

Line 'Em Up

[All we see is a huge gnarly crack in the wall. A long crooked split in the plaster extending from the corner of the door jam all the way up and across ending at a point near the ceiling. As we pull back we realize we're in the office of DEFIANCE shot caller, the first lady of Team Danger, the head bitch in charge herself Kelly Evans. She's alone behind her desk catching up on paperwork, the room is almost serene... a serenity ripped in two by the sound of the office door burying itself in the plaster. We watch more of the wall crumble as the man who CAUSED said crack last week stride confidently through the door followed closely by his beautiful business manager Jane Katze.]

Kelly Evans:

Do you have it out for my office wall, Bronson? Do I need to book you and it into some sort of match to end this brutality once and for all?

[The quip lands against Bronson Box's ears like a wet fart, causing the Wargod's mustachioed upper lip to curl into an annoyed snarl. He no sells the smartass comment and continues on into the office.]

Bronson Box:

Good, you're bloody *here* this time.

Kelly Evans:

Yeah, Wyatt told me about your little tantrum. The cost of the repairs will come out of your check, as usual.

[Boxer smiles wryly as Jane steps around her client sets her mini-skirt clad posterior on the edge of Kelly's desk. Jane's eyes shift between the two as they all share an awkward moment of silence.]

Kelly Evans:

Well?

Jane Katze:

Oh, we're just waiting for an explanation.

[Kelly leans back in her chair folding her arms across her chest with an annoyed sigh. An inquisitive eyebrow is all the playing along Kelly Evans feels like doing this evening, obviously. Jane chuckles and continues.]

Jane Katze:

We saw your office's little announcement about Dan Ryan being number one contender to Eugene's title at Ascension... I'm still clinging onto the idea it's some sort of mistake, a decision made on some sort of *uninformed whim* as your lot is want to do because from where I'm sitting the *facts* are as follows...

[Jane leans in a little closer, looking Kelly right in the eyes.]

Jane Katze:

Dusty Griffith was brought into this company for one purpose. To be "the man." To be the kind of classic squeaky clean workrate babyface we know gets Eric's *engine revving*... well, at Acts of DEFIANCE my client folded Mr. Griffith into a neat little package and sent him back to you, Eric, and the rest of the shot callers tied with a little bow stamped "return to sender"... proving once again that the "Bombastic" Bronson Box is without a doubt THE marquee attraction for this company and is more than deserving of a shot at the FIST... and yet, here we are.

[Kelly signs and leans forward, before she can get out a single syllable a low whistle from across the room draws all three sets of eyeballs towards the doorway. The similarly annoyed looks on Boxer, Jane and Kelly's faces tells us immediately the voice belongs to a very exclusive list of individuals.]

Lindsay Troy: [leaning against the doorjamb]

Looks like my timing is impeccable.

[The Queen strolls into the Pleasure Dome and makes sure to catch Box's eye as she speaks.]

Lindsay Troy:

Let me guess...blah blah "I BEAT DUSTY, GIMMIE EUGENE..." Am I on the right track here, Kels?

[Again, Kelly is about to say something only to get cut completely off.]

Bronson Box:

And I assume you're here to present your tale of woe, lay your bloody family troubles at Kelly's feet and beg for yet *another* shot? You're the gullible sot that trusts Dan fookin' Ryan to have yer' best interests at heart. Like askin' Satan himself watchin' yer' bloody back. You've had your chance to dethrone Eugene and you've *failed* each and every time, lass. In *spectacular fashion*.

[A flash of annoyance crosses Troy's face at the reminder but she knows better than to give Box the satisfaction of her rising up to take the bait.]

Lindsay Troy:

Actually, I came to get Kelly's sign-off on DEFIANCE Secret Santa...

[She smirks.]

Lindsay Troy:

But appaaaaarently the mood isn't right.

Bronson Box:

Go ahead, keep jokin' lass. Keep crackin' wise... see where it get's ye'.

[The Wargod takes a little step towards Troy, but Jane places a hand on her client's arm, her eyes never leaving Kelly's.]

Jane Katze:

We demand satisfaction, Ms. Evans. Bronson Box has been a consistent draw and an exemplary employee since his return. He's allowed you to entertain the idea this one and that has been ape Ryan for long enough, it's Bronson's turn.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh fuck aaaaaaaaa the way off with that "exemplary employee" crap, Jane. Not even Donald Trump would buy that as fact, and nowhere in that shitty tale is a shred of anything that warrants Box outright getting a crack at Dewey. I bet the only reason the two of you are even IN HERE is because Nerd Rage's balls dropped and he found the courage to finally tell you where to go and how to get there. Golf claps for pissing off Dusty and throwing him off his game, but you don't get to lobby for inclusion ahead of me.

Bronson Box:

How exactly do you figure that? Show us the maths or kindly turn right around and *leave*, lass.

Lindsay Troy:

Far as I'm concerned, Dell Toledo, nothing between Eugene and I got resolved at Acts of DEFIANCE. If Kels wants to name Dan the number one contender outright then I'm not about to argue the point, but you sure as hell aren't gonna muscle your way into any FIST conversation and think I won't have something to say about it.

[Bronson leans in close to Jane, the two having a private exchange before they both turn towards Kelly.]

Jane Katze:

To show and further prove Bronson's willingness to be a *team player* my client is willing to... *prove* himself, if need be. I'm sure Ms. Troy isn't against the idea of *truly earning* her place at ASCENSION with some healthy competition is she?

Lindsay Troy:

I've got receipts with *both* your names on 'em so no, I'm not against anything of the sort.

[The interested raised eyebrow of Kelly Evans cuts deep and we can tell by the far off look in her eyes that her mind is roiling with booking ideas.]

Kelly Evans:

Give you each a chance... yeah... okay. Here's what we're gonna' do. You'll each have a match, a *gauntlet* match. Three opponents each, one after another. You make it through *that*, you get a spot in the main event alongside Ryan and Dewey for the FIST. If it gets crowded... well, we'll deal with that when and if the time comes. And as luck would have it I need a main event for *tonight*...

[Kelly looks The Wargod up and down.]

Kelly Evans:

What do you say Bronson? Feeling froggy?

Jane Katze:

So he goes first, just like that? Might I remind you...

[The Wargod rests a hand on Jane's shoulder asking wordlessly for her silence. He then makes his way around Jane, directly in front of Kelly. He leans in and slowly rests his apelike knuckles on the edge of the desk. He looks at Kelly derisively.]

Bronson Box:

Line 'em up, lass.

Lindsay Troy:

Don't tip your hand either, Kelly. We wouldn't want *Nicky* "hunting wabbits" again...

[Bronson sloooowly looks over his shoulder at Troy. The two of them exchange a nasty, heated look before the camera cuts to the arena proper.]

Henry Keyes vs Howlin' Joe Wolfe

[We transition from the Pleasure Dome to the ring with a panning shot of the crowd.]

♪ "Airship Pirates" - Abney Park ♪

The crowd leaps to its feet in unison as red beacons of light swirl around the arena. The Once And Future Airship Pirate, Henry Keyes, stops at the top of the ramp and takes a moment to soak in the cheers before power-haunch-strutting to the ring.

DDK:

Would you listen to that ovation for Henry Keyes, Angus? The fans sure are glad to see he's back!

Angus:

Sure, he's back - back to square one. He hasn't fought in a while, there could be some ring rust - or worse, he could be lying about the state of that left arm of his.

DDK:

Would you have some faith in the man? I thought he was one of your favorites!

Angus:

Bell Clapping is believing, Keebs. Not one minute before.

♪ "Howlin' for You" - The Black Keys ♪

"Howlin'" Joe Wolfe gets a few cheers of his own as he makes his way down to the ring. Keyes has a wild grin on his face as Wolfe rolls under the bottom rope and into the ring.

DDK:

Joe Wolfe certainly impressed in his match against Harmony, with a little "assistance" from Chance Von Crank. There are some who would say it was the ONLY reason he won!

Angus:

The quickest way to silence the haters is more winning. He lasted a long time in the ring with Harmony without poppin' even a half-chub, so maybe he's got what it takes.

Wolfe extends a sportsmanlike hand, and Keyes quickly grabs it in a Roman-style forearm-clasping handshake to the confusion of Wolfe. They lock up, with Keyes gaining an early advantage and throwing some solid elbow strikes to the chest and abdomen of Wolfe in the corner. Referee Benny Doyle backs Keyes out of the corner, and Keyes comes charging in with a heavy European Uppercut. Wolfe staggers out of the corner, holding his jaw, but is able to shake the cobwebs out.

They lock up again, and this time Wolfe is able to slip out, get behind Keyes, and hit him with a dropkick to the back. Keyes goes bounding into the ropes, missing wild with a clothesline on the rebound, and caught with a big hiptoss from Wolfe upon rebounding again. Wolfe goes for the cover and gets a one count. Wolfe picks Keyes up quickly and throws him back down with a scoop slam. Wolfe then leaps in the air and attempts to drop a knee right across Keyes's throat, but Keyes is able to roll out of the way.

