

WATCH ME REIGN

The show opens hot, focusing on the ring as the DEFIANCE faithful already rocking the Wrestle-Plex! This last for only a few seconds, then...

♪ "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins ♪

There's an audible roar from the crowd, mixed with cheers and boos as the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE steps out through the curtain, the belt around his waist. Ryan pauses only a moment to look into the crowd, then stalks his way down the aisle. Dozens of hands reach out to try and swipe at the champ as he walks down to the ring, where he reaches up and hops onto the apron with a single bound. He stops in and goes to the nearest turnbuckle, where he climbs up and raises a fist high over head, peering through dark sunglasses into the crowd. He holds this post for a few moments, then drops his fist and looks down, reaching for a microphone.

Dan Ryan: [hopping down into the ring.]
DEEEE-FIIII-AAAANNNNNCE!!!!

The faithful go wild in unison at this.

Dan Ryan:
It is... DAMN good to be back in the Wrestle-plex.

Another bit of approval from the faithful.

Dan Ryan:
And it is... DAMN good to be, one more time, your... reigning.... FIST OF DEFIANCE.

Some are happy about this, some aren't.

Dan Ryan:
I know there are questions, and by God, I'm a man with answers, so let's get right to it. Before Lance Warner even tries to ambush me in the parking lot with his inane breaking news Geraldo Rivera scoop of the week questions, let's address the elephant in the room. Some of you want to know what the deal was at the end of Ladder War when I hit Lindsay Troy with the Humility Bomb right as she was poised to take hold of the belt and become the FIST for the very first time. I mean, I've been saying for awhile now that I would do whatever it took to be the very best in the wrestling world one more time, but surely... not at the expense of my own flesh and blood. Well let me tell you something about flesh and blood.

Ryan gets a very serious expression on his face.

Dan Ryan:
Flesh and blood makes you weak. When you're fighting for the biggest prize in professional wrestling -- and let's be clear -- THIS is the BIGGEST prize in professional wrestling...

Ryan pats the belt around his waist while the faithful cheer again.

Dan Ryan:
When this is your goal, friendships make you weak, family makes you weak. There's no room for being a nice guy when your every desire is to be the man on top of the mountain. And let me tell you something else about flesh and blood. Here we are 35 days into my reign as FIST of DEFIANCE and my FLESH AND BLOOD hasn't so much as

given me a call to congratulate me on my win.

The crowd doesn't know what to do with this information.

Dan Ryan:

But no matter. That's fine. I'm not out here to beg for someone's approval. I'm standing here because I'm exactly what I said I was, I did... exactly what I said I'd do, and I'm out here... one more time, to do it again. So let this be said...

Eugene Dewey?

The Dewey contingent gives a shout out for the former champ, while most of the rest of the faithful boos loudly.

Dan Ryan:

We all know the game, Dewey. We all know it. For two years we've been watching you play. For two years we've been watching you treat the FIST of DEFIANCE like the high score on Donkey Kong down at 7-11, and every time someone gets close to your high score, you reach your little acne-ridden fat fingers around back of the machine and unplug it. Sneaky is fine. It gets you a nice long reign as champion, but it doesn't get you a shred of respect. Don't think I don't remember who the hell you are, sitting backstage in front of a Dreamcast, knuckle deep in your nose diggin' for gold tryin' to beat some bullshit Japanese cart no one gives a shit about. Then, all of a sudden you turn and crack Dusty Griffith over the head and I'm supposed to fear you?

Ryan makes a cut throat gesture.

Dan Ryan:

Nu uh. Not this guy. You've run and run and run, and every time someone come within an arm's length of taking the championship away, you ran for the hills or had that sawed off midget Bronson Box, looking like someone put Bald Bull in the dryer, stick his nose into things and make sure you walk out the champ. Well surprise surprise, look what happened as soon as Bronson got as tired of your crap as the rest of us. You aren't the FIST of DEFIANCE anymore. Like Cee-lo said, ain't that some shit? Now you stomp your feet, throw your little temper tantrums and demand rematches and you expect me to run and go into self-preservation mode just like you did.

Ryan shakes his head in disapproval.

Dan Ryan:

Well guess what? I ain't the one, EUGE. This belt doesn't mean a damn thing if the man behind it is nothing but a coward. It's been two long years that this championship has been in the hands of a man whose answer to any real challenge was to hide behind his "crew" while doing as little work as he possibly can. Come get it, end boss. Come get it. You think you're gonna make a statement and prove something to me? You really wanna prove something to me? Get in the ****in' ring like a man and BOW UP. When you're done with the Blob later tonight, pull up your big boy pants and get a good look while I dismantle Henry Keyes. I'll show you what a real champion looks like.

Ryan drops the microphone in the middle of the ring and stalks to the ropes as the faithful cheer.

THE RUNDOWN

The shot cuts from the ring to the booth where we are greeted by the dynamic duo of pro wrestling commentary.

DDK:

Welcome everyone to DEFtv! I'm Downtown Darren Keebler and, as always, I'm joined by my partner in broadcasting crime, the Motormouth of Malcontent, Angus Skaaland!

Angus: [smirking]

What up, Keebs? Those were some *strong* words by the Ego Buster.

DDK:

That they were, partner, and as the champion said, he will be in action tonight! When he defends the championship, that he has been chasing for two years, against the Master of the Bell Clap, Henry Keyes!

Angus:

Can we just skip to the main event then? I wanna see some HOSSFIGHTIN' for the championship!

DDK:

'Fraid not, Angus, because we got a jam packed show tonight!

Angus:

DOH! Oh well, I gotta say though, Keebs, it's nice to see a guy carrying the FIST who actually looks like an actual wrestler. You know, instead of the Basement Dweller style of the Euge.

DDK:

That's certainly one man's opinion, but on that same wavelength, I do appreciate the fact that Dan Ryan is actually *looking* for challengers to defend against.

Angus:

Yeah, there is that, but more importantly... Henry Keyes could Bell Clap his way to being the Master of - not only - Time and Space, but of DEFIANCE too!

DDK:

But before we can get to the main event, we have a night of debuts and returns this evening.

Angus:

For sure, dude. DEFIANCE has grown by leaps and bounds in only a matter of weeks.

DDK:

We certainly have, Angus. Perhaps none of those debuting tonight could be bigger than the in ring, solo debut of international wrestling star, Andy Murray! Who will be in action against the self proclaimed biggest source of star power to ever step foot in our ring, Mikey Unlikely!

Angus:

Ugh! Hopefully Braveheart EX EL can ruin Hollywood McFuckAsses debut while he's at it. Stupid sports entertainment trash, heh!... But hey, that's definitely *not* the **biggest** thing happening tonight, Keebs.

DDK:

You don't say?

Angus:

Yeah, because anything that involves Bobby Dean has to be the biggest thing in DEFIANCE... Heh, you see wh--

DDK:

Yes, *everyone* saw what you did there... But speaking of Bobby Dean, he's taking on the now former and currently

frustrated Eugene Dewey. Who is making his first in ring appearance since losing the FIST at ASCENSION.

Angus:

Exactly! I can't wait to see Booby waddle his way to the ring and try to not to piss himself against the Dork Lord! What could possibly be bigger than that?

DDK:

Well, Tyr--

Angus:

Oh right, MUHBOITAI is in action tonight too!

DDK:

And he's taking on Andy Sharp to determine the number one contender to Harmony's Southern Heritage Championship as well! Could be one heckuva crowd pleaser with those two squaring off.

Angus:

Ugh, why do you gotta ruin it by bringing up the Lord of the Flippy Doos? Like, the night was going so well with just mentioning MUHBOITAI!... but then you *did* bring it back around with Harmony... Mmmm-Harrrrrmony.

DDK:

There's always a silver lining to the darkest cloud, Angus.

Angus:

Yeah, yeah, doesn't mean I have to like it!

DDK:

Believe me, I know, but speaking of people you don't like...

Angus:

Don't say it, why make the night worse?

DDK:

Sorry, Angus, but it's a thing that is happening.

Angus:

Fine, if you must... Go ahead and mention the biggest douchebag in the history of douchebags, just get it over with quick, alright?

DDK:

I'll do my best... Curtis Penn is *also* in action and...

Angus:

Cut! That's far enough! There's no need for more.

DDK:

Well, he is welcoming the arrival of Lamond Alexander Robertson. Who has recovered from a brutal arm injury that derailed his momentum last year in the UTA.

Angus:

Wait... wait... hold up, *another* guy from UTAH? And he's Scottish?! What the hell, are we setting up a Scottish Embassy here in the Wrestle-Plex or something?

DDK:

Well, DEFIANCE has certainly become quite the destination for foreign born talent as of late... And speaking of foreign

born talent, we also have the return of Mushigihara tonight! Who will be taking on the ever struggling, Jason Natas.

Angus:

Hah! Fatas is gonna get OSU'd by the Japanese Fat Ass, it's going to be great!

DDK:

Yes, but Eddie Dante better keep his Japanese Superman focused on his opponent tonight, and not the fight he really wants with Sam Horry.

Angus:

Oh, for sure, man. Much as I rag on the guy, I can't deny Jonas Santa's been getting closer and closer to checking one off on the dubya column. Still, something tells me he's going to dig down deep and find a way to keep his imperfect streak alive here tonight!

DDK:

Your enjoyment of other people's struggle is quite...

Angus:

Amazing?

DDK:

That's one way of putting it... *sure*. We also have the tag team debut of the Pop Culture Phenoms, who will be taking on BRAZEN's own hometown boys, the Brother's Brandt, the Louisiana Bulldogs.

Angus:

The who and the what now? You mean that idiot the Dick and his screeching harpy of a partner?

DDK:

If you mean "The D" Derek Edwards and Elise Ares, yes, that's exactly who I am referring to.

Angus:

Yeah, *those* fools. Ugh... **NEXT!**

DDK:

...Jake Donovan is also looking to pick up some momentum here tonight in his quest for a shot at the Southern Heritage Title. He'll be taking on the Superbe--

Angus:

OH MY GOD, **NEXT!**

DDK:

You know, given your penchant for memes and general stupidity when it comes to what you find humorous, I would think you'd like Jack Hunter?

Angus:

Dude, even I have my limits, and Jackson Punter is my limit on stupid. Just like MicroPennis is my limit on douchebros. The only good thing that can come from this idiot tonight is if Jake Donovan sets his ass on fire.

DDK:

Very well, and moving on, because coming up we have the debut of DEFIANT rookie, Van Carver. Who will be taking on a *very* irate Bronson Box.

Angus:

Very irate doesn't do Boxer's state of mind any justice, Keeps. You saw what he did to Troy last week, dude's on the warpath.

DDK:

Yes, well, let's kick it on down to the ring for the opening contest of the evening!

BRONSON BOX vs VAN CARVER

♪ "Figure It Out" by Royal Blood ♪

The song launches into the first verse with no one making a move out of the back. The crowd looks to one another as the song explodes into a guitar crescendo that feeds into the chorus. Once the chorus hits, the curtain is thrown wide open and out steps "The Murder Machine" Van Carver. Carver moves swiftly down the ramp, throwing punches and forearms into the air, promising punishment in his debut here tonight.

DDK:

Van Carver, another one of the new talents signed in what could be the most massive influx of talent in Defiance history.

Angus:

I know Van has got this "The Murder Machine" nickname, but what has he done to prove it. I think tonight he's bitten off a bit more than he can chew here, DEBUTING against the Original DEFIANT, Bronson Box.

The familiar foot stomp and rhythm guitar is all it takes to pop the crowd.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAABOOOOOOOOORAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Is there ANY other DEFIANCE superstar with as divisive a reaction from these fans as Bronson Box, partner?

Angus:

Man you have no idea. A couple weeks ago security broke up two meatheads over in the bar fighting about whether they were ALL "the Faithful" or not... apparently Bronson's fans aren't tickled about us appropriating the name for the entirety of the DEF fanbase.

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

The Wargod steps out from behind the entrance curtain from the gorilla position with a scowl on his face. A face now sporting fresh clean stitches applied by an actual medical professional and not jagged medical staples applied by Boxer himself in the bathroom mirror. He's sporting one of his brand new red on black "If ye 'aint bleedin' at the end... and on the back "... ye' did it wrong, boy'o." t-shirt. Available at DEFshop.com, obviously.

Angus:

Well hey, he's looking a tad more human tonight.

DDK:

It's still just so inadvisable for him to be wrestling with that wound, Angus.

Angus:

You wanna tell him that, stringbean?

Van Carver stands primed and ready against one of the turnbuckles, licking his lips in anticipation as The Original DEFIANT begins marching towards the ring. Boxer takes his time, walking a little slower once he reaches ringside, picking the steel steps on the far side of the ring to ascend. An eager sneer accompanies his always intense bloodshot brown eyes... eyes that met Carver's gaze as soon as he pushed through the curtain. He's up the steps and through the ropes in a flash. Referee Benny Doyle, knowing Bronson all too well, realizes this is probably the last best fleeting moment to ring the bell and make this match official before all hell breaks loose.

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

Here we go! Let's see how Mr. Carver handles one of DEFIANCE's most noteworthy homegrown superstars.

Van Carver steps out of the corner for the first time in his DEFIANCE career quickly, with immediate confidence, as he meets the red hot Wargod in the dead center of the ring. The two men greet each other head on. The pot getting stirred right off the bat. Salvia flies out both of their mouths as they have a furious exchange with one another. All over an interaction featured on Uncut. Carver holds his ground well until Bronson decides that enough is quite enough.

Boxer looks up at the taller man and quickly wraps a mighty paw around Carver's neck, pulling him in.

THUNK
THUNK
THUNK

DDK:

SICKENING series of headbutts from Boxer!

Carver is immediately sent reeling back a few steps as the Faithful pop hard. It's early in the night but the crowd is as obviously bloodthirsty as ever. Which is usually the case when Bronson Box is in residence at the Wrestle-Plex.

Carver steps forward, as unfazed as he can be from the headbutts. A quieted hush growing over the crowd as a result. Box stares daggers, he's been upstaged in the ring to start the night. You can see his face turn from its usual plaid Scottish pale to white hot with anger. The camera tightens and the trickle of blood is prominent on Carver, right from where the Scottish Strongman caught him with the headbutt.

Angus:

Hey, look, he did it right! Carver's bleeding right out of the gate! The t-shirt works! Whoever said there's no truth in marketing?

Boxer lets out a war cry and both men step forward and it's forearm, after forearm, after forearm. After forearm. Each one more devastating than the last. Boxer opening up, encouraging Carver to club him with one. Carver spinning on a dime and nailing the Wargod with a MASSIVE Roaring Forearm that pops the crowd and draws a loud guttural howl from Box himself.

It's then that the Faithful come alive.

THIS IS BRUTAL *clap stomp clapclapclap*

Carver nodding his head, impressed with the legend that Box has built for himself, also opens up. Encouraging the Wargod to deal some damage.

Angus:

Pay close attention folks, you're about to see the first murder here on DEFtv.

The Wargod delivers a shot of his own. Well more like shots, because it's all European Uppercuts, one after another after another after another. Carver to his credit stands tall, absorbing as many as he can take. Carver even manages to throw a jab in there catching the Wargod flush across the right side of his face. Boxer's eyes light up as a trickle of blood starts to seep from between his surprisingly still holding stitches, slightly annoyed that the Murder Machine has that much fight in him after that onslaught. Carver seizes the small opportunity and lights Boxer's chest up with chop after Machine Gun chop.

Boxer bears down and goes back to those forearms, rattling Carver's cage once, twice, three times. It's hard to keep count. They come quick, and often. Carver finally gets dazed and reaches out to the ring rope for guidance.

Boxer sees weakness. He probably smells it in the air. Closed fist to the head, aggravating the gash from the headbutt earlier. The once trickle now begins to run a bit more. Box staggers his next closed fist to not push the limit. It's then that Box squats down, showing off his incredible lower body strength. He's able to get the MUCH larger Murder Machine up onto his shoulder with ease.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Box has the overhead gutwrench locked in. The Wargod squeezes and drives the Murder Machine's spine against his own shoulder, Carver screaming out in pain. The Wargod takes mercy on his victim, flipping Carver off of his shoulders but transitions beautifully into an inverted facelock, hooking Van Carver's nearest arm with his free arm. Box pulls backwards placing Carver in a painful looking Dragon Sleeper.

DDK:

Uh oh, this could spell trouble for poor Van Carver.

Angus:

Gotta' watch that mouth in the future, kiddo.

Box spits his usual venom at the Faithful in the front row as a small as a small group starts a loud slow "LIIIIINDSAY" chant amongst the other front row hardcores. Box takes his aggression out on poor Carver, cranking back harder and harder on Van's neck with his massive shoulders. Carver, knowing he's truly in deep shit, bears down and is somehow able to pry his hand free. He grabs back and clubs Boxer in the head, as he does he pushes up at the same time. Taking advantage of every second the blow bought him.

