

RIGHT TO BUSINESS, THEN.

Black.

The red DEFIANCE logo bleeds through.

Angus:

AND! WE! ARE! LIIIIIIIVE!

DDK:

And it's straight to business tonight!

Milliseconds pass before the DEFplex is live and in living color on your screen. At the center of the house that Eric Dane built stands the man himself, suited and booted as only he could be.

Finely tailored suit?

Check.

Ridiculously overpriced shades?

Check.

Dragon-skin boots?

You know it.

Angus:

The boss is in the house tonight, Keeps, what'cha got to say about that?

DDK:

It's been a while since Eric Dane has opened a show here in DEFIANCE, so there's no telling what he's got on his mind!

Angus:

Yeah, well, if I know Eric Dane, and I do, we're about to find out!

He stands and allows all four thousand strong around him to shower him with cheers as the shows comes live on the air. In his hand is a microphone, and on his face is that ever-present snarky grin.

Eric Dane:

Hello, DEFIANCE.

He's got no choice at this point but to allow the crowd to once again take over with their raucous cheering and yelling and hollering and so on and so-forth.

Eric Dane:

So we've got this huge main event tonight.

There is another, slightly smaller pop-spllosion, by force of will he perseveres through it.

Eric Dane:

It's me and the Ego Buster, the one guy on the roster that I look at as anywhere close to an equal, and we're gonna get our hands on the Nagging Bitch of DEFIANCE herself, Lindsay Troy, and the Little Squid Who Could Cayle Murray.

His grin widens.

Eric Dane:

Now personally I can't imagine why Kelly put this match together. I guess maybe she took some kind of Booking 101 class on youtube or what have you. What's gonna happen here tonight ain't gonna be some hot lead-in to the biggest pay-per-view of the year, it's gonna be a chance for me and Big Danno to get our hands on Elle-Tee and Squidboy early and put them halfway in the bin before the big show ever happens!

He gets mostly cheers, but the boos are peppered in there. It's an oddball DEFIANCE/Bizzarro-World effect where the Faithful love everything he says or does, but he's still the most dastardly bastard in the history of the business. It's weird, deal with it.

Eric Dane:

Before all that, however, I understand that young Cayle has been seeking an audience with me for months now and all I've been giving him is lesson after lesson on how not to succeed in DEFIANCE by way of getting your head caved in.

This gets a laugh.

Eric Dane:

Well kid, tonight's your lucky night! Get your silly ass out here and let's see if you've got as much brains and you claim to have balls!

Angus:

Ha! Cayle Murray's a dead man if he comes out here right now!

DDK:

Yeah, I can't imagine Dane is really out here just "to talk."

Angus:

It's all about teaching lessons, Keeps. Cayle gon' learn today!

♪ "Trampled Under Foot" by Led Zeppelin ♪

Eric Dane cocks an eyebrow as the Queen of the Ring - not Cayle Murray - walks out from the back. She's down the ramp and over to DQ with the swiftness.

DDK:

Well then, maybe we're not gonna see another assault on Cayle Murray!

Angus:

Yeah, because his mom has to come out and keep the bad man away. I call bullshit.

With a microphone now in hand, Lindsay Troy is up the steps, onto the apron, and through the ropes.

Lindsay Troy:

How about my silly ass gives this a go first, Baws Man. Because for as long as I've been in this company, you and I haven't been face to face to have a little chit-chat.

This gets a big ol' cheer from the crowd.

Lindsay Troy:

Probably because you were midlife crisis-ing it up in the UTAH... but that's neither here nor there now, is it?

Before the boss can say anything he's interrupted by THE CHAMP! Without music or fanfare Dan Ryan steps out onto the stage from behind the curtain and has a microphone at the ready.

Dan Ryan:

And... it's gonna have to wait a little bit longer.

Loud boos.

Dan Ryan: [egging the crowd on]

Keep it comin'. Come on....

The boos get louder, and Ryan gives a "not bad" expression.

Dan Ryan:

I don't know where Cayle Murray is right now. I don't know if he's back there polishing his tentacles, polishing his knob, polishing... whatever, but tonight what I foresee is some of the biggest names in the history of our business getting into that ring, and I feel like tonight is as good a night as any to cave your head in, Lindsay.

Ryan calmly lowers the microphone, no expression. Troy raises hers to speak, but Ryan raises his again.

Dan Ryan:

You may now retort.

He lowers it again. She raises hers again, and Ryan's goes up one more time to interrupt. He thinks better of it, then waves at her to go on.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, are you through?

Before the FIST can nod for her to continue Eric Dane chimes back in.

Eric Dane:

Ah, excuse me, assholes, I don't know what either one of you think you're doing stepping on my time on the microphone, but if you could both kindly shut the fuck up I've got at least six and maybe even up to twelve more minutes of derogatory things to say about Cayle Murray.

Dan Ryan:

Well I'm pretty much done, but you know damn well Lindsay's gonna natter on for another fifteen minutes at least. You know women. At least, I think you do. I'm sure we're gonna get to the ninja star thing. My uncle gave me three of those when I was a kid in Osaka. I went right out and threw them at things too, just like her. That poor cat...

Lindsay Troy: [rolls her eyes]

Gosh, Dan, you keep bringing up the ninja stars like you're totes super jelly you didn't think of using them against Bronson Box first...

Dan Ryan: [To Eric Dane]

See? She never shuts up.

Eric Dane:

Listen, Tits McGirlcharacter, I know that you somehow managed to find yourself in the position of Team Mom of the Happy Face Brigade around here, but you talk too fuckin' much and while he might have had twenty years to build up a tolerance to the iocane powder that is your personality, I have not, and I'd prefer to just make with the punchy-kicky here so we can move this show along and get to the Main Event.

He smirks.

Eric Dane:

You know, the sooner we get through this, the quicker I get to DEFCON and Cayle Murray learns how to retire from professional wrestling.

He throws his arms wide, continuing to jab verbally at the Queen.

Lindsay Troy: [smirks]

As you wish...

ROADHOUSE~!

The spinning roundhouse kick catches Eric Dane square in the mush. His head snaps back and he smiles, absorbing the kick. He flies back at Troy with a bicycle knee that she narrowly avoids, only to catch a back elbow followed by a rolling elbow in its stead. The Queen reels back, regains her balance, and darts in for Dane's left leg. She's quick, and the Only Star underestimates this, because he's back-first on the mat and Troy's trying for a leg lock that he needs to get out of rightthefucknow...

Meanwhile, Dan Ryan's decided that he shouldn't let his tag partner potentially get housed before the main event, and he's almost to the apron to make it a two on one disaster when the Faithful start cheering and yelling like mad.

DDK:

AND HERE COMES CAYLE MURRAY TO EVEN THE ODDS!

Angus:

Damn squidface couldn't stay away after all!

Undaunted the champ reaches into the ring and grabs Troy by the hair and pulls her completely out of the ring where he sends her flying hard into the guardrail. Andy Murray's little brother hits the ring like a lightning bolt and before the boss can regain his footing he's got an angry Scottish grappler on him like lamb stomach on a haggis.

DDK:

Looks like Cayle's gonna get some of his frustrations out on Eric Dane after all!

Angus:

He's just signing his death warrant, Keeps, you watch!

The King and the Queen brawl on the outside, while the Boss and the Upstart are tangled up in the center of the ring. The crowd is going bonkers and things couldn't get worse when a flood of red-shirted Security Goons flood the ringside area and start to tear them all apart!

The Faithful express their displeasure.

LET THEM FIGHT!

LET THEM FIGHT!

LET THEM FIGHT!

DDK:

Finally some semblance of control is being taken here tonight!

Angus:

It's a mistake, I'm telling you, holding these guys apart is just gonna make it worse come DEFCON!

DDK:

Be that as it may, we do have a show to run tonight!

Angus:

Yeah, well, right now we've got four DEFIANTS each fighting off about six DEFsec officers apiece! Can we cut away to something else? Anything else?

And mercifully, we do.

BAWBAGS!

We're inside the Hollywood Bruvs locker room. Jesse Fredericks Kendrix, wearing the latest Hollywood Bruvs "Totally Obvs" Hoodie is sat on a directors chair. With his leg crossed on top of the other he is deeply engrossed in the apparent DEFIANCE rule book. As he turns the latest page in this ridiculously huge book, he's interrupted by a tap on his shoulder by his bestest bruv in the whole world. Mikey Unlikely, dressed in his ring gear with the Soher Title draped over his left shoulder, removes his headphones and rests them around his neck. Kendrix nods an appreciative smile as he stands up from his seat.

Kendrix:

Listening to Drake, bruv?!

Mikey Unlikely:

Obvs!

Kendrix:

Totally Obvs!

The two share a fist bump explosion. Mikey gestures towards the book in Kendrix's other hand.

Mikey Unlikely:

You found anything?

Kendrix looks at the book and opens it up in front of his tag partner, dropping his index finger down emphatically on the page. However, a look of disappointment is splashed across his face.

Kendrix:

Listen yeah?! You're not gonna like this bruv. Turns out we can't brutally attack the ref from last week and get him back for calling a no contest to your Hollywood Heritage title match without sustaining a hefty fine...in fact, the Hollywood Bruvs could even get...a suspension!

Mikey's mouth opens wide in shock at the thought.

Kendrix:

Oh, JFK knows, bruv, JFK knows! Imagine a show without the Hollywood Bruvs and PCP...there would be no Sports Entertainment around this place whatsoever!

Mikey takes the book from Kendrix and begins to scan it over, trying to find a loop-hole.

Mikey Unlikely:

Dammit, we can't even attack the man's family without getting a fine or suspension either...

Kendrix strokes his well kept beard in thought.

Kendrix:

It's a tricky one bruv. JFK will be honest, even though we can afford the fine...cos, you know, we're stinking rich and all that, obvs!

Mikey Unlikely:

Totally Obvs!

Kendrix:

It's probably not worth a suspension. Remember, we can't Sports Entertain the poor, hopeless nobodies sat in the stands while we're at home having sex with smoking hot girls with low self esteem issues!

Mikey puts his index finger to his lips, contemplating the dilemma.

Mikey Unlikely:

This is a tough one bruv. I mean, that ref robbed me of the opportunity to beat L.A.R. in the ring, all by myself. Everybody saw it. I had L.A.R. there for the taking. It's a travesty...

Kendrix:

You're right bruv, but we should just let it go. You've still got that bad boy...

He proudly slaps the top of the SOHER title

Kendrix:

And the Hollywood Bruvs can take out the beating the ref and his family were gonna get on Sharp and LAR in the ring tonight instead!

As the two high five, the locker room door is swung open as the figure of Lamond Alexander Robertson approaches them. Mikey immediately holds onto his title in a protective manner and holds his other arm out in front of LAR.

Mikey Unlikely:

Woah, woah, woah there bruv! You had your chance at this last week and you failed miserably! Mikey's still the champ, dammit!

Kendrix:

Innit, though?! And by the way, you can't just burst into our locker room unannounced...you need to apply for a Hollywood Bruvs locker room pass. That'll be twenty thousand Mikey Money please.

As Kendrix holds the palm of his hand out expectantly, LAR seemingly checks his sporran for any spare Mikey Money. Looking back up at the Bruvs, he feigns a look of disappointment.

LAR:

Sorry lads, I'm all out of play dough.

Robertson steps forward, his arm dropping to his side, the expression disappearing to a serious demeanour. He invades Mikey's space, who shoots a quick glance to his partner before shifting his weight back on his heels and taking a minor step backwards.

LAR:

Listen, Michael...

Lamond lifts his mammoth hand, clenched into a fist, causing a slight flinch from the Hollywood star before the fist unfurls and Robertson pokes the title with his index finger.

LAR:

You're damn lucky to still have that, my friend...aye, damn lucky!

He glances at Kendrix, who seems to be inching to the side as if to try and get a good vantage point for some trickery. Lamond points at the man, his face an image of focus.

LAR:

Stay right where you are pal...you're getting yours later.

JFK is taken aback as Lamond springs his look back to Mikey, who is developing some more courage after the initial confrontation.

Mikey Unlikely:

Who...who the hell do you think you are? And who the hell do you think you're talking to William Wallace? You were terrible in Highlander Three and I...well, I'm on top of Hollywood!!

Mikey steps back again to gain some space, Kendrix clapping with his two fingers on his palm at the comment.

Mikey Unlikely:

If you think for one moment you're getting another shot at this, THE HOLLYWOOD HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP, the beacon of hope in DEFIANCE (he taps the belt with his palm), well buddy, you're wrong!

LAR shakes his head, a light chuckle coming out of his lips.

LAR:

Oh don't worry mate, I'm not after that. Besides, I'll be sitting front row when Andy takes it from your little weasel hands at the Pay Per View...but not before...

He shoots his glance at Kendrix, stepping into the "Bruv"'s face.

LAR:

Aye, not before this little bawbag gets his.

Kendrix looks at Mikey then back at LAR.

Kendrix:

Bawb....what?

Robertson cuts him off.

LAR:

You think you can interject yourself into anyone's business don't you pal? You think you can hit me with a belt, take me out with a chair, without any bloody consequences?

Kendrix modestly shrugs his shoulders and raises his eyebrows in guilty acceptance, agreeing with the accusation.

LAR:

Aye, fine...but I'll tell you what - there's always a damn consequence when you're sitting across from the Claymore's Hilt wee man!

Lamond shakes his head.

LAR:

Aye, I've just come from the office and had a conversation about two upcoming stars...two ex Prodigies of the wrestling business. I had a chat about one man full of potential, who could achieve anything in this business but hides under cowardice and laziness. I had a chat about a man who hangs onto the coattails of C-List movie stars and weak one liners. I had a wee conversation about another man who would do anything to stop that rot from setting in in the sea of wrestling purity that is DEFIANCE.

He steps forward, poking Kendrix hard in the chest, forcing him to stumble back.

LAR:

And you and me pal...at DEFCON...it's a fucking date!

Lamond steps back, a smile inching onto his face as he edges towards the door, pointing at both Hollywood bruvs.

LAR:

And tonight lads? Well...two weeks from now might be about honour, about defining the future...but tonight? Well,

tonight is just about vengeance. See you later..."Bruvs"!

He makes the inverted speech marks with his fingers as he says the last word, before turning to leave. The scene fades as Mikey takes a look at his title and shakes his head while Kendrix anxiously grits his teeth, eyes focused on the exit.

RAIN CITY RONIN VS. THE POP CULTURE PHENOMS

DDK:

Up next, we have tag team action...

Angus:

Oh God.

DDK:

... Involving the Rain City Ronin...

Angus:

That's good.

DDK:

... against the PCP.

Angus:

I'm David Spade... Just shoot me in my eye sockets with buckshot.

DDK:

I hear David Spade tried to get into Mikey Unlikely's next movie project, but he didn't have enough stardom.

Angus:

Who told you that? Mikey himself?

DDK:

Either way, the PCP have had quite an ... effective run here in Defiance as of late.

Angus:

Yeah, but the Rain City Ronin aren't going to take any of the PCP's shit, and it'll be fun to see them wipe their tears from their blood stained boots.

"Live for the Night" by Krewella (M.I.A. remix) blares over the pa system as the lights in the arena shut off completely. A strobe of Hollywood style lens flares erupt from the stage entrance as a burst of pyro re-illuminates the arena. Standing front and center are Elise Ares and The D, with the smuggest of looks on their face. Klein, however, is quite a few feet behind, cowering. As Elise and the D make their way to the ring, the DEFiants reach out to touch them, knowing how much it annoys them as they now march single file toward the ring, barely avoiding their outstretched hands.

DDK:

And here they are, two of Angus' favorite wrestlers.

Angus:

Go die in a car crash.

The D and Elise make their way to the ring and climb in. They do their best show boating to the crowd, before hopping into the ring itself. Hector Navarro goes to check both of them, but the Hollywood racists recoil in fear of his unsullied dirty mostly like immigrant hands. They eventually relent just as the DEFiants go ape shit.

"Revolve" by the Melvins. Enter the ever serious and utterly respected duo of Kerry Kuroyama and Rocko Daymon to a plethora of cheers. The two enter with very little pomp and circumstance, but eye their adversaries quite closely as they emerge from the backstage area. They march to the ring with purpose, not recoiling from the fans as the PCP did, but not also engaging them as they were passively slapped on the back. In the ring, the PCP both make stink motions with their hands and cup their noise, with Klein holding up a sign that says "Boo."

DDK:

The Rain City Ronin are all business here Angus.

Angus:

They always are D-man. But at least tonight, their talents are best utilized to stomp the Hollywood McFuckwad's Personal Assistants straight into last year.

Rocko and Kerry reach the ring, Rocko egging Kuroyama on. The two use the ring steps to climb onto the apron, and the PCP stalk toward their direction. Rocko in particular directs Hector Navarro to get between, and Hector does so. This allows the Rain City Ronin to enter the ring undisturbed. Rocko nods toward Kerry, who reluctantly steps out onto the ring apron.

