

Frank Dylan James vs Nicky Corozzo

[We jump in from the obligatory preview hype commerical, right into a live shot of the Wrestle-plexes parking lot. That's right, no intro, no big production, just a quick, hard cut to Lance Warner, who stands with a headset around his neck and a clipboard in his hand. He scans the horizon with a worried look on his face. He checks his watch and flips through the stack of papers on his clipboard with a sigh.]

Lance Warner:

We're starting now? Good Lord, remind me again why he was allowed to do this? He and Corozzo opening the damn pay per view and he hauls off and works a developmental match across town? Christ on a crutch...

♪ "The End" by The Doors ♪

[Jim Morrison's classic is drowned out by a torrential downpour of boos and jeers from the Faithful as undoubtedly Nicky Corozzo makes his entrance into the arena. Warner looks back over the camera at some unseen crew member looking rather exasperated.]

Lance Warner:

He's always drunk you know, so we're expecting a certified alcoholic to drive him ACROSS town! Lord knows Frank Dylan James isn't taking the damn bus, ooooooh no not Frank... [mumbles from behind the camera are heard] ... well, he better get here soon or he'll be handing this thing to Nicky. If I have to listen to Jane prattle on about this for the next month around the office I'm going to throttle that damn hillbilly with his own gross beard hair.

[We hard cut to the arena where Nicky Corozzo and the lovely leggy brunette business wunderkind Jane Katze are standing center ring. Nicky is being assisted by referee Brian Slater in the messy process of coating his wrapped hands in the stringy viscous glue. Dropping each hand one at a time in a bucket full of jagged broken glass. Jane Katze smiles and claps at Nicky examines the glass covered lunchboxes on the ends of his huge tree trunk sized arms.]

DDK:

Wrestling fans we're going to start things off a liiiiiittle different this evening seeing as... well, the ringside area might require a little CLEANup when this one's over, partner. Don't you agr... are you okay?

Angus:

Guh... what was I thinking booking and calling a BRAZEN show via satellite. My ego has officially caught up with me. I seriously can't believe I have to keep goddamn talking for... Jesus Christ, three hours?! Kill me, kill me now Darren.

DDK:

Speaking of poor decisions regarding the... absolutely stellar, by the way... BRAZEN showcase that took place in a veterans hall across town earlier today. Apparently Frank Dylan James, the other participant in THIS very deathmatch, who also decided to participate in a wild eight man tag match earlier, has YET to arrive.

Angus:

He'll be here.

DDK:

What if he wrecked? What if he got mugged? A lot of stuff can happen when you're traversing a city like New Orleans.

Angus:

He'll BE here.

DDK:

What if he's drunk in a ditch somewhere? What if...

Angus:

I know for a fact he likes to fight more than he likes to drink, truth. He'll. Be. Here.

DDK:

Well, you seem pretty damn sure of... I'm... ummm... well, I'm being told by the truck that there's been several sightings of a red pickup truck with a few occupants standing in the bed speeding towards the arena posted on social media, so... we'll throw it back to our broadcast partner Lance Warner, Lance? Can you hear me? I'm not sure he can hear us...

[We cut back to the parking area. Lance pushes up his glasses with his thumb and fore finger and squeezes the bridge of his nose. The distant squeal of a tire pricks Lance's ear... then another. Then we hear the guttural grumble of a very large, very unkempt engine being pushed to its limits. We see a red pickup truck squeal into the parking lot, the unmistakable wild brown mane of Frank Dylan James blowing in the breeze as the truck barrels across the asphalt at near full speed.]

Lance Warner:

Thank God, he's here. FRANK! FRANK! [to himself] Jesus we're cutting it close.

Angus:

Told you.

DDK:

Hush.

[The truck squeals to a stop right at the feet of the camera crew. From the bed of the truck barrels Frank's "Southern Bastards"... young J.J. Dixon, the nearly feral Earl Lee Roberts, and the giant Japanese brawler known only as MASSIVE Cowboy. Right behind them, all barefeet and overalls, Frank Dylan James hops down from the bed of the truck... the nickname "Hillbilly Jesus" never so appropriate for the big man. Frank and his "apostles" walk over towards Lance and the camera crew. Lance starts to talk, Frank simple pie faces the little announcer off camera and walks towards the arena.]

Lance Warner:

You need to get out there STAT, we... *fmermph* *thud*

FDJ:

You feller's stay back here. I got this'n here.

J.J. Dixon:

Give 'em hell, Frank!

Earl Lee:

GET 'EM BOY! WHOOP THAT EYE-TALIAN SUMPIN' GOOD FER' US FRANK!

MASSIVE Cowboy:

We'll be here if you need us, Frank.

[The big man from Double Dragon Ranch in Tokyo, Texas gives his brother-in-arms a nod and kicks back against the truck. Dixon and Earl Lee can be seen starting to dick around with Lance, still sitting on his ass, his papers scattered everywhere. Frank dosen't look back though, he pushes through the big double doors and heads off in the direction of the arena where Jane Katze now holds a microphone in her perfectly manicured hand. As we cut to the arena, Jane paces along the ropes nearest the hard camera side. She points up towards the big screen.]

Jane Katze:

Oh, look everyone! The barefoot alcoholic has finished playing "indie wrestler" and decided to grace us with his presence! Eric Dane's charity case, that's all you are Frank, a CHARITY case! Some poor pitiable yokel that was

LUCKY enough to get attached to this brand like some...

[We don't find out what disgusting adhesive Jane would pull to finish that sentence thanks to Uncle Ted the Motor City Madman screamin' over the arena's PA system. A battlecry that gets each and every member of the DEFIANCE Faithful on their feet, the front row and entrance ramp fans banging the guardrails along to the beat of the song.]

Angus:

What'd I say, Darren?! FRANK! FRANK! FRANK!

[Angus stands at the commentation station and turns towards the ring. The crowd picks up Skaaland's chant. An arena full of raised fists, pumping along to The Nuge as they hoot, holler and chant for the Mastodon's arrival.]

♪ "Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent ♪

DDK:

You're turning into quite the babyface, Angus.

Angus:

Go fuck yourself, Darren. I'm a complex individual.

[A handheld camera shot once again flickers to life on the big screen and we witness The Mastadon sloooooowly pulling his big left paw from a bucket of broken glass with a sadistic smile on his filthy bearded face. He lingers only a second on the camera (giving a little wink) before turning on his heels and immediately exploding through the entrance curtain, making a beeline right towards the ring.]

Angus:

HE'S HEEEEEEERE!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Jane Katze:

Hurry up you disgrace! Get in this ring and take the rest of the beating we started giving you at Aftershock you disgusting creep! You filthy... oh, shit... *thud*

[Jane Katze drops the mic and juuuust gets out of the ring as Nicky bails out and meets The Mastadon halfway up the ramp. The crowd erupts as the two clash, each man swinging for the fences with wild right hands. Frank hits low, raking a bloody tear across the chest of Nicky's black t-shirt. Nicky's superior reach allows him to connect square across Frank's left eye.]

DING DING!

[Ref Buffalo Brian Slater signals for the bell and the match is OFFICIALLY underway.]

DDK:

Well, both men bleeding profusely before the bell even rings. This is definitely a DEFIANCE pay per view.

Angus:

You're DAMN right it is, Keeps.

[Corozzo backs away in horror as he realizes just how badly Frank's fist dug into his delicate chest meat. Compounding his horror, the fact the NASTY looking flap of skin hanging off the side of Frank Dylan James' left eye seems to be bothering the Hillbilly Jesus precisely zero percent. Frank licks the blood that now dribbles down his lips and chin and into his giant matted mess of a beard.]

Angus:

Goddamn, he looks like an extra from The Hills Have Eyes...

[The sight of this Jason Voorhees body double grinning a wild half toothless smile as though the blood gushing from the side of his head is nothing at all to be concerned about causes the usually composed Nicky Corozzo to scramble under the bottom rope into the ring like a scalded dog.]

DDK:

Look at him run!

Angus: [singing]

Fraaaaaank's gunna' kiiiiiiiill you...

[Nicky stumbles a quarter way across the ring and scoots the rest of the way into the farthest turnbuckle on his ass. Frank at this point has already leapt up on the ring apron and stepped over the top rope into the ring. Frank's eyes are just two wild white circles awash in a sea of crimson... locked on the seven footer now clawing his way to his feet with the help of the ropes.]

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

[Corozzo isn't allowed to find his feet as Frank takes two long steps towards "The Judge" and drops a series of absolutely devastating rights down across Nicky's head. You can feel the crowd pull back in complete revulsion.]

OOOOOOOEWMMMMWOOOOOOH!

DDK:

BIG FRANK HOLDING NOTHING BACK! What a series of right hands, my God!

Angus:

Will you look at the side of Nicky's head? Jesus Christ...

[Frank hesitates for a moment, looking down with satisfaction at the gusher he created on the right side of Corozzo's head... long enough for Nicky to compose himself and bring his glass caked fist right up into the tender groin area of The Mastadon.]

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

[The male fans in the arena, presumably the gentlemen at home as well, all simultaneously grab their sacks in cringing solidarity with Frank Dylan James. Even a man like the Hillbilly Jesus has his limit, and his bait and tackle are obviously that limit.]

DDK:

Frank drops to a knee after that... well, you all saw it...

Angus:

Nicky's getting up! Damn, would you look at his head?

DDK:

Thought not a deathmatch wrestler by trade, one would assume big Nicky Corozzo is well versed in this sort of ruthlessness with his background in organized crime.

Angus:

Alleged background, Darren. That shit hasn't been proven with facts, I'm still not convinced this schmuck wasn't just some bouncer or something...

[Nicky wipes some of the blood from his eyes as he manages to gets to his feet. The Judge rears back, and with seven

feet of fury behind the glass caked lunchbox perched at the end of his powerful arm, wallops Frank square in the forehead.]

Angus:

HE'S STILL STANDING... well, sorta...

[The momentum carries Nicky through the punch and down to a knee of his own but Frank weebles, he wobbles... but he doesn't fall down. Corozzo shakes his head in complete disbelief for a moment watching the blood run down the tendrils of the matted hair hanging from Frank's low slung head. The big Italian's face scrunches into a tight ball of blood and frustration as he grabs a fist full of Frank's crimson soaked mane and drags him down to the canvas.]

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

[The ringside camera catches Corozzo's shrill screams as he drops fist after fist, left after right down across Frank's head.]

Nicky Corozzo:

YOU LIKE DAT' YOU FUCKIN' FREAK FUCK?! HUH?! FUCK YOU, FUCK YOU...

[Again, appropriately drawing on the power and presence of Jason Vorhees, Frank gives Nicky a sharp shove sitting up on his ass like a demon straight out of hell. The pile of pulverized bloody meat that was Frank Dylan James somehow manages to get to his feet before his opponent. Nicky backs into the ropes in complete goddamn disbelief.]

FDJ:

YEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAHHOOOOOOORAHHHHHHHHHHHH!

[A guttural roar escapes Frank's lungs, a fine crimson mist shooting from his lips, Frank barrels towards Corozzo like a runaway Mack truck. The Mastadon clobbers Corozzo with a sloppy but effective running shoulder tackle that sees them jettisoned to ringside in a bloody heap that crashes lifelessly against the ringside barrier.]

*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*

[Frank pops up, his bloodlust and the rush of pure adrenaline the only things driving him forward at this point. Corozzo clutches at his midsection like he's been shot, possibly a broken rib or two. We hear the clatter of a pair of headphones being put on, and a third voice joins Keebler and Skaaland up at the commentation station.]

Angus:

Well well, to what do we owe the pleasure... your boy 'aint lookin' too good, Katze.

Jane Katze:

Yes, well, this is what happens when the help starts making their own career decisions, Angus. Nicky agreed to this madness, not me. He let this ape get in his head. This is exactly what happens when you don't heed MY advice.

[With Nicky still writhing in pain right where he landed near the barrier, Frank goes looking for some plunder beyond the ring apron. He produces two things, an ominous TRASHBAG sized wool sack and what looks to be...]

Angus:

Is that a goddamn staple gun? I think you should probably start taking applications for big dumb sidekicks, Katze, this doesn't look so good for ya' boy.

[Jane doesn't respond, she silently watches along with the rest of us as Frank stalks back over towards his opponent. FDJ reaches down and wrenches Corozzo to his knees thanks to a fistfull of Nicky's own ponytail. Frank raises the staple gun high above his head, and with a bloodthirsty roar brings the thing down on the already mangled forehead of

The Judge.]

POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!

DDK:

Dear GOD... did you see that?!

Angus:

I'm pretty sure he isn't done, Keeps...

[Before Nicky's bloodcurdling screams even stop ringing Frank grins a sadistic grin, digs his disgusting, unwashed, blood caked fingers into Corozzo's mouth and grips the former hitman's tongue between his thumb and forefinger, yanking it from Nicky's mouth popping one last staple right in the center.]

POP!

DDK:

GOOD GOD DAMN!

[Adrenaline produced by excruciating, unusual, nerve frying pain manages to will Corozzo to his feet. On spaghetti legs the big seven footer walks away from the source of his torture, a few feet away he collapses to his knees near the timekeepers area. His body starts to quake, shock obviously setting in.]

Angus:

Run Quimbey, shit just got real real, real fast! ... hope the EMT's are primed and ready, when this ones over there's going to be two very necessary trips to the goddamn ER.

[Almost as though the little ring announcer heard his broadcast colleague's cry hops from his place at ringside and scrambles away from the blood soaked action now at his proverbial doorstep. A few feet away Frank has managed to strip several feet of ringside of the black padded mats exposing the unforgiving concrete floor below. His eyes then shooting over to the enormous wool sack sitting ominously on the ringsteps.]

DDK:

Any wrestling fan worth their salt knows what a wool sack means, guys but... have you EVER seen a wool sack of doom that big?

Angus:

Maybe he's planning to finish the match with a potato sack race.

DDK:

...

Angus:

You never know.

[Frank upends the sack... THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS of sharp metal thumbtacks pour forth and cover every inch of the exposed concrete. With his body draped lifelessly over the wall that separates the timekeepers area from ringside proper, Nicky is complete unaware of the nightmare coming together behind him.]

DDK:

Deeeeeeeefinitely not for a potato sack race, partner.

FUCK 'IM UP FRANKIE FUCK 'IM UP! *CLAP CLAP*

FUCK 'IM UP FRANKIE FUCK 'IM UP! *CLAP CLAP*

FUCK 'IM UP FRANKIE FUCK 'IM UP! *CLAP CLAP*

[Frank Dylan James smiles at the chant before crunching over the tacks and stalking over to where his opponent is juuuuust now getting to his feet and realizing the situation he's allowed Frank to create whilst he caught his breath. Corozzo's eyes go wide as Frank grabs a fist full of shreaded black t-shirt and cracks his opponent across the chin with a glass caked fist just for good measure, dragging his prey back over to the edge of the sea of thumbtacks now filling one whole length of ringside.]

Angus:

Jane, sweetie, I uuuuuh... I think Frankie's about to totally void the warranty on your bodyguard... I'm just sayin'.

[Frank hoists Corozzo's massive frame up onto his shoulder, takes a few spins and simply chucks the giant Italian towards the very center of the thumbtack laden concrete nightmare extending from ringstep to ringstep along the lefthand side of the ring landing with a stomach churning crunch.]

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

DDK:

OH! MY! GOOOOOD!

[It doesn't matter what direction he crawls, there's only more thumbtacks... a foot of razor sharp metal spikes on all sides. Corozzo's arms, legs, neck, head, every inch of him is playing pincushion for Frank Dylan James. Referee Brian Slater... who for the most part has just stood back and watched this madness unfold... makes his way over to Nicky to begin checking on the man's ability to continue.]

Angus:

Where's Frank goin'... ? What's he doin' Darren? Jane?

[The Mastadon has made his way back up the steps and back into the ring. Slater has helped Nicky get shakily to his feet, the ringside barrier supporting his weight as he and Slater brush some of the tacks from the more sensitive areas of Nicky's body... this lasts about a minute before...]

RAAAHHHHHH!

[The Faithful can't even put together a chant, they simply come unglued as Frank Dylan James takes a running start towards the ropes, performing a picture perfect tope suicida between the top and middle ropes. The whole weight of his massive frame crashing against Corozzo, sandwiching him between the ringside barrier and Frank himself.]

DDK:

FRANK! DYLAN! JAMES LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! OH MY GOD!

[Frank manages to somehow land atop Corozzo. With Nicky's back and shoulders once again pressed painfully down into the sea of thumbtacks Buffalo Brian Slater slides in and just demonstrates why he pulled on those thick leather gloves earlier, swatting the concrete floor, sending tacks this way and that, and makes his count.]

Angus:

HE'S GUNNA' DO IT!

1...

[We hear the sound of, presumably, Jane Katze's headphones clattering down on the announce desk before Slater even gets to two.]

2...

Angus:

Don't leave mad, Jane, come on, don't leave mad!

[As the former head of security turned referee's hand smacks the floor a third and final time the fans once again come completely unglued.]

3... ! ***DING DING DING!***

FRANK FRANK FRANK FRANK!

FRANK FRANK FRANK FRANK!

FRANK FRANK FRANK FRANK!

DDK:

As Ms. Katze leaves the announce desk here folks, I just have to say... They tried to take him out! They tried to cut the legs out from under Frank Dylan James! But they just couldn't get the job done, Angus!

Angus:

That big bastard might be out of his goddamn MIND, Keebler but holy SHIT was that wild! 'ATA' BOY FRANK! Goddamn, what a match!

[A small army of ringside attendants, EMT's and DEF officials all pour from backstage. Frank, per character, swats the lot of them out of the way refusing any and all medical care, limping as confidently as he can back up the ramp with a satisfied... if not a bit pained... smile on his face. At the top of the ramp he's met by his three Bastards, the big asian cattle rustler MASSIVE Cowboy give Big Frank something to lean on as Dixon and Roberts live up to the name of their tandem giving a loud rebel yell out over the still roaring Faithful.]

"HOW 'BOUT THAT FRANK DYLAN JAMES!"

RAAAHHHHHH!

[The Southern Bastards allow Frank to soak in the reaction before the foursome disappear behind the entrance curtain. Down at ringside a disgusted Jane Katze has made her way through the mess and teeming mass of humanity to stand over her bodyguard now being strapped carefully to a gurney by EMT's.]

Angus:

She doesn't look too happy, Darren.

DDK:

No, partner, she sure doesn't. I'd hate to be in his shoes, having to explain himself to Bronson and Jane.

Angus:

Once he's conscious, that is... but let's put something into perspective, Darren. Frank Dylan James came into this match having already fought and WON an equally as wild eight man tornado tag team match just like, what, a little over an hour before this?

DDK:

Equally as wild... ?

Angus:

Okay, okay not nearly as wild but a hell of an accomplishment nonetheless. There is NO WAY Frankie doesn't deserve a shot at some DEFIANCE gold after today. No goddamn WAY, Keebler.

DDK:

I couldn't agree with you more, partner.

[As the announcers continue to talk, we cut to a crane shot of the stage hands and officials all scrambling to replace the blood soaked canvas and sweep the thousands of tiny metal thumbtacks and mess of sticky chunks of jagged broken glass under the ring as quickly as possible so the pay per view can continue.]

DDK:

You know... with the impetus of Bronson's and Dusty's little disagreement being the question "just who is the heart and soul of DEFIANCE"... I think we might have gotten an answer to that question right here in the opening match of the pay per view. And that answer is Frank Dylan James.

Angus:

Nobody fights harder and sheds more blood for DEF than The Mastodon, Darren. Goddamn NOBODY...

[The shot fades.]

The Rundown - Acts of DEFIANCE Edition

[Jumping in off the fade, we get a sweeping shot of DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex, packed to the gills with four thousand of the Faithful's loudest and proudest in attendance tonight and their many signs.]

COROZZO ATE MY PIZZA!
JUST LOOK UP!
WHERE'S HENRY KEYES?
EGO WRECKED OR TRAIN BUSTED?
DREAM RASSLEFIGHT!
ALL HAIL THE QUEEN, BABY!
EUGENE DEWEY SUCKS AT SMASH BROS.

[The shot soon cuts to the booth where we are greeted by the hosts of the show.]

DDK:

What a way to kick off the show!

Angus:

Blood and guts, the only way to do it, Keeps.

DDK:

Welcome and thanks for tuning in tonight, for DEFIANCE's latest pay per view, ACTS OF DEFIANCE! I am Downtown Darren Keebler, and as always, my partner in crime, the Motormouth of Malcontent Angus Skaaland!

Angus:

Damn right, dude. We got a helluva show for the Faithful tonight, don't we?

DDK:

Definitely and we've already kicked it off with one hellacious grudge match between Frank Dylan James and Nicky Corozzo. This being DEFIANCE, it's only the tip of the iceberg, because coming up in just a bit, we got Sam Horry making his DEFIANCE pay per view return against Jake Donovan.

Angus:

Got to admire, Donovan, he gave up the life of screaming tweens chasing him around and suddenly found the balls to make enemies with a guy who's made his bones choking dudes faster than he choked on MUHBOITAI against Team HOSS!

DDK:

Never going to give that up, are you?

Angus:

Rick Astley style, Keeps!

DDK:

Speaking of debuts, former ACW legend and World Champion, the high flying Andy Sharp makes his DEFIANCE debut against a young man looking to make his own mark, BRAZEN's own Felton Bigsby!

Angus:

Ugh, do we really need to suffer a brand new flippydoo, why can't we get more big hoss fighters?

DDK:

Because variety is the spice of life?

Angus:

Yeah? Well, this spice is giving me indigestion already.

DDK:

Right... Well, Mushigihara is in action and looks to even the score with the British Vixen Har--

Angus:

Mmmm... Haaarrrrrmooonnny...

DDK:

It'll never happen, Angus, live in the now.

Angus:

She will be mine, oh yes...

DDK:

Ahem... A little professionalism, please. Harmony took a very big feather off of the Japanese Juggernaut several weeks back and, needless to say, Mushi has been a little cranky.

Angus:

A little cranky? Dude damn near killed Carla Ferrari after that match and everyone else that has been stupid enough to get in his way. Hopefully Harmony just realizes the fact that she got lucky and gets counted out or something, you know, so she doesn't end up a bloody stain on the mat. That's not a good look for her.

DDK:

Gee, and I wonder why she has no clue who you are... Moving along, we got a tag team--

Angus:

THE GREATEST TAG TEAM NOT NAMED TEAM DANGER AND OR HOSS! MUHBOITAI AND CANCER JILES! WHO ARE GOING TO DESTROY THE TWO BIGGEST BANES OF MY EXISTENCE, THOSE TWO WHO WILL GO UNNAMED!

DDK:

Jesus, excited much?

Angus:

A little bit, yeah.

DDK:

Just a little bit. In any case, Jiles and Walker take on the reigning Southern Heritage Champion, Curtis Penn and his new muscle, Jonny Booya.

Angus:

More like, Penn has been running scurred of the One True King of Cool, Cancer Jiles ever since he's returned to set that douchenozzle straight. And now with MUHBOITAI, they look to rid the world of these two once and for all!

DDK:

And that's not all...

Angus:

What do you mean that's not all? Cancer Jiles and MUHBOITAI aren't the main event?

DDK:

Not when we have three huge matches to go, starting with Dan Ryan taking on the inaugural DEFIANT Grand Prix Winner, Frank Holiday!

Angus:

More like, lets watch Dan Ryan snuff out the annoying flakery that is Frank Holiday, and end our long suffering nightmare of his constant bathroom twittering, and the use of the word BRAH.

DDK:

And then we have tonights penultimate match of the evening, and this one is right up your alley partner.

Angus:

Yes, I demanded more than one hoss fight for the show and the gods have seen fit to bless me with a hoss fight, just too bad it's between two guys I can't stand... But it should brutal as hell, which is always fun.

DDK:

Beggars can't be choosers, but at least you're found a silverlining for one of the bigger dream matches that our fans have been wanting for many years now as Bronson Box and Dusty Griffith finally go one on one to answer the question, who is the--

Angus:

The craziest, most self righteous blowhard in the history of pro wrestling? Sounds about right, for the record, if these two don't damn near kill each other, I'm calling shenanigans.

DDK:

Something tells me that violence and those two isn't going to be in short supply... But speaking of shenanigans, we have the main event for the FIST of DEFIANCE as Eugene Dewey defends his championship against Lindsay Troy.

Angus:

Shenanigans indeed, must be nice to have the champion right where you want him and to have your own brother-in-law as the referee of the match.

DDK:

As ordered by Kelly Evans, who hasn't held our reigning champion in high regard since his turn to the darkside. At least she didn't just install Dan Ryan into the match with no restrictions, he's been ordered to call this match fair or it's his job.

Angus:

Hah, and that right begs the real question, Keeps...

DDK:

Oh lord...

Angus:

If Lindsay Troy doesn't win, does this mean Dan Ryan will be in the doghouse with his sister-in-laws sister? It's like, you better make sure my sister wins or you're sleeping on the couch tonight... But then Kelly Evans has made it clear that if he doesn't call it straight, he's getting a one way ticket to the unemployment line. Basically, Dan Ryan is in the seventh circle of estrogen hell tonight.

DDK:

That's... A fair question and adds a-whole-nother layer of intrigue on top of tonights main event, but first, lets take it down to the ring to officially kick off tonights show!

[Cut to the ring.]

Sam Horry vs Jake Donovan

[Cameras pans back to the locker room where Sam clad in a gray/orange pair of fight shorts adorned with the logos of his sponsors, gray compression style knee pads with orange highlights, and gray Nike wrestling sneakers with orange swoosh. The look is completed with a matching gray pair of shinguards over both shins. Sam is warming up with the members of his Red Dragon Sports team, as they are holding the Thai pads for him to strike.]

