

THE RUNDOWN II: ELECTRIC BOOGALOO

IN FIVE... FOUR... THREE...

♪"Ain't Nobody- Chaka Kahn♪

FADEIN on clips from David Hightower vs Gage Blackwood from night one of DEFCON.

Angus:

I don't think he's looking at the mat Keebs... I think he's looking....OOOOOOHHHHH NOOOO!

Hightower comes forward and launches Gage over the top rope and directly down to the floor on the outside of the ring!

The clip cuts to later in the match. Blackwood goes all the way up. All twenty (or approximate) feet. He takes a deep breath.

Blackwood:

Fuck it.

Gage jumps off. He drives his entire body right through David Hightower, whose entire body is driven right through the announce table.

DDK:

I don't even know how to describe what just happened...

CUTTO Oscar Burns vs Danny Diggs one sided disqualifications match.

Danny goes to the ring apron with him and climbs out so both men are on the apron now. He cranks the head of Burns...

DDK:

NECKBREAKER ON THE RING APRON!

Angus:

Hardest part of the ring, Keebs, so I've heard anyway!

Cut to later in the match. a modified Scissored Armbar – has Diggs in the middle of the ring with nowhere to go! Burns then pulls his free foot up near Diggs... STOMPS rain down on the head of Diggs while trapped!

Angus:

WHOA!

DDK:

Those stomps Burns likes to use! He's raining them down on Diggs WHILE he's in the hold!

He throws a few more for good measure! Slater checks for a sign of a tapout, but Diggs is out! The referee calls for the bell!

DING DING DING!

CUTTO The Fatal Four Way Main Event of DEFCON Night One for the Southern Heritage Championship. Quickly the clips show all four men coming down the ramp separately. Then we switch to the match.

Impulse pays no mind to the loud clanging and grabs the stunned Box. This infuriates Prime. She charges at him swinging the chair wildly!

Impulse telegraphs it and ducks out the way leaving Box to take the brunt of the shot. He falls to the matt nearly on top of Douglas.

DDK:

OH! Huge chair shot from Reaper Prime!

Cut to...Standing ready for her attack, Impulse doesn't see the recovering Box coming towards him, but is immediately impacted with a huge chop to the neck, he spins Impulse around, kicks him in the gut -- hooks him ...

DDK:

SUB POP SUPLEX!! From ... Box?

The champion is flat on his back and Bronson Box sees this as an opportunity to get the victory, he hooks the leg...

ONE...

TWO... KICKOUT!!

We skip to later.

Reaper Prime: [to Calico]

I'm going to destroy him in front of you! Remember that!!

Picking him up she hooks him and executes a HARD IMPACT DDT.

Reaper Prime:

THAT WAS FOR JASON!

Cut to the finale.

DDK:

SCOTT DOUGLAS FROM BEHIND!

Angus:

Sub Plop can't do this!!

Impulse's smirk finally makes sense: Scott Douglas has crawled back into the ring and pulled himself up behind Reaper. Douglas keeps himself out of Bronson Box's line of sight as he stalks towards her, spins her around...

DDK:

SUB POP SUPLEX!

This draws Hector Navarro's attention away from Box and Impulse, and the WARGOD starts to get up - but he hesitates - and Impulse slides out of his grip!

Angus:

Eeeeew...

A closer look on replay show Impulse 'popping' his shoulder and sliding between Box's grip! He hooks Box by the foot and holds him in an anklelock as Navarro slides down next to Reaper and Douglas!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING!

We fade out on an image of Scott Douglas holding the SOHER across his chest after the match.

♪"Trapped" - The Word Alive♪

We fade back in on the Lakefront Arena, filled to capacity and beyond with the DEFIANCE FAITHFUL, going crazy as the camera pans, the strobe lights strobe, and the music plays.

As always, there are signs.

Finally DEFIANT!

DEFCON: More Important Than Real Life!

OSU!

THE BASTARDS STOLE MY MICROWAVE!

I CAME FOR THE BLOOD AND THE BIG BREAKFAST

CAYLE! MASTER OF THE MULTIMAN!

Just Fucking Killhim

And so forth.

Finally, we settle in on 'Downtown' Darren Keebler and 'The Motormouth of Malcontent' Angus Skaaland, standing in front of the table. The fans are cheering both, and Angus is playing to the crowd while Keebler remains the consummate professional.

DDK:

Welcome back ladies and Gentlemen and what a show we had just last night on Night One of DEFCON!

Angus:

You saw the highlight video to kick off the show, and the biggest news of the evening.... We have a new SOHER!

DDK:

That we do partner! "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas won the fatal four way match last night to crown himself the new champion. What a brutal beat down that one was.

Angus:

Chairs, Ladders, Camaraderie, it was insane! I still can't believe the singer of the Missile Dropkicks is our new champion though.

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

We have an even bigger main event coming up tonight, The Squid takes on The God Beast and the Douchey Brit!

DDK:

Cayle Murray goes up against Mushigahara and Kendrix in a triple threat match for the FIST of DEFIANCE! We have that and much much more! Including our opening contest of Night Two! A DEFIANCE Tag Team Championship match!

Angus:

The Bastards and the Pop Cunt Phenoms have been going back and forth for weeks now Keebs! This has got to be settled and i think it gets settled right now!

Cut to Ringside.

TAG TITLES: THE BASTARDS (C) VS. THE POP CULTURE PHENOMS

DDK:

And DEFCon, Night two starts NOW! The vacant tag team titles are ON THE LINE! PCP, Bastards, for all the marbles!

The DEF camera crew lands onto the entrance ramp, where a star studded podium resides. For some reason, Tila Tequila and Dustin Diamond are dressed wearing their finest apparel possible. The DEF crowd reacts with a bit of contempt.

Angus:

Oh Jesus fuck...

Dustin Diamond:

Ladies and gentlemen, we are here tonight to present the award for best on-screen duo for the second annual Sports Entertainment Awards Ceremony!

Tila Tequila:

I'm just glad to have work.

Dustin Diamond:

Me too.

Tila Tequila:

There have been a lot of famous pairings in the Sports Entertainment world, friends, enemies, tag teams, commentators...

DDK:

They're talking about us!

Angus:

Make them stop!

Tila Tequila:

...but these two have exemplified on screen chemistry like no others.

Dustin Diamond:

And now, the winners, for best On-Screen Duo are... Elise Ares & The D, the Pop Culture Phenoms!

♪"Live For the Night" by Krewella (MIA Remix)♪

The arena blackens, the podium wheeled off stage as Wyatt Bronson appears, chasing off both Tila and Dustin with a broad. Jamie Stanley literally holds a hook off stage.

A single spotlight illuminates the entrance stage. Numerous paparazzi begin to funnel on either side of the entrance, flashing their old timey camera flashbulbs as they try their best to get a shot of the former champs.

DDK:

It's the former tag team champions, on a quest to avenge the sudden and inevitable betrayal of Skidd Row, and take back their championships.

Angus:

I know these fools have considered themselves all too trusting. The only one with a backbone of intelligence shown was the D, always cautious about the long game of the Bastards. And they paid for not listening to him.

DDK:

To be fair, Row did endear himself with not only the PCP, but our Faithful here. The D and Elise may consider them actors, but that was an Oscar worthy performance from Skidd Row.

The D and Elise step out onto the ramp, as the flashbulbs only increase in number and intensity. Many in the arena notice Elise's neck brace, and remember from Night One when the PCP were told she could not compete in this matchup. The D holds Elise's hands and is extremely gentle as they move and try to do their trademark poses at the top of the ring. Elise however, strains to do so.

Angus:

And the Oscar goes to, a hoodlum who flips. He beats out, another flippey doo, another flippy doo, and the guy in a box who I kinda like.

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

He tossed around the Bruvs like a rag doll! I don't care how much of an idiot these guys are, they ended the Unlikely reign of bullshit! Elise can't go! So where the hell is Box Man!

Indeed, even the Faithful get a little impatient as the PCP soak up the cheers.

"WHERE IS KLEIN!"

After the chants ring out in the arena longer than expected, Krewella's music slowly dissipates as the lights come back on in the arena. The paparazzi scramble away like cockroaches. That's when a slight fog begins to take over the DEFIANCE entrance ramp. The D looks over his shoulders to the back.

♪"Man in the Box" by Alice in Chains♪

The DEF Faithful pop loud as Klein emerges from the back. He doesn't have on his traditional referee's shirt, but instead comes dressed in ruby red wrestling tights and brown tan wrestling boots.

Yet even still, he wears the comical cardboard box covering his head. This version seems a bit snugger, with wider eye holes, but otherwise, it's still a six sided cube with the bottom cut out. If you look closely, you can see straps from the corners wrapping around a terry cloth around his neck to maintain the positioning. This is mentioned for those who like midichlorians on Star Wars.

The three make their way to the ring, Klein waving toward the DEFiance crowd. The D helps Elise sturdy herself down the rampway, as Klein walks with a purpose.

Angus:

HEY ELISE! I've got a backroom casting couch. Big Hollywood agent money!

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

What?! A man has a camera and a couch because a man has needs!

DDK:

I don't think she can even hear you anyway.

Angus:

Her loss.

Klein reaches the ring first, stares at the behemoth structure, and then quickly turns tail and walks back up the ramp. Elise tells the D she's okay, as the D lets her loose. He grabs Klein by the waist and turns him back toward the ring. Klein shakes his head no, as The D leads him to ringside.

Angus:

God, it looks like the D is trying to take advantage of Klein! That box man looks so jittery.

