshine!

No sooner has Bronson Box finished talking than the taste is being slapped out of his mouth by Eugene Dewey. Bronson immediately retaliates with a right hand of his own, and soon the two Original DEFIANTS are exchanging overhead forearm strikes as both Jane Katze and Christie Zane clamber to safety. Nicky Corozzo quickly gets involved as well and lands a couple of BRAIN rattling shots to the side of Dewey head over Box's shoulder before DEFsec storm the scene and drag the former "allies" apart.

Over the shouting and the shrieking of Christie Zane and Jane Katze and the guttural shouts of the small battalion of DEFsec gorillas and the three brutal men involved in the scuffle, DEF shot caller Kelly Evans storms onto the scene a makes sure she's *heard*.

Kelly Evans:

I AM NOT HAVING THIS ON MY SHOW! NOT THIS ONE, NOT NOW!

Everything calms down as the The Matriarch of DEFIANCE puts herself between Eugene and Bronson, who are both being restrained by the DEFsec guards. Even crazed as they may be, Dewey and Boxer both know clubbing Kelly accidentally or otherwise would be a supremely counterproductive career move.

Kelly Evans:

I have had it up to... well, FAR beyond where I can reach with the two of you!

Bronson struggles against his restraints as Dewey, seemingly indifferent towards his, stares daggers at The Wargod. It's not even clear either really hear Kelly's words.

Kelly Evans:

Do you know how much extra work I personally had to shoulder and how much we had to PAY to fix the medical room after the two of you trashed it at DEFIANCE Road? I'm sure Ms. Katze is WELL aware, aren't you Jane? I'll give you two a clue though, it's the exact amount that both of you will be short in your next few paychecks. And poor Iris, our only actual doctor on staff and she's having to hobble around and do her job with an almost BROKEN HIP thanks to you two... did she deserve that? No. No she didn't.

The mention of Doctor Iris Davine's injury during the "scuffle" at DEFIANCE Road brings Bronson's rage down a couple notches. The first words Kelly's spoken thus far to garner any reaction from The Wargod.

Kelly Evans:

Now if you want to tear each other limb from limb and FINALLY BY THE GRACE OF GOD end this years long *thing* between you then that's fine by me, you go right ahead, but you're going to do it out there for all the world to see.

Kelly points off camera, presumably towards the arena. Either way the DEFIAfans in attendance erupt at the notion.

Kelly Evans:

And I can't think of a better time and place to do it than at the biggest show this company has EVER put on...

DEFCON.

That gets a more mixed reaction from the fans in attendance. Probably because most of them wanted to see it tonight. Mixed, but still deafening, the reaction clearly heard even through several hallways and wall after wall of solid concrete.

Kelly Evans:

So, at DEFCON we'll have Eugene Dewey versus Bronson Box. And you know what? I know full well how that match will go down, so I'm just gonna set this up correctly from jump street... it'll be *no countout, and no disqualifications whatsoever*. You two are gonna settle this out there **once and for all**, got it?

Boxer nods in agreement at the match is set for he and Eugene in just a few short weeks. No nod from Eugene, just the same motionless gaze he's had since slapping the Wargod just moments ago. The eerie unblinking look is all the response Kelly needs.

Kelly Evans:

I'm glad you all agree. Now, we all know how much of a big deal DEFCON is gonna be, and I'd be pretty pissed off if a match of this magnitude didn't happen because one of the two of you had killed the other before hand, or as I expect might happen, the building collapsed because of some sort of... *Justice League* style brawl between the two of you. So I'm setting a edict right here, right now. Eugene, if you so much as touch Bronson Box or anyone in his posse before the bell rings at DEFCON you will be fired from DEFIANCE faster than a case of premature ejaculation from *The Flash*, got it?

Kelly wheels around on Bronson Box.

Kelly Evans:

And that goes for you and your goons too. If you or any of your associates, friends, partners or whatever other word you want to use to describe your current gaggle of shitheels, so much as BREATHE in Eugene's direction, you're done. Finished. Gone. Bye-bye. Got it?

Evans looks over at Jane.

Kelly Evans:

And no amount of professional goodwill between you and me will stop that from happening. You can remind me all day he sells a mountain of t-shirts... I'm not budging on this decision. Clear?

Jane nods her head with her usually icy, unreadable smile.

Jane Katze:

As glass, Ms. Evans.

Kelly looks back to the two DEFIANTS, still growling at one another like caged dogs.

Kelly Evans:

Good.... now let 'em go.

DEFsec... *with more than a little apprehension*... release both Dewey and Box simultaneously. They're both still clearly fuming, Kelly Evans' decree however hangs over the both of them like the proverbial Sword of Damocles.

Kelly Evans:

I mean every word, and I will not be afraid to enforce it. I'm sick of dealing with the two of you year after year like some

sort of rash that just keeps coming back over and over again, so touch each other or don't, it doesn't bother me one way or the other. You two decide to act like children, great... *I won't have to deal with this crap ever again.*

And with that Kelly pulls out her iPhone with the pink rhinestone bedazzled "BOSS" smartphone case and stomps off just as quickly as she arrived, leaving Bronson and Eugene to stare each other down as we quickly fade back to the commentation station.

Angus:

Oh man.

DDK:

You heard it, folks. Eugene Dewey versus Bronson Box has been set for DEFCON! The culmination of YEARS worth of hate, YEARS Angus!

Angus:

And no DQs, no count outs? Jesus, this place is gonna be a warzone. Can we get an order for some of those blue body armour things you see the guys in Syria and Iraq wearing? Who do you have to call, the UN? Obama? Trump?

DDK:

And how about the stipulation that neither party can touch the other before the bell rings for the start of the match? I'm not so sure these two are quite CAPABLE of that level of restraint, partner.

Angus:

Well, it's gonna make sure the Wrestle-Plex stays freakin' standing until DEFCON, but I guarantee, tensions are gonna be higher than... well, heh, ME between now and then bud. We might have all just witnessed Kelly Evans legit book a straight up *MURDER* for DEFCON, folks!

DDK:

And that's not hyperbole, ladies and gentlemen! What a match! DEFCON just keeps getting bigger and bigger, Angus.

DEFENSE READINESS CONDITION: ACTIVATED

Angus:

DEFCON keeps getting what?

DDK:

I said it keeps getting bigger and bigger.

Angus:

That's what she said.

DDK:

So it can be seen without a microscope now?

Angus:

Yes. HEY!!

♪ "Trampled Under Foot" by Led Zeppelin ♪

Praise Hoyt, some additional maturity has arrived on the scene to help Darren Keebler out. The DEFIANCE Faithful leap from their seats and unleash a rolling wave of cheers as the High Queen DEFIANT herself appears from the back, mic in hand, and heads for the ring.

DDK:

With that unpleasantness out of the way.... Last week at CLASH of the DEFIANTS, Lindsay Troy promised to make a statement on everything that's been going on with her these last three or four weeks, so I'm really looking forward to this.

Angus:

Yes, I can't wait to hear her tell us how it feels to have Gigantor the Asian Giant crush her skull between his fist and the arena floor.

DDK:

I'm content with letting her have the floor here, partner.

Angus:

Ninja stars, Keeps. Far as I'm concerned, she can do just about whatever she wants now.

Troy's already dressed for her match with Jason Natas later in the evening and she doesn't waste any time in getting between the ropes. There's no posing, no turnbuckle pictures, just the Queen in the center of the ring, ready to conduct a little business with the Faithful. Her Faithful.

The music fades and the fans simmer down slightly.

Lindsay Troy:

As I was driving to the Wrestle-Plex earlier today, it occurred to me that I've been a member of the DEFIANCE roster for well over two years, and that's longer than some people thought I'd be here. Bronson Box, for one, comes to mind.

Those in attendance still give Box a mixed reaction, especially since he and Eugene were just up on the DEFIATron not even five minutes prior to Troy coming out here.

Lindsay Troy:

Never mattered what I was doing or who I was in conflict with - his Conclave students, Edward White, Jane Katze, the Legitimate Businessman's Club, Team HOSS - the Wargod always seemed to have something to say about it. He's never been good at *mind his own business*, since DEFIANCE itself *is* his business. "Original DEFIANT" and all, you know. I can appreciate the tenure and the passion that go hand-in-hand with the earned name, but that doesn't

mean I was just gonna step aside and bend the knee. That's not something I've ever been good at.

Troy rolls her neck and starts to pace a little.

Lindsay Troy:

Box and I danced around the inevitable since June of last year, when my chance to clamp his braying jowls shut during the DEF*MAX tournament was stolen from me by Eugene Dewey. I had him dead to rights with the Crowning Glory, but I suppose the WARCHAMBER really *was* the only way to see two-plus years of sniping and jabbing and howling finally settled. And when the blood stopped pouring and the teeth stopped cracking, I carved a legacy into Bronson Box's flesh and I'm proud to stand in front of you all, triumphant and **DEFIANT**.

"HAIL THE QUEEN!"

"HAIL THE QUEEN!"

"HAIL THE QUEEN!"

"HAIL THE QUEEN!"

Lindsay Troy:

You gave me a fight, Box, like I knew you would. And I'm sure there were some people out there who didn't think I needed to go to the bag of tricks - bringing your Spike back, showing what I had up my sleeve with the *shuriken* - because that's not what the "good guys" do. What the critics fail to realize, or remember, is that I've never let myself be defined by a set of *conventions*, nor have I ever allowed myself to do what's *expected*. I've been through unconventional warfare too many times to count and I knew that when it came to *you*, *specifically* in order to make it out of the WARCHAMBER - a weapon in and of itself - I needed to get right on your level ... and then take **one big step** beyond it. ASCENSION put me on the path, and DEFIANCE ROAD kept me on the course. And you'd be hard pressed to find any diehard member of the DEFIANCE Faithful who'd disagree with my approach or the outcome. Because **that's** what being in this company is all about. And **that's** why I'm still here, standing **in this ring**.

Angus:

Amen to that, sister.

DDK:

I said at DEFIANCE ROAD that Lindsay Troy had "arrived" and she's certainly reminding everyone tonight that she's not going anywhere anytime soon.

The Faithful's approval kept building in volume and Troy stops her in-ring wandering. She can't help but acknowledge them with a small smile and a nod.

Lindsay Troy:

But don't think I'm going to let you take all the credit for this "rise" of mine, Bronson. We both wanted that win. We both had points to prove, and I think we both accomplished that. In the end, I just took more from you with me when I left.

She smirks, but her trademark expression doesn't linger this time.

Lindsay Troy:

Too bad I couldn't enjoy the triumph for very long.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Angus:

Aaaaaaaand, here it is!

DDK:

Pretty clear we're about to shift focus here, partner.

Angus:

Hey, she gave Bronson his due. THIS is what I **REALLY** want to hear about!

The Queen lets the "BOOOOOOOOs" have their moment, then presses on.

Lindsay Troy:

I heard, much later that night, all of what the FIST of DEFIANCE had to say after he felt the need to *stake a claim* and send a reminder about what and who would be waiting for me up around the bend. As if I'd somehow forgotten about the complete disassociation that's been going on since before ASCENSION, or that the Humility Bomb off the ladder was no big thing. And as much as Dan Ryan wants to keep hammering the point home to Lance Warner that this is *just* about the belt and it's *just* business, and it's not about *family*, or whatever else he has to repeat over and over and over to himself, I know that the one thing he can't change is that he's been heading in this direction for a long time now.

Lindsay Troy is back to pacing, thinking her words over.

Lindsay Troy:

We always said, privately and publicly, that family was the most important thing, that we'd never let anything come between that. We faced down Bronson Box and Eugene Dewey, we faced down Team HOSS, we faced down *everyone*, but that wasn't enough for him. All he had to do was tell me face to face that he wanted out, or that he didn't like the way things were going, but instead, he opted to shut down and push away instead of acting like an adult. And in doing so, he took other people who had nothing to do with this situation along for the ride. Henry Keyes. Impulse. Unnecessary, brutal encounters under the guise of "doing business" and "I'm the FIST, that's what I do," that anyone with two working eyes and half a clue could see was a bunch of bullshit.

The Number One Contender pauses to let that sink in. Everyone is so focused on her that no one notices the FIST of DEFIANCE step out through the curtain until he raises a microphone and cuts through the momentary silence.

Dan Ryan:

THAT.....is a GROSS misrepresentation of the facts.

Lindsay Troy, the microphone already headed up to say more, stops frozen, her mouth already partially open, then lowers her mic and just stands there, all eyes on her brother-in-law. The crowd, too, turns their attention to where Dan Ryan stands, their attention rapt.

Dan Ryan:

Is this because I canceled the Memorial Day barbecue?

Ryan smiles.

Dan Ryan:

You're making this out to be so heavy, so personal, so ugly. I'm almost offended you would think of me that way. After all we've been through, after all this time, you stand there in the ring and pretend not to understand? Who are we after all, Lindsay? Are we two more bumbling idiots rushing head first into conflict like every other two bit hack in every other hack promotion, names on a marquee marching toward our destinies in formulaic boredom? Are our roles so clearly laid out for us that we have no recourse but to march in line to the well memorized rhythm expected of us? No no no...