DDK:

CARVER'S ON HIS FEET! HE'S MANAGED TO HOIST BOXER ONTO HIS SHOULDERS!

Angus:

Holy shit, do it... MAKE YOURSELF FAMOUS KID!

Carver finds his footing, he lifts Boxer clear off his feet in the middle of the submission. Boxer is quick with an adjustment but it doesn't matter. Carver wraps him up and just like that, Boxer gets Exploder Suplexed into the nearest available turnbuckle.

The Faithful almost fall over themselves.

*THIS IS AWESOME *clap stomp clapclapclap**

DDK:

Van Carver, in his DEFIANCE debut, has just laid out Bronson Box. TO START THE SHOW.

Angus:

(heavy breathing) I just - how - it's - how!

Carver is exhausted. He wipes the blood from his brow. Nodding his head with the utmost of confidence. He places a foot on the bottom rope and begins to bark at the Faithful. Something about laying out the guy "who MADE this fuckin' place."

DDK:

Ooooooh, kid turn around...

The Faithful keep the jawing going, realizing that Boxer is stirring behind the Murder Machine. Carver continues his barking and jawing with the first row monkeys, his youthful inexperience on full display. Carver turns and that's all it really takes. It's a tale as old as time. Carver looks like a deer in headlights as he comes face to face with the gnarled mug of the now REEEEEALLY pissed off Wargod. There's a shove, there's a boot to the gut and there it is. The flashbulbs hit and it's the...

Angus:

BOMBASTO BOMB! Carver's done man, solid done.

Carver hits the turnbuckle HARD. Somehow through sheer force of will Van manages to stumble out of the corner with ZERO lights on. Boxer's eyes narrow and he immediately tucks Carver's head yet again and performs ANOTHER brutal Bombasto Bomb into the exact same turnbuckle pad.

DDK:

Back to back BOMBASTO Bombs! This one has gotta be over.

Angus:

Noooooooooot yet it partner...

The Original DEFIANT's eyes are a little glazed over, he makes a cutting motion across his throat and CRUMPLES Carver with another brutal spine-first BOMBASTO Bomb into the corner. With Van convalescing on the canvas Bronson starts clawing at the turnbuckle pad, attempting to RIP the padding off with his bare hands... which he does with frightening ease.

DDK:

Okay, wow, no, WE NEED HELP OUT HERE, NOW!

Angus:

Carver wanted to pop off about bodybags, maybe he'll leave in one tonight! MDK BOMBASTO BOMB TIIIIIME!

Boxer is obviously only seeing red at this point. He's got the bloodlust. Box mounts Carver and dishes more forearms. More straight shots to the head and neck... before once again tucking The Murder Machine's head between his tree-trunk sized thighs, pointing a finger towards the exposed metal top turnbuckle lug.

Angus:

Nice knowin' ya' Van...

It's then, thankfully, DEFsec shows up and give Van Carver a reprieve from a potential broken back. And for the second show in a row the "Bombastic" Bronson Box is peeled off someone like a rabid wild animal. He's dragged to the back by road agents and DEFsec as the Faithful buzz. Spittle flying from his mouth, a few stitches popped and bleeding, The Wargod gutturally screams one single word for all the world to hear before being yanked through the curtain by at least seven sets of struggling hands.

Bronson Box:

TROOOOOOOOOOOOY!

Angus:

I think Lindsay might have poked Bronson's brain with that goddamn spike, man.

DDK:

She certainly did *something* to break him... We'll be back, right after this.

CHARITY WORK

Cut to the backstage area, where we see a set of double doors. They push open and in walks one of DEF's newest signings, Mikey Unlikely. The overly confident wrestler strolls through the corridors with a spring in his step. He is dressed in designer clothes and shades. His gym bag is slung over his shoulder.

Down the hall another door opens and out walks Andy Sharp. Sharp has earbuds in and does not hear Mikey walking his way. Finally his eyes look up, spot Mikey. For a moment he freezes, looking back at the door he came from, probably wondering if he could get back inside quick enough....

Too late.

Mikey Unlikely:

ANDY SHARP! MY MAN! What's Happening!?

Sharp groans aloud. Unlikely smiles and picks up his step a bit.

Mikey Unlikely:

Soooooo glad I ran into you bud! Wanted to tell you, that I saw you choking out there last week against Lindsey Troy. Tough break buddy.

Mikey puts both hands to his throat and makes mocking choking sounds. Andy turns around to face Mikey and pulls an earbud out.

Andy Sharp:

Yeah... I lost in my first-ever main event. I won't deny it. But hey... I'd rather be known as a tough wrestler win, lose or draw than a guy with such film credits as "Full Metal Jackoff" and "Failure To Launch... A Successful Wrestling Career." And besides...

Mikey watches as Sharp takes the other earbud out, looking like he's ready to throw down.

Andy Sharp:

Remember when I told your sorry ass what was going to happen when we got to three interruptions? My dance card tonight is full, but I'll tell you what, Mikey... since I'm tired of this rerun of you interrupting me, let's try a new program: the one where I challenge YOUR sorry ass to a match on the next DEFtv. You want to take a shot at me? Here's your chance.

As Sharp awaits his answer, Unlikely puts both hands out in front of him.

Mikey Unlikely:

Woah, woah, woah. Why would I wrestle you on the next DEFtv? No buildup? No time for promotion? You wanna cut straight to the premier? Do you even market, bro? Look... maybe one of these days I will go out there and beat you, no problem. I'm NOT however in the business of giving things away... Ha!

Unlikely shakes his head in disbelief before trying to walk off towards his own locker room, however, Andy grabs him by the arm.

Andy Sharp:

Nah, nah, nah, nah... you started this, asshole. I'm TELLING you that after I handle my business tonight, I'm gonna FINISH this. There won't be any promotion, there won't be any networking or marketing or whatever the hell you're talking about... it's gonna be me whooping your ass, plain and simple.

Mikey pulls his arm back and grumbles under his breath.

Mikey Unlikely:

Sure, enjoy choking tonight. Meanwhile, you can watch MY debut tonight and maybe take a few pointers on how to get shit done, son!

Andy balls up his fist, but by the time he contemplates taking a swing, his antagonist of the last several week has already taken off down the hall toward his dressing room. Meanwhile, Andy just goes back to his earbuds and talks aloud, prioritizing his latest issues

Andy Sharp:

Win #1 Contendership match for Southern Heritage title... kick Unlikely's ass... win Southern Heritage Title. Sounds like a reasonable to-do list.

The Lord of the Skies nods to himself and disappears as the scene moves elsewhere.

THIS LITTLE PIGGY

Backstage.

Anywhere. Everywhere. It doesn't matter.

Eric Dane:

Where in the world is that fat, lazy, piece of shit?

The Only Star finds himself in an intersection of hallways, standing there wondering if he were a fat fuck, where would he be? The list is long...

Eric Dane:

I already checked the catering area, the men's room, the locker rooms, including the women's... Where else could he-

OSV:

I'm telling ya Doc, I've got some serious aches and pains.

With a feral growl, a suddenly furious Eric Dane turns and storms down the hall having finally figured it out. Without so much as a knock, Dane bursts into the training room, startling both Iris Davine and a sullen "Beautiful" Bobby Dean.

Eric Dane:

There you are! I've been looking everywhere for you!

He stops for a second, his anger temporarily on hold as he realizes that he's in the training room, and Iris Davine is checking out Bobby Dean, and I mean that in a medical sense.

Eric Dane:

What's wrong with you?

Bobby Dean: [Avoiding eye contact, he looks down at his feet dejectedly.]

I hurt.

Eric Dane:

What!? Where!?

Bobby Dean:

Uhm, ah, my feet? Yeah, my feet! They hurt so bad, Eric!

Dane stares daggers at the fat man as Iris Davine immediately goes to checking Bobby's feet. Unlacing and removing one of his powder blue boots causes Bobby to groan in agony, even before she has touched his foot.

Eric Dane:

You've got to be fucking with me.

Bobby Dean:

No, ooooh, it hurts! [he winces as Iris tenderly touches his foot] I don't know if I'll be able to compete tonight. Can you go apologize to Eugene for me? I know he was looking forward to our match and all, but I just don't think I'll ever be able to walk again!

The Only Star doesn't bat an eye, he just stares at Bobby, hard. He then smiles, which causes Bobby to flinch. Anytime Eric Dane smiles, you know something is going to happen. Something you're not going to enjoy. Sure enough, Eric casually walks forward, gently nudging Iris aside as he takes a seat on the stool in front of the seated Bobby. He gently takes a hold of Bobby's unshod foot and props it into his lap as he reaches down and takes a firm grasp on Bobby's big toe.

Eric Dane:

Tell me where it hurts, buddy.

Bobby Dean:

Uhm, there?

Eric Dane:

Oh no, not yet it doesn't.

And with that Eric pulls and pushes Bobby's big toe in a direction that meaty little sausage is not meant to be pushed and pulled! Bobby screeches out in agony, gripping the sides of the medical table with a death grip as Eric Dane goes onto the grab ahold of the next toe in line.

Bobby Dean:

NOW! NOW! It hurts! Please!

Eric releases his hold on Bobby's toes and stands up, roughly shoving his foot out of his lap in the process. He glowers at Bobby, a small growl escaping his frustrated lips.

Eric Dane:

Listen, I went to bat for you. I told Kelly Evans that hiring you would be a good move. I put my name out there to vouch for you and I'll be damned if I'm going to sit back and watch you hide away in the trainers room! No, you'll shove that disgustingly fat foot of yours back into its boot and you'll go out there and you're going to do your best to beat Eugene Dewey! You hear me? I don't care if you actually succeed or not, but you're going to at least try!

Bobby Dean:

But, but, but it's not fair! He's sooooo much better than me!

Eric Dane:

So? Everyone is better than you. And don't forget that other thing we've got to do!

Bobby Dean:

You mean-

Eric Dane:

I do. So get your shit together, Robert, so we can get this started proper!

With that, Eric Dane stands up and waits for Bobby to get a move on. When he sees Bobby dragging ass and has reached his boiling point, The End Boss simply reaches over and grabs a hold of Bobby's ear. Forcefully dragging him to his feet and marching him out the door, as Bobby whimpers and whines, his boot and sock lying on the floor of the trainers room, completely forgotten.

JACK HUNTER vs JAKE DONOVAN

DDK:

Well Angus, this one's gonna be nothing if not interesting. We've got Jake Donovan, who seems dead-set on Harmony's SOHER Championship strap, taking-on the debuting Jack Hunter.

Angus:

If it's as "interesting" as Hunter's first DEFIANCE appearance was, count me out.

DDK:

Come on, Angus! Aren't you excited to see The Superbest in action?

Angus:

No. No, no, no. NO. You told me I'd "love" this guy. I don't take too kindly to being trolled, Keebs...

DDK:

In any case, this is Jake's first match since that brutal clash with Sam Horry at ASCENSION. It'll be interesting to see what kind of adjustments he's made in the wake of that bitterly personal loss. Let's see what happens...

♪ "Fire It Up" by Black Label Society ♪

A swaggering Jake Donovan heads for ringside, flicking a lighter open and closed. He'd not even looking at the people, just the ring and as soon as he arrives at ringside, he blows a fireball into the hair, bringing a gasp from the crowd. Two more fireballs follow before Jake drops the lighter, leaps up onto the apron and flips into the ring.

♪ "This Fire Burns (MIDI Version)" by Killswitch Engage ♪

A collective sense of "WTF?" fills the arena as Jack Hunter's excruciating entrance music hits. The Little Bruiser emerges from the backstage area pushing a shopping cart full of "goodies," including a trash can, a dented steel chair, a kendo stick and a couple of street signs. Cackling maniacally, he reaches the bottom of the ramp and starts throwing various items in the ring.

After overcoming his confusion, the referee rolls out of the ring and immediately gets between Jack and the ring. Hunter reluctantly lets the steel chair get plucked from his hands and it takes the referee a good half-minute to explain to The Street Fighter that this match is not, indeed, a street fight. Donovan, however, isn't in any mood to wait around. He baseball slides out of the ring and leathers Jack Hunter in the face before tossing him back inside.

The bell rings as the referee kicks Jack's weapons from the squared circle. Donovan mounts Jack and wails away with punch after punch after punch, before dashing to the ropes and coming back with a running senton! Jack, however, rolls out of danger and out of the ring, then starts fumbling around for one of his toys.

Jake again follows The Little Bruiser out, but Jack catches him hard in the gut then slaps him hard across the face. Hunter yells-out "SUPERBEST!" then rolls Donovan back inside, allow him to rise on his own accord. Inexplicably, Jack cartwheels to the left, then again to the right. He looks Jake Donovan dead in the eye, then cups his hands to his lips and wails "MOOOOOOOOOOO!", only to eat a haaaaaaaard superkick!

Hunter rolls his shoulder over at two, preventing the finish. Rising, Jake shakes his head at Jack's fuckery, then whips him hard into the corner. He follows-up with a running clothesline, before whipping him to the opposite turnbuckle and crashing into Hunter with a back elbow. This time Jake retains control of Jack's head and plants him with a bulldog as he moves away from the corner.

Jake hits the ropes and comes off with a summersault legdrop to the back of Jack's head, then rolls him over for a two count, breaking the pin himself, just to be an asshole and smirk in Jack's face. Jake pulls Jack to his feet lights him up with kicks before sending him halfway across the ring with a hurricunrana.

A quick springboard moonsault, followed by Jake heading to the top rope and come off with corkscrew moonsault, and

it's an easy, one. two. THREE to finish off the match.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by pinfall... JAKE DONOVAN!

DDK:

Well, I'm not sure that went the way Hunter planned it, but welcome to DEFIANCE anyway Jack Hunter, hope the rest of your stay goes better than tonight.

Angus:

I don't.

Flipping off the booing fans, Jake backflips over the top rope and down to the floor where he left his lighter, quickly retrieves it and heads to the back.

COUP

Jumping backstage, the shot focuses on Kelly Evans in the owner's chair. She's leaned back, legs crossed, with a series of papers in her hand. She shuffles them and reads them, and whatever emotion is on her mind, she sports the perfect poker face.

Kelly Evans:

I'm just not sure we have a place for you.

We pan to the other side of the desk, and sitting across from Kelly is perhaps the most unlikely duo not surnamed Best that you'd expect.

Randall Knox, professionally known as Impulse - and his manager - slash - valet - slash - life partner (we don't know the marital status and don't really care enough to ask), Rosalyn Callasantos, beloved by wrestling fans the world over under her business alias of Calico Rose.

Impulse waits a beat before responding.

Impulse:

Oh... okay. I mean, that's your right, it's your company. You sure this isn't about the crap that went down some years back?

Kelly Evans:

No idea what you mean.

Calico Rose:

He means he's a two time World Champion with Dan Ryan's personal endorsement, and you're shoving him out the door without so much as a second look and we're kind of assuming it's because he and I both managed to verbally get the better of you, Angus, and Dane upwards of ninety nine percent of the time during our last encounter, and that RK won the only match he and Dane were ever part of.

Impulse:

Thank you, Cally. Miss Evans, is this personal?

Kelly Evans:

I don't even remember that: I'm sorry, Ms. Callasantos, but this job takes up a little more of my attention than bartending. No offense, of course.

Her answer comes a little too quickly, but Rose shrugs her off as if she's taking her completely at her word.

Kelly Evans:

I mean, honestly - you're good, maybe even great, the fans love you, most of the boys like you. But, you haven't been around to be seen for a long time, and we just raided UTAH's grave of everyone that matters. Basically, I can't promise you anything in terms of a *spot* outside of being TV talent, or something like that... *for now*.

Impulse:

That's fine.

Kelly does a double take.

Kelly Evans:

Wait, what?

Impulse:

Ms. Evans, I'm very good at this. I don't want to hang my hat on past accomplishments, but I was actually talked down

to by another talent in Dan Ryan's promotion for not lobbying for a World Title shot the day I stepped in. I don't care about being the Champion. All that matters to me is what happens between the ropes.

Kelly Evans:

Bull. Everyone cares about being a Champion.

Impulse laughs.

Impulse:

I've been a Champion, Ms. Evans - and all it did was give me an ulcer.

Kelly seems to consider this.

Kelly Evans:

Tell you what, Knox. You come back in two weeks and have a match. I've got an opponent in mind, his name is Curtis Penn, and you show us what you've got.

Impulse thinks about this, and stands up and reaches his hand over to shake Kelly's, but she doesn't budge.

Kelly Evans:

I'm not telling you to win or dominate or do anything in particular in the ring, Mr. Knox. Impress me. Give me something unique, give the fans a show, and I'll consider your request to become part of the company.

Impulse:

That's all I've ever wanted.