In the PCP's corner, Elise and The D play a game of rock paper scissors. The D wins, (paper beats rock), and Elise reluctantly starts.

DING! DING! DING!

Rocko Daymon walks to the center of the ring at the start of the bell, but Elise Ares hesitates, takes a step backwards and then tags in her partner The D. Rocko looks on in confusion as Edwards steps in through the ropes, obviously upset that he'd won the game of roshambo and yet here he has to start. Frustrated, he hen tags Elise back before she could get herself settled on the apron. Elise throws her arms up in the air in frustration as The D quickly jumps over the ropes and onto the apron. Elise reaches to tag in The D, but he jumps off the apron and shakes his head no. Rocko taps his foot impatiently as Elise pleads her case to get out of the match, which wins over Klein who comes up onto the apron. Elise tags him in.

DDK:

Wait...is that even legal?

Angus:

No. It's not. It's the Hollywood McFuckasses. Nothing they do is legal. Ever.

Klein goes to step into the ring (to CHEERS) but Hector Navarro quickly steps in the way and explains to Klein that he is not a legal member of the match. Elise pleads her case to the official with no luck. Rocko finally gets tired of the shenanigans and rushes Elise Ares who rolls out of the way, leaving Rocko to hit nothing but corner. Then she rolls out of the ring and calls a timeout. The crowd jeers as she calls a huddle, obviously needing to get her team on the same page early on here in the match. Rocko gives Navarro an ear full but Hector just begins his ten count.

Elise Ares:

STOP THAT! I CALLED TIMEOUT!

The D:

THAT'S NOT FAIR, WE HAVE THREE TIMEOUTS LEFT!

Elise Ares:

Seven if we're competing under Cuban Rules!

Angus:

Shut the fuck up!

The DEfiant crowd has picked up on Angus' thoughts, and begin to chant "Shut the Fuck Up" at the PCP, who cover their ears to block out the noise.

DDK:

No... uh... real fighting has happened yet here. If you're fast forwarding to this part on your DVR, you haven't missed anything.

Finally Elise Ares slides into the ring, and Rocko Daymon attacks her, but she steps into the ropes to create a rope break. The crowd boos mercilessly as Elise Ares flashed a thumbs up to Klein outside of the ring, presumably because that was his idea. As Rocko is pushed by the official Elise rushes to the two of them and lands a cheap closed fist shot the face. The D claps on the apron as Kerry hops on the ropes impatient in his corner. Elise rains down a series of unorthodox strikes to Rocko's face and Navarro breaks the action. Back on the apron, The D slaps his hands together loudly and tries to step into the ring, and Hector Navarro quickly steps into the way to keep him from entering the ring, no longer blocking Elise and Rocko, leaving Elise free to do a quick eye rake and then roll under the bottom rope.

Angus:

You can't be fucking serious with this... can you?

Kerry Kuroyama jumps down from the apron and goes after Elise Ares on the outside of the ring, who sprints away. Around the ring they run, cat and mouse, before finally Elise rolls back into the ring, ducks under a hard kick attempt from Daymon who was waiting, and then jumps across the ring to tag in The D. He jumps into the ring like he'd just received a long awaited hot tag and shakes the ropes. As Rocko steps toward the D, he clutches onto the top rope he was shaking for dear life as Hector steps between them and breaks it up. Rocko is beyond annoyed, as are the DEFiance crowd. Kerry Kuroyama is pacing on the apron, ready to get this match truly started, and get himself involved.

"THIS IS BULLSHIT!"

Angus:

Couldn't agree more.

The D meanwhile, reaches out of the ring and grabs a microphone from Klein, who hands it to him as if he was handing him a blanket full of SARS. The D taps the top of the microphone twice, as the sound echoes through the PA system.

The D:

Woah Woah! Lemme holla at you a sec. Now, you been doin' this wrestling thing for, God knows how long. Where's your beach house? Where's your pool? Where's your millions of bitches? Hollywood my man. Hollywood can get that for you! Imagine... Rocko Daymon... as the third male supporting role in a MIKEY UNLIKELY MO--

Before he can finish, Rocko Daymon charges and clotheslines The D so he does a complete 360, landing on his stomach. Elise Ares immediately shouts from the apron in protest, as Rocko drops an elbow onto the back of the D's neck. Rocko grabs The D under his chin and wrenches back in a submission, his elbow digging into the D's back as a fulcrum. Edwards however, is so close to the ropes he immediately grabs onto the bottom. Rocko reluctantly agrees to break at four, so the D slips himself out of the ring to regroup to a chorus of boos.

DDK:

Hector Navarro is really just doing his job here, but the crowd is turning on him.

Angus:

Now do all those stupid, douchebag Hollywood marks understand why we're all about wrestling here in DEFIANCE and not this Sports Entertainment bullshit?! I mean this gets my point across about as well as sticking my boot up their asses myself.

DDK:

They certainly know the rule book.

Angus:

Or they just make that shit up as they go, either way.

The D clutches the back of the neck, before reaching in to grab the microphone that he dropped. Rocko is there, and

kicks at the D's hand as he retracts it just in time. The D slowly climbs onto the ring apron, and Rocko steps toward him. The D tells Hector to give him space, which Hector does. As he does, The D springs to the top rope, and leaps at Rocko, who ducks. The D lands on his feet, and rushes off the far ropes. Back toward Rocko, The D ducks a clothesline and grabs Daymon's hand, spinning him into an Irish whip. Off the return, Rocko dodges a clothesline. Off the other side, Kerry slaps the back of Rocko with a blind tag, as Rocko charges forth and catches the D with a shoulder block. Hector Navarro is quick to point Rocko back to his corner, as Kuroyama enters the ring. Rocko exchanges some words with his impatient partner, who by passes and stomps toward the D. Edwards grabs Kerry by his tights and yanks him, slamming him face first into the middle turnbuckle post in the Pop Culture's corner. The D makes a quick tag to Elise.

Angus:

Fucking hell, they're going to do this again, aren't they?

DDK:

They just sent me a message to let me know it's called "The Blacklist."

Angus:

How the hell did they do that?

DDK:

Carrier pigeon? No seriously, Klein just handed me a pigeon with a note on it. He also said cell phones are Satan.

Klein scampers back down to ringside as Elise leaps over the top rope and begins to stomp away on the back of Kerry's skull. At the count of four The D tags himself in and begins to stomp away. Tag in The D, stomps. Elise. Stomps. D. Stomps. Elise. Stomps. Finally Navarro breaks The Blacklist and forces Elise away from the corner as The D hits a quick boot wash across Kerry's face. Kerry crawls across the ring and Elise follows him around, slapping the back of his head with a smile across her face. She taunts him as he jumps out for her and he misses. Disoriented, he reaches out and grabs the boot of the Havana Harlot and pulls her off her feet.

DDK:

Kerry Kuroyama buying some time here!

Elise scrambles back up to her feet and tries to pull Kerry away from the corner, but it's too late! TAG! In comes Rocko Daymon! Hard forearm knocks Elise to the floor. Rocko runs across and knocks The D off the apron with a hard forearm! Elise is back up to her feet and eats a hard discus elbow from the RCR nomad. Rocked, Elise tries to find where she is as Rocko signals her demise! He grabs her by the back of her top and she quickly rolls him up! Suddenly, The D pops up from the floor and grabs the hand of Elise Ares as she tries to win with the school boy!

ONE!

TWO!

Kerry Kuroyama flies into the scene from stage left and drills The D with a hard kick knocking him down onto the floor. Klein points at Kerry and begins to give chase outside of the ring. Inside of the ring Rocko has kicked out, and Elise thinks she's already won! Kick to the midsection. BRAIN ROCKER.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Angus:

THANK YOU, GOD! JESUS H. CHRIST! WE'VE WITNESSED A WRESTLING MIRACLE!

DDK:

The Rain City Ronin have defeated the Pop Culture Phenoms!

Angus:

Beyond bullshit, was there any doubt?

Kerry Kuroyama slides into the ring just in time to have his hand raised along with his tag team partner Rocko Daymon. Behind him into the ring slides Klein, who was chasing Kerry for no other reason presumably than because he saw that's what you're supposed to do. He looked down at Elise, sprawled out at the mat, then at the RCR, then at Elise, then at The D on the ground at ringside. He then drops to his knees and his box looks into the air and he shakes his fists at the lighting fixtures above his head.

DDK:

Isn't he supposed to scream something when he does that?

Angus:

Can we just end this without any more questions? Fuck.

NO MEANS NO

The camera cuts to the interview stage where Curtis Penn stands waiting for his cue.

Aaaannnddd.... It's given.

Curtis Penn:

I have never insulted the Faithful.

He stands stoically behind the microphone; chin raised, chest puffed, and eyes locked.

Curtis Penn:

I have never cheated the Faithful.

Curtis' face stays painted with a grim expression.

Curtis Penn:

I have never attacked an opponent after he was beaten.

There is a fire burning in his eyes that hasn't been around since the early days of DEFIANCE.

Curtis Penn:

But, I'm supposed to be the bad guy here? The Faithful have decided that I am the Bad Guy of DEFIANCE. They are supposed to hate and harass me all because I take on their beloved, their good guys since we're talking all good versus evil here.

He pauses.

Curtis Penn:

I'm the bad guy... I'm your villain, that's fine, I'm fine with that. Since I have never wanted to be your goodie two shoes, white-hat, cape wearing, fun loving, fan friendly poster boy. All I've ever wanted was to be the best in DEFIANCE and I am that, by being the BEST in DEFIANCE it come with some opposition. And, for now, that opposition does not come with the name of Dan Ryan or Bronson Box, but with a slightly lesser name and a squeakier image of Impulse.

The corner of his lip twitches, offering a sarcastic grin.

Curtis Penn:

Impulse, Mr. White-Hat, you've fallen. I was laying in the middle of the ring, beaten, by Frank Dylan James and the other thirty-two distractions during the D.o.C match on DEFTV:67 and then you decided to come down to the ring and cross a line that the Good Guys do not cross.

He releases a sound that could be mistaken as a laugh as both corners of his lips curl up.

Curtis Penn:

You attacked me while I was out on my feet and with barely basic instincts to protect me. You sullied an absolute Strong Style Classic match with a cheap attack on me. You gave up your moral code of conduct for what? A tie-breaker match with me? I'm flattered!

He takes a moment and rubs his jaw from where Impulse's boot made contact.

Curtis Penn:

I'm in shock that you shed that clean image of yours for me. But I'm going to admit something to you, I can get under people's skin. Normally it takes a few months, even years in some cases, but I got under yours in the matter of weeks. Here's a tip for you Impulse, get some thicker skin. Because this won't end with another match, it never does, it never will. Because **YOU** want this to go on forever. But, I don't.

Penn amps up the bravado and bluster.

Curtis Penn:

There will be not be one more match. There will be no chance of redemption for you. You will settle down to the bottom of the ladder and catch the scraps that I toss to you from the grown ups table. You are a bottom feeder and you'll remain there, because you are not worth my time or effort. So settle into your role boy and get comfortable for the long haul, because there is no chance in Hell that you'll have a match with me at DEFCON.

Curtis gives the smarmiest, shit eating grin of his life.

Curtis Penn:

I'm done with you. Even with your little assault on me and your direct command for another match, I'm going to have to big boy you for the time being and tell you to fuck off.

OFF-MAUVE

Back in the saddle, again.

Er. Stage. Back in the stage.

Backstage.

You know, there's a floor and some walls, molding around the ceiling, several strategically placed ficuses, DEFIANCE posters placed every eight feet or so. There is a water fountain, some windows, a waiting room with chairs, eight magazines and two TV remotes that don't change the channel on the high hanging flat-screen on the wall. There's some dust somewhere probably. Micro-bacteria, fuck, I dunno, aphids and shit.

You all happy now? I described some shit.

THE WALLS ARE PAINTED AN OFF-MAUVE COLOR.

Whatever.

Eric Dane is in his suite. Bobby Dean pops his head in to find his boss enjoying a Scotch and Soda. Other things are happening probably, but *they don't matter*. Eric looks up from his phone and you can see a welt developing over his right eye, presumably from Lindsay Troy's elbow earlier tonight.

Eric Dane:

Jesus, Robert, it's about Goddamned time.

BBD:

C'mon, boss, you know how it is. Catering. It's *free*.

The Only Star rolls his eyes.

Eric Dane:

It's not free to *me*, Bobby. I have to pay for that.

Bobby blinks. Several times.

BBD:

Thanks!

The Boss is incredulous.

Eric Dane:

You're welcome. I guess. Are you ready to go to work then?

Bobby had taken to licking his fingers, getting the last bits of something off of those greasy paws of his.

BBD:

In-deedley-doodley!

Eric Dane:

What are you, fat Ned Flanders? Fuck outta here with that shit and go see if you can't pry Cayle Murray out from under the watchful eye of our own wonderfully *Defiant* Mother Hen. Squish her if you have to, but bring me the squid somewhat unharmed.

Bobby salutes.

BBD:

Yes sir! Captain, sir! SIR!

With that Bobby does an about-face and waddles out from where he came faster than you would expect the fat man could move. Eric downs the remainder of his drink.

Eric Dane:

Fuck's sake... I really do have to fire that guy, and sooner is better than later.

Cut.

HARMONY VS. FRANK DYLAN JAMES

♪ "Just a Girl" - No Doubt ♪

Gwen Stefani's vocals begin to fill the Wrestle-Plex as the lighting turns purple and Harmony strides straight out from behind the curtain, foregoing her usual jovialness and ignoring the explosion of silver pyrotechnics, and heading straight for the ring. The anger in her is quite clear as she reaches out to a couple of fans to make contact but never takes her eyes off the ring, hopping onto the apron and launching herself over the top rope. Mark Shields gets out of dodge as she heads for the ropes and pulls down on them to stretch herself out.

♪ "Stranglehold" - Ted Nugent ♪

Uncle Ted's raucous riffs play herald to the Mastadon of the Mountains and before long the Onslaught Champion himself bursts onto the scene, title belt flailing wildly overhead as he swings it around like a madman. Frank takes a moment to hoot at the nearest Faithful before power-walking his way down to the ring, slapping hands as he goes.

Angus:

And now here's this guy.

DDK:

Got a problem with Frank now?

Angus:

Nah, it's just... if he hurts my Harmony... I might have to come out of retirement... right?

DDK:

Yeah, good luck with that.

Frank tosses the belt into the ring where it bounces and lands at Harmony's feet. He grabs the top rope and with one giant step he is up on the apron. The Hillbilly Jesus is dressed in his oldschool get up of no shirt, no shoes, and a well-worn pair of overalls with one shoulder-strap missing. Harmony picks up the belt, gives it a good long once over, and hands it off to referee Mark Shields.

Angus:

It should be noted that the D.O.C. is **not** on the line tonight.

DDK:

However, a victory over the champ would surely drop Harmony right slap into top contention in the Onslaught division!

Angus:

Come on, seriously? I mean, I love the girl, probably maybe a little bit way too much, but I'm not so sure Strong Style is really her wheelhouse.

Frank steps over the top rope and hoots and howls at the fans, ignoring both referee and opponent in his wild stomping around the ring. Shields passes the belt off to a ringside attendant and calls for the bell, eager to get this one done so he can be as far away from Frank Dylan James as possible.

Angus:

Here we go, Keebs!

DING! DING! DING!

Frank guffaws.

Harmony is serious business.

DDK:

I hope Frank is taking this seriously, Harmony's no slouch in there!

Angus:

I just hope she knows what she's gotten herself into...

Harmony meets the Mastodon at center ring. She has a few angry words for him, but the giant grappler couldn't wipe the goofy smile off of his face if he wanted to. Harmony reaches in for a collar-and-elbow to which Frank acquiesces, but no matter how hard she pushes he doesn't move an inch. Frank allows her to back off for a moment just as he allows her to attack again. This time he grabs hold of her, repositions, and begins Square Dancing her around the ring.

Angus:

HA! Classic Frank!

DDK:

This is not going to sit well with Harmony.

The tension is palpable, though Frank wouldn't know. She snarls and screams to be let go as he happily twists and turns her all around the ring, dosey-doeing as if this were a genuine hoe-down and he had something to prove. With as much might as she can muster Harmony eventually twists out of Frank's grip and stares him down.

Harmony:

GODDAMMIT FRANK! THIS IS SERIOUS!

Frank chuckles but holds up his hands as if to apologize. He drops down to one knee, and offers himself up for a headlock.

FDJ:

Come on, woman, show ol' Frank what'cher made of!

She hesitates, but irritation sets in and Harmony grabs Frank by his giant head. Wild hair pokes out one direction and beard pokes out the other, it's a comical sight but Harmony cranks down as hard as she can to show that this is no laughing matter.