Keyes gets to his feet and catches Wolfe with a spinning back elbow, staggering Wolfe. Keyes then hooks Wolfe in and connects with a sky-high vertical suplex, going for the cover and getting a two count. Keyes hits Wolfe with a smattering of European Uppercuts to the mush before Irish Whipping Wolfe across the ring. Keyes comes flying across the ring with a leaping clothesline, but Wolfe is able to get out of the way, causing Keyes to crash torso-first into the turnbuckle. Wolfe immediately takes advantage and connects with a belly-to-back suplex for a two count.

The two men get to their feet and begin to circle each other. Each have taken a few solid shots but look ready for more. Wolfe holds up his left hand and motions to Keyes's right hand.

DDK:

Is Howlin' Joe looking for a test of strength here?

Angus:

It looks like he is - wait, hold on. The hell is Keyes doing??

DDK:

He can't be serious!

Keyes smiles, shakes his head, and holds up his left arm. The brace arm. Wolfe looks at it with a bit of uncertainty, but not one to be shown up, reaches to it with his right hand and clenches in tight. The look of uncertainty quickly turns into a look of panic as Keyes, like he was some sort of Steampunk Terminator, cranks his brace arm forward and sends Wolfe head over heels and crashing into the mat. Unsure of what the hell just happened, Wolfe stands, gains his bearings, and turns towards Keyes - just in time for the eardrum-splitting impact of the franchise move.

Angus:

BELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL CLAP!!

DDK:

It's over! Three count, just like that!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, by pinfall, HENRYYYYYYYYY KEEEEEEEEEEEEYES!

Benny Doyle makes sure to position himself so as to raise Keyes's unbraced right arm in victory. The crowd gives the Airship Pirate their roaring approval as he exits the ring.

DDK:

Looks like he's back, and in top form...but what in the HELL did they do to that arm of his??

Angus:

What? He won a test of strength!

DDK:

But did you SEE how fast Wolfe went tumbling?

Angus:

Don't you fucking dare rain on my Bell Clap Parade this early in the show, Keebs. We've got a long night ahead of us.

[The shot shifts to a sweeping view of the Wrestleplex.]

The Rundown - Welcome to the Show

18 DAYS UNTIL CHRISTMAS!

EUGE-O-METER: 56 DAYS!

MY THORPEDO IS ABOUT TO BLOW!

ALECZ & BOOYA: ALL BRAWN, NO BRAINS!

HENRY KEYES: PRO WRESTLING ADVENTURER!

cVc > UTAH!

I LEFT THE WASTELAND FOR DEFtv!

[Getting a shot of the various signs in the crowd, the view finally settles on our friends and your's, the broadcast team of DEFIANCE. Angus is on the right, Keebler is on the left, the long time partners in pro wrestling commentating crime are ready to officially get this show on the road.]

DDK:

What a way to kick off the show!

Angus:

Wait, you mean that wasn't the main event?

DDK:

'Fraid not, partner, we still have a whole show left to present to our fans, the Faithful of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Meep, meep, meep, bullshit alert, Henry Keyes and his Mighty Bellclap should close the show!

DDK:

I'm sure the *Boss* will take that under advisement for next time.

Angus:

I do have an *in* with MUHBOITAI, so you might be on to something, Keebs! Anyway, what do we got for our rabid band of savages this evening?

DDK:

Well it certainly doesn't get much bigger than tonight's main event, which was just announced as the show opened!

Angus:

For real, I wonder who Kelly will throw out there for Ol' Boxer to have to chew through? It could be anyone on the roster for all we know.

DDK:

There certainly won't be a shortage of people wanting to knock off the Wargod in his quest to compete for the FIST, that's for sure.

Angus:

And later on that giant creeper, Omega is making his in ring debut. I feel sorry for the lucky guy who drew that short straw.

DDK:

That would be Jason Natas.

Angus:

So long, Reverse Satan, see you again in a year after you recover... you poor, poor bastard.

DDK:

Yes well, we also have the Southern Heritage title on the line tonight and word has it your *imaginary* girlfriend might be

the one looking to end your long suffering nightmare.

Angus:

See? She loves me, Keebs, I keep telling you... Harmony doesn't know it yet, but she *totally* does!

DDK:

Keep telling yourself that, buddy... Meanwhile, the rest of us living in reality are going to be getting a real treat here tonight as two legends of the ring square off. The newly minted Number One Contender, Dan Ryan looks to build some momentum by getting himself a pretty big feather for his cap when he takes on the already skyrocketing Andy Sharp.

Angus:

Henry Keyes should still close the show, but that *is* a helluva match. Truth. I hope Dan Ryan *Virginia Quell's* the flippydoo, you know, in the name of the Holiday Spirit and such.

DDK:

I think that is the exact opposite of the Holiday Spirit, partner.

Angus:

It would be a great gift to me if the Ego Buster could put that one under my tree, just saying.

DDK: [sighing]

.....just, go... somewhere, anywhere, there's got to be another match happening or something.

[Cut to elsewhere in the Wrestleplex.]

Jake Donovan vs Hugo Gonzales

[The camera cuts to the back, and there's nothing pleasant about the figure it's following. A scowling, determined looking Jake Donovan is stalking down the hall, a jippo in one hand that he's steadily flipping open and shut. The metallic shink shink shink is punctuated by the heavy tread of his boots on the lacquered flooring. Once thing seems very clear, and that's that he has a specific destination in mind. One that leads him to a set of monitors in the back, where BRAZEN's Hugo Gonzales, Gerardo Villalobos Corey Nunez and their manager Mr. Salazar were gathered, watching the show and munching on a few snacks from catering. Bold as can be, Jake saunters in front of the monitor, blocking their view, his smirk growing as they begin to protest. With a half crooked smile, Jake places one finger over his lips and shakes his head at them, as if to silence them.]

Jake Donovan:

Words are nothing but painted fire that refuses to burn.

[Bewildered looks cross the four men's faces, their shared glances full of amusement that builds into full on laughter, all of it directed at Jake. A laughter that turns into shouts of outrage and pain when Jake brings the zippo to his face, and spits a stream of flames in their direction, leaving only Hugo and Mr. Salazar unscathed.]

Hugo Gonzales:

What the fuck, homie! Holy shit man, you crazy....

[His words are abruptly cut off when another fireball hurls his way, one he is able to dodge, though Mr. Salazar isn't so lucky. Hitting the ground feet kicking, high pitch squealing erupting from behind hands pressed tightly to his face, Salazar writhes and squirms while Hugo charges a silently laughing Jake, who sends him to the ground with a drop toe hold. Still grinning, Jake yanks his head up by his hair.]

Hugo Gonzales:

I'm gonna kill you gringo!

Jake Donovan:

[Chuckling]

[He says nothing, simply inclines his head towards the ring, then lets go of Hugo's hair and backs away.]

[Angrily, the BRAZEN high flyer leaps to his feet getting right in Donovan's face, shoving him.]

Hugo Gonzales:

Why you do that man! We never done nothing to you! You're gonna pay for....

[Whatever he was going to say next was lost in the dropkick Jake unleashed high and picture perfect, hitting Hugo right in the mouth. From there, there was no more attempt at words as both men rolled to their feet in a clash of flying fists, knee strikes and stiff kicks. Grabbing hold of one another, they rolled along the wall, Hugo with a knee lift that drove the air out of Jake, and a snap suplex that sent him rolling up to the hall. Jake rolls back to his feet in time to be speared through the curtain and onto the ramp leading down to the ring as the crowd broke into a mix of boos and cheers, the boos easily drowning out the cheering.]

[The pair brawl all the way down to the ring, no technique involved, just a lot of striking, until Jake catches Hugo with an uppercut that rocks him, giving Jake time to leap up on the barricade and jump off, catching Hugo around the head on the way down to drive him to the floor with a DDT as DEFIANCE referee Brian Slater heads down from the back]

Angus:

How is this even a match?! Just spit another fireball and call it a day!

DDK:

I think there's been enough of that for one night.

[Rolling to his feet, Jake flips off a fat guy who was leaning over the railing cussing at him, before yanking Hugo up and shoving him in the ring under the bottom rope. Jake leaps up on the apron before swiftly climbing to the top rope and launching himself off, only to hit nothing but Hugo's knees in his attempt to land the moonsault.]

[In agony, Jake clutches his midsection, rolling around as Hugo climbs to his feet and snatches Jake up, hitting him with several stiff forearms to the jaw before whipping him across the ring. Jake bounces off the ropes, Hugo with a leapfrog, Jake into the ropes on the far side, grabs hold, and Hugo misses the dropkick he'd been going for. Jake taps the side of his head, much to the disdain of the loudly booing fans, before beginning to stomp away on the arm and shoulder of Hugo. Smirking, Jake slaps on an armbar, and Slater drops down to ask Hugo if he gives up. before he can answer, however, Jake releases it, and Hugo rolls over, clutching his arm.]

[Again, Jake goes to work, kicking and stomping the shoulder before yanking him up into a chicken wing suplex, grinning as he breaks the hold instead of going for a submission. Smirking, he reaches down to pull Hugo up only to get rolled into a small package for a two count.]