He reaches again, and this time Kelly Evans does shake his hand. Impulse and Cally turn to leave.

Kelly Evans:

Oh, one more thing. Ms. Callasantos?

Calico Rose:

Please, you can call me Rose, or Cally.

Kelly Evans:

Very well, Rose. We don't have an official drug policy here; we consider that an unreasonable breach into our performers' private lives. Our policy is simple: as long as you are not a danger to yourself or a danger to others we don't police you. However, your appearance at DEFtv 61 put me into a tough spot.

Cally and Impulse wait, listening to Kelly's words.

Kelly Evans:

One of our positives is that we take care of our roster and our staff like family, but after our last TV, Bobby Dean took down the entire post-show buffet by himself, so I needed to authorize a very expensive order to get our support staff fed. If you cost me any more money like that I'm gonna be forced to send you a bill. Do we understand each other?

There was no verbal response, but Cally puts her hands together, prayer-style, and bows with a smile. Kelly nods her head slightly in response. Impulse and Cally leave the office, and Kelly Evans returns her attention to the paperwork in front of her: presumed to be the paperwork that brings Impulse to DEFIANCE.

And she smiles.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

Angus:

Great, another do gooder. What is it with all these recruits, Keebs? It's either goody goodies like the Murray's, Andy Sharp and Impulse, or douchebag morons like Mikey Unlikely. Why can't we get more HOSSFIGHTERS like Omega?

DDK:

Well, there is El Trebol Jr. and Jac--

Angus:

Don't even go there. I said MOAR HAWSFAIGHTERS! Not a functional retard and souped up midget.

DDK:

Right, well anyway... On our last broadcast, The God-Beast Mushighiara via his manager and former Defiance Trios Championship partner, Dante, challenged Sam Horry mano a mano. We understand that we will now be going to Sam via satellite for his answer. Mr. Horry, the floor is yours.

Satellite feed connects to the Dragon's Lair dojo in Queens, NYC, Sam's personal training facility. Sam sits on the ring apron in a pair of blue fighting shorts adorned with the logo's of his sponsors, black kickpads, black boxing gloves and blue head guard. The sweat pouring freely from his body suggests that he has just finished a training session of some kind.

He removes his head guard and mouth guard, and lets out a heavy sigh before looking towards the camera.

Sam Horry:

The Philosopher Kings vs. HNB is considered to be one of the most entertaining championship feuds in DEFIANCE' history. What made it so entertainin' is that the level of humor and action rose every time the six of us got in close quarters to each other. So on the surface, I can understand why when Mushi via Dante challenged me there was a buzz on social media...

Sam took off his left boxing glove, leaving his left hand covered with blue boxing wrap.

Sam Horry:

...and seein' as how I was probably the most immature of the group back then, I can also understand why you think approaching me under the guise of respect--the "warrior" route--might be the best way to lull me into a false sense of security. On the surface, you and Mushighiara come off as men of honor, making an honest challenge from one fighter to the other.

The right glove comes off next.

Sam Horry:

But I ain't stupid. You think I don't know how much you both hate me? How much y'all want to eliminate me from this sport?! You think I don't realize that you pin pointed the fall of the Philosopher Kings back to me and Mushi's match in Japan during the Grindhouse Tour, when I went one-on-one with him, and took that invincible aura away from your monster, Dante?! Things went from suck to blow after after y'all lost the straps to us. Matthews is gone, you got hurt, Dante, and since Ty is pretty much untouchable, why not take out the guy who started y'all downfall--me?

He removed the velcro straps from his right kickpad, and kicked it off his foot.

Sam Horry:

Mushighiara, is your last option, Dante. If he can regain the luster that I chipped, and that Harmony shattered, then that puts you in the thick of things again. On a personal level though, a match with me would give Mushi the opportunity to exorcise the demon that reminds him of the time I showed him he was more man than God-Beast. A blow that if Mushi is honest with himself he's never healed from.

Finally, Sam removes the velcro straps from his left kickpad, and kicks that from his foot.

Sam Horry:

And so I humbly accept Mushighiara's request for a match, but I must warn y'all: this ain't about entertainin' the masses. I ain't about that life no more. This is about me finishin' what I started years ago, the burial of the Philosopher Kings, for good. It's about the next chapter of my career beginnin' and where this one brutally ends.

The former co-holder of the Trios Championships, wipes sweat from his bald head.

Sam Horry:

The last line on that page will read: God-Beast....Tamed.

With a slight nod, Sam motioned for the satellite feed to end, which cuts abruptly to our hosts.

DDK:

That was the 'King of the Streets' Sam Horry formally accepting the challenge laid out by Mushighiara, via Dante. Both of whom are gearing up for Mushighiara's return against Jason Natas later on tonight!

CURTIS PENN vs LAMOND ALEXANDER ROBERTSON

DDK

Those were some strong words from Sam Horry, partner. Him and Mushigihara squaring off could be very *interesting*.

Angus:

Interesting? I guess you could call it that! I'm just looking forward to the main event.

DDK:

Keyes versus Ryan for the Fist of DEFIANCE. How will Dan Ryan handle the innovative style of Henry Keyes?

Angus:

I have no idea, but he's gonna have to learn quick!

♪ "Promentory" by Trevor Jones ♪

From the back, the newly signed figure of Lamond Alexander Robertson appears. The Scot walks slowly onto the stage, not out of confidence or cockiness, but in an overwhelmed state of bewilderment. Pockets of the crowd, clearly recognising him from his UTA run begin to raise their volume, but the reaction is limited. With a bright smile on his face, Robertson does a three sixty, looking up and around the arena, before looking down to the ring and beginning his walk. L.A.R eagerly shakes hands with members of the audience as he marches towards the ring, taking a few moments to share a word with a father and his son. He slides under the rope, bounding up onto his feet, the grin unwavering as he appeals for a microphone.

DDK:

Well, I thought we were heading straight to our next match but it looks like our new signing here, L.A...R is it? Looks like he's about to speak!

In the ring, Lamond paces to the ropes, looking over the audience who don't yet know what to make of the rookie. His eyes bounce across the sea of faces as he raises the mic.

Robertson:

Guys...

The fans respond with a few isolated cheers from some knowing fans, but mostly with a level of curiosity.

Robertson:

Guys, I've got to say...it's bloody *great* to be back in a ring again!

A small rise from the crowd...

Robertson:

You know, eight months ago I thought it might be over. Eight months ago, this wee dream, this little journey of mine into the world of professional wrestling was crushed. But thanks in part to some of you...and aye...

He points into the lens of a nearby camera, the screen switching to keep up with his gesture.

Robertson:

Some of you all back home...thanks to you *all* in fact, I decided the story of Lamond Alexander Robertson wasn't over just yet. I got over the hurdle and looked in the mirror, looked at myself and made a promise. And you know guys, you know what I promised myself? Do you know what I promised my son? I...

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" by eRa ♪

The face of the Scot is frozen in its shock. The moment ruined, the sound of a slow clap is heard coming through the sound system, clearly into a microphone.

Curtis Penn:

Well...isn't this precious?

DDK:

I guess the welcoming party just arrived.

Angus:

God I hate this guy.

Curtis' lips form a cruel, mocking grin.

Curtis Penn:

Pal, you came all the way to DEFIANCE to look for a pitty party?

He surveys the crowd, then makes his way down towards the ramp and stops at the ring apron.

Curtis Penn:

Boy, you have DEFIANCE all wrong.

Curtis rolls into the ring and comes uncomfortably close with L.A.R. The former UTA star visibly tenses and narrows his eyes as the oncoming assailant.

Curtis Penn:

You can take you're happy feel good story and get the HALE out of my ring!

A silent moment passes.

Curtis Penn:

MOVE!

The word almost makes Lamond stumble backwards, but he raises the mic. Before he can speak though...

The slap is sudden and vicious. Robertson's head quickly flicks backwards as an audible gasp is heard from the fans. Lamond's eyes are closed as he lives in the moment for a few seconds before slowly turning his head back to face Penn, eyes opening to a deliberately narrow stare. the left hand of the former UTA star balls into a fist, his body on the verge of shaking with evident rage.

Angus:

Do it new guy! Hit him! Lay him out!

The smirk is wide and scathing...Curtis folds his arms in front of the large Scot who slowly raises the mic.

Robertson:

Mr Referee Brian Slater...would you kindly come out here please...

The mic drops to the mat as the fans' noise grows, approving of the call to action. The referee, as if immediately answering the call paces to the ring and slips under the ropes. He stands between the two men, LAR backing off calmly and slowly to his corner, Penn standing his ground with the cocky grin on his face raising an arm and looking around the arena as the bell sounds.

DDK:

And here we...holy! Woah!

The body of Curtis Penn is driven back viciously and onto the mat with a devastating spear out of nowhere! Lamond seizes the opportunity and hooks the leg, Slater eagerly dropping to his knees.

One...two...

Angus:

Damnit!

Penn gets his shoulder up, as the focused, determined face of Robertson flicks up at the ref then back down, pushing his opponent back to the mat.

One...kick out before two.

DDK:

This is DEFIANCE kid! You're gonna need a whole lot more than that to earn your first win here! None the less, an impassioned start by the newcomer in his first official match.

Lamond steps back to his feet, and takes the head of Penn, lifting him up to a vertical base. He drives a knee into his opponents sternum and wraps his right arm around the neck of the Shooter, squeezing his muscular arm against the smaller man's head before grabbing his tights. A quick elbow to the ribs, followed by a second, derails the momentum suddenly as Penn slips out of the hold and rolls out under the bottom rope, holding his side for a moment and resting his elbow on the ring apron.

DDK:

Curtis Penn showing his ring awareness there as well as experience. He knew he had to do something and he got away quickly. And look at Robertson in the ring!

LAR is upset. He grabs the top rope with both hands and shouts out down at Curtis, telling the man to come back into the ring. Penn shoots a wry grin up, which turns to a grimace from the pain then back to a smirk. He slowly walks around the ring, his eyes acutely aware of the large Scot. Penn feigns to enter the ring, but quickly withdraws as Robertson fires forward. Again it's repeated and Curtis orders the ref to hold Robertson at bay.

Angus

Get in the ring and fight!

The Shooter finally gets to his knee on the apron and steps through the ropes. Immediately, Lamond comes forward and wraps his arms around the shoulders of the smaller man in a lock hold, pushing him back. Penn slips under it and wraps his arms around LAR's waist, being met with a vicious elbow to the head. Stumbling back, Robertson turns and uses his strength to force Penn into the corner. Curtis raises his arms as an invitation to the ref to intervene, who gets between the two men

Crowd

Oooooohhh

The sound of the crowd greets the violent slap across the face of the Scot, who freezes, cocks his fist and drives a fist aggressively at Curtis. Penn ducks and weaves out of the way, before sending a hard kick to Lamond's side, following up with an arm breaker, driving the larger man's formerly injured arm down onto his knees.

DDK:

And here we go...Curtis Penn knew exactly what he was doing!

Penn is back to a vertical base and stomps down on the outstretched arm of Robertson. Lamond tries to cover it up but Penn drops down into a chin lock before transitioning Robertson's arm behind his head and pressing the elbow backwards with pressure from his knee. The innovative hold is stopped as Lamond swivels onto his front and uses his free arm to wrap under Curtis' leg, lifting upwards. Penn neatly rolls forward, taking that arm between his legs and stretching it into an armbar. The crowd reacts with positive boos, enjoying the counter but booing the man.

Lamond reaches the rope and the ref gets between the men, causing Penn to break the hold. Curtis backs off, the grin

back on his face as Robertson clutches his arm, raising back up too. Penn comes forward, ducking a clothesline attempt and wrapping his arms around Robertson's mid-section, using his momentum against him and driving him into the ropes. On the rebound, Curtis rolls backwards into a pin.

One...two...no!

Robertson powers out, quickly getting back to his feet to be met by a swift kick to his knee, a second to his gut and a DDT down onto the mat. Curtis wipes the residue of sweat from his lip and lifts back to his feet, arms outstretched in a cocky pose as the crowd boos incessantly.

DDK:

A true show of disrespect here by Penn.

Curtis returns his attention to the downed LAR, dropping a knee to his face and following up with a wrist lock, using his knee to hold down the arm of the Scot. Robertson smashes his free fist against the mat, a few members of the crowd joining in with a clap, as he lifts to one knee and yells out in rage, lifting Penn to his feet only to be met by a knee to the gut. Curtis immediately whips Robertson to the ropes, waits for his return and connects with a face buster to the mat. Penn turns Lamond onto his back...

One...two...kick out!

Robertson gets to one knee following the kickout when a boot meets his face and he reels back against the ropes. Curtis follows up with a run, but the crowd universally responds with another "Oooooohhh" as the huge Spinebuster from LAR curbs his momentum. Robertson rolls onto his back, his chest heaving up and down with quick desperate breaths as Penn rolls onto his front to prevent a pin. The two men both use the ropes as leverage to get back to their feet and after blocking a right hand, Robertson sends Penn reeling backwards with one of his own. Another, and another as the crowd chimes along getting into the match and a sudden scoop slam drops Curtis onto his back.

Angus:

Yes! Momentum by LAR! Finish him!

Robertson comes off the ropes with an elbow drop to Penn's chest, before lifting him back up and Irish whipping the smaller man to the ropes. He comes back and a huge toss into the air sends Curtis down onto his front with a thud in the ring. Lamond once again doesn't miss a beat, lifting Penn up and driving him head first into the corner. He grabs the head of Curtis, stumbling out from the impact with the corner turnbuckle, and delivers a vertical Suplex to the Shooter before springing back to his feet and bellowing a war cry to the fans, beating his chest passionately.

LAR turns back to his opponent, lifting him to his feet. He drives a fist into his head before lifting him onto his shoulders back first. Robertson stares out at the crowd, yelling inaudible words in his coarse accent. Before he can execute any kind of a move though, Lamond's head meets the canvas with a sickening sound.

DDK:

What a counter by Curtis Penn there! He dropped out of the hold into a Neckbreaker.

Curtis wastes no time, sitting down on LAR's back and locking in his Opus Dei.

DDK:

Curtis Clutch! Curtis Clutch! And look how he's stretching back that recovering arm!

Lamond yells in pain, his good arm reaching forward towards the ropes but it's no use. Penn wrenches further back, but Robertson crawls forward. He lifts his body off the mat and Penn drops down with his full weight getting to a standing pose and driving down onto Robertson's back. He's cinches in the hold, LAR yelling and refusing to give in.

Angus:

My god! Look at the pressure on Robertson's neck!

Once again LAR raises his body up, emitting a roar to get to his knees, his head slipping out of the hold. The crowd raise their volume at the heart and guts on display. Curtis, a look of shock on his face suddenly transitions and rolls through into a perfectly wedged armbar....

A moment of silence follows the inevitable...

Robertson's hand slaps the mat, the bell rings and after the brief pause the boos rain out over the arena.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match...by way of submission...Cuuuurtis...Peeenn!!

Penn rolls out of the ring, the smirk widening on his face as he holds his side and brushes his free hand over his head. L.A.R looks deflated in the ring, in a seated position, holding his arm with his left hand. He looks out at Curtis, but seems more disappointed in himself.

Angus:

Damnit! For a moment there I thought the kid had it!

DDK:

Some great heart shown there by DEFIANCE newcomer Lamond Alexander Robertson, but at the end of the day the experience of Curtis Penn shone through and Robertson needed to protect his arm.

Angus:

I'm really excited about this new flock of talent in DEFIANCE though!

Robertson is on his feet, the fans clapping and a few cheers as he shakes his head and exits the ring. Lamond raises a hand in a gesture of thanks to the crowd as he walks up the ramp.

DDK:

You're absolutely right Angus. But still to come tonight we have one hell of a main event for you and we will also decide the number one contender for the Southern Heritage Title! But now, I hear we're going to Lance in the back.

THE TALKING PLANT

Following the initiation of Lamond Alexander Robertson to DEFIANCE by one Curtis Penn, DEFTv transitions backstage to the men's locker room where Lance Norman, microphone in hand, awaits. He gives the camera his game face as he lifts the microphone to his face.

Lance Warner:

Lance Warner here with a man looking to give his thoughts on his first night here in Defiance.

Instead of the competitor walking into the feed, as is normal in these types of scenes, the camera instead zooms out considerably, bringing Defiance's newest little man, El Trébol Jr, into the shot.

Lance Warner:

Now Mister Trébol, you were given the chance to compete against a backbone member of the Defiance roster two weeks ago. Tell us, how was it like to fly around the ring with Tyrone Walker in your debut.

Holding the microphone further down than he was used to, Norman puts it within range of El Trébol, who looks as if he's preparing his answer on the spot. Finally, the little man begins.

El Trébol Jr:

You know, Lance, it was refreshing. Most times, I go places fearing that I'll be judged for my height, defined by it. I walk slowly, talk quietly and hope that I never get stopped by the man.

