

DEFCON RUNDOWN***BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM!***

“Mainstream” by The Senton Bombs starts up after several massive pillars of flame shoot up from the stage and down the ramp. As the Lakefront Arena’s big crane cam swoops down over the crowd and pulls up as it masses the rampway focusing in on the commentation station and DEFIANCE’s intrepid announce team of “Downtown” Darren Keebler and the one and only Angus Skaaland. Keebler is dressed to the nines in a classic black and white tuxedo... Skaaland, however...

DDK:

... a damn tuxedo shirt, to our biggest show ev... HELLO DEFIANCE FAAAAANS AND WELCOME TO DEFCONNNNN!

Angus:

Nice intro, Darren. You do know how live television works right?

Darren Keebler narrows his eyes at his underdressed college and soldiers on.

DDK:

Folks, what a night we have in store for you as we kick off a showcase so jam packed we not only added an extra night just to accommodate all the incredible talent DEFIANCE as accumulated over the last year, but we went and SOLD OUT the Lakefront Arena so more of you could watch it all unfold in person!

Angus:

Utah imports. Some are GREAT... aaaaaaand some are Mikey Unlikely. You win some you lose some on the talent front, Darren, but MOAR FAITHFUL HERE AMONG US ... BECAUSE MOAR!

DDK:

Right you are! And speaking of our reigning and “defending” SoHER champion, we’re going to see him...

Angus:

LOOOOOOOOOSE his illbegotten gold to... well, to a goddamn flippy-doo, but ANYTHING is better than sitting through anymore of Mikey’s HORSESH...

DDK:

AAAAAaaaand speaking of championships, we're going to crown BRAND NEW DEFIANCE World Tag Team champions in a wild three team showdown between the Rain City Ronin, the Pop Culture Phenoms, and...

Angus:

MAHBOYS! Don-Ho and Big Rich THE ANGEL CITY EXXXPRESS, BAY BAY!

DDK:

Kendrix will be looking to prove himself against his former Utah roster mate the massive Scotsman LAR, Jason Natas will get his hands on Sean Jackson, Harmony will be looking to BEAT some feminist ideals into the thick skull of our reigning Onslaught Division champ big Frank Dylan James... now, you'd think AAAAAAALL THAT would be enough of a night one to satisfy any member of the Faithful... but you know what, Angus?

Angus:

Hit 'em with it, DK.

DDK:

Tonight, in our main event we're going to see the culmination of over SIX PLUS YEARS of some of the thickest, blackest, bad blood the world of professional wrestling's ever seen as the longest reigning champion of ANY kind in DEFIANCE history Eugene Dewey faces off against his nemesis... the Bombastic Bronson Box in a no disqualification falls count ANYWHERE match!

Angus:

So we're still talking *WHY?*

DDK:

You've got a point partner, IT'S TIIIIIIIME FOR DEFCOOOOOON!

RAIN CITY RONIN VS. POP CULTURE PHENOMS VS. THE ANGEL CITY EXXPRESS

♪“Live for the Night” by Krewella (MIA remix)♪

Angus:

And after a laundry list of reasons to look FORWARD to tonight, here's two major reasons why I'd rather claw my eyes out with a rusty railroad spike.

DDK:

I think Lindsay Troy might help you, if she wasn't so busy with Dan Ryan and the FIST.

The lights in the arena cut to completely black. Circular spotlights float around the entrance ramp way, spinning like they're out of a circus. After a moment, they completely cut out. As MIA's extended portion of the PCP's entrance cuts out, the spotlight re-illuminates the top of the stage, where The D and Elise Ares stand back to back, smug as ever. The DEFIANTS boo the ever living crap out of them, as the D wears his Armani suit and too cool for school sunglasses. Elise Ares looks like she's not ready to wrestle, beyond her boots, as she's dressed in what could be considered the slinkiest and sluttiest dress yet. Klein meanwhile, brings up the rear, holding a plate of cheese. As the D and Elise make their way to the ring, the spotlight follows them. The DEFIANCE fans reach out to touch the Pop Culture Phenoms, and The D and Elise recoil in response. Klein however, extends the platter of cheese in their general direction and waves.

Angus:

Good! Touch them! TOUCH THEM!

DDK:

For those that may be unaware, the D and Elise Ares seem to hate being touched by the DEFIANCE Faithful. While most wrestlers would kill to have the entire front row desperate to slap their hands, the PCP recoil in shock and horror and douchebaggery.

Angus:

I'm going to go touch their locker room with my balls. Be right back.

The D raises a hand to a member of the crowd near the ring, as he loudly patted him on the back when his guard was down. He sneers, as Elise climbs up the steel steps. It takes her a bit, so she takes one last look to the crowd, does a pose, and then tears away her beautiful sexy dress.

Elise Ares:

That cost more than you make in a month!

The D then proceeds to follow suit, tearing away his Armani suit to reveal his usual ring attire. The D hops in over the top rope, as Elise slips in between the bottom and middle ropes. The two pose to obvious jeers.

DDK:

Say what you will, but the PCP sure know how to make an entrance.

Angus:

Yeah, but can they make as good of an exit? I mean, please? Go away now.

♪ “Revolve” by the Melvins ♪

The crowd reaction pulls a complete one-eighty as the music hits, sparing them from any more of the douchebaggery of lack of culture. “The Pacific Blitzkrieg” Kerry Kuroyama and “The Undying” Rocko Daymon stride out onto the stage

with looks of incredulous anger plastered on their determined faces. They waste no time with posturing as they advance down the ramp, while the D and Elise scurry out of the ring. The Rain City Ronin enter and chase them off, staring off at their opponents as the DEFIANTS show their love.

DDK:

I think we can all agree, that in their short time here in DEFIANCE, the Rain City Ronin have meshed incredibly well with our fanbase. No nonsense, straight shooters, talented in ring workers with the pedigree to match. They may not be the fan favorites, but they are the ones most likely to walk out of this match with the championship belts.

Angus:

I dunno, I could see some gyration happening tonight all over the backs of those tag team titles...

♪ *“Loaded” by Primal Scream* ♪

*“Just what is it that you want to do?
We wanna be free, we wanna be free to do what we wanna do
And we wanna get loaded and we wanna have a good time...”*

The spoken intro to the song pops the hard drinking Faithful hard. “Dapper” Don Hollywood is the first one out, decked from head to toe in shimmering lime green and black. His brand new feathered, sequined ring robe looks gloriously right out of the mid-80’s, as he does a couple spins for the crowd he’s joined onstage by his tag team partner Rich Mahogany. The sleaziest man in professional wrestling and his usual nasty Hawaiian shirt still somehow manage to top the spectacle of his tag team partners rope by dousing himself in enough baby oil to drown a small house pet... even squirting a little down his trunks.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Angus:

MAHBOIS!

DDK:

Hector Navarro is going to have his hands full tonight with these six combatants, especially the devious and chicanerous PCP.

Angus:

Can we just DQ them and have a regular tag team match?

Hector Navarro finishes talking with the PCP, taking an extra few minutes to make sure both members are aware of the rules and that they agree to follow them. He then turns to the center of the ring and raises the NEW DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships to the cheering crowd.

DDK:

For those who didn’t hear the news, this match is a two on two on two tag team match, first fall to the finish. What’s unique is that you do NOT have to tag your partner into the match, as there can ONLY be two legal men or woman...

Angus:

You mean bitches. Fuck PCP.

DDK:

Yes, sure. But with only two combatants in the ring at a time, that means anyone can tag anyone. Once a tag occurs, the two legal men MUST face off in at least a five second exchange before another tag can be made. Backstage, Kelly

Evans held a draw, and this match will begin with members from the PCP and the Rain City Ronin. Both Rich Mahogany and Don Hollywood must wait their turn on the outside of the ring.

In the PCP corner, the D and Elise play a game of rock paper scissor, of which Elise wins. The D sneers, as Elise hops out onto the apron with a smile on her face. On the other side, the former Heavyweight Champion of the World and all around baddest dude in the tag team division, Rocko Daymon stands in the RCR corner. He grips his fist and cracks his knuckles as the bell rings.

DING DING DING

The D and Rocko circle in the ring. Rocko goes for a collar and elbow, into a side headlock, into a go behind into a hammerlock. The D reaches behind his head, trying to grab Rocko's hair, which Hector immediately admonishes. The D rushes to the nearest ropes, still caught in the hammer lock, and uses his free hand to hook the top. Hector issues a five count which Rocko breaks at three.

Rocko shakes his wrist loose as The D turns around, but then the D falls to his knees and begins to scower the canvas with the palms of his hands. He raises one hand out to Rocko and uses the other now to clutch his eye.

The D:

Where's my contact!? I can't see without my contacts?!

BULL – SHIT! BULL - SHIT! BULL - SHIT!

DDK:

Uh... the D doesn't wear glasses. His medical report indicates 20/20 perfect eye sight.

Angus:

Too bad Defiance didn't have that before we signed them.

The D stomps his feet.

The D:

NO REALLY! YOU GUYS ARE MEAN!

Rocko rolls his eyes, as Hector Navarro checks on the D and sees whether he can continue or not. After a moment, the D SPRINGS to life and dives, tagging in....

Kerry Kuroyama.

Angus:

Can we take these two out back and put DEFIANCE out of THEIR misery?

DDK:

The D has just tagged in Rocko Daymon's partner and protégé, the younger Kerry Kuroyama. And remember Angus, if these two refuse to fight, they could be eliminated from this matchup entirely!

Angus:

Hey Keeps. Tell me something I don't know. And tell me something relevant. These guys aren't the PCP. They know the rules, they follow them, and they put on the greatest tag team show this fed has ever seen. Let's see what they can do against each other.

Indeed, Kerry Kuroyama hops over the top rope and begins to circle his mentor. Rocko shrugs his shoulders as Kerry can't help but let a smile slip loose. Collar and elbow tie up, into a side headlock, into a headlock takeover from Rocko Daymon. Kuroyama reaches up with his legs and locks Rocko in a headscissor to break the hold. Rocko powers out, rushes to his feet and charges off the ropes. Returning, he WHIFFS on a kick as the recovering Kerry decides to fall

back first onto the canvas to avoid the blow. At that point, Kerry rushes to his feet, charges toward the ropes, and tags in Don Hollywood.

Don, however, was busy hitting on a busty beauty in the front row. As Hector ordered Hollywood into the ring, Don held up a single finger, telling him to wait. Don hopped off the apron, went to the low cut blouse wearing woman, and handed her his business card.

Don Hollywood:

That's 1 / 24th to scale.

He said, pointing to the drawing of a penis on the back of the card. Don then quickly slid into the ring, and returned to his feet to stare across the ring at the former multiple time World Champion, Rocko Daymon.

Angus:

Now we're about to have some fun. Don Hollywood, Rocko Daymon, a day we never thought we'd get to see in DEFIANCE, and now, HERE IT IS!

DDK:

Rocko and Don have traveled very different circles on their way to the biggest show in the game, and have storied careers left behind in their wake. Let's see if these two hurricanes can tear this arena down.

Rocko and Don circle each other in the center of the ring. Rocko stops, and extends his hand to Don. Don pauses, looks down at his genitals, and then tells Rocko to wait a moment. He then places his hands into his tights, and adjusts his junk. Rocko frowns, as Don then extends his hand back to the former World champ.

Angus:

Last time I shook Hollywood's ball sweat hands, I won a pick 3!

Rocko wants none of it, hooking Don into a Japanese arm drag. Don back up, and eats a big body slam. Rocko off the ropes, and drops a knee across the jaw of Don Hollywood. Rocko into the cover.

One.

Broken up by the D, just as Hollywood kicks out.

Hector Navarro yells and shouts that The D should exit back to the apron. Rocko gives chase for a moment, swiping at the D's hair as he slips out of the ring. Hollywood from behind with a school boy.

One.

Elise Ares breaks up the fall, just as Rocko powers out. Hector now shouts at Elise to get herself back out of the ring.

DDK:

Can't these two play fair Angus?

Angus:

Can we just stop letting these two play? Wouldn't that be better for everyone?

Rocko and Hollywood stand and stare at each other, and then turn their attention toward the PCP corner. Both men charge, and Ed and Elise slip off the apron to barely avoid forearms. The crowd boos as the PCP check on the conditions of each other to make sure no one was harmed before they jumped down. The pair then showboat, and Rocko turns attention back to Don. Right hand to the shoulder, elbow, right hand to the neck, elbow.

Rocko pauses, allowing Don Hollywood to raise his hands.

Don Hollywood:

WAIT WAIT WAIT! NOT THE FACE!

Rocko turns to the DEFIANCE Faithful, and then irish whips Hollywood out of the corner. Rocko charges in, and NAILS Don in the face with a running knee to the jaw. Quick tag to his partner Kerry Kuroyama, as the two of them irish whip Don back across the ring to the PCP's corner. Rocko grabs Kerry and irish whips him in, and Kerry hits a BIG body splash. Snapmare by Kerry, and Rocko off the ropes with a STIFF soccer kick to the gut. Rocko walks out of the ring as Hector counts to three, and Kerry jumps on top for a pin.

One.

The D and Elise reach in and grab Kerry by his leg, dragging him out of the ring. They unload on him with rights and lefts as Hector shouts from the ring. The D and Elise irish whip Kerry shoulder first into the steel steps, causing them to loosen. The Pop Culture Phenoms cheer, before the D throws the younger protege of Rain City Ronin into the ring.

The D:

YOU SAW NOTHING!

Elise jumps onto the apron and reaches out to make the tag to Don Hollywood. Hollywood looks up, and laughs in her face. He slowly pulls himself to his corner and dives to tag in Rich Mahogany. Rich comes in and SLAMS a right hand into Elise's face, sending her sprawling off the apron and into the D's arms. Both topple on the outside, as Klein pulls the imaginary hairs out of his box.

Rich Mahogany:

CALL ME!

Rich shouts that over the top rope to Elise and turns his attention to Kerry, and steps over his arms and grabs his leg.

DDK:

The Sex Panther (Stump Puller)! Rich Mahogany has got the stump puller locked in.

Angus:

He's making the back of Kerry's head his target for his splooge rocket.

DDK:

Gross. Mahogany is really rubbing it in! (Pause) The hold Angus. He's rubbing in the hold.

Angus:

Am I rubbing off on you?

DDK:

Gross.

Angus:

I am. I really really am.

Reaching into the ring, the D tags himself in, slapping the back of Rich Mahogany. The DEFIANCE crowd boos, as The D hops in and Hector Navarro gives Rich a five count to break the hold. When he does, Rich turns and pops the D square in the jaw with a right hand. He exits the ring, as both the D and Kerry are down in the middle of the ring, recovering.

The D is up first, rubbing his jaw. He rushes toward a crawling Kerry Kuroyama, and drops an elbow to his back to stop him. Once there, The D grabs Kerry and irish whips him into the PCP corner. The D begins to stomp away repeatedly into Kerry's gut and head.

Angus:

Oh God. Not this again.

DDK:

They call this "The Blacklist."

Angus:

Awwww c'maaaaan! Don't validate it with a name!

The D tags Elise, STOMP CITY. Elise tags the D, STOMP STOMP STOMP. The D tags Elise, STOMPAGE. Elise tags the D. SUPER STOMPS. The D tags Elise. STOMPITY STOMP STOMP. Elise tags the D, and The D finishes with a flurry of stomps as Hector finally gets in and breaks the move up. As the D backs off, saying he's done, he then charges into the corner and lays a face wash boot to the prone Kuroyama, before diving on top for the cover.

One.

Two.

Foot on the rope. Elise pushes it back off with her foot but Navarro catches it and breaks the count. She begins to argue but The D grabs Kerry, repositions himself, and drags him closer to the center of the ring, away from the bottom rope.

One.

Two.

Kickout by Kerry.

The D slams his hand into the mat in frustration. He sighs, and turns to Rich Mahogany, and PUNCHES him in the jaw.

The D:

TAG BITCH!

The D steps out onto the apron. Don Hollywood finishes hitting on yet another femme fatale and enters the ring to charge at the D for the cheapshot. Hector Navarro tells the D that's not a legal tag, and tries to keep Don backed into his corner. Don charges and swipes at the D, who has just enough time to hop off the apron to avoid the blow. The fans boo, but they let out a roar of cheers as Rich Mahogany recovers and kicks The D square in the D. His eyes go wide and he falls to his knees, before Mahogany spears him into the apron, whips him into the guardrail, and then rolls him back into the middle of the ring.

Elise Ares:

That's cheating! You dirty cheaters! We're the only ones who are allowed to do that!

DDK:

That wasn't a valid tag by the D Angus, and Rich made him pay! Now, both the D and Kerry are down, and I think Kerry is in better shape than The D!

Angus:

Hard not to be.

Kerry crawls, this time to the ACX corner, and dives and makes a hot tag in to Rich Mahogany. Mahogany enters and slams a double ax handle to the downed yet recovering D. Then knees to the face, before lifting the D and irish whipping him. On the other side, the D hooks the top rope to stop the irish whip as Mahogany prepares to hit him with a variation of the ULTIMATE bitch slap.

Instead, the D reaches over and tags in Don Hollywood, who had his back turned and was speaking to an entirely different woman than the one he had given his business card before.

She was loving it. Until Don's attention was turned away from her toward the ring, where Hector Navarro informed him he was the legal man.

DDK:

And again! The D has tagged in the tag partner of his opponents. This time, the ACX have to wrestle against each other!

Don Hollywood and Rich Mahogany square off on opposite sides of the ring as Hector instructs them to meet in the center and fight. Rich turns to the DEFIANT faithful, as Don himself gets quite the smile. Rich places his hands behind his head and begins to thrust into the air, as Don stumbles backwards from the imaginary thrusts. Don however, stands his ground, and puts his hands on the hips, gyrating back at Rich. Rich stumbles backward, before recovering and shouting at Hector.

Rich Mahogany:

Does that count?

DDK:

What did we just witness?

Angus:

Your sexual maturity?

DDK:

Well, it looks at least like Elise Ares was impressed with their skill.

Angus:

As she should be. THAT WAS THE BEST THRUST IN THE BUSINESS!

Hector throws up his shoulders in frustration, before Hollywood reaches over and tags back in Rocko Daymon. Daymon storms into the ring and charges, catching Mahogany with a shoulder tackle. Off the other ropes, another shoulder tackle sends Rich back to the mat. Off the other side again, Mahogany side steps and grabs Daymon by his hand. Daymon reverses the irish whip attempt, and Mahogany springboards off the middle rope.

DDK:

Springboard bitchslap! Rocko is dazed but not out of it. And ROCKO WITH A BELLY TO BELLY!

Indeed, Mahogany was thrown quite clear across the ring, into the PCP's corner. The D and Elise laugh at him, before Rich reaches out and tags in Elise.

DDK:

Oh God. Elise is just now realizing what she's getting into. Her look of shock and dismay at seeing Rocko across the ring? Priceless.

Angus:

After Rocko dumped that bitch on her head, I'd assume she'd get stupider until I realized she couldn't.

Elise reluctantly steps through the ropes, and cautiously looks across the ring at Rocko. Rocko simply smiles, taking his fist and cracking his knuckles. Elise rushes back to her corner and tries to tag in the D, but Hector says she must engage with Rocko before she can do so.

DDK:

The rules of this match, that force tag partners to compete against one another, means that Elise has to interact with

Rocko before she can flee the ring.

Elise instead, rushes over to the ACX corner, as both Rich and Don drop off the apron to avoid the tag. Elise rushes over to the Rain City Ronin corner, and Rocko lets her, only for her to eat a stiff elbow to the face from Rocko's protegee Kerry Kuroyama. Elise falls to the mats hard, as Rocko grabs her by her hair. He looks out at the sea of the DEFIANTS, and locks her into a double underhook.

Elise Ares:

I'm too beautiful to die!

DDK:

The faithful know what's coming next! That BRAIN ROCKER! And so does Elise!

Angus:

And so does that bitch the D, he just broke it up with a dropkick, and no one is happy about that!

Kerry Kuroyama rushes the ring and catches the D with an elbow. The ACX slip in under the ropes as the match has broken down to pure chaos. The ACX and RCR proceed to stomp the ever living beejesus out of the D, as he curls up in a fetal position. After a moment, Kerry grabs the D and throws him up and over the top rope, so he lands on the apron. It's then when Rocko makes the hottest tag ever.

DDK:

Tag into the D! Rocko just tagged out to the D, and is making the Pop Culture Phenoms eat their own medicine!

Angus:

That means tweedle-fuck and tweedle-dipshit have to fight each other?

DDK:

Exactly! The D is recovering on the apron, eyes wide in shock. This finally allows Hector to regain control. The RCR and ACX back to their corners, and it's now the D, versus Elise!

*"FIGHT YOU BITCH-ES" *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

*"FIGHT YOU BITCH-ES" *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

The D doesn't want to get into the ring, shaking his head, Elise is backing away, pleading with Hector Navarro. Hector wants NONE of it, and demands the two attack each other.

The D shrugs. Suddenly, the D rushes the RCR corner, Elise rushes the ACX corner. The D catches both Rocko and Daymon with dual charging elbows. Elise dropkicks both members of the ACX off the apron. Elise and the D charge each other... FINGERPOKE! The D falls like a ton of bricks, Elise is on top for the COVER?!?

DDK:

Wait...

One.

DDK:

No.

Two.

Angus:

FUCK ME!

THREE!

DDK:

Did I just see what I think I just saw?

Angus:

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!

The D and Elise rush to their feet as they're announced as the tag team champions. Klein has already grabbed the newly minted DEFIANCE tag team championships from the timekeeper, as the D and Elise rush to his side and quickly make their way up the entrance ramp. Numerous empty soda bottles, and some full are hurled in their generation direction as the PCP quickly celebrate like thieves in the night.

FACING THE UNKNOWN

Camera opens up outside of the Lakefront Arena. All the fans are inside now, with a few lone security guards monitoring the outside entrances. Terry 'The Idol' Anderson appears in front of the camera facing out towards the parking lot. Night one of DEFCON has officially started and the air seems abuzz, as does Terry. He looks around excitedly, scratching his near balding head. Letting out a sigh he squints his eyes in the direction of the fan entrance and shrugs his shoulders.

Terry:

Guess he ain't showing up after all. More of the show to enjoy for myself I suppose.

He turns to head back towards the entrance and the camera catches a blur of motion, suddenly, Code Name: Reaper, is standing in front of Terry, eyes glowing bright red.

Terry:

I was starting to think you wouldn't show up, DEFIANCE's biggest event of the year and you are out here... doing what exactly?

Reaper ignores the question and moves past Terry, staring off into the distance. First down at the parking lot then turns to face the camera.