DDK:

Glad you didn't go where I thought you were going.

Angus:

Rape?

DDK:

Oh there it is.

Angus:

I have a bit of class Keebs. C'mon.

Klein tentatively climbs up the ring steps, and waves excitedly toward the surrounding DEFIANCE crew. The D gestures for him to enter the ring, but he's apprehensive, shaking his box no. The D sighs, rolling his eyes. He walks over and begins to grab at Klein's box head, but Klein quickly holds both sides as if covering his ears and shakes his head "no."

DDK:

Just how in all that is holy is Klein going to be able to wrestle this match with his box on his head the entire time?

Angus:

How do the PCP do anything these days?

It's Elise, neckbrace and all, who gently touches Klein's shoulders and eases his tension. Klein nods to her, and steps onto the apron before entering the ring. He then climbs the nearest turnbuckle, fired up, and waves wildly toward the cheering Faithful. The D walks over to his corner without entering the ring, as he watches Elise make her way to the time keeper's table.

~♪"Cochise" by Audioslave~♪

With the vitrole of the most hated men in the universe, the Bastard Sons of Wrestling's music overtakes the pa system followed by a volley of boos. First it's Will Haynes, leading the charge, as Skidd Row comes out next, receiving a large uptick in boos from the crowd. J Stevenson is third, glowering toward the capacity crowd. Wildside and Jenkins bring up the rear. Haynes storms down to the ring, as Row jaw jacks to the front row crowd. Stevenson says nothing, as Wildside and Jenkins jump around excited to be on the biggest stage of the year.

Row gets touched by someone in the front row and almost goes to hit them, until Haynes calms him down. The fearsome quintet make their way and surround ringside. All five men climb onto the apron.

DDK:

The Bastard Sons of Wrestling already did a number on Elise, and it looks like they're about to gang up on the D and Klein. Five on two doesn't seem like good odds.

Angus:

No, but if you told me I'd be cheering these yahoos last year at this time, I'd have said there's better odds of me calling woman's tennis.

DDK:

Woman's tennis?

Angus:

At least I'd get to see things bounce.

DDK:

Alright that's enough.

Klein starts in the ring, waving happily to the three Bastards waiting outside the ring. One by one the Bastard Sons of Wrestling give each other a glance over. Jonathan Wildside, instructing the whole matter, motions to get the show on the road. Will Haynes slides into the ring on the far side, closer to the turnbuckle. Klein immediately diverts his attention to him. But it's Skidd Row who storms the ring from a neutral side and delivers a Double Ax Handle to the back of Klein's neck, knocking him forward. The D angrily shouts from the apron toward Carla to do her job.

Carla Ferrari has problems with the start of the match but calls for the bell to toll. Haynes slips himself out of the ring, as Wildside and Jenkins hop off the apron and the opening bell rings.

DDK:

And we're off, although a bit underhanded if I'm being honest partner.

Angus:

Of course, the Bastards are playing the true numbers game here, Keebs. They didn't even announce who was going to be taking up the mantle for their team. It's an advantage.

DDK:

And it looks like tonight we'll get Skidd Row and J Stevenson. Will Haynes taking up the role of on looker tonight with Wildside and Coleslaw Jenkins of course. I have a feeling that these three clowns will have an impact on this one.

Angus:

Carla can handle herself, Keebs. Any funny business and she'll be quick with the hook. Throw people out so fast it'll make our heads spin.

DDK:

I hope you're right, partner. I want to see a contested matchup, I don't wanna see a numbers game gone wrong.

In the ring Skidd Row works over Klein with quick jabs and chops to the chest, backing Klein up into the far side ropes. Row pulls him forward, sends him across. Klein comes off the opposite side with ease as Skidd Row levels a forearm into his chest and shoulder, halting him in the middle of the ring. Klein however remains upright, which only confuses Row. Row fires away into the mid section, landing a few punches to double Klein over. Row rushes back, pushing off the far side ropes, and grabs Klein's neck bringing him down with a Bulldog, before popping to his feet and giving off a primal roar. Stevenson nodding from the ring apron, while Jon claps his hands on the outside.

DDK:

Skidd Row fired up here tonight. He should be disgusted at what he did at 88, partner. I don't know if Elise will ever be the same!

Quick shot of Elise on the outside, who has demanded the time keeper's chair. She sits with a neck brace, arms crossed, shaking her head toward her former makeshift partner.

Angus:

I'm sure the Queen of the Flippy Flops will be fine. She still looks great, I'll tell you that much.

DDK:

I don't doubt that, but her looks haven't much to do with her overall health now do they?

Row taunts Klein in the ring, motioning him to his feet. Klein doesn't want to fight, he scoots himself back, holding up his hands meaning no harm. Row sticks out a hand to help him up, Klein takes it. The D shouts from the apron "SNAKE IN THE GRASS!"

DDK:

Klein no! I don't think you wanna do that.

But it's too late Row grabs his arm and pulls him in lunging forward with a Lariat that snaps Klein in half and sends him back down to the mat. The crowd showering Skidd Row in boos. Stevenson again loving things from the apron and the rest of the Bastards giving their ever approving head nod. Row begins to impress his footprint onto Klein's back, stomping a hole to China in the Boxed Warrior. Klein wisely rolls to the ropes, grabbing on for dear life as Carla gets in between the two to restore order. Skidd Row unhappy begins to mouth off.

DDK:

Skidd Row didn't take long to cop an attitude, partner. Wonder if Carla will be quick with the hook in regards to him

Angus:

Could be, honestly. There's three of these guys just standing around down there, surely one of them could take his place.

Row backs up, Klein uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet and the two come center. Klein evading the over the top grab from Row. Row tries for the wrist, Klein evades him again. And on and on this goes, for a few passes.

DDK:

Klein giving Skidd Row the slip here.

Angus:

Row getting frustrated. I can see it building.

Row finally shoots forward, seeking to end this and lays into Klein's box with a vicious punch. Klein however, stands there and takes it. He reaches up and realizes...

His box is dented.

DDK:

And the naive is unleashed! OF RIGHTEOUS FURY AND FURIOUS RIGHTEOUSNESS!

Angus:

What. ARE you?

In a fury, Klein hooks a shocked Row and hits him with an overhead belly to belly suplex. Row rolls and stands, before charging back toward Klein. Klein steps low, and hooks and tosses Row with a Head and Arm T-Bone Suplex. Row smacks his hand against the mat in more frustration, as he holds the back of his head. He rushes toward Klein once more, but Klein side steps, into a rear waist lock, before flipping Row completely onto his stomach with a german suplex. Stunned and frustrated, Row, slips and slides out of the ring, leaving only Klein remaining.

"KLEIN! KLEIN! KLEIN!"

Angus:

Okay. I'm on board. KLEIN! KLEIN! KLEIN!

DDK:

You know his name?

Angus:

Sure I know Box Man's name. He's gotta earn it for me to admit it though Keebs.

The Boxed One is once again awashed with chants of his name. He looks around stunned, and then waves to them cheerily. Row and J Stevenson converge on the outside with the rest of the Bastards, in order to talk strategy. Meanwhile, Klein heads to his corner and slaps The D's hand. Klein centers himself in the ring, as The D rushes off the far side ropes. Before the Bastards can turn their attention to the ring, Klein lifts and launches the charging D up and over the top rope and onto four members of the Bastards, with Will Haynes in particular able to avoid the dive.

"THEY GOT THE DEE-DEE!"

"THEY GOT THE DEE-DEE!"

DDK:

Huge double team dive from the D! Many fans may not realize this, but Klein and Derek, as they were once known, were the original Pop Culture Phenoms, winning the tag team titles all around the FWrestling Circuit.

Angus:

Their teamwork is on point so far Keebs, but even a relationship as close as brothers in that ring can turn to rust without constant work and communication together.

DDK:

Seems to be working for them so far!

The D lifts up Skidd Row and quickly tosses him back in under the bottom rope. He goes to follow in, but as Carla sends Klein to his corner, Haynes grabs the D from behind and shoves him face first into the turnbuckle post. The D falls like a ton of bricks, as Haynes is showered with boos. Will takes the D and tosses him into the awaiting Skidd Row, who's nursing the back of his neck before pouncing for the attack. Carla turns around to see Row diving on top with a double ax handle, and then lifting The D to his feet.

DDK:

We knew it was only a matter of time Angus.

Angus:

And Elise can't do anything but watch!

Quick shot of Elise, worried. Well, would have been quick but the cameras linger to take notice, that she's put up a velvet red rope in front of the time keeper's table, and has employed the services of the Cowboy Luchador as a bodyguard. He stands, wearing his sombrero and tan mosaic mask, holding a clipboard. One of the ring crew tries to get by, but the Cowboy Luchador places his hand on his chest and checks the clipboard to the ring crew's annoyance.

DDK:

Wherever Elise Ares is, it's the VIP section.

Angus:

God, if they didn't send Mikey packing, I'd be ripping into this sports entertainment bullshit Keebs. That gave them a lot of good will.

Back to the ring, The D is irish whipped into the Bastards corner, and Skidd tags in J. Skidd takes a couple of shots to The D's gut with boots, before J takes over and stomps The D into a sitting position in the corner. Stevenson backs off slightly, and then charges, laying into the D with a stiff knee in the corner. Stevenson hooks the D up and snap mare's him over, into a reverse chinlock.

Stevenson shouts something which "endears" himself to the fans before wrenching the hold in further. He keeps this hold on and wrenches occasionally to torque the muscles of the D as Angus and Keebs talk.

