

THE RUNDOWN

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

♪ "Shine" by Rollins Band ♪

3rd Party Hosting has been temporarily disabled.



The DEFTv logo shatters into a thousand pieces as the DEFIANT Faithful fill the screen, all going crazy and making their presence known. The only things more prominent than the fans and their cheers are their signs, all of which are big enough to block the view of at least two other Faithful behind them.

HOORAY FOR McFUCKASS
DA BAW IS DA BEST
BLOWING IT UP SINCE '16
FIST CHRIS HOPPER
FDJ IN THE DOC
WHAT IS TURD MOMGUSON

Slowly, the cameras stop moving, and we fade to Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland, standing in front of the commentary table with their backs to the fans.

DDK:

Welcome everyone, to DEFIANCE Wrestling! Welcome to the Wrestleplex! My name is 'Diamond' Darren Keebler, and I'm joined, as always, by Angus Skaaland! Angus!

Angus:

Calm yourself, Keebs! I know you're excited to stand next to me but you've got a microphone, there's no need to shout!

Behind him, the fans chant "Blow it up!" towards Angus, and he responds with a wave - not of acceptance, but one of "Yeah, I'm pretty awesome, aren't I?"

DDK:

I can't help it, Angus, we've got a great show for you tonight, and the fallout from these matches will certainly shape and reshape DEFCON! I'm talking about Andy Sharp, wrestling in the Hollywood Gauntlet, hoping to earn a shot at the Southern Heritage Title shot against Mikey Unlikely!

Angus:

This one isn't even up for debate. As suspect as Sharp's work may be, he's just the right guy to take that belt from Hollywood McFuckass - and he's definitely got the stones to beat the Fuckass Crew.

DDK:

Speaking of the Southern Heritage, Mikey Unlikely himself will be in action tonight, defending the title against Lamond Alexander Robertson! Will he even make it to DEFCON as the Champion, Angus?

Angus:

That's a loaded question, Keeps. On one hand, Hollywood McFuckass is an embarrassment as a wrestler and should be put down with two shells to the brain as soon as possible, but on the other he's shown a remarkable ability to somehow pull off victories that he's had no business pulling off. Hopefully, Kiltboy can make Andy Sharp's efforts moot.

DDK:

Beyond those two matches, we've got a fully loaded show for you! You're going to see -

♪ "Revolution" by Sirsy ♪

Both men are cut off by the music, and by the cheers of the Faithful as Impulse enters the arena. He is dressed in his street clothes, and he walks the entrance ramp alone, slapping a few hands more out of habit than appreciation.

DDK:

I suppose Impulse has quite a bit to say tonight, after losing a heartbreaker to Curtis Penn at DEFtv 66.

Angus:

Heartbreaker? Yeah, for us. For Impulse, he had the match won and had to stand on moral fucking principle. What did that get him? A loss to fucking Curtis Penn. A shameful Impulse.

There's no wasted time or hanging with the crowd tonight - Impulse walks with purpose. He makes a half lap around the ring, just enough to get a microphone before he slides into the ring.

DDK:

Did you just fistbump your drawing?

Angus:

Shut up.

Impulse:

So... things didn't really go as planned at DEFtv 66, did they?

The arena boos, with a minor - but audible - chant of "Curtis Sucks!" Impulse waits a moment and lets the chant continue before he puts the microphone back to his lips.

Impulse:

I'm not here to start a protest or offer an excuse. Curtis Penn -

HUGE chorus of boos, and Impulse waits again.

Impulse:

-took advantage of an opening, and he came out on top. Good for him, but I wanted to clarify a few things for the Faithful tonight. You see, I'm a wrestler, not a sports entertainer.

He paces the ring a bit, while the fans boo at the words 'Sports Entertainer' - and a chant of "Mikey Sucks!" starts. A half smile crosses Impulse's face, and he lets them continue again for a bit.

Impulse:

I believe in honor and fair play -

Angus:

Boring!

Impulse:

-and I don't believe in cheating anyone out of a victory or into a loss. And I realize that those rules of engagement leave me open to situations like the one I was in against Curtis Penn, but that's my responsibility to deal with, and I'd rather lose a match to an opportunist like Curtis Penn than win one that I didn't win fairly.

The crowd cheers for this statement - Impulse's honor is something they can respect, even if they don't all always agree with it.

DDK:

Strong statement from Impulse, but in a promotion like DEFIANCE, honor can only carry you so far.

Angus:

Yeah, it carries you to the short end of the stick against Curtis Penn and the Hollywood Fuckboys. He'll get wise or he'll get gone.

Impulse:

So, no excuses, no rationalizations. Curtis Penn, ya got me.

Boos.

Impulse:

But I also got you. And now, with one apiece, I want one more match, just to see who's better. C'mon, Curtis... whaddaya say?

The fans cheer, with a notable "ONE MORE MATCH" chant.

Impulse:

I know you're back there, Curtis. One more match. Last time pays for all. Let's do this.

He lowers the microphone, but holds onto it, and paces impatiently at the front of the ring, facing the entryway. After several seconds of tension...

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" eRa ♪

...Curtis Penn emerges to a chorus of boos, with a microphone in hand.

Curtis Penn:

I'm sorry it took me so long to get out here, Impulse. I didn't recognize you without your shoulders on the mat.

Boos.

DDK:

Cheap shot by Penn!

Angus:

You're surprised?

Curtis Penn:

Here's the thing, **Impulse**: you don't matter anymore. You don't warrant my attention anymore. You beat me on a

fluke, and I proved it. I'm above you. I'm beyond you. And you want another match with me?

Boos.

Curtis Penn:

No, Impulse... my time goes to those opponents that matter. My talents deserve championships... and that's where we're going tonight.

He laughs.

Curtis Penn:

You can stay there and beg for a chance at validation... I'll be kicking the shit out of Frank Dylan James and taking the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship from him.

DDK:

Wow! Big news from Curtis Penn!

Curtis Penn:

Have a nice day.

He drops the microphone and turns around, to a chorus of boos.

Angus:

It's a dark day when that chucklefuck gets another title shot.

DDK:

We'll be right back!

SAM HORRY VS. LEVI COLE

Levi Cole is shown walking towards the ring. He is in a pair of green short tights, with white kneepads and boots.

Boos cascade down on him as he jaws at ringside fans en route to the ring apron. Levi slides under the bottom rope.

DDK:

This is familiar territory for Levi, he faced off against Sam in Sam's return match in DEFIANCE. Sam is backstage with our Lance Warner, Lance take it away!

Camera cuts to Lance Warner in the back with Sam who is clad in blue and white fight shorts adorned with logos, blue compression kneepads with white trimming on the back, blue shinpads and blue and white wrestling sneakers. His matching blue t-shirt, adorned with his fight team's hashtag, is already lathered in sweat.

Lance:

Alright I'm here with "The King of The Streets," Sam Horry. Sam tonight you are in the ring for the first time since your loss to Frank Dylan James in the semi-finals of the DOC tournament.

Sam:

Yeah it's rebuildin' time, and if I'm gonna take the DOC belt from FDJ or whomever is holdin' it, that means I gotta retrace my steps. And I'm goin' back to the beginnin' with you Levi Cole, tonight I'm gettin' in that ring and going through you as only I can do, then at DEFCON, Lance; Mushighiara belongs to me. After DEFCON, the DOC will belong to me! I don't care who I gotta go through, or what lengths I have to go to, to get it, you're lookin' at the next DOC champ!

Sam storms past Lance Warner towards the entrance area.

Lance:

Wooo! Sam is fired up and I wouldn't want to be Levi Cole tonight for any amount of money in the world. Keeps, Angus, back to you!

Camera shifts back to Horry and entourage making their way down to ringside with Busta Rhymes' "Why We Die" playing over the PA system. Hopping to the ring apron, Sam steps inside the ring, and throws his shirt to a teammate, another puts his mouthpiece in.

Angus:

All those logos, those attendants to pour water in his mouth, and put his mouthpiece in, what is he; a NASCAR race car or something?!

DING DING DING!!!

Cole shoots in for an amateur takedown, but is met by a knee from Horry, which sends Levi back to his feet, stunned. Sam then connects with a heavy roundhouse kick to the body, then an overhand right. Levi staggers backwards, but is doing his best to avoid the corner turnbuckles, as Sam likes to trap his opponents in the corner and open up with strikes. Following up on his advantage, Sam walks into an eye rake from Levi. Levi then blasts Sam with a clothesline that drops Sam to the mat.

DDK:

Scuttlebutt is, Levi's added a couple of things to his repertoire.

Angus:

Yeah just take a look at that Greco-Roman Eye Rake, not to be confused of course with the Tahitian Eye Poke. In the amateur circuit, either of them would get you like, 300 points and a free spin.

DDK:

...

Angus:

Speechless, I know right? I mean the point system sure has changed since I was stretching these amateurs on a nightly basis.

With Sam basing himself to his feet, and wiping at his eyes, Levi approaches Sam who throws a haymaker of a roundhouse kick that causes the crowd to gasp. The camera pans in on Levi who lets out an "Oh Shit!" as he realizes what he nearly walks into. He recovers from the shock quickly to lay in a front kick to Sam's ribs, then follows up with a chop across Sam's chest that echoes throughout the DEF Plex. Levi chops Sam's chest again, and Irish whips him to the turnbuckles. Sam however reverses the whip, and pulls Levi in to launch Levi with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex. Levi quickly makes it to his feet to find himself in the corner he was avoiding earlier.

DDK:

Uh-oh.

Sam opens with a roundhouse kick to Levi's liver, that doubles him over. Then Sam connects with a right hook to the body, a right roundhouse kick to the knee that buckles Levi into Sam's left uppercut. An overhand right to Cole's temple forces the referee to step in to enforce the 5 count, and check in on Levi Cole at the same time. Cole says he's alright to continue, and is immediately met with a stiff roundhouse kick to the chest, which also echoes in the arena. Sam locks Levi in the Thai clinch and begins to deliver brutal knees, with the crowd coming more alive after each strike. After an elbow to Levi's forehead causes separation, Levi shoots in for a takedown, but has hardly any energy behind it. Sam reverses position, with Levi now reaching for the ropes. Levi finds himself trapped in a tight full nelson, then Sam Dragon Suplexes Levi to the mat, folding him on his head and neck.

???:

Hey Sammy!

DDK:

What the hell?

Sam looks around, trying to find where the voice is coming from.

???:

Here I am!

On the video screen appears none other than...

DDK:

It's Eddie Dante!!!

Eddie:

Hey Sam, had to get some popcorn, this is getting good. Mushi! Open the door!

Eddie, with popcorn and drink in hand gets let into the locker room. The camera pans around and it's the members of Sam's fight team sprawled on the floor, some groaning, some unconscious. Mushi stands with his arms folded, as Dante casually steps over a body and sits next to Jeanie.

Eddie:

Popcorn, Jeanie?

DDK:

Why would Eddie and Mushi—Sam just showed them respect on our last outing!

Angus:

Yeah, and he's about to share popcorn with Jeanie, Keeps.

Eddie:

The physical part of the battle Sam, I know you're ready for. Look how you snarl at me and Mushighiara, the mental battle is already won! The sharpest sword ignores the wind, Sam. You've taken your eyes from your task Sammy, and so long as you're distracted, you'll never beat Mushighiara!

The feed from the screen abruptly cuts, and Cole nails Sam with a dropkick to Sam's back, sending Sam sprawling into the ropes. Cole rolls Sam up for a pin...

One.**Two.**

Sam kicks out with authority, making it to his feet quickly. Cole stands up only to have Sam shoot in, and take him down to the mat with a thunderous slam. Reminiscent of their first encounter, Cole finds himself underneath Sam's mount, with Sam raining down blows.

DDK:

This is how Sam ended their first match!

Angus:

No Keebs! Look! Cole is moving towards the ropes.

Which Levi was, but Sam moves to amateur wrestling's North/South Position. Sam then began pummeling Cole with hard knee strikes. Eventually Sam pins down Cole from a handstand position and delivers more knees.

DDK:

This is how Sam finished off Jake Donovan!!!

Beaten, Cole outstretches a fatigued arm, and taps out.

DING DING DING!!!!

Sam stands to his feet, getting his arm raised.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match: "The King of The Streets," Saaaaaaam Hooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!

Sam shakes his head and flashes a sheepish smile as he heads out of the ring. "He got me," He says.

DDK:

Great outing by Sam, but Eddie is right. If his head is elsewhere against Mushighiara at DEFCON, the God-Beast will be sure to lop it off.

Angus:

That's a surefire guarantee if I've ever heard one!

DDK:

There's more to come on DEFtv, stay with us!

HARD HITTING QUESTIONS

Cut to the backstage, and Calico Rose, in profile. She looks intensely to her left. The camera slowly pans left, to show JACK HUNTER, also in profile, staring at her. We pan back to Calico Rose, and hold for several seconds.

Calico Rose:

Okay, JACK... enough toying around. You're going to level with me, and you're going to be totes bossa nova about it.

Pan to HUNTER, who snorts. Pan back to Cally.

Cally:

Are you now... or have you ever... been known as L. Bruises?

Pan to HUNTER. He looks at her, and laughs.

JACK HUNTER:

HAH! Hahahahahah! Sillygirl, don't be so silly!

Pan to Cally. She stares at him for several seconds.

Cally:

Okay, good enough for me.

Mercifully, we cut to elsewhere in the show.

ANDY SHARP VS. THE SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT GUILD

DDK:

Our next match is going to be a DOOZY if your name is Andy Sharp.

Angus:

Hookers and blow for this kid if he wins against The Hollywood McFucklets tonight!

DDK:

What my partner is talking about is our next match! Back at DEFIANCE Road, The Sports Entertainment Guild formed when Kendrix and The Pop Culture Phenoms cost Andy Sharp a match to his rival, Mikey Unlikely! Sharp ruined his acceptance speech a couple of weeks ago and he was absent from last week's show on a Japanese tour, but now he's back and he wants Mikey Unlikely for the SoHer Title!