[Jake rolls to his feet, furious, right into a right hand from Hugo and a dropkick that is quickly followed by a springboard moonsault and a cover that nets Hugo the count of one. Again both men roll to their feet, both go for dropkicks, popping right back up after they miss. A left from Hugo is blocked, countered by a headbutt to the face from Jake, and a kick to the gut. Flipping piledriver and Jake DRIVES Hugo's head into the mat. It's all elementary from there as Jake gets the three count and the victory]

Angus:

And that right there is why the BRAZEN guys need to stay on BRAZEN.

DDK:

Hugo wasn't in the building looking to have a match tonight, he came here to enjoy a show, not get attacked by some fire crazy malcontent.

Angus:

It's DEFIANCE. Shit happens.

[With the crowd booing loudly, Jake rolls out of the ring and lifts a corner, fishing out a little pouch.]

DDK:

Hey, wait, did he just drink something?

Angus:

I don't think that's water he put in his mouth.

[Rolling back in the ring, Jake has a shiny silver object in one hand as he crouches beside an unconscious Hugo and yanks his head up. There's a flash of flame, then an eruption of fire as Jake spits a fireball right into Hugo's face, prompting screams and boos from the horrified fans. Security and medics flood from the back, but Jake isn't done yet, scrambling to his feet, he spits a fireball at the incoming medics, forcing them to scramble back. Security tries to come around the side, and he spits a fireball at them too. Even Brian Slater is chased from the ring when Donovan spits a fireball his way. The crowd's boos have only gotten louder, several items having been thrown at Jake who simply smirks and takes it all in casually.]

DDK:

This is insane. someone needs to get in there and check on Hugo, he could be seriously hurt!

[One brave EMT scales the ring and Jake spits a fireball at him as he tries to come through the ropes, forcing him to drop back to the floor again. Sketching a mock bow, Jake hooks his arms over the top rope and backflips out of the

ring, then saunters towards the back, basking in the boos as the EMT's crowd around Hugo and the camera at last fades to black.]

Prey - Part 2

[The camera pans to the training room area to see a few wrestlers getting necessary adjustments to their wrestling gear and other DEFIANCE wrestlers getting in some extra workouts before their matches. The training room participants worked on reps and such as no one noticed that the enigma Omega was outside of the training room lurking in the shadows once again. The monster seemed to have his eyes set on the Queen of the Ring last week as he surveyed the backstage area. The former jOlt double champion watched a few wrestlers inside the training room. he had his large hoodie covering his entire head and face as he low monotone voice started to speak]

Omega:

Last week we told all you people what our main purpose was for coming to DEFIANCE. We pointed out the person that we felt deserved our attention and to be made an example of. That person has been a big waste of space in this company. We are going to cleanse this place of what does not belong here. We are aware that DEFIANCE needs Omega to bring his brand of violence to an otherwise dismal place. This is what we did for ACW and then for jOlt. Now it's DEFIANCE's turn.

[The monster moves his head slightly as he continued to look into the training room. One man in particular that caught Omega's eye was someone he knew very well from his time in ACW, Andy Sharp. Sharp was doing some curls as he sat at the end of the bench. Omega watched as Andy continued to finish his reps. With a huge match against "The Ego Buster" Dan Ryan later tonight, he takes his training regimen seriously. A couple of wrestlers flashed in front of Andy as Omega gazed from the shadows.]

Omega:

We all had to sacrifice something in order to get to this point. We all had to come together for the ultimate goal that they instilled in us. You people believe that our only goal is to cause pain to DEFIANCE. However, destruction and chaos is the main goal that they want. That man right there personifies what is wrong with this company. You people pacify a man like this because he fits the mold of what you want your DEFIANCE wrestlers to be, not what they need to be. You fans are the problem and we are the solution.

[Omega continues to watch the training room as Sharp stands to his feet. Andy grabs a towel and wipes his brow as Omega moves out of the shadows ever so slightly. The hood still covering his face as the dimly lit light from the area shone enough to see the long dreadlocks flowing from his hoodie. The big man breathe heavily from the shadows]

Omega:

We have never been what fans wanted us to be. In your eyes we are not normal and we should not be able to walk the streets in public. But who are you people to say what is normal and what is not normal. You are the ones that judge people so in other words you are not the normal ones. [Omega sighs] You people feed on the likes of them in that training room. They are what is wrong with this sport because you people put them on a pedestal. Omega has had to endure many things. We all had to transcend in order to come together.

Omega:

The problem is that you people don't get it. The chaos and violence that Omega inflicts only fuels the fire for what is to come. There is a plan in place and when the time comes for the demise and expunging of the DEFIANCE so called heroes it will be all on you people. You see one thing about Omega is that he does not conform to standards as those in the training room would gladly do. Our mantra is that fear is pain. Once you succumb to pain then you inevitably capitulate to your qualms. We have only been here for several weeks and we have already witnessed the fear of this promotion. We have seen the depths of what people will do to one another for the show. We even have our FIST Champion speaking about us. [The big man chuckles to himself.] Hold your tongue Mr. Dewey, you are not in our sights as of yet.

Omega:

Tonight we make our DEFIANCE in ring debut against one Jason Natas. Natas you were not deemed by them to be a victim but tonight you have the undaunting task of stepping into the ring with us. Our pain will make you transcend.

[Omega slowly moved from the shadows of the hall as he stood to his feet with his massive frame almost blocking out what little light could be seen in the area. He moved from perch as he made his way toward the training room. The monster smirked as he peered into the room watching Andy Sharp and the other wrestlers get ready for tonight's show. His head quickly turned to the right as he spotted something that really garnered his attention. He smiled showing those pearly white teeth as he eased back his hoodie from concealing his entire face. He turned from the room and walked down the hall slinking back into the confines of the shadows with a low voice seeping through his hoodie.]

Omega:

We are watching **you**.

[The camera faded back to the ringside area.]

Angus:

Keebs, this guy gets weirder and weirder every week we see him.

DDK:

This guy is beyond weird and we get the chance to see him out of the shadows tonight and in a DEFIANCE ring for the first time when he takes on Jason Natas in his debut match.

Angus:

Last week this guy had his sights set on Lindsay Troy and now he was watching Andy Sharp.

DDK:

Well as we can see we still do not know who this guy's first victim will be as he stated at ASCENSION. All we know is that everyone in DEFIANCE could be a victim.

Angus:

I don't like the sound of that. I need to get on this guy's good side.

DDK:

Let's head back to the ring as we are ready for a big time tag team match.

Angel Trinidad & Aleczander vs Butcher Victorious & Levi Cole

DDK:

Coming up next, two of BRAZEN's finest have themselves a great opportunity to break out from the pack! The talented high-flyer, Butcher Victorious, teams up with the amateur wrestling sensation "All-American" Levi Cole to take on what's being called the new and improved Team HOSS - "The Brand New Bad" Angel Trinidad and Aleczander The Great.

Angus:

With all respect to my kids, Keebs, this ain't no opportunity... they will be made sacrifices to THE HOSS OVERLORDS tonight! I mean, Cole has defeated Mushigihara once before, but against this new Team HOSS? I'm not so sure.

DDK:

Team HOSS are dangerous, I'll concede that, but they can't sleep on these BRAZEN kids for a second. Let's got to the match!

♪ "Loaded" by Primal Scream ♪

Out comes the BRAZEN stars first, "The Liberal City Landlord" Butcher Victorious and "The All-American" Levi Cole. The 265-pound wrestling prodigy looks a little out of place next to the more unconventional look of Butcher, but the two nod in agreement before hitting the ring - this is a huge opportunity to get noticed and they can't screw this up. The two run into the ring and soak in a nice round of cheers. The music dies down before their opponents arrive.

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society" ♪

The crowd is now going nuts for Team HOSS' impending arrival. Thomas Keeling Sr. is out first and shows off his men - the 6'10" "Brand New Bad" Angel Trinidad, roaring over the boos of the crowd. Not far behind is the redubbed Aleczander The Great, the 270-pound Brit making his pecs dance because he is a show-offy twat. Trailing behind them is Keeling's head of security, Capital Punishment. The foursome advance toward the ring and to their credit, Butcher and Levi don't look that shaken up at what's coming their way.

Aleczander starts off in the ring with the Butcher Victorious as the bell rings. The Big Brit and the Liberal City Landlord lock up, but Aleczander muscles him down twice, first throwing him down and then using a Biel throw! Alecz takes his time to flex like an asshole before he grabs onto Vic. Butcher catches him with a Jawbreaker and he tags in Levi and the bigger man sneaks in and takes down Alecz with a schoolboy, the same way he beat Mushigihara! The crowd is about to erupt, but Aleczander kicks out at two!

Thomas barks orders and gets on Aleczander for his carelessness while Angel watches from the apron intensely. Levi throws Aleczander down with a Belly to Belly Suplex out of nowhere! Levi then tags Butcher back in and holds Alecz down, allowing the high-flyer to hit a Springboard Arabian Press for another two-count! Thomas glares at the two BRAZEN stars as Vic tries taking out the leg of Aleczander. He goes to the ropes, but Angel socks him with a knee from the apron, allowing Aleczander to take him down with a Gorilla Press Powerslam called the **BPI!**

From there, things look bleak for The Liberal City Landlord. The Landlord comes face to face with the HOSS Overlord Angel Trinidad and Angel wastes no time kicking the crap out of him in the corner. He blasts him with alternating back elbows in the corner and then sets him up for a HUGE Drop Suplex, just chucking Vic across the ring with immense force! Angel coves Levi with a boot on the chest and gets a two-count. The crowd starts chanting for Butcher a little bit, but Angel ignores them and drills him with a running knee.