DDK:

Don't discount the Bastards, they've done a number on the DEFIANCE tag team division since entering. Skidd Row was able to do what no one else could, and that's splinter the tag team titles between two teams. Then, in the long game, the Bastards came out ahead, even if the titles were vacated.

Angus:

And the Bastards think they had the belts won and were vacating them, which is just insane.

DDK:

It was Elise and Row having to vacate due to the match ending in a no contest, and Elise's subsequent injury. Either way, the Bastards are now in firm control, J Stevenson working over the D's neck area, as a not so subtle allusion to Elise's injury.

Angus:

Keep the flippy doo grounded, and he can't do the flippy doo.

J Stevenson knows this hold is only wearing down the D, as D refuses to give up at Carla's request. The D tries to get to his feet, pulling his legs under his body, before J Stevenson rocks his lower back with three consecutive knee strikes. He then rushes off the far ropes, and catches the D square in the face with yet another running knee. Into a cover.

ONE.

TWO.

The D gets a shoulder up to the elation of the capacity crowd. Quick shot of Elise trying to raise her hands and clap, but the pain is too much. Back in the ring, J Stevenson quickly dives back on top of the D and locks in the rear chin lock for a second time. The crowd groans, as the D's leg gently rises and falls on the canvas, making a loud smack down when it lands.

DDK:

J Stevenson doing everything he can to make sure the pace is and remains slow.

Angus:

When a strategy works, you don't change it on the fly. You run with it.

DDK:

Indeed. Stevenson is positioned between the D and his corner, effectively cutting off the ring. Even if The D can get out of this hold, he still has to go through Stevenson to tag in Klein.

The D begins to fight to his feet, now throwing elbows to the midsection. He goes to rush off the far ropes, but as he hits the ropes, Skidd Row pulls the top down and the D flips and flies to the outside. He rolls back first into the barricade, as Wildside and Jenkins begin to surround him like hyenas.

DDK:

The Bastards looking to take advantage of the numbers game, but Carla is a consummate professional.

Carla Ferrari shouts from the ring for them to step away. J Stevenson tries to distract Carla, but she pays him no attention. So, J Stevenson rushes to the far corner and catches the unsuspecting Klein with an elbow shot. Klein falls off the apron, and rolls toward Elise in the time keeper's corner. Elise gasps, as Klein clutches his box.

DDK:

Simply uncalled for. The Bastards are truly bastards.

Angus:

In it to win it Keebs.

Meanwhile, Skidd Row hops off the apron, grabs the D, and tosses him back in under the bottom rope. He does so, in such a way that the D's head remains dangling off the corner of the ring apron. Row then clobbers down with a crushing elbow to the D's chest, the impact echoing throughout the arena. Carla admonishes Row and tells him to get back to his corner. Stevenson takes advantage, lifting and hooking the D into a DDT. He goes for a cover, doesn't hook the leg but plants his forearm in the D's face.

ONE.

TWO.

The D gets a shoulder up. Stevenson groans, lifting the D to his feet. He hooks him in a side headlock, and wrenches the hold in once or twice, before lifting the D to a vertical base. Stevenson takes a few steps in a small circle, making sure the D lands between him and Row's corner as he slams him with a vertical suplex. Stevenson then reaches out and tags in Row. Row climbs up to the second rope, and then the top, before flying with a quick elbow drop. The D coughs and splutters, covering his neck as Row dives on top for a count.

ONE.

TWO.

The D with a kickout. Row lifts The D and snapmares him over, into yet another rear chin lock. The crowd at this point has had enough.

"FUCK THIS CHIN LOCK" *CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP*

DDK:

The Bastards seem to have their gameplan, and the Faithful are none too pleased.

Angus:

Say what you will, but it's effective. You're wearing down your opponent while exerting the least amount of energy. It's smart wrestling, but definitely boring. Like, I'm on eBay looking up fleshlights boring.

Haynes on the outside of the ring tries to calm the jeers down, as Row continues to put pressure on the D's head and neck. The D begins to adjust his body position, trying to use his strength and size advantage to stand to his feet. As he gets there, he tosses two elbows, breaking the chin lock. The D rushes off the far ropes, but Row charges after him. As the D hits the ropes for the return, he stops, confused, and turns directly into a charging Skidd Row who takes him off his feet and back into the Bastards corner with a dropkick. The D backrolls to his knees, and gets to his feet, only for J Stevenson to reach in over the top with the tag rope and begins choking the D.

Angus:

Choke that D! Choke it like the chicken he is!

DDK:

I thought we were told to lay off the dick jokes.

Angus:

What dick joke?

Carla Ferrari steps in and stops the choke with a five count. J breaks up the choke at 4. Row charges, kicking the D in the gut and backflipping himself out of the corner, before charging back in for a follow up elbow. Row spins, hooking in a side headlock, and rushes out of the corner with another bulldog, this time to the D. Row rolls him over for the quick cover.

ONE.

TWO.

The D gets a shoulder up. Row grabs the D and tosses him back into the Bastards corner, tagging in J Stevenson.

DDK:

The Bastards are truly cutting the ring in half like no others. They're focusing all their attention on the D. Perhaps they intend to end the Pop Culture Phenoms for good?! They've already done one heck of a number on Elise.

Shot of Elise in her VIP section, with growing concern on her face. She pulls out a small battery powered fan and waves it around her face. Meanwhile, J Stevenson, in the far background, climbs the turnbuckles and lifts the limp D up with him.

Angus:

She should be worried for the D now. He's in there and they're picking him apart move by move, piece by piece.

Stevenson grabs him onto his shoulders, turns his back to the ring, and then free falls backward with a samoan drop off the top rope. Elise winces on impact. Even the Luchador has to look away. Back to the regular camera angle as Stevenson climbs on top of the D for a cover.

DDK:

This could be it Angus!

ONE.

TWO.

The D barely gets a shoulder up. You can't even call it a kickout as his legs remained motionless. Stevenson runs his hands through his hair, eyes bulged.

DDK:

I think Stevenson thought that was it too! Perhaps a bit of growing frustration here from the Bastards after Stevenson hit his Evenflow off the top!

Angus:

Can't get emotional Keebs. Haynes outside, he's shouting just that at J.

Indeed, Haynes shouts toward the ring, gaining Stevenson's attention to calm the technician's temper. This allows the D to start crawling toward his corner. The Faithful rise in cheers as Haynes shouts for J to turn around. Stevenson dives and grabs the D's boot, just as the D was inches from Klein and the PCP corner. Stevenson drags the D back to the center of the ring as the D uses his free foot to get back to a vertical position. He turns to face Stevenson, and catches the Human Highlight Reel J with an enzeguri. Stevenson is rocked, stunned to his knees, clutching at his eye.

DDK:

Desperation enzeguri from the D Angus! Can he make the tag! The capacity crowd is on their feet!

Just then, Skidd Row enters the ring. Carla Ferrari turns her attention to him, blocking his path to the ring. The DEF crowd pops HUGE as the D dives and tags in Klein. Row relinquishes, stepping outside. Carla turns, and sees Klein in the ring. She shouts at him to get back to the apron as the fan's cheers fade into frustration. Carla claps her hands above her head and yells at Klein to get back to his corner. Klein nods his head and claps himself, trying to tell Carla that he was tagged in, but it's no use. Klein hangs his head low and Charlie Brown walks back to his corner. Meanwhile, Stevenson just pounds on the D with clubbing forearms to the back and specifically focusing on the neck.

DDK:

The capacity crowd here in Louisiana is none too happy with Carla's decision Angus. That was a rightful tag!

Angus:

Referee didn't see it. If you wanna bring instant replays to wrestling, why don't you just go and try to unionize at the same time?

DDK:

I like my job, thank you very much.

Stevenson grabs the D and tosses him back into the Bastards corner. He then leans in, choking the D with his bare hands. At Carla's four count, he relinquishes. He steps back, as Carla admonishes him. From behind, Skidd Row takes the tag rope and begins to choke the D out as the crowd jeers. Meanwhile, Stevenson is asking Carla to explain why it's illegal to choke but he can do it for four seconds. Why is five the deal breaker? Carla doesn't have time for this, but it buys Row enough time to break the tag rope choke before she turns back to the D. Stevenson charges in, and rams himself, body splashing the D into the corner.

DDK:

The Bastards pulling out every trick they can in the book Angus. What else do they have in store for the PCP?

Angus:

I'm just waiting for the kitchen sink. Or for the five on one beat down. Whichever comes first. That'll give me heel shenanigans bingo.

Stevenson takes the D and just tosses him in a front flip, kind of a modified snap mare. J tags in Row, as Row climbs the buckles. Stevenson hooks Row's body, and then rocket launches Skidd on top of the D with a sky high body press. Row stays on top for the pin, hooking the legs as he does.

ONE.

TWO.

The D barely gets a shoulder up. Row rubs his brow as he stares down at the D, unsure where to go next. So, Skidd Row takes the D, and just tosses him out through the middle ropes, into the rest of the Bastards awaiting arms.

DDK:

Frustration taking hold of the Bastards. They've had their way with the D but can't put him down for the count.

Angus:

Guy's got a lot of stamina in the tank, but I think I'm about to hit bingo with the upcoming beatdown! I'm so excited!

Row spins around and jaw jacks at Klein, trying to get the big man to enter the ring illegally. Klein however, simply waves happily toward his former friend from the apron. Elise shouts at him to get serious from her VIP time keeper's table, as the Cowboy Luchador looks on.