Angus:

But Kelly Evans didn't raise no fool! It's a gauntlet match, Keebs. He has to beat ALL three of the Hollywood McFucklets - The D, Elise Ares, AND Kendrix. I'll give King of the Flippy-dos a little credit that we haven't seen him shy away from a match yet, but one against three? That's bad odds.

DDK:

I have to agree with you. I don't know if Sharp can do it, but with a shot at Mikey Unlikely and the Southern Heritage Title at DEFCON, you KNOW he's itching for payback against Mikey! Now let's go to the ring!

And to the ring we go with Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a gauntlet match! Andy Sharp will be taking on The D, Elise Ares, and Kendrix in that order. If Andy Sharp can run the Sports Entertainment Guild Gauntlet, then he will earn a Southern Heritage Title match at DEFCON!

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

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

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

DDK:

Andy looks to be ready for this match tonight. He has to go through three people. The PCPs are great as a team and Kendrix is certainly no slouch. We'll have to see how they all do as singles competitors.

Angus:

Come on, Lord Flippity-Flop.

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

♪ "Blunt Blowin" by Lil Wayne ♪

The light go down and a spotlight hits the stage. The red carpet unrolls from the entrance way. The Wrestle-Plex begins the boos before he even hits the stage. Unlikely is wearing his signature shades and a shit eating grin. The Southern Heritage Championship slung over his shoulder. He stops at the top of the stage looks around. Slowly but surely, Jesse Fredricks Kendrix slides into position next to best "bruv" in the spotlight and behind him, both of The Pop Culture Phenoms, Elise Ares and The D. The cringeworthy quartet pose for a photo-op at the top of the ramp and then walk to the ring.

DDK:

It'll start with Andy Sharp facing off with The D. If he gets past him, Elise Ares, and then Kendrix. He has to defeat all three of them... however, they only have to beat Andy.

Angus:

...Ugh, these fuckers.

Even Angus Skaaland cannot hide his disdain and he starts booing almost as loudly from the announce table as the crowd does. Mikey Unlikely keeps the Southern Heritage Title over his shoulder and shoots a wink at Andy Sharp, tapping the faceplate of the title.

Mikey Unlikely:

I won this in on my first try, Andy! That make you jealous?

Andy grits his teeth and wants to take out Mikey Unlikely. Mikey gets closer and holds out the Southern Heritage Title out for him to try and touch, but as the bell rings, The D is already in the ring. Sharp turns around to come face to face with one half of the PCPs as the bell rings.

DING DING DING!

The Lord of the Skies has his game face on. He has eyes in the back of his head and watches the members of The SEG on the floor cheering on The D. Said D approaches Andy and the two lock up quickly with Andy getting the better of the exchange! He takes The D down with a Headlock and segues right into a pinning predicament.

ONE!

TW- NO!

DDK:

Andy has a size advantage over The D and we can't forget how incredibly agile he is, but The D is pretty crafty and has the rest of The Sports Entertainment Guild behind him!

Angus:

I dig him going for the win right away. He needs whatever dumb flippy trip he has in order to win this!

Sharp controls The D and rolls him through with a Headlock Takeover. From there, he rolls him over with a second Headlock Takeover and then a third! Andy is clearly trying to disorient The D to keep him from getting anything going. Sharp then picks him up and rolls him right into a Backslide pin!

ONE!

TW- NO!

The D rolls out of the cover and gets back to his feet, but Sharp meets him with a kick to the gut and goes into an Inside Cradle!

ONE!

TW- NO!

Reversal by The D into one of his own!

ONE!

TW- NO!

Sharp kicks out and both men get back on their feet, but The D is a little bit quicker and fires of a Dropkick! The blow doesn't knock Andy down, but he does go flying into the corner where he is left open for another attack! The other members of The Sports Entertainment Guild cheer on their buddy as The D leaps into the corner, catching Sharp with a Flying Back Elbow to the jaw in the corner! After popping off the move, The D pulls him out of the corner...

DDK:

Contractual Obligation! He drives Sharp into the mat! Can he win this already?!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

Goddamn it, Flippy-Doo, don't screw this up!

Sharp kicks out of the move, but now The D is already heading to the ring apron and going up to the top rope. He's looking for a move called The B Movie - which also coincidentally was Andy Sharp's All-Star Frog Splash! He leaps...

HE MISSES!

Andy moves out of the way at the last second, but The D rolls through the landing and rolls forward, making it back to his feet. He raised his hands and celebrates the landing he just made, but when he turns around...

Angus:

ALL-STAR LINE UP! EAT IT, THE D!

The D gets turns around, driven across Sharp's knee with a huge STO Backbreaker and then with a Reverse STO! After putting The D down on the mat, he goes to the other side of the ring where The Sports Entertainment Guild aren't near so they don't try to cut him off...

DDK:

ALL-STAR FROG SPLASH!

Sharp looks right at Elise Ares as he covers her tag team partner for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

The D has been eliminated!

The crowd cheers as he takes care of one member of The Sports Entertainment Guild. Andy is on his knees now and

motions for Elise Ares to get in the ring to keep things going.

DDK:

A premature celebration by The D just cost him right there! Andy Sharp is NOT the type of man that you take that kind of liberty with. Now Elise Ares is up next.

Angus:

What's SHE gonna do that The D couldn't do already?

Mr. All-Star even moves as far away from her side of the ring as he possibly can and sits on the top rope, waiting for her to climb inside. Elise is taking her sweet time and gets some encouragement from Mikey Unlikely.

Mikey Unlikely:

Get your pretty ass in there and keep him away from my title!

Elise giggles and turns to Kendrix.

Elise Ares:

You heard him. My ass is pretty.

With those words, she starts to walk into the ring and as The D is holding his chest on the outside of the ring watching his partner. Elise Ares is now in the ring and Benny Doyle calls for the bell again.

DING DING DING!

Part two of the gauntlet is underway and the second the bell rings... Elise Ares runs away from the ring and rolls to the floor! Andy Sharp sighs with disgust and then goes back to his corner for what's an obvious stalling tactic. Kendrix goes over to give her some words of encouragement as Sharp waits.

DDK:

Wait.. what's Mikey doing?

Mikey Unlikely climbs on the ring apron and gets right into Sharp's face, waving the Southern Heritage Championship.

Mikey Unlikely:

You see this belt, Sharp? You see THIS? THIS says I'm better than you! This is the closest that you're EVER going to get to this title! No has-been like you will ever own this be... HEY!

Sharp has his boot up and looks to deliver a Superkick to Mikey, but The World's Greatest Entertainer hops off the ring apron. Andy waves at Mikey and dares him to get back into the ring...

POW!

The crowd BOOED! Elise Ares had taken advantage of the distraction and used a chair, taking it right to the back of Andy Sharp's knee!

Angus:

Damn it, Flippy-Doo Two-Shoes! You were being baited!

Elise swings the chair a second time and jabs it right into Andy's throat and then a second to the knee! Sharp goes down to the mat as Benny Doyle calls for the bell!

DING DING DING!

Darren Quimbey:

As a result of a disqualification, Elise Ares has been eliminated!

Sharp is down clutching his knee and Elise Ares doesn't give a crap about the match! Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix both high-five one another and The D tries to join in before he remembers that his ribs are still killing him, so he collapses over the barricade. Still, Kendrix and Mikey get what they want!

DDK:

Elise NEVER had any intention of wrestling Andy! Mikey set him up, knowing full well Andy has wanted to get his hands on him and now, he could be easy pickings for Mikey's Hollywood Bruv tag partner, Kendrix!

Angus:

And once again, evil wins because good is a dipshit who takes his eye off the ball!

Sharp's knee took some damage and now Kendrix joins in and both he and Elise put the boots to Andy! The third leg of the gauntlet match has not started yet, but now they both go after the knee! As Kendrix attacks the left knee of Andy with a series of hard fists, Elise puts a boot on his chest and starts to do her familiar dance...

Elise Ares:

Que Tal Eso?!

And she SPITS on Andy Sharp as Kendrix continues to wail on Andy Sharp's knee with more fists! Mr. All-Star tries to defend himself from the duo while Mikey sits back and smiles, patting the title. Benny Doyle finally manages to get Kendrix off of Andy and backs him up, but the damage is already done! Elise and Kendrix have doled out punishment to Andy and they both back off while Sharp has his knee checked on.

DDK:

The last leg of the Sports Entertainment Gauntlet is now underway, but can Andy even continue?

Sharp writhes with his knee in pain, but when Benny Doyle asks him if he wants to continue. Kendrix is on the other side of the ring...

Andy Sharp:

Ring the bell... DAMN IT, RING IT! NOW!

Benny Doyle shrugs his shoulders...

DING DING DING!

And now the last part is underway! Andy tries to defend himself against Kendrix's attacks on his knee, but Kendrix stays on the leg like a pitbull and continues punching and kicking away at it, picking up where Elise Ares left off! The Hollywood Bruvs member continues to wail away on the knee with more boots in the corner! Sharp shoves him away, but Kendrix comes right back with a HUGE Dropkick right to the face! Sharp slumps over in the corner and that allows Kendrix to go for the win!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Sharp kicks out! If he can find a way to survive Kendrix, he'll get Mikey Unlikely at DEFCON!

Angus:

But he derped up his chances here tonight by letting Hollywood McFuckass get under his skin!

Kendrix shoves Benny Doyle out of his way and grabs onto Andy's knee, lifting it up off the mat before SLAMMING it back down into the ground! Sharp howls in pain, but Kendrix continues the assault. He grabs the leg and slams it down even harder a second time! Kendrix is no dummy in between the ropes and if it's anything The Sports Entertainment Guild are good at, it's preying on an opportunity.

*"YOU CAN'T WRESTLE!
MIKEY SUCKS!
YOU CAN'T WRESTLE!
MIKEY SUCKS!"*

Mikey and The PCPs all take turns yelling at the crowd while Kendrix handles his business in the ring. Sharp tries to stand up on his legs and shoves Kendrix away from him, but The Hollywood Bruvs member runs right back and delivers a vicious kick right to the knee! Sharp buckles and falls to his knees, which gives Kendrix another opportunity to bounce off the ropes and catch Sharp on the chin with a Million Dollar Knee Lift! He then picks up Andy Sharp and casually throws him out to the floor before walking over to Benny Doyle.

Kendrix:

You know we got connections, right? I mean like, CONNECTIONS! Mikey over there can get ya as an extra in a movie! You could be Concerned Citizen Number Two... no! Number ONE!

As Benny tries to figure out what in the entire fuck Kendrix is going on about, the distraction allows Mikey Unlikely, Elise Ares, and now a recovered D to put more boots to Andy Sharp! The Lord of the Skies hasn't been able to get out of the blocks since Elise's attack and The Sports Entertainment Guild continued to put the boots to Andy! They then back off as Kendrix gets done distracting Doyle.

Angus:

Andy doesn't have a prayer!

DDK:

And now he's out on the floor! Benny Doyle's going to count him out!

Sharp is still writhing in pain while Kendrix counts along smugly with Benny Doyle.

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

Andy Sharp tries to put weight on the leg and he can barely do so, but he buckles again while The Sports Entertainment Guild continue to watch.

"SEVEN!"

Kendrix grins as Andy struggles.

“EIGHT!”

Sharp gets back to his feet...

“NINE!”

And he's back in the ring! The crowd comes back to life, but now Kendrix continues putting the boots right to Andy Sharp! He then picks him up as he's on his knee and SLAMS him down with a DDT before going right into another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR- NO!

Despite Kendrix's best efforts, Andy Sharp continues to give him headaches! Kendrix then picks him up and pulls him back to his feet to try to put an end to Andy. Andy fights back with a few well-pointed Elbow Smashes to the head and then fires back with a kick from his good leg. Kendrix fires back with a shot of his own that sends Andy into the ropes...

DDK:

SHARPER IMAGE! The Pendulum Lariat out of nowhere and Sharp covers!

ONE!

TWO!

...

Angus:

ANOTHER fuck-up! Come on, ref!

Kendrix might have been able to kick out, but he didn't have to. Mikey put his best Bruv's foot on the bottom rope while Doyle didn't see it! The crowd boos him as Andy starts to come around and see what happened with Mikey feigning innocence. He rolls forward and tries to kick Mikey yet again, but The Southern Heritage Champion moves! Mikey laughs while Kendrix sneaks up behind Andy and goes for the knee yet again! Sharp collapses, but as Kendrix tries to put him away...

DDK:

LOOK! IT'S ROBERTSON!

The crowd CHEERS as the man known as LAR has clearly had enough of the antics of the SEG. Having his own run-ins with The Sports Entertainment Guild in addition to having been cheated out of a match against The Hollywood Bruvs, he runs down to the ring and chases Mikey and The PCPs off from ringside while Kendrix looks on with concern for his buddies!

DDK:

LAR has to contend with Mikey Unlikely for the Southern Heritage Championship later tonight, but he's clearly had enough of these guys and what they've done tonight!

Kendrix goes for a big move as he tries to finish off Andy with some sort of either a Piledriver or a Powerbomb, but Sharp suddenly springs to life and surprises him with a Jackknife pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Kendrix doesn't kick out until it's too late!

Darren Quimbey:

HERE IS YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH... **ANDY SHARP!**

LAR leaves ringside and heads back up the ramp immediately after equalizing the other members of the Sports Entertainment Guild! Andy has left the ring also, hobbling out and raising his hands! Mikey Unlikely looks like he's about ready to explode!

DDK:

Andy has done it! The Sports Entertainment Guild had a plan tonight to put the screws to Sharp, but thanks to LAR playing the part of the equalizer tonight, Andy will get his hands on Mikey Unlikely at DEFCON!

Angus:

And if Mikey Unlikely can make it past that goody-good Robertson later tonight to retain his title, then that match will be for the Southern Heritage Championship!