Angus:

She's gonna tear his head off!

DDK:

Not possible.

Harmony continues to apply as much pressure as is possible, only for Frank to take his feet and completely change the dynamics of the hold. Harmony loses her center of gravity and with it most of her balance. With ease Frank wraps her around the waist and stands, lifting the former Southern Heritage Champion up into position for a Back Drop.

Angus:

Awwwww C'MAAAAAANNNNNNNNN!

DDK:

One thing is for sure, Frank Dylan James is a genius when it comes to irritating a woman.

Angus:

You understand that you just called Frank a genius, right?

DDK:

Oh be quiet. And stop staring at Harmony's backside.

Frank still has her up, and he's taken to marching around the ring with her half upside down and kicking, still holding onto the headlock and unable to improve her situation one bit. You can hear Frank's grumbling laughter coming from somewhere inside of that headlock as he marches his way over to the corner and gingerly sets her down on the top turnbuckle. He pats her on the head afterward and walks away busting a gut in laughter.

Angus:

Man, he's gonna piss her off so bad...

DDK:

I feel like maybe it's beyond that by now.

As Frank struts around, Harmony uses her quickness to set herself up since she's so kindly been "assisted" to the top turnbuckle. Frank hoots and hollars and turns around and he's met with a Flying Bicycle Knee from the top from Harmony that connects hard enough to send him spinning.

Angus:

YEAH! ATTA-GIRL!

She lands on her feet and immediately hits the far ropes and rebounds into a low diving chop block that drops Frank down to one knee. She's up again in a flash and hitting the ropes again, this time rebounding with a Penalty Kick right to the mush that quiets the crowd immediately.

DDK:

Uh-oh!

Uh-oh is right! Frank spits out a tooth followed by a bloody wad of goop that redefines the word disgusting. Immediately the air is let out of the room as Frank flips from laughing and joking to wide-eyed and pissed off. Harmony doesn't miss a beat, taking a flying leap into the near ropes and springboarding back at the Hillbilly Jesus, attempting a hurricanrana.

Angus:

Oh no.

But that was a mistake from word go. Enraged, Frank catches her, lets her own momentum swing her around a half turn and then flat out destroys her with an Atomic Powerbomb. Harmony is splayed across the canvas like a splattered egg against a math teacher's front door.

DDK:

JAYSUS!

Angus:

I GOTTA SAVE HER! SHE NEEDS MOUTH TO MOUTH!

Frank, still enraged by her sheer tenacity, realizes that he's just flattened not only his friend but a "tiny girl" in the center of the ring. He howls at her in rage as he backs away, dropping down and out of the ring.

DDK:

This is... ah...

Frank never takes his eyes off of Harmony as he stalks around the ringside area and snatches the Onslaught Championship out of Darren Quimbey's hands. Mark Shields can do nothing but begin counting the big man out.

One...

Two...

Three...

Frank continues around the ringside area, takes one final look at his flattened opponent, and heads up the ramp with his belt dragging behind him.

Four...

Five...

Inside the ring, Harmony starts to stir.

Six..

Seven...

Eight...

She shakes loose the cobwebs and puts together what's happened. She's livid, demanding Shields stop the count, demanding Frank come back to the ring demanding that she not be treated like a "little girl" out here. Mark Shields can only shrug and continue.

Nine...

The Onslaught Champion disappears behind the curtain, never looking back.

Ten!

DING! DING! DING!

Darren Quimbey enters the ring and confers with Shields momentarily.

DQ:

Your winner by way of Count Out, HAAAAAARMO-

She yanks the mic out of his hands.

Harmony:

No way! It is not going down like this! FRANK!! GET YOURSELF BACK IN THIS GOD DAMNED RING!!

Her voice is shrill, almost shrieky.

Harmony:

This is BULLSHIT Frank, and you fucking know it! I am NOT made of porcelain and I certainly do not need wrapping up in bubble wrap!!!

She's fit to burst.

Harmony:

I am just as worthy of being in this ring to compete as any member of the DEFIANCE roster, whether you agree with it or not, and dammit Frank, that is what I expect; competition!!

The fans have gotten behind her a bit. They love their Eff Dee Jay, but they love a good fiery promo as well!

Harmony:

So here's what's going to happen. At DEFCON 1, you WILL face me again and you WILL take me seriously, because

you're going to strap on the big boy panties and put that Onslaught Championship on the line. And you will learn just how hard I can push back.

And she spikes the microphone.

NOT TONIGHT

The words **"EARLIER TODAY** appear at the bottom of the screen as we cut to the DEF Arena's staff parking garage. Cayle Murray and Jason Natas - training partners at Andy Murray's Fighting Chance Gym - are walking and talking.

Cayle Murray:

You've got to be careful with that thing. Knee injuries are no joke.

Jason Natas:

Yeah, and neither's payback. Can't just sit at home while that piece of roams free, Cayle. No way.

There's a noticeable hobble in Jason Natas' step - a clear sign of the damage done by Sean Jackson's brutal assault at DEFtv 67 - but he marches forward, unperturbed. Both men are dressed casually, but look ready for a night of action.

Cayle Murray:

You know Jackson's only going to come at you harder tonight, right? That guy is a piece of wo--

Jason Natas:

Cayle, for the love of Hoyt.

The Bronx Bully stops in his tracks, prompting Cayle to do the same.

Jason Natas:

I got this, alright? You worry about Eric Dane tryin' to take your scalp, and I'll take care of mine. Please.

Cayle Murray:

Sorry, lad. I'm just tired of seeing my friends getting hurt.

Jason Natas:

That won't be happenin' tonight, boyo. Matter of fact, as soon as I see Sean Jackson, I'm puttin' five knuckles straight through his front row of teeth.

The duo continue on their way and eventually reach the wrestler's entrance. Wyatt Bronson awaits, flanked by two DEFsec members, one of whom is clutching a clipboard and a pen. Cayle acknowledges DEFIANCE's head of security with a curt nod.

Cayle Murray:

Evening, Wyatt.

Wyatt Bronson:

Cayle, go on in.

As the unnamed DEFsec goon scores Cayle's name off the list, Bronson almost rolls his eyes when he sees The Bronx Bully.

Wyatt Bronson:

You're not on the list tonight, Jason. You know that.

Jason Natas:

"Not on the list"? I work here, don't I?

Wyatt Bronson:

Come on, don't make an issue of this: you know that Kelly told you to stay at home and rest the knee. Let's just abide by that before it becomes an issue.

Cayle looks up at Bronson, surprised.

Cayle Murray:

He's banned from entering? Why?!

Wyatt Bronson:

He knows why.

Natas sighs heavily. Though a big part of him knew that this plan was never going to work, he was still frustrated. Cayle walked over to him.

Cayle Murray:

Why didn't you say anything? Hell, why didn't you stay at home?

Jason Natas:

Because that no-good scumsucker tried to tear my knee apart, that's why!

Cayle Murray:

But Kelly Eva--

Jason Natas:

Fuck that. I'm here, I'm walkin'. Bum knee or not, I can take whatever Jackson can throw at me, but more importantly, I can't sit at home all night and just let that bitch run around unchecked.

Bronson interjects before Cayle can respond.

Wyatt Bronson:

I get it, big guy: everyone wants to put a few bruises on that gorrām loudmouth. Hell, if I was still wrestling myself, he'd be one of the first guys I'd want to put hands on... but I can't let you in. Boss's orders.

Realising that there's absolutely no chance in hell of Bronson budgēt, Jason Natas grits his teeth and shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

Look, Jason...

He glances down at Natas' knee.

Cayle Murray:

I'm gonna take an educated guess and say that Kelly's concerned about your knee.

Jason Natas:

So she says.

Cayle Murray:

Then you should take her advice and go back to the hotel.

The Bronx Bully parts his lips to speak, but Cayle doesn't give him a chance.

Cayle Murray:

Jason. Listen to me. Do you really want to spend *another* 18 months on the treatment table?

Jason Natas:

Course I don't.

Cayle Murray:

Then go home. Rest-up. Put your feet up, put some ice on the knee, watch the show, and switch channels as soon as Sean Jackson appears. Trust me, I'd be every bit as pissed off as you if I were in your situation, but you're gonna get a chance to punch Jackson in the face. Kelly's a fair boss, and she can't afford to lose you two weeks before a pay-per-view.

He lets the thoughts ruminate for a moment, Natas. The truth is a bitter pill to swallow, but swallow he does.

Jason Natas:

You're right.

He sighs.

Jason Natas:

Doesn't make me any less pissed-off, though.

Cayle Murray:

You stick around, even out here, and Sean's going to find a way to get to you and your knee.

Jason Natas:

Say no more. I'm gone.

Cayle Murray:

Good, lad...

The younger Murray brother starts his way back towards the wrestler's door.

Cayle Murray:

I'll catch-up with you after the show.

Jason Natas:

Heh. Right.

With that, Cayle disappears through the mass of DEFsec members and into the building. Dejected, Jason Natas turns and walks away through the parking lot.

Cayle hears the muffled sound of a trash can being kicked as the door closes behind him.

Cut.

TERRITORIAL PISSINGS

Backstage.

Specifically, the Executive Suite of the OG Don of DEFIANCE.

Eric Dane sits behind an empty desk, casually sipping another drink. He's not yet dressed to wrestle, and there's a look on his face that says he's got murder on the mind for sooner rather than later. A loud knock raps at the door.

Eric Dane:

Come on in, Bobby. Bring the squid with you.

The door opens and in walks a very large man. This one doesn't carry a bucket full of chicken or an extra hundred pounds though, this man carries the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt, draped across an immaculately broad shoulder.

Say hello to Dan Ryan.

Eric Dane:

Well, hello again, Champ. I was expecting-

Dan Ryan:

Bobby Dean, yeah, I can hear.

A moment of tension passes, Eric sucks at his teeth.

Eric Dane:

What can I do for you, Dan?

Dan Ryan:

Well I was looking for you, but nobody seemed to know how to find you. I ended up following the chicken grease stains on the hallway carpet. Where's Bobby, anyway? Making sure the powdered sugar on the beignets in catering are licked clean before the show ends?

Eric Dane:

You just handle your business, and keep that shrew of a sister-in-law of yours out of mine. Otherwise I might decide to turn my attention on you, and that.

He eyeballs the big platinum and red strap over Dan's shoulder.

Eric Dane:

And Dan, I don't care how sassy she is, I'll take you to places in that ring that you or Lindsay or anybody else has only ever dreamed of going. So don't fuck with me.

His smiles, it almost looks warm and inviting.

Dan smiles back.

Dan Ryan:

Nice smile. So warm and inviting.

The smile contorts into an annoyed smirk.

Dan Ryan:

I do enjoy this high level tête-à-tête we're having here, Eric. Are you sure we need the passive aggressive threats? You do your thing. I do mine. That's all we really need here, isn't it? It's not like either of us is likely to be intimidated.

Eric Dane:

True enough.

Dan Ryan:

So maybe let's both just cut the shit and handle business, hmm? You deal with Murray however you like and I... well, I have plans of my own for Lindsay Troy. That's nothing you need concern yourself with. I promise I won't fuck with you tonight, Godfather. Shall I kiss the ring? For one thing, there's no incentive to fuck with you. You quite literally have absolutely nothing I want.

Eric Dane:

I wouldn't be so sure. Is that why you were looking for me? To tell me how I have nothing you want?

Dan Ryan:

No, I was actually looking for you to say hello, share thoughts on strategy, and yes, share a laugh or two. But you're...

Air quotes.

Dan Ryan:

CRANKY.

Eric Dane:

This is me in a good mood, actually.

Dan Ryan: [smirking]

Then let's do something I know we both enjoy. Let's go beat people up. It'll be like a really fun date, only without any of the sexual tension you and Bobby share.

Dane's smile returns.

Eric Dane:

You know I could just strip you of that, right? On a whim. Because I can. I know you're trying, I can see it behind that big gorilla forehead of yours, those gears grinding away, but coming in here and being Dan Ryan, to me, does actually count as fucking with me.

Dan Ryan:

I know what you can do. If I didn't, I wouldn't waste my time with you. I wouldn't give an ounce of my breath or a moment of my thought to consider you because I'm not a man who spends time on insignificant people. And while you're in this habit of taking everything that anyone says as seriously as a heart attack, and while your first reaction to pretty much anything is to verbally sling your manhood onto the table and tell everyone how easily you can take not only your ball, but everyone else's ball and go home, I'm here to beat people up and win a match. If that clashes with your goals tonight, then we have a problem. If not, I'm not the one fucking with someone... you are. So... are we beating up Lindsay "The Last Dragon" Troy and Cayle "Squidward" Murray, or shall we alternate witty comments and intersperse them with stern glares and mean threats a while longer?

Dane stares at Ryan and they have a moment. You can see in his eyes that Dane is deciding between two options here. In the end, he smirks.

Eric Dane:

Alright, fine, fuck it. We don't have all night to go back and forth about how much bigger mine is than yours so let's get down to brass tacks. Do come on in and have a seat.

The champ does.

Eric Dane:

Here's what I was thinking. We go out there, beat up our respective persons of interest through various levels of

brutality, rule-bending and pure lack of morale, and we get Kelly a few more pay-per-view buys somewhere in the process, thus thickening our bonus checks in the process.

Dan Ryan:

A solid plan if I ever heard one.

Dane leans in a bit.

Eric Dane:

While you're here, there's one more thing I'd like to discuss, unrelated to this match here tonight.

Dan Ryan:

I'm all ears.

Eric Dane:

Let's talk about... the future...

Dane smirks that devious smirk, but we get nothing more.

THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS VS. ANDY SHARP AND L.A.R.

Cut to the announce table.

DDK:

What a huge show we've had thus far partner!

Angus:

You're not kidding Keebs, and its only going to get bigger! We still have Mushigahara vs that prick Curtis Penn. We still got a HOSSSSSSSMURDER! Bronson Box vs Jack Hunter! And that main event! Lindsay Troy and the Squidboy vs Our Fist and our BAWWS!!!!

DDK:

Thats right Angus, but coming up first we have a bit of a grudge tag match. When the tag team of the Hollywood Bruvs take on The SOHER number one contender Andy Sharp, and the man that faced Mikey last week for that very championship, Lamond Alexander Robertson.

Angus:

The next time we see Hollywood McFuckass after tonight its going to be he and Andy Sharp, and for the first time ever, Mikey is ON HIS OWN! No more of the "Fuckboi Fam" at ringside.

DDK:

Kelly Evans was very clear when making the stipulation that no one from Mikey's "Sports Entertainment Guild" will be allowed at ringside, or allowed to interfere, or Mikey will be stripped of the championship he calls the "Hollywood Heritage Title".

Angus:

Such a dumb fucking name.

♪"Light Up The Sky" by TFK♪

From behind the curtain come the pair of all around good people! Sharp and Robertson react to the crowds uproarious chants with smiles and waving.

Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first, weighing in at four hundred and ninety eight pounds....

The pair walk down the ramp speaking to each other about strategy and high fiving the fans as they reach for the first time tag partners.

Quimbey:

"Claymore's Hilt" Lamond Alexander Robertsoooooooooooooon and "The Lord of the Skies" Andyyyyyy Shaaaaaaaaaaaarppppppp!!!!

They roll into the ring together and await their opponents.

♪"Fucking In The Bushes" by Oasis ♪

The lights go out in the arena as a single spotlight shines directly on the entranceway. Slowly but surely the tag team

duo make their way through the curtain. Mikey Unlikely leads the way, his Southern Hollywood Heritage Title is strapped around his waist. Moving into the spotlight next to him is JFK. Both men wearing new ring gear.

Quimbey:

And their opponents... coming to the ring weighing in a total combined weight of four hundred and fifty three pounds...

They stop in the spotlight as the fans boo the everliving shit out of the pair. They smile and fist bump (with an explosion, OBVS!) before heading to the ring. They narrowly avoid touching a single fan as they walk down the ramp.

Quimbey:

Currently residing in beautiful, Los Angeles, California. They are Kendrix, and The DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion, Mikey Unlikely.....THE HOLLYWOODOOOOOOOD BRUUUUUUUVS!!!!!!

Unlikely rolls into the ring and comes to his feet in the center. Kendrix slowly makes his way up the steps, turning to shake his head disapprovingly at the fans at the front of the barriers. They pose together in the single spotlight that now illuminates the center of the ring.

GetTheFuckOut/ Bruvs Suck!

GetTheFuckOut/ Bruvs Suck!

GetTheFuckOut/ Bruvs Suck!

Angus:

My thoughts exactly.