Reaper:

Making sure that my target doesn't arrive un-welcomed. I have already scoured the backstage area and can't smell his presence. He either has not arrived yet or he knows what is waiting for him.

Terry:

Who is it though? Everyone important is here tonight. This is DEFCON the biggest pay per view of the year for DEFIANCE. You already missed the first match. Whoever is it they are already inside. Let's get in there and watch LAR destroy that Kendrix punk.

Reaper:

As much as I would enjoy seeing that, I must make sure that my tar.....

He stops for a moment holding his hand up to Terry, who is looking around confused.

Terry:

Did you hear something?? Or see...

Reaper: [his voice is elevated]

I told you already, it... is... MY... CHOICE. NOT YOURS! It is my choice on who the target will be, I am not carrying out your WISHES.

Terry looks at the camera, shaking his head, he walks in front of Reaper who is now mumbling to himself.

Terry:[concern in his voice]

This is getting out of hand. You came here to wrestle, this I understand, but you aren't right. You haven't even had your first match in DEFIANCE and... and you..

Reaper lifts his head up to stare Terry in the eyes. His eyes are glowing red.

Reaper:[voice is slow and methodical]

And I what? You are NOT here for your words of wisdom, you are NOT here for your wrestling experience. You are here for one thing and one thing alone. Watching DEFCON is not helping you in that task. So... please leave me alone.

Terry:

Just because you were trained by one of the best doesn't mean you don't need advice. I've been in this business a very long time. You need to pull it together or your career in DEFIANCE is going to be done before it even begins.

Terry walks off camera and Code Name: Reaper doesn't acknowledge his exit. The camera focuses back to Reaper, who is again staring off into the parking lot.

Reaper:

Curtis Penn will destroy Impulse, there will be nothing left for me to pick apart from that counterfeit. Your desires, your grudges... they are not mine. STOP trying to force them on me. I have my own vision, my own first target and I will not let you mess this up for me. I will not let you mess this up like you have everything else in the past. This isn't your world anymore.

Reaper faces the camera as we cut to black.

KENDRIX VS. L.A.R.

DDK:

What a shocking start we've had to DEFCON where the Pop Culture Phenoms have somehow become the brand new DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions!

Angus:

I just don't understand...I...How?!

DDK:

It's probably best if we move swiftly on, because coming up next we have two of the hottest prospects in the business today, Lamond Alexander Robertson and Kendrix, going one on one.

Angus:

Seriously, two matches in and I have to call another Sports Entertainment GOOFBALL?! What on earth have I done to deserve this?

DDK:

You really want me to answer that?!

♪ "Promentory" by Trevor Jones ♪

From the back, the figure of Lamond Alexander Robertson appears. The Scot walks slowly onto the stage, the fans light up as he appears. L.A.R. smiles wide and waves to the fans, following with a 360 turn, looking around at the huge crowd inside the Lakefront Arena.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, from Pockton, Scotland. Weighing in at 267 lbs...Lamond Alexanderrrrr Robertsoooooooooon

DDK:

L.A.R. finally called out Kendrix at DefTV 68 after weeks of J.F.K. getting involved, with chair shots and title belts may I add, in Robertson's business.

Robertson shakes hands with the fans on his way to the ring, he takes a few moments to meet with a few of them before rolling into the ring and waiting on his opponent as his music fades out.

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, immediately bringing Kendrix into view with his back facing the ring wearing the latest #HollywoodBuv t-shirt and trademark JFK green and gold ring tights with green boots. As the track's marching style drumming picks up pace he rotates his neck twice to stretch it out before slicking his hair back with both hands. Returning his arms down back to his sides he ever so slightly turns his body over to the left. The camera zooms in up close as he tilts his head to peer over his left shoulder, sporting a smug smirk on his face.

DDK:

No matter what you think of him, Kendrix has been impressive in his young DEFIANCE career to date, aligning himself with his Hollywood Buv, Mikey Unlikely. But tonight, it's all about him and Robertson.

Angus:

I refuse to respect this man due to the company he keeps AND the milking of his entrance.

As the chorus kicks in, JFK puts his weight on his left foot as he spins around quickly to face the stage and begins to make his way down the ramp towards the ring, completely ignoring the fans.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent. Hailing from London, England. Weighing in at 218lbs.

Climbing up onto the 2nd turnbuckle in the corner closest to the entrance ramp, Kendrix looks around at the fans shaking his head at them with a disapproving look on his face. He looks down proudly at the #HollywoodBruvs logo on his shirt.

Quimbley:

Jaay Eff Kaaay...KENDRRRIIX!

He raises his head up proudly, beating his right fist twice to his heart before opening his arms out wide. Taking his shirt off, it looks like he's ready to chuck it into the crowd. Instead, he wags his finger and chuckles to himself, leaving it in the corner of the ring. He jumps down, turning round in one motion and walks to the center of the ring, rotating and stretching his neck before hopping on the spot in front of L.A.R.

DDK

And this one is about to kick off folks! Lamond Alexander Robertson versus Jesse Fredericks Kendrix!

Benny Doyle signals to the time-keeper and the bell rings finally, as JFK backs away from LAR, who looks at him with a confident smirk, the Scot pleased with the opportunity to get the "Future" one on one in a ring.

Robertson moves forwards, arms outstretched as if to offer a lock-up, but Kendrix feigns before driving a swift kick to Lamond's calf. Robertson shakes it off before returning his stance, looking to tie up with the "Bruv".

Once more, Kendrix feigns and this time throws a right open palm across the side of Lamond's face, in a vicious slap. The grin is unmistakable, as Kendrix backs up. Once more, Robertson rubs his cheek with his own Palm, not taking his eyes off of JFK and moves forward, offering a wrestling tie up. Kendrix moves forward, as if into the grip but quickly ducks to the side, shooting a left boot towards the mid section.

Angus:

Not this time! He caught it! Lamond Robertson caught Kendrix's boot!

Kendrix holds his hands out flat in front of Lamond as he shakes his head. As if on cue, LAR drives forward with a vicious clothesline, taking Kendrix down to the mat and standing over him, the fans reacting with a roar of approval. Robertson slaps the sporran on his kilt, before dropping his knee down quickly onto the chest of JFK. He lifts back up, bringing Kendrix to his feet with no wasted motion before whipping him to the ropes and on the return lifts him high into the air, driving down with a face buster! LAR drops down without a pause, his primal roar filling the arena, wrapping his huge hands around the jaw of Kendrix and pulling back as he pushes the edge of his knee into the smaller man's back. Kendrix fights on the mat, but Robertson increases the pressure.

DDK:

Finally, LAR lets go of the hold! Wow, what a momentum changer that was! This man is possessed!

Kendrix is brought back to his feet a groggy mess, Robertson taking him to the corner and driving him face first into the turnbuckle. As Kendrix holds his head, L.A.R. grabs the back of it and takes him across to the next turnbuckle and drives him head first again into it. He throws a few right fists into the Englishman's head, before whipping him out to the ropes and back into a huge, vicious Spine Buster.

Angus:

Listen to these people! L.A.R's in complete control here. I'm actually enjoying this!

The crowd increase four-fold in volume as Robertson signals for the end! He lifts Kendrix to his feet, getting him in position.

DDK:

My god! My god! Clansedge! It's over! This one's over already!

LAR drops down into a cover, laying his body over Jesse's as the crowd count along.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!...

NO!...

Angus:

Wait...!...his foot! His foot on the ropes! Kendrix got his foot on the ropes!

LAR springs to his feet, leaning his chest back and bellowing to the crowd, arms raised in victory. Benny Doyle crosses his hands back and forth, shaking his head as Robertson realises the reality. He questions the ref, full of intensity, pride, expectation. The ref shrugs and pats his ankle, pointing at the ring rope. Lamond leans in, his breaths quick and sharp, passionate and then...

DDK:

Schoolboy! Schoolboy roll up by Kendrix!

The ref drops to the mat...

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!^

The crowd “ooooohs” in unison as Robertson is slow to his knees, only to be met with a huge running knee to the face, Kendrix raising his arms to a booing crowd, shouting at them that this is his time! He smirks, slowly circling the ring and looking back at his opponent, who holds his jaw and slowly rises to all fours. Kendrix drives forward, a huge right boot to the face of LAR, sending him down and dropping an elbow straight onto the sternum, before wrapping the Scot’s arm into a triangle lock.

DDK:

Robertson has had problems with that arm in the past and now Kendrix is focussing in on exploiting it.

Robertson roars out, leaning to take hold of one of Kendrix’s legs, who quickly transitions around into an ankle lock, before switching his weight and dropping down onto Robertson’s back with a single leg Boston crab.

DDK:

This man is so talented when he wants to be!

Robertson claws his way to the ropes, wrapping an arm around the bottom and breaking the hold. Jesse wrenches back on the hold for a few seconds more as the ref counts for the break, before getting to his feet and spitting down at LAR, motioning to the crowd once more.

Angus:

Yeah, it’s a shame though that this is almost never. The guy is focussed on being a professional fucktard!

Jesse slicks his hair back and grins. As he backs up and crudely swings his closed wrist side to side down at his opponent. Robertson rises in fury, his left leg a little ginger, but he comes forward nonetheless.

DDK:

Kendrix ducks a clothesline attempt, spinning round and driving Robertson to the centre of the ring with a hard, quick and fast neckbreaker.

As he rises to his feet JFK goes back to work on his opponents arm with vicious stomps. Robertson reaches out at his arm in pain but Kendrix kicks it away before driving his knee down hard on the injured arm.

DDK:

Robertson howling in pain after that knee drop. Kendrix dragging him over by the same arm to the corner now.

Kendrix slides outside the ring under the bottom rope to the floor. As Robertson tries to get up Kendrix pounds a couple of forearms across his head before grabbing the arm, taking a step to his left and returning Lamonds arm cracking against the ring post.

DDK:

L.A.R. withering around the corner in agony, not letting go of his arm. Benny Doyle meanwhile interrupts his own count out to check if he can continue.

Angus:

I'm not his biggest fan but you and I both know that this kid isn't gonna give up, one arm or not!

Before Robertson can respond, JFK grabs his arm from the outside and swings it mercilessly once more into the post. The ref begins his count out, imploring Kendrix to return to the ring but he swings the arm again and again along with the refs count. Finally the ref stops at the count of four and joins Kendrix on the outside getting his body in between the post and Kendrix who innocently holds the palms of his hands up beside his head.

Kendrix:

What I do ref?! Who put that ring post there, innit?!

Angus:

Instead of running his mouth and giving L.A.R. time to recover, Kendrix should be in the ring putting this match to bed!

As if on cue, Jesse rolls under the bottom rope and into the ring. Slicking his hair back as he looks down at Robertson before dropping a hard knee down on L.A.Rs injured arm for good measure before going for the cover.

ONE...**TWO...****DDK:**

Robertson manages to get a shoulder up on two but Kendrix quickly forces the shoulder down and again Robertson kicks out at two.

Kendrix holds three fingers up at the ref who adamantly holds two back up at JFK. However, rather than deciding to argue with Benny Doyle this time, Kendrix throws his legs across the chest of L.A.R. and proceeds to pull back on the injured arm between his thighs.

DDK:

Armbar by Kendrix but Robertson is quick to get his foot on the ropes.

Angus:

Luckily for him he was right in the corner.

L.A.R. screams in agony as Kendrix finally lets go of the hold on the count of four and immediately gets in the ref's face in the centre of the ring.

Kendrix:

JFK KNOWS THE RULES, OBVS!

Turning round JFK walks towards his opponent to home in on the arm once more but Robertson sweeps his foot around Kendrix's ankles.

DDK:

Kendrix's head bouncing off the middle turnbuckle as he falls to the mat. That Drop Toe Hold by L.A.R. has bought him some much needed recovery time.

Angus:

What a surprise, Kendrix's mouth has got him into trouble!

Benny Doyle's count has reached four with both men on the ground. Kendrix begins to stir as he holds his face, Robertson desperately trying to drag himself up one handed by the ropes.

Six

Robertson gets one foot planted on the mat twisting round resting his back on the middle rope.

Seven

Kendrix shakes his head as he holds grabs the turnbuckle to lift himself, planting one foot on the ground.

Eight

JFK up now as he rests his back against the turnbuckle. The crowd getting behind Robertson to do the same.

LAR

LAR

LAR

Nine

DDK:

Robertson with an almost primal shout drags himself to his feet as the crowd go crazy.

Kendrix immediately steps in with a punch but it's blocked and Robertson hits back with a huge forearm across Kendrix's face, followed by another and another as JFK staggers back to the corner. Robertson holds his injured arm but he manages to throw another shot at JFK and another and another!

DDK:

We've got a match back on here folks, Robertson taking the game to Kendrix now!

Robertson takes to the centre of the ring and circles round feeding off the energy of the crowd. Walking to the opposite turnbuckle he turns quickly and runs towards Kendrix but he explodes out of his corner and meets L.A.R. with a huge clothesline in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Kendrix quickly cutting off Robertson's momentum. Both men to their feet now, Kendrix locks his arms around Robertson's waist and hits an impressive German Suplex.

JFK keeps his arms locked in as the two get to their feet and hits another.

DDK:

Kendrix going for a third one here but Robertson swings an elbow across his jaw, and another as Kendrix releases his grip.

Robertson jumps into life as he wraps his arms around Kendrix, hurling him up and follows him down to the mat.

DDK:

Huge impact Belly to Belly Suplex from Robertson! He goes for the cover, two, thr..Kendrix kicks out!

Angus:

Robertson's holding his head in his hands, he was so close!

Huge right hand from Lamond as the two get to their feet. He sends Kendrix over to the ropes with an Irish Whip, Kendrix comes back and ducks the clothesline attempt, bouncing off the ropes at the opposite side but runs straight into a running boot to the face.

Angus:

That nearly took that fucktard's huge big head off!

As his back slams up off the mat Kendrix throws himself at the ropes to climb up and come again at L.A.R. but as he uses the momentum off of the ropes Robertson charges at him.

Ohhhhhhhhhh

DDK

SPEAR, SPEAR, SPEAR!! He caught him, this one's over!

ONE...

TWO...

THR

DDK

KICKOUT! Lamond can't believe it!

Angus:

WHAT?! I don't think anyone in this arena can believe it Keebs! That was perfect impact!

L.A.R. holds his hands to his head in disbelief. JFK, still writhing in pain, holding onto his stomach and begins to crawl towards the turnbuckle. Robertson looks out at the opposite turnbuckle and out at the crowd who sense something big about to happen as Robertson leans back against it and squats down eagerly.

DDK:

L.A.R. willing, begging for Kendrix to get to his feet as the crowd cheer him on!

Angus:

Robertson looking to finish JFK off here once and for all!

Grabbing hold of the top turnbuckle Kendrix manages to pull himself vertical. As he turns he takes a step forward as L.A.R. charges from his corner.

DDK:

SPEAR...NO!

At the last possible second Kendrix steps out of the way and using L.A.R.'s own momentum to drive him, injured arm first, into the turnbuckle.

DDK:

No matter what you think of him, Kendrix showed great awareness there. Robertson, staggering out of the corner now and BELLEND!

Angus:

Nooooooooooooooooooooo!

L.A.R.'s body lies prone on the mat as Kendrix collapses beside him. Holding onto his gut he throws an arm over his opponent.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE?!...

DDK:

No! Robertson somehow gets the shoulder up! Incredible heart from the young man!

Kendrix rolls onto his back, hands covering his face in utter despair before slamming them down on the mat a couple of times.

Angus:

Classic Sports Entertainment Goofball behaviour. What a baby!

L.A.R. grabs onto his arm as he begins to stir. Kendrix sits up, shakes his head at him and rolls out of the ring and over to the time keeper's area.

DDK:

What's Kendrix up to here?

Angus:

What a surprise, I was wondering how long he'd wait to use a chair!

Kendrix holds the chair up in front of him, looking at it with a sick smirk before slamming it down against the ring steps in frustration.

Angus:

Well if he uses that on Robertson then at least he'll get DQ'd

Robertson has made it to his feet but has his back to Kendrix as he makes his way through the ropes. Benny Doyle pleading with him to get rid of the chair. JFK feigns to hit the ref who backs off, just enough time for Lamond to turn around...

DDK:

Spinebuster! Huge Spinebuster from Robertson, laying Kendrix out in the middle of the ring!

Benny Doyle kicks the chair out of the ring as Robertson rests back on the ropes, looking down at Kendrix and then across to the turn buckle.

DDK:

What's Lamond doing here?

Angus:

Why isn't he going for the cover? Is he going up top?!

DDK:

We very rarely see this from Robertson, he's going high risk here!

Robertson gingerly arches his body up straight, his eyes never leaving Kendrix who's beginning to stir a little. Robertson raises his one arm up signalling to the fans. He brings the injured one up but immediately drops it in pain.

DDK:

Robertson giving absolutely everything in this match to try and put Kendrix away here.

Angus:

But he's gotta do it now cos Kendrix is getting to his feet.

L.A.R. digs deep and fights off the pain, standing upright once more and leaps from the turnbuckle, down towards Kendrix.

Ohhhhh!

DDK:

BELLEND! BELLEND! Kendrix caught Robertson mid-air!

Holy Shit

Holy Shit

Holy Shit

ONE...

Angus:

Fuck No!

TWO...

THREE!

Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DDK:

And this one's all over! Kendrix with a huge victory here at DEFCON.

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner by pinfall, Jay Eff Kaaay...KENNDDRRRIIXX!

Kendrix over aggressively drops his arm away from Benny Doyle who raised it in victory and rolls out of the ring as the ref checks on Robertson.

Angus:

What kind of world do we live in when S.E.G. win TWO matches in one night?! Hollywood McFuckass better lose the SOHER Title tonight to balance the world out, surely?!

DDK:

What a night it would be for S.E.G. if that didn't happen later tonight, Angus and...wait a minute, what the?!

Kendrix returns to the ring, and slams the steel chair down hard across the injured arm of L.A.R. The music abruptly cuts.

DDK:

That's enough, someone get him out of here...No!!

Robertson screams in pain after suffering a second chair shot across the arm. Finally the ref gets in between him and Kendrix who drops the chair to the ground as he squats down beside Lamond.

Kendrix:

JFK's the ONLY future of the DEFIANCE, innit, bruv?!

As he slicks his hair back he rolls under the bottom rope and out of the ring. As his music hits once more, Jesse jabs his thumb onto his chest as his eyes remain fixed on Robertson who's grabbing his arm in pain.

Kendrix:

JFK's The Future Dammit!!

DDK:

Both these men gave everything they had tonight but it's a huge statement of intent here from Kendrix.

Angus:

Just looking at Robertson, Keebs. You gotta wonder if that arm is ever gonna be the same again after what it went through this evening.

ENDING OF A YEAR

The bright lights of DEFIANCE's Interview Stage heat up as DEFIANCE's #1 Heel stands front and center.

Curtis Penn:

Another year has come and gone.

His voice is deadpan.

Curtis Penn:

I have held Championships and I have lost them.

DEFIANCE's Black Hat shrugs his shoulders in nonchalance about the losing part of his statement.

Curtis Penn:

I have won and I have lost.

Again, with all the feels. Not really.

Curtis Penn:

A year of embarrassments, betrayals, and explosions.

A sneer explodes on his face.

Curtis Penn:

A year of putting up with the degradation of Kelly Evans and her way of booking me. And then she goes and invites all of these upstarts into *MY* DEFIANCE! Acting like this is some sort of **GAME** and I am one of her toys that she can just discard because something new and shiny caught her eye.

His face reads disgust as he moves forward.

Curtis Penn:

L.A.R, Impulse, the Murray's, and all of these other pieces of crap that have back flowed up the pipes and ended up here in DEFIANCE and everyone is just fine and dandy with the shit floating on the floor.

His nose wrinkles with just the thought of the brown floaters covering the locker room floor.

Curtis Penn:

Tomorrow night I get to place this sorry ass year behind me. The loss to Frank Holiday at the first DEFMAX, the loss of my Southern Heritage Championship to Harmony who happened to drop it to the most Unlikely of people, the loss to Frank Dylan James for the D.O.C, and that idiot who runs around using the moniker of Impulse.

The crowd pops for his name.

Curtis Penn:

Impulse, tomorrow night, in twenty-four hours I will beat you within an inch of your pitiful life. I'm going to rub your face into the mat like I'm breaking in a new puppy. When I'm done with, when I've decided that you've endured the same shame that I have during the twelve months I will finally end you.

The Earl of Elbows, the King of Knees, and the Father of Face Stomps lips curl into a sickening, hateful smile.

Curtis Penn:

That's right boy, I'm taking out all three hundred and sixty-five days of my hellish year out on you just because you asked for it. You couldn't just take the loss you were dealt and walk away like everyone else who has ever lost to me. You wanted to make this personal...you wanted a match to put you on the DEFIANCE map. And that's fine, I'm happy with putting your ass in the back of the bus.

His sinister grin grows.

Curtis Penn:

Then, when I'm done with Impulse, I will cut a wide swath through the DEFMAX Tournament Participants. That's what they really are, just participants, and then I'll use that momentum and place a stranglehold on DEFIANCE and that will ultimately lead to me being the FIST of DEFIANCE.

I **AM** DEFIANCE.

Cut.

FRANK DYLAN JAMES VS. HARMONY

DDK:

The crowd here in the Lakefront Arena are absolutely rakous and for the action we've had so far tonight, I can't say I blame them!

Angus:

We're only halfway through the night and we've still got tomorrow night to get through yet!

DDK:

Indeed we do Angus, but I know this next matchup is definitely going to have your interest!

Angus:

I love my future wife, but I really think she's bitten off more than she can chew here. I don't want to see her get crushed.

DDK:

Regardless of what you want to see, things between our DOC Champion Frank Dylan James and Harmony started out on a rosier path than they're going down now.

Angus:

He shouldn't have disrespected her like that! She's more than capable of handing out an ass kicking. Just ask Curtis Penn.

DDK:

That's what this all boils down to: respect.

Angus:

I just don't know why Harmony feels she's got to go get herself killed in the process!

Darren Quimby:

The following contest is set for one fall!

♪ "Just A Girl" by No Doubt ♪

The opening guitar strains of "Just A Girl" by No Doubt echo through the LAkefront Arena as the arena darkens and a purple hue surrounds the stage. A spotlight appears at the entranceway and as Gwen Stefani begins to sing, Harmony strides out onto the stage and pauses, looking out o the fans before she throws a hand up in time with the music coming in full force.

Darren Quimby:

Introducing first, the challenger. From London, England, weighing in at one hundred and fifty pounds, HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARMONY!

DDK:

Harmony's usual jovial mood looks to have left the building tonight and after the way things went on DEFtv #68, you know she will be all business.