Aleczander gets the tag and the two monsters do some old Team HOSS double-teaming when they bowl him right over with a Double Shoulder Tackle. Aleczander gets a close two-count off that, but Butcher needs to make a tag in the worst way possible. Aleczander then lifts him up and MURDERS him with the **Biceps Explosion** Flying Clothesline! Aleczander actually kips up to his feet after that and tries to cover, but Cole breaks it up! As he returns to the corner, Aleczander lifts up Victorious, but the Liberal City Landlord slips out and cracks Aleczander in the head with a leaping Enzuigiri to the side of the head! Aleczander is wobbly and makes the tag to Angel Trinidad. On the other side, Butcher makes with the quickness makes the tag to Levi Cole! Cole is a house of fire and comes right in...

"OOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

....RIGHT INTO A RUNNING CROSSBODY FROM ANGEL TRINIDAD!

The crowd quickly goes quiet, Any house of fire gets snuffed right out as Angel charges over to the corner and **BLASTS** Butcher Victorious with a Running Pump Kick, knocking him right off the apron! Angel lets out a roar and the crowd responds with booing before he picks Cole up off the ground. He **DROPS** him with a Backbreaker, but hangs onto Cole, turning him around to drop him with a Gutbuster. He then turns him around and **DRILLS** him with a Release Gutwrench Slam, completing **THE HOLY TRINIDAD!**

Aleczauder wants the tag and Angel casually reaches over to tag out. He plants a **HARD** foot down into the back of Cole and locks him in a modified Sleeper, but from the Camel Clutch position! He cranks back on the head and neck of Cole and try as he might, he has no choice but to tap! Aleczauder finally releases the submission and stands alongside Angel, the two monsters victorious.

Angus:

And it's ovvvaaaa! Vic and Cole tried to make the most of the opportunity, but **THE HOSS OVERLORDS** run this joint! Aleczauder calls that new move Aleczauder Wins The Match: Submission Edition!

DDK:

Trinidad is proving to be far more dangerous than he ever was! He defeated Ty Walker with relative ease last week and tonight, he just turned the tide for his team in just a few big moves. And... damn it, not this again...

[Now that the match is over, Team **HOSS** continue to assault the **BRAZEN** stars. Butcher tries to limp back in the ring to make the save, but Aleczauder grabs him with a Sleeper and now, he's now trapped in his new submission. Meanwhile, Angel hoists up Levi Cole over his shoulders and runs out of the corner, **DRILLING** him with his new Powerbomb finisher!]

Angus:

BAD MAN'S LAND ON COLE! THAT WAS SICK!

DDK:

They're attacking and now Carla Ferrari is trying to order Keeling to make Team **HOSS** stand down, but he's not having any of it.

[Carla tries to stand her ground as the beatdown continues with Team **HOSS** wailing on the **BRAZEN** duo. She even gestures towards the timekeeper and starts to threaten a disqualification for the repeated assault, which doesn't seem to concern the shrewd business man. However, when the crowd reaction changes, that does send a signal to Team **HOSS** that all is not right in whoville....]

DDK:

It's Dusty Griffith and Frank Dylan James! They've seen enough and clearly, they've had enough of Team **HOSS** and their bullying!

[FDJ makes a beeline right for Angel Trinidad and the two behemoths start trading right hands in one section of the ring! Off on the other side, Dusty Griffith guns right for Aleczauder and throws him off of Butcher Victorious! He goes right for the Mancunian Muscle and throws him off into the corner, drilling him right in the face with a barrage of stiff elbows!]

Angus:

HOSSFIIIIIIITTTTEEEEEEEEEEE!

[It truly is just that as all four men start slugging it out in the ring! Aleczauder turns the tables on Dusty and turns him around before he jabs him in the abdomen with a series of shoulder tackles in the corner! Dusty gets a knee up to stop a shot and then the two continued to fight! All hell continues to break loose between FDJ and Angel as the two

monsters spill right through the ropes and end up on the floor! That fall STILL doesn't stop the two and it takes several members of DEFsec to come out and try and get some order restored! As the fight continues to break out, Capital Punishment has not gotten involved because he's too busy trying to get Thomas Keeling Sr. the fuck outta dodge.]

DDK:

Keeling is hightailing it with Capital Punishment while Team HOSS are STILL fighting with Dusty and Frank! Folks, we're going to try and get some order restored out here!

Angus:

Bull-hockey, Keebs, let them HOSSFITE!!!!

[The scene closes just as DEFsec separate Aleczander and Dusty Griffith long enough to get them away from each other. However, The Brand New Bad and FDJ continue are doing no such thing as the two behemoths now fight into the crowd. With that crazy visual, the scene now goes elsewhere.]

Sam Speaks

[Camera pans back to both announcers, with their headphones on. A pitcher of Lipton Iced Tea in front of them both.]

DDK:

Over the past few weeks, the intensity that has been building between both Jake Donovan and Sam Horry, has been off the charts. Horry had his return to DEFIANCE from MMA spoiled courtesy of a fireball to his face, by a vengeful Jake Donovan.

Angus:

That fireball of course making Sam, the hottest athlete in DEFIANCE...

DDK: (*looking annoyed at Angus*)

That fireball caused Sam to be out of action for our past few broadcasts. Moreso, Jake Donovan threatened to burn Sam's agent, Elizabeth on our last card.

Angus:

Trust me, him doing that to Jeanie--I know her as Jeanie--is an act of self defense. You don't know her like I do, she's vicious.

DDK:

She was terrified!

Angus:

Only 'cause she couldn't get to him first!

DDK:

In any event, Jake Donovan has shown that he is dangerous on every conceivable level. Be it physical, mental, or emotional, Jake Donovan will leave his mark on you. Joining us live via satellite from his training facility in New York is Sam Horry...

[Split screen shows Sam in a sleeveless, hooded, blue windbreaker, and blue sweatpants. His bald head beaded with sweat, and his scowl relayed his intensity before he said a word.]

DDK:

...Sam I know these has been a trying few months for you, going all the way back to your controversial exit from MMA, to both you and your agent being terrorized by Jake Donovan in your first match back. Can you bring us to speed on how you're feeling, and when we can expect you back in the ring.

Sam Horry:

Yeah, the past few months have been rough, but I ain't gon' cry about it. Matter of fact, as of today, I'm cleared to return on the next DEFIANCE TV, broadcast. Next show, I'ma be there.

[Crowd cheers.]

Sam Horry:

As far as Jake Donovan goes, he and I go head to head one more time at Ascension. Jake made this very personal. He tried to take me out, tried to take away from me how I make my money, how I support myself; he threatened my agent. When the pressure is on, people's true character comes out. Jake was feeling the pressure at Acts of Defiance. He wasn't winnin', so he got desperate, and took matters into his own hands. At Ascension, the best pound-for-pound fighter in the world, is gonna take matters into my own hands.

DDK:

Given his penchant for fire and how dangerous he can be, will you be extra....cautious in how you approach Jake Donovan?

Sam Horry: (*annoyed*)

Cautious? Like I'm scared?! What kind of stupid quest-- No. Jake wanted to show himself as a threat to me, message received. The bad thing for Jake is, I eliminate threats to me or mine, with biblical thoroughness, and with ruthless efficiency.

Angus:

Hey Sam, at least if this doesn't work out, you could take over Michael B. Jordan's role as the Human Torch!

Sam Horry:

Shut the ***fuck*** up, Angus! Rather than sit on your dumb ass and tell corny jokes, you should be tellin' the people just how in over his head Jake Donovan is with me. See, ***you*** know me, Angus, you know what I do, and how I do it. I'm the most dangerous fighter alive, period. But since you Keebs, seem to think I should be on eggshells dealin' with Jake, and since Angus wants to be a comedian, I guess I'ma have to build myself, get myself over. Next DEFIANCE show, I'ma do that.

DDK:

Sam, on behalf of me and my.....

Sam Horry:

Fuck off.

[Split screen goes solely on Sam's location, and to him hastily taking off his microphone. His feed goes to black while cutting back to Angus and DDK. Angus staring at his longtime broadcast partner.]

Angus:

See what you did.

DDK:

What I did? Let's just---let's just get back to the ring.

Omega vs Jason Natas

[The camera cut the satellite feed and made it's way to Angus.]

Angus:

Just heard from Sam Horry.

DDK:

Good to see him up and about and back in the training facility. Next up we will have the enigma Omega in his debut match against Jason Natas.

Angus:

This guy scares me. Did you see what he did to Lindsay Troy last week? I think Natas needs to run and hide from this maniac.

DDK:

He is a former World champion so let's see what he can do here in DEFIANCE against a man that did not have a great return last week. Natas was out of ring shape and it showed last week.