The pair go to their corner. Kendrix looks like he's spotted someone he knows in the crowd as he smiles and waves...however, his smile soon turns to a sneer as he flicks the bird at that person. LAR and Sharp cautiously climb back into the ring. Never taking their eyes off the pair of cheap shot artists, they confer on strategy before Lamond Alexander Robertson steps onto the apron.

On the other side of the ring, The Bruvs gesture for a moment at their opponents as they begin to play a friendly game of Rock, Paper, Scissors to determine who starts off the match. On the count of three Unlikely pulls off the upset when his paper beats the rock of JFK. Unlikely fist pumps and steps out on the apron, happy to be out of the ring while Kendrix shrugs his shoulders and applauds his tag partner for his rock, paper, scissors victory.

Angus:

What the...

DDK:

Usually the victor of that game stays in the ring?

Angus:

Hollywood is a straight up bitch if you ask me!

DDK:

Looks like this match is going to start with Andy Sharp vs Kendrix. In what should prove to be a very good match up.

Angus:

No surprise Mikey isn't trying to get into this one with Sharp in there, did you see how fast he high tailed it out of here last week Keebs!?

DDK:

Indeed I did. Unlikely wanting no part of the "Lord of the Skies" in his defense of the Southern Heritage Championship against LAR. That match ended in no contest after interference on both sides, Kelly Evans thought it would be wise to go ahead and let them all get it out of their system this week in this tag match.

Angus:

Especially since McFuckass will be ALLLLLLLLLLL ALONE come DEFCON!

The bell rings and Kendrix and Sharp start to circle one another. Each trying to feel the other one out. As Andy nears the corner of the Bruvs, Unlikely takes a swing at him but is a few inches short as Sharp keeps one eye on the champion. Kendrix uses that moment to pounce. A few quick forearms lead to a kick in the midsection. Kendrix takes Sharp by the hand and whips him off the ropes. On the return he ducks down but Sharp leap frogs over, he comes back again and this time Kendrix ducks the clothesline attempt, Sharp hits the ropes one more time and finally connects with a running wheel kick. Kendrix drops down and gets right back up holding his face, walking backwards toward his corner, never taking his eyes off of Sharp.

Angus:

First round to Sharp and now Hollywood McFuckass is geeing up his partner!

Sharp stands his ground in the middle of the ring and gestures with both hands for Kendrix to get on with it. Mikey covers his mouth as he whispers something in Kendrix's ear. A confident smirk crosses his face as he slowly meets Sharp in the middle of the ring with his arm raised by the side of his head, signalling for a tie up.

Sharp wastes no time as he joins his hand with JFK's before bringing his other hand out in front of him. His opponent slowly raises his free hand but instead of completing the tie up, Kendrix kicks Sharp in the gut and drops him with a short arm clothesline. With a flex to the crowd, Kendrix smiles. He grabs Andy by the hair but before he can get him all the way up, he grabs JFK's arm and flips him to the mat with an arm drag. Both men rise right back to their feet. Sharp drops him again with a drop toe hold.

DDK:

Andy Sharp flipping leg drop! NO! Kendrix moves, he's up, Dropkick by JFK! Blocked! Arm drag again by Sharp but Kendrix rolls through and is back up to his feet in a flash! Clothe...ducked! Kick by Andy...Caught by Kendrix! Enzi...ducked!

Angus:

Holy shit!

DDK:

"The future of DEFIANCE" drops into a headlock, Sharp turns him over to a cover, Kendrix out before one. Back to their feet both men try a dropkick.

The two both stop and stare each other down as the fans go absolutely crazy.

DEF! DEF! DEF!

DEF! DEF! DEF!

DEF! DEF! DEF!

Angus:

It's about time I finally saw this "wrestling ability" I kept hearing about Kendrix, I thought all this guy could do is swing a chair!?

DDK:

He's certainly the better wrestler of the team.

Angus:

Understatement of the year Keeps!

Once again Andy Sharp motions for a tie up, and once again Kendrix obliges. The two actually lock up this time. Sharp

pushes Kendrix back onto the ropes before Irish Whipping Kendrix across to the other side. Sharp goes for the clothesline this time but Kendrix ducks the attempt. Coming off the ropes he returns to Sharp and hits him with a swinging neck breaker.

Angus:

This is weird, I'm starting to respect Kendrix as a competitor. I feel dirty.

DDK:

Sharp certainly felt that one and now Mikey is holding his arm out, begging to be tagged in.

Pulling Sharp up by his hair Kendrix whips him into the Hollywood Bruvs' corner following quickly behind him with a forearm across the face. The Bruvs fist bump and the tag is made.

Angus:

Of course he is, his partner did all the work.

Mikey comes in and stands on the second turnbuckle and starts reeling off right hands. The referee starts his five count, but Unlikely's fists are fast as he comes down ten times before Benny Doyle gets to four... funny how that happens?

He drops down and barks at the referee, when he turns around Sharp is stumbling out of the corner dazed. Unlikely chops him for good measure before hooking Andy's head. With a quick motion Mikey snap suplexes his opponent to the mat. Quick to his feet he yells at the crowd about how pretty his suplex was.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely is wasting time after each and every move.

Angus:

I know, it's terrific....wait for it....wait for it....

Mikey measures up and jumps straight up coming down with a fist drop across the face of The Lord of the Skies.

DDK:

Clutching at his face Sharp rolls onto his stomach where Mikey hops on his back and rears back on the chin with a terribly leveraged camel clutch...er...chin lock?....I don't know, it's ugly.

It's quickly apparent that Sharp won't be submitting to this, Mikey jumps off and starts raining down stomps onto the back. Unlikely turns and gabs with Kendrix, who points back down at Sharp and tells Mikey to focus up! Unlikely waves him off and turns back as Sharp is up and stumbling towards his corner. Mikey's eyes go wide and he runs after him. Grabbing him around the waist he tries to pull back, but Andy Sharp spins and does the same to Mikey. Unlikely's elbows breaks Sharp's hold and Mikey hits the ropes and comes back with a running dropkick which unbelievably lands flush and sends Sharp back towards the Bruvs corner.

Angus:

Shit...

Mikey stands up impressed with himself. He shrugs like "it's nothing". LAR is taking offence to Mikey's showboating as he gestures for him to get on with the match. Mikey walks over to LAR

Mikey Unlikely:

SPORTS ENTERTAINER OF THE YEAR! HOLLYWOOD HERITAGE CHAMPION! WHO ARE YOU!?

LAR has had enough and steps through the ropes but the ref gets in his face, trying to force him back outside in his corner. Mikey grabs Andy Sharp and holds him down to the mat. JFK from the apron, jumps and springboards off the top rope and legdrops the back of Sharps head. Unlikely stands up, claps his hands loudly over his head and leaves

the ring as the referee turns and asks Kendrix if he tagged.

Kendrix:

OBVS, REF!

Unlikely:

TOTALLY OBVS!

Benny Doyle signals the tag was made as Kendrix drops a knee down hard to the back of Sharp's head, followed by a crude "wanker" gesture.

DDK:

Say what you will about the focus of the Bruvs, they are all over Andy Sharp here tonight, Could this spell bad things for him, come DEFCON?

Angus:

No way Keeps, Mikey is leaning on Kendrix tonight, like I assume he does most nights... When it's one on one... Sharp will expose this wannabe wrestler like the fraud he is.

Kendrix mockingly rubs the back of his head as he looks down at Sharp. Quickly pulling him to his feet, Kendrix twists behind Sharp, locking his hands around his waist and lifting him up and over behind him down hard onto the mat

DDK:

Huge German Suplex from JFK.

Angus:

He's still got his hands locked in.

Switching the angle with a step to the left, Kendrix drops Sharp with another German Suplex. Hands still locked in, JFK halls his opponent up to his feet and hits him again with a huge third.

Mikey over exaggerates on the applause towards his bruv, who soaks it all in with his hands out wide gesturing out at the fans.

Kendrix:

WRESTLIINNNG!!!!!!

Sharp begins to stir himself into a kneeling position while Kendrix soaks up the boos from the crowd. Finally bringing his attention back to his opponent, he squats down in front of him, ruffles his hair and slaps him across the face.

Kendrix:

JFK's THE FUTURE, INNIT BRUV!

Sharp instantly begins to fight back, stunning Kendrix into doubling over after a couple of strikes to his gut. Sharp manages to get one foot planted to the mat to steady himself, however, Kendrix cuts any momentum short with a huge knee to Andy's sternum, grabbing his head and hitting him with a swift facebreaker DDT in the centre of the ring.

DDK:

Pin attempt here from Kendrix, kick out at two. Somehow, despite the punishment he's taken in this match, Sharp is still in this.

Angus:

I can't believe I'm seeing a member of the Suck Entertainment Guild pulling off actual wrestling maneuvers.

Kendrix takes a moment to slick his hair back with one hand while holding his gut with the other, grimacing at the shots

he took from Sharp. Frustrated with the kick out, he stomps at Sharp's head before dropping a knee to the back of his skull.

DDK:

Despite what people think of him, Kendrix is an astute performer in the ring as he's purposely focussing on the back of Sharp's head.

JFK turns his attention away from Sharp and over at LAR at the opposite corner. Taking a few steps over to him, Kendrix points over at Sharp.

Kendrix:

THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT, BRUV?! I'M JFK, DAMMIT...ME!

Robertson nods while standing his ground, staying right where he is, his eyes focussed on Kendrix who is right up in his face.

DDK:

Lamond not falling for any Hollywood Bruv tricks this time.

Angus:

And Kendrix better turn around soon because Sharp is starting to get to his feet.

In that moment it looks like Sharp is stumbling backwards against the ropes, but in reality he uses them to slingshot back towards Kendrix.

DDK:

SHARPER IMAGE! He just DRILLED Kendrix with that pendulum lariat! Both men down now breathing heavy, and the fans are on their feet!

Angus:

Go Flippydoo Go! Make the tag you slow bastard!!!!

Slowly both men inch towards their respective corners.

The crowd goes nuts as the tag is made, Robertson springing through the ropes and driving Unlikely to the mat with a clothesline. Kendrix enters the ring but is met with a huge right, sending him down before Mikey is launched into the air as he charges LAR with a huge backdrop.

DDK:

Look at the intensity! Lamond Robertson is a man possessed!

Kendrix is whipped to the ropes and driven to the mat with a vicious spine buster before LAR launches to his feet and roars at the crowd, beating his chest violently with his fist. The crowd responds in unison, though lets out a long "oooh" as Unlikely clubs Robertson from behind, only to watch the Scot turn round and grab him by the neck.

Angus:

You won't like him when he's angry!

Over the ropes goes Mikey Unlikely, the ref leaning over the top rope to check on him. Robertson jumps to the middle rope, raising his right fist to the crowd and signalling for the Clansedge. He jumps down, lifting Kendrix to his feet and kicking him in his stomach, followed by taking his head into a lock. LAR signals it's over...and in an instant it is.

DDK:

That son of a...right in the jewels!

Lamond is on his knees, clutching his private parts with a grimace on his face, Kendrix looking pleased with himself as the ref was turned away. Jesse leans back and drives LAR head first to the mat with a DDT, springing to his feet and mocking Robertson with a boot to the face. Mikey slides slowly back into the ring, the ref getting in Kendrix's face to tell him Unlikely is the legal man. Jesse play argues with the ref, allowing Mikey to rake the eyes of LAR and drive his knee once more into the Crown Jewels, before getting to his feet.

Angus:

My god! Look out!

Kendrix is back in his corner, the ref lecturing him as suddenly Mikey Unlikely is thrown back, down onto his back and shoulders driven onto the mat. A big slap is heard, causing the referee to turn around, LAR looking like he's just rolled out of the ring following a tag, Sharp holding Mikey to the mat with a schoolboy roll up. The referee drops to the mat, Jesse slipping through the ropes in shock and fumbling to interfere.

One...two...

Axe handle but it's too late!

Three!

The axe handle comes down on Sharp half a second after the three count and the bell rings

Angus:

YUS!!!! THEY DID IT!!!!

The fans go ballistic as Kendrix and Mikey both get to their feet shocked. They try to run at the victors, but Sharp and LAR roll from the ring to avoid being struck.

Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the winners of this match by PINFALL.... The team of Lamond Alexander Robertson and Andy Sharrrrrrrrpppppppppppppppppp!!!!

Robertson holds Sharp up at the foot of the ramp as the ref holds their hands up in victory. Kendrix sticks a foot onto the bottom rope, leaning over the top rope as he shakes his head furiously and grits his teeth at Robertson, who simply holds two fingers up at the man he will meet at DEFCON.

LAR:

Aye, See ye' in two weeks, bruv!

Andy Sharp points up at Mikey and motions at the title then back at himself. Unlikely looks back worriedly, and holds his championship close.

DDK:

What does this mean for the Southern Heritage Title!? Could we see a new champion in a matter of days?

OLD YELLER

Cut to Angus and Keeps immediately after the match's conclusion.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, we're about halfway through a rip-roaring night of action on the final DEFTv before the biggest show of the year, DEFCON. What's your take on the night so far, Angus?

Angus:

Well, I've just been forced to watch the Hollywood Fuckboys attempt to wrestle. That doesn't exactly fill me with the joys of spring.

DDK:

Hey, at least they didn't win.

Angus:

True, but here's the thing with thos--

Angus is suddenly cut-off.

v/o:

DEFIAANNNNNCCCCCEEEEE! Can you feel it...

Angus:

OH FOR THE LOVE OF GOD!

v/o:

... coming, in the air tonight?

Phil Collins hits. The jeers are instantaneous, because ain't nobody in the Wrestle-Plex got time for Sean goddamn Jackson. The Lone Star of Texas slides out from the backstage area, clad in an immaculate grey suit and the signature smirk that makes him one of the most punchable men in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

How's your blood pressure, partner?

Angus:

Through the gorram roof.

DDK:

Surely you can't hate Sean Jackson as much as you hate the Bruvs?

Angus:

Ugh. Maybe. I think... shit, I dunno Keeps. I hate all of them equally and I want them to die, okay?!

As per usual, Sean Jackson doesn't come-out alone. Marshall Owens and Vanessa follow closely behind, and all three stop at the top of the ramp, thoroughly enjoying every last drop of the crowd's vitriol. While the chants are largely indistinguishable, they're as loud as anything we've heard tonight, and music to Jackson's ears.

Angus:

Just look at this asshole, Keeps! He's lucky Fatas isn't here to wipe that smug look off his face tonight, otherwise he might be leaving in a bodybag.

DDK:

It's better for all parties that Natas had to go home earlier, actually. Jackson is definitely safer without The Anti-Superstar prowling these halls, but Sean's done some serious, serious damage to Natas' surgically-repaired knee in

recent weeks. If Natas has any ambitions of enacting revenge on Jackson, he can't afford another injury setback.

Jackson and his entourage don't head for the ring, though. Instead, they hop over to the promo stage. Marshall Owens goes first, followed closely by Sean, who leads Vanessa over by the hand. Once there, Owens produces a microphone and waits for Philly C's Dad-party banger "In The Air Tonight" to finally die down.

Marshall Owens:

Ladies and Gentlemen...

The jeers intensify to the point that they completely drown the lawyer out. Owens refuses to raise his voice, however: he just lowers the microphone and waits it out.

Marshall Owens:

We'll stand here all night if that's what it takes, you know.

The Faithful's first reaction is to boo Owens' words, but the bulk of them quickly realise that they'll get rid of him sooner if they just let him speak. Finally, there's a gap in the noise.

Marshall Owens:

Excellent. Now that you animals have finally shut up, allow me to introduce...

Further negativity flies down from the bleachers. Owens pauses, but he's not as willing to wait it out this time. He puts the microphone to his lips and raises the deibel.

Marshall Owens:

Allow me to introduce my client... the man who *DESTROYED* Elijah Cross' career before it ever took-off...

Angus:

... really? This asshole's bragging about squashing a BRAZEN tomato can?

Marshall Owens:

The man who *CONQUERED* the record-breaking former FIST of DEFIANCE, Eugene Dewey...

Angus:

What?! He won via count-out!

Marshall Owens:

The *RIGHTFUL* REAL World Champion, whose *CLEAN* victory over Eric Dane was so heinously overturned by a callous misuse of power...

Angus:

You know what?! Fuck this. I'm done.

A microphone goes *thud*. Presumably, this is Angus Skaaland unclipping his commentary mic from his tuxedo t-shirt and dropping it on the announce table.

DDK:

Uh, Angus... where are you... *ooooookay*.

Regardless of whatever the hell's going-on over in the booth, Owens continues.

Marshall Owens:

Ladies and Gentlemen, I present to you "The Lone Star of Texas" ... *MISTER. SEAN. JACKSON.*

The Faithful's volume only increases as Marshall passes the microphone over to Jackson. Still grinning like a pig in

shit, Sean casts a slow gaze around the building, completely ignoring the "FUCK YOU JACK-SON!" *clap-clap-clapclapclap* that's started ringing out.