Ryan starts a slow walk toward the ring, eyes never leaving Troy as he gets closer and closer to the ring.

Dan Ryan:

The years have flown by, it's true. Years and years ago, we met in a ring working some small company whose name I don't even remember. When you won your first World Championship, I was there waiting when you came through the curtain. When you won your second, I was the first phone call you received upon making it to the back. When I won the belt in the New Frontier, you were there. CSWA, you were there. When Empire Pro was on top of the world and we were making history, you were my standard bearer, and no one was hotter than we were. I put up with Joey Melton for

you. And then, we brought a Frontier to its knees and never looked back.

Ryan gets to the ring, finally, and climbs in, but remains by the ropes.

Dan Ryan:

And when I came to DEFIANCE and climbed the ladder, scratched and clawed and dug deep to reprove to myself who I am and what I am capable of, I went from a man burned out on this business and ready to walk into the sunset, to family life, to the end.... It was you who told me I needed to remember who I was. It's not something I've forgotten, nor will I ever forget. I've been there by your side trying to make sure you got a fair shot. You were there trying to rein me in when you thought I was going too far. And you're good. Hell, not just good. You're one of the best in the world, no doubt about it. But for all of your talent, you're an absolutely horrible fuckin' listener, because I've been telling you for months, damn near a year, to back the hell up off of me. I don't know what you thought you were doing. You were what...trying to tame me? You, the one who told me in the first place to get back to what made me great, trying to get me to calm back down. Now I know you want me to take the fall for all of this because it's just so much more convenient for you to see it that way. And me? I'm content to let it be, because I decided long ago to stop banging my head against that famous Lindsay Troy brick wall. I got tired of hinting, tired of talking. I got tired of it all, so.... I got....on with my life.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

The Faithful don't really like this line of thinking, and they let Dan Ryan know it. Ryan starts to approach Troy. She tenses slightly, just enough to be ready, but Ryan maintains his stoic expression and shows no aggression.

Dan Ryan:

And you see, all of our history, all of our past....the entire time.... There's always been a wall up, hasn't there? You know what I'm talking about. Never once have we gone to war. Never once have we looked across a ring at each other and, without reservation, FIGHT. Never once. You've been around me for over a decade. Me, inarguably one of the most dangerous men in the history of our business. And you've NEVER had to worry that I might beat the living snot out of you. Never. You've never had to wonder what would happen, never once had to think about it.

Ryan shrugs.

Dan Ryan:

I listen to people tell me I was harsh when I came down to the ring and beat you up at ringside. I hear YOU tell me I was too brutal with Henry Keyes and Impulse. People who say things like that make me want to throw up in my mouth. If you were a man, I'd ask you when it was that you lost your balls. Instead, I'll ask you when the hell you got so fuckin' soft. You are the number one contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE. I'm the champion. I have no choice. Too brutal? Funny, I think people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw ninja stars. I don't want to hear about being brutal. I don't want to hear about fighting with honor....showing respect.... Having courage....whatever other nonsense people throw out when they don't know what it's like to be on top and to stay there. I'm not off to see the goddamn wizard. I'm the motherfuckin' champion of the most important wrestling company in the entire world. People who talk the way you're talking make up words like honor and respect so they can collect their consolation prize for losing gracefully. You want this belt?

Ryan pulls the belt off, holds it out to the side and looks at it.

Dan Ryan:

I will be personally offended if you don't do WHATEVER IT TAKES to get it. You're always so confident, so sure you have not just your next move mapped out, but the next two after that. You smirk your smirk, you pop your one-liner and you get inside your opponent's head. They're dead before they take their first step into the ring. But I.... am not the one, Lindsay. Save your jokes, because they're wasted on me. You should know me by now, but the sad thing is, maybe you don't. Maybe you aren't pretending. Maybe you can't really know me until we've done this for real. No walls, no veil of family ties, no THINK OF THE CHILDREN! Just you and me...

Ryan holds the belt high overhead.

Dan Ryan:

FOR THIS.

The crowd roars for this moment, and flashbulbs pop all around the arena as Dan Ryan towers over his sister-in-law, holding the belt high, and she holds her ground, proud and defiant. Finally, after a few moments, Ryan puts the belt over his shoulder.

Dan Ryan:

I know you've heard me say it time and time again, and I'm gonna say it one more time. When I say I'm gonna do something, I do it. No surprises, no cheap shots. It can't be cheap if I'm telling you ahead of time, and believe me when I tell you right now, if you give me an opening, I will absolutely take it. If you show weakness, I will exploit it, coolly and efficiently, and one way or another, if it is within my power to do so, I will walk in... and OUT of the ring at DEFCON... FIST of DEFIANCE.

The crowd really gives it to Dan Ryan, booing him loud and long. Ryan steps forward, then leans right in Lindsay Troy's face.

Dan Ryan:

So the next time you think I'm going too far, and you feel the urge to put your hands on me to uh....keep me in line? Fair warning. I'm gonna kick your pretty teeth right down your throat.

Troy doesn't flinch one bit, and neither does Ryan. The crowd boos LOUDLY, and Ryan moves first, stepping back and climbing back out of the ring. Troy watches him go, shaking her head slightly as he heads up the ramp.

DDK:

If we didn't witness the final crumbings of the Inner Circle at DEFIANCE ROAD, Angus, we might've just seen it right there.

Angus:

You might be right, Elf Man. No more kid gloves. No more playground rules. DEFCON's FIST of DEFIANCE match is going to be as personal a match as we've ever seen in this company.

DDK:

No doubt about it. We're going to take a short break and let the sponsors get their dollars, and then we'll be back with more action!

Cut to Hulu adverts, suckas!

ANDY SHARP VS. JACK HUNTER

Aaaaand....we're back with Angus and Keeps at the commentation station!

Angus:

Oh *GOD*.

DDK:

What?

Angus:

I've just realised what's up next.

DDK:

Jack Hunter vs. Andy Shar--

Angus:

The *WORST* "wrestler" to ever grace a DEFIANCE ring vs. a goddamned flippy-doo. What'd I do to deserve this hell, Keeps?!

DDK:

Jack Hunter is coming-off a victory against El Trebol Jr. at DEFIANCE Road, Angus. He's certainly unorthodox, but how can he possible be the "worst"? He's The Superbest!

Angus:

... Keeps?

DDK:

Yes.

Angus:

If you play along with that idiot's nonsense *one more time*, I swear to God...

DDK:

I just don't want to end-up with any little bruise--

Angus:

KEEBS!

DDK:

Alright, alright! In any case, Hunter goes one-on-one with The Lord of the Skies, who's sure to be smarting after a less-than-honest loss to Mikey Unlikely at DEF Road.

Angus:

I've got no time for Hollywood McFuckass and his Band of Bastards, but I'm wondering if all those chairshots knocked some of the flippydoodles out of Sharp.

DDK:

I'm not sure I even know what that means, but Sharp's definitely gonna be raring to go tonight! He's another grappler with a huge point to prove at the moment, and the mania of Jack Hunter lies ahead of him! Let's go!

♪ "This Fire Burns (8-bit MIDI Version)" by Killswitch Engage ♪

The most hideous/brilliant (delete as appropriate, dear reader) entrance music in DEFIANCE history rips through the speakers, and The Little Bruiser himself, Jack Hunter, steps out from the backstage area. Jack, for once in his life, isn't wheeling a cart full of weapons down to the ring. He stops at the top of the ramp, cups his hands together, and

screams...

Jack Hunter:

IT'S BRUISIN' TIIIIIIIME!

Angus:

... I can't even...

Lil' Broozy hops to his feet and begins to walk down the ramp at a slow pace. Once he's about halfway down, however, he pulls out a microphone that had been stashed behind his waistband, and raises it to his lips. The music cuts.

Jack Hunter:

...

His lips are moving, but no words can be heard.

Why?

Angus:

HAHAHA!

Because the microphone's upside down.

DDK:

Oh, wow... this isn't Jack's brightest moment.

Angus:

What a worthless dumbfuck! Look at this idiot, Keeps!

Jack just keeps going and going and going, never noticing for a minute that he's got the mic held the wrong way. It picks-up faint hints of the odd syllable here and there, but nothing major.

When Hunter reaches the top ring step, he stomps his boot down to emphasise whatever point he thinks he's making, then clambers into the ring.

Angus:

Great promo. 10/10. Would watch again.

DDK:

This is certainly a first, Angus.

Angus:

I definitely like this guy better when I can't hear him.

Now in the middle of the ring, Jack's still mid-rant.

♪ "Light up the Sky" by Thousand Foot Krutch ♪

That can only mean that Andy Sharp is on his way out! Looking to get back on the proverbial horse after his defeat at the hands of Mikey Unlikely, the Lord of the Skies takes in a big reception from the crowd and goes to a knee, pointing both index fingers upward to a nice pop. With that, Sharp heads toward the ring at a breakneck pace and then climbs to the ring apron. He climbs to the top rope, points his fingers to the sky, and then shows off, flipping into a cartwheel on the top cable before making it into the ring!

The Superbest's face is flush with anger. Outraged that his great speech has been interrupted, he shakes the microphone at Andy Sharp, then suddenly tucks it under his arm...

DDK:

DDT! DDT! DDT!

Hunter leaps up from the floor with surprising quickness and charges Andy Sharp into the corner. He creates a little distance, then hammers away on Sharp's body with timid quick-fire lefts and rights, presumably covering him in "little bruises."

DDK:

And we're off!

Andy Sharp stands there and isn't QUITE sure what to make of The Superbest as he continues his... ahem... assault. He winces a little from a particular shot that catches him right on his left nipple and when Hunter notices, he jumps out of the corner.

Jack Hunter:

I have defeated this stupid Canadian sillyman! You all saw it! I won at DEFIANCE Road and he didn't!

Angus:

...My God, that's true.

The camera is focused on Jack Hunter while Andy Sharp sits back in the corner, still unsure of whether or not it's okay to hit a wrestler with a mental deficiency. Shuffling can be heard audibly from the announce table.

Angus:

Dear God, why am I stuck in the same universe as Jack Hunter.

DDK:

Karma, Angus, Karma. And speaking of, Andy Sharp looks like he's ready to end this.

Jack Hunter still continues to celebrate and when he turns around, he gets DROPKICKED right out of his boots by Andy Sharp! It seems Sharp is more than done playing into Jack Hunter's delusions and the crowd cheers as he goes to work on Hunter. He throws The Superbest into a corner and goes to town with chops!

WHOO!

WHOO!

WHOO!

WHOO!

Sharp whips him across the ring and then measures up his target before he charges in, CRACKING him in the mouth with a Running Elbow Smash! He then pulls Hunter out of the corner and runs back, connecting with a Cannonball Senton in the corner!

DDK:

Uh-oh, things going BADLY for Hunter now! Can Hunter fight... Can Hunter Street-fight back!

Angus:

...I'm going to cut you in your sleep.

Sharp has taken Hunter down twice in the corner, but he's not done with The Superbest. He runs off the opposite

corner again and then crushes Hunter with an Inverted Cannonball!

DDK:

Sharp with the Hat Trick! Now he's got Hunter right where he wants him!

The Lord of the Skies takes Hunter up and slams him down before going up top in one fluid leap! The crowd starts to buzz as Andy gets the double-point to the heavens!

Angus:

My GOD, I never thought I'd be so happy to see an All-Star Frog Splash!

After the impact, Sharp doesn't even bother hooking a leg as he covers The Superbest.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

As quick as it started, this match is now over as Andy Sharp is back on his feet now.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner of the match... **ANDY SHARP!**

Sharp takes a quick bow for the audience before he leaps over the ropes and heading out to the floor before he heads up the aisle and towards the back.

DDK:

There's no way that Andy Sharp is done with our NEW Southern Heritage Champion Mikey Unlikely after the way their match ended, but that does remain to be seen. Andy Sharp with an easy win tonight!

Angus:

Pfft, call me when he can actually do something right like beat Hollywood McFuckass.

HOW TO READ...GOOD

The scene opens backstage. Lance Warner is, as always, primed and ready with mic in hand. However, despite his professional demeanor, one can detect a slight look of apprehension, even sadness, behind his eyes as he brings a scrappy piece of paper into his view and proceeds to read from it.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen, with me at this time are two of the greatest sports entertainers that have ever lived...two global super duper stars that we here in DEFIANCE, are lucky to have grace us with their presence...

Warner looks at the camera as he momentarily closes his eyes and bites his lip.

OSV:

SAY THE WORDS, LANCELOT!!!

Breathing in deeply and letting out a disappointed in himself kind of sigh, Lance continues.

Lance Warner:

I, Lancelot Weiner...am so happy to be interviewing the single hottest commodity in tag team wrestling today...that I will be donating my nights wages to the #downwiththissortofthing movement?

Lance turns to look at his interviewees (still out of shot) with his arms out wide and shoulders shrugged, looking incredibly upset with his last admission.

OSV:

LOOK AT THE CAMERA LANCELOT, BE PROFESSIONAL!

Shaking his head, Lance begrudgingly soldiers on.