DDK:

That was a subversion.

Skidd Row shakes his head at Klein, and sees the D pulling himself up to his feet using the ring apron.

Angus:

I... I don't think Klein knows what wrestling is.

Without having Klein enter and disrupt Carla's concentration, Will Haynes decides to take matters into his own hands. Will fumbles under the ring and pulls out a steel chair, sliding it into the ring. Row quickly takes his lead, picking the chair up off the mat. Carla has no choice but to intervene, shouting at Row that he'll be disqualified if he uses the chair. Row pleads his case, and this allows Wildside and Jenkins to start to put the boots into the D, sending him back down on the outside, and sending the crowd into a raucous chorus of jeers.

As Carla gets Skidd to place the chair out of the ring, J Stevenson hops off the apron to make the beatdown of the D look legitimate. He hooks the D up off the outside mats and irish whips him into the steel steps. The D sends the top half flying off as he has his shoulder driven into it. Carla turns around just in time to notice J Stevenson standing over the fallen D, who clutches his shoulder in pain.

DDK:

Carla trying to get J to bring the D back into the ring. Stevenson just stares down at the D, who's moving but very gingerly.

Angus:

Oh, that was a vicious kick. I don't know if that was spit or a tooth flying out of the D's mouth.

DDK:

You hear the bones crunch between J's kick and what's left of the steel steps? My God.

Stevenson hooks the D and body slams him onto half of the steel steps. Meanwhile, Skidd Row has climbed to the top turnbuckle. He sizes the D up, who's lying chest raised on the bottom half of the steps. Row then flies, hitting a picture perfect double foot stomp onto the D before rolling into both Coleslaw Jenkins and Wildside, who catch him before he hits the guardrail. Row steadies himself as the D rolls off the steps, clutching his chest.

Row then climbs up onto the barricade and extends his hands to a chorus of boos.

DDK:

Impressive maneuver, high risk, and it paid off Angus.

Angus:

Yeah, but you're still a bastard and we hate you!

Row sneers at the jeering crowd and turns. Just as the D gets to his knees, Row flies off the guardrail with a senton that sends the D back to the outside mats stomach first. Row clutches at his tailbone as he lands, hurting himself with the maneuver just as much as the D. Stevenson comes over and helps Row to his feet, as Carla gets to a count of four in the ring. Stevenson tosses Row back in under the bottom rope, and then hooks the D up off the mat. After slamming his face into the corner of the ring canvas, Stevenson shoves the D in under the bottom rope, into the awaiting and recovered arms of Skidd Row.

Row grabs the D in a side headlock, and takes him over in a snap suplex. He spins his legs, holding onto the hold, before hitting another snap suplex. He goes for the trifecta, but The D blocks it with his leg interlocking Row's. Row tries again, D again blocks it. Row lets go of the side headlock and pounds the D's back with clubbing forearms. With the D doubled over, Row goes for a rear waist lock, and tries for a German, but the D charges the ropes and hooks them. Row backflips out of the rear waist lock from the momentum, and rushes toward the D. It's here the D lowers his shoulder and back body drops Skidd Row up and over the top rope, into the awaiting arms of Coleslaw Jenkins and Wildside.

DDK:

The D with signs of life Angus!

Angus:

Yeah, but the Bastards' entourage just crowd surfed the smelly douchenozzle.

The D falls to his knees, spent. He begins to crawl toward his corner, as Klein stretches out his hand. Meanwhile, the back body drop amounted to nothing more than an inconvenience, as Wildside and Coleslaw shove Skidd Row back onto the apron. Row springs up to the top, and comes flying with a springboard elbow to the crawling D, deflating the crowd once again. Row keeps his elbow on the small of D's back, and then takes his arms and hooks the D under his chin and pulls back in a lying down modified boston crab. The D reaches out desperately for the tag, for the ropes, whatever can save him. Carla is right in his face, asking if he taps and watching his arms closely. The D waves her off, and begins to push his upper body upward, causing Skidd to lose his grip and roll off. The D rolls off to the nearest ropes, hooking the bottom one for safety as Skidd charges back toward him.

DDK:

The D looking for the most minor of respites here. Row has none of it, dragging him by his ankles away from the rope

and back to the Bastards corner.

Angus:

D is screaming and scrambling like a toddler being drug out from an amusement park three hours before close Keeps.

The D begins to hop on one foot as Row drags him, and Enzeguri! Ducked by Row, as he points to his head, telling the DEF crowd how smart he is. But the D lands on one foot after the missed enzeguri, and mule kicks Row back into his corner, before using that momentum and placement to forward roll...

... he dives...

DDK:

THERE'S THE TAG! And this place has exploded!

Angus:

The Box Man hath cometh!

Klein enters the ring and sees Row charging out of the corner toward him. Klein with a SKY HIGH back body drop sending Row flying. J Stevenson now enters, misses the charging clothesline only for Klein to duck behind and send Stevenson soaring with a release german suplex.

DDK:

Klein is a house of fire Angus!

Row back to his feet, charges at Klein, only for Klein to military press him. Klein even does a few reps in the center of the ring, before tossing Row into Stevenson with a cross body.

Angus:

HOSS BABY!

Elise is cheering Klein on from the VIP section as he hooks Stevenson. Klein lifts him onto his shoulders in a samoan drop position, but Coleslaw Jenkins climbs onto the apron. Carla tries to yell at him to get down, but Klein begins to airplane spin J Stevenson in the ring. He makes his way to the ring apron and uses Stevenson's feet to clock Jenkins off to the outside. Wildside jumps onto a neutral ring apron, and Klein makes his way quickly, spinning like a top, and catches Wildside with Stevenson' boot.

The DEF crowd begins to wave back and forth, hands raised in the air as they simulate a spin.

DDK:

DIZZY CITY ANGUS! Klein is making the entourage of the Bastards pay for getting involved!

Angus:

I'm dizzy looking at that mess Keeps. Which way is up?

Wildside falls off into the barricade. Klein steadies himself, falling to his knee from being dizzy. He shakes out the cobwebs and stands back to his feet.

It's here Skidd Row jumps off the top rope, looking for a cross body.

DDK:

HE CAUGHT ROW! HE CAUGHT HIM! DOUBLE DECKER STACKED!

Angus:

What a show of power Keeps!

Indeed, Klein caught Row while maintaining Stevens on his shoulder. Klein falls to one knee to steady himself as he holds both members of the Bastards on his shoulders. It's here where Klein tosses BOTH men up in the air, spins his body, and catches BOTH men with a $\frac{3}{4}$ face cutter on their way down to a HUGE pop.

DDK:

Talk about thinking outside the box Angus!

Angus:

Jeebus Corpus Christi that was unexpected.

DDK:

And the Faithful are on their feet as the Pop Culture Phenoms finally have the advantage!

Klein heads to his corner and tags in the D, who's still nursing his shoulder and beat red chest, but is ready to go. Klein lifts Stevenson to his feet, and the two of them size him up on either side, before The D hits a crescent kick and Klein hits a leg sweep at the same time.

DDK:

TOTALLY ENTERTAINING! What a combination! I think this is over Angus!

Angus:

It should be! But Carla isn't counting!

Indeed, Carla is waving off the count as the D covers Stevenson. She points to Skidd Row, who's made his way to the ring apron, as the legal man. D slams his palm against the canvas and rises to his feet. He goes over to Skidd, and eats an eye poke for his troubles. D backs off, as Carla ushers Klein out of the ring and then rolls Stevenson to the outside. As D turns back to Row, Row springboards yet again, this time catching the D with a crescent kick of his own. He stands triumphant, shouting "THAT'S HOW YOU KICK SOMEONE!" before rushing off the far ropes, and catching a sitting D with a charging dropkick. Row climbs on top for the pin.

ONE.

TWO.

Klein breaks it up. Carla admonishes him, and yells at him to go back to his corner. As he does, we see Elise cheering on from the VIP section. She stands and claps her hands above her head and shouts "GO GET 'IM!"

DDK:

Angus, Elise is on fire and this crowd is at a fever pitch. Even Row taking the advantage there, the momentum is still on the PCP's side.

Angus:

Hard to argue when you've got this arena swaying from side to side like that!

Then, from just off screen, Elise gets kicked so hard in the face she topples over the time keeper's table.

DDK:

What in sam hell?!

The crowd gasps as they realize it was the boot of the Cowboy Luchador. He looks down at the fallen crumpled heap that is Elise, and snot rockets directly onto her unconscious body. Klein sees all this happening as he heads to his corner, and hops off the apron to confront the Luchador. The two get into each other's faces, with the Luchador in particular spewing quite a lot of hate.

Angus:

Klein better keep his eye on the prize!

It's here Row tags in Stevenson, and Stevenson lifts The D into a crucifix. Row climbs the top rope.

On the outside, from Elise's camera angle, the luchador points Klein to the ring, where the Bastards are setting up for their finish. Will Haynes is shouting and cheering them on. Klein looks at the D, prone, then to Elise, then to the Cowboy Luchador. He hesitates just long enough for Row to front flip off the top...

DDK:

BASTARD BOMB! THERE IT IS! DEAR GOD THAT IMPACT! I think the D's neck is cracked as bad as Elise!

Klein climbs onto the apron to get back into the ring, but Stevenson cracks him with a right that sends him tumbling into the Cowboy Luchador's arms like he's about to be crossing the threshold on his wedding night. Row dives on top, hooking the tights as he pulls at D's legs.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

Jordan: Your winners... (boos) and NEW, DEFIANCE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... SKIDD ROW, J STEVENSON... THE BASTARDS OF WRESTLING!