DDK:

Adrift in a sea of hate, Sean Jackson has established himself as one of DEFIANCE's foremost villains since debuting a few months ago. Just listen to this, folks...

A few more moments pass before Sean finally breaks his silence.

Sean Jackson:

Jason Natas.

A mixed reaction this time: cheers for The Bronx Bully, and boos for all that Jackson has subjected him to.

Sean Jackson:

Your career...

He pauses.

Sean Jackson:

... is over.

The smirk grows again.

Sean Jackson:

At DEFCON, I am going to finish what I started last week. I am going to take whatever scraps remain of that surgically-repaired knee of yours and bend, twist, and pull until you never walk *aaaaaa-gain*. I am going to snap every remaining ligament in two, and grind your cartilage down until there's nothing left but a hole where your knee used to be. Why?

He waits.

Sean Jackson:

Because you are a classless, braindead Neanderthal with no concept of respect, neither for yourself nor other people...

Beside The Lone Star of Texas, Marshall Owens nods approvingly.

Sean Jackson:

You have no one to blame but yourself. Cast your feeble mind back to DEFtv 65: it was *YOUR* moronic decision to barge into me, then *REFUSE* to apologise for your actions that set this ball rolling. I want you to remember that this time next week, Natas. When you're lying in that hospital bed - your knee in pieces, your career in tatters - and the doctors tell you that it's over, I want you to know that all of this could've been avoided...

Another pause.

Sean Jackson:

If you'd just. Said. *Sorry*.

Jackson laughs as the crowd simmer.

Sean Jackson:

Make no mistake, Natas: I have no problem wiping you from the face of DEFIANCE. You should consider this a mercy killing. From the day you first walked into this building back in 2014, to the moment you were turned-away at the door earlier tonight: your DEFIANCE career has been nothing but a string of disappointments. It's in your record, your workrate, and your stinking attitude. You are not cut-out for this business, Natas, and at DEFCON, I'm taking you out back and giving you the Old Yeller treatment.

DDK:

This is chilling, folks. Jason Natas is one of the toughest guys in the company, but Sean Jackson means every word he's saying here.

Sean Jackson:

History will not remember your. While my name will continue to top billboards for years to come, yours will be quickly forgotten. Enjoy your fate, Mr. Natas...

The Lone Star of Texas pauses one final time.

Sean Jackson:

You've earned it.

Phil Collins hits the speakers. Grinning from ear-to-ear, Sean Jackson hoists both arms in the air and continues rejoicing in the vitriol. We cut back to the announce table, where a re-emerged Angus Skaaland is attaching his microphone.

Angus:

He's finished? Guess I came back at just the right time.

DDK:

Where have you been?!

Angus:

A place where I couldn't see or hear Sean Jackson, duh.

Keeps shakes his head.

DDK:

Whatever the case, Sean Jackson has made his intentions clear tonight: he's not out to beat Jason Natas at DEFCON, he's out to put him on the shelf... forever.

Angus:

And Fatas is out to rip Jackson's head clean off his shoulders.

DDK:

Let's take it backstage.

MUSHIGIHARA VS. CURTIS PENN

♪"Enea Volare Mezzo"♪

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring the STRONG STYLE SULTAN. The Master of the CURTIS CLUTCH. The Inventor of the Curtis Plex. The longest reigning Southern Heritage Champion. The Bashing Bruser. The Master of Mind Games and Soon to be GOD- BEAST Slayer CURTIS PENN!

Curtis steps out to a chorus of boos. His grin is ear to ear as he slowly walks down the ramp turning and basking in the hate. He soaks it in, eating it up like a buffet.

The Black Hat of DEFIANCE. The Greatest of ALL-TIME. The Most Envied Wrestler in DEFIANCE, Curtis Penn ducks underneath the middle rope.

BOOM. SNAP. BOOMBOOMBOOM SNAP.

BOOM. SNAP. BOOMBOOMBOOM SNAP.

♪"Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada♪

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

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

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

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

Mushigihara:

OSU!

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

DDK:

Mushi meets Curtis Penn in the center of the ring, The God-Beast and the self proclaimed King of Wrestling lock eyes.

Angus:

Ohhhh Mushi is going to eat him for lunch! I'm giddy!

Curtis takes a couple of steps back, grinning, pondering his first move. Curtis Penn steps back up to the God-Beast and slaps the face of MUSHI.

DDK:

Oh, MY....

Angus:

GAWD! Penn is going to lose that hand!

Mushi steps into Penn's chest, pressing his forehead into Penn's

Angus:

He's DARING him to do it again!

Curtis shrugs his shoulders and reaches back with his other hand and this time he drives the slap through the chin of the God-Beast. Eddie Dante is dancing around the ring with a smile on knowing that this is only inciting Mushi.

Again Mushi presses his forehead into Penn's

DDK:

Penn really needs to look for a new tactic if he thinks slapping this monster is going to do anything other than make him really angry.

Angus:

I hope this is his plan, because this will be his end and life could go back to Hookers n Blow!

Penn takes a half step back and delivers a roaring elbow that creates an audible smack that's heard around the arena.

OOOOOOHHHHHHH

DDK:

Angus people heard that on Bourbon Street!

Angus:

And YET the God-Beast stands!

MUSHI spreads his arms and ROARS!

Penn falls back to the ropes and drives a Rolling Elbow into the God-Beast, who just roars in the face of the Strong Style Sultan. Penn falls back to the ropes again and tries the Rolling Elbow again, then follows it up with a double Rolling Elbow.

DDK:

Mushi is rocked! After one roaring elbow and three ROLLING Elbows Curtis Penn has managed to rock the GOD-BEAST!

Penn quickly follows this up with a left and right elbow and a jumping knee. Penn runs back to the ropes and follows it up with a double knee strike!

DDK:

HE CAUGHT PENN LIKE A BABY! Penn tried to hit him with that double knee that he used on FDJ, but Mushi baited him and caught him in mid-air!

Mushi walks around the ring with Penn in his clutches and drives him into the center of the ring. Mushi stands above the former champion and lets loose an arena shaking roar! Mushi runs back to the ropes, bounces off, and goes for the Senton!

DDK:

Penn rolled out of the way at the last minute!

Angus:

He would have been flattened, goo coming out of his eye sockets, and turds painting the canvas, but nooooo he just caused another typhoon over towards Japan. Can't anyone squish him like a bug?

Speaking of stomping, Curtis begins to plant a field of shoe leather in the mud hole that he's stomping in Mushi. Penn turns around and spouts some foul nonsense to the Faithful. Mushi stands up and slowly stalks Penn until he turns

around and is caught in a bear hug by the God-Beast.

Angus:

Squeeze him until he pops for the baby Jesus!

Mushi then suplexes him across the ring!

DDK:

The force of that suplex sent Curtis underneath the ropes and landing hard on the arena floor.

OSU!!!

OSU!!!

OSU!!!

OSU!!!

2.....

3.....

Penn grabs the guardrails and jerks on them out of frustration.

4.....

5.....

Angus:

Oh the poor baby is pitching a fit.... PENN YOU WANT A BINKY!

6.....

7.....

Penn rubs his heads through his beard and through his hair, we can see him mouth Okay to himself before he walks to the corner steps.

8.....

DDK:

Curtis was milking the refs count for every second.

Angus:

He should have worn his brown pants...

DDK shoots a quizzical look at his broadcast partner.

Angus:

Really.... Really? He should have worn his brown pants... Cause he shit himself? You need to branch out Keebs.

DDK:

Mushi isn't waiting for Penn to make the first move this time.

Mushi rushes Penn, Penn rolls out of the way and let's Mushi run chest first into the ring post, Penn kicks him in the

back of the knee sending an echo that resonates on Conti Street. Not wasting time he works the ribs with another pair of kicks. Mushi catches a third underneath the armpit.

DDK:

Now we all know the speed that Penn sends those kicks, but somehow Mushi just caught one of those stinging kicks.

Mushi holds his foot in his arm, he pulls him in and drives a lariat through Penn's chest.

DDK:

That one blow sent Penn down to his knees. Penn is struggling to breathe after that lariat.

Angus:

Hope he coughs up a lung.

Mushi reaches down and lifts Penn up by the throat and just heaves him into the corner. Mushi works Penn with his one lefts and rights. Penn, pulls himself into a clinch and weathers the storm. Keeping the clinch he starts working Mushi's thighs with inside knee strikes.

DDK:

Penn is using the back of Mushi's mask to help keep the clinch tight.

Angus:

COME ON REF... HE'S HOLDING ONTO THE MASK. BREAK THEM UP!!!!

Penn is trying to unlace the back of the mask between knee strikes. Mushi breaks the clinch and falls away from Penn. Penn mounts the second turnbuckle and waits for Mushi to turn back around and drives his forearm into the jaw to the God-Beast. Sending him stumbling backwards. Penn shoots in with a double leg takedown. He floats over and somehow manages to secure an armbar.

DDK:

Mushi is between trying to keep his mask on or breaking the hold...

Angus:

Either way he needs to get up and fuckstomp Curtis Penn!

In pain Mushi gives up on the mask and with one arm unlaces Penn's legs and rolls onto Penn's chest.

1.....

2.....

DDK:

Penn get's his shoulders up, but better news for Mushi is that Penn had to release his arm. Hopefully there isn't much damage to that elbow, but the way Penn was using his hips I wouldn't doubt if there is some sort of ligament damage.

Mushi shakes his arm trying to get some feeling back into it, but Penn doesn't relent and only rushes him and drives a Busaiku Knee Strike into Mushi sending him rolling through the second rope.

DDK:

Penn with a TOPE SUICIDA! OY MY GAWD! PENN WITH A TOPE SUICIDA! When was the last time we've seen Penn do that?!

1

2

3

Penn is back up and reaches over the rail and grabs a fan's chair, he drapes the arm of Mushi over the rail, measures and.....

4

♪"Hustler's Ambition"by 50 Cent ♪

5

Penn looks towards the ramp in curiosity over who just interrupted his plans.

6

Angus:

Penn is going to kill this guy.

7

Sam Horrey sprints down the ramp, dives through the ring and out to the other side. Sam rips the chair from his hands.

8

DDK:

The ref is at eight.

He raises it.

9

Penn just shrugs at Sam Horrey. Sam swings at Penn, Penn side steps and dives back into the ring.

10....

DING DING DING!

Darren Quimbey:

YOUR WINNER BY COUNT OUT CURTIS PENN!

While Penn has his hand raise, Mushi stands up and looks at Sam Horrey holding the chair. He snatches it from Sam and throws it across the ring floor. Sam tries to explain to Mushi what just happened. Dante tries to wedge himself in between the two men. Mushi moves Dante aside like a little kid. Sam puts his hands on his hips in disgust as Eddie Dante is still trying to talk sense into Mushi. Mushi moves Dante out of the way again.

And then the two collide. Both swinging to for the fences and within moments of the first blow DEF SEC, Mike Sloan, Wyatt Bronson, and other road agents are separating the two men. With Sam yelling at Mushi over the shoulders of Wyatt and Sloan.

THESE ARE NOT THE DROIDS YOU'RE LOOKING FOR

Backstage.

A buoyant Bobby Dean is practically bouncing along the corridor.

BBD:

Heeeeeeeeere Squiddy, Squiddy, Squiddy!

DDK:

Looks like Bobby Dean is still on the hunt for Cayle Murray, and I dread to think what he and Eric Dane have up their sleeves, especially after the last couple of weeks.

Angus:

I can't wait, Keeps! These last few shows have been great: Andy Murray got injured, The BAWs has finally started collecting some debts from Cayle, and last week, Squiddo got absolutely fuckstomped by the Viking War Cult! Long may it continue.

DDK:

"Collecting debts?" What are you talking about, Angus? This is bullying, plain and simple. Dane and Bobby put Andy in the hospital so they could isolate Cayle, and since Bobby dropped that weight on Andy's ribs, all Dane's done is abuse his power to make Cayle's life a misery.

Angus:

But Cayle *chose* DEFIANCE, Keeps. Cayle *chose* to reinject himself into Eric Dane's business! How can you talk about this like it's some kinda miscarriage of justice when none of this would've happened if the Murrays had just stayed the hell away?

Bobby stops at the first locker-room he comes across and pushes it open without knocking. He flicks a lightswitch, peeks his head inside, then pulls back out again.

BBD:

Nope!

The Only Star's chief henchman continues along the corridor and comes to another door on his left hand side just a few metres later. Again, Bobby does not hesitate to push it open. Before he can look inside, however, a very loud, very shrill female scream almost bursts his eardrums.

BBD:

Eeeek!

The door slams shut in Bobby's face before he can enter, and the lock *clicks* it secure. Bobby mouths "damnit," the keeps-on rolling.

Angus:

Hey, that *sounded* like Cayle Murray!

Something stops Bobby Dean before he hits the next door, though. A voice emanates from within, and though muffled by the walls, the Scottish accent is quite clear. A smile draws across Bobby's lips.

DDK:

Well, that Scottish voice isn't deep enough to belong to Lamond Alexander Robertson, nor hoarse enough for Bronson Box.

Angus:

Looks like calamari's back on the menu, Keeps!

Bobby Dean's walk turns to a merry little skip, and he whistles innocently as he balls a fist then gently taps it against the door. The voice behind it suddenly goes silent.

BBD:

Hey, Squid-dick!

No response is forthcoming, though. Bobby waits a few more seconds, then knocks again.

BBD:

This isn't funny, you know.

A few more seconds of silence follow, and Bobby Dean is getting frustrated. Instead of knocking again, BBD reaches forward for the handle, but the door swings open before he can grasp it, sending the portly grappler off-balance and almost tumbling to the floor. Now more than frustrated, Bobby looks-up at the man in the threshold.

It is not the Murray he's looking for.

Andy Murray:

Hello, mate!

DDK:

Look who's back!

Angus:

What?! Where did that streak of piss come from?

The elder Murray steps out from the locker-room, forcing the now-panicking Bobby Dean back against the wall. Bobby throws a fist towards Murray, trying to catch his injured ribs, but Andy blocks the strike and grabs Dean's wrist.

Andy Murray:

Nice try, Robert, but no. Not tonight.

The King drops Bobby's limb and takes a few steps back, giving his enemy some space. BBD starts to shuffle along the wall, intimidated, but not taking his eyes off Murray.

Andy Murray:

Turns out I owe you one, so how about this: I'm go--

BBD:

Eeek!

Before Andy can finish his sentence, however, Bobby Dean turns on his heels and runs-off down the corridor as fast as his stubby legs will carry him. Instead of giving chase right away, Andy squints, holds his hands out to his sides, and shakes his head.

Andy Murray:

Alright, have it your way...

With that, Andy starts his own way down the corridor: not running, but walking briskly after Bobby Dean.

DDK:

Well, that didn't quite go to plan for Bobby Dean...

Angus:

Where did *he* come from?! He's not scheduled to be back until after DEFCON!

DDK:

I don't know, Angus, but this is a huge spanner in the works for Dane and Dean! Cayle Murray is isolated no longer.

Angus:

Great. Just great...

Cut.

DOES IT REALLY?

♪"Revolution - SIRSY"♪

DDK:

Well, these fans are going crazy, Angus - and it looks like we're about to be joined by the Marathon Man himself!

Angus:

It's about time. I really need a good, hearty does of '**Curtis Penn: Kill yourself.**'

DDK:

And here I thought you didn't like him.

Angus:

I don't like his smarmy attitude, but I like his wrestling and I like how he beats up Penn. As long as he's doing that, he's aces in my book. But he actually allowed Penn to beat him last time out... and that's just sad.

Impulse walks out - alone, like last time - and stops at the timekeeper. He talks for a second, takes a chair and microphone, and sets them up in the ring while he takes a seat.

Impulse:

I feel like I need to clear the air here with you Faithful, so please bear with me for a few minutes.

The fans pop for Impulse, and he gives them a few seconds to cheer before he puts the microphone back to his lips.

Impulse:

Earlier tonight, you heard Curtis Penn -

Boos erupt at the sound of the name. Impulse allows them to go for a few seconds, then he cuts them off.

Impulse:

- Curtis Penn accuse me of attacking him after a tough loss to Frank Dylan James, and sullyng the end of that fight.

He facepalms, and looks around the arena with a skeptical look on his face.

Impulse:

Now, I've never claimed to be a hero, or a white hat, or a role model. I've done what I've felt was right, and the only promise I've ever made to the fans - be it you Faithful or any other company, was that I'd never lie to you.

Angus:

He lied when he said he would beat Curtis Penn. Shameful.

Angus has evidently forgotten that he sits just a few feet away from the entryway. Impulse turns his head and looks at him, and Angus tries to hide behind Keebler.

Impulse:

I wanted to settle the score between us, Curtis, and you refused because I apparently attacked you at DEFtv 67. In the interest of fairness, let's run the score.