Lance's puzzled look only incites El Trébol to intensify his rant. Viewers will notice his body begins to shake as he uses this platform he's been given to express himself.

El Trébol Jr:

The man, Lance, the amusement park employee! Or the driving instructor. Or the basketball coach. The man comes in many shapes and sizes, Lance, but they all seem to notice *my* size. The man never seems to forget to tell me but I'm too short to be doing these things. But Ty, he saw my size and he didn't say 'you're too small.' No, he said I was just big enough . . . well actually he likened me to a brother, but hey, all's the same in Tyrone Walker's eyes.

The camera cuts away from El Trébol for a moment to focus on Lance, who has a look of determination to steer the interview back to its proper place.

Lance Warner:

That was touching and all, Mister Trébol, but I don't think that was the point of the interview . . .

The scene brings El Trébol back into the scene who was now holding a white poster sign that read #ShortLivesMatter and a cut-out head of midget Martin Luther King Jr who had co-starred in the award winning film "King knights MILF with Sword 3." The pair just stand there for a moment, awkwardly, before the little guy breaks the silence.

El Trébol Jr:

Oh.

Tossing the objects aside, El Trébol turns back to Lance, slapping him across the thigh jokingly. Not the back nor the butt. The thigh.

El Trébol Jr: [grinning behind mask]

Just pulling your leg there, Lance; it is all I can reach with people sometimes. I mean, there are others things I guess, but hey, I'm not Todd Dunson.

El Trébol throws up a heart with his hands to the camera to show he was only using the BRAZEN star as a punchline and nothing more.

El Trébol Jr:

But seriously, I was given a great opportunity by Ty to showcase myself against him in my debut and, despite the loss, I'd like to think I proved myself fit to compete in Defiance. I didn't win, Lance, but I felt like a winner when I walked backstage.

Lance Warner:

And where did the kick from Jack Hunter fit into all of this?

El Trébol Jr: [tapping the side of his head]

Besides upside this noggin? Lance, I gotta say it was my fault. I should have turned around the moment I heard the mooing down the hall. Jack Hunter may be new to Defiance, but I myself am familiar with his antics and should've known that by going down that hallway, I was walking into something strange.

Lance Warner: [Nodding]

Would you care to give the fans your take on Jack Hunter?

El Trébol Jr: [Shrugging]

Don't get me wrong, I barely know the guy. But just from what I've observed, the guys erratic and slightly pitiful. But also, at the same time, he's dangerous because--

Before the little guy can finish the thought, a loud, resounding "MOOO" can be heard off-screen from across the locker room. Than, fittingly enough, Jack Hunter charges into the scene like the animal he was so recently imitating

El Trébol was ready for him this time, though, and drops to the ground, tripping Jack Hunter with a simple drop toe hold. Than, scampering into a grapevine, El Trébol wrenches away at the ankle of Hunter. Meanwhile, Jack Hunter starts grabbing at his throat, gurgling and foaming as if he was asphyxiating

Jack Hunter: [red faced]

Help! Help! THE PENIS FLY TRAP IS CHOKING THE SUPERBEST!

And to cap off the already odd scene, Jack Hunter falls unconscious. El Trébol holds onto the ankle for an extra moment before releasing his hold on the man's ankle. Pushing himself to his feet, he dusts off the Jack on his suit as best he could as he nods to Lance Warner.

El Trébol Jr:

But then again, is anyone truly fit to describe Jack Hunter other than Jack Hunter?

With that, the little luchador walks off-screen, leaving Lance Warner standing alone beside the unconscious street fighter. Deftv transitions away from this scene to what would hopefully be a more tame interview elsewhere.

HAVE I PROVEN MYSELF?

Backstage in the Wrestle-Plex and Christie Zane is stood with microphone in hand and a smile on her face.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the SOHER Champion, Harmony!

With the championship belt draped over her shoulder, Harmony comes into the shot standing beside Christie with a smile.

Harmony:

Hi Christie.

Christie Zane:

Harmony it's been quite the few weeks for you here in DEFIANCE. Firstly capturing the Southern Heritage Championship at Ascension then your first successful defense against Curtis Penn last week. How are you feeling?

Harmony:

Well ...

Abruptly, a stream of fire ending in a large orange ball erupts between Harmony and Zane forcing them to jump apart.

Christie Zane:

Holy.....

Whistling the classic Doors tune "Light My Fire," Jake Donovan strides into view, a confident smirk on his face following his victory over Jack Hunter. he acts almost surprised to see Harmony there, like he didn't just spit a fireball in her general direction.

Jake Donovan:

Still think I don't deserve a shot at your title?

Christie Zane:

muttering Instead of worrying about titles you need to seriously consider having your head examined.

Of course it wasn't quiet enough that it went unheard, but Jake just shrugged and gave Christie a creepy look that made her shudder.

Harmony:

First, that was rude. Second, no. So you beat one of DEFIANCE newest talents in Jack Hunter, who quite frankly is a few sandwiches short of a picnic, big deal. Can you remember who I beat in my first victory here in DEFIANCE, Jake?

Harmony takes a second, mockingly looking like she's trying hard to remember before smiling.

Harmony:

Oh, that would have been you. After you decided that becoming one of Malachi's little drones would have worked out better than staying true to yourself. It didn't work out too well for you, did it? Didn't work out too well for him, either.

She pauses, readjusting the championship belt on her shoulder.

Harmony:

Had you just been out there and beaten Andy Sharp or Tyrone Walker, both of whom put their EVERYTHING on in the line in a ladder match with me at Ascension for this championship, then maybe you'd have a valid claim. But you can't just go and beat some newbie then expect a championship opportunity. This is DEFIANCE. You don't get handed it; you earn it.

Jake's smirk just grows.

Jake Donovan:

I was here, earning it long before you walked through the door flashing a reputation you didn't EARN in DEFIANCE, or have you forgotten that? So before you talk about hand outs, perhaps you should find a mirror and take a good, hard look at everything YOU'VE been given.

Jake gives a quick glance towards Zane and gestures with a motion of his head.

Jake Donovan:

Why don't you ask her what I've earned, she's been here since the beginning, since I was one of DEFIANCE's fastest rising stars, before I pissed off one of the boss's whores.

Christie Zane:

I'm just here to hold a mic *muttering* and not get burned to a crisp by crazies like you.

Jake Donovan:

You already know how to get rid of me. Give me my match and I'll go away quietly, with your title once it's all said and done. Keep trying to stonewall me and I'll just keep on turning up the heat until you can't ignore me anymore.

Harmony's expression just says "is he for real?"

Harmony:

You do something worthy of the opportunity and you'll get your match, but until then, you don't get shit.

Jake Donovan:

Fine, you tell me who I have to destroy to get a shot at that belt, and I'll burn 'em to the ground and mail you their ashes.

Harmony shakes her head as she walks away.

Harmony:

Lord give me strength...

Jake just looks over at Zane, smirks, pulls his lighter back out of his pocket, flicks it open and lights a flame, prompting, Warner to beat a very hasty retreat.

Jake Donovan:

Guess I'll have to burn everything.

And with that he just walks away, whistling once again.

MUSHIGIHARA vs JASON NATAS

♪ "NY State of Mind" by Nas ♪

The Anti-Superstar stomps out from behind the curtains wearing a black "PUGILIST" t-shirt draped over his slimming torso. Sporting determination over his gruff facial features, the gritty New York stomps his way down the ramp without pause for fanfare. Getting to ringside, Natas takes a couple quick steps towards the ring and rolls in under the bottom rope before climbing to his feet. Claiming his side of the ring, Natas loosens up as he awaits his opponent's arrival.

DDK:

The Anti-Superstar has been continuously improving since his return to DEFIANCE, so Mushigihara and Dante better not take him lightly, or we may see an upset here!

Angus:

I have my doubts, Keeps. Ol' Fatas may be getting back to form bit by bit, but have you SEEN how Mushi did in BRAZEN?! He's proven himself to live up to that nickname Dante made for him way back! Natas might be slowly getting back in the game, but he's gonna have to git gud QUICK if he's gonna stand a chance against DA KANG of the Monsters.

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

Amidst the pounding drums and shattering glass, the God-Beast appears, poised for battle alongside Eddie Dante. The Master Behind The Monster saunters to the ring, gingerly tapping his cane along the way, while Mushigihara lumbers down the aisle, calling out to his growing throng of believers with an eardrum-splitting "OSU!" to which they answer in kind. Mushi enters the ring, sizing up Jason Natas while keeping mainly to his corner, as the music dies down.

The bell rings, and Jason Natas shows no fear in the face of the almighty God-Beast. He strides right up to his monstrous opponent and immediately pushes his forehead into Mushigihara's. A few tense moments pass: Natas stays as the primary aggressor with Mushi standing firm and strong. After a moment, Mushigihara raises his right hand to the air, glances at Natas' own hand, and with a mighty "OSU!" challenges him to a test of strength. With a smile, Natas accepts the challenge, and the two men slowly, but surely, lace fingers and lock up, jockeying for position. Natas and Mushi each take control of the grapple at brief moments, but neither wrestler is able to overpower the other before they let go of each other and get back to butting heads.

The Anti-Superstar eventually breaks the stalemate with an elbow to the face. The blow doesn't rock Mushi, but Jason's unperturbed. A second blow follows, then a third. Unable to sway his mountainous opponent, Jason hits the ropes and comes back with a shoulder block that wobbles The God-Beast... who answers with a big clothesline.

Peeling Natas from the floor, Mushi tosses him into the corner and hits a back elbow. He pulls Jason away by the head, but Natas breaks free and kicks Mushi hard in the kidneys. Mushi stumbles and Jason clubs the back of his neck, then lets him turn. A spinning backfist cracks Mushigihara's jaw and Natas knees him in the gut before applying the front facelock and pulling back.

Before he can drill Mushi, however, the ex-sumo wraps his arms around Natas' back, hoists him up, and drives him into the mat! The spinebuster gets a two-count.

Cheered-on by Eddie Dante outside, Mushi slowly rises, bringing his opponent with him. This time he pushes Jason against the ropes and smacks him hard across the chest, before going to the face with a couple of open-palmed strikes. The Pugilist stumbles away, but swings round with a wild right hook that catches Mushi flush on the cheek! Jason takes a couple of deep breaths then takes his opponent's arm, but Mushi pushes him hard in the chest.

The Anti-Superstar pops up from the floor, but Mushi scoops him up effortless to halt his advance. The snap scoop powerslam puts the burly New Yorker down again, and Mushi is in firm control.

Mushi appeals to Eddie Dante, who claps and applauds, then he lifts Natas to his feet before spiking him down to the

mat with a scoop slam, followed by a MASSIVE elbowdrop! The mammoth hops back to his feet, calling to Natas to get up, and just as he does, he wraps his meaty arms around his waist and locks in a tight bearhug, which he cinches in while walking around the ring a bit... before SUPLEXING HIM to the mat, then covering for a two-count! Mushi is a bit alarmed by the unexpected kick-out, but he laughs it off with a chuckle, and pulls Natas back up and wraps his arms, this time, around Natas' head and neck for the Uranage, but...

Natas fires back with an elbow! Another! Another! *Another!*

The fourth tired elbow stumbles Mushigihara. A roaring elbow *wobbles* him. Jason steps back, hits the ropes, then comes back with a big mule kick to the chest! Mushi leans back against the ropes, and Natas blasts his bulky torso with a big body kick.

Stepping back for a breather, the New Yorker wipes the sweat from his brow and calls the monster forward. A dazed Mushi obliges and tries to grapple, but Natas creates separation with a push kick, then grabs The God-Beast's head... DDT! But Mushi kicks-out at two!

The Anti-Superstar sits upright. Through his body aches, his first DEFIANCE victory stands just seconds away. Spurred-on by a clapping, cheering crowd, Jason slowly rises once more and circles the stirring Mushigihara. He stomps down hard a couple of times, then takes The God-Beast's collar and throws his head between his thighs.

Natas runs his finger across his throat, then clamps his hands around Mushi's waist. He pulls with everything he's got, slowly -- but surely -- raising The God-Beast's boots from the mat in an incredible show of strength...

But just as he's ready to drop all of the God-Beast's weight onto his skull, the monster regains his balance and lands on his feet, before tossing Natas overhead and to the mat!

Jason turns moments later, but it's too late. Mushi catches him with the throat thrust, and the Clawhold STO takes him down. Mushigihara clamps Jason to the ground and keeps the hold applied, preventing all avenues to escape. The Pugilist writhes and struggles, but the ropes are just too far away, and eventually, he taps.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by SUBMISSION... MUSHIGIHARA!

DDK:

Quite a return match here for Mushigihara, and another game performance by Natas, but victory still alludes him.

Angus:

Yeah, I'm almost starting to feel sorry for the guy at this point.

DDK:

Really, you?

Angus:

Hell no, Fatas loses again, HAH!

As "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" booms through the arena, Eddie Dante rolls back into the ring to congratulate his God-Beast on a job well done. The mixed reactions flood the arena, with a few shouts of "OSU!" coming from the crowd. Meanwhile, Mushigihara turns to the writhing Jason Natas, just slowly recovering from defeat, and gives him a respectful nod before walking away.

GEARS OF THE UNIVERSE

Backstage. We catch Henry Keyes in the middle of what looks like an animated discussion with a single, short Plague Doctor decked out in completely black robes and the signature creepy mask. The Plague Doctor simply nods or shakes his head, slowly, whenever he's expressing agreement or disagreement.

Henry Keyes:

And you're SURE? It's him?

The Plague Doctor nods, slowly.

Henry Keyes:

Amazing. Simply amazing. Carry on, my good man, and thank you for the news!

The diminutive Doctor nods one final time before departing. Henry looks up at the ceiling, exhaling, looking to refocus his attention.

Henry Keyes:

I do hope to run into that young man. He's going to pitch a fit.

He looks startled as the camera approaches, before recomposing himself

Henry Keyes:

Ah, yes. You. You've come for THAT.

Any sense of wonderment or excitement from his earlier conversation has passed. The normally jovial expression of the Airship Pirate turns all business.

Henry Keyes:

I've really been rather fortunate during my time in DEFIANCE, if you think about it. I've waged many bloody battles, and I usually come out the other side...I've ventured far and wide into the abscesses of space-time and gained true knowledge of the importance of this day, this time in history. I've learned from my many years of conquests to follow omens - marks along the journey reaching out across the fabric of reality to tell you something. And I believe several omens are coming into alignment now. The gears of the universe are clinking together, hurdling us all towards an inevitability.

Henry looks down at his feet while reaching for his braced shoulder, almost out of instinct to soothe some phantom pain felt long ago.

Henry Keyes:

You pay a certain price when you do what I do. When you do what WE do, in DEFIANCE. But that price of admission becomes well worth it when those omens align and you find yourself with a clear, forward path towards your purpose. Your purpose in being HERE, NOW, in THIS moment in history. And that purpose must be paid for with any cost - even if it was once unthinkable.

Keyes looks straight into the camera lens. No smiles, no wacky jokes, no flask.

Henry Keyes:

The greatest artifact known to all of DEFIANCE lies in the hands of malignancy...and it is my mission, whether now or twenty years from now or twenty years in the past, to save DEFIANCE from that malignancy. It's my pirate's code, after all, to target a prize unworthy of its owner and to...*relieve*...him of it.

Keyes has a thoughtful expression, mixed with a tinge of anticipation.

Henry Keyes:

The omens will continue to present themselves with Van Carver, with Miss Troy, with my friend the Plague Doctor, and with the rest...but tonight, as they align, I come face to face with the target of my life-quest.

Keyes presses his face pretty closely to the camera.

Henry Keyes:

Dan Ryan...the man who spat upon my gift of friendship, the man who has threatened the wrong stranger...brace yourself.

We head ringside as the next match gets underway.

POP CULTURE PHENOMS vs THE LOUISIANA BULLDOGS

DDK:

Homegrown talents the Louisiana Bulldogs are getting the call up from BRAZEN, ready to make their big league debut. What do you think of the Bulldogs Angus?

Angus:

I dunno. What do you think of the new Superman movie?

DDK:

Batman v Superman? I dunno. I haven't seen it.

Angus:

Exactly.

"Louisiana Rain" by Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers

Out from the back emerges the young technical tandem of Denver and Oliver Brandt. They pose at the top of the rampway, all smiles. Denver adjusts his left elbow pad and Oliver grabs one half of his singlet and removes it turning his attire into a half-singlet. The two slap the fans hands as they rush to the ring. They slid in, and raise their arms to a healthy cheer from the Defiance faithful.