Angus:

The man is huge and I don't mean that in a nice way. He is going to need speed to stay out of Omega's grasps. He'll move quicker if Omega holds a doughnut in the match.

♪ "NY State of Mind" by Nas ♪

The music blasted throughout the Wrestle-Plex as Jason Natas slowly walked out onto the stage. The Anti-Superstar walked down the ramp toward the ring as the DEFIAfans cheered the New York native. Natas looked around the arena before near the ring apron. Jason walked toward the ring steps, slowly making his way up each step before making his way into the ring.

Angus:

I hope fatty has a better showing than what he showed us last week. That was embarrassing.

DDK:

That's a real nice thing to say Angus. He is trying to get back into ring shape. He hasn't wrestled in over a year.

Angus:

BOO-Freakin HOO.

♪ "Redeemer" by Marilyn Manson ♪

The lights dimmed in the arena as Omega was finally making his in ring debut in DEFIANCE. The former jOlt Heavyweight and Fearless Champion made his way down the ramp toward the ring. The large scarred hulking mass wearing a black hoodie stood near the ring apron before grabbing the top rope from the floor and pulling himself up to the apron. Omega climbed between the ropes and slowly back himself into the corner as he peered at Natas from under his hoodie.

DDK:

I knew this man was huge but he looks even bigger in person. Omega has freakishly insane strength. In jOlt the man was lifting larger men on his shoulders with ease.

Angus:

Omega has put everyone on notice that pain and chaos is coming to DEFIANCE. I have seen his matches from jOlt and ACW. The man is a pain machine, he loves taking it as much as he loves dishing it out. He has been stabbed with shards of glass and had an eye taken out with a freaking pencil and he still keeps coming.

The bell begins to ring as Omega pulled his hoodie over his head and threw it to the floor. Natas wasted little time as he struck first with quick punches to the monster. Omega continued to walk toward Natas as he struck again. Natas moved to the opposite corner as Omega tried to reach for him.

Jason was not going to make himself a stationary target in this match especially against this man. Omega slowly stalked Natas trying to grab the New York native but once again Jason moved out of the way, backing himself into a corner.

DDK:

This is exactly what Jason has to do in this match. Keep moving.

Angus:

Keebs, how long do you think this strategy is going to work with a man that looks like he needs to be at Jenny Craig.

Natas moved to the left as Omega approached. He then moved to the right as Omega was there again. The monster reached for Jason in the corner but Natas once again moved out of the way. This time Omega was in the corner as Natas started to nail the big man with rights and lefts to his midsection. After a few seconds of getting nowhere, Natas hit the mat hard from a big forearm from Omega.

Omega looked down at Natas before kneeling next to him. The big man unloaded massive right hands into Jason's face as each punch garnered a groan from the fans. Omega was now on the offensive as he picked up Natas and threw him around the ring like a rag doll with combinations of suplexes and slams. Omega covered Natas in the middle of the ring but only got a two count.

DDK:

Omega had him beat right there. Why did he pick him up?

Angus:

More violence... The man is a psychopath who knows what he's thinking.

Omega used his power to just wear Natas out. With Natas being out of ring shape his stamina was not there yet to withstand the impact from these moves. Omega sensing that the end was near, picked up Natas and whipped him into the corner. The big man ran into the corner looking for a spear but missed and hit his shoulder against the ringpost. The ring shook as Natas was able to pull Omega from between the ropes and prop him in the corner.

Natas moved to the opposite corner before racing back toward Omega, drilling him with a corner back elbow smash. Jason threw his hands up in excitement as Omega stood in the corner. Jason turning back around to look at Omega and saw something that sent chills down his spine for a brief moment.

DDK:

Is Omega smiling?

Angus:

He is a whack job.

Natas drills Omega again this time with a back elbow. Jason grabs Omega's arm and tries to whip him into the corner. Omega did not budge as he pulled Natas toward the corner driving him into the mat with a massive clothesline. Omega's smile widen.

Omega:

You are misguided in your efforts, Mr. Natas. You cannot hurt us for we are many.

Angus:

What did he just say?

Omega picks up Jason driving him into the mat with a vicious brainbuster then followed that up with a quick double underhook powerbomb. The psycho picked up Natas and placed him on his shoulders with an Argentine Back Breaker before driving him into the mat with a vicious neckbreaker. It was all academic as the three count was drowned out by jeers in the arena.

DDK:

That move was aptly named The End. Jason Natas was not going to get up from that brutal move.

Angus:

That was a very impressive debut from Omega. He is going to be a force in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

I think DEFIANCE has just been put on notice by this monster. Let's head backstage as our cameras just caught our SOHER champion.

Fan Interactions

[Welcome to the back hallways of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, where it all takes place. From wrestlers meeting with the road agents and trying to keep it professional, a few meet and greets with fans of all ages, and of course the occasional separation of talent. It's all a great big headache, a circus if you must call it something. But, it's what happens behind the scenes at every DEFtv.]

[One of the men who organizes all of this chaos and it is his job to make sure all of the fans leave the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex with a giant sized smile and an empty wallet only to return for more the next time the fliers hit the streets of New Orleans, is none other than Road Agent Mike Sloan. And for Mike Sloan today is an especially tiring day because the backstage pass promotion for the holiday season went well, all too well, and because the universe hates him it is his day to deal with Curtis Penn.]

[Mike turns a corner and spots the source of his indigestion, Curtis Penn, and he's propped up like he hasn't a care in the world.]

Mike Sloan:

There you are! I've been looking all over this forsaken arena looking for you!

[Mike thrusts his index finger in the general direction of Curtis Penn, Penn looks all around before he smiles back at the agent.]

Curtis Penn:

Well if it isn't mister washed up himself and you gassed looking for me? Mike it's called a phone, call me it's quicker.

[Curtis turns his back on Mike and takes a step in the opposite direction.]

Mike Sloan:

DON'T...turn your back on me Curtis.

[Curtis releases a long, over dramatic sigh before turning back around.]

Curtis Penn:

What is it that you want with me? I didn't ask for you to be my watchdog tonight aight Mikey, I just want to come here, watch Jonny smack someone around and go back home and sleep. Are you going to harass me all night long?

Mike Sloan:

No, not all night, but for the next few minutes of your life we have to talk.

[Curtis barks out a laugh, a fake laugh, before he slaps the side of the cinder brick wall.]

Curtis Penn:

Talk, that's fucking funny, coming from you Mike. But, you wanna be the big boss man and tell me my job tonight, then talk. It's probably the same ol' bullshit that I get each week, don't do this... don't do that. Be here at this time. Please oh please don't do anything to start a riot or get us kicked off t.v.

[Mike stands by silently allowing Curtis to tell him his job.]

Mike Sloan:

That's pretty close to being correct young man, so are you ready to listen or are you going to drone on all night. Or can you keep your mouth shut long enough so I can tell you that we have about 30 or so guests tonight that will be back and forth back stage and if there is one complaint...just one complaint about your attitude or actions towards one of the fans backstage I will make sure that you will no longer be backstage to cause an issue.

[Curtis unlocks his eyes from Mike Sloan and steps around him.]

Curtis Penn:

No worries Mikey, you wanna see how I treat fans, just watch.

[Mike turns around and to his witnesses a tall, leggy brunette is strolling up to Curtis Penn. Mike's brow furrows.]

Curtis Penn:

I want to be the first one to tell you thank you for purchasing your backstage pass and I just want you to know that at least Five Percent of that purchase was donated to the Curtis Penn Recovery fund. Which you probably already knew...

[Curtis turns his head back around to Mike and gives him a over dramatic wink of the eye. Mike grins and ushers him on.]

Curtis Penn:

I just wanted to take a moment out of my busy schedule to tell you how much I appreciate your support and without fans, like yourself, donating money, purchasing my DVD's, and sending gifts to me here at the arena this recovery would have been more grueling than what it really was.

[The leggy woman looks past Curtis and directly into the eyes of Mike Sloan, raising an eyebrow.]

Harmony:

Is he for real?

Curtis Penn:

Yes, this moment is real. Don't worry if you feel faint, Mikey here will catch you, but I have other fans to meet and a match to prepare for. So once again, thank you.

[Before Harmony can formulate any type of response, Penn makes his exit down the hallway, leaving Harmony stood with Sloan in disbelief.]

Harmony:

Does he live on this planet, Mike?

Mike Sloan:

I doubt it.

Harmony:

Then maybe it's time I brought him crashing back down to earth.

[Mike's face contorts into confusion.]

Mike Sloan:

Wait, how?

[Harmony grins a cheeky grin as she starts to head down the hallway.]

Harmony:

Just keep watching Mike. You'll see!

[She walks away, the final shot focusing on a confused Mike Sloan before heading to ringside.]

Sell Crazy Somewhere Else

[Backstage near the gorilla position, Lance Warner is standing with a microphone. Next to him, looking down toward him from a solid foot in difference of human height is Dan Ryan. Warner, nonplussed as ever, addresses the camera but turns toward Ryan ever so slightly.]

Lance Warner:

As everyone knows, and as I reported earlier in the week, Dan Ryan, you were named the #1 contender to FIST of DEFIANCE Eugene Dewey by Kelly Evans. However, since then, there have been some developments. Both Bronson Box and Lindsay Troy have managed to find ways to possibly win spots in the main event match for the FIST at Ascension. What's your reaction?

