

RUNDOWN

Still images and short clips from all the DEF*MAX matchups from the last number of weeks of DEFIANCE television backed by a brutal generic metal track. We can see the field narrowing and narrowing as the seconds tick by. Until we're left with separate still images of the submissionist Curtis Penn and the victorious Cayle Murray spliced together as though the two tournament finalists were face to face. The pay per view logo is "stamped" over the two competitors in huge molten steel letters.

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

THOOM THOOM THOOM THOOM THOOM THOOM

Fireworks and plumes of bright orange flame fill the screen as the cameras go live and we're immediately greeted by the two voices of DEFIANCE Wrestling "Downtown" Darren Keebler and DEF renaissance man, "The Mouthmouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland. Both men clad in their usual pay per view best. Darren's traditional rented high school prom special and Skaaland's always *DAMN* fancy tuxedo t-shirt. The Faithful can be seen and heard all around the commentation station as the boys begin their rundown of tonight's card.

*BE DEF-I-ANT! *clap clap clapclapclap**

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*BE DEF-I-ANT! *clap clap clapclapclap**

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen! Welcome...

Angus:

TO JURASSIC GORRAM PARK!

DDK:

... what?!

Angus:

Have you seen tonight's lineup, Darren?! Have you yet to register the levels of sheer BRUTALITY we're about to sit and bare witness to?! COME ON MAN! MAXIMUM MEANS MAX! Turn that shit up to ELEVEN!

DDK:

As my partner alluded to there, welcome to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE! We saw there at the top of the show highlights of the whole POINT of this pay per view, the DEF*MAX tournament! For weeks we've watched as two blocks of DEFIANCE's best and brightest square off. Each win or draw earning the competitors points. After a tumultuous tournament we're down to TWO MEN...

Angus:

The penis and the squid.

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

Alright alright, *mumble mumble* *gorramit*... even I can admit, despite how I might personally FEEL about the personalities involved that this is going to be one hell of a tournament final Keeps.

DDK:

But the show doesn't stop with the finals of the DEF*MAX partner.

Angus:

Preach, Darren Keebler. Take 'em all the way Downtown.

DDK:

Tonight we've a GIANT champion studded six man tag team encounter that will put the spotlight directly on DEFIANCE's tag team efforts as the 2016 DEFIANCE TRIOS ENDURANCE tournament champions and still reigning and defending DEFIANCE Trios champions the Viking War Cult step into the ring against a lions share of...

Angus:

Inarguably one of the single most loathed factions in DEFIANCE history in the form of KENDRIX and the DEFIANCE World Tag Team champions The PCP's... S.E.G. a'booo.

We literally hear fans in earshot of the announce table boo at Skaaland's mere mention of Kendrix and his partners.

DDK:

They might be loathed partner, but they're also VERY successful... they *do* hold a majority of the championships here in DEFIANCE at the moment. A win over Cul and his followers tonight might earn the Guild a Trios title shot down the line don't you figure?

Angus:

Ugh, don't give Kelly any cute ideas. Slash, SHUT YOUR MOUTH. Cul, Floki and Ivar GORRAM survived one of the most brutal trios tourneys I've ever SEEN and walked out STILL your trios champions. Any doubts I had about these maniacs are done and over. LONG LIVE THE CULT!

DDK:

Speaking of the Sports Entertainment Guild... the *leader* of that coalition Mikey Unlikely will defend his *sigh* *Hollywood Heritage*... NO! You know what? SOUTHERN Heritage championship, *gosh darnit*... against none other than IMPULSE! In what's sure to be a heck of a matchup.

Angus:

I'll fist bump every person in this damn arena if Impulse can ruin Mikey's night...

DDK:

Really?!

Angus:

God no, but that's how badly I want to see Mikey Fuckwit cry, gorramit.

DDK:

That's only one of THREE huge singles title matches we have lined up tonight. We're also going to get some brutal, ruthless, CONCUSSIVE action from the ONSLAUGHT DIVISION!

Angus:

Now you're speaking my language Darren. MAH brother from a southern mother Frank Dylan James, YOUR reigning and defending D.O.C. is in RAAAAAARE form tonight folks!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we've got some exclusive footage right here for you, and if it's anything to go by, tonight's Onslaught title match is going to start with a *BANG*...

The feed briefly cuts to some grainy security footage. The words "EARLIER TONIGHT" appear in the bottom corner of the screen, and it soon becomes clear that we're in the parking lot. Three men walk slowly towards the camera: one giant, one lump of granite, and one average-sized pro-wrestling. It's Jason Natas and the Murray Brothers, arriving for work.

There's no sound on the footage, but the relative calm doesn't last all that long. A wild, unghined figure storms up behind Jason Natas, laying into him with flailing limbs and looping punches! The Murrays drop their bags immediately, splitting Frank Dylan James from the downed Natas, before a horde of DEFsec come-in.

Cut back to the booth.

Angus:

RARE form, Darren.

DDK:

This was a must win situation for Natas before... but NOW?! Reinforce the ring, THAT one is going to be a massacre!

Angus:

Speaking of massacres, we got a couple other matches that fit that description don't we?

DDK:

Indeed we do, partner. When it comes to DEFIANCE's Scottish contingent the proverbial pot is about to BOIL over as "The King" Andy Murray faces undeniably his biggest test since signing with the company in the form of an old acquaintance from back before he found fame and fortune.

Angus:

Big Murr's been walkin' around DEF like he's proven something around this joint... yeeeeeah, he's a big star. We get it, we get it. Time to put all that calm cool collected Andy Murray bullshit to the test. PUT UP OR SHUT UP TIIIIIME against the black sheep of the DEFfamily... *BRONSON BOX*.

DDK:

Here's a question for you partner... regardless of the outcome, win or lose... what does watching his brother get BRUTALIZED do to the psyche of Andy's DEF*MAX finalist little brother going into his match with a GAME Curtis Penn later tonight?

Angus:

It's a hell of a ball of wax, partner... but somehow. SOMEHOW. We 'aint done.

DDK:

Folks... take the heat between everyone else on this card... double that. Multiply that by a LIFETIME. A house. A FAMILY divided as "The Queen of DEFIANCE" Lindsay Troy steps into the squared circle against... well, one of the most VICIOUS men I've ever met, quite frankly.

Angus:

Love him, hate him... *let's be honest probably hate him*... hell, you might DETEST the man but I DEFY you to tell me Dan Ryan hasn't been one of if not THE most dominant FIST's we've ever seen.

DDK:

I cannot.

Angus:

But here's the thing, Darren! That AAAAAAALL being said. Knowing. KNOWING. Dan-O is one of the baddest men to saunter down "*BAD MOTHERFUCKER*" lane down there... goddamn Lindsay Troy could win this sucker, Keebler.

DDK:

Every once in a blue moon we get to witness true blue pro wrestling *HISTORY*, you and I. Tonight's main event might very well be that.

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. FRANK PASTORE

DDK:

Let's go to the ring, with Darren Quimbey for tonight's opening bout.

The view cuts from Keebler and Angus to a sweeping jib shot that settles on DEFIANCE's Ring Announcer standing ready in the center of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen... the following match is set for ONE fall!

♪ "Baby Takes" by Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Seattle, Washington, standing 6 foot 2 and weighing in at 220 pounds, "Sub Pop" Scott! ... SCOTTTTTT ... DOUUUGGGGLASS!

Scott Douglas steps out onto the stage in tattered jean shorts and a black sleeveless t shirt dawning the Sub Pop record label logo. He flips his soaking wet hair back over his head, the mist and more accomplished drops of water escape from his unkempt hair flying off wildly back lit by the DEFIATRON. The Faithful's reaction is modest yet slightly more positive than his prior appearances.

DDK:

Seattle's Favorite Son made his, unfortunate, DEFIANCE television debut against The SUPERBEST Jack Hunter back on DEFtv 71, after a distraction by Tony Gamble and his giant protege through the young grappler off his game.

Angus:

My boy Frank! Talk about a hoss!

Douglas makes his way down the ramp slapping a few hands out stretched over the guardrails. He pauses at the bottom of the ramp for a moment, looking around and taking it all in. He slides in the ring head first and pops up in the center as the view cuts to the hard camera. He throws his arms up in the center of the ring, the remaining moisture from his hair scatters and gleams in the bright lights at certain angles. This smidgen of pomp and circumstance from the otherwise withheld Douglas, coaxes a little bit more of a pop from the crowd.

DDK:

This all, of course, stemming from several weeks of an escalating disagreement between Tony Gamble and Scott Douglas. The pair haven't seen eye to eye since Gamble and company first arrived here in DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Should have just carried the man's bags. Dress for the job you want, eh? Scott Douglas clearly wants to be a roadie.

Douglas backs into his corner as his music fades to nothing and Official Benny Doyle approaches with instructions.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

♪ "Like A Machine" by Thousand Foot Krutch ♪

Stepping out from behind the curtain, all of three hundred plus pounds ... comprised of shredded muscle and bad Intentions, Frank Pastore plants his feet center stage on the ramp way while a modest set of pyrotechnics fire off and cascade around the behemoth. Tony Gamble steps out as the sparks settle and burn out of the stages metal grating. The two start their walk to the ring as the song kicks into its opening verse.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, accompanied by Tony Gamble, weighing 308 pounds and standing at 6 foot 9 inches tall...

Frank reaches out and grabs the top rope and uses the leverage to step/pull himself up to the apron. Tony "The Grin" Gamble utilizes the steps and enters the ring between the ropes as his client flings his leg up and over the top rope and enters the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

FRANK PASTOOOORRREEEEE!!!

Gamble gives Pastore a couple last words before exiting the ring.

Benny Doyle gives Pastore, seemingly, the same instructions he gave Douglas before taking a few steps backwards and calling for the bell as the music fades out.

DING DING

DDK:

There's the bell! MAXIMUM DEFIANCE is officially off and running!

Angus:

I don't see this one lasting to long there, Keebs. The greasy one is giving up nearly ninety pounds to my boy, Frank!

Pastore and Douglas circle one another; each looking for an opening. Gamble screams from ringside something unintelligible while pounding on the apron. Maintaining movement, Douglas points towards Gamble and trades inaudible words with the veteran at ringside. With Douglas' attention on Gamble, Pastore attempts to take advantage, he steps in with arms outstretched; Douglas snaps his attention from Gamble back to Pastore.

DDK:

Almost got him there. Scott Douglas has his head on a swivel tonight.

Angus:

He better. Bag boy picked a beef with the wrong guy... the guy with a seven footer standing behind him!

Pastore, realizing the element of surprise to have been lost, restrains himself and takes a step to the side to remain circling and remeasure the situation. Douglas darts in arms outstretched and locks up with the big man. Immediately, as contact is made, Pastore abandons the lock up and throws a swift kidney punch to Douglas. He follows it with a big axe handle over the back of the neck and sends Douglas to matt.

Angus:

My point exactly, Keebs.

DDK:

I'll have to agree with you there, partner. "Sub Pop" Scott does not want to try to match muscle here tonight with Frank Pastore.

Angus:

... Or wits with Tony Gamble.

Douglas pops up, only to take another blow directly to the forehead. Official Benny Doyle attempts to step in to warn Pastore for his use of the closed fist, but is quickly waved off; only narrowly avoiding being shoved down.

Angus:

Get 'em, Frank!

Douglas is up.

DDK:

Pastore is relentless but I don't think this will score him any points here, with the Faithful.

Douglas is down.

Angus:

This Douglas kid has some guts, sure... but let's not forget that moron Jack Hunter put him away just a few weeks ago! Frankie bay bay ... just took out that idiot JFK. My money's on the big man, Keeps!

Scott pops back up once again. Pastore delivers another blow; this time to the chest or possibly the throat. Douglas staggers. Pastore is warned once again but refuses to relent. One more strike from Pastore send Douglas reeling and back into the neutral corner. Pastore follows like a lion stalking his prey.

DDK:

Scott Douglas is going to have to use speed over brawn if he plans to have even the slightest chance. So far this has been all Pastore!

Angus: *[laughing]*

Frank's going to have this wrapped up in a nice neat package in a matter of minutes. Just like the small package he rolled JFK up with!

DDK:

I would count Douglas out just yet, Angus.

A strike to the gut doubles Douglas over just long enough to meet the knee Pastore throws into his face. Douglas springs back upright with little of his own doing involved. Pastore takes Douglas by his messy hair and pulls him from the corner a few steps. Leaning into Douglas, Pastore presses him into the ropes and irish whips his smaller opponent across the ring.

DDK:

Pastore - irish whip, Douglas off the ropes ...

Douglas comes off the ropes and drops to his back sliding between the legs of the reaching Pastore. Pastore's follow through leaves him with his hands between his legs as Douglas gets a foot properly on the mat ready to spring back to a vertical position.

DDK:

Douglas leaping over Pastore, bulldog!

Angus:

I don't think so, Keeps! Pastore isn't having any of that!

Pastore grabs Douglas midair and stands back up right just long enough to sure his grip and collapse backwards driving Douglas into the mat. Douglas rolling through the impact rises back to his feet but is beat to the punch, literally, by Pastore.

DDK:

Both men back to their feet now.

Angus:

Give it a second.

Pastore lays in a handful of strikes dizzying Douglas as he fades back to the ropes. Pastore follows him in and continues to strike at the meeker of the two.

Angus:

What I tell ya!? Frankie Franks made a slight misstep there giving the greaser any time of momentum to play off... But he's got the right idea now.

Pastore connects again, possibly one too many times as the last strike seems to bring Douglas back to life as he springs of the ropes with a foot forward and slaps Pastore across the face.

Angus:

Damnit!

Pastore clutches his face and turns away from Douglas; reeling. Mostly in shock more than impact or pain.

DDK:

This doesn't look good for Seattle's Favorite Son!

Pastore turns back to Douglas with a fire in his eyes and throws a bit boot that seems to be intended to be an Axe kick but catches Douglas on the way up, rather than the way down. Douglas bumps and pops back up holding his jaw. Douglas throws a haymaker at the big man. Pastore returns in kind. The two stand in the middle of the ring trading blows, mostly of the grazing sort, back and forth.

DDK:

There is no way Douglas can win this!

Angus:

Frank the Tank! Frank the Tank!

DDK:

Trading blows with a man this size only ends one way for Douglas, I'm afraid.

Benny Doyle attempts to warn both competitors throughout the fray as they trade clenched fists. Pastore lands the last blow of the standing and Douglas falls back against the ropes. He launches forward off the ropes, Pastore dips his shoulder and raises, Douglas up into a military press.

DDK:

This is the last place Scott Douglas wants to be right now!

Douglas squirms; kicking his legs. Pastore relents and his left arm gives way just enough for Douglas to shift his weight and end up back on his feet. Douglas grabs Pastore by his shoulder and ushers the big man around to face him. A kick to the bread basket brings Pastore down to Douglas' level as he grabs the front face lock.

Angus:

I'm losing my patience with Frank. Put this kid away, already!

Douglas leaps and intends to fall backward delivering a DDT to Pastore; yet Pastore showing his superior strength powers back to a standing position with Douglas in his clutches. He takes a few steps backwards before flinging his large frame down to the matt; leaving Douglas' neck outstretched and ready to catch on the rope.

Angus:

There you go, Frank! That's what I want to see out there.

DDK:

Douglas' neck just hung out to dry over that top rope.

Douglas lands nearly on his feet but is cast backwards clutching his throat and ends up on the canvas on the other side of the ring.

DDK:

Official Benny Doyle, now, warning Pastore. That could have crushed Douglas' windpipe.

Doyle accosts Pastore as he gets back up, motioning to his own throat and pointing at the ropes. Pastore argues with him and slowly positions him so that Doyle's back is to Douglas.

Douglas, on a knee and a elbow, reaches for the middle rope to being pulling himself up.

Tony Gamble reaches through the bottom and middle rope, pulling Douglas' head through and down. Choking the Seattle native on the bottom rope as his protege keeps Benny Doyle busy. Douglas struggles, convulsing and wilding kicking his scuffed combat boots on the mat.

DDK:

As most expected going into the match up, Tony Gamble would certainly make his presence known as some point.

Angus:

I'm not his biggest fan, but you can't argue with these results!

Doyle has either said his piece or realized he is getting nowhere with the inch shy of seven foot monster, and begins to position himself. Gamble lets go of the nearly asphyxiated Douglas and slys away from his victim. By the time Doyle has a proper view of the entire ring and it's adjacent area; Gamble has returned to the farthest end of the ring from Douglas and is innocently cheering on his protege. Douglas, clutching his throat, tosses and turns on the matt.

DDK:

Gamble slinking back and acting as nothing has happened, but the damage is certainly done!

Angus:

Alright, Frankfurter! Time to put this mid nineties Nirvana roadie down!

DDK:

Pastore back on the attack, now.

Pastore returns to Douglas and pulls him up by his hair while positioning himself and Douglas in the middle of the ring. He clutches Douglas around the waist and hoists him up for a belly to belly suplex crashing his three hundred plus pounds down onto his opponent and covers.

DDK:

Cover!

1...

DDK:

Kick Out!

Douglas flings his free arm wildly toward the lights lifting the accompanying shoulder up and off the matt just enough to break the count.

DDK:

Looks like Scott Douglas won't go down quite that easy!

Angus:

Ah, give it up Keeps. You said it yourself; the damage is done. This kids days are numbered!

Pastore climbs to his feet and grabs Douglas by the hair and drags him the rest of the way.

DDK:

Could be, partner ... but no one can say he doesn't have some fight in him.

Benny Doyle warns of the handful of hair but Pastore treats him as no more than an annoyance and with a quick glance at Doyle, continues on.

Angus:

Three.

DDK: *[confused]*

Three? Three what?

Angus: *[restraining laughter]*

Three. His DAYS are ... NUMBERED. The number three.

DDK: *[dumbfounded]*

I ...

Angus: *[explaining]*

You get it? Three. Like one, two, three... *[loses interest]* Like a pin, Keebs. Like a pin. *[feigning frustration]* you wouldn't know a good joke if it bit you on the GORRAM ASS!

Pastore pulls Douglas in with a front facelock and lifts his arm over Pastore's own neck. With a handful of tights; he lifts Douglas up into a vertical suplex.

Angus:

Iggy Pop goes up!

DDK:

Sub Pop, Angus. Sub Pop.

Douglas squirms loose and spins on his way down landing behind Pastore.

Angus:

Damn it, Iggy Pop goes down.

Douglas kicks the back of the knee causing Pastore to drop to a knee.

DDK:

Pastore brought down to size!

Douglas follows up with a standing drop kick to the back. The big man is able to maintain his kneeled stature, shake it off and begins to get himself back up.

DDK:

...but I don't think that was quite enough to start putting a dent in a man of this calibur.

Angus: *[interrupted]*

Ten gauge...

DDK: *[stern]*

Don't.

Douglas hits the ropes on the opposite side of the ring and charges back at Pastore. Pastore explodes from his mid kneeel position and nearly takes Douglas' head off with a large lariat.

DDK:

Huge lariat from Pastore! And he wastes no time! Pastore with Douglas now; Cravate Suplex!

Tony Gamble seems pleased at ringside and is calling out for Pastore to make the cover.

Angus:

Listen to the boss, Frankie!

Pastore obliges with a lackluster pin attempt placing a bit of weight on the chest of Douglas while mushing his face to the side. Benny Doyle slides in and begins the count.

1 ...

DDK:

Kick Out! Only a one count!

Angus:

You've got to be kidding me!

DDK:

Pastore's frustration is obviously beginning to get the best of him here now. I think he might be starting to realize he came into this bout a little over confident.

Pastore delivers a big boot to the back shoulder of Douglas as he rolls over. The force flips Douglas all the way over and he begins to get up once again in a push up position. Angus begins to cackle raising the curiosity of Keebler.

DDK:

What now?

Angus: *[trying to speak through his laughter]*

Gamble is losing ... his ... mind ... over there!

Pastore stomps down on his back and collapses Douglas once again. Pastore turns to the Faithful and taunts them to a chorus of boos. He mouths something potentially expletive as he turns back toward Douglas who has now managed to drag himself up into the corner but still hasn't made it to his feet.

DDK:

Try as he might... that is not where Douglas wants to be right now.

Pastore starts working him over in the corner, boot after boot. Benny Doyle begins and nearly reaches the 5 count before Pastore lets up and turns to argue with Doyle. Douglas manages to use the delay to shake off the damage and grasp the middle ropes on either side of the turnbuckle and pull himself to a vertical position.

DDK:

Douglas back to his feet. This could prove to be his biggest mistake, thus far.

Gamble, from ringside, grabs the ankle of Scott just as he intends to charge Pastore. Held up momentarily, Scott shakes off Gamble and charges Pastore with a leaping double axehandle as Frank turns around.

Angus: *[still a little giggly]*

Did you see his face!? So mad ... but still smiling!

Douglas is caught in mid-air rather than striking the blow, but the force of his weight drives Frank, while trying to remain upright, back into the corner and Benny Doyle is caught between the opposite turnbuckle and Frank.

DDK:

Doyle is down!

With Douglas held aloft in a inverted full nelson, Pastore locks in the fish hooks.

DDK:

This will not bode well for Douglas!

Pastore uses his left boot and pushes off Doyle, lunging forward, he raises Douglas up a bit higher before slamming his down.

DDK:

No Laughing Matter!

Angus:

Cover! Wait, really? No ...

DDK: *[interrupting]*

Pastore attempts the pin but Doyle is in no condition to make the count.

Pastore abandons the beaten Douglas and attempts to revive Doyle.

DDK:

Gamble's had enough it seems!

Gamble tosses a steel chair in the ring that clangs with each bounce before it settles nearly extended a few feet from Douglas.

Angus: *[attempting to feign sincerity]*Oh, he is fed up, partner. Fed UP ... *[burst out laughing]* ear to ear!

Gamble works his way up the stairs all the while directing Pastore to hold up the beaten Douglas. Gamble raises the chair up in the air and incites a negative reaction from the Faithful. Realizing this to be the case he milks it and taunts the audience.

DDK:

This has gone a bit too far!

Angus:Far from a sad ma... *[interrupts himself]* eh, forget it.

The Faithful's attention cascades toward the entrance ramps as Gamble attempts to continue egging them on.

DDK:

Looks like we have company, partner!

Angus:

Who the hell is this?

Gamble begins to realize what is happening as the camera catches up the masked man headed to the ring at full sprint, slowing only to leaping to the apron ...

DDK:

If I'm not mistaken that is Midorikawa!

Angus:

Midori sour?

... and grabbing the top rope he Springboard Dropkicks Gamble's chair into his own scarred face. Clutching his face, Gamble rolls out of the ring.

DDK:

A recent signee here in DEFIANCE! Looks like he is making his debut tonight to EVEN the ODDS!

Pastore drops Douglas and sets his sites of Midorikawa. He lunges toward MDK with a lariat. MDK ducks and hits the ropes and returns with a big cross body that takes the big man off his feet.

DDK:

Pastore goes down!

Angus:

Get this flippy-do the hell out of here!

Down but not out, Pastore presses MDK up and off of him from his prone position. MDK lands on his feet and meets Pastore head on as he sits up, with a lariat.

Angus:

Like a damn cat. Where the hell is security!?

Pastore's proximity to the ropes send him up and over and is met on the floor by the still reeling Gamble. MDK tempts the suicide dive and has the Faithful pop in preparation. He hits the opposite ropes and begins toward Pastore and Gamble.

DDK:

Midorikawa going airborne!

Pastore and Gamble raise the arms in a last second attempt to protect themselves expecting the impact. MDK stops short shuffling his feet a bit and grabbing the top rope. The Faithful let out a collective sigh of disappointment.

DDK:

Looks like he may have reconsidered, partner!

Angus:

That's the problem with these flippy do rag dolls... Indecisive.

Benny Doyle begins to stir and tries to shake off the bump.

MDK turns to Douglas and helps him to his feet. Douglas stands and attempts to regain his composure, as his eyes meet the masked MDK he looks as if he has seen a ghost. Douglas stares blankly for a moment trying to reconcile whatever it is he has going on in his head.

DDK:

I'm not sure what to make of this, honestly.

MDK's eyes widen just before he kicks the worn Douglas in the gut, yanks him in a front facelock, lifts and hits Douglas with his own Fisherman Suplex Brainbuster. The Faithful collectively once again gasp and the canonized boo's begin.

DDK:

The Sup Pop Suplex!

MDK pops to his feet and glares down at the laid out Douglas. He lays in a few kicks for good measure before launching himself to the top turnbuckle using the ropes.

DDK:

This is just insult to injury.

Perched on the top buckle, he spins himself around and leaps .. crashing down with a Shooting Star Press.

DDK:

Completely, uncalled for!

Benny Doyle witnesses the act as he climbs back to his feet. He shakes the cobwebs loose for a second and then calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

He barks toward MDK to leave the ring while holding his chest. MDK throws his hands up and is flooded with disdain from 4,000 strong.

Darren Quimbey:

And the winner of this match by way of disqualification ... "SUP POP" Scott! ... SCOTT DOUUUGGLAAS!

DDK:

Well, there it is... A compelling matchup cut short by the likes of Midorikawa. It certainly seemed like he was coming to even up the score, but none the less ... this match is now in the books and will forever have an asterisk by it.

Angus:

I'm disappointed in Frank, he should have put this clown away right from the start! And Gambe, I mean the guy always has a smile [starts to crack up] but ... he's ... just so ... unpleasant.

MDK turns to exit the ring as Doyle checks on Douglas. He stops with one leg already through the ropes and cocks his head back toward Douglas. The camera view switches to a handheld on the other side of the ring and catches the glaring intensity of MDK's eyes nearly bulging from his masked visage.

DDK: [powering through]

Either way, I'm not so sure Scott Douglas and Tony Gamble have settled their differences and now with the introduction of Midorikawa, the waters are even murkier than before! But MAXIMUM DEFIANCE is just getting started, partner! We go now to what I'm being told ... was recorded earlier today!

MDK turns away from Douglas and drops down to the floor placing his hand on the apron to cushion the descent. He takes a few steps away from the ring before turning back. With his hand placed on his hips, he looks to the Faithful booing and screaming at him. Left and then right. He looks back toward the ring and lifts his chin and for a moment seems pleased with what he has done... In the distance slightly out of focus Benny Doyle continues to check on a now stirring Douglas. Frank Pastore and Tony Gamble have recovered on the far side of the ring and can be vaguely seen. Doyle moves to the right as Douglas attempts to sit up and MDK shakes his head in disgust.

Cut to the next segment as MDK turns and walks toward the ramp.

SHADY

The camera is backstage focused on a single door with no signage, no nothing. Seconds pass before the door opens just enough to let the small frame of Courtney Paz slip out from the room. We can hear the voice of Perfection but can't make out a damn thing he is saying as door closes behind Paz. Camera hugging tight to her face, she marches down the Wrestle-Plex corridors, head on a constant swivel as though she is looking for something or someone.

Paz:

Hey, Mark!

Courtney ups her pace forward as the camera stays put only to move as she passes by and continues moving forward when finally behind her with focus over Paz's shoulder. We can see her target no less than five feet away stuffing an arena hot dog in his face, it's referee for tonight's bout, Mark Shields. Courtney is motioning Shields to walk over to her, he politely nods accepting the gesture and walks over. Paz spins back around and walks back the same direction she came with Shields in step next to her.

Paz:

Mark, listen. I consider you a fair referee. A man of integrity and so does James.

Shields [muffled by bun]:

Yea..?

Paz nods as they continue their walk and talk. She's smiling and putting on the best sales effort she can to Shields.

Paz:

Of course, Mark. You work hard out there and we know you can maintain order in that ring because you command respect. As you know Perfection was violently assaulted by Reaper before his match last week making him unable to wrestle. Is that fair?

Shields just casually shrugs to the question.

Paz:

I didn't think so either, Mark.

They pause in front of the original door Paz exited from at the start. She gently puts her hand on his shoulder and makes direct eye contact with Shields. It's like a Siren pulling sailors to their death.

Paz:

All James wants is a fair match. He's not asking for much and wanted to speak with you personally about this matter.

Courtney's hand pulls down on the door-handle as she steps through the doorway first and holds the door open.

Paz:

Five minutes, Mark. Might be worth your while.

Shields steps through the threshold as Paz lets go of the door and when it thuds closed, we fade out.

THE POP CULTURE PHENOMS & KENDRIX vs. THE VIKING WAR CULT

Angus:

FINALLY, I'm excited about seeing Hollywood McFuckwits trios of losers here in DEFIANCE!

DDK:

Angus is, of course, referring to the early leaked revelation on defiancewrestling.com, that the Pop Culture Phenom's Tag Team Invitational... for tax purposes...

Angus:

-For fucks sake-

DDK:

... will continue here at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. And they'll be squaring off against the CURRENT, DEFIANCE/BRAZEN trios champions, the Viking War Cult.

Angus:

These guys are vicious, they're destructive, they're goddamn cream-in-your-pants jizztastic. I don't think there's a more perfect BRAZEN tag team to smash these little annoying shoe flies into inconsequential bug guts. The Viking War Cult has been on a roll, undefeated in BRAZEN since dethroning Troy, Walker and Ryan.

DDK:

This is a non-title affair Angus, remember that. Neither the BRAZEN Trios championships nor the DEFIANCE tag team titles are on the line tonight.

Angus:

Yeah, but if the Viking War Cult ends the careers of the Pop Culture Phenoms, I call that a win for everybody.

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

The spotlights shift toward the entrance where a small group of people have gathered holding cameras. Flashbulbs go off sporadically from them as suddenly they part to reveal a black tinted window limousine flashing its headlights. Driving through the sea of paparazzi, the limo parks at the top of the entrance.

Angus:

Kill me now. I can't go on any longer.

DDK:

Where did they steal a limo from?!

A tuxedoed man with a box over his head exits the driver's side of the vehicle and walks around to the back door and opens it. Elise Ares and The D emerge from the back of the limo and hold the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships into the air while wearing their brand new, white after labor day "Elise & The D Are Pop Culture Phenoms" shirts. A damn near epileptic display of flashing lights and rapid lasers suddenly fill the arena and an explosion occurs overhead, dropping a downpour of golden confetti. Elise closes her eyes and tilts her head back with her arms wide open as she walks down under a confetti storm, The D holds his championship into the air over his head during the march down towards the ring.

Angus:

This might be the most ridiculous thing I've ever seen.

DDK:

Well if anything, you can't deny the Pop Culture Phenoms certainly know how to make an entrance.

Angus:

If they could wrestle half as good as they could piss me off, they'd be in the goddamn hall of fame.

Up the aisle, Klein closes the door as The D opens the ropes for Elise while she enters the ring. Looking at her own reflection in the tag title, Elise Ares makes duck lips, looking fierce while The D drops to the ground and makes golden confetti angels. Eventually the two come together in the ring back-to-back and pose with their tag team titles to the dismay of everyone in attendance. As their music comes to a close a chant erupts from the crowd.

*"SHUT THE FUCK UP!" *CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP**

*"SHUT THE FUCK UP!" *CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP**

The D calls for microphones from the time keeper, who at first shakes his head no. Then he points back at him and he's handed two black, standard issue DEFIANCE style microphones. The crowd tries to drown them out with boos.

Elise Ares:

We're not even talking yet guys, geez. Don't you have any manners?

The D:

And DUH, you can't drown us out, WE HAVE MICROPHONES! Obvs.

Elise Ares:

Totally obviously.

The D:

Welcome to the pay-per-view edition of the PCP Tag Team Title Invitational! You see, the way this normally works is that we come out to the ring, we entertain... we do our thing, then some half-retarded...

Elise Ares:

HEY! It's special needs, now. Different times, man.

The D:

Then a tag team of two half-special needs BRAZEN dudes come out here, we beat their ass, and everyone is happy. You guys get to see PCP. Those guys get to be beat by PCP. We get to be PCP... EVERYDAY. This is how you sports entertain!

The crowd boos as the duo make jazz hands in the ring.

Angus:

Can we call in the murder team now?

DDK:

This is going to be so fantastic.

Elise Ares:

But you see those idiots who run promotions have NO IDEA how to Sports Entertain. Announcing who we're going to be facing before we come out to the ring and grace all of you, the little people, with our charm and talent is not what you want to see.

The crowd boos.

The D:

So now, we're unable to claim our sizeable tax deduction for tonight's event because our PCP Tag Title Invitational, COMPLETELY FOR TAX PURPOSES, has been totally ruined.

The crowd roars.

Elise Ares:

They totally love us.

The D:

Yeah they do.

Elise Ares:

And for the record, I don't know what a Viking War Cult is, but we've specifically asked that their Trios Championships not be on the line because this is just a giant ploy from DEFIANCE upper management to get us to try and appear on the BRAZEN, and that's not going to happen. We are POP CULTURE PHENOMS! We wear Prada. We travel only first class and by expensive limousine. We don't work house shows. We deserve the brightest of spotlights and the biggest of times. We don't work the minors.

The crowd erupts into boos as Elise looks fierce back into the camera.