Andy Sharp and LAR both head to the back, but Andy raises his arms and points both fingers to the sky in celebration! Mikey Unlikely stomps on the ground out of frustration! He now has to contend with LAR tonight and then at DEFCON, the last person that he wanted to contend with... his hated rival. Sharp disappears backstage, but not before pointing out to Mikey Unlikely with a smirk on his face. He now has a guaranteed chance to right the wrongs from DEFIANCE Road and will no doubt make the most of that opportunity when it comes.

AN END, ONCE AND FOR ALL

We cut to Skaaland and Keebler as the post-match dust finally begins to settle.

Angus:

I. Fuggin'. HATE those guys.

DDK:

Be calm, Angus... they're gone now.

Angus:

I don't care, Keeps! They don't even belong here. Out of the Hollywood Fuckboys and Pop Culture Pissbags, Kendrix is the only one that resembles anything close to a professional wrestler, and *EVEN THEN--*

DDK:

They didn't even *win*, Angus!

Angus:

But still--

Once again Angus gets interrupted mid-rant.

♪ "The Wings of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

Cayle Murray walks-out from the backstage area without pause, hesitation, or even playing to the crowd. Already dressed in his ring attire (including a brand new bomber jacket to replace the one that Bobby Dean brutally murdered two weeks ago), Cayle's got a microphone in his hand, and he quickly hops over to the promo stage.

Angus:

SQUIDBOOOOOOYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEE!

DDK:

Well, he's survived *this* long without getting beaten-up or pushed around by Eric and Bobby...

Angus:

And now he's coming-out into the open waters like a stupid little cephalopod. Nowhere to hide out here, Keeps: this is a big mistake.

Cayle doesn't even wait for his music to die down.

Cayle Murray:

Eric. Dane.

Celldweller cuts, and the crowd grow feverish at the mention of DEFIANCE's End Boss.

Cayle Murray:

I'm tired of this.

Angus:

Oooo, Squidboy's mad! How adorable!

Cayle Murray:

You've injured my brother! You cost me the match with Mushigihara! You've damaged my property, beaten me up and left me bleeding...

Murray shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

I've said it once, Eric, and I'll say it again: I came here to wrestle. I was brought-up on the belief that men settle their differences face-to-face, *right there*...

He points from the stage, down to the ring.

Cayle Murray:

So let's do it! Tonight! Let's finish what we started a year ago! An end, once and for all!

The Faithful, of course, pop at the prospect of a Murray vs. Dane match this evening.

DDK:

What a statement! Cayle Murray is mad as hell, and he's not going to take it any more!

Cayle Murray:

No more games, Eric. No matter what you've put me through, this has *always* been the endgame. You know it was well as I do, so why wait any longer? Come on--

♪ "Heavy is the Head" by Zac Brown Band ♪

The bassline hits.

The crowd's decibel increases.

DDK:

Here we go, Angus!

Angus:

Ohhhhhhhhh boy! Wake up, Squiddo! Time to dieeeeeeeeeeee!

Cayle instinctively throws his guard-up, and Eric Dane deliberately keeps him waiting a few seconds longer than necessary, just to ramp the tension up. The Only Star eventually strolls casually onto the stage. Decked-out in a leather jacket, a dress shirt, some neatly-pressed pants and a pair of shoes that are probably worth more than Cayle's monthly paycheck, Dane isn't ready for a fight.

Yet.

Eric Dane:

Oh, Dorothy...

Cayle's nemesis shakes his head. Beside him, Bobby Dean is giddy with excitement, and can't contain his childlike giggling.

Eric Dane:

I don't know where you got this newfound confidence from, but boy is it making your head thick. You and your dipshit brother had the dumb shit idea to waltz into *my* company and involve yourself in *my* business; what makes you think I'm even halfway done with you yet?

Cayle Murray:

I don't, Eric. You're a bully, and bullies get a kick out of pushing people around. I'm sure you've got months worth of diabolical ideas stored-up that you just can't wait to unleash, but guess what? *I DON'T CARE.*

Cayle's face is turning red, and he spits his words out with real venom.

Eric Dane is almost taken aback.

Cayle Murray:

Win or lose, all I want to do is bury this issue and move-on. The name "Eric Dane" has been nothing but a roadblock to me since I decided to leave Japan and come back to America, and I'm tired of standing still. I'm tired of running in-place. You claim that ring down there belongs to *you*...

He points towards the ring again.

Cayle Murray:

Prove it.

Angus:

Dig upwards, dipshit.

DDK:

Brace yourselves, folks! This is about to get very, very interesting...

Eric Dane pauses momentarily. He tightens his eyes, scratches his chin, and eyes Cayle up.

Eric Dane:

Well now, apparently you want to die tonight... and since you've asked *so* nicely...

Another pause. This one's longer.

Eric Dane:

Who am I to deny you that right? You want a match tonight?!

The Faithful buzz.

Eric Dane:

You got it!

Angus:

YESSSSSSS!

DDK:

Eric Dane vs. Cayle Murray! Tonight!

Angus:

Nothing beats a bloodbath on a Tuesday night, Keeps!

Eric Dane:

Hope you've already written a will, Dorothy, because this isn't going to end well for you. C'mon, Robert.

"Heavy is the Head" hits the PA system, and Eric Dane and Bobby Dean turn around to take their leave. Cayle Murray remains on the promo stage: anxious, brimming with tense energy.

DDK:

What a turn of events, Angus! We're about to see a pay-per-view calibre match right before our very eyes!

Angus:

What pay-per-views are you watching, Keeps? Cayle Murray isn't half the wrestler the BAWs is! Dane's been doing this for more than two decades, his technique is impeccable, and most importantly, he doesn't have a silly little concept like "morality" holding him back. Cayle will fall. Quickly.

DDK:

There's no doubting that Dane is one of the best of all-time, I beg to differ: this is one of the most intriguing clash of styles that I can think of. There's a clear athletic discrepancy in Cayle's favour, and he might just be one of the most promising--

Angus:

Okay, can we *STOP* with this "promising" bullshit?! Cayle Murray is 32! If he hasn't put it all together yet, he never will.

DDK:

Either way, folks, get your popcorn at the ready, because we're about to see a match we've been anticipating for months!

CAYLE MURRAY VS. ERIC DANE

DDK:

Welcome back, folks, and if what I'm hearing through my headset is correct, we're about to witness--

Angus:

The end of Cayle Murray's in-ring career! Hope you've enjoyed Squidboy's run, ladies and gents, because it's about to come to an abrupt halt!

DDK:

My broadcast partner's hysterics aside, this has all the makings of an excellent match. It's not just the contrast in wrestling styles, but the fact that these two have been at each other's throats for close to a year now. It started in the UTA, it bled-over into DEFIANCE, and it's escalated to *this*.

Angus:

I'm not even gonna waste my breath by telling you how *wrong* you are, Keeps, because you're about to see for yourself.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following match is set for one-fall!

♪ "The Wings of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

Grand, orchestral rock music blasts through the speakers. Cayle Murray walks out onto the ramp wearing a mask of steely determination, and slowly creeps his way down the ramp. He stretches a hand out for exuberant fans to slap, but doesn't pause for a second. Eventually he rolls beneath the bottom rope, hops to his feet, and starts stretching

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Aberdeen, Scotland! He stands at 6'1", and weighs-in at 220lbs... CAAAAAYLE MUUUURRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!

Angus:

Look at this dork, warming his muscles up like he's actually gonna be "wrestling" tonight...

DDK:

What's he gonna be doing if not wrestling?

Angus:

Taking a sustained beating. You don't have to be limber to take a sustained beating, Keeps!

DDK:

Would you *STOP* and at least try to let the people who've been waiting months to see this match enjoy it?!

Angus:

I'm just telling it like it is, Keeps! Just as I always do.

DDK:

Heh. Right...

The lights dim.

The crowd buzzes.

♪ "Heavy is the Head" by Zac Brown Band ♪

Angus:

IT'S TIME.

Cayle Murray's pacing back and forth inside the ring, his eyes focused on the entrance way.

Waiting.

Waiting.

And waiting.

The song's halfway through its opening hook by this point, and Eric Dane still hasn't appeared.

DDK:

This is interesting, Angus. Do you think Dane's trying to make Cayle sweat?

Angus:

That's exactly what he's doing. Cayle Murray is a fighter who runs-off emotion, and nothing else: this is gonna frustrate the hell out of him, and give The BAWs another edge over an already-irrational opponent.

"Hey, Dorothy!"

The DEFTron lights-up.

Eric Dane:

Are you fuckin' retarded? In all of our time together, have you retained anything or does it all bounce off of that hard head of yours?

The Only Star's visage smirks down from the big screen.

Eric Dane:

What about me makes you think that today of all days will be the day I start letting whelps like you tell me what to do!

Dane's words turn to laughter, until he cuts it off abruptly.

Eric Dane:

Let me make this very clear to you, boy: you are a guest under my roof. Nothing more, nothing less. While you wrestle for the company that I built, you will play this game by my rules, and I will end this "issue" on my terms, on a night of my choosing...

DDK:

Is Dane pulling-out?!

Angus:

I don't know...

Eric Dane:

Tonight is not that night.

DDK:

What?!

In the ring, Cayle Murray mouths DDK's last word. His brow tightens, he clenches his fists, but Eric Dane raises a hand before he can get too worked-up.

Eric Dane:

But hey, I promised you a match tonight, and a match you shall have!

DDK:

What is he talking about?

Angus:

Uhhhh... Bobby, maybe?!

Bobby Dean?

NOPE.

♪ "Guardians of Asgaard" by Amon Amarth ♪

DDK:

Oh *GOD*...

Angus:

That's the Viking War Cult's music!

DDK:

But they've already wrestled tonight!

Angus:

Not all of them...

Sure enough, the Holstrom Brothers are nowhere to be found.

Instead, it's The Nu-Father himself, Cul, stepping-out alongside the titanic Torvald the Destroyer.

DDK:

Wait... Cayle's fighting Cul instead of Dane?

Darren Quimbey:

... aaaaaand his opponents! Making their way to the ring from The Realm of the Elder Gods, weighing-in at a combined weight of 695lbs... "THE NU-FATHER" CUL AND TORVALD THE DESTROYYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRR!

Angus:

Both of them! Cayle's fighting both of them! HAHAAHAHAHA!

DDK:

Are you kidding me?!

Slowly, ominously, the vikings make their way down the ramp. Inside the ring, Cayle has no idea what to do with himself.

DDK:

This is a sham!

Angus:

Hey, Dane said it himself: he promised Cayle *A* match! He didn't say who it'd be against!

DDK:

He tricked him into this, Angus! Cayle challenged *DANE*, not the Viking War Cult!

Angus:

That's on him, Keebs! It's not my fault he was dumb enough to misinterpret Dane's words earlier.

The brutish duo enter the ring, with Torvald coming-in over the top rope. The Norwegian death metal cuts entirely, and lean little Cayle Murray stands across from his opponents, dwarfed by their presence.

DDK:

Torvald's presence is a story in itself, Angus. The big man doesn't wrestle all that often, if ever, but I guess Eric Dane is a hard man to turn down.

Angus:

This guy's well over 7' tall, and between them, these two vikings weigh more than *three times* Cayle Murray's 220lbs! This is gonna be good!

The bell rings.

Cayle instinctively backs himself up against the ropes as his opponents advance. Not knowing quite what to do with himself, the Scot dashes between the vikings, then clubs each one as they slowly turn around. Cul gets round first and tries to lash-out, but Cayle dodges and hits a stiff liver kick, before backing off once more.

Cul follows him, while Torvald stays put. The Nu-Father rushes Cayle after backing him into a corner, but Cayle skips away from him, pushes Cul into the corner, and lands a couple of rapid fire forearms to the face. Cul powers-out, unperturbed, and lands flush on Cayle's cheek a few times before whipping him to the ropes. Cayle ducks a clothesline on the rebound, then knocks Cul back with a dropkick.

That's when Torvald advances. The giant cracks down on Cayle's skull with a big overhand chop, sending him to one knee. The Scot still has his wits about him, however, and rolls away from the lumbering giant before further damage can be done. Murray leaps back up and immediately kicks Torvald hard in the back of the knee, which only seems to anger The Destroyer.

Angus:

Run, rabbit! Run!

DDK:

This is exactly what Cayle Murray needs to do to survive this: stick and move, stick and move. How long can he keep it up for?

Angus:

It's only a matter of time before that big bastard gets his hands on him, and when he does, it's going to be beautiful!

It's not Torvald who takes Cayle out, though. Cul runs in with big knee to the gut, then clubs away on the back of Cayle's neck. Cayle falls to his knees. Cul pulls Cayle up and tries to wrap his arms around his waist but Murray fights free with a few elbows, then follows-up with a Pele Kick! Cul is stumbling, so Murray dashes to the ropes, springboards, and flies back with a beautiful corkscrew uppercut.

Angus:

This is not the time for pissweak flippydoo moves, Cayle!

Sensing Torvald breathing down his neck again, Cayle dodges, then dashes beyond The Destroyer and scurries up onto the top rope. Instead of diving at Torvald, however, Cayle hops clean over his head, lands on his feet, and buries a series of elbows between his shoulder blades, trying to slow him down.

It doesn't work.

Torvald, though sluggish, turns through them, and glares at Cayle through his red-eyed mask.

DDK:

How does Cayle even inflict damage on that thing?!

Angus:

With a goddamn shotgun, Keebs, and I don't see one lying around!

Cul seizes Cayle from behind and pins his arms back. This gives Torvald a chance to pull back and strike Murray clean in the jaw with a big right hand, sending him to the mat. Cul puts the boots to him immediately, then violently yanks him up by the air. He pushes his diminutive opponent against the ropes and readies a flurry of punches, before Cayle headbutts him square in the nose!

Angus:

Hey! That's not very Squidboy-like!