Dan Ryan:

It comes with the territory doesn't it? We don't live in a vacuum. I made a case to Kelly Evans on why I thought I deserved a one on one shot at Eugene Dewey, but nothing's stopping anyone else from doing the same thing. Kelly is in an enviable but difficult position. She's got too many people who are good enough to be the best her company has to offer. It is what it is.

Lance Warner:

Are you not disappointed that you may have to handle more than just the champion in order to win the match and become the new FIST?

Dan Ryan:

Disappointed? Naaaaah. It's to be expected, Lance Warner. One on one? Pish-posh. Not enough. Let's add someone else. Not enough? How about another? And another? Competitors in DEFIANCE main events are like Pringles. Once you pop, you can't stop. And who cares if I'm disappointed anyway? Who cares what I want? Does Eugene Dewey care? Bronson Box? You?

Lance Warner:

What of your sister-in-law Lindsay Troy? It must be comforting to have at least one person in there who can make sure nothing shady goes on.

Dan Ryan:

Why should I be comforted, Lance Warner? What good does it do me to have Lindsay Troy out there, truly? Is that how it works in DEFIANCE? Get a buddy to watch your back and everything is okay?

Lance Warner:

I just meant...

Dan Ryan:

How about when I arranged to be the special referee when Lindsay got her shot so I could make sure there were no outside shenanigans? She lost her temper and forced me to disqualify her anyway. No, what I'd like is a match one on one where I can control the circumstances and I don't have to depend on anyone else to be level headed or make rational, intelligent decisions. I get the credit, I take the risk. That's what I want. What did I say before, Lance Warner?

Lance Warner:

It doesn't ma...

Dan Ryan:

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT I WANT. Exactly. No one cares. So, concerned? Disappointed? No and no. I'm determined. I know what I'm doing. Don't worry about me. I've been here before. I'll be just fine.

Lance Warner:

So you don't think....

Dan Ryan:

Next topic.

Lance Warner:

Um, okay. Well, you're on your way to the ring to take on Andy Sharp, a newcomer around here but certainly not a newcomer to the squared circle. Any thoughts on this matchup?

Dan Ryan:

I asked for a match, and Andy Sharp stepped up and accepted an open challenge. I can respect an attitude like that.

Lance Warner:

Obviously a win for him over a top contender like you would really...

Dan Ryan: [looking at Lance Warner like he just ripped a juicy fart]

Oh he's not gonna win. Wait. What? No no no. He's not gonna win. Look, Lance Warner, I said I respected the way he's standing up like a man and taking on a challenge. Winning? No no. Sorry, no.

Lance Warner:

Well I just mean...

Dan Ryan:

Nuh uh. No. Sorry...

Lance Warner:

You may think it's improbable, but to say...

Dan Ryan: [walking away with a constant shake of his head, as if to say "bless your heart"]

No, mmm-mmm, Nope.... sorry.... nope....

Lance Warner: [exasperated, with a sigh]

Well, a clearly confident Dan Ryan on his way to the ring. Back to you guys.

Dan Ryan vs Andy Sharp

[The shot cuts immediately back to Angus Skaaland and Darren Keebler.]

DDK:

Some interesting words there from the number one contender, Angus. Not too hard to read between the lines with him.

Angus:

Sarcasm is a language I speak fluently. He's not happy, and an unhappy Dan Ryan is not someone I would want to have to deal with. Andy Sharp is in for a big time challenge tonight, maybe more than he bargained for.

♪ "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 gives a strong reaction to Andy Sharp as he bounds out onto the main platform. He gives the fans a big grin, then heads to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Montreal, Quebec, Canada, weighing in at 231 pounds... This is "THE LORD OF THE SKIES" AAANNNNNNDDDDYYYYYYY SHHHHHAAAAAARRRRRRRPPPPPPPP!!!!

Wearing red and gold-themed attire, Andy Sharp approaches the ring at an energetic pace, slapping some hands with the fans but otherwise focusing on the ring. He slides in and raises his hands for the crowd, getting another loud reaction.

♪ "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins ♪

Dan Ryan steps out into full view and pauses, looking through sunglasses at the crowd for a moment before heading down the aisle. He reaches up and climbs into the ring, steps up onto the second turnbuckle and the crowd roars in approval. Ryan turns and looks back at Sharp, then removes the sunglasses and tosses them to the outside.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Houston, Texas... weighing in at 305 pounds.... "THE EGO BUSTER" DAAAAAN RYYYYYAAAAANNNNN!!!!!!

[Bell rings.]

Ryan climbs down and turns around into a surprising flying clothesline from Andy Sharp, who charges as soon as the bell rings. This catches Ryan by surprise and he falls back into the turnbuckle. Sharp uses the momentum from his impact to pull back and on his arm and flip-drag him out of the corner and toward the center of the ring. Ryan hits the mat, and before he can get his wits about him, Sharp hits a standing shooting star press and holds the cover, but Ryan powers out in barely one.

Sharp is back up quickly and hits the ropes hard as Ryan gets to his feet. He leaps and hits Ryan with a hard spinning knee to the head that again sends Ryan stumbling backwards against the ropes. Sharp charges in with a dropkick, hits the mat and jumps back up with an enzuigiri, then hits the opposite ropes hard as Ryan leans against the ropes in a daze. Sharp goes into a springboard, leaping high in the air to try and connect with a Superman forearm smash, but it's at this point that Ryan gets his wits about him, roars in anger and simply jumps up into the move with his considerable arms in front of him and swats Sharp down to the mat hard.

Ryan turns his head and cracks his neck slightly then yanks Andy Sharp to his feet. Sharp is woozy, and Ryan simply measures him up and levels him with a hard right hand that drops him like a rock. Sharp scrambles toward a corner, but Ryan stalks in after him. Sharp climbs quickly up the turnbuckle, takes a quick glance over his shoulder and goes for broke, throwing a corkscrew moonsault in Dan Ryan's general direction. It hits and Sharp gains a little breathing room.

Sharp tries to get his wits about him, but Dan Ryan looks mostly annoyed as he gets up. Sharp circles the ring warily, but Ryan is relentless, walking him from one side of the ring to the other. Finally, Ryan gets him back into a corner and locks up. Sharp tries to get out, but Ryan drives a knee hard into his midsection, followed by two more. Ryan steps back about three steps then comes in with a thunderous clothesline. He only gives Sharp about a foot of space to fall, and he falls right back into Ryan, who clutches him and sends him flying with an overhead belly to belly suplex.

Ryan goes to Sharp, pulls him up and goes immediately into the standing headscissors. He pulls him up, but Sharp still has some gas left in the tank and flips back in a rana for a pin attempt. He gets a two count, and Dan Ryan shoves his way out. Sharp charges the corner and steps up onto the top with little effort. He turns, balances on a foot and leaps toward Ryan, who takes a step and delivers a jarring superkick to the jaw as he comes down, laying Sharp out cold. Ryan pulls him up once more, puts him in the standing headscissors and drives him hard into the mat for the cover and the three count.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match... by pin fall.... DAAAANNNNN RYAAAANNNN!!!!

DDK:

Rather an interesting match as Andy Sharp went for broke trying to get Dan Ryan to the mat and keep him there, but it just wasn't enough.

Angus:

Flippy-doo is nice and all, but it's not like Dan Ryan's never seen it before. It was a matter of time.

DDK:

Still, Andy Sharp acquitted himself nicely in there with the number one contender, so I do believe we'll be seeing great things from him here in DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Fair enough. Just not tonight.

DDK:

Well, we've still got plenty coming up. Our match for the Southern Heritage Champion is coming up, and of course, Bronson Box tries to run the gauntlet for a spot in the big match at Ascension!

Seriously?

[The door of the locker room swings open allowing Jane Katze to enter. In the center of the room stands her mustachioed client, Bronson Box. The Wargod is already dressed out for his main event gauntlet match later tonight. In the middle of his stretches, his eyes are unfocused, lost completely in thought. Jane stands quietly by the door allowing her client to finish. After taking a deep breath he grabs a towel and turns towards his knockout business manager with a raised eyebrow.]

Bronson Box

Any news?

Jane Katze:

It's ironic really, but everyone in camp Evans is staying pretty tight lipped.

[When all of a sudden-]

SLAM

Are you KIDDING me!?

[With the quiet serenity of the room completely jacked, The Wargod looks over the shoulder of Ms. Katze, who herself whirls around to see none other than the self proclaimed EndBoss and current reigning and defending Undisputed FIST of DEFIANCE, Eugene Dewey, stomp his way across the room. Having worked here for years, knowing it's not smart to get between these two superstars Jane steps aside just in time to avoid getting bowled over by the oncoming furry filled nerd-train, and leaves the path clear for the champ to get right up into Boxer's bidness.]

Eugene Dewey:

What happened to 'I ain't gunna start huntin' ye, lad' huh!?

[Despite the accent being more that of a pirate than the dulcet tones of the scotsman before him, Eugene clearly gets his point across to the Wargod, who raises his eyebrows but doesn't respond immediately.]