The D:

So we were forced to come up with a third to take on this Viking War Cult. We looked far and wide, looking for only the best and the brightest in DEFIANCE. A superstar truly deserving to share a ring with your longest reigning DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions of the WORLD.

Up the aisle, outside of the limo, Klein raises his hand as if to volunteer as tribute.

The D:

We needed a man whose name brought fear to all those who stood before him.

Klein waves his arms.

The D:

We needed a man we could trust. A man who has been by our side since day one. Who gets us out of jams and always does all the little things we need. We found that man, and we're going to give him the chance to shine like he deserves.

Klein begins to take off his tuxedo jacket.

The D:

And that man...

Klein tosses his jacket on top of the limo.

The D:

IS JESSE FREDERIKS KENDRIX!

Elise Ares:

AND THESE AREN'T OUR DAMN SPECIAL ORDER MICROPHONES!

A fog bank rises from behind the limo and Klein begins coughing uncontrollably as the back door of the limo is kicked open.

♪ "Let Em Come by Scroobius Pip" ♪

Klein puts his jacket back on and closes the door behind JFK in the background as lights pulsate against the smoke as he walks down to the ring, now with red confetti dropping down from the ceiling. JFK is facing the limo with his back to the ring. He rolls his neck around a few times before he looks over his shoulder with his arms out to the side with a huge smirk on his face.

DDK:

Kendrix may be a SEG member, but you could argue he's been the most impressive member of SEG from an in-ring

perspective. If PCP wanted to pick a partner who has the best chance to stand against the Viking War Cult, they got it in JFK.

Angus:

There is not a single member who could ever dream of standing to the Viking War Cult. Tonight, hopefully the Cult will set these idiots on fire and give them the proper funeral they deserve!

JFK spins around and red pyro explodes behind him as he slicks his hair back on this way to the ring. Klein follows from a distance, scared of the explosion that just erupted behind him. The limo mysteriously begins to leave the arena behind them as Kendrix #SWAGS his way down to the ring. He slides under the bottom rope and The D shouts at the time keeper to toss him their real, custom microphones. The time keeper hesitates, until Elise stomps her feet. Promptly, the PCP are handed two microphones, with distinct colors, pink for The D, blue for Elise, both adorned with off-color stars.

*"YOU CAN'T WRESTLE." *CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP**

*YOU CAN'T WRESTLE." *CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP**

The music is cut. The D yawns as he leans against the top rope. Elise is busy looking at herself in her Tag Team title belt, as Klein holds it up as if it were a mirror. Kendrix, meanwhile grabs the microphone from the D's hand...

TAP-TAP-TAP-TAP-TAP-TAP-TAP

Kendrix taps on the microphone incessantly to drown out the boos. He sneers as the camera zooms in on a four shot of The D, Elise, and Kendrix staring at the camera. Klein quickly ducks to avoid the group shot.

Kendrix:

Oi! Nobody paid to hear you pretend you matter on tv. So sit your arses down and--

*YOU'RE A BELLEND. *CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP**

*YOU'RE A BELLEND. *CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP**

Kendrix shakes his head from side to side, anger brewing. The D picks up a microphone Elise had previously spiked on the floor in a tantrum and hands it to JFK. JFK just stares at him holding the special pink microphone and The D just decides to use the black one he just picked up.

Kendrix:

Listen, Yeah!?! The match hasn't even started yet, don't call these Viking War Cunts Bellends yet!

The D:

You people don't even know what that word means. It's like a bunch of toddlers shouting fuck. Don't worry about it K-Cup.

Kendrix narrows his eyes at The D's nickname in particular as the D takes a step back.

The D:

So in order to make this Facebook Official, we've decided to give you a gift from us here at PCP to you, out of the kindness of our hearts. KLEIN!

From outside of the ring Klein throws in a white t-shirt which is dropped by Elise, but quickly picked up and handed to The D.

Elise Ares:

For ONE TIME ONLY, we've waived both the cost of manufacturing and the expensive shipping and handling to

present this very expensive present to you, K-Dawg?

Kendrix:

No better.

Angus:

CAN SOMEONE PLEASE CUT THE LIGHTS!

Elise Ares:

It's a POP CULTURE PHENOMS T-SHIRT!

The D quickly holds the shirt up to the chest of JFK, who takes the shirt out of his hands and looks at it. Meanwhile The D turns around smiling at Elise Ares, who is jumping up and down and clapping. While their backs are turned JFK throws the shirt over his back and into the crowd, where a fan catches it and then throws it back over the rail.

The D:

He's excited.

Elise Ares:

Obvs.

Kendrix:

Totally Obvs!

Elise jumps up and down in excitement pointing back to Kendrix. Klein throws the shirt back into the crowd, and the crowd throws it back at him again. This repeats, several times.

The D:

You know what?! You people didn't even deserve our entrance! That entertaining masterpiece was WASTED on buffoons! You know what K-Sugar? Maybe we aren't getting the respect we deserve here. Maybe we should head over to Salt Lake City.

Kendrix:

Where's that? Is that near Hollywood? Anyway Kendrix heard there were a couple of brevs out here calling themselves the best group in DEFIANCE!? Have they never seen a Sports Entertainment Guild match? One interview? Not even one Mikey movie!?

The D:

Is that even possible!? For real you guys!

Kendrix:

Maybe you stupid, ugly, fat, fried chicken loving bellends think you have what it takes to be the most sports entertaining group in DEFIANCE, but let JFK tell be the one to break it to you, The Viking War Cunts are B-O-R-I-N-G.... Boring!

Elise Ares:

Fried chicken is so gross... unless a sponsor is willing to pay us to publically say otherwise.

The lights cut to black.

Angus:

THANK FUCKING CHRIST!

♪ "Guardians Of Asgaard" by Amon Amarth ♪

A blood red strobe light. Thick fog. This light show also extends to the second interview section, where two men dressed up like the War Cult are slamming huge mallets onto large tympanies. They even have their own guitar player on a raised platform that looks like a huge semi-truck.

The cameras return to the entrance ramp as the fog has begun to dissipate, revealing the two blond identical twins who share might as well share a brain in Floki and Ivar Holmstrom. They wear what could only be described as medieval serfs clothing. Cul steps out next, wearing incredibly large silver shoulder pads with huge spikes sticking out. Behind them, stepping out from gorilla is the seven foot four monster named Torvald the Destroyer.

Angus:

...

DDK:

...

Angus:

Jeebus, has he always been that tall?

DDK:

Well, he did grow up as a child.

Angus:

Not too sure about that. Listen, if there was ever a nuclear option, Torvald the Destroyer is it. He may not be the smartest, definitely not the fastest, but if he hits you ONCE, you're flattened by a steamroller lucky to not choke on your own rib cage.

The Viking War Cult make their slow way down to the ring, receiving quite the mixed reaction from the Faithful. Cul doesn't remove his shoulder pads as he enters the ring, and the twins back him up. The three step to the PCP and Kendrix, to intimidate. The D and Elise take a step back but Kendrix doesn't move a muscle, even when Torvald steps up the steps onto the ring apron and stomps, causing the ring to shake just a little.

Cul stares at Kendrix's bravado and cracks his knuckles. Carla Ferarri, who must have drawn the short stick for the seventeenth time in a row, walks up to Cul and asks him to remove his spikes. He hesitates, but complies by handing them outside to Torvald.

The PCP exit to the ring apron as Kendrix remains in the ring. The twins do the same, backing up Cul. Meanwhile, Klein hops up onto the apron and tears off his tuxedo shirt and dress shirt to reveal yet another referee's shirt underneath. Carla notices this and shouts at Klein to step off the apron, as Klein gives her a thumbs up and cheers Carla on for doing a good job.

Angus:

Does this guy really not know he's not a referee?

DDK:

I don't even care anymore. Guy needs psychiatric help.

Angus:

Most narcissists do. ... I'm talking about the rest of the SEG.

DDK:

Oh yes. They can do group together.

Ding, Ding, Ding.

Cul immediately rushes out of his corner and knocks Kendrix with an elbow, and then an unrelenting onslaught of

elbows and forearms.

Angus:

That's if these three can even survive. They're just lucky Torvald isn't in there to gut 'em.

JFK falls back into the ropes as Cul continues with another elbow. Carla hits a four count and intervenes, pushing Cul away from Kendrix who's tied in the ropes. Cul is none too pleased, shouting at Carla, before returning to Kendrix. JFK with an eye poke, blinding Cul, before locking the VWC leader in a rear waist lock. German suplex, beautiful executed. JFK hangs on, going for a second, but Cul adjusts and locks Kendrix into a headlock, and then just starts laying into Kendrix's skull with fists. After one too many fists, Cul runs toward his corner and front bulldog'd Kendrix's skull into the middle turnbuckle. Cul tags in Ivan, who quickly enters.

DDK:

That is not the corner Kendrix wants to find himself in. Quick tags are going to be the key to victory, and communication is paramount. I can't imagine any better advantage in tag team matches than thinking like your partner, and who can do that better than twins?

Indeed, Ivan immediately tags in Floki for the double team. Dual irish whip onto Kendrix, who returns into a double arm drag. Kendrix returns to his feet only to eat a double suplex. Ivan steps out onto the apron, and gets the tag back from Floki. European uppercuts from both in succession, before another irish whip. This time, Kendrix leapt and caught both Ivan and Floki square in their jaw with a running knee, one for each member of the Viking War Cult. Kendrix tries to wipe out the cobwebs and then dives to tag in the D.

The D springs in over the top rope and rushes toward Ivan. He grabs the Holmstrom twin and irish whips him directly into the PCP's corner. Carla ushers Floki out of the ring as Kendrix rolls out by Klein's side. The D charges into the corner and does a backflip off Ivan's chest, into a superkick that sent Ivan down to a seated position in the corner. The D reaches out and tags in Elise, and begins...

STOMP-STOMP-STOMPSTOMPSTOMP* *TAG

STOMP-STOMP-STOMPSTOMPSTOMP* *TAG

STOMP-STOMP-STOMPSTOMPSTOMP* *TAG

DDK:

The Pop Culture Phenoms call this the Blacklist. I call it a mugging. And now the D with a snapmare into a chinlock.

Center of the ring, The D holds Ivan firmly in place as he stretches his hand out to tag in Cul. The D laughs and lets Ivan reach a little closer before yanking him back.

The D:

Oh so close!

The D tosses him a wink, before digging his knee into Ivan's back. Cul stares daggers at Ivan, who takes it as a cue to push himself up to his feet. The D holds onto the chinlock as he does. Ivan drops down for a jawbreaker, but the D lets go of it just before it. Ivan however, uses this to forward roll to his corner and tag in Cul. The D's eyes go wide as he backs up from the wild brawler. Cul closes the distance and begins to slam elbow after forearm into the D. However, in his wild frenzy, he didn't realize he had shoved The D into the SEG's corner.

DDK:

PERFUME to Cul's face! He's stunned!

Angus:

Now she's trying to say she was just "freshening up." Carla is NOT buying it.

The D hooks Cul by his tights and pulls him down, face first into the middle turnbuckle. The D quick to his feet, tags in Elise.

STOMP-STOMP-STOMPSTOMPSTOMP* *TAG TO THE D

STOMP-STOMP-STOMPSTOMPSTOMP* *TAG TO ELISE

STOMP-STOMP-STOMPSTOMPSTOMP

Elise pauses, and then slaps the shoulder of Kendrix.

TAG

STOMP-STOMP-STOMPSTOMPSTOMP* *TAG TO THE D

STOMP-STOMP-STOMPSTOMPSTOMP* *TAG TO ELISE

STOMP-STOMP-STOMPSTOMPSTOMP* *TAG TO JFK

Official Carla (and unofficial annoyance Klein) chase both The D and Elise back out onto the apron. They reluctantly oblige. Kendrix lifts Cul into a quick belly to belly suplex. Kendrix off the far ropes, and cracks Cul's head with a running knee to the downed Cul. Kendrix to his feet, elbow drop, again, elbow drop. And the trademark wanker motion with his hand before dropping the third into Cul's throat. Kendrix on top with the cover.

One.

Two.

Kickout from Cul. Kendrix floats over into a front facelock chancery, keeping Cul grounded on the mat. Kendrix shouts out to the DEFiants "OBVS" as he wrenches the headlock in further. Cul's feet lightly kick the mat, as he begins to twist and reposition himself so his feet are closer to the nearest bottom rope.

DDK:

Look at Kendrix, he's hooking Cul's arm now to keep him from spinning to reach the ropes. That's actually quite an astute wrestling IQ from the BRUV.

Angus:

Oh God, he's got you saying it. The end is nigh.

With his arm hooked, Cul doesn't have the position to spin, as his torso would be stretched further than it already is. So, Cul pulls his legs under his body and begins to fight back to his feet. Kendrix is shocked at the sudden burst of strength, and holds on as Cul rises completely to his feet. Kendrix's legs dangling as Cul holds him upright, only for Kendrix to swing his legs under and plant Cul with a vicious ddt. Cul bounced toward the SEG's corner, as JFK reaches out and tags in the daintiest member of the PCP, Elise.

Elise rushes into the ring, slaps Cul once across the face, and then returns back to her corner and tags in the D. The crowd lets out a flurry of jeers as the slap only awakens a fiery Nu-Father of the War Cult. The D glares at Elise as she exits back to the apron, shrugging as she does. The D reluctantly enters, as Cul stares, wide eyed and furious. The D raises his hands, trying to calm Cul down, talking a mile a minute as if he was a shady salesman.

The D even extends his hand to Cul. Cul stares at the D dumbfounded.

DDK:

Looks like the D is trying to make an ally here in the Viking War Cult. They would be a dangerous and much hated alliance, the likes of which we've—

Cul reaches out and shakes the hand of the D to a chorus of boos, only to pull him in for a release overhead belly to belly suplex.

Angus:

-- And that's gone!

The D quickly up to his feet, BIG back body drop from Cul. The D keeps fighting, keeps running, this time off the ropes, and catches Cul square in the jaw with a forearm.

Cul just smiles, and asks The D to try again.

The D off the ropes, and again, with a much stiffer elbow. The result, however, is the same.

Angus:

Look at Cul, daring on the D to hit him like a man.

The D rushes to the far side of the ring and Elise makes the blind tag. The D leaps at Cul with a crossbody, and Cul catches him. Elise springboards off the top rope into the ring, dropkicking the D's back and causing Cul to land with a thud on the canvas. The D rolls off and outside the ring, as Elise recovers and dives on top for the cover.

One.**Two.**

Cul LITERALLY powerlifts Elise off of him to kick out. Elise lands on her feet, and then grabs Cul and irish whips him into his corner. Floki immediately tags himself in, which was Elise's plan all along. She raises her hand, telling Floki to bring it. As Floki enters to give chase, Elise rushes back to the SEG corner and tags in the D. Elise looks back to attack Floki, but Floki has remained halfway across the ring and hadn't taken the bait. Elise stomps her boots on the canvas as Carla directs her outside.

The D and Floki circle in the center of the ring, collar and elbow tie up, into a hammerlock by the D. The D shouts "BORING" as Floki reaches back and grabs the D in a front facelock. Leaps into the air, and then forward rolls, sending The D over in a modified snapmare. The D back to his feet, but a VICIOUS knife edge chop echoes throughout the DEFplex. The D clutches his now beat red chest, as Floki tosses him off the ropes. Floki tags in Ivan. Back off the far side, the D eats an elbow and crashes, before Ivan picks up and body slams Floki onto the D. Floki rolls out as Ivan lifts The D by his hair and tosses him into the War Cult's corner.

Another tag back to Floki, as Ivan scoop slams the D near the corner. Floki uses the ropes to leap over the top for an Ivan assisted body splash. Floki hooks the leg.

One.**Two.**

The D gets a foot on the bottom rope, and Carla sees it while Klein wildly points at it. Klein then salutes an annoyed Carla before raising a white cardboard sign that says "BEST REF EVER!"

Angus:

It's... not talking about himself, is it?

DDK:

He's either as self involved as the rest of the SEG are, or he's really into Carla and it's a genuine compliment.

Angus:

Either way, guy skeeves me out.

Floki lifts the D up and tags Ivan. Floki with a scoop, into a backbreaker over her knee, just as Ivan reaches the top. Ivan looks, and leaps, catching the D in the face with a leaping knee to the jaw. The D flips over and lands stomach first, as Elise cringes in her team's corner. Ivan is right on top of the D with a nerve hold, clutching his shoulder.

JFK slams his hand against the top turnbuckle pad to get the crowd to cheer the D on.

HELL – NO – WE WON'T CHEER

JFK looks around shocked, and pounds the turnbuckle again.

FUCK – YOU – GO TO HELL

Even Elise is taken back by that. Meanwhile, Ivan keeps the nerve hold locked in as the D fights to his feet. The D reaches out to his corner, but it's way too far away. Ivan synches the nerve hold in further, as the D lets out a childlike scream of pain. He falls to his knees once Ivan kicks him in the back of them. Ivan with a tag to Floki, who quickly enters, rushes off the far side, and returns with a dropkick, finally breaking the nerve hold.

Elise Ares: (shouting from corner)
HIS FACE! REF! UNFAIR!

Carla ushers Ivan back out of the ring as Floki drops back down onto the D and locks in her own nerve hold on the same nerve Ivan had been working on. Cul nods his head in approval as he converses with Ivan on the apron. Torvald, on the outside, paces ominously behind them.

DDK:

The Viking War Cult are in firm control at this moment Angus, and they haven't even had to use their secret weapon.

Angus:

Oh, God, may I pray for another Hiroshima?

DDK:

Angus... we tour Japan. Is this one of your metaphors that gets taken out of context and causes people to get angry at us?

Angus:

Well... not my fault people aren't following the narrative. I said earlier, Torvald's the nuclear option. We see him enter the fray, I think we finally see the end of the Douche-Trio.

The D once again fights to his feet, but this time, Floki tags in Cul. Floki grabs the D and hooks him into the ropes, before tossing him back off the other side. Floki drops down, as the D runs over top, and directly into a stiff clothesline from Cul. The D does a complete 180, landing once again face first on the canvas. Floki narrowly avoids the D's fall as he slides out of the ring.

Cul charges the SEG's corner and catches a distracted Kendrix in the jaw with a forearm. JFK topples off the apron, into the unprepared arms of Klein. Both men take a fall, as Elise stomps her heels on the mat and points toward the carnage. Elise then climbs onto the bottom rope, and leans over the top, shoulders squished to give Cul quite a showing over her cleavage.

Elise Ares:

Ever seen a woman Cul?

Cul sneers at this dig, and then grabs Elise by her hair. The DEFiants think he's going to toss her in the ring, but instead, he plants a HUGE disgusting and sloppy kiss upon Elise. Shocked and trying to spit out the Viking slobber, Elise is distracted enough to not realize Cul still has her by her hair. After a few spits, one directed at Cul, Elise is dragged in over the top rope and back first onto the canvas. Cul then lets loose with a few stiff kicks to the

midsection...

The D with a roll up from behind! Carla's in position.

One.

Two.

Floki and Ivan both hit the ring to break up the flash roll up. The twins grab the D and hit him with a quick and stunning powerbomb. Carla looks to have lost all control as Cul grabs Elise by her hair and tosses her into the twins. Ivan grabs Elise by her arm, and she starts kicking wildly, swatting with her free hand. She mostly misses but creates just enough distance that Ivan lets it go. Elise rushes away, into the awaiting hands of Floki, who tosses her skyward into a flapjack. Elise rolls out of the ring as JFK takes this time to grab The D and pull him out of the ring.

The three members of the SEG (and Klein) regroup on the outside, just as Torvald the Destroyer begins to stalk toward them. Klein steps in front of the SEG and shouts at Torvald to back off, clutching and grabbing at his own Ref's shirt. Torvald just stares at Klein, and then just uses one palm to shove him completely off of his feet and a few feet back. Official Carla now got involved, shouting for Torvald to step back. He doesn't, but he no longer closes the distance.

Meanwhile, in the ring, both Floki and Ivan rush off the far side ropes, and dive with stereo tope conhilos, taking out both members of the PCP just as Kendrix bails. (double check – front dives?) Klein watches the wreckage, and simply smiles, waving at his fallen compatriots and their opponents. He hears Carla start her count out on the D in the ring, and Klein joins in on the outside.

One.

Kendrix returns back to the carnage, and grabs the D by his hair. He drags a stunned and disorientated The D around the ring back to the SEG's corner. He slaps him once, as if using his palm as smelling salts, tells him something the camera can't see, and then tosses the D back into the ring. Kendrix shouts at Klein to get over, and climbs onto the apron, waiting for the tag. Cul is right on the D with a double ax handle, followed by wild man swinging elbows directly into the D's back. Cul doesn't allow Kendrix to make the tag in, as Cul lifts the D by his gut, and then deadlifts him off the mat.

The Reaper, the Nu-Father walks around the ring, showcasing his strength over the much smaller and almost petite the D. The D finally seems to wake up, and begins to flail wildly, but it's not enough to stop Cul from hitting a deadlifted gutwrench suplex. The most important part of that sequence for the Viking War Cult, was tossing the weakened D back into the Cult's corner. Ivan and Floki both climb up onto the apron, surrounding the D.

The D slowly returns to his feet, as Cul stares him down a few feet away. Cul leaves the D enough time to realize what position he's in, once again trapped in the War Cult's corner. The D looks around, and sees Ivan and Floki behind him. Wide eyed, The D charges the Cult's corner, catching Ivan with an elbow. Floki is on with rights and lefts, as Cul narrows the gap. Carla is also there, yelling at Floki to stop. Cul reaches out and tags in Floki, while Carla turns her attention to Cul to regain order.

The D, in desperation, shoves Cul and he goes flying into Carla, sending her sprawling out onto the canvas. Ref Bump City as the D rushes out of the corner himself, and catches Cul square in the jaw with flying crescent kick.

On the outside, a shocked Klein slides into the ring and checks on the downed official Carla. After a few moments, he stands to his feet and tugs on his referee shirt. The fans give Klein a mixed reaction, as he shouts at The D to stop with the closed fists on the downed Cul. The D stands to his feet and shouts "You're NOT the REF!" at Klein.

Floki enters the ring and grabs the D, yanking him off of Cul. But JFK is there, hooking Floki from behind.

GERMAN SUPLEX.

Kendrix holds on.

GERMAN SUPLEX.

Kendrix keeps Floki hooked, just as the D reaches out and tags Elise. The D even says out loud "Why did I bother?" As Elise climbs the top.

GERMAN SUPLEX THREE from Kendrix.

DIVING shooting star press from Elise onto Cul! Elise on top with the cover, Klein slides in for the pin.

Angus:

He's not the legal man! What am I saying... YOU AREN'T A REFEREE!

DDK:

He can't hear you Angus. You're shouting for no reason.

One.

Two.

Ivan yanks Elise out of the ring under the bottom rope by her boot. He lets loose with a European uppercut that stuns her, and begins to thoroughly win a brawl on the outside.

That's when, the DEFiant crowd began to REALLY stir. With Carla down and out, TORVALD, the DESTROYER, was now entering the ring... ready to... well... destroy.

JFK finishes the German and jumps to his feet, shouting how much better he is and Floki. He doesn't realize that behind him is the most dangerous monster in the game, the true galactus of DEFIANCE.

Torvald charges, just as JFK turns...

JFK grabs Klein and YANKS him in front of him! Klein eats the spear! His box is crushed, his ribs are destroyed!

Yet the odd thing is... on top of the now unconscious fake official Klein in the center of the ring...

Torvald isn't moving.

DDK:

What in the sam hell?

Angus:

Torvald isn't moving there D-man, that's not like the monster.

DDK:

Klein is broken in half, but Torvald... Torvald isn't moving either! And look, there's Kendrix!

Kendrix wipes the sweat from his brow of that close call, as he notices that the D is stirring, and Carla has recovered to her feet. Kendrix hops out onto the apron, and shouts at the D to tag him. The D finally hears Kendrix' shouts, and dives, dramatically tagging him in as if he were the man in peril.

Kendrix quickly hits the ring and grabs the downed Floki, tossing him into the corner. Once there, Kendrix charges out with a bulldog, before transitioning directly into the Kendrix Kross!

Angus:

NO!

DDK:

Kendrix, he's got the crossface, the Kendrix Kross locked in, center of the ring! Floki is trying to fight out of the move, but Kendrix isn't allowing much movement to occur.

Angus:

C'mon! Cul! Get up!

Cul recovers from stomping into Carla, just as the D grabs him by both his arms, and then drops onto his back, shoving both of his boots directly into Cul's face like a modified jawbreaker/codebreaker. Cul tumbles like a ton of bricks, as Kendrix pulls the crossface further back. Floki's hand begins to flail, flickering attempts to hold back from tapping.

On the outside, Ivan notices his partner's ill position and lunges toward the ring, only for Elise to grab him by his boot. Ivan tries to get to his feet but Elise yanks him, causing Ivan to fall face first onto the canvas. Elise then pulls him completely out of the ring.

Meanwhile, Carla is checking in on Floki. The DEFiants are booing loudly, as the hand is raised for the first time. It falls.

The D locks Cul in a simple modified dragon sleeper, while Carla raises Floki's hand a second time.

It falls.

A third time.

And it falls. Carla waves off toward the timekeeper's table, calling the match in favor of the SEG. Kendrix drops the crossface and powers to his feet, just as the D follows suit. The D in particular rushes to his friend Klein, helping him to his feet. Kendrix soaks in the jeers and adulation of victory, as Elise slips into the ring, smiling and jumping up and down as if she won the Super Bowl.

♪ "Let Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

Angus:

Fuuuuu --

DDK:

Dear Lord. Somehow, the SEG have defeated the Viking War Cult, mostly thanks to Kendrix... but also because of that FLUKE spear from Torvald taking him completely out of this match.

The D holds Klein up under his armpits, his box now misshapened from the impact of the spear. Elise walks over, and lifts up his referee shirt, revealing a large metal plate strapped around his chest. The metal plate itself is concaved into his chest, and Klein may very well have a broken rib cage.

Angus:

Fuuuu--

DDK:

That's how they did it! Kendrix fed Klein to Torvald to take him out of this matchup!

Angus:

Keeps, can't I finish a curse worse?

DDK:

IN THE END

We cut backstage, where Christie Zane stands between the Marathon Man, Impulse, and his manager/valet/partner/whatever, Calico Rose. Impulse is already geared up for his match, while Cally holds what appears to be a six pack at her side.

Christie Zane:

We've only got a minute here but I've caught up with the challenger for the Southern Heritage championship, Impulse! Impulse, what can you tell us about your strategy tonight?

Impulse looks at her, then looks at Cally, then back at Christie.

Impulse:

Win.

Christie holds the microphone in front of him for another few seconds, awkwardly, then turns to Cally.

Christie Zane:

Cally, are you worried about the Sports Entertainment Guild interfering on Mikey's behalf?

Cally:

Of course, but that won't matter.

Christie Zane:

Why is that?

Cally looks straight into the camera.

Cally:

Because we're the good guys, and the good guys have to win in the end.

She holds up her fist, and Impulse fist bumps.

Impulse:

Any questions?

Christie Zane:

Umm... good luck? Keeps, Angus, back to you!

GRUDGE MATCH: PERFECTION VS. CODENAME: REAPER

DDK:

Well folks, I don't even know where to begin with our next match.

Angus:

Perfection is a con-artist, he worked his way into our pay-per-view, now we get to see the little roach get crushed!

DDK:

Not even close. Perfection had won his match a few weeks ago due to some circumstances, Reaper felt cheated and Kelly Evans issued a re-match, what happened at that re-match however is where it gets muddy.

Angus:

It doesn't get muddy! Perfection faked that he was injured and Kelly Evans was pissed. So because the Faithful were cheated out of that match, he has to wrestle in a two out of three falls tonight.

DDK:

Not all of that is true, his agent claims he was injured.

Angus:

I don't give a shit who says what, Keebs. You know what really irks me?

DDK:

What's that?

Angus:

The fact I have to possibly watch this asshole wrestle three times tonight.

♪"Rocket Skates" by Deftones♪

Angus:

Who's music is that?

DDK:

Not sure, never heard it before.

Down the ramp way, Code Name: Reaper comes running full force towards the ring. He slides in and immediately goes to a corner of the ring. Cracking his knuckles his eyes are flaring up a bright red.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following match-up is a best of three falls match! Introducing first.....Code Name: Reaper!

Angus:

This seems strange, him not coming out of darkness. I didn't even know if he knew what music was.

DDK:

It looks like he's ready to destroy Perfection.

Angus:

That would be absolutely wonderful.

The lights completely dim out in the arena and the fans know who is about to come out and have pre-emptively began booing.

♪"Perfect Gentleman" by Helloween♪

The opening riffs start as streams of gold fire works cascade down onto the front of rampway. After they end Perfection exits out behind the curtain with his arms spread out soaking in every bit of hate that is pouring out from the Wrestleplex.

Darren Quimby:

And his opponent....hailing from Hidden Hills, California....Perfection!

Perfection stops in the middle of the ramp and smiles towards Reaper before turning his head and talking shit to the fans in the front row.

Angus:

I can't stand this prick. I hope Reaper destroys him, who paid for those damn fireworks? Who wasted that money?

James takes his sweet time towards and up the ring steps. He points towards Shields to keep Reaper back as he makes his way between the ropes. Perfection turns and mounts the turnbuckle, point down at the fans and continuing his verbal assault of the Faithful.

DDK:

Reaper looks ready and prepared for this match, he was ready last week too until that incident.

Angus:

I love that man. Any person who slams Perfection face first into an object, I love them.

Ding, ding, ding!

Both men circle each other in the ring as the bell sounds. Perfection goes in and charges quickly at Reaper, who side steps him and catches him with a hard right hand. He follows up with two quick kicks to the gut and Reaper quickly has the upper hand. Circling around Perfection, he ties up his arm in a quick armbar, yanking it down with frustration and anger, yelling at the same time. Witherhold tries to beg off but Reaper holds him steady, pushing him into the corner turnbuckle while working him over with a couple of quick knees to the gut.

Angus:

That's right, beg you little bitch!

Releasing his arm, only for a brief moment, Reaper lines Perfection up for a solid upper kick placed squarely against his chest sending Perfection into a sitting position on the second turnbuckle.

DDK:

Reaper staying on top of Perfection, we saw this in their first encounter, the constant attack. Unfortunately for Reaper that match didn't go in his favor.

Angus:

Yeah, but it should have.

Code Name grabs onto the arm of Perfection, hooks his arm through, and hip tosses James off the turnbuckle and it sends Perfection reeling to the middle of the ring. Reaper takes a moment to size him up before pursuing, Witherhold shakes the cobwebs out, stands up and greets Reaper with a stiff left fist to the face, followed by another. Reaper goes for a counter swing but Perfection ducks under, his arms wrapping around Reapers waist and lifting him up.

DDK:

Belly to back take down by Perfection!

Angus:

Bore-fest.

DDK:

Technical wrestling may be boring to you Angus, but not to the fans watching at home.

Angus:

Bullshit, they probably have this DVR'd and skipping past Perfection's stupid mug.

Reaper hits the canvas stomach first and as he does Perfection spins and scoops around Code's neck with sprawled guillotine choke locked in. Reaper starts to work up to his knees while also prying at Perfection's grip.

DDK:

Perfection trying to really sink in that choke and end this early!

Perfection is trying to keep his weight on Reaper's back but he's losing his grip quickly as Reaper is starting to get to his feet. James yells something inaudible before he transitions his choke into a front face lock and spins out still holding Reapers neck....swinging neckbreaker! Reaper reacts by turning to a sitout position and Witherhold is quick to follow up by driving a knee to Reaper's back while wrenching his chin locking a nasty looking chinlock.

DDK:

Transition after transition by Perfection and he is looking great out there. The injury last DEFtv isn't holding him back at all.

Angus:

That's because he wasn't injured for the 100th fucking time.

Perfection is really wrenching the move and Reaper is violently trying to swing behind him to knock Perfection loose.

DDK:

I'm giving him the benefit of the doubt.

Angus:

You're giving me an ulcer with this nonsense, stop defending this piece of shit.

After a few more seconds of wrenching Reaper has begun scissoring his legs to get momentum and stand. Code finally turns up to one knee as Witherhold stays behind him and drops the chin lock. In a flash Perfection snags the neck of Reaper, wrapping his arm, while quickly throwing his feet back....REVERSE DDT! James gets back up to his feet quickly and looks down at Reaper taking a moment to catch his breath, he turns his attention to the crowd and soaks in a few nasty jeers and boos.

Angus:

I agree, fuck this guy!

DDK:

Who are you agreeing with?

Angus:

The entire Wrestleplex, obvs.

Finally he turns his attention back to Reaper. Perfection pulls him up off the mat and hooks him for a snap suplex, however, Reaper pushes back, drops to one knee and throws a swift round of punches to Perfection's gut. Its enough to make Perfection double over and stumble back trying to catch his breath.

DDK:

Perfection caught off guard there, Code Name: Reaper on the pursuit!