Lance Warner:

Ladies, Gentlemen...and more importantly...Sports Entertainment Enthusiasts...I Lancelot Weiner... Give to you...

At that moment the paper is taken out of Lance's hands and frantic scribbling can be heard in the background before the paper is handed back to him.

Lance Warner:

Excuse me for my unprofessional slip...I Lancelot Weiner...OBVS...introduce to you... The Future of DEFIANCE, Jesse Fredericks Kendrix...The Greatest Entertainer in the World, Mikey Unlikely...The Hollywood Bruvs!! Clap clap clap...

The camera angle widens to reveal Kendrix and Mikey Unlikely outside the Hollywood Bruvs locker room. Dressed in ring gear and sporting a pair of huge bug eye shades, Kendrix slaps Lance on the back. Unlikely, with his brand new Southern Heritage Championship over his shoulder, snatches the paper out of Lance's hand.

Kendrix:

What the hell is wrong with you Lancelot?! You're supposed to clap, not say clap clap clap!!! Now get out of here and think about what you've done!

Mikey Unlikely:

Shoo, shoo!

As Mikey ushers Lance away with a few flicks of his wrist, the tag partners roll their eyes in disbelief.

Kendrix:

Can you believe that, bruv?! What a total bellend! Ruined our interview, innit?!

Mikey shrugs, begrudgingly accepting defeat over the terrible situation.

Mikey Unlikely:

This is what I've been saying to you all along dude. These guys in DEFIANCE have absolutely no idea on how to sports entertain! I mean Lancelot couldn't even read from a simple script! I've been reading scripts PERFECTLY for years now!

Kendrix nods along in agreement and slaps the face of the title on Mikey's shoulder.

Kendrix:

It's a lack of preparation bruv. Fail to prepare, prepare to fail, yeah?! But unlike Lancelot and our opponents tonight...The Hollywood Bruvs have obvs read the script for tonight's greatest tag team debut...in the world!

Mikey Unlikely:

Totally obvs! Not only have we read the script, we are gonna go out there tonight and perfect it on the first take and show the world why the Hollywood Bruvs are the greatest tag team sports entertainers...in the world!

The two fist bump before laying their hands out flat in an explosion type manoeuvre.

Congratulatory frivolity, however, turns to silence as a shadow covers part of the camera angle, the two men turning to their side to see its source. A laugh, like someone entering a joke at the last minute is heard, the camera turning to reveal the figure of Lamond Alexander Robertson dressed in his Robertson tartan kilt with ring-boots and a DEFIANCE red and black t-shirt across his torso.

LAR

Alright lads?

Kendrix raises an eyebrow and looks at Unlikely, who shrugs back at his partner.

LAR:

I overheard your merry-makin' and I'm always up for a wee bit of that - but more importantly guys I wanted to congratulate you Mikey on winning that belt, a fantastic achievement in your first few months!

He extends his hand towards Mikey Unlikely, who looks at Kendrix again then back at Robertson with a slight look of confusion on his face. His hand, though, doesn't extend and grips his title a little tighter over his shoulder.

LAR:

A'right, fair enough mate; and you Jesse, I just wanted to welcome you to DEFIANCE.

Once again, Robertson extends his hand, met with a glance to the side again from Kendrix to Mikey, his hands staying by his aides.

LAR:

Aye, I've been a big fan of yours ever since Orlando and think the top guys in DEFIANCE have made an excellent acquisition - I'm sure you're going to have a bright future here.

Kendrix looks like he's about to speak but then looks at Mikey confused again and closes his mouth.

LAR:

I look forward to seeing you boys later tonight but it's great seeing so many familiar faces round here.

He lowers his hand and nods respectfully to the two men, before stepping to the side and walking off screen. Mikey and Kendrix look at each other, Mikey pointing towards Robertson and uttering.

Mikey Unlikely:

Is that...?

Followed by Kendrix shrugging and raising his hands.

Kendrix:

JFK has no idea who that was, bruv!

Mikey glances back then to the camera again.

Mikey Unlikely:

I thought we'd spoken about letting the fans in the back, Kelly! I...

Just then, a pair of large, firm hands grasp the shoulders of Mikey and Kendrix, the face of Robertson coming between their heads with a smile on his face.

LAR:

Just one thing though lads - remember, I'm no Lance Warner; if you try anything...silly out there, there just might be consequences. Good luck boys!

As LAR pats the Hollywood Bruvs on the back and walks out of shot, Kendrix squints his eyes and scratches his head, still trying to work out who that was. Mikey meanwhile looks around frantically.

Mikey Unlikely:

WHAT THE EFFF? SECURITY!!! THAT UNINTELLIGIBLE FAN TOUCHED ME...WHERE'S MY SOAP CARRIER MAID...PERSON, DAMMIT?!

Cut away.

BEARDS & BANTER

From the case of “mistaken identity” between L.A.R., JFK, and the (ugh) Southern Heritage champion Mikey Unlikely, the camera cuts to a hallway leading towards the DEFgym. Lindsay Troy approaches from a distance with earbuds in and phone in hand, looking to get her pre-match warm-ups started. The number one contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE is stoic. Focused. This won’t be her first ever tangle with Jason Natas inside the confines of a squared circle, and Troy knows any *distractions* caused by *discussions with family* won’t help her get out of there unscathed.

Troy reaches out for the door handle, but it swings away before she can grasp it. She nearly loses her balance, but not quite.

It’s the person on the other side who seems the most perturbed.

Jason Natas:

Fu-...

The Bronx Bully shakes his head and gathers his senses. He’s already dressed for war in full ring attire save for the handwraps, and has a half-full bottle of water in his free hand.

Jason Natas:

My bad, Queen.

Lindsay Troy:

Jase.

She tugs the earbuds from her head and nods.

Lindsay Troy:

Nice work at DEF ROAD and CLASH. Gonna give me a run for it tonight?

Jason Natas:

Thanks.

He returns the nod.

Jason Natas:

That’s always the plan, no matter who I’m in there with. Might be Boxer, might be you, might be *anyone*. Long as I go out and shove that motormouth announcer’s words down his throat, I’m good.

Lindsay Troy: [chuckles]

Angus loves to take an inch an entire mile and then some. He’s good at it. But *you’re* getting better by the week. Everyone’s noticed. It’ll take him forever to admit it, but he’s included in that statement.

The Anti-Superstar *almost* smiles.

Almost.

Jason Natas:

Appreciate that. Everythin’ *feels* better -- easier, almost -- and they keep throwin’ me in with you top tier guys, so I know I’m not out there layin’ eggs every week.

He pauses.

Jason Natas:

Work-in-progress, that's all it is. Patience and persistence. It'll come together.

Lindsay Troy:

You've come a long way from being angry at the world and everyone in it. Big Murr and the Squid have rubbed off on you. [A nod, and a smile.] Stay on the path. It's not a bad one.

Jason Natas:

Yeah, well... the Squid's still a little too 'Mary Poppins' for my tastes, and I'm kinda jealous that Andy got to fight some BRAZEN plankton tonight and I gotta throw hands with the High Queen DEFIANT...

Mark it down: Jason Natas just attempted *sarcasm*.

Jason Natas:

Jokes aside, I owe those *Scotch* guys a lot. Both of 'em. We've not covered Shuriken-dodgin' in our trainin' yet, though. Don't go throwin' those things my way...

Lindsay Troy:

No? Andy's slacking then. That beard could use a trim, though. Sure you don't want me to save you a trip to the barber?

Jason Natas:

Heh.

He grasps the straggly mass of dirty blonde hair attached to his chin.

Jason Natas:

It's a bet. Andy told me I couldn't trim 'til I got that first W, *THEN* he tried tellin' me that DEF ROAD didn't count...

Natas shakes his head.

Jason Natas:

You slice it, you've got him to answer to.

The Queen laughs and shakes her head.

Lindsay Troy:

Well, I guess you'll just have to deal with your "reverse playoff beard" a little while longer. I don't intend to be the reason you finally get to shave.

She pats him on the shoulder and moves past him into the workout area.

Lindsay Troy:

Be seeing you out there, though.

Natas looks over his shoulder, but only briefly.

Jason Natas:

Likewise.

And with that, he's on his way.

And we're on ours.

Cut.

THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS VS. IMPULSE AND L.A.R.

DDK:

Here we go, Angus!

Angus:

Where are we going?

DDK:

We're ready for the next match, and we'll see Lamond Alexander Robertson and Impulse teaming up to take on the Hollywood Bruvs, which includes the new Southern Heritage Champion--

Angus:

Hollywood McFuckass!

DDK:

--Mikey Unlikely, teaming up with his partner, the newcomer Kendrix!

Angus:

...

DDK:

...

Angus:

Give me time, I'll think of something for him.

DDK:

They've got their hands full, however, as they're taking on the team of Impulse and Lamond Alexander Robertson, who have taken DEFIANCE by storm so far, and have really hit their stride!

Angus:

Honestly? I'd love to see the guy in the dress just knock the living shit outta everyone else in this match and declare all of 'em a waste'a time. Impulse... He's not as bad as I thought, at least he keeps the flippity floppity shit to a minimum, I just don't like his attitude.

♪ "Revolution" by Sirsy ♪

The fans come to their feet in excitement over the arrival of the Marathon Man and his quirky second. Impulse stops at the top of the entrance ramp and looks at the fans, soaking in their reaction, and nodding his head with a smirk in gratitude.

DDK:

Here she comes, Angus!

Amidst a chant of "Blow it up," Calico Rose skip - jogs to the commentators, where Keebler immediately fist bumps her, all the while Angus puts his head in his hands.

Calico Rose:

You know the score, Angus... Blow it up!

Angus:

I... I can't, Cally.

She looks confused and concerned, while Keebler just looks confused.

Angus:

My doctors told me that I have carpal tunnel syndrome, and I'm medically barred from fist bumping anymore.

Cally seems to take this all in, and her response is heartfelt and unexpected: she hugs him. Angus' face runs the gamut of emotions from surprise to shock to acceptance to sadness, as he actually pats her on the back in a friendly manner. Cally tousles his hair for half a second and leaves to rejoin Impulse at the top of the ramp.

DDK:

If she ever finds out, she'll be heartbroken.

Angus:

I'm prepared to take it to the grave, Keeps.

♪ "Promentory" by Trevor Jones ♪

DDK:

And here comes their partner, these fans are on their feet!

Angus:

It's like I said, Kilty LaRue doesn't bother me nearly as much as the rest of these chuckleheads; but he's still gotta develop that killer instinct to really make it.

Darren Quimby:

This next contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first, accompanied to the ring by --

He stops, and takes a look at his cue cards. In fact, he does a double take.

DQ:

By 'The Queen of Karaoke' Calico Rose... at a total combined weight of four hundred and fifty seven pounds... The team of 'The Claymore's Hilt' Lamond Alexander Robertson... and the Marathon Man... IMPULSE!

All three of these fan favorites slap hands on the way to the ring. Impulse talks to LAR all the way down; undoubtedly giving him advice for the match as he's the veteran of the team. Cally lags behind, apparently intent on talking to every fan she can reach.

DDK:

All four of these men are relative newcomers to DEFIANCE, Angus - but the Hollywood Bruvs have had a bit of history as partners before, while Impulse and LAR's only interaction has been their communal problem with Curtis Penn. You have to think that relationship gives the Bruvs an advantage, at least as far as teamwork and cohesion goes.

Angus:

Maybe, Keeps - but as far as wrestling ability goes, I can't speak on Kendrix just yet but Hollywood McFuckass is the weak link in this match. Add to that the fact that the Hollywood Fuckasses and LAR are all refugees from Utah and Impulse is an unknown to them? You can't really count on any tendencies in this foursome so far, they're all still way too new to DEFIANCE to make an educated guess. Of course, my educated guess is that everything about this match is going to piss me off.

DDK:

Everything?

Angus:

Two of the guys annoy me, the third is aligned with Hollywood McFuckass, and the fourth wears a skirt. Cally's all right, I guess... as long as I'm finished pounding her fist.

LAR slides under the bottom rope and looks around the audience with a determined look on his face, all while on his knees. Impulse takes a bit longer to enter the ring; he waits for Cally to join him and holds the ropes for her.

All the while, the fans continue to cheer.

DQ:

And their opponents...

♪ "Fuckin' in the Bushes" by Oasis ♪

DQ:

At a total combined weight of four hundred, forty three pounds... J... F... K... The Southern Heritage Champion, Mikey Unlikely... THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS!

The chants had already started.

"You Can't Wrestle! MIKEY SUCKS!"

"You Can't Wrestle! MIKEY SUCKS!"

DDK:

I think we can safely assume the fan favorites here tonight, Angus.

Angus:

Of course we... oh, what the fuck is this?

Angus' thoughts are cut off as the entire stage opens up. The video wall raises, the two walls on either side of the actual entrance separate...

Angus:

You've gotta be kidding me.

A parade float enters the arena. That really sounds like the setup for a joke, but the joke is on the Faithful.

A huge backdrop, barely fitting into the arena in the space that had opened up, reads "HOLLYWOOD BRUVS" in the Hollywood sign type, along with the gigantic, smiling faces of the Bruvs.