Eugene Dewey:

I know I need these glasses, but I'm pretty sure my eyes weren't deceiving me when I saw you go into Kelly Evans' office and ask for a shot at my god-damned title! I've already got Dan Ryan to think about at ascension, then you go and get yourself and Lindsay Troy chances to join in? What the hell are you doing to me, man!?

[Almost devoid of all emotion, Box sniffs and cocks his head as though silently asking if Dewey's done. Eugene in turn raises his eyebrows as though silently asking what the Wargod has to say for himself.]

Box:

I know what I said, Eugene my boy, but I also said I was gonna be the fella who took that belt back offa ye. An' ye know what, lad? I'm gettin' the distinct impression from the way ye' been actin' lately your days as champ might be numbered, boy'o.

[Eugene nods.]

Eugene Dewey:

You're damn right they are! They're numbered 674!

[He'd have to give him that one, it was good. But Box still shakes his head as he chuckles.]

Box

Exactly, you've got your head so far up your arse about that fookin' number ye' can't see the train barrelin' towards

ye'...

Eugene Dewey:

Oh, I see the train, Bronson, and it just looks like Thomas the Tank Engine with his harmless little face and brand new paint job, pulling out of the station with a little 'toot, toot'! And you know what he's 'barreling' towards? An immovable object, that's what! And if I remember the shows I used to watch correctly, Thomas wasn't exactly an unstoppable force.

[Still Bronson shakes his head. This time, though, he's clearly frustrated.]

Box:

Ye just... don't get it.

Eugene Dewey:

Oh I get it Bronson, you want MY title. You can't stand knowing I beat you, then embarked on the most epic title reign in DEFIANCE history. You can't stand that I've held this belt more days than every single person before me combined. You can't stand the fact that the FIST of DEFIANCE, the title that represents the lifeblood of this company, is synonymous with Eugene Dewey and not Bronson Box!

Box:

You can go right ahead and fook yer' bloody title reign, what have ye' done fer' me lately is the expression I believe. You haven't embarked on shite, boy'o... you've survived. The only bloody thing about yer' title reign makin history is that bloody number. A statistic you can hang on yer' bloody wall next to yer' maths trophies and spelling bee ribbons... you've held a belt, congratulations boy.

[Almost as though he doesn't want the physical strap to hear Bronson's words, a shocked Eugene clutches the belt close to his chest and places a hand on the faceplate. He strokes it ever so gently while attempting to contain his anger at his fellow Original DEFIANT.]

Box:

Indeed, two years is a bloody achievement, but it ain't the important factor, lad. What matters is who ye beat, How ye beat 'em, an' what ye' did with the prize once ye' finally had it... and in my estimation all you been doin' is runnin' from the likes of Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan instead of standin' yer' ground and stompin' the both of them into the blasted dirt where they belong, boy'o... one thing people can't say about me is that I was some chicken shit heel... You on the other hand...

[Boxer takes a whiff of the air around Eugene...]

Box:

I smell cowardice on ye', Eugene my boy. I smell fear.

[The tone of the conversation takes a decidedly dark turn as Bronson gets that look in his eye. The one we've seen so often when things are about to... well, get out of hand. He inches towards Eugene, the champ edging away with a half confused, half terrified look of indignation on his round red face. Bronson brushes Eugene's hand from the faceplate of the FIST.]

Box:

I don't expect ye' to understand this, sunshine... but I'm doin' ye' a kindness. Tryin' te' keep yer' eyes on the prize, as it were. Tonight, I'm gonna' run through three men and gain a spot in that Ascension main event, Eugene. And regardless of Ms. Troy's success next week... the plain facts are this. You're gonna' be in that match with me... I made history on par with yer' little title reign before, lad. It's trifles, all of it. At Ascension you're gonna' have the opportunity to prove you and your precious little title reign are MORE than a number.

[Bronson pats the faceplate of the FIST, much to Eugene's schagrin.]

Box:

And if ye can't do that, then I'll be damned if Dan Ryan is gonna' walk outta there with the title I worked so hard te' make famous. Same goes fer' Ms. Troy should she's unlucky enough to find herself in that match. Now what do ye' think of all that, Eugene... we on the same page again, partner.

[The grin that crawls across The Wargod's face causes his mustache to twitch. His narrowed eyes await a response from the FIST. Eugene looks hesitant at first, taking a few moments to gather himself. Eventually finding his bollocks, clearing his throat, tightening his grip on the FIST and stepping right up to his "fellow" Original DEFIANT.]

Eugene Dewey:

Well well well... the all seeing all knowing yogi of the DEFIANCE locker room Bronson Box has DECIDED I'm destined to fall. That somehow, some way, a guy that wasn't good enough to beat me two years ago might stand a chance now that he's older, fatter, balder, and blander than ever before... that about cover it? Well you know what? I've been proving myself as the FIST for **TWO** years now, domination pure and simple... the people out there? They come here for **ME**... the only reason you're throwing so much shade on me is because you're goddamn JEALOUS... you'll take this strap from me when hell freezes over you sawed off little has been. Nobody... and I mean NOBODY can touch me, Box.

[The champ growls through clenched teeth.]

Eugene Dewey:

Nobody.

[Eugene and Bronson exchange a tense look as we cut back to the commentation station.]

DDK:

Jeez... heated much?

Angus:

That was... uncomfortable.

DDK:

Tell me about it, Angus. We knew the relationship between these two was strained, but it looks like it's close to its breaking point right now.

Angus:

Something tells me our main event tonight could well determine just where that breaking point is for The Original DEFIANTS, Keeps.

SOHER TITLE - Jonny Booya vs Harmony

[We leave the locker room and head to ringside, where Angus and DDK are sat waiting for the next match to begin.]

DDK:

Well up next we've got the next Curtis Penn Invitational...

Angus:

EUGH Jesus Christ, really? We've got to be exposed to these two wastes of space again? Shoot me now.

Darren Quimby:

The following match up is a Curtis Penn Invitational match scheduled for one fall and is for the Southern Heritage Championship!

♪"Funky Shit" by Prodigy♪

[The hatred is deafening as Johnny Booya bursts through the curtain with a smirk on his face, flexing at the top of the ramp with Curtis Penn behind him, the Southern Heritage Championship over his shoulder and a cast on his hand.]

Angus:

Oh what the hell? That cast wasn't there last week!

DDK:

It's not very often we agree, Angus, but I share your sentiment.

[Booya arrogantly struts down to the ring, continuously flexing his muscles and pausing to make the "loser" sign over his head at a fan holding a sign that says "Curtis Penn sucks!" before he rolls into the ring and jumps up, taking a second to flex in the middle as Penn climbs the ring steps and through the ropes, holding the championship up behind Booya proudly.]

Angus:

I REALLY hope whoever is coming to face him can get this over with quickly. I fuckin' hate both of them.

♪"Just A Girl" by No Doubt♪

[The British Vixen steps out onto the staging to an absolutely huge reaction from the DEFIAFans, pausing at the top of the ramp and lifting a microphone to her lips.]

Harmony:

Seeing as you're too ignorant to educate yourself, Curtis, allow me to do it for you. My name is Harmony and I'm a member of the DEFIANCE Roster. Have been for a few months now. I sent that Malachi weirdo home with his tail between his legs and Mushigihara had to pull out the absolute best he could to beat me.

DDK:

You can't argue with her. She's only been here a short time but she has been very impressive.

Angus:

You won't hear me complaining! Now put a sock it in Keebs, I want to hear her speak.

Harmony:

So needless to say, your little bullshit backstage earlier didn't sit too well with me and I thought how better to educate you than to give you first hand experience. Only thing is that this set up doesn't work for me. If I'm going to win a championship, I face the champion. I face the organ grinder, not his oversized and over oiled monkey.

[She starts to slowly walk down the ramp towards the ring.]

Harmony:

So what's it going to be, Curtis? Are you going to take your balls out of Johnny boy's handbag and drop them back in your tights, or are you going to pussy out like you did last week?

[Jonny looks back at Curtis Penn and they exchange grins. Curtis Penn steps around his oiled up GORILLA with a microphone in hand.]

Curtis Penn:

Listen up Legs and listen really really good. I **AM** the Southern Heritage Champion and I have been for a very, very long time. Much longer than you've been wrestling with the lights off and half filled arenas. I've made this title (he thrusts it into the air) worth fighting for.

[He lowers the title and rests it on his shoulder.]

Curtis Penn:

And this (he raises his cast covered right hand in the air) right here is the reason you won't be facing me darlin'. Because due to doctor's orders I'm forced to sit out and allow this to finish healing. But, you think I'm going to just hand **MY** title over to a hack who thinks I give a shit about a guy named Malachi. Because that's what Kelly thought when she made the stipulation that Jonny wrestles in my place in the CPI.

No, you're going to jump when I say jump sweetheart, you're going to have to make me a sandwich when I want it and make sure you keep the pickles away, and you're going to have to face Jonny Booya for the Southern Heritage Championship if you want any hope of holding, because you best be damn sure that if it were me that you were challenging here and now, I'd have your ass out there on Bourbon Street trying to sale your goods for a plane ticket back home.

[He gives the briefest of a pause.]