Reaper stays hot on Perfection's tail and hits James with a vicious chop across the chest...then a second that has

Perfection reeling back against the ropes. Reaper comes in with a third monstrous chop, it's hard enough to leave a scorching red handprint on James' chest and have him take refuge between the top and second rope.

DDK:

Mark Shields telling Reaper to back away.

Angus:

Of course he is! I wonder how much Perfection paid him.

Reaper backs away from Witherhold and the two lock up in the center of the ring, Perfection gets the upper hand and pushes him against the ropes. Reaper quickly reaches for James' face and scratches at his eye which has Shields jump in the minute Perfection grabs his face and stumble away.

DDK:

Shields is just doing his job, like right now.

Angus:

He's telling Reaper to back off! Since when do we do that?! We don't, you keep wrestling. This is as fishy as Polish....

DDK:

Watch it...

Angus:

Use your imagination, folks.

While Perfection goes to the other side of the ring he seizes on the opportunity to catch his breath and steps through the middle ropes and to the outside. The crowd explodes in jeering as Perfection, a-typical, decides to waste time by jaw-jacking with Faithful.

Angus:

Oh god, this shit again? Go wrestle asshole, it's what we pay you for!

Reaper is visibly upset and having a few words in with Shields that Perfection is relaxing outside the ring. Code Name has obviously had enough and slides out of the ring making haste towards Perfection who is chatting up a female fan at ringside. Reaper begins charging towards him, the fan warns Witherhold, who side steps the charge in the nick of time sending Reaper diving shoulder first into the barricade.

Angus:

He should be fined every time he exits the ring. Kelly needs to do that immediately.

DDK:

So you want to single Perfection out and make rules just for him?

Angus:

If the rules mean him fucking right off and leaving **DEFIANCE**...then yeah. Why not?

Perfection takes the opportunity to land some swift kicks to Reaper's ribs as Shields gets his count up to five and it's noticeable that his counting has slowed. The Faithful start getting rowdy on the outside and Perfection seizes the chance to slam a quick punch into the back of Reaper's head as he is trying to stand up.

DDK:

Cheap shot by Perfection.

Angus:

That's an illegal punch to the head, not a cheap shot. Get it right!

At the eight count, Perfection slides back in the ring, breaks the count and slides back out. Much to the dismay of many of the other fans around yelling at him. Picking up Reaper, he hooks him for a DDT and nails it viciously crumpling Reaper into a pile on the outside. Perfection takes the chance to reignite his conversation with the female fan on the outside before he realizes that the ref's slow count is now back up to six. He slides back in the ring again to break the count and poses for the jeering fans.

Angus:

The hell is he celebrating for? There's a match still going on!

DDK:

He's giving people a show, Angus.

Angus:

What match are you watching? 'Cause it's certainly not this one.

Against advice of the Mark Shields, Perfection goes back outside near the turnbuckle, this time Reaper is waiting for him and nails him with a devastating spear that sends Perfection into the ring steps, which separate in two, and has the Faithful near the front out of their chairs.

Angus:

And that's why you don't gloat like a fuckboi this early in the match!

Breaking up the count this time, Reaper is the first one to slide in the ring, while Perfection is still laying out flat on the outside. Reaper rolls back to the outside, picks up the slumped Witherhold, and rolls him into the ring. Reaper climbs up the mat and walks to the corner turnbuckle opposite of Perfection.

DDK:

Reaper going up top as Perfection is out of it. Pretty sure he cracked the back of his head on the ring steps.

Angus:

I'm praying that he also has an aneurysm.

Reaper has himself perched up on the top turnbuckle and Perfection is slowly getting to his feet inside the ring, Shields is asking Reaper to climb down, but he is ignoring the requests. Perfection stands up, turns around and is connected with a flying one legged missile drop kick. Reaper hooks the legs...

1.....

2.....

NO!!

DDK:

And Perfection staying in this one!

Angus:

Even if he pinned him he'd still need to do it again to put this turd away.

Reaper is infuriated and in the Shields face, something can be overhead about slow count, but nothing else. He gets warned to get back to action, which he reluctantly does. Picking Perfection up to follow up on his air attack, Reaper hooks him from behind, lifts him up, Reverse Suplex! Quick to capitalize, Reaper wants to put Perfection away, he picks him up again, Front Face Russian Leg Sweep. Followed by a Springboard, spinning leg drop off the middle ropes, which connects to the back of Perfection's head. Reaper rolls him over, hooks both legs...

1.....

2.....

3...

NO!!!!

Last breath kick out by Perfection and this time the fans are basically screaming 'Slow Count'.

Angus:

Is he counting in slow motion? What the fuck is this shit?!

DDK:

I have to admit that count was rather slow.

Reaper, doesn't bother Shields this time, he just sees blood and opportunity. Picking Perfection back up again, he leads him to the turnbuckle, drives him face first into the top buckle...another drive into the turnbuckle, after the third time he gets a warning, which Reaper obeys by sling shooting Perfection into the opposite side of the ring to the other set of turnbuckles! James hits hard and literally bounces out from the corner, flopping to the mat before landing face first to a satisfying thud.

Angus:

Pin him and then pin him again! End this fool already!

Reaper approaches, picks up Perfection, hooks his head, lifting him up for a vertical suplex, and comes down with a massive boom. Witherhold can be heard yelling in pain and reaching for his back as Reaper rolls over, gets to his knees while still holding Perfection and lifts him up again.

DDK:

Perfection is going back up! Reaper wasting no time in making quick work of Perfection!

This time Perfection is left dangling in the air for three seconds before crashing into the mat, the fans cheer loudly as Reaper, still holding on, rolls around and looks to set him up for the same thing. This time however, he hooks Perfection's leg, FISHERMAN SUPLEX, with a bridge...

1.....

2.....

NO!

Perfection kicks violently out before rolling onto his face breathing heavily.

DDK:

So close!

Angus:

That count lasted literally an extra three seconds, that was a six count not three.

Reaper, is slow to get up, working himself up from one knee, he stares at Shields, obviously frustrated, his eyes are glowing bright red.

DDK:

The eyes of Reaper are the window to a man that has had enough of Perfection's games.

Angus:

Yeah, like him buddying up with Mark Shields so he gets favorable calls.

DDK:

Will you stop with the speculation.

Reaper moves over to pick up Perfection, which he does, Perfection is slumped down and Reaper's effort to pull him to his level is strained when Perfection slumps back down to the mat.

Angus:

It's not speculation, open your eyes god damn it.

James is acting almost like dead weight and it's making Reaper get frustrated. He grabs Perfection's hair, when suddenly James throw an uppercut to the groin area of Reaper which is a direct low blow that knocks the wind out of Reaper. The Faithful let out a chorus of boos that only get louder as Shields acts like he didn't see anything, doesn't even warn Perfection.

Angus:

Is he blind?!

DDK:

Possibly in a blind spot?

Angus:

Seriously, Keeps, I mean it...stop defending this piece of shit or imma punch you in the mouth.

Perfection crawls away from the doubled over Reaper and uses the ropes to begin pulling himself up. The crowd is yelling for Reaper to get back into it but he's on one arm and knee trying to stand up, but can't. Perfection pulls himself up and steadies his stance. Shields checks on him instead of Code Name to make sure he's alright as Perfection brushes him off while stumbling towards the fallen Reaper.

Angus:

Why doesn't Shields just wrestle the damn match for Perfection while he's at it! That coddling bitch!

He pulls Reaper up by the arm and attempts to send him into the turnbuckle but Reaper, somehow is able to reverse it, which sends Perfection back first into the corner turnbuckle. Reaper doubled over after the reversal, sees his prey, and charges towards the corner, Perfection side steps and Reaper crashes hard into the buckle. He stumbles backwards slowly and Perfection seizes the opportunity, he throws another low-blow before rolling up Reaper, perching his legs on the ropes, and grabs a fistful of tights.....

1.

2.

3.

The crowd is stunned in semi-silence by what seems to be an extremely quick count and the Mark Shields eyes were directly on the ropes being used for leverage and the tight pulling.

Ding, ding, ding!

Angus:

WHAT!?

DDK:

Whoa...that count was....

Angus:

Was what?! Go ahead, say it!

DDK:

Lightning fast.

Angus:

Yeah? NO SHIT! Still have any thoughts on Mark Shields and Little Jimmy's conversation before this match? Huh? Benefit of the doubt, Keeps?!

Perfection keeps the tights pulled and is yelling at Shields to count again for the second pinfall while Reaper is still down and struggling to break loose. Shields obliges and drops down to make a second pin count.

1....

NO!

Angus:

Fuck this entire match.

DDK:

It's a great match, Angus.

Angus:

The fix is in, fuck this match, and fuck Perfection!

The frustration is very audible in Angus as Reaper immediately kicks out with full energy and springs to his feet, eyes glowing extremely bright red he is screaming with his modified voice at the referee. Perfection is sitting up and laughing at him, as he's slow to get back to his own feet.

DDK:

Pay attention to Perfection Reaper, not Mark Shields.

The ref tries to beg off, but Reaper is having none of it, he is directly in his face slapping his one hand into his other, signaling that the ref counted the pinfall entirely too quick. Perfection sees his chance and charges at Reaper while his back is turned. Reaper senses it coming and ducks a clothesline which directly connects with the ref and almost

decapitates him. Perfection looks down in shock as the Shields is lying there out cold.

Angus:

That's what you get you snakey son of a bitch! Get another referee down here, hurry!

Reaper moves back towards the center of the ring, standing there patiently waiting for Perfection to turn around. As James turns Reaper begins to charge at him which makes James drop, roll out of the ring, and start marching down the side and towards the rampway. The camera is on a shot facing right at Perfection as he's walking past the barricade audibly saying "Forget this shit".

DDK:

He can't just leave...

Angus:

He didn't show up to his match last week, what do you mean he can't leave? What's the consequence? He gets to be on another PPV appearance? Kelly Evans is all talk no action!

The camera stops when Perfection does, we cut to a shot where we can see Reaper is also on the outside and is blocking James' direction he was going to take towards the ramp. Perfection goes to run to the other side of the ring, which Reaper slides into the ring and out the other side to meet him. Finally, after a vulgar exchange between the two, Perfection slides in the ring and tries to attend to the Shields, or at least act like it.

Angus:

Look at Little Jimmy, he can't run, he can't hide, so he might as well check on the only way he can win. His worthless investment.

Reaper gets up to the ring apron and Perfection, seeing the upper hand, charges at him and delivers a swift forearm that sends Reaper off the ring apron and into the barricade on the outside.

DDK:

Quick thinking by Perfection.

James rolls to the outside, lifts the ring apron and begins to search as the crowd erupts in boos and noise to try and get Shields to wake up. Perfection pulls a chair from under the ring and sizes up Reaper.

Angus:

What is taking them so long? Another referee...like, now!

Witherhold comes down with the chair and nails Reaper with two direct chair shots to the head which sends Reaper back to the floor. The crowd is laying into Perfection with loud boos, which he soaks in. Unrelenting he continues his chair assault with two additional hard whacks. Sensing that is enough, Perfection takes this chance to try and make his way back up towards the ramp.

Angus:

I'm fine with this. Good, go, Little Jimmy. Don't come back EVER again!

Shields is starting to seem like is stirring somewhat, but nowhere near on his feet. As James is taking his sweet time to head out Reaper is using the barricade to stand back up. Reaper stares inside the ring, where the ref, who is still not up on his feet, is trying to get his wits about him. He looks back towards the ramp and makes a bolt to Perfection.

DDK:

Reaper is back on his feet and Perfection doesn't even have a clue!

With Perfection focused on making an exit, and the fans cheering loudly, Reaper makes his way up the ramp and behind him. Referee Mark Shields, is just now getting to his knees, but doesn't seem to be completely aware of his

surroundings. Reaper, quickly grabs Perfection from behind and with a look of fear in James' eyes, German Suplexes him neck first onto the rampway!

DDK:

Dear god! On the metal ramp! His neck broke the fall!

Angus:

Grab the chair and cave in his skull!

Reaper gets back up, grabs Perfection, and pulls him back up while bringing a knee to the face of the wrestler. Code marches him towards the announcing table area which sends the crowd into a frenzy.

Angus:

Get that shit away from me! Don't bring him here!

Reaper grabs Perfection by the head and with two giant hands, slams it forcefully down on the announcing table. Perfection's head flies back and he stumbles towards the edge of the platform. Reaper's eyes glow a fierce bright red and you can hear him yelling at Perfection, and suddenly, The Guillotine! Direct impact to the throat of Perfection and it sends him flying off the platform and down into an equipment holding area. Witherhold crashes through two large equipment cases during his descent off the platform. The crowd starts chanting 'Holy Shit'!

DDK:

DEAR GOD!

Angus:

I hope he's fucking dead! Please Lord, dear baby Jesus, let him be dead!

Looking at the center of the ring, Reaper, starts making his way back as ref Mark Shield is up and notices Reaper coming towards the ring. Sheild's looks around confused as he doesn't see Perfection anywhere. The DEFtron switches to a different camera which is at ground level where Perfection crashed through the equipment cases, he is clearly out cold.

DDK:

And Mark Shields seeing the feed on the DEFtron and has begun a count out.

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

Reaper climbs onto the ring apron and steps in the ring, he approaches Shields and tells him what has happened.

5.....

6.....

7.....

8.....

9.....

10.....

Ding, ding ding!

DDK:

And we are now tied in this match up, folks! One all and Perfection is still not moving.

Angus:

Thank god, only one more pin and this is over.

At no point during the ten count does Perfection even move an inch from the rubble. A few people from the medical staff approach the scene as a pre caution but stop approaching once they see Perfection begin to move.

DDK:

Phew...okay good! Perfection is moving folks but medical is still checking on him to make sure he is 100% okay and able to continue this match.

Reaper looks at Shields and tells him to start the ten count again, as the bell has rung a second time, which signifies the new pin fall attempt is available for the 2 out of 3 falls match. Shields shakes his head no, which causes Reaper to get in his face again.

Reaper:

YOU! TRIED TO COUNT MY SHOULDERS DOWN AGAIN IMMEDIATELY AFTER!!!

The bellow from his yells can almost be heard over the deafening boos of the crowd for Shields refusal to start the ten count again. Reaper is infuriated, he demands again that Shields start the ten count, to which he points towards the DEFtron and says something inaudible to Reaper.

Reaper:

BULLSHIT! He does not need to be in the ring for the 3rd fall attempt to begin. START THE COUNT!

Shields shakes his head no again and this time Reaper has had enough. He storms out of the ring and charges towards where Perfection is laid out trying to get to his knees. Reaper is there in almost an instance, he walks towards

the fallen Perfection, grabs his leg and starts dragging him back.

Angus:

Kelly Evans better fire Mark Shields!

DDK:

I mean, I guess Mark has a point, how can he start the contest without the contender in the ring?

Angus:

Is that a fucking joke?

After almost a full minute, Reaper now has dragged a practically dead Perfection all the way to the ring. Shields instructs Reaper that Perfection needs to be in the ring, Reaper picks up the drowsy Perfection and slides him inside. He follows him in through the bottom ropes. Reaper immediately covers for a pin fall attempt. Shields slowly gets to them and drops to count.

1.....

2.....

NO!

Perfection out of nowhere manages to get his foot on the bottom rope. Shields points it out to Reaper who can't believe his eyes. He yanks Perfection's leg and pins his shoulders to the mat again.

1.....

2.....

NO!!

Keebler:

Still signs of life in Perfection!

Somehow Perfection does a kick out, Reaper is beyond stunned. But is still frustrated by the repeated slow counts from the ref. He gets to his feet and pulls Perfection up, Perfection throws a lazy punch at Reaper's gut, that doesn't phase him and Reaper hooks him for a DDT, but Perfection uses a surge of energy to drive Reaper's back into the corner turnbuckle.

Angus:

No...no!

Two... three... four shoulder thrusts into the gut later and Reaper is now crumpled in the corner while Perfection is using

the ropes to steady himself and walk away. Trying to catch his breath, Shields walks over to him to check on him which he is immediately brushed off. James turns around and charges in with his best attempt, he jumps and lands a drop kick right to the knee of Reaper which sends Reaper stomach down grabbing the leg that Perfection had worked two weeks earlier.

DDK:

And Perfection working the knee he attacked weeks earlier.

Perfection slowly stands back to his feet using each rope in his accent. He throws a quick kick to the back of Reaper's head before reaching down and pulling him up by his mask. Reaper is fast to react, a punch to the gut, then another, then a quick jab to the throat of Perfection who stumbles back still semi-out of it. Reaper steps back and his leg flies up towards Perfection.

DDK:

GUILLO...

In the brief seconds before impact Perfection catches Reaper's ankle under his armpit, he shoots his free arm under Reaper's thigh and spins out sending Reaper to the mat on his back with a Dragon Screw Leg Whip.

DDK:

Big reversal!

Angus:

This would have all been over if Shields did his damn job!

Perfection scurries to his feet keeping hold of Reaper's leg and steps over it...

DDK:

PICTURE PERFECT!!!!

Perfection is wrenching back and applying as much pressure as he possibly can. Reaper can be seen trying to pull apart Perfection's legs but opts to instead work his way to the ropes. James holds onto Reaper's foot and tries to stop him from scooting them near the ropes, it's an intense inch by inch fight.

Angus:

Get to the ropes damn it! I believe!!!!

James is shaking his head and fighting as hard as he can but Reaper is getting closer. Close enough that his finger tips graze the bottom rope and send the Wrestleplex into a craze of cheers. Perfection is visibly pissed and is yelling at Shields while punching the leg of Reaper. Shields in the meantime is nodding and has positioned himself with his back to the ropes. Reaper reaches for the ropes again and again his fingers graze and turn back to grabbing his knee, pushing it down to relieve pressure.

DDK:

Reaper is INCHES from grabbing that bottom rope, will he grab it or tap!?

Reaper is able to get one last scoot out from under Perfection and the crowd explodes as Reaper grabs the bottom rope but as he does, Shields lowers his body and presses his lower back against the bottom rope pushing it back out of Reaper's hand and even further away. We can hear Reaper shouting loudly at Shields as Perfection in one last effort pulls Reaper away from the ropes.

Angus:

This is bullshit!!!!

DDK:

I don't know if Mark Shields knew that he was against the ropes or...

Angus:

OR?! NO! FUCK THIS!!!!

The crowd has turned from an eruption of cheers to an explosion of boos and jeers. In one last attempt Reaper reaches for the ropes but they aren't even close to being reached. A few seconds go by before he finally succumbs and begins to tap on the canvass, Shields calls for the bell the boos and jeering reach peak in the Wrestleplex drowning out the voice of Darren Quimbly.

(barely audible): *Ding....ding...*

Perfection has already rolled out of the ring and has made his way up the ramp with Shields following shortly behind.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner....PERFECTION!!!!

DDK:

I don't know what we've just witnessed folks.

Angus:

A sham! We've been bamboozled- hoodwinked! Reaper has been cheat out of not one, not two, but three matches by that CLOWN!

DDK:

I'm sure Kelly Evans will be having a talk with Mark Shields about this match. He's a professional referee and should conduct himself as such.

Angus:

Whatever, can we move on?

DDK:

Your wish is my command!

GOOD GUY ISLAND

Cut to a locker-room.

But not just any locker-room, no. This one has four walls, a roof, and a door. Also, there are people in it.

Three of 'em.

Jason Natas:

That broken-tooth grin of his?

The Bronx Bully bashes two wrapped fists together.

Jason Natas:

Gonna be a no-tooth grin when I'm done.

There's a certain tension about Natas tonight, especially after the incident in the parking lot earlier on. He's already dressed to fight, but there's venom in his words and anger all over his craggy face.

Cayle Murray:

Well that sounds delightful.

The younger Murray brother flashes a sarcastic glance at Jason Natas. Cayle's wrapping a ream of tape around his wrists, and he like, like Jason, is already dressed in his ring tights. Beside him stands the clan leader.

Andy Murray:

I think we can probably agree that Frank is now exiled from Good Guy Island, right?

Jason Natas: [almost spitting the words out]

He'll be exiled from fuckin' DEFIANCE after this.

Calico Rose:

It's inevitable, when you have a beard of evil, you slowly become evil.

Natas and the Murray boys turn towards the door - which has somewhere since been opened - to see Calico Rose holding a cardboard six-pack, and Impulse, geared up and ready to go.

Impulse:

Gentlemen.

Handshakes and fist bumps all around.

Impulse:

We just wanted to wish you all good luck.

Cally:

And a toast!

She hands a bottle to each of them - they're twist tops and filled with a suspicious looking bright yellow liquid. Natas regards it with suspicion. He grunts.

Jason Natas:

Fuck is this?

Cally:

I call it a 'Sour Cally.' It's like a Mike's Hard Lemonade, only nonalcoholic. We're working tonight, people!

Jason Natas:

So... it's lemonade.

Cally:

Support for the Starbreaker!

All eyes turn to Cayle Murray, who's just finished popping the cap. He glances back and forth.

Cayle Murray:

... thanks?

Behind Cally, Impulse shakes his head, laughing quietly to himself. He twists off the cap on his own, and holds it up.

Impulse:

I'll buy the first round post-show, gentlemen. For now, here's to doing things our way. And winning.

Andy Murray:

Aye...

Andy's the first to follow suit.

Andy Murray:

You can keep the wallet in your pocket though, mate. We'll be sipping on delicious fuckboy tears tonight.

Not really feeling the whole "toast" thing, Natas has already necked his lemonde. Regardless, he gets to his feet and puts the empty bottle in the air. Cayle is glaring at him.

Cayle Murray:

You're an animal, Jason.

Cally:

Now I'm thirsty for those delicious tears of a clown. Do Bruvboys dream of electric sheep?

Andy Murray:

Yeah, real Philip K. Dick move there, Jason.

Natas is no mood for humour tonight, but Andy taps him with a playful left jab regardless.

Impulse:

Lighten up, Jason... you've got a pretty tough HOSSFITE tonight, but it's still a straight up wrestling match. Do you Total Recall that?

Voice, Off-Camera:

If bad book puns are what happens when you're medically unfit to enter the Wrestle-Plex, I hope I never get put on the shelf long-term again.

All eyes in the room look towards the door.

Mom's back!

Lindsay Troy:

But at least the fort held up alright.

Cally:

Oh, we fortified. We totally fortified all over the place.

Everyone looks at her. She sips her lemonade as the reality of her statement washes over her face.

Cally:

...I know, and I stand by it.

With that, the final bottle of lemonade is handed to Mom, to empty the pack.

Andy Murray:

Well, this is comfortably the silliest pre-match locker-room I've ever been in.

Impulse:

I wish, I wish, I could say the same. How you feeling, Mom?

Lindsay Troy twists the metal cap off the bottle and takes a long pull of the liquid.

Lindsay Troy:

Like a shrapnel-filled powderkeg.

Impulse:

Patience and wisdom, Lindz... you want to blow Dan Ryan's top but you want to take the belt in the process.

Andy Murray:

Different mindsets, Knoxy. Maybe "powderkeg" works for LT.

He thumbs towards Natas.

Andy Murray:

It certainly does for that angry bastard.

Then towards Cayle.

Andy Murray:

Him? He's the opposite. Getting all angry and emotional before the match does him no favours whatsoever - see: DEFtv 68.

Cally:

Oooh! Me next! What am I?

The King (of Scotch Style, obvs) seems slightly taken aback. He takes a moment to think, then it comes to him.

Andy Murray:

Unique.

Jason Natas:

Well, if you want my advice, here's what I'd do--

Cayle Murray:

Sprint up to Dan Ryan and headbutt him in the face.

The Bronx Bully points to Cayle.

Jason Natas:

Exactly.

Impulse looks around at the assembly.

Impulse:

Well, I'm motivated. Ladies and gentlemen, it's go time. You -

He points to Andy.

Impulse:

Show 'em who the King of Scotland really is. You?

Cayle.

Impulse:

Take the DEF*MAX back to Good Guy Island. Mom? Show Dan Ryan who his daddy is. Jason?

Natas raises an eyebrow.

Impulse:

...Smash.

That was enough for even Natas to fistbump Cally.

Impulse:

And as for us, Cally... we're gonna make Mikey Unlikely again.

Cally:

Hashtag!

Lindsay Troy: [smirking slightly]

Avengers Assemble.

Cut to Angus and Keeps at the announce booth.

JASON NATAS (C) VS. FRANK DYLAN JAMES

Cut to the two commentary dudes over in that there announce booth.

Angus:

Keeps...

DDK:

Angus.

Angus:

What time is it?

DDK:

You're wearing a watch.

The Motormouth of Malcontent flashes his broadcast partner his best "really?!" face, before hastily removing his wristwatch and stuffing it in his pocket.

Angus:

I repeat: what time is it?

DDK:

I don--

Angus:

IT'S TIME FOR THE HOSSSSSSSSFFFFFFFIIIIIIITTTTTTTTTTEEEEEEEEE!

Though more than used to Angus' propensity to shout really, really loudly all the goddamn time, this particular scream was so intense that it knocked DDK back an inch or two. He readjusted himself for professionalism's sake.

DDK:

It's DOC time, Ladies and Gentlemen! Frank Dylan James meets the new champion Jason Natas in a direct rematch of DEFtv 71, and if that match was anything to go by, we're in for a barnburner!

Angus:

That match was ridiculous, Keeps. 15 minutes of pure *bludgeoning!* These are two of the hardest-hitting wrestlers on the planet, their jaws are made of iron, and they fight with an intensity that'd make Rambo blush! Last time was a TV match, but we're live on PPV this time around, and I don't just expect tonight to equal DEFtv 71, Keebsy, I expect it to surpass it on every single level.

DDK:

I don't know how that's even possible, but if there are two men who can pull it off, it's Frank and Jason. These two were seemingly friends at the start of this run, but a simple misunderstanding completely spiralled out of control, and they were at each others' throats by DEFtv 70.

Angus:

Let's be real here: they're two big, dumb mooks with absolutely no communication skills. *Of course* they couldn't find a way to sort their beef without resorting to fisticuffs, but you know what? I'm glad. If they hadn't gotten into it like this, the Hoss Gods wouldn't be blessing us in such a manner tonight.

DDK:

The first match was quite the spectacle, and it speaks volumes about each man's toughness that both were able to walk-out of the arena of their own volition. Tonight? I think we might need a stretch or two.

Angus:

You're telling me! This is the DOC, man! No countouts, no disqualifications, no flips, no happy-clappy nice guy wrestling: just the baddest dudes on the planet throwing elbow after elbow, and I love it! Shove your garbage "hardcore" wrestling up your ass: this is the *hardest* wrestling on the planet, and there's only one place to find it... and after that little scuffle they had earlier? Man, this is gonna be fuggin' *GREAT!*

Cut to the ring, where Darren Quimbey is ready to go.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is for the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship!

Angus:

What's Brian Slater doing there? I thought this was Shields' match...

DDK:

I'm hearing word that Kelly Evans made a last-minute decision to switch referees after their little fracas earlier.

Angus:

Heh, figures. IF there's one man who can keep these two under control, it's Big Bad Brian.

A big roar goes up among The Faithful, particularly those as bloodthirsty as Angus. The DOC represents the spirit of DEFIANCE in countless ways, and they're about to witness the brawl to end all brawls.

♪ "Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent ♪

Big fuckin' pop. Frank might be duelling with another fan favourite at the moment, but Frank's still Frank, and The Faithful's appreciation of the DOC division extends beyond any individual allegiances.

Unless Mikey Unlikely somehow finds himself in the mix. Fuck that guy.

The music plays on and a tearse moment goes by before The Hillbilly Jesus almost rips the goddamn curtain off on his way through. There's absolutely no wasted movement from FDJ tonight: he straight-up ploughs his way down to the ring with a face luck thunder.

Angus:

Goddamn, Frank is *PISSED*.

DDK:

The only thing Frank Dylan James knows how to do is fight, and in his eyes, Jason Natas has something that belongs to him. This adds-up to one thoroughly hacked-off mountain man, and I'd say "I wouldn't want to be in Jason's shoes tonight," but if there's anyone who can bear the brunt of FDJ's rage...

Angus:

I still haven't fully forgiven Frank for running my future wife all the way out of the company, but the guy's a goddamn berzerker. FDJ is a first-class violence merchant, and while he's obviously not the most refined fighter, few people survive the redneck blitzkrieg! He just *swarms* dudes with punches, kicks, and headbutts. He overwhelms and overpowers, and he's got no regard for his own safety. It's a deeply demoralising and intimidating prospect for any opponent.

DDK:

He became DOC by defeating Alecander, Sam Horry, and Bronson Box in the same night, and mounted a successful defence against Curtis Penn weeks later. If you need proof of FDJ's unrefined pedigree, it's all there, and he's got a huge point to prove tonight!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, hailing from the rolling hills of Appalachia...

Frank's already in the ring, stomping around and causing a ruckus. Brian Slater keeps a close eye on him, though he's content to let him do as he pleases right now.

Darren Quimbey:

He stands at 6'7", and weighs-in at 320lbs, he is the former DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion... THE HILLBILLY JESUS... THE MASTODON... FRANK! DYLAN! JAAAAAAAAAMMMMMEEEEEEEESSSSSS!

DDK:

Folks, I'm getting word from backstage that Kelly Evans has beefed-up security to ensure that this match actually goes ahead tonight, and after the brawl earlier, I'd say that's a wise move.

Angus:

Very wise, Keebs! Frank would smash Natas on his way to the ring if he had a say in it.

♪ "No Chance" by Unsane ♪

That thick, muddy, *disgusting* groove kicks through the PA system, and The Faithful know exactly what's coming. There are no flashy light cues or pyrotechnics in Jason Natas' entrance music: just one of the nastiest songs on the planet and a big, angry New Yorker crashing his way to the ring.

There are no hand-slaps for the crowd tonight. Natas looks angrier than we've ever seen him, and he hurls an unheard verbal volley down at his opponent. In the ring, Frank tries to get at Jason, but Slater stands firm.

Angus:

Jesus Christ, Fatas looks like he's about to murder a bitch.

DDK:

Who'd have thought that after all he's been through, Jason Natas would be defending a DEFIANCE championship live on PPV? Furthermore, who thought he'd be doing it against Frank Dylan James, a former brother-in-arms?

Angus:

These two have been tight since the day Fatas came back, but don't they just make for perfect enemies?! Frank's so out of control that he sometimes doesn't seem to know what he's doing. Natas is just as wild and reckless, but here's the difference: he knows he's being wild and reckless, and he doesn't give a fuck.

DDK:

If you wanna talk about intimidating fighting styles, how about Jason Natas? The guy's a brute, pure and simple. He's able to absorb an extraordinary amount of punishment before going down, and when he hits you, you don't usually get up. The Faithful have watched him go from a destitute wreck to one of the most dangerous men on the roster, and they've grown to love him for it.

Darren Quimbey:

... aaaaaaand his opponent!

In the ring, Jason Natas throws the championship belt down on the mat and hastily pulls his leather vest off his torso.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from South Bronx, New York, he sta--

Suddenly DQ gets cut-off. It's Brian Slater, who senses the simmering tension in the ring, and knows it's only a matter of time before the fighters break through him.

Angus:

Oh maaaaan, see ya later Quimbey.

Out goes Quimbey, who breathes a sigh of relief.

Natas tries to get involved in the fray, but Slater - an ogre himself - quickly intervenes to push the champion back. Natas is a little more accommodating than Frank would be in such a situation, and takes a couple of steps back.

Angus:

Keeps. Dude. Friend. Mate. Buddy... I think I'm ready.

DDK:

The crowd certainly is! Listen to the noise in here, Angus!

Sure enough, the buzz is absolutely ridiculous. Duelling chants rumble through the building, and the masses are getting just as unruly as the competitors. Brian Slater is all that's left between Frank and Jason, but finds himself briefly brushed aside as they come together in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Talk about intensity!

Frank and Jason push their foreheads together, throwing insults back and forth between gritted teeth. It takes a couple of seconds and one line that Frank doesn't like for him to push Natas in the chest and send him flying backwards.

Angus:

Uh-oh...

Slater, who'd gone a good job getting back between the two, decides he's seen enough.

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

HERE WE FUCKIN' GO!

The hammer barely hits the bell before Jason Natas and Frank Dylan James come-out of the starting blocks, literally sprinting towards the centre of the ring.

Angus:

YAAAAAASSSSSSSSSS!

The two come together like two freight trains crashing head-on! FDJ throws a running elbow, but it's Natas' high boot that connects, and the Onslaught Champion swarms his former friend with a wild flurry of forearms!

The Faithful lose their goddamn minds.

Angus:

Boom goes the dynamite!

DDK:

Forearm after forearm after forearm! Natas is on fire!

The intensity of Jason's assault is such that he forces the Mastodon back into the corner. He's throwing like it's a matter of life or death, but Frank's able to peel-off some of those savage punches through the maelstrom, and a particularly nasty one catches Natas across the jaw! Frank uses the space to brawl out of the corner!

DDK:

Now Frank's fighting back!