"Live for the Night" by Krewella (w/ MIA SFX)

A highly produced (and probably outsourced) entrance montage plays over the DEFIATron, with traditional Hollywood stock shots and the Walk of Fame, intercut with shots of Elise and the D BTS footage of a Defiance photoshoot. The Pop Culture Phenoms emerge from the back, Elise taking the lead, the D the center, and their manager / lackey Klein following the rear. The trio walk to ringside, but when a fan reaches out to touch Elise she quickly recoils. The D leans in to threaten, before the two of them walk with their noses skyward to the ring.

DDK:

And what about one of the newer signings to Defiance, Elise Ares and The D, the Pop Culture Phenoms?

Angus:

Can some sound guy just loop our previous conversation so I don't have to say it again?

Denver starts it off for the Bulldogs and The D takes the lead for PCP. Hector Navarro quickly re-explains the rules and the bell rings. Collar and elbow tie up. Denver with a side headlock, the D slithers out into a rear waist lock and smacks Denver in the back of the head. Denver into the ropes, hooks em and The D tumbles back. More chain wrestling where D plays the aggressor but Denver's technical skill outshines The D. Denver arm wringer on D to rear hammerlock. D up with a front lock trying to stunner, but Denver rolls over top and avoids. The D charges and catches Denver with a kick to the face sending him tumbling into the Pop Culture corner.

The D tags in Elise, who jumps over the top rope and lands with both feet square in the prone Denver's gut. The D and Elise then put the boots to Denver until Hector sends D out of the ring. Another tag, as the D leaps over the top and hits an elbow drop into rights and lefts to Denver's face. Elise remains kicking his lower back until ushered out. Denver crawls to the ropes and uses them to get up, but The D grabs his legs and lifts. Tag to Elise, and Elise springboard double leg stomps Denver's back. Only gets a two count.

Elise locks in a poorly fitted single leg crab, near her corner. Denver tries to reach out but Elise pulls him closer to the center and locks the hold in. The Defiance faithful begin to cheer Denver, as Elise shook her head no. The D hops off the apron as the crowd noise swells. Denver begins dragging himself and Elise to his corner, reaching out for the desperate Oliver. The noise in the arena continues to grow, until it's pierced.

The D:

Don't cheer him! [Boos] He's BORING! [More boos] C'mon Elise. Stay on it!

The D holds onto the microphone while on the apron. Elise is now a full $\frac{3}{4}$ across the ring, and Denver with a HOT tag to Oliver. Oliver in with an elbow to the back of the head. Elise back up and back down with a clothesline. A third rush causes Elise to eat a back body drop. The D now in, rules be damned, and he charges with the microphone raised. Oliver dodges to the side and Denver with a drop toe hold from his seated position. The D's face smacks the turnbuckle. Oliver grabs Elise, Denver grabs the D, and they simultaneous hit a belly to belly and rear german.

The PCP slide outside and take their time to recover. After a quick conversation, they turn back up to the entrance ramp, throwing their hands in the air. As they exit, boos fill the air. In the ring, the Louisiana Bulldogs are in disbelief. They rush out of the ring, grab the PCP, and bring them back to the ring for wild cheers. Both are tossed in under the bottom rope, as the Bulldogs follow in. The two of them back off, raised hands, effectively surrendering. The Bulldogs would have none of it.

Stereo lowblows. Hector shouts at them but the D and Elise catch Oliver square in the jaw with Drive-By At the Roxy (Simultaneous Superman Punch/Crescent kick). Denver from behind on Elise, German suplex, but Elise lands on her feet. Elise trips up Denver, crosses his legs into a Muta lock. The D rushes off the ropes, The Foley Pop & Lock-a-Thon. Elise lets go, rolls over and on top of Denver.

The three count was academic.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners, via pinfall... The Pop Culture Phen--

Before he could get his words out, a winded The D grabs the microphone from Darren. He and Elise walk backstage, as the D speaks out.

The D:

They wouldn't give me a microphone before the match. A travesty, a great injustice. How dare they deny my first amendment rights! Never will I be denied a microphone again. This is now MINE. I will give you a money order for it's value. Cause the D and Elise are here, and this place is better for it! Check out our youtube channel...

The D continued speaking as we faded out to the next portion of the show.

NOT GOING AWAY

The scene opens up the backstage interview area where none other than Christie Zane is standing at the ready, about to get her interview on. Now wearing a red sequined dress and looking like some sort of sexy disco ball, the lovely young lady gets started.

Christie Zane:

Hello, everybody! I'm Christie Zane and I've got a big news story for you! Say hello to the manager of Team HOSS, Thomas Keeling Jr., and the leader of Team HOSS... Angel Trin...

???:

Bup, bup, bup, bup, bup!

One of said guests walks into view of the camera in a neat and tidy gray suit with a pink... nay, salmon-colored shirt and black tie. Adjusting his horn-rimmed glasses, the spokesman for Team HOSS puts a finger on Zane's lips.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

My dear, that was all wrong. Allow me?

He extends a hand and motions for the microphone, which she hands over quickly.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

Ladies and gentlemen of DEFIANCE - first, I'd like to extend a formal thank you to the overlord of DEFIANCE himself, Eric Dane! Thanks very much for the kudos on the DEFIANCE Twitter feed recently and I hope that my crew continues to do good business for this company and make you proud, sir.

He paused... and a few fans might have gagged in their mouth.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

And I'd like for YOU, Christie, and everybody else to take note. Please welcome the man that Broke The Unbreakable Pillar... the man that BEAT the fight out of DEFIANCE'S toughest man... and just recently CRUSHED a very game Jason Natas! Please welcome DEFIANCE'S great athletic marvel! He is The Biggest AND The Best in DEFIANCE today, please welcome Angel Trinidad!

With that said, the massive Angel Trinidad steps into the frame and lets out a derisive snort as Thomas grins like a father proud of his award-winning quarterback of a son.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

There are FEW people lately who have been on the roll that Team HOSS have been on, including this last week. The Super Muscle Bros. are a rather uncouth pair, but rest assured that my leadership brought them one of the biggest wins of their careers when they DEFEATED Dusty Griffith and Frank Dylan James! Jason Natas - despite his losing streak - is one of the more raw strikers in the game and is an unpolished diamond. Still, he was no match for The Biggest AND The Best in DEFIANCE today!

Angel inched closer to Christie and she jumped back a little

Angel Trinidad:

NOBODY wants part of what I can do in that ring. Not Frank. Not Natas. Not... DUSTY. None of them.

Thomas patted him on the arm.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

Attaboy. And we're here to tell you that after last week, my boys are done with all of those gutter trash. With Mr. Penn's blessing, I will continue to manage Jonny Booya and Alecander The Great and along with them, Angel Trinidad! We're moving on to bigger and better...

“That so?”

Angel and Keeling turn at the sound of the incoming voice, while the Faithful roar with cheers as Dusty Griffith and Frank Dylan James step into frame. Keeling’s previously proud demeanor sours with a constipated look, while Angel looks on as smug as always.

Dusty Griffith:

I keep hearing ya talk... and talk... and talk some more about how **nobody** wants anything to do with your big kid here...

Dusty steps in just a little closer.

Dusty Griffith:

...but, here I am, telling you different, brother.

Thomas Keeling Sr: [shaking his head]

Mr. Griffith, why do you continue to chase something you’re never going to get? My client has made it clear that he has **no** interest in you. NONE whatsoever.

Angel snarled.

Angel Trinidad:

What part of “we’re done” isn’t registering with you, you overrated piece of shit?

Dusty’s eyes narrow as he sucks his teeth.

Dusty Griffith:

Hmph, lemme ask you something, kid. How long’re you gonna live off of that win? Way I remember it, it took all three of Team HOSS to beat me and Dane... and even then you **still** needed help from the outside to get the job done!

The self-professed Biggest And Best of DEFIANCE scowled at Dusty. Facts is facts, after all.

Dusty Griffith:

So how about we cut to the goddamned chase. You sure as hell ain’t **broken** anyone, because here I am still standing, and calling your overgrown ass out!

Dusty pauses as she snorts and thumbs his nose, but it’s Ol’ Frank who takes the opportunity to speak his peace.

Frank Dylan James:

Heh, way Ah sees it, th’ only reason this biggun don’t wanna fair faight wiff Big Dust here, is cuz he’s nuthin’ butta goddamn, yellabelly coward!

Dusty’s eyes shift toward Frank as a grin spreads across his face as he considers the analysis from his big buddy.

Dusty Griffith: [turning back to Angel]

Is that it, kid? Underneath all of that bravado you got pouring outta ya, and all of the big talk from the old man here, are you really just a little boy in a man’s body?

Keeling is about to speak up when Angel steps in.

Angel Trinidad:

NO. [pointing at FDJ] I’m the guy that handed YOU your ass, one-on-one. You had all the reason in the world to beat me when I jumped your BRAZEN friends and you were STILL my bitch. [Then Dusty] And I’m that kid that beat YOU by hook or by crook, so I’ll live off whatever I want. So yeah... WE are done with YOU, Dusty.

Dusty Griffith:

Yeah well, I ain't done with you, not until you reach down and find the guts to get in a ring... Because that's the only way you're **ever** gonna get rid of me.

With that in mind, Angel seethes, but Keeling looks pretty calm, given the tense situation... perhaps a little TOO calm.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

Funny you should mention that, Mr. Griffith. See, we figured you'd have something to say when we started mentioning you by name and-- **ATTACK!!!!**

Before Frank and Dusty know it, out from nowhere come the two men that they were familiar with from last week... **THE SUPER MUSCLE BROS!** Aleczander goes right for Dusty Griffith as Booya launches an all-out assault on Dusty Griffith! It doesn't take long for Angel Trinidad to get involved in the proceedings! Christie Zane gets the hell out of dodge as the camera pours around away from the set!

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

BREAK THEM! BREAK THEM BOTH! MAKE THEM REGRET EVER MESSING WITH YOU!!!

Dusty is doing his best to fight Aleczander off, getting a lucky shot or two, but as Team HOSS have proven to be exceptional at, it's exploiting numbers! Angel jumps in and throws Frank Dylan James right into a wall, sending him crashing hard! Booya comes to his partner's aid and lands a pretty hard right shot to the back of Dusty's neck!

Now all three members pounce on Dusty like a pack of hyenas - of the big-ass hyena variety - and stomped the ever-loving hell, trying to break the Unbreakable Pillar of DEFIANCE. Fists, knees, and stomps all found their mark, striking all over Dusty's body until he could do little more than try to defend himself.

Angel Trinidad:

How's **THIS** for a scared little boy, you big piece of shit?!

The SMB members pick up Dusty, one grabbing each arm, and Angel cocks back a boot... **POW!** His signature Pump Kick lands on the money and cracks Dusty right in the mouth! FDJ gets back up and charges like a bull, ramming full speed right into Angel, but SMB are already there on the attack, going after the Hillbilly Madman. They launch a vicious two-pronged attack and pummel the monster, bringing him to his knees...

POW!

Another Pump Kick from Angel catches Frank right in the face and then all three resume their beatdown of the monster until he's no longer moving. As the beatdown ceases, Keeling approaches the wrecks where FDJ and Dusty once stood.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

THIS is why you don't want any part of what Team HOSS can do, gentlemen. I'm sorry we had to remind you again.

Angel Trinidad:

...I'm not.

Aleczander The Great and Jonny Booya both high-five and the members of Team HOSS-MB both take off as the camera focuses now on the fallen bodies of both Dusty Griffith and FDJ.

MIKEY UNLIKELY vs ANDY MURRAY

DDK: Welcome back ladies and gents. It's time for one of the night's more interesting showdowns, as Mikey Unlikely goes toe-to-toe with Andy Murray!

Angus: First off: **FUCK** Mikey Unlikely. Second, I'm looking forward to seeing what the elder Murray can do in singles competition, and I hope it involves tearing Hollywood McFuckass's head clean off. This dude looked like a serious hoss in last week's tag match.

DDK: Mikey's made one hell of a song and dance about his official in-ring debut, but this isn't gonna be easy. Mikey's already shared a ring with Andy's younger brother, Cayle, over in the great state of Utah, and the exclusive scene that aired on last week's UNCUT, it's pretty clear Andy has no time for Mikey's entitled attitude.

Angus: I'm saying it now, Keebs: if Murray lets Mikey wins, we're sending him back to Scotland.

♪ "King" by T.I. ♪

The DEFIANCE edit starts with the vocal sample then kicks-in with the beat. A burst of pyro accompanies the increase in tempo and Andy Murray, The Scottish King of Cool, steps out from the backstage area. The big man pauses to gaze-out across the DEFarena, before calmly making his way down to the ring, bumping fists with a few fans along the way. He pulls away his track jacket upon entering the ring and sets it aside in the corner, before turning back to the ramp, beckoning Mikey Unlikely's imminent arrival.

♪ "Blunt Blowin" by Lil Wayne ♪

The fans begin to boo, but that sound is quickly drowned out by multiple explosions from the entrance way. The pyrotechnics display is even more obscene than last time. They surround the DEFatron, before working their way down the entrance ramp. As the beat picks up, a large red carpet begins to unroll down the ramp. Shortly thereafter Mikey Unlikely comes out with what looks to be heavy artillery slung over his shoulder.

Angus:

What the hell is this?

A very large cannon is in Unlikely's hands. He aims it at the crowd before pulling back on the trigger lever. From the end comes hundreds of one dollar bills, they shoot all over the crowd raining down over the people. Unlikely smiles, turns and shoots his load towards a different section of fans. Although the fans boo loudly, they all reach for the flying money.

DDK:

Looks like Mikey is indeed "Making it rain" here tonight.

Angus:

Murray better RAIN elbows and knees into the face of this certified d-bag.

Unlikely continues to make his way down, blasting the canon in random areas on the ramp. slowly entering the ring with the large marketing weapon, Unlikely dances around a bit before turning to Andy Murray. Smiling bigger than ever, Unlikely points the canon directly at Andy and pulls the lever, blasting him with dollar bills.

Angus:

Are you seeing this? This isn't even a real dollar! This has Hollywood's own face on it! What kind of monopoly money bullshit is he trying to pull?

Murray pulls away the cluster of bills that had clung to his face. He holds them out in his hands, then glances over to a laughing Mikey Unlikely. Andy shakes his head as soon as their eyes meet, then bursts forward, clobbering Unlikely with a huge elbow!

The blow knocks Mikey loose, and the second and third that follow almost send him to the mat. Stalked by the 6'7" Murray, Mikey scampers away but finds no shelter as Andy cuts off the ring and holds him against the ropes. A knife-edge chop stings Mikey's chest then sends him staggering back to the centre.

Andy's advances are slowed by a desperate boot to the gut followed by an eye rake. Unlikely grabs an arm and looks to whip the Scot, but Andy reverses! Mikey ducks the big boot on the rebound and kicks his toe into the back of Murray's knee. It buckles, Andy falls to a knelt position, and Mikey hits the ropes. Murray, however, recovers, and hoists the charging Mikey high off the ground on the return... but a sharp twelve-to-six elbow cracks Murray's skull and forces the release!

Having narrowly avoided the spinebuster, Mikey decides he's had enough for now and rolls out of the ring. He flashes a "time out" signal to the referee, but Andy Murray's in no mood for such shenanigans. The Scot rolls out of the ring gives chase, only for Mikey to roll right back in and stomp Murray on his own return.

Mikey can't quite prevent Andy's rise. He gulps when Murray gets vertical and throws a right hand that Murray answers with a stiff forearm, followed by a Roaring Elbow! Following the two-count, Andy rolls Mikey onto his stomach and wraps his arms around the waist. He pulls back ever-so-slowly, deadlifting Mikey off the mat, but The World's Greatest Entertainer fights back with some sharp elbows to the ribs. Unlikely breaks free and hits the ropes on his own. He rebounds with a high crossbody block. Without any effort whatsoever Andy Murray simply ducks the move. Unlikely faceplants on the mat.

Murray lifts Mikey once again. The Scot putting on an impressive display of strength. Andy picks Unlikely up into a gorilla slam position and holds him there. The quick look of panic on The World's Greatest Entertainers face is obvious. Andy Murray slams Mikey down to the mat as the fans applaud his dominant style. Unlikely slides out of the ring one more time.

As Mikey stands up Murray nears the ropes. He begins to reach over with his long frame and reaches for his opponent. Unlikely beats him to the proverbial punch by sweeping the legs out from Murray. Hopping up onto the ring apron, Unlikely vaults over and lands an elbow drop across the chest of Andy Murray. Unlikely jumps to his feet in celebration. He plants one foot on the chest of Murray. It only takes to the count of one before he kicks out.

Unlikely lets the referee know he's onto his slow counting. He stops in the middle of the ring and looks out to the crowd with his arms outstretched. Meanwhile Andy Murray is on his feet, poised and ready. Mikey turns around and eats a running forearm from Murray. He gets right back up only to be dropped by a stiff lariat. Murray off the ropes now as Mikey pulls himself up using the ropes, he's half out of it. The Yakuza Kick catches the jaw of Unlikely and he crumples to the mat. Andy drops for the cover. Just before the three, Mikey's foot find's the bottom rope.