He holds up one finger.

Impulse:

I win my debut match against you, and you attack me after the fact. I make no inquiries or accusations after the fact, I write it off that you're a sore loser.

Two fingers.

Impulse:

You complain about your loss every time a microphone is in your hands, and you convince me to step back between the ropes with you after you cost me and Robertson a victory against the Hollywood Bruvs.

He looks into the camera, thus unofficially breaking the fourth wall.

Impulse:

Hold onto that one, because I'm comin' back to it.

Wink.

Impulse:

You then win the return match when my back is turned, ironically arguing with the referee about how I didn't want you to get screwed. Fine, that's my own weakness. But your interpretation of what happened last week is beyond perspective and beyond interpretation.

The DefianTron comes to life, showing the sequence of events from DEFtv 67: Frank Dylan James defeating Curtis Penn, Impulse coming to the ring after the fact, Penn taking a swing, and Impulse dropping Penn after the fact. The fans cheer at the kick, and the screen returns.

Impulse:

I can't make you take this match, Curtis. You could walk away and never face me in the ring again, and your career would continue pretty much as it has been. Some wins, some losses, some title shots, lots of disappointment... but everyone, everywhere, until the end of your career and beyond, will talk about what a gutless coward you are.

More cheers at the strong words.

Impulse:

The fans will see how you reacted to your loss - by interfering during a match and altering the course of a night - and how I reacted - by waiting until you'd already blown your shot - and they'll know the truth. They'll know what Curtis Penn's skills are really worth. Swing wide and miss, then get dropped by my boot? It's a perfect metaphor for your entire career, Curtis. You latch onto any perceived advantage like a fungus, and disclaim all responsibility for your own shortcomings.

He stands up and steps back, microphone still in hand.

Impulse:

I can't make you take this match, Curtis, no. But what I can do is assure you that if you don't... everybody everywhere will be fully aware of the kind of wrestler Curtis Penn is; A gutless, spineless, piece of garbage, that can't win the big one, can't win the little one, and only exists to prove to the rest of us what kind of impotent bitch he really is.

Impulse holds his arms out as if to ask the fans for their approval - and they give it.

Impulse:

It's certainly not my fault that your reputation precedes you.

♪"Enea Volare Mezzo"♪

Angus:

Can't this guy just die!

DDK:

Despite what Impulse has said about Curtis being a Yella Belly Coward, Curtis is coming out to the ring!

Curtis Penn steps out underneath the DEFlatron, and the two men are face to face.

DDK:

Looks like Curtis has brought with him his favorite weapon... a microphone.

TAP...TAP...TAP

Curtis Penn:

Impulse...Impulse...Impulse I figured after my little speech tonight you would stop your silly little attempt at getting me back in the ring. I told you no, it's one syllable word that means...

Cue shit eating grin.

Curtis Penn:

Well... um... NO!

DDK:

Curtis Penn with a declarative statement, he will not fight Impulse at DEFCON!

Angus:

Well he is a chicken shit.

Curtis Penn:

Impulse you're judging me on a handful of matches in a career that spans the GLOBE and almost a decade. You're judging my ability in the ring in a down slump.

Impulse:

What do you think you've been -

Curtis Penn:

Shut up.

The fans boo, as Impulse smirks and holds up his arms.

Curtis Penn:

I don't care what you think about me, you remember that thick skin that I was talking about earlier... I have it, callous upon callous. So if you think that a couple of bad words will provoke me, you're absolutely delirious, you reside in a make believe world in which you have control.

Impulse starts to laugh.

Impulse:

Make believe world, Curtis? That's funny, coming from you - and it's amazing, how deep your own delusions go.

He turns his back on Penn as he takes a moment to let the fans react. Curtis takes a quick step towards the ring and in a blink of an eye he's under the ropes and drives the microphone into the back of Impulse's neck.

DDK:

PENN WAITING UNTIL IMPULSES BACK WAS TURNED!

Angus:

COWARD! PENN IS SUCH A COWARD!

Curtis hasn't relented in his barrage of knees and elbow strikes, driving Impulse into the mat. Penn pulls Impulse to his feet, measures him, and drives a roaring elbow into Impulse's jaw dropping him to the mat.

Curtis smiles at the carnage that he has wrought onto Impulse. He walks over to an abandoned microphone and picks

it up.

TAP...TAP...TAP.

Curtis Penn:

I had to make sure it still worked.

He pulls up his pants leg and squats over Impulse, who looks to be waking up.

Curtis Penn:

Pulse, you don't make it as long in this business as you and I do by jumping when others tell you to jump. Well, maybe you do, but I don't! You want to bully me into a match, talk down to me, TRRRRY and humiliate me!

He picks Pulse's head by the jaw.

Curtis Penn:

That's fine boy, I'll fuckstomp you at DEFCON!

With that Penn shoves Impulse's head back to the mat before rolling out of the ring. Boos follow him as he walks up the entrance ramp, until the sound of heavy breathing fills the arena. Impulse has rolled to his stomach and puts the microphone to his lips.

Impulse:

See, Curtis?

Heavy breathing.

Impulse:

It worked.

DDK:

Whoa! Curtis Penn shouts something at Impulse, but DEFSec finally shows up and gets in front of him! I don't know about you, Angus, but I think this situation is ready to explode! We'll be right back!

BRONSON BOX VS. JACK HUNTER

The man in black kick stomps through the arena's speakers, garnering an overwhelmingly negative reaction from the Faithful. Even *his* Faithful.

♪ You can run on for a long time... ♪

DDK:

Well, the Wargod entering FIRST tonight. Apparently he's eager to get tonight's proceedings underway.

Angus:

Heeeeeeee... yup, he's got a microphone.

The Bombastic Bronson Box nearly rips the entrance curtain off its rod as he marches out onto the stage with a white knuckle grip on a microphone.

Bronson Box:

Cut the fookin' music, enough... see, this here 'aint gunna' be deservin' of Mr. Cash's time.

Angus: [laughing]

Oh my God, this poor schmuck is so dead...

The Wargod stomps down the ramp, rolling as quickly under the bottom rope. He springs effortlessly up to his feet and immediately begins pacing the ropes.

Bronson Box:

See... I been distracted pretty consistently since I come back. Dusty, the in-laws... *Eugene*. There's a looooooot of new faces prancin' around that locker room callin' themselves DEFIANCE superstars. People that don't, in my estimation, deserve that distinction...

His gaze finds the hard camera.

Bronson Box:

Some of them people have even managed to win themselves *championships*. I'll be dealin' with them *medium sized* fish in due time. Tonight? Tonight I'm dealin' with a fool so oblivious of his own tininess here in DEFIANCE he's actually gone and got himself over with you folks as some sort of *cute cult favorite* or some such shite... *now hasn't he?* You folks have grown to love watchin' him give folks the run around backstage don'tcha? L. Br... oh, right, sorry, kayfabe and all that... *Jack Hunter*.

Boxer grins as the crowd rain derision down upon him.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Bronson Box:

OH HOW DARE I? EH?! How dare I not play along with this fun little group delusion, 'at right?! Fookin' sheep... that's all you people are to me. All of ye'... empty vessels I can fill and drain on a *WHIM*. You sup on my mayhem when it's directed at some mouthy twat like fookin' DAN RYAN, aye... but when it's time fer' that delusional little TWAT Hunter to get what's comin' to him... [he waves his hands around him derisively] *booooo*-fookin'-oooo is all I bloody hear... like fookin' parrots, the whole lot o'ye'. It's almost TOO easy sometimes, really.

FUCK YOU BRON-SON

FUCK YOU BRON-SON

FUCK YOU BRON-SON

FUCK YOU BRON-SON

DDK:

The Faithful giving it right back to the "Ace."

Angus:

Look at his face though Darren, he *loves* it. He's... I mean, Hunter IS an idiot. How long could he "sideshow" around the beats we got on this roster?

Bronson Box:

Here's what we're gunna' do... and you bunch of wee cunts up in the control rooms I'm talkin' to the whole lot of ye'. Ye' 'aint gunna' play Jack's music... yer' gunna' bring the house lights all the way up and keep yer' speakers quiet and yer' gunna' let laughin' boy walk out here to this here ring fer' all te' fookin' see! See him fer' EXACTLY what he is. A bloody waste of space on a roster I've EARNED the right to cull the chaff from now and again, aye?! SO COME ON OUT JACK! COME OUT HERE, START MARCHIN'... theeeeere we are then, hello lad...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Jack Hunter marches out onto the ramp to a big ovation from with a microphone of his own but as he tries to talk... nothing. Bronson leans on the ropes with a sinister sneer.

Bronson Box:

You heard me lad, I already done all the talkin' this particular segment's gunna' be havin'... this 'aint UTA lad, when I say it's time te' fight it's time to bloody fight.

Hunter "no sells" Bronson's apparent sway with the microphone by playing and waving to the fans on either side of the ramp for a moment, letting The Wargod stew for a tick.

Angus:

Thiiiiis isn't smart...

No sooner did the words leave Angus Skaaland's mouth does The Wargod bail from the ring so quickly he's more than halfway up the ramp before Hunter even notices the steam engine heading straight towards him. The sound that comes overwhelmingly from the fans when Bronson Box's shoulder makes contact with Jack Hunter's torso is the same sound NASCAR audiences make right at the moment a really nasty crash happens. The Little Bruiser is lifted, twisted, and dropped back first across the unforgiving metal stage.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

DDK: [cringing]

IS there a "smart" move Hunter can make here, partner?

Boxer reaches down and takes a fistful of Hunter's dark brown hair and violently **YANKS** him down the ramp and back towards the ring. The Wargod jaws with fans along the ramp as he brutally escorts Jack back under the ropes right at referee Carla Ferrari's feet. As soon as Box follows his opponent under the rope, Carla signals for the bell and the official start of the match.

DING DING**Angus:**

Honestly, Darren? The smart move is cover up, take your whoopin' and just *survive*. Which still might not happen considering the Wargod's mood after... well, Eugene's first "trip to the gym."

The best word to describe the first few minutes of the match would be Bronson *toying* with poor Jack, keeping his right arm and wrist pinned back... his helpless fingers dangling in front of Boxer's eager face. To the revulsion of much of the crowd Boxer starts manipulating joints and producing popping noises with those digits no human hand should ever produce. Not without out considerable amounts of PAIN that is. He caps off the exchange by simply BITING Hunter's

fingers between his jagged teeth.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

DDK:

My God!

Wasting not a microsecond, Boxer leans down and scoops up a still writhing Hunter with a deadlift German suplex that alone simply levels the Street Fighter. But he holds on and rattles of another... and another... and *ANOTHER...*

Angus:

HE 'AINT STOPPIN' KEEBS!

The Scottish Strongman displays exactly why he earned that particular nickname by dealing out no less than EIGHT deadlift German suplex that by the time he releases his vice like grip leaves his adversary nearly lifeless in a heap of *bruised* flesh. Boxer rolls to his feet, again scooping up a fistful of Hunter's hair again dragging the poor kid to his feet. Carla Ferrari admonishes the Wargod as best she can about the hair pulling but it's more than clear to everyone witnessing this near criminal act that it's Bronson Box who's steering this ship.

Angus:

Oh, wait... we might be stopping pretty suddenly here.

Boxer reaches down and quickly pops Hunter's head between his tree-trunk sized thighs and points his jagged right index finger towards the nearest available turnbuckle. Bronson whips the much lighter Hunter up onto his shoulders with such momentum Hunter manages to slide right out of Box's grip, landing on his feet behind him. Bronson is quick to turn on his heels to face his opponent, almost out of instinct Hunter reaches up and PASTES Boxer with an open palm shot.

RAAAAAAAAAA OOOOOOOOH

The wild eyed look on The Wargod's face as he sloooooowly turns his head back towards Hunter sends the Faithful into an absolute frenzy. Hunter doesn't even get a chance to react as Box hooks his arms and simply launches him with an effortless belly to belly overhead suplex that sends the Bruiser back towards the middle of the ring. The Wargod drops down to his knees and DIGS the unclipped nails of his fabled "red right hand" into the soft fleshy area right under Hunter's ribcage. The young kayfabe busting bumbler screams out in very real pain as Bronson's wild bloodshot brown eyes bore holes back into his.

DDK:

The Wargod is pulling every strange brutal tool from his bag of tricks to leave a LASTING impression on poor Jack Hunter here.

Angus:

Man... I'm still goddamn comin' to grips with what he did to his fingers a minute ago, much less OH JEEZUS, come on...

Boxer releases the "Sacred Heart" only to apply his right hand, this time...

DDK:

GOD'S FIERY RIGHT HAND! Boxer with his pet claw submission hold clamped tight on the temples of Jack Hunter!

The untrimmed fingernails on Boxer's thumb and pinky fingers clamp like a vice around Hunter's temples, his three other fingers digging deep into Jack's scalp. All five digits drawing blood. Jack reaches up and grabs hold of Bronson's wrist with both hands out of pure exhausted desperation. The Wargod screams like an animal inches from the man's face, his spittle flying between the spaces in his fingers and splattering onto the face of Hunter.

Bronson Box:

MAKE 'EM ALL LAUGH... MAKE 'EM ALL FEEL BETTER WITH YER' FOOKIN' JOKES, EH? EH? GO ON MAKE MORE JOKES, BOY'O!

The Original DEFIANT releases the claw hold and immediately lunges down into Hunter, hooking his head and rolling forward into a textbook Guillotine choke. Between the Wargod's superior strength and experience, he manages to lock the submission in as tight and crisp as any practitioner could hope. Boxer's enormous arms contract like a giant snake, Jack almost immediately turning a pallid shade of purple. Hunter is already so out of it he doesn't even get a chance to tap out before he's on dream street. Referee Carla Ferrari is right there with the traditional check for consciousness. As the third arm falls, Ferrari pivots on her heels and signals to ringside.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Angus:

He's, uh... he's not lettin' go, Keebler...

Even as the bell goes **DING DING DING** Boxer's eyes with their strange, distant glazed over look to them are locked on the hard camera, he shows no signs of relinquishing the maneuver. Carla tries to absolute no sold avail to beg and plead The Wargod off the now utterly helpless human being locked in his grasp. It doesn't take long before head producer Mike Sloan is sliding under the rope with a host of DEFsec meatheads in tow. RIIIIIGHT as Sloan and security get within arms reach... and RIIIIIGHT at the moment Jack Hunter seemed to cross the line from "wrestling match trouble" to "legitimate medical trouble"... Boxer releases the hold and rolls through right onto his feet and right through the ropes to ringside without a soul other than Hunter laying one finger on him all evening. Ring announcer Darren Quimbey takes advantage of the moment of calm (if you can call it that) to do his usual post match duty.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winner... BRONSOOOOOON...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

They started booing simply for at least the start of the announcement, they ended up booing the fact Boxer obviously isn't QUITE done "proving his point." The Scotsman slides in the ring with such wild brutality behind his wild brown eyes that even the DEFsec goons scatter. Mike Sloan stands his ground, pleading with Boxer to "just stop." Boxer shoulders past Sloan, grabs Hunter out of the caring hands of ref Carla and the medics... and quickly tucks the man's head between his tree-trunk sized thighs and points, again, towards the most available turnbuckle. Sloan steps out in front of the Scot and the attempted BOMBASTO Bomb and AGAIN pleads with Bronson to "please just stop."

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

OH MY GOD! He's dead, Jack Hunter has to be dead!

Tactfully avoiding Sloan, Boxer bails on the bucklebomb. He simply turns to his left and HUCKS Jack Hunter's lifeless body over the ropes and towards the nook where Darren Quimbey, the ringside medic, and the bell ringer all sit at ringside. The Street Fighter's limp body hits the assortment of folding chairs and tables and various ringside gear as awkwardly as possible with a strange sort of sideways trajectory. Like ragdoll physics in some video game, Jack Hunter ends up a confusing heap of wood, steel and limbs. Only serving to make the wild scene that much eerier, The Wargod simply drops down and quickly rolls from the ring. He literally shoulders past the medical team running down the ramp to Hunter's aid on his brisk trip up the ramp... leaving a literal path of destruction behind him, Bronson Box vanishes behind the entrance curtain without even a glance over his shoulder back at his handiwork. We cut back over to Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland over at the commentation station.

ROAD TO REDEMPTION

DDK:

As they... good God, EXHUME poor Jack Hunter from the debris that was the bell ringers corner out at ringside all I can sincerely hope is that that exit means Bronson Box is done for the night.

Angus:

Why do you say that?

DDK:

Because I think Christie Zane is on her way out to interview his opponent at DEFCON right now...

Christie Zane totters her way out to the Interview stage and climbs the stairs. She straightens out her dress before addressing the DEFIAfans in attendance.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Please welcome my guest at this time. He is a former FIST of DEFIANCE and the man who will face Bronson Box next week at DEFCON 1. He is none other than Eugene Dewey!