DDK:

This is an injustice!

Row throws his arms into the air in celebration. Stevenson walks over and picks the smaller Bastard up off his feet as the two embrace. On the outside, Will Haynes rushes over to the time keeper's table, and picks up the DEFIANCE tag team titles from the crumpled heap of Elise Ares' body. He passes by the Cowboy Luchador, who literally chucks Klein face first into the steel turnbuckle post on the outside. Haynes flashes the luchador a thumbs up as he enters the ring.

DDK:

You've already won! You have nothing left to prove!

Angus:

This isn't about proving anything Keebs, it's about making a statement.

Jenkins and Wildside join him, and the five Bastards of Wrestling surround the fallen D. They begin to stomp on the prone body, as Carla Ferrari tries to get them to stop. Haynes hands the tag straps to the new champs, as Wildside and Jenkins make a few last minute boots to the fallen D. Jenkins and Wildside lift the D to his feet, as Skidd Row raises his half of the tag team championship, and then DRIVES it into the face of the D. Bloodied up and beaten, Row looks at his now blood stained championship. He takes his index finger and sticks it in the D's blood on his belt, and then places it into his mouth, licking his lips as he does. Haynes tells the troops their work here is done, as the Bastards exit the ring to a chorus of jeers.

DDK:

A travesty of justice, the Pop Culture Phenoms again have been cheated out of the tag team titles by the Bastard Sons of Wrestling... and they may never be the same again.

Angus:

Oh Christ on a stick... not now.

HIGH NOON

With the D fallen, bleeding, broken and battered as he stares up at the arena lights... the Cowboy Luchador makes his ring entrance. A chorus of boos rain down upon him, as the camera crew surveils the wreckage. Elise Ares is down in a heap in the time keeper's booth. Klein is down on the outside himself, his box having been ripped off his head entirely by the Luchador during the Bastards beatdown of the D. The only way his face isn't being shown is him unconsciously covering it while, well, being unconscious.

Meanwhile, the Cowboy Luchador stares down at the D, who hasn't moved much more than to groan in agony. The Luchador has a steel chair in his hand, and raises it above his head to jeers. He then opens the chair, sets it down in the ring, and takes a seat. He leans down, staring toward the D.

Cowboy Luchador:

This wasn't personal. It's just business.

Angus:

THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT BETTER!

The Cowboy Luchador lifts the D off the canvas, and irish whips him into the far corner. He sneers under his mask, as the D's face is at least five on the Muta scale. The Luchador reaches up, and begins to paw at his mask.

Angus:

The hell?

Fumbling, he unhooks the straps in the back, and then tosses the mask into the crowd. He turns to the hard camera side, with the grin of a Cheshire cat and wide bugged eyes of a mad man.

DDK:

THAT'S! THAT'S JACK HARMEN?!!

Angus:

What the fuck?

Jack Harmen runs at The D and Locomotive(charging Yakuza Kick) kicks him UP and over the top and to the outside below.

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE KICK SENDS THE D INTO NEXT TUESDAY! What in God's name is Jack Harmen doing back in Defiance?!? WHAT THE WHAT?!!

Angus:

He just attacked the PCP. He beat up an injured Elise, and he took out two of his own STUDENTS Keebs! Harmen trained the PCP, and now he might be ending their careers!

Indeed, Harmen hops out of the ring and grabs the D, and just begins to smash his head repeatedly against the steel turnbuckle post on the outside. He does it over, and over, and over, and over again. Klein starts to get to his feet and we notice that he actually has a second mask underneath his box, a tan mask with the word "Box" written on either side. Harmen lets go of the D as he hears the Faithful cheering the recovered Klein and turns...

DDK:

LOCOMOTIVE TO KLEIN!

Angus:

This is just an out and out MUGGING!

The crowd's air is taken out of them as Harmen stands tall.

DDK:

Thankfully, security is finally hitting the scene here. I think we all knew DEFCON would start out chaotically, but not like this!

As a flood of security guards fill the ringside area, three of the guards grab and lift Harmen away from the PCP. Harmen keeps fighting with them, throwing elbows and straining to free himself of their grasp. "I'M NOT DONE!" he shouts, as Harmen then places his feet onto the ring apron. He uses his feet to push backwards, sending the guards flying into the barricade. Freed, Harmen charges toward the D and Locomotive kicks him up and over the barricade and into the crowd.

DDK:

DEAR GOD! Just when we thought he was done!

Harmen stands there, seething, as another group of security guards surround and yell at him to stop. Harmen raises his hands in submission, shouting "I'M COOL! I'M COOL!" but then bends down and picks something up. He smiles. "I'm the snowman."

Angus:

Why? That's my question Keebs. This guy is their teacher! Oh... and now he's grabbing Klein's box?!

The custom match ready box that Klein wore, that Harmen tore off during the scuffle is held aloft. He raises this mask to the jeering DEFIANCE crowd, as he makes his way back up the entrance ramp. The security parts the seas, allowing him to exit of his own accord now that he's complying.

Once at the top of the rampway, he reaches into his pants, and pulls out a lighter. He raises the box high, and then lights it aflame, before tossing his head back in the most evilist of laughs. The DEFIANCE Faithful boo and jeer, as EMT personal flood ringside to check on the state of the Pop Culture Phenoms.

DDK:

Please folks, bear with us while we clean up this... mess... We'll have additional updates on the PCP's condition on our website or through twitter. In the meantime ...

CHEAP SHOTS

DDK:

As DEFCON Night 2 rolls on, I'm being told we will see a Southern Heritage Title defense here tonight! Which, I must say, is surprising as Scott Douglas ... just won it in last night's main event!

Angus:

Please, please ... let his be the shortest reign in DEFIANCE history.

DDK:

This match is being granted by Kelly Evans but I'm being told now we are going to a tape of the inciting incident that took place after our broadcast had ended last night!

Cut to the backstage area. "Previously Recorded" is scrawled across the bottom of the frame. A camera follows Lance Warner through the DEF WrestlePlex hallways. A blurry figure ahead prompts Lance to turn back over his shoulder and address the camera; before picking up his pace.

Lance Warner:

There he is.

As Lance and the camera get closer it becomes clear; it's Scott Douglas, fresh off his first DEFIANCE title victory. He's beaten and clearly looks worse for the wear but he's upright and walking, albeit with a limp.

Lance:

Scott, could we get a moment with you?

Scott still dripping with sweat, *mostly* his, flips his drenched hair out of face and smirks at Lance.

Scott Douglas:

You sure know when to pick your spot, Lance. But hell ... I owe you one.

Lance:

Perfect.

Lance sets himself; checking his jacket and tie, raising the microphone up his mouth. The camera zooms in to a one shot of Lance and on the signal ... he jumps right in.

Lance:

It's DEFCON Night 1 and DEFIANCE has a NEW Southern Heritage Champion!

We zoom back out for the reveal. Scott has moved the title up to his shoulder.

Lance:

Scott Douglas, it's been quite the journey for you here in DEFIANCE, starting nearly one year ago tonight! Here we are a year later and through all the darkness you've managed to make it out the other side and as the Southern Heritage Championship.

Scott:

Uh, yeah ... I'm sure there was a question in there somewhere but hey I mean ... you of all people, Lance, know it's been a rough ride but I'm still here, still standing and this doesn't hurt.

Scott taps the title on his shoulder. The pressure of the tap hits something sore and he cringes a bit.

Lance:

It could be said -- oh my god!

The camera shutters as the operator is bumped from behind as Reaper Red rushes into frame slamming into Scott Douglas. Lance backs away calling for security. The impact and surprise factor send Douglas crashing to the concrete floor. Reaper Red continues the attack stomping and kicking the new champion.

Reaper Prime still roughed up, hair a mess and holding her head, eases her way into frame. Red continues giving Douglas all the boots.

Reaper Prime:

You think this is over?

Red begins to lose steam but doesn't stop.

Prime:

This will never end, Scott! You had to creep from behind and blindside me to win that title! You've achieved nothing than the passing from one False Hero to another.

DEFSec begins filtering in from behind Prime. They pass right by her and go for Red who instantly backs off. One team member kneels down to check on Scott Douglas, helping the Seattle native sit up against the cinder block wall. He's clutching his stomach and has a bit of blood on his lip.

The rest of the team have positioned themselves between The Reapers and Douglas, but the damage is done. Reaper Prime has said her piece and is making an exit. The camera turns to capture this over the shoulders of DEFsec. Scott's voice, a little labored, calls out from the floor.

Scott:

You want this?

His question punctuated with some guttural coughing. The camera swings back to see Douglas holding the title up with one hand. The other still clutching his stomach.

Scott:

You like to take things from me ... right?

The camera swings back. Prime has stopped. She hasn't turned around but she isn't leaving either. We turn back to Scott mid sentence.

Scott:

The Title verse peace of mind. Either you take it from me ... or leave me be.

The camera swings back to the Reapers, who have turned around and approached the line of security. Prime grins devilishly with her answer.

Prime:

Deal.

Scott backslides up the wall to mostly standing position.

Scott:

Not you. Your boy ...

Cut back to DDK and Angus at the commentary station.

SOHER: SCOTT DOUGLAS (C) VS. REAPER RED

Angus:

This Reaper Red moron better get the job done.

DDK:

In less than twenty four hours Scott Douglas has made it through a Fatal Four Way with the likes of Bronson Box and Reaper Prime, and suffered a brutal attack at the hands of Reaper Red ... I would say the odds are clearly not in the champions favor.