Murray stands up and grabs the head of Unlikely, pulling him to his feet. He whips Mikey off the ropes looking for another big boot. This time Mikey ducks it and on the rebound he chop blocks the back of Andy's leg. The King drops to the mat hard. His opponent wastes no time, grabbing one leg and quickly wishboning him. The Hollywood superstar walks over to the corner and hops to the second turnbuckle. He mocks Andy Murray before attempting a diving fist drop. The Scot moves just in the nick of time as Mikey drives his fist into the mat.

Andy immediately rolls over. He gathers his senses in an instant, then turns Mikey onto his back. Tying Mikey's right arm and throw up, the Scot wrenches back with an Anaconda Vice... and after a few sections of wild flailing, Mikey's hand taps frantically against the mat.

"King" fills the arena once more as a victorious Andy Murray rises to his feet. He lets the referee raises his hand then looks to the crowd and bows.

Angus:

HA! He tapped-out! Hollywood McFuckass loses!

DDK:

Take a look at the replay here, guys: the execution of that submission was absolutely flawless. Andy didn't give Mikey

a single millimeter to maneuver out of it, and the quickness of execution absolutely shocked The World's Greatest Entertainer! What a finish.

Angus:

He just spent the best part of ten minutes being thrown around the ring by a big Scottish hoss, but when it finally looked like Mikey was gaining some traction, the fuckboy shat the bed. A truly glorious outcome, Keeps!

DDK:

Personal feelings aside, Mikey had his moments tonight, but the difference in technique and experience really decided this one. An impressive night for Andy, and I'm sure Mikey will come back from this one a stronger wrestler.

THE POINT, GET TO IT

Van Carver's gash is in the process of healing. The bleeding has stopped, a few stitches put in, and now the wound is covered with a butterfly bandage. You can tell as much as he walks down the hall at the DEFplex. His eyes trained ahead as a staffer crosses his path.

Van Carver:

You seen Keyes?

The staffer wisely shakes his head, "No" he mouths as he gets the hell out of dodge. Carver continues his walk down the hall. In front of him, out of a hallway that crosses Carver's steps the man he was inquiring about, the Man Who Cheats Time, Mr. Henry Keyes.

Carver reaches back intent to clock Keyes right then and there, but Keyes throws his hands up, urging the Murder Machine to stop.

Henry Keyes:

No need to unleash your venom, Mr. Carver. Allow me to explain.

Carver darts his eyes towards Keyes. Van's patience has already been worn thin tonight, failing to win his debut match against the Original Defiant, Bronson Box. Carver takes a deep breath and motions for Keyes to get on with it.

Henry Keyes:

When I first saw you, my lad, I knew. I knew right then and there, in that single second of time and space that you were special.

Keyes thumbs Carver in the chest as he says this. Carver caught off guard shifts his weight to the back foot, uneasily.

Van Carver:

Yeah is that why you stole my hair? You fruitcake.

Keyes passes his hands in front of themselves, assuring Van it's nothing like that.

Henry Keyes:

I neither prefer nor advocate the combination of candied dates and pastry.

Van Carver:

Yeah, whatever. You getting to the point, or am I going to have to start throwing bows?

Carver opens his stance up. He's ready to throw down at a moment's notice.

Henry Keyes:

I'd rather save my strength for the battle I've been slated into against the one they call Dan Ryan.

Carver nods his head.

Henry Keyes:

And I assure you, were you in the same position, I would afford you the same "clean" shot against the FIST. The point here, the REAL point Van, is that I knew John Carver.

Carver's eyes narrow. In an instant he makes for Keyes, intent to throw him up against a wall and slam his head into next week.

Van Carver:

Keep my family's name out of your mouth.

But it wasn't quick enough as the Pirate is able to dip the Murder Machine. Holding up his hands again Keyes refocuses Van's attention.

Henry Keyes:

Believe me or don't, Van, I would never lie about a matter like this. I did the digging. I ran that hair I plucked from your head, against any known hits in the Airship's central intelligence systems. It cross references years and years, dimensions and dimensions of data. I had the strangest feeling when I came across you, and when the results came back...I was stupefied!

He points towards the Murder Machine who is simply put, having NONE of it.

Henry Keyes:

A Carver! Here! In DEFIANCE! Who would've thought!?

Van takes a breath, he diverts his eyes away from Keyes for the first time in this interaction and coldly continues down the hallway.

Keyes peeks his head after him.

Henry Keyes:

You could've at least wished me good luck tonight, Van! I know John would've!

Carver continues, not even looking back as we cut elsewhere.

DON'T BE A HERO

Backstage, The Scottish King of Cool walks. Mere minutes removed from his victory over Mikey Unlikely, Murray's still shirtless but has his lion-branded bomber jacket thrown over his shoulder. He dabs sweat from his brow with a white towel as he goes, accepting congratulations from staffers and technicians along the way.

DDK:

A hard-fought and well-deserved victory tonight for that man right there, Andy Murray.

Angus:

Good. Fuck that "sports entertainment" fool and his "Mikey Money" right in the ringpiece. Hope we never see him again.

Big Murr rounds a couple corners en route to his locker-room, and deliberately quickens the pace as he draws closer. The door's slightly ajar: this is the first thing that catches Andy's attention. The second is the acrid smell in the air, like somebody had been sick.

The third?

A crumpled note pinned to the wood.

Angus:

The hell is that?

Murray's brow tightens, and his body tenses when he sees the bold, red smudges around the note's edges...

Oh, and the bloody fork used to stick it to the door.

DDK:

Uh-oh...

Quickly overcoming his trepidation, Andy yanks the note down and holds it before him. "DON'T BE A HERO," it reads.

Then it hits him.

The words, the blood... *that fucking fork.*

Murray blasts through the door, and his fears are confirmed.

Clothes and furniture are strewn everywhere. A black holdall's been overturned and its guts have spilled everywhere. There's a head-shaped (and red-hued) dent in one of the plasterboard walls, but that's far from the worst of it.

Andy Murray:

Jesus... *CAYLE!*

The younger Murray lies on his stomach, weakly propped-up by his elbows. He's t-shirt's torn and a growing puddle of thick red plasma pools in the floor below him. When Andy walks in, Cayle gives-up on his meek struggle and collapses with a defeated groan. Big Murr darts across the room and rolls his sibling onto his back.

Blood leaks down from Cayle's forehead, matting hair to skin and dripping all the way down his torso. Andy hurriedly sits him up against the wall and wipes away as much blood as he can, but it's a losing battle: because as quickly as Andy can get rid of it, *more* leaks down from the wound on Cayle's forehead.

Angus:

I... I think I'm gonna hurl.

DDK:

Cayle...

His brother's half-conscious at best. He stirs at the sound of Andy's voice and tries desperately to pry his eyes open.

Andy grits his teeth together as white-hot anger rips through his body. The stench of puke and blood stings his nostrils. Suddenly, he turns his head back to the door.

Andy Murray:*HELP!*

A few seconds pass. The King presses his towel tighter to his brother's head.

Andy Murray:*HELP!*

The sound of footsteps pitter-pattering down the corridor. Andy pays the DEFIANCE staffers no heed as they stuffle in the room and immediately recoil at the gory sight.

Crew Member:

Oh my--

Andy Murray:

Here!

He calls one of them over. Though clearly repulsed by the scene, it's tough to defy an angry Scottish giant.

Andy Murray:

Hold this.

Andy doesn't wait for the crew member: just plants the bloody rag in his hand and pushes it against the wound. Murray rises to his full height.

Crew Member:

Where ar--

Andy Murray:

First I'm going to find a proper medical team. Then I'm gonna wring The Only Star's bloody neck!

The Scottish King charges past the other staffer and out of the room almost as quickly as he'd entered. The scene cuts away.

SOUTHERN HERITAGE #1 CONTENDER

DDK:

Well, we've got what I'm pretty sure is going to be action coming at you a million miles a minute - no other way of putting it! Andy Sharp and Ty Walker were two of the four participants of the Ladder War Southern Heritage match at ASCENSION won by Harmony and they took one HELL of a fall!

Angus:

MUHBOITAI ALMOST MUHBOIDIED... Lord of the Flippy-dooos should've landed on his feet... if he really IS the lord...

DDK:

...That delightful commentary notwithstanding, Walker and Sharp lived to fight another day and tonight, they've got a big chance in front of them. The winner of tonight's match will move on to the main event of DEFtv #63 where they will take on the current Southern Heritage Champion, Harmony!

Angus:

MUHBOITAI AGAINST MUHFUTUREWYFE! LET'S DO THE DAMN THING, COME ON, TY! TAKE IT AWAY DQ!

The shot cuts to the ring where the Voice of DEFIANCE is ready to begin.

♪ "Black" by Sevendust ♪

The lights drop and then begin to flash in unison with the synthesized opening of the music, instantly bringing the Faithful to their feet. Soon the DEFIANT elder statesman pops out on to the stage to a massive roar. Ty bounces around on the stage like he just finished mainlining an entire case of Red Bull, while he mugs and hollers at the fans, who scream and cheer right back at him. Eventually he hits the ramp and after slapping a few hands along the way before taking his customary couple of quick steps as he dashes forward and leaps on to the ring apron. Grabbing the top rope, Ty vaults himself into the ring where he continues to stomp around and hype up the crowd before taking to his corner as the music fades.

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

That can only mean that Andy Sharp is on his way out! Looking to get back in the hunt for one of wrestling's most prestigious championships, the Lord of the Skies takes in a big reception from the crowd and goes to a knee, pointing both index fingers upward to a nice pop. With that, Sharp heads toward the ring at a breakneck pace and then climbs to the ring apron. He climbs to the top rope, points his fingers to the sky, and then shows off, flipping into a cartwheel on the top cable before making it into the ring!

Angus:

Pfft, Sharp can save the flippy stuff, he's just gonna choke like Hollywood McFuckass said he'd do earlier...

Andy Sharp and Ty Walker meet in the ring and two of wrestling's premier tough high-flying bastards shake hands before Referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell...

DING DING DING!

...Andy tries to start off with a Running Dropkick! It's an opening gambit that he's used to success before in previous matches, but Ty Walker sees it coming and sidesteps the shot. When Sharp tries to stand up, Walker catches the taller Sharp and quickly with a Flying Leg Lariat! Sharp goes down quickly and Ty Walker tries to go for the pin off the bat, but he only gets a one-and-a-half count!

Sharp and Walker are both in no mood to play around, given a shot at the Southern Heritage Title is what's at stake, so Blackimus Prime goes on the offensive. He picks up Sharp quickly and drops him with a Rib Breaker before heading to the apron and heading up top quickly. However, what he doesn't count on is Sharp not only getting back up, but BLASTING him with a high leaping Dropkick that knocks Walker off the top rope and sending him out to the floor!

The crowd pops as Andy stands tall and raises both index fingers to the sky...

Andy Sharp (and the crowd):

JUST! LOOK! UP!

Walker tries to stand when Sharp charges off the ropes and goes sailing over the ropes with ease, taking The Human Pinball Wizard down with a Corkscrew Plancha!

As the action continues on and Sharp and Walker are both in a heap on the floor, an alternate camera shot catches a quick glimpse of none other than DEFIANCE's one-eyed terror, Omega, lurking from the shadows.

DDK:

Omega clearly has a keen eye on this match.

Angus:

Hah, I see what you did there... Just as long as he stays over there, not screwing with MUHBOITAI!

Sharp throws Ty back inside the ring and then heads to the ring apron quickly. He waits for Ty Walker to get back up, only for Sharp to fly quickly and catch him right on the jaw with the Springboard Superman Forearm! Ty goes down and Sharp rolls over for the cover, but only manages a two-count! The Lord of the Skies almost has a grin on his face, seeing how this match is going to be.

The young Canadian pulls Walker back to his feet and throws a series of Forearm Smashes to get him back into the corner. He charges in and connects with a good Elbow Smash. He whips Walker to the corner and has intentions to hit a second one, but Walker sees it coming and gets a boot up. Sharp catches that boot, but then Walker jumps up and smacks Sharp in the face with his OTHER boot, Enzuigiri-style! Sharp goes stumbling out of the corner when Ty finally has his chance to go up top. He goes up... **BOOM, HEADSHOT!** Walker goes for the cover again, but only ends up with disappointment as Sharp's shoulder comes up at two!

Angus:

Damn it! MUHBOITAI ALMOST HAD IT!

The two men go tit for tat as Walker looks to end things quickly. The ODB is up next, but Sharp spins his way out of that and clocks Ty with a Jumping Heel Kick! Walker bounces into the corner after the impact and that's when Sharp goes for broke. He hits Ty in the corner with a Corner Leg Lariat, rolls out and then follows up with a Cannonball! Sharp rolls away from the corner a second time, only for Sharp to use an inverted Cannonball! **The Hat Trick** is done, but only gets Sharp a close two-count!

DDK:

These two have each other's best hits well-scouted!

Angus:

This is strategy! He's roping this Canadian dope!

A quick glimpse of Omega continuing to lurk as Sharp goes for the killing blow. He sets up Ty for his two-step attack called The All-Star Line-up, but Ty knows it's coming and elbows him in the head to get free. He sends Sharp back to the ropes with a stiff kick and he tries for the Sharper Image rebound lariat, but Ty ducks that and as Sharp comes back, catches him on the rebound of his own with **Black Thunder!** He almost gets Sharp with his Blue Thunder Bomb, but ends up only with a two-count still!

Before Walker can capitalize, Sharp rolls out to the floor perhaps to create some distance and keep Walker from following up, but that doesn't stop Walker from going after him. While Sharp staggers away as he tries to recover, a rumbling in the audience is heard as Omega begins to stalk his way down the aisle.

DDK:

Omega coming in for a closer look here, this can't be good!

Angus:

NOOO, go away! Shoo, SHOO, LEAVE BRITAINY ALONE!

Dropping out to the floor, Walker gives chase, but suddenly pulls up when Omega appears at the foot of the entrance way. Walker squares up, ready to fight until he realizes that Omega isn't attacking... only standing there, staring him down with that creepy, yet menacing smirk he's always sporting. Frustrated, Walker throws his arms out as he welcomes the enormous psychopath to jump at him, but Omega does nothing except smile.

Tyrone Walker:

The hell you fuckin' with me, dude?

The question goes unanswered a Walker attempts to stare a hole through Omega. Having had enough of Omega's games, Walker brushes him off and turns his attention back to business at hand. Grabbing Sharp and clobbering him a couple time before he throws the younger Canadian back inside the ring. He waits for Sharp to crawl and clearly has big things in mind as he tries for his patented Busaiku Knee Kick that he calls Lights Out... no! Sharp ducks underneath and Ty hits nothing but mat.

Angus:

Damnit!

DDK:

You have to wonder, has Omega's presence thrown YORBOITAI off his game?

Walker tries to recover from his landing only to get caught flush with a Leaping Clothesline from Sharp! Walker flips over from the impact and goes down as Sharp stands up and grabs him by the waist - DEADLIFTING Walker into a Bridging German Suplex! It's ALMOST a three, but Walker kicks out and Sharp is in complete shock!

DDK:

That's a new one from Sharp! We know that he's incredibly agile for somebody of his size, but he can do THAT, too?

Angus:

thatwascooliguess... MUHBOITAI!

Walker is still down and out, but Sharp picks him up and way and dumps him right on the ground with a quick slam before going up top. It's all or nothing now as he leaps to the top rope in one go, looking for the All-Star Frog Splash, but Walker is already back up and pops up, trying something big! He gets his arm around Sharp's body and he tries for his version of a Spanish Fly - the VERY same move he's used to defeat Angel Trinidad in the past - but Andy furiously elbows his way out of Walker's clutches and kicks him off the top! With Walker prone in the ring, he has his chance...

ALL-STAR FROG SPLASH!

Sharp stays on top for the cover and the crowd counts along as he goes for the win.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match, by pinfall... ANDY SHARP!

Angus:

This is a travesty! I demand a recount! Or a rematch! A revote!

DDK:

What a match! Despite whatever Omega was doing out here, Andy Sharp and Ty Walker did what we all expected to and tore the house down! Both men countered each other's biggest moves and all it took was one mistake from Ty Walker for Sharp to pounce on! Now he meets Harmony next week for the Southern Heritage Championship!

Angus:

LAME!

Omega is all but gone by this point as Sharp helps Walker up to his feet. The elder statesman of DEFIANCE limps up and raises the hand of Andy, giving the rising star his just due before leaving the ring, giving Andy the chance to celebrate. Sharp stands and raises a fist in the air, proud of his efforts knowing that on the next DEFtv, he has a chance to nab his first gold.