DDK:

As we look at Sam Horry preparing to make his long awaited return to pay-per-view, this issue between Sam and Jake over the past few weeks has really escalated to a personal issue, which will hopefully come to a conclusion.

Angus:

It's a personal issue because of all the hype Horry's been getting since he came back to DEFIANCE. I can see where Jake is coming from. Here he is, having destroyed and ran off Kenny Freeman at our last pay-per-view, and prior to that had steadily been building his stock here in DEFIANCE. Where are his hype videos? When is the machine gonna get behind him? Jake's not going to wait at the back of the line just because Sam all of a sudden decided he's a mixed martial artist.

DDK:

Decided he's a mixed martial artist?! The man left DEFIANCE and conquered MMA, and now's he come back home! Whatever grudge you have against Sam, you have to admit he's an impressive athlete.

Angus:

No kiddin'! He's MAHBOITAH's little cousin, which is Sam's ONLY redeeming quality. But if he's thinking THAT is going to save him, he's in for a rude awakening tonight. Jake Donovan is on the prowl and Sam is ripe for the slaughter.

[A fight team member tapes Sam's wrist and knuckles. His agent, Jeanie as per their custom stops over to kiss Sam's now taped knuckles. The camera quickly switches over to Jake Donovan's locker room where he is loosening up his neck. He takes huge vertical leaps in the air, readying himself for the aerial assault he's going to dish out.]

DDK:

Jake Donovan looks to go 2-0 in his most recent pay-per-view outings, and play spoiler to Sam's DEFIANCE comeback.

[Jake is shown leaving his locker room, with a malicious smirk etched into his countenance.]

DDK:

Look at that smirk, what kind of mayhem does Jake have planned for this evening?

Angus:

Whatever it is, can't bode well for Sam tonight. But it sure will be entertaining!

♪ "Fire It Up" by Black Label Society ♪

[Flashing lights burst overhead like fireworks, wildly shifting between red and orange as the music erupts from the arena's speakers and the fans come out of their seats as Jake appears at the top of the ramp, one arm raised to the rafters. They're booing their former hero like he just kicked their favorite puppy, and Jake, he just stands at the top of the ramp, head thrown back, soaking it up.]

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first; from Mason City, Iowa, weighing 215 pounds, this is JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAKE DOOOOONOVAAAAAAAAAN

[As Jake begins to make his way down the aisle, his face all painted up in red, orange and black, his hair dyed a deep crimson, he keeps to the center of the aisle, eyes straight ahead, refusing to look at the fans. He's wearing black cargo pants with flames and a red and orange mesh phoenix running up the sides and an old school DEFIANCE t-shirt with Phoenix emblazoned across the front.]

DDK:

There he is folks, the dangerous high flyer and risk taker Jake Donovan. Jake cut his teeth in various backyard promotions in Iowa. That pursuit of his dream has led him here tonight where Jake says that he and not his opponent, will be the most dangerous man in the building.

Angus:

Like you said, he's a risk taker. He'll do anything to his body to make sure you don't get up. Jake will throw caution to the wind to make sure he ends up with the advantage.

DDK:

That will need to be Jake's strategy. He's faster. He's got to keep Sam off balance, and not let Sam get in any kind of rhythm be it grappling or striking. Keep the pace faster than Sam can dish out punishment, and Jake will win tonight.

[Jake runs up the steps, pulls himself onto the top rope and raises his arms high before doing a somersault and landing in the ring. He's greeted with boos as "Fire it Up" fades.]

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent....

♪ "Ignorant Shit" by Jay-Z ♪

[The lights dim as the opening strains of Horry's walk out music plays over the PA system.]

Darren Quimbey:

... from the Queensbridge section of Queens, NY weighing 238 pounds, "The H.N.I.C." SAAAAAAAAAAAAAM
HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRY!!!!!!

[The Red Dragon Sports fight team precede Sam down the aisle, carrying the belts he's held from MMA, WWA and DEFIANCE eventually surrounding the ring. Sam then emerges at the entrance ramp wearing his traditional sleeveless, black hooded towel over his head to a thunderous ovation from those caught up in Horry's big fight atmosphere.]

DDK:

Sam's keys to victory tonight, is to ground Jake and establish a rhythm with his strikes and throws. He'll also need to wear down Jake with his grappling; more importantly his submission holds. Sam will also need to control the distance between he and Jake. He's gotta use angles and cut off the ring.

Angus:

And the biggest thing, you were missing from your analysis: luck. Sam has to get lucky. Jake's too fast for him, probably too strong, and he has more heart. I mean really, do you see Jake coming to the ring with like, 50 people?

DDK:

One of these days I'm going to find out what he did to you to make you so sour on him.

[Removing his towel, and handing it to one of his cornermen, Sam closed his eyes as another cornerman wiped a small amount of Vaseline over Sam's face, and put in Sam's gray and orange mouthguard that read 'Red Dragon Sports' as the chants filled the arena:]

WAR HORRY! WAR HORRY! WAR HORRY! WAR HORRY!

DDK:

For those who may be unfamiliar, that chant 'War Horry' is a chant that started with Sam's Vale Tudo career in Japan before he became a wrestler, and has followed his mixed martial arts career ever since.

[Feeling the chants of the crowd, Sam begins bouncing in the corner in anticipation as his crowd becomes more unhinged. Jake is across the ring pointing his finger and talking trash.]

Angus:

Yeah, Jake! You tell 'im!

DDK:

In his previous run here in DEFIANCE, Sam was chastised by many for not being true to his roots as a brutal Mixed Martial Arts competitor. That is not the case here tonight, and the man F!ght Magazine still regards as MMA's Lineal Heavyweight Champion is ready for battle! Jake Donovan has been on a hot streak, and is determined to play spoiler to Sam's return! Donovan has the tools to make this an all out war!!!

DING DING DING!!!!

[The crowd erupts as Sam came firing out the gate with jabs. Donovan slips the jabs, but got belted in the leg with a roundhouse kick that buckled him.]

DDK:

Hard roundhouse kick to the leg by Sam. As we mentioned before, Donovan has to steer clear of those heavy strikes Sam has in his arsenal.

[Donovan motions that he wants to lock up, which Sam accepts with a smile. As they go for the collar-to-elbow tie up, Donovan sneaks a thumb into Sam's eye; then took Sam down with a hammerlock. The crowd erupted in boos as Donovan chuckled.]

DDK:

By hook or by crook, Donovan gets Sam down to the mat, but he has excellent leverage on that Hammerlock.

Angus:

Hook or by crook? What ever are you implying?

DDK:

Jake thumbed him in the eye to get that advantage.

Angus:

Yeah, but that thumb to the eye was all scientific technique. It was a Greco-Roman thumb to the eye to be exact. Gotch won the World Heavyweight Championship from Hackenschmidt with that very hold in 1908. Someone sold me the match on YouTube; Donovan paying tributes to the greats of the past.

DDK:

You do know YouTube is a free video sharing site, right?

Angus:

Say what now?

[Sam based to his feet, and executed a standing switch. He took Donovan down with a fireman's carry, but Donovan nipped up to his feet and put Sam to the canvas with a dropkick.]

DDK:

Great counter by Donovan! We saw Levi Cole use the dropkick early in his match against Sam on a recent DEFTv.

Angus:

And Donovan's like 15 times better than Cole!

[Wiping his lip, Sam stood to his feet to find Donovan charging towards him. Sam whiffed a clothesline, as Donovan ducked underneath and springboarded off the ropes with an armdrag. Donovan received a modest ovation as Sam slid out of the ring, frustrated. He looked on at Sam and did a faux karate bow.]

DDK:

Sam frustrated early on in this match. One has to wonder if maybe Sam overlooked Jake tonight. If he did, that'll be a costly mistake.

Angus:

But Donovan is giving Sam too much time to compose himself.

DDK:

As we mentioned before Donovan has to keep Sam off balance, and keep him from establishing a rhythm with his strikes and throws. He's doing just that..

[Sam slid back into the ring, and Donovan sprinted at Sam who sidestepped Donovan and used his momentum to throw Jake over the top rope. Donovan caught hold of the top rope and prepared to skim the cat, but before he could backflip over the top rope, Sam drilled across the base of his neck and shoulders with a hard roundhouse kick that echoed throughout the arena and brought his crowd roaring into the match. Donovan gets sent into the guardrail.]

DDK:

Did you hear the impact of that kick?! Sam has found his way into this match.

Angus:

It's okay, Donovan can take it.

[Sliding to the outside of the ring, Sam watched as Donovan made it to his feet. Sam then doubled Donovan over with a left hook to the body and an overhand right to the jaw. He ended the combo with a push kick that sent Donovan into the steps. It sounded more impactful than it actually was. But Sam rolled Donovan back into the ring, where Jake recovered quick enough to drop a legdrop across the back of Sam's neck as Sam was sliding back into the ring.]

Angus:

What recuperative powers Donovan possesses. It's like—it's like....he's GORRAM Superhero! He's already got the flying part down.

[Jake pulls Sam from underneath the ropes, and turned Sam over onto his back. Jake then hits Sam with a standing moonsault. He motions for the ref to count.]

DDK:

Cover!!!

1.....2

DDK:

Sam got the shoulder up. What a beautifully delivered Standing Moonsault by Jake Donovan.

Angus:

But I like what Jake did afterwards, he pulled Sam to the middle of the ring this way after he hit the move, Sam would have to spend energy to kick out of the pin attempt.

[Jake stood Sam up, and delivered a hard European uppercut that rocked Sam as it's impact echoed throughout the building. Sam staggered back into the corner.]

DDK:

Hard European Uppercut by Jake Donovan! You could see the sweat fly from Sam's body after that impact!

Angus:

But I don't agree with this, Donovan has to keep moving in that ring!

DDK:

You put money on this match, didn't you?

Angus:

I may have placed a friendly wager down.....with my um.....good friend, Jimmy two-times.

[Donovan lights Sam's chest up with a knife edged chop, then another. On the third chop attempt, Sam slickly reversed positions, and had Donovan's back against the turnbuckles. Sam then trapped Jake inside the Muay Thai clinch, and began assaulting him knees. The knowledgeable fans chanted "Eh!" along with each landed knee.]

DDK:

Vicious knees in the corner! Sam is ultra dangerous with these! Referee giving Sam a lot of latitude here!

[Sam continued with the knees in the corner, hitting one more knee that stood Jake Donovan straight up. With Jake stunned, Sam connected with a left hook, straight right combo that dropped Jake in the corner. The referee stepped in between them to check on Donovan.]

DDK:

What a barrage by Sam Horry. We saw Sam employ those same Muay Thai knees against Levi Cole; when he can trap you like that, Sam deals a lot of damage. That last combination has the referee making sure that Jake can continue.

Angus:

Yeah and there's supposed to be a 5 count in the corner. I tell you, the ref's let Sam get away with any and everything. I don't know how he keeps that saint-like facade up, he's as dirty as it gets.

[With the referee stepping back to allow this match to continue, Sam went in to continue the attack, but instead walked into an eye rake by Jake Donovan. Donovan hooked a disoriented Sam by the head and Jake quickly jumped to the middle turnbuckle. Donovan jumped and rotated with Sam to deliver a Tornado DDT, but Sam's leverage and strength allowed Sam to counter it into a Northern Lights Suplex.]

DDK:

Northern Lights Suplex! This could be it!

1.....2....

DDK:

Donovan get's the shoulder up, but what is Sam doing?

[Sam still in the bridging position from the Northern Lights Suplex, backflipped over and hooked Jake's arm.]

DDK:

Sam turned a Northern Lights Suplex pin attempt into a Kimura! Look at the torque he has on Donovan's arm!

[The crowd erupted, as Donovan reached for the ropes with his opposite hand all the while grimacing in pain. Sam then dropped into a Chinese Split to add even more pressure.]

DDK:

Oh--Oh my God, he'll break Donovan's arm! Look at the torque! The human arm is not made to be bent that way!

Angus:

Get to the ropes, Jake! I can't even watch.

[Donovan readied his hand to tap, but a last ditch lunge got Jake to the bottom rope, forcing Sam to break the hold.]

DDK:

Donovan gets to the rope, but the damage may have been done already.

[Clutching his arm, Donovan slides outside the ring. Sam gives chase to the outside when Donovan does something unexpected.]

DDK:

Donovan is trying to go under the ring!

[Donovan is almost completely under the ring, when Sam grabs Jake's ankle and pulls him from underneath the ring apron. Sam pulled Jake up by his hair, when Jake put his fingers to his lips and blew fire into Sam face!]

DDK:

DONOVAN JUST BLEW FIRE INTO THE FACE OF SAM HORRY!

Angus:

How the hell did he do that?!

DDK:

What kind of injuries are we dealing with here? What kind of psycho is this Jake Donovan?!

[The referee waived the match off disqualifying Jake Donovan]

DING DING DING!!!

[With Horry clutching at his face and screaming in pain, members of Sam's fight team ran en masse down the aisle. Jake looked down at Sam with a cruel grin. Standing between Sam and his fight team Donovan held them off by spewing another fireball in the air, while the crowd gasped!]

DDK:

ANOTHER FIREBALL!

Angus:

All that kung-fu karate goes out the window, when there's fire involved.

[Jake quickly hopped onto the ring apron, and performed a sky twisting moonsault from the apron to a downed Horry on the floor.]

DDK:

Are you kidding me?! Donovan adding insult to injury.

Angus:

I think he was trying to put Sam out.

DDK:

Get serious will you?! One could only imagine the pain Sam must be in, his face burned, and--and oh my God...

[Sam's agent, Elizabeth Jeanie Rivera-Horry, sprinted down the aisle, past the fighters Jake held at bay, concerned for her fighter's well being she made her way to Sam who was being stomped on by Jake. Elizabeth nudged Jake aside. Jake stared at Elizabeth, then pie faced her down to the floor, causing the arena to drown Jake in a sea of

'boos'. The rest of Sam's fight team crowded around both Elizabeth and Sam who Elizabeth covered his face with a towel.]

DDK:

Oh what a tough guy, he can push down a 115 pound woman! She's not a wrestler, Jake!

Angus:

You don't know Jeanie like I do! Trust me! She's a pitbull in a skirt!

DDK:

Well Sam is feeling the effects of this--this assault from Jake Donovan. Obviously Jake Donovan is disqualified, but the bigger picture is right there as some of the ring attendants are checking on Sam. His entourage and agent by his side...Sam's return to pay-per-view horrifically ruined here tonight.

Angus:

But let look at some of the positives to come out of this. First, Sam truly had the hottest return in DEFIANCE ever and second, Jake Donovan, showed his unselfish side by providing his own pyro at ringside! Who knows how much money he saved DEFIANCE and helped our budget! He could be responsible for our bonuses this Christmas!

DDK:

And this is funny to you....ladies and gentlemen we will keep you all updated regarding Sam's condition via our website coverage of tonight's broadcast. Let's go backstage.

[Final shot is of medical personnel attending to Sam with still keeping the towel covered over his face, while his agent rubbed his shoulder.]

Mutual Respect

[Backstage in the Wrestle-Plex, the atmosphere is electric as DEFIANCE stars prepare for their respective matches. The camera cuts inside the Women's Locker Room where Harmony is dressed and ready for her match with Mushigihara. She has a pair of earbuds in as she stretches out her long legs. She straightens up and reaches down her back to stretch out her arm muscles before removing her ear buds and wrapping the cable around her iPhone. She puts the phone down when a knock catches her attention.]

Harmony:

Come in, I'm decent.

[The door swings open and another mop of curly hair sticks its head into the room. Lindsay Troy, also, looks dressed for war. A pair of headphones hangs around her neck and she regards Harmony's choice of music accessories and attire with an amused chuckle.]

Lindsay Troy:

We're very nearly twinsies.

[Harmony glances up at Lindsay and laughs also, sweeping her hand through her curls.]

Harmony:

God help DEFIANCE in that case! How are you doing?

Lindsay Troy:

I'm ready. Feel like that's a good enough start. [She inclines her chin toward Harmony as a once-over.] Yourself?

Harmony:

Yeah, I'm good. Can't wait to get out there and prove to the world that Mushigihara isn't the unbeatable force he thinks he is.

[Her lips begin to curl into a smirk.]

Harmony:

And prove that we're just as good as the men.

Lindsay Troy:

Guys like Mushi who insist on being stuck in the Shogun era eventually get wise sooner or later, and guys like Eugene who think themselves nigh-unstoppable tend to crumble to pieces after they get their come-uppance.

[She shrugs.]

Lindsay Troy:

Point is, I'm long past the point of needing to prove anything to anyone. [She grins, wickedly.] I just want the spoils now.

[Harmony can't help but nod with a grin.]

Harmony:

Well we can't all be Lindsay Troy now, can we?

[She winks.]

Harmony:

I've still got to prove myself. Prove to everyone that beating Mushigihara the first time wasn't just a fluke.

Lindsay Troy:

Some of us don't think you need to prove anything at all. But I'll let you get back to it.

[Harmony smile becomes less of a grin and more genuine.]

Harmony:

Thanks. Your endorsement means a lot, really.

[She reaches up, pulling her curls back into a ponytail and slipping the hair elastic off her wrist around it.]

Harmony:

And who knows? Maybe it'll be us headlining a Pay Per View in the not so distant future.

[The Queen lifts an eyebrow and then, finally, cues the smirk.]

Lindsay Troy:

Keep the dream alive, kid.

[She slips back into the hallway and saunters toward the stairs that lead up to the gym.]

[Harmony sighs, heading towards the door herself.]

Harmony:

Oh I always do. Don't you worry about that.

[And with that, she heads out of the door and towards the staging area ready for her match.]

Andy Sharp vs Felton Bigsby

DDK:

It's been a HELL of a night so far and we're only three matches in now! Coming up next, we've got one of the newest signings to DEFIANCE making his much-anticipated debut! The former multiple-time World Champion "Lord of the Skies" Andy Sharp goes up against BRAZEN talent, "Houston Strong" Felton Bigsby!

Angus:

It's Lord of the Flippy-doo against Houston Strong, Keeps! It'll come down to who wants it more tonight! We know this Andy kid supposedly has hops for days and he's been wrestling for over a decade, but Felton Bigsby is young, strong, and hungry! And I think tonight, he's gonna break out.

DDK:

You're right about one thing, Angus: It'll definitely come down to whoever wants it more, so let's go to ringside for the next match!

[The camera cuts to Darren "DQ" Quimbey inside the ring getting ready to bring the announcing goodness.]

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is a singles match and this will be set for one fall!

[The lights of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex fade to black for several moments and all goes silent as the crowd sits in anticipation for what's to come.]

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

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

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, making his DEFIANCE debut... from Montreal, Quebec, Canada, weighing in at 231 pounds... This is **"THE LORD OF THE SKIES" AAANNNNNNDDDDYYYYYYYYY SHHHHHAAAAARRRRRRPPPPPPPP!!!!**

[Wearing red and gold-themed attire, Andy Sharp approaches the ring at an energetic pace, slapping some hands with the fans and even taking a second to jump on the guardrail, practically throwing himself into the sea of fans who have been waiting to see him debut.]

DDK:

The crowd is already taking to Andy Sharp like a duck to water! Listen to this crowd, they love him already!

[Andy runs up the steps and is completely caught up in the moment! The reception brings a huge smile near Andy's face and almost brings him to tears before recollecting himself. Sharp leaps into the ring and after taking a moment to compose himself, he executes a STANDING backflip, landing on his feet and while standing on his feet! Sharp then kneels down mid-ring and points a finger to the heavens one more time.]

DDK:

I spoke to Andy Sharp earlier today about this "just look up" mantra he's used in the last few weeks. He says this isn't just a phrase; it's a new philosophy he lives by. In his mind, he can rise above anything thrown his way by doing so.

Angus:

What the hell kind of Hallmark greeting idiot is this guy? He needs to stop looking up and start looking at Felton Bigsby!

[The music finally cuts out and Andy starts an unusual ritual, working on his elbow strikes by practicing on the top turnbuckle. As he does so, "Hold Me Back" by Rick Ross plays and the crowd reaction goes mixed, mostly negative

for the big man now coming out with a “fuck off” look on his face.]

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... hailing from Houston, Texas, weighing in at 320 pounds... this is **”HOUSTON STRONG”**
FEEEELLLLLTTTTOOOON BBBBIIIGGGGGSSSSBBYYYYYYYYY!!!!”

[Unlike Andy’s intro which was full of life and energy, Bigsby isn’t fucking around here tonight. The angry young powerhouse from Houston walks down to the ring with a steady gait. He soaks in the reception from the crowd and the BRAZEN talent climbs up the steps before walking inside the ring.]

Angus:

Look at this blue chipper, Keebs! Young, hungry, strong... 320 pounds, he’s got all the tools, my friend! And if Andy doesn’t stop kissing this crowd’s ass, then Bigsby will make him regret it!

DDK:

I don’t think he’s sucking up to them at all! He’s a man who’s been in the business for a while with a story to tell. Andy’s only thirty-two, but he’s been competing for more than a decade. He knows what to do in that ring and won’t look past this blue chipper, Felton Bigsby for a second!

[The music finally fades out and now the two finally come face to face after two weeks of build-up for this match. Sharp does the right thing and extends a hand out to Felton Bigsby, who looks at it for a moment... he slowly takes the hand and shakes it, but not before pulling Andy Sharp in close. He growls at Andy to show he means business and Houston Strong snaps back, leaving Andy with a strong first impression. Referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell!]

DING DING DING!

[Sharp and Bigsby lock up at the bell and things do start clean for just a moment. Andy has a slight height advantage at 6’4”, however Bigsby has almost a hundred pounds over Andy in weight. To that end, Bigsby **THROWS** him across the ring with a shove! The crowd is all over Bigsby who takes a moment to stand in place with a confident smile.]

Angus:

That’s a punk card being pulled, my friend! Bigsby ain’t impressed by any of Andy Sharp’s fancy-schmancy accolades.

DDK:

Andy back on his now and another lock-up... ouch! Again, Bigsby is imposing his will on Andy! He threw him back like he was nothing at all!

[The Lord of the Skies gets shoved back a second time. Clearly, Bigsby is having a little fun at Andy’s expense, but the man formerly called Mr. All-Star doesn’t let it get to him. The two lock up a third time. Now, Andy has him in a Headlock, but Bigsby backs up to the ropes and gives him a good shove. Off the rebound, Felton **BOWLS** him right over with a standing Shoulder Block, knocking Andy on his ass! He goes right for a cover after that!]

ONE!

TW-NO!

[Houston Strong grins at Andy with a short smirk and looks mighty proud of himself. Bigsby’s strength advantage is paying off right away and Sharp doesn’t have an answer for it just yet. Still, Sharp stands back up and waits for Bigsby to make the next move. Bigsby charges to the ropes and looks for another big moves, but Andy lays flat on the mat and watches Bigsby run again. Felton comes back and Andy leapfrogs over the big man and as he comes back...]

DDK:

OUCH! Jumping Calf Kick right to the face of Bigsby! He doesn’t go down, though!

Angus:

Uh-oh, what's Andy got going on here?

[The surprise Jumping Calf Kick from Andy doesn't knock down Felton, but he stumbles back to a corner where Sharp blasts him in the jaw with a Corner Elbow Smash! Andy backs up a few steps and then runs to the corner, CRACKING him in the jaw with a Corner Leg Lariat! Sharp STILL isn't done with his combination as he sprints cross-corner for some added momentum...]

Angus:

Holy craps, Bigsby just got Ron Burgundy'ed! That Cannonball was dope!

DDK:

But Andy isn't done! He goes to the corner one more time... HOLY CRAP!

[Andy ran across the ring a third time and this time, came back at him with what could only be described as an INVERTED Cannonball or something of a Shooting Star Senton in the corner! Sharp rolls out of the corner after his combination of huge moves and takes a quick bow for the crowd!]

DDK:

He calls that three-part sequence of moves in the corner the Hat Trick! I bet Bigsby is regretting taking Andy lightly!

[Before Andy Sharp can even capitalize, Bigsby does the smart thing after Andy's fast series of attacks and rolls out of the ring, taking a powder on the floor. The Lord of the Skies sees what Bigsby is trying to do and he isn't going to let him get away that easily. As Bigsby tries to get his second wind, the Lord of the Skies takes off through the ropes...]

DDK:

Suicide Dive! Andy's a tall man to be doing that type of move, but Sharp got Bigsby! And it doesn't look like he's done!

[Andy slides back inside the ring and because the Suicide Dive was so nice, he decided to do it twice! Andy goes through the ropes a second time and catches Bigsby, knocking the big man back into the guardrail!]

Angus:

Argh! Enough of this flippy crap, you proved your point!

[The Lord of the Skies would beg to disagree with Angus' observation. The crowd starts a loud "ONE MORE TIME!" chant and the young Canadian is happy to give them one more. Andy slides back into the ring once again and waits as Houston Strong tries to figure out what just hit him. Andy hits the ropes with great precision and heads forward. Felton looks like he's possibly expecting a third Suicide Dive, but Andy changes that bitch up...]

DDK:

CORKSCREW PLANCHA! Is there any high-flying move this kid CAN'T do?!

Angus:

...Okay, that was pretty sweet, I'll give him props for that!

ANDY SHARP!

ANDY SHARP!

ANDY SHARP!

ANDY SHARP!

ANDY SHARP!

[The crowd has gone NUTS for his high-octane offense as Andy goes sailing OVER the ropes, taking out Bigsby a third time with a huge dive! The Lord of the Skies gets back up and with some effort, he manages to finally get Felton Bigsby back to his feet and moves his dead weight back inside the ring. Sharp follows after his high-flying attacks and goes for a cover on Bigsby!]