Angus:

Calm down with the champion nonsense. Mcfuckass held that belt hostage for nearly a year, I would call him a champion. Dougy Doug here is about to go down in the history books as DEF's first ever twenty two hour title holder.

DDK: *[ignoring Angus]*

That being said, you cannot put a price on peace of mind and The Reapers have made Douglas' time in DEFIANCE a living hell.

Angus:

That is there one redeeming quality. That and free light shows with cost of admission.

Darren Quimbey:

This following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the DEFIANCE WRESTLING... SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

The Faithful pop for the prestigious title and presumably it's new holder.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger ...

♪ "Big Bad Wolf" - In this Moment ♪

The area lights dim and the Lakefront Arena is basked in a hue of ruby red. The music plays for a few seconds before Reaper Prime slowly makes her way through the curtains, and holds at the top of the ramp. The capacity crowd's previous adoration dulls and slowly becomes a hate filled guttural chorus of boos.

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by REAPER PRIMME!

DDK:

Some might say, Reaper Prime couldn't get the job done and is now simply sicing her goon on Douglas.

As the vocal portion kicks in she extends her right arm pointing back at the curtain, but still staring out into the arena. The house lights come up in a violently quick flash and instantly return to the dim red hue as Reaper Red stalks out from beyond the curtain.

Angus:

Cry me a river, Keebs! You saw the video, he asked for the mute! He's a paper cha - title holder anyway, he never pinned the champion.

Seemingly on command Reaper Red heads to the ring following behind Prime.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from... Parts Unknown! This is.... REAPPPER REEEEDD!!!

DDK:

That is a fact, partner. There is no champions advantage in a fatal four, that aside - Scott Douglas emerged victorious ...

Angus:

For once ...

The last of the Reaper Co. take the ring. Red stands motionless in the center of the ring as Reaper Prime poses and rants toward the hard camera. Her vitral is inaudible but no less freighting.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

♪ "Smiling and Dyin'" - Green River ♪

The Faithful ignite as Scott Douglas appears from behind the curtain with Southern Heritage Championship Title in hand. He shows obvious signs of wear from the previous night's match and following attack.

Darren Quimbey:

From Seattle, Washington, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds ... The DEFIANCE WRESTLING SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION

He pauses on the stage for a moment as the grunge track rattles on through the Lakefront Arena. He hoists the title high by the strap and the ambient noise level rises a few decibels for a second. Stage lights flash and rotate adding to the spectacle of the consignment underdog's triumph. This single gesture is all the celebration afforded to his first appearance as the SoHer. His eyes tell the story of long year full of frustration, torment and disappointment. Title or not, this must end.

Darren Quimbey:

"SUB POP" ... SCOTT DOUUUGLAASSSSS!

Douglas heads to the ring, placing the title over his shoulder.

Angus:

Who allotted lighting cues for his budget?

Douglas pulls himself up to the ring apron and enters the ring as Reaper Prime dumps out. Red, with no other direction, follows. No more fanfare, Douglas hands the title over to referee Benny Doyle and backs into his corner cracking his neck and wringing his taped wrist. Doyle deposits the title with the timekeeper.

DDK:

Douglas looks determined. It's been a long road for the Seattle Native ... could tonight be the night he is finally granted some closure and reprieve from his haunting past.

Red and Prime hold their position on the ringside floor.

Angus:

I think tonight he is going to find Reaper Red's boot amongst his teeth, again.

Benny Doyle leans over the ropes attempting to get Red in the ring.

DDK:

Though, we may need Reaper Red to enter the ring for either eventuality.

Prime waves her index finger around wildly, only pausing to bury it in Reaper Red's armored chest protector and to

wag it in Douglas' general direction. A ringside camera rounds the ring and gets within mic range.

Reaper Prime:

DESTROY him!

She notices the camera and swipes at it's lense. The broadcast cuts away in preparation for a strike but quickly returns as the operator backs up. Safely out of her immediate reach but maintaining enough proximity to keep the audio intelligible. Her manic screaming helps. Benny Doyle, now ducking through the top and middle rope, continues in vein to get Red in the ring.

Reaper Prime:

He killed Courtney! HE took HER FROM THIS WORLD!!

She snaps her head to the side like a brand new train of thought has just violently entered her brain. She becomes disturbingly calm and continues but with a renewed zeal. A completely different demeanor and subdued mannerisms.

Reaper Prime:

From that world... And that world is no more. Welcome Scott Douglas to MY WORLD!

And with that she turns her head slowly toward Scott Douglas, still in the ring. As if that was the cue or the magic words to make the beast move, Reaper Red steps forward and with a fist full of the top rope pulls himself up to the apron. Benny Doyle scurries back and out of the way.

DDK:

Looks like we will have a match after all! Reaper Red has been ... seemingly commanded to "destroy" Scott Douglas, but that maybe easier said than done.

Angus:

... What I miss?

DDK:

Miss? You left?

Angus:

Yeah, I had some calls to make ... I never know what this broad is jabbering on about anyway.

Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

Well, I guess you're right on time. There's the bell.

Both men circle the ring in a slow pace, staring at one another, Reaper Red's eyes are still lit up the furious ruby color from their entrance. Douglas on the other hand has eyes of pure focus, determination and furious anger. Both a cautious not to give the advantage away.

DDK:

Reaper Red making the first move, here.

Red lunges quickly towards his opponent with a strong shoulder block sending Douglas stumbling back and into the turnbuckle. Douglas catches himself and steadies himself.

DDK:

Douglas going on the offensive now! Big right hand!

Reaper Red blocks the blow and strikes Douglas.

Angus:

Get him you big Red bastard!

Douglas shakes it off and makes some space between the two. He circles the larger man, trying to pick his angle. Reaper Red slowly pivots, operating from a sheer tactical standpoint. Douglas shoots in for a lock up.

DDK:

Collar and elbow tie up.

Angus:

C and E Music Factory.

DDK:

We're back to this, are we? -- Douglas is easily shoved off by Reaper Red!

Douglas regroups and circles again. This time he decides to go low, attempting a single leg takedown. No go.

DDK:

Reaper Red slinging Douglas back into the turnbuckle! The shear strength of this ... this -- monster!

Reaper Red, with the new SoHer pinned in the corner, unleashes a barrage of upper kicks and punches to the face and chest area. Douglas manages to block a few blows and manages to muster up the strength to shove off Red; back towards the center of the ring.

Angus:

I'm liking this Ruby fella, more and more.

Douglas manages to follow up the blocks with a charge of his own, a clothesline attempt fails but the turnaround punch connects which sends Reaper Red back a few steps, Douglas quickly kicks him in the gut, hooks his arm and neck and swings him.

DDK:

Swinging neckbreaker!

Reaper Red hits the mat and bounces, flipping and landing face down.

Seattle's Favorite Son is quick to his feet picks up the fallen Red. He slings him across the ring with a violent Irish Whip, when Red comes bouncing back...

DDK:

What impact! Scott Douglas lays the challenger down with a perfectly placed standing dropkick.

Angus:

Dial it back there, Keebs. He's --

DDK:

Douglas makes the cover!

ONE ...

TWO ... KICK!

DDK:

Solid two count for the champion!

Angus:

He's a lifelong loser, possibly a murderer - he will screw this up.

The pin attempt seems to light a fire under Reaper Red. He ... it returns to a vertical stance and matches Douglas face to face in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Collar and elbo -- No, Douglas dodges. Red with a legsweep! Douglas goes down!

Douglas' head to bounces off the mat with some sufficient force. Red with the upper hand picks up a dazed Scott Douglas and hooks him with a simple scoop slam placing him in the middle of the ring.

Angus:

Where he belongs! Down and out.

With Douglas prone Reaper Red stands above him dropping a quick elbow to his chest. Back to his feet again, he follows up with a knee to the face and another, and... another.

DDK:

This ... this ... Reaper Red is unrelenting!

Douglas rolls to his stomach in desperation and in attempt to protect his head.

DDK:

Red with a handful of hair, now. Official Benny Doyle administering a formal warning.

Angus:

Handful of Grease. Hashtag, Band name.

Red pulls Douglas to his feet and drags him to the ropes, tossing him out of the ring. Benny Doyle protests, again warning Red about following him to the outside. He pays no attention and bails out of the ring as the count is begins.

DDK:

I'm not sure this is the best tactic. In the event of a count out, double or otherwise, Douglas would retain.

Red gets to Douglas before he can steady himself on his feet and grabs his arm, whipping him into the side of the ring with force. Douglas falls to the ground outside and Red stalks towards him. Reaper Prime directs enthusiastically directs traffic.

DDK:

This is not where Scott Douglas wants to be right now. Especially with Prime out there.

Angus:

Can't win it on the outside... but that's not what this is about now is it, Keebs.

DDK:

I thought you were gone for that part?

Angus:

What part ...? UNCUT's been about this Jessica broads unstable bloodlust for months! Wait ... that is here right?

Picking him up again, Red slides Douglas back into the ring to break the count, but instantly pulls him out leg first to the outside again.

Douglas tries to shove him backwards but with little effort mustered. Red shoulder charges him back into the ring apron again. Douglas collides and winces, clutching his lower back as he crumples to the floor.

Angus:

That's gonna leave a mark. Like a lower back tattoo ... an assbat, if you will.

DDK:

You will.

Red slides into the ring and breaks up the count yet again. He moves quickly to the corner.

Angus:

What's that supposed to mean?