To say nothing of the people on the float itself.

It was sufficiently covered - a small indent with a dark space about halfway up was the only indication of the driver's seat, but on top of the float, Kendrix stands at the front, arms raised, soaking in the boos and jeers. Mikey is at the "sweet spot" of the float, in the center, two thirds of the way back. He wears what we assume is the SoHER Title belt around his waist, but it's got a gigantic headshot of Mikey himself imprinted on it, with the letters 'SoHER' on top of the main plate and 'World's Greatest Entertainer' underneath.

In the ring, their opponents look unimpressed.

DDK:

Well, after what happened earlier in the night, you can bet Mikey wants to take the spotlight back from Andy Sharp.

Angus:

Really, Keeps? You're saying that like Hollywood McFuckass didn't have this all planned out before we even went on the air.

The float ambles - slowly - to the ring, and on the way, both Mikey and Kendrix pick up a heavy duty garbage bag that was hiding at their feet, and reached in...

Angus:

Buying fans won't work!

DDK:

Well, the Faithful are finally showing some positive reaction to the Hollywood Bruvs as they throw handfuls of cash into the crowd!

Angus:

I've always maintained that handing out cash is the only way Hollywood McFuckass can get even his mom to like him, let alone any of the Faithful.

The nine seconds of cheers immediately - and universally - returned to a chorus of boos. We cut to a fan in the front row who tosses a crumpled handful of bills back onto the float.

DDK:

I don't think we need to tell you that they're tossing Mikey Money to the crowd.

The float comes to an abrupt stop as it bumps into the ring, and the Bruvs enter through the ropes. On the other side, Impulse and LAR are ready for action, impatiently waiting through the bell as Mikey and Kendrix take their time getting ready for the match.

They discuss something for a moment, and Kendrix hands a wad of bills to Mikey, who offers them to Gally. She raises an eyebrow and waves him off. Mikey looks offended at this, and throws the wad at her to a chorus of boos, and Impulse gets in his face!

Angus:

Just let them go, the bell rang and we're burnin' daylight!

And they do. Calico Rose leaves the ring while Impulse and Mikey circle. Mikey stops, does a half spin, and raises his arms in victory to the crowd. Impulse takes the scene in, and raises one fist to a huge ovation. Mikey, angered by the lack of respect he's been given, approaches Impulse with an outstretched hand, pointing accusingly at the Marathon Man.

Impulse responds to Mikey's accusation by grabbing his wrist, pulling him in, and straight - arming his elbow, which forces him forward, stumbling to his knees. Mikey grabs the middle rope and Impulse disengages, which immediately draws more cheers.

Angus:

This is where I lose the plot. He's got Hollywood McFuckass down and vulnerable, and he backs off?

DDK:

He's a man of principle, Angus.

Angus:

Yeah, well you can principle in one hand and shit in the other, and guess which one fills up first?

DDK:

...How would you know?

Angus:

I'd... rather not say.

Mikey finally returns to the center of the ring, though not without warnings to Impulse to "mind the goods." They lock up again, and Mikey powers Impulse into the ropes. The referee is on him to break and step back, but, unlike Impulse, Mikey takes a full four count to do so. No sooner does he step back, but he pops Impulse in the face with a surprise

right hand that takes the Marathon Man by surprise! Boos rain down again as Mikey takes a victory lap!

Angus:

Impulse is now officially dumber than Hollywood McFuckass. A shameful Impulse.

Confident, Mikey fires another punch toward Impulse, but Impulse catches his wrist again, hooks with both hands, and presses forward, forcing Mikey to his knees! The referee immediately asks the pained superstar if he wants to give up, and he might have been thinking about it if the ropes weren't right there. Again, Impulse breaks on the two, and Mikey scrambles across the ring to receive a protective hug from Kendrix!

DDK:

The Hollywood Bruvs, not off to the greatest start here, Angus!

Angus:

I've said a lotta mean things about Impulse, and he's deserved all of 'em, but the kid can wrestle, Quimby.

Predictably, Mikey and Kendrix tag, and JFK enters the ring to a fairly mixed bag fan reaction. He's aligned with his BRUV, so people don't like him, but he's also an accomplished wrestler who has not yet shared his wares with DEFIANCE, so they're willing to give him the benefit of the doubt.

He circles Impulse with a confident smirk on his face, and the two athletes lock up. Kendrix also has a height and weight advantage on Impulse so he is also able to move him where he wants - and backs Impulse into a neutral corner. One fist - two fists - three fists--Impulse ducks it and drops him with a single leg takedown! Kneelock - Kendrix reverses with a boot on Impulse's back! The Marathon Man is launched into the corner, but stops himself - and nails Kendrix in the side of the head with a blind reverse elbow! Clothesline, and a cover, ONE... TWO... Kickout by Kendrix!

DDK:

Nice little series of reversals, and Kendrix knows how to wrestle, Angus!

Angus:

With McFuckass as his partner, he's kinda got no choice.

They circle again, and lock up, with Kendrix clamping down on a side headlock! Impulse with a side suplex, he drops Kendrix on his shoulders to break the hold, and both men scramble to their feet and charge each other - Kendrix sidesteps a tie up attempts and clamps down on Impulse's head again!

Impulse tries another suplex, but Kendrix has appropriately adjusted his center of gravity, keeping his feet on the ground. Time for plan B, as Impulse eases him toward the ropes and shoots him off the other side. Shoulderblock, and Impulse goes down!

Angus:

Impulse weighs as much as a bag of soggy leaves, why did he think that was a good idea?

Kendrix off the ropes again as Impulse nips up, and Impulse with a backdrop! Kendrix lands on his feet! Impulse whirls around with a boot right to the side of Kendrix' head, and JFK catches him! Single leg takedown, Impulse spins out of it and reverses into an Anaconda vise! Kendrix on the ropes, and we've got a break!

The fans applaud the efforts of both men, all the while Impulse does the same and Kendrix points at the Marathon Man accusingly!

DDK:

What do you think they're saying to each other?

Angus: If there's any justice, Kendrix is telling skirtboy that THEY should team up and give ol' Angus a happy new

year.

Whatever it was, Impulse smirks as he tags in the big man, LAR! Robertson steps through the ropes, and Kendrix backs up into them, and comes off with a clothesline - Robertson doesn't move! Kendrix circles around, and these two men lock up - LAR just shoves him into the corner!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, that's two hundred and sixty seven pounds of "Pockton Fuck You." Kendrix won't move him unless he wants to move.

They circle again - at least, Kendrix circles LAR. Robertson doesn't seem like he has much use for fancy footwork, since he had the height and weight advantage in this match. LAR effortlessly scoops Kendrix and slams him to the mat, and when he rises, he slams him again! Kendrix scrambles to his corner for another meeting with his tag team partner, as the fans boo in protest at the second 'time out.'

DDK:

Mikey and Kendrix whispering something to each other, I don't like the look of this!

Angus:

Hollywood might suck, but he's not THAT--Oh, I see what you mean.

They tag, and Kendrix lunges at LAR again - Robertson effortlessly scoops him and drops him with a powerslam, but Mikey comes off the top with a double axe handle that staggers the big man! Kendrix rolls out of the ring as Mikey rolls LAR up for a ONE... TWO... Kickout! LAR is rocked, but he's quickly clearing his vision as Mikey rebounds off the ropes! Clothesline staggers LAR, but another attempt sees Mikey eat one of his own, and Robertson tags out to Impulse to give himself a moment!

Angus:

And now, we're back to match stuff I don't care about.

Impulse starts by leaping to the top turnbuckle, quick as a cat, and launching himself at Mikey for a picture perfect flying cross body with a leg hooked for the ONE... TWO... Kickout! Mikey escapes, but Impulse hooks him by the arm and gives the shoulder socket a hard wrench, and the tag is made to Robertson! LAR with a simple lift and slam on Mikey's arm, and Impulse leaves the ring.

Angus:

Thank you, skirtboy!

DDK:

LAR has Mikey Unlikely up for the Clansedge, and a quick finish to this match! I think the Hollywood Bruvs might have suffered from a mix of overconfidence and being thrown off their game by Andy Sharp earlier tonight!

Angus:

Or they just suck - Oh, speaking of suck!

DDK:

CURTIS PENN! CURTIS PENN JUST EMERGED FROM THE PARADE FLOAT! STUN GUN ON IMPULSE! HE DROPPED THE MARATHON MAN FACE FIRST ON THE FLOAT!

It all happens too perfectly to have been planned. LAR has Mikey up for the Clansedge, as Curtis Penn emerges, vaults on top of the float, spins Impulse around and hooks him for a face first plant on the floor of the float before the Marathon Man can say a word.

At the same time, both LAR and the referee are distracted by the interruption, turning toward Penn. Kendrix takes the opportunity to slide under the bottom rope with the Mikey Unlikely SoHER Championship belt in hand, cracks it right

on top of LAR's head, and sides out.

At the same time - right as the referee turns his attention back to the crack of the match, Mikey slides out of LAR's grip and rolls him up tightly (complete with a large handful of kilt), for an ill - earned ONE... TWO... THREE.

Angus:

DAMN IT! We're never gonna hear the end now.

DDK:

Curtis Penn just handed the Hollywood Bruvs a victory here tonight, and the fans are letting referee Hector Navarro know what they think of it all!

"BULL! SHIT! BULL! SHIT!"

Angus:

As if I needed a reason to hate Curtis Penn more.

DDK:

The Bruvs are making a hasty retreat, and Calico Rose has helped Impulse back to his feet so they can both check on the status of LAR, but Curtis Penn has a microphone!

Angus:

Someone turn it off, please?

MIC DROP

Behind the float, way up the entrance ramp, Curtis Penn ignores the boos of the fans as he puts the microphone to his mouth.

Curtis Penn:

All I've been hearing since the two of you debuted is how you've somehow got my number. How you, Knox, and you, Robertson - and you, you stupid little bitch - are somehow the FUTURE of DEFIANCE Wrestling.

He smirks, ignoring the fan cheers at his accusation.

Curtis Penn:

For you to be the future means that the present is over, and that can't be - because I'M the present. I'M the man. I'M the greatest wrestler in DEFIANCE today, tomorrow, and yesterday. Impulse, you stole a match from me, and you handed this dress wearing piece of shit a victory at Defiance Road, and that's something I don't forgive.

Penn spits on the floor.

Curtis Penn:

Robertson, I kicked your ass from here to fucking Utah when we first crossed, so I don't care what happened at Defiance Road; I've already shown the world that you're my property. But you, Impulse... somehow the myth still persists that you're better than me. Well... that ends right now. You are going to step in the ring with me, one more time, so I can prove that you're nothing but a fluke with an overinflated ego. Try to duck me, Impulse... and tonight is just the beginning. You'll have to grow eyes in the back of your head, and even that won't save you from paying your pound of flesh.

He put his arms to the side in challenge.

Curtis Penn:

Well? Answer me. ANSWER ME!

Penn drops the microphone dramatically, a "mic drop" moment, if you will, and it rolls away. In the ring, Impulse has since asked for a microphone of his own, and he looks out toward Penn, with a gigantic bruise already formed on his forehead.

Impulse:

Curtis, I don't care about you.

At that, the fans cheer.

Impulse:

You find excuses every shortcoming, you blame everyone except yourself when things don't go your way... and you're just... unpleasant t'have to be around.

The fans cheer!

Angus:

Finally, something we can agree with!

Impulse:

You lost to me, on the level. You lost to this man -

He points at LAR, still in the ring.

Impulse:

-on the level. Neither of us have anything to prove to you, and I don't think that your interference and blind threats are any sign that you've earned a return match with either one of us.

And he smiles.

Impulse:

But I've been doing this for far too long t'just walk away now, Curtis. You want another match with me? Fine. DEFtv 66, Impulse against Curtis Penn, just one more time.

DDK:

What a development! We've got a huge grudge match signed for our next edition of DEFtv, as Curtis Penn shouts his acceptance, sans-microphone!

Impulse:

Just one thing, Curtis... when you lose again?

The fans cheer at this statement, all the while Penn shouts that he has no intention of losing.

Impulse:

All I can do is hope... that you'll be able t'live with it.

DDK:

Strong words from Impulse! We need to take a break to remove this float from ringside, we'll be right back!

COMMERCIAL

FRANK DYLAN JAMES (C) vs. JONNY BOOYA

Angus:

Do you know what time it is, Darren?

DDK:

Well, I do, but I'll humor you Angus; What time is it?

Angus:

IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIEM~!

DDK:

Marvel cancelled Fantastic Four, you know.

Angus:

Yeah, and they made Captain America a deep cover Hydra agent. **Fuck** Marvel.

DDK:

Moving right along, as my intrepid partner has alluded to, it's time for the first ever Onslaught Championship title defense as Frank Dylan James takes on Jonny Booya!

Angus:

Correction: Frank Dylan James flat out **destroys** Big Jon Boo-Boo.