FDJ cracks another, but Natas fires back with a left elbow, then throws the right elbow with so much force that he almost falls on top of the challenger! The strike connects. It wobbles Frank, but he's still able to bring a boot flying upwards into the stumbling Natas' chest! FDJ immediately swings another, this time towards Natas' face, but he misses by a matter of millimetres.

Angus:

Ohhhhh, so close!

The Bronx Bully swings his torso back. Having successfully avoided the kick, his wide, furious eyes meet with Franks. He points to his chin, just like DEFtv 71...

Angus:

This?! *Already?!*

FDJ pulls a punch back, but Jason lashes-out before he can throw it! Forearm, forearm, *FOREARM!*

DDK:

Natas laid the trap, and Frank took the bait!

Jason Natas keeps coming with the pressure. Elbow. Forearm.

Slap.

Natas runs the ropes and flies into Frank with a shoulder barge. It knocks the Mastodon off-balance, but not down. FDJ comes back with some elbows almost immediately, then throws a high boot that Jason successfully ducks beneath!

DDK:

What a pace these two are setting, Angus!

Angus:

This is exactly like the first match, and the best part? It's only just begun!

The duo turn to face each other at the exact same time, and this time it's Frank who points to his chin. Natas shows no hesitation in throwing, despite his own-bait-and-switch, and lands a hard right elbow!

The dust settles, and Frank responds with a right cross!

Angus:

Time to tee-off!

Natas fires back with another big elbow!

Frank with the right cross!

DDK:

What a sight! Two of the toughest men in DEFIANCE going blow-for-blow in the centre of the ring!

Natas, elbow!

Frank, cross!

The pace starts slow and deliberate, but gradually grows in intensity. Each strike's thrown with the intent of breaking a jaw or knock a head clean off its shoulders.

Natas.

Frank.

Natas.

Frank.

Natas. Frank. NATAS. FRANK. NATAS.

FRANK.

FRANK!

A straight left catches the champion off-guard. It knocks him silly, and he stumbles backwards like a drunk man.

Another.

ANOTHER.

ANOTHER.

Angus:

Fatas is getting zombie'd out there!

The human punching bag doesn't stay standing for long, however. Frank grabs him with two hands and unceremoniously tosses him across the ring!

DDK:

Maaaaaaan, this is brutal!

Angus:

Hell gorram yes it's brutal!

Natas sits-up almost immediately, but FDJ throws a *HARD* right into his kidneys! This arches Natas' back and sends him rolling onto his side, but FDJ's a little tired from throwing such a volume of strikes (not to mention eating Natas') and can't capitalise just yet.

DDK:

Given how hard they throw, Natas and FDJ have already absorbed a full match worth of punishment... and we're barely two minutes in!

Angus:

I think Frank might've knocked one of *my* teeth loose with some of those bombs, Keebs!

Frank's back in action first. He stomps Natas as he's trying to rise, forcing the New Yorker back to a seated position. From there, FDJ doesn't compound the damage, but gently nudges Natas' face away with his boot. He kicks the back of his head with mocking softness, then leans down, and slaps Jason across the cheek!

DDK:

Gamesmanship from Frank here.

Angus:

"Gamesmanship?" Call it like it is, man: this is grade-A dickhead behaviour!

The fans jeer as Frank *again* kicks Natas oh-so-softly, but The Anti-Superstar has had enough. Pissed-off and fired-up, Natas slaps the mat, powers to his feet, then pushes Frank in the chest with both hands!

DDK:

Here comes Natas!

The Bronx Bully raises a middle finger, but Frank immediately charges after him! Jason ducks beneath a loose clothesline, wraps his arms around FDJ's waist, and drives him into the mat with a Back Suplex!

Angus:

Back su-- wait, what?!

Frank Dylan James gets back-up *immediately!*

Angus:

WHAT THE HELL!?

He'll pay for it later, but the adrenaline coursing through Frank's body helps him get up as soon as he hits the mat. He's able to catch the champion off-guard and plant him with a Back Suplex of his own...

... and Natas pops the fuck up himself!

Angus:

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

This is insane, Angus!

Angus:

THIS IS DEE-OH-CEE, KEEBS!

The Bronx Bully's wobbly as hell, but he's still on his feet. Frank rumbles after him and traps the champion in the corner, laying into him with some fierce punches to the body! FDJ switches it up and goes for a body kick, but Natas grabs the boot, uses it to pull Frank in, then blasts him with a forearm!

DDK:

Big shot from Natas! And here he comes out of the corner!

Another strike from Natas! He whips Frank across the ring and into a corner, before immediately charging and catching him under the jaw with a big boot! Natas takes a moment to reposition, before turning around and sprinting back to the corner... but FDJ's right on his tail! As soon as Natas lands back-first in the corner, Frank clobbers him with a shoulder barge!

Angus:

PANCAKED!

Frank grabs Natas' skull with both hands and yanks him into the middle of the ring, but Jason breaks the grip with a European Uppercut! With absolutely no hesitation, Natas throws Frank's head under his arms, grabs the dungarees and hoists him into the air.

Angus:

Here it comes!

The Brainbuster drills Frank's head into the mat, and Natas rolls into the cover!

ONE!

TW-NOOOO! KICKOUT!

DDK:

Frank kicked-out at one!

Angus:

This is absolutely ridiculous!

FDJ's "kickout" involves pushing Jason Natas all the way off him, then sitting upright.

DDK:

I can't believe what I'm seeing, folks! If this is anything to go by, it's gonna take a gunshot to put either of these men down tonight!

With Frank still, Natas goes low and chops him right across the chest! FDJ conceals his wince, but his skull snaps backwards when Natas elbows him in the face. Taking a handful of hair, Natas pulls FDJ across the ring and slams his face down on the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

Look at this intensity! Natas worked long and hard for this championship, and he's not letting it go without a fight!

Natas slaps another chop against Frank's chest with the right hand, then follows up with a left forearm.

Right chop.

Left forearm.

Right chop.

The blows keep coming 'til FDJ starts sliding down the 'buckles! Before he reaches the ground proper, The Anti-Superstar backs-off a few steps and yells at Frank to come at him. FDJ gets back up, but Natas comes at him with a shoulder barge, only to run right into a big Appalachian elbow!

Instead of following-up, however, Frank drops to a knee...

Angus:

Oh boy...

DDK:

We saw this in the previous match, Angus! Here comes the one upmanship! For all the venom and bile in these men tonight, they're still ultimately driven by the bull-headed desire to outdo the other!

The Bronx Bully knows exactly what to do, and peels another chop across Frank's red raw chest. Instead of dropping down and letting Frank return the favour, however, Natas follows-up with another chop, then another!

DDK:

Looks like Natas has other ideas!

So does FDJ.

Pissed, Frank rises through the chops and tries to mount a comeback, but Jason Natas says "nah."

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Another chop.

Right to the goddamn *throat*.

Angus:

OH MY GOD!

DDK:

Did he just...?!

Frank immediately buckles over, struggling for breath.

Angus:

Wow, that was just straight-up vicious from Jason Natas! I'm impressed!

DDK:

That could crush a man's windpipe, and it might see him disqualified outside of DOC rules! They really are taking it to a new level tonight!

Angus:

The fact that that one chop sent Frank down tells you how debilitating it is. Man, I'm so impressed with Fatas right now. He knows exactly what he needs to do to be the division's alpha dog, and he's in firm control at the moment...

The Anti-Superstar "helps" Frank to his feet, and he's not done punishing the big lug yet.

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Yeap, another throat chop.

Angus:

Oh God, this is almost uncomfortable...

DDK:

Something tells me Frank's gonna be a little hoarse later.

Angus:

He fuckin' deserves it, Keebs! Did you see the way he was toying around with Natas earlier?! He might train with the soft-ass Murrays, but if you wrong Jason Natas, he's gonna make sure you're repaid tenfold!

With Frank busy trying to figure out how badly his larynx has been crushed, Natas forces him back into the corner and slams a couple of elbows in his face. This knocks Frank to his ass, and when he's seated, Natas washes his boot across his face a couple of times. Kneeling down, Jason throws another elbow into his jaw.

Angus:

Frank's getting fucked up!

Another elbow.

ANOTHER.

Jason Natas just keeps throwing, and Frank roars when the fifth lands.

Sixth.

Roar.

Seventh.

ROAR.

Frank powers to his feet! Natas gets staggered, but quickly comes back forward and pushes his forehead into Franks, smashing him with another elbow!

The foreheads go back together.

Natas splits for another elbow, and WHAM! Right cross, right in the mouth!

DDK:

What a shot from FDJ!

And with Natas reeling, Frank straight-up *PUNCHES* him in the throat!

Angus:

DAYUUUUMMMM!

DDK:

Whoa! That might be the worst one of them all!

Having tasted his own medicine, Natas crumples to the floor. Frank, meanwhile, backs off, still struggling with his own throat damage.

Angus:

These dudes are wrecked already!

DDK:

But given their ridiculous pain thresholds, I don't think they're even close to being done!

Though struggling, FDJ remains in complete control of his body. He takes a few more moments to catch his breath with a series of forced, hoarse gulps, before eventually stomping over and taking Natas to his feet. He whips Jason to the corner, follows up with a running boot, and drops The Bronx Bully with some of those sloppy punches of his! Natas hits the floor, Frank leaves the corner, then comes charging back with a running knee!

DDK:

Natas' head just snapped all the way back!

Angus:

Oh sweet Lady Violence, how I love you so!

Dropping to one knee, Frank starts beating the absolute tar out of Jason Natas with some stiff, *STIFF* closed fists. Once he's satisfied that Natas ain't getting up, Frank keeps him in the corner, but gets to his feet, runs the ropes, rebounds...

DDK:

MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN!

... and scrapes his boot across Natas' face on the rebound!

DDK:

These two are redefining brutality tonight!

Angus:

That's the goal, baybay!

Frank's boot went through the ropes, but he pulls it back inside. Yanking the zombie-like Natas to his feet, Frank immediately looks to trap him in a bearhug, just like their previous match, but Natas slams his forehead right in his face!

DDK:

Natas breaks the hold!

Chop.

CHOP!

The second one's so hard Frank falls down, but he immediately gets back up!

Straight right to Natas!

Simultaneous LEFT *from* Natas!

BOTH wrestlers *COLLAPSE*.

Angus:

God, Keeps, I adore this division!

DDK:

This is just a straight-up slugfest! There's absolutely nothing separating Frank and Jason Natas!

They remain grounded for a prolonged period of time, but Frank gets to his feet before the champion. He kicks Natas in the chest as he tries to get up, but The Anti-Superstar mans-the-hell-up and rises through it. Vertical, Natas lets out a primal grunt, but Frank runs the ropes, comes back, and hits the running boot!

DDK:

Natas stays standing! How?!

Jason wobbles like a drunken vicar, but he hits the ropes himself! Clothesline!

Frank doesn't go down!

FDJ to the ropes.

BOOT!

Angus:

I... I CAN'T EVEN...

STILL nobody goes down!

Another Natas clothesline doubles Frank over. Frank's latest boot sends Natas teetering alllllllll the way back, but still not down!

Frank says "fuck this."

Runs the ropes again...

NATAS TWISTS...

Angus:

FOOOOOOOEEEEEEEEHHHHHHHAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

FDJ runs right into the thunderous Roaring Elbow and finally hits the goddamn deck!

DDK:

That was a concussive blow! But can Natas capitalise?!

The Bronx Bully's still trotting around like an alcoholic! He can't get it together.

Angus:

Cover him, Natas! COVER HIM!

Finally he just *falls* on FDJ.**ONE!****TWO!****THREEEEE- NOOOOOOOOOOO!****KICKOUT!****Angus:**

DAMN, that was close!

DDK:

Yes it was! And Natas is starting to turn the screw now, even if he looks half knocked-out over there!

Angus:He might have been out on his feet for a moment there, Keebs, but I *think* he's pulled it together...

Sure enough, Natas looks to have regained at least some of his functions. Breathing heavily, he takes Frank up from the mat, backs him into the corner, then pushes him up onto the top 'buckle.

Angus:

Wait... Natas... going to the top rope?!

DDK:

We've seen it all now!

With Frank seated-up top, Natas climbs to the second, then throws him in the front facelock! He grabs Frank's dungarees...

Pulls him into the air!

DDK:

SUPERPLEX!

With's body hits the mat with such force that the whole goddamn ring shakes! Natas puts an arm over his chest.

ONE!**TWO!**

NO!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

What's next, a gorram Shooting Star Press?! I sure hope not!

Jason Natas sits upright, wiping streams of sweat from his brow. He makes a laboured effort in getting to his feet, then puts Frank's head between his thighs.

DDK:

He's going for it!

Angus:

Gotch Style Piledriver!

DDK:

Can he pull it off?!

A move Natas has attempted many times in DEFIANCE, but has never quite executed.

Sadly, this isn't the moment it finally comes-off.

Frank lifts Natas off his feet before he can pull him into the air, and he slams him down incredibly sloppily! With Natas on all fours, Frank yanks him up and immediately slaps a sleeper on him!

DDK:

Sleeper hold!

Angus:

This is how Frank wore down on Natas the last time, Keeps!

DDK:

Does Natas have enough strength to fight it?! We know he doesn't have the technique...

Angus:

Neither does Frank!

Jason fights it, so FDJ drops to the ground, and the impact slips it to more a Rear Naked Choke!

Angus:

Maaaaaaan, that's a tight choke!

Frank pulls and pulls and pulls! Natas' face starts changing colour, his life-force draining.

DDK:

Jason had real trouble getting out of these chokes in the first match! Can he do it tonight?!

Fortunately, The Anti-Superstar's plenty close to the corner. He grabs the middle turnbuckle with one hand, then another.

Angus:

He's getting up!

Natas used raw power to pull both him and FDJ off the mat and heave his way to his feet!

DDK:
WOW!

The former champion breaks, spins Natas round, and ragdolls him into the corner with a big right hand! Natas stumbles out, so Frank grabs his neck in a two-handed strangle, then hoists him into the air and drives him down with a choke bomb!

Angus:
The tides, Keebsy! They be turnin'!

DDK:
Another ring-shaker! How much more can that thing take?!

Angus:
There's almost 600lbs of big nasty bastard in there! It's a good job these things are built sturdy.

The Bronx Bully gets up far quicker than most men, but he's like something out of a George Romero flick. Shambling and forth, Zombie Natas walks right into a big boot... then climbs right back to his feet!

Angus:
Confirmed: Jason Natas fucking *LOVES* brain damage!

Agitated by Natas' resilience, Frank scoops him up and attempts a bodyslam, but it goes a little... *wrong*.

Angus:
FUCK!

DDK:
He dropped him right on his head! That was disgusting!

Angus:
That was D-O-C, BAYBAY!

The cover.

ONE!

DDK:
This is it!

TWO!

THREEEEEEEEEE?

NOOOOOO! NATAS KICKS OUT!

Angus:
It's a good job Jason Natas doesn't have a neck, otherwise this would've been over!

DDK:
... he definitely has a neck, Angus.

Angus:
Okay, Dad. Thanks for ruining that.

FDJ's growing frustrated. He pounds his fist into the mat over and over, then slowly gets back up, a little wobbly himself. He goes back to the low-energy option - the Sleeper Hold - but keeps it standing this time.

DDK:

Another Sleeper!

Angus:

He's draining that oxygen tank! This might be the only actual wrestling move Frank knows, by the way!

DDK:

He tried a bearhug earlier...

Angus:

Please! Even your dog could apply a bearhug...

DDK:

I don't have a dog.

Angus:

... and he could *STILL* pull it off!

Frank's draining Natas' gas tank.

Time passes, and the champion's fight rapidly diminishes.

A second wind comes. Natas claws at Frank's grip and thrashes his body around, desperate to dislodge himself! It's too much, and Frank doesn't have the technique to maintain it, so he lets go, spins Natas round, and kicks the body!

NO! Natas checks it!

European Uppercut!

Both men fall to the ground!

DDK:

Natas and Frank hit the deck!

Angus:

Be still my beating heart.

DDK:

Is this living up to your expectations, Angus?

Angus:

This is what I fuckin' love, Keeps. There's absolutely nothing fancy about this: it's just too big dudes smashing the absolute shit out of each other.

Both men struggle on the mat. Natas crawls across the ring, reaching for the ropes to help him up.

DDK:

How is this sustainable, though? I don't know what keeps these men going, but Natas in particular seems to absorb ridiculous amounts of head trauma every time he fights. This can't be great for his health.

Natas is up, then Frank.

Angus:

They're both tough as balls, and neither knows how to quit. Just shut up and enjoy the HOSSFITE, Keeps.

FDJ and Jason Natas come together in the centre of the ring, broken, beaten but still bloody going.

Natas throws a forearm.

Frank returns with a punch.

Natas throws again.

Frank returns.

Natas.

Frank.

Natas.

Frank.

Frank.

FRANK!

DDK:

Natas is reeling!

FDJ pulls back for a fourth, but Natas throws his entire bodyweight behind one elbow!

Frank hits the deck!

Angus:

What a shot!

DDK:

Natas put his full 270lbs into that one! A lesser man would be knocked out!

Angus:

If that was one of those SEG dorks, their head would be in the tenth row!

Frank's down, but Natas is hurting. He falls back against the ropes clutching his head, and he's starting to look a little beary-eyed.

Jason Natas:

Frank!

FDJ's climbing.

Jason Natas:

Get the fuck up!

Just as FDJ gets to his feet, The Bronx Bully runs forward and clocks him with a clothesline! Frank stays on his feet, so Natas plods behind, wraps his arms around the waist, and drives him into the mat with a German Suplex!

Angus:

BIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIG German!

Slater counters.

ONE!

IMMEDIATE KICKOUT!

DDK:

WHAT?!

Angus:

Fucking *ONE*?!

SOMEHOW Frank immediately pops to his feet after the kickout... then falls completely dead.

DDK:

What's it going to take to end this damn thing?!

Angus:

A goddamn gunshot by the looks of things!

DDK:

This is nuts, folks! These two don't need weapons and foreign objects to produce complete and utter brutality! Heck, they haven't even left the ring yet!

Angus:

That's what I love about the DOC vision, Keeps! At it's core, it's just a damn wrestling match contested by some of the hardest bastards on the planet.

Natas is on one knee, struggling to comprehend how the man before him keeps surviving. He knows he can't let-up, however, and soon pulls Frank to his feet. He seizes the head, but FDJ starts swinging at the body. Natas is forced to dislodge, but comes back by headbutting Frank between the jaw once, twice!

DDK:

Natas is fired-up!

He throws Frank in a front facelock.

Angus:

Looks like he's going for his Brainbuster!

The Bronx Bully tries to pull Frank, but FDJ makes himself deadweight! A second attempt, but Jason just can't lift him more than a couple of inches off the mat, and Frank powers out!

DDK:

Hard right hand by Frank!

A wild left follows, a right misses, and another left bonks Natas in the forehead! Frank starts peppering Jason Natas with uncontrolled looping strikes, and Natas can only block half of 'em!

Angus:

It's raining fists!

Jason Natas bites down on his mouthpiece and surges forward, catching Frank's jaw with an elbow! The bigger man stumbles, but Natas grabs him by the belt, pulls him in, and headbutts him right in the nose!

DDK:

Jesus! Frank's nose just exploded!

Angus:

There's blood *EVERYWHERE*, Keeps!

Crimson freely pours down into Frank's beard, and as a familiar rusty taste enters FDJ's mouth, he becomes enraged. He stomps forward and attempts to boot him in the chest, but Jason catches it! FDJ yanks his boot free, and both wrestlers headbutt each other at the exact same time!

DDK:

Oh noooooooooooooooooo...

Angus:

That's not good at all!

DDK:

Especially when you're as thick-skulled as these guys.

Both men hit the deck: Frank falls on his ass, but Natas is completely out of it.

Angus:

Jason took the worst of it!

Agonised, Frank's clutching his skull. His untamed hair matted with sweat and his beard now dripping with blood, he's a truly monstrous sight in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Frank doesn't even look human right now, Angus!

Angus:

That's because he *ISN'T* human! FDJ is a gorram animal!

DDK:

He's been doing this for years, and tonight, he's absolutely focused on getting his title back! Can he pull it off?!

Angus:

I think he's about to try...

Though unsteady from the mutual headbutt, Frank slowly clambers up and starts heading for the corner.

DDK:

You know what this means!

Angus:

Indeed I do!

It takes him a good deal longer than usual to scale the 'buckles, but he eventually gets there! FDJ doesn't even take the time to steady himself before leaping-off...

Angus:

MOUNTAIN! TOP! KNEE! DRO--

DDK:
NO! NO!

NATAS ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY.

Angus:
OH MY DAYS!

Both of Frank's knees drive straight into the mat!

DDK:
JASON NATAS STAYS ALIVE!

Angus:
I thought he was dead, Keeps!

DDK:
He would've been had that landed!

Frank's hurting, but Natas is still too out of it to take full advantage. He's really struggling on the mat, and rolls onto his chest to crawl towards the ropes.

DDK:
Even if he gets up here, this might be it for Natas. He avoided the Mountain Top Knee Drop, but can he really take much more of this?

Angus:
If anyone can, it's that crazy horse right there!

As The Anti-Superstar drags his body across coarse canvas, Frank is already starting to get up. Frank wobbles at first, and falls back into the turnbuckles. When he recovers, it's clear his left knee isn't working all that well, but he keeps limping towards Natas.

Angus:
Wow! That move fucked Frank all the way up!

As Natas finally reaches vertical, Frank pulls him round. Natas immediately fires-off with some rapid fire forearms! Left! Right! Left! Right!

The blows break when Frank fires-off a left hand, but Natas responds with a *HARD* open hand slap!

DDK:
DAAAAAAAAAMN!

Frank responds with a slap of his own.

Folks, we got ourselves a...

Angus:
SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPFITE~!

It doesn't last long, though. Frank gets the upper-hand with a particularly nasty one, then belts him with a Lariat!

DDK:
Natas is down!

Frank's done messing around. He hobbles over to the corner as quickly as his duff leg will allow, then rips away the bottom turnbuckle cover.

DDK:

Wait, what's he doing?!

Angus:

I dread to think...

Frank throws the cover away, grabs Natas' head, and positions his face over the exposed turnbuckle...

DDK:

No. No, no, no, NONONONO...

Angus:

Oh... oh no...

DDK:

HE'S GONNA CURB STO--

Angus:

NOOOOOOO!

American History X?

NO!

Natas rolls away at the last possible second, and Frank's boot smashes down into the 'buckle!

DDK:

THANK GOODNESS!

Angus:

Even I wouldn't have been able to stomach that one! Maaaaan!

Jason's getting up. Frank swings a wiiiiiiiiiiiild kick aimed for his head, but it narrowly misses. Back on his feet, a furious Jason Natas pulls-out his mouthpiece, throws it away, then spits a glob of saliva and blood down on the mat!

He throws the Roaring Elbow!

Angus:

FOOOOOOEEEEEEEEEEHAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMM--

DDK:

MISSED! NATAS MISSED!

Natas' momentum takes him a foot forward! Frank pulls him round, and then...

"OOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Angus:

WAIT... THAT'S...

The short-range standing Lariat *FLATTENS* Jason Natas!

Angus:

THAT'S NATAS' LARIAT! FRANK JUST USED HIS OWN MOVE AGAINST HIM!

DDK:

SOUTH BRONX LARIAT!

Angus:

HERE'S THE COVER!

ONE!**DDK:**

SURELY NOW!

TWO!**Angus:**

IT'S DONE!

THREE!**DDK:**

FRANK DYL--

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!**Angus:**

HE KICKED OUT! HE FUCKIN' KICKED OUT!

DDK:HOW?! Just... *HOW?!***Angus:**What a *WAR*, Keebler!

Frank's spent. He falls on his back, and The Faithful have lost their goddamn minds.

DDK:

You will not see a more incredible display of pure toughness anywhere on earth, folks! These two are as rough and rugged as they come!

Angus:

They've been throwing blows that would have ended lesser men a long time ago! They might not be the prettiest wrestlers in the world, but fuck that! FDJ and Jason Natas are warriors!

Natas isn't finished, but he might as well be. As Frank sits up, all Natas can do is lay back and stare at the lights.

DDK:

This match has gotta be reaching it's conclusion...

Angus:

I don't know how much more my heart can take, Keebsy!

Sure enough, Frank starts getting up.

DDK:

Signs of life from The Mastodon!

His steps are uncertain, and his movements are slower than they've ever been, but he has enough left in the tank to pick Natas off the mat...

Angus:

He's got him!

And slap that Sleeper on again!

DDK:*ANOTHER* one!**Angus:**

Frank doesn't want to beat him -- he wants to choke him unconscious!

FDJ pulls his arm across Natas' throat with all he's got! Jason's arms slump down almost immediately.

DDK:This *HAS* to be it!

But The Bronx Bully is still alive.

Angus:

COME ON, FATAS!

He grabs Frank's arm.

No dice.

Angus:

COME ONNNNNNNNNNN!

Everything starts drifting away.

Angus:

DO SOMETHING!

Fuck it.

Last roll of the goddamn dice.

Slowly, Natas reaches down for Frank's thighs.

DDK:

HE'S LIFTING HIM UP! FRANK'S OFF THE MAT!

Angus:

WHAT AM I EVEN WATCHING?!

Now piggybacking Jason Natas, Frank keeps the hold applied! Natas stumbles forward! Almost falls to a knee.

He closes his eyes.

Grits his teeth.

SWEEPS his own legs away.

Leaps backwards.

CRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRASH!

DDK:

OH...

Angus:

MY...

DDK:

GOD!

Angus:

DID THEY JUST--?!

DDK:

I..

590lbs of humanity goes *CRASHING* through the boards beneath the canvas.!

Angus:

THEY WENT THROUGH THE FUCKING RING!

DDK:

ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

Right over by the corner, there's a giant crater where Jason Natas and Frank Dylan James hit the mat.

Angus:

HOW?! HOW DOES THAT EVEN HAPPEN!

DDK:

That's almost the exact same spot where Frank missed the Knee Drop!

Brian Slater doesn't have a bloody clue what to do. The Faithful? They're in a state of shake.

DDK:

And where Natas landed from that Choke Bomb...

No signs of life from the hole. Slater gazes down, but no. Nothing.

DDK:

And that German Suplex...

Angus:

You're right, Keebs. I just never thought I'd ever see anything like this!

DDK:

And the match *STILL* isn't over! How can either of these men continue!?

Lord knows what Slater sees inside the crater, but whatever's happening, there's enough going on for him to not call the whole thing off.

An arm suddenly emerges.

A heavily-tattooed arm.

Angus:
IT'S NATAS!

The Bronx Bully drags his torso over the edge, then his lower body!

DDK:
Can he pull it off?!

He rolls onto his back, broken, but he can't mess around.

The Mastodon must fall.

Angus:
GET 'IM, FATAS!

Natas slides his body down into the hole. It takes everything he's got left, but he's eventually able to pull Frank up by the dungarees, then roll his motionless corpse over the top.

DDK:
HE'S OUT!

Destroyed, Natas climbs up himself.

Angus:
YES!

He drapes the arm.

ONE!

Angus:
YES!

TWO!

Angus:
YESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

THREEE!

DDK:

NATAS RETAINS!

Angus:

WHAT. A. FIGHT!

“No Chance” by Unsane. A giant pop from The Faithful.

Jason Natas is dead to it all.

Angus:

That was a goddamn *WAR*, Keeps! Just how tough are Jason Natas and Frank Dylan James?!

DDK:

Ridiculous, Angus! Absolutely ridiculous! They took the violence of their first match and turned it up to eleven... and the ring giving way?! Insane!

Angus:

Fuckin’... I just... Man... Just... Someone get me a bottle of water, I need to cool the hell off!

A horde of ring crew members immediately surge down the ramp clutching boards, tolls, and everything they need to fix the giant chasm.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, YOUR WINNER... AND **STILL** DEFIANCE ONSLAUGHT CHAMPION...

JAAASSSSSSSOOOOOOONNNNNNNNN NNNNNNNNAAAAAAAAATTTTTTTTAAAAAASSSSSSSSSS!

While medics move Frank and Jason away from the impact zone, the crew quickly pull the canvas away and start pulling-out the broken boards.

Angus:

They’ll need to get that fixed-up pretty quickly! Mikey Unlikely and Impulse are next!

DDK:

It’ll take them a matter of minutes, Angus, but I’m exhausted! I don’t think I’ve ever seen such a mutual level of exhaustion.

Jason Natas might be utterly broken, but he’s still able to get to his feet when Slater lifts him up. The referee raises his hand in the air to a huge pop from the crowd, and when Slater, Jason falls against the ropes with his belt in-hand.

Angus:

This guy, Keeps! This *FUCKING* guy!

DDK:

Jason Natas *IS* the DOC divis--

Angus:

Fuck that! Jason Natas is *DEFIANCE!* I can’t think of a man who better embodies the spirit of this company than the man befo

re us right now! Nobody - and I mean *NOBODY* - fights like this guy! His “FUCK YOU” attitude is off the charts, and I

don't know how long he can keep this going for, but I'm gonna enjoy every minute of it!

The Anti-Superstar flops into a corner, and immediately starts scaling. DEFIANCE's super-efficient crew are already sliding new boards into place as Jason turns around to face the crowd, then rises proudly with his title belt overhead.

DDK:

I think we all need a quick break after that one, Angus...

Angus:

Speak for yourself, Keeps! I could watch this shit all night!

DDK:

Jason Natas successfully retains the DOC in one of the most taxing wars of attrition you'll ever see! Folks, let's head elsewhere...

REAPER(S)?

Scene opens backstage where Terry 'The Idol' Anderson is pacing back and forth in front of the DEFIANCE locker rooms. His hawaiian shirt is drenched in sweat, with his hat in one hand, and his cell phone in the other he seems concerned and is rubbing his forehead anxiously.

There is a commotion going on in the locker room and as the camera approaches Terry closer, he stops pacing and looks directly at it.

Terry:

Door has been locked ever since the match ended, I've been knocking but no answer. You've seen yourself how he gets, so you might as well leave at this point. I don't think you are going to get much out of him.

Terry's cell phone starts ringing while in his hand, he looks at it, looks back at the door and then at the camera. He takes a few steps away from the door and from the camera and picks it up to answer.

Terry:

This is Terry.

A few moments go by and his shoulders shrug down a bit, as if letting out an exhausted breath.

Terry:

Thank you Sean, for returning my call. As I said in the voicemail, we've been looking for him for quite a long time. Haven't seen him myself in almost three years myself back in Seattle. And as I said on the message she.....

Terry turns his head to look at the camera man for a few seconds, as if to check in on who's listening. He rubs his forehead again, before returning the phone back to his ear.

Terry:

Yeah, i'm still here. Sorry. But yes the person that we spoke of... you haven't been in contact with him have you? Any time recently? Or know where I could look for him?

Listening in detail Terry turns his back from the camera and a loud thump can be heard in the background coming from the locker room. The camera turns back towards the locker room door and it creaks open for just a moment, which grabs Terry's attention as he steps in front of the camera and closes the locker room door before the camera man can enter.

Terry:

I appreciate the help Sean, if you hear anything more please let us know. It's very important that we locate him. Thank you again, have a good night.

Hanging up the phone he turns back towards the camera and signals him to back off, turns around and goes to open the door but before he can Code Name: Reaper, rips the door open with a furious speed. It catches Terry off guard and he stumbles backwards.

Reaper:

I thought I made it clear that I didn't want to see you out here when I was finished.

Terry:

Hey.. calm down. I am just here to make sure you are alright.

Reaper: [grabbing Terry by the shirt]

I didn't ask you here to make sure i'm alright. I asked you for one specific task, which you have yet to complete and yet

you continue to hang around here getting in my way.

Terry:

Look... look I am solely here for the task that you set me on and yes, as a friend, trying to make sure you don't go off the cliff. You need to drop this junk with Perfection. I have no idea what he had going with that ref, but it's obvious Perfection has an agenda. You don't need any part of that. Move on from this....

Reaper: [voice is trembling with anger through the modified volumes]

I will tell you when and what I am ready to move on from. That punk screwed me yet again and his waste of space is still on the DEFIANCE roster and that is a FAILURE of my own. One that I will make up for. I don't need your advice or advisement. I have enough of that from the shadows.....

Terry: [looking confused]

What do you mean... the shadows?

Code Name: Reaper looks back towards the locker room door and then at the camera. His eyes glowing a furious bright red.

Reaper:

This is your official notice DEFIANCE, Perfection's game is nothing but a downfall for this company, he does not deserve a place here and until I rid the company of him I will be the fury the rips this place a part. Piece by piece. Wrestler by Wrestler. This is no longer a vendetta of my own, this is a vendetta that ALL of you must undertake. Or face the consequences.

He approaches the camera even closer and is within breathing distance of the lenses.

Reaper:

Trust me, you do not want any part of that world.