DDK:

I ... have no idea. Red ascending the turnbuckle!

Red watches as his prey slowly tries to climb to his feet. Benny Doyle admonishes Red and is completely ignored from his perch. The distraction allows Reaper Prime the opportunity to get her shots in. She lays in some strong kicks and a slap or two, catching Douglas as he tries to rebound from Red's attack. As Douglas slinks down with his back against the ring, one of the kicks catches him in the face, splitting his eye.

DDK:

This is classic Reaper Co. Power in numbers ... and numbers alone.

Angus:

Men lie, women lie. Numbers don't, Keeps!

Prime works herself into another manic frenzy and starts screaming incoherent nonsense at Douglas who is doing his best to fend her off. This draws the attention of Benny Doyle, but by the time he gets his eyes on the situation she has backed off, hands in the air - advocating her innocence.

Douglas steadies himself upright just as Red comes flying down with a double axehandle, but Douglas quickly shifts his feet and uses the apron to push himself out of harm's way.

DDK:

Douglas narrowly escapes! Red is on his feet! Douglas on the attack!

Douglas launches a desperate discus punch that rattles Red backwards and against the ring apron himself. He yanks Red's arm and twists him around, hooks him ...

DDK:

RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX into the guardrail!

Angus:

I'll give the loser that one ...

Warnings come from within the ring and the count begins again with a fervent tone. Douglas makes a slide into to restart the count but unlike Red, he holds his position in the ring waiting for Red to recover.

Center ring. Blood trickling down from his right eye. A clearly worn but ready Douglas beckons Red with a hand gesture.

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

Angus:

Jesus, I hate this kid.

When Red finally climbs onto the apron, Douglas allows him the courtesy of entering the ring before following up on his own attack.

DDK:

Reaper Red back in the ring now ...

The pair collide. A fury of punches and strikes. Benny Doyle attempts to issue a warning about the closed fists but this is too far gone.

DDK:

Boot to the gut, Red is in trouble! He's hooked ... NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX. Can he ... yes!

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Reaper Red musters the strength to break the pin but the effects still weigh on him. The Lakefront crowd raises their collective volume in support of Scott as he returns to his feet and pulls Red up as well.

DDK:

Irish whip to the -- Red reverses!

Douglas is sent across the ring into the turnbuckle but he is able to put the brakes on. Spinning around he is staring at a furiously glowing red pair of eyes. Red takes a stance motioning for him to come on.

DDK:

Red is asking for it and Douglas abides!

Going in for the grapple Red ducks and uses Douglas' charge to his advantage. Douglas hits the turnbuckle hard and stumbles backwards into a waiting Reaper Red's hands.

DDK:

Red has him up!

Red spins around with Douglas held aloft and launches him backwards a back suplex driving Douglas' head into the turnbuckle.

Angus:

Taste of his own medicine!

Douglas flails around on the mat clutching the back of his head. Red grabs him by the boot and drags him out of the corner before quickly hitting the ropes and returning...

DDK:

BIG leg drop from Reaper Red! That is a whole lot of monster to come crashing down on you! COVER!

ONE...

TWO...

THKICKOUT!

DDK:

Scott Douglas is still in this folks!

Reaper Red looks to Doyle but rather than question the count, he stands and brings Douglas back up with him. His eyes ignite in a deeper and more violent red then seen previously in the night.

Angus:

By the looks of this weirdo, not for long.

Reaper Red, headbutts Douglas and the previously split eye and resulting trickle becomes a wide open gash. The sweat and blood mix and pour down Douglas face as he stumbles backward.

Angus:

See! Hey Keebs, what's a hack and red all over?

Douglas steadies himself against the ropes while trying to wipe the blood and sweat out of his eyes. Reaper Red approaches. He lays in another shot and grabs Douglas by the wrist.

DDK:

Douglas sent for the ride!

Douglas bounces off the far ropes and on the return Reaper Red swings a large lariat.

Angus:

Takes his stupid head off!

DDK:

Douglas ducks! Follows through ...

Douglas returns again, head full of steam and clocks Reaper Red with a flying forearm. Reaper Red hits the mat but pops back up. Douglas, running on pure adrenaline, is back up as well.

DDK:

The Faithful are on their feet! Can Scott Douglas leave DEFCON as the Southern Heritage Champion!

The two collide in the center of the ring and Reaper throws a big running lariat. Douglas ducks and hooks it, swinging around his back.

DDK:

Floatover DDT! No!

Douglas comes all the way around with Reaper's masked head in a reverse headlock. Rather than fall backward for the DDT, he plants his feet and grabs the wrist.

Then the knee.

DDK:

This might be it!

Angus:

No ...

DDK:

He's got him ...

Angus:

NO ...

DDK:

He's UP ...

Angus:

NO!!

DDK:

SUB POP SUPLEX!! Cover!

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

Benny Doyle calls for the bell. Douglas rolls off of Red, his face a mix of dried and fresh blood. Red's LED backlit mask flashing like there is a short in it's power source. Douglas starts to pull himself up by the nearest rope but settles for a seat in the corner facing the DEFiatron.

DING DING DING

Doyle motions for the belt. The timekeeper, carrying the belt, is nearly knocked over by Reaper Prime storming away from ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this bout and STILL Southern Heritage Champion ... "Sub Pop" SCOTT ... DOUUUGGLAAASSS!

DDK:

Scott Douglas has done it, partner! He managed to retain against Prime's Red Monster and has won his piece of mind! Seattle's Favorite Son has finally made good here in DEFIANCE!

Angus:

We'll see about that. This kid's life is like a daytime soap set to shit 90's rock. Next week his great aunt will come back from the grave to tell him she's really his sister, twice removed.

Prime pauses for a moment mid way up the ramp and looks back as Doyle places the title on Douglas' midsection while slumped in the corner. Reaper Red still laid out in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Wha - that - that's not a thing. Anyways the night young folks! There is plenty more

She inhales deep and nearly snarls as she turns away and stomps up the ramp and backstage. Douglas, face still covered in blood, cracks the closest thing resembling a smile he's ever shown on DEFIANCE television.

DDK:

Looks like we're going now to Lance Warner, standing by with Kendrix!

Better

Lance Warner stands by, mic in hand, beside none other than Jesse Fredericks Kendrix standing in front of a DEFIANCE DEFCON backdrop. Jesse, wearing his JFK DEFIANCE 2.0 t-shirt and slacks, holds his hand to his wrist and twists before doing the same with the other wrist. Facing the camera, Lance gets set.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen I'm now live with one of the challengers for the eagerly awaited Main Event match for the FIST of DEFIANCE later this evening...Jesse Fredericks Kendrix.

Turning to face his interviewee.

Lance Warner:

Kendrix, tonight you walk into the squared circle to take on the God-Beast Mushigihara and the Fist of DEFIANCE himself, Cayle Murray in a three way match for the top prize in our industry today. How prepared are you for what is surely the biggest match in your young career to date.

Kendrix looks down at Lance who holds the mic over to him, offering it to JFK, almost expecting him to grab it from his grasp as so often happens when he's interviewing the self proclaimed future of the business. However, there is no grab of the mic, to Lance's initial cautious raise of the eyebrow. Kendrix looks as if he's actually pondering the question. Holding the mic out at his subject, Lance sees nothing but focus in the eyes of the challenger looking back at him.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah, Lancey?! You know, usually JFK will turn up to your little interviews and make you look stupidider than you already are, but tonight is different. I have no time to make you relevant by making you look stupid, bruv.

Warner doesn't quite know how to take this, despite the slight dig, he remains cautious, still expecting something. Meanwhile, Kendrix turns his gaze to the camera, slamming his fist down into his other open palm.

Kendrix:

Because tonight is all about JFK. Tonight is all about that little known bruv from England who worked his way from the very bottom of this industry to the cusp of greatness, all in the space of two and a half years to deliver on what he has always said that he is.

Looking back at Lance dead in the eyes.

Kendrix:

And that is...The Future of this Business.

Jesse throws his arm out wide pointing by his side.

Kendrix:

JFK has been preparing for this moment ever since he set foot in America. Ever since he set foot over in UTAH. JFK has been preparing for tonight when he lost his debut television match, when he was told he didn't have what it takes to be a star in this industry because the dumb, fat, ugly American consumer just can't relate to a cocky and extremely handsome young bruv from London.

He arches his back straight, leaning away from Lance, that wry smirk on his face.

Kendrix:

Every day since then, JFKhas got better and better and better. He joined the biggest faction that company had ever seen, he formed the Hollywood Bruvs, he became a Prodigy Champion all before he made the move from UTAH to DEFIANCE.

He looks out at the camera again, arms open wide by his side, presenting his cocky demeanor to the world.

Kendrix:

And low and behold, despite proving to the World that he was the hottest property in the industry today...

He turns momentarily to point at Lance.

Kendrix:

The likes of you Lance...

Before throwing that same arm out to his side as he faces the camera once more.

Kendrix:

...And the entire DEFIANCE locker room thought that this kid doesn't have what it takes to last in the honest, hardworking and brutal wrestling world of DEFIANCE.

Shaking his head he affords himself a chuckle doused in sarcasm and disbelief.

Kendrix:

But you know what, you were all right guys. JFK made a hell of a name for himself over at UTAH but there was no way that my style was going to be enough to get to where I wanted to be, where anyone worth their salt wanted to be...at the very top, here in DEFIANCE.

He turns to acknowledge Lance again

Kendrix:

And yet, here we are Lancey...JFK, just one match, one moment away from becoming the FIST of DEFIANCE.