♪ "Dark Lord Bowser" by Thunderclash ♪

Eugene emerges from the back and stands in the center of the stage for a moment. He received a notably mixed reaction from the audience, which he tries his best to ignore as he heads over to join Christie on the Interview stage. Dark Lord Bowser fades out and Christie waits for the fans to simmer down before asking her first question.

Christie Zane:

Eugene, last time we saw you you were in Utah at Bronson Box's Conclave-

Eugene reaches out and takes the microphone out of Christie's hand. The tiny interviewer seems shocked, but what can she do about it?

Eugene Dewey:

Look, Christie, I know we're out here to do a whole Q&A thing, but that's just not gonna work for me... I've got so much going on up here right now, and it's all about to come pouring out, so I'm sorry but whatever questions you had for me, we'll have to go through them at another time.

Christie doesn't quite know what to do with herself. She shifts uncomfortably on the stage, almost as though she's waiting for Eugene to change his mind, but when he raises his eyebrows and motions towards the curtain she gets the hint that her big interview isn't going to happen and slowly heads to the back. The fans, clearly wanting to see some more of the perky blonde, give Eugene what for. The former FIST, to his credit, nods in her direction in appreciation before she disappears behind the curtain.

Eugene Dewey:

I get it guys, you want more of Christie Zane, right?

A deep cheer erupts from the DEFIAfans in attendance.

Eugene Dewey:

Well unfortunately life doesn't work that way.

That cheer quickly turns to another jeer.

Eugene Dewey:

You don't always get what you want all the time. 'Cause if you did then I'd be standing here a much more contented man after what I did in Utah a couple of weeks ago. Sure, as I was taking smashing up Bronson Box's home and business I felt... I felt good... powerful... I felt a sense of retribution after what he and his cronies did to my brother

Wayne...

A somber hush falls over the crowd. They know full well that Eugene's brother, however much of an annoying dick he might be, didn't deserve to have a pound of flesh carved out of his forehead at the hands of Bronson Box.

Eugene Dewey:

But as time's gone by, that sense of retribution has faded. I mean, Bronson Box will have rebuilt the Conclave. He'll have bought new machines, he'll have patched up the walls, he'll have fixed the ring... but Wayne... well, Wayne's still in the hospital. Wayne's still having nightmares about Bronson Box and his sharp silver soul mate.

Eugene sucks his teeth and stares down at the microphone. He shakes his head slightly and looks just a touch frustrated.

Eugene Dewey:

What I did to the Conclave... that damage can be measured in dollars and cents. What Bronson Box did to my brother... you can't quantify that.

Eugene chuckles to himself

Eugene Dewey:

I've come to realise, in the last 2 weeks, for me to get true retribution on Bronson Box... I need to face him in the middle of that ring.

Eugene points over the heads of the fans sitting between the stage and the squared circle in the center of the arena.

Eugene Dewey:

And I'm not just talking about what he did to my brother. I'm talking about what he's done to me since I first stepped into a DEFIANCE ring six years ago. I'm talking about the wars we've had in the past, the fragile alliance we had after he got in my ear, and the shit that's going on between us in this very moment! For all the sleepless nights... for my brother... for my career... I want... No, I need to face Bronson Box and I need to reach into his chest and tear out his black heart! Bronson Box has taken so much from me, but I see it now... I see that the most important thing he's taken from me... is you guys...

That draws a slight cheer from some of the audience. A large portion of the crowd however will probably need a bit more than that to even think of supporting the End Boss of DEFIANCE again.

Eugene Dewey:

I let Bronson Box get in my ear. And like Grima Wormtongue, Bronson Box poisoned my mind. He had me believe that we were the elite of DEFIANCE, and that anyone here that hadn't played a part in DEFIANCE 1.0, that anyone who wasn't involved in Masters of Wrestling, and anyone who hadn't been here for years wasn't worth my time... And I believed him.

The elicits a nostalgia pop, and that only grows louder as Eugene continues.

Eugene Dewey:

I believed him because I had seen it time and time again. Every time I allied myself with someone they did the old disappearing trick. The Mage, Christian Light, Tom Sawyer... It was only a matter of time before Dusty Griffith was gonna follow their lead... And it wasn't just the white hats that came and went. On the other side of the fence you had Kai Scott, Jeff Andrews, Edward White... Where are they all now? There is only one Big Bad in DEFIANCE, and I'm facing him at DEFCON 1.

The fans might have appreciated the trip down memory lane, but they don't appreciate the bigging up of Bronson Box.

Eugene Dewey:

That's why I believed in Bronson Box. That's why I sided with Bronson Box. That's why I betrayed Dusty Griffith...

that's why I betrayed all of you... And that's why I betrayed myself.

Eugene looks down again, completely ashamed of himself.

Eugene Dewey:

DEFCON 1 isn't gonna be a cakewalk. It's gonna be Hell on Earth... and deep down, for everything I've done these last couple of years, I know I'm gonna deserve every single thing that happens to me when I step in the ring with Bronson Box. But it'll all be worth it if I can topple the Wargod one more time and show the world that the Big Bad is no match for the End Boss!

Eugene stands tall and proud in the center of the interview stage. He almost looks like he has a tear in his eye as a small curve creeps into the corner of his mouth.

Eugene Dewey:

DEFCON 1 is about 2 things for me... Retribution... and redemption. I may not deserve either, I may not get either, but I'm gonna damn sure try!

"Dark Lord Bowser" plays out again as Eugene drops his microphone and heads towards the back.

DDK:

That's a side of Eugene Dewey we haven't seen in a long time, Angus.

Angus:

He does know that he's been way more entertaining not doing that shit, right?

DDK:

What?

Angus:

All the playing to the fans, the trips down memory lane, the baring of his soul. It's all so vomit inducing.

DDK:

Eugene Dewey always used to speak from the heart, Angus, and I think we may have just seen him do just that for the first time in years.

Angus:

Sounded like a load of old bull to me.

DDK:

Well whether it was or it wasn't, Eugene Dewey vs. Bronson Box at DEFCON 1 is surely going to be an absolute barnburner.

Angus:

Barn, stable, farmhouse, henhouse, outhouse... those two are gonna burn the entire homestead to the ground.

WON'T GET FOOLED AGAIN

From Christie Zane and Eugene Dewey at the interview stage, the camera cuts to an interior office on the second level of the Wrestle-Plex. It's not "The Office Formerly Known As The Pleasure Dome" where Kelly Evans wields power, nor is it the office of "Katze & Associates" where Jane Katze does her facilities management business or mustache wax contract negotiations on behalf of Bronson Box or whatever else she gets herself into when she's not being a raging bitch on camera (luv u Evan).

This is the former office of the "Pepper Management Group," long thought abandoned after Dan Ryan put Frank Holiday on the shelf at Acts of DEFIANCE. Somehow, Billy Pepper's house plants are still alive. Maybe Lindsay Troy's been looking after them all this time. Maybe it's just really hard to kill a damn house plant.

Either way, the Queen is leaning against Billy's old desk and taping up her wrists. Cayle Murray is pacing and managing not to leave squiddy residue on the nice carpet.

Lindsay Troy:

I know you're amped and ready to get out there, given what happened earlier, but I know the look of a million thoughts going through a person's head at once. You gonna be able to keep your focus?

Cayle Murray:

Focus?

He stops.

Cayle Murray:

I've only been able to focus on a grand total of two things since Bobby Dean tried to murder my brother. Number one: not getting elbowed in the face by Eric Dane. Number two: elbowing Eric Dane in the face.

A big ball of anxiety, Cayle just can't stand still. His posture is tense and straight, and nervous energy seeps from every pore.

Cayle Murray:

I don't know, to be honest. This might be the most dangerous professional situation I've ever been in.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm sure.

It's not said flippantly. Rather, Troy states this in the same cool, measured tone that's been seen from her since the aftermath of the **WARCHAMBER** match at DEFIANCE ROAD.

Lindsay Troy:

Here's the thing, though. Eric knows you want to kill him in the face. Figures it's all you've been able to think and dream about for the better part of a year. What happened to Andy was just a bonus; an unfortunate one, but he wanted to isolate the cub from the lion to see what the kid's made of. Add Dan in now and, well... [a pause] ...the two of them together feed off emotion and the miscalculations they bring. It's not something you - we - can afford here.

Cayle Murray:

I know, I know.

He sighs, breathing some of that twitchy energy out.

Cayle Murray:

I've never been too great at removing the emotion from the fight, to be honest. It might be what stops me from becoming one of *them*. I can't imagine viewing the world through their lens, where honour's a hinderance and

opponents are stepping stones.

Senor Squidboy pauses.

Cayle Murray:

It's just nerves -- I'll be fine when the bell rings. You ready to smack Big Dan right in the face?

He reconsiders.

Cayle Murray:

Err, *try* to smack Big Dan in the face. He's pretty huge.

Lindsay Troy: [chuckling]

Don't need to try. I've done it before, more times than he likes to admit.

The quiet burst of laughter fades in an instant.

Lindsay Troy:

Besides, I think I owe him one or five, don't you?

Cayle Murray:

At least a couple dozen. Thankfully, I can administer eight at once... y'know, being a squid and all.

The joke falls completely flat.

Because it's terrible.

Cayle Murray:

That guy's a piece of work, right enough. "Cold" is probably the word I'd use, but it's not my place to dive-in on family business. You reckon he's as evil as Eric? He tried to take my eye out with a fork once.

Lindsay Troy:

I think it's a slippery slope to start classifying different types and degrees of evil.

Cayle parts his lips, but the response doesn't get a chance to materialise. Andy Murray bundles through the office door with all the grace and elegance of an elephant on ice skates, startling his younger brother in the process.

Andy Murray:

Aha! There you are.

Cayle Murray:

You look pleased with yourself.

The King's grin widens.

Andy Murray:

Tell me, lad: have you ever seen a hippopotamus try to jump through a car door?

LT's presence suddenly catches his attention. He looks sideways.

Andy Murray:

Oh, hi Mom.

Lindsay Troy:

Andrew. I see you've found the Loft Lite.

Andy nods, adjusting his stance so that he has both cohorts within his field of view.

Andy Murray:

Interesting choice of hideout. I half-expected to find you two doing some filing in here, maybe a little book-keeping, some spreadsheets...

Cayle Murray:

What'd you do to Bobby Dean? Kill him?

Andy Murray:

"Kill him?"

Andy's face twists with confusion.

Andy Murray:

You're growing savage in your old age, Cayle. You might just survive Eric Dane yet...

He winks.

Lindsay Troy:

Why would Andy kill him? It's not like Bobby's got red eyes, an endless amount of incoherent, contradictory babble to spew, and the ability to summon thunder with a single clap...

She coughs.

Lindsay Troy:

Sorry. The original Ghostbusters told me never to cross the streams and I just ignored the warning. Twice

Andy Murray:

Oh no. Ol' Robert's a milquetoast soul, really. The poor buggger almost leapt out of his skin when I answered the door, and he took-off down the corridor like a Cheetah. I gave chase, of course, but he was just too fast: he dived into the back of the nearest taxi cab and got the hell out of dodge.

He pauses, re-aligning his thoughts.

Andy Murray:

By that I mean he waddled down the corridor very, very slowly, then got stuck in the door as he tried to squeeze into the taxi, but still, I've never seen a man so scared before. It was pretty special.

Cayle Murray:

You didn't catch him?

Andy Murray:

God no. If I fought Bobby Dean tonight, there'd be nothing left for DEFCON.

As confident as ever, The King looks back to Troy.

Andy Murray:

So. You guys gonna beat those fannies up or what?

Lindsay Troy:

I'm ready if the Kid is.

The younger Murray brother pulls a pair of wrestling gloves from his jacket pocket.

Cayle Murray:

I suppose.

Andy Murray:

You "suppose?"

Andy shakes his head.

Andy Murray:

You do realise that you're wrestling Eric Dane *AND* Dan Ryan tonight, right?

Cayle rolls his eyes.

Cayle Murray:

Oh God, not you too.

Andy Murray:

Ahhhh, you've already been pep-talked?

Lindsay Troy:

He was given some Mom Wisdom, yes.

She turns to Cayle, claps her hand on his shoulder, and looks him in the eye.

Lindsay Troy:

If you want to pop Eric one and make a statement heading into the biggest match of your career at this company's biggest show of the season, you need to do it *right now*. The time for anxiety and overthinking is done. Big Murr's back, I'm in your corner, and I want to smash my own fists tonight. We need to be fired up and driving this bus together. No more of this emo squid shit.

Cayle Murray:

Alright, guess it's ti--

Cayle stops. Another figure steps into the room, and all three members of the DEFIANCE Soopaface Gang turn their heads. Those who watched last week's UNCUT and have been paying attention to the DEF Promo Channel would recognise him as DEF newcomer, Jonny Bedlam. Jonny's clutching a styrofoam cup and looking around the room curiously. He takes a sip.

Jonny Bedlam:

Ehhhh, I don't think DEFIANCE is the place for me. I'm gonna have to bow out.

And just like that, Jonny Bedlam is gone.

Andy Murray:

Well... looks like Jonny Bedlam was only here...

He pulls a pair of shades out and slides them onto his face.

Andy Murray:

... for a cup of coffee.

The Who:

YEAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Cut.

LINDSAY TROY AND CAYLE MURRAY VS. DAN RYAN AND ERIC DANE

Cut back to Angus and Keeps at the announce table.

DDK:

Wait! When did we hire David Caruso?

Angus:

... I hate you so much.

DDK:

What? You're not a fan of sunglasses and snazzy one-liners?

Angus:

Let's just talk about the match, kthnx.

Too professional to show his disappointment in his party pooper broadcast partner, Keebler turns away from Angus and towards the camera.

DDK:

After the pep talk, comes the main event. This is a big one, folks: Cayle Murray and Lindsay Troy will team-up to face Eric Dane and Dan Ryan, and boy, this one might turn nasty.

Angus: [sarcastically]

Gee, Einstein! You think?!

Angus doesn't wait for a response.

Angus:

Frankly, I don't think it's possible to accurately summarise these two rivalries in a few minutes of pre-match chatter, so let's keep it simple: Eric Dane is going to try to kill Squidboy, and Dan Ryan is going to try to kill Lindsay Troy. I can't wait.

DDK:

How do you think these two teams will function tonight, Angus? Murray and Troy are clearly on the same page, even if there's some trepidation on Cayle's behalf, but what about Dane and Ryan? They obviously have the utmost respect for one another as competitors, but can two of the most treacherous personalities in DEFIANCE form a functional team? Does one trust the other?

Angus:

FUCK no.

He shakes his head.

Angus:

They don't need to, though. We're talking about The BAWS and the goddamn, motherfuckin' FIST of DEFIANCE here, Keeps! As smart as they are to not trust each other, they have that mutual respect, and they'll coexist because of it. Eric Dane and Dan Ryan are two of the all time greats: two titans of this industry. They're not going to let this match pass them by.

DDK:

I'd argue that Lindsay Troy belongs in that bracket too, Angus, but let's get this show on the road regardless.

Cut to ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is our main event of the evening!

♪ "The Wings of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

Grand, orchestral metal blasts through the speakers. It starts with a staccato beat and accompanying strobe lights, then grows into the type of power chord-driven rhythm that powers forward with the pace of a freight train. Sans brother, Cayle Murray steps onto the ramp and walks his first handful of steps down the ramp backwards, with both arms outstretched. The Scot turns after a few, then comes to a dead stop. He looks around the arena, smiles, then continues on his merry way, slapping hands with a few fans as he goes.

DDK:

He might be one of the brightest prospects in professional wrestling today, but as we saw earlier, Cayle Murray remains a fighter whose heart leads his head.

Angus:

I've been saying it for weeks, Keeps: Cayle Murray fights entirely on emotion, and that will spell his downfall. It was in the "fire" he summoned when lambasting Dane two weeks ago, and his nervous energy during that conversation with Troy. This guy is just too impulsive to survive here, and tonight's just the appetiser: Dane's gonna murder Squidboy at DEFCON.

♪ "Trampled Under Foot" by Led Zeppelin ♪

The DEFIANCE Faithful jump to their feet with a roar. Cell phone screens and camera flashes light up the arena and pyro explodes from the stage like cannon fire.

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

DDK:

And the undisputed number one contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE is making her way down to the ring. Troy's been uncharacteristically even-keel in her dealings with Dan Ryan, despite the Ego Buster's despicable actions at DEFIANCE ROAD and his repeated attempts to get under her skin since then.

Angus:

Somehow, somehow, she hasn't taken the bait, despite the FIST of DEFIANCE's best efforts. And Dan Ryan is a master at the shitty shitheel potshots and threats. There's a sense of foreboding here, Keeps. The other shoe may very well drop tonight.