Angus:

I hate it when she doesn't smile.

DDK:

This match is all about respect for Harmony. She wants to prove to Frank she's a worthy opponent.

Angus:

Something tells me Frank isn't going to be as enthused for this match.

She makes a beeline straight for the ring with a purpose in her stride, jumping straight onto the apron and over the top rope before throwing her hands up to the crowd at the ropes.

♪ "Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent ♪

Darren Quimby:

And her opponent, from the rolling hills of Appalachia... He is the Mastodon of the Mountains and the current DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion... He is Frank... DYYYYYYYYLAAAAAN James!

The music plays on and a tearse moment goes by before The Hillbilly Jesus emerges somberly through the curtain, DOC title in hand.

Angus:

He's got an eyeball on Harm, I don't like the looks of it!

DDK:

That may be true, but he's not making his way down to the ring!

True enough Frank paces back and forth, but doesn't take a step forward.

Angus:

Ha! He's scared.

DDK:

I'm gonna tell him you said that!

Angus:

SHUTUP KEEBS! IT WAS JUST A JOKE, OKAY!?

Finally, reluctantly, Frank makes his way down to the ring. He doesn't stop to hoot and hollar with the fans, and he doesn't slap any hands. He slides underneath the bottom rope and is quick to his feet but he doesn't look a bit more comfortable.

DDK:

And here we go!

DING! DING! DING!

Brian Slater calls for the bell and Harmony immediately shifts to ready herself, but Frank doesn't copy as she steps towards him with her arms up ready for a tie up, instead turning his back on her. The fans show their dislike for the lack of action and the anger immediately flares up in Harmony's expression as she dives around to face him again, giving him a shove in the chest and motioning for him to come at her. Again, the Mastodon turns his back on Harmony and tries to walk away, but once more Harmony puts herself between Frank and his exit route, shoving him in the chest with both hands harder than before then shouting at him "don't mess me around, Frank!"

DDK:

Frank really doesn't want to do this.

Angus:

My girl isn't going to let him get away with that, I can tell you know.

Frank goes to turn away from her again and the anger flares up once more as Harmony follows him as he turns, keeping up with him as he turns away. The brunette begins to shout and point her finger at Frank again, and the Mastodon finally comes to life, hoisting Harmony up over his shoulder in one swift movement and deposits her over on the other side of the ring! He puts her down next to the ropes and walks away from her again, making his way out of the ring through the ropes, only to be knocked off the apron half way through the ropes by Harmony, who hits the ropes behind her and slams into Frank with a dropkick to the side of the head!

Angus:

That's my girl!

DDK:

Not many people can say they've staggered the Mastodon but Harmony has now joined that club!

Brian Slater begins a count as Frank climbs back to his feet and turns around as Harmony flies over the top rope at him, only to catch her before she can do any damage! The Mastodon sighs then sits her back down on the ring apron before beginning to walk away again! Harmony looks absolutely ready to explode with anger as she rolls herself under the bottom rope then gives chase to Frank, almost having to break into a run to catch up with him. She manages to get herself in front of him again and hits him with a huge chop that would stagger any other normal person but Frank just looks at her as she hit him with another one and another one, the Mastodon catching her arm mid swing for the fourth.

DDK:

Uh oh....

Angus:

I swear, if he hurts her...

DDK:

You'll what? Hide in the locker room?

Harmony struggles against his grip as Frank turns her back to the ring and pushes her back towards it, letting her go a few strides from the ring and beginning to walk away from her again as Brian Slater's count reaches six. Harmony rolls back under the rope to break the count then goes after Frank once more, this time climbing onto the security barrier and balancing along it before leaping off onto Frank's back, the behemoth of a man just shrugging her off! She lands on the ramp with a thud but leaps up just as quick, making a beeline back to the ring to break Brian Slater's count once more before she takes off across the top of the security barrier again! The crowd go absolutely ape as Harmony throws herself at Frank again from the top of the security barrier, this time locking on a sleeper hold and wrapping her long legs around Frank's body for a sleeper and body scissors combination!

DDK:

Smart move from Harmony here!

Angus:

What I wouldn't give to be between those legs.

DDK:

Slowing Frank down could be her best strategy here.

Angus:

But it ain't working, look!

Angus is right, the crowd are getting behind Harmony as she struggles to lock her legs around the huge body of Frank Dylan James, furiously tightening the grip around his head, but it's having no effect and Frank just turns himself around, and makes his way back down to the ring with the brunette on his back! He makes it to the edge of the ring then reaches back and slams Harmony down from off his back!

Angus:

Ooof.

DDK:

Hard landing for Harmony there!

She instinctively arches in pain, emitting a shriek as Frank begins to walk away but she's undeterred, instead rolling back into the ring to break the count and in one angry movement, she snatches a microphone from Darren Quimby then turns back to the rampway where Frank is almost out of sight.

Harmony:

Oh that's it Frank, you just walk away. I had you down as many things, but I didn't have you down as a pussy!

There's a low gasp from the crowd in the Lakefront Arena as Frank pauses then slowly turns around to face Harmony, a hint of anger to his one placid expression.

Angus:

Damn, thats cold.

DDK:

Oooof.

Harmony:

They speak of you as this big, bad and unbeatable behemoth, but you know what I see right now? A scared little boy that hasn't got the balls to face a "little woman" in case he gets shown up.

Clearly Harmony has hit a raw nerve as Frank angrily heads straight back to the ring, his actions prompting an explosion from the Lakefront crowd who are begging for this match up. He pulls himself back up onto the apron and climbs over the top rope, meeting Harmony right in the middle of the ring so close that her nose is touching his chest! The anger is apparent in the Mastodon as his chest heaves up and down, Harmony beginning to smile and nod that he's made it into the ring, but he hesitates in doing anything other than stand and glare at her! She backs away from him and motions for him to make a move, saying "do it Frank" but he doesn't move a millimeter, still glaring at her as his chest heaves up and down.

DDK:

Frank's trying not to explode.

Angus:

If it were anyone else, he'd have levelled them by now. But for some reason, he has a soft spot for my woman, and I will fight him for her.

DDK:

You may want to re-think that statement.

Frank's gaze averts to the side and it incenses Harmony, the brunette hitting the behemoth as hard as she can with a huge slap that staggers him slightly! Harmony spots her opportunity and hits the ropes to come back at Frank, but she's met with the sole of his boot to the jaw, knocking her down HARD!

Angus:

Jesus, Keebs. I can't watch this.

DDK:

It'll be a miracle if Harmony knows where she is right now after that boot.

Harmony hits the canvas hard and immediately tries to sit up, but Frank drops to his knees and hooks the leg to get it

over with ...

ONE...

TW- KICKOUT!

DDK:

She kicked out?!

Angus:

YES! I mean, don't sound so surprised. She's been telling us for weeks.

Harmony rolls onto her stomach out of instinct, clutching at her head in pain as Frank's lips begin to curl at the edges slightly and the Mastodon rolls back up to his feet, waiting for Harmony to crawl herself to the corner and stand herself up before he flies, crushing her between his mammoth frame and the turnbuckle! The brunette gasps for air as she staggers out of the corner, but Frank pushes her back into the turnbuckle and hits her with a huge knife edge chop that drives the air right out of her!

DDK:

What a chop!

Angus:

Not that I'm looking at her boobs, but there is a huge hand shaped welt on Harmony's chest right now! That's scary.

Harmony staggers forward again as she coughs and splutters, trying to catch her breath but she doesn't get chance as Frank hits the ropes and ploughs straight through her with a running tackle! The former SOHER Champion hits the canvas like a sack of potatoes and Frank quickly drops to his knees to make another cover ...

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

There's still life in Harmony as she rolls away from Frank again, pulling herself up with the ropes while the DOC Champion finds his feet again then goes back on the attack, grabbing Harmony by the hair and hitting her with a huge headbutt that knocks her flat on her back!

DDK:

That was another two count for Frank, but Harmony isn't willing to give in just yet.

Angus:

I have serious concerns for her wellbeing right now. She's obviously not just going to roll over and give in, and I'm fairly sure Frank Dylan James doesn't have a stop function.

Harmony is clearly on dream street, wobbling all over as she tries to get back to her feet, helped by Frank grabbing her by the curls again and hitting her with a second stiff headbutt! She drops to the mat again, trying to regain some understanding of where she is as she pulls herself up using the ropes, staggering into the corner.

There's a different look to Frank's face and he almost seems happy as the fans in the arena begin to chant...

"LET'S GO HARMONY! LET'S GO HARMONY!"

Frank positions himself and charges at the corner, hitting Harmony square in the mouth with another huge boot that makes her slump into the corner. He grabs hold of her by the foot and drags her body from the corner before he makes

yet another cover ...

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Harmony has to be missing a few teeth after that huge kick!

Angus:

Harmony, please. Just let him pin you and get it over with.

Brian Slater checks that Harmony is fit to continue while Frank gets back to his feet, but the brunette just swats him away then tries to pull herself back to her feet, only to get a helping hand from Frank pulling her up and leaning her back against the ropes to hit her with ANOTHER stiff knife edge chop, already adding to the growing red welt on her pectoral area. Harmony staggers towards the corner, gasping to try and catch her breath while the DEFIANCE faithful in the Lakefront Arena cheer and holler to get behind her.

Frank puts himself opposite Harmony and charges to attack, but the brunette leaps up holding the rope, smashing Frank square in the mouth with both feet hard enough to stagger him so she can climb to the middle rope and leap off, grabbing Frank by the head and driving him into the mat face first!

DDK:

What a counter! It's unorthodox but that's what Harmony needs right now!

Angus:

Come on babe, you got this!

DDK:

Babe?

Frank rolls over in a daze and Harmony drags herself over to make the cover ...

ONE...

KICKOUT!

Harmony is almost throw half way across the ring as Frank kicks out with a huge amount of gusto, sending Harmony sprawling across the canvas. She's quick to her feet as Frank tries to get up, charging at Frank from the corner with a Busaiku Knee Strike that connects with Frank's Jaw! Frank is down and Harmony leaps into another cover ...

ONE ...

KICKOUT!

Angus:

It's going to take more than that, Harmony.

DDK:

Indeed it is, but it doesn't look like she's giving up!

Frank looks a little on dream street as rolls to the ropes and pulls himself up into the corner, turning around to find Harmony charging at him, looking for a splash but Frank catches her round the throat and throws her away from the corner, slamming her flat on her back! Frank comes charging out of the corner and looks to land an elbow onto Harmony's prone form, but the brunette rolls out of the way, leaving Frank to crash elbow first into the canvas!

DDK:

Frank just crashed and burned!

Angus:

Don't waste the opportunity, GET ON HIM!

Frank grabs for his arm and tries to get back to his feet, but he's caught by Harmony with an Enziguri! The Lakefront crowd go nuts as Frank hits the mat and rolls onto his back, to which Harmony heads for the corner and climbs to the top rope to fly with a moonsault, but Frank gets his knees up and Harmony ends up rolling around on the canvas, clutching at her ribs as she cries out in pain!

DDK:

Frank Dylan James has managed to counter what looked like a good opening for Harmony!

Angus:

I think she needs some medical assistance and I am first aid trained!

DDK:

Sit down, Angus.

Frank almost pounces on Harmony, rolling her over to hook the leg ...

ONE ...

TWO...

TH- KICKOUT!

Frank stares in disbelief at Brian Slater as he tells him it was just a two count before he grabs Harmony by the arm as she makes it to her feet, throwing her into the ropes and looking for a clothesline that Harmony ducks underneath. She comes rebounding back towards another clothesline attempt that she manages to duck under again, hitting the ropes to come for a third try but this time, Frank hits her with a huge body block that sends her slamming back into the mat!

Harmony immediately sits up, clutching at her chest as Brian Slater checks if she's happy to continue and the brunette just shoves him away again, trying to get to her feet and finding herself helped there by Frank, who pulls her up then throws her into the corner. The former SOHER Champion slumps against the middle turnbuckle thanks to the punishment she's already taken, but Frank slams into her like a freight train then pins her behind him and hits her with the Redneck Welcome, firing off back elbow after back elbow to the side of her head as Brian Slater gives him the five count to stop!

DDK:

Jesus this is painful watching.

Angus:

Christ Frank, you'll give her brain damage!

Frank stops at the count of four, stepping away from the corner and waiting for Harmony to stagger away from the turnbuckle before he charges at the ropes and hits her with another HUGE boot to the side of the head! Harmony's body is almost turned inside out as she hits the canvas and lies there lifelessly, the DEFIANCE faithful absolutely speechless!

DDK:

Damn what a boot!

Angus:

She's dead. No way she's survived that.

DDK:

This is over. Just finish the damn match Frank.

There's a pang of guilt in Frank's expression as he stands over Harmony's prone body and as Brian Slater checks she's fit to continue, Frank shoves him aside and hoists Harmony up over his shoulder, taking her over to the side of the ring and dumping her over the top rope to the floor! Brian Slater begins to count as Frank takes a step back from the ropes, rubbing his hands over his face.

DDK:

Brian Slater is doing the right thing here and beginning the count and honestly? I think Harmony would do better to just stay down.

Angus:

I support her efforts, but it's really not worth dying for.

DDK:

I can't see how she's coming back from this one. She fights with great heart but sometimes, Goliath is too much for David.

The DEFIANCE fans come to life with more chants for Harmony, trying to will the life back into the brunette but as Brian Slater's count reaches six, there's no sign of her and Frank slumps back into a corner, seemingly disappointed in himself.

"LET'S GO HARMONY! LET'S GO HARMONY!"

The chants and cheering get louder and louder as Brian Slater's count reaches eight, the fans desperately trying to will Harmony to get back into the match, but they absolutely explode as her hand suddenly appears, grabbing onto the bottom rope!

DDK:

NO WAY?!

Angus:

YAS! GET 'EM GIRL!

DDK:

Harmony has taken one hell of a beating from Frank Dylan James here tonight but she is STILL showing the fight!

Even Slater seems taken aback by the appearance of Harmony on the ring apron, painfully dragging herself under the bottom rope just before he gets to the final count, breaking the count out as the crowd goes absolutely insane!

Frank suddenly straightens up out of shock as Harmony slowly drags herself back up to her feet using the ropes for support, motioning for Frank to bring it on.

DDK:

I do not believe this!

Angus:

Frank actually looks happy?!

The smirk begins to form of Frank's lips again as he charges at Harmony and she charges at him, the former SOHER Champion somehow managing to get her arms and legs wrapped around Frank's arms in the Crucifix position but she hasn't got the weight to finish the move off and Frank just drops backwards, driving all of his weight down onto Harmony before he hooks the leg ...

ONE...

TWO

THR-KICKOUT!!!

Harmony's shoulder leaving the mat prompts yet another furious roar from the DEFIANCE faithful in attendance, Brian Slater in absolute awe of how she's continuing. She pushes up to a seated position and Frank pulls her up the rest of the way, throwing her into the ropes and looking to catch her, but Harmony comes off the ropes with a low dropkick to Frank's head that staggers him. She's up as fast as she can and running to the ropes behind him, hitting another dropkick but this time to the back of the leg that gets Frank down on one knee! The roars from the fans get louder and louder as Harmony pulls herself up as Frank tries to shake it off, hitting the ropes again to catch Frank off balance and plant him face first with a Somersault Cutter!!

DDK:

WHOA!

Angus:

Now that was a thing of beauty!

Harmony scurries to try and make a cover, putting everything she's got behind trying to roll Frank over to cover him, but she cannot move the behemoth! She sits on the mat, using the moment to catch her breath until Frank rolls over of his own power and the brunette leaps into the cover ...

ONE...

TW-KICKOUT!

Frank sits up on the canvas as Harmony struggles to recover from the sudden use of energy and tries to struggle up to her feet, but Frank gets there first, picking Harmony up as she turns around to plant her with a body slam! He quickly hits her with an elbow drop to the chest then heads for the corner, climbing up to the top rope and leaping off for the Mountain Top Knee Drop, but Harmony rolls out of the way at the very last second!!

The crowd goes insane as Frank rolls around on the mat, clutching at his knee while Harmony drags herself over to him and somehow finds the energy to grab hold of his legs and start to set up him for The Fermata!

DDK:

I cannot believe I'm going to say this but Harmony is looking to end this match right here!

Angus:

I'm in awe. Who knew she could handle Frank?!

Somehow, Harmony manages to get the figure four part of the move locked in and Frank roars in pain, but exhaustion begins to set in for the brunette and she cannot get herself into the bridge position afterwards, allowing Frank the chance to drag himself to the ropes and break the hold easily!

DDK:

The toll that the match is taking on Harmony is really beginning to show now!

Angus:

Damnit she was so close.

Harmony tries to go on the offensive, purely working off adrenaline by this point as Frank pulls himself up to his feet, but her charge is met by a huge elbow to the face before Frank explodes from the ropes as she turns around, almost turning her inside out with a huge lariat! There's no sign of life again and Frank makes a cover ...

ONE...

TWO...

THRE-KICKOUT?!?!

DDK:

HOW is she still fighting?!

Angus:

Because that's my girl!

Harmony uses all of her energy to roll onto her stomach to stop another pinfall, but Frank doesn't relent, pulling her up and throwing the brunette into the ropes, picking her up and planting her with a sidewalk slam! The groan of pain from Harmony can be heard around the arena as the air is driven out of her, the brunette rolling away from Frank as she clutches her ribs in pain. Frank is quick to his feet, dragging her back towards the middle of the ring by a leg and dropping yet another elbow right to the middle of her chest before making yet another cover...

ONE...

TWO...

THRE-KICKOUT?!

DDK:

Everytime Harmony kicks out, she expends more energy and that's something she can do without wasting!

Angus:

I'm seriously considering going and throwing the towel in for her.

Brian Slater backs Frank away from Harmony while he checks that she's fit to continue the match and he somehow finds signs of life, the brunette battling with everything she's got to try and get back to her feet. She just about gets there when Frank grabs hold of her and takes her off her feet, locking her into a bear hug hold that starts to squeeze the life out of her.

DDK:

This match is getting uglier and uglier, and Harmony looks like a damn ragdoll in his arms.

Angus:

Hey, I've never know a ragdoll that sexy. I'm just sayin'.

Harmony wails in pain as Frank tightens the hold more and more but screams at Slater that she won't give in, but it's soon not her decision as the life begins to fade from her and Harmony begins to slump against Frank's huge frame. Slater runs round and begins to check on Harmony once again before he lifts the hand for the first time ...

And it drops.

He lifts the hand for the second time ...

And it drops.

DDK:

Oh this is over with.

Angus:

Frank, I'm begging you. Leave her alive. Do you want me to get down on my knees?!

Slater begins to shake his head as he grabs hold of her hand and lifts it for the third and final time ...

And it stops just before the drop completely!

Angus:

WHAT?!?!?

DDK:

HOW?!?

The crowd almost takes the roof off the arena as Harmony lifts her hand as high as she can get it and Slater calls to cancel the bell ring! With everything she's got, Harmony begins to swing elbows into the side of Frank's head, a sheer look of determination on her face as she hammers away at his temple until he drops her to the mat and with a final burst of energy, Harmony catches Frank square in the face with a massive Pele kick!

Frank hits the canvas and Harmony basically rolls on top to cover ...

ONE...

TWO..

KICKOUT!

DDK:

A two count for Harmony there. This is an unbelievable performance.

Angus:

I'm still fearing for her life because Frank is still moving!

Harmony just lies on the mat next to Frank, her chest heaving up and down at speed as she tries to gulp air in while the Mastadon rolls to his knees then gets to his feet. Harmony is beginning to show signs of movement, getting to her hands and knees as Frank begins to make a move for her, dragging her up by her head. Frank throws her into the ropes and looks for a lariat as she comes back, but Harmony ducks under and hits the ropes again, using her momentum to leap at Frank, only to have him catch her and drive her into the mat hard with his entire weight on top of her! Frank hooks the leg ...

ONE...

TWO...

THREE- KICKOUT!!!!

Harmony tries to escape but Frank grabs hold of her by the hair and pulls her up, setting her up and brutally driving her into the canvas with an Atomic Powerbomb! Frank hooks both legs ...

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!

Darren Quimby:

Here is your winner, via pinfall, FRANK DYLAN JAMES!!

Frank sits back on his knees, looking down at Harmony as Brian Slater begins to check on the brunette, waiting for Frank to make it to his feet before the referee raises his hand in victory. Frank throws a hand up to the fans, retrieving his DOC belt from the ring attendant after rolling out of the ring.

DDK:

Harmony gave a valiant effort here tonight but Frank Dylan James was just too much for her.

Angus:

Look at her in that ring. She's going to need a body cast and a spinal board!

The fans are on their feet as Frank celebrates in front of them, hitting a few high fives before turning his attention back to the ring to see Brian Slater helping Harmony to sit up alongside one of DEFIANCE's medical staff. Frank puts the belt down on the apron and rolls back into the ring, heading straight for Harmony. Slater warns Frank to keep it civil and he just swats him away, holding a hand out to Harmony and pulling her up to her feet.

Harmony stands before the behemoth, clutching her back and quite clearly in pain as Frank extends a hand out to her. She looks at his hand then looks up at him then back to his hand before she takes it and shakes it, being caught off guard as Frank pulls her into a huge hug!

DDK:

And there's the respect!

Angus:

Frank, don't squeeze her too hard damnit.

The crowd go nuts as the pair share the moment in the middle of the ring before Frank releases her from the hug and raises Harmony's hand for the crowd to show her the respect she deserves after her mammoth efforts.

NOTHING

Kick it to backstage.

Jason Natas:

I ain't much of a technical wrestler.

A ream of white tape gets pulled across another. The man's preparing his hand wraps.

Jason Natas:

Shit, some'll tell you I ain't much of a wrestler at all.

Pan-out. A t-shirt clad Jason Natas sits on a bench in his locker-room, taping his mitts up.

Jason Natas:

But I'll tell you what, man. Put me in there with anybody, and I'll make it a fight. Don't care if it's Bronson Box, Lindsay Troy, or Mikey Unlikely. I'm a fighter...

The Bronx Bully looks into the camera for the first time.

Jason Natas:

I'm good at two things: knockin' people down, and gettin' back up after I've been knocked down. Always thought that'd be enough to get by in this business, until you came along, Sean Jackson...

He goes back to the wrap, turning his focus away from the camera again.

Jason Natas:

I know that even on my best day, you're ten times the wrestler that I'll ever be. You know it too, boyo. You're one helluva wrestler, a decorated former champion. A guy who's been doin' it for decades, and reached heights I can't even dream of hittin'...

Natas pause again, but doesn't look up.