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Bigsby with a kick-out there, but Andy Sharp just changed the pace of this match QUICK!

Angus:

All right, I'll give Lord of the Flippy-Doos some props, but Bigsby only needs one chance to turn things around!

[Andy goes back on the assault just as Houston Strong tries to get back to his knees. Sharp cocks an arm back and lets him have it with a series of hard Elbow Strikes to the head, sending Felton back a few steps. He stumbles backwards into the corner where Andy launches another attack, catching him in the face with a Corner Elbow Strike. Bigsby looks dazed and confused as Andy tries to pull him out of the corner, but suddenly Bigsby catches Andy by the neck and switches things up so now The Lord of the Skies ends up in the corner.]

[Felton Bigsby charges in and tries a running attack at Andy in the corner, but Sharp gets a boot up right into his face, stumbling the Texan powerhouse once again. Sharp goes through the ropes and tries to leap to the ring rope! He manages to get to the top rope, but Bigsby catches him...]

Angus:

BAM! Sharp may have just sharted himself after Bigsby just mauled him!

DDK:

You've been sitting on that one for a while, haven't you?

Angus:

Only a lot, yes! He caught Andy and just SLAMMED him right the hell down!

[The former Mr. All-Star goes down hard after Bigsby catches him in mid-flight and drops him with a Powerslam! Bigsby takes a few moments to catch his breath after Andy's opening salvo before he opens up on Sharp with a few stomps to the chest. The 320-pound beast goes to work and slams his foot into Andy several more times. Sharp tries to fight back, but Felton is too strong and puts his lights out with a hard right hand!]

DDK:

Andy's gonna be feeling that tomorrow! Bigsby's got him on the ropes now and he better make the most out of tonight's opportunity!

Angus:

I think he's doing just that! Look!

[Felton Bigsby grabs Andy by his hair and pulls the young Canadian up to his feet. He launches him into the nearest corner and unlike earlier, Sharp has no counter for a HUGE Running Back Splash in the corner by Bigsby! Andy slumps over and hacks up, but Bigsby already has him by the body and PRESSES him right over his head!]

DDK:

Incredible power on display from Bigsby!

Angus:

SPLAT!

[Bigsby actually does a rep or two before he simply opts to drop Andy behind him, completing his Military Press Slam. With Sharp down for the moment, Bigsby runs off the ropes and comes back with a Ground Senton Splash! All 320

comes down across the chest of Andy, making him almost cough up a lung before Bigsby finally turns him over.]

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Andy gets the shoulder up, but now Felton Bigsby is in control and he loves it right now.

Angus:

He has his big chance to break out tonight! I'd be feeling pretty cocky if I just crushed my opponent's bones into a fine powder, too!

[Bigsby sets Andy up and drops him with a big Scoop Slam. Because the first one was so nice, Bigsby tries for his Grounded Senton twice...]

Angus:

Well, no water in that fucking pool!

[Sharp rolls out of harm's way and Bigsby crashes hard into the mat! Andy takes a breather to try get himself back on the offensive as he uses the nearby ropes to pull himself up. He waits for Bigsby to make a stand so he can attack once again. Sharp runs at Bigsby, but that turns out to be another big mistake on his part! Bigsby THROWS Andy up into the air and catches the Canadian on his shoulder!]

DDK:

Impressive strength right there!

Angus:

Ain't over yet, Keeps!

[Indeed it isn't as Felton Bigsby goes running towards the corner, slams Andy's body right into the corner and then turns out...]

DDK:

EAST TEXAS STAMPEDE! That could be the victory for Bigsby right there!

[Bigsby wastes no time in putting all his body weight across Andy's shoulders now!]

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Angus:

How the fuck did he kick out of that?!

DDK:

Andy's definitely tenacious, but Bigsby has him on the ropes now! He's gotta get his temper in check and follow up!

[Felton wastes precious seconds yelling at the official before turning his attention back to Andy Sharp. He picks him up by the head and goes to town, burying a series of hard knee strikes into the chest of his slightly taller opponent. With Sharp doubled over, Bigsby throws him into the ropes and waits to catch him off the rebound. He goes for a

Spinebuster, but Andy surges to life and uses a bell clap of all things to break Bigsby's grip before he can complete the move!]

Angus:

Come on, dude, that's gimmick infringement!

DDK:

That's called a counter move!

[Andy just barely stuns the big man and tries for an Enzuigiri kick, but Felton sees it coming and ducks down, leaving Andy wide open for his next attack. Bigsby hits the ropes...]

DDK:

OOOOOOOOHHH! SHOULDER TACKLE! BIGSBY COULD HAVE IT HERE!

Angus:

He's got him!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

[The crowd is shocked that Andy Sharp kicked out, but Bigsby is about to blow a gasket with the official. He stands up and gets in Benny Doyle's face.]

Felton Bigsby:

ONETWOTHREE, MOTHAFUCKA!!!

[Bigsby turns around to continue punishing Andy instead of harassing Doyle, but when he turns around, he gets CRACKED upside the head with a huge Enzuigiri kick! The blow doesn't take Bigsby off his feet, but Andy sees a golden opportunity as he jumps over the ropes to land on the apron, then jumps right back in...]

DDK:

Springboard Superman Elbow Smash! Bigsby is down!

Angus:

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SCREAM IT, I'M RIGHT HERE!!!

DDK:

Now Andy goes in for the win!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

[Bigsby gets his shoulder up and powers out, but Sharp has the big man right where he needs him to be. He takes a moment and then points towards the turnbuckle with a grin on his face. The crowd starts going nuts when they see where he's heading - the fans that have followed Andy before his stop here in DEFIANCE know what's coming next!]

DDK:

He might be looking for his finisher here, the All-Star Frog Splash!

Angus:

Lord, is everything this kid does an ACW Tribute Band or what?

[Andy tries to get up top, but he sees Bigsby already starting to stir. Houston Strong starts to stand back up to his feet, but Andy SAILS right over him and lands on his feet, going right into a forward roll. Bigsby tries to charge at Andy yet again, but Sharp stops him in his tracks with a HARD Rolling Elbow to the face! With Bigsby stunned, Sharp hooks him. He takes Bigsby forward into a hard STO Backbreaker! The weight makes Andy wince just a little bit, but Sharp pulls him up, only to spike him down going the other way!]

DDK:

And he calls that move the All-Star Lineup! The STO Backbreaker into the Reverse STO and now Bigsby is flat on his back!

Angus:

That answers my earlier question!

[With a look of determination on his face, Andy Sharp rolls towards the corner again and makes one clear leap up to the top rope! The Lord of the Skies has Bigsby on the ground and stands to his full height on the top rope...]

Angus:

OUCH! NIGHTY-NIGHT, FELTON!

DDK:

ALL-STAR FROG SPLASH! HE GOT IT PERFECTLY!

[Sharp rolls over after the HUGE high-impact Frog Splash and turns over into a cover on Bigsby!]

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

[Andy rolls off of Felton Bigsby's prone body and starts to get back up. As soon as he stands, Benny Doyle raises his hand and celebrates his first victory on American soil in several years.]

Darren Quimbey:

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

DDK:

Felton Bigsby has nothing to be ashamed of for a performance like this, but Andy Sharp wanted it more on this night!

Angus:

Great, he won, let's move onto something else!

[The Lord of the Skies does a handstand over the ropes and flips away from the ring before he jumps into the sea of rabid DEFIAfans, getting some hugs from some of them in the process! Sharp truly looks happy hanging out amongst them, unable to contain a grin as he heads out from the crowd and starts to slap hands going all the way back up the ramp!]

Did You Hear Something?

[As the ring is cleared, we can still hear Keeps and Angus as they prepare for the next match.]

CRASHHHHHHH!!!!!!

DDK:

...did you hear something, Angus?

Angus:

Thunder? I don't know.

DDK:

If that's thunder, that's the loudest damn thunderclap I've ever heard.

Angus:

Thanks for that, weatherman. Meanwhile, shit's about to go down in the ring!

Mushigihara vs Harmony

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

[The familiar pounding, snapping, and crunching sound of Mushigihara's trademark battle theme fills the hallowed WrestlePlex and triggers a cacophony of jeers and screams. The lights dim slightly and golden spotlights begin to hover along the arena, heralding the arrival of the God-Beast.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall!

[The camera scrolls up to the arena entrance, where two silhouetted figures stand among the lights and smoke. The larger one raises his arms, almost inviting the hatred of the crowd, while his companion stands stoically, cradling a familiar cane.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

Introducing first, accompanied to the ring by Eddie Dante, he hails from Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan, and weighs in at three-hundred seventeen pounds, he is "THE GOD-BEAST!" MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

[The spotlights shine on the duo, prompting Mushi to start marching as Dante leads his charge to the ring.]

DDK:

The last time Mushigihara and Harmony met in this ring, Harmony pulled off a SHOCKING upset that sent Mushi on a downward spiral, but now he's come to avenge his defeat here at Acts of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

A few weeks ago I'd have said that Fatboy would struggle some more, but he looks like he's got his groove back and isn't about to take this lightly, so... it was nice knowing ya, Harm, but at least I'll have the memories of DEM GAMS.

[You can practically hear Keebler's eyes rolling in his head as the monster stomps his way up to the ring apron before stopping to pan a look at the crowd in front of him, before spreading his arms out and bellowing out his signature...]

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[He then steps between the ropes and strikes another pose as Eddie Dante follows, constantly issuing advice to him all the while as the music is replaced which prompts Dante and Mushi to stare daggers at the arena entrance.]

♪ "Just A Girl" by No Doubt ♪

Angus: [sniff]

Well, so long, sweet princess, yours shall be a glorious death...

DDK:

Don't forget, Angus, Harmony's beaten the God-Beast before, so it CAN happen again... am I really calming YOU down?

[The arena lights turn a purple hue as Harmony appears on the ledge, accompanied by silver sparkles shooting up to the sky.]

Darren "DQ" Quimbey:

And his opponent, from London, England by way of Manhattan, New York, weighing in at one-hundred fifty pounds... this is THE BRITISH VIXEN... HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARMONYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!

[She strides down the ramp, taking a little time to make contact with the fans before she hops onto the apron on one

knee and stands up, launching herself over the top rope with both hands. She leaps onto the middle rope and poses to the fans, blowing a kiss out to them before jumping down and staying loose. She passes Mushi and Dante, and switches to a game face as Dante nods towards his client and walks out of the ring.]

DDK:

"Buffalo" Brian Slater will be handling referee duties in this contest, due to the hostile environment Mushigihara has provided for Carla Ferrari over the weeks; Slater surely will have little patience for Mushi's shenanigans here tonight.

Angus:

Not like will make too much difference if Fatboy decides to smear Slater tonight...

[Referee Brian Slater does his job and checks over Harmony for hidden objects before heading towards Mushigihara to do the same, ignoring Mushigihara's snarl and laying down the law. Satisfied, Slater backs away and calls for the bell, barely having time to dive out of the way as Mushigihara charges at Harmony like a man possessed, even catching her off guard as he drives her straight into the turnbuckle with his entire body weight!]

Angus:

Dear sweet baby Jesus.

DDK:

After she managed to catch him off guard last time, Mushigihara is taking no chances.

Angus:

Did he HAVE to squish her though?

[Harmony crumples into the corner from the impact, but Mushigihara doesn't give her time to breath, roughly dragging her up by her curls and violently throwing her across the ring into the opposite turnbuckle again! Harmony slams spine first into the corner, wincing in pain from the impact and trying to catch her breath as Slater tells Mushigihara to get her out of the corner. Mushigihara gives Slater a deathly glare then charges at Harmony, only to slam into the turnbuckle chest first as she dives out of the way of the oncoming attack! Mushigihara staggers back out of the corner but is quickly planted on his face by Harmony hitting the ropes and taking him down with a bulldog that drives him into the canvas. Mushigihara is quick to try and get back to his feet and aware of this, Harmony hits the ropes and lands a dropkick to the temple that sends Mushigihara rolling out of the ring under the bottom rope! Slater starts a count from in the ring as Mushigihara slams his fists on the ring apron in frustration, Dante telling him to focus.]

DDK:

Smart strategy employed by Harmony here. Mushigihara is an absolute beast at twice her size and getting him off his feet has to be her way forward.

Angus:

If she survives this, I'd like to get her off her feet.

[Mushigihara begins to pace on the outside, but it doesn't last long as Harmony hits the ropes and throws herself over the top with a corkscrew plancha only for Mushigihara to catch her. The God Beast holds the much smaller woman up and runs at the ringpost, driving her into it spine first! Harmony cries out in pain as Mushigihara reverses and repeats the move, driving her into the ringpost again before rolling her under the bottom rope and finally sliding back into the ring, ignoring Slater's calls for him to start following the rules.]

[The brunette manages to pull herself back up to her feet, only to turn around straight into Mushigihara picking her up into a Bear Hug! She cries out in pain again but refuses to give in as Slater asks her if she's going to give up, the cries intensifying every time she says no as Mushigihara tightens the grip on her already sensitive midsection.]

Angus:

He's going to literally crush her. This makes me a sad panda.

DDK:

...sad panda?

Angus:

Can it.

[It looks like all life is fading from Harmony as she begins to wilt, coming back to life again as Mushigihara increases the pressure on the grip and makes her wail in pain once more. Slater asks again if she wants to give in and the survival instinct kicks in, the brunette slamming her elbow into Mushigihara's temple. And again. And again. And again until he releases her in a daze. Acting quickly, Harmony hits the ropes again and goes to plant Mushigihara with a wheelbarrow DDT, but he stops her momentum at its peak and sits out, planting her face first into the mat! He rolls her over and makes a lackadaisical cover...]

1 ...

2 ...

[Harmony kicks out with gusto!]

[Mushigihara snarls at Slater's count before grabbing Harmony by the hair and violently dragging her up, throwing her into the corner before backing away and charging to look for a splash, only for Harmony to jump up with both feet and connect with his jaw. Mushigihara spins round and staggers from the corner, turning around into Harmony leaping from the middle rope to drop him on his head with a Tornado DDT! She quickly scrambles into the cover ...]

1 ...

[Mushigihara kicks out, throwing Harmony off him!]

DDK:

Mushigihara has been a dominant force in this match so far!

Angus:

Did you see that?! He almost threw her across the entire ring!

[Mushigihara sits up, but doesn't manage to get any further as Harmony hits him with a neck snap that sends him sailing back to the mat. Like a flash of light, she hits the ropes for a Quebrada, only to be stopped by Mushigihara getting his knees up, leaving her to crash by her already afflicted ribs. The brunette rolls around on the mat, clutching at her ribs as Mushigihara finds his feet. He stalks her like an animal in the wild as she gets to her feet, wrapping her up and throwing her over with an inverted vertical suplex! Harmony wails in pain again as she lands on her ribs, clutching at them as Mushigihara drags her back to her feet again and throws her into the ropes. Mushigihara looks for a lariat but Harmony ducks under and hits the ropes again, this time managing to leap up and wrap herself around his arms, pulling Mushigihara down into a crucifix pin attempt ...]

1 ...

2 ...

[Mushigihara kicks out!]

[Harmony is quick to attack as Mushigihara tries to make it to his feet, catching him while off balance with a double knee jawbreaker that sends him sprawling back to the mat before landing a standing moonsault and hooking the leg ...]

1 ...

2 ...

[Mushigihara kicks out!]

DDK:

Two near falls very close together there for Harmony and that could work to her advantage.

Angus:

How?! Everytime she tries a cover, he's going to get more pissed off and more likely to crush her. Just let him pin you and end it while you still have a ribcage.

[Harmony quickly rolls out under the bottom rope to the apron and goes for a springboard guillotine leg drop, but Mushigihara rolls out of the way, leaving her to crash into the mat on her backside. He waits for her in the corner, charging like a freight train and driving straight through her with a huge clothesline that turns her inside out as she turns around! Harmony is slow to her feet, giving Mushigihara the chance to wrap her up into an abdominal stretch, making her wail in pain once more from the attacks on her ribs. Slater is quick to check for any sign of submission, the tenacious brunette refusing to give in as Mushigihara pulls the hold tighter and tighter. Meanwhile, the crowd starts chanting for the Vixen...]

HARM! HARM! HARM! HARM!

[Perturbed by the chants, Mushigihara looks around the crowd before sloooowwwwwly planting the point of his elbow into Harmony's ribs. Her yelp of pain only drives the crowd to chant louder.]

HARM! HARM! HARM! HARM!

Mushigihara:

OSU!

[He wrenches the hold in, but in his efforts, Harmony seems to find an out, because she manages to lower her weight and throw the God-Beast off balance, allowing her to roll him up for a pin attempt.]

1 ...

2 ...

Mushi pushes off!

Angus:

Whew! Close one!

[Harmony's efforts just seem to anger Mushigihara more and he rushes to attack her as the both get up, but the brunette manages to drop him to the mat with a drop toe hold then hits the ropes as he gets to his feet to take him down with a swinging neckbreaker before she leaps and lands across him with a standing moonsault! The crowd goes crazy for the offense but Harmony did as much damage to herself with the move, holding her ribs and kicking her feet in pain as Slater checks on both competitors.]

[Managing to catch her breath, Harmony hooks Mushigihara's leg ...]

1 ...

2 ...

Mushigihara kicks out with force!

[Mushigihara pushes to his feet and Harmony hits the ropes, connecting with a handspring enziguri to the back of Mushigihara's head, but he doesn't go down. Harmony tries again, going for another handspring enziguri, but

Mushigihara still doesn't go down. She goes for a third, but she's stopped in her tracks by Mushigihara turning around with a huge lariat that turns her inside out!]

DDK:

I don't know how much more punishment Harmony can take. Everytime she manages to get an offense going, Mushigihara shuts her down.

Angus:

I wish she'd just quit now while she's still beautiful to look at.

DDK:

If I know Harmony, she won't give up until she's forced to.

[Harmony struggles up to her feet and Mushigihara cuts her off, wrapping his huge hands around her throat and lifting her up, her long legs thrashing around as he cuts off her air supply, holding her high up in the air as Slater begins to count and finally planting her into the mat at the very last second. Mushigihara grabs hold of both of her legs to make the cover ...]

1 ...

2 ...

Harmony gets the shoulder up!

[Harmony tries to crawl away but Mushigihara grabs hold of her curls and yanks her back towards him, wrapping her up in another huge Bear Hug! She wails in pain as Slater dives round to check she hasn't given up, the brunette desperately reaching out for the top rope as Mushigihara tightens his grip on her body. She tries to hit him with elbows to the side of the head again, but they barely faze him and Mushigihara charges at the corner, slamming Harmony into the turnbuckle and crushing her under his weight. She wails yet again as Mushigihara pulls her out of the corner, still holding onto the Bear Hug! Harmony refuses to give in, firing elbows into the side of his head again but aiming lower and hitting him in the neck, over and over again until Mushigihara finally drops her to the mat. Harmony struggles to her feet and hits the ropes, flying at Mushigihara to attack, but he side steps and sends her through the ropes, only for Harmony to land on the apron. Mushigihara turns around and she hits him with a kick to the head, sending him staggering from the ropes. Harmony leaps onto the ropes as he turns around to hit Mushigihara with a springboard lungblower! Fighting every urge in her body, she leaps onto him for the cover ...]

1 ...

2

Mushigihara kicks out!

[Trying to capitalise, Harmony grabs hold of Mushigihara's feet and goes for The Fermata! Harmony gets the Figure Four locked on as Mushigihara desperately edges for the bottom rope, snarling at Slater as she asks if he wants to give in!]

DDK:

FERMATA! Harmony has got that figure four locked in, but can she bridge considering the beating her ribs have taken?!

Angus:

Jesus, if you're listening, please let her bridge. For the way she is, I will get a glorious glance down her tits.

DDK:

Keep it in your pants.

[The pain in Harmony's face is obvious as she leans back on the mat and tries to push up into the bridge, finally getting there and making Mushigihara roar as the pressure increases. Mushigihara puts everything into trying to grab the bottom rope, edging himself closer until he finally wraps his fingers round it, making Slater call for the break. Harmony releases the hold and rolls away, both competitors taking a moment to gather their thoughts before going back on the attack. Harmony goes after Mushigihara at the ropes but he pulls her down and out of the ring, sending her crashing to the floor on her back! Ignoring Slater's calls to get the action back in the ring, Mushigihara rolls out of the ring after her and waits until she picks herself up to land a kick to the gut and lift her up, driving the brunette spine first into the rampway with a huge powerbomb!]

DDK:

Good God! That's human flesh against steel!

Angus:

She should have just laid down and let him win. This is getting really ugly.

DDK:

Getting?! This has been ugly from the beginning!

[Harmony wails again in pain as Slater's count reaches four while Mushigihara starts to pull away at the steel steps, ripping them away from the ringpost. He carries the top over to the ramp where Harmony is, ignoring Slater's demands to put the steps down. Mushigihara hoists the steps over his head and throws them down at Harmony, but she manages to roll out of the way at the very last second, missing their impact completely. She crawls away from Mushigihara towards the ring, but he drops an elbow to the small of her back to stop her progress with Slater's count reaching eight. Mushigihara grabs hold of her hair and violently throws her back under the bottom rope then climbs into the apron and into the ring, lying in wait in the corner as Harmony uses the ropes to drag herself back to her feet before he charges to look for a splash, only to crash and burn into the turnbuckle as Harmony dives out of the way then rolls him up from behind ...]

1 ...

2 ...

Mushigihara powers out!

[With Mushigihara recovering, Harmony hurries to the corner and climbs the turnbuckle, waiting for him to turn around before leaping off with a cross body, only for Mushigihara to catch the brunette in mid flight, parading her round the ring before dropping her across his knee with a rib breaker but keeping hold of her. He stands up and drops her across his knee again, her cries of pain cutting through the crowd noise as she stands up and drops her across his knee for a third time, finally letting her drop to the mat. It's clearly she's taken a beating as she tries to struggle to her feet, but Mushigihara picks her up and hoists her over his head, dropping her to the mat with an OSU Press! He drops to the mat and hooks the leg ...]

1 ...

2 ...

Harmony kicks out!

[Harmony sits up and Mushigihara drags her to her feet by her hair then throws her into the ropes, driving her into the mat with a scoop slam! Mushigihara hooks the leg ...]

1 ...

2 ...

Harmony kicks out again!

[Mushigihara gives Slater an absolute death stare as he motions a two count before he pushes Harmony back down and makes the cover again, pushing his forearm into her face ...]

1 ...

2 ...

Harmony gets a shoulder up!

DDK:

I have no idea how she is doing it but Harmony is staying alive in this match!

Angus:

Thank god. I don't know what I'll do without her in my life.

DDK:

She's taken an insane amount of punishment from Mushigihara but she is determined not to give in!

[Visibly flustered, Mushigihara looks down on his opponent before helping her to her feet... only to give her a HARD whip into the nearby corner, causing a loud THUD as her back beets buckles. He immediately rushes to splash her, but a lot like last time he tried this...]

DDK:

SHE DODGES THE SPLASH! SHE CAUGHT ON TO THE ROPES AND SWUNG OUT OF THE WAY, AND NOW SHE'S READY TO CAPITALIZE!

[With a knowing grin, she hops over his back and hooks her legs onto his arms...]

DDK:

This is the move Harmony defeated Mushi with in their last encounter, that high-speed sunset flip, could it be...

WHAM!

Angus:

Holy shit, she could do it AGAIN!

1 ...

2 ...

DDK:

Not this time!

[Mushigihara manages to kick out of the pin, but before Harmony can try and follow through, she's greeted with a MASSIVE shoulderblock that floors her and makes her roll under the ropes and to the outside. Meanwhile, the God-Beast reaches for his mask and starts unhooking...]

Angus:

Dammit, Mushi, do you really think I wanna see YOUR ugly mug next to Har... aw, dammit...

[The crowd gasps slightly as the monster successfully unhooks his signature mask and reveals his face; while it isn't the first time something like this has happened, what is different here is that we're not met with the visage of rage and fury that an unmasking like this signifies, but rather...]

Angus:

He looks scared shitless, Keebs... THAT's gotta be a first or something, right?!

[Indeed, as Mushi balls his mask up and throws it down, he looks like he's seen a ghost, especially after damn near losing to Harmony a SECOND time. Dante is calling out words of encouragement to calm him down, but Harmony rolls back into the ring and to the corner, where she aligns her shot...]

DDK:

Could she be pulling her final trick from her sleeve?

[She rushes towards a distracted God-Beast and wraps herself around him in an attempted crucifix...]

DDK:

STACCATO DRIVER! THIS COULD BE THE STACCATO DRIVER, THAT HIGH-SPEED CRUCIFIX, AND NO!

[Just as she attempts to drive Mushi to the mat, he manages to hold still for one moment as she lowers her body down across his back, only to be stretched out over it.]

Angus:

Jesus, Keebs, Harm's getting racked by Fatboy over here!

[She struggles to try and get his weight down to the mat, but Mushi hangs on, and with a grin, drops down to his knees and WRENCHES her back, causing her to yelp in pain.]

DDK:

Mushi manages to counter Harmony's Staccato Driver, and he has her back up... THIS TIME WITH THE BEAST BREAKER!

[As Keebs said, Mushi lifted the wounded Vixen to her feet, only to hoist her into his massive shoulders and drive her back down to the mat with his vicious neckbreaker, followed by a cover in which he presses his knee into her face.]

1 ...

2 ...

3 ...!

DING DING DING!

BOOM. *Snap.* **BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-snap.**

BOOM. *Snap.* **BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-snap.**

["Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" cues up again to a round of mixed reactions, as the unmasked God-Beast stands triumphantly over his fallen opponent, with Brian Slater raising his hand to signal the victory.]