Terry is shaking his head as Reaper walks past him down the hallway towards the back exit. Terry leaves in the opposite direction and the camera focuses back on the locker room door, which is slightly cracked open, he approaches it and pushes the door further open. Stepping in the camera does a wide shot of the locker room and notices a figure standing in the corner of the darkness. The camera-man stops in his tracks as the figure steps out of the shadows, red glowing eyes and all. Code Name: Reaper is there staring at him. The camera spins around towards the exit of the locker room and steps out, his camera focuses down the hallway which shows Reaper still walking towards the exit. Turning back around to the locker room, the lenses is met with blackness and then static.

ANDY MURRAY vs. BRONSON BOX

Cut to those wonderful commentary gents over in the booth.

DDK:

Folks, it's been a tremendous night of action here at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, and after Jason Natas' brutal victory over Frank Dylan James, it's time to see what his trainer partner's made of.

Angus:

The wrestling gawds have truly blessed us on this holy night, Keeps! This one's gonna be *filthy*.

DDK:

Tell me about it, Angus. These men first met close to *TWENTY-FIVE* years ago! They grew-up only 50 miles apart, and cut their teeth on the same small independent wrestling circuit, but they've both taken very different paths to get here tonight.

Angus:

Right. Andy Murray got something of a head start on Box early-on, because while Andy was starting his career, Box was... y'know, in prison. They fought plenty of times, however, with all reports suggesting that those matches didn't exactly work-out in Box's favour. That was over 20 years ago, though, and tonight, they meet on American soil for the very first time.

DDK:

There's a lot of resentment here, and most of it's on Box's side. Those losses have been eating away at the guy for decades, and seeing Andy jet-off to headline American basketball arenas and appear on billboards on amplified that. He's got nothing but rage for his countryman.

Angus:

Heh, like we should be surprised. Murray, meanwhile, might be a goofy, pandering asshole half the time, but he's a sterner character than his younger brother. He doesn't have Box's killer instinct, but Andy's a gorram *rock*. This is gonna be one hell of a hossfite.

DDK:

It's almost impossible to overstate the level of pride at stake tonight. For Box, this is a once-in-a-lifetime chance to shake a huge monkey from his back. For Andy, he's going-up against one of the fiercest men in the business, and a guy who's changed immeasurably since they last met.

Angus:

I don't know if they're just gonna come-out and start slugging, though. Like you say, it's been a long time since they've wrestled. They're both seasoned now, they've reached their final forms, and it'd be a foolish move for either to just jump straight into the fire.

DDK:

I guess we're about to find-out, Angus. Ladies and Gentlemen, the Scottish Civil War is upon us!

DQ's in the ring, primed and ready.

Darren Quimbey:

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

The lights cut, and stay cut for five or six seconds.

♪ "Hail To The King, Baby" by The Heavy Eyes" ♪

No T.I. tonight: The King's got himself a new soundtrack.

Loose guitars and organs filter through the building. Each of the song's opening flurries are accompanied by quick bursts of light in-time with the rhythm. It doesn't take long for the blues-rock number to kick-in with full force, however, and it's accompanied by a big pyrotechnic burst. Andy Murray steps out onto the stage, both arms outstretched, big grin on his face.

DDK:

Calm, confident, composed: these are the qualities you develop when you dedicate every day of your adult life to a single cause. Andy Murray is a pro-wrestling lifer, DEFIANCE's most senior wrestler, and a man who has earned the right to approach every match with supreme confidence.

Angus:

You're right, Keebs, and the guy usually does a good job of tempering that with a sense of realism, but he *does* have a tendency to get dragged into prideful pissing contests. Always has, always will.

Andy waits for the first chorus to hit before coming down the ramp. He turns around and backs down, arms still outstretched, before pivoting around and going to the fans. Murray slaps hands with as many as he can before reaching ringside, where he walks around the side of the ring then hops onto the apron.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, hailing from Aberdeen, Scotland, he stands at 6'7", and weighs-in at 280lbs... ANDDDDDDYYYYYYY!
MURRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!

The King roars as his own name's read out, before finally entering the ring.

DDK:

Cayle might be the Murray in the spotlight at the moment, but we need to acknowledge how impressive his big brother's been too. Andy hasn't lost a single match since coming to DEFIANCE. His record is *PERFECT*, and while he hasn't had a singles match at this level yet, it speaks volumes that he's still able to compete at the highest level after 23 years in the business.

Angus:

There are men with half his experience who can barely get out of bed in the morning, but Andy has clearly kept very good care of himself to get to this point. This is going to be *nasty* for him though, Keebs. Andy's 39 years old next Monday: does he really *need* to be fighting Bronson Box at this age?

[The arena goes dark, the air fills with war drums.](#) The pipe and drums whip the Faithful into a frenzy, continuing on for a minute before ending with an echoing thrum. The sudden silence and sustained inky darkness only fuel the Faithful's reaction... a reaction taken to eleven when the voice of the man in black kicks up over the sound system.

♪"God's Gonna Cut You Down"♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO...

When the lights kick back on Bronson Box is already standing on the apron, his wide bloodshot brown eyes locked on Andy Murray. The elder Murray hasn't flinched. Not at Bronson's drums and not at his little magic trick entrance. He simply offers Boxer to join him in the ring. Box chuckles under his breath, stepping over the second rope and putting boot to canvas. The ring announcer goes about Boxer's half of the introductions.

Darren Quimbey:

AAAAAAAAAND his opponent. Hailing from Banff, Scotland... weighing in tonight at seventeen stone and I quote "... *tall enough to cut Andy Murray to pieces any night of the bloody week.*" He is a TWO time FIST of DEFIANCE and the first ever UNDISPUTED DEFIANCE WORLD CHAMPION... the *Original*, the *Only*... BRONSOOOOOOON BOX!

The diminutive little announcer looks over at Bronson almost as to say "was that good enough" to which The Wargod gives a quick "so-so" hand motion... before shouldering past Andy Murray and scaling the nearest turnbuckle to soak

in the “adulation” of the Faithful. Big Murr takes the insult in stride with a little bothered chuckle under his breath, standing his ground at center ring.

DDK:

Box showing he’s not phased tonight by big Andy Murray, partner.

Angus:

Trying to at least. Dude looked phased as HELL after the cameras were off after DEFtv 72. Lemme tell ya’ from personal experience... that dude, Boxer, wants to EAT ANDY MURRAY ALIVE. He’s just... well, you know, being Boxer. He’s a cold, calculating asshole when he wants to be Darren.

We see Andy Murray clearly mouth “*are ye’ done*” as Bronson finally hops off the turnbuckle and steps up to his opponent for the night. Referee Benny Doyle is johnny-on-the-spot getting directly between the two heated rivals, doing his best to explain the rules and go about checking both men for hidden weaponry... a pretty necessary precaution when it comes to the so-called “DEFIANCE” Ace Bronson Box.

Doyle finishes up his pre-match prep and signals towards the bell-ringer perched at ringside.

DING DING!

The crowd? They’re buzzing.

The gazes? They’re steely.

Neither man so much as flinches. Andy Murray and Bronson Box are several metres away from one another, and they’re just staring each other down.

Angus:

Just as I’d expected...

The only significant motion is Murray clenching and unclenching his right fist. His eyes are buzzing with confidence and resolve; Box’s, *fire*.

Two coiled springs ready to fly.

DDK:

This feels gigantic, Angus.

Angus:

That it does, Keebs. That it does.

Two men who’ve been in each other’s sphere of knowledge for a quarter of a century stand in the ring. It’s Andy Murray who breaks the stand-off by stepping to his right and pacing around the outside of the ring, before Box breaks away from his own corner and circles to the left. Andy draws a little closer to the middle, Box does the same, and they’re only a few feet from each other.

DDK:

Who’ll be first to roll the dice?

The King hunches down a little bit, but maintains eye contact. He extends a hand low, seemingly looking for a knuckle-lock. Box spends the first few moments sizing-up his options by analyzing Andy’s shape and posture, building an idea of how he’s going to work the leverage. Eventually he puts his own hand out and almost locks fingers, but Andy switches stance ever so slightly, and Boxer retracts.

Angus:

Remember how Box's last PPV match kicked-off?

DDK:

Yes.

Angus:

This has to be the exact opposite.

DDK:

Correct, and justifiably so. Box and Dewey had an immensely personal rivalry. This match is personal too, particularly given the way Box treated Cayle when Andy left Scotland for America, but this is mostly an old-fashioned rivalry: professional and competitive.

Angus:

Translation, Box wanted to HURT Eugene... but here? Bronson wants to show big Murr he 'aint hot shit. Least not as hot as he *thinks* he is.

The King remains in the middle of the ring, but Box opts to take a half-step back. He circles around Andy, who pivots around on his left foot, not wanting to give-up the position. Boxer catches the kind of movement that only a multi-decade veteran sees, and it cues him to fly into a collar-and-elbow. The two Scots struggle for position for a few moments, before Box slips-out and attempts to transition.

DDK:

Rear wastlock from Bo--

Angus:

Nope! Out goes Andy.

Round the back, Andy locks his fingers together and applies a waistlock of his own. He wrenches tightly, but remembers how goddamn strong Bronson Box is when he clasps Andy's hands and starts trying to pull his grip apart.

DDK:

Box is resorting to pure brute force to get out of this one...

It takes a while, but Bronson eventually slips Andy's fingers loose. Murray keeps his arms tense, but he can't do much without the lock, and Box seizes a wrist with both hands. Stepping out of Andy's radius, Box wrists the arm overhead then wrenches it.

Angus:

Solid transition, solid fundamentals.

Once he's comfortable with the lock, Bronson goes micro by pushing Andy's hand back against itself. The King grimaces: the pain's intense, but he knows how to fight through it. Boxer tries wrench, but Murray finds the slightest of angles, reverses, and twists into an Arm Wrench!

DDK:

Nice work from Andy, and this might be the theme of the early stages.

Angus:

It's just the feeling-out process. Neither man wants to blow their wad early, so they're taking very few risks. It's smart.

Still controlling the arm, Andy goes for a different approach to his opponent. He twists the limb overhead one more time, repeating the Arm Wrench, before pulling Box in when he feels his grip slipping. A snapmare sends Boxer down.

DDK:

First takedown of the match!

The King comes down to the mat too, but Box landed favourably. On his back, he throws his legs towards Andy, looking to apply a modified grounded headscissor. Murray scoots away from the any real pressure can be applied, however. Both men clamber to their feet, and the stare-off resumes.

DDK:

Back on their feet now, and there isn't much to take from these early exchanges.

Angus:

Just the chess match, Keebs. Don't worry: this'll get nasty.

DDK:

I don't doubt it for a second.

The circling re-commences. Neither man has said a single word to the other yet, but they don't need to. Poker-faced, both wrestlers fly into a collar-and-elbow. There's some jostling back-and-forth, and both Scots gain and give a little ground, before Murray eventually plants one boot into the mat and pushes forward on his toes with the others. He pushes Box back one step, two steps, then all the way to the ropes.

DDK:

Andy wins this particular test of strength, but now he has to break.

Benny Doyle steps in and calls for said break. Though co-operative, Andy's wary of breaking too quickly and letting Box blindside him. He carefully pulls one arm out of the lock-up, then slides his second loose. Instead of breaking outright, he puts both hands on Box's chest, then quickly pulls one over his head, throws a fast overhand chop... then slows down at the last possible moment, gently slapping Box's pec.

Angus:

Oh, Murray. You'll regret that...

The gamesmanship raises Box's ire immediately. Boxer switches the position and pushes Andy back against the ropes, only with more force. Box, too, puts his hands on Andy's chest, then pulls one overhead. He brings it down, slows at the last moment, just like Andy...

Then slaps him *hard* across the cheek.

Angus:

HA! Told you.

DDK:

Sly, sly move from Bronson Box.

Angus:

He took Murray's fuckery and escalated it. This ball of wool's starting to unravel, Keebs!

Bronson walks away. Andy feels the stinging impact, and raises his own hand up to where Box had struck him. He soon pulls it away, smiling.

Andy Murray:

Not bad, Princess.

Box doesn't react to the verbal barb.

Angus:

This is gonna be a problem for Murray, Keebs. He's a real motormouth sometimes.

DDK:

Ha!

Angus:

... what?

DDK:

You calling someone "a motormouth."

Angus:

I'm not wrong.

DDK:

I wouldn't go that far. He likes the trash talk, that's true, but he only ever pulls it out on people who deserve it. It's not like the guy's out here insulting half the roster every week.

Back towards the middle of the ring. Andy again puts a hand out for a knuckle-lock, but Box just shakes his head this time. Instead, they go for another lock-up, and after a few seconds of repositioning, this ends in Box transitioning to a side headlock.

DDK:

Andy trying to work his way free now...

Putting his hands in Box's back, Andy's able to squeeze his head out of Bronson's grasp then push him back against the ropes. Boxer comes running back with a shoulder barge that rocks Andy off his base, before running to the ropes and rebounding. Box throws another shoulder barge, but Andy comes forward with one of his own, and it's Box who staggers this time.

DDK:

Who'll tumble first?

Angus:

Box has the lower centre of gravity...

The King quickly moves-in to grab the Scottish Strongman's arm and whip him to the ropes. Andy throws a standing Lariat on the rebound, but Box ducks beneath it, hits the next set of ropes, and comes back with a knee lift!

Angus:

Now we're heating-up!

Andy's wobbled by this. Box comes in and takes control of his head, but Murray recovers in-time to avoid a choke. Box makes a compromise and takes him into a side headlock, but it's not enough. After grabbing Box around the abdomen, Andy hauls him off his feet, into the air, and down on the mat!

DDK:

Back Drop!

Angus:

Whoa, someone actually did a wrestling move!

DDK:

Great strength from Andy Murray, and this may be a recurring theme. Andy *might* be a full foot taller than Box, but they're both incredibly strong.

Angus:

I wanna see short-ass Boxer suplex that big bastard across the ring, Keeps. Just once.

Instead of expending too much energy, Andy opts to take a breather. He rises to his feet nice and slowly, and when he's vertical, he lets Box get-up of his own accord.

DDK:

Box shoots for a double-leg!

The takedown attempt is just a little bit-off, though. Box ends up too far to the left... which plays right into Andy's hands.

DDK:

Wait a minute!

Andy scoops Bronson Box onto his shoulders!

DDK:

HIGHLAND HA-- NO!

Boxer squirms himself the hell outta there before Murray can finish the move, though.

Angus:

Damn, that was close!

They go their separate ways. When Box turns around, Andy's smiling and holding-up his thumb and index finger in a "so close!" gesture.

DDK:

That was the very move that Box finished Eugene Dewey off with at DEFCON, remember.

Angus:

The same move that rekindled this long-dead rivalry in the first place. If Andy had hit that, it would've been an early night for Box.

Box, of course, doesn't take kindly to Andy's latest act of fuckery. While Murray looks for a lock-up, Box flies through his grasp and clocks him right on the chin. Andy gets wobbled, and Boxer follows up with another right hand, then a looping left!

DDK:

Murray's off-balance... here comes the takedown!

The Scottish Strongman again looks for a double-leg, but while he's able to at least get his arms around Andy's legs, Murray stuffs to before he can lock his hands around the back. With Box's skull at his mercy, Andy launches a couple of twelve-to-six elbows downwards. They both land, and Boxer realises he's got to get the hell out of there. As they separate, though, Andy spins around with a Roaring Elbow...

Angus:

WHIFFED!

The point of Andy's elbow flies just a few millimetres past Box's face.

DDK:

Wow, that was close... but Andy Murray continues sifting everything Box throws at him, Angus!

Angus:

He's making it his kind of match, Keeps. This is just a straight-up competitive wrestling match at the moment. There's no real undercurrent to it, and that suits Murray to a tee. The question is how he reacts when Box starts imposing his will, which'll happen sooner or later.

The two fly into another lock-up, but this one's more forceful. They collide like two elephants fighting with tusks, and *again* Andy Murray gets the upperhand. He uses his power to force Box back towards the corner before breaking, then sending him back against the turnbuckle with a two-handed push.

Angus:

Oh man, Boxer's pissed!

Bronson charges out of the corner but runs right into Andy Murray, who lifts him off the ground and drives him back-first into the 'buckles! From there, Murray turns, takes a few steps away, then sprints forward and nails a corner clothesline!

DDK:

Andy just flattened him!

Angus:

And here he goes again!

Bronson Box gets whipped to the opposite turnbuckle. Murray's hot on his heels, and as soon as Box lands, Murray hits another of those corner clotheslines. Box falls to the mat, and Andy pins.

ONE!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

This is beautiful stuff from Andy, Keeps. He's doing an outstanding job of keeping Boxer's rage under wraps.

DDK:

You're a lot more favourable towards Andy than his brother, I've noticed.

Angus:

Oh, don't get me wrong, I think the guy's a walking dorkball: I just appreciate how he wrestles, and when he's not being a dorkball, he's pretty damn assertive.

While Keeps and Angus banter, Murray pulls Box up and whips a chop across his chest.

DDK:

What constitutes "not being a dorkball?" Not fighting Eric Dane?

Angus:

Pretty much.

A second chop. The impact's buffered somewhat by Box's singlet, but it still stings the strongman. Boxer tries to hop away, but Murray takes an arm and whips him across the ring. Box comes charging back, but ducks the Big Boot, then spins on his heel and throws a forearm.

Blocked!

Andy knocks Box silly with a couple of rapid-fire elbows, then scoops him up and drives him into the mat with a bodyslam!

DDK:

Down goes Box! And now Andy to the ropes...

Murray rebounds, then leaps into the air and comes crashing down with a knee drop!

DDK:

Right to the sternum!

Angus:

Sheeeit, that's a 280lb man! Can't be fun...

He's in control of the match, but Andy isn't resting. There's no point in giving Box any time to recover at this stage, and Murray peels his opponent off the mat. Box tries to stifle this with a couple of punches to the gut, before powering to his feet and nailing a headbutt!

DDK:

Box fires back though!

Bronson quickly throws Andy in the front facelock, grabs the waistband, and pulls back.

Angus:

Fuck, the strength on this guy!

Boxer hoists him into the air with the hanging vertical suplex, but he can't hold him for long. Andy swings his legs down, slips out the back of the suplex, and push-kicks Box in the back to create distance. Bronson turns around, and when he does, Andy's giving him the Dikembe Mutombo finger wag.

Angus:

Careful, Andy... don't wanna *take the piss* too much.

DDK:

It looks like he's enjoying himself out there, but you're right: a little restraint wouldn't go amiss at this point.

The crowd, however, are absolutely loving it.

Angus:

He won't be doing that if Box pulls the gorram spike out of his belt, that's for sure.

DDK:

Oh man, I dread to think...

Bronson Box has absolutely had enough of Andy Murray's bullshit. He throws himself at The King and lands a couple of forearms, but Andy blocks a right hand then checks a body kick. Murray breaks through Box's onslaught with a big European Uppercut, then whips him to the ropes, scoops him up on the rebound, and pivots 180 on his right foot.

DDK:

Here it comes!

Murray spins back around again, leaving his feet completely, driving Box down with the reverse scoop powerslam!

DDK:

KING'S ROAD!

Angus:

That might be it, Keebler!

Andy hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-- NO! KICKOUT!

DDK:

The match's first big-time move gets a kickout at two, and Box is in a terrible place at the moment!

Angus:

I've never seen a powerslam variant quite like that, Keeps. Murray generates a ridiculous amount of power in that final pivot, and to top it off, the big bastard just leaps off his feet like it's nothing.

DDK:

He's an outstanding athlete, Angus, and at 38, this might be the best he's ever been.

Angus:

'Roids. Gotta be 'roids.

DDK:

... come on, Angus.

Angus:

Okay, sorry. TRT.

Andy takes a couple of moments to enjoy the atmosphere. The Faithful's calls bring a smile to his face, and while Box rolls out of the ring, Andy's just drinking it in (*maaaaaaan*). Andy sees this in his peripheral vision, but he can't stop Box, and soon rises to his feet.

Angus:

Heh, I guess Boxer needs a breather.

DDK:

Hard to blame him, really. Andy's putting on a clinic out there.

Carla Ferrari starts the ten-count.

ONE!

TWO!

Andy Murray reaches his full height, and glares down at Box.

THREE!

Box turns to meet his gaze, holding his head.

FOUR!

DDK:

I'm surprised Andy isn't following him out.

FIVE!

Angus:

Nah, that's Boxer's world. Andy's better off inside.

SIX!**Andy Murray:**

Oi, fanny!

The King holds his hands to his sides as if to say "what the hell are you doing?"

SEVEN!

Box scowls. *Deeply.*

EIGHT**DDK:**

I don't think he's coming-out, Box...

NINE!

Box realises it soon enough. He rolls back in, and as he's doing so, Andy's shaking his head.

Angus:

Jesus, Andy's got absolutely no respect for that move from Box.

Bronson flies into another lock-up. It's so sudden that Andy's caught-off guard and backed towards the ropes, but he digs-in and decides to fight instead of waiting for a break. Soon, Andy's able to get loose, skip around the back, and secure Box in a rear waistlock. He quickly lifts Boxer off his feet, lifts him in the air, and durmps him on the mat before backing-off.

DDK:

Another failed grapple from Bronson Box. Nothing seems to be going right for him tonight.

There's a brief stalemate, but Box is really getting frustrated. It's in his red face, furrowed brow, and clenched jaw.

The gameplan switches.

Box comes-in feral.

A flurry of loose, uncontrolled lefts and rights come at Andy Murray. He whiffs a few, but one lands flush on Murray's jaw, and a few more pepper his torso.

Angus:

Now *THIS* is Bronson Box!

Andy puts his arms up to defend himself, so Box kicks him hard in his side. The big man feels it, but he sees the next one coming: Andy catches the boot, holds it for a moment, then takes Box down with a Dragon Screw!

Angus:

Perfect execution! Look at that technique!

DDK:

That'll twist your knee in all kinds of nasty ways!

Angus:

Damn straight it will.

The King picks Box off of the mat, stands him up, and blasts him in the chin with a couple of forearms. Box fires back with a European Uppercut, but the pain in his knee sends him stumbling forward, allowing Andy to crack a European of his own!

Angus:

Here we go!

Box claps back!

Andy!

Box!

Andy!

Angus:

Uppercuts everywhere!

And when your surname is Murray, there's only one logical way to end an Uppercut exchange.

Andy lands a particularly nasty one, before sending Box to the ropes.

DDK:

SHUTTHE--

Angus:

NOPE!

Box just corpses himself as Andy tries to pop him up, and lands another European when he lands!

Andy *SLAPS* him across the cheek.

Angus:

JESUS!

Then dashes forward.

DDK:

HEX BREAKER!

Angus:

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAYUM, DARREN!

The execution on the running neckbreaker slam is absolutely spot-on. Andy covers.

DDK:

This might be the end!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEE--

NO! KICKOUT!

Angus:

GODDAMN, that was close!

DDK:

Andy used to use the Hex Breaker as a finisher, Angus! It speaks volumes that Box was able to kick out!

Angus:

It's still a little too early, but you're right. Box has already taken some serious damage!

DDK:

Of all the ways we saw this match unfolding, I don't think either of us considered this scenario. Andy Murray is utterly dominant out there, and he's in complete control of Bronson Box.

Angus:

We're just over ten minutes in, and while Box has had a flurry or two, he's been on the back-foot pretty much since the bell rang.

Murray's feeling it. The lights, the buzz, the momentum, all manifesting as endorphins pulsing through his body.

Turns out coming back to wrestling was a pretty good idea after all.

The King gets back to his fool 6'7". He's in control, and decides against pushing the pace further. Amping-up the crowd up by clapping along with them, he stays close to a corner, letting Boxer rise on his own accord.

DDK:

What's Andy's next move gonna be?

The answer comes as soon as Box gets up. Andy charges across the ring and tries to clobber his opponent, but Box quickly gets his wits together and pulls down the top rope! Andy goes bundling to the outside, and Bronson follows!

Angus:

Uh-oh! Not good!

Andy rolls to the foot of the ramp and quickly gets up, but he's quickly put back down.

DDK:

CHOP BLOCK!

Angus:

GOD!

Box flies into the back of Andy's knee like an angry highland cow, and The King topples.

Angus:

That's one way to get a big man down!

DDK:

Brutal efficiency from Bronson Box, and he's all over him now!

Boxer mounts and lands a flurry of closed fists, but the striking approach doesn't last long. He's soon wrapped both hands around Andy's neck, throttling the life out of him.

DDK:

Oh my *GOD*, Angus!

Angus:

This is some serial killer shit from Box!

DDK:

It's utterly demonic! Check the look in his eyes!

Andy's face quickly turns purple, but Box eventually lets go and throws his head down against the floor. Andy rolls onto his back, clutching his neck, and Box cracks him in the back of the head.

DDK:

Box's assault continues, but it looks like Benny Doyle's only just starting the ten-count.

Angus:

Indeed. Word is that Kelly wants a winner tonight, not some shitty countout decision. She was super-pissed when these two tore the place up two weeks ago, and she wants to make sure it doesn't happen again!

Box takes a moment to recover. He might have cut Andy off, but he's absorbed a lot of punishment so far, and it's taken more of a toll than he'd care to admit. He eventually leaves the ground and pulls Andy back to his feet, but Murray throws a punch to the midsection.

DDK:

Andy's fighting back!

Another!

Another!

Murray gets all the way to his feet then smashes Box in the face with a forearm, but Box blocks the second!

Eye gouge!

Angus:

Oh yeah, this is Box's kinda match now...

DDK:

It's just cut-off after cut-off, Angus!

Bronson knees the gut and rolls Murray back into the ring. Doyle stops counting, but he'd have probably drawn it out for as long as possible anyway. As Andy rolls into the centre of the ring and clambers to his feet, Box comes under the bottom rope and charges...

DDK:

SPINEBUSTER! Big move from Andy Murray!

Box hits the mat hard, and Andy stays in a knelt position.

Angus:

What a-- HEY!

The pain's very real, but Bronson Box just fucking *SPRINGS* to his feet.

DDK:

WHAT?!

Startled, Andy grabs the Strongman.

DDK:

How did he even...?!

Murray tries to set him up for a belly-to-belly, but...

Angus:

HEADBUTT! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

A second! Andy's forced to break.

Murray's stumbled.

Box to the ropes.

Rebound.

CHOP BLOCK!

Angus:

Andy's knee is gonna be destroyed by the end of this!

DDK:

Andy Murray is in TROUBLE here, Angus!

As soon as Murr hits the canvas Bronson is quick to start laying quick sharp boots to the back of Murray's head. After five or six skull rattling boots Andy is yanked to his dazed feet with a recklessly executed front facelock that WRENCHES the ring legends neck. Murr is left to weeble and wobble for a moment as Boxer releases the hold to quickly run the ropes...

DDK:

REBOUND LARIAT FROM THE WARGOD!

Every ounce of momentum Boxer picks up kicking back through the ropes gets unloaded right across Andy Murray's chest in the form of a brutal lariat that sends the Scotsman crashing to the canvas. The Wargod wastes little time capitalizing on his newfound momentum as he immediately drops down across Murr's face with a blitzkrieg of vicious forearms, *SCREAMING* spittle flecked obscenities directly into Andy's mug.

Bronson Box:

THIS THE FOOKIN' SUPERSTAR I HEARD TELL SO MUCH ABOUT, AYE?!

The Original DEFIANT takes a moment to slowly grabs two big fistfulls of ear and brown hair.

Bronson Box:

Well *FOOK* you , Superstar...

WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM

We feel the Faithful all cringe at once as Bronson unloads a half dozen concussive headbutts right to the unprotected dome of Andy Murray. The sickening, hollow sounding THUD of Bronson and Andy's heads clunking together is dream haunting. As is the glassy look we catch passing across in Murr's eyes as Bronson gets up dragging Andy by the hair behind him, *SHOVING* him back into the closest available turnbuckle. Taking his time stepping up on the

bottom rope so he's looking down at his still dazed opponent.

Angus:

What's he doin', Darren?

The Wargod takes a moment to look up and out over the Faithful, each and every eye locked on his every movement. He can't help but crack a small sinister looking half smile before looking down at the little trickle of blood coming down and across Andy Murray's face and...

Angus:

HOLY FUCK!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

MY... *GOD!*

Shock and awe from the Faithful as The Bombastic Bronson Box clamps down teeth first onto the bridge of Andy Murray's nose. Blood *immediately* gushes forth accompanied by a guttural scream from the throat of Big Murr the likes of which we've never heard from the legendary grappler before. Utilizing the obvious surge of adrenaline Murr shoves Box away with all his might, the smaller Scotsman hopping backwards off the turnbuckle... his face *COVERED* with Andy Murray's blood.

Angus:

That seals it, Box is a GORRAM vampire Keeps!

DDK:

I'm not sure about all that, what I am sure of is that Andy Murray is in a VERY bad way here! This sort of brutal action is not *exactly* in what experts would call the elder Murray's wheelhouse.

Angus:

He's in Boxer's world now, Keeber!

Even with a giant chunk taken out of his face, blood pouring down his chin Andy Murray looks across the ring at his similarly bloodied competitor and simply *roars*. The two charge at one another like two rams on some mountaintop somewhere. They connect in a firestorm of overhand shots, forearms and elbows.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Big Murr actually manages to win the exchange thanks to a series of *vicious* tooth loosening European uppercuts that send the Wargod to a knee. The shots seamlessly morph into simple brutal forearms across the side of Boxer's dome. The crowd and announcers are all going absolutely out of their gourds, completely unglued at the sight of Andy Murray going full DEFIANT unleashing hell right into the skull of his opponent.

*FUCK'IM UP ANDY! FUCK HIM UP! *stomp stomp**

*FUCK'IM UP ANDY! FUCK HIM UP! *stomp stomp**

*FUCK'IM UP ANDY! FUCK HIM UP! *stomp stomp**

DDK:

Andy Murray is unleashing HELL on Bronson Box! It's obvious there was more ill-will on Andy's side of this feud than even he let on, partner! From where I'm sitting it looks to me like he's wanted to do this for a looooong time!

Murray stops, hesitates... Boxer is on his knees, the small contusions from the many many headbutts have merged into one general oozing wound. The Scottish Strongman leans back with his arms slack at his sides just staring up at Murray with those wiiiiide bloodshot brown eyes.

Bronson Box: [fuckin' screaming]

KEEP GOIN' YE' WEE' FOOKIN' POOFTER! DO IT YE' FOOKIN' GIT! BLOODY HIT ME!

Big Andy Murray, still holding aloft a tightly clenched fist atop a ready and willing forearm and elbow. All three aching to make contact with The Wargod's already brutalized skull. Murr obviously takes a moment longer than Box cared for him too... Bronson rearing his head back and unleashing a revolting wad of bloody phlegm right into the face of his all-star opponent.

Angus:

Is... is he laughing?

Indeed. *Laughter* from behind The *Only* DEFIANT's crimson mask.

Every bit of hesitation or doubt drains from Andy Murray's soul as he clocks Bronson with several more "stabilizing" forearms before taking a few huge steps back and *leaning* into a SERIOUS running Yakuza kick that LEVELS the Bombastic Bronson Box.

DDK:

What a maneuver from Andy Murray!

Angus:

Boxer made him play HIS game, but Big Murr stepped up!

With The Wargod convalescing for the moment down on the canvas in a slowly growing pool of his own blood Murr stops... looks towards the closest available turnbuckle and sloooooowly drags his thumbnail across his throat, then extending his index finger towards the turnbuckle in question.

DDK:

WAIT! ... Wait hold on... is he...?!

Angus:

Ohhhhhh boy! *laughter* HEEEEEEERE we go with the nitty gritty shit, Keeps!

DDK:

THE BOMBASTO BOMB! He's going for a Bombasto Bomb!

Andy scrapes Box off the mat, glaring at the 'buckles with wicked intent.

DDK:

This has got to be so HUMILIATING for Bronson Box!

Angus:

After DEFCON, I think Andy would argue he's earned the right.

DDK:

Can he pull it off?!

Andy throws Box's head between his thighs. The fans erupt, knowing exactly what's happening.

DDK

Here it comes!

One last vulgar display of power from The King.

Angus:

Up goes Box!

Bronson goes high on Andy's shoulders...

... and that's when he comes to life!

DDK:

WAIT!

Bronson Box *KNEW* this was going to happen.

And he was prepared for it.

DDK:

RED RIGHT HAND!

Life suddenly surges through the body of The Wargod. He digs his intentionally sharpened right fingernails down into Murray's scalp!

Angus:

Andy needs to throw him! NOW!

Murray extends his arms, but the pain's unbearable. As soon as he lifts Box, The Wargod rains down furious elbows on the top of his head with his free limb!

DDK:

ELBOWS LEFT! CLAWHOLD RIGHT!

The searing pain from the nails clamped down his skull like five tiny vices and the elbows' concussive blows mount-up. Murray slumps to a knee, and Bronson falls to the mat!

Angus:

HE'S OUT!

DDK:

ANDY MURRAY IS IN TROUBLE!

The King might be halfway to Concussionville at this point, and Box, the piranha, smells blood in the water. He quickly runs to the ropes, coming back with a huge running knee!

DDK:

He broke his face!