DDK:

This whole thing has come about after an after hours altercation between Frank and Johnny in which Harmony got involved, lots of things were said and challenges thrown out, and tonight we're gonna see if Jonny Booya can put his money where his mouth is and take the DOC belt from Frank in the middle of the ring!

♪ *Funky Shit - Prodigy* ♪

The techno douche-rock track kicks into high gear in a hurry and Jonny explodes through the curtain with Curtis Penn close in tow. Booya takes a moment to drop to his knees and give the crowd the double bicep curl known as the *Best Flex in Wrestling* to a massive cacophony of boos from the Defiant Faithful.

Angus:

What a couple of "bros."

About three seconds pass before the clang of a chain smacking against the skull of a moron precedes Jonny sprawling face-first down the ramp. The music comes to an abrupt halt and standing over the prone body of Booya is the Mastadon himself, Frank Dylan James. Curtis Penn, having only been grazed by the attack, catches a glance at Frank's wild eyes and thinks twice about attacking.

FDJ:

HOO-AAAHHHHHHH!

Frank howls at Penn who scampers back from whence he came rather than facing the wrath of West Virginia Whack-Job. Meanwhile, Mark Shields has left the ring to come down and try to get Frank's attention focused on the match rather than Christ knows what else. It doesn't work though, as the Mastadon tosses his heavy chain down on the back of Booya and then he disappears backstage with a broken toothed grin spread wide across his face.

Angus:

As much as I'd like to see Frank beat Curtis Penn to within an inch of his life, I can't imagine why he'd go chasing him rather than continuing the assault on Booya here!

DDK:

Well, you know.... Frank isn't really known for his sound strategy.

A few seconds pass before Frank makes his way back out onto the entrance stage, this time brandishing his newly won DOC title in one massive hand and swinging it wildly overhead while screaming at the top of his lungs about whipping the asses of hippies everywhere. After a few more rotations Frank whips the belt through the air at Mark Shields, who barely catches it and falls on his ass for the effort, and then the Hillbilly Jesus turns his attention to the now recovering Jonny Booya.

Angus:

Turns out it wasn't bad strategy at all, but even Frank knows you can't defend the belt if you don't *bring* the belt with you to the ring!

Paying absolutely no attention to the admonishings of DEFIANCE's junior referee, Frank raches down and picks Booya up by wrapping the chain around his neck a few times and heaving. Once up Jonny eats a hambone-sized fist to the mush before being chain-whipped into and over the guardrail and into the crowd. Fans go sprawling out of the way as Frank howls again and follows his victim out into the masses.

DDK:

You know, being that Shields can't exactly disqualify Frank before the bell rings, maybe this is turning out to be sound strategy afterall.

Angus:

Yeah?

DDK:

Well, I mean, in the aspect that he can dish out plenty of unmitigated pain and anguish out there in the crowd with that chain, yeah.

As if he was reading Keeblers mind, Frank does just that. He picks up a few chairs and fires them off at Booya, keeping the big man from any sort of respite. Grabbing the chain, Frank pulls him across the entire section of seating before dumping him back down in the aisle. A few of the braver souls out there crowd in close to try and get selfies with the action in the background, and one guy even gets ran over as Frank has absolutely zero fucks to give.

Lumbering over to Booya, Frank picks him up again. He cackles in his face before dragging him down toward the ring, trampling a few chairs and personal items in the process. Before he can make it to the ringside guardrail though a couple more brave fans hold up chairs in front of Frank and his meatbag opponent. Frank smiles, hoots, and whips Jonny so hard into the chair that it flies up and out of the fan's hands and into the ringside area. This draws a pretty decent pop as once again the Mastadon grabs his prey and sends him hurtling toward the guardrail.

Angus:

Is it Christmas? My birthday? This is the greatest day!

Frank lifts dead weight of Booya up and dumps him like a sack of potatoes over the guardrail before turning to the braying fand and unleashing another guttural roar.

FDJ:

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

He is presented several red solo cups full of cheap DEFplex beer and he takes every last one to the head before stepping over the guardrail as if it were easy and continuing the assault. He takes the length of chain, unwraps it from Jonny's neck, wraps it around his fist, and plasters him right between the eyes. The blow sends Jonny down flat on his back with a trickle of blood starting at the point of impact on his forehead.

Mark Shields, having recovered enough to give the timekeeper the DOC title belt and get back into position just as Frank sent Jonny back over the guardrail and into the ringside area, does his best to plead with Frank to bring it into

the ring.

DDK:

At some point do we throw this out and call it a No Contest?

Angus:

Absolutely not! We let Frank beat on this guy until he gets tired!

DDK:

You are the definition of bias.

Angus:

Your mother.

Finally, after much hooting and more hollering, Frank picks the big man up and rolls him under the bottom ropes and into the ring. A cursory glance at Booya can tell anyone with eyeballs that Jonny has checked out for the evening as the lights on but it doesn't look like anyone is home. Mark Shields follows him in, mostly to stay out of Frank's reach, and finally he signals for the bell to be rung at the match to begin.

DING! DING! DING!

Not only that, but Mark reluctantly begins counting Frank out!

One...

Angus:

This is gonna float over about as well as a turd in a punch bowl...

Two...

Frank's eyes go wide and he tosses the chain off to the side.

Three...

The Hillbilly Jesus reaches up and grabs the top rope. He pulls himself up onto the apron in one mighty step, and with another he is over the top rope and into the ring. Shields looks like a deer caught in headlights for the split second that Frank eyeballs him, but luckily for the referee Frank only really has eyes for Jonny Booya tonight.

Booya, having finally had a few seconds to regain consciousness, begins stirring on the mat. Frank puts a stop to this with a boot straight to the spine. He reaches down and grabs Jonny by his ridiculous hair and pulls him up into something of a standing headscissor. *It's really more of a slumping head scissor.* Wild-eyed and crazy, Frank unleashes another roar to the crowd.

DDK:

What in Jesus' name is he doing?

Angus:

I ain't entirely sure here, but it looks almost like-

Frank grabs Jonny bodily around the waist and heaves him up high into the air and whips him right back down as hard as is humanly possible.

DDK:

ATOMIC POWERBOMB!

Angus:

Hey! That's Mayberry's move!

A weird moment passes with Jonny Booya folded upside down on top of himself. Frank chortles before dropping down and putting all of his weight on Booya. Mark Shields is already in position.

One...

Two...

...

DDK:

What the hell?

At the last possible moment Mark Shields finds himself pulled out of the ring and facing an irate Curtis Penn on the floor. Shields begins pointing in his face and hollering back at him immediately and threatening to disqualify his man. Frank Dylan James may not know much number math, but he certainly knows that "three" is supposed to come after "two," and so he is immediately incensed and screaming at both Mark Shields *and* Curtis Penn.

Angus:

GODDAMMIT! WHY CAN'T WE FIRE THIS DOUCHE?

Just as Frank is about to head back outside and handle this situation himself the crowd pops as Harmony sprints down to ringside. She whips Penn around, kicks him hard in the gut, grabs him by the head and takes a running leap up to the ringside apron where she springs off backwards and sends herself over dropping Penn with a Shiranui! For his part, Frank rolls of the ring and grabs Mark Shields and "gently" assists him back into the ring.

DDK:

He'd better be careful! He could be disqualified or even fined for putting his hands on a referee!

Angus:

Who, Shields? He's not a referee, he's just a dude who likes stripes.

Frank hops back on the apron, but instead of re-entering the ring proper he hastily climbs up the nearest turnbuckle where he hoots at the crowd one more time before leaping off and dripping an ugly and painful looking couple of knees across the body of Jonny Booya.

DDK:

Mountain Top Knee Drop!

Angus:

It's over, Keebs! Jonny Booya is dead!

Frank scrabbles back over to make the cover and Shields drops down to count.

One...

Two...

Three!!!

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner, and STILL DEFIANCE ONSLAUGHT CHAMPION...

The crowd goes bananas.

Darren Quimbey:

Fraaaank Dylaaaaaan JAAAAAAAAAMES!

DDK:

Talk about your one-sided matches...

Angus:

You see, Keeps, there's beatings, and then there's beatings. What you and I were just witness to was one of the all time great BEATINGS in DEFIANCE history!

Harmony slides into the ring with the DOC belt and hands it over to Frank as Shields raises his hand in victory. Frank snatches it down and begins to question Harmony about her involvement. What exactly is said can't be picked up by the camera, and the two leave the ring before things get too weird, but one Frank Dylan James is definitely not as happy a camper as he should be after such a dominating effort.

BANK ON IT

Somewhere backstage, the man who attacked Elijah Cross earlier during the show is now walking down a hallway, his head held high and his chest puffed outward. Leave it to someone like Sean Jackson, to be proud of his earlier actions, trying to destroy a fellow competitor. Flanking the Lone Star of Texas on both sides is attorney Marshall Owens and personal valet Vanessa, who also seem pleased with the earlier destruction of Elijah Cross.

While they move down the hallway, a conversation is already taking place.

Marshall Owens:

It was a thing of beauty Sean. Trust me, there won't be a single person in Defiance who could mistake that warning.

A million dollar smirk begins to form on the Dallas native's face.

Sean Jackson:

Screw em, whether they got the warning or not, each and every one of them is now on notice. Their eyes had better be on a swivel because no one will know when I strike next.

Meanwhile, not far away is Jason Natas who is walking down another hallway, approaching the same corner as the Lone Star and his entourage. As both hit the intersection at the same time, both Natas and Jackson bump chest to chest.

Jason Natas:

Fu--

The Anti-Superstar stops himself from cursing, just in-case he's bumped into somebody he doesn't want to get into a fight with just moments away from his match with Lindsay Troy.

When he realises who it is, Natas smirks, likely recalling what happened to Mr. Jackson at CLASH. He nods to Marshall and Sean.

Jason Natas:

Fellas.

Then to Vanessa.

Jason Natas:

Miss.

Instead of provoking The Lone Star, however, Natas attempts to maneuver between the group.

Jason Natas:

'Scuse me.

Sean Jackson isn't about to let that happen, however. The former World Champion sidesteps, preventing Jason's advance. The Bronx Bully takes a step back, scowling.

Jason Natas:

You gonna make me say it again? I ain't gonna be quite so polite about it the second time, boyo...

Still sporting the "smirk", the Dallas native moves his glance to Marshall and directs his response "around" Natas.

Sean Jackson:

Check it out Marshall...

The former world champion tilts his head slightly in the direction of Natas in a condescending fashion, as if the Anti-Superstar was dirt under his feet.

Sean Jackson:

They'll let anybody backstage nowadays. But I tell you what Natas...

The smirk is now long gone and now the tension can be cut with a knife. Feeling disrespected, the Lone Star of Texas now squares up on the Bronx Bully.

Sean Jackson:

You aren't in the Bronx, this is New Orleans where real men know how to open their mouths to give legitimate apologies. So how about manning up and giving me the apology I so richly deserve.

The word "I" seems not to resonate with Marshall and Vanessa who take "I" to mean "we" and they nod accordingly.

Sean Jackson:

It doesn't go fellas, scuse me. It goes...

The Dallas native clears his throat.

Sean Jackson:

I'm sorry Mr. Jackson for not paying attention where I was going. It was rude of me and I'm terribly sorry for my transgressions.

As Sean is speaking, Marshall can only bring his hand to his chin while fighting back a shocked expression. He knows the demand will be met with either compliance or conflict, wishing against the latter. But of course, with Sean Jackson, his mouth generally draws the latter. When the response doesn't come quick enough, the former world champion goes off.

Sean Jackson:

Just as I thought, another gutless coward who puts his own ego ahead of what's right. Yeah, you're from the Bronx alright. No manners, and no respect for anyone superior to you.

Jason Natas clenches and unclenches his right fist as he sizes Sean Jackson up. It doesn't take him long to respond.

Jason Natas:

"Superior?"

He snorts.

Jason Natas:

Interestin' choices of words, 'cause the last time I was you, you were out there with Eric Dane. 'Cept you weren't fightin' him: you were runnin', cowerin', and hidin' behind these two jesters...

Jason points towards Marshall and Vanessa.

Jason Natas:

Doin' just about everythin' you could to avoid actually wrestlin' the guy... y'know, like you're paid to do. So don't gimme that high and mighty crap, Mr. Former Champ. This ain't one of those flashy Hollywood entertainment spots: this is DEFIANCE, and we fight in DEFIANCE. You might wanna think about that next time you tell someone to bow down and kiss the ring, 'less you wanna lose a couple'a those pearly whites.

His tone calm and collected throughout, The Anti-Superstar eventually notices all he was looking for the first place: a gap in Jackson's entourage.

Jason Natas:

'Scuse me.

And with a nod, Jason Natas has brushed passed Jackson, Owens and Vanessa, and off down the corridor.

Sean Jackson:

Did you see that Marshall?

The manager and attorney for the former world champion nods, clearly disgusted with the exchange.

Sean Jackson:

Blatant disrespect from a classless bum. But that's to be expected from...

Then it dawns on him, his face goes beet red as the comments about CLASH finally registers.

Sean Jackson:

Wait a minute, what did that bastard say?

The Dallas native turns abruptly towards Marshall.