Jason Natas:

More importantly, you're a sick, twisted sonuvabitch who's got no beef with ruinin' another man's life. I learned that when you tried to pull my knee apart.

This, oddly, brings a smile to Natas's craggy features. He's already wearing his wrestling gear, and there's a brand new brace fastened tightly around his right kneepad. Finished with the table, Jason fastens it tightly around his palm and wrist.

Jason Natas:

You are a second-to-none, world-class technical wrestler. You know that in a wrestlin' match, I ain't got a goddamn chance against you, and you've got an immense desire to prove that. I'm goin' into this wrestlin' match knowin' that the only shot I've got of survivin', let alone winnin', is a miracle.

Brow tightening, he looks to the camera.

Jason Natas:

But I ain't comin' to wrestle you, boyo. I'm comin' to FIGHT.

He pauses, then gently slaps his knee brace.

Jason Natas:

Now I know the risks. I understand that the minute you lock this thing up in one of yer submissions, it's over, and I ain't just talkin' about the match. I know you're not gonna let go. I know you're gonna pull and twist and wrench 'til it falls

apart, and if that happens, I'm done. Over. Finished.

The Bronx Bully rises to his feet, and takes a moment or two to straighten himself out.

Jason Natas:

I've been rehabbin' this thing for two goddamn years. I've had surgeries I'm still try'n'a pay for, and more physio sessions than I can remember. Every day's been a struggle. I've laboured. I've toiled.. I learned how to walk again - how to fight - again, and it wasn't pretty, man. Go check the tape. DEFtv 57 onwards. It's all there.

He pauses.

Jason Natas:

And just when I was fuckin' gettin' somewhere, you came and tried to take it all away. I can't go through all that again, Sean, but I ain't scared of my plight. I'm relishin' the thought, because when I look into your eyes, I know you ain't got the heart to get through what I got through.

Gaining in momentum, Natas bashes one wrapped fist into another.

Jason Natas:

You've got the mansion, the trophy wife, the cars, the money... me? I ain't got shit but two fists and a bum knee. THIS IS ALL I GOT, Sean! THIS!

He stomps his left foot down on the floor.

Jason Natas:

I've got nothin' but fightin', and if you take that away from me, then I guess that's my life. NOTHIN'.

Natas emphasises the last word with a point.

Jason Natas:

I've been around this business longer than you think. I've had plenty chances thrown at me, and I've pissed every single one of 'em away. If it ends tonight, I go down as a failure...

His volume dips.

Jason Natas:

But you ain't endin' it tonight, Sean.

Then smiles.

Jason Natas:

I ain't always been proud of who I am. Look up my past: it ain't pretty. PRIME threw me out because I was a godddamn animal, and thank God, I ain't that person no more... but tonight, I'm gonna fight with every drop of bile and venom I've got left, and if I go down...

Pause.

Jason Natas:

... I'm takin' you with me.

Cut.

JASON NATAS VS. SEAN JACKSON

Cut to Keebs and Angus.

Angus:

Keebs.

DDK:

Angus?

Angus:

... can you feel it?

DDK:

Feel what?

Angus:

Sean Jackson's imminent death... coming in the air tonight?

DDK:

That was certainly a fired-up speech from Jason Natas. I don't think we've ever heard him sound so driven.

Angus:

We *definitely* have not. Remember when this guy came back? He could barely make his way down the ramp without having to stop and catch his breath, but tonight, he's gonna make beef patties out of Jackson's face... and it's going to be glorious.

DDK:

Natas says he's going to turn this into a fight, but it's not going to be easy. Not only is Sean Jackson one of the most nefarious villains in DEFIANCE, but he's an outstanding technical wrestler, and he's got the accolades to prove it. That makes him a very, very dangerous proposition for anyone, let alone a man with a bad knee.

Angus:

Ugh. Okay, fine, whatever. Sean Jackson's won a couple belts here and there. *BIG FUCKING DEAL!* This guy's been trying to duck a face-to-face fight with Natas for weeks, but tonight he's got nowhere to run. Natas can't let this turned into a grappling match, that's absolutely correct, but have you seen this guy's fists?! They're the size of lunchboxes, and he throws 'em like he's trying to knock your head off.

DDK:

It's a perfect clash of styles: the hard-nosed, tough-as-old-boots brawler against the ruthless, surgical technician. Let's get it going...

Cut to DQ.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Nas' "NY State of Mind" cues-up with the pounding drums and Donald Byrd sample. A hearty roar goes up from The Faithful: they're not just excited but Jason Natas' appearance, but buzzing at the prospect of Sean Jackson getting his head kicked-in.

Then the music kicks, and the lights die with it.

Angus:

What the...?!

Seconds pass.

Four, five, six...

Anticipation builds.

Seven...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

A huge pyrotechnic explosion at the top of the ramp and around the DEFTron. It's just a single blast, but it's more than enough to make Angus Skaaland leap out of his skin.

Angus:
JESUS FUCK!

And it brings a new soundtrack.

♪ "No Chance" by Unsane ♪

A heavy, lumbering guitar riff caked in grime and drowning in sludgy distortion tears through the building. It's pure aural violence carried forward by a big, dirty groove, and the perfect soundtrack for Jason Natas' entrance into the Lakefront Arena.

Angus:
Fuckin' hell, this sounds like the end of the world!

Natas throws the curtains aside and steps onto the top of the stage. No "PUGILIST" tee tonight: just his usual ring gear and a new sleeveless, unzipped leather jacket over his slimmed down (but still bulky as fuck) torso. Full of piss, vinegar, and presumably every other acidic substance you can think of, The Anti-Superstar stomps his way down the ramp without pause.

DDK:
This is it, Angus! Jason Natas returned to DEFIANCE in *TERRIBLE* condition following a career-threatening knee injury. Calling him "out of shape" would be a huge understatement, and his in-ring performances were disastrous... but we've watched him fight back, grow, and recover before our very eyes! All of that comes to a head tonight!

Angus:
I've done a complete 180 on the guy, Keeps. I thought the dude was a waster, a shlub, a never-will-be, but he's not. Natas is the perfect antithesis to fuckheads like Sean Jackson and Mikey Unlikely... but he *STILL* isn't pinning anyone. That's a problem, but I've got a feeling about tonight, Keeps! If he can circumnavigate Jackson's bullshit, this is gonna be fun.

Darren Quimbey:
Introducing first, from the South Bronx, New York City, standing at 6'4", and weighing-in at 270lbs... HE IS "THE ANTI-SUPERSTAR"... JASSSSSSOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNN
NNNNNNNAAAAATTTTTTTTTAAAAAASSSSSSSSS!

Natas clambers up the steps and into the ring, the music still blasting.

DDK:

Look at the shape this guy's in, Angus! Look at the transformation! Jason Natas'll never be a small man, but he's built like a human chimney stack of muscle.

Angus:

As opposed to looking like a marshmallow all those months ago. You'll always be "Fatas" to me, Jason!

The Bronx Bully doesn't settle for a minute. He's pacing back-and-forth in the ring, full of energy, calling loudly for his opponent to emerge and get to throwing leather. Jason a thumb his throat when a camera hones-in, but aside from that, he's completely focused.

Angus:

Shit, that's a big-ass knee brace.

DDK:

And an even bigger target. He's gotta be careful tonight. One Kneebar, and it's all over.

Unsane play on and on and on, ramping-up Natas' impatience, until...

V/O:

DEFIIIIIIIIIIIIANCE!

The jeers are instantaneous.

V/O:

CAN YOU FEEL IT... COMING, IN THE AIR TONIGHT?!

The Lone Star of Texas punctuates his question with a maniacal laugh this time, although it's barely audible over the bile being thrown at him by The Faithful.

♪ "In the Air Tonight" by Phil Collins ♪

Angus:

FUCK. THIS. GUY.

The house lights cut once again before a dark crimson colour illuminates the entranceway. A thick mist starts to roll across the stage, and quickly drifts over the top and into the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

Aaaaaand his opponent!

The Phil Collins song plays throughout the arena as Sean Jackson steps onto the stage, accompanied, as always, by Marshall Owens and Vanessa. The multiple-time World Champion pauses to soak-in the atmosphere, with the sheer volume of hatred being thrown at him drawing a wide smile.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring from Dallas, Texas... standing at 6'2", and weighing in at 220lbs...HE IS "THE LONE STAR OF TEXAS"... SEEEEAAAANNNNNN JAAAACCKKKSSSOOONNNNNN!

DDK:

Sean Jackson thinks he has this match already won, Angus, and he's done everything within his power to try and ensure Jason Natas couldn't even walk out here tonight. He's a cunning, Machiavellian strategist who knows how to

get inside an opponent's head, and he's absolutely *buried* inside Jason's tonight.

Angus:

If Sean Jackson had as much as half an ounce of courage in him, he'd be one of the best in the business. If CLASH didn't prove it, the way he attacked Natas from behind and went after the knee four weeks ago surely did. Fuck him.

DDK:

Natas hasn't taken his eyes off Jackson since he came-out from the back...

Angus:

He's ready to kill something! God, I *HOPE* he pulls this off!

Sean Jackson and his entourage begin a long, slow walk. The Lone Star is in absolutely no hurry whatsoever, and stops halfway down to return a fan's insults with a cold, icy glare. Taking Vanessa's arm, Jackson continues on his way, Owens following closely behind.

Angus:

Hurry up you shit!

DDK:

He's playing a game, just like has been since he and Natas first "bumped" into each other. There's a purpose behind everything Sean Jackson does, and tonight, that purpose is making The Anti-Superstar lose his cool.

Jackson and Vanessa slink around the ring ever-so-slowly, completing a full lap while Natas simmers in the ring. Finally reaching a set of steps, Sean plants a quick kiss on her cheek, before walking up the ring steps and testing the ropes. He eventually climbs through the ropes.

DDK:

What a contrast, Angus. Jackson is calm and calculated, Natas looks like he's going to erupt.

Angus:

Fatas can't get too carried away by this. If he does, and he loses his train of thought, Jackson's gonna lock that faulty joint all the way up.

He doesn't get to business right away, though. Sean turns his back on his opponent and stretches out against the ropes. Jason's still pacing back and forth as Mark Shields takes his position in the middle of the ring.

Angus:

Quit stalling, fuckboy!

Sean eventually turns around and takes a few steps forward, then holds-up a finger as if he's forgotten something. He drops to one knee and starts tightening his boot laces, but even Shields has had enough at this point.

The bell *FINALLY* rings.

Jason Natas literally *SPRINTS* at Sean Jackson!

Angus:

HOLY SHIT!

Sean Jackson can't get out of the way in time, and the flying knee cracks him in the solar plexus.

He stumbles backwards. Natas swarms.

Forearm.

Forearm.

FOREARM.

FOREARM.

Jackson tries to get to the ropes, but Natas yanks him back before he can reach safety!

The forearms continue: blow after blow after blow landing flush on Jackson's face.

DDK:

What an explosive start!

Angus:

He's swinging like Babe Ruth!

Jackson's staggered. Natas whips him to the ropes. Sean has his wits about him enough to hook his arms over the top rope and stop the rebound, but he can't avoid another running knee from Natas!

DDK:

Huge shot!

The Lone Star slumps over! Natas cracks his jaw with an uppercut, then whips him again. Jackson rebounds this time and runs right into a Big Boot on the return! The former champ hits the canvas, and Natas turns to the fans, beating his chest then raising a fist in the air.

DDK:

The Bronx Bully is on fire, and Sean Jackson doesn't know what to do with himself!

Angus:

Fan-fucking-tastic, Keebs! Eat him, Fatas! EAAAAAAAAT HIM!

Far from finished with the leathering, Natas quickly yanks Sean Jackson back to his feet and elbows him square in the mouth. Taking the arm, Natas whips his opponent into a corner, and follows-up with a running clothesline. Little time passes before he's at it again: sending Jackson to the opposite corner with another Irish, and nailing another clothesline!

DDK:

This is exactly what Natas said he was going to deliver tonight, Angus! Brutal, hard-hitting offence!

A *third* whip/clothesline combo follows, and Sean falls flat on his backside this time. Natas jogs away from his seated opponent, then charges...

DDK:

RUNNING KN--

Angus:

No!

... but Marshall Owens pulls his client out *just* in the nick of time!

Angus:

Goddamnit!

Natas retracts the (good) knee intended for Sean Jackson's head, and backs-off into the middle of the ring as Owens

supports the flustered Jackson with an arm over his shoulder. The Anti-Superstar leans over, screaming for Sean to come back inside.

DDK:

And there goes one of Sean Jackson's many advantages tonight. I don't think Marshall Owens has ever thrown a punch in his life, but if he can step-in to aid his client without getting hurt in the process, he'll do it.

Angus:

This is exactly what he tried to do against Eric Dane at CLASH of the DEFIANTS, Keebs! It makes me sick the, and it makes me sick now.

DDK:

But it's okay when The Only Star uses such tactics himself, right?

Angus:

Right.

DDK:

How does that work?

Angus:

Because fuck Sean Jackson.

The Lone Star of Texas shakes the grog away. He calls something to Mark Shields, and when the official's count-out hits seven, he has little choice but to hop back on the apron. Jackson cautiously puts both feet through the ropes to break the count, then immediately steps one back onto the apron when Natas steps forward.

Angus:

For the love of fuck, Sean, this is supposed to be a wrestling match!

Things don't quite work out as Sean had planned, though. Before he can completely climb out, Natas runs towards him and pulls his opponent back inside. The Faithful cheer loudly as Jackson falls into the middle of the ring, stumbles to his feet, and gets rocked with a big forearm! Then another! And another!

DDK:

Look at these strikes, Angus! No wonder Sean tried to get out of the ring again: he just can't compete with Jason Natas on the feet!

Angus:

Win or lose, he's going to wake-up with a hefty dental bill tomorrow! Natas has the kind of power in his fists, forearms, and elbows that you just can't teach.

Another Irish Whip to the corner, and another follow-up clothesline. Jackson stays standing this time, but Natas throws a forearm.

Then another.

And another.

Another.

ANOTHER.

The Lone Star slides further to the floor with every blow.

Angus:

He's chopping him down, Keeps!

A final forearm sends Jackson all the way to his ass. Natas heads all the way to the opposite turnbuckle and charges forward again. Marshall Owens can't get to his client quickly enough this time, and The Bronx Bully cracks Sean with the running knee!

Angus:

Boom goes the dynamite!

DDK:

What a transformation, Angus! Do you remember eight or nine months ago? Natas would've blown himself out with that first volley of forearms, but he's putting in a storming performance tonight.

Angus:

He *IS* going to need to think about slowing things down. For all the talk of fat loss and improved cardio, Natas is still a big, hulking dude, but he's executing his gameplan to perfection here.

The Bronx Bully turns away for a few moments, regaining his lost stamina. When he turns back around, Marshall Owens is clawing at Jackson's body again, but Jason storms over before the attorney can get a good grip. Owens leaps away like a scared kitten.

DDK:

Not this time!

Having repositioned Jackson in the middle of the ring, Natas pulls his adversary to his feet. Jackson tries to counter with a few weak shots to the gut, but Jason fights through them, then chops his chest when full vertical.

DDK:

Both men back on their feet, and now the whip from Natas...

Jason throws an elbow as Jackson comes back towards him, but Sean ducks underneath! He kicks Natas hard in the knee before he can turn around!

DDK:

Right to the sore spot!

But Jason turns around far quicker than Jackson anticipated. He headbutts Jackson, then, with Sean dazed, tosses him overhead with a Belly-to-Belly Suplex!

Angus:

Get in the fuckin' bin, Jackson!

DDK:

Here comes the pinfall!

ONE!

TWO!

No! Sean kicks-out!

DDK:

First pinfall attempt by Natas, but this could be where things start getting scary for him. His knee looks to be holding-up pretty well thus far, but Jackson's only going to keep targeting it as the match progresses.

Angus:

It's up to Fatas to ensure Jackson doesn't get another shot at it, and on the balance of the match so far, those opportunities are gonna be few and far between. Natas is dominating the former Real World Champion, and if you'd told me nine months ago that I'd be uttering that sentence, I'd have called you insane.

DDK:

Absolutely, Angus. The initial blitzkrieg took Jackson off his game, but Natas would definitely benefit from a more measured approach from here-on. Let's see what happens.

Sitting upright, Natas catches his breath. He then pulls Sean Jackson up, puts a forearm across his face, then locks his fingers to complete a front cravate! He holds the Lone Star in-place and wrenches tightly. Sean tries to fight through with some gut shots, but Natas adjusts and cranks a little harder.

DDK:

And this is how he does it! Natas is no chain wrestler, but he does have a couple of extra tricks up his sleeve when he needs to slow things down a notch.

Angus:

It might not look like much, Keebs, but this is a surprisingly effective hold. Natas has his arm pressed tightly against Jackson's mouth and nose. This greatly diminishes Sean's ability to breathe, and is a highly effective way of cutting his oxygen supply and draining his gas tank. I'm actually impressed.

Sean's next method of defence is a knee to Natas' thigh, but he soon realises that won't be enough to dislodge him. Instead, Jackson uses his ring smarts and digs his feet into the ground, forcing Natas against the ropes. Instead of fighting the grip, Sean reaches out and grabs the middle. The Bronx Bully doesn't break immediately, though: Shields counts one, two, three, four, and only then does Jason let his opponent loose.

DDK:

There's the experience of Sean Jackson: he knew exactly where he was in the ring, and used his knowledge of leverage and momentum to force his way to the ropes and break the hold.

The Lone Star has lost a big chunk of stamina, though. He falls down to both knees, and when Shields steps away, Natas hits his skull with a twelve-to-six downwards elbow. A second elbow sends Jackson to the mat, then Natas hops up, dropping his good knee across the back of his head. After hauling Jackson to his feet and setting him in the corner, Natas goes for another set of forearms, but Sean's desperation kick lands flush on the bad knee! A blatant eye gouge follows, and The Anti-Superstar hops away.

Angus:

Clear cheating from Jackson! Get in there, Shields!

Shields, sure enough, admonishes Sean Jackson straight away. Breathing heavily, Jackson falls to one knee as the referee lectures him.

DDK:

Sean Jackson will take the referee's warning if it buys him an opening. This might be exactly what he needs to get back in this thing.

While the speech lasts a good deal longer the Sean would like, it gives him ample time to recover. He pulls himself up as Shields delivers his final words, then flies-in with a running chop block to the back of Natas' braced-up knee.

Angus:

Ugh!

DDK:

Ohhhhh no...

Angus:

Fuck Sean Jackson.

Natas falls down hard, then leans forward, clutching his knee.

DDK:

Wait a minute! Jackson's going for the finish!

Another who's seen The Lone Star wrestling before knows what's coming next. He takes a few steps back, then rushes forward...

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOO--

Jackson throws the knee.

Angus:

--OOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

LIGHTS OU--... NO!

Natas ducks!

The momentum carries Jackson over Natas. The Bronx Bully sits back up as Jackson turns around... then plants a stiff Penalty Kick right in his chest! Sean drops down to cover.

ONE!

TWO!

No! Shoulder up!

DDK:

A hard shot there, but nowhere near as damaging as that Lights Out running knee would've been if it had connected.

Angus:

Thank God Natas ducked that one, Keeps. I don't think I could live with Sean Jackson running around here gloating about *another* victory for the next few months.

DDK:

Indeed. Jackson isn't exactly a decorated striker, but he has perfected that running knee. He's used it to put countless opponents away over the years: if it connects, it's really is Lights Out.

Angus:

... that might just be the worst thing you've ever said, Keeps.

DDK:

Huh. I thought it was quite good, myself...

When he gets to his feet, Jackson's first move is to grab Jason Natas' boot and stomp hard behind the knee. He lets the boot go at first, then picks it up again, but when he goes to repeat, Natas pushes him away with his free leg. Jason can't get up in time, however: Jackson puts him back down with a sliding clothesline, and skips over and takes hold of the leg. After climbing up, Jackson drops an elbow across the faulty joint, then pulls back with a kneelock!

DDK:

Now this is where things become troublesome. Where Natas' is rough and brutal with his limited holds, Jackson is clean and precise, and his repertoire is almost endless.

Angus:

I hate to admit it, Keebs, but it's going to be very difficult for Natas to work his way out of situations like this. He just isn't a scientific wrestler: he works his way out of holds with power and strength instead of perfectly-timed exploitations of angles and momentum, and that can be exhausting.

Sure enough, Natas uses his upper body strength to drag himself back towards the ropes and wrap a hand around the bottom. Jackson breaks after four, then stands up and paces back and forth. The Faithful jeer him, but he pays them no heed.

DDK:

Look at Jackson now: brimming with confidence, and in complete control of this match.

With his opponent perfectly position, Sean climbs to the second turnbuckle and steadies himself. He soon leaps off, dropping an elbow across Natas's chest, but instead of covering him, Jackson rolls alongside Natas and slaps him across the face.

Sean Jackson:

Come on, Natas!

Another slap.

Sean Jackson:

Is this it? Is this all you've got?!

This draws some fire from Jason Natas, who sits upright and knocks Sean back with a seated headbutt! Adrenaline carries Natas to his feet. Jackson meets him face-to-face and eats another headbut, before Natas spins around with the Roaring Elbow...

Angus:

FOOOEEEEHAAAMMMMAAAAAHHHH!

But no! Jackson kicks! Jason attempts to boot Sean in the gut when he gets back around, but Jackson catches his leg -- his *bad* leg -- and Dragon Screws him down!

Angus:

Fuck!

DDK:

That's gonna hurt, folks. A well-executed Dragon Screw will twist every single knee ligament out of place.

With his opponent exactly where he wants him again, Jackson drags Natas over to the corner and rests his head against the bottom turnbuckle. He pushes his boot into Natas' throat, and while Mark Shields is quick to count, Jackson still gets at least four good seconds in. From there, Jackson places the sole of his boot against Natas' face, pushes down, then rakes it sideways. The Lone Star repeats the act, then walks away, holding his hands to his sides while the crowd jeers.

DDK:

This is Sean Jackson's kind of fight now. Not only is he targeting thee knee, but he's going after Natas with some really degrading offence.

Angus:

He's trying to piss Natas all the way off, if he isn't already.

DDK:

Again, another prime example of Sean Jackson's meticulous game-planning. He's picking on every single one of Jason Natas' weaknesses, and while he took a heavy beating earlier, it looks like he's made a complete recovery.

Going back to the boot choke (and again breaking a split second before Shields disqualifies him), Jackson continues punishing his opponent in the corner. He re-aligns and repositions Jason Natas, now: a full 180 degrees later, The Bronx Bully's legs and facing out of the ring, and Sean's sliding under the bottom rope.

DDK:

This isn't good.