Murray snaps backwards into the mat! Box rolls him onto his stomach.

Angus:

BOSTON MASSACRE!

DDK:

HE'S LOCKING IT IN, ANGUS!

Boxer quickly pulls him into the Camel Clutch, positioning the arms safely away, then pulling back on the chin!

DDK:

BOX HAS IT *DEEP*, ANGUS!

Angus:

HOW CAN HE POSSIBLY ESCAPE?!

Box looks like he's trying to kill Andy Murray, whose teeth are gritted together and stained with blood.

DDK:

ANDY'S FIGHTING IT! HE'S NOT GIVING UP!

Angus:

He's gonna pass-out!

As tight as the hold is, Andy shows no sight of tapping out.

He's back's at an angle it's never been before.

His neck's all kinds of messed-up.

But he can't.

Fucking.

Quit.

Angus:

WAIT! LOOK!

It's not working.

Box knows it.

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

He transitions.

One arm.

TWO ARMS.

DDK:

FULL NELSON!

Box keeps Andy's lower body trapped beneath him, and pulls Andy back 'til his spine's almost at breaking point!

Angus:

LOOK AT THAT ANGLE!

DDK:

HE'S GOING TO END HIS CAREER, ANGUS! THIS IS BRUTAL!

One final yank does it.

Self-preservation kicks-in.

The survival instinct.

DDK:

COME ON, ANDY! PULL THROUGH!

He can't.

He just *CAN'T*.

Andy Murray taps only once.

DDK:

It's over... Bronson Box has defeated Andy Murray.

Angus:

That *FUCKING* hold! Murray just couldn't escape...

Johnny Cash plays over the speakers, but Box is completely deaf to it.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via submission... BRONSSSSSSSOOOOOOONNNNN
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOX!

DING DING DING DING DING

The referee is joined by several other of the usual warm bodies perched around ringside. The bell ringer is the only person left at ringside as the bell continues to ring. Boxer REFUSING to release the "next level" Boston Massacre.

DDK:

COME ON! Let go! The match is over!

Box hears *NOTHING*.

He hasn't budged an inch since Andy tapped. His teeth clenched tight enough to crack a molar. His wide white eyes motionless set in a field of solid crimson.

Angus:

Okay... this goes way beyond rubbing salt in the wound here...

DDK:

This is absolutely barbaric! You already won, Boxer! For GODS sake!

Benny Doyle and the extra hands try desperately to separate Box from Andy Murray, but they're just mere mortals... and, well... the Wargod is a *goddamn force of nature*. Herds of DEFsec and road agents soon come flooding down the ramp to assist the ever growing throng of DEFIANCE officials trying desperately to, at this point, save Andy Murray's very *career*.

Angus:

Here comes more cavalry!

DDK:

But how much damage has already been done?! No man's back shoulder *EVER* be bent in such a way!

Angus:

Especially not a man who's spent the past 23 years fighting for a living!

They flood the ring and immediately set about trying to dislodge the furious Wargood, but it's no use. Box is resolute, driven, and completely consumed by the will to destroy his old nemesis.

DDK:

SOMEBODY STOP THIS!

Angus:

They can't! One wrong move and they could break Andy Murray's back!

DDK:

But if they-- WAIT! WAIT!

A *HUGE* roar breaks the crowd's jeers.

Angus:

IT'S THE SQUID!

Cayle Murray sprints down the ramp faster than his legs have ever carried him. He's in the ring seconds later, and Box *immediately* relinquishes the hold!

DDK:

Thank the *LORD!*

Cayle swings a boot as Box frantically scurries out of the ring. He catches the Wargod's thigh, but it's not enough to slow him down. Box is out of the ring and into the crowd like a rat up a drainpipe, and the younger Murray is fuming.

Angus:

He just saved his big brother, Keeps!

DDK:

Bronson Box just *SPLIT*, but who knows how much damage has been done here!

Cayle's first instinct is to help his brother, but his motionless body is too heavily surrounded by staff for him to get anywhere near. He turns back around to the crowd: Bronson Box has already made it 30ft through the sea of Faithful, but he stops, turns around.

His eyes meet Cayle Murray's.

DDK:

Look at the *FIRE* in Cayle Murray's eyes, Angus!

Angus:

I see revenge, Keeps!

The moment lingers.

And lingers.

And *lingers...*

Cayle's brow tightens. He clenches both fists as he watches Boxer again turn his back and march out of the arena through one of the lower deck entrances.

Angus:

Have you ever seen Cayle so *PISSED* off?! *HOT Squid!*

DDK:

This is Eric Dane levels of scorn, Angus! I don't think this issue is even CLOSE to being resolved!

Angus:

Meanwhile, Andy Murray's being loaded onto a stretcher back there. He might be seriously hurt here by the looks of that neck brace...

DDK:

And Cayle has the DEF*MAX Finals to prepare for. Angus... I get the impression that this situation is about to get very, *VERY* ugly...

The camera cuts away.

RISKY BUSINESS

We're suddenly out in the arena's promenade, sparsely populated but the few fans at that moment wandering to the bathroom or snagging another beer got a special up close look at a bloody, battered and freshly *victorious* Bombastic BRONSON BOX tear down one of the ramp ways from the arena proper. Andy Murray still out cold out in the ring being tended to by half the backstage support staff *and* his little brother Cayle... Boxer has vacated that situation, his heading suggests he's off to the locker rooms to make a potentially hasty retreat for the night. But the familiar voice of his business manager Jane Katze stops him in his tracks.

Jane Katze:

Quite a match. Congratulations on... well, whatever you feel you took away from that *situation* out there.

Boxer turns. Slowly. She's already right there within arms reach *defiant* in the face of a man she knows all too well could snap her in half if he wanted. You wouldn't know it by the placid look on the business wunderkind flawlessly applied face. Fearless.

Bronson Box:

Read yer' little "announcement" on the website, lass. Ballsy.

Jane Katze:

Just stop. I'm not here to posture, Bronson. I want an answer. I've got a lot on my plate tonight, I need to know where you and I stand.

The Wargod scowls and steps a liiiiiittle closer to Jane.

Bronson Box:

Where we STAND?! Ye' betrayed my trust, more'n that ye'...

Jane Katze:

You stopped trusting ME, Bronson. I *told* you that in my opinion getting into some sort of prizeless pissing contest with the Murray's would lead *nowhere*... definitely not back to the FIST. If you'd have just...

The Original DEFIANT holds up an open palm *really* close to Katze's face. His tone is as serious as a funeral procession.

Bronson Box:

Listen. Just... listen, ye' fookin' cock sure... [he trails off] You make sure my t-shirts are on the shelves. That I continue to get paid like the incalculably valuable asset I am to this blood company... *an we'll be just peachy.*

Jane looking quite pleased starts to turn and leave... but a huge blood caked hand reaches out and grabs her upper arm just so. She looks back at a still crimson mug so serious, so intense even her cold calculating demeanor slips a juuuuust little and we see a glint of real fear flash over the beautiful eyes of Jane Katze.

Jane Katze:

What are you do...

Bronson Box:

That was your *one* get out of jail free card, lass. You're fookin' right I value yer' services... but not so much as to allow the sort of bollocks you and yer' new friend pulled the other week te' happen twice. Jane. If you ever try somethin' like that again I'll do more'n dismiss you as my business council. I'll fookin' break you in *HALF* and set everything you give a damn about to fookin' *FLAME*... we 'bout clear, deary?

Jane just looks back silently.

Bronson Box:

Good. Now run along then. Wouldn't want to keep yer' client Curtis waitin'... heard he's a bit of a pill te' work with, that one.

He dosen't want for any sort of response. He just turns on his heels and continues off towards the locker rooms. Leaving Katze to cross her arms and ponder her recent RISKY *business decisions*.

Cut back to the booth.

MIKEY UNLIKELY © vs. IMPULSE

DDK:

What a night we've had so far, Angus! And we're just gonna get hotter as the first of our three big main events is moments away, as the World's Greatest --

Angus:

--Fuckass!

DDK:

...Entertainer, Mikey Unlikely, defends the Southern Heritage Championship against the Marathon Man, Impulse! These two are no strangers to each other; their first encounter was a tag match; Impulse teamed with LAR against the Hollywood Bruvs, and the match ended controversially when Curtis Penn interfered.

Angus:

Congratulations, Keebs... you managed to say something that was filled to the brim with all of the things I hate. Consequently, I hate you a little bit.

DDK:

...and their second meeting was another tag match, with Impulse teamed up with Levi Cole, where Impulse pinned Mikey Unlikely clean in the middle of the ring.

Angus:

If only they'd both retired at that point, Hollywood McFuckass would have disappeared with disgrace, and Impulse could've been my favorite non-Hoss ever.

DDK:

Mikey did get a measure of retribution when he caused Impulse to submit in the middle of the ring during the DEF*MAX tournament, though some have been quick to chalk that up to bad luck - Impulse's insistence on fair play mixed with an unfortunate rib injury, you can bet he's looking to try to prove that it was a fluke!

Angus:

The bottom line of it is that Impulse is a better wrestler than McFuckass. He might be a better wrestler, on points, than anyone else on the DEFIANCE roster, Keebs - but without the killer instinct, it's totally wasted.

DDK:

Is that totally obvs?

Angus:

... I'm not above slapping you.

♪"Revolution" by SIRSY♪

Typically, the song plays for a few seconds, and Impulse enters the arena at the first drum solo.

Not tonight.

Tonight, Impulse walks out and makes a beeline for the ring. Calico Rose is right behind him; she looks towards Angus and Keebler, and double - takes, clearly wanting to blow it up with her friends.

Angus:

What's she doing?

She stops, halfway down the ramp, and points at the commentary table, pounds her fists against each other, and points again.

Angus:

Seriously?

DDK:

You know her as well as I do, Angus - she's always serious, even when she isn't.

Cally continues to side - step down the entrance ramp, all the while hitting her own fists together and looking expectantly at the commentators.

"Blow it up! Blow it up!"

Finally, as the camera cuts to Keebler and Angus, they look at each other, and they fistbump to a huge cheer. Cally smiles, blows them a kiss, and joins Impulse in the ring, as he is already ready for his opponent.

DDK:

Impulse not wasting any time, Angus! He's ready!

Angus:

I think we've all been ready for this for months, Keebs. Don't let me down again, Impulse... shut McFuckass up!

The lights in the arena go dark. The crowd is abuzz, getting their boo's ready.

The DEFIAtron lights up...

"COMING SOON TO HULU"

Three...

Two...

One...

On the screen we see an old western town from the edge of the city, looking in. A pair of feet walk in front of the camera. Of course they wear boots and spurs. The camera spins to the front of the man and slowly moves up. Passed all the old west clothes, the dual revolvers around his waist, we finally get to his face and see very famous celebrity.

The man walks into town, spurs clacking all the way. He walks passed a few people, who seem to look at the man nervously. They tend to scoot away quickly after passing him. The man walks into the local saloon, where everyone eyes him up. He sits at the only empty seat at the bar and orders a glass.

A song starts to play...

"And I heard, as it were, the noise of thunder
One of the four beasts saying,
'Come and see.' and I saw, and behold a white horse"

The bartender gets to work as the man puts a coin on the bar. As the drink is slid over, and the coin removed, the camera switches to back in front of the man... behind him the double doors of the saloon open. A man in black walks in slowly. The man wears a pair of dark slacks, and a large long black overcoat. His Cowboy hat is a little more narrow than the rest and sits low across his brow.

"There's a man goin' 'round takin' names
And he decides who to free and who to blame
Everybody won't be treated all the same"

The man stops halfway across the room, and lifts his head. We see it's Mikey in character, He's got a large scar across his face that crosses over one cloudy eye. Clearly he is the antagonist of the program.

"The hairs on your arm will stand up
At the terror in each sip and in each sup
Will you partake of that last offered cup
Or disappear into the potter's ground?
When the man comes around"

The camera zooms in on Mikeys face as he utters the last line in the scene. Staring straight through the stranger at the bar.

Mikey:

Ey Jasper, Welcome to Crow's Alley...

Mikey laughs maniacally underneath his hat as the camera fades away. The sounds of revolver fire are heard, and the shows logo appears on the screen.

**"Crow's Alley
11-1-2016
Only on Hulu!"**

We cut back to the Wrestleplex where the fans are actually cheering the commercial.

"*The Man Comes Around*" By Johnny Cash continues through the commercial and into the arena. Mikey Unlikely shows up on the stage, walking slowly, wearing the exact same garb we just saw him in, in the trailer.

At the top of the stage, in one swift move, he removes the hat, and rolls the coat off his shoulders. He wears his normal ring gear, with a shirt on that reads Crow's Alley.

The fans finally give Mikey the boos he deserves. He makes his way to the ring, the Southern Heritage Championship around his waist.

DDK:

Wow what a production! What did you think of the trailer, Angus!

Angus:

Fuck...It was interesting. I'll be watching it for the other guy, not MIkey!

DDK:

Whatever you say, partner. I've gotta give him credit for the attempt, at least..

Unlikely gets to the ring, and steps onto the ring apron, He slides through the ropes, and climbs the nearest turnbuckle. He raises his title high in the air after unstrapping it, and yells out to everyone

Mikey:

I'm better than youuuuuuuuuuuuu!!!!

Angus:

...Well, okay then! That was pointless and only made me want to see Hollywood fall even more.

DDK:

Then it had a point, Angus.

Angus:

...Shut up!

DDK:

Don't blame me.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, this next contest is scheduled for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit, and it is for... the SOUTHERN... HERITAGE... CHAMPIONSHIP!

The fans cheer; their volume drowns out something that Mikey Unlikely says. We can't hear it at all, but makes his point to Quimbey, and he replaces the championship over his shoulder.

Darren Quimbey:

I stand corrected... this match is for the HOLLYWOOD...

Instant boos.

Angus:

Are you fucking kidding me?

Darren Quimbey:

....HERITAGE... CHAMPIONSHIP. Introducing first, from Hollywood California...

More boos. In fact, they simply never stop.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at 230 lbs, he is the DEFIANCE HOLLYWOOD HERITAGE CHAMPION.....

At this point, DQ can barely be heard.

Darren Quimbey:

The World's Greatest Entertainer... MIKKKKEEYYYYYYYY UNNNLIKKELLLLLYYYYYYYYYY

Mikey holds the belt up high and circles, soaking in all of the boos. He smirks, knowing without a doubt in his mind that he's better than everyone of the FAITHFUL.

Angus:

I hate him, Keeps.

DDK:

I couldn't tell.

Darren Quimbey:

AND HIS OPPONENT...

The fans cheer at the very mention of Mikey's opponent. Not that Impulse isn't a favorite, but tonight, "Wrestling Mikey for the SoHER title" is possibly the most positive thing anyone can say about anyone.

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by Calico Rose--

Cally stops him and has a brief conversation.

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by 'The King of Hops and the Queen of Scotch' Calico Rose...

Angus:

Hah!

DDK:

I knew you liked her.

Angus:

Shut up!

Darren Quimbey:

From Washington Heights, New York, and weighing in at one hundred and ninety pounds...

Angus:

Free us from this long national nightmare!

Darren Quimbey:

The Marathon Man... THIS...IS... IMPULSE!!

Unlike every other match he's had in DEF so far, Impulse does not raise his hands, play to the crowd, or acknowledge them in any way. Impulse keeps his gaze locked on his opponent.

DDK:

There's the bell, and Cally leaves the ring while Mikey hands the title belt over to the referee, Hector Navarro, and we're underway!

The pair slowly circle one another, Mikey looks much more aloof than Impulse, which is exactly what he was hoping for, as he steps in underneath Mikey, and grabs a leg, trying to take the SOHER down. Unlikely fights back, trying to lift up on Impulse, while maintaining balance. He falls into the ropes, the referee begins his count but Mikey uses them to push off and gains the leverage he needs. Unlike lifts up on Impulse and turns him over, releasing his grip, he falls onto the mat on top of the Marathon Man.

DDK:

Mikey with a quick belly to back, now he rolls over Impulse, and goes for an arm. Impulse somersaults through, and stands up, He tries to kick at Mikey, who barely dodges the attempt. Unlikely back to his feet, he meets Impulse as he turns, and attempts a snap suplex, Impulse grapevines the leg to block, and Mikey goes for the roll up.

One..

Kickout.

Impulse tries to kip up but Mikey grabs his arm, and whips him right off the ropes before he's even fully to his feet. On the return, Leapfrog over Mikey, back again, Clothesline attempt, but Impulse ducks that as well, and finally connects with a running leg lariat.

Angus:

Dowwwwn goes Mikey!

DDK:

Unlikely holding his face now, remember he opted NOT to wear that protective mask, but he is DEFINITELY still hurting from that shot a few weeks ago from Andy Murray.

Impulse takes advantage of the sore nose of the champion, he comes in and lays in a couple of strong right forearms to the face of Mikey. The champion finally finds the ropes, and falls through them to the outside to get an early breath. Mikey out there against the guardrail with his hands on his hips, breathing heavy.

DDK:

Mikey showing a new level of wrestling skill in there tonight, but still showing that he is the amateur of this matchup! Impulse has been chain wrestling a long time, even if Mikey is improving.

Only after Mikey converses with the referee, looks back to make sure his title is ok, and Impulse backs into his own corner, does Mikey finally enter the ring via rolling. He looks back out over the crowd and begins jaw jacking with a fan right away.

DDK:

Here comes Impulse, full speed, he slams into Mikey in the corner there! Unlikely will have to keep his eyes open, every time he gets distracted here, Impulse is striking! He's a very savvy and crafty veteran.

Angus:

Yea! He knows missed opportunities can be the difference between a win and a loss in this sport.

Impulse tries to strike again, Mikey grabs the arm this time, He twists in over his shoulder and locks in the wrist lock. Mikey slowly turns it into a standing armbar, and Impulse falls to his knees, reaching for his shoulder. Impulse hooks around one of Mikeys legs, and brings him down over him and face first to the mat. Impulse rolls overtop and applies a mounted headlock on the back of Mikey. Unlikely yells out and reaches for the ropes but they aren't there. He then powers to his knees, and rolls the hold over until Impulse has both shoulders on the mat.

One...

Two... Kickout!!

Impulse rolls it back over into the headlock, but Mikey slips out of it. Mikey slowly stands up, bringing Impulse with him by the wrist, and twists it once more. Mikey lifts the arm, and brings it down over his own shoulder with a very loud popping noise. Unlikely pulls it down again, twists again and once again pulls the arm down over his shoulder.

DDK:

Mikey *really* working the arm of Impulse here, this is a new level of focus from the Champion.

Angus:

Let's see if it lasts.

Impulse now, rolls through, then back, then twists his arm, and kips up to his feet. He spins the hold around, and locks the armbar on Mikey now. The fans cheer quickly. Impulse pulls him into a hammerlock, but Mikey begins to throw some elbows back, which quickly causes Impulse to let go. Both men stagger away from one another for a moment, they both turn back toward one another and Mikey attempt a high kick toward Impulse's face, he ducks it. Impulse fires back with a kick of his own, into the gut of Mikey Unlikely, that bends him over.

Impulse hops onto Mikey and drives him to the mat, Impulse moves into an ankle lock and a very dramatic look of shock and anger crosses the face of Mikey quickly followed by panic. Mikey scrambles to the edge of the ring, and grabs the bottom rope.

Angus:

Ha! There we go, being outwrestled per usual.

DDK:

But is he being out Sports Entertained?

Angus:

You trollin' me, Keeps?

Hector Navarro quickly breaks the hold, and both men rise to their feet to face once more. This time The World's

Greatest Sports Entertainer is a little quicker and gets Impulse off the ropes. Once again with a lazy lariat attempt, but its ducked by the Marathon Man, this time he drills a back elbow on the man who represents Hollywood.

Unlikely holds his face and looks to be in pain. Impulse points to the turnbuckle and the crowd reacts with applause. He grabs Mikey by the hair and lifts him to his feet. He pulls Mikey to the turnbuckle and slams him face first. Unlikely spins around but Impulse starts delivering the boots in the corner. Eventually, working Mikey down to his backside, as he sits in the corner. Cally cheers from the outside as her man grabs Unlikely by the head, and pulls him up from the corner as well. Off the ropes again Impulse takes Mikey down with a shoulder block and takes off for the ropes once more. Mikey flips over for Impulse to jump over, instead he stops dead in his tracks and rains down the boots hard on Unlikely.

DDK:

The crowd is loving this matchup, Angus.

Angus:

Because first, McFuckass is going to lose, and the second reason is because Impulse is schooling Hollywood everywhere he turns, I'm loving it, but he better finish this up. I wanna see a new SOHER! Wait! Do you know what this means!?

DDK:

What do you mean?

Angus:

We won't have to call it the Hollywood Heritage title like Douchenozzle in there!

Impulse backs up a few steps as Mikey begins to rise off the mat. The sweat pouring from his forehead. Impulse runs as Unlikely is hunched over!

Angus:

Boom! Beautiful flipping neckbreaker there by Impulse, textbook!

DDK:

It was a good looking move, but Mikey felt every bit of it! He's holding onto his neck and kicking the mat.

Mikey writhes on the mat a little while longer. Impulse is quick to crawl over for the cover.

One...

Two...

DDK:

Kickout by the champion! How much juice does Mikey have left in the tank?

Impulse doesn't bother questioning Hector Navarro's count, he knows it won't do him any good. Instead he rolls Mikey over and locks in a side headlock, cranking away at the head and neck he attacked earlier.

DDK:

Why does Cally keep looking around at ringside Angus?

Angus:

Probably keeping her head on a swivel, a big part of being a manager and valet in this business, is always knowing what's going on around your client. If she is smart she is watching out for the Hollywood Crew. Mikey's fuckboi's, the S.E.G. are well known for running interference and I'm sure after the handful of meetings these two have had, she knows exactly what to expect.

Mikey powers through the headlock and slowly stands up despite the cranking from Impulse.

DDK:

Back to his feet now, the Champion backs Impulse into the ropes and tries to whip him off...Impulse holds on, but Mikey is able to stay on his feet.

He spins Impulse a bit while he looks around, looking for a way out of the hold. Now realizing he should have taken the rope break when he had a chance. The Marathon Man gets his feet but Mikey is able to slowly pull him by moving backwards, where he has the most leverage. He backs his way into the turnbuckle, trapping the referee behind him.

Angus:

What's he up to now?

DDK:

Referee Hector Navarro trapped behind the hold. Mikey continues to try to back into him. Navarro ducks to get through the ropes, trying to move out of the way of the action.

That's when Mikey strikes. He drops as low as Impulse will allow, and swings his arm between the legs of the challenger.

Angus:

Motherfucker!

DDK:

Low Blow by Mikey Unlikely, Impulse drops to the mat. The hold is broken. Navarro slides back in, and clearly this looks suspect.

Mikey waves off the referee knowing he has no evidence of wrongdoing. Unlikely begins slapping at the head of Impulse, knowing he's immobilized. The fans are booing loudly. Mikey moves to the center of the ring and takes a bow to acknowledge all the fans. He keeps his eye on Impulse who get's to his feet.

DDK:

Mule kick by Mikey! That could stop the momentum right there, if the low blow didn't do it, Angus!

Angus:

Damn it, Don't let me down, kid! Kill this fuckboi!!!!

Impulse doubles over as Mikey turns around, kicks him in the chin to straighten him up, and... ROLL CREDITS!
Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Angus:

Nooooooooooooooooo

THREE!

DDK:

FOOT ON THE ROPES!

Angus:

You're gonna give me a heart attack!

In the ring, frustrated, Mikey punches the mat as hard as he can. He pulls Impulse back from the ropes about six inches so he can no longer reach, and he hooks the leg again!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!

...KICKOUT! BARELY UP!

DDK:

I think it's dawning on Mikey that Impulse truly has earned the nickname 'Marathon Man,' since he simply keeps on going!

Angus:

Running a marathon is easy, Keeps. Winning one is hard, and if he doesn't win this one he might as well have shit himself on the fifteenth mile.

DDK:

...Leaving the scarring image of that aside, have you ever run a marathon?

Angus:

...I could've...

Mikey scoops Impulse and slams him to the mat with a hard bodyslam, and tops it off with a kick to the head. He looks toward the corner, flips off the crowd to a chorus of boos, and climbs to the top!

DDK:

Another high risk attempt by Mikey! He's not a flyer, Angus, this could backfire!

Angus:

Please let it backfire... please let it backfire.

Mikey stands up gingerly, he appears to stumble for a moment but regains his balance, and he looks all around the arena.

Mikey Unlikely:

PHOTO OP TIME, ASSHOLES!

They boo him, predictably, and he responds with a pair of middle fingers. All the while, he's wasting valuable time! Impulse rolls to his knees, still trying to clear his brain, when he looks up and sees Mikey perched!

DDK:

Impulse lunges for the ropes! Mikey's crotched on the top turnbuckle!

Angus:

YES! NO LITTLE MCFUCKASSES AROUND!

Despite their feelings for him, the crowd does collectively groan in sympathy for the pain that the Unlikely Jewels are currently feeling. Impulse hangs on the top rope, only marginally aware of the advantage he currently enjoys, but the fans who aren't feeling sympathy pains are on their feet for Impulse, trying to get him back into the match.

Outside the ring, Calico Rose is leading the charge, pounding the mat with her open hand.

Angus:

Suck it up and take him down, Knox!

After what seems like an eternity, but what is really just a few seconds, Impulse sees Mikey in pain, and he springs into action. Forearm to the side of the head stuns the Southern Heritage champion, and Impulse climbs the ropes! He hooks Mikey by the head and brings the World's Greatest Entertainer all the way up, and he pulls!

DDK:

Superplex! That's gotta be it!

Angus:

Not yet, Keeps! Fuckass held on! Damn it Impulse, hurt him more!

Elbow to the face, and Impulse tries to superplex Mikey to the mat again, but Mikey has his foot tightly looped around the rope! Clubbing forearm between Impulse's shoulder blades, and Mikey shoves him to the side!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

DDK:

HE'S KILLED HIM! HE'S KILLED HIM!

Angus:

Let's not get that dramatic, Keeps. Be appropriate. FUCKING HELL MIKEY IS GOING TO WIN!

We split screen three ways, with one view of Mikey holding onto the top turnbuckle, breathing heavily. Another screen shows Impulse on his knees, his arms and chin resting lifelessly on the timekeeper's table, and the third screen has the slow motion replay of what just happened: Mikey shoves Impulse to the side. Impulse falls from the top turnbuckle to the timekeeper's table, but instead of breaking, Impulse sort of glances off the side with his head and chest taking most of the impact.

Calico Rose is on the spot, kneeling next to him (taking care not to touch him) and trying to get some sort of response. In the ring, Navarro keeps an eye on Impulse on the outside and Mikey on the inside, not counting either of them at the moment because neither man looks officially ready to go.

Finally, Mikey lifts his head, an angry sneer plastered across his face.

DDK:

Mikey's measuring Impulse, Angus!

Angus:

I'm sure he can take care of himself, and if he loses to McFuckass he deserves what he gets, but holy hell, Cally - get outta there!

DDK:

Referee Brian Navarro counting Mikey now - he's aware of his presence on the top rope so he gets the full five count treatment!

By now, everyone in the arena is aware of what's about to happen, and they're all shouting with Cally towards Impulse to get his wind back. Get his senses back. Do something - anything - to avoid the inevitability that's about to descend.

Mikey launches himself!

IMPULSE MOVES AT THE LAST MINUTE!

"THIS IS AWESOME" *clap clap clapclapclap*

"THIS IS AWESOME" *clap clap clapclapclap*

"THIS IS AWESOME" *clap clap clapclapclap*

DDK:

MIKEY JUST SHATTERED THE TIMEKEEPER'S TABLE!

Angus:

There is a god! And he may not hate me yet!

As Brian Navarro starts his count, the replay shows that Impulse didn't so much move as he did sink to the floor, just enough to be out of the way as Mikey ate table. The ring bell is sent in the air, landing several feet away from the carnage, while the Southern Heritage Championship belt is laying across Mikey's face.

Cut back to live action - or inaction, as the case may be.

DDK:

We're up to three, and the Champion isn't moving! The challenger is barely faring better, Angus - he has his palms pressed against his eyes but he's still lying flat on his back!

Angus:

If we get a double countout, I think it should count as a loss, not only for Impulse but for the entirety of DEFIANCE... because when Mikey Unlikely wins, we all lose.

Four.

The fans are split - half of them are counting along with Navarro, but the other half are chanting with Cally.

"LET'S GO IMPULSE!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

"LET'S GO IMPULSE!" *clap clap clapclapclap*

Five.

Angus:

See, what needs to happen now, is that Cally should be shoving Impulse back into the ring, then pulling him back out again to break the count. You want to keep the count going until Impulse has enough brainpower to throw Mikey in, but not so long that Mikey can kick out of anything.

DDK:

Did you really just say that the secret to the match is to pin your opponent?

Angus:

...Shut up! We're THIS CLOSE to McFuckass losing, and I don't want to jinx it!

Six.

The cheers rise exponentially as Impulse rolls to his knees, and places a trembling hand on the ring apron. On the timekeeper's table, or the remnants thereof, Mikey remains lifeless.

Seven.

With one final push, and one final reach, Impulse breaks the count by dragging himself under the bottom rope! The referee checks on him, asks him a few questions, and begins the count anew, apparently satisfied that the Marathon Man can continue the match! When he turns around, however...

DDK:

Impulse holding a hand to his side! That can't be good, Angus!

Angus:

If he hurt those ribs again, McFuckass will have a target the size of... well, the size of a McRib to focus on. Pain is temporary, Impulse! Embarrassing this choad is forever!

Slowly, as the count reaches three for the second time, Mikey rolls off the broken table with his championship belt absent mindedly wrapped around his arm, and as he tries to brace himself, he falls over. In the ring, Impulse takes a pained step towards the ropes, but Navarro orders him to the opposite side!

Angus:

Did you see that? DID YOU SEE THAT?!?

DDK:

Mikey tried to get up, but I don't think he can put any weight on that arm!

Another replay goes up onscreen, and Mikey can clearly be seen breaking the table in question with his arm and shoulder. In the present, he uses his other arm to brace himself, and he gets to a pair of unsteady feet, his eyes glazed over, but gradually, they start to clear.

Angus:

Get him in there, and get that stupid wristlock on him! NOW IS THE TIME!

Impulse again walks to the near ropes, but Navarro does not move him away as he can see that the Marathon Man is simply cautioning Cally to get away from Mikey. Hector does, however, see Impulse holding a pained hand to his ribs, and he again asks if he's okay to continue.

DDK:

Impulse with his back to Mikey!

Angus:

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?

Mikey slides under the bottom rope, still holding the title belt, and he steps towards Impulse as confidently as he can, and he swings the front faceplate towards his opponent - IMPULSE TURNS AT THE LAST MINUTE AND DUCKS!

DDK:

Hector Navarro just took the Southern Heritage Championship belt in the forehead! We've got a referee down!

Angus:

See? Now there's no rules! Punch 'em in the dick and grab 'em by the tights!

For a moment, Mikey appears to be in shock, not really registering what just happened, but that's all it takes. Impulse, having ducked the belt shot, rolls through to his feet, and plants himself...

SUDDEN IMPACT!

Angus:

YES! Mikey takes the boot right on the chin, and he collapses like your prom date after the roofies!

DDK:

Not appropriate!

Angus:

Screw appropriate! Let's get another referee out here! Now! NOW! NOOOOOOOOOW!

It's as bittersweet as Angus portrays. Impulse hits the boot, Mikey drops to the mat, and Impulse drops right on top of him with a leg hooked.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

...FOUR...

We've still got a referee down.

Angus:

We don't need a referee! The FAITHFUL can count to three! I think! That should be sufficient!

After what would probably be about a ten count, Impulse rolls off Mikey and, still holding onto his side, tries his best to rouse Navarro. Hector shows some minor signs of life, but he still waves Impulse off, with his head buried in the mat.

Bad timing.

DDK:

Mikey pulling himself up on the ropes... love him or hate him, Angus - he's shown me a lot of heart tonight, and he's proved to me, and I think most of the FAITHFUL, that he's earned at least their respect!

Angus:

I hate him and don't respect him. How d'ya like them apples?

Mikey hangs off the top rope, his legs rubbery and his eyes glazed over. Impulse leaves Hector Navarro at the first sign of life, knowing that he has the advantage and needs to press it. He spins Mikey around - THUMB TO THE EYES!

DDK:

Mikey with the lariat - HE JUST ROLLED THE CREDITS! Impulse hits the mat, and Mikey with the cover!

Angus:

STAY YOUR ASS DOWN, HECTOR!!

DDK:

Mikey hits the mat himself three times, but Hector is still down and out!

Angus:

Was a fast count anyways!

DDK:

Mikey is up, and he sees Impulse holding his ribs... He's locking on the Backstory!

Mikey grabs Impulse by the legs and starts to turn him, but the pain in his arm causes him to drop one. Even still he's able to modify his stance into a single leg Backstory (perhaps a Prequel Treatment?) that puts a great deal of pressure on Impulse's ribs.