DDK:

He's just trying to survive out there, Angus!

The Nu-Father stumbles backwards, and Cayle charges forward, downing him with a running neckbreaker. Murray hops up, runs to the ropes, then comes back with a running Shooting Star Press that pops the crowd, but he doesn't even attempt to make the pin: instead, Cayle *flies* at Torvald, planting both boots in his gut with a front dropkick.

Torvald moves - *barely* - and Cayle dashes beyond him, reaching for every weapon he has in this fight against seemingly insurmountable odds. He lashes out on Torvald with a few kicks, before ducking beneath a slow, looping punch, skipping behind, and blasting away on the monster's back again.

Angus:

It's like flicking pebbles at a tank!

DDK:

Cayle Murray absolutely has the gas-tank to keep this up. He's one of the most athletic wrestlers I've ever seen, and his cardio is elite, but this is a very dangerous game. Eric Dane has put him in a truly awful position.

Angus:

Just one move from that big bastard and Cayle is mincemeat! Beside, Cul is an absolute brute himself! I wouldn't fancy most members of the DEFIANCE roster to take either of them in one-on-one competition, let alone a handicap match.

Torvald turns, slowly, and Cayle moves to the side this time, jarring the big man's knee with a teep kick. His vertical base wobbles momentarily, but Cul cuts Cayle off, unleashing a brutal barrage of forearms, before backing him into a corner and chopping him right across the throat. Another chop follows, then another, before Cul takes the wrist and pulls Cayle into a savage Lariat.

Angus:

And boom goes the dynamite! Goodnight, Squiddo!

The Nu-Father hauls Cayle up, striking as he goes. When he's vertical, Cul knees him in the gut a few times, before hitting another one of those chops across the goddamn throat. Murray stumbles away, clutching his windpipe, then throwing a weak kick when Cul advances. Cul catches the boot, but Cayle swings around and cracks the side of his head with an Enzuigiri!

DDK:

Right to the temple! That should know any man down!

Angus:

Not this one!

Cult doesn't quite go down... until Cayle charges and levels him with a Sling Blade. Murray hops to his feet, defiant...

Then Torvald happens.

GUNGNIR!

The 410lbs mountain crashes into Cayle's ribcage with the spear, and crushes him into the mat almost 10ft from where he originally stood!

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

Angus:

Get in the fookin' BIN, boy!

DDK:

That's the very same spear that took Lindsay Troy out of her final trios titles match and damn near sent her to the hospital! Cayle just got flattened!

Angus:

He won't be getting up from that one in a hurry!

Torvald's rise is characteristically slow, and Cayle rolls onto his side, clutching his ribs.

Angus:

Look! Another thing he has in-common with his brother!

DDK:

This one is over! Call the bell, ref!

The Vikings aren't done, though. Torvald might step-off, but Cul is on his feet, and coming forward again. Meanwhile, there's a commotion in the crowd, and heads turn to the entrance ramp.

DDK:

Oh for the love of--... here come Eric and Bobby.

As The Only Star and his lapdog enter, Cul throws Cayle's head between his thighs, then lets-out a bloodcurdling roar. He hoists him high into the air, then flattens him with a Sit-Out Powerbomb!

DDK:

Cul calls that move The Blood Eagle, and Cayle might be out cold here, Angus!

Angus:

It was only a matter of time, Keebs! That big spear fucked Troy all the way up, and it's done the exact same to Cayle.

DDK:

This isn't fair. This was *NEVER* fair! Eric Dane laid yet another trap for Cayle, who has absolutely nobody to help him while his brother's out injured.

Angus:

None of this would ever have happened if Cayle hadn't stuck his nose in Dane's business in the first place. Let's stop pretending otherwise, Keebs.

Cul pushes Cayle away before the count can be made, though.

DDK:

Come on! Just stop!

Meanwhile, Torvald moves to the corner. He doesn't untie the top turnbuckle back, he just outright *rips* it off and tosses it away like nothing. Dane and Bobby arrive at ringside, watching intently.

Cul, again, pulls the limp Cayle Murray to his knees. He looks once at Eric Dane, who nods, before hoisting Murray into his shoulders...

DDK:

No! NO!

... and *THROWING* him head-first into the exposed steel!

Angus:

HAHAHAHA! Looks like squid's back on the menu tonight!

DDK:

This is just downright brutal, Angus! Look! He's bleeding!

Sure enough, a small red pool begins to form behind Cayle's skull as he hits the mat.

Angus:

Ink everywhere! Curse that squid!

DDK:

How can you even joke about this?! Cayle came to this fed with the best intentions in the world, and now each and every one of them is being torn down in front of us.

Angus:

Because they boy needs to learn how to conduct himself in Eric Dane's house, Keeps. This isn't Utah! This isn't some fluffy little wonderland where he can get by on smiles and handshakes! This is DEFIANCE, and if you ask me, the kid has shown little to suggest he belongs here.

Finally, Cul makes the cover.

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

The pinfall is elementary.

"Guardians of Asgaard" hits across the PA again, but the vikings aren't hanging around. Torvald steps awkwardly out of the ring, and the Cult's leader isn't far behind him.

DDK:

This is just shameful. I can't believe what I've witnessed tonight, folks.

Angus:

A lesson, Keeps. Nothing else.

SIGNED AND SEALED IN BLOOD

With the viking music still kicking, Eric Dane starts climbing the ring steps.

DDK:

What now?!

Angus:

It seems that class is still in session!

Cayle still hasn't moved from the Bronson Box-esque powerbomb onto the exposed 'buckle, and the medical staff hesitate to enter the ring when they see Dane coming through the ropes.

DDK:

Here comes The Only Star, ready to stick the boot in. How very typical.

Angus:

Careful now, Keeps...

DDK:

Well it's true! What does he think he's proving here?! Cayle challenged him to a nice, fair, one-on-one match, and look what happened...

Angus:

Dane's terms, Keeps. Dane's terms! Weren't you listening earlier? That's how this thing is gonna end. There's no other way.

Dane and Bobby finally reach Cayle's broken body, but, just like last week, they don't attack. Instead, Eric glares to the technical area, and finds a microphone thrown his way seconds later. He catches it, kneels down, and pulls it to his lips.

Eric Dane:

Well, well, well...

Eric smiles. Bobby is giggling, just like earlier.

Eric Dane:

I don't suppose you can hear me, boy, and I don't suppose you'll remember much of what just happened either, but by the looks of things, you're sure gonna feel it...

The smile grows.

Eric Dane:

But believe it or not, I didn't come out here to gloat. I don't need to, Cayle: just look at the mess you're in.

The End Boss slowly rises to his feet.

Eric Dane:

I came out to address that little challenge of yours.

The Faithful hush.

Eric Dane:

You want a piece of me, fuckhead? Fine. DEFCON. Crescent City Street Fight. We end this...

Dane drops back to a knee, grabs Cayle's head, and gets all the way in his face as he delivers the next few words.

Eric Dane:

I end this! This is your death warrant, Cayle, and it'll be signed and sealed in your blood.

Pushing the unconscious Murray's head back into the mat, Dane drops the microphone and rises to his feet. Medics swarm the ring as "Heavy is the Head" plays through the building, and Dane slowly backs-off, not taking his eyes off the fallen Scot.

DDK:

Eric Dane vs. Cayle Murray is finally on the cards, but folks, Cayle took a serious head-knock tonight. He's not gonna be walking out of here tonight...

Angus:

He should be happy, Keebs! He just got everything he asked for!

DDK:

He did NOT ask for what just happened to him at the Viking War Cult's hands, Angus!

Angus:

Cayle called The BAWS out in his own arena, and there are consequences for such actions! Either way, Cayle vs. Dane is going down, and it's a gorrarn street fight!

DDK:

I don't even know what else to say about what we've just witnessed here. Let's move on.

TEASER TRAILER

We open on the Southern Heritage Championship. As the camera zooms out the person wearing it is revealed. Mikey. Duh.

In his ring gear he stands behind a black and red DEFIANCE banner. Kendrix stands behind him with his arms crossed. No interviewer this week. No one to tease. Unlikely isn't smiling either.

Mikey Unlikely:

For the second time in as many weeks, I am being forced to defend MY Hollywood Heritage Championship. For the second time in as many weeks, I am going to walk out of this building wearing THIS title!

"The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer" points directly down to the hardware.

Mikey Unlikely:

Tonight the man everyone came to see, goes one on one with Lamond Alexander Robinson...

Kendrix whispers in Mikey's ear.

Mikey Unlikely:

Robertson! Kelly Evans wants to line em up, that's fine! Just like a trilogy I'm going to come out on top three times in a row! First it was Jasan Natas, Tonight it's L.A.R. and at DEFCON it'll be...

Unlikely looks over at Kendrix with a disgusted look, who shies away from eye contact. Obviously Mikey unhappy with earlier tonights gauntlet result.

Mikey Unlikely:

Andy Sharp! Sharp, you think just because you SOMEHOW escaped tonight with a win, that you have a chance against me? Do you not remember a few short weeks ago when I beat you live on Pay Per View? Tonight is just of taste of what's coming for you Sharp, keep your eyes peeled, because you won't wanna miss this!

He looks back one last time.

Mikey Unlikely:

Let's go!

The two walk off set without so much as a single 'bruv', a single fist bump, or a single 'obvs'!

MIKEY UNLIKELY (C) VS. L.A.R.

Cut back to the announce table.

DDK:

What a night here so far partner! We still have a hell of a show left folks, and coming up next the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship is on the line!

Angus:

All right! I'm ready for this one Darren. Last week on DEFtv Hollywood Mcfuckass BARELY walked out with his SOHER. Jason Natas was a three count away from taking the title from the worst champion DEFIANCE has ever seen, before Sean Jackson got involved.

DDK:

That's right Angus! Mikey Unlikely now has a title retention under his belt, and for once one of HIS cronies didn't give him the upper hand in the match. Sean Jackson, who has had some problems with Jason Natas as of late, sent a message by costing the "Pugilist" the Southern Heritage Championship.

Angus:

Yea well I'm at the point where I don't care who takes the title from The Rodeo Drive Retard, I just hope it happens soon. Speaking of which, what about Andy "Flippydoo" Sharp running the Hollywood Gauntlet tonight and coming out as #1 contender?

DDK:

Hell of a match Angus! Andy Sharp badly wants retribution for what happened at DEF Road. He wants to avenge his loss to Mikey, and more so. He wants the Southern Heritage Champion.

Quimbley:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the next match is scheduled for one fall, and is for the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship!

♪"Promentory" by Trevor Jones"♪

Quimbley:

Coming out first the challenger...

From the back, the figure of Lamond Alexander Robertson appears. The Scot walks slowly onto the stage, the fans light up as he appears. LAR smiles wide and waves to the fans. LAR does a 360, looking around the Wrestle-Plex

Quimbley:

From Pockton, Scotland. Weighing in at 267 lbs.. This is Lamond Alexanderrrrr Robertsoooooooooon

DDK:

Here comes LAR! He looks ready for this opportunity!

L.A.R. shakes hands with the fans on his way to the ring, he takes a few moments to meet with a few of them before rolling into the ring and waiting on his opponent. His music fades out.

♪"Blunt Blowin" by Lil Wayne"♪

The arena lights drop and a single spotlight hits the stage. As the theme picks up the beat, the signature red carpet rolls from the entrance way. The fans boo as the duo emerges from the curtain.

Quimbley:

And his opponent....

Mikey Unlikely slides under the spotlight and simply stretched out his arms taking in the reaction. Kendrix walks beside Mikey and ultimately points to the title strapped around Unlikelys waist. The two share a fist bump and make their way down the ramp and into the ring.

Angus:

Everytime I see this guy, I beg, and plead, and pray, that UTAH open back up and takes this man with them! Call it a coup, call it a world tour, call it what you want, just get this guy the fuck out of DEFIANCE.

Quimbley:

Weighing in at 225 lbs... Hailing from "The Burbs" but currently residing in beautiful Los Angeles, California... He is the DEFIANCE Southern Her....

Kendrix walks over to Q and puts his hand over the mic cutting him off. He shakes his head then tells him something inaudible to the audience.

Quimbley:

He is the REIGNING and DEFENDING HOLLYWOOD Heritage Champion... "The World's Greatest Entertainer" ... Mikeeyyyyyyyyyyyy UNlikelllllllyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!

The pair clap at Quimbley's amazing introduction and Kendrix leaves the ring as the referee hands the title to the timekeeper.

DDK:

Keep an eye on Kendrix as per usual. Earlier this evening L.A.R. cost Kendrix the end of the Hollywood Gauntlet allowing Andy Sharp to get the victory and become the new #1 contender for the SOHER. I imagine that is part of his motivation for being out here tonight.

DingDingDing**Angus:**

Here we go! Get em Scotland!

The pair of wrestlers circle one another, LAR is looking for the tie up. As he slides into the grasp with Mikey, Unlikely slips a thumb into the eye of the challenger. Mikey points at LAR looking over to Kendrix, laughing. When he turns around, Robertson had shaken the cobwebs loose, and delivers a stiff forearm right to the face of Mikey. The fans grow louder with every strike until the Scot has the champion backed into the corner. He grabs Unlikely by the hand and whips him to the opposite turnbuckle, but Mikey reverses and sends LAR hard, back first. Unlikely with the follow up, he jumps but Lamond moves. The SOHER champion eats a face full of turnbuckle and falls backward onto the mat. LAR quickly takes advantage and hooks Hollywood under the chin with a rear chin lock.

Angus:

Yuss! Keep on him, and keep your eyes open. I hate the 'Good guy' schtick but ANYONE is a better champion than McFuckass.

DDK:

I can't say i disagree partner.