The Queen is between the ropes, slapping hands with Murray before climbing a turnbuckle to pose for a quick photo op. Her time on the perch is short lived as her music cuts out and she hops back down to the canvas.

♪ "Heavy is the Head" - Zac Brown w/Chris Cornell ♪

The cheers continue for the most part as The Boss makes his way out onto the stage. He is sans Bobby Dean and dressed to rumble. That is, unless you count the shades that he still dons.

Angus:

Here comes the boss, Keeps!

DDK:

Indeed, and he looks to be in fantastic shape here tonight!

Angus:

Goddamn right, chiseled from GRANITE son.

He walks to the ring with a smirk on his face like he owns the place. Which is funny, because he does. Fans reach out to him but he ignores them, stalking down toward the ring with nothing but Cayle Murray in his sights. He makes it about three-quarters down the ramp when...

♪ "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins ♪

A loud reaction, filled with boos rains down on the FIST of DEFIANCE as he steps out and into the strobe lights that accompany the beginning of his entrance music. The lights reflect off of his sunglasses, then a boom and the lights come up as the main riff kicks in. Ryan takes off the sunglasses and tosses them haphazardly into the sea of Faithful as he starts down toward the ring.

Angus:

And ladies and gentlemen... the champion.

Ryan gets to the ring and look up at Lindsay Troy and Cayle Murray to one side. Troy is calm, but she looks ready to go. Dane pulls back on the ropes near their corner and gives Ryan a sideways glance as he climbs up and through the ropes. Ryan climbs a turnbuckle and stares out into the crowd, giving a smirk as the boos intensify.

DDK:

Such an amazing collection of talent in the world inside the ring right now.

Angus:

There are at least three dream matches up there right now, Keebs. Also, there's Cayle Murray.

DDK:

Speaking of whom, It looks like Cayle's going to start out for his team. Who do you think's gonna be standing across from him, Angus?

Angus:

Doesn't matter: both options result in cephalopod death.

There's some debating on the Dane/Ryan side, but a conclusion is soon reached.

Dan Ryan steps out of the ring and grabs the tag rope.

DDK:

Oh boy! Cayle Murray and Eric Dane! We're about to get ourselves a DEFCON preview, folks!

Cayle stretches his arms loose one last time before stepping forward and locking eyes with his nemesis. Dane, for his part, stays planted in one spot, cracking his knuckles.

The bell rings.

Angus:

Time for Squidboy to lose a tentacle or two!

The circle commences. Eric Dane stays mostly stationary, but Cayle moves back and forth, searching for a chink in his rival's armour. The Only Star, of course, gives him nothing. Murray moves forward every-so-carefully, trying not to open himself up in the process, and puts a hand out for a Greco Roman knuckle-lock.

Dane reaches forward but places his hand a foot-or-so higher than Cayle. Cayle adjusts, but as soon as he tries to lock fingers, Dane pulls away. Unperturbed, Cayle calls for a lock-up. Eric Dane feints like he's going to tie-up with his smaller foe, then turns around and slaps Dan Ryan's hand.

Angus:

Ha! Take that, kid!

DDK:

Just as he did at DEFIANCE Road, Eric Dane bails-out as soon as Murray tries to engage him on fair terms.

Angus:

Of course he does, Keebs! Dane knows that if he fucks with Cayle, he's going to get frustrated and start making mistakes. It's inevitable.

The FIST of DEFIANCE enters the ring. Dwarfing Cayle Murray in both size and presence, Ryan remains stoic in expression as Cayle shakes away his latest Dane-related frustrations. The Scot surges forward, dashing past Dan Ryan, who pivots around on his left boot. Cayle hits the ropes, comes back and baseball slides beyond the FIST, before hopping to his feet and stinging Ryan's thighs with some leg kicks.

Cayle backs-off as Ryan turns. The champ walks his opposite number down, but Cayle rolls away from the corner before he's trapped, then runs at Ryan again. He dropkicks Dan's knee this time: it collapses beneath Ryan, so Cayle rebounds against the ropes and kicks him hard in the chest. The FIST doesn't hit the mat but wobbles backwards, then clammers back to his full 6'7".

DDK:

Smart start by Cayle Murray here. He's giving up a lot of size and strength to Dan Ryan, but nobody's been able to match Cayle's speed and agility since he came to DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Squash that pesky fly, Dan-O!

Another period of circling follows. Cayle steps forward, looking to charge again, but switches his angle and moves sideways instead. The Ego Buster continues working the angles, trying to force Cayle back into a corner. Murray runs out again, and Ryan, anticipating another slide, goes low. This lets Cayle spring over his back then continue his sprint all the way to the opposite corner.

Cayle sprints as Ryan turns around and catches the big man with a dropkick. Ryan goes back-first into the corner and Cayle goes to the top 'buckle. Ryan foils his attempted Rana and hoists Cayle up for a powerbomb, but Murray digs elbow after elbow into the FIST's skull to prevent the big move. Dropping down from Dan's shoulders, Cayle turns his back and goes to run again, but Ryan puts a big paw on his shoulder. Murray hops into the air and throws a boot over his head.

DDK:

Pele Kick!

Angus:

This is kinda weird, Keebs. Squidboy is actually fighting with his brain, and I don't like it.

DDK:

He almost found himself in trouble on Dan Ryan's shoulders there. It's a good start for Cayle, but one big move is all it's going to take to kill his momentum.

The Scot hits Dan Ryan with a flurry of body kicks. The Ego Buster catches the last one and lunges forward. Cayle hops backwards, then flips, catching Dan Ryan with a Cartwheel Kick and creating all important separation. Ryan stumbles back against the ropes. Cayle runs at him but gets body dropped over the top rope. Fortunately, Cayle grabs the rope on his way down and lands on the apron.

Murray throws a standing Enzuigiri that sends Ryan away from the ropes. He bides his time momentarily. Then, as Dan turns around, Cayle hops onto the top rope and springboards forward, knocking his opponent with with a European Uppercut! He covers.

ONE!

KICK OUT!

Angus:

Silly little squid, you can't hurt the FIST of DEFIANCE!

DDK:

A routine kick out for Ryan, but Cayle is very much on the front foot here. It's early days, but he's fighting smartly to utilize his speed advantage and nullify Ryan's superior power.

Angus:

It's a very fragile sense of "control," though. This one's still very much on the edge. He's hit a large volume of strikes, sure, but how many of them are getting through? Cayle's trying to chop a Canadian Redwood down, and he's barely chipped the bark away.

Opting not to swarm on his rising opponent, Cayle runs the ropes again. Something impedes his rebound this time, though.

Eric Dane's elbow in the back of his skull.

Murray turns around after stumbling. His face turns sour and he meets eyes with The Only Star, who protests his innocence by holding his hands up... and providing enough of a distraction for Dan Ryan to seize Cayle Murray, then toss him overhead with a German Suplex.

Angus:

There it is! Sit yourself the fuck down, Cayle!

Ryan pulls himself back up. A dazed Murray wobbles to his feet with the ropes for support, but Ryan grabs him once more, then sends him flying with another German.

DDK:

Release German Suplex, and Cayle just went all the way across to the other side of the ring.

Completely emotionless, Dan Ryan moves across to Cayle Murray and grabs him by the hair. One, two, three closed fists meet his skull before Hector Navarro's admonishment comes. Ryan switches-up by pulling Cayle to his feet and pushing him into the corner.

Angus:

And now, predictably, the FIST takes control. A smart strategy from him tonight: instead of tiring himself out and chasing Cayle around the ring, Ryan absorbed the pipsqueaks shots, waited for an opening, then struck.

DDK:

An opening that came when Eric Dane struck Cayle from behind, nonetheless.

Cayle falls to his knees after a couple of corner knees, so Ryan kicks him right in the chest. The FIST then pulls the Scot up, locks him in, and hits an effortless Belly-to-Belly Overhead. He looks over at Eric Dane, teasing a tag, but instead smirks and shakes his head "no."

Angus:

Well I hope Cayle had his fun. I think it's over.

Ryan stalks over to Murray and pulls him up. He throws three hard left jabs that Murray is able to block, but it's not clear that Ryan is trying to do damage. Sure enough, the next left hand is a clubbing blow that, while blocked, powers through and staggers him. Ryan throws a right hand that knocks him the other way, then fires three Muay Thai leg

strikes to the thighs of Cayle Murray, alternating his right and left leg, and finally a hard one to the left side of his ribs. Murray tries to block this, but it doesn't do much good, and Dan Ryan just watches as Murray's legs wobble and he falls into a seated position.

Ryan: [shouting down at Murray]
See? I KICK HARDER.

DDK:
Those kicks of Cayle Murray seemed effective, but the same kicks from Ryan looked devastating.

Angus:
Like I said, didn't even crack the bark.

Ryan reaches down and roughly pulls Murray up and walks him toward the corner where Eric Dane waits. Then suddenly, he turns and whips him hard into the opposite corner where Lindsay Troy stands on the apron. Troy just stares at her brother-in-law, who has a well placed smirk on his face.

DDK:
I believe no one knows that smirk better than Lindsay Troy.

She reaches down and tags Cayle Murray's outstretched hand and climbs into the ring. As she does so, Ryan feigns a charge. She steadies herself and prepares for the attack, but then Dan Ryan backs into his own corner and tags out to Eric Dane, smiling as he leans against the turnbuckle.

Angus:
Can't say I didn't see that coming.

DDK:
Surprised Dan Ryan isn't willing to go toe to toe with Lindsay Troy here.

Angus:
Not willing? It's gamesmanship. That's all.

DDK:
I'm sure it has nothing to do with her tendency to simply STAB troublesome opponents as of late?

Angus:
You... you think she'd do that ninja star thing again? GOD that was fuckin' cool...

Dane smiles a little smile and he starts to circle Troy, who mirrors the movement. The Faithful are all on their feet banging guard rails and stomping feet at the mere sight of this matchup. This time, instead of teasing a knuckle lock, Dane goes in for the tie up and starts to power Troy backward into a neutral corner. Troy uses the momentum to turn the tables as she steps back, however, and shoves him off back-first into the corner. She hops from foot to foot as Dane braces himself in the corner and looks out at her.

DDK:
If a matchup like this doesn't excite you, I don't know what will. Two legends of the sport right here.

Angus:
History in the making, Keeps!

Dane steps out and falls right back into a circling motion, but this time ducks the lockup and delivers a hard knee to the midsection. He follows this up with a clubbing blow to Lindsay Troy's back and drops into a knee to the side of her head as she sinks to a crouching position. He covers quickly, but Troy kicks out immediately and scrambles to a kneeling position against the ropes. Dane, meanwhile, gets up to both knees and stares her down. He's to his feet first,

yanking her up by her hair, but Troy fires off a stiff knife-edge chop to Dane's chest. The Only Star winces but doesn't let go. Troy levels him with another, and another, getting some separation and finally a release of her locks from Dane's fingers. The chops are followed by some **stiff** Thai-style kicks to the Baws' ribs to keep him off balance and wavering.

DDK:

That's probably going to leave a mark in the morning.

Angus:

All it's going to do is piss off Eric enough where he ends up doing the stabby stab thing instead of Troy.

Troy grabs Dane by the arm and shoots him across to the corner with an Irish whip. He hits hard, back-first, and eats a handspring back elbow to the face. Troy bulldogs him to the mat, goes for a cover of her own, and gets a two. She starts to bring Dane up to his feet but the Only Star deviously jabs a thumb into her eye out of desperation. Troy yelps and stumbles away.

Angus:

Classic move there by the BAWS.

DDK:

Eric needs to make a tag here and that may be the opening he needs to do it.

Eric runs his tongue over his teeth to make sure they're all still attached to his gums after that Space Roaring Elbow from the Queen, then moves toward Ryan to make the tag. The Ego Buster brushes him off by motioning for him to "stick it out" in there against his sister-in-law. Dane scowls, snorts a bit, then turns back toward Troy. She seems to have regained her senses, until the Only Star lifts a knee up under her chin, which sends her careening back toward her corner. Dane's on her quickly, grabbing her arm before she can get too close to Cayle to make a tag and swing the momentum back in their favor. Rather than whipping her against the ropes, he brings her back toward him and heaves her up and over with a wrist clutch T-bone suplex. Troy crashes hard against the mat and Dane's back at it, raining unrelenting punches down rather than going for a cover.

DDK:

Troy doing her best to cover up here but Eric's giving her no quarter.

Angus:

Of course not, and she wouldn't want it anyway. She poked the bear at the top of the show with that Midlife Crisis jab. He's going to make her remember that for the rest of her life.

Dane rips Troy off the canvas and hurls her into her team's corner. She falls, dazed, against the bottom rope. The Only Star points at Cayle and yells, "**Get in here!**" Cayle's more than ready to oblige.

DDK:

There's the tag!

Angus:

Ring the death bell!

Cayle barrels through the ropes and expertly ducks underneath a forearm strike by Dane. He runs for the far side ropes to keep his momentum going. Dane gives chase, looking for a leaping high knee, but Cayle catches him and falls backwards, dropping Dane face first to the mat.

DDK:

Wow! What a counter there by Cayle!

The Scotsman immediately mounts Eric Dane and throws elbow after elbow into his skull. Completely consumed by

adrenaline, he drags his adversary to the centre of the ring, hits the ropes, and comes back with a running Shooting Star Press. Instead of pinning, Murray leaps to his feet and beats his chest.

Angus:

Yeah, well, too bad he's too busy acting like a retarded Tarzan to capitalize on it!

DDK:

Be that as it may, the younger Murray is certainly getting his pound of flesh now!

Cayle picks Dane from the mat. The Only Star counters with a few short shots to the gut, but Cayle knocks him back with a forearm, then follows-up with another. Cayle whips Dane into the corner then charges forward with a spear! The Only Star falls to his backside, and stays sat on the bottom turnbuckle.

Angus:

Come on Eric! Don't let the squid get one up on you!

DDK:

At this point he may not have a choice!

Immediately hopping back up, Cayle sprints to the opposite turnbuckle. He charges forward without pause, soaring through the air, and crashing into Eric Dane with a low corner dropkick!

Angus:

SHUTUP KEEBS! It's not over yet!

Cayle Murray grabs Dane by the boot, pulls him away from the ropes, and covers.

DDK:

You sure?

ONE!

TWO!

NO! SHOULDER UP!

Angus:

Ha! Toldja!

The momentum firmly in his favour, Cayle Murray pulls Eric Dane back to his full vertical. With Dane's head in his hands, Cayle calls to the crowd.

Cayle Murray:

SHUT THE...

The Faithful:

... FUCK UP!

DDK:

Looks like Cayle's going for the big STFUppercut!

Angus:

Ah, shit.

After letting the crowd say the nasty curse word on his behalf, Cayle whips Dane to the ropes. He readies himself to

pop The Only Star into the air and unleash his signature uppercut, but Dane counters! He adjusts mid-air, tucks his knees, and brings them crashing down on Cayle's skull!

Angus:

METEORA! HE COUNTERED WITH METEORA!

DDK:

That's twenty plus years of tactical experience at work right there!

Angus:

HOW DOES TWO MOUTHFULS OF VIBRANIUM KNEE BRACE TASTE, JERK?!

Dane rolls onto his back but slowly pulls himself back up. Murray stirs on the mat, but shows no significant signs of life. The Baws eventually makes his way to a corner and stands prone, readying himself as Cayle wobbles back into action.

DDK:

And now The Only Star is coiled to strike...

Cayle reaches one knee, and that's when Eric Dane surges forward. He propels himself out of the corner at a rate of noughts, and smashes his knee right into the hapless Scot's head!

Angus:

STAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH BREAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAKAH!

With his opponent down and out, Dane makes the cover.

DDK:

That's it! Cayle's lights are out!

ONE!

TWO!

Lindsay Troy charges into the ring...

... and Dan Ryan takes her head-off with a Big Boot!

THREE!

Angus:

Ha! THAT'S what's up!

A grinning Eric Dane rolls off his defeated adversary as “Heavy is the Head” belts through the building’s PA system. Dan Ryan unceremoniously boots Troy out of the ring as Dane’s hand gets raised high in the air.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner by way of pinfall... THE FIST OF DEFIANCE, DAN RYAN... AND THE ONLYYYYY STAAARRRRR... ERRRRRIIIICCCCC DDDDDAAAAANNNNNNEEEEE!

DDK:

That’s it for tonight folks! For my broadcast partner Angus Skaaland, I’m “Downtown” Darren Keebler and this has been DEFIANCE Television!

Angus:

And don’t forget to tune in next time for DEFCON1!

The show finally closes-out with one last shot of Eric Dane, standing tall over Cayle Murray’s limp body as Dan Ryan is handed his title belt and he ascends the nearest turnbuckle brandishing the FIST for all to see.