It's all for nothing, however, since there's no referee. Navarro has rolled over once, but he's still not facing the competitors - he didn't see Impulse with a clear three count, or Mikey with a (admittedly fast, but still) three count of his own... and he doesn't see Impulse pounding his fist on the mat in a way that could possibly be interpreted as a tap out.

After nearly a minute with Impulse locked in the Backstory, Mikey drops his leg in frustration and anger, and grabs the referee roughly by the shirt to pull him up. Navarro drops to his knees, still holding a hand to his face, but he appears to have gotten enough of a jolt to wake him back up!

DDK:

This spells trouble for Impulse, Angus! Mikey just roused the referee, and he's got the control!

Angus:

I quit. I just--I can't do this anymore. I'm going home.

DDK:

Mikey yells something into Hector Navarro's ear, and he turns back to his challenger!

In the end, Mikey's ego is what gets the better of him.

He leans over Impulse for what will clearly be a superiority - laden taunt, but as he does so...

DDK:

Impulse grabs Mikey's wrist! They're struggling! Can he get him down!

Impulse is smart enough to have grabbed for Mikey's injured side; even as Mikey fires a pair of fists into Impulse's face, busting his eyebrow, the Challenger is able to use the injury to leverage the Champion to the mat and lock in the lethally dangerous double wristlock!

DDK:

The Message! The Message! Mikey is tapping! Mikey is tapping! Mikey Unlikely is tapping out! We've got a new Southern Heritage Champion!

Angus:

Not yet, we don't! GET UP HECTOR! I WILL CUT YOU!

Finally, after what seems like an eternity, Hector Navarro pushes himself up on his knees, Looks at the competitors and Mikey's tapping , turns toward Darren Quimbey, and calls for the bell.

Every fan in the arena, every fan at home, every fan who has ever seen either Impulse or Mikey Unlikely in the ring, stands and applauds as the Marathon Man releases the hold and rolls to the side. Spent, he holds his ribs and greets a jubilant Calico Rose as she also enters the ring for the celebration.

Angus:

This is the best day ever, Keebs! EVER! EVER! EVER!

For his part, Mikey scurries to the corner, holding his own arm in pain. He looks like he's on the verge of tears as his Hollywood Bruv, Kendrix, sprints to ringside for moral support (or to kick some ass).

Just when you thought the cheers couldn't get any louder, Hector Navarro raises Impulse's hand in victory, and Impulse hugs Cally, picking her up in a powerful embrace.

And then, it all comes crashing down.

Angus:

W...hat? What's he doing?

DDK:

These fans just did a complete one eighty, Angus, as Hector hands the Southern Heritage championship belt back to Mikey Unlikely! What happened?

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this contest... as a result of a disqualification...

He says Impulse's name, but it's completely drowned out over the boos from the crowd.

"BULLSHIT! BULLSHIT! BULLSHIT! BULLSHIT!"

Angus:

...It's not fair.

As if to illustrate the point, the DEFIatron shows a slow motion of Mikey Unlikely clocking Hector Navarro in the face with the SoHER Championship belt. Navarro can clearly see it coming, despite the fact that he can't get out of the way in time

DDK:

Bittersweet for Impulse, Angus! Regardless, even though Kendrix is practically carrying Mikey to the back, and even though Mikey has lost the match, Mikey is still officially the Southern Heritage champion!

Angus:

It's not fair.

DDK:

Impulse and Cally, however, have nothing to be ashamed of! Impulse proved to me, to everyone here, and to himself, that he has the chops to defeat Mikey Unlikely, and that it was just a bit of bad luck that kept the title from going around his waist! He'll get another shot soon enough, Angus!

Angus:

It's not fair!

DDK:

It's been an incredible night so far, and we've still got two thirds of our main events to go! Coming up next, for the DEF*MAX Tournament Finals, we'll see Cayle Murray taking on Curtis Penn! Who do you like in this one, Angus?

Angus:

IT'S NOT FAIR!

LOCKED IN

Cut to Lance Warner in the backstage area. It's been a busy night for DEFIANCE, but not for the company's interviewer, who stands ready with a microphone.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen, what a night we've had so far! We just witnessed Mikey Unlikely defend his Southern Heritage Title through typically nefarious means, but it's been a non-stop night of action from star--

Something catches his eye.

Lance Warner:

Hey, Cayle!

The camera swoops round to Eric Dane's conqueror, who looks utterly determined as he makes his way to the gorilla position. Lance's call stops him in his tracks, and the intrepid interviewer strides towards him.

Lance Warner:

May I trouble you for some words?

Cayle Murray:

Sure, but I only have a minute or so.

Conscious of the time, Lance nods.

Lance Warner:

Your own match is right around the corner, but we've already seen you sprint to the ring to aid your brother following a devastating loss to Bronson Box. Can you update us on his condition?

Cayle Murray:

He's fine.

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

Well, he's not fine. He messed up, Lance. We just sent him off in the ambulance -- it's not looking great. But with all due respect, mate, I can't think about that right now. I've got one of the biggest matches of my career ahead of me and yeah, I'm a little shaken-up, but I need to focus on Curtis Penn. Everything else has to wait.

There's some emotion to his voice, but Cayle's response is mature, measured and controlled. DEFIANCE has changed him for the better, and it's apparent in every syllable.

Lance Warner:

Speaking of which, how are you feeling ahead of your big match with Curtis Penn? This is the DEF*MAX Tournament Final, after all.

Cayle Murray:

I feel that this is everything I've been working towards for each of my 32 years on this planet.

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

I owe it not only to myself to try and lay my brother's predicament aside tonight, but everyone who's ever supported me on this crazy, crazy run. I've worked long and hard to get to this spot. I've experienced great highs, terrible lows, and everything in-between. I've dedicated my life to this sport, Lance, but I believe there's no such thing as a self-made

man, and I wouldn't be standing here today if not for my friends, family, and everyone in the building tonight.

A pop. Cheap, but a pop nonetheless.

Cayle Murray:

I promise you, brother. Curtis Penn's not going to know what's hit him...

With that, an utterly locked-in Cayle Murray nods, signalling his departure. Lance turns to the camera.

Lance Warner:

Angus, Darren -- back to you.

DEF*MAX FINALS: CURTIS PENN vs. CAYLE MURRAY

Cut to the announce booth.

DDK:

Welcome back, Ladies and Gentlemen, and it's time to conclude our eight-week journey through the DEF*MAX tournament. Cayle Murray and Curtis Penn are set to compete for the right to call himself the 2016 DEF*MAX winner, and the excitement is palpable.

Angus:

This tournament's been DEFIANCE's centerpiece for the past couple of months, and with Squidboy topping Block A and Micropennis sealing B, we've got ourselves a first-time-ever matchup between two guys I can't fuggin' stand!

DDK:

Cayle defeated Levi Cole and Mikey Unlikely en route to tonight's final, and confirmed it by eeking-out a highly-competitive draw with Impulse at DEFTv 72. Penn started with a draw, meanwhile, but handled Frank Pastore in the second round, then got through Bronson Box at 72 to book his place tonight.

Angus:

Heh, yeah, with the help of Jane Katze's bloody stiletto...

DDK:

The means were as nefarious as ever, but nonetheless, Curtis Penn has schemed his way into another great position against Cayle Murray, who's his diametric opposite.

Angus:

Which might be the difference. Look, you know my thoughts on Penn, but he's a real Machiavellian. There's not a level he won't stoop to in order to win, and Cayle's just not that dude.

DDK:

We saw Cayle resort to some pretty drastic measures against Eric Dane, but he was fighting for his life that night. You've got a point in that he's not exactly gonna come out here, grab the tights, and put his feet on the ropes tonight. Cayle Murray is going to try and out-*wrestle* Curtis Penn, but can he pull it off?

Angus:

Setting my personal opinions aside for a moment, these two are actually very similar stylistically. They're both master grapplers with significant striking acumen, but there's a big difference: everything Cayle does is driven by that "fighting spirit" he keeps talking about, but everything Penn does is driven by pure, unbridled nastiness.

DDK:

I think we've got a heckuva match ahead of us, Angus. Two incredibly similar wrestlers with two drastically different mindsets. Frankly, I can't wait for this one to get started...

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" by eRa ♪

From behind the curtain arrives the King of Knees, the Sultan of Suplexes, and the GREATEST of all TIME, Curtis Penn! From the back of his wrestling tights he pulls out his greatest weapon, the MICROPHONE!

Curtis Penn:

This time last year I was standing on the outside looking in on the DEF MAX Grand Prix Final. And while I was watching Francis Holiday hoist the DEF MAX Trophy and set himself up to be the next contender for the FIST I lost it, I kinda just said fuck it.

He cuts a disgusted smile as he starts down the ramp.

Curtis Penn:

By that I mean I decided that by any means necessary I would walk through every person in DEFIANCE until I was the next one holding the FIST. And I will admit that not every match that I won was done so in a fair manner, but the means justified the ends or what not.

He stops about mid-way down the ramp and gives the I don't give a damn look at the crowd as they boo.

Curtis Penn:

But I have won and have won fairly big matches, but about halfway through the year I realized wins don't mean a damn thing. That losses don't mean a damn thing...

He pauses as he places his left boot on the first step that lead into the ring.

Curtis Penn:

I mean they do if you have someone behind the scene pulling the right string. And as Bronson Box found out on DEF TV that I hired his manager to manage my business needs. Now, Box don't hold it against Jane that she chose me over you, but I'm a cash cow for her. I do not allow personal grudges to distract me from my goals... such as you have over the last year.

He mounts the second and third step and dips underneath the middle rope before he speaks again.

Curtis Penn:

Instead I paid her, pretty handsomely might I add, to make sure that I would be in the finals of the DEF MAX Grand Prix... and a gallon of your blood later here I am waiting on the next guy I'm going to dismember in Cayle Murray.

He gives off a large smile.

Curtis Penn:

Cayle you bettered Eric Dane...

Slow clap.

Curtis Penn:

That puts you in a league with ... a lot of people who are no longer around. And that's kinda the thing when you beat Eric Dane some how some way... you ... disappear. Now could I be that harbinger? Perhaps...Dane is a friend of a friend of an asshole that I know. And if he were to ask me very politely I would kick your ass for free....

♪ "The Wings of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

Angus:

Oops! What a shame...

Curtis Penn's microphone cuts-out as soon as Cayle Murray's music hits. The lights die entirely through the song's muted intro, before slowly building-up with drums and choral chords. The track kicks into a steady rhythm, strobes flash with the guitar hits, then everything dies entirely...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

A gigantic pyrotechnic explosion at the top of the ramp, and Cayle Murray's already on the ramp, back to the crowd. He turns around on his way down, looking a *PISSED* Curtis Penn in the eye.

DDK:

Oh man, interrupting Curtis Penn. A bold move from the younger Murray...

Angus:

Keeps, this is the only time I'll ever be thankful for Squidboy!

DDK:

The fans certainly are!

Indeed, Cayle enjoys a fantastic reception from The Faithful on his way down the ramp. He stops to greet a few but soon turns his attention back to the ring and hops up on the apron

DDK:

An immeasurably big night for Cayle Murray, particularly at this stage in his career. His story has been one of immense promise and unfulfilled potential, but a win tonight will go a long way to establishing him as a major player here in DEFIANCE.

There's no messing around from Cayle as he enters the ring. He knows he can't afford to turn his back on a man like Curtis Penn, and he doesn't. Instead, he just pulls the bomber jacket over his shoulders, sets it down in the corner, and gets ready to throw.

The bell rings.

Angus:

Here we go!

DDK:

It doesn't look like Penn's too happy about that interruption, still.

The atmosphere's pulsing tonight. It's already been a hectic night of action, but The Faithful haven't ran out of energy yet, and there's still plenty wind in their sails. They know they've got a potentially great match ahead of them, though their support is planted firmly behind Cayle.

DDK:

Both wrestlers are playing it safe here, with neither man making any significant movements.

Though both have stepped away from their corners, there are still a few metres between them. Neither man breaks his gaze.

Angus:

What is it with these goddamn Murrays and their slow starts tonight?!

DDK:

It's smart, Angus. These guys are both excellent wrestlers: one slip, and the other could capitalise. They both recognise this, but something tells me it won't be long before this thing explodes.

Angus:

Bah, I prefer the Jason Natas approach...

DDK:

Bullrush?

Angus:

Precisely.

Finally the two wrestlers start pacing, though it doesn't last all that long. Cayle puts his arms up, feinting a collar-and-elbow, but he quickly switches levels at the last minute and goes for a double leg. He's able to seize the former SOHER behind the thighs, but he can't get the leverage he was looking for, and Penn leans his body weight forward to stuff it.

Angus:

Penn's FSU amateur wrestling pedigree coming into play there.

DDK:

Yeah, that might've worked against a different opponent, but Penn telegraphed the level-change just in-time, and now both men are back up.

Cayle had broken free from Curtis before he couple attempt a grapple of his own, and the wrestlers were soon pacing again. With the crowd chanting Cayle's name, he and Penn collided in the centre of the ring, locking-up properly this time.

DDK:

Penn digs his feet in, pushing Cayle back...

Realising Penn has the momentum, and the advantage in this particular lock-up, Cayle diverts his strength to his upper body and preventing Penn from transitioning to another hold. The opportunity cost of this is that his legs ease-up, allowing Curtis to push him back a few steps, but that works in the Scot's favour. His back's soon against the ropes, and Carla Ferrari's stepping-in for the break.

Angus:

Wait for it...

Penn wrangles one arm free, then another.

Angus:

... wait for it...

When he "breaks," Penn does so by slapping both hands into Cayle's chest simultaneously, then moving back to the centre.

Angus:

There it is.

DDK:

A typical slice of early gamesmanship from Penn there.

Angus:

Yeah, that's not going to do a lot of damage, but that's not the point. I feel like I make this point every time he wrestles, but Cayle's highly-emotional, and that makes him easy for men like Penn to exploit.

True to Angus' words, Cayle shakes his head as Penn backs-off. Ferrari gets out of the way as Murray comes back into the middle of the ring, and again they lock-up at the collar-and-elbow. There's some jostling, but Cayle's gameplan is the exact same as last time, so Penn goes lower, then slips behind into a rear waistlock.

DDK:

Nice transition...

Penn's got a firm grip, and he lifts Cayle a few inches from the ground before dumping him down on the mat. There's some repositioning from both men, and Cayle eventually finds room to hook an underarm, but Penn quickly gets out of it and floats all the way round into a rear chinlock. Digging a knee between Cayle's shoulder blades, Penn pulls back.

DDK:

Penn now looking to chip-away at Cayle's phenomenal gas tank here.

Angus:

Yeah, that's what these positions are about. It takes more effort to fight these holds than it does apply then, and

Micropennis knows exactly what he's doing.

So does Cayle, however. Even with Penn's fingers locked, Cayle is able to slip an arm between one of Penns, then use that to ease the pressure. From there, Cayle breaks the hold, spins behind, and switches to wrist control. Cayle twists the wrist behind Penn's back as they both get to their feet.

DDK:

Some outstanding counter-grappling on display here early-on, folks.

Angus:

Meh, get to the face-punching please.

DDK:

Relax, Angus, it's coming...

Murray only maintains the hold for a few seconds, then turns it into a side headlock. Before he can transition further, however, Penn quickly shifts his weight and brings Cayle down with a flash roll-up!

DDK:

Shoulders down!

ONE!

KICK-OUT!

It's forceful enough to send Penn falling away. Both men simultaneously kip-up to their feet and get ready to throw, only to realise they've both had the exact same idea. Applause comes down from the rafters.

DDK:

And we've got ourselves a standstill! An interesting start to the match, Angus. For the most part, Cayle and Curtis are cancelling each other out, and we've only seen one sign of the "other" side of Curtis Penn thus far.

Angus:

This is eerily similar to the elder Murray's match with Bronson Box earlier, yanno. If that's anything to go by, things are about to go south for Squiddo...

DDK:

They've failed to separate themselves in these early exchanges, so let's see who's first to switch their gameplan.

Completely focused on the task at-hand, Cayle abandons the lock-up approach, and puts one of his hands out towards Penn. Curtis squats a little bit, extending his own hand out and locking it with Murray's. From there, they complete the knuckle-lock at a slightly lower level with their other hands.

Cayle presses the action by raising one locked set of hands up, before suddenly pulling his fingers loose and sidestepping behind Curtis Penn. Murray twists the limb behind Curtis' back, applying another wrist-lock.

DDK:

The knuckle-lock pays dividends: Cayle with the advantage now.

Penn goes to one knee, and when he does so, Cayle only wrenches the hold tighter. A flash of pain briefly cross Penn's face, but it doesn't stay long enough to halt his train of thought. He starts rising to his feet again and quickly attempts a reversal, but Cayle wrenches even tighter, drawing a grunt from Penn.

DDK:

Cayle with the advantage now. What's he doing differently here, Angus?

Angus:

If you look closely at this application, Cayle almost has one of his forearms wrapped around Penn's while applying the wristlock. That makes it incredibly difficult for Penn to reverse out, though it does hinder Squiddy's ability to transition.

Sure enough, Penn is having a torrid time. His true self shows itself when he reaches overhead and tries to grab Cayle's not-inconsiderable main of hair, but Murray moves his head out of the way, and only applies the holder tighter. Penn drops a level, attempting to roll out of it, but it doesn't work: Cayle's still locked-in.

DDK:

And this is all part of the strategy, too. Cayle loves working towards a Cross Armbreaker: don't be surprised if we see it soon.

Eventually, Penn's supreme grappling acumen kicks-in. He capitalises on the slightest of slips from Cayle, and after circling briefly, he ducks out of the hold, breaks it, and seizes Cayle's wrist for himself. Instead of applying the hold however, Penn isolates the index finger, then violently snaps it back against itself.

"OOOOHHHHHHHHHH!"

Angus:

Jesus, that's fuggin' nasty!

DDK:

Let's not forget that Eric Dane dislocated two of Cayle's fingers at DEFCON, too!

Cayle hops away, clutching his hand.

Angus:

Doesn't look dislocated, but shit, that's gonna hurt.

DDK

And Penn finds a way back into the match. How? By being Curtis Penn, of course.

Angus: [grumbling]

Gorram Micropennis...

With Cayle still struggling through the pain, Penn comes in and cracks him with a European Uppercut, then another! The match's first two strikes send Murray reeling, and Curtis runs off the ropes, flies towards Murray, then looks to pivot round.

DDK:

Roaring Elb--

Angus:

NO!

Cayle ducks.

DDK:

PELE KICK!

The tip of Cayle's boot connects with the top of Penn's skull. Curtis hits the mat, Cayle hops up, then takes a step back and flies...

DDK:

Standing Shooting Star Press!

The Faithful come alive. Landing on Penn, Cayle immediately hooks the leg!

ONE!

NO! KICK-OUT!

DDK:

The pace is starting to pick-up, Angus!

Angus:

Hell yeah it is... shame about the flippy shit, though.

Penn's face is a picture of frustration as he rises to his feet. He shakes his head on getting up - Cayle, meanwhile, remains stoic. The two come together quicker than before, but they don't lock-up. Penn shoots in for a double-leg, but he's only able to grab one of Cayle's limbs, and Murray stuffs it completely. Cayle pushes Curtis Penn away, and the former SOHER barks something at him.

DDK:

A little bit of irritation kicking-in for Curtis Penn, looks like.

Angus:

Yeah... I mean, shit, I've already said that Squidboy's emotional as fuck, but Penn? When things don't go his way, he gets frustrated.

DDK:

It certainly doesn't look like he was expecting this kinda of counter-grappling from Cayle, anyway.

Curtis shoots *again*, and *AGAIN* Cayle stuffs the takedown attempt! Instead of letting him break away and attempt another, however, Cayle springs forward and blasts Penn with a forearm! Another, and another, and another! A fifth has Penn stumbling backwards, before Cayle dropkicks him down!

DDK:

Here comes the cover!

ONE!

KICK-OUT!

It's an authoritative kick-out at that. Cayle falls back on his backside, and Penn rolls out of the ring, and not just to get a breather. Landing outside, Penn brings a balled fist down against the ring apron, and the fans in the front row take great pleasure in his rage.

Angus:

Not gonna lie, Keebsy: I'm kinda enjoying Penn getting all salty here.

DDK:

They're both fantastic wrestlers, but Cayle has started taking control in the past few minutes. Let's see wha-- hey, WAIT!

Keebs stops himself, and for good reason. While he was speaking, Cayle had ran to the ropes and dashed back. Just as Curtis Penn is turning around, Cayle leaps off his feet, clears the top rope, and lands on his opponent with a Tope con Hilo!

DDK:

What a dive!

The Faithful lose it. With Penn to break his fall, Cayle pops right back to his feet.

Angus:

Bad things happen to this kid when he leaves the ring though. Remember DEFCON?

Cayle picks Curtis up and rolls him onto the apron. Penn, however, starts rising to his feet instead of rolling into the ring. Cayle tries to counter this by hopping onto the apron himself and taking control of Penn's head, but Curtis bursts out and hits him with a couple of elbows! With Murray dazed, Penn applies a quick front facelock, pulls back, and suplexes Cayle right on the apron!

DDK

Right on the hardest part of the ring!

Arching his back, Cayle rolls down onto the floor below.

Angus:

Crafty, crafty, crafty...

DDK:

Here comes Penn, looking to press the advantage.

With Cayle hurting, Penn hops down, picks him up, and pushes his shoulder into Murray's chest. He runs forward, crashing Cayle's back against the apron's edge.

Angus:

Jesus! Talk about turning it up a notch!

DDK:

He's not finished yet, either!

Curtis Penn doesn't let Cayle get away after. He stands up, takes control of the waistband and head, and takes a few steps towards the corner. Before Cayle can adjust, Penn suddenly whips his opponent forward, sending him flying into the ring post shoulder-first!

Angus:

Told ya this wasn't gonna go well for Squidboy...

DDK:

This is brutal, Angus, and the crowd are letting Penn have it with both barrels.

Angus:

Yeah, not good for the kid at all. Penn's gonna take great pleasure and beating the absolute shit out of him here.

This time, Penn lets Murray writhe around on the ground for a moment or two. He prods him in the side with his boot, saying something that the mics don't quite pick-up, before stomping down on his back a couple of times.

Having done enough to prevent a possible counter, Penn again pulls Murray up, again grabs the waistband, and again throws him... this time into the barricade!

DDK:

Back-first right into those steel railings! Angus, Penn is like a man possessed!

Angus:

He might be a cowardly piece of shit sometimes, but make no mistake, Penn can get gritty when he needs to. Cayle's hit a few moves, sure, but think of the quick accumulation of damage here.

DDK:

That's three high-impact moves to the back. If Cayle was looking to use his athleticism to outlast Penn tonight, I think he just lost that advantage.

As Cayle sits back against the barricade, Penn comes forward, grabbing the railings with both hands, and pushing a boot into his opponent's neck.

Angus:

Yeah, that'll do it...

Penn breaks as Cayle's face turns red, and Penn enters the ring, leaving Murray on the floor. He quickly runs-up the turnbuckle.

DDK:

Wait, is Penn gonna fly?!

Curtis reaches his full height and gets his balance right, teasing it. Instead, however, he hops down onto the apron, half-smiling. The crowd jeer.

Angus:

Heh. *Trollin'*...

Penn reaching the outside breaks Carla's ten-count at eight, and with Cayle struggling to get up, Curtis knocks him right back down with a step-up Enzuigiri! Cayle flattens-out, and Penn stretches both arms out to his sides, basking in The Faithful's vitriol.

Angus:

That smug fuckin' bastard...

DDK:

This is Curtis Penn through and through, Angus. He's seized the advantage, and he's making sure everyone knows.

Angus:

It's what I was talking about earlier, too. Those environmental attacks? No way Cayle pulls those out.

Curtis rolls back into the ring. Ferrari's count is at five, and Cayle is struggling.

DDK:

This could end right here, Angus...

SIX!**Angus:**

Shit, it really could.

SEVEN!

Cayle's shaking the butterflies away.

DDK:

Cayle would likely have made that last ten count, but this one?

EIGHT!**DDK:**

I dunno...

As if DDK's words shook him back to life, Cayle's senses return. He gets up as quickly as he can, but his legs are as unsteady as a newborn foal's...

NINE!

Angus:

He's not a gonna ma--

TE-

JUST as Carla throws her arms up, however, Cayle rolls back into the ring.

Angus:

Damn, that was close!

DDK:

Cayle's back-in, and I don't think the fans would've been best pleased with that ending...

Back inside, Cayle struggles to his feet. His rise is halted by Penn, who downs him after dropkicking the knee, before stepping-up and backing off. Cayle winces as he pulls himself up using the ropes, then staggers forward.

DDK:

Here comes Penn!

The B block winner runs forward, catching Murray with a diving European Uppercut!

Angus:

Dang, that was a stiff one!

Cayle fortunately has the ropes to fall back against, because otherwise he'd be laid the eff out. Penn pulls him away from those, however, then skips behind him and seizes the arms.

Angus:

Chickenwing!

DDK:

Can he get it!?

Penn *ALMOST* has enough pressure to drag Cayle to the mat, but he can't complete it! Instead, Cayle finds his strength, reverses-out, and seals Curtis' throat.

DDK:

Dragon Sleeper! Can he get the body-scissors too?!

Trying for his Granite City Cross sub, Cayle gets more than he'd bargained for. Penn twists his torso, reverses out, and pushes him into the mat.

Angus:

Uh-oh...

Taking Cayle's throat with one arm, Penn pulls back on his arm with the other!

DDK:

Curtis Clutch!

Angus:

This could be it, Keeps!

As the building gets incredibly noisy, Penn pulls back.

DDK:

Can Cayle get out of this?!

Angus:

I don't think so! Penn's gonna choke him out!

Curtis pulls with all he's got, but Cayle fights it. He ignores Ferrari when she asks if he submits, and instead pushes his palms into the mat. With a giant heave, Cayle drags himself towards the ropes.

DDK:

He's inches away!

Another heave...

DDK:

Can he get the ropes?!

Light-headedness. Blurred vision.

Lack of oxygen...

One. Last. Heave...

DDK:

HE GOT IT!

Cayle's fingers mercifully wrap around the bottom rope.

Angus:

I thought the squid was calamari there, Keeps!

Ferrari with the five-count. Curtis, of course, milks it, breaking at four-and-three-quarters.

DDK:

Cayle really gutted that out, and Penn doesn't look too happy about it!

Angus:

Yeah, he had the Curtis Clutch in *DEEP*, but that pesky little shit found a way out. Yanno, for two guys I can't stand, this is actually alright...

Penn barely gives the struggling Murray a chance to breathe before moving back in. He momentarily halts his rise with some stomps, then takes him up by the hair. Cayle bashes him right in the jaw with an elbow, though, then follows-up with a chop!

DDK:

Cayle fires back!

Another chop, and Penn's chest's already turning red!

SLAP!

Penn comes back with a chop of his own, however, and we've got a full-on exchange on our hands!

Cayle's next makes Penn wince, but that only adds extra zest to the chop Penn follows-up with!

Angus:

They're gonna chop each other raw!

Cayle, chop!

Penn, chop!

Angus:

Yeah! Turn his chest into bolognaise!

Cayle fires back with a his hardest chop yet! It sends Penn back a step, and when he looks down, his face turns as red as he chest.

DDK:

I think Cayle broke the skin!

Angus:

He did! Man... Squidboy... dude...

Right enough, there's a little crimson on Penn's left pectoral. This enrages the former SOHER, and he flies in with a brutal forearm! Cayle absorbs it as best he can, then throws one of his own.

DDK:

These two are just going at it!

The exchange speeds-up. Soon, they're throwing at the rate you'd expect from a DOC match.

Angus:

YAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSS!

The crowd hit fever pitch. The duo batter each other, but Penn lands two unanswered, then three, four!

DDK:

Penn's got him!

He takes the hand and tries to whip Cayle, but the Scot reverses! Penn ducks beneath Murray's clothesline on the rebound, but Cayle back elbows him in the jaw when he skips behind!

Angus:

Right in the mush!

DDK:

Now Cayle goes behind!

Cayle seizes the wrist, pushes Penn away, maintains wrist control, pulls him back in....

DDK:

SUPERNOVA ELBOW!

Penn hits the deck!

DDK:

Big-time move! And now the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NOO! PENN KICKS OUT!

Angus:

Daaaaaaayum! I thought it was over, Keeps! That was a heavy blow!

DDK:

That can't be a nice move to take, Angus! The fact that Cayle's pulling you towards him while throwing the elbow really tips it over the edge.

Angus:

Oh yeah, it'll loosen a few pearly whites for sure!

Cayle sits upright, gathering his breath.

DDK:

Aside from the work outside the ring, Cayle Murray has countered literally *everything* Penn has thrown at him! Could this be the Scot's night?!

Angus:

I don't really wanna think about either of them winning, but it's not looking good for ol' Micropennis! All it's gonna take is a couple more big moves...

Having picked Penn back up, Cayle whips him into the corner and follows-up with a running forearm. Penn slumps, but doesn't fall, so Cayle hammers him down with a couple of forearms, then a body kick. Penn finally hits the deck, and Murray dashes towards the opposite turnbuckle.

DDK:

We've seen *THIS* before!

Cayle sprints across the ring, leaps, and glides through the air...

DDK:

BASEMENT DROPKICK!

The Faithful roar, and Cayle pulls Curtis away from the ropes.

DDK:

And now the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NOOOOOO! KICK-OUT!

Angus:

The little dork's on-fire!

DDK:

He's feeling it now, Angus! Look at him go!

Instead of wasting time, Cayle immediately springs up and takes Curtis with him. He pushes him into the corner again before whipping him to the opposite, and following-up with a dashing European Uppercut! Another diagonal Irish Whip, another running European!

DDK:

The crowd are loving this!

Cayle goes for a third. As he's running back towards Penn, however, Curtis throws a desperation elbow! Murray stumbles back, and Penn gouge his eyes right in front of Carla Ferrari! This brings an admonishment... and some all-important breathing time.

Angus:

Awwww c'mawn!

DDK:

That was cynical.

Angus:

Yeah, the prick got what he wanted though. Cayle can't step back in until Ferrari's finished...

Unfortunately, Penn doesn't stick around for the referee's diatribe. He rolls out onto the apron and raises to his feet, holding his hands-up with feigned innocence.

Angus:

Goddamnit! Sometimes, Keeps, I just wanna smack that guy...

DDK:

That probably wouldn't work-out in your favour, Angus.

Angus:

Precisely why I don't do it. Well, that and not wanting to get fired...

While Penn's recovering, Cayle dashes against the ropes, desperate to retain momentum. Curtis sees this coming, however, and throws his shoulder through the middle and top ropes to catch Cayle in the gut!

DDK:

Penn with the counter!

Curtis grabs Cayle's hair to stop him falling away, then pulls him in. Throwing the Scot's head under his arm, Penn pulls back, hoists into the air, then throws him overhead! The release suplex sends Cayle flying down onto the floor!

Angus:

JEEEEEEEEEEEEZUS!

DDK:

ANOTHER big-time shot to the back!

Angus:

That was the biggest of 'em all, Keeps!

While Cayle lies motionless, Penn sits down on the apron, continuing his recuperation.

DDK:

The momentum has shifted once more! We're having a tremendous back-and-forth affair, but Cayle could be hurt...

Angus:

Yeah, it depends on the landing angle, but a move like that can cause serious damage. Just when it looked like he was out, however, Penn's back.

DDK:

Using the same conniving tactics as ever, Penn takes the steering wheel. That all stemmed from the eye gouge and Carla stepping-in: despicable behaviour, and I'd certainly never condone it, but it worked.

Cayle's started moving during Penn's recovery time, so Curtis hops down from the apron. On the floor, he tries to pick Murray up. Cayle, however, throws a couple of elbows into Penn's gut. The stop Curtis for a moment, allowing Cayle to throw a desperation uppercut!

Angus:

THE SQUID LIVES!

Hurting, Cayle flies forward, slamming Penn back against the apron! He falls back down almost immediately, though.

DDK:

A burst of adrenaline from Murray! Can he capitalise?!

Cayle's kneeling; his back aching.

Angus:

I dunno, man. That suplex has definitely taken a toll.

Both men are just as damaged as the other, but as Carla's count hits seven, it's Cayle who acts first. He rolls Penn back into the ring, and slides under the bottom rope himself. Penn, on his feet, tries to clobber Murray on the way-up, but Cayle sees it coming and blocks the forearm, before checking the kick! Cayle lunges forward with a big forearm, then whips Curtis to the ropes... pops him up...

DDK:

SHUTTHE-

Angus:

-FUCK-

DDK:

-UPPERCUT!

Cayle's fist smashes into Penn's jaw on the way down! Dazed as hell, Penn tires to sit upright, but slumps forward. Cayle pops to his feet, charges to the ropes, and comes back with a sliding Lariat!

DDK:

Cayle's on fire!

He makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! SHOULDER UP!

Angus:

Here comes the gorram flurry!