POUND OF FLESH

Andy Murray is stomping through the corridors like a rhinoceros. Eyes blazing and nostrils flaring, the Scot's on the warpath, and Eric Dane is in his crosshairs. He turns a corner so quickly that he almost knocks a hapless technician clean off his feet and neglects to apologise.

Technician:

Whoa...

Andy Murray:

Eric Dane.

The techy needs a moment to compose himself: a minute Andy doesn't have the patience to give him.

Andy Murray:

Where's Eric Dane?!

The headset-clad staffer gingerly points his arm down the corridor.

Technician:

I saw him down that way about five minutes ago, but watch ou--

Andy Murray:

Thanks.

The poor soul doesn't even get a chance to finish his sentence before Big Murr resumes his march. Eventually he comes to an intersection and pauses momentarily, unsure of which way to turn.

A fair amount of commotion off in one direction as opposed to eerie silence in the other is what makes the decision for him. The King stalks off into the direction of the disquietude and before he knows it he's chest to chest with a few of the largest security goons he's ever put eyes on.

The DEFsec Brute Squad is in full effect.

"You'll have to excuse the entourage..."

Eric Dane's voice rumbles through the hallway from behind the mountainous men between himself and Andy Murray. Somewhere back there behind everyone Bobby Dean has a greenish hue about him. Instead of his normal rosy cheeks and cheery demeanor, the "Defiant Beauty" looks like he's about to be sick.

Eric Dane:

But young Robert seems terrified that you're going to try to murder us.

The Hardcase shrugs.

Eric Dane:

I, on the other hand, can't quite see why you should be so hot as to even try.

Murray is beside himself. He balls his hands into fists and lurches forward; threatening, momentarily, to attempt to burst through Dane's goon squad.

Common sense gets the better of him and he glares intently at the row of men before him.

Andy Murray:

Always knew you were a psychopath, Eric, but I had no idea you were a *coward* too.

He looks through the sea of muscled humanity to meet eyes with The Only Star.

Andy Murray:

Call these mooks off and face me like a man!

The Only Star smirks.

Eric Dane:

You don't know shit. What's your fuckin' problem with me anyway? I don't even *know* you!

In this scenario, words that'd usually draw a coy smile from The Scottish King only raise his ire further. Eric Dane knows this and is counting on it, the look in his eyes giving away the sheer pleasure it is for him to troll Cayle's big brother in such a way.

Andy Murray:

Big words from a little man hiding behind a private army. You're a piece of goddamn trash, Eric. I watched every little thing that went down between Cayle and you over in UTA, but this?

Andy looks down at his hands. Almost every finger is coated in his brother's dried blood.

Andy Murray:

This is too far. Waaaaaaaay too fucking far. It's not just about you and Cayle any more: it's about *you* and *me*, so tell these men to step aside, and let's have a conversation...

Dane guffaws.

Eric Dane:

Talk about what? Did I not tell you that boy had a receipt coming? Did you not believe me? When I told him not to let me catch him without a chaperone did you think I was gonna send him to detention?

Murray seethes, Dane grins.

Eric Dane:

Are you a stone fuckin' rookie, or are you just stupid?

Andy Murray:

You know *damn well who I am*, Dane! Quit the goddamn charade!

Nine times out of ten, Big Murr would know better than to rise to Eric Dane.

Not tonight.

Andy Murray:

We're in your house. I get it. We've gotta make certain concessions and play by certain rules we wouldn't have to worry about elsewhere, but you should thank your lucky stars for the wall of steroids standing between us...

Andy slows his pace, lowers his tone.

Andy Murray:

You damn near murdered the kid, Eric. He's probably going to the hospital tonight, and who the hell knows when he'll be cleared to wrestle -- when he'll be cleared to *make a goddamn living* -- next.

He shakes his head.

Andy Murray:

I asked you politely last time, but this time, I'm *demanding* it. You and me. One on one.

This time Dane gives a hearty chuckle, leaving Big Murr fit to explode all over these DEFsec goons in the hopes of getting close to The Only Star.

Eric Dane:

Listen here, *new guy*, I've told you once already, and I'll tell you one last time. I don't do charity cases, and just because you beat that third rate wanna be "movie star" Mikey Unlikely doesn't mean that you're anywhere near on my radar.

The Only Star keeps poking.

Eric Dane:

Now do us all a favor and *fuck off*, else my patience with you ends and you end up on the floor right next to your bleeding and babbling brother! And if you even think about trying to get to me through Bobby while he's out there tonight, the next time I find Dorothy in a compromising situation, I'm gonna take more out of him than just my pound of flesh.

Proud of himself, Eric taps in the final nail.

Eric Dane:

Now, if you fine fellows will kindly escort Mr. Murray the fuck out of my face, I've got some last minute strategy to discuss with my partner Mr. Dean.

Andy's skin's redder than ever before, but there's nothing he can do as the the security detail slowly envelops him. Eric and Bobby stand just a few feet away: so close, yet so far.

Andy Murray:

Every shitty little thing you've done to him over the past few months, every drop of his blood you've spilled tonight... I'm gonna repay this debt, Eric. *I promise you.*

Eric Dane:

Blah, blah, blah: Words. You and everybody else who's little brother I've ever maimed. Miss me with that Big Brother bullshit and get the fuck outta here, go find somebody more on your level to annoy the piss out of.

The Only Star decides he's prodded the bear long enough. He *finally* relents and turns to his partner/protege/lackey who looks every bit as green as before. Meanwhile the Brute Squad has successfully removed The Scottish King of Cool from the scenario, much to his chagrin.

Bobby Dean:

I think you broke my toe, Eric... And I think I might be sick again, but I'm soooooo hungry...

Eric Dane:

Quiet, Bobby, come on! You've got a big match coming up. No time for food!

Bobby waddles off after The Only Star, a slight limp and a wince with every step, knowing full well that if he didn't want to end up face-first in a puddle of his own blood like Cayle, then he'd better do as he was told. Strangely it didn't bother the big man from Houston, he was happy just to have a friend.

Even if that friend acted like a demigod and treated him like a follower. In the end it didn't matter to Bobby, underneath it all he knows it pays to have friends like Eric Dane.

FAME, YOU DEVIL, IS INFECTIOUS

The D:

I think I ate too much at craft services.

The D picks his teeth with a toothpick, rubbing his stomach. He wears his wrestling attire, and a gold suit jacket. He leans back, kicking his feet onto a nearby table backstage. He picks his teeth with his toothpick as he stares at his partner sitting directly across.

The D:

I gotta get caterings number for our next flick.

Elise Ares:

I hope you're joking. I wouldn't even feed this stuff to the giant crocodile.

The D:

Well that's not fair. Alex the Crocodile was fed like a KING. I envy that gator's diet.

Elise Ares:

Wait a minute... I got it...

The Havana Harlot put her arms up into the air like she was showcasing a giant marquee. The D looks up, as if he watchee what she imagines.

Elise Ares:

Lake Placid Vi II... A Buffet To Remember.

The D:

A Buffet to Die For... Wait... is that Mikey Unlikely!?

Elise immediately jumps out of her seat. She starts waving her hands towards her face as if she's trying to cool off and begins to jog in one spot.

Elise Ares:

No way. Not now. Oh Jesus, you're kidding right? Here?!?! But I have on these... these... tights and my makeup is a hot mess... and OH MY GOD I JUST FINISHED EATING. I need a mint! I need a mint, now!

The D:

It's him. It's really him.

Elise scrambles for a mint before taking one from the ever prepares Klein, their bodyguard who wore a cardboard box, who stood just outside of camera frame prepares to intercede.

The D:

How do I look?

Elise Ares:

How do I look?!

The both look themselves down and smile. They don't respond to the other before they rush back into conversation.

The D:

Let's make sure Mikey likes us so he puts in a good word with the studios. Universal. Paramount. Um. Whatever Bollywood is?

Elise Ares:

Universal... can you imagine? POP CULTURE PHENOMS... THE RIDE. This body, IN 4D?! They better get a Fastpass.

The D:

Don't get ahead of yourself Elise. It all starts by us talking to him. Introduce ourselves. Officially. Of course he already knows who we are. We're on the Internet. We're chocolate rain famous.

Klein leans in and pours hershey syrup all over The D's uneaten sandwich. The D's frowns. He turns to Elise.

The D:

It's so hard finding good help.

Elise Ares:

I told you we should've just stuck with the Nyan Cat reference.

The D quickly kicks up from his seated position.

The D:

He's on the move. Let's go!

The D grabs Elise by her arm and she follows him. The two briskly walk toward Mikey, who looks to use a side exit. Before he could leave the doorway, Elise reaches out and grabs his arm. Mikey turns and is about to dismiss yet another overzealous fan, until he sees Elise. Unlikely eyes her up and down.

Mikey Unlikely:

Well helloooooo there!

Elise Ares:

Mikey! I'm such a fan. We're such a fan.

Mikey takes another moment to eye Elise up and down. The D extends his hand, which Mikey no sells.

The D:

We are. Truly.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh thank you so much! You know it's nice to finally meet someone in this decrepit building who can actually appreciate the superstar that I am! You guys with the personal catering I ordered? Spot on with the lamb. Maybe a little more mint sauce next time!

The D:

I'm the D, and this here's Elise. I'm sure you've heard of us from such internet videos as the film length Lake Placid Vi, and my Adults React video about flaming cheetos.

Elise Ares:

And I've done a PSA video about consensual sex. It plays at colleges across the nation.

Mikey smiles at Elise.

Elise Ares:

We just wanted to tell you how talented you are.

The D:

Cause while you know it, you should hear it more often.

Mikey Unlikely:

Well you know now that Leo is out of the way, I'm officially the biggest Oscar snub of all time!

The D:

Without a doubt. I'm pretty sure I saw people update that meme with your face. [The D coughs] Actually, we need that catering crew's card for our next flick.

Elise shakes her head no, disagreeing with the D behind his back. Mikey laughs.

The D:

And perhaps we can even give main billing to the Unlikeliest of Hollywood Superstars? It's total Oscar bait material. It deals with mental illness and racism and it's a period piece about some underdog becoming an over achiever.

Mikey Unlikely:

I gotta go, very busy schedule and such.

Mikey walks backwards away.

Mikey Unlikely:

Have your people call my people!

Mikey rushes off. The D and Elise look at each other.

The D:

Well... he didn't say no.

Elise Ares:

That's Hollywood yes.

EUGENE DEWEY vs BOBBY DEAN

Cut back to Ringside where Brian Slater is already standing waiting for the competitors of the next match.

DDK:

Angus, did you just get a new drink?

Angus:

Yeah, why?

DDK:

Better down it then partner, because we might be about to experience an earthquake.

Angus:

Ahh crap, fatso vs. less so fat?

DDK:

Yep.

♪ "You're the Best Around" by Joe Esposito ♪

Bobby Dean makes his way down to the ring first, looking a little worse for wear already. He holds a hand over his stomach and puffs out his cheeks, slightly crossing his eyes as though that might help him feel a little less like chundering all over his slightly too small robe. Bobby ascends the stairs and steps into the ring to await his opponent.

♪ "Dark Lord Bowser" by Thunderclash ♪

And without any hesitation Eugene Dewey stomps his way out from the back and down to the ring. He ignores the jeers of the DEFIAfans in the arena and rolls into the squared circle underneath the bottom more and makes a beeline for The Long Dong From Hong Kong.

Brian Slater knows from experience he's not going to call Eugene off, and so instead calls for the bell.

Dewey goes to work instantly on the vast midsection of Bobby Dean, hammering home rights and lefts to the gut which force the big man back into the corner. Dewey lifts a couple of knees into Dean's gut as well before whipping him from the corner. Eugene follows across the ring and drives a shoulder into Bobby's midsection, and then repeats the spot with a second back to the original corner. Bobby holds his stomach as he stumbles from the corner, but Eugene doesn't allow him an inch to catch his breath and grabs a hold of his shoulder. Eugene spins Bobby around, and to Dean's credit he throws a right hand as he spins, but Eugene ducks it. He goes to the side of Dean and drives him into the mat with a russian leg sweep. Eugene covers for two before Bobby Dean kicks out.

Bobby doesn't stay down for long and pushes up to one knee. Eugene stays on the big man with right hands, but Bobby's mass allows him to push Dewey away with a shove. Bobby asks for a time out as he clutches at his stomach again, which Eugene doesn't oblige as he charges back in with a forearm shiver to the side of the head. Eugene grabs a hold of Dean's head before he falls and drops him with a DDT for another two count.

Again Bobby doesn't stay down, but his attempt to roll out of the ring is cut short by Dewey who grabs a hold of Dean's tights. The already tight fabric cuts into Dean's torso even more so, and Bobby decides to get to his feet rather than risk slicing open his 400 plus pound frame. Maybe that wasn't such a bad idea, as when he gets up Eugene tries for a body slam, but Bobby's weight makes it difficult for Eugene to hold him up and flip him, and so he falls back with all of Dean's weight on top! Dean gets a two count before Eugene can roll a shoulder up from under him.

Now it's Bobby's chance to control the match, and he does just that... to some extent. After taking a moment to catch his breath, which also allows Eugene to suck in some air after getting all of his driven from his lungs, Dean pulls the former FIST up to his feet. He hits a couple of right hands in quick succession, although neither seem to have much effect, before swinging at Dewey's chest with a knife edge chop that seems to hurt Dean's hand more than Eugene.

Eugene rolls his eyes at the Beautiful one and taunts him to hit him again, which Bobby obliges, only this 'hit' comes in the form of a purple nurple! Dewey, having experienced his fair share of those back in high school, appears to go through some sort of vietnam flashback and takes a step towards Dean, which Bobby stops with a swift kick to the shin. Bobby then scoops Eugene off of his feet and slams him in the middle of the ring successfully.

Slightly gassed, but otherwise thrilled to be in charge, Dean pulls Eugene to his feet and hooks him up for a suplex. Eugene blocks the attempt and... doesn't break out of the hook up, nor does he reverse it. He just sort of stands there and looks at Dean while Dean looks back at him and nervously chuckles. Dean releases the hold and takes a step back to think about his next move, which is to offer up a hand for a test of strength. Eugene doesn't accept. Instead he turns to Brian Slater as though to ask 'Is this guy for real?'

With Eugene distracted Dean scuttles up behind him and pulls him down with a school boy for a two count!

And that was probably the worst mistake Bobby Dean could have made. Eugene kicks out of the school boy, stands up and starts to go HAM on Dean. And not the kind of ham that Bobby Dean might enjoy. Eugene doesn't give Dean a moments respite as he launches into an assault with forearms, elbows, rights, lefts, knees and headbutts that forces Bobby back into one corner. Eugene whips Dean across the ring and follows him in with a splash before hitting the ropes to come back with a running butt bump. He doesn't pull Dean from the corner though, instead he charges across the ring and comes back with ANOTHER butt bump.

Eugene seems to mutter to himself as he paces around the ring while he waits for Bobby Dean to get up to his feet and stumble towards the middle of the ring. As Dean shakes the cobwebs off Eugene charges in and meets BBD with a Biotic Charge that staggers Dean, but only knocks him down to one knee against the ropes. Dewey looks pissed as he crouches down behind Bobby and waits for him to turn, but Dean doesn't turn. He just rolls to the outside of the ring for a time out!

Eugene's face turns red as he heads out to the apron and stalks Dean around the ring. Still Eugene waits for Dean to turn around, and when he finally does Eugene launches himself off of the apron with the cannonball! Dean ducks the high risk move though, and Eugene hits nothing but the floor! Dewey doesn't stay down for long, but with the air driven out of him again, he can't do much as Bobby grabs him with a bear hug. Slater orders the two men to get back into the ring, but Bobby ignores the call and charges towards the ring post, driving Dewey's spine into the steel!

With Eugene suitably subdued, Bobby rolls him back into the ring, making sure to keep his head facing the corner of the ring. Dean, slowly but surely, climbs the stairs and steps back into the ring before he climbs the turnbuckles.

DDK:

Oh no...

Angus:

glug I wish I'd done this sooner! *glug*

DDK:

If Bobby hits this.

Angus:

Eugene'll be nothing more than a grease stain on the mat!

Bobby starts to bounce on the turnbuckle, but before he can jump Eugene's head pops up between his thighs. With a heave Eugene pulls Dean from the corner and steps towards the middle of the ring!

DDK:

Eugene!

Dewey DRIVES Bobby Dean into the canvas with a powerbomb!

Angus:

Holy s-

DDK:

Surely that's all over!

And it is. One cover later and Eugene Dewey is getting the one. Two. Three

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by pinfall, Eugene Dewey!

Angus:

Keeps... I think I know what Eugene was talking about earlier...

DDK:

You dont...

Angus:

That wasn't just any powerbomb, Keeps. That was Eugene Dewey hitting Bobby Dean with a god damned Humility Bomb!

DDK:

He was sending a message.

Angus:

He was telling Dan Ryan he'll steal his things right back.