The Lone Star pulls Natas by the feet so that both of his knees are perfectly-aligned with the ring post. Without hesitation, Jackson takes Natas' right boot, pulls back, then slams his knee against the steel!

DDK:

Look at this viciousness from Sean Jackson! He just smashed Natas' knee right into the post!

Angus:

He's gonna break Natas' leg in two!

Meanwhile, Mark Shields fires-up the count.

ONE!**TWO!****THREE!**

Sean Jackson grabs the boot...

FOUR!

... and drives the knee into the post again.

FIVE!**Angus:**

Jesus Christ!

SIX!

The Anti-Superstar roars in pain. A time-conscious Jackson takes hold of the boot again.

SEVEN!

Natas tries to kick him away, but the knee's too sore.

EIGHT!

CRACK. Three times, now.

NINE!

Sean Jackson scoots back inside the ring, breaking the count at just the right moment.

DDK:

Things are looking more and more desperate for Jason Natas with every passing second now, Angus. Jackson is absolutely demolishing that knee.

Angus:

This is exactly what everyone in this building *didn't* want happening, but shit, Natas is a tough old dog. It's not over for him yet.

DDK:

It's not, but he's fighting with a serious handicap now. One swing of his South Bronx Lariat could change everything, but he needs to get out of this mess first.

Gritting his teeth and breathing heavily, Jason Natas is in too much pain to mount a comeback. It's only going to get worse, too: Sean Jackson steps through the ropes, onto the apron, and seizes the knee.

DDK:

Oh come on! What now?!

Instead of smashing it into the post, however, Sean slides his own legs under the bottom turnbuckle then tightens-up. He secures Natas in a razor-sharp kneebar, pushing the joint into the post for extra damage.

DDK:

He's taking it too far now, Angus! Come on! Take this back inside!

Angus:

Come on, Natas! Fight through the pain! Don't let this scummy piece of shit win!

DDK:

Is it worth it, Angus?! Is it really worth all this damage? Much more of this and Jason Natas will be lucky if he's able to walk again, let alone wrestle.

Angus:

Of course it fucking is! Have you *SEEN* Sean Jackson's face?! Natas has to put him in the dirt! There's no other option!

The ref's count is a sweet mercy for Jason Natas, who, though agonised, rolls away from the corner as soon as Sean's forced to let go. While Marshal Owens applauds him from the outside, Jackson climbs up to the top rope.

DDK:

Here we go, another elbow drop...

The move lands *perfectly*, and Sean applies the lateral press.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICK-OUT!

DDK:

Sean Jackson loves using that elbow drop in situations like this. He springs forward from the turnbuckle and leads with the torso, so that when he eventually comes down, the opponent gets the full, unprotected force.

Instead of going for another impact move, Jackson wisely goes back to the knee. This time, however, he puts both hands behind Natas' brand new brace and pulls back.

DDK:

Look at this, Angus! He's going for the brace!

Angus:

Do something, Fatas! Kick him in the balls if you have to!

DDK:

If Jackson removes the brace, Ang--

Angus:

I KNOW, KEEBS! Shit!

The Lone Star *just about* dislodges it, but Jason Natas boots him in the gut with his other leg! Jackson twists away, and Natas *BURSTS* up from the floor, seizes Jackson from behind, and throws him overhead!

DDK:

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Angus:

YESSSSSSSS!

Natas screams out as soon as he hits the floor again.

DDK:

But how much did that take out of Natas' knee, Angus?! He shot-up like lightning!

Angus:

Desperate times call for desperate measures, Keebs! Fatas is throwing everything he's got left at Sean Jackson!

DDK:

Is that enough? Can Natas even make the cover?!

Jackson lies motionless behind Jackson Natas, who wills his way through the pain and rolls onto his stomach. Using his arms to pull himself forward, Natas hooks the leg.

ONE!**TWO!****NOOOOOOOO! SHOULDER UP!**

Angus:
DAMNIT!

DDK:
Jackson kicks-out! He landed hard on his head, but Natas couldn't recover quickly enough!

Angus:
I don't like where this match is headed, Keebs. Things are starting to look grim.

Frustrated, Natas slaps a hand down on the mat, then sloooowwwwwwwlllllllyyyyy pulls himself to his feet.

DDK:
Is this wise?

Angus:
I don't see another option at this point! *ALL* of Natas' offence comes from a standing base! He's got nothing on the mat!

The Bronx Bully fails at the first attempt. Even with The Faithful's wind in his sails, his knee collapses, and he falls back down. Nonetheless, he tries a second time... and succeeds.

DDK:
He's up!

Though wobblier than a newborn foal, Jason Natas is stood-up and trying to take Sean Jackson with him. Just when he's peeled Sean from the mat, however, The Lone Star of Texas seizes a limb and takes Natas down with a single-leg takedown!

Angus:
NOT AGAIN!

DDK:
Jackson takes him down!

Sean keeps hold of the leg as he follows Natas down, then quickly ties him up.

DDK:
KNEEBAR! BY GOD, SEAN JACKSON'S GOT IT LOCKED!

Angus:
GODDAMNIT, FATAS!

Jackson pulls back *ssoooo* hard. Natas *wails* in pain.

DDK:
This is savage, Angus!

Angus:
It's... it's not looking good.

DDK:
Two years it's taken Jason Natas to get to this point, and now it all hangs in the balance!

With a firm grip of Jason's boot, Jackson amplifies the knee's hyperextension by twisting it against the muscles.

DDK:

But what does he do, Angus?! Does he tap-out and save his career, or does he fight through it?

Angus:

He can't just give-up, Keeps! Not after everything he's done to get here... but shit, he's *NOT* a ground fighter. I don't know how he gets out of this.

DDK:

And look at Jackson! Look at the look on his face! He's *ENJOYING* this! He has another man's career in the palm of his hands and he's grinning like a loon!

Sure enough. Sean Jackson is like the Chesire Cat out there. Natas sees this through his squinting gaze. It fills him with rage, but there's little he can do about it.

The Lone Star of Texas has never been closer, and never farther away.

Angus:

Come on, Natas! Do something! *ANYTHING!*

The Anti-Superstar's back falls to the canvas. Dozens of ideas rush through his head.

Kick?

Don't have the strength.

Thrust?

Ditto.

Work out of it?

Heh, nope.

Roll?

Fuck it.

He rolls.

DDK:

Natas goes onto his stomach!

Jackson's on his back now, but he's still got plenty of torque. For Natas, all the act appears to have done is hurt like hell.

The ropes are an agonising three feet away.

Jason Natas clamps his eyes and clenches his feet.

DDK:

Can he do this, Angus?! Can he get out of this?!

Angus:

This is grim, Keeps. Very, very, grim...

DDK:

This is the move that hospitalised him four weeks ago! This is the move that put Jason Natas in so much pain, he passed-out! Is that about to happen again?!

The Bronx Bully feels himself becoming light-headed.

His breaths became sharper.

Vision blurs.

Audience fades away.

Natas raises a hand.

Angus:

Don't do it!

Higher.

Angus:

DON'T!

Higher still.

Angus:

DON'T. **FUCKING**. TAP!

DDK:

He doesn't have a choice, Keeps!

Natas' hand edges closer and closer to the mat.

Can't go on. Too much damage. Too much pain.

Angus:

COME ON!

Flashback. Six weeks ago. Sean Jackson costs him the Southern Heritage Championship.

Four weeks ago. Jackson violently attacks the knee, sending him to hospital.

DDK:

JACKSON'S HOLDING ON LIKE A MADMAN! HE WON'T LET GO!

Two weeks ago. Security turn him away from the building.

Sean Jackson says he's gonna "take him out back and give him the Old Yeller treatment."

FUCK THIS.

Jason Natas clenches his raised hand into a fist.

He digs one elbow into the ground and **HAULS** himself forward.

Angus:

YES! COME ONE! GET THOSE ROPES!

DDK:

Can he pull this off?!

Another elbow.

Another giant heave.

Another foot closer to the bottom rope.

Angus:

Grab it! GRAB IT!

DDK:

He's so close!

Angus:

SO DAMN CLOSE!

Sean Jackson recognises what's about to happen. He yanks back even *HARDER* than before.

The Anti-Superstar screams.

He summons everything he's got left.

Every last fucking drop.

... and grabs the bottom rope.

Angus:

YES! YES! YES!

DDK:

He made it! Natas made the ropes!

Sean Jackson breaks as soon as Mark Shields gets in his face.

Angus:

FUCK YOU, JACKSON!

DDK:

But how can he go on!? How can Natas even *STAND* on that thing!

Angus:

Because he *HATES* Sean Jackson! Because he knows that if he loses tonight, that's it for him! It's over! No more matches, no more opportunities... *NOTHING*. He said it himself, Keeps! *DEFIANCE* is all he has! He is *LITERALLY* fighting for his life!

DDK:

The Faithful are on their feet! That rope break has whipped them into an absolute frenzy, and Sean Jackson doesn't like it one bit.

Gone is the smirk. The Lone Star of Texas' face has turned a dark shade of red, and after lashing-out by booting the bottom rope, he turns back to Natas. Marshall Owens screams for Sean Jackson to calm down, and the Texan stomps

towards his hurting opponent, then pulls him into the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Stiff kick to the kidneys!

The Anti-Superstar's back arches.

Angus:

No...

Jackson runs to the ropes.

Angus:

NO!

He throws the running knee.

DDK:

LIGH--

Angus:

MISSED!

The Lone Star doesn't stop this time, however.

He keeps going.

Rebounds again.

Nails it.

DDK:

LIGHTS OUT! LIGHTS OUT!

Angus:

FUUUUUUUUUU--

DDK:

Sean Jackson just *FLATTENED* Jason Natas with that running knee to the face!

Angus:

GOD. DAMNIT!

DDK:

The cover!

ONE!

Angus:

KICK OUT!

TWO!

Everything stops.

THREE?

Then it happens.

DDK:

HE KICKED OUT!

Angus:

ARE YOUUUUUUUU KIDDING MEEEEEEE?!

DDK:

JASON NATAS JUST KICKED-OUT OF SEAN JACKSON'S BEST SHOT! He usually hits the back of the head, but Jackson caught Natas right in the face with that Lights Out, and it wasn't enough!

Angus:

How, Keeps?! How the hell did that happen!

DDK:

Because Jason Natas refuses to die! He matched Bronson Box at CLASH! He took Lindsay Troy to her limits one week later! At DEFtv 66, he should've been crowned Southern Heritage Champion, and tonight, he's proving that those performances were no flukes!

Jackson can't believe it. He falls onto his back with his head on his hands, while Jason Natas rolls onto his side, exhausted.

Angus:

Come on, Fatas! Get up! Take that sonbitch to hell!

DDK:

He's endured a *LOT* of damage tonight! How much does he have left?!

Angus:

ONE South Bronx Lariat! *ONE* Gotch-Style Piledriver! That's all it takes!

DDK:

Is it, though?! How does Natas generate the power and support for those moves when he only has one working leg?

Like a wounded animal, Natas grips his knee tightly, trying to squeeze the pain away. Sean Jackson's on his feet, meanwhile, coming back towards him!

DDK:

Uh-oh...

A furious Jackson grabs Natas' knee brace again and yanks back harder than ever before.

DDK:

He's gonna get it! He's gonna tear that brace off!

Angus:

And if he does, the knee's gonna be super vulnerable!

The brace slides a few inches down Jason Natas' leg, but The Bronx Bully thrusts forward with both legs! It hurts like hell, but he's able to push Sean Jackson all the way to the ropes.

DDK:

Natas is getting up!

Angus:

YES! GET HIM!

Barbs of fire shoot through his leg muscles, but Jason Natas is vertical.

And he's *PISSED*.

Jackson turns around. Looks right at him.

Watches on as Natas leans over and tears his *OWN* knee brace clean off!

DDK:

What?!

The Bronx Bully hurls it at Sean Jackson's feet and flips him two middle fingers.

DDK:

An act of pure *DEFIANCE* from Natas!

Angus:

He's one of us now!

Shaking his shock away, Sean Jackson *RUNS* at his opponent.

ROARING ELBOW!

Angus:

FOEEEEEEHHHHHHAAAAAMMMMMMAAAHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

HE NAILED HIM!

Angus:

"Nailed him?!" He almost decapitated him!

Natas hits the mat and hooks the leg.

DDK:

That's one of Natas' best shots! This could be it!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE?

NOOOOOOO! SHOULDER UP!

Angus:

Mother**FUCKER!**

DDK:

A last-gasp shoulder goes up from Sean Jackson!

Natas shows absolutely no hesitation. As soon as Jackson rolls the shoulder, Jason's climbing to his feet as quickly as his aching body will allow.

Angus:

RIP HIS HEAD OFF!

With Sean Jackson's head in one hand, Natas readies his arm.

Angus:

CLEAN HIS CLOCK!

He swings the Lariat.

DDK:

SOUTH BRONX LAR-- NO!

Jackson ducks!

Natas' arm swings over his head.

Sean pulls him around.

Knee to the gut.

DDT!

DDK:

Down goes Natas again! Can Jackson capitalise?!

But he's tired, Sean. For all the damage he's done to Natas throughout the match, the Foehammer hit him *HARD*. He's wobbly as hell when he rises.

Angus:

Sean's looking a little dizzy out there!

DDK:

This is his golden opportunity, Angus! The match is his to lose!

Angus:

But what's he gonna do?! Natas already kicked-out of the Lights Out, and he's too close to the ropes for another sub...

Jackson already knows.

He turns around and makes for the corner.

DDK:

He's going back to the elbow drop!

It takes him a while to scale the 'buckles, but he eventually does. Soon, Sean Jackson is on the top rope, steadying himself, rising to his full height.

DDK:

It's over if he nails this!

Before Jackson can fly, however, Natas *BURSTS* up! He charges through the pain, and throws his torso into the ropes near the corner!

Angus:

YES!

The reverberations make Sean Jackson lose his footing! He slips, and gets crotched on the top turnbuckle!

Angus:

Mr. Jackson, your child-bearing days are over!

DDK:

Here comes Natas!

Jason pulls himself up with the aid of the ropes, then hobbles over to the 'buckles. Whatever effort it took Sean Jackson to climb, it takes Natas ten times that. He makes an effort to pull himself up on the good leg first, but the pain is instantaneous when he plants the bad one.

Angus:

What the hell is he doing?! Jason Natas doesn't climb the ropes!

DDK:

He does tonight!

Once there, Natas throws Jackson's head between his thighs.

He runs his thumb across his neck, cutthroat-style.

Then hooks his arms around one of Sean's legs.

Angus:

Is he doing what I think he's doing?!

DDK:

No... surely not...

Natas pulls back, looking for the Gotch-Style lift.

DDK:

He's going for a Gotch-Style Piledriver from the second rope!

Angus:

GOODNIGHT, SEAN JACKSON!

DDK:

Angus, he might break Jackson's neck if he pulls this off!

Angus:

Here's hoping he does!

The first lift fails. Jason doesn't quite have his footing right, and with only one fully-functional knee, it's too hard to get Sean vertical. He re-adjusts, then labours through the second.

Jason Natas pulls Jackson away from the turnbuckle and into the air!

DDK:

He's got him!

Angus:

Send him to the grave!

The Bronx Bully is ever-so-close.

Ever.

So.

Close.

Angus:

TIME TO DIEEEEEEEEEEE!

But Jackson counters! He digs a fist into Natas' ribs, then swings his own weight downwards!

Angus:

DAMNIT!

Natas falls loose. He tumbles down from the turnbuckles, and lands badly on his knee. He screams loudly, and a swift, savage, improvised Enzuigiri from the seated Jackson knocks him silly.

DDK:

NATAS GOES DOWN!

The Lone Star watches his opponent fall, then steadies himself on the top rope again.

DDK:

JACKSON'S GONNA GO FOR IT!

Angus:

FALL, YOU IDIOT!

DDK:

HERE COMES THE ELBOW!

Sean Jackson bends the knees.

Pushes off.

Leads with the torso.

*Soars.***DDK:**

DIVING ELBOW DROP!

The Faithful hold their collective breath.

Jackson flies through the air.

WHAM!**DDK:**OH MY *GOD!***Angus:**

SHIT! SHIT! DID YOU SEE THAT?!

The impact is catastrophic.

But not from the elbow drop. Oh no.

Angus:

WHAT A GODDAMN MOVE!

Before Sean Jackson hit had the ground, Jason Natas, with one *FINAL* burst of adrenaline, and powered to his feet and swung the South Bronx Lariat...**Angus:**

HE'S DEAD! HE'S FUCKING DEAD!

... and crashed his tree trunk limb into the back of Sean Jackson's head with neck-snapping impact!

His head and neck bent forward at an angle that shouldn't be possible, Sean hit the mat *HARD*.**DDK:**

THE COVER! HERE COMES THE COVER!

He doesn't hook the leg, and he doesn't even go for the lateral press.

All Natas can do is drape an arm across Jackson's chest.

And pray.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE?

THREE!

Angus:
HOLY SHIT!

DDK:
HE DID IT! JASON NATAS HAS DEFEATED SEAN JACKSON!

The bell rings, but nobody hears it over the *ROAR*.

Natas rolls onto his back and stares blankly at the ceiling.

It hasn't registered.

DDK:
The journey is over! The Anti-Superstar lies before us a *WINNER!* Once told he might never wrestle again, Natas has just dispatched one of the most accomplished athletes of this generation! *YEARS* of gruelling rehabilitation -- of blood, sweat and tears -- have paid-off!

Angus:
Fair play, Keebs. Fair fucking play! He took *EVERYTHING* that Sean Jackson has in his locker -- the technique, the cunning, the fuckery, the numbers advantage -- and fought through it like a goddamn boss!

DDK:
After almost defeating Bronson Box, *almost* besting Lindsay Troy, and *ALMOST* wresting the SOHER Championship from Mikey Unlikely's clutches, Natas finally has redemption! What a night for that man!

Usually too proud to allow another man to help him to his feet, Jason Natas doesn't have a choice tonight. It takes two DEFIANCE officials to hoist the big New Yorker vertical. Once there, one hoists his hand in the air while the other skips behind to join his colleagues in checking-on Sean Jackson, who still hasn't moved.

Darren Quimbey:
Ladies and Gentlemen... your *WINNER...*

And *THAT'S* when it hits Jason Natas.

Darren Quimbey:
... by way of pinfall... "THE ANTI-SUPERSTAR"... JASSSSSSSSOOOOONNNNNN
NNNNNAAAAAATTTTTTTAAAAASSSSSSSS!

Natas falls back against the mat clutching his own head, *ALMOST* smiling.

Almost.

Angus:

What a goddamn fight, Keeps!

DDK:

I'm sore just from watching it, Angus! Can you believe the amount of punishment these two just dished-out?!

Angus:

Ridiculous. Absolutely ridiculous. I don't know how the hell he did it, and I don't know when he'll ever be allowed to wrestle again, but that finisher was one of the most brutal things I've seen in years!

DDK:

The paramedics are rushing down the aisle! Sean Jackson's gonna be leaving with a neck brace, and you're right, Angus. Natas absolutely leathered: the opposing forces of Natas' Lariat and Jackson's dive come together and knocked The Lone Star of Texas out cold!

Medics and officials hit the ring. One pushes an ice pack against Jason Natas' knee while his colleague's prepare to help the big man out of the ring, while another focus on securing Jackson's neck.

Angus:

Goodbye, Mr. Jackson! Can't say it was nice knowing you!

DDK:

We'll bring you updates on both Natas and Jackson's physical conditions as and when we get them, folks, but for now, let's take a break...

IT HAS TO BE SAID

We open backstage to Christie Zane standing by, mic held firmly in both hands, in front of the DEFIANCE DEFCON backdrop.

Zane:

Ladies and Gentleman, with me at this time is Jesse Fredericks Kendrix.

The camera pans to the left, focussing in on a tremendously smug looking Kendrix. Wearing the latest #JFK t-shirt, his hair wet and dangling free from it's usual fashionable top knot position, he gives his finely kept beard a feel before facing his interviewer with a series of slow methodical, somewhat sarcastic, applause.

Kendrix:

Bravo Zaney, Bravo. You've finally learned to introduce JFK by his full name. JFK hope's your head doesn't hurt too much now with all that thinking you just did?

Taking a moment to squint her eyes at the Hollywood Bruv, she shakes off the all too regular derogatory put down and remains the consummate professional she is.

Zane:

I think I'll live. I wanted get your thoughts on an impressive win, it has to be said, earlier tonight over Lamond Alexander Robertson in your first ever DEFIANCE Pay Per View.

As she holds the mic out for a response Kendrix looks away letting out a short laugh under his breath before shaking his head back at Zane.

Kendrix:

And you were doing so well until your question, sweetheart, weren't you?!

Christy looks confused as she moves the mic back towards her. Unfortunately for her it never quite makes it back quick enough for any sort of retort as Kendrix snatches the mic out of her hand.

Kendrix:

It has to be said?! Why, that sounds like, despite the victory, you didn't actually want JFK to win tonight did you Zaney?!

Zane shakes her head apologetically but it's too late.

Kendrix:

GET THE HELL OUT OF MY TV TIME, INNIT?!

Grabbing the full focus of the cameraman Jesse winks at the lens.

Kendrix:

DEFIANCE...Listen, yeah?! What you all saw tonight were two prodigies. Two men who started out in this business at the same company at the same time and impressed the world with what they achieved. So much so, that they arrived here in DEFIANCE at the same time.

He holds two fingers up at the camera (and not in a polite way either).

Kendrix:

What you all saw tonight...was two men beating the living SHIT out of each other. Lamond, JFK will admit, you pushed him all the way tonight.

A rare look of sincerity appears in Jesse's eyes as he holds his hand flat to his heart.

Kendrix:

But unfortunately for you, bruv...what you saw and what the entire WORLD witnessed...is what happens when someone FOOLISHLY challenges THE...single hottest property in the business today.

Pointing his thumb back onto his chest he confidently nods his head, eyes focussed.

Kendrix:

And make absolutely no mistake about it, DEFIANCE. What you all saw tonight was a real Prodigy. What you saw tonight is the man who will go onto be the DEFMAX champion!

He slicks his hair back and flicks water back at the lens.

Kendrix:

But most importantly, what you saw tonight...was THE...UNDENIABLE FUTURE of this company...with his hand raised in victory....it has to be said!

JFK hands the mic back at Zane with a smirk on his face. As the cameraman wipes away the droplets on his lens. Before he can walk away, Christy, rather testingly, brings the mic to her mouth.

Zane:

Before you go Kendrix, can I just get your prediction on Mikey Unlikely's SOHER Title defense against Andy Sharp. Do you think he can win without the rest of S.E.G. at ringside?!