Curtis Penn:

Now dear if you're afraid to wrestle the Best Flex in Wrestling for my title then just say so and back up the ramp and let the next man walk down that ramp.

Angus:

How dare he insult her!! Such a classless asshole!

DDK:

This is Curtis Penn we're talking about.

[Now at the ring, Harmony begins to climb the ring steps and through the ropes.]

Harmony:

Jump when you say? Another lesson for you there, sweetheart: you can't control me. But no matter, if you can't strap on the big girl panties and actually be a credible champion, don't whine and bitch about it when he's looking up at the lights wondering what happened.

She hands the microphone over to Hector Navarro and rolls her shoulders, the ring of the bell prompting Booya to hold up a hand and flex in front of her, making Harmony roll her eyes. Booya uses it as a distraction tactic and charges, but Harmony's smarter and dodges to the side, rolling Booya up from behind off the ropes for a one count. Booya scrambles to his feet but Harmony takes him down with a crucifix pin attempt to get another one count. Penn slams his hand down on the ring apron in frustration as Booya is knocked down with a standing dropkick!

Booya staggers into the corner and blocks the attack with an elbow to the jaw then almost flattens Harmony with a charging lariat from behind. She tries to get up but he grabs her hair and hits her with a hard headbutt that staggers her, then does it again, making her drop back into the corner, slumping to the mat. Booya charges for a facewash style kick then drags her out and drops her with a gutwrench suplex for a two count.

Penn applauds on the outside as Booya takes a moment to pose over Harmony, flexing his arms before he throws her into the ropes, only for Harmony to plant him with a Wheelbarrow DDT then land a standing moonsault as he rolls over, gaining a two count. Harmony heads to the top rope and goes for a diving crossbody, but Booya counters into a fallaway slam as Chance Von Crank strolls down the ramp without a care in the world, immediately getting into it verbally with Penn.

Navarro immediately heads to the ropes as war of words gets stronger, his back turned as Booya gets pulled down into a small package by Harmony and the crowd count out the three!

DDK:

Harmony should have just won the Southern Heritage Championship!

Angus:

God damnit Navarro, do your fucking job! Ignore that self absorbed asshole and call the match!

Navarro turns back round to the action just as Booya kicks out of the small package at what would have been a count of five! Both scramble to their feet and charge, Harmony ducking underneath Booya's clothesline attempt and hitting the ropes to plant him with a leg trap sunset flip powerbomb! Rather than keeping position for the pin, Harmony rolls backwards and grabs Booya's leg to lock on The Fermata! Navarro drops to the mat to check for any sign of submission from Booya, just in the right position to watch Crank reach into the ring and swipe Harmony's arms out from underneath her, Navarro immediately calling for the bell!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by disqualification, HARMONY!!!

[Crank gets the hell out of dodge as Harmony scrambles across the ring to try and get to him, holding the ropes open and inviting him in, shouting "come and deal with it like a man!!" as he backs away from the scene, laughing at her reaction.]

Darren Quimbey:

But still your Southern Heritage Champion, Curtis Penn!!

[Booya rolls out of the ring as Penn rips the Southern Heritage Championship belt from the ring assistant's hands and makes a beeline for his heavy, putting an arm around him and hoisting the belt up high right in front of Harmony, the brunette letting out an angry snarl in his direction.]

DDK:

Damn it we should have had a new champion here tonight were it not for Chance Von Crank!

Angus:

Don't blame him; it was Penn's fault! If he hadn't distracted Navarro earlier, she would have won!

DDK:

And I suppose Crank was within his rights to interfere?!

Angus:

Hey, you should know by now he marches to the beat of his own drum.

[The camera rests on a clearly frustrated Harmony running her fingers through her curls before heading to the backstage area.]

You Guys...

[After all of the hullabaloo and the hoo-hah that was the Southern Heritage Title match wrapped up, the camera now finds itself backstage where once again, Aleczander is traipsing about the hall still all sorts of fired up after what happened earlier on in the night with Frank Dylan James and Dusty Griffith coming out for a big fight with Team HOSS. Growling at nobody in particular, The Big Brit balls up his fist.]

Aleczander The Great:

That's TWICE now that fuckin' wanker Griffith came out and cocked up what should've been my moment! (growls) That sack of shite is gonna get what's comin' to him...

[As Aleczander continues walking, both the actual Southern Heritage Champion Curtis Penn and Interim SoHer Champion Jonny Booya make their way through the curtains of the gorilla position. When Aleczander sees the two walking in his general direction, he starts over their way...]

Aleczander The Great:

Mate!

Jonny Booya:

Bro!

[Aleczander and Jonny Booya both run up and dap their fists together somewhere in the realm of ten to sixteen times and start hooting and hollering like jackasses while Penn sits back shakes his head in disgust.]

Curtis Penn:

Shit... [he says not entirely under his breath] Booya, you have five minutes to bro out or whatever. We have things to do!

[Penn runs off ahead to Anywhere But Where Aleczander And Jonny Booya Are while the two muscleheads look to pick up where they left off last week.]

Aleczander The Great:

Mate, did you see what that tosser, Dusty Griffith, tried to do to me earlier? That soddin' arsehole came out and put his hands on me!

[Booya tries to follow along with Alecz' English...ness, but it's Jonny Booya, so he kind of struggles with it.]

Jonny Booya:

Yeah! Uh... What's a tosser? [he tries to do the math in his head and comes up with carrot] Does he like to Salad Toss? I ain't in ta none of that homo stuff, BRO!

Aleczander The Great:

Huh, what? I... I don't care what food he eats, mate, I'm talking about him gettin' involved in my business! Angel might think he's not worth his time anymore, but if he doesn't bugger off, I'm gonna do somethin' about it!

Jonny Booya:

You should! [Booya nods] Show that out of shape nerd what a real wrestler's supposed to look like!

Aleczander The Great:

[the light bulb... sorta flickers on] You're right, mate! That wanker is off his trolley if he thinks I'm just gonna roll over! His time is DONE in DEFIANCE, mate, and I'll make sure of it!

[Meanwhile, down the hall, a soft, misshapen lump of humanity slowly lumbers his way towards the bro-down. Visibly limping after taking an absolute brow-beating from Omega, Jason Natas has at least showered and ran a comb through his drying hair, but the Anti-Superstar's still in a sorry state. Once one of the most imposing brutes in the

game, he still has the broad shoulders and squat neck, but the abs are long gone.]

Jonny Booya:

Hey look, speakin' of somebody who needs ta hit the gym, right bro?

Aleczauder:

Hey, wait, I've been workin' on this one... look, Jonny, it's Jason FATASS!!! Boom, still got it, mate!

[Booya and Aleczauder slam their fists together and laughed like assholes, which of course, does not set well with the Anti-Superstar.]

Jason Natas:

You guys...

[Jason snorts. Yes, *snorts*.]

Jason Natas:

You guys are really startin' to test my *goddamn* patience.

[Jason's tone is gruff, sour, and fed-up. Not a million miles removed from the mournful tones uttered a few weeks ago, but far more confrontational.]

Jason Natas:

You two Ken Dolls got any idea what I've been through? You got any idea the kinda pain I've been fightin' through? *Huh?!*

[Natas clenches his fists and steps forward, looking both Muscle Bros in the eye in-turn.]

Jason Natas:

See this?

[The Anti-Superstar taps a hand against his right knee.]

Jason Natas:

Mangled it real good. Took one wrong turn in the gym an' everythin' holding it together went *pop*. Ligaments, tendons... all of 'em, an' they ain't ever gonna fully heal. An' that wasn't a couple months ago, boys... it was *EIGHTEEN. GODDAMN. MONTHS AGO!*

[Alec and Jonny don't give up an inch, but both are visibly taken aback. They certainly didn't expect this kind of fire from their supposedly easy target.]

Jason Natas:

... an' I'm still sufferin'. I'm still wakin' up in the middle of the night, rollin' aroun' in agony, wonderin' which God I pissed-off to end-up this way in the first place. I'm still limp'in' aroun' every time someone hits me, an' if told everythin' I've been through just to put weight on this damn thing again, we'd be here all night...

[The Pugilist closes his eyes and takes a breath, attempting to calm himself down. As tempted as he is to put hands on his aggressors, he knows it's not in his best interests.]

Jason Natas:

Yeah, I'm outta shape. Yeah, I've had my ass kicked. Maybe I came back too soon, or maybe I just ain't cut-out for this no more, but lookin' at you two pretty boys, I know neither of ya have the stomach to overcome the kinda pain I've fought through every single day for a year an' a half...

[He pauses.]

Jason Natas:

Prod me one more time, boys, an' you'll find out *exactly* how it feels.

[Having been thoroughly told off, Alecz huffs and Booya stands there silently, flexing his jaw as Natas continues on his way even less amused than he already was. As he disappears off the scene, Jonny and Alecz look to each other.]

Jonny Booya: [grumbling]

Nerd.

[The shot cuts back to the arena.]

FIST of DEFIANCE Contendership Gauntlet

[The shot comes back to the arena where tonight's main event is about to begin.]

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, it's main event time! And what a stupendous exhibition we now have arranged thanks to Ms. Evans