DDK:

I just can't believe he did it... I mean, Bobby Dean...

Angus:

Dewey's got his Nerd Rage perk at its max level. We've seen this guy accomplish huge feats of strength before, but that has to rank up there with the biggest.

DDK:

I can't wait to see Dan Ryan's response to that.

Angus:

I don't think we'll have to wait long.

And with that we cut away from Eugene's celebrations to the backstage area.

WHAT'S THE DEAL?

Cut to the Pleasure Dome.

Kelly Evans is conversing with one of her assistants when the double doors to the office fly open. Evans and the assistant turn their attention to find a less than amused Tyrone Walker on approach, who is fresh off of his loss to Andy Sharp just minutes ago. Evans instantly recognizes that this isn't going to be a social call before turning to her assistant.

Kelly Evans:

You better go.

Tyrone Walker:

Yeah, 'cause *Lucy got some 'splainin' t' do.*

The Black Jesus says as he marches right up the the Boss Bitches desk, while the younger female makes a hasty and quiet retreat. For her part, Kelly smirks sarcastically at Ty's reference as she leans back in her chair.

Tyrone Walker:

The hells up with Omega? Ever since ASCENSION he's been eyin' me like I'm about to be his new bitch.

Stopping in front of Evans' desk, Walker glares intensely at her with a look that demands answers.

Kelly Evans:

First off, hello. Second, thanks for knocking.

Tyrone Walker:

Heh, whatever. Not like you're not used to people being in and out all night...

Evans scowls as those words hit her. Realizing he just went way past friendly sarcasm, Walker puts his hands up as he tries to downplay.

Tyrone Walker:

Hold up, *that's not* what...

He trails off as Evans pushes herself up from her seat.

Kelly Evans:

Ahem, you can kindly go fuck yourself... but before you do, let me remind you of something for future reference, *darling*.

If laser eyes were a thing that existed outside of comic books, her glare would burn a hole clean through his face.

Kelly Evans: [coldly]

You're *talent* and I'm *management*. So let's be perfectly clear on what that means... *I do not* answer to *you!*

Evans places her hands on her hips as she stands her ground. The two continue to scowl at each other for a few tense beats until Walker finally shakes himself. Turning his back on her, Ty brings his hands up to his face as if he could rub away the frustration.

Tyrone Walker: [turning back to her]

I'm sorry, a'ight? Just, goddamn, yanno?

Kelly Evans: [nodding]

I do, and look, I know you're just pissed off because of what happened.

The mutual understanding allows the tension between them to break. Walker

Tyrone Walker:

That's the thing, I can deal with *that*. Sharp got me tonight fair and square. Just this big mothafucka, man, I don't get it. Like, if it were Sharpie, I'd get it because of their beef that goes back to ACW, but this? What's this guy's problem with me?

Walker lets that hang in the air for a moment, the gears clearly turning in his head.

Tyrone Walker:

Only thing I can think of is, you being *management* and all...

Evans smirks at Walker throwing that back at her.

Tyrone Walker:

...is you made a deal to get him in the door after jOlt, but now you're tryna get outta havin' to pay him what he's owed.

The look on Evans' face neither confirms, nor denies this. However, Walker's been friends with Evans for so long that he's able to read between the lines well enough to know, that his assessment isn't too far off the mark.

Tyrone Walker:

Jayzuss, you made a deal with this dude and you're actually tryna--

Kelly Evans:

No, well, not *exactly*.

Walker scoffs and shakes his head.

Tyrone Walker:

What in the hale does he want? The FIST?

Kelly shakes her head 'no'.

Tyrone Walker:

The SOHER?

Again she shakes her head 'no'. Walker's eyes narrow.

Tyrone Walker:

Does he want Dane?

She again shakes her head. Walker's face twists into an annoyed sneer as he throws his hands up in frustration.

Tyrone Walker:

Well goddamn, the sumbitch wants *something* **or** *someone*, and you backed out on him once he inked his contract...

Evans' ears turn red with annoyed frustration as she cuts him off.

Kelly Evans:

Damnit, Ty, I didn't renege on the deal, he's just going to need to be patient.

Tyrone Walker:

Right, that'd be cool and all, 'cept for the fact that he's decided that I'm the one stuck havin' to pay *your* tab.

Evans sighs.

Kelly Evans:

Newflash, sweetie. It's a **business**, and I'm trying to launch this place to a higher level. Omega was **and** is a *huge* get for DEFIANCE's bigger picture... Or would you have let him walk right on over to our competition for LoC or even NBW?

Walker grumbles as he scratches his head, he knows the logic can't be denied. Of course, whether he likes it or not doesn't really matter.

Tyrone Walker:

Still sayin' tho', it's facken bowlshet.

Kelly Evans:

Noted.

Walker leans forward, his hands on the desk and sighs, resigned.

Cut back to the arena.

WHAT YOU DO... BOUNCES OFF OF ME

Backstage just to the side of gorilla position, Lance Warner is standing with the FIST of DEFIANCE, Dan Ryan.

Lance Warner:

Just moments away from our main event and I'm here with the reigning three time FIST of DEFIANCE, Dan Ryan.

Warner turns slightly toward the big man.

Lance Warner:

I'm sure you saw what just transpired at the end of the match between Eugene Dewey and Bobby Dean. What are your thoughts on Eugene Dewey trying to send you a message out there tonight?

Dan Ryan:

Oh, message received loud and clear, Lance Warner. Message received loud and clear. Eugene can send his little messages all day long. I'm not surprised. This is typical Eugene Dewey behavior. He thinks he's in control, but he's never been in control. He's never been one to pull the strings. He fancies himself a master of psychology, but he's playing the wrong game with the wrong guy. He can play his little games. No worries, boss. I'm all over it.

Lance Warner:

What does that mean exactly -- you're all over it?

Dan Ryan:

It means I've got it under control.

Lance Warner:

Under control?

Dan Ryan: [leaning down in Warner's face]

Taken care of. I've got it ALL taken care of, you get me, Lance Warner?

Lance Warner: [shrinking back]

I get you.

Dan Ryan:

GOOD. Keep your eyes open. Maybe you'll learn somethin'.

Ryan keeps his eyes on Warner as he walks away and out of frame. Warner's gaze follows the champion as the shot flips to ringside.

FIST OF DEFIANCE

Angus:

Because if you don't take the entire Z-pack, the infection comes back twice as bad.

DDK:

I know I've told you to talk about these things during commercial breaks only, but I think I'm having second thoughts.

Angus:

You want me to bring 'em up on air??

DDK:

I want you to not bring them up at all.

Angus:

You can't have it both ways.

DDK:

Putting that aside, let's talk about what just occurred in the ring before the break. Eugene Dewey was clearly trying to send a message to our FIST of DEFIANCE through his match with Bobby Dean -- particularly by finishing him off with that big powerbomb.

Angus:

Yeah, you know, Eugene has really had to shift his focus here lately. The usual mind games don't generally work with Dan Ryan, at least not when Dan Ryan is in 'come at me, bro' mode, as evidence by his manifesto earlier tonight.

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park

The arena lights go red as Henry Keyes steps out, slightly hunched over and strutting to the ring manically. He hits the ring and dives in under the bottom rope, bounding into the ropes and back again to the loud cheers for the DEFIANT faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is the MAIN EVENT!!!!..... and it is for the FIST of DEFIANCE!!!!..... Introducing first, from San Francisco, California... weighing in at two hundred thirty seven pounds..... HEEEEENNNRRRRRRYYYYYYY
KEEEEEYYYYYEEES!!!!!!!

Keyes gives a look out into the crowd, who roar their approval, then turns his focus back to the entryway.

♪ "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent....

The arena goes into a strobe effect as the music kicks in and DAN RYAN steps out from behind the curtain, the FIST of DEFIANCE around his waist, and stops, giving the crowd an eyeful. As the opening riff hits a crescendo, his eyes go hard at the ring, the lights come up and he starts his walk down the aisle.

Darren Quimbey:

From Houston, Texas.... weighing in at three hundred five pounds...the three time reigning FIST of DEFIANCE.....

DAAAAANNNNN RRRYYYYYAAAAANNNN!!!!!!!!!!

Ryan reaches the ringside area and looks up at Keyes, who looks down at the champ with a fair amount of disdain after being insulted earlier in the week. Ryan just nods his head and reaches up to the middle rope, pulling himself up onto the apron with a big hop. He steps through the ropes, then keeps an eye on Keyes as he struts to the corner, stepping up onto the second turnbuckle and turning his attention to the crowd, which gives him a loud, if mixed, roar. Ryan smirks, pulling off the sunglasses and tossing them to the outside. He turns and looks back at Keyes once more and steps down, facing his challenger as he hands the belt to Brian Slater.

DDK:

The champion is all business for sure, but I'm willing to bet Henry Keyes isn't taking this opportunity lightly.

Angus:

All I know is that if Henry Keyes manages to Bell Clap this monster of a man, I'll have to change my shorts.... RIGHT HERE.

DDK:

All my hopes are in Dan Ryan's ability to counter, then.

The bell rings and Dan Ryan begins to stalk Keyes in a circular pattern immediately. Keyes mirrors the champion, being no stranger to these tactics and reaches out occasionally as they size each other up, making little hand jabs that get no reaction from Ryan. Finally, they stop and lock up, and Ryan immediately has the strength advantage. Keyes tries to muscle up, but Ryan shoves him off with ease, sending Keyes backward almost all the way into the corner. Keyes gets his balance and looks back at Ryan, who stands there and cracks his neck to the left, expressionless. Keyes charges back in and they lock up again. Ryan shoves him off again, but this time Keyes bounds off the ropes and comes charging back with jumping forearm shiver to the chest of the champion. Ryan seems a bit stunned as Keyes lands back down on his feet, but Ryan quickly grabs Keyes by the head and slings him hard into the ropes. Keyes comes off the ropes, ducks a clothesline, and as Ryan turns around he sees two arms coming crashing together toward his head. He pulls his head back instinctively and feels the breeze as Keyes' two arms come crashing together in a BELL CLAP just millimeters from Ryan's face. Ryan throws his hands up and he retreats back into the ropes as Keyes holds up two fingers. "This close."

Angus: [bouncing almost out of his seat]

My GOD... I almost had one.

DDK:

Thank God for quick instincts, but that was awfully close.

Ryan nods and comes back in. Keyes goes to lock up, but Ryan kicks him square in the midsection. Ryan clubs down on his back with his right hand and looks down at the challenger as he hits the mat. Keyes reaches up to grab onto Ryan's leg and Ryan reaches down and roughly pulls him up enough to fling him into the corner where Keyes slumps against the turnbuckle. He only has a second before the FIST comes crashing into him, crushing him with his full body weight up against the corner. Ryan grabs Keyes by the top of the head and pushes him softly toward the middle of the ring, where Keyes stumbles out and faceplants to the mat. Ryan marches out of the corner toward Keyes and reaches down to grab Keyes by his left arm, holding it in place as he leaps up to stomp down onto it. This gets Keyes' attention immediately, and he shakes free as Ryan comes down on the mat where his arm once was, and scurries out of the ring and to the floor. Keyes, fully at attention, looks up at the ring where Ryan stands and instinctively reaches for his arm, while Ryan holds up two finger and smirks. "This close."

DDK:

Two can play at that game. Keyes got out of there in a hurry.

Angus:

You know how protective he is of that arm. It almost got stomped into a pancake.

Keyes slowly climbs up into the ring a little more cautiously this time. Ryan gives him some space to get in, then changes his mind as Keyes steps through, driving a knee up into Keyes' chest. Keyes has enough wherewithal to counter back with a hard elbow strike upward into Ryan's chest, then follows up with a European Uppercut. Ryan staggers backward, but fires a hard Muay Thai kick to Keyes' ribs with his right leg, then follows with a left kick to the upper thigh. Keyes goes to a knee for a split second, but rises in time for Ryan to charge in with a clothesline. Keyes, however, ducks this and charges across the ring into the ropes. He comes off straight into a bear hug from the champion. Ryan holds from a brief moment, then pops Keyes up, switches his clutch and throws him hard with an overhead belly to belly suplex that sends Keyes flying over the top and up against the ropes.

Angus:

I'm sorry, I don't care who you are, that right there is impressive. Throwing a man into the air, then catching him and suplexing the guy?? Is Dan Ryan human? Are we entirely sure he's not some kind of cyborg? Is Linda Hamilton around?

Ryan is over quick. Keyes is stunned, but still has his wits about him. He gets up against the ropes and has his hands up in time to try and absorb a hard right hand from Dan Ryan, followed by a left and another right. The fourth goes to the ribs and this time, Henry Keyes slumps to that side. Ryan grabs the hair on the top of his head and yanks him up, then drives him hard to the mat with a DDT. He goes for the cover, but Keyes gets the shoulder up at two. Ryan is up and uses the bottom rope to get a little extra height on a leg drop across the throat, then goes for another cover, and another two count. Keyes starts to move again, grabbing at his throat area and scrambling for the ropes. He starts to pull himself over as Ryan continues to stalk, giving no attention to the instructions from Brian Slater to stay off the ropes. Ryan pulls him up against and throws him hard into the ropes. Keyes summons all of his strength as he comes off and hits the Biotic Charge, his "pounce" maneuver that ends with him on top of the champion.

DDK:

Keyes has a real shot here!!

Instinctively, he reaches back and hooks the leg, but Ryan shoves him off roughly just after Slater's hand hits the mat for the two count.

DDK:

So close.

Keyes stands up, hooks Dan Ryan into a front facelock and drops him face first with a DDT and a two count. Keyes crouches down in his "trying to electrify himself" pose. It does absolutely nothing, but the crowd eats it up. Unfortunately as he charges when Ryan gets to his feet, Ryan throws his entire weight into a combo tackle/clothesline that drops Keyes immediately.

Angus:

Or he just made Dan Ryan angry.

DDK:

He took a little extra time trying to "electrify" himself, but... well, that's Henry Keyes, I suppose.

Angus:

One day it's gonna work. You watch.

Ryan holds his chin, waiting for Keyes to get up. Keyes, at this point running more on guts than brains, slowly rises, and Ryan gets into a fighting crouch to face him. Ryan snarls in his direction, yelling "COME ON!!" Keyes take the challenge and strikes Ryan with a hard right hand to the face. Ryan takes the hit and fires back with one of his own, staggering Keyes back. Ryan yells out again and Keyes hits him with an open palm strike that turns Ryan hard to one side. He snarls back again, however and comes all the way around from a three quarter spin to hit Keyes with a right hand so hard that Keyes stumbles backward almost limp into the ropes, where he bounces off and forward right into a devastating superkick. Ryan pulls him up roughly one more time and puts Keyes into the standing headscissors. He stops though, and a smile crosses his face. He steps back out of the headscissors, leaving Keyes wobbly in front of

him.

DDK:

Dan Ryan ready to put this one away, but he's not going for the finish here. Whaddya suppose he's up to?

Angus:

Well, if I were a betting man....

Ryan crouches, then rises with a SHORYUKEN.

Angus:

... THAT.

Keyes drops like a rock and flops backward, coming down on the mat hard, unmoving. Ryan then slumps down onto the falling Keyes where he gets the easy three count.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match and... STILL THE FIST OF DEFIANCE... DAN RYAN!

DDK:

Dan Ryan with a successful defense tonight and a little return favor for Eugene Dewey in the process.

Angus:

Dan Ryan is locked in right now. He's just a steamroller.

Ryan looks down at Keyes as Slater raises his hand and hands him the belt. Ryan watches him on the mat while walking to the ropes and climbing out, and Keyes begins to stir. Keyes reaches out for the ropes, using them to steady himself and gets to his feet to a cheer of approval from the faithful. Keyes refuses help from ringside personnel and climbs out. He still has his attention toward the ring, leaning on the apron for support when a blur comes running down the aisle past Dan Ryan and plows into Henry Keyes at ringside. Keyes goes down like a shot while VAN CARVER lays into him with stomps and kicks. He pulls Keyes up and drives him hard into the ring barricade, before pulling him quickly up, locking him into a double underhook position, lifting him up and driving him down HARD onto the apron with the MURDER BOMB.

DDK:

Van Carver, my God... is this necessary?? Henry Keyes has just been through hell and back with Dan Ryan and Carver chooses NOW to make a statement?? Real classy.

Angus:

Well, I mean, this isn't a competition for Miss Congeniality. He did warn Keyes to keep his family's name out of his mouth. Then he went on about testing the hair sample and all... it's not like he wasn't warned.

Dan Ryan stops just long enough before going through the curtain to look back and see the carnage, then he shrugs and goes through. Keyes, meanwhile is on the arena floor clutching at his back while Carver backs away, smirking. Medical personnel rush to the side of Henry Keyes' side as boos rain down on Van Carver and we fade to the DEFIANCE logo.