Stopped in his tracks, Kendrix pivots round and pierces his lips, tapping them with his index finger in apparent thought.

Kendrix:

Firstly Zaney, it's the Hollywood Heritage title. Secondly, for weeks now JFK has heard people say that they can't wait for Mikey to lose that title. That Mikey can't wrestle, that he can't win without S.E.G...that Mikey is all alone tonight.

Tilting his head as he stares away from Zane for a moment he appears somber.

Kendrix:

You know what, Mikey is indeed alone tonight. If S.E.G. interfere at ringside then he will automatically be stripped of his title....but that ain't gonna happen, bruv!

His confidence returns as he holds his arms out wide by his side.

Kendrix:

Because tonight, Mikey Unlikely proves to the world that he is The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer and the greatest Hollywood Heritage Champion of alllllllll tiiiiimmmeeee!

Applause interrupts the interview as Kendrix is flanked either side by the brand new DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions, the Pop Culture Phenoms. The D adjusts his newly won Tag Team Championship over his shoulder and gently shines it with his wrist tape. He wears his three piece Armani and tilts his sunglasses down to his nose so his eyes show. Elise Ares shrugs, her title belt heaving with her breasts and shoulder as she did. She wears a beautiful clingy blue dress, that doesn't coordinate as well as she would like with her recently won championship title. While they currently wear the newest DEFIANCE tag team championships, they continue to wear their now liquor soaked paper tag team championships on the opposite shoulder.

Kendrix:

Where the hell have you two been?!

The D holds out a nearly empty bottle of champagne.

The D:

Had a few glasses of Sham-Pag-Nah, had some pleebs and wanks-sticks throw streamers at us as we popped bottles on bottles on bottles. Ruptured this one double D girl's eye socket but I healed her with a bit of the ol' VITAMIN D.

The D can't help but smile.

The D:

Then, we tried to install fireworks in the ring like we planned, you know, to help Mikey... (shifty eyes) celebrate.

Elise Ares:

DEFSec are just jealous D. They wouldn't let us near the ring. The nerve. All because we've forgot their names.

The D:

What were they again?

Elise Ares:

I didn't listen.

The D:

Yeah, me neither.

Elise Ares:

Why would we? We're better than those BELLEND. That's a thing, yeah? A bellend? I can make it a thing because we're the CHAMPS!

The D:

CHAMP-EEEE-ONS! Can't wait to watch Mikey wipe the floor with that DULL-END. From backstage, (Again, shifty eyes) of course.

Christie Zane steps back into camera view, holding a microphone out to Elise after her question.

Zane:

Congratulations on the tag team championship win earlier, circumstances notwithstanding. Do you think Mikey can defend his Heritage championship against Andy Sharp without your help?

Both members react derisively toward Christie. Elise in particular takes a moment to look over Christie's outfit.

Elise Ares:

Were you dressed by a blind epileptic monkey?

The D:

You're fat.

Christie's jaw drops, as The D shoos her away.

The D:

No style.

Elise Ares:

None! Her and the rest of these poors.

The D:

FATTY! Lose two pounds before you interview us again!

Kendrix slaps the D's tag team championship and looks both members of PCP sternly in their eye.

Kendrix:

This interview is over. Let's go bruv...we've got work to do.

The rest of the S.E.G. walk off purposefully, ready to watch Mikey Unlikely battle Andy Sharp for the HOLLYWOOD, Heritage Championship.

Christie Zane returns to the screen, head hung low. She shakes her head with what looks to be a held back tear in her eye. The camera pans back to reveal Klein, standing there with a limply held rose in his hand. Zane blinks, and turns and walks the other way as the rose slumps further with Klein's disappointed shoulders.

MIKEY UNLIKELY (C) VS. ANDY SHARP

Cut to the commentary booth.

DDK:

And we're back out here LIVE ladies and gentlemen!

Angus:

Live as Live can be Keebs, let's keep this show rolling...

DDK:

Rolling right along we are! Up next is a match for the Southern Heritage Championship!

'Downtown' pauses and waits on his partner.

Angus:

...

Keebler now looks over at him quizzingly.

DDK:

Nothing to say Angus? No sigh of malcontent? No whispered words under your breath about our current champion?

Angus smiles and folds his arms over his chest.

Angus:

Not tonight! Do you know what tonight is Keebs? Tonight is the night Unlikely gets his fucking teeth knocked in! Tonight is the night Mikey is ALLLLLLL ALONE out there! Tonight is the night MCFUCKASS loses the strap!!!! Tonight is the best night!

DDK:

Well so far tonight we have seen The Pop Culture Phenoms...who somehow, someway, managed to outsmart even Kelly Evans when Elise Ares pinned The D in a match where the stipulation called for "Anyone can pin anyone to win". Thus crowning the Sports Entertainment Guild members the new DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions.

Angus:

Even I gotta admit, that one was clever as hell... But that is two people, and they are not facing king flippy doo himself!

DDK:

Right you are partner! We also watched as young upstart Kendrix also won his match this evening defeating Lamond Alexander Robertson, so here we are, and S.E.G. is looking to make it a clean sweep of night one here at DEFCON as Mikey defends what he calls the HOLLYWOOD Heritage Title.

Angus:

No way, not tonight! Tonight he has no help, no swinging chairs, no one to take out the referee, no one to smash Sharp with the belt... NO ONE! YUS!

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

DDK:

And here we go! Let's kick it over to Darren Quimbey!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following matchup is set for one fall, and is for the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship!!!! Please note: Per Kelly Evans, this match will institute a special stipulation, All members of the Sports Entertainment Guild have been banned from ringside, and any outside interference on the behalf of the Champion, will result in a disqualification and The Southern Heritage Championship WILL BE awarded to Andy Sharp!

The fans pop for the title and the upcoming match. Then they pop even louder...That can only mean that Andy Sharp is on his way out!

The Lord of the Skies takes in a big reception from the crowd and goes to a knee, pointing both index fingers upward.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first, the challenger! Hailing from Montreal, Quebec, Canada! He weighs in at 231 lbs. He is the LORD OF THE SKIES!!!!!! ANDYYYYYYYY SHARRRRPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!!!!

Sharp heads toward the ring at a breakneck pace and slides underneath the bottom rope before flipping forward to his feet. Once he stands, he executes a standing backflip to show off for the crowd!

DDK:

It was just last week that the tag team of Andy Sharp and LAR took down the Hollywood Bruvs right here on DEFtv68!

Angus:

That was great! But this is about to be even better! Hollywood and his crew have been skating by on the skin of their teeth as of late, and the party is about to come crashing down!

♪ "Blunt Blowin" - Lil Wayne♪

The house lights drop as the screen lights up with usual montage of Mikey Unlikely smiling, showing off Mikey Money, and holding up the "Hollywood Heritage Title". The signature red carpet begins to unroll from the entrance way as the boos come swift and vicious.

"Fuck Your Entrance- Clap clap clapclapclap"
"Fuck Your Entrance- Clap clap clapclapclap"
"Fuck Your Entrance- Clap clap clapclapclap"

The spotlight hits the stage...as per usual...

Darren Quimbey:

ANNNNND his opponent! Weighing in at 225 lbs. Hailing from Beautiful, Los Angeles California.... He is the DEFIANCE SOUTHERN HERITAGE, "THE WORLD'S GREATEST SPORTS ENTERTAINER!!!".... MIKEEEYYYYYYYY UNNNNNLIKELLYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

BOOO

...
..
.

Mikey is nowhere to be seen. The spotlight holds steady.

Angus:

HA! He's scared Keebs! I knew he couldn't do it alone!

DDK:

If we know anything about Mikey, Angus, it's that the man...

Angus:

FUCKING SUCKS!

DDK:

Loves to make....

The spotlight disappears with a loud bang. "Blunt Blowin" The Lil Wayne classic fades out.

DDK:

An elaborate entrance.

A HUGE spotlight hits the center of the ring. A new song starts up...

"I WANNA BE...THE VERY BEST!!!! LIKE NO ONE EVER WAS!!!!!!!"

The spotlight turns into red white and blue lights all shining directly down. From the ring the referee and Andy Sharp begin to point up into the light and talk. Finally Sharp facepalms as hard as humanly possible.

A giant Pokeball begins to slowly descend from the ceiling....

"TO CATCH THEM IS MY REAL TEST!!!! TO TRAIN THEM IS MY CAUSE!!!!"

DDK:

I can say I've never seen anything like this..

Angus:

Because we're not a cartoon kids show Keebs, this is adult fucking entertainment.... WHAT THE FUCK!!!!????

The Pokeball EVENTUALLY reaches the ring. With a loud noise it begins to open, As soon as the opening is large enough, Mikey Money shoots in all directions, littering the ringside area with the fake currency. A bright light coming from the inside hides the identity of our "hero". (as if it were not obvious). He steps from the contraption sporting a special Pokemon inspired ring attire. Along with a Ash Ketchum jacket. The fans boo him relentlessly once again.

GET THE FUCK OUT/ MIKEY SUCKS!

GET THE FUCK OUT/ MIKEY SUCKS!

GET THE FUCK OUT/ MIKEY SUCKS!

The music stops, the Pokeball rises, and Mikey throws his Pokemon inspired hat into the crowd... 3 seconds later the hat flies back in. Unlikely looks mad, and throws it to another side of the ring, the same thing happens..

Andy Sharp catches the hat the second time and places it backwards on the head of the official Carla Ferrari. She snatches it up, and sends it sailing out of the ring.

Sharp stretches in his corner, getting loose, waiting on the bell. Mikey waves to the crowd who boo him. He finally begins to head to his corner and unzip the jacket.

In the middle of the ring Carla Ferrari asks Andy Sharp if he's ready, he nods excitedly, ready to get this beating underway. She looks over to Mikey and... and Mikey can't get his jacket unzipped. He's still in his corner trying to get it... the fans start to pick up on it and a couple of them laugh. Finally he gets a bit of it, but it gets caught up again a little

lower, you know how those zippers can be.

Carla asks Mikey if he's ready, he looks at her then down at his jacket. Up and down, up and down, the zipper doesn't pass the halfway point. Mikey hollers back "Sorry, brand new jacket isn't worn in yet... gimme a sec."

Carla walks over to try to help Unlikely as Andy Sharp looks on curiously. He slows his stretching. On the other side of the ring, Mikey still can't get it, Carla tries a few times, and apparently it is indeed stuck.

Angus:

Oh Hell, this shit wouldn't happen if Hollywood McFuckass wasn't so worried about branding himself.

DDK:

Indeed Angus, Folks while we have a moment allow us to remind you to stick with us after this match because coming up on our main event of the evening we have a hell of a match up!

Angus:

HOOSSSSSSSSSSS FIIIIIIIIIIITTTTTTEEEEEEE!!!!!!

DDK:

Bronson Box and Eugene Dewey lock up in a No DQ, Falls Count Anywhere match! This one is going to be good!

Back in the ring a frustrated Mikey rips the jacket out of Carla's hands and tried again. Andy Sharp has run out of patience. He wearily walks over. Unlikely sees him coming and shrugs, and tries to apologize over the referee. Sharp gets in close to try to see the problem when Mikey spins at breakneck speed, and lands his full fist in the face of Andy Sharp. Sharp drops to the mat HARD!

Carla's mouth drops and she begins to yell at Mikey who just barks back at her to ring the bell. As she walks away from him to do just that, Unlikely twists the handle to the zipper, and unzips it with ease and rips the jacket right off and throws it from the ring.

The Lakefront Arena explodes into boos.

Ding, ding, ding.

Unlikely drops for the cover, and so does the referee.

1..

Kickout.

Angus:

Nope! Try again!

Unlikely stands up and drops a knee to the head of Sharp and does in fact... try again!

1...

Kickout.

He slaps the mat, sits up Andy Sharp and applies a rear chin lock. He wrenches on the hold and lays down on Sharp.

DDK:

Unlikely clearly looking to keep The Lord of the Skies from getting a chance to use those aerial moves.

Carla is in position and asking Sharp. Mikey sits back up and pulls up Sharp, and wrenches away as hard as he can.

Suddenly from behind Mikey the Pokemon hat comes flying back into the ring again!

DDK:

Will someone please get ahold of...wait... Unlikely just seen it. He released the hold!

Mikey stands up, looks around the crowd and stomps on the hat, then another and another. The fans laugh at him, meanwhile behind the World's Greatest Sports Entertainer, Andy Sharp has recovered. The fans begin to cheer now as Sharp is up and looking angry. Unlikely is oblivious, he raises his arms thinking the cheers are for him. Mikey smiles and slowly turns around, he turns right into a forearm assault from Andy Sharp. One after another the shots land across the face of Mikey.

Angus:

HERE WE GO!!!!

Unlikely tries to back out of the assault but Andy follows him all the way the to corner. With nowhere to run the Champion finds himself in a beatdown of epic proportions. After about 3 seconds Sharp pulls off Unlikely due to referee count.

The fans go wild as Sharp is just heating up. The Lord of the Skies taps the opposite turnbuckle before coming back with a dropkick to the corner on Mikey. The champion gets rocked and falls onto his rear end in the corner. Sharp once again goes back to opposing turnbuckle, when he runs back this time he places his hands on the top ropes and vaults himself up into a handstand position on the ropes over Mikey, he comes back down with a slingshot dropkick straight into the chest of Unlikely with authority!

DDK:

What a maneuver there! This one has been bubbling for a long time folks, in fact it was nearly five months ago, that Mikey made his DEFIANCE debut, interrupting Andy Sharps interview time and it's spiraled from there.

Angus:

You got that right, what started as a piddly annoyance, has become a ridiculous montage of douchebaggery in no time at all. Enter in the fact that Unlikely has built himself up around a group of wrestlers so no one can get to him. Smart but cowardly. Someone needs to knock this guy out Keebs, someone needs to shut him up, and I'm thinking Flippy Doo might just have it in him!

Back to the action Andy Sharp is pulling Mikey out of the corner and up to his feet. On wobbly legs, he backs the champion into the ropes before sending him off the other side. Sharp leap frogs him on the rebound and then hits him with a jumping cross body block that spins both men in midair before they come crashing down on Mikey's back.

DDK:

Carla Ferrari drops for the cover, but Sharp doesn't follow through, instead he picks up Mikey once again. He hooks the head of the champion and tries to suplex him over. Unlikely grapevines one of his own legs around the leg of Sharp to resist. After a few strikes to the gut, Mikey now grabs Sharps arm, and spins out of the from under the hold and turns it into a top wrist lock.

Angus:

What did you just say?

DDK:

I'm just as shocked as you partner, Unlikely just pulled off a WRESTLING reversal! Sharp wastes no time as he somersaults, then kips up, and reverses the hold on Mikey! Holding his shoulder now, the champion is clearly in pain. Unlikely bounces up and down a few times, looks like he's trying to gain momentum...Nevermind it was a trick, thumb to the eye from Mikey and Carla is warning him once again.

The champion rolls his eyes at the official before continuing his assault. The lazy strikes come across the head of Andy Sharp, who is then whipped off the ropes. Clothesline attempt by Unlikely but it's ducked by Sharp! He continues to

run, finally coming back and once again Unlikely goes for the lariat. Sharp is too fast and swings around the body of Unlikely and drops him down to the mat with a crucifix pin.

Angus:

Pinfall!

1..

2..Kickout!

DDK:

Unlikely kicks out right at two.

Angus:

Dammit!!!!

Both men get to their feet about the same time, Sharp is JUST a little bit quicker however. He locks in the side headlock, but Unlikely slips a hand underneath the hold to give him room to breath, and ample leverage to break the hold once he places a firm elbow to the ribs of the Lord of the Skies. Mikey goes for a short arm clothesline, it's ducked by Andy Sharp, who spins to the backside of Unlikely, and pulls back for a German suplex.

DDK:

UNLIKELY LANDS ON HIS FEET, he hits the ropes and comes back quickly with a hard yakuza kick, but Sharp ducks the attempt and goes for a quick rollup, The champion kicks out before one, and both men get to their feet where Mikey grabs ahold of the arm of Sharp and wrenches on it once before irish whipping him...

Andy reverses the irish whip and sends Mikey across instead. Sharp lowers his head for the back body drop, and Unlikely seizes that moment to grab the man's head and swing over with a running blockbuster! Right back to his feet the champion begins to showboat.

Mikey Unlikely:

Didn't think I had that one in me, did ya Lord of the Flies!? Huh!?

Unlikely plants a boot in the shoulder of Andy Sharp who immediately reaches for it. Mikey moves his arm to the mat, and steps on it with one foot and uses the other foot to quickly give a boot scrape across the face of the challenger. Sharp arms move to his face this time, as Unlikely measures him up and performs a fist drop to the same area.

Angus:

What is going on? Why is the Rodeo Drive Retard on top right now? Is this the Twilight Zone or something?

DDK:

I'm not sure but it looks like Mikey is just toying with him now.

Mikey Unlikely:

Mikey is the champ dammit! Get over it! I GOT THIS!

He pounds on the back of the challenger who is slowly rising to his feet. It slows him up a bit, when Sharp stands up, Unlikely cocks back and hits him with an open hand slap across the face. The entire arena "ooooohs" in response.

Angus:

Ha! Well that woke up King Flippy Doo!

DDK:

Sharp snaps back to attention, and now throws a forearm of his own! Mikey slaps! Sharp forearms!

The fans boo and cheer in reaction to each strike, they let out a boo every time Mikey smacks Andy Sharp, and they pop everytime Sharp hits Mikey. This goes back and forth for sometime before Sharp finally breaks the pattern by getting three strikes in a row in on the champion. Finally Mikey tries to counter with a kick, possibly a low blow even, but the attempt is caught by Andy who quickly turns it into a Dragon Screw. Unlikely spins down to the mat, holding his leg and pulling himself to the ropes. Mikey slithers outside the ring as the charging Sharp looked to keep momentum.

DDK:

Taking a break now is Mikey Unlikely. He is looking around for somethi...no someone?

Mikey Unlikely:

Where are my....oh....

Unlikely remembers the match stipulation, and slaps his hands off the mat as the referee continues his count.

Angus:

No one to help you Hollywood! No one to give you advice! No one to help strategize! NO INTERFERENCE!!!!!!

Angus laughs loudly into his headset as Unlikely rolls in and out of the ring quickly to break the count. He puts his hands on his hips, and looks frustrated, while breathing heavy. Andy Sharp retreats to his own corner to allow Unlikely plenty of room to enter the ring. Slowly but surely he does just that, taking his time up the ring stairs and on the apron jawing with a fan. Sharp takes advantage and walks over and grabs Mikey and spins him around to face him on the apron. Sharp hits a forearm, then a knee through the middle rope which doubles Unlikely over. Sharp runs across the ring, bounces off and comes back full speed...

Angus:

OH MY GAWWWD!!!! YES!!!! HE"S DEAD!!!! UNLIKELY IS DEAD!!!!

DDK:

Wow, Sharp just dove over the top rope, grabbing Unlikely on his way over with a sunset flip powerbomb from the ring apron to that hard arena floor. Unlikely's skull just bounced off the ground with traumatic force! Even Andy Sharp is slow to his feet on that one!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Carla Ferrari begins her count as Andy Sharp stirs on the outside. He lifts up Mikey and rolls him into the ring, as the fans are dying down. Sharp slides in himself, and applies a vertical press.

1...

2...

Kickout!

DDK:

Unlikely not ready to give up just yet! Kickout at two.

Angus:

won't be long now Keebs.

Mikey uses the ropes to try to pull himself up, and Sharp ever the helpful fella, gives him a hand to his feet before planting a square forearm in his mush. This leaves a dazed champion as The Lord of the Skies hits the ropes and comes back with a corkscrew back elbow.

DDK:

What a move from Andy Sharp! He's gaining momentum as Unlikely hits the turnbuckle once again. Sharp runs! Leg lariat! He's up again and Mikey is down in the corner! Cannonball Senton! Unlikely looks out! Sharp off the ropes AGAIN!

Angus:

YEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAA

The fans go crazy as Sharp comes back.

DDK:

Shooting Star Senton into the corner! The Hat Trick! Sharp hit it! He pulls Mikey from the corner and places him in the center of the ring! Sharp motions for the turnbuckle!

The fans erupt as Sharp presses his chest against the turnbuckle and hops up with one jump.

Angus:

Flippy Doo has it! Here comes the All Star Frog Splash! New Champion!

The lights go out...The fans boo.

Angus:

You have got to be fucking kidding me, these motherfucking, no good, shitty acting fuckers!

The DEFIatron lights up and we see L.A.R. on a stretcher being placed gently into the back of an ambulance.

DDK:

Robertson's arm was severely damaged earlier on this evening but I've no idea why he's currently on a stretcher?!

The doors are shut, the siren sounds and the vehicle pulls away out of the building. As the camera pans back, we see Kendrix, proudly dusting his hands off, flanked either side by the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions PCP with their belts over their shoulders.

Angus:

Well, I guess there's your answer Keebs.

Kendrix proceeds to tap on the camera lens.

Kendrix:

Sharpy...OI, ANDY!. Listen, yeah?!

The shot switches to ringside with Sharp walking towards the ropes, eyes fixed on the DEFIatron, as the shot switches back to the parking lot.

Kendrix:

While you're out there right now getting your arse kicked by The Greatest Entertainer In The World, JFK thought he'd give Mikey's fists a time out from your face. So, being the fair sporting guys that we are, The Sports Entertainment Guild would like to put everyone in DEFIANCE...

He points his index finger out by his side

Kendrix:

Including the Bellends in the stands and watching at home.

S.E.G. chuckle amongst themselves as they hear the boos ring out from ringside.

Kendrix:

On Notice. You see, not only are the Hollywood Bruvs and the Pop Culture Phenoms the greatest group of Sports Entertainers that the WORLD has ever seen.

He holds both arms out by his side as PCP nod along

Kendrix:

Not only do we have the Greatest DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions and The Future of the company...we have the Greatest HOLLYWOOD HERITAGE CHAMPION of all!!! tiiiiimmmeeee!

PCP high five each other.

Kendrix:

But Andy...despite what you, the fans and all the BELLENDERS in the back think of us, that S.E.G. are just here to entertain you all?

He shakes his head and points out toward where the Ambulance left.

Kendrix:

Nah, maaatttee!

The screen flickers off, and right behind Sharp is Unlikely. Unlikely hits Sharp in the back with the double ax and then pushes him against the ropes, using his own momentum to roll him up into an O'connor roll.

Angus:

Oh hell no!

DDK:

Carla Ferrari slides into position now in full view of Sharps shoulders!

Angus:

What she can't see is the two handfuls of fucking tights that McFuckass has! THIS IS EGREGIOUS!

1...

2...

3!!!