Kendrix tries to start a slow clap for his partner but none of the fans join him. Unlikely slowly makes his way to his feet in a impressive display of strength. Mikey elbows LAR a few times and breaks the hold, he runs off the ropes but the ever aware LAR follows him and clotheslines him as he turns, sending Unlikely up and over the top and to the outside HARD! The other Bruv runs around to collect his partner and help him up. Mikey on the outside is shaken and frustrated. The referee starts his count, as Unlikely acts as if he's leaving. LAR having none of it, slides out of the ring and grabs Mikey by the hair and rolls him back inside. Kendrix comes up on LAR but after a quick stare down "the Future of DEFIANCE" backs off.

DDK:

Woah, looks like Kendrix wants no part of Robertson. The two have shared words recently.

Angus:

The man is a coward, just like the company he keeps. He may know how to wrestle, but if not for he and the rest of "Shitty Entertainment Guild" Mikey would not be ANY kind of "Champion".

LAR rolls back into the ring and goes for the cover on the champion.

One...

Two...

Kickout! LAR wastes no time pulling Unlikely to his feet. He whips him off the rope and Unlikely ducks the clothesline attempt. On the return Unlikely jumps, LAR catches him. Unlikely looks panicked and begins to attempt to beg off his opponent. Robertson spins and slams Mikey to the mat hard, with a spinebuster. On the outside Kendrix looks concerned. Lamond raises Mikey up again and hooks his head. He lifts the champion directly into the air for a vertical suplex but holds him up. The fans begin to count. After sixty impressive seconds he slams Unlikely down hard and once again goes for the cover.

One...

Two...

Kendrix from the outside pulls Unlikely from under LAR and to the outside. LAR looks to the referee who begins to admonish the Bruvs.

Angus:

Fuck! C'monnnnnn get that English bastard the hell out of here! How many times can these guys get involved without someone bringing backup to the ring?

LAR leaves the ring and goes for the SOHER Champion, Mikey takes off around the ring and slides in. LAR is in hot pursuit, but JFK trails the challenger. LAR attempts to slide in after Mikey but Kendrix grabs his leg. Unlikely grabs the referee's attention, complaining about the "Fast counts" as Kendrix pulls LAR straight out of the ring and he lands chest first on the outside. JFK grabs a steel chair and in one swift move, brings it up and over his head and down across the knees of Lamond.

DDK:

No! Right across his legs with the steel chair! This is unfair.

Angus:

I'm getting really fucking sick of this.

Kendrix picks up a limping challenger and rolls him into the ring as Unlikely comes out of the corner with the referee and picks up his opponent. Unlikely tucks the knee of Robertson and performs one of the worst looking shin breakers in the history of wrestling. Ugly, yet effective, The Scot cries out and reaches for his legs. Mikey runs over to Kendrix and shrugs. Kendrix tells him to grab his legs. Mikey walks over to LAR and picks up his legs. He looks back over to

Kendrix quizzingly. Kendrix imitates a leg lock on the outside.

Angus:

No... This isn't happening.... Keebs, Tell me one of our champions isn't asking for advice from a guy who's been in a match and a half here right now? Tell me he knows ONE submission hold!

DDK:

Well have only seen it once Angus, but his finishing hold is actually a submission, unfortunately I'm not sure what else is in his repitar...

Unlikely shrugs and grape vines one of LARs legs and just falls backward toward the mat. Robertson doesn't react to it. The fans start laughing, which immediately pisses off Unlikely. He releases the devastating hold and runs to the ropes to voice his displeasure.

"Youcantwrestle!...MikeySucks!"

"Youcantwrestle!...MikeySucks!"

"Youcantwrestle!...MikeySucks!"

LAR slowly to his feet is waiting behind him. Kendrix from the outside finally warns Mikey to turn around, by the time he does, Robertson is in full (limping) sprint. Unlikely thinks quickly and falls and pulls the rope down with him. The challenger goes tumbling over and to the outside again. Mikey rises and grabs the referee again as JFK circles the ring toward Robertson.

DDK:

Kendrix is like a shark on blood. As soon as Robertson dropped out of the ring he was on his.... Oh no, he's got that damn chair again!

The fans explode!

DDK:

Wait, who's...That's.....that's...

Angus:

FLIPPYDOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

Andy Sharp flies down the ramp towards the ring. Full speed he hops onto the ring apron, climbs the turnbuckle in no time flat and jumps through the air with a suicide senton to the outside on Kendrix who was about to smash down on Robertson from behind.

Angus:

YUS!!!!

HolyShit!Holyshit!Holyshit!

Angus:

I've never been so happy to see Andy Sharp in all my years!

Sharp gets back up to his feet and points at Mikey! Unlikely looks terrified. Sharp slides in the ring, Mikey slides out. Unlikely books it up the ramp and Sharp is in hot pursuit. Suddenly from behind the curtain come the Pop Culture Phenoms. Unlikely runs and hides behind Klein.

Angus:

You've gotta be fuggin' kidding me with this!

DDK:

Did you really think this match was going to end without this happening?

Angus:

A man can dream.

Elise Ares:

Hey, hey, hey, hey!!! Hold on a minute!

The camera doesn't even get the opportunity to see what happens next because Elise Ares grabs the camera and smiles. Her face gets really close to the camera and she begins to fix her hair, making sure every hair is in the perfect position. The camera changes to a different angle where a box is hung over the lens, written inside in Sharpie says "Buy XTREME, The PCPEP, now available on Amazon Music exclusively in Denmark!" The camera cuts back to the original where Elise backs up a little...

Angus:

For fuck's sake!!!!

Elise Ares:

Hey, I didn't really have time to get ready before we came out here... can you make sure my top is tied real tight for me?

Elise turns her back to the camera, which immediately drops to the ground and begins to film the shoes of the fans in the front row behind the barricade. They jitter around a little before it looks like everyone stands up on their feet.

DDK:

Wow! Did you all just see that?!

No one at home did, but the fans get loud as we see a limping L.A.R. jump into what is now a dogpile on Andy Sharp. He begins pulling at the heap of bodies. Mikey crawls out of the back as the referee finally calls for the bell.

(Angus sighs audibly)

Unlikely runs through the curtain away from the action as Kendrix catches up to the brawl and joins in.

Quimbley:

Ladies and gentleman, the result of this match, is a no contest!

DDK:

That means that....

Angus: (dejectedly)

Hollywood Mcfuckass is still champion...

The fans boo as loud as they can. DEFsec comes out and pulls the four members of the Sports Entertainment Guild off of Sharp and Robertson.

Angus:

Few more weeks Keebs, Flippy dooo has Mikey one on one at the DEFCON and none of his buddies can get involved! Movie Douche has been leaning on these guys too long and I CAN'T WAIT for Sharp to do what Sharp does and shut this idiot up and take his gold.

CONCLAVE CHAOS

♪ You can run on for a long time... ♪

The man in black stomps through the PA as Jane Katze and her flawless gams become the first thing we see emerge from gorilla position. The Gentlemen German Reinhardt Hoffman and Katze & Associates enforcer Nicky Corozzo are the next to push through the curtain. Mr. Cash plays on for a few moments before Jane motions back towards the curtain... and there he is. Bronson Box is already dressed in his ring gear in anticipation of his title showdown with Dan Ryan later tonight.

Angus:

We keep talkin' about the "old Eugene", Keebs, what about that very "old Bronson" stunt he pulled last week going all stab-city on Euge's brother Wayne backstage?

DDK:

Bronson's way of "awakening" whatever qualities he feels his DEFCON opponent is *lacking*, partner. According to him, anyway...

The foursome make their way down the ramp, each making his or her way into the ring. Bronson and Reinhardt roll under the ropes together. The Wargod perches himself atop the nearest turnbuckle, leaning into his sparring partner having a private chat as Big Nicky holds open second and third ropes for Jane. The giant former mafia enforcer dutifully retrieves a microphone for his employer without her even having to ask, taking his place right behind her... like a massive shadow ready to rip anyone a new one of they even *sneeze* in her general direction.

BRONSON'S HOE!

BRONSON'S HOE!

BRONSON'S HOE!

Jane Katze:

That's cute coming from the gin soaked, STD ravaged inhabitants of this disgusting city...

BOOOOOOOOO!

Jane Katze:

It's almost too easy with you people. You all want to know why I helped Bronson carve up Wayne Dewey last week? I hate to once again use Kelly Evans own words against her, but she said it on UNCUT before I let that greazy flashback get under my skin... "*a little mayhem pops the ratings and gets people talking*"... it also fixes problems, Kells. It can act as a catalyst, a tool to get people to do whatever it is you want them to do. I learned that from Edward, coincidentally. These revolting people can sit and cast aspersions on me all night long... I'm fucking RICH and POWERFUL and INFLUENTIAL no amount of cute *chanting* is going to change that.

WE LOVE CHANTING! *clap clap clapclapclap*

WE LOVE CHANTING! *clap clap clapclapclap*

WE LOVE CHANTING! *clap clap clapclapclap*

Jane Katze:

Adorable. Just absolutely adorable, really. The plain and simple truth is as follows, I played my part in getting that fat angry little nerd ready for DEFCON. The math is so simple even you people are probably capable of wrapping your little pee brains around the concept. My client versus the **REAL** Eugene Dewey equals that much MORE money, power, and influence for Jane Katze and Katze & Associates.

Katze turns back towards the turnbuckle The Wargod is still perched atop of. She gives him a "well how was that" sort of look, holding the microphone out for him to take. He slowly hops down from his seat and saunters over to his manager, taking the microphone as the DEFIANCE Faithful gives him a decidedly less mixed reaction that he's normally accustomed to.

BRON-SON SUCKS!
BRON-SON SUCKS!
BRON-SON SUCKS!

DDK:

If there's one DEFIANCE superstar that the Faithful embraced as fully as Bronson Box it's Eugene Dewey. Even if Eugene doesn't remember the old him, these people sure as heck do. And for Bronson to so viciously attack Wayne, someone who represents so much what Eugene used to be before BOXER screwed with his head? It's too much for even them to swallow, Angus.

Bronson Box:

According to the former FIST, former tag team champion, former owner and booker, former Socialite Edward White I'm just a raving maniac... that I'm simply toying with Eugene right now, my only real plan being that I want to ruin the poor lad's life. That every unexpected twist and turn that boy's gone through the last few years of his career are all just me being unhealthily focused on a young man who *EMBARRASSED ME*... [immediately calming down, he smiles] years ago, years ago that all was.

We hear the chant start in pockets around the arena and slowly build to a roar.

EU-GENE! EU-GENE! EU-GENE!
EU-GENE! EU-GENE! EU-GENE!
EU-GENE! EU-GENE! EU-GENE!

Bronson Box:

YES! CHANT HIS NAME... [pacing up and down the ropes] COME ON, CHANT! Like Peter Pan askin' the audience to clap fer' FOOKIN' Tinkerbell, COME ON! *MAKE THAT FAT WEE SHITE LIVE AGAIN!*

The Original DEFIANT's eyes are wide and wild, he obviously couldn't be more pleased at the fans embracing Eugene once again, even if only for a moment.

Bronson Box:

That right there's why ol' Ed was DEAD wrong about me! I do have a purpose. A rhyme and a reason fer' doin' what it is I'm doin'... I made a mistake taintin' Eugene with my brand o' viciousness. I made a mistake takin' from that lad that which made him *HIM*. Aye, I'm a sociopath, I'm a fuckin' LUNATIC... and right now all I want in the world is the old Eugene Dewey back. I want the greatest fookin' challenge I ever faced back strapped into those adorable little white sneakers again, with EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THESE PEOPLE CHANTIN' HIS FOOKIN' NAME...

The Wargod reaches out quicker than the cameraman can react and draws the camera closer to his sweaty, twitching, gnarled face.

Bronson Box:

I took the time out of my busy day to carve up your useless brother in hopes of starting a bloody revolution in that wee pinhead of yours, Eugene! I WANT TO SEE THAT OLD FIRE, BOY! I want to make fookin' *history* again, sunshine. I don't give two solid gold shits about beatin' the two year long FIST of DEFIANCE. I want to beat these fookin' peoples *HERO*... I want to see the look in their eyes when I break you in two at DEFCON and PROVE THAT I'M THE BEST FOOKIN' WRESTLER THIS COMPANY'S EVER SEEN!

Eugene Dewey:

BRONNNNNNNNSOOOOOOOOOON!

Instantly the fans pop as they recognise that voice. The DEFIANCE faithful look to the entrance ramp, but nobody's there. That's when the DEFIatron comes to life, and emblazoned on it is Eugene Dewey's wide, freckled nose and mouth.

Eugene Dewey:

BRONSON! COME OUT TO PLAY-AY!

In the ring The Wargod's attention turns to the screen. He takes a deep breath and stares along his nose at the lower part of Dewey's face that's still on the DEFIATron.

Eugene Dewey:

I hope I've got my timing right, Bronson. Because by my calculations you should be in the ring ranting and raving about some bullshit or another. Probably gloating about how you carved my brother up and how you'll do the same thing to me in a couple of weeks time, how close am I? See, the problem is I can't see or hear you... Something to do with the way this consarned technology works, but I know you can see and hear me...

Jane, Reinhardt and Nicky all start talking in Bronson's ear, but Box motions for them to be quiet.

Eugene Dewey:

And really, that's all that matter...That you can see and hear me, 'cause I got a lot to say and I got a lot to show you.

The shot on the screen pans out to reveal Eugene stood in front of a concrete wall. The shadow he's casting makes it quite clear he's not inside.

Eugene Dewey:

Let me start by saying 'congratulations'. Congratulations on finding a loophole in Kelly Evans' clause. Congratulations for beating, battering, and bloodying my defenceless brother in a four on one assault. Congratulations for cutting so much flesh from his face that he'll likely need skin grafts. But most of all, congratulations for doing something so monumentally, so catastrophically stupid as what you did last week. You see, you spilled my brother's blood... Now, I'm coming for yours.

Bronson Box, Reinhardt Hoffman and Nicky Corozzo all ready themselves in the ring as Jane Katze looks around for the best place to make her escape. That's when Eugene starts chuckling to himself.