Darren Quimbey:

Here is YOUR winner... MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[The monster grins and looks over towards Eddie Dante, who beckons for him to leave the premises.]

DDK:

For all that is said about Mushigihara, he fought hard and won handily, but let's not ignore the efforts of Harmony, who gave as well as she got, and...

[Just before the pair head to the aisle, Mushigihara stops dead in his tracks and looks over to the ring, where Harmony

is starting to come to... and prowls back in between the ropes. The crowd, for their part, does NOT like this.]

DDK:

Oh, no. Dammit, Mushi, you've already won your match! You've proven your point, and you don't need to beat up on her anymore...

Angus:

GODDAMMIT, MUSHI! What am I gonna have to fap to if you smear Harms all over the mat?!?!]

[Awkward silence in the booth.]

[Meanwhile, the God-Beast stalks towards Harmony and brushes off Slater, standing in wait for her to rise to her feet.]

Angus:

DON'T DO IT, HARM! RUN! Oh, no...

[Harmony gets to her feet, and blindly sulks towards the hulking brute who just pinned her...]

Mushigihara:

OSU!!!

DDK:

NO, MUSHI, DON'T DO...

[...and just as Harmony realizes what she's walking into...]

[...the God-Beast has bent forward at the waist, and bows deeply into her direction. The panic and invective towards Mushigihara has now subsided into confusion.]

DDK:

...it?

[The monster then smiles towards Harmony and leaves the ring as emotively as he entered.]

Angus:

Did he just... bow to her?

DDK:

Did he show respect to a bested opponent?!

Angus:

I swear, just when you think you've seen everything in this business... look, even DANTE doesn't understand what the hell is going on!

["Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" continues to pound through the arena as Mushi finally reunites with a highly-confused Eddie Dante, and they leave the arena.]

DDK:

Well, we certainly can't take away from Harmony, and if Mushigihara feels the same way, then...

Angus:

Still feels fucking weird though....

DDK:

Indeed, Angus. Indeed.

[Cut to a shot backstage.]

Just Look Up... And Slightly To The Left

[The camera pans backstage to the interview area where Lance Warner is looking like his usual dapper self, standing by to bring to you... I dunno, probably an interview or some shit. Just watch the thing, would you?]

Lance Warner:

Hello, everybody, I'm Lance Warner and I've got my guest standing by! He was victorious earlier tonight in his debut match! Please welcome at this time... ANDY SHARP!

[Walking right into view with a workout towel draped over his shoulders and still rocking his wrestling gear from earlier tonight, Andy Sharp approaches Lance Warner and offers his hand.]

Andy Sharp:

Lance, thanks for having me here, man. Good to see you again.

Lance Warner:

Likewise! So tonight, we saw you earlier in action for the first time ever and I believe congratulations are in order. Great performance tonight.

[Andy nods in agreement.]

Andy Sharp:

I'm not going to sling shit at my opponent tonight. For two weeks, Felton Bigsby called me out because he wanted to make a name for himself. Anybody who has ever laced up these boots has been that guy or girl when they're starting out. Felton had something to prove tonight and he gave me a fight... but tonight, *I* had something to prove also: That I'm ready to start again!. With all respect to Felton Bigsby... this is just my first step, Lance. What tonight was for me was just step one in this long story I plan to be a part of - the one where I prove to the world and to myself that I CAN be on top once again!

[Andy continues as he wipes more beads of sweat off his forehead.]

Andy Sharp:

What I want to say to each and every one of you out there watching this in the arena, at home, who will order the replays on your Cable or Satellite providers - and even to you BitTorrentors who I'm wagging the finger of shame at right now - thank you. Thank you all for showing me that there's still plenty of room in this wrestling world for Andy Sharp. This is just the start of something great and I want every one of you along for the ride!

[The crowd pops for the vote of confidence from Andy as Lance moves onto his next question.]

Lance Warner:

And that's the perfect segue to my next question. I'm sure like any new person setting foot through those doors, you have plans. What's next for Andy Sharp?

Andy Sharp:

It's what's next for anybody at this point, Lance... GOLD. Don't get me wrong; I'm not demanding a shot right here and right now. I'm not a grade-A douche-canoe looking to cut in line, but I WILL say that I have a message for a certain somebody that the fans all know and revile... CURTIS PENN!

[Andy Sharp looks to the camera.]

Andy Sharp:

You're the Southern Heritage Champion and your reputation speaks for itself. I know enough about you to know the line of people you've pissed off loops around the Wrestle-plex at least twenty times. I'm not here to fight for the people you've wronged: that's other people's job, not mine. But I'm telling you now... the Southern Heritage Championship is my goal right now and as long as you have that title, that means getting to you is ALSO my goal! If you and Jonny

make it past "COOL" Cancer Jiles and Ty Walker tonight, consider this a friendly heads-up...If you want to know when I'll be coming for you and that title, let me give you a hint about where I'll be coming from...

[Sharp pointed upwards.]

Andy Sharp:

Just look up.

[With a confident smirk, the young Canadian pats Lance Warner on the back and walks off with a powerful intent for the future.]

Lance Warner:

Thank you for your time, Andy.

[Lance Warner is about to take his microphone and leave the set, but he doesn't get three steps when another man walks deliberately into view. He's a man that the crowd doesn't know just yet, but Lance does recognize him from some of the dealings that he has had out of the ring...]

Lance Warner:

Hey! Hey! Ard you...

[The tall, elderly man in the dark blue business suit nods and places a hand over the microphone.]

???:

Yes, yes, I am, Mister Warner. [extends a hand] Allow me to formally introduce myself, my good man. My name is Thomas Keeling and I am the co-owner - excuse me, sole owner - of the Family Keeling Talent Agency!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd sounded off on it right away.]

Thomas Keeling:

Lance, I would like to thank you for your unbiased coverage of the goings-on of my company's former suit against DEFIANCE for the unfair dismissal of my clients, Team HOSS. Junior Keeling will not be seen anywhere near any sort of wrestling promotion for his heinous actions... but I am not here to discuss old news.

[Lance Warner looks a tiny bit skeptical - but mostly intrigued.]

Lance Warner:

To what do I owe the pleasure this evening?

Thomas Keeling:

You do such fine work around here, Lance - more so than your buxom counterpart that traipses about the halls dressed like some dime-store prostitute. What I would like to bring to you is something in your profession you would call a 'big scoop!' If you have a moment, I'd like to share that moment with you and with the great fans of DEFIANCE.

Lance Warner:

Uh... sure. This time is yours. What would you like to share with the world, Mr. Keeling?

Thomas Keeling:

Kelly Evans has graciously invited me here tonight to make this announcement. I am here to announce to the world that after months of putting out the fires that my son ignited during his time in DEFIANCE... now is my time to steer the ship. Going forward, you will be seeing me here in DEFIANCE and I will introduce my first clients very soon!

[The announcement brings out nothing but jeers from the crowd in the distance - they know anything associated with

the word "Keeling" is nothing good if history serves true. Still, Lance continues on with his questions.]

Lance Warner:

That is certainly big news! Who will you be bringing into DEFIANCE? And when can we expect their debut?

Thomas Keeling:

Now, THAT, my friend, I will be keeping to myself - for now, anyway. The first rule of good business, is show not tell. Believe you me, Mister Warner... the world will know soon enough. I'd like to thank you for your time and you have yourself a fine evening.

[With that, Thomas Keeling excuses himself and walks off the interview set leaving Lance Warner and the rest of DEFIANCE to mull over that piece of big news as we take it back to the arena.]

Curtis Penn & Jonny Booya vs Cool Cancer Jiles & Tyrone Walker

[We jump back to the arena where Darren Quimbey stands center stage ready to make the introductions for the next match.]

♪ "I Am The Cool" by Screamin' Jay Hawkins ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring, with a combined weight of 437lbs, the Team of "Cool" Cancer Jiles and "The Black Jesus" Tyrone Walker!

[The two make it into the ring and mount opposite posts, tossing their hands in the air and embracing the pop brought forth from the crowd.]

DDK:

These two started off on different paths four shows ago, but over that time they have found one common denominator for them to form their team tonight! And that would be Defiance's very own Submission Superman, Curtis Penn.

Angus:

THIS IS A TEAM OF GODS! We have the KING OF COOLOLYMPUS and BLACK JESUS and they will THROW KING MONGO Jonny BOOya and the King of Cowards Curtis Penn into the darkest pit of HELL!

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" eRa ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Now, making their way to the ring, weighing in at a combined weight of 479lb the tag team of "The Best Flex in Wrestling" Jonny BOOOOYAAAA and the GREATEST WRESTLER THAT YOU WILL EVER WITNESS and the GREATEST SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION OF ALL-TIME, The Submission Superman and the Devastator of Defiance CURTIS PEEEEEEEEEN!

Angus:

How much do you think Curtis paid Darren to say all of that?

DDK:

About \$5.00 a vowel.

[Curtis and Jonny slowly make their way to the ring steps, taking empty solo cups to the head.]

Angus:

Look at the crowd recycling those empty solo cups, who says the good folk of New Orleans don't contribute to the well being of our planet!

[Penn and Booya wipe their feet on the ring apron before ducking underneath the top rope.]

DDK:

For all of his faults as a human being Curtis Penn's name has been synonymous with the Southern Heritage Championship since he took it off of Chance Von Crank so many months back.

[Curtis Penn kisses the Southern Heritage Championship prior to handing it over to Referee Carla Ferrari. She raises the So Her Championship in the air and hands it off to the time keeper as she calls for the bell to begin the match. Penn and Jiles stare each other down as the bell rings. Cancer heads towards Penn but he tags in Booya. Booya swoops through the ropes with grace then struts right up to Jiles. He begins to flex in Jiles face and catches a brutal slap across the face.]

Angus:

His Coolness just slapped the taste out of Booya's mouth!

DDK:

Indeed, Cancer has no patience for Booya's antics here tonight.

[Jiles is on the offensive now after stunning Booya. Cancer violently drives his knee into the side of Booya's knee cap. Aiming for a charlie horse he fails. Booya then to retaliate grabs Cancer around the waist and slings him into his team's corner.]

DDK: Booya has his prey cornered now. These two men hate each other.

Angus:

Let's Go Cancer!

[Jonny then rushes the Cancer aiming for a clothesline. Jiles takes off towards Booya sliding at the last possible second between Jonny's legs. Booya swings wildly at his legs with both arms attempting to catch Cancer as he slides through.]

Angus:

ohhhhhhhhh!

[He turns around to see Jiles laying out flat using his left arm and hand to prop up his head, smiling.]

DDK

Jiles is so agile in the ring.

Angus:

Cancer just made him look foolish right there. Jonny is furious so Penn is just reassuring him here.

[Curtis Penn grabs ahold of Booya's shoulder to pull him back to the corner. Jonny turns his back on Jiles and pays the price for it. Cancer rushes Booya nailing him in the quad with a huge kick causing him to lunge forward onto one knee. Now behind Jonny, Jiles dives head first over his fallen opponent wrapping both arms around his neck. The wicked diving bulldog that follows brings the crowd to it's feet. Jiles tags in Walker.]

DDK:

Booya is getting a wrestling lesson. Let's see that bulldog in replay one more time.

Angus:

The Cool One put some bite into that one. Here comes WALKER!

BLACKIMUS PRIME!

BLACKIMUS PRIME!

[Ty watches on as a dazed Jonny makes it back to his feet. Booya attempts to get to his corner but Walker cuts him off. Ty slides from left to right. Shuck and Jive, left to right. Suddenly Walker spins connecting with a vicious mango chop. This brings Booya back to life as he hoists Ty up over his right shoulder. Jonny takes off driving Walker into the corner. Penn immediately hops over the ropes.]

Angus:

Walker does not want to be in that corner. Penn taking control now.

[Penn clinches Walker in the corner. The referee begins her count. Penn begins to hammer Ty in the ribs with violent knee shots. The referee pushes Penn off scolding him for not breaking after the count. Walker begins to fall forward but is smashed back into the corner with a lumbering forearm from Booya. Penn brushes off the referee and hits

Walker with a huge boot to the chest in the corner.]

DDK:

Curtis Penn is going to get disqualified here if he doesn't watch it. He is disregarding the referee's directions entirely.

Angus:

Penn wants to inflict pain on both Walker and Jiles.

[Penn lifts Walker to his feet by his fro. Curtis then leads Ty to the ropes putting his weight against the back of his head, then proceeds to drag his face across the top rope. He presses down hard using the cast as a brace.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd response prompts Penn to respond to it. He releases his hold on Walker and turns away from him to troll the crowd. Penn slowly turns his attention back to Walker and catches a huge shot across the jaw. Ty takes the fight to him hammering away with striking blows.]

Angus:

Walker is on the offensive now.

DDK:

Penn turned his attention away from Ty for just two seconds. Never let Walker get away from you in that ring, that's a costly mistake.

Angus:

Blackimus Prime is looking for a FIGHT!

[Curtis catches a vicious uppercut and falls to one knee. Walker continues his assault reigning down punches. Penn gets to both feet again long enough to nail Ty with a huge elbow. Both men hit the mat catching themselves on their knees. Directly in front of each other now they swap blows. Each man catches a direct strike from either side to the skull and both kill over flat on the mat.]

DDK:

Jiles is jumping all over that apron! He wants the tag!

Angus:

Booya is reaching....

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

[Jiles walks along the apron clapping over his head. The crowd responds pushing Ty on. Cancer continues to stomp the apron reaching out towards Walker. Both men in the ring begin to stir. Ty shakes his head as the referee's count reaches five. Penn begins to make his way towards Booya but not before Ty tags in Cool Cancer Jiles.]

Angus:

The Black Jesus has tagged in his Coolness!

DDK:

Penn has almost made it back to Booya. He reaches for the tag....

[Jiles slides in Penn's direct path now standing between he and Booya. The crowd comes to life with cheers as Cancer stares down the fallen Penn. Jiles rushes Penn but he rolls out of the ring. Booya hops off the apron to huddle with Penn on the outside. Jiles has had enough and backs into the ropes just behind him. He takes off sprinting across the

ring diving over the top rope, he nails Penn and Booya on the outside sending all three men to the floor.]

Angus:

BODIES HIT THE FLOOR! CANCER HAS CLEANED HOUSE!

DDK:

Walker is unaware I believe of what just happened.

[Ty gets to his feet on the apron and slides through the ropes. He looks over the carnage outside while Penn and Booya use the announcers table to get back to their feet. Jiles gets back to his feet and maneuvers himself between Penn and Booya taking turns striking at each. Meanwhile in the ring, Ty takes off exactly like Jiles did moments before. He dives over the top rope flipping in mid air taking all three men down across the announcers table. Angus and DDK move quickly just avoiding all four men crashing through the table.]

DDK:

The announcers table is now demolished. These men may never be the same ever again after this match.

Angus:

Thanks a lot, TY! Now where am I gonna sit my ass down at?

DDK:

These men could be hurt, we may need some help out here.

Angus:

Get us another damn table!

[The referee begins her count in the ring. All four men are down outside the ring. They are surrounded by the remains of the announce table. Jiles begins to stir as the referee's count reaches 3. At four, Penn stirs then lunges forward and reaches for the skirt on the outside of the ring. He uses it to pull himself up. The referee count hits seven as Cancer and Penn stumble around desperately trying to get into the ring. The count reaches nine as both men roll in the ring at the same time just making the count.]

Angus:

We nearly had a double DQ! That was too close for comfort.

DDK:

It took everything both men had left to make that count.

[Booya and Walker stumble to their respective corners on the outside of the ring. Penn charges his own corner. CCJ gives chase but Booya is tagged in. Booya charges but Jiles ducks at the last second. Booya swings back around quickly and just barely blocks the superkick from Jiles!]

DDK:

The superkick is blocked!

Angus:

How did he do that!? How did he block The Cool One's Super Kick?

[The block spins CCJ just enough for Jonny to wrap both arms around his waist from behind. He interlocks his fingers together and heaves Cancer over his head. The german suplex shakes the entire ring. Booya keeps his fingers interlocked out in front of CCJ as he stands back up with his arms still tight around CCJ. Jiles attempts to fight off Booya but is unable to. Another german suplex now has Jiles dazed. Jonny again stands up keeping his hold on Jiles. Once more Jonny swings him over his head. Jiles crashes onto the back of his neck a third time with Booya releasing his hold.]

Angus:

GET UP CANCER! HE IS GETTING HIS ASS WHIPPED OUT THERE!

DDK:

Jonny Booya continues to punish Cool Cancer Jiles.

[Booya leaps back to his feet and charges TY in the corner. He swings wildly nailing Walker in the forehead and sending him flying off the apron. Penn stands in the corner now reaching out for the tag.]

DDK:

Now he wants in the match? After Jonny has cleaned house?

Angus:

Yeah. He just knows when to pick his spots, that's all.

[Booya tags in Penn. He walks slowly over to Jiles and paces around him. Curtis begins to taunt Cancer in a sinister way. Penn laughs as he continues. Suddenly Jiles sweeps Penn's legs out from under him. He hits the mat flat on his back. Cancer rolls over then mounts Curtis.]

Angus:

The Cool Guy has the upperhand now! He is going to town!

DDK:

Cancer is reigning punches down on Penn!

[Penn finally catches Jiles right arm. He quickly adjusts his body on the mat to apply his triangle choke hold. The referee comes in close to watch for the tap. Cancer swings wildly reaching for the ropes with his legs. Curtis continues to apply pressure as Walker stomps the apron. CCJ goes limp as the referee comes in to raise and drop his free hand. This brings him back to life. Jiles continues to roll and reach towards the ropes with his legs. Finally Jiles latches onto the ropes with his feet. The referee breaks the hold.]

DDK:

Penn almost won this match via submission right there! He is on top of his game here tonight.

Angus:

The Cool One continues to fool Curtis Penn.

DDK:

Are we even watching the same match?

[Jiles gets back to his feet rubbing his shoulder. Penn lunges at Jiles but he quickly counters with a kick to the gut. Penn bends over and Jiles hooks him for a POWERBOMB!]

Angus:

How Cool was that?

DDK:

Cancer may go for the pin here!

[Ty is reaching for the tag so Jiles steps over Penn to make it. Curtis reaches up and wraps his arms around Cancer's waist before he can. CCJ attempts to shake him off. Penn continues to cling on sliding down Jiles' body. Now around his heels, Penn twists Jiles left heel. Cancer grabs for the ropes clutching down at his heel. The ref breaks the hold then rushes in to check on CCJ's ankle.]

DDK:

Cool Cancer Jiles may have just twisted his ankle. Penn twisted it with all his might and now he is clearly favoring it.

[Referee Ferrari continues to hold Penn back. She checks on Jiles again asking if he can continue. Jiles sits his foot on the mat and applies pressure. He nods at the referee and is rewarded with a huge cheering response from the crowd.]

Angus:

Jiles will continue!

DDK:

Penn will look to capitalize on that injury now. Jiles is hurt.

Angus:

No he is not. He told the referee he was good to go.

DDK:

So a wrestler would never lie to remain in the matchup even with an injury?

Angus:

Touche.

[Jiles reassures the referee that he is good to go. Penn takes a step forward and kicks Cancer's hurt ankle out from under him. He turns away to accept the roaring boos throughout. Walker rushes in and grabs a hold of CCJ. He begins to drag him back over to the corner while Penn's back is turned. The referee turns a blind eye to it.]

DDK:

Here comes Blackimus Prime!

Angus:

Jiles may be out of this match altogether now. Our only hope now is Tyrone Walker!

[Walker rushes Penn hammering him with a right followed with a left jab. TY continues with calculated blows at Penn until he hits the ropes. Walker swings a knee up into the ribcage of Penn. He falls over the top rope and hits the apron.]

Angus:

Black Jesus is leading the faithful tonight. Penn is sucking air fast and holding those ribs now.

DDK:

Booya!

[Booya tags himself in then steps over the ropes. Walker catches him with a missile drop kick immediately. Jonny hits the mat flat while Ty rushes to get back to his feet. Penn is now back up, he slingshots himself over the ropes aimed at TY. He swings the cast at Walker and nearly takes his head off.]

DDK:

That may be all she wrote!

Angus:

Walker just ate that cast. Penn is using that cast to his full advantage.

[Curtis Penn gets ahold of Booya and drags him over to Walker. He carefully drags Jonny across TY as the referee hits the mat to count.

ONE

TWO

TWO AND THREE QUARTERS!

[Jiles flies across the ring from the top turnbuckle breaking up the pin with a picture perfect leg drop. All four men are now in the ring.]

Angus:

OH MAH GAWD! Jiles saves the matchup in spectacular fashion!

[CCJ then rolls TY onto Booya. The referee begins to count.]

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

The pin is broken up by Curtis Penn! All four men are now in the ring. The referee is doing the best she can to keep this one under control.

[Penn and Cancer continue to swap blows. Curtis gets the upper hand sending Jiles to the mat. TY takes up the fight pushing Penn down from behind as he stomps on Cancer. The referee continues to fight to gain control of the match.]

DDK:

This match is once again tonight in danger of being a double dq.

Angus:

This place would riot and I would help burn stuff.

[Booya slips up behind Walker then wraps both arms around his neck. TY attempts to fight off the sleeper hold with no success.]

DDK:

Booya has TY in a sleeper!

Angus:

The Black Jesus will find a way out. He always does!

[The crowd continues to boo as Penn gets back to his feet right behind Booya. Cancer stands up in front of Walker and they lock eyes. Jiles indicates to Walker to move his head suddenly left, but Booya see's the warning too. CCJ goes for a superkick suddenly as TY moves his head left as does Booya right. Jiles foot goes between the two men's heads and catches Penn just behind them. Curtis attempts to block it by putting up both arms. The cast shatters somewhere between Jiles foot and Penn's skull. Penn falls through the ropes and onto floor dazed.]

Angus:

DID YOU SEE THAT SUPERKICK! WHAT THE HELL?

DDK:

I have never in all my years seen that happen, Angus. What a great match this has been!

[Back in the ring, Walker Irish whips Booya into the ropes and follows behind attempting a clothesline. At the last possible second, Booya drops pulling the ropes down thus causing Walker to tumble to the outside alongside Penn.]

DDK:

We are now down to the two legal men. The referee was getting ready to call this one.

Angus:

No way.

[Outside the ring, Penn and Walker scramble on the ground. Curtis is still dazed but finds his Southern Heritage championship on the ground. It was sitting atop the announcers table before it was destroyed. Penn takes note of the referee's position then swings the belt at Walker. He blocks it somewhat but the shot sends TY flat to his back. Curtis then falls at Walker's feet. Penn continues to struggle to get to his feet so he improvises. He quickly unties both of Walker's boots then ties the laces together in a huge knot.]

Angus:

What is he doing?

DDK:

He just tied the laces of Tyrone Walker together. Meanwhile inside the ring, Cancer is still favoring that ankle. Penn has busted his cast and looks out of it.

[Inside the ring Cancer finally takes notice of what is going on outside. He turns away from Booya for a brief second then turns back into a Booya Chop! Jiles stumbles but Jonny catches him then hooks him for a Booya Bomb. The straightjacket powerbomb is brutal.]

DDK:

The BOOYA BOMB! Jiles is out!

Angus:

GET UP JILES! GET UP!!

[Outside the ring Ty sits up and hammers Penn who is still slumped over at his feet. Walker realizes that Booya is going for a pin. Blackimus Prime attempts to stand up but falls due to his laces being tied together. Booya meanwhile goes for the pin.]

One!

TWO!

THREE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Angus:
NO!!!!

DDK:
Jonny Booya and Curtis Penn have won this match! Booya with the Booya Bomb has taken down Cancer Jiles and this crowd is ripe with hatred now.

Angus:
Not a soul here tonight paid that hard earned money to see The Cool One lose. What a tragedy.

DDK:
What a win for Booya, and Penn has to be happy with the work his guy put in here tonight.

Crash Landing

DDK:

Now, hold on a second, I'm getting something in my ear, here...

Angus:

Keeps, godDAMMIT, we still have SO MUCH HOT HOT HEAT TO GET TO.

DDK:

I know, it's just - ok, I understand. Hey, Ang.

Angus:

What.

DDK:

Remember that loud crash earlier? The one you made fun of me for?

Angus:

Vaguely at best.

DDK:

I'm told we have footage of what happened, and that we should cut to it.

Angus:

Oh WHAT THE HELL.

[We cut backstage. Far-too-attractive yet seldom-on-television DEFIANCE reporter, Christie Zane, stands in front of the camera in a low-cut black suit with a pencil skirt. She has a microphone in front of her and is gathering herself.]

Zane:

Thanks again for doing this. It's not like they give me a lot of opportunities to get better at this stupid job.

[Camera nod, lingering a liiiiiittle too long at the low-cut-ness of the top.]

Zane:

Oh, don't be a Judgy Jason. Gotta get noticed, right? OK, now help me out, let me know if this looks good on camera. Er-hem....WELCOME DEFIANNNNNNS to another HARD-HITTING BACKSTAGE INTERVIEW with ME, your host! 'Sweet' Christie Zane!

[Camera shake.]

Zane:

Ugh, I hate that too. OK OK, let me try something diff-

CRASHHHHHHH!!!!!!

Zane:

GREAT SCOTT!

[The camera shakes at the impact of the crash. It is SIGNIFICANTLY louder than the crash heard on the earlier telecast. Zane has a look of extreme concern on her face as she looks beyond the camera itself.]

Zane:

We should check it out...right? Make sure no one's hurt?

[Pause for a second, then a reciprocal nod from Zane. She and the cameraman briskly make their way towards the

sound of the crash.]

Zane:

What do you think it was? Car crash or something?

[The ever-professional cameraman remains silent.]