The adrenaline takes control again. The Scot gets to his feet, sits Penn upright, runs the ropes...

Angus:

PK! PK! PK!

The boot connects with Penn's chest with jackhammer-like force! Curtis immediately falls to the mat.

DDK:

NO TIME WASTED! Cayle's going up top!

Murray sprints to the corner. He hops onto the top rope in one move. Doesn't even pause to steady himself.

Flies with the low-arc Moonsault, *whipping* his lower body down on Penn's torso!

DDK:

WHAT A MOVE!

Angus:

That's it, Keebs! Penn's dead!

Cayle hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE?!?

NO! KICK-OUT!

Angus:

MOTHERFUCKER! I thought he had him!

DDK:

So close, Angus! So, so close!

Cayle leans back, finally catching his breath.

Angus:

That Moonsault... man, it might be the only piece of flippy shit I actually *like*. The way that motherfucker keeps the arc low and just *smashes* his legs down...

DDK:

Particularly effective coming-off the PK, too. These late-match flurries have won Cayle many a match!

Though he's taken some time to recover, the urgency soon kicks-in. Cayle rises to his feet, puts Penn in the front

facelock, and the fans know what's coming.

DDK:

He's going for the Chainbreaker! This'll be it!

Cayle pulls him into the air, but no! Penn slips out the back!

Elbow to the back of the head!

Murray stumbles forward, and Penn pins him around. *VICIOUS* chop!

Angus:

How'd he escape?!

DDK:

No idea, but Penn's had enough!

Penn's enraged. *Feral*. Consumed by bloodlust.

He's taken some heavy damage, but he's throwing chops with deadly intent. A third sends Cayle all the way into a corner. Murray clutches his chest, and Penn, using the ropes for assistance, blasts him with an Enzuigiri!

DDK:

Down goes Cayle!

Angus:

This is nuts, Keebs!

DDK:

We've got a tremendous wrestling match on our hands! What'll happen next?!

Though in-control, Penn's taken a lot of damage, and it takes him a little while to capitalise. He eventually gets up, pulling Cayle with him, but his Irish whip gets reversed! Penn, however, hits the brakes at the ropes. Cayle comes forward, but Penn steps behind him, then locks-in a standing Chickenwing!

DDK:

Chickenwing! Can he fight it?!

Energy's pulsing through the building. *Nobody* wants Curtis fuckin' Penn winning this thing, and The Faithful's energy is focused entirely on Cayle's fightback. He's just about to grab the top rope when Curtis abandons the hold, spins him around, and smashes him with an elbow!

DDK:

RIPCORN ELBOW!

Angus:

DOWN GOES SQUIDDO!

No time to waste. Curtis pulls him up. Irish whip. Penn charges as Cayle hits the ropes. Pops him onto his shoulder.

DDK:

Oh no. No-no-no-no...

DDK sees it coming.

Angus:

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU--

DDK:

DEATH VALLEY DRIVER INTO THE TURNBUCKLES!

Angus:

FUCKING RIDICULOUS!

Cayle *crumples* to the mat. Penn, of course, hooks the leg.

Angus:

THAT'S IT!

ONE!**TWO!****THREEEEEEEEEEEE****NOO! KICK-OUT!****Angus:**

WHAT?!

The roof blows off the goddamn arena.

DDK:

OH MY GOODNESS!

Angus:

How did that little squidly bastard kick-out?!

Curtis Penn can't believe it. He holds three fingers up, screaming.

DDK:

This is how much Cayle Murray wants to win tonight, Angus!

Angus:

Fair fuckin' play!

Despite his anger, Penn quickly realises he's not going to get the decision overturned. He growls something, then gets to his feet...

DDK:

Penn back up no-- WAIT! SMALL PACKAGE!

Angus:

JEEZUS!

Cayle bundles Curtis' shoulders into the mat.

ONE!**TWO!**

... TWO POINT FIVE!

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! KICK-OUT!

DDK:

Penn's turn to kick-out!

Angus:

This match just took a U-turn to Batshitville, Keeps!

Both men leap to their feet. They're tired as hell, but this is DEF*MAX: everything's at stake, and the adrenaline's carrying them.

Cayle throws an elbow.

Penn returns.

Cayle.

Penn.

Cayle.

Penn.

Cayle lands two unanswered! Three! Penn's staggered! Murray goes to the ropes, dashes back... LARIAT.

DDK:

This time, SURELY?!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEE--

NO! SHOULDER-UP!

DDK:

My *GOD*, Angus! What a turn of events!

Angus:

This heated-up faster than Donald Trump in a room full of progressives!

Cayle Murray's heart is in his mouth. He sits bolt upright but snaps back to life through the crowd's roar, then makes his way back to his feet.

DDK:

This is it! Cayle's gonna finish him off!

Angus:

But how's he gonna do it?!

Cayle looks to the ropes.

There's one big move left in his arsenal.

He sprints.

DDK:

Here it comes!

Springboards...

Glides.

Angus:

PENN MOVED!

SOMEHOW Cayle catches Penn's movement midair.

Adjusts.

Lands safely on all fours!

Angus:

HOW THE FUCK...?!

DDK:

What athleticism!

Angus:

He's an actual cat, Keeps!

Cayle pops to his feet. Penn's already up. Murray throws it...

DDK:

SUPERKI--

Angus:

NO!

Penn ducks!

Turns around.

Pushes Cayle into Carla Ferrari.

DDK:

What a minute!

It's a brief distraction, but it's all Penn needs.

DDK:

LOW BLOW!

Angus:

Are you ki--

DDK:

AND NOW THE ROLL-UP!

Ferrari recovers just in time to see Cayle's shoulders hit the mat.

She misses the handful of tights.

ONE!

DDK:

HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS!

TWO!

DDK:

PENN'S GOT THE...

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

Angus:

FUUUCK!

Cayle kicks-out as soon as Carla's hand hits the mat for a third time, but it's too late.

Curtis Penn has won the DEF*MAX tournament.

Angus:

Godfuggin*DAMNIT!*

DDK:

Penn wins the tournament!

His music playing, Curtis Penn immediately scurries out of the ring. He tumbles to his knees on the outside, then quickly clambers back up, grinning broadly.

Angus:

Anything but this, Keeps! Anything!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner... and DEF*MAX 2016 TOURNAMENT CHAMPION...

Jeers from every corner of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

CURTIIIISSSSSSS PPPPPPEEEEEENNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

Cayle Murray's despondent in the ring. He looks at Carla Ferrari pleadingly, grabbing a handful of his own tights, but there's nothing she can do. On his knees, Murray pushes his hands into his head and closes his eyes.

Curtis Penn, meanwhile, sports the kind of shit-eating grin that the Cheshire Cat would be proud of.

DDK:

For twenty minutes we had an absolutely thrilling wrestling match on our hands, folks, but Curtis Penn has robbed Cayle Murray tonight, as he so often does.

Angus:

If Squidboy wasn't Squidboy, I'd almost feel bad for him tonight. Gorram *MICROPENNIS*, Keeps! I hate him more than FDJ hates personal hygiene!

DDK:

A huge personal disappointed for Cayle, who looked absolutely outstanding tonight, but he couldn't cut-off Penn's last act of chinary, and it proved decisive.

Angus:

Ugh... just... UGH.

Cayle finally opens his eyes. Penn might be at the top of the ring, but Murray sees his "dry your eyes" gesture clearly.

DAN RYAN © vs. LINDSAY TROY

As Cayle Murray exits the ring, the Faithful at ringside give him a nice ovation and more than a few pats on the back. It was one hell of a match that he fought, and Curtis Penn is a goddamn dick.

Fuck that guy, amirite?!

The camera locks in on Keebs and Angus for their reactions and lead-in to the night's closing festivities.

DDK: [trying to make the best of it]

Faithful, we might've put another DEF*MAX Tournament to bed...

Angus: [groaning]

Goddamn **CURTIS PENN...**

DDK:

...But you all had better keep your eyes open. One way or another, I have a feeling that we're about to witness the end of something else tonight.

Angus:

The end of the Troy and Ryan family for sure, not like that hasn't been toast for months now. The end of Lindsay Troy's FIST of DEFIANCE chances if she can't finally wrest it away from Dan Ryan. And possibly the end of her career, 'cause you KNOW Gigantor's gotta be hoppin' mad that she sneaked up and jumped him two weeks ago!

DDK:

Many of us believe it's no small miracle that the Queen of the Ring is even here tonight after the Ego Buster put her through our announce table with a Burning Hammer at our last supershow, DEFCON. She's medically cleared, but we've been doing this a long time, partner; that doesn't equal a hundred percent.

Angus:

Well, how could it? Lookit, the girl's an athletic freak of nature but necks aren't somethin' you mess around with, even if a doc gives you a thumbs-up and a nicely worded note to the Matriarch. I dunno, Keebs. Part of me is worried for her.

DDK:

And the other part?

Angus: [whispering, almost giddy]

... Ninja stars.

Almost as if Angus said the magic words, the lights in the Wrestle-Plex go out. The buzz of the Faithful grows as they wait for another other noise besides the sound of their own voices to fill the space. After a few seconds of impatience, the heralding anthem of the High Queen DEFIANT roars from every corner of the arena.

♪ "Trampled Underfoot" by Led Zeppelin ♪

ZOMGPOPSPLSION~!

The crowd comes to their feet and roars in approval as pyro erupts from the stage. Spotlights swirl through the air but Lindsay Troy doesn't emerge from the curtain, not even as the song's first verse and chorus are completed. The first bridge hits and, finally, the lights find her sauntering down the stairs amongst the Faithful, one DEFsec drone in front of her and one at her flank.

Quimbey:

DEFIANCE Faithful! The following contest, scheduled for one fall, is your main event of the evening and is for the FIST

of DEFIANCE! Making her way to the ring: from Tampa, Florida; weighing in at 195 pounds...she is the Queen of the Ring, and your anointed High Queen DEFIANT....LIIIIINNNDDSSAAAAYYYYY TRRRROOOOYYYYYYYYYYY!

The Faithful reach out to pat Troy on the shoulder and arms and largely yell words of encouragement. She slaps a few hands on her way past as well but keeps her face stoic and steely. There's a lot that she needs to make the FIST answer for tonight: the tiny fissures that started with her besting him and Frank Holiday at DEFtv 53; her failed title win against Eugene Dewey and Dan's oversights as guest referee at last year's Acts of DEFIANCE; the craziness of the Ladder War match and Dan Humility Bomb-ing her at ASCENSION to win the FIST of DEFIANCE. DEFCON. Wade and Tyler - the most egregious affronts of all.

Dan Ryan thought he put the nail in the coffin. If this was a lesser lady, he would have for SURE.

There is nothing lesser about Lindsay Troy, though. Never has been. Never will be.

DDK:

We use this phrase, or a variant of it, a lot but she looks about as down-to-business as you can get.

Angus:

Down-to-business? She looks bound and determined to kill a dude. Maybe I need to be worried for Dan instead.

DEFsec veers off and leads her toward the stage.

Angus:

Wait, they're bringing her over here? Quick, someone run the tape back from the last few shows and remind me if I talked any shit about her.

DDK:

Calm down and get ahold of yourself, Angus.

The security guys stop by the barricade and brace it for Troy to hop up and over it. She walks over to the edge of the staging, climbs the steps, and makes her way over to our dynamic announcing duo.

Angus:

Man, I'm either done for or I'm --

The Motormouth of Malcontent doesn't get a chance to finish the thought before Troy hops up onto the top of the desk and stands tall. DEFsec bring up the rear, just in case the FIST thinks about trying anything from wherever he's making his final preparations from. The Queen surveys the Faithful in the Wrestle-Plex from her stance atop the table, lifts her chin into the air, and raises her arms high above her head to thunderous approval.

Time to rectify the wrong from DEFCON.

DDK:

The doctors either rebuilt her or she rebuilt herself but the Queen has returned!

Lindsay hops off the desk and half-turns to Darren and Angus. She gives them a half-smile and a nod, then makes her way down the ramp toward the ring. Foregoing her customary over-the-top flip, Troy slides between the ropes and greets Brian Slater with a nod. The head referee returns the gesture and sets about starting his pre-match checks and balances. Once complete, Troy moves to the opposite end of the ring.

Angus:

Brian Slater's in there for this one tonight. Kels probably didn't want to see Benny Doyle wind up as roadkill again.

DDK:

That's probably for the best.

♪ "Zero" by the Smashing Pumpkins ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

As if anyone expected any reaction other than this.

The FIST's music blasts through the speakers as strobe effects cover the Wrestle-Plex. The riff kicks in and out steps Dan Ryan, absorbing the jeers of the crowd.

Quimbey:

And her opponent....from Houston, Texas! Weighing in at 305 pounds...he is the REIGNING...DEFENDING...FIST of DEFIANCE...THE EGOOOOOO BUSTERRRRRRRR...DAAAAAAAAAAAAAN RYYYYAAAAANNNNNNNN!

The heavier riff of the music kicks in and the lights come up. Pyro explodes and the champ starts gingerly down the ramp toward the ring. He does his best to compensate for the twinge he's feeling in his right knee but anyone who has watched this man dominate DEFIANCE like Dan Ryan has can tell that something is very much amiss.

DDK:

The FIST of DEFIANCE was not anticipating his sister-in-law to return in any capacity any time soon and she certainly surprised him at DEFtv 72 with a tire iron-assisted parking lot assault.

Angus:

And now Gigantor's looking a little gimpy if you ask me, Keebs. They're both at a disadvantage here. Troy might still be at a bigger one but this could even things up a bit.

DDK:

We're about to find out in any case.

Troy sees out of the corner of her eye that Dan's trying to mask the damage she did two weeks ago and gets her body behind Brian Slater's much bigger/bulkier one. Ryan approaches the ring, walks up the stairs, and gets halfway through the ropes when she charges and clocks him with a knee to the mouth!

Dan hits the apron tailbone first then falls to the mats outside the ring. Troy scrambles there after him.

DDK:

And the challenger isn't waiting for Brian Slater to start this one!

Dan checks to see if his jaw's still attached when BOOM, fist to the mouth! And another! And another! Because closed fists are what you get when you break her husband's leg, fan favorite or no. Get in the bin if it's a problem for you.

DDK:

Dan Ryan hasn't even gotten into the ring yet and already he's on the defensive.

Angus:

Smart. The girl is smart.

Dan's glasses go flying!

Angus:

Hey! Party foul! Those things are expensive.

DDK:

After what this man has done the last few months, a broken pair of sunglasses is hardly anything to get upset about.

Angus:

Those sunglasses are probably worth more than a month's salary for us, Keeps.

DDK:

Maybe a month's salary for you.

Angus:

Yeah, prob.... Wait a second!

Lindsay Troy is a house AFIRE. Right hands back the champion up toward the barricade, and he gets his hands up to block. She starts firing in kicks to the ribs, but Ryan catches the second one in, and with his other hand, shoves her away HARD. But Troy is relentless, she kick-jabs at his knee and he favors it, covering it up and leaving an opening. This opening is closed fast with a roundhouse kick to the temple that drops Ryan to a knee.

Angus:

I don't know if you noticed, but that knee is clearly not right.

DDK:

It doesn't take a doctor to see that. He's trying to cover it up, but he's definitely partial to it.

Troy notices his sunglasses on the ground. Picks them up, snaps them in half, then spikes the pieces on the ground and stomps on them! Crowd Pops!

Angus:

Oh, the horror!

DDK:

Get ahold of yourself.

Angus:

It's just as well. I'd say those glasses were like family, but if they didn't further the Dan Ryan agenda they were probably disposable anyway.

DDK:

I was tempted to admonish you but given what we've seen from him, you've got a point.

They tease going up the ramp, but Troy gets them back in the ring.

Ryan isn't as bad off as he seemed, though, and as soon as she slides in, she gets a hammering blow to the back of the head for her trouble. Maybe as some payback for her targeting his knee, he hammers away at the back of her neck, and even though we've only just gotten started, she crumples almost immediately, clutching the back of her neck in pain.

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

An eye for an eye, partner.

DDK:

Yeah, the champ might be favoring that knee, but we know way too well that her neck still can't be completely healed. I hope this doesn't start to get ugly.

Ryan stands to his feet and shakes out his right leg, loosening it up a little bit. Troy is half under the ropes after the blows to the neck, so Ryan steps over and grabs hold of her legs and falls back, whipping her up against the bottom rope right across her neck. She clutches at her neck again, this time kicking her feet against the mat in obvious pain.

Angus:

Ryan is nasty, but he's smart. It's bad enough when you don't have an obvious injury.

Without much hesitation, he pulls her feet first into the middle the ring and drops a huge leg drop across her neck, then rolls into a cover.

ONE!

TW..... Barely two.

Ryan sits up, a small smirk on his face. He didn't really expect to get the pin there.

DDK:

Ryan with the quick cover and not much chance of the win, but perhaps a little psychological warfare.

Ryan snatches Troy up by the hair and turns her into a seated position, placing his knee in the small of her back and clenching back on her jaw, bending her neck almost perpendicular in his direction. If she could open her mouth, she'd be screaming in pain, but instead, her hands flail in the air looking for something to grab onto to break the hold.

Angus:

That's old school right there!

DDK:

Old school, but very effective. A powerful man like Dan Ryan pulling back on your neck, and nowhere to go.

Ryan keeps pulling back, but he's just toying with her here. He lets go after a few moments, and just slaps her HARD in the back of the head. She grits her teeth, winces, but then fires an elbow back that catches him in the jaw. Dan flops back to a seated position, shaking the cobwebs out from the blow.

DDK:

He has no shame whatsoever.

Angus:

This is news?

Ryan grimaces and stands, stalks over to Troy, but eats a boot to the midsection, doubling him over. Troy backs into the ropes and goes low with a basement dropkick to the knee. Dan screams out in pain involuntarily and drops forward to a crouching position. Lindsay pauses, making note.

DDK:

It's not often you hear Dan Ryan scream out in pain like that.

Angus:

That knee's not right. I think that's clear now.

Troy doesn't pause for long, but Ryan is already up. He backs away, now visibly limping, and she stalks in closer. He tries to block, but Troy successfully kicks at his knee hard and he winces in pain. He fires back with a right hand, but it doesn't have much juice behind it. Troy takes the opportunity to shoot in at his knee and force him straight down into a seated position. She slides to the outside of the ring and holds onto his legs, dragging him with all her might toward a corner.

Troy splits the legs, and with as much force as she can muster, slams his knee into the post. Once more into the post.... And a third time, to the delight of the Faithful at ringside.

Angus:

Goddamn, I felt that all the way up here.

DDK:

You talked about an eye for an eye earlier, Angus. Dan Ryan used a ring post to break Tyler Rayne's leg two DEFtvs ago and if she has her way, she'll use it as a weapon against Dan any way she can.

Angus:

Yeah, but Slater's counting her out. She may want to pay attention.

Indeed, Brian Slater's doing his ref-ly duty. Troy quickly slides underneath the bottom rope to stop the count while Dan holds his knee in pain. Then she quickly slides back to the outside, grabs Dan's leg again, and smashes the back of his knee up and down against the edge of the ring apron! She lets go and Ryan rolls away, his face a mask of anguish.

Troy stomps up the ring steps and glides between the ropes while Dan hoists himself to his feet via the ropes on the other side of the ring.

Troy rushes Ryan at the ropes, but Ryan steps forward and lifts her up high in the air, dropping her into a hotshot on the top cable, snapping her neck backward and dropping her to the mat.

DDK:

Ryan with the hotshot!! Quick cover!!

ONE!!

Only a one count! But Lindsay Troy is grabbing at her neck in apparent pain.

Ryan gets her up to her feet, snap suplex. Taunts her. Moves in to hook her for another suplex but Troy catches him with a hard fist to the face, right up against his eye socket. She rocks him with another, and another. Ryan tries to shift the momentum with a couple of knees to the midsection, which causes some separation momentarily by sending Troy back against the ropes. He stomps back toward her and then nearly bites his tongue in half when his jaw meets the top of his mouth courtesy of a STIFF uppercut.

Ryan's on his back and Troy's working over his leg, avoiding his reach in hopes of batting her away. She's got the black kneepad down his shin and is kicking at the back of his knee. She changes tactics and now starts in with repeated elbow drops to his knee. But she gets too close and he grabs a fistful of her hair. She cries out for a second then half-turns and, in a rage, sinks her teeth into his arm.

Angus:

Dear God, she's biting into him like he's a steak!

Now it's Ryan who's yelling as he tries to shake her off. When that doesn't work, he clobbers her collarbone, which does. He rolls to the side and checks for blood. It's there; she broke the skin for sure.

DDK:

Well, I guess when you need a sure way to get out of something...

Angus:

It's like True Blood up in this bitch.

Dan turns back to her and catches a Muay-Thai knee to the face. Troy grabs him by the side of the head and muscles him to his feet. She takes his arm and shoots him across the ring with an Irish whip. It's a wonder that he can make it across the ring on his leg but, somehow, he does. He hits the turnbuckles and she charges in but he storms out, looking for a lariat, which she ducks under. They both pivot at the same time but Troy's a hair quicker and goes low, kicking his exposed right knee. Ryan grimaces and hobbles a bit which gives the Queen an opening to catch him and

bring him back down to the mat with an inverted DDT. She covers.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

I can't begin to imagine what kind of damage Ryan's leg has sustained thus far, Angus.

Angus:

As long as he's walking, he's still dangerous.

Lindsay elbows Ryan in the face a couple of times and moves down the canvas toward his right leg. She might be looking to lock on the kneebar that nearly broke Jane Katze's leg into pixie dust. Dan's Gigantor Sense starts tingling and he reaches for the ropes before the Queen can get the move locked on in full and Brian Slater orders a Troy to release the move.

DDK:

Dan catches a break there.

Angus:

You ain't kiddin'.

A break, yes, but only for an instant, because Troy's right back on the attack, jerking and twisting Ryan's right leg around before driving his knee up and down onto the mat! She kicks at the leg a few times but Ryan shoves her away. She goes right back at him to keep him grounded but when she tries to grab the limb again to maybe put a submission on, Ryan instinctively uses his left to kick her away and send her down to a knee. Troy's not to be deterred, though; she knows Ryan's leg is vulnerable and she knows she has to keep him on the ground.

She gets back up and keeps him prone with a dropkick to the head. Then she makes for his right leg again, but again he shoves her away and gets to his feet delicately. Troy's starting to show a little frustration, because when she whirls on him, the movement is so fast that she doesn't really keep her bearings, which means she's not completely paying attention. And since she's not paying close attention, Dan's able to catch her with an overhead belly to belly suplex!

The move causes his knee to give out and he crumples to the mat too. Slater counts!

ONE!

...

TWO!

...

THREE!

...

FOUR!

...

Troy rolls to her side and reaches out for the ropes. She pulls herself over to them and uses them to help herself up.

...

FIVE!

...

SIX!

...

Ryan does the same thing. He's much quicker to his feet and that stops Slater's count. He hop-skips over to her and hauls her the rest of the way up, hooking her in a vertical suplex. Troy manages to slip behind him and lands on her feet. She drives some hard knees right into his kidneys for good measure before taking off toward the far ropes. On the rebound, she throws her body right at her brother-in-law, twists her body in mid-air and wraps her arm around his neck. Her momentum brings her legs on the downswing and she plants him to the ring cloth with a tilt-a-whirl DDT!

DDK:

What a counter by the Queen of the Ring!

Angus:

I think Dan's seeing little red fists swirling around his head right now.

Troy dropkicks him right back to the canvas, grabs his leg, and slaps on a figure four leglock!

DDK:

Figure four on the badly damaged leg of Dan Ryan! He is WRITHING in pain!

Angus:

Ohhhhh this is bad, Keebs! Dan's not that far from the ropes but that look on Troy's face ain't one of sunshine and rainbows!

Indeed, Troy's got a wicked, evil grin on her face. She's taking immense pleasure in putting Dan in this particular move. Ryan tries to turn them both over but she moves her body in the opposite direction to counter. His shoulders hit the mat. Slater counts.

ONE!

TWO!

DAN RYAN GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

TAP OUT, RY-AN! *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!*

TAP OUT, RY-AN! *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!*

TAP OUT, RY-AN! *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!*

Angus:

Rubbing salt in the wound; man, our fans are brutal. That's why I love them.

Dan tries to scoot their bodies over toward the ropes but doesn't get very far. Troy yanks them back away from the ropes, and when she glares at her, she spits at him.

Lindsay Troy:

This is for throwing Melton in my face, so **FUCK YOU**.

Ryan roars and swipes at her. She avoids the blow but repositions her body so she puts just a biiiit more pressure on

his knee. Dan cries out and his shoulders hit the mat again. Slater counts once more.

ONE!

TWO!

AGAIN, RYAN GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

TAP OUT, RY-AN! *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!*

TAP OUT, RY-AN! *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!*

TAP OUT, RY-AN! *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!* *CLAP!*

Dan reaches for the bottom rope. His fingertips graze it. Almost got it....allllmost.....yep. Got it.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Dan Ryan's got ahold of the bottom rope! Lindsay has to break the hold!

Angus:

I gotta tell you, Keebs, she looks really disappointed about that.

Brian Slater starts counting and Lindsay untangles herself....at four and a half.

Angus:

Face of the heels!

DDK:

Is that even a real thing?

Angus:

Heel of the faces?

DDK:

Does this have something to do with holding that until four and a half?

Angus:

Nothin' gets by you.

Dan uses the ropes to get to his feet and it's a real struggle. Troy stands up much faster. She backpedals a bit to survey the scene. Dan leans against the ropes, grits his teeth, and makes a move toward the middle of the ring, but it's starting to become painful to put much weight on his right leg.

Which is what the Queen was hoping for.

DDK:

At this point, the champ can't even pretend that knee isn't in bad shape.

Angus:

Remember when I said Troy's neck was an obvious target earlier? Now the shoe's on the other foot.

She rounds third and heads for home. One dropkick to the knee later and the Ego Buster's flat on his back on the mat again. He rolls to the side and grasps his knee and Troy's back on him, hoping to maybe get the bridging sharpshooter on him, but Ryan manages to push her off with his free leg before she can turn him over. Troy stumbles a few feet away.

Angus:

Slick escape.

She looks back at him then runs for the ropes.

DDK:

But maybe not for long. Troy hits the the ropes, but DAN RYAN SPEARS HER TO THE CANVAS!

Even that late adrenaline burst did some damage to Ryan's knee but he tries his best to ignore the pain and wails away on Troy.

DDK:

Troy is covering up, but Dan Ryan is just raining down rights and lefts! Troy is reeling...

The crowd let's out a collective "OHHHHH"....

...as Lindsay Troy instinctively lifts her knee.... right into the family jewels.

DDK:

She must have done that out of pure instinct. She was getting destroyed by those fists!

Angus:

Why is it every woman's instinct to put a knee in the happy zone? It wasn't meant for that. NOT MEANT FOR THAT!

Slater counts. Both slow to rise.

ONE!

...

TWO!

...

THREE!

...

Troy's to a knee first.

...

FOUR!

...

Now Dan.

...

FIVE!

...

SIX!

...

SEV...

DDK:

They both finally make it up, now trading punches back and forth, Ryan gets the upper hand. Sends her into the ropes, SPINEBUSTER! The cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! He kicks out!

Angus:

Pure impact. It's almost like he's better when he's reeling. I don't know how you prepare for that.

Up to their feet, Ryan tries to power her into the corner but his knee gives out so it's more like he half-shoves her into the corner while he goes down to a knee. Troy still hits back-first. Ryan composes himself and stalks forward but Troy comes back with a skin-splitting knife-edge chop. And another. And another. Ryan staggers away and Troy takes off for the ropes.

RAYNES OF CASTAMERE!

The flying double knee strike catches the FIST of DEFIANCE flush on the chin! Troy drops to cover.

ONE!

TWO!

ThreeeNOOOOOOOOO! KICKOUT!

Dan Ryan is somehow up, but the fog has definitely not lifted. Troy hits the ropes again, but this time, he throws out a boot that catches her flush in the chin and she goes spinning head over heels to the mat. With a rush of adrenaline, he whips her up quickly into a reverse waistlock, and throws her over with a release German suplex. He pulls her back up, and this time throws her over with a release dragon suplex! With this burst of energy, he falls to the mat, roars and slams his fist into the mat. Troy's neck hit the mat hard, and she is NOT moving.

DDK:

My God, where did that come from?!?!

Angus:

He isn't human!!! HE. IS. GIGAAANNNTOOOORRRRRR!

DDK:

Dan Ryan gets up, puts Troy in a standing headscissors. He struggles to get her up, stumbles, but then drops her to the mat....

Dan Ryan is PISSED. He screams out in anger again. He pulls her up again, this time.... for the Headliner.

The crowd lets out a terrified gasp. Not the Burning Hammer. Not again....

Angus:

No no no.... Not this again...

Ryan gets her up on his shoulders....

...and the knee buckles.

DDK:

Thank God his knee didn't hold!

Angus:

If he keeps dropping her though...

Ryan falls to a knee. Nothing he can do about it.

He hobbles over, practically hopping at this point. He reaches down again and Lindsay Troy rolls him up...

DDK:

Small package!

Angus:

I do not!!... OH....

DDK:

ONE!

TWO!

Dan Ryan somehow breaks it up!

He rolls away and scrambles to his feet.

DDK:

Somehow Dan Ryan gets to his feet. Burst of adrenaline and another standing headscissors! MY GOD HE HAS HER UP.... AND DRIVES HER DOWN TO THE MAT WITH A HUMILITY BOMB! DEAR GOD!

Angus:

But he can't make the cover! His can't put any weight on that knee! Lindsay Troy is out, but Dan Ryan can't get over to her to make the cover!

DDK:

Ryan crawling over! He finally drapes an arm across Lindsay Troy's chest!

Angus:

The Donald Trump cover!

DDK:

Brian Slater makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

DAN RYAN RETAINS....

NO HE DOESN'T! LINDSAY TROY KICKED OUT! LINDSAY TROY KICKED OUT!!!

Angus:

Holy hell How'd she do it!?

Dan Ryan crumples to the mat, not much left in the tank. She's hurt, but he's in terrible shape. He sits, barely able to stay upright. Troy pushes herself to a kneeling position and staggers to her feet, nearly stumbling but getting her bearings. She puts her hands on her thighs and takes two breaths.

Adrenaline takes over. Instinct.

She bolts for the ropes. Gains a head of steam. Makes a beeline for her brother-in-law's head and leads with her knee.

CRACK!

DDK:
SHINING WIZARD!

Angus:
Souvenir for the fans! Dan Ryan's head might be in the fifth row!

The Ego Buster hits the mat on his side. Troy shoves him over onto his stomach and winds his right leg around hers, then bridges back.

DDK:
MUTA LOCK!! MUTA LOCK!!

Dan Ryan:
AAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

DDK:
Ryan is screaming at the top of his lungs! His knee is contorted!

Angus:
And she's got him right in the middle of the ring!!

DDK:
The Faithful are going absolutely nuts! Troy has the FIST of DEFIANCE trapped in the Muta Lock and Dan Ryan has nowhere to go!

Brian Slater gets right in Dan Ryan's face, asking if he wants to submit, but all he does is scream at the top of his lungs in agony. He has no leverage, has nowhere to go. He reaches for the ropes...he's not that far, maybe he can make it...but then he feels one of Troy's arms slipping around his neck and the other behind it, applying a chickenwing, and with one last scream, something snaps in the knee, and Dan Ryan's hands slap furiously at the mat.

DDK:
Dan Ryan just tapped out!

Brian Slater CALLS FOR THE BELL.

Angus:
I never thought I'd see the day....

DING! DING! DING!

The Faithful ERUPT.

The bell rings as Troy breaks the hold and slumps onto her side, absolutely spent. Brian Slater collects the FIST of

DEFIANCE as medical personnel come rushing to the ring, this time for Dan Ryan.

Darren Quimbey:

THE WINNER OF THE MATCH.....

Slater goes over to a now-sitting Lindsay Troy and helps her to her feet. She's overcome with emotion as he hands her the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Darren Quimbey:

....and NEW FIST OF DEFIANCE..... LIIIIIIINNNDSSAAAAAYYYYYYYY
TRROOOOYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

DDK:

We have a new FIST of DEFIANCE! And it's Lindsay Troy!! Dan Ryan's reign ENDS TONIGHT!!!

Angus:

And now the official rule of the High Queen DEFIANT can begin!

Ryan has his eyes open, chest heaving from fatigue, aware of his surroundings, but not moving. Medical staff are around him, and it becomes clear from his body language and the way the medics are acting, the knee is fucked.... up. Ryan shakes his head in a "no" in response to some question we can't hear. He isn't moving the right leg.

Meanwhile....

The Faithful are still going ape shit over their new FIST as Lindsay Troy climbs out of the ring, abandoning the scene behind her. DEFsec in the crowd stand up and she motions them out of the way. Even though she can barely stand from exhaustion and emotion herself, Lindsay Troy climbs over the barricade and walks into the crowd to celebrate amongst the fans and stand tall with them as one.