Sean Jackson:

WHAT DID HE SAY?!?!

Seething, the Lone Star of Texas turns in the direction of the camera.

Sean Jackson:

Tell me he didn't grow a set and legit throw that in my face? Tell me he just didn't stand there and let that elephant mouth overload his mosquito ass?

It's evident, the Dallas native simply isn't going to let that fly. Right before the camera fades, Sean finishes off with...

Sean Jackson:

No problem Natas, I've got something for that. You can bank on it.

Cut.

THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET

The camera zooms in slow on the interview stage as Lance Warner appears in the spotlight, mic in hand and proud smile on his face. The crowd noise in the WrestlePlex drops to a simmering din in anticipation of the announcement.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, would you please give a warm welcome to DEFIANCE's newest tag team sensation... the RAIN CITY RONIN!

♪ "Revolve" by the Melvins ♪

The opening riffs to "Revolve" rip in over the PA, and the DEFIANCE Faithful deliver true on Lance's request by greeting the Seattle wrestling purists stepping out onto the stage with a solid, supportive cheer. Kerry Kuroyama arrives first, clad in his Millennial ensemble of flannel and jeans, and meets Lance with a handshake before gifting the fans a fist pump. The ageless and iconic Rocko Daymon is close behind him, giving the interviewer a nod before setting his stern million-mile gaze upon the sea of cheering wrestling fans. The entrance is kept brief, and the music soon fades out as soon as Lance begins speaking again.

Lance Warner:

Here they are, "The Undying" Rocko Daymon, and his student, "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama... gentlemen, thank you for being here this evening!

Kerry Kuroyama

Thank YOU, Lance!

Lance Warner:

Well, let's cut right to it. We haven't seen much of the two of you since DEFIANCE ROAD, and the dust-up between you and the company's other tag teams that occurred that night. I'm sure everyone would like to know, what's been going on with the Rain City Ronin over the past month?

Kerry Kuroyama:

The short answer to that is , we've been on watch. Watching and waiting for the soonest opportunity to get back into that DEFIANCE ring.

Lance Warner:

And the long answer?

Kerry nods to the master, and Lance shifts the mic over to Rocko, who hasn't broken his gaze transfixed on a point in the center of the galaxy light years away.

Rocko Daymon:

The long answer is... we have been tirelessly making preparations, for the war to come. Focusing our strength and vision... clearing the path to the battles that will define our legacy. We have been doing all that is necessary, in order to build the foundation to something the world has never seen before. Something all of professional wrestling could never fathom, but has always been felt, for generations. Our purpose here in DEFIANCE... our PATH... will be wrought with hardships and adversity, but it is through those challenges, we will persevere... we will evolve... we will...

By this point, Lance has already begun slowly pulling the mic into Kerry's direction.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Here's the deal, Lance... ever since we first came to DEFIANCE, we've been eager to get in the ring and put this company on notice. But so far it's been a frustrating process, watching our supposed competition spend more of their time showcasing their personalities than their talent.

Lance Warner:

Well, we saw two of those teams you could consider as competition in action earlier tonight, showcasing some of that talent. What did you think of the match between the Pop Culture Phenoms and the Angel City eXXXpress?

Kerry Kuroyama

What did I think? I thought it was SAD, to watch clowns like The D and Elise Ares put the integrity of their record before their integrity as athletes, cheating to win. I thought it was disheartening, watching true DEFIANCE veterans like Rich Mahogany and Don Hollywood get played like that. But most of all, I thought it was a shame for these fans, having to accept that as the standard of greatness in DEFIANCE's tag team wrestling division. But we don't accept that, Lance... and we promise to change it.

Daymon confidently nods in agreement.

Lance Warner

Not surprising that men of such high standards would still stand to be impressed. Still, those are some exceptionally strong statements, especially considering many would still say the Rain City Ronin have yet to be fully tested in DEFIANCE ring.

Kerry Kuroyama

Then I'd say it's high time for us to be put to the test, wouldn't you say?

Kuroyama turns his attention from the reporter to the camera.

Kerry Kuroyama

Frankly Lance, we could stand here in front of the cameras and talk about our superior skills and superior abilities all day long... but we're getting rather tired of talking about what we're going to do, and would much rather just doing it.

That's why we've come out here tonight, Lance. The Rain City Ronin are formally throwing down the gauntlet to the DEFIANCE tag team division. Angel City eXXXpress... Pop Culture Phenoms... as far as we're concerned, we've got unfinished business from DEFIANCE ROAD.

So come DEFCON, we'd like to formally invite everyone back into the ring for another go-round. No microphones... no fake statues or presentation ceremonies... no meaningless pissing matches... just the six of us, hashing it out as professional wrestlers.

And if DEFCON is too long of a wait, we'll happily give you a preview of what's to come, any given week here in the WrestlePlex.

"Revolve" resumes its place over the PA as Kuroyama turns his attention from the microphone to the fans, once again saluting them with a fist pump. Warner nods as he takes in the words and turns to Rocko for the follow-up.

Lance Warner:

Well, then... Mr. Daymon, your young protege has developed quite a bold streak. Does that concern you at all?

Rocko Daymon:

Men of bold words are often men of bold actions, Mister Warner. We did not come to DEFIANCE to maintain the status quo. We can to elevate it.

Satisfied with their message, the two nod to each other, and Rain City Ronin makes its exit. Lance is left alone on the stage as he glances over to the commentary table.

Lance Warner:

Back to you guys!

JASON NATAS VS. LINDSAY TROY

Cut-to: Angus and Keeps at the announcers' table

DDK:

Thanks Lance. It's semi-main event time, and we're about to see the man who gave the Wargod a run for his money in the opening round of the CLASH of the DEFIANTS tournament, Jason Natas, go toe-to-toe with the newly crowned FIST of DEFIANCE number one contender and WARCHAMBER victor, Lindsay Troy.

Angus:

AKA, Fatas might find himself poked like a stuck pig by the reigning High Queen DEFIANT!

DDK:

I don't think that's a possibility in this match, partner. If you remember way back when, during Jason's first DEFIANCE stint prior to his knee injury, he and Troy had a discussion in which the Queen revealed she might've had a hand in getting the Pugilist back on his feet and into the company, and that gruff, ice facade of Natas' melted just a smidge. Fast-forward to today, after months of work post-knee injury, and months of work to get back into fighting shape, they're about to throw down.

♪ "NY State of Mind" by Nas ♪

The music plays. By the time we get past the Donald Byrd sample and hit the track's lurching, bass-driven rhythm, Jason Natas steps out onto the stage and starts his walk down the ramp. Attire-wise, he's sporting a cleaner, more professional look than we're accustomed to. Gone are the grey denim cut-offs and Doc Martens, replaced by a pair of black and blue trunks and some traditional wrestling boots. The "PUGILIST" tee's still there, but the sleeves have been chopped-off.

DDK:

There's a pretty hefty brace strapped around Natas' right knee there, Angus. It was that very joint that sidelined him for 18 months and kickstarted his downward spiral in the first place, and it's been reported that he "tweaked" the knee in his CLASH showdown with Bronson Box. I wonder how that'll affect his performance tonight.

Angus:

Sounds like a convenient excuse to me, Keeps. As if Fatas needs *another* one...

Having paused only to slap hands with a few supporters in the front row, the no-nonsense brawler rolls under the bottom rope and climbs to his feet. He grabs the top rope and starts stretching out, getting ready for his opponent's arrival.

♪ "Trampled Under Foot" by Led Zeppelin ♪

That funky clavinet intro heralds the arrival of the number one contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE and the Faithful respond in kind. Cell phone screens and camera flashes light up the arena and pyro explodes from the stage like cannon fire.

Robert Plant serenades the Wrestle-Plex with the first verse and chorus before Lindsay Troy makes her appearance. She throws the curtain aside and strides out to the platform amidst the pyro blasts. Her long legs carry her across the stage as she marches down the ramp.

DDK:

Lindsay Troy was out here earlier, as promised from CLASH of the DEFIANTS, to talk about all that happened at DEFIANCE ROAD between herself, Bronson Box, and the FIST of DEFIANCE Dan Ryan.

Angus:

And predictably, dear brother-in-law had something to say about it.

DDK:

The path that the Queen and the Ego Buster are on, partner, I'm not sure they're going to be able to come back from when it's all said and done. Business or no, family or no, their clash at DEFCON is going to be one for the ages. Troy's going to have to put that encounter to the back burner if she wants to keep her streak rolling tonight.

Angus:

Yeah, let's not let that pummeling of Bronson Box in the WARCHAMBER be for naught by dropping one here to the Hudson River Rat.

Troy is up on the apron and flips herself up and over the top rope before ascending a turnbuckle to post for a photo op. She doesn't linger for long before hopping down from her perch to give both Natas and Benny Doyle a nod of readiness.

The bell rings. Jason Natas moves towards the centre of the ring and extends a hand. Lindsay Troy slaps it, before both competitors move back towards their corners, and the circling commences.

Troy takes a step forward and lowers a hand, looking for a knuckle-lock. Natas has other ideas, however, raising both arms. Both wrestlers throw themselves into a collar-and-elbow. It doesn't take long for The Anti-Superstar's brute force to prevail, and he pushes Troy back towards the ropes. LT, however, finds an angle to twist around, reverse the positions, and push Natas' back against the ropes. Benny Doyle calls for a clean break, and that's what we get.

Back to the middle. More circling. More feeling-out. They lock up with another collar-and-elbow, and this time, after a few seconds' of jostling, Lindsay Troy's able to loosen Natas' grip and skip behind. Transitioning to a rear waistlock, Troy's not able to hold on for too long as Natas bursts free and spins around with an elbow! Missed! She sidesteps, stings Natas with a stiff body kick, then pulls him into a facelock.

DDK:

Troy gripping tightly to Jason Natas here. There's a clear strength discrepancy in this match, but Lindsay undoubtedly has the edge when it comes to speed and technique.

Angus:

Technique trumps power every time, Keebs, and if the Queen can stay precise, Fatas isn't going to last long tonight.

Natas throws a few shots to Troy's ribs but can't quite loosen her enough to break free. Nonetheless, she drops to one knee, then rolls Natas over her shoulders and onto the mat. Troy maintains the lock, and with Natas' shoulders pressed to the mat, Doyle counts.

ONE!

He kicks out with relative ease, but inevitably rolls back onto his shoulders.

ONE!

And again, Natas rolls his torso enough to stop the count. This time, however, he goes all the way. Natas twists his bulky frame around, even with his head still in Troy's grasp, and rises to his knees. He throws a couple of shots to the gut, and this gives him an opening. Eventually the burly New Yorker's back on his feet and scooping Lindsay Troy up. With the Queen still attached to him, Natas fails to get any *pop* on the bodyslam. Troy pulls him down with her, and rolls him from his feet to his back.

DDK:

Nice transition from Lindsay Troy, who moves into a side neck crank.

Angus:

Necessitated by Natas' attempted takedown: the move might not have been a complete success, but it forced an adjustment from Troy.

It takes a few moments for Natas' ring awareness to come to him, but he eventually slips his boot onto the bottom rope. Troy breaks, and both grapplers rise.

DDK:

Excellent job thus far by Troy. Natas can't strike if he's all tied-up, thus neutralising what's probably his biggest strength.

Angus:

And these holds might not look particularly devastating, but when you're on the receiving end and constantly working against your opponent's weight and momentum, that shit is *tiring*. Fatas isn't exactly known for his conditioning, so...

Conscious of the match's flow thus far, Natas feints for another lock-up attempt but switches up and *bursts* forward, crashing into his esteemed opponent with a flying knee! Troy stumbles and eats a barrage of forearm strikes that back her into the corner. A couple of stiff elbows follow, before Natas whips Troy across the ring to the opposite corner.

The Bronx Bully follows immediately behind her, but runs right into a back elbow strike. As Jason stumbles away, Troy hops onto the second turnbuckle and flies back with a springboard cross body! She doesn't pin, however: just traps an arm, and then the neck.

DDK:

Dragon Sleeper!

Natas thrashes with his free arm, trying to create some wiggle room but it's no use. Instead, he pulls his feet from under him and digs his soles into the mat, then pushes upwards with his legs. Jason brutishly forces his way to an almost-vertical position, forcing Troy to drop the arm and transition to a standard sleeper, before pulling him towards the ropes.

Troy drops one of her arms and seizes Natas' wrist, before abandoning the sleeper entirely. She pushes him briefly away before pulling him back with the wrist-clutch and drilling his jaw with an elbow, before hopping out to the apron. Natas staggers back, and that's when Troy vertical leaps onto the top rope, then flies off with a front flip neckbreaker! She hooks the leg as soon as she rolls onto Natas' torso.

ONE!**TWO!****NO! Kick-out!****Angus:**

Oh, Fatas! This isn't working out very well for you.

DDK:

He's struggling, Angus. There's no better way to say it. Troy's one of the most well-rounded wrestlers in the world, and Jason just hasn't been able to find a hole in her game yet. Other than a very brief flurry about a minute ago, this has been all Lindsay Troy.