Zane:

Either way, glad to get on my feet and DO something. Cheapskates in the office, they alllll want to use that kiss-ass Lance Warner! But you wait, one of these days! I'm going to crack something and OH MY GOD.

[They've made their way to the loading dock area of the backstage. The doors to the outside are wide-open and smoke is POURING in. Five or six silhouettes slowly make their way through the back-lit smoke.]

Zane:

Zoom in on that!

[The camera Zooms In On That. The figures become clearer as the smoke dissipates. Most of them have the hook-nosed white masks that are the signature of the old-timey Plague Doctor - and there's one other figure. Decked out in a long-sleeved white shirt and buttoned-up red leather vest, enormous red-lensed goggles, and an extremely elaborate brass-and-leather brace that encompasses nearly all of his left arm, he emerges. Mustache and all.

The Airship Pirate.

Henry. Goddamned. Keyes.]

Zane:

Oh my God. Hurry, come with me, we gotta get an interview or something!

[Christie runs ahead before the cameraman lightly jogs to catch up. The lens picks up the eerie silent gaze of several of the Plague Doctors, though it's unclear if the cameraman is as aware as the viewer.]

Zane:

Henry! HENRY!

[Henry turns towards the intrepid reporter with a wild-eyed grin. He turns to the smoky entrance of the parking structure and wildly waves good-bye, made extra strange considering none of the Plague Doctors are directly in front of him; however, seeming to get the cue, they make their way back towards the smoke and disappear before Christie can catch up to her target. She catches her breath before turning to the camera.]

Zane:

Hello! Hi! This is Christie Zane, and I am here with a man who seemingly VANISHED out of thin air - Henry Keyes! He's back now, and I've got the exclusive interview with-

Keyes: [exaggeratedly waving at the camera]
HELLO THERE! HELLOOOOOOOOOO!

Zane:

Henry, there's a question that I think has been on everyone's min-

Keyes:

What month is it??

Zane:

I, um...October.

Keyes:

PERFECT! My expedition has been RIGHT on schedule!

Zane:

...expedition??

Keyes:

I knew that if I didn't leave RIGHT away, the Mongolian Scarab Gem would be in jeopardy - and I couldn't allow that! Not for a MINUTE!

[Zane's face is a blank slate.]

Zane:

...the...

Keyes:

DON'T tell me you've never heard of THAT - EVERYONE has. It's only the key to...wait. That device is on. [Keyes motions to the camera] I shouldn't say any more.

Zane:

So...are you...back?

Keyes:

Oh my dear sweet young child. "Here" and "Back" and "When" and "Why"...the sooner you can let go of these concepts, the sooner you can open your horizons to more...INTERESTING things.

Zane:

Such as?

[Keyes winks.]

Keyes:

Use your imagination, maiden.

[Keyes heartily pats Zane on the back, nearly knocking her over, before power-strutting off-screen. Zane is stunned into silence. The camera cuts back to the booth.]

Dan Ryan vs Frank Holiday

Angus:

Well, that's what she gets for not paying attention to the wrapper.

DDK:

Maybe she figured you were trustworthy and wouldn't put her in harm's way.

Angus:

That was her first mistake.

DDK:

I was thinking it was at least her second mistake. The first was her being with you in the first place.

Angus:

No arguments here.

DDK:

Well, speaking of questionable decision making, this next match is largely due to the inability of Frank Holiday to get a read on the big former FIST of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Frank is a fun-loving guy, Keebs. He treats pretty much everybody the same. But Dan Ryan isn't like everyone else, and he's definitely not the first guy I'd invite to my party, unless there was someone I needed taken out.

DDK:

And I think we both know that if there's trouble at a party, you're probably the one behind it.

Angus:

Well, if Dan Ryan came in to clean house I'd be out of there faster than Lindsay Troy at anything that isn't for charity.

DDK:

There's a solid 100% chance I'm telling her you said that.

Angus:

NO! Faster than.... I meant faster than....

DDK:

Too late.

Angus:

I hate you.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following match is scheduled for one fall.

♪ "How You Like Me Now" by The Heavy ♪

[A blast of funky horns and jangly guitar riffs brings the crowd to attention as all eyes turns to the entranceway. A cheer rises as the curtain whips apart, and "The Train Wreck" Frank Holiday strides out onto the ramp, arm held high, throwing the devil horns. Below habitually messy hair, and above a scruffy goatee, is a smirking face radiating mischief.]

[Ring attire for tonight: black trunks with HOLIDAY printed in white across the front in a style reminiscent of the iconic Hollywood sign, the design seemingly engulfed in blue flames that curl around both hips. He sports white elbow- and knee-pads, turquoise wrist tape trimmed in black, and black boots with turquoise kickpads. He's also wearing a black

TRAIN WRECK T-shirt, but he quickly strips this off, revealing his impressively cut physique (this move earns him some bonus squeals from the ladies), whips it over his head like a helicopter blade, and tosses it into the crowd where reaching hands eagerly gobble it up.]

[His best friend and manager, Billy Pepper, walks up beside him: hair stylishly coiffed, nattily dressed in a shiny grey suit and polished leather shoes that say he's here for business and an open-collared salmon dress shirt that says he's also here to have some fun. He gives his buddy a comradely slap on the back, and they head down the aisle toward the ring.]

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Los Angeles, California, weighing in at 250 pounds, and accompanied to the ring by Billy Pepper...
FRANK HOLIDAY!

[As Holiday approaches the ring, he goes into a sprint, hops onto the apron and ducks through the ropes. Billy Pepper remains on the floor and hovers around the corner. Holiday goes to the middle of the ring, looks out approvingly at the fans, and...]

[--throws the horns again to another ovation!]

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

DDK:

Holiday looking not to much the worse for wear after the incident with Dan Ryan last week, looking pretty much like he always does.

Angus:

That was nothing to laugh about really, and I understand Holiday is the kind of guy who shakes things like that off, but I hope he's taking this seriously. I haven't seen Dan Ryan in the building yet tonight, but last week he was definitely in no mood to fool around.

♪ "Zero" by The Smashing Pumpkins ♪

[The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of the song plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. The video shows clips from his career: powerbombing Bronson Box, superkicking Dusty Griffith, taking Troy Matthews' head off with a clothesline, hitting Eli Flair with the Headliner, countering a Eugene Dewey dive into a vicious powerslam, smirking as he pins Heidi Christenson.]

Darren Quimbey: His opponent, hailing from Houston, Texas, and weighing in at 305 pounds!! He... is...
DAAAAANNNN... RYYYYYAAAANNNNN!!!

[Ryan walks directly to the ring, rolls in under the bottom rope and climbs the nearest turnbuckle, keeping his arms down and smirking into the crowd as the music plays. He reaches up and pulls the sunglasses from his eyes and turns to peek back at Frank Holiday in the ring, then climbs down into the ring.]

Angus:

That answers the question. I'd say he means business.

DDK:

By all means, Dan Ryan looks ready to go, but Frank Holiday's been here before. I think he'll be ready to go himself.

[Dan Ryan turns his full attention to Frank Holiday as Billy Pepper climbs down to the outside. Ryan begins a slow circle and doubles back in something of a stalking pattern as Holiday hops back and forth from one foot to the other.

[The bell rings.]

DDK:

And here we go...

[Ryan walks straight to Holiday, who does the same as they begin something of a staredown. Holiday suspects something and feigns under a right hand from Dan Ryan. Ryan swings back with back elbow, but Holiday is ready for that too and ducks before sending a hard right hand to the ribs. He swings a hard right hook to the jaw, but Ryan gets his arm up and covers up, then shoves Holiday hard back into the ropes where Holiday holds on and stops his momentum. He charges back at Ryan and jumps into a hard forearm right to the face that staggers Ryan backward into the ropes himself where he too grabs the ropes and holds there. Ryan reaches up to his mouth and feels a little swelling from a possible busted lip, checks for blood, then smiles at Frank Holiday. Holidays stands in the middle of the ring, gesturing for Dan Ryan to "bring it."]

DDK:

No doubt Frank Holiday spent some time scouting Dan Ryan, demonstrating that by being ready for his opening salvo.

Angus:

You don't suppose he got some tips from his best buddy, do you?

DDK:

I wouldn't think Lindsay Troy would be giving out those kinds of tips, but who knows? Maybe I'll ask her when I tell her what you said earlier.

Angus:

I really do hate you. I wasn't kidding.

[Ryan steps away from the ropes and approaches Holiday again. Ryan goes for a lockup, but Holiday ducks out of it, feigning to the right. Ryan tries again, but Holiday ducks to the left this time. Holiday allows himself a little smile at his ability to dodge the larger Ryan, but Ryan sees this and sneers as he simply grabs Holiday by the top of the head and slings him hard into the ropes. Holiday bounces off in a thunderous spinebuster. Holiday bounces a good foot off the mat as Ryan releases him and pops up, standing over him.]

Ryan: [shouting down at Holiday]

GET UP!

Angus:

Yep. Dan Ryan is definitely srs bsness.

[Holiday is able to get his wits about him, staring up at Ryan, and scurries backwards to a place where he can scramble to his feet. Dan Ryan is there in a flash though and takes hold of him as he rises to his feet. Ryan swings hard overhand rights down on Holiday, then a left, and a hard shove into the corner, where Holiday slumps to the second turnbuckle. Ryan grabs him by the hair and pulls him up, then wraps his arms around his chest and sends him flying back out of the corner with a huge belly to belly suplex. Holiday hits hard and Billy Pepper is pounding the mat trying to encourage him to get himself together.]

DDK:

Dan Ryan is really blitzing Frank Holiday right now.

Angus:

He's gotta figure out a way to withstand this! He can't let himself get turned into a punching bag or this is gonna be over really quickly. Dan Ryan is too powerful.

[Ryan follows in and brings Holiday back up, shoving him backward into the opposite corner. He follows in with a back elbow, and another, then backs up into the middle of the ring. He charges in, but this time Holiday turns into a back elbow of his own, stopping Ryan in his tracks. Ryan clutches at his jaw as Holiday steps back and climbs up to the second turnbuckle. As Ryan clears the cobwebs he eats a diving axhandle from Holiday that ends with him on his

back looking up at the lights. Holiday up quickly and drops a big leg drop across his throat and makes the quick cover.]

ONE!!!!

TW...

Up at two...

Angus:

Nice counter there. Now let's keep the momentum going.

[Holiday gets to his feet and goes to the legs of Dan Ryan, and stomps at the knee. Ryan scrambles to fight back but Holiday puts the full weight of his right knee into the crook of the back of Ryan's knee as he tries to get up, dropping him again. Holiday quickly drapes the leg over the bottom ropes and drops butt-first down onto it, causing Ryan to wince in pain.]

DDK:

Good classic strategy by Frank Holiday. He's a powerful man, but Dan Ryan is bigger and stronger, so the best way to that is to get him off of his feet.

[The referee warns Holiday, and he raises his arms backing away. Holiday returns and pulls Ryan off of the ropes, managing to turn him over and cross his legs into a standing leglock. He leans forward and wraps his arms across Ryan's chin in a modified crossface and pulls back. Ryan lets out a small growling moan as the ref leans in and asks if he wants to submit. Ryan screams "No!" and puts his arms down into a pushup position. He starts to lift himself and Holiday up, but lacks leverage and drops back to the mat. Holiday adjusts his body position to get in better position and pulls back hard on Ryan's neck. Ryan puts his hands back on the mat and lets out a yell as he tries again to throw Holiday from his back. Holiday is moved slightly, but hangs on. Ryan turns his body with every ounce of energy he's got and Holiday's hold is broken.]

DDK:

Frank Holiday is wrestling a smart match here. He's not really known for his technical prowess, but he's pulled out something here to try and even the odds a little bit.

Angus:

Yeah, that might be the one move he knows.

[Ryan up on all fours trying to get himself together, and Holiday helps him up. He wraps Ryan up and hits a Russian legsweep, then covers him quickly.]

ONE....

TWO....

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Not a bad idea, but not quite there yet.

[Holiday covers again quickly.]

ONE...

TWO...

HUGE KICKOUT!!

[Ryan roars and he lifts and practically throws Holiday off of him.]

Angus:

I guess he didn't hear you the first time.

[Ryan gets to a knee, but Holiday is again up first. He goes behind and shows HUGE strength in pulling him up and over with a belly to back suplex into a bridge.]

DDK:

Big suplex into a bridge and a cover!!

ONE!!

TWO!!

THR..... KICKOUT!!!

Angus:

Wow! That was close!

[Ryan grabs the ropes and tries to pull himself up, shaking his head. Holiday moves in and Ryan yells and throws a hard back elbow to the midsection. Another one, and a third. Holiday stumbles back and Dan Ryan ROARS in a with a clothesline that almost turns him inside out.]

DDK:

What a clothesline!! Just when you think Frank Holiday has this match under control, he gets hit with a freight train!

[Ryan hurries over to Holiday and pulls him into a standing position. He clutches him in a belly to belly position, lifts him up, catches him high angle and throws his full body weight backward in a high angle release belly to belly suplex. Holiday flies across the ring and his legs bounce into the ropes. Ryan is back on him quickly, steps onto the second rope, uses the bounce to spring into the air and bring his full weight down across Holiday's throat with a legdrop.]

Angus:

Dan Ryan is putting a string of these moves together again. Frank better get himself together!

[Ryan drops down to a knee next to Frank Holiday and dispenses with any fancy wrestling by simply driving right hand after right hand into the forehead of Holiday. He throws five good hard right hands, then pops up to his feet and roars out a yell into the crowd, then pauses with a huge grin on his face. The crowd gives back a strong mixture of boos from the purely kayfabe crowd with a healthy dose of cheers from the hardcore DEFIANT crowd.]

DDK:

Dan Ryan said on multiple occasions he thought Frank Holiday needed to be taught a lesson. He looks like he's pretty pleased with himself right now.

Angus:

He was doing rather well for himself, but you can't let Dan Ryan get on a roll like this. He's like Juggernaut. He's practically unstoppable once he gets his momentum going.

[Ryan reaches down and pulls Holiday up to his feet and slings him hard into the ropes. Holiday hits the ropes and comes off with a scream and throws his entire body into a flying lariat. Ryan goes careening back toward the ropes and uses the momentum to bounce back and level Holiday with a high boot that simply levels Holiday. Holiday hits the mat and goes completely still as Ryan looks down on him. Dan Ryan looks into the crowd and yells out....]

Ryan:

NOW WE GO TO SCHOOL!!

[The hardcore DEFIANTS in the crowd let loose a "WHOOOO!" as Ryan reaches down and pulls Frank Holiday into a standing headscissors. Billy Pepper is beside himself outside the ring, imploring Frank to fight out with everything he's got. Ryan pauses while holding Frank in place and looks down at Pepper, then shakes his head no.]

DDK:

What's this all about?

[Ryan lets Holiday slump to the mat and continues to look in Pepper's direction.]

Ryan: [fire in his eyes, glaring at Pepper]

It's time Frankie learned some respect. Say goodnight, Billy...

[Pepper has a clear look of fear in his eyes and Ryan turns and angrily pulls Holiday and lifts him face up across his shoulders.]

Angus:

Oh my God...

DDK:

Oh no.... Is he going for the Headliner?? He crippled Virginia Quell with this move, Angus...

Angus:

I know! You don't have to tell me! I was there! I still remember the sound...

DDK:

No! You don't have to do this!!

[Holiday is draped across Ryan's shoulder, practically knocked cold, but starts to come to and realizes where he is, but it's just too late. Ryan drives him neck first with the burning hammer he calls the Headliner. Frank Holiday's eyes go back in his head, then the lids go shut as he lays limp on the mat. Ryan hits his feet and glares down at him, then back at Pepper who looks on in horror, then drops into a cover.]

DDK:

My God.

ONE!!!

Angus:

That sound again!! Dear God, the nightmares are gonna come back....

TWO!!!

THREE!!!!

[The bell rings.]

[Ryan gets to his feet. The referee takes a brief moment to raise his hand, but his attention goes quickly to the fact that Frank Holiday hasn't moved since hitting the mat. He throws up his hands to call medical personnel out. Billy Pepper is in the ring in a flash and hunches over his protege. Medical staff is out and sliding into the ring. One immediately goes to check Holiday's neck and gives a look of concern. We can see them asking Holiday questions and getting no response. Billy Pepper looks up at Dan Ryan with absolute rage in his eyes, wishing for all he's worth that he were a bigger, tougher man. Ryan just stares at him stoically, then cracks his neck and turns to leave the ring.]

DDK:

Just cold, distant, brutality from Dan Ryan here, Angus.

Angus:

I knew it was just a matter of time before this side of Dan Ryan came back out. All this time he's spent helping out Lindsay Troy. Cracking jokes and talking about family. The bastard fooled us into thinking he was a human being.

DDK:

Yeah, I won't make that mistake again. The guy is a pure monster.

[Ryan steps out of the ring, grabbing a microphone after he hits the floor. DEFsec is out now, getting to the ring to see if the medical staff needs any help. Ryan walks backward up the aisle, watching the action in the ring. By now, we can see that Holiday is conscious, but still not moving. Medical staff has slipped a board into the ring and stabilized his neck with a brace. There still has been no sign of movement in his lower extremities.]

Dan Ryan: [with an evil smirk.]

If he dies..... he dies.

[Ryan flips the microphone like Jose Bautista, holding his hand in a bit of a pose, then turns and walks purposefully to the curtain and through.]

DDK:

Just a shocking lack of concern, even for a man like Dan Ryan.

Angus:

Like I said, we should've known better.

[Medical staff have Holiday moved on the board from the ring to a stretcher out on the floor and begin securing him there. His eyes are open, and Billy Pepper is by his side as they start to roll him toward the main aisle.]

DDK:

Folks we're gonna step away for just a moment here so we can get things in control and catch our breaths. I'm not sure how we'll be able to move into the big grudge match between Dusty Griffith and Bronson Box after that, but we'll get it together. We'll be right back.

[Fade to promo.]

Pain is Coming to DEFIANCE

[As the fans in the DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex settled down from just witnessing Dan Ryan's brutal destruction of Frank Holiday the lights begin to slowly dim to see the darkness of the boiler room in the bowels of the Wrestle-plex light up the DEFtron. The uncontrollable pong of emollient and bristle from the air made it agonizing for all who would venture to step foot in this obscured refuge of the Arena in New Orleans. A large figure sat near the flickering flame of the furnace, hoodie covering his face, soaking in the fumes of the boiler room.]

Voice:

Pain is nothing more than an afterthought to him.

Voice:

He revels in it.

Voice:

He lives it.

Voice:

He expects it.

Voice:

We have witnessed what this place have been doing for the past few months.

[The figure slowly moved closer to the fire but the shadows still hid his face.]

Voice:

The one thing that DEFIANCE needs more than anything else is to know what pain feels like. DEFIANCE needs to know what chaos feels like.

Voice:

This is where we come in.

[The hooded figure slowly moved his hood back to see the former jOIt Heavyweight and Fearless champion, Omega with a smirk on his face. The long dreadlocks cover his left damaged eye as the fans in the arena looked on in shock.]

Omega:

jOIt died from the pain inflicted by us.

[Omega laughed maniacally.]

Omega:

DEFIANCE is next and we have already chosen our first victim.

[Omega paused for a few seconds breathing in the fumes of the boiler room.]

Omega:

DEFIANCE, meet the name that is synonymous with the word PAIN.

[Omega looked into the furnace before slowly turning his head back to the camera for all the fans in the Wrestle-plex to witness.]

Omega:

OMEGA

[The DEFtron suddenly cut off as the lights came back on to a shocked crowd in the arena and then rejoin Angus and Keeps at the booth, who are both stunned at this shocking news.]

DDK:

This is a HUGE signing, Keeps! Omega just ended his run with the now defunct jOIt Wrestling promotion! He ended his reign on top holding its top two titles, the Fearless Championship AND the World Championship!

Angus:

SO MUCH VIOLENCE. SO SO SO MUCH VIOLENCE.

DDK:

That's been this monster's MO since day one! He's had feuds with Andy Sharp when they were both part of ACW and he's known the world over for his specialty in hardcore and deathmatches! And if he's set his sights on DEFIANCE, there's NOBODY that's safe here!

[Cut back to the ring.]

Dusty Griffith vs Bronson Box

Angus:

Oh man, we go from that news to a match that I couldn't be more excited about featuring two guys that I dislike this friggin' much.

DDK:

So you're not picking a horse in this one, partner?

Angus:

I guess I'll be rooting for Box by default... but that just makes me feel dirty, so I don't know man. Ask me again in like ten, fifteen minutes.

[Cut to the ring where Darren Quimbey is at the ready to make the introductions.]

Darren Quimbey:

Ladieeeeeeeeeees and gentlemen! Maki... *frmph*

[At ringside we see Katze & Associates CEO and DEFIANCE business manager Jane Katze shove Darren Quimbey to the ground, absconding with his microphone up the steel steps and into the ring. She wastes no time signaling the upstairs crew for a spotlight then bringing the illbegotten microphone to her flawless ruby red lips.]

Jane Katze:

Ladies and gentlemen. Making his way to the ring right now is a man known to each and every one of you. From the bygone days of touring the nation to getting that first deal with ESEN and being personally responsible to setting that deal aflame... and from the ashes, a rebirth.

[The leggy brunette pauses to allow for the downpour of boos from the faithful.]

DDK:

Ms. Katze referring to the fact it was Bronson's little tantrum and subsequent assault of a defenseless ESEN producer that caused us to lose our original TV deal.

Angus:

It all worked out in the end though... here we sit, like some sort of weird R-rated "Wrestle-land" Disney park.

[The boos subside and Jane continues.]

Jane Katze:

From being the man who forged a new World title for this company from the bloated rotting CORPSE of the World Wrestling Alliance to personally DEFINING what it means to be the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE he has been here from the very first match on the very first show... he has, literally, seen and done it all. In his own words, he lives in the arteries and VEINS of this company... he, quite simply IS DEFIANCE personified.

[She smiles and looks directly at the hard camera as she swoops in for a closeup.]

Jane Katze:

So join me, join me in welcoming the man who is going to absolutely RUIN Dusty Griffith's night... from the shores of Banff, Scotland. Weighing in tonight at a stout 17 stone he is the former and first DEFIANCE World Champion. Two Time FIST of DEFIANCE. The standard bearer, the bar setter, the number one ACE... the Bombastic... Bronson Box!

[The lights all shot off at once with a loud ka-chunk... that familiar, eerie blowing breeze is heard. After a few quiet moments the guitar assisted downbeat of the man in black strikes up over the Wrestle-plexes speakers.]

♪ "God's Gonna Cut You Down" by Johnny Cash ♪

RAAAAAABOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAHHHH!

[Keebler and Angus attempt to communicate over the din.]

DDK:

The reactions this man receives never cease to amaze me, Angus!

Angus:

I'm pretty convinced Boxer could literally shit in some of these lemmings' cereal and they'd thank him for it! It's a sick obsession I tell ya'!

DDK:

... so how exactly is that different from the way you conduct yourself around Eric? Or Cancer Jiles for that matter?!

Angus:

Sorry, can't hear ya' bud, too loud!

[The lights suddenly and without warning pop back on. Jane Katze is nowhere to be found. In her place stands the man himself, wearing something we haven't seen in a while... his red and black silk red robe with the huge DEFIANCE logo sewn to the back. His usual singlet of brown and grey replaced with DEFIANCE red and black.]

Angus:

What's he trying to pull here? He all rah rah pro-DEF again or what?

DDK:

I'm pretty sure that robe and singlet are exclusively for one Dusty Griffith. Bronson's argument all along has been that HE's the man, HE's the standard bearer, HE's the heart and soul of DEFIANCE not Dusty. He's making a statement, partner.

[From the second the lights came back on Bronson's dark brown bloodshot eyes haven't left the direction of the entrance curtain. He shucks his robe and throws it to nobody in particular at ringside as he checks his wrist tape and stretches out his shoulders... pacing the entrance side ropes like a caged animal.]

Angus:

Damn he looks focused...

[The lights drop and a moment later begin to flash in rhythm when the familiar drum beat begins to thump along the airwaves, all the while the Faithful are stomping and clapping in unison.]

Darren Quimbey:

And now his opponent, hailing from BOISE, IDAHO, he weighs in tonight at two hundred and seventy eight pounds, and is a former DEFIANCE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION... This is the WILD BRONCO... DUUUSSSSTY GRRRRIFFFFFITH!

♪ "I Love It Loud" by KISS ♪

[The crowd erupts when Dusty comes storming out to the sound of the music as it begins to kick into high gear with the droning riffs and lyrical styling of Gene Simmons. Griffith doesn't pause for even a moment, surging down the ramp towards the ring.]

DDK:

Speaking of focused, this has to be one of the most anticipated matches of Griffith's career, because who hasn't pondered what would happen when he and Bronson Box finally clashed?

Angus:

Yeah, well he better be focused on surviving more than adding to his own personal glory tonight, Keebs, because ol' Boxer's in a bad mood and looking to prove that he's the standard around here.

[The pomp and circumstance of Boxer's elaborate ring entrance doesn't seem to phase Dusty in the least as he dives in under the bottom rope and quickly pops up to his feet, before doing his customary laps as rebounds back and forth against the ropes.]

DDK:

Yes, Bronson has certainly had his issues with whom he's deemed "outsiders" he believes do not belong in this company, key among them being Dusty Griffith.

Angus:

Well, when you bleed for this company for the better part of a decade and then see quitters like Griffith get to just waltz in, heh. Granted, Boxer is more than a little paranoid about his spot, so yeah, toh-may-toh, toh-mah-toh, I guess.

[Soon the lights come up and he bounces to a stop in the center of the ring, thrusting his arms high in the air as he does a slow turn, looking towards all sides of the arena and seeing the cheering mob that makes up the Faithful.]