Eugene Dewey:

Silly me! I can't touch you or your... associates... can I? At least, not until DEFCON. Problem is, I don't think I can wait that long... I'm itching to do some damage, Box, and I need to scratch. But therein lies the problem. I can't go after your family like you went after mine for the simple fact that you don't have any... I can't go after your friends, because you don't have any of them either. I mean, associate's, yes. Lackies, cronies, employees, yes, yes, yes... but no friends... so the way I see it I can only really go after the one thing you *do* care about...

The camera pans up and to the right to reveal a hand painted sign that reads 'The Conclave'. In the ring Jane Katze absolutely loses her shit. She starts yelling at Bronson, but Box knows he can't do much from where he is. Eugene is there, outside his training facility, his sanctuary, his home. Meanwhile, he's stood in the middle of the Wrestle-Plex, with no way of getting there in the seconds flat it would take to stop the freight train that's about to plow into The Conclave.

Eugene Dewey:

Shall we go inside?

Eugene steps up to the door below the sign and, almost as though he's King Leonidas, thrust kicks the door open. Dewey steps in and surveys the now busted lock before shrugging proceeding deeper into The Conclave. The next room is a big, open space. In the middle of it sits a wrestling ring, all set up and ready to be used. Around the outside of the room are different stations. Ropes, weights, exercise machines, and as one might expect from Bronson Box, some more unusual equipment as well, such as an anvil, sledgehammers, logs and large stones.

Eugene Dewey:

It's like a playground... And I've got it all to myself.

Eugene immediately starts over to the anvil where the sledge hammers rest around it.

Eugene Dewey:

I remember training here. Speed, accuracy, timing... one, two, three, four, one, two, three, four...

Eugene traces a circle with his finger around the anvil.

Eugene Dewey:

I think I'd be pretty stupid to try and break an anvil though.... But this...

Dewey picks up one of the sledgehammers and holds it up like a former blue blooded aristocrat. He admires the head of the hammer as he spins it around.

Eugene Dewey:

This will do nicely.

Eugene spins and immediately drives the hammer into the wall, taking a huge chunk out of the brick.

Eugene Dewey:

Very nicely. You see Box, I can't harm you, and I can't harm anyone you might pretend to care about, but I've got to let off steam somehow, and there's no games out there that let you eviscerate digital versions of your enemies, so this'll have to do.

Eugene heads over to the stones and brings the hammer down onto one of them, cracking it in two. With one hand holding the hammer, he uses the other to scoop up one half of the stone. He carries both items over to the treadmills and sets the stone underneath the belt on the floor.

Eugene Dewey

I mean, it seems tame to do things so... petty after you bled my brother like a stuck pig...

After Dewey pushes a couple of buttons on the treadmill controls the belt starts turning only to grind to a halt and kick up in the air a few seconds later.

Eugene Dewey:

But dammit if it ain't fun.

Just to ensure that the treadmill is thoroughly broken Eugene smashes the controls with the sledge hammer. He then takes the hammer to a string of equipment all in the same area. He smashes seats of rowing machines, handlebars of the bikes and pedals of the elliptical machines. With each swing he lets out a guttural grunt. He turns a couple of machines on their sides for good measures before surveying his work. Shattered plastic lies strewn across the floor and bent metal frames litter the station. Breathing heavily Dewey heads for the next station.

Eugene Dewey:

I wish I could see your face right now, Box. I really do. But I'll have to settle for watching this back later.

Back in the ring Jane Katze is almost tearing her hair out as she watches Dewey head towards the weights station, Nicky does his best to calm her down. Reinhardt is pacing back and forth, fully aware that he can't do a damn thing to save his home. Bronson meanwhile stares at the screen stoically. Not one emotion crosses his face as he watches Eugene pick up dumb-bells and toss them to the floor.

Eugene Dewey:

I wish I could do more over here aside from simply make a mess...

Eugene squats down beside the rack of dumb-bells and pushes a shoulder into them. With a great heave the rack topples and hundreds of pounds of metal clatter to the floor.

Eugene Dewey:

But I guess I'll just have to settle for making one of your cronies tidy this up...

Dewey stops for a second and looks up at the mirror on the wall in front of him. After all, no weights area of any self respecting gym would be without a mirror. He looks down at his feet where a 20lbs dumb-bell lies. Dewey bends down and scoops it up.

Eugene Dewey:

I think i've had all the bad luck I'm gonna get.

With that Dewey launches the dumb-bell at the mirror, shattering it into a million pieces.

Eugene Dewey:

Would you look at that? There was something to damage, afterall.

Eugene turns and heads for the ring now. He drags the sledge hammer behind him. The sound of steel scraping against concrete reverberates around the big, open room. Eugene runs a hand along the apron of the ring before rounding the ring post.

Eugene Dewey:

Oh I can't wait until we step into the ring together, Bronson. It's gonna be fuuuuuuuuuUn.

Dewey hops up on the apron.

Eugene Dewey:

I know what you want...

Eugene steps into the ring.

Eugene Dewey:

Believe me... You're not just gonna get what you want. You're gonna get more than you bargained for.

Eugene raises the sledge hammer above his head and, with a visceral scream, brings it down in the middle of the ring with such force it puts a hole through the canvas and the boards underneath.

Eugene Dewey:

YOU WANT ME, BRONSON! YOU GOT ME!

???

WHAT THE BLOODY HELL!?

At the top of the staircase in the last corner of the room stands Bronson Box's trainer, Spud Collins. The old man hobbles down the stairs and starts towards the ring where Eugene stands over the sledge hammer, looking almost like King Arthur and excalibur. In the ring Bronson Box's eyes widen as he realises Eugene Dewey is hundred of miles away in the same building as his mentor.

Eugene Dewey:

Spud... Man, looks like you've got some cleaning up to do...

Spud Collins:

What the FUCK'S goin' on boy?

Spud rolls into the ring and looks around the room at the wrecked equipment. Eugene advances on the distracted Collins and pulls back a fist. Collins turns back to Dewey and recoils when he sees Dewey's position.

Eugene Dewey:

Oh how I'd love to, Spud. When I look at you all I see is Bronson Box. But I know if I touch you I'll never get my hands on your protege. So before I do something I'll regret for the rest of my life I'm gonna go... Have fun sorting this mess out. At least you're not gonna have to wash blood out of every piece of clothing you have on.

With that Eugene backs off and leaves the ring, leaving Spud Collins to look around the Conclave until the feed vanishes from the DEFIAtron.

DDK:

Holy crap, Angus. Look at Box.

Angus:

He looks... surprisingly calm.

DDK:

He looks calm on the surface, but still waters run deep, and Bronson Box is probably the deepest man I know of.

Angus:

Check out Jane though, Keeps. She's fuming.

DDK:

Jane and Nicky wear their hearts on their sleeves. They're pissed and they're letting those emotions out. Bronson Box though, he just watched Eugene Dewey destroy his home and he's not batted an eyelid. In fact, I don't think he's even blinked. He may look calm, but Bronson's blood has to be boiling. The only person brave enough to lean in and try and get a reading on Boxer is his friend and sparring partner Reinhardt. But even he can't seem to elicit a reaction from The Wargod.

Angus:

I don't think that was the smartest thing Dewey's ever done in his life.

DDK:

I think I agree with you, partner.

Angus:

I'll tell you what though, when these two meet in a few short weeks, they're gonna tear each other limb from limb.

DDK:

That is if they make it to DEFCON. They're gonna be in the same building as each other once more before then. It could all hit the fan then.

Angus:

And that wouldn't surprise me ONE bit, Keeps.

Bronson continues to stare at the now blank DEFIAtron as we fade into the next scene.

FRANK DYLAN JAMES (C) VS. CURTIS PENN

♪"Enea Volare Mezzo" eRa ♪

Curtis Penn:

Shut it off... Shut off my damn music!

The music comes to an abrupt halt as Penn storms to the center of the ring.

Curtis Penn:

I don't want to hear it! Not today, not tomorrow, not any damn time that I'm not wearing DEFIANCE GOLD!

He wipes the corners of his mouth.

Curtis Penn:

Frank DYLAN JAMES! Despite what you think, or lack thereof, I am not the one to FUCK WITH!

He turns towards the ramp and stares holes through the curtains.

Curtis Penn:

You.. You believe for one second that I will not stand toe to toe with your ignorant ass. Try me. Oh, definitely try me.

The Sultan of Strong Style gives that smarmy grin that normally leads him into trouble.

Curtis Penn:

Because I'm about to beat you from pillar to post and take away your D.O.C Gold. I'm going to humiliate you by kicking your Goat fucking ass until you're laying in puddle of your own blood and shit.

The Deadly Dictator of DEFIANCE pauses.

Curtis Penn:

Now, Frankie bring your big ass down here so I can send you back to the trailer park.

♪"Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent♪

The Mastadon steps onto the ramps wearing the D.o.C around his neck like a dog collar. At the sound of the Faithful FDJ rips it off raises above his head and clamps down on it like a bulldog locking it's jaws.

Angus:

Yeah, I hope FDJ makes good on his threat and bites Curtis' nose off!

DDK:

This is going to be a promising matchup between these two guys. Prior to Penn's injury to his wrist early last year we saw him tear into guys fiercely and FDJ is like a wild dog with a pain threshold that is unmatched.

Angus:

But, Penn showed his true colors..yellow when he started running away from every person in the ring. Not only is he Douche McFuckins, but he's also a chicken shit. The part that bothers me is this. Penn practically begged Kelly for this match. He never asks for a match with a guy that hits like a truck. Curtis Penn is the chickeniest of all chickenshits! What gives?

DDK:

Well partner, I don't know, but I do know we're about to find out!

Penn and Frank come together at center ring. Curtis, running his mouth as usual, seems completely unimpressed with the snorting and sneering giant of a man in front of him. Frank violently hands off the Onslaught Championship to Mark Shields and he smiles the ugliest, most broken-toothed smile that he can muster at Penn.

Angus:

Oh, man, DIS GON BE GUUD!

DING! DING! DING!

Without wasting a second Curtis Penn reaches up and slaps the taste out of the Hillbilly Jesus's mouth. Frank's eyes, already set to pop out of his head, somehow manage to go wider as he reaches out to grab the smaller grappler for God knows what.

DDK:

Penn's too quick for that!

Angus:

He's for sure not gonna stand there and take a beating.

As a matter of fact Penn is so quick that before Frank can find him, he's completely entangled himself into the ropes and screaming for a rope break, a timeout, and a disqualification. He gets none, though, as Frank is quick to meet him on at the edge of the ring, reach over the ropes and feed him a straight right hand that scrambles Penn's brains.

DDK:

So much for a rope break.

Angus:

To be fair, Frank wasn't applying a hold, so the break isn't called for. Curtis Penn is an idiot.

Frank wants more, but by the grace of the Refereeing Gods that goof Mark Shields manages to get himself in between Frank and Penn and through sheer power of will and begging not to be hurt he presses Frank back to the center of the ring and allows Penn the time to recalibrate his senses and get back to his feet.

The meet at center ring once again, this time Frank juts his big bearded chin out and points, offering Penn a free shot.

Penn wants nothing to do with it.

Angus:

Ha! What a pussy.

Frank is making pretty much the same statement when Penn whips a leg up and buries a roundhouse into his chest, leaving a big whelp. Penn follows up with a swift elbow to the still exposed chin and finally his own grin returns.

DDK:

Look at that! Frank is down to a knee!

Angus:

Wow. I mean, just... wow.

Curtis Penn:

GET UP YOU BIG BASTARD!

Frank shakes loose the static and rises again. This time Penn juts his own chin out. It takes Frank no time to unleash a headbutt straight into Penn's forehead that puts Penn back down on the mat. Frank doesn't waste time this time though and he reaches down and pulls him up, measures, and destroys his chest with an overhand chop right across

the chest.

Angus:

Ha! He ain't talkin' much with his lungs collapsed!

This time Frank grabs Penn and he gets him, he lifts for some kind of overhead something but Penn is able to find the wherewithal to wiggle out and land behind Frank. With a mighty bellow that you'd expect to hear out of Frank before you'd hear it out of Penn, Curtis unleashes the rolling elbow to end all rolling elbows to the back of Frank's head, this time sending Frank stumbling down onto the middle rope.

Following up quickly Penn comes to the ropes and springboards over, dropping a serious leg across the back of his head! Instead of falling to the floor, though, Penn manages to hang onto Frank's head and manipulate himself into a sort of hanging rope-assisted triangle choke looking deal. Mark Shields is out of the ring quickly and applying the count.

One!

Two!

Three!

Four!

Fi-

At the last possible second Penn lets go and gracefully backflips himself down to the arena floor and directly into the face of Mark Shields.

Curtis Penn:

I have till FIVE asshole!

Mark Shields:

I was AT five asshole!

Penn begins to walk the referee down using all manner of threatening mannerisms, while back in the ring the Mastodon has had the needed time to catch his breath and straighten his arm back out in the right direction, and now he stands about ten feet behind Penn. The referee yelps and goes running away and Penn, oblivious, turns right around.

Into a running bicycle knee to the broad side of the noggin. Penn's newfound forward momentum sends him into and over the barricade and into the Faithful. Faithful scatter as Frank follows suit, easily stepping over the guardrail and lifting Penn up off of the floor. Without hesitation Frank sends Penn over with a high hip-toss that sees him landing back first over the first couple of rows of chairs.

FDJ:

HOOOOO-AAAAAAAH!!!

On hands and knees Penn crawls away from his no so soft landing on the floor. FDJ takes his time stepping over the guardrail and stalks Curtis Penn towards the far corner of the floor. Frank reaches down and grabs Curtis by his shitty little boots and the look of panic fills the eyes of the Former Southern Heritage Champion. The Mastodon pulls backs on the boot and drags Curtis Penn across the floor all the while Penn trying to dig his fingers into the floor.

FDJ:

YA COMIN' WIT ME BOY!