Angus:

Talk about his "improvement" all you want, Keebs, but Jason Natas just isn't getting it done out there. Bronson Box was his kinda fight: this absolutely is *not*. I've not always been Troy's most vocal supporter, but you whoop the Wargod's ass in a match and a structure of his creation, and I guess you start to change your tune a little...

DDK:

That's huge for you to admit, Angus.

Angus:

She's also cruising at the moment, and I like to point out the obvious.

DDK:

Of course.

Opting to keep things grounded, Lindsay Troy has both of Jason Natas' arms seized and a knee pushed painfully between his shoulder blades. The Bronx Bully grunts in pain as Troy wrenches back, and when he tries to counter by moving sideways, she instead seizes Jason's throat and falls onto her back, pulling him into her guard.

Natas rolls over before Troy can apply the rear naked choke, but this plays right into her hands. She wraps his torso with her legs, trapping out of his arms on the outside, then pulls him down into a tight Triangle Choke!

The Anti-Superstar stalls for a moment, but soon feels the oxygen draining from his lungs. There's only one choice: to fight through this the only way he knows how.

DDK:

Look!

As Doyle checks on him, Natas straightens his spine out then pushes one boot into the canvas. A second follows, and with one almighty *heeeeeeeave*, Natas pulls Lindsay Troy up off the canvas and into the air! He quickly one-armed powerbombs her down into the mat, then falls into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Shoulder up!

DDK:

Natas is dragging himself back into this through sheer force of will! He's not going to twist and contort his way out of a Triangle: he's gonna pick you up and drop you on your neck and shoulders!

Both wrestlers stay down on the mat. For Natas, it's a case of recovering the oxygen lost and recalibrating those sore limbs: for Troy, it's trying to shake-off the impact of Natas' comeback before it turns into a full-blown momentum swing.

The Anti-Superstar is first to his feet, and Troy follows shortly after. Jason ups his dukes and calls for her to trade with him. Troy is happy to oblige, and catches Natas with a couple of sharp kicks to the ribs as he advances. Jason eats the first couple of rights, but checks the third as it comes in from the left, then dives in with a forearm!

Whack, whack, whack! A textbook rapid-fire onslaught follows, and Natas forces Lindsay back into the corner. He grabs the arm and tries to whip her, but she reverses. Natas' back hits the opposite set of 'buckles and Troy flies in, catching him with a high cross body before letting him stumble out, then downing him with a spinning roundhouse.

DDK:

More signs of life quashed by Lindsay Troy, and here she comes again.

The Queen pulls Natas to his feet, then grabs hold of a boot. Jason knows what's coming, however, and leans in with a couple of forearms to break her hold. He throws a wild clothesline at Troy, but she ducks before it, catches Natas' boot as he tries to kick her gut, and Dragon Screws him to the mat!

DDK:

He's lucky that was the left leg, Angus! Few standing moves tear a knee apart quite like a Dragon Screw!

Angus:

Troy's heading to the top, too! Goodnight Fatas!

Stumbling a little, Jason Natas rises to his full vertical. By the time he turns around, however, Lindsay Troy's standing on the top rope and leaping-off in his direction.

DDK:

ALL HAIL THE QUEEN!

She completes the Dragonrana's first step -- a 360 front flip -- and lands on Jason Natas' shoulders...

But Natas *refuses* to go down!

He grabs Troy's waistband, hoists her into the air and goes for the powerbomb, but she slips out! She lands on her feet, but Natas pivots round as she's steadying herself.

DDK:

FOEHAMMER!

Angus:

JESUS CHRIST!

DDK:

Natas with the Roaring Elbow! That might be a knockout blow!

ONE!

TWO!

NOOOOOOO! LT kicks out!

Angus:

Fuck, that was close! I almost forgot how hard this guy hits!

DDK:

He's not enjoyed a dominant spell yet, but sometimes all it takes is a handful of big moves to stay in the fight! Troy's been on top, but Natas has found a way out of every tough spot that she's put him in thus far. Whereas a few months ago he might've started looking for a way out, tonight he's fighting through the adversity and refusing to be overwhelmed.

Angus:

But he's gotta capitalise on these momentum shifts, Keebs. Without a sustained assault, Fatas might just be prolonging the inevitable.

Natas takes a few moments to recover his breath, then pushes himself back up to his feet. He pulls Lindsay up as she's rising and whips her to a corner, following up with a big running forearm. A staggered Troy wanders out from the corner, and Jason charges past her, heading to the ropes. He swings a savage clothesline on the rebound, but Troy ducks!

Jason hits the ropes for a second time and Troy leaps with a dropkick. Natas, however, stops himself shoulder enough to avoid the blow. When she hits the deck, Natas grabs her waist and tosses her overhead with a release German Suplex! Troy hits the canvas hard, and Natas covers.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Troy kicks out!

Both get to their feet slowly. When up, Natas goes full blitzkrieg with the forearms again. Troy, however, finds a gap in his movement and ducks out of the storm. She peppers him with a few leg kicks from behind, then cracks his jaw with a Shotei strike as he turns around!

Natas wobbles momentarily, but fires back in with a European Uppercut!

DDK:

It's precision and timing versus power and persistence, and this one is really opening-up following a strong spell from Jason Natas!

Both grapplers fall back momentarily, feeling the impact of the blows. Jason Natas rubs his jaw as Troy stays on one knee. He notices this, however, and charges out, grabbing her waist and bringing her down with a back suplex! From there, Natas pulls her back to her feet and sets her up...

DDK:

He's going for the South Bronx Lariat! This could be it!

When he throws, however, Troy *leaps* off the ground, ties-up Natas' Lariat arm with her legs, and flips him down to the mat!

Angus:

What the hell?!

DDK:

What a counter! Natas swung for the Lariat, and Troy seized him with a flipping armbar!

Once Jason hits the really deep waters, however, he's able to throw his lower body round to the left and twang the bottom rope with his boot. Troy breaks as soon as Doyle calls for it.

The competitors labour their way back to their feet. Once there, Natas charges. *Misses*. Troy dazes him with an elbow then runs the ropes and brings her larger foe down with a running Neckbreaker! She hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Natas throws a shoulder up!

The Queen doesn't hang around, however. She goes right in for the kill instead of resting, trapping Natas' arm to set-up up for her Divine Right finishing submission. Natas rolls away before she can swing the legs over, though!

Troy keeps wrist control, adjusts, and rises to her feet. With Natas in her grasp, she wrenches the arm, then moves over to the corner and scales the turnbuckles.

DDK:

A little arm work from LT now, going back to the chain wrestling base that had brought her success early on.

Before she can stand-up and finish what she's doing, LT eats a *huge* surging uppercut from Natas! He breaks free from her grasp, then shakes the dust away and scales the 'buckles himself. Once there he throws Troy's head under his arm, pulls her into the air, and brings her down with a huge Superplex! It takes a moment to recover, but Natas eventually hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Troy gets a shoulder up!**Angus:**

Jesus! He just keeps coming back! One minute Troy was about to lock Natas in her finishing hold, the next she's lying flat on her back after a big Superplex!

The Bronx Bully hops to his feet.

Big mistake.

His face tightens with pain as he does so, and his right leg judders beneath him.

DDK:

Oh no, I think Natas just jarred that knee again..

No matter how excruciating the pain may be, however, Jason Natas *endures*. He takes LT's head and throws it between his thighs, then hauls her backwards...

Angus:

GOTCH-STYLE PILEDRI-- NO!

... but LT *pulls* herself onto Jason's shoulders with *dat core strength* before he can trap the leg and complete the cradle!

Hurricanrana!

DDK:

Another twist in the tale! Natas was all-set to put The Queen away, but Troy *somehow* fought out of an incredible tough spot to keep her own chances alive!

Angus:

Fuck, Keeps! I might've been wrong about this match! This is... this is really fucking good.

Both wrestlers are down. Natas is lying on his back, staring skywards, while Lindsay Troy is resting on her elbows, recovering. She's the first to stir, but she's not the first to her feet.

A sudden bolt of energy surges through Jason Natas' body. He explodes to his feet and meets the rising LT with a volley of forearms! Troy's dazed! Natas applies the front facelock and hangs LT vertical, but she slips-out before he can finish the Brainbuster!

Troy seizes Natas' neck on the way down and tries to execute a Reverse DDT, but The Bronx Bully twists himself loose, then fires back with a headbutt! Troy's seeing stars, and Natas runs the ropes...

DDK:

FOEHAMMER!

The big elbow connects for a second time tonight! Natas falls into the cover.

Angus:

JASON NATAS IS ABOUT TO PIN LINDSAY TROY!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE?

NOOOOOOOOOO! KICK-OUT!

Showing no signs of frustration, Jason gets up as quickly as his damaged knee will allow. He pulls Troy up with him and whips her to the ropes, but LT ducks the Big Boot!

She rebounds for a second time, baseball slides past Natas... PELE KICK!

Natas is dazed. He falls to the ropes. *Slumps.*

DDK:

She's setting it up!

Angus:

HERE COME THE RAYNES!

Troy charges just as Natas turns around. She launches forward with the double-knee strike...

RAYNES OF CAST-- NO!

Natas dodges!

LT comes forward again, Natas catches her...

RUNNING POWERSLAM!

Angus:

OH MYYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

That's it! It's over! It's *OVER!*

A tried Jason Natas rolls onto Troy.

ONE!

TWO!

... TWO AND A HALF!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE--

NOOOOOOOOOO! KICK-OUT!

EVERYONE in the bleachers leaps off their feet!

DDK:

That couldn't have been much closer! These two athletes are showing *INCREDIBLE* spirit out there tonight!

Angus:

Damnit, Keeps! I thought the Boxer match was a one-off, but here he is, Jason Fatas, match one of the absolute *best* that we've ever had move-for-move... *AGAIN!* This is nuts.

Almost running on fumes at this point, a labouring Jason Natas clammers to his feet, taking LT with him. He shakes his

arm, limbering-up for the South Bronx Lariat...

DDK:

WAIT!

Troy *SNAPS* in close, and *DRILLS* Natas down with a Reverse STO...

... right into the Koji Clutch!

DDK:

DIVINE RIGHT!

Angus:

She's got it locked-in!

Natas tenses-up, desperately looking for a way out.

DDK:

Natas is struggling! He's fighting!

Angus:

She's got it locked-in *DEEEEEEP*, Keeps!

But there's nowhere to go.

There's no way out.

Troy's got him locked-up far too tightly, and there's only one choice.

TAP! TAP! TAP!

The bell rings as soon as Benny Doyle hops to his feet and calls for it. Both competitors fall to their backs, exhausted.

Angus:

That was one helluva match! Fatas might've lost another 5lbs tonight!

DDK:

I'm not sure there's another 5lbs left to lose! The guy has fought his way back to the best shape of his life, and tonight proved it!

Angus:

... he'll always be "Fatas" to me, Keeps.

DDK:

In the end, Troy's superior technique and incredibly well-rounded skillset proved too much. It's another hugely impressive victory for the High Queen DEFIANT, just weeks removed from the WARCHAMBER!

Jason Natas is on his feet, leaning back against the ropes, disappointed but far from distraught. As Benny Doyle lowers Lindsay Troy's hand and Darren Quimbey calls her name, they meet eyes and exchange a respectful nod.

DDK:

An excellent match, and an ideal appetizer for tonight's main event! DEFtv is back with a vengeance!

THE CRUSHING WEIGHT OF REDEMPTION

The gym.

A rarely seen part of the DEFplex, but that's exactly where we find Andy Murray.

Clad in a long-sleeve Under Armour compression short and a pair of basketball shorts, The King is jogging lightly on a treadmill. This doesn't last too long, however: the machine's program soon reaches its end, slowing to a walking pace, before eventually coming to a complete halt.

DDK:

Well, there's Andy Murray.

Angus:

Partaking in a workout that looks just about as strenuous as his match earlier, I see.

Andy hops-off the 'mill, grabs his towel, and turns towards the running track that circles the resistance machines in the middle of the room. Coincidentally, his younger brother has just completed a lap, and pops his earbuds out on approach.

Andy Murray:

Finito?

Cayle takes a moment to gather his breath and wipe the sweat from his brow, then looks up at his elder sibling.

Cayle Murray:

Aye, think so. How was the cool-down workout?

Andy Murray:

Boring.

Cayle Murray:

Then why bother?

Andy Murray:

Because I'm almost forty and want to be able to get out of bed tomorrow.

The Wrestler Informally Known as "Squidboy" nods.

Cayle Murray:

Fair enough. I'm gonna freshen-up and think about getting the hell outta here.

Andy Murray:

You go on. I've not been able to get any chest work done all week; think I might hit the bench for a few reps.

With another nod, the younger Murray turns away from his brother and starts walking his tired body towards the men's locker-room. Andy heads in the opposite direction and takes-up residence at a nearby weight bench. Cayle disappears through a swing door, leaving The King completely alone inside the fitness suite.

After taking a few seconds to slide some extra lbs on the bar, the towering Scot sits down on the end of the bench then lies back. He clamps his hands around the grips, pulls the weight away from its holster, and grimaces as he gently lowers the bar towards his chest.