DDK:

He's certainly been one DEFIANCE's greatest, and worst, assets, just a shame that he'd rather be an agent of a chaos.

Angus:

It's like they say, Keebs, some people just like to watch the world burn.

[Griffith takes to his corner, climbing it and throwing his fists in the air to another cheer. A moment later and the music fades and he dismounts, removing his ring jacket and the towel draped around his neck, the whole time his focus never leaving Bronson.]

DDK:

Well, here we go, partner.

Angus:

Hey, that's my line, but yeah, here we go, Keebs!

[Referee Mark Shields starts with Bronson, giving him some last minute instructions after the obligatory once over for foreign objects. Which he finds. Bronson smiles and shrugs weakly across the ring at his opponent shaking his head in disgust as Shields pulls Box's signature rusty spike from it's usual place in The Wargod's boot.]

DDK:

Well, that's one positive I suppose. Dusty won't have to fear being stabbed during the duration of this match at the very least.

Angus:

Explain to me how that's a fuckin' positive, Darren...

[Crossing the ring, Shields does the same with Dusty, who like Boxer, never takes his eyes off the man standing across the ring from him. Having gotten the formalities out of the way, Shields takes to the center of the ring, glancing at Boxer and Griffith before throwing a hand in the air to signal for the bell, causing a momentary cheer to erupt.]

DDK:

Here we go, partner, it's time to settle maybe the greatest debate in DEFIANCE history. I got a hunch this one isn't going to go long.

Angus:

Hell yeah, I'm calling it right now, Keebs, I think these two are going to go nuclear right away, straight up brutalize each other quickly and efficiently.

[The Faithful simmer down to a buzzing anticipation as Bronson and Dusty stand in their corners, their eyes glimmering with a raging intensity. A split second later Boxer takes a step forward, which is all the provocation Dusty needs to blast off across the ring towards him. Not one to shy away from a fight, Bronson quickly explodes off of his first step and meets Dusty in the middle of the ring, forcing Mark Shields to have to jump out the way before they smashed into him.]

Angus:

World War Eye Eye Eye isn't going to be MURCA and China, Keebs, it's happening right now in our ring!

DDK:

And these fans are going bananas, Angus, I can barely hear anything because the sound of these four thousand lunatics is absolutely deafening.

[Throwing punches and elbows, Griffith and Bronson grab hold and go full hockey fight mode on each other. Mark Shields, either because he's notoriously lax with the rules or he isn't crazy enough to jump into the scrum, lets Boxer and Griffith fire at will without any intervention on his part. The two angry bulls smash into each other with a relentless pace of fists, elbows and forearms, pushing and pulling themselves around the ring.]

DDK:

Christ Almighty, if they continue going like this, the winner will be the one who's skull hasn't been smashed into a fine, bloody paste.

Angus:

Look at the bright side, dude, at least one dentist in New Orleans is going to be making some serious bank for all of the dental surgery these two will need.

[Working their way into a corner, Dusty creates some separation and swings for the fences with a big wind up elbow, but Boxer is quick to duck out of the way and smash him with a European uppercut, then a knee lift to the gut and grabs a headlock. Griffith is quick grab a waistlock, trying to throw Bronson with a backdrop, but the Wargod isn't having it as he lowers his center of gravity and pulls the Wild Bronco to the center of the ring.]

DDK:

Bronson very alert here, knowing Griffith is always looking for a chance to throw his opponent.

Angus:

Yeah, dude loves him some suplexes.

[Griffith throws a couple forearms into Bronson's back and side, loosening him up and shoving him off towards the ropes. Boxer ducks a clothesline from Dusty on the rebound, who spins around and gets blasted by a charging clothesline from the Wargod on the next rebound. The Faithful "oooh" when Dusty is completely unmoved as he snarls back at Boxer, who sneers as he backs up a few steps and hits the ropes again, smashing into the Wild Bronco with another clothesline.]

Angus:

Boxer isn't amused at Mayberry's immovable object schtick here.

DDK:

When is Box ever amused? That man was born a miserable bastard and just got bigger.

[Dusty roars at Boxer, telling him to hit him again. Not unwilling to oblige, Bronson rebounds off the ropes again and crashes into Griffith with another clothesline that finally staggers him back a couple steps. Dusty uses it to fall back to the ropes, rebounding off and bashing Boxer, who braces for the blow as he's hit with an elbow to the dome. Bronson barks at him, asking "is that all ye' got, FOOKIN' BASTARD!?"]

DDK:

Something tells me that's not all Big Dust has.

Angus:

God, I hope not, there hasn't even been blood yet!

[Dusty growls and hits the ropes, and on the come back blasts Boxer with another elbow that rocks the Wargod back a couple of steps. Bronson snaps back quickly, flexing his jaw and spitting out a wad of blood and phlegm as he lets a sickening smile cross his face when he looks back at Griffith. Dusty grumbles before he steps in quick and blasts Boxer with another shot and then rushes towards the ropes again.]

DDK:

Bronson taking those sledgehammer elbows like nobody else.

Angus:

The guy is certifiable, Keeps. Mayberry wrecks most people with those damn elbows, but for a guy like Boxer? It's like getting a nice adjustment he's been putting off until now.

[Boxer shakes the shot off and catches Dusty coming in with a boot to the gut and then another European uppercut, snapping Griffith's head back hard. Seizing the opening, Bronson lights Griffith up with a chop that echoes throughout the Wrestle-plex, then a second and a third until Dusty fires back a knee lift to the gut and then a European uppercut of his own. Boxer not liking this one bit, fires back with an elbow smash reminiscent of Dusty's own elbow smash.]

Angus:

Jayzuss, how have neither of these guys not collapsed yet from these boulders they're throwing at each other?

DDK:

Psychopaths don't feel pain? That's really about the best that I can come up with without charts, graphs and blood tests to prove they are, in fact, human.

[Continuing to fire away at each other, they alternate between elbows and European uppercuts in a game of bludgeoning oneupsmanship and concussive brain trauma. Boxer is the first to switch gears, booting Dusty in the gut before rushing past him and hits the ropes to build momentum. Charging back across the ring, Boxer rebounds a second time, but as he comes in Dusty rears up and devastates him with an elbow that smashes him across the face.]

DDK:

Down goes Boxer, what an obliterating shot from Griffith!

Angus:

It's like watching two people giving themselves early onset dementia.

[Griffith hunches over, his hands pressing to his knees as he repeatedly opens his eyes wide and then clamps them shut over and over as he tries to shake his head to clear the cobwebs. Meanwhile, Boxer hits the mat, his hands clutching his face as he rolls away towards the nearest set of ropes. Dusty rears back up, still wincing from the effects of the back and forth exchange with Boxer, who is by the ropes and pulling himself up with a bleeding gash across his nose.]

DDK:

We're only a couple of minutes into this thing and they're already bleeding and have suffered the sort of concussive force that would put a lesser man into the hospital.

Angus:

Sounds like a Skymont match, but with more talent and none of the lighttube fuckery. Also, it wouldn't be a Bronson Box match if he wasn't somehow disfigured before it was over.

[Griffith stalks over to Bronson, who pushes himself up with the middle rope on the side of the ring that faces the entrance way. Dusty approaches goes to lift Boxer, but the Scottish Strongman suddenly reacts, flipping over and spitting a collected glob of blood in his rivals face. The momentary distraction is enough to allow Boxer to grab Dusty by the front of his trunks and yank forward as he falls back, which causes Griffith to get hurled out to the floor.]

Angus:

Hah, smart move, gross, but smart.

DDK:

These two going to the floor is going to spell nothing but trouble, but here we go.

[The cheap tactics earn Boxer some boos from pockets of the Faithful, while other parts root for him to drive up the craziness. Ignoring them regardless, Bronson steps out on to the apron and readies himself, when Griffith stands back up he charges towards him and takes flight with a double axe. Griffith however absorbs the blow and then clutches him in a bearhug and tosses him up and over with a belly to belly suplex on the floor to a roar of cheers.]

Angus:

Air Mayberry, guaranteed to get you where you're going as painfully as possible, amlrite?

DDK:

Bronson's spine certainly won't be arguing after that impact.

[Griffith is up fairly quick and back on the attack, lifting Bronson up, who reacts quickly in spite of the searing pain in his back as he lunges forward to drive his skull into Griffith's midsection. Getting up, Boxer snarls with annoyance before snapping off another European uppercut and knee lift combo before cinching Dusty up with a suplex and taking him with an old school Dynamite Kid style snap suplex.]

Angus:

Ruh-roh, Boxer can suplex too, bout time some sent Mayberry's big ass flying.

DDK:

Not surprising, considering he's as strong as anybody in this sport.

[Getting up a little slower, Boxer is quick to stay on top of Dusty, raining down a vicious barrage of stomps and kicks. Satisfied he's subdued Griffith enough, Bronson grabs a fistful of hair, yanks him up and then hurls him into the guardrails on the right. Following up, Boxer drives a running knee into Dusty's body, which causes Dusty to slump to the floor gasping for breath. Standing over his nemesis, Bronson smiles smugly as he digs a boot into Griffith's neck, choking him.]

DDK:

I see Mark Shields has already packed it in as far as actually officiating this match goes.

Angus:

Well, if you feel that strongly about it, you could go tell Boxer to stop being a meanie face to your favorite wrestler ever, Keebs.

[Keebler obviously doesn't do this, however it doesn't matter as Bronson relents on his own and pulls Griffith up. Walking him over to the ring, Boxer slams Dusty's head into the ring apron once, then twice, until Dusty blocks a third, but Boxer knees him again in the body and slams his face into the apron for a third time. Looking to his right, Bronson eyes the ring post, and you can see the gears turning in his head through the devious look on his face.]

DDK:

Bronson is absolutely smashing Griffith's body so far, but what's he got in mind now?

Angus:

Something painful most likely.

[Grabbing Griffith, Bronson turns him towards the post and starts running, but Griffith gives him the slip and with a shove sends Bronson right into the post face first. Hitting the steel, Boxer spins and staggers away with a hand coming up to his face. Dusty gives his ringing skull a quick shake before scowling when he looks at Boxer staggering around. Turning around, Boxer reveals his face which is now bleeding heavily from that gash on his nose.]

DDK:

Good lord.

Angus:

Awesome!

[Boxer sneers through his bloodied face, spitting at the floor before asking Dusty "That all ye' got, boyo?!" Griffith responds with a charge, but Bronson is quick to sidestep giving Griffith the "ole" like a bull as he adds a push to his momentum, sending Griffith into the guardrails again. Boxer turns, backing up a step and charges, but Dusty bounces back quickly and catches him coming in with a clothesline that levels the Wargod, earning a big roar from the Faithful.]

DDK:

Bronson's nose is absolutely wrecked and he's losing a lot of blood.

Angus:

Don't worry, Boxer'll let his hate fuel him... So basically just another day for Box.

[Feeling confident, Dusty pulls Boxer up and rolls him into the ring and then rolls in behind him. Dragging him up, Griffith drives Bronson back against the nearest ropes and proceeds to light him up with several searing chops to the Wargod's barrel-like chest, then whips him across the ring. Getting set, Dusty prepares to catch Boxer coming in, taking him over a lightning quick, powerslam that snaps Boxer over into a pinfall press.]

ONE!...

TWO!...

TH... NO! KICKOUT!

Angus:

That was a lot closer than I would have expected.

DDK:

Griffith clearly not looking to waste time here, that was textbook impact and cover, but there's no way that was going to keep Bronson Box down this early.

[Dusty doesn't bother arguing the call, looking to keep up the pressure as he drags Boxer back up again. Hammering him across the back of his shoulders a few times, Dusty turns and rebounds off the ropes, but Boxer ducks the clothesline attempt and then drops down and lets Dusty cross over him. Popping up Bronson turns just in time to get caught with a flying shoulder tackle from Griffith, who quickly scrambles to make the cover.]

ONE!...

TWO!...

NO! KICKOUT!

[Griffith is up quickly, again not bothering with Shields count. Picking Bronson up, Griffith sends him into the ropes and then takes him for another ride with another quick powerslam, but doesn't try for the cover as he pops up quick, hits

the ropes and comes back with a big elbow drop across Bronson's chest. Getting up, Dusty drops a few more elbows in quick succession and then rebounds off the ropes looking for another big elbow, but Boxer moves at the last moment.]

Angus:

Hah! Mayberry got his big dumb hand caught going to the cookie well one too many times.

DDK:

And after the blows Bronson's laid into Griffith's body, that's gonna hurt just a little more.

[Instinctively, Griffith's arms wrap around his body upon impact, rolling on the mat for a brief moment, but fights through it as Bronson rolls away. Getting back up, Dusty grunts in agony as he rears up to a standing position and stalks over to Boxer and pulls him up, but eats a couple of hard shots to the midsection as he does. Griffith backs off a step, then tries to regain control, but Boxer snaps up and boots him in the gut before hoisting Griffith up and dropping him over his knee.]

DDK:

Fireman's Carry Gutbuster by Box!

Angus:

Boxer must believe in the Quicksilver method, if a man can't breathe, he can't fight, because he's smashing Mayberry's guts.

[Boxer rises back to his feet with a stone cold, yet seemingly satisfied look upon his face as Dusty rolls around on the mat in absolute agony, his arms clutching his midsection. Taking a big snort through his damaged nose, Bronson wipes the blood away from his face as he stalks Griffith, who tries to crawl towards a nearby corner. Taking a couple quick steps, Bronson punts Griffith right in the ribs, halting his movement instantly.]

Angus:

Here we go, Keeps, that Reckoning Mayberry has been wanting so badly is here. This is going to be the most glorious ass whooping in DEFIANCE history.

DDK:

Well, Dusty has been wanting this fight ever since he returned more than two years ago. Unfortunately for him, he's about to find out what it's like to be at the mercy of Bronson Box.

[Boxer tears Dusty from the mat and drives him into the nearest corner, his shoulder impacting Dusty's midsection when they hit the turnbuckles. Grabbing the middle rope with both hands, Bronson begins thrusting forward, driving his shoulder into Griffith's body over and over, at first eliciting a loud grunting from the Wild Bronco after the first couple shots. Tiring of this after a bit, Boxer stands up and looks at Dusty with pure disdain when he sees the look on his face.]

Angus:

You have got to be kidding me, Mayberry is smiling, is he delirious or something? Because that's not going to do anything but make Boxer mad as hell.

DDK:

Or he's just as psychotic as Bronson is... or both. Probably both... I'm voting both.

[Not amused, Boxer's face scrunches with anger as he reaches out and digs his clawed right hand into the Dusty's eye socket. Griffith begins to bellow as his legs kick, while Bronson gets in close and really digs those pointed finger nails into the flesh of Griffith's face. Boxer snarls and hurls taunts at the fans in the front row who boo his savagery. Lurking around the situation, referee Mark Shields watches as he apparently considers if he wants to get involved.]

DDK:

Come on Shields, get in there!

Angus:

And risk getting some of Mayberry's punishment for himself? He's not crazy.

[Boxer glances back and notices Shields hovering and pulls his clawed hand away. Dusty brings a hand to his now reddened face due to the digging and clawing of Boxer's infamous right hand. Griffith's moment of peace doesn't last as Boxer drives another knee into his body and then drags his face along the top rope towards the next corner. Stepping on to the ropes, Boxer swipes his nose as he looks out at the crowd with a devilish smile before leaning in and biting Dusty's face.]

DDK:

This is getting disgusting.

Angus:

Heh, looks like Boxer doesn't want to be the only one bleeding in this little party he and Mayberry are having.

[Dusty kicks and flails as he bellows in a panic before Boxer finally relents, rearing up with a bloodied mouth and a sickening grin on his face. Dropping down to the mat, Boxer pushes Dusty back, exposing his face which is now bleeding around his eye from the claw and bite marks on his brow. Not satisfied, Boxer steps back and then plants another boot into Dusty's gut, and another and another, until Dusty slumps down to the mat where Boxer puts a boot over his throat.]

Angus:

Do you think anyone in the world is having as much fun as Boxer is having right now in this moment?

DDK:

Knowing Bronson like we do, I seriously doubt it.

[Bronson applies more pressure on Griffith's throat when he steps up, putting all of his weight down on him, causing Griffith to once again flail in a panic as the life is choked out of him. This finally gets Mark Shields to stop watching and actually put Boxer on a count, which he naturally breaks just before Shields can get to five. Boxer smirks at Shields, looking right at him as he scrapes his boot across Dusty's face a few times, until Shields actually tries to pull him away.]

Angus:

Maybe he is crazy, did some of Mayberry's blood splatter on Shields? Because he's testing the devil here.

DDK:

I'm just surprised he's actually doing his job in spite of that.

[Boxer laughs, throwing his hands up in mock surrender as he finally backs away while Shields goes to check on Dusty. Bronson however runs towards the ropes, rebounds and comes charging back, which Shields only just barely dives out of the way as Bronson cracks Griffith with a running knee to the head. Shields stands up and yells at Boxer, who continues smirking and laughing at the frustrated referee, much to Shields chagrin.]

Angus:

It has to suck to be Shields right now. You wanna referee, but ol' Boxer hasn't any fucks to give about your authority.

DDK:

Well, maybe if he weren't so lax with that authority, someone might actually respect it. Then again, Bronson has never recognized anyone's authority before.

[After a bit of jawing with the enraged crowd, Bronson pulls a battered and bleeding Griffith from the corner. Bringing him to the center of the ring, Boxer slaps Dusty, almost mockingly as he swats at the fellow former World Champion's

head. Suddenly Griffith reacts to a big cheer, waylaying Bronson with an elbow, smashing his tormentor's face with a hard shot. Boxer lashes out with another harder shot to the head, and Dusty responds in kind instinctively with an elbow.]

Angus:

No Boxer, don't taunt him, are you stupid?

DDK:

Come on, Dusty, fight!

[They exchange a few shots until Dusty reels off a couple of consecutives elbows that back Boxer off. Sensing an opening, Griffith goes to the ropes, but as he does this Bronson is quick to follow and catch him with another hard knee lift to the gut as Griffith was about to rebound off the ropes. Boxer quickly pulls Griffith away from the ropes, hoisting him up into a Canadian backbreaker before dropping to his knees, cracking Griffith's spine across his shoulder and going for a cover.]

ONE!...

TWO!...

THR... NO! KICKOUT!

DDK:

That was so close, Big Dust just barely escaping the pin!

Angus:

Heh, something tells me Boxer won't be screwing around anymore.

[Shooting a look at Shields after that very close count, Boxer lifts Dusty with a gutwrench and then dropping him across his knee for another gutbuster. Boxer follows this up, tying Dusty into a tight Cobra Clutch and then drops him across his knee again with another backbreaker. Flipping him over on to his face, Bronson steps over and tries to apply his dreaded Boston Massacre camel clutch, but through pure instinct, Griffith quickly senses the danger and escapes.]

DDK:

That might have been it right there, if not for Big Dust's instincts and guts.

Angus:

Yeah, he escapes that one move, but he's still got Boxer looking to deal damage.

[Indeed he is, because Bronson turns quickly to locate Griffith and before he can get away, drops a hard knee across his back and follows up with a few well placed stomps for good measure. Picking Dusty up, Boxer squats down for position and then lifts Dusty up into the Torture Rack, where he begins bouncing on his feet to add as much torque as possible to the hold. Griffith again flails as he struggles against the hold, but Bronson's grip is just too strong.]

DDK:

I can't believe I'm saying this, but could Bronson Box be too much for Griffith to handle?

Angus:

Well, he's certainly getting everything he asked for. Stupid idiot, hah.

[Shields steps in to see if Dusty wants to pack it in, but gets an emphatic "NO!" from him. Trying to add some more pressure, Bronson tries turning his hips, effectively swinging Griffith around, but still, Griffith refuses to give up. No matter, a moment later Boxer ends the suffering as he drops to his knees and, once again, cracks Dusty's spine with a backbreaker drop from the Torture Rack. Rolling him over, Boxer hooks a leg for the cover.]

ONE!...

TWO!...

THRE... NOOOO! KICKOUT!

DDK:

Another super close escape by Griffith! But how much more can he take?

Angus:

All I know is, this guy is tougher than a two dollar government mule steak.

[Boxer bellows in anger at Shields, popping up and getting in his face where he slaps his hands three times, demanding "a snappier count, damn you!" Shields smartly avoids provoking him and Bronson eventually gives up on terrorizing the referee. Locating Dusty by the ropes as he tries to drag himself off the mat, Boxer stomps over and drops a double axe across his shoulders. Grabbing a rear waistlock, Boxer tries to pull Dusty away, but eats a couple of reverse elbows.]

Angus:

It's fine, Boxer eats them 'bows like candy.

DDK:

Not when they're landing square on his busted nose.

[The fans cheer as the first one stuns Boxer, then as the second gets his grip to break, which allows Dusty a chance to spin around with momentum on a rolling elbow. Boxer however ducks it and grabs another rear waistlock and tries to throw Dusty, but he's quick to get a low center of gravity before firing a couple more reverse elbows. Boxer eats one, then ducks a second, letting Dusty spin around right into a bearhug, instantly deflating both the crowd and Dusty's fight back.]

DDK:

Dusty just can't get any sort of momentum against Bronson, who just seems to always be a step ahead here tonight.

Angus:

Yeah, ain't it great? He's getting the life squeezed out of him by Boxer, this is pretty damn entertaining.

[Dusty's anguish is heard as he hollers, while desperately trying to find an escape. Boxer is quick to squeeze just a little harder to subdue him when he tries to create some separation. Bronson even lifts Griffith off of his feet in spite of being a few inches shorter than him, though he's not quite capable of rag dolling him lest he lose his balance. Eventually Griffith's will begins to fade the longer and harder Bronson continues to squeeze with his gorilla arms around Griffith's body.]

Angus:

He's fading, Keebs, look at him! Boxer is squeezing the life out of him!

DDK:

Lesser men have certainly given up sooner than this, but it's not over until the bell rings!

[Dusty's head lulls and his arms give out, the whole time Boxer just keeps squeezing until finally Dusty appears to finally just pass out. "ASK HIM!" Bronson demands, never letting up while Shields steps in and checks on Griffith, asking him and getting no response. "He's done for, ye bleedin' idiot!" Boxer boasts, while Shields warns Dusty that if he doesn't get a sign of life he's calling it as he takes Dusty's wrist and holds it high and then drops it.]

ONE!

[Shields raises it again, holding it for a moment as a swell of support builds from the Faithful, who try to will some life back into Griffith. Shields let's go and the arm drops again.]

TWO!

Angus:

It's over, Keebs, it's OOOOVVVVAAAAAHHHH!

[Shields again warns Griffith, telling him he's going to call it as he raises his arm for a third and potentially final time. The Faithful continues to rally behind Dusty with stomps and claps as Shields lets his wrist go and it begins to fall.]

THHHRRRREEE?!

DDK:

DUSTY LIVES!

Angus:

SONUVA--

[The Faithful ERUPTS when somehow, somehow Dusty stops his arm from falling to his side. "DAMNIT!" Boxer curses as he tries to squeeze even hard, but he's been holding the bearhug for a number of minutes and now Dusty struggles with a renewed vigor. Throwing wild hammer fists at Bronson's skull like it were a game of Whack-A-Mole, Griffith unleashes everything he's got, but to no avail until he roars loudly and then lunges forward with his face.]

Angus:

Holy shit, Mayberry's gone full zombie mode on Boxer!

DDK:

Griffith doing whatever he has to do to escape Bronson's clutches!

[Boxer howls in pain, instantly letting Dusty go, and the two back away a few steps with Boxer clutching his face and Dusty trying to suck in as much oxygen as his body will take. A moment later and Bronson looks up, his nose once again bleeding profusely. "I'LL FOOKIN' KILL YE!" He says before charging at Griffith, who catches him coming in with a hip toss. Enraged, Boxer is up and charges again, and gets thrown with another hiptoss as the Faithful go crazy with cheers.]

Angus:

Oh man, Boxer is pissed off now.

DDK:

Surprising, he doesn't like when his disgusting tactics get used against him!

[Boxer is up again and eats a clothesline, and another, but he keeps popping up as he's completely consumed with rage. Finally getting his bearings, Dusty charges Boxer with a flurry of forearms to his head as he backs him towards the ropes. Whipping him across, Griffith rebounds off the ropes as well and takes Bronson down with a big time flying shoulder tackle. Still, Boxer is able to get up again, albeit slower now, and eats another flying shoulder tackle.]

Angus:

Damnit, not again, this happens all of the time. You beat the hell out of this guy and he just keeps on finding a way to stay in the fight!

DDK:

And now that big rush of momentum is swinging in his favor, get him Dusty!

[“YEAH!” Dusty roars as he returns to his feet, unable to help letting loose with an emotional outburst that gets the fans

cheers and stomps and claps to grow stronger in response. This proves to be a mistake because Boxer isn't quite out of it and he blindsides Dusty with a clubbing shot near the ropes. Whipping him across, Dusty ducks a clothesline on the rebound, stops on a dime behind Boxer and then throws him with huge back drop suplex.]

Angus:

Oh god, here we go, he's getting all suplexy... If it were anybody else, this would be so much more fun to watch.

DDK:

Yeah, I'm sure you're really suffering over there.

[Bronson rolls back on the impact towards the ropes, rebounding off the middle rope and charging back. Griffith turns just in time and throws Bronson up and over with a belly to belly suplex. Bronson still manages to fight his way back up once again as Griffith comes charging in. Suddenly Boxer pops up getting his own arm up, effectively clotheslining Dusty at the same time as he gets clotheslined, putting both of them down in a huge heap on the mat.]

DDK:

What a devastating impact!

Angus:

Devastating? I'm surprised they didn't just decapitate each other.