The bell rings.

Angus:

FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

Unlikely falls off Sharp and stands to his feet. Ferrari hands him his title, Sharp runs over to her in desperation trying to explain he was cheated. Mikey takes the opportunity, once again while Sharp is distracted.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, Mikey Unlikely has once again retained his Southern Heritage Championship in one of the strangest coups I've...HE JUST STRUCK SHARP WITH THAT TITLE! HE HIT HIM OVER THE BACK OF THE HEAD! Andy Sharp is down!

The boos come fast and furious as the Sports Entertainment Guild come running down the ramp. They all slide into the

ring and immediately start putting the boots to Andy Sharp.

Angus:

This is fucking horseshit Keeps! They're mobbing the man. Hollywood couldn't have them interfere so what did he do? They caused a diversion elsewhere. Cowards!

DDK:

The D has Andy Sharp on his feet now... BELLEND FROM KENDRIX!! This man is helpless, it's five on one!

Unlikely walks over to Andy and picks up his legs, Mikey flips him over and takes a step backward locking in the high angle Boston crab.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely locks in the backstory on Andy Sharp! The bell is ringing but Unlikely won't let go. Another referee is out here, but Klein holds both of them at bay outside the ring. Where is DEFSEC!?

Almost as if on cue, they appear on stage, a handful of them anyway. Kendrix dips outside the ring and grabs a chair, as the PCP hold up their titles as weapons. Meanwhile Unlikely wrenches back further while Sharp screams in pain.

DEFSEC get close to the ring, but Kendrix starts swinging the chair over the top rope at them, keeping them away.

Finally the top of the Lakefront Arena blows off as a few familiar faces race down to the squared circle.

DDK:

That's The Murray Brothers , Impulse , and Lindsay Troy!!!

Angus:

Thank God!

They all enter the ring from different angles, DEFSEC uses the diversion to hop in as well, As this happens, Unlikely lets go, and the entire Sports Entertainment Guild bail from the ring on the opposite side.

♪ "Blunt Blowin" - Lil Wayne♪

Impulse almost gets a hand on Mikey but he's a split second to short. Troy and the Murrays check on Andy Sharp who appears to be hurt badly. Meanwhile Mikey Unlikely holds up his "Hollywood" Heritage Title and heads up the ramp to a huge collection of boos.

Angus:

Dammit, I promise you Keeps, one day soon, somehow Mikey is going to get his...

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner....AND STILLLLLLLLLLL DEFIANCE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION!!!!!!
MIKEYYYYYYYYYY UNLIKKKEELLLLLLYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!

The feed cuts back to the ring where they are trying to get Andy Sharp out of the ring and to his feet.

DDK:

While we tend to Andy Sharp here, lets take a look at what got us here for tonights Main Event...

BOX / DEWEY VIDEO PACKAGE

The opening guitar lick to Johnny Cash's cover of "Personal Jesus" originally by the band Depeche Mode is accompanied by a series of deep, distant *ca-thunks* as lights all over the arena flicker off. The Faithful erupt into excited cheers. All eyes are drawn to the screen as the subdued energy of the Cash cover fills the Lakefront Arena. A series of images flicker across the screen, the sound muffled and distorted... a young Eugene Dewey, presumably some sort of interview before or just after his hiring. The music dims just long enough to catch a snippet of what the ghostly image is saying. The nervous young man wipes his palms on his sides of his Captain America t-shirt.

Eugene: [VIDEO]

My name is Eugene Dewey... ummm, I'm from Buffalo, Wyoming. I wanna' be a wrestler, yeah... that's why I'm here.

A nearly unintelligible voice from off screen asks the much younger Eugene about his t-shirt.

Eugene: [VIDEO]

I, hah... yeah, I love comics. Wrestler or superhero, it was always one of the two...

Two, two, two, two, two...

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING... three times in a row were the Wargod's shoulders pinned to the mat by Eugene Dewey. A series of events that informed both men's careers in the years to follow. The decisions they made, the men they became. More ghostly images flicker across the screen. Ghostly distorted voices echoing from years past...

DDK:

HE DID IT, EUGENE DEWEY DID IT! That's two times the Gaming Guru has managed to best The Wargod, partner!
TWO!

Two, two, two, two, two...

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING... three times Eugene Dewey tested himself against the Scottish Strongman and three times he walked away the victor. A loss of control lead to an assault on a defenseless female staffer backstage, Boxer coming completely unglued from reality after the third defeat. But after that... *nothing*...

Bronson: [VIDEO]

... aye, I avoided the lad after that... wasn't worth my fookin' career. Least at the TIME it wasn't anyway... NOW?

"Well NOW'S a different story entirely... now 'aint it?"

The audio the same eerie garbled mess, the video the same grainy sepia quality... but just by the state of Bronson's eye we can deduce *THIS* interview is obviously very recent. Another unintelligible question from off camera.

Bronson: [VIDEO]

Why? Why now? Why risk it all? ... well, that's... heh, that's the real question idn't it then, boy'o?

The DEFIANT chuckles under his breath, he shakes his head... the look in his eyes is that of a man who's just decided something. The music from the man in black fades completely... the camera pulls slowly into the same uncomfortable closeup of Bronson's face we're more than familiar with. The long pause accompanied by the unusual nature of the

video has the Faithful in enraptured silence and on the edge of their seats. Boxer smiles, his eyes looking away from the camera for only a brief moment before he's staring us down again with the creepy intensity of a *serial killer*.

Bronson: [VIDEO]

Ever had an itch ye' just couldn't scratch? Years roll by... victories, accolades. Life goes FOOKIN' on, don't it?! But to no real satisfaction because... because that itch is still there. At DEFCON I'mma scratch that itch... even if it bloody kills me, him, our careers, every BLOODY fan in that fookin' arena...

"Or even DEFIANCE itself... 'aint nothin' stoppin' this trainwreck now, sunshine. He's DONE."

The Wargod's garbled voice eventually disappears into the distorted audio. The word "done" eventually sounding like it was screamed by some sort of phantom. The grinding squelching sound becoming more and more intense. The distorted feedback grows to a near earsplitting volume before ending with a sudden start... slowly fading back into that same old interview footage of Eugene Dewey. The unintelligible voice from off camera is asking another question of the would-be-Gaming Guru.

Eugene: [VIDEO]

When you're picked on as much as me and my brother were growing up, you can't help but admire superheroes. I think... I, ummm... I think wrestling could use a few more heroes, honestly... real heroes.

*"I'd do anything to be that for DEFI... "*pffffffffffff"*

The grainy distortion again swallows up the audio as the screen fades to black. Out of the darkness we hear the man in black Johnny Cash once again urge us to *"Reach out and touch faith"*... almost a distant echo from the darkness. The crowd pop hard for the disturbing vignette, and even harder when a more familiar Cash tune starts to play. The funeral dirge-like *"God's Gunna Cut You Down"* means only one thing to fans of DEFIANCE Wrestling.

A clarion call signaling the arrival of The *Only* DEFIANT.

BRONSON BOX VS. EUGENE DEWEY

♪ You can run on for a long time... ♪

No special pyro, no one off musical selection. All The Scottish Strongman does is allow the song to play for a bit longer than normal before stepping out from behind the entrance curtain sporting something we haven't seen in awhile. The Wargod's old trademark boxing-style silk entrance robe. He slowly turns around to show what's embroidered on the back.

ORIGINAL DARK LORD

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... the following is a faaaaaaalls count anywhere, no disqualification match some are now calling the FINAAAAAAAAL BATTLE! Making his way towards the ring, weighing in tonight at a stout seventeen stone from the boggy coast of Banff, Scotland. He is a former TWO TIME FIST OF DEFIANCE and the FIRST EVER undisputed DEFIANCE WOOOOOORLD Heavyweight champion... he is THE BOMBASTIC BRONSOOOOOOOOOOON BOOOOOOX!

BOOOOOOORAAAAAAAHAH!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, never before has the old adage "love him or hate him" applied so perfectly to one superstar. Quite literally since day one Bronson Box has been here in DEFIANCE, acting simultaneously as its greatest defender... and it's greatest *threat*.

Angus:

He set the tone. He named our fans. He... [laughs] He's Bronson *FOOKIN'* Box, Keebler, what more can you say really? You and I have called every single one of this sociopath's matches, I'm speakin' for myself here... that motherfucker is the craziest wrestler I've ever had the pleasure of providing a soundtrack for. He's a blackhearted, cold as ice, unfeeling bastard... but godDAMN is he fun to watch.

The Wargod marches down the ramp with his usual focused determined stride, rolling quickly under the bottom ropes, springing to his feet with an ease and quickness a man of his muscle mass shouldn't realistically be able to achieve. He strips off the rope and tosses it mindlessly over his shoulder as his eyes haven't looked away from whence he came. His bloodshot brown eyes are locked on the entrance curtain. As the man in black takes bow for the evening a hush falls over the arena.

[DatHeavenlyChoir.jpg](#)

Angus:

OH SNAP!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

That is NOT Dark Lord Bowser, Angus!

The Lakefront Arena may be a new venue for this type of loud reaction, but the people inside it are quite familiar. Even when DEFIANCE was touring, well before the Wrestle-Plex was constructed, the DEFIANCE ring has served as a platform for some of the most roof rattling reactions professional wrestling has ever heard. But the sound of ten thousand red blooded DEFIANCE Faithful make when the Mjolnir Mix of Halo 2's main theme is heard puts them all to shame. Almost lost in the uproarious reaction from the fans is the look on the face of the Bombastic Bronson Box. *A huge mustachioed smile...*

Angus:

Look how fuckin' jazzed Bronson is!

DDK:

All Boxer's wanted is to face "the old" Eugene Dewey... something tells me hearing that old theme again has convinced him that's exactly what he might be getting tonight, the OLD Eugene! OUR Eugene!

The crowd's volume gets taken to eleven as Eugene Dewey himself pushes through the curtain, sporting the same X-Men "Phoenix Rising" t-shirt viewers of UNCUT saw his brother Wayne give him with the request to shut Bronson's mouth "once and for all." The Gaming Guru stands there for a minute, taking in the reaction from the crowd... scanning the upper decks, mouthing a sincere "thank you" before his eyes settle on the ring and the task at hand.

Darren Quimbey:

Aaaaaaand his opponent. Weighing in tonight at over two hundred and seventy pounds, hailing from Buffalo, Wyoming he is the longest reigning champion of ANY KIND in DEFIANCE history after his historic SEVEN HUNDRED plus day reign with the FIST of DEFIANCE! Ladies and gentlemen he is the Gaming Guru... EUGEEEEEEENE DEWEEEEEEEEEY!

Dewey wastes zero time, *sprinting* down the ramp towards the ring...

Angus:

GO GET HIM KID!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Right at the moment Dewey's boots reach the ringside mats our eyes are greeted with a sight we've never seen before. Bronson Box... *sailing* through the air between the top and second ropes with a nasty looking suicide dive that stops Eugene dead in his tracks. As Dewey's head pops off the lip of the ramp Boxer manages to land on his feet to an uproarious reaction from the Faithful. As The Wargod immediately begins laying boots to his downed opponent at ringside, referee Brian Slater goes ahead and signals for the bell to officially start the match.

DING DING!

DDK:

You know it's DEFIANCE's biggest show *ever* when we're treated to Bronson Box leaving his feet, partner! Have we ever seen that?

Angus:

The least flippy-do pro wrestler I've ever called just hit a GORAM suicide dive to start this thing... frankly I'm already speechless and the bell just rang, Keeps!

Boxer yanks Eugene to his feet with two fist fulls of curly red hair, smashing Dewey's forehead into the corner where the ramp and ringside barriers meet at an angle. Again. And again. And again and again. The assault halts only when Eugene manages a wild blind back elbow that manages to connect right across the bridge of the nose of his opponent, staggering the Wargod for just moment. All the elbow does however is anger The DEFIANT. As soon as Eugene turns around to face him Bronson is right there all hands and fury and wild wild eyes ready to HEAVE him across the rest of ringside towards the barriers on the far side of the ring with every haggis fueled muscle in his body with the most intense irish whip we've ever seen.

WHAM!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!...OLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

The crowds reaction is one of excitement tempered with concern for their fellow fans who's seats happened to be right behind the ringside barrier where Eugene hits back first. The Guru's bulk being enough to literally UNHINGE the two large swinging sections of metal barrier like a huge gate, Eugene Dewey finding himself violently careening through the

first two rows of seats... *and Faithful.*

Angus:

Not two minutes in and we've already got injured fans! FUCK yeah! I *knew* this is going to be a great match... ma-ma-I mean, gosh I hope all those poor folks are okay, Darren...

As Darren Keebler admonishes his color commentator and muses about the safety of the DEFIANCE Faithful going forward, a veritable horde of DEFsec goons lead by security chief Wyatt Bronson form something of a human line of demarcation between the safety of the crowd and the chaos of the match. That was obviously the plan anyway until Boxer makes his unique presence felt yet again rushing in right as Eugene manages to his feet BURYING the musculature of his massive shoulder in Eugene's gut, dropping him back first across several folding chairs that were still standing after Eugene's sudden stop just moments before.

DDK:

CHAIR FLATTENING SPINEBUSTER from The Wargod!

Chief Wyatt and his security team move together best they can, trying desperately to keep the fans uninvolved with the violent brawl going on right at their feet. Iris Davine and DEFIANCE medical are already out at ringside tending to the front row Faithful and the shin and knee injuries Eugene's trip through the ringside barriers no doubt caused.

Angus:

So glad I'm not within ten feet of Kelly Evans right now, Keebler. I smell lawsuits.

The amoeba like circle of security and the two competitors inside their perimeter moves deeper into the crowd as a put upon Eugene Dewey staggers away from the endless OUT OF THE GATE brutality of the Scottish Strongman. The match moves so deep into the crowd it continues right into the middle of the concession and merchandise area just inside the arena proper. Right as the arena's spotlights focus in on two men Boxer has Dewey on his knees, dazed... he takes a moment to pluck what looks to be an... *Andy Murray t-shirt* from the merch stand.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Boxer proceeds to blow his nose into the front of the t-shirt, further humiliating his opponent by RUBBING the soiled shirt in the Gaming Guru's face.

DDK:

Okay, now that's just plain repulsive...

Without hesitation The DEFIANT grabs both ends of the shirt and pulls it up underneath Dewey's chin and pulling back *HARD*. Boxer lets Eugene claw at his neck long enough to make him and referee Brian Slater think "*is... is he trying to kill me/him*" before using the choke to wind Dewey up and HUCK him through the concession areas glass display case. Even those of the audience without a clear view of the incident hear the stomach churning sound of broken glass and twisted aluminum going to work on the pale fleshy back and shoulders of the Guru of Gaming.

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

For the second time in the match the only chant the Faithful can manage is a tried and true holy shit, the crowd absolutely shocked at The Wargod's near domination of Eugene right out of the gate. The back of his t-shirt in tatters, blood seeping from several wounds and too many scrapes to count all across his back and shoulders, Eugene is *dragged* from the wreckage of glass and metal and snacks and lead through more fans to the other side of the arena... towards the Lakefront's *bathrooms*. The one handheld camera out on the floor does its best to keep up with the two men, competing with Faithful and DEFsec alike for a clear view of the brutal brawl.

Angus:

Hurt fans, destroyed concessions area, soiled merch... and they haven't even been in the RING yet!

DDK:

Kelly Evans said, come hell or high water we'd see these two finish this tonight and it seems she meant that whole heartedly, partner!

Grabbing his ginger haired nemesis by the scruff of the neck and the waist of his sweat pants, Boxer LAUNCHES Eugene through the swinging door of the *women's* restroom. Eugene ends up brutally clunking headfirst into the closed and locked door of the first stall, right inside the doorway. We hear a muffled scream from inside, but thankfully the poor woman (whoever she is) stays put as Bronson reaches down and again goes to work raining down closed fist shots across Dewey's already brutalized dome. The handheld camera gets pushed back far enough by the teeming Faithful closing in around the bathroom door our view of the contest is cut off for a moment.

DDK:

Fans, I'm not sure... yeah, we're trying to get some sort of view of what's...

Angus:

HOLY FUCKING SHIT!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The wall that the women's bathroom shares with arena proper is mostly plaster, that itchy pink insulation stuff, and several thick planks of wood. Well... it was before Eugene Dewey and Bronson Box *EXPLODE* through it, the two men landing in such a twisted dusty heap nobody is quite sure who performed what move to whom to cause the destructive scene. All we know is both men struggle to their feet, both worse for ware after the fact... Eugene more than Bronson, after being the recipient of ninety percent of the brutality up to this point in this "match"... if you can call it that.

*THIS IS AWESOME! *clap clap clapclapclap* THIS IS AWESOME!*

Boxer stands there looking down Eugene, taking a second to dab at the tiny trickle of blood coming from the side of his head. He licks the blood from his fingers before reaching down to grab two more fistfulls of Eugene's ginger afro only to be cut off by a desperation shot to the torso from Dewey. The Gaming Guru battles to his feet, gaining enough momentum to start alternating between skin blistering knife edge chops and wild skull rattling elbows across the side of his opponents sheared dome. The little trickle of blood near The Wargod's ear becomes a more pronounced *drip* as Eugene manages to drive Boxer to his knees much to the delight of the crowd.

*FUCK HIM UP EUGENE, FUCK HIM UP! *clap clap**

*FUCK HIM UP EUGENE, FUCK HIM UP! *clap clap**

DDK:

Eugene's fighting back! COME ON KID!

Angus:

What, ahh... what's he lookin' at, Keeps?

After brutalizing Bronson, finishing his first official "run" of the match with a quick and nasty DDT to the concrete that leaves his opponent dazed on the floor.

DDK:

He didn't catch all of that DDT but it did its job, Bronson is OUT!

Eugene's eyes are cast UPWARD towards a luxury box.

Angus:

Wha... wait... HE'S CLIMBIN' KEEBS! HE'S CLIMBIN' up the stands!

As Skaaland said, Eugene eyeballs the clearest route upwards and starts his ascent up the stands, up the walls...

using railing, fans shoulders and any other handhold he can manage to literally scale the Lakefront Arena itself. About halfway up, down on earth Bronson manages to clear the sloppy DDT induced cobwebs from his head and spy what his wily opponent is up to... looking almost impressed at the sight of the Guru clamoring up towards one of the highest points in the arena. Without thought or hesitation Boxer begins his own ascent, venturing upwards after his opponent. The Faithful join together in a chant echoing everyone's feelings about this particularly perilous situation pretty succinctly.

PLEASE DON'T DIE! PLEASE DON'T DIE! PLEASE DON'T DIE!

DDK:

Don't die, indeed! My GOD how is this... this *ASSAULT* going to end?!

Angus:

This is JUST like one of those goddamn "Peter versus the giant chicken" fights from Family Guy... so, ummm... they'll be fine I guess?

DDK:

This is no cartoon, Skaaland! These stakes are as REAL as it gets!

After struggling through the fans and up the same awkward path cut by Eugene seconds before Bronson Box emerges **ON TOP** of the luxury box, the two men almost brushing the rafters they're up so perilously high. The only available camera is the large crane cam which offers a brilliant sweeping view of the two men standing across from one another. We can't quite make out what they're saying, but it's obvious the two men are taking a moment to jaw with one another... after a quick exchange of words the two men rush one another and clash like rams on some far off mountain top battling over territory, delivering unto one another mindless, *endless* overhead shots... each man trying desperately to push the other nearer the perilous edge of the box's deceiving small roof.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Bronson's trademark "red right hand" gimmick makes it's always questionable presence felt as Bronson suddenly digs the gnarled unclipped nails of his right hand deep into the eyes of Eugene Dewey, staggering the much larger competitor. The Guru coming dangerously close to stepping right off the edge of the luxury box.

DDK:

Are we really going to allow this to potentially happen?! Someone could quite literally die doi...

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Angus:

HOLY GOOD GODDAMN! *THIS IS FUCKIN' SPARTA!*

No sooner did the word "die" escape Downtown Darren Keebler's lips Bronson rears back with a sadistic smile on his face and delivers one simple but decisive front thrust kick right to the guts of Eugene Dewey...

DDK:

OH MY GOD! WYATT, GUYS WATCH OUT BELOW!

The image of Eugene Dewey sailing back first off the roof of the luxury box will be a moment in time that DEFIANCE fans will go back and watch over and over and over for years to come... because it's one moment that ends not with the sickening sound of Eugene Dewey body crashing helplessly into the cold concrete floor below. No. This particular DEF moment ends with the unforgettable sight of *hundreds* of DEFIANCE Faithful and even members of DEFIANCE's own security team coming together to CATCH the man and cushion his fall... even going as far as to save Eugene the trip and quite literally *CROWD SURF* the Gaming Guru back towards the ring.

Angus:

THEY GORAM CAUGHT HIM! [exhausted laughter] I feel like I'm at a fuckin' metal concert man, Jesus... this is a first, I'm tellin' ya'...

As Darren Keebler screams at the top of his lungs across the arena on commentary, Eugene looks up towards the now rather perturbed Wargod still perched high above the crowd. The former "Dark Lord" raises his hand and extends his index and middle fingers, palm in... giving the UK born grappler his country's version of the bird... obviously not wanting anything lost in the translation. With Boxer *fuming* at his opponents miraculous save he's now forced to frustratedly make his way back down and back towards the ring the long way THROUGH the crowd. By the time Boxer's boots are again planted on terra firma Eugene is already back in the ring recovering from the wild "*adventure*" through the arena.

DDK:

What a reversal in fortunes for Eugene! That could have been the end of not only this match, but his life and career, partner!

Angus:

If you needed tangible proof the Faithful forgive Euge for his transgressions... well, there ya' go! No way these people were going to stand idly by and watch Eugene go splat! You see Wyatt and his boys helping out?!

DDK:

Hey, Eugene means a lot to the folks that work here, you know this better than anyone, Angus!

Boxer violently shoves aside a few fans on his way back towards ringside. Just as he hikes a leg up over the guardrail and drops down to ringside he's met with the full force of Eugene's bulk as he writes The Wargod a receipt for that wild start to this match with a through the ropes suicide dive of his own. Both men land in a crumpled heap at ringside. This time it's Eugene that pops to his feet after the not oft pulled maneuver, much to the delight of the crowd.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Bronson, still on a knee pops off a few shots into Eugene's gut, once again attempting the same "all or nothing" ringside irish whip he utilized to start the whole chaotic start to this brawl off... this time however coming up decidedly "nothing" on that wager. Eugene reverses the whip and ends up launching Boxer *KNEES FIRST* into the ringside steps. The momentum sends Bronson awkwardly up and over the steel stairs.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

My GOD! Simply brutal!