Andy completes the first rep with relative ease, lowers for the second, then pushes back up...

"Ahem!"

The voices catches Andy off-guard.

DDK:

Wait a minute!

He looks-up to find Bobby Dean's bulbous frame looming over him.

Andy Murray:

Bob--

BBD:

Nyuh-uh.

There's no time for Murray to react: Bobby's already grabbed hold of the bar. He hops just a few inches off the ground as he pushes downwards, but that's all it takes when you weigh close to 400lbs.

DDK:

No, Bobby! NO!

The bar *cracks* down on Andy Murray's ribcage and the shocked King wails loudly. Before he can remove the weight from his crushed chest, however, Bobby's taking a few steps back, then leaping forward...

... and *CRASHING* down on the Scot!

Angus:

JESUS *FUCKING* CHRISTMAS!

DDK:

Andy Murray was pinned to that bench, and Bobby Dean just splashed him! Oh God, Angus! This is bad... VERY bad!

The combined weight of Bobby, Andy and the barbell tip the bench all the way over! The weights *kkkrang* against the concrete floor, and Bobby Dean rolls onto his back. He clammers awkwardly to his feet and catches his breath.

Andy Murray:

Ugghh...

DDK:

He's hurt! There's no doubt about it!

Bobby looks down. Andy Murray is in a *baaaaaaad* way. The Scottish giant is on his side, clutching his ribs with both hands, writhing in agony.

Cayle Murray:

What the...?!

Cayle *storms* through the locker-room door and sets eyes on the commotion. His face fills with anger: Bobby's fills with terror.

Bobby Dean:

Jeepers!

Dane's henchman turns and flees as fast as his stumpy legs will carry him. Cayle dashes out, but he's got no interest in chasing Bobby: only tending to his fallen brother.

Cayle Murray:

Andy!

Andy rolls onto his back. His breaths a short and sharp, with each one sending barbs of pain shooting through his chest.

Cayle Murray:

Jesus Christ... Help! *MEDIC!*

Angus:

Looks like a trip to the hospital is in Andy Murray's near future, Keeps! And hey, whaddaya know... Bobby Dean *finally* came good!

DDK:

"Came good"?! He just demolished Andy's ribcage! Murray will be lucky if they're not broken!

Angus:

And that's *exactly* what The BAWS asked of him! Goodnight, big man! That's what happens when you stick your nose where it isn't wanted!

DDK:

Either way, we're gonna need some medical attention back there! A truly brutal turn of events, folks.

Cut.

ANGEL TRINIDAD VS. DUSTY GRIFFITH

DDK:

Angus... you've GOT to be ready for our main event. After MONTHS of bad blood, chaos, fights being had and blood being spilt... the night is here. Dusty Griffith finally gets his hands on Angel Trinidad.

Angus:

OH, FUCK, YES, KEEBS! THE HOSSFYTE OF HOSSSSSSSSSSFFFFFFFYYYT TTTTTEEESSSS IS HERE!!!

DDK:

Understatement of the year right there! By now, you all know about the bad blood these two have had since last year! Back at DEFIANCE Road, Angel Trinidad finally had his first loss handed to him by none other THAN Dusty after Angel did the same to him for a long time! Now they're at one a piece in tag matches... now, the first-ever singles match is here!

Angus:

ALL RIGHT, SHUT IT, KEEBS, OUR HOSS OVERLORD IS COMING OUT HERE NOW!

And to the ring with Darren Quimbey we go!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a grudge match and this is your main event of the evening!

The lights drop for the arrival of the hated young giant this evening and the opening riffs to his new song start to play...

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

The music hits hard on the PA and out comes the gruesome twosome who've mainly been responsible for Dusty Griffith's recent woes. Out comes the new management first for Team HOSS, Thomas Keeling Sr. as he looks out to the crowd with a confident smirk. He waves a hand and out comes his massive charge...

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by his manager, Thomas Keeling Sr... hailing from The Bronx, New York, weighing in at THREE-HUNDRED AND THREE pounds... this is "THE BIGGEST AND THE BEST" ANGEL TRINIDAD!

Angel stomps towards the ring at a much more feverish pace than he usually does. Thomas Keeling, Sr. has trouble trying to match the pace of his charge as he stops in front of the ring. Angel Trinidad throws off his shirt and steps over the ropes before he leaps onto the apron and steps inside the squared circle.

DDK:

For months, Angel treated Dusty Griffith like he was dirt, but the second that Dusty Griffith got his hands on him at DEFIANCE Road and got the better of him... well, Angel has been a time bomb ready to go off ever since.

Angus:

Mayberry picked a good day to die and now, OUR HOSS OVERLORD is going to make that happen!

Thomas Keeling stands on the ring apron trying to calm his charge down but Angel doesn't even know that he exists in the moment. Every day since Dusty defeated him at DEFIANCE Road, he has been seeing red and now he has a chance to avenge a loss.

♪ "I Love It Loud" by KISS ♪

The lights drop and that familiar drum beat begins to pound the airwaves as the lights flash in unison with the beat. The Faithful, nearly all four thousand strong are clapping and stomping in sync as their anticipation boils to a simmering buzz.

Darren Quimbey:

And now his opponent, hailing from BOISE, IDAHO, he weighs in tonight at Two Hundred and Seventy Eight Pounds... This is the WILD BRONCO...

Angel suddenly grabs Darren Quimbey by the collar of shirt and THROWS him to the ground with tremendous force!

DDK:

What the HELL?! Why did Angel just do that?!

Angus:

Because... HOSS reasons?

Griffith charges out on to the stage as the song kicks into full gear, causing the Faithful's anticipation to erupt into a full blown storm of cheers. Dusty sees what's going down in the ring where Angel DARES him to get in the ring. The Wild Bronco obliges.

With a short hop towards the ring, Dusty jogs his way down the ramp before hitting full speed the last few steps where he dives into the ring...

Angus:

STOMP HIM! SNUFF OUT MAYBEER!

DDK:

And they're OFF!

The lights come up and the Faithful immediately begin to boo when they see The Bad Man from Boise down with Alec Alexander standing over him and stomping away with one heavy boot after another. Grabbing him by his ring jacket, Angel 'helps' Dusty as he struggles to get to his feet and continues to pummel the Wild Bronco with more clubbing shots to the head as he pins him in the corner and goes to work with an alternating series of hard back elbows to both sides of Dusty's temples!

DDK:

Angel with the early advantage, but I don't even think this match has started yet!

Angus:

No, it hasn't! Angel saw Dusty and jumped on him like a hungry dog on a pound of steak!

Angel turns around and continues to lay the right hands into Dusty in the corner, letting him have it! The blows continue and Dusty continues to try and block the shots when Angel continues the beatdown and gets utterly destroyed in the corner by The Biggest AND The Best! Brian Slater tries to get in between two men when Angel turns around and shoves him back.

Angel Trinidad:

DON'T YOU FUCKING TOUCH ME!

Brian Slater was trying to get the match started properly, but Angel wasn't having it. Angel grabbed Dusty and he whipped him with all the force he could into the opposite turnbuckle before Angel charged...

BAM!

Dusty launched himself right back out of the corner with a POWERFUL Flying Shoulder Tackle that caught Angel off-guard! The Wild Bronco goes crazy and starts yelling as the crowd is loving every second of the action! He waits for Angel to start to try and stand when Dusty charges and CLOCKS him with a tackle that sends Angel into the corner and from there...

Angus:

It's PANDABEARLINOLEUM in that ring!

DDK:

No way that this can happen this way! Angel Trinidad now being taken to task by Dusty!

Dusty goes batshit crazy on Angel and lets him have it with some of the STIFFEST Elbow shots in the corner! Dusty had won matches using said elbows, but tonight he was going all-out in trying to defend himself against the bloodthirsty Angel Trinidad! He pulled him out of the corner and with Angel reeling against the ropes, Dusty charged, but Angel saw him coming and still had the wherewithal to sidestep Dusty's attack and send him spilling out to the floor.

Thomas Keeling, Sr. watched with baited breath as Angel Trinidad took a breather and had two cuts on his lip from the force of Dusty's elbows. When he saw blood on his finger, he GRITTED his teeth and started to pace around the ring as Dusty was starting to recover from his own bad landing. He starts trying to get upright when he sees a big blur coming at him...

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHH!"

Angel Trinidad CLEARS the top rope in amazing fashion with an over-the-top-rope SUICIDE DIVE onto Dusty Griffith! Every member of the audience has come alive now!

DDK:

CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS! ANGEL TRINIDAD IS WILLING TO TAKE ANY RISK TO MAKE SURE HE TAKES DUSTY OUT!

Angus:

HOSS-FLIGHT!!!

Because it's the main event of the show and of course it's a huge maneuver, the viewing audience is treated to a couple of replays from different angles of Angel's incredibly risky maneuver. The incredibly agile 300-pounder sails over the ropes and spills out to the floor, taking out Dusty again and again until the camera goes back to both men, down on the ground. Trinidad is slow to get up at first, but eventually The Bronx giant hobbles back to his feet.

Angel ignores the crowd who are cheering for the incredible action and keeps his laser-like focus solely on dishing out more punishment to Dusty. He picks him up and SLAMS him face-first into the steps before the fight heads back up the ramp. Angel goes crazy with more right hands on Dusty Griffith and two big shots send him stumbling up the ramp. Dusty is in a daze now with Angle skulking after him.

Angus:

Awwww, shits, they're coming up this way!

By now, both men are exchanging blows on the top of the ramp! Dusty throws forearms to try and save himself from more punishment, but Angel Trinidad continues to rally back with a pair of knees to the chest of Dusty until he went stumbling near the announce table...

DDK:

Oh, no, they're here now! We need to move, Angus!

Keebler takes a powder while Angus watches Dusty Griffith get THROWN head-first into the announce table right in front of him!

Angus:

Hahahaha, awesome! Eat it, Mayberry

He continues to laugh until Angel is now starting to throw stuff off the desk. Monitors, papers, pens, and various things on the announce table continue to be thrown aside... now Angus thinks twice about staying there...

Angus:

Hossfightgoodnighteverybody...

Angus now finally moves away from the table when Angel has Dusty in his grip. He kicks him in the knee several times to weaken him and then follows up with more knees into his gut before he props him up in a powerbomb position right in front of the announce table! The crowd knows what's coming next and with the match not even having started, Angel tries to set him up for his signature Awesome Bomb he called Bad Man's Land...

BACK BODY DROP!

Dusty surged to life all of a sudden and Angel Trinidad tumbled over and fell right onto the table! Griffith collapses to a knee and Angel lands on one of the monitors that is left on his table...his back is covered in a massive cut now from landing awkwardly on the table!

There's no more commentary from anybody anymore... just two men continuing to go at it with Brian Slater trying to break it up. He tries to keep Dusty from doing any more damage, but Dusty uncharacteristically shoves Slater aside - he's ready to make Angel pay. Now it's his turn for a Powerbomb, but he's going off the stage...

He tries for it... NO!

Angel frees himself and turns around, catching Dusty in the head with a NASTY low blow! Griffith gets doubled over in pain and falls over while Trinidad takes the moment to take a breather. Dusty goes down and when Brian Slater tries to break things up between he and Angel...

PUMP KICK TO SLATER!

Thomas Keeling, Sr. has been watching the action quietly from ringside, but when Angel strikes an official, that's money out of his checkbook, so he finally has to step in! He goes stumbling towards the aisle and tries to approach Angel...

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

Angel, don't do this! That's money out of our pocket! Just get Dusty and end...

Angel then grabs Keeling by the collar and SHOVES him down!

Angel Trinidad:

GET OUT OF MY FUCKING WAY! I'M ENDING THIS!

The crowd is still buzzing lively with what's happening now as Angel Trinidad starts stomping past Thomas Keeling so he can resume his beatdown of Dusty. By that point, several officials try to stop Angel, a few nameless stagehands including Benny Doyle and Mark Shields. Angel tries to pick up Dusty and try for a Powerbomb again, but Angel shoves them both away!

BAM!

A right hand to Benny Doyle and he's out!

Mark Shields doesn't want any part of Angel and tries to get him away when Angel grabs him by his shirt collar and launches him at two members of DEFsec, sending them all to the ground in a pile!

Now with others out of his way, Angel turns back to where Dusty Griffith had fallen...

But he wasn't there at the edge of the stage. Angel turns around...

...

SPEAR OFF THE STAGE!!!!!!!

The crowd is in complete SHOCK as the two men CRASHED through a large technical setup off the side of the stage, watching some of the equipment explode in a shower of sparks!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

It takes a few moments for one of the cameramen to see the damage done, but when they get there, the camera peeks down at the chaos.

Angel isn't moving any longer...

Neither is Dusty...

The grudge between the two men had just spilled over, injured many of the officials in the process...

And could have done serious damage to themselves.

Keebler and Skaaland are nowhere to be found.

The picture of all the carnage caused and all of the damage done speaks louder than any announce team can call.

The final shots of the show are the lifeless bodies of Angel Trinidad and Dusty Griffith motionless in a wreckage of their own design. The DEFtv logo appears before the show fades to black.