[Both are down, chests heaving as they stare up at the lights while the Faithful continue to buzz as they anticipate these two to continue fighting. Dusty is the first to move as he sits up, soon after Boxer rolls to his knees, and they find that they're within striking distance of each other. Boxer attacks first, thrusting forward with a headbutt, Dusty returns fire with a headbutt of his own. Boxer grabs Dusty by the hair and smashes him again with a headbutt.]

Angus:

Concussion City, population these two.

DDK:

I won't be surprised if these two end up suffering from migraines after this.

[Griffith fires back again, bashing Bronson's skull with his own as the two work their way to their feet, smashing each other over and with headbutts. Each shot earns a cheer from the rabid DEFIANT Faithful. Getting to their feet, they continue trading shots, each one taking a toll until finally both lunge forward and connect at the same time, causing them both to stagger back. Shaking their heads as they wince, they look at each other and lunge forward again.]

DDK:

What is it going to take for one of these two to put the other down?

Angus:

A shotgun.

[Boxer lashes out with a chop that echoes throughout the building and Dusty, not to be outdone, returns the favor with a chop of his own. The two of them continue exchanging shots again, each one searing with a cracking sound as their chests become deeply reddened with every successive chop that lands. Boxer lands one that causes Dusty to flinch, wincing hard in pain, which gives Boxer a chance to go back to blunt force, slamming Dusty with another European uppercut.]

Angus:

On second thought, maybe they'll need a tank cannon.

DDK:

Sounds about right.

[Griffith responds with an elbow and Bronson with another European uppercut, then seemingly they begin to alternate with Griffith landing a European uppercut and Bronson with an elbow. The two continue to trade shots, alternating every round as they demand the other to lay in every shot as hard as they other can muster. Every shot causes a cloud of sweat to explode off their bodies from the sheer impact of every blow.]

Angus:

Okay, maybe these two are immortal and can't be killed, jayzuss. Has anyone told these two maniacs that they can live to fight another day?

DDK:

After all of these years, with everyone waiting and debating what would happen when these two finally clashed, neither wants to back down from the other.

[Dusty lands a particularly hard shot, snapping Boxer's head back with a European uppercut and before he can respond, blasts him with an elbow. Boxer reels as Dusty spins for a rolling elbow, but Boxer has the sense to duck it. When Dusty comes back around, Boxer straight up socks him as hard as he can with a fist to the side of Dusty's skull. Dusty wobbles from the shot and collapses in a heap. Boxer takes a couple of steps before dropping to his knees, exhausted.]

Angus:

These two tough bastards can't have much left, Keeps.

DDK:

I'm surprised they have anything left at all, partner.

[Bronson is back up and clubs Griffith a few times, but Griffith seemingly ignores these blows and tosses him with an Exploder suplex. Bronson scrambles and rush Griffith, who sends him flying with a second Exploder. Still scrambling as he rolls with the impact, Boxer tries to attack yet again, but Dusty again ducks a wild swing, clutches Boxer and drills him to the mat with a Sambo suplex that lands him near the ropes. Dusty quicks rolls over and tries for the cover.]

ONE!...

TWO!...

THREE?!... NO!...

DDK:

Bronson gets a foot on the ropes at the last possible second!

Angus:

Yeah, but what can Boxer possibly have left? He just got dumped on his head three straight times!

[Griffith checks with Shields who gives him the two sign as he points to Bronson's foot precariously draped on the bottom rope. Griffith drags Bronson to his feet and then drives him into the nearest corner. Dusty softens him up a little more with a few forearms and then whips him across before charging in behind him. Boxer however telegraphs it as he catches Dusty coming in for the big corner splash and then just flat out chucks him right into the mat.]

DDK:

Bronson with a huge counter using that devastating one armed side slam!

Angus:

Holy christ, I don't think I've ever seen Mayberry get spiked like that before by anybody.

[Bronson doesn't waste any time as he scrambles, getting Griffith up, hoists him up into a powerbomb and then runs across the ring and tosses him at the turnbuckles for the Bombasto Bomb. Boxer is so exhausted though, he isn't able

to follow up with a cover right away as he drops to his knees again. After a few heaving breaths, Bronson drags Griffith out of the corner by his ankles and then simply collapses on him for a cover.]

ONE!...

TWO!...

THREE?!... NO!... KICKOUT!

DDK:

Griffith escapes at the last possible millisecond!

Angus:

There's no way Shields' hand didn't touch the mat!

[The Faithful explode with cheers while Bronson can't believe it, though he's too wiped to really argue with Shields at this point, who gestures just how close it was to being over. Boxer roars with frustration before ripping Dusty up to his feet and then setting him up for another Bombasto Bomb. Hoisting him up, Bronson charges across the ring, but Griffith somehow slips free and tosses Bronson with a belly to belly suplex, throwing him right into the turnbuckles.]

DDK:

Dusty again finding a way to stay alive in this match, but can he capitalize?!

Angus:

Will somebody kill somebody already, this back and forth is giving me mental whiplash!

[Refusing to stay down, Bronson pulls himself up with the ropes, but all it does it leave him wide open as Griffith comes charging in and crushes him with the avalanche splash. Turning him around, Dusty wallops Boxer with a few hard shots and then whips Boxer back across the ring. Backing into the corner, Griffith takes off at full speed and then hits another avalanche splash, squashing Bronson to complete the Stampede.]

Angus:

He's doing it again, Keebs!

DDK:

He's calling for it, Griffith looking to drop Bronson with the Atomic Powerbomb!

[Indeed he is, the Faithful cheer as Griffith signals for his devastating powerbomb, while Bronson merely staggers out of the corner, practically out on his feet. Pulling him to the center of the ring, Dusty sets him up and then with that familiar fast action, whips Boxer up high. Before Griffith can complete the move, Bronson comes to at the apex and attacks him with God's Fiery Right Hand, digging that clawed right hand into Dusty's face.]

DDK:

Box out of nowhere with that evil claw hold of his!

Angus:

Ugh gross, he's trying to tear Mayberry's face off!

[The move is enough to free Bronson, who drops from Griffith's shoulders and stumbles back towards the ropes. Dusty brings a hand to his bloody face, effectively taking his attention from Boxer, who manages to catch himself and rebound back off the middle rope. Bronson charges back across the ring and completely vaporizes Griffith, driving through it as they both crash land in a broken pile on the mat, with Bronson's arm draped over Griffith's chest for the pin.]

Angus:

Jaaayzuss christ, Mayberry didn't even see it coming!

DDK:

Shields is there for the count...

ONE!...

TWO!...

THREE!...

DING! DING! DING!

[The crowd erupts with a mixture of boos and cheers, some of which are completely stunned that it's finally over, while others seem to look relieved after the absolute war these two put themselves through here tonight.]

DDK:

Bronson's done it, after years of speculation, the Wargod has emerged victorious in this absolutely brutal contest!

Angus:

Oh my god, Keeps, I can't believe it's finally over.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner, by pinfall... BRRRROONNNNNSSSSSOOONNNNN BOOOOOOXXXXXXXXX!

[Bronson rolls away from the wreckage, ending up on his knees and slumped forward a bit as Johnny Cash starts to play overhead. It takes but the briefest of moments for it to dawn on him that he has, in fact, won this battle of wills between he and Griffith. As the realization sets in, a calm, satisfied, almost all too knowing look washes over his face, as if he never had a doubt in his mind that this would be the result.]

DDK:

This might be as big of a win for Bronson as any in his career, and that's truly saying something, but if anybody has wanted to prove that he is the true standard bearer of DEFIANCE, it's him.

Angus:

Yeah, the smug sonuvabitch isn't gonna let anyone forget this night.

[A moment later Dusty sits up and wipes some of the blood away from his face, which is clearly etched with disappointment. Scooting away towards a corner, Dusty's disappointment grows as he watches Mark Shields raising Boxer's hand, who has an ever-increasingly smug look upon his face. Dusty looks away and curses, knowing this was close, but pulls himself up with the top rope and approaches Boxer.]

Angus:

Oh boy, he's going to snap here, Keeps.

DDK:

Or maybe he's going give Bronson the ring, since he earned it fair and square?

[Griffith stops in front of Bronson and the two rivals stand silently for a tense moment as the Faithful fall to a buzzing hush all around them. Griffith's jaw clenches and he shakes his head before snorting and thumbing his nose with one hand, before thrusting the other towards Bronson, offering it to him out of respect. Bronson eyes Griffith as the moment intensifies, the Faithful's buzzing increasing until finally, and perhaps humbly, Bronson accepts and shakes Griffith's hand.]

Angus:

WHAAAAAAAA-laaaaaaaame! After all that, you're just going to shake hands like none of this tonight happened?
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Shutup, Angus! This was a hell of a war between these two and I, for one, am glad to see these two show at least some respect towards each other after all of these years.

[The moment of respect last all but a few seconds, as Boxer can't resist twisting the knife on Dusty by reminding him who the better man was tonight, to which Dusty merely nods and informs him that "next time" will be different. Looking ever-so-smug, The Original Defiant unceremoniously takes his leave and heads up the ramp, looking awfully proud of himself - as well he should.]

DDK:

Any way you slice it, this is a HUGE victory for Bronson Box here tonight... wait...

Angus:

Wait, what the what?!

[Dusty Griffith's attention turns to the entrance ramp where a lone figure stands at the top, a pair of eyes looking back at him. Those eyes are attached to a giant that more recent fans of DEFIANCE have known in the last year and a half or so... wearing no shirt and torn blue jeans, the monster standing at the top of the ramp looks ready to hurt someone... even Bronson Box himself seems a wee bit surprised...]

DDK:

Oh, no...

Angus:

Oh... OH, YES!!!

???:

HHHHHHHHHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE'SSSSSSSSSSS BBBBBAAAAACCCCKKKKKKKK!!!!

DDK:

THAT'S THOMAS KEELING! WE SAW HIM EARLIER SKULKING AROUND BACKSTAGE TONIGHT! AND THAT'S... THAT'S...

Angus:

YES! OUR HOSS OVERLORD HAS RETURNED! ANGEL TRINIDAD!!!

[The main star of the dominant former World Trios Champions, Angel Trinidad, stands with not former manager Junior Keeling, but his father, Thomas Keeling. Keeling and Angel both lock eyes with Box briefly before the smug Original Defiant continues on his merry way, leaving Dusty and Angel to whatever was about to happen. Dusty is still worn from his fight with Bronson Box, but Angel continues to stomp towards ringside to where even Thomas Keeling can barely keep pace...]

DDK:

Team HOSS were all fired months ago after Junior Keeling staged a false drug test to help his clients circumvent a scheduled Trios Title defense!

Angus:

The glove dind't fit, so Team HOSS got to acquit! And it looks like Mayberry is Angel's first target!

[Angel runs right towards the ring and stops right in front of it, leaving Dusty on his guard. Angel then JUMPS right onto the ring apron before he steps over the ropes, looking like he's itching for a fight!]

Angus:

Remember, Keeps! Angel defeated Dusty Griffith once before and started running around calling himself The Breaker of The Unbreakable! You think he's here to finish up on that?

DDK:

ANGEL WITH THE FIRST PUNCH!

[The big monster from The Bronx throws a brutal shot that catches Dusty in the mouth! Angel goes on the attack and continues to drill him with more right hands in the corner with Dusty doing everything he can to defend himself. The former World Champion gets his arm up, but Trinidad has him pinned to the corner and goes at him like a crazy man!]

Angus:

Our Hoss Overlord has returned to cleanse DEFIANCE of all the lesser beings and he's starting with Mayberry!

DDK:

NO! DUSTY'S FIGHTING BACK!

[Dusty blocks a shot and fires back a Headbutt of all things to disorient the giant. He goes right back to the ropes, but another pair of hands trip him up...]

Angus:

ALECZANDER THE GREAT! OUR PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED! **TWO** HOSS OVERLORDS!

[A now black-and-blonde-haired Aleczander grabs him by his leg to prevent Dusty from making whatever his next move is! And right behind him Thomas Keeling leading the charge is his new head coach for The Family Keeling Talent Agency... Capital Punishment!]

Angus:

THE GANG'S ALL HERE! DEFIANCE IS NOW THE LAND OF THE GIANTS AGAIN!

DDK:

Dusty just wrestled one of the more grueling matches in his recent career...OWWW! PUMP KICK FROM ANGEL TRINIDAD!

[The crowd BOOOOOOOOOOs as Angel Trinidad now stands over a laid-out Dusty Griffith, ROARING to the crowd while Thomas Keeling directs traffic. Capital Punishment remains at his side while on the inside of the ring, Aleczander and Angel both work to pick up Dusty off the mat. Angel threw Dusty's prone body right into his grip before he powers Dusty off the ground...]

Angus:

JACKHAMMER! MAYBERRY IS DONE, SON!

DDK:

But why have they singled out Dusty Griffith?

[Dusty is already beaten down, but the reformed Team HOSS v2 don't appear to be finished. Thomas Keeling points towards Angel and he nods before he picks up Dusty and sets him up in the corner for something worse. With incredible strength, the 300-pounder grabs him over the shoulder and speeds forward before DRILLING into the mat with a Running Awesome Bomb! Dusty flips over from the impact and he lands harshly, and has no energy to fight back at this point! Angel starts to stand and glares right over the body of the former World Champion while Aleczander laughs at his side.]

Aleczander The Great:

Yer fucked, mate!

[Thomas Keeling points to Capital Punishment and gestures towards underneath the ring. The stoic former prison guard nods and throws the ring skirt back before pulling out a table! The crowd grows even louder and props the table upwards towards the ring...]

DDK:

What the hell is going on? What are they doing here now?

Angus:

Angel is setting up Mayberry for that Awesome Bomb variation, but it... uh, he may be going through a table!

DDK:

From THAT height? No!

[Aleczauder cheers his little - big buddy on as Angel Trinidad starts to point towards the table on the outside that apparently has Dusty Griffith's name on it. Dusty is completely powerless to save himself, however...]

DDK:

LOOK! FRANK DYLAN JAMES IS OUT AND HE'S GOT A CHAIR!

Angus:

He's still ALIVE after what he and Corozzo went through earlier tonight?!

[Sure enough, he's got some dried blood on him and looks every bit like a mess, but he has a chair in hand! Angel and Aleczauder drop Dusty and both Team HOSS members leave the ring just as Capital Punishment escorts Thomas Keeling to a secure distance away from the angry hillbilly. The new variation of Team HOSS leave the ringside area as FDJ stands his ground on the inside, daring any member of Keeling's new crew to get in the ring. Angel tries to go for the ring, but Thomas Keeling and Cappy both pull him back.]

Angel Trinidad:

LET ME IN THERE! I'M GOING TO BREAK THAT PIECE OF SHIT!

Thomas Keeling:

Patience, Angel. We've made our point tonight. This is just the start.

[Angel growls and wants badly to take FDJ up on his offer to fight, but acquiesces to his new leader's order. The monsters depart the ringside area and Angel kicks over the table that they've propped up before Team HOSS make their way back up the ramp. FDJ continues to keep one eye on his BFF while another remains on Angel and the new Team HOSS that still want a fight.]

DDK:

They may not have gone through with what they set out to do here, but there's no doubt the new leadership for Angel Trinidad has changed him - and Team HOSS.

Angus:

Mayberry is lucky he's got one friend backstage to help him or he'd be picking splinters out of his corpse!

[Cappy and Aleczauder both head backstage first, but Angel and Thomas Keeling converse among themselves. Angel points a finger towards the ring in the direction of both FDJ and Dusty; a warning that he wasn't done here.]

DDK:

It's clear that whatever this is between Angel and Dusty isn't going to be ended here tonight! Perhaps we'll get more answers soon enough!

[When Keeling and Angel finally disappear out of sight, Dusty and FDJ make their way out, bypassing the ramp as they head off behind the stage.]

No More Freebies

[Heading right off the back of what we just witnessed moments ago, Lance Warner stands by the gorilla position as the members of the New And Improved Team HOSS walk through the tunnel, looking awful proud of what they just did.]

Lance Warner:

Aleczander...

[The Mancunian Muscle walks through the curtain and completely no-sells Lance as he turns to high-five Thomas Keeling. Cappy is not far behind the two, so Lance tries to get a word with him.]

Lance Warner:

Capital Punishment? Can I possibly get a...

[And finally, the star of tonight's beatdown... Angel Trinidad. When Lance tries to get to him for a word, Angel's growl makes Lance think twice about even trying to ask him anything. Thomas Keeling pats his large charge on the arm and nods as all four men walk right past the interviewer.]

Lance Warner:

Mister Keeling? Can you explain yourself? Why Dusty Griffith? Why have Team HOSS returned now?

[The foursome stops immediately when Thomas Keeling puts a hand up. The charismatic owner of the Family Keeling Talent Agency turns on his heel and approaches Lance Warner.]

Thomas Keeling:

My boy... earlier tonight was a freebie and nothing more. Now get out of my sight.

[Lance looks at the foursome and tries to consider his stance when an angered Angel steps up to him...]

Angel Trinidad:

GO.

[Warner bolts as fast as his legs can carry him while Aleczander has a laugh at his expense. Angel watches him go and snorts as Thomas Keeling laughs.]

Thomas Keeling:

Leave them wanting more.

Eugene Dewey (c) vs Lindsay Troy

[Cut from the back to the ring where the main event is about to get under way.]

[In 5, 4, 3, 2...]

♪ "Zero" - the Smashing Pumpkins ♪

[The lights are cut, a dual-spotlight circles the entrance area, and the opening riff blasts through the speakers. When it kicks up a notch, Dan Ryan - wearing a black and red DEFIANCE referee's shirt - steps out and pauses to look out to the audience. The DEFIAns give him an uncomfortable, decidedly mixed reaction thanks to what happened earlier with Frank Holiday.]

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, making his way to the ring is the Special Referee for the FIST of DEFIANCE title match... "The Ego Buster" ... DAAAAAANNNNNNN RRRRRYYYYYAAAAAANNNNNNNN!

[Ryan walks directly to the ring, ascends the stairs, and slips in-between the top and bottom rope.]

Angus:

Here's the product of Kelly Evans' bending to the whims of the roster. Dan Ryan, fresh off murderdeathkilling Frank Holiday, gets his wish and will ref this QUOTE-UNQUOTE CLEAN AND FAIR FIGHT.

DDK:

The end of that match was extremely hard to watch and based on the reaction from the crowd, I'm not the only one who thinks so. Regardless, you may not believe he can call this straight, Angus, but everyone knows that if he doesn't, he'll be out of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

And if you're Eugene, Frank Holiday, and Billy Pepper, that won't be a bad thing. No matter what anyone thinks about what happened to Holiday, Ryan did it fair and square in the ring.

[Ryan's music is cut and the buzz from the fans fill the Wrestle-Plex for a few seconds. It's not long before the all-too familiar clavinet intro to the Queen of the Ring's marching anthem begins.]

♪ "Trampled Under Foot" - Led Zeppelin ♪

[The DEFIANCE Faithful, happy to have SOMEONE to legit cheer for in this match, jump to their feet with a roar. Cell phone screens and camera flashes light up the arena and red, silver, and gold pyro explode from the stage like cannon fire.]

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

DDK:

And here comes the number one contender to the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

And soon to be the number one loser.

DDK:

The Queen looks beyond ready for this fight, despite what you may think, partner.

Angus:

I'm thinking I need to know if she and Ryan had a conversation before the two of them walked out here, Frank Holiday

related or "strategy" related.

DDK:

I don't think Troy needs to talk strategy regardless of circumstances; in this case, if she did, she'd be putting Ryan in a position to be fired. As for anything Frank Holiday related...well...I bet we would've heard about it.

[Troy jumps onto the apron and flips herself up and over the top rope. She puts her head down and paces the ring, swinging her arms across her torso to loosen them up...and those in the front row with a keen eye might've caught a partially obscured icy side-eye tossed in Dan's direction from behind her curly hair.]

["Trampled" fades out to be replaced by something a lot more sinister.]

[A lot darker.]

[A lot more...]

♪ "Dark Lord Bowser" ♪

DDK:

Here he comes, ladies and gentlemen, for six hundred and twenty five days that man right there has held the FIST of DEFIANCE, but tonight might just be the night he finally meets his match in the shape of Lindsay Troy.

Angus:

Many have tried and all have failed. Don't get your hopes up for tonight to be any different.

[The longest reigning FIST in DEFIANCE history stands at the top of the ramp and stares down at the ring where his opponent and her brother-in-law, the special guest referee for this upcoming contest, stand. Dewey rolls his neck and then his shoulders, but doesn't make any sort of move towards the ring.]

DDK:

Oh god here we go again. We've seen this from Dewey over the last few title defenses-

[Keebler can't finish his words however as he's cut off by someone banging on the head of a microphone. Through the darkness it's possible to make out Dan Ryan, who has taken the microphone out of the hands of Darren Quimbey, and caused the sound guy to cut Dark Lord Bowser short.]

Dan Ryan:

Eugene, you've got exactly five seconds to get down that ramp, step into this ring, and get this match underway or I'll come up there and make you. You're not pulling this shit again.

[The fans still don't quite know how to react to Ryan, but Eugene does. He plants his feet firmly and shouts down to the ring "You can't touch me!" Words that Dan Ryan is more than prepared for.]

Dan Ryan:

I can't touch you? Yeah, you're right there. If I touch you I'm gone from DEFIANCE... if that happens to be between the bells. Right now I'm just some guy in a black and red shirt that's gonna drag you in here so we finally see you in a fair one on one match!

[Eugene's face falls when he hears that and he's faced with the simple fact that Dan Ryan isn't going to let him get away with time wasting. Dewey starts to slowly make his way down to the ring, but soon speeds up when Dan steps through the ropes out to the apron.]

DDK:

Now he's got his skates on!

[Dewey slides into the ring and backs as far away from Dan Ryan as he can. But now that we've got both competitors in the ring we can finally get on with the introductions.]

Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall and it is for the FIST of DEFIANCE! Introducing first, the Challenger. From Tampa, Florida, the Queen of the Ring, LLLLLLLINDSAAAAY TROOOOOOOOOOY!

[There's no posturizing from the Queen here; she just wants to get going. Eugene, meanwhile, makes sure to shout out to his challenger that she's got no chance to take the title away from him before making the same point to Dan Ryan.]

Quimbey:

And her opponent, from Buffalo, Wyoming, weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds, he is the longest reigning, defending, undisputed FIST of DEFIANCE, EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEUGEEEEENEEEEEE DEEEEEEEEEWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEY!

[Eugene unstraps the FIST from his waist and lifts it high in the air, right in Troy's face. She swats his hand away, then he then turns to Dan Ryan and lowers the belt into his waiting hands, making sure to comment, "That's as close as you'll ever get to it," as he does so.]

DDK:

Dewey's walking a fine line here, Angus.

Angus:

He knows what he's doing.

[Dan lifts the belt into the air to present it to the fans before handing it off to the time keeper. Troy bounces on the balls of her feet as Eugene continues to run his mouth to or at anyone nearby that will listen.]

DING! DING! DING!

[And we're underway as the two competitors circle each other. Lindsay advances first, but Dewey back pedals away and refuses to lock up. He doesn't do it just once either, there's a second time where he backs all the way up to the ropes and leans through. Eugene demands Dan force Lindsay to give him some space. Troy doesn't need Ryan to tell her though and gives Dewey all the room in the world until he gets back into the middle of the ring.]

DDK:

Eugene seems very hesitant in the early going, and who can blame him? He has suffered a pinfall loss to Lindsay Troy before.

Angus:

And he beat her and Dan Ryan in a triple threat match. He can handle her, Keebs. He wouldn't have been the champion for twenty one months if he couldn't.

DDK:

He had help though, Angus. And that's not gonna happen tonight. Dan Ryan has made that abundantly clear.

[Finally the two lock up and Lindsay drives Eugene back into the corner. Dan asks for the break and gets it, but Eugene yells at him as he puts himself between the champion and challenger.]

Eugene Dewey:

Do your god damned job!

[Dan whirls around with fire in his eyes and pulls a fist back. A fist that Lindsay immediately reaches out and grabs.]

DDK:

Holy crap, was Dan Ryan about to hit Eugene?

Angus:

That's the plan, Keeps! Eugene's found a button or a crank or something on Dan Ryan that builds up that anger! Remember, if Ryan touches Dewey he's out of DEFIANCE!

DDK:

And Eugene gets exactly what he wants.

[Dan looks at Lindsay, realizing just what was about to happen. He also notices a glint of anger behind her hazel eyes. Before he can say anything, Eugene lunges from the corner and drives a forearm right into the side of Troy's head. She drops to the mat and Eugene quickly covers her and hooks a leg. Dan take a moment to realize what happened, but drops to his hands and knees to count one before Lindsay kicks out.]

DDK:

Give Dan Ryan credit there, Angus. Look at his expression, he knows what Eugene tried there and he knows he still had to count that fall no matter what.

Angus:

I'll give him that, there wasn't any hesitation on Ryan's part there.

[With Lindsay still groggy from the blindside attack, Eugene takes control in the early going as he pulls the challenger to her feet and whips her off the ropes. She comes back into a hip toss from Dewey who then drops an elbow into her chest before covering her for a second time. Ryan again counts one before Troy kicks out of the pin attempt. Keeping control with very little wasted motion, Eugene sits her up and locks in a chinlock. She doesn't stay down for long though and works her way up to a knee where Dewey's forced to transition into a side headlock. Still Troy pushes her way up and backs Dewey into the ropes before pushing him away. She drops instantly onto her front, but instead of hopping over her, Eugene leaves his feet and comes crashing down into the small of the challenger's back with a senton! Eugene quickly rolls Troy over and covers her for another one count.]