Penn starts flailing around trying to escape the iron strong grip that FDJ has on his foot. Penn death rolls to no avail. He flips onto his back and starts kicking wildly hoping that just one of his kicks land solidly enough to allow him freedom. Frank swats his kicks away like flies, laughing at Penn's attempts. FDJ reaches down to grab the other foot and Penn nails him in the bridge of his nose watering his eyes. Penn seeing his moment slides into the ring and puts half the ring in between him and FDJ.

Frank wipes the tears away from his eyes and stares daggers into Penn. Penn slowly stands up and adjusts his kneepads and with all of the bravado that he can muster he taunts FDJ back into the ring.

Frank ducks beneath the top rope, Penn bounces off the far rope and connect with a Busaiku Knee that rocks The Mastadon down to one knee. FDJ swings wildly at the air almost connecting with Referee Mark Shields as he checks on the glassy eyed D.O.C Champion. Penn pulls Shields out of the way and starts blasting the Champion with elbow after elbow. His final flurry ends with a Roaring Elbow that sways FDJ, but the Hillbilly Monster throws out a hand that keeps him on one knee, he tries to push himself up, but Penn nails him with a Cyclone Kick that takes him down to both knees.

Surprise and frustration is all over Curtis Penn's face. He steps back and delivers another Busaiku Knee Kick that sends Frank's head between his ankles.

Curtis Penn:

I TOLD YOU I WASN'T THE ONE TO FUCK WITH!

Those words bring the Mastadon back up on his knees. Penn walks over and drags his thumb across the throat of Frand Dylan James. He hooks the head and drives FDJ into the mat with a snap DDT.

Cover!

One!

Two!

KICK OUT!

Penn drops an elbow from the bottom rope onto the face of FDJ. Mounts the second turnbuckle and drives the point of his elbow into FDJ's lumpy nose. He mounts the third turnbuckle and double stomps onto FDJ's thick chest.

COVER

One!

Two!

KICK OUT!

Curtis quickly covers FDJ for another pin attempt.

KICK OUT!

Curtis slaps the mat in frustration and tries another pin.

INSTINCTIVE KICK OUT!

Penn pops up after the quick pin and takes a step back trying to collect his thoughts. FDJ lays on the mat, barely moving. Penn runs and punt kicks FDJ in the head, ruining whatever laid between his ears to begin with!

DDK:

What's this?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

The chorus of jeers rising from the DEFIANCE Faithful cues the cameras to point at the arena entrance, as the massive Mushighihara slowly saunters his way down the aisle, wringing his wrists in preparation as he views the battle before him.

DDK:

Oh, no, Eddie Dante had said that he wanted to make waves on the course to DEFCON, and... is this what he meant, disrupting this DOC title match?!

Mushi advances down the aisle, chuckling to himself in glee when Sam Horry runs down the aisle and around Eddie Dante and Mushighiara, cutting off their progress to the ring.

DDK:

Now Sam is here?! Are we gonna get DEFCON early?!

Angus:

Don't forget, FDJ beat Sam to advance to the finals of the DOC tournament, and eventually become champion. Maybe Sam wants to settle his score with FDJ first.

Sam begins pointing at Mushi and then points to the back. Because there is no microphone on him, his words are lost amongst the buzzing Faithful.

DDK:

Looks like Sam is telling Mushi to go back to the locker room.

Angus:

Yeah and Mushi doesn't wanna hear it either!

Eddie Dante steps in front of Sam and Mushi, while the camera zooms in on Eddie's bewildered face.

Eddie:

You?! You're gonna force the God-Beast to go the back?!

Sam takes off his t-shirt, to the Faithful's roar, and gets in his fighting stance. Mushi smiles and steps in front of Dante, more than ready to oblige.

Angus:

Looks like option A, Keeps! We're getting DEFCON early!

DEFSecurity floods the aisleway, getting in between the two rivals.

DDK:

There's still a championship match going on inside the ring! I don't know what Mushi was planning, but Sam sure stepped in to stop it. You gotta imagine there will be some hell to pay for that.

Angus:

Now that that is over can we please get back to Frankie rubbing Penn's face into the ropes?

DDK:

For everyone whose attention was taken away by the God-Beast's appearance it was the distraction that helped FDJ take back control of the match.

The action picks back up with FDJ grinding Penn's face along to top rope. Frank drags him to the turnbuckle and drives Penn's head into it a couple of times before backing up and throwing hands into the air. Penn turns around, clutching his face, and receives a big boot from the Mastadon. He hooks Penn around the waist and dumps him on the back of his head.

♪"Just a Girl" by No Doubt♪

Angus:

What the HELL is Harmony doing out here now?

Harmony's music pulls the Mastadon's attention from what he had going on in the ring as he watches her walk out onto the ramp. Curtis takes advantage of the diversion and rolls the big man up.

One!

Two!

KICK OUT!

Penn rolls Frank onto his belly and goes automatically for the Curtis Clutch. But as he goes to trap the arm FDJ powers up to his feet, Penn holding on for dear life gets sandwiched between FDJ's hairy back and the turnbuckle.

DDK:

That took the breath out of Penn. Penn is perched on the top turnbuckle sucking in air.

Angus:

Forget about Douche McBaggins, Harmony came out here and left without a single word. WHAT'SUPWITDAT!

FDJ locks both hands around the throat of Penn and lifts him out of the corner. Penn desperately tries to break the hold by slamming his hands across the forearms of FDJ. Penn gives up after a few attempts and starts throwing haymakers at FDJ, rocking the Champ enough for him to lose his grip and Penn drops to the mat.

Frank charges in, Penn ducks under the big man, waits for the rebound and treats FDJ with a flying forearm smash halting FDJ's momentum. Penn falls back against the ropes and charges in looking for another running knee. FDJ gives Penn a little taste of his own shoe leather as Penn eats a big boot. Instinctively Penn pulls guard once he hits the ground.

DDK:

Frank is stupefied by Penn laying on his back like a flipped over turtle!

FDJ:

GIT UP YA HIPPIY BAYSTERD!

Penn just gives FDJ a shit eating grin and taunts him to bring him in. Frank dives in with a fist drop, but Penn thrusts up his legs at the last moment, trapping his neck and arm in a triangle choke.

Angus:

COME ON YOU BIG MOTHER DON'T TAP!

Frank tries to pull his arm out, but Penn laces his fingers behind FDJ's neck a little deeper and tries to pull off his head. Frank drops to one knee, but only for a second before he pulls himself back up to a vertical base. He lifts Penn up into a powerbomb. Penn shakes his head frantically as Frank hoists him up and tosses Penn into the turnbuckle.

Angus:

FINISH HIM!!!!

Penn fall onto the mat, Frank pulls him up by his head, pushes him into the corner chest first, and steps back to measure him. FDJ lays into Penn with a literal Roaring Elbow to the back of the head causing Penn to collapse into the corner. FDJ, keeping with the momentum runs towards the far corner.

DDK:

FDJ is building up steam!

FDJ launches himself into the back of Penn and just crumbles to the mat.

DDK:

Frank is looking to end this one from the top rope!

Frank stands tall on the top turnbuckle, slips a little and recovers. He gives a wide smile to the Faithful before jumping from the top landing knees first on the chest area of Curtis Penn!

Cover!

One!

Two!

THREE!!!!

Angus:

HE DID IT! HE DID IT!! HE MADE ROADKILL OUT OF CURTIS PENN!

YOUR WINNER AND STILL DEFIANCE ONSLAUGHT CHAMPION FRANK DYLAN JAMES!

Marks Shields raises FDJ's hand while Frank holds the leather of the D.o.C in his mouth like a chew toy. Curtis Penn recovers after a moment, as he pulls himself to the corner and up to his knees.

DDK:

Impressive victory by Frank Dylan James, and he's owning the Onslaught Championship so far! Curtis Penn gave it his all, but -- Impulse is on his way to the ring!

Angus:

One loser to another. This should be interesting, No, wait... boring.

Impulse walks with purpose towards the ring, and slides under the bottom rope just as Curtis Penn gets back to his feet, and the two athletes lock eyes. Impulse has an amused smirk on his face, while Penn seems to get more and more angry at the final intrusion of his title shot.

DDK:

Penn takes a swing! Impulse ducks the fist! SUDDEN IMPACT!

The fans pop as Impulse's boot lands in Curtis Penn's jaw, and the impact, combined with the match against FDJ, causes Penn to crumble to the mat. The fans cheer and start to chant Impulse's name as he retrieves a microphone from Quimby, and he takes a seat on the top turnbuckle.

BLOWING IT UP...DIFFERENTLY

Impulse:

Now that I've got your attention, Curtis... I think we need to talk about this rematch stuff.

The fans cheer at Impulse's declaration of statement, and he pauses so they can have their say.

Impulse:

It's interesting to me, that every slight setback in your career is everyone's fault but your own, Curtis... but no matter what the situation, any time you come out ahead, clearly you earned it and are the greatest wrestler in the world.

He leans back, and the camera catches him rolling his eyes. The fans voice their approval.

Impulse:

You wanna rock the delusional self, that's cool. You're one'a the best I've ever seen in that respect, but I - and the Faithful - prefer to live in the real world.

They cheer again.

Impulse:

You tried to act like the big shot, Curtis... and you got slapped down by the D.O.C. So here's what's going to happen, sir. You and I are going to have a match, and we're going to find out who the better wrestler truly is.

He drops from the turnbuckle to the mat.

Impulse:

No excuses, no shortcuts, no complaints, no countouts, and no disqualifications. You wanna claim you're the man, Curtis? You're gonna have t'look me in the eye and prove it.

He walks to Curtis Penn's prone body; Penn is starting to show signs of life. Impulse steps on his hand and leans over him, looking at his face upside - down.

Impulse:

And it's going to happen at DEFCON.

He drops to his knees and gets uncomfortably close. Curtis Penn's eyes flutter; he's almost regained his senses.

Impulse:

Do I rate your attention now, Curtis?

Impulse drops the microphone to the mat next to Penn's head and leaves the ring. We go to commercial without any need for commentary.

A MOTIVE NOT ALL THAT ULTERIOR

Sam, along with Jeanie are heading towards their waiting rental. They are preceeded by Sam' sore and hurt entourage. Before they could enter they are stopped by Mushighiara and Eddie Dante.

Eddie:

Just can't resist tempting fate can you, Sam? I mean you challenge my God-Beast, when you barely survived the last encounter; you nearly lose tonight against Levi Cole, and now you get in Mushighiara's way and prevent him from conducting his business?

Sam looks at Jeanie first, then Eddie.

Sam:

Temptin' fate? I was inspired by you tonight Eddie...seriously. See when you came into my locker room, and had Mushi beat up my team, then sat next to my woman to tell me to keep focused on me and Mushi's match at DEFCON, I couldn't help but return the favor.

Eddie:

Well, let's hear this warped sense of logic.

Sam:

If Mushi went down to that ring, to do...whatever it was he was gonna do, you know damn well either FDJ or Curtis Penn were gonna get their payback. When? During my match with Mushi. See, I "kept my eyes on my task" and protected this match. Now when I beat Mushi at DEFCON, it won't be because FDJ or Curtis Penn came looking for revenge. It'll be because I am the 'sharpest sword', and at DEFCON, I will cut you (looks at Mushi) **down!**

Eddie:

Your sense of honor will be your undoing, Samuel. We could be fighting over the DOC at DEFCON. Mushigihara is slated to face Curtis Penn on DEFTv 68, and if our plan had been executed, it would have been a title match... one that we would not lose. You could have had a chance to be a champion, Sam... but come DEFCON, the God-Beast will instead make a CORPSE out of you.

Mushighiara steps to Sam, who places Jeanie behind him.

Mushighiara:

OSU!

Eddie and Mushighiara leave with Mushi shoulder bumping Sam on the way out.

LIGHTING FIRES

Johnny Cash's cover of "Rusty Cage" by Soundgarden starts up over a pitch black expanse. The lyrics, bold white letters flash across the screen as the man in black rambles on.

*♪ You wired me awake ♪
♪ And hit me with a hand of broken nails ♪*

Out of the blackness quick, almost frightening flashes of Bronson Box and Dan Ryan locked in bloody battle. Hands caked in glue and glass, skin hanging in sheets from raw exposed flesh and muscle.

*♪ You tied my lead and pulled my chain ♪
♪ To watch my blood begin to boil ♪*

Ryan and his Humility Bomb and The Wargod with his BOMBASTO Bomb... over and over and over to an almost innumerable amount of opponents. The series of clips fly by faster and faster with each impact.

*♪ But I'm gonna break ♪
♪ I'm gonna break my ♪
♪ I'm gonna break my rusty cage and run ♪*

The left side of the screen, Dan Ryan. The right, Bronson Box. The two images moves closer and closer until we're left with one face. Half Ego Buster half Wargod, flames start to spark underneath the image. As soon as the man in black pauses and speaks the phrase "and run" for the last time the flames finish consuming the image of the two grapplers.

*♪ But I'm gonna break ♪
♪ I'm gonna break my ♪
♪ I'm gonna break my rusty cage... and run ♪*

We're left with a few wisps of smoke over that same black expanse as we fade back to ringside after a few moments of eerie silence.

DAN RYAN (C) VS. BRONSON BOX

♪ "The Entertainer" by Scott Joplin ♪

BOOOOOORAAAAAAAABOOOOOO!

The Bombastic Bronson Box pushes through the entrance curtain with a frustrated sneer on his lips. He takes his time walking out to the lip of the ramp, taking a few moments to look out over the rowdy Wrestle-Plex crowd before making a beeline down the ramp towards the ring.

DDK:

The Wargod is in a rare mood after the events we witnessed earlier tonight, partner.

Angus:

Eugene Dewey flew to goddamn UTAH... not the promotion, the actual state and GORAM busted up Bronson's weird wrestling school wherever the shit The Conclave is up in the mountains somewhere. That weird concrete cube is Boxer's HOME, Keeps.