Eugene crouches down and watches as Bronson blearily climbs back up and over the steps, The Guru gives his opponent just a moment of clarity to allow him to fully grasp what's about to happen to him. With more than enough space at ringside to build up a devastating amount of momentum Eugene rears back and sprints towards Boxer...

DDK:

BIOTIC CHARGE FROM EUGENE!

Dewey *pounces* on his opponent with his patented running shoulder tackle, AGAIN sending Boxer staggering awkwardly over the ringsteps. This time BACK first, his sheared head bouncing off the ringside mats with a muffled but no less sickening thud. Eugene makes sure his opponent is sufficiently downed by adding a few sharp boots across the side of Boxer's head before reaching down and hoisting his opponent up and under the bottom rope. Bronson's first contact with canvas since his wild dive to ringside during Eugene's entrance. Before he joins his opponent, Eugene ducks down and reaches under the ring apron, searching for something...

DDK:

What could Eugene possibly be...

Angus:

WOOOOO! YEAH BABY!

Eugene holds the Singapore cane high above his head before quickly rolling under the bottom rope, his marred and still bleeding back leaving splotches of fresh blood on the canvas as he rolls to his feet. Boxer sees the cane coming and immediately covers up his head and face with his forearms. Eugene isn't deterred however and simply winds up and snaps the cane across Boxer's midsection causing him to drop his arms. It takes only a moment for Eugene to tee off on the now fully exposed dome of the self proclaimed "Ace" of DEFIANCE. With each skin peeling snap of the Singapore cane Eugene lets out a high pitched *HYAH!*

Angus:

Check out Darth Dewey and his Singapore lightsabre over here...

With Boxer dazed momentarily on his knees Eugene steps back and demonstrates just how many hours of Star Wars he's consumed over his lifespan by flipping the cane around his body like a chubby white ginger John Boyega. Knowing you can only get away with so much showboating when you're squaring off with Bronson Box, Eugene ends his impressive display by leveling Bronson with a final spine rattling Singapore cane shot right across the side of his mustachioed skull. As Boxer drops to the mat like a sack of ripe taters Eugene tosses the Singapore cane aside.

YOU'RE A JEDI! *clap clap clapclapclap* *YOU'RE A JEDI!*

DDK:

Our fans, nothing if not creative!

Angus:

EUGE'S GIVIN' 'EM A SHOW, KEEBS!

Dewey wastes not a ounce of the momentum the exchange bought him, dropping immediately into a mounted position raining down hard lefts and rights as the Wargod attempts desperately to cover up. Dewey drags Boxer up, propping the dazed The Wargod up in the nearest available corner. The massive Buffalo native takes several huge steps back towards the opposite turnbuckle, turning on his heels and launching his massive frame back towards Box.

DDK:

AVALANCHE SLASH FROM DEWEY!

Eugene repeats the process, launching himself yet again into the Wargod's already tenderized chest with a brutal butt bump. Surely clinging onto consciousness by his jagged fingernails at this point, Boxer shows off his veteran wiles by collapsing through the ropes to ringside before the ginger dynamo makes for the trifecta. Tapping the side of his head with a satisfied grin, Boxer makes a little exhausted lap across ringside. Jawing just a moment with the ringside Faithful Box turns his attention back towards the ring only to find his opponent poised on the ring apron...

DDK:

Running cannonball to RINGSIDE from Eugene Dewey! My WORD!

Eugene is on his feet with a spring in his step, as though the first half of the match hasn't even taken place. He pumps his fists giving big triumphant hollar. His palpable energy carrying through the Faithful, the entire arena now on their feet cheering the *Ginger Phoenix* on. Eugene holds up a finger, hushing some of the fans... before pointing down at the protective mats. He drops a heavy boot across the ribs of Bronson (for good measure) before reaching down and RIPPING UP several sections of the protective mats that line ringside, exposing a long strip of *cold unforgiving concrete*.

Angus:

Holy HELL he's... he's goin' for a PILEDRIVER!

DDK:

Eugene showing Bronson Box just who really is the DEFIANT ONE in this match! He's going to CRIPPLE the Wargod here, Keeps!

RAAAAAAAAAAHBOOOOOOOO!

With every ounce of strength he can muster Bronson jerks his huge bicep *very suddenly upward* making uncomfortable contact with Eugene's oh so delicate groin area. The pain obviously sharp enough to cut Eugene's wild concrete assisted piledriver attempt off at the knees. Boxer takes full advantage of the tiny sliver of sunlight, scrambling to his feet and delivering unto Eugene Dewey a NASTY twisting spinebuster that he delivers back first across the exposed concrete.

OOOOOOOO...

The fans start off popping for the impact of the wild twirling spinebuster itself. But after they recognize The Wargod holding on and POWERING Eugene Dewey back up into the same position and DRIVING him back first across the nearest steel ringpost, it's THAT impact they're popping for.

... OOOOOOOH!

DDK:

OH MYYYYYY! What pure brute STRENGTH! Bronson Box with a HUGE opportunity to turn the tide in his favor here if he can capitalize!

Boxer takes a second to make sure Eugene is stable against the ringpost, steps back and comes ROARING back towards The Guru with the reckless lariat attempt. *Reckless* because all Bronson's left bicep and forearm meet is the cold hard steel of the ringpost as Eugene deftly rolls out of the way, telegraphing the maneuver perfectly.

Angus:

So much for *turnin' that tide*, Darren.

Still favoring his now surely aching spine Eugene does his best to capitalize on his opponents mistake by simply *wrapping* The Wargod's now injured arm left arm back around the ringpost a few more times, all referee Brian Slater able to do is stand back and watch as it happens thanks to the... well, let's just say "*open ended*" rulebook Kelly Evans applied to the booking of this particular main event. With a wild unhinged look in his eyes Eugene takes wrist control of Boxer's injured left arm and viciously *yanks* him over toward the steel barricade. Eugene *pastes* Boxer with a few open palm shots across the face before draping his left arm across the guardrail... reaching out into the first row and retrieving a *steel chair*.

DDK:

Eugene Dewey has *baaaaaaad* intentions for his opponent here, Angus!

Angus:

When you dance with your dark side like Eugene did you don't come waltzing out of the experience without learning a thing or two, Darren! I don't give a damn what Bronson's ugly lady robe said, that dude right there with the steel chair... THAT'S the *Original Dark Lord!*

Eugene raises the chair as *the entire* audience quickly inhales at the same time...

CLANG!

Angus:

A swing and a miss!

Willed forward by some sort of instinctive will to survive Bronson rolls out of the way at the VERY last minute. Eugene's chair meeting nothing by guardrail, steel on steel. Boxer hobbles around the corner of the ring trying desperately to shake some feeling back into his left arm. Dewey snarls, his knuckles growing white as he tightens his grip on the steel chair. He's hot on Bronson's heels in a matter of moments.

DDK:

I'm not sure you can call yourself a "Wargod" if you run away like that, Angus.

Aiming for nothing in particular Eugene swings the chair in Bronson's general direction, still in hot pursuit of his retreating opponent.

Angus:

Stick to callin' plays, funny man. I got the come*HO-SHIT!*

CLANG!

Eugene's wild chair shot once again fails to make steel to flesh contact, this time eating the much harder steel of the ringpost. Once again snatching victory from the jaws of getting goddamn CONCUSSED by a steel chair to the head, Bronson stumbles away from Eugene like the helpless victim in some Halloween-like slasher movie. And like the friendliest looking movie monster since the Stay Puft Marshmallow Man, Eugene continues his assault taking yet ANOTHER wild swing at the Wargod's general anatomy. Having rounded the ring Bronson manages to slip and fall on the still exposed area of concrete floor...

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Eugene's chair missing Bronson's head and shoulders by a mere *HAIRS* width as he slips falls. His ass and lower back now firmly planted Boxer kicks out wildly with his boot and luckily makes brutal contact with Eugene's kneecap, staggering the man enough to make him drop the chair. No sooner does Box have his legs firmly back underneath him, he's immediately on the offensive.

Angus:

Box has the CHAIR now, Keebs!

The Wargod hucks the chair blindly back over his shoulder and into the ring with his good right arm, the thing literally missing ref Brian Slater's noggin by *inches*. Box takes a violent right fist full of Eugene's hair and maneuvers himself quickly up onto the apron and between the ropes... yanking Eugene helplessly up onto the apron behind him. Boxer makes a little "to do" about positioning himself up on the rope and hooking the arm for his trademark second rope elevated deadlift suplex.

DDK:

With ONE ARM? I'm not sure if this isn't adrenaline fueled *wishful thinking* from The Wargod, here...

As though Darren Keebler were some sort of soothsayer telling Bronson Box's future, The Wargod's injured wing causes problems hooking the maneuver properly. A problem Eugene Dewey turns to his absolute advantage HOTSHOTTING Bronson gut first across the top rope. Eugene steps cat-like through the ropes and catches a still reeling Boxer with a quick bulldog to lay his opponent out once again.

DDK:

My GOD the damage these two men have inflicted upon one another so far... just *unspeakable!*

Angus:

And we haven't seen ONE cover yet, Darren! These two are just getting STARTED!

Knowing full well he's cracked open a chink in Bronson's armor in the form of his brutalized left arm, Eugene continues to capitalize on that injury by focusing every bit of his assault directly at the Scottish Strongman's wounded wing. After

a brutal stomp to the shoulder and a knee to the elbow Eugene takes wrist control and maneuvers Bronson onto his stomach... Boxer's hand dangling helplessly in front of a straight up *sadistic* looking Eugene Dewey. Grabbing a two of Bronson's fingers in each fist Eugene pulls them apart as quickly and forcefully as he can...

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

Eugene taking a page directly from Bronson's playbook there, Angus!

Angus:

Hey, however briefly, these two were PARTNERS for a while Keebs! Gotta figure Eugene picked up a thing or two underneath Bronson's kooky ass learning tree. That is... until Euge went ape shit and DESTROYED Bronson's "learning tree"... with a fuckin' *sledgehammer*, literally, a couple weeks ago live on DEFtv... gotta' watch the product folks, I'm beggin' ya'.

As the commentary team recaps Eugene's dismantling of Bronson's training camp Eugene goes about wrapping Bronson's left arm around the bottom rope and laying more quick boots to his opponents aching elbow. Using the ropes for a little added height he drops down with all his weight across the Wargod's arm sending the Scottish brawler sprawling and clutching at his left side in absolute agony. Following up the brutally simple maneuver with one that takes a bit more technique. Wrenching Box to his feet Eugene pulls his opponents battered left arm behind his own back.

DDK:

ARM TRAP BACK SUPLEX FROM DEWEY! That has to be it, no way Box can take much more of this...

Angus:

Don't bet on it... look at what Eugene's eyeballin' Keebs.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The crowd pops hard as Eugene slowly stoops down and reclaims his implement of destruction. The steel chair Bronson hucked out of reach earlier to avoid a trip to the nearest ER due to Eugene Dewey fueled, steel chair induced head injuries. But instead of aiming the steel chair again at Bronson's exposed noggin... he stoops down yet again. This time looping Boxer's arm THROUGH the seat immediately dropping a few quick and painful boots down across the chair and Boxer's helpless left arm.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

My God... this is a little unnerving, if I'm being honest.

Angus:

Yeeeeeah, from the perspective of all that hippy dippy "I wanna' be a real hero" garbage from that video earlier. Eugene knows the only way to BEAT a supervillain is to THINK and therefore ACT like a *GORRAM* supervillain!

Quicker than a man his size should be capable, Eugene Dewey scales the nearest second turnbuckle and in one quick motion leaps off and drops a HUGE leg drop down across the steel chair. The bloodcurdling sound that escapes the Bombastic Bronson Box's guts as his helplessly wedged left arm is compressed and brutalized between the unforgiving panels of the steel chair is one we won't soon forget. The Faithful are once again dumbfounded into a tried and true go to chant of wrestling crowds worldwide.

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

MY GOD! Did... did you see *his ARM* I... Jesus...

Angus:

And STILL not one pinfall attempt!

Starting to look more than a little bit proud of himself Eugene takes his time maneuvering over towards his opponent, locking in a simple hammerlock on the still targeted left arm and driving the sharpest point of his knee into it as many times as he can before Box wriggles free of the hold. Eugene claps a couple forearms down across Box's neck as he hauls him up to his feet.

Angus:

Eugene's settin' something up here...

Quicker than you can utter the phrase "Player One, Press Start" Eugene displays his own impressive strength by deftly hoisting the stout Scotsman up onto his shoulders for his not oft seen Olympic slam, a maneuver more popularly known as the...

DDK:

GOOGLE-PLEX! EUGENE WITH THE GOOGLE-PLEX! ... NO!

Angus:

BOX SKINNED THE CAT! He slipped out the back door!

Landing on his feet behind his opponent Boxer hooks Eugene's waist for what looked at the moment like a German suplex, but the pain of his injured arm visible on his face Boxer can't *QUITE* execute the maneuver in time. Eugene rears back with a wild back elbow that connects across Box's jaw. He takes advantage reaching back and whipping Box back into the ropes, catching him with a grizzly looking sidewalk slam on the rebound. At which point you'd imagine he might at least ATTEMPT a pinfall, but no...

Angus:

You get the feeling, with the lack of ANY nearfalls in this match that these two don't WANT this match to end, doncha' Darren?

DDK:

We've said it for weeks, this match isn't about two men bent on DESTROYING one another! Bad blood YEARS in the making!

Once again stooping down and scooping up THE steel chair, Eugene finds yet another use for his chosen instrument of destruction. He quickly pops the chair between the first and second ropes, wedging it into place between the turnbuckles with an exhausted grin. He slowly hauls Boxer to his feet, leans back with all his might and attempts to ragdoll his opponent back towards the steel chaired turnbuckle. Boxer reverses the attempted irish whip... his arm however gives out, Eugene RE-reversing the Wargod's own reversal back into a brutal swinging side-slam that simply levels The Wargod.

DDK:

BLACKHOLE SLAM from the former FIST of DEFIANCE!

Obviously exhausted, Eugene isn't as quick to his feet this time, choosing instead to once again "channel Dark Lord Eugene"... tapping the side of his head with his index finger with a confident / bordering on *cocky* smile plastered on his lips. He eventually gets to his feet and gets back to work, dragging Boxer's lifeless body nearer the turnbuckle *directly across* from the one with the wedged chair. Eugene again scales the turnbuckle with the grace of some sort of giant great ape. Perched atop the turnbuckle he peers down at Box, leaping off with reckless abandon and nothing but *bad intentions* in store for his opponent.

Angus:

He's goin' for a SENTON!

WHUMP!

Eugene completely whiffs the attempted senton, landing injured back first against the empty canvas. Euge rolls up to his knees with the pain of his aching back expressed clearly on his expressive face.

DDK:

The adrenaline is starting to wear off, those wounds he incurred after his *short trip* through the concessions counter are starting to catch up to him, Angus!

Down, but not out... Eugene seems to HARNESS the pain running up, down and across his injured back to will himself forward. He takes off in a dead sprint across the ring towards Boxer who's managed to pull himself upright... *in the opposite corner*. Boxer rolls out of the way JUST IN TIME for Eugene to stop just short of slamming headfirst into the still chair wedged turnbuckle. He turns around with a self-satisfied look on his face that vanishes IMMEDIATELY when the underside of his chin is met with the very much healthy and undamaged RIGHT bicep of Bronson Box in what turns into a SERIES of wild lunging European uppercuts that quite simply level The Guru of Gaming Eugene Dewey grinding him struggling back first into the turnbuckle.

*FIGHT FOREVER! *clap clap clapclapclap* FIGHT FOREVER!*

Forgoing anything fancy and completely sloughing off the overwhelmingly positive reaction from the Faithful. Bronson Box proceeds to grab a fistfull of bright red hair with his one good arm and simply BASH an eventually kneeling Eugene Dewey's forehead into the stationary steel chair over... and over... and over... *and OVER again* until Eugene slumps awkwardly down onto the canvas like a big sack of dirty laundry. The chants of "fight forever" are replaced gradually with uncomfortable derision from "his Faithful."

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

The DEFIANT is in his element here!

Bronson drags Eugene's limp, lifeless body out towards center ring best he can with only one arm. Once there, he takes a moment to slooooooowly raise aloft his very much so healthy "red right hand"... dropping down suddenly, ripping up his t-shirt and DIGGING the knifelike digits of his good right arm as violently as he can directly into and underneath the doughy ribcage of his opponent. Eugene screams out in pain... Boxer just screams back, his eyes wide and wild and filled with nothing but white hot VIOLENT, BLIND rage. The Wargod quickly maneuvers around on top of Dewey, taking mount, removing his clawed "red right hand" from underneath Dewey's ribcage only to apply it to the crown of his ginger forehead.

Angus:

There's no place for Eugene to go, Keeps! Box has him pinned in mount, and there's nothing referee Slater can do to force Boxer to EVER release that hold! No DQ, Keeps! He can sit there crushing Eugene's head for as long as he fancies!

Eugene's hands shoot up and desperately start clawing at Boxer's wrist. The Gaming Guru's last ditch effort to free himself only wills The Wargod into pushing down HARDER on the maneuver and into digging his nails EVER DEEPER into the temples and crown of his struggling opponent. For all his screaming and yelling and carrying on, "TAP DAMN YOU, TAP"... Eugene Dewey REFUSES to give in. Out of sheer frustration, after what seems like an eternity Boxer releases the hold... only to impressively maneuver Eugene around and with more or less ONE FREAKIN' ARM manages to hoist Dewey chest first up onto his shoulder, delivering a crisp and wholly *unexpected* Emerald Flowision that flat out LEVELS Eugene.

DDK:

WHAT THE... HIGHLAND HANGOVER FROM BRONSON BOX?!

Angus:

That... that's ANDY MURRAY'S finisher, Darren! What... WAIT, HOLY SHIT COVER! A COVER FROM BOX!

With what looked distinctly like a little *WINK* at the hard camera The Wargod rolls through, hooking both of Eugene's legs as tight and textbook as he can manage with one arm.

1...

The Faithful, each and every one of them standing on their feet, counting along at the top of their lungs as Brian Slater slides in for the FIRST pinfall of this entire brutal escape.

2...

The entire audience again inhale as one, all at the very same moment as Buffalo Brian Slater's hand pops off the mat a THIRD and final time, RIGHT before Eugene managed to pop up a shoulder. Fatigue *finally* getting the best of the longest reigning FIST in DEFIANCE history, unable to respond to the three count in time.

3...

DING DING DING!

BOOOOOOOORAAAAAAAHHBOOOOOOOO!

The now traditional "bi-polar" reaction to Bronson Box's sudden and wholly unusual finish to the match slowly bleeds into a raucous chant of "*BOTH THESE GUYS! BOTH THESE GUYS!*" as both competitors take a well earned post-match moment of motionlessness. DEFdoc Iris Davine and head producer Mike Sloan are both in the ring, each one checking on Bronson and Eugene respectively. Iris' team is quick with the ice packs and medical treatment, both men slowly but surely being helped upright by the DEF staffers. After several long minutes of immediate post-match triage, it's clear to everyone that both competitors are okay and standing under their own power.

Darren Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THE WINNER OF THIS BOUT! BYYYY PINFALL... BRONSOOOOOOOOOOON
BOOOOOOOOOOOOX!

Ref Brian Slater takes both men by their wrists, raising Bronson Box's right arm aloft at the announcement of his name... only for Boxer to YANK it free, starring the huge referee down, causing him to vacate the ring. Boxer's music starts and awkwardly stops at the bold action towards a DEFIANCE official. A hush falls over the crowd as once again the two competitors are bowing up to one another... this time however... *Eugene extends a hand.*

Angus:

A handshake? Come oooooon...

DDK:

And why not after a match for AGES, Angus?!

Angus:

Eugene's kidding himself here... YOU LOST BRO, IT'S OVER!

Skaaland's unheard shouted two cents aside, Eugene stands FIRM... his hand outstretched to his victorious opponent. With the fans coming straight up unglued at the tense stare down, Bronson just shakes his head... *SPITS* down at the

feet of Eugene and just heartlessly SHOULDERS past him with the only healthy shoulder he has left to him.

DDK:

Rude, yes... but he seems to be giving Eugene the ring. I... is this feud finally after all these years... *over?*

The Wargod quickly rolls through the ropes to ringside and makes a beeline straight up the ramp. Just like last week after his mauling of Jack Hunter, Bronson Box doesn't hazard even one single glance back over his shoulder. He doesn't wait for his music to strike up again... *he just leaves.*

Angus:

Arrive. Barely escape with one functioning limb. Win with someone ELSE'S finisher with no explanation given. Leave.

DDK:

That's our Bronson... honestly what WAS that poaching of Andy Murray's finisher all about? Do those two have any history?

Angus:

You gotta' figure, right?

As the announce team continue to speculate a bit about the relationship between DEFIANCE's two Scottish elder statesmen the fans and staff continue to show well earned gratitude to the only man left standing in the ring. Eugene's head is hung low in defeat, but it's obvious he's overwhelmed by the support and the love shown by the DEFIANCE fans.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen... I can say with all honesty that I don't rightly know what the future holds for Eugene Dewey now. But I do know this. I've sat right here and watched countless would-be knights in shining white armor ride into this promotion to be a "hero" or to "save us" from this threat, that threat, even ourselves only to ride out of here just as quickly as they came. Eugene Dewey is the only one of those heroes to truly live up to that lofty distinction. Even a dalliance with his own dark side can't keep this young man down forever. Tonight Bronson Box might have further cemented his claim of being DEFIANCE's "Ace" but standing right there in the middle of that ring is DEFIANCE's only true blue *superhero.*

Angus:

Anyone who's watched this product for any length of time knows, good bad or indifferent, I've always given ol' ginger pubes up there a pretty rough time... heh, I love an easy target, what can I say... *BUT...* even I can't deny the fact that Eugene Dewey's one of the best in the goddamn world at this right here, Keebler. I can't believe I'm sayin' this but, I really hope whatever Eugene decides the next chapter of his career... hell, his LIFE looks like, that he remembers he has a *home* right here in DEF. And that's a gorram shoot, Darren.

DDK:

Well said, partner. Well said. FOLKS! What a way to KICK OFF DEFCON! We'll be back tomorrow night for even more wild DEFIANCE action!

Angus:

If tonight has been any indication, there won't be a Lakefront Arena *LEFT STANDING* this time tomorrow, Keebs!

DDK:

For Angus Skaaland and everyone here at DEFCON, I'm Darren Keebler! Goodnight folks!

The last image we see before the DEF logo hits and the credits roll is Eugene Dewey taking a somewhat pained bow, and mouthing yet again to the whole DEF-verse a simple... *"thank you."*