DDK:

Eugene's trying for the quick win here. That's three pinfall attempts in quick succession, and Lindsay keeps kicking out at one... and now look at him. He's telling Dan he needs to be counting faster!

Angus:

He does! A one count after a Eugene Dewey Bob-omb Senton? I know it wasn't from the top rope but something screwy's going on there.

DDK:

I think you're underselling Lindsay Troy, Angus. She's not here to get some sort of participation medal. She wants the FIST and it's gonna take a lot more than Eugene's given her so far to stop her.

[Eugene grabs Lindsay by her thick mane of hair and pulls her to her feet before scooping her up and slamming her right back down in the middle of the ring. He points down at the challenger before hitting the ropes again and comes back with another senton. This time, however, he hits nothing but mat as Troy rolls out of the way to avoid the contact. Eugene sits up and tries to catch his breath as Lindsay gets quickly to her feet and bounces off the ropes, getting a full head of steam for a flip-over neck snapper. Dewey falls back and Troy scrambles over for the cover and a count of two before the champion kicks out!]

DDK:

There's the first two count of the match and I've got to say, Dan's cadence seems to be in time with every other official on the DEFIANCE roster.

Angus:

Well it should be, for his sake.

[Troy's first to her feet, but she's closely followed by Eugene, who gets to one knee before taking a stiff kick to the

chest that knocks him back down to two. The Queen unleashes a flurry of kicks to Eugene's chest, shoulders and arms before grabbing his head and pulling it into a stiff knee. Eugene's on dream street as the challenger pulls him up to his feet and knocks him back to the corner with an even more concentrated series of strikes to the jaw and temple. Troy grabs Dewey by the arm and sends him across the ring and waits for him to hit the turnbuckle before charging in herself, but Eugene drops a shoulder and elevates her up and over the top rope when she gets there. Dewey stumbles from the corner, completely unaware that Troy twisted in the air and landed like a cat on the ring apron.]

Angus:

Look out, Eugene!

[Dewey turns around to see Troy springboard off of the top rope and soar over his head. The Lady of the Hour grabs the Ginger Gaming Guru's jaw as she sails over and pulls him down with a neckbreaker! She flips over and quickly covers Eugene and grabs his pants to hook the leg for another two count!]

DDK:

What agility from Troy and it gets her a nearfall!

Angus:

You know my stance, Keeps.

DDK:

And I'm sure you know my stance on where Eugene's going now.

[As soon as Lindsay drops Dewey's leg he rolls to the outside to put some distance between himself and the challenger. Troy clearly wants to follow him, but Dan Ryan does his duty and warns her off, allowing Dewey the space he desired. Dan doesn't let him off the hook completely though and starts up his count to get the champion back in the ring.]

DDK:

Look at Dewey right now! He looks like he's weighing up taking a walk!

Angus:

I'm sure he's not. You can't say he's gonna take a walk just because he's at the foot of the ramp.

DDK:

No, but I can when he's shown enough times before that he's capable of such shenanigans.

[Eugene doesn't take a walk though and actually looks like he's about to get back into the ring. That is until Troy advances on him before he can get back in. Dewey drops back to the floor and yells at Dan to get her back, which causes Ryan to raise his eyebrows at the FIST. Dan does indeed order Lindsay back, and she obliges, but not in the way Dewey expects or would probably like. She backs off at full speed into the ropes and charges across the ring, launching herself over the top rope with a Sasuke Special II and lands right on Eugene's shoulder!]

DDK:

And don't the fans love to see that! Lindsay Troy putting it all on the line as she throws caution to the wind and takes out Dewey!

Angus:

Come out with more cliches for the flippy-doo, please.

[Troy lands on her feet and is quite clearly pumped up. She puts some distance between herself and Eugene and waits for him to get back to his feet. As soon as he does she takes off running before delivering a wheel kick right to Dewey's jaw. Again Troy lands on her feet as the fans applaud her offense.]

DDK:

Lindsay's gotta get Dewey back in the ring now. She can't beat him on the floor.

[Almost like she's tapped into the announcers' table, Troy grabs Eugene by the head and drags him up to his feet so that she can roll him back into the ring under the bottom rope. Eugene groggily reaches out for anything he can get a hold of, but finds nothing but air. Troy follows him into the ring and stands up just as the champion rolls over onto his front and pushes himself up onto all fours. Dewey only manages to get his hands off the mat and up to his knees before Lindsay's kicking him in the back of the head with an Enziguri that knocks him right back down. Troy shoots the half and covers Eugene again for another two count!]

Angus:

What resilience from the Champion to kick out after that Enziguri!

DDK:

He's a hard one to keep down, that's for sure, Angus. But Lindsay's chipping away at him. It might only be a matter of time before she succeeds.

[Rather than simply dragging Eugene up again, Troy sits the champ up and applies a dragon sleeper in the middle of the ring. Eugene claws at her shoulders, but she's in full control as she pulls him up to his feet. She lets Dewey think about what might be about to happen for a second and then drops the champion with a reverse underhook DDT. With the champion prone in the middle of the ring, Troy hits the ropes and comes back with a front flip leg drop down across his chest. She spins on her butt and covers Eugene again for yet another two count!]

DDK:

Again Lindsay gets a nearfall. And every time Eugene kicks out he's expending that little bit more energy.

[Again, as soon as Eugene's free he rolls to the outside in an attempt to keep Troy away from him. He leans against the edge of the ring trying to catch his breath, but that only leaves him open to a baseball slide. Eugene spots her coming though and instinctively pulls the apron up, catching her in it like a net. She falls down between the ring and the apron and is wide open for Dewey to unleash a barrage of rights, lefts, elbows, headbutts, and pretty much anything he can do to put a stop to the challenger's onslaught.]

Angus:

That's it! Get her Eugene!

DDK:

Hey come on! Lindsay's trapped under the apron and Dewey's just pounding away at her!

Angus:

And all Dan Ryan can do is count.

[And that's all Dan Ryan does do. Troy's only way out from her predicament is to drop to the arena floor, but when she disappears behind the apron Eugene hops up onto the apron so that when she reappears he's in prime position to launch himself off with a cannonball!]

Angus:

EVERYBODY IN THE POOL!

[Not content with having thrown his ample frame into the much lighter challenger, Eugene pulls her up by the hair again and bounces her off of the nearby ringpost. Troy stumbles along the ring and throws an instinctive elbow at Dewey, but the champion avoids it and it leaves the challenger open for him to drive his shoulder into her midsection and then push her back first into the barricade around ringside.]

DDK:

Listen to Dan, Angus. He's up to seven on his count now!

Angus:

I think Eugene hears him.

[Eugene does indeed hear the count and rolls back into the ring. He lays on the canvas for a second and stares up at Dan with a huge shit eating grin before rolling right back out.]

Angus:

That's the count broken, and Dan's gotta start all over again.

DDK:

Every chance Eugene gets to push Dan's buttons, he takes, as if Ryan wasn't riled up enough already. You've got to believe he's playing mind games in this one.

Angus:

Of course he is. Eugene knows Dan can't touch him. The Ego Buster can't do a damn thing other than call this right down the middle.

[Eugene grabs Troy and pulls her away from the barricade, but she's not parted from it for long as Dewey hooks her up for a suplex and then drops her ribs-first down across the top of it. Dewey sidesteps a couple of paces and then runs back at the challenger with a knee lift that knocks her off of the barricade and into the laps of the DEFIAfans sitting in the front row!]

Angus:

We have a lot of these 'Take a DEFIANT Home With You' days, don't we?

[Eugene rolls back into the ring and demands that Dan Ryan keep counting. He's up to three when Eugene rolls in, and Troy doesn't start moving until Dan reaches five. At six she's falling back over the barricade to the correct side, and at seven she's inching her way towards the ring. She heaves herself up with the apron at eight and finally throws herself under the bottom rope to break the count at nine. All the while, Eugene is in Dan Ryan's ear yelling the next number, urging him to count faster. Dewey lets out a frustrated groan and pounces on Troy, driving knee after knee into her shoulder blades and back before using the bottom rope to get some more height on another knee drop. In one fluid motion, Eugene lifts Troy from the floor, takes her over, and drops her with a back suplex!]

Angus:

Eugene with the cover!

DDK:

And he only gets a two!

[Eugene gets to his knees and slaps his hand three times while looking Dan Ryan square in the face.]

Eugene Dewey:

COME ON!

DDK:

Just look at Ryan, Angus. All this poking by Dewey has got to be eating away at him.

Angus:

Something's gonna snap again sooner or later, Keebs. But if Dan Ryan wants to stay in DEFIANCE past tonight he's gonna have to bury those frustrations down deep.

DDK:

Based on whatever Holiday's diagnosis is, Kelly might not let him stick around regardless of the result of this match.

[The FIST of DEFIANCE doesn't give the Queen much more time to recover and pulls her to her feet before backing

her into the corner. He whips her across the ring and follows her in with a big splash that drives all the air out of her lungs. He hits the ropes as Troy collapses in the corner and returns with a butt bump that squashes her head against the turnbuckle, then drags her from the corner to cover for another two count!]

Angus:

I don't know how anyone kicks out after that. If the force of that caboose hitting you doesn't do you in, the lingering smell surely must.

[Eugene grabs a hold of Troy's head and applies a rear chinlock to control her. He lays down to exert more pressure on her neck at the same time as using his body to block his feet from Dan Ryan's view. With Ryan's attention on his sister-in-law and her refusal to give up, Eugene feels for the ropes and uses the bottom rope for more leverage. Troy immediately feels the extra pressure and starts kicking out violently, which makes Dan suspicious. After all, he knows all these tricks himself. Dewey's not dumb, though, and before Dan can spot him he removes his feet from the ropes. With Dan's attention drawn to Dewey's feet, Eugene uses his 'free' hand to fishhook Lindsay's cheek.]

Angus:

Well that's new.

DDK:

Eugene's cheating!

Angus:

Only if he gets caught!

[Eugene releases the fishhook as soon as Dan looks back to Troy's face. She still refuses to give in, even when Eugene puts his feet on the ropes a second time.]

DDK:

Dan knows exactly what he's doing, but he can't stop it if he can't see it.

Angus:

I'm impressed with Dewey's ring awareness, Keebs. He's about half a second ahead of Ryan, but that's all he needs to be.

[This time Dewey claws at Lindsay's eyes while Dan's attention is diverted. He takes his time in putting his feet on the ropes again, but this time Dan doesn't wait to look up and spots the infraction. He jumps to his feet, runs around to Dewey's, and kicks them off of the ropes!]

Angus:

What the hell is he doing!

DDK:

His job, Angus! Dewey's cheating, Dan's stopping him!

Angus:

He just kicked Eugene!

DDK:

He could've done a lot worse. He removed his feet from the ropes, that's all.

[Dewey jumps up immediately and gets right up in Dan Ryan's face. He screams bloody murder about the kick and points up at the Pleasure Dome. The hatred in Dan's eyes burns brightly though, and he balls up his fists as Dewey continues to rant and rave. The champ's tantrum is cut short, however, as Lindsay Troy reaches up and grabs his pants to roll him up with a school boy! Dan jumps over the cover and counts for a two!]

DDK:

I thought she had him!

Angus:

She almost did!

[Eugene's quick to his feet and beats Troy by a country mile. Before she can get off of her hands and knees Dewey delivers a stiff soccer kick to her ribs, then screams, "That's because of you!" at Ryan. The Queen's sent rolling over by the force of the kick, so Dewey plants his knee right into the small of her back and pulls back on her chin. Dan checks on Troy, but she growls a very clear "NO" and refuses to submit.]

DDK:

Dewey just seems to be getting more and more sadistic as the minutes tick away.

Angus:

It's a two-pronged attack, Keebs. He's riling up Dan Ryan and he's hurting Lindsay Troy. He's killing two birds with one stone with every move he hits.

[Troy's not dead yet though and starts to fight back. She manages to power her way up to a semi-vertical base and forces Dewey to switch from the chinlock to a side headlock to stay in control. He can't hang on for long though as the challenger walks him into the ropes and pushes him away. Eugene loses his grip on the headlock, but not on Troy as he grabs two handfuls of hair and pulls her right back into him. He hooks her head and drives her down into the canvas with a DDT!]

DDK:

He just spiked her on the top of her head!

Angus:

And he's not done!

[Dewey pulls Troy up and lifts her with his head under her arm. He drives her into the corner spine-first before turning around and planting her into the mat with a spinebuster!

Angus:

The Wyoming Stampede! That's gotta be all!

[Eugene covers Lindsay and gets a two and nine tenths before Lindsay gets a shoulder up!]

Eugene Dewey:

GODDAMMIT!

[Eugene looks at Dan Ryan utterly exasperated. He holds up three fingers and yells...]

Eugene Dewey:

THAT WAS THREE!

[But Dan Ryan staunchly shakes his head and holds up two.]

[British Style.]

DDK:

If we were in London-

Angus:

Ontario?

DDK:

...England... Dan Ryan would basically be flipping Dewey the bird right now.

Angus:

Something tells me they're both fully aware of that fact.

[Eugene gets to his feet and squares up to Dan Ryan yet again. All this arguing, however, does him no favors and allows Troy to gather her bearings. As soon as Dewey turns around, he eats a stiff roundhouse kick to the side of the head that doesn't knock him down, but does stun him enough for Troy to run for the ropes and moonsault back into the ring. She's clearly looking for the springboard DDT, but Eugene avoids it and comes running back in from the side!]

Angus:

PAPAPAPAPAPAPAPPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPAPA-

DDK:

-Smurf

Angus:

Dammit you ruined it.

[Eugene's still feeling the effects of the roundhouse, and the Biotic Charge isn't exactly a barrel of laughs for him, but he's moving a lot more than Lindsay Troy who's caught up in the ropes on the far side of the ring. Dewey crawls over and pulls her away to cover her!]

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO, SHOULDER UP!

[And that's where Eugene Dewey absolutely loses it.]

Eugene Dewey:

JESUS CHRIST! CAN'T YOU COUNT, RYAN!? THAT WAS THREE! ONE! TWO! MOTHAFUCKIN' THREE!

[Dan breathes deeply as Dewey's spittle flies all over his face, but he refuses to rise to the antagonization. It's a struggle, but he manages.]

Eugene Dewey:

NOW I KNOW WHY THEY CALL YOU THE *SPECIAL* REFEREE!

Angus:

HA!

[Eugene turns his back on Dan and steps over Lindsay. He looks at the referee and points down at the challenger.]

Eugene Dewey:

IF YOU DON'T COUNT THREE THIS TIME YOU'RE SOOOOO GONE FROM DEFIANCE!

[Eugene kneels down next to Lindsay and points at the canvas signaling for Dan to get down on his hands and knees. And that's when the challenger strikes!]

DDK:

Divine Right! The Divine Right! Lindsay pulls Dewey into that Koji Clutch and she's got it locked in tight!

Angus:

NO! NO! NO!

[Eugene's eyes go wide in panic as he realizes there's no escape. Troy has the Divine Right locked in fully and she's stretching him out. The fans are going crazy and that's when Dewey's eyelids start to get heavy!]

DDK:

She's got him! Dewey's fading!

Angus:

No he's not! Keep the faith, Keeps! Keep the faith!

DDK:

He's fading, Angus! And Ryan's checking for signs of life!

[Dan raises Eugene's arm once... and it falls!]

[And second time... and it falls again!]

DDK:

One more time and we've got a new champion!

[Ryan lifts Eugene's arm a third time...]

[...]

[AND IT STAYS UP!]

Angus:

YES! DEWEY LIVES!

[There's marked frustration on Troy's face now as Eugene starts to kick out and manages to maneuver her slightly. She wrenches the hold in tighter but Dewey stretches his leg out every inch that it will stretch and juuuuuust manages to get his toes over the bottom rope!]

DDK:

Oh dammit!

Angus:

What do you mean dammit!? Dewey survived the Divine Right!

DDK:

Exactly, and I'm pretty sure there are four thousand DEFIAfans here that are reacting in the exact same way as I am right now.

[Lindsay releases the Divine Right a little reluctantly and after very little prompting by Dan Ryan. She gets to her knees as her frustration that the Clutch didn't end the contest right there grows a little more, but she's clearly got herself a second wind and pulls Dewey up to his feet. Eugene can barely stand, though, so she pushes him into the corner and hooks his arms over the top rope to hold him up so she can lay a few kicks into his midsection. Using the second rope, Troy jumps up and connects with another Enziguri that causes Dewey to stumble out from the corner. He turns a swings at nothing with a right hand, and that opens him up for the Queen to thrust kick him in the gut, hook him, and drive him down to the canvas with a Spinning Fisherman's Suplex! She covers Dewey and Dan counts the pin!]

ONE!

TWO!!

THRE-NO! Dewey gets a shoulder up. It's just barely, but he manages it!

Angus:

That's clearly some frustration on the part of her Highness now.

DDK:

She doesn't look happy. I wouldn't be surprised if she's asking herself what it's gonna take to put Eugene away.

Angus:

A question many people have asked themselves over the last five years.

[Lindsay pulls Eugene up again and locks in a cobra clutch this time. She snaps backwards and drive him into the canvas with a leg sweep. Troy rolls through the move and gets to her knees, but she's not so quick getting to her feet. She might have had that second wind, but hauling around the much larger frame of Eugene Dewey must've nearly sapped all of that out of her. She heads over to the corner of the ring and exits to the apron to climb the corner.]

DDK:

Where's she headed?

[Troy perches herself on the top rope and waits as Eugene stirs and starts to get to his feet. He struggles to stand and stumbles right into Dan Ryan which knocks him into the ropes and causes Troy to lose her balance and fall!]

Angus:

OOOH, a rough landing for Troy as she gets crotched on the top rope!

DDK:

That's all you have to say? A rough landing for Lindsay? Eugene just intentionally pushed Dan Ryan into the ropes!

Angus:

No he didn't! He's groggy, he lost his balance and Dan Ryan was in the wrong place at the wrong time. Come on, he just survived the Divine Right, Keeps!

DDK:

I wish I could believe that, Angus. I really do. And it looks like Dan Ryan doesn't quite believe it either.

[Dan squares up to Eugene and the two argue whether the push was intentional or not. Of course Eugene denies it, but Dan can't do anything to prove it either way, and so has to give Eugene the benefit of the doubt. Eugene's not going to let up on the opportunity he's been given by the incident and heads over to the corner where Troy's trying to find her footing again. He ascends the turnbuckles to hook her up for a suplex.]

DDK:

Superplex coming up from Dewey!

[Dewey tries to jerk Troy from the top, but she hooks one of her long legs under the turnbuckle and refuses to budge. She drives a couple of right hands into his midsection and then headbutts him in the crook on the neck to truly break the suplex hook up. A few rights and lefts in quick succession stuns the FIST on the second rope and gives the Queen a chance to stand up on the top. She steadies herself quickly and jumps onto Dewey's shoulders, twisting around his head as she does so and takes him over and down to the canvas with an avalanche reverse hurricanrana! The fans explode as Dewey practically lands on his head and they will Lindsay to crawl over and make the cover!]

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

DDK:

Somehow, someway, Eugene Dewey just... JUST got his shoulder off of the canvas!

Angus:

I thought that was it. I honestly did.

DDK:

I think everyone here did, Angus.

[Lindsay can't quite believe that Eugene actually kicked out and stares out at the crowd in disbelief. She doesn't give the FIST too much time to recover and rolls him over so she can double underhook his arms and start dragging him vertical.]

DDK:

Lindsay could be looking to finish it here. We could be one big impact move away from a new FIST and she looks like she's going for the Final Judgment!

Angus:

If she hits that it's gotta be all over. Dewey's survived a lot up until now, and that sick reverse hurricanrana from the top would have put any lesser man away. She's ended matches with this before, and in Dewey's condition this surely would be the final nail in his coffin.

[Lindsay gets Eugene up, but he manages to unhook one of his arms and pushes her away weakly. Troy only takes one step back from the shove and smiles slightly as she comes back. That smile is soon wiped off of her face as Dewey reaches up and slaps her hard right across the cheek. In fact, her smile doesn't just disappear, it's replaced by a look of utter contempt and pure rage.]

DDK:

Bad move, Eugene!

[The red mist descends over the Queen and she Thez Presses Eugene down to the mat. Dewey tries to cover up, but Troy rains down closed right hands to the jaw, temple, and eye socket of the champion. Ryan stands behind her and counts for the illegal shots, stopping at four to pull her off of Eugene by the waist. Lindsay shoots Dan a contemptuous glare that says 'Don't do that again!' and jumps right back on the FIST, nailing him again and again with more closed hands.]

Angus:

Come on Dan, get control of this!

DDK:

Troy is a woman possessed right now! She's going absolute HAM on Dewey!

[Again Dan counts to four and grabs Lindsay by the waist to pull her off. This time she doesn't even look back and just throws a back elbow that connects square to Ryan's chest. He releases her and she's right back on Eugene, pummeling his face with those right hands. Dan looks conflicted. He shakes his head, calls for the bell, and walks to the corner closest to Darren Quimbey to have a word.]

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

What on Earth just happened?

Angus:

Has he done it!?

[Lindsay hears the bell and some of the red mist clears as she realizes what just happened. The fans start to process the series of events as well and can only draw one conclusion as to why the bell rang and start to BOO the result with gusto. There's no more mixed reaction for him and Dan can't do anything but absorb the jeers from the fans. He turns back around and comes face to face with his sister-in-law who is none too pleased about what just happened.]

Angus:

I think Dan has disqualified Lindsay Troy!

DDK:

Let's just wait for the official word.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Dan Ryan has informed me... the winner of this match by result of disqualification, and STILL the FIST of DEFIANCE... Eugene Dewey!

[Garbage immediately starts to rain down in the ring as Troy seethes. Dan opens his arms up as though to ask her what else he could have done and points up to the Pleasure Dome.]

Angus:

Dan's got a point. Lindsay gave him no choice but to call for the bell with those unrelenting closed fists on Dewey. He had to call it like it was or he would be gone from DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Surely there was another way though, Angus.

Angus:

Hey, he told her twice. He physically removed her twice as well, but she kept going back to Eugene. She even elbowed him in the chest. You can't put your hands, feet, elbows, or any part of your body on the official.

DDK:

So what about all of Dewey's antagonizing throughout the contest? Blatant hair pulls, not letting Troy get back in the ring and Ryan not holding him back?

Angus:

Here's the difference: Eugene never laid a finger on Ryan that the Ego Buster can prove was intentional. Troy gave him no choice if he was truly going to call this thing down the middle.

[Troy is definitely pissed at Dan, but she's not going to take her frustration out on her brother-in-law. Instead, she turns back toward Eugene. The FIST of DEFIANCE is up to a knee and about to get to both feet. She runs at him, butterflies his arms, and leaps up and down in one fluid motion with the Final Judgment! Eugene crashes back to the canvas and the DEFIAfans cheer!]

Angus:

Look at this sore loser!

DDK:

The Queen adds insult to injury with the Final Judgment!

Angus:

You lost, Troy! Get over it!

[Lindsay glowers at Eugene then slides through the ropes to the outside of the ring and stomps up the ramp.]

DDK:

Lindsay Troy came so close to winning the FIST, but somehow Eugene Dewey managed to get under her skin and push the exact button he needed to push in order to walk out of here still the FIST!

Angus:

I don't think he's going to be walking much any time soon!

[Eugene can barely move but he manages to roll over and drag himself to the ropes to lean against the bottom one. He looks up at Dan Ryan and, despite the pain he's obviously in, smiles at the Ego Buster.]

DDK:

Would you look at that! Eugene's actually laughing.

Angus:

Of course he is, he won the match and retained his title!

DDK:

He doesn't look like much of a winner, Keebs. At a minimum, he'll be purple and swollen in the morning.

Angus:

He keeps the FIST; that's all that matters.

[Eugene starts using the ropes to pull himself to his feet and shouts as loudly as he can at Ryan.]

Eugene Dewey:

Where's my belt!?

[Dan heaves a heavy sigh and looks up to the rafters. His duties as the referee aren't over yet, and he's forced to ask the timekeeper for the FIST. Eugene steadies himself and stands in the middle of the ring as Dan hands him the title, but Eugene doesn't take it.]

Eugene Dewey:

Tie it around my waist!

[Dan purses his lips at Dewey's demand and shakes his head. He thrusts the belt into Eugene's chest and goes to leave the ring, but he's called back as Dewey clears his throat.]

DDK:

He's pushing his luck now.

Eugene Dewey:

Raise my hand!

Angus:

He's the champion, Keebs. And he's the winner. Dan Ryan has to raise his hand in victory!

[Dan begrudgingly returns to Eugene and grabs his outstretched wrist to lift it into the air. "Dark Lord Bowser" starts to play, but it doesn't last long as Dan spins Eugene around, kicks him straight in the gut, and Humility Bombs him in the center of the ring!]

DDK:

Humility Bomb from Ryan on Eugene!

Angus:

What the hell is Dan doing!?

DDK:

He's fulfilled his duties as referee, Angus! Now he's doing his duty as a DEFIANT who is sick and tired of the BS this 'Champion' is peddling!

["Dark Lord Bowser" cuts and is replaced by "Zero" as Dan Ryan stares down at Dewey. He then picks up the FIST of DEFIANCE and raises it high above his head in the middle of the ring.]

Angus:

Put that down, Dan! That's not yours!

DDK:

Whether it's his belt or not, Dan Ryan is standing tall, Angus! And that's all we've got time for tonight, folks! Thanks for joining us and be sure to catch us on HULU Plus for the fallout from this absolute barn-burner of a show!

[The Ego Buster slams the belt onto Eugene then stalks to the ropes. He climbs up and over the top cable and hops to the floor. The camera closes in on a tight shot of his stoic face as he walks toward the curtain.]

[fadetoblack]