DDK:

Dan Ryan is stepping into the ring tonight with a DOUBLE ticked Wargod.

Boxer takes each ringside very deliberately, wiping his feet on the apron before whipping a leg over the second rope and spinning back into the ring. He shadow boxes around the perimeter of the ropes as his entrance music plays on. Eventually settling back into one of the farther two turnbuckles... his eyes pointed back up the ramp whence he came. Two spot lights start encircling the stage area, the arena lights lower ever so slightly.

♪ My reflection, dirty mirror ♪
♪ There's no connection to myself ♪
♪ I'm your lover, I'm your zero ♪
♪ I'm the face in your dreams of glass ♪
♪ So save your prayers ♪
♪ For when we're really gonna need 'em ♪
♪ Throw out your cares and fly ♪
♪ Wanna go for a ride? ♪

"Zero" by the Smashing Pumpkins plows through the Faithful's eardrums, as Billy whines the word "ride" two huge pillars of pyro shoot out from the top of the stage. Through the fire and smoke steps the current reigning FIST of DEFIANCE The Ego Buster Dan Ryan. We notice on the big man's trek down the ramp he already has a microphone in his hand, he doesn't give The Wargod much mind until he's in the ring with the man. The fact Ryan is giving him so little regard only acts to feed Bronson's anger.

Angus:

Is he trying to piss Boxer off? Dide he see what Euge did earlier?

Ryan takes his time raising the microphone to his lips as he saunters over into arm's reach of his opponent. The two share a moment, but right as Ryan is about to speak into his microphone Boxer reaches over and SMACKS it right out of his hand.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

Bronson obviously not interested in hearing anymore of what The Ego Buster has to say.

FUCK YOUR PROMO! *clap clap clapclapclap*
FUCK YOUR PROMO! *clap clap clapclapclap*
FUCK YOUR PROMO! *clap clap clapclapclap*

Angus:

Heh, yeah. Sounds like the Faithful agree wholeheartedly.

Ryan does his best to play off the move, but it's obvious he's now a bit more *bothered* than he was previously. The Wargod's feet haven't moved. Ref Benny Doyle steps between the two men, doing his best to force them at least an arm's length apart so ring announcer Darren Quimbey can clamber into the ring and get this match started officially.

Darren Quimbey

The following one fall match is for the FIST of DEFIANCE Champiiiiiiionship! Standing in the corner to my right, he weighs in tonight at a stout seventeen stoooooone and hailing from the boggy coast of Banff Scotlaaaaaand... he is a former TWO TIME FIST and a DEFIANCE Original. He is BRONSOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOOOX!

BOOOOOORAAAAAAAABOOOOOO!

Boxer still hasn't moved one inch from the spot he planted himself several minute ago, he doesn't react to Quimbey, the Faithful... his eyes are trained on the FIST. Not the belt, but the man.

Angus:

Let it be noted he's getting that mixed reaction due completely to the fact Ryan has been acting like such a twatwhistle lately.

DDK:

Lesser of two evils, Angus.

Darren Quimbey

And in the corner to my left. He weighs in tonight at well over THREE HUNDRED pounds and hailing from the lone staaaaaar state... he is a MULTIPLE time World Champion aaaaaaall over the world. He is the current REIGNING AND DEFENDING FIIIIIIIIIST OF DEFIANCE! He is The Ego Buster... DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN RYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAN!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The Champ smiles BIG as the fans rain down nothing but hate and derision. He winks at Boxer before handing the ten pounds of gold on red leather off to Benny Doyle walking back towards his corner. With the introductions done and the competitors ready, Doyle takes a deep breath and signals for the bell. *DING DING...* Much to his and everyone else's surprise the two men don't slam together like two steam engines, rather begin by circling one another.

Angus:

Well, how 'bout that? We might actually be treated to a WRESSLIN' match here tonight, Keebler.

DDK:

Bronson's goal from the second he returned to DEFIANCE was to prove without a shadow of a doubt he's THE best in the company... something tells me he aims to prove that in more ways than one here against The Ego Buster.

After a few feints and more than a little posturing Box makes the first move stepping hard into a double leg takedown. The two men display their not as oft seen technical prowess in the opening minutes. It becomes clear Bronson's ground game is just a little sharper than his much larger opponent. The technical masterclass comes to an abrupt close as Boxer begins manipulating Ryan's fingers in directions fingers aren't meant to bend even going as far as to literally BITE The Ego Busters digits with his damn teeth. Ryan immediately breaks free and scoots back towards the most available turnbuckle... looking back in abject horror at Bronson Box wiping HIS blood from his lips.

Angus:

Dude...

DDK:

Bronson Box is leaving nothing to waste in his toolkit, Angus.

Dan Ryan gets back to his feet, working out his sore fingers as he glowers across the ring at The Wargod... Boxer smiles back coolly. The two men once again start to circle one another. In this exchange Ryan seems to have an added resolve, eventually getting a solid upper hand, twisting and trying The Wargod into as many knots as possible. The massive grappler utilizes his huge size advantage to frustrate the Scotsman by keeping a dominant position for a majority of the exchange. With no room to work, Bronson Box is forced to look for an exit from this particular tête-à-tête. He deftly escapes Ryan's grasp during The Ego Buster's attempted armbar.

Now it's Dan Ryan's turn to smile.

Angus:

He's got him on the run, Keebler. Ryan reall... HOLY BALLS!

Before Ryan can even get back up to both feet The Original DEFIANT nearly takes his head off with a lunging European uppercut that sends Dan's head flying backwards into the ropes. Boxer doesn't relent, simply launching his forearm over and over into the chin of his grounded, completely prone opponent. After four nasty uppercuts in this manner the FIST bails as quickly as possible under the bottom rope to find some respite at ringside. Boxer pops back up to his feet and lets loose a guttural *roar* at the top of his lungs.

DDK:

What an absolute ASSAULT from The Wargod!

Boxer steps out onto the apron, leaping off with a stiff double axe handle to the back of Ryan's neck that sends him staggering towards the railing. Bronson helps that process along, grabbing Ryan by the scruff of the neck and the top of the tights and recklessly launching The ego Buster HEAD FIRST into the ringside railing. Not done, obviously The Wargod picks up Ryan again and repeats the process on the ring steps. He puts a punctuation on the ringside assault by heaving Ryan up on his shoulder and DROPPING him back first across the guardrail. Bronson steps back and mugs for the camera for only a moment... but that moment was all Ryan needed to clear a few cobwebs and violently irish whip Boxer knees first into the ringside steps.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Angus:

SWEET CHRIST!

Ryan hoists Boxer up and back into the ring before rolling quickly under the ropes back to his feet. He immediately starts running down the laundry list of neck dropping suplexes he has in his arsenal, launching The Wargod across the ring over until it looks like the Scotsman's head and neck might simply roll off his shoulders. After a bit, the relentlessness bleeds back into gross overconfidence. Ryan replaces action with words as he slaps the back of his opponents head, giving his sheared dome a few sharp, disrespectful kicks with the end of his boot.

DDK:

Thiiiiis might be the wrong course of action to take with The Wargod here...

No sooner did the words leave Keeblers mouth, a BRUTAL irish whip ends up backfiring on The Ego Buster. After the maneuver Ryan takes his time "winding up" a lariat, but at the last second RIGHT before he makes impact The Wargod steps out, catches the arm, HOISTS his opponent up and cracks his spine with a brutal surprise of his own.

DDK:

ONE ARMED SIDE SLAM FROM THE WARGOD!

Boxer collapses right next to Ryan for the effort after the devastating maneuver.

*FUCK HIM UP BRON-SON FUCK HIM UP! *stomp stomp**
*FUCK HIM UP BRON-SON FUCK HIM UP! *stomp stomp**
*FUCK HIM UP BRON-SON FUCK HIM UP! *stomp stomp**

Angus:

They hate his damn guts most of the time, but GORAM are these people behind The Wargod right now Keebs!

DDK:

No Jane and Nicky! No Reinhart! If Bronson is going to win the FIST of DEFIANCE he's going to do it on his own, folks!

Both competitors get to their feet at about the same time. Forehead to forehead the two huge rams quite literally scream into each other's face before laying into one another with a double barrage of wild and reckless overhead shots that send the Faithful into an absolute frenzy.

DEF! DEF! DEF! DEF!
DEF! DEF! DEF! DEF!
DEF! DEF! DEF! DEF!

After a few moments the FIST gets the better of the exchange, quickly positioning himself behind the groggy Wargod, locking his arms around his waist and LAUNCHING him back into the turnbuckle with a grizzly looking release German suplex. Ryan is back to his feet quicker than a man his size should be able, taking wrist control and dragging the limp body of the former two time FIST out into the wasteland away from the safety of the ropes. With his wrist bent back and pinned Ryan goes about PASTING The Wargod across the face with several disrespectful open palm shots. All this before dropping quickly back into a brutal Fujiwara armbar that wakes Boxer RIGHT up as the pain shoots up his arm and shoulder like lightning from the now hyperextended joint of his elbow.

Angus:

HE 'AINT GIVIN' UP!

Skaaland's words are true enough. The Wargod absolutely refuses to submit to the maneuver. In the space of time most normal men would have absolutely relented to the pure technical brutality and seemingly limitless power of The Ego Buster, Bronson Box holds on... screaming out in pain, clawing at the canvas with his red right hand... but refusing to tap. Visibly frustrated, Ryan releases the hold. Once on his feet Ryan returns to the disrespectful open palm slaps across the face. The Wargod's eyes flutter open with a start and he snatches the next incoming slap from Ryan, locking in an armbar of his own.

DDK:

What a reversal of fortunes, Angus!

The Ego Buster, due probably to his considerable size advantage, keeps his feet even with the armbar locked in tight. Much to the delight of the crowd Dan Ryan grits his teeth, and using pure brute strength manages to power Boxer up and heaves him... ARMBAR AND ALL up and over the top rope... BUT BOXER HOLDS ON! All of Bronson's near two hundred and forty pounds are now pulling painfully STRAIGHT DOWN on Dan Ryan's arm and shoulder. Ryan grits his teeth and pulls up to no avail... Boxer still holds on. Benny Doyle tries in vain to get The Wargod to release the hold.

Angus:

Good GOD! What's he lookin' for here, Keebs?!

It's at that moment The Ego Buster lets out the sound a large forest animal might make if it happened to find its foot caught in a trap steel bear trap. At the sound of the scream Boxer drops out of the dangling armbar, landing on his feet at ringside. Ryan falls backwards, he quickly scrambles and scoots his way back into a corner. Both men take a short breather after the wild exchange as the fans start up a tried and true favorite of wrestling crowds everywhere.

*THIS IS AWESOME *clap clap clapclapclap**

THIS IS AWESOME *clap clap clapclapclap*

THIS IS AWESOME *clap clap clapclapclap*

As Ryan cradles his aching arm, using the ropes to clamber to his feet Bronson slides quickly under the bottom rope, his eyes trained on his opponent like a goddamn jungle cat. After a little more circling, the two clash in a traditional collar and elbow. Boxer getting the better of Ryan managing to hoist the much bigger grappler up onto his shoulders with ease in a fireman's carry. The Wargod starts off slow, but very quickly picks up momentum...

DDK:

A PROPER AIRPLANE SPIN FROM BOX!

Angus:

HE'S A GORAM WHIRLING DERVISH, KEEBS!

Boxer concludes the spin by dropping Dan torso first, like so, over his knee. From the sublime to the down right vicious, Box follows up the textbook maneuver by simply wrapping both hands around the windpipe of the FIST and squeezing as tightly as he can. Referee Benny Doyle immediately protests, starting his count of five.

1... 2... 3... 4... 4 ½...

As Ryan gasps for breath, Boxer leans waaaaay back, his hands over his head.

Bronson Box:

I've got 'til bloody FIVE ye' wee cunt.

The self proclaimed "Ace" of DEFIANCE grabs Ryan by the ears and *yanks* him to, groggily, to his feet. He leans in for just a moment to say something directly to Ryan's face before popping the current FIST's head between his tree trunk sized thighs and points one twisted fingernail towards the furthest turnbuckle.

Angus:

THIS IS IT DARREN! NEW CHAMP, NEW CHAMP!

DDK

BOMBASTO BOMB! BOXER'S GOING FOR THE BOMBAST... NO! NO! RYAN SLIPS OUT!

Using the skills and ring acumen accumulated from a career spent traveling the globe, Ryan skins the cat landing on his feet. He cracks of a low angle sidekick to the back of the knee of the Wargod that sends him sprawling back into the turnbuckle he'd marked as Ryan's landing pad just moment before. Obviously dazed and in pain Boxer stumbles back first out of the turnbuckle and RIGHT into the waiting arms of The Ego Buster.

DDK

Full Nelson here from Dan Ryan...

Angus:

DRAGON SUPLEX! Did you SEE how Bronson landed on his neck?! FUCK me...

Ryan releases the Full Nelson, rolls through and hooks the leg for the pinfall.

Referee Benny Doyle is right there to make the first official pinfall of the match.

1...

2...

3... DING DING DING!

DDK

RYAN DID IT! RYAN RETAINS! HE BEAT THE WARGOD!

Angus:

By the skin of goddamn TEETH, Darren! He didn't just retain, he flippin' *survived*.

Ryan is quick to roll under the bottom rope and vacate the ring, as the sound of Billy Corgan's unintelligible singing voice has the Bombastic Bronson Box sitting up straight wondering what the hell just happened.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winner... AND STIIIIIIILL FIST OF DEFIAAAAAAANCE,
DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN RYYYYYYYYYYYY... **hoof**

The Ego Buster cuts the little ring announcer off, shoving him aside to get to his championship belt sitting just behind him. Ryan holds the ten pounds of gold on red leather close to his chest as the Wargod, hanging across the second rope, follows him up the ramp with his bloodshot brown eyes.