He holds his hands high out flat together in front of him, pulling them apart, picturing the moment he becomes the FIST before facing the camera once more.

Kendrix:

JFK is at this stage because something changed. It wasn't because JFK changed, bruvs. Why on earth would the future of this company have to change? Nah, maaattee! DEFIANCE had to change!

Smirk in full bloom now, as he points out at the cameraman.

Kendrix:

JFK told every single one of you, the moment he stepped foot here, that DEFIANCE was going to change for the better. Whether that be SEG dominating this company, me becoming the last ever DOC or getting rid of your heroes like Jason Natas...In little over a year of you bellends tuning in to watch yours truly...JFK was true to his word. DEFIANCE has changed for the better...

He looks down at Lance with a smile, wagging his index finger at him.

Kendrix:

Not better for you Lancey...

Turning to face the lens as it zooms in on him.

Kendrix:

Not better for you lot...

He points to himself, jabbing his thumb onto his chest.

Kendrix:

But better...for JFK! So the World had better be prepared to take in the best thing that has ever happened to them, when I take home the FIST of DEFIANCE.

The camera zooms out as Kendrix turns his attention back on Lance who poses another question.

Lance Warner:

Be that as it may, Kendrix, as impressive as your time here has been...aren't you concerned that a pissed off God-Beast and Cayle Murray will seek to work together after what you did to them at the end of DEFtv two weeks ago?

Jesse runs his hand through his beard, a pleased and smug look splashed across his face.

Kendrix:

Lancey, Lancey, Lancey. JFK isn't concerned one bit. Cayle Murray is a hell of an athlete, one of the toughest men JFK has ever been in the ring with. But you know as well as JFK does that he is as stubborn as they come. Cayle lives by his moral code, you know, to fight the good fight, etcetera, etcetera, yada yada yada...

He yawns before rolling his eyes at the very thought of fighting the good fight.

Kendrix:

There is no way in hell that Cayle will form an alliance, abuse the rules to his advantage or even think about ganging up on JFK with Mushi-Man. And as for the God-Beast? He may be the most dominant force JFK has ever been in the ring with but as JFK proved the last time he was in a three way match with that big, masked threak of a monster...

He motions his arms by his waist.

Kendrix:

JFK took the DOC home. We all know Mushigihara is a human wrecking machine...

He taps his index finger to the side of his head.

Kendrix:

But as everyone saw last week, JFK got into his head, wrapped the fat fuck around his little finger and put him and the champ out to dry. And tonight, JFK couldn't give a fuck about Eric Dane's little Cayle Murray ego trip or Dan Ryan's views on what's best for DEFIANCE...because the entire world is going to see a repeat of what they all saw two weeks ago...

He holds his hand high above his head as the camera zooms in on him.

Kendrix:

With JFK changing DEFIANCE one final time standing tall as the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Trademark smirk hits on queue, but only momentarily as he looks down at Lance one final time, determination in his eyes before walking off set as the shot fades out on Lance Warner watching JFK walk away.

Press-ing Matters

We cut backstage to a gaggle of press, snapping away with their cameras at the man stood behind the lectern positioned in front of them. That man is none other than Charlie Ace, donned in a particularly garish light blue suit with a grey paisley shirt. Flanking him, as always, is Hoyt Williams, who has put the utmost effort into his wardrobe for this special occasion and dug out his best white wifebeater and least ripped pair of blue jeans.

A few of the journalists shout unintelligible questions over one another, but the rabble quickly dies down as Charlie clears his throat and begins to speak.

Charlie Ace:

Ladies and gentlemen, congratulations!

With a broad smile Charlie nods as he surveys the members of the press before him.

Charlie Ace:

You have all been specially selected from the journalists here to cover DEFCON to attend a special press conference hosted by yours truly, Charlie Ace. And do you know why you've all been selected? Because you're not fake news. You'll tell the DEFIAfans exactly what happens here, and you won't let things like the *facts* get in the way.

Charlie puts a little more emphasis on the 'facts', although many in the room visibly shake their heads as he does so.

Charlie Ace:

Facts like, Ace means number one. Facts like, I have managed champions all over the world. Facts like Flynn Turner no longer works for DEFIANCE wrestling because he's a loser! You guys won't let those go unreported. Not when you come from such reputable sources as Fox Sports, Breitbart and Buzzfeed.

Many of the journalists side eye each other while a couple, most likely those mentioned by the Manager to the Stars, scribble on their notepads furiously trying to keep up with Charlie Ace's train of thought.

Charlie Ace:

I'm sure I don't need to tell you all just how big this week is for DEFIANCE. This is our biggest show of the year. Biggest show ever in fact. This is a two night event. Championships have been defended, grudges have been settled, and you've gotta believe there will be more twists and turns and highs and low. And boy do I have a high for you right now. I've got a high so monumental you'll think the main event has come early.

Another pause for dramatic effect. A smug grin spreads across Charlie's face as he makes the journalists wait for him.

Charlie Ace:

If you all remember, when I extended my invitation to provide that ungrateful loser Gunther Adler with my services, I mentioned I had been on the phone speaking to people all over the world, because that's what I do. I scour the globe for the best talent possible. People from Canada, Peru, The Gambia, Suriname, Uzbekistan... There's some real up and comers in Laos, let me tell you. But there was one stand out competitor that blew the competition away, and I'm here to bestow the knowledge that the long search is over.

Charlie wipes the sweat off of his brow and heaves a sigh, like picking up the phone to Zimbabwe was hard work.

Charlie Ace:

You know, I wanted to give a young up and comer a chance, that's why I approached Gunther... That's why I approached... You know, that's why I approached... Those two young gentlemen...

This hesitation isn't planned for, that much is obvious from the panic in Charlie's eyes.

Charlie Ace:

Thugz 4 Hire!

There's a little too much excitement in his voice to disguise the fact that he had only just remember the team name of Emilio Byrd and Hurtlocker Holt. One would be forgiven for wondering whether that fact would go unmentioned by the well respected journalists at Buzzfeed.

Charlie Ace:

I wanted to give some guys already in DEFIANCE's system the chance to improve themselves before I brought in a new star to eclipse them. You like what I did there, huh? Because of the eclipse this week?

A few of the journalists titter, but most simply sit there staring at Charlie Ace waiting for the point.

Charlie Ace:

Don't worry, you'll get it later. But as I was saying, I've tried to help out the next crop of DEFIANCE stars, but it turns out they're all losers. So I'm not gonna be doing that. What I'm gonna be doing is introducing all of you to my newest client, the True Next FIST of DEFIANCE on the next episode of DEFtv. And let me tell you, this man, he's a real bad hombre. He's gonna tear through the DEFIANCE roster like a hot knife through butter, I guarantee.

What with the dramatic pauses he's been taking, the journalists would be forgiven for thinking this deep breath Charlie is taking is him gearing up to divulge the name of his new charge. Alas, that's not the case.

Charlie Ace:

I'd like to thank you for attending, and enjoy everything else DEFCON has to offer.

And with that anticlimactic sign off Charlie heads for the door off to the side of the lectern. Understandably the journalists start to ask more questions, because right now they've got no answers. These ones seem to all be the same and so are quite easy to make out. Questions like 'who is your new client?', 'Where are they from?' 'What's their name?', you know, the minor details. Charlie reaches the door, but it seems to be locked. He tugs on the handle a couple of times before a member of staff points to the other side of the room, the side that Hoyt Williams has already made his way towards. Charlie awkwardly heads back to the microphone and leans in to it. The journalists die down as he prepares to speak.

Charlie Ace:

They've told me I've got to head out this way. Thanks again folks, it's been great seeing all of you.

Charlie hurriedly makes his way to the side of the room that he was directed and exits, leaving the press to stare blankly at each other, none of them any the wiser as to who his newest charge will be.

FOOKIN PRICK

DDK:

That was quite a title defense, Angus! Has your opinion on Scott Douglas changed yet?

Angus:

Which, that he's a greasy slacker wannabe who can't wrestle?

DDK:

...That'd be the one.

Angus:

A bit. Now I think he's a greasy slacker wannabe who can kinda sorta wrestle on occasion.

Keebler looks at Angus, deadpan, for a moment.

DDK:

I'm sure your support gives him chills. But that's a conversation for another day, because we're just a few minutes away from our third and final title match of the night, our MAIN EVENT! What do you --

♪"God's Gonna Cut You Down"♪

Angus:

It ain't SQUID O'CLOCK YET!

The fans rise and clap in time with the music as the WARGOD emerges from the backstage. He's dressed in street clothes: jeans, boots, and a sleeveless 'ORIGINAL DEFIANT' T-shirt.

Bronson Box walks to the ring with purpose.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, you can see the remnants of last night's main event right there; Bronson Box was not involved in the ending of his Southern Heritage Championship match, as Impulse lost the title to Scott Douglas when Douglas pinned Reaper Prime - but Bronson certainly bears the scars, as you can see his arm is heavily bandaged and supported.

Angus:

That double wristlock of Impulse is no joke, and it's a testament to how tough this man is that he didn't break a bone or spend the night in a hospital bed.

Box beelines for Darren Quimbey at the timekeeper's table, and practically rips a microphone out of his hands, despite the fact that Quimbey was certainly not going to keep one from him.

Bronson Box:

Cut the FOOKIN' music!

The soundman does so as Box enters the ring, microphone in hand, and paces, angrily.

Same way he does everything, really.

Bronson Box:

Let's get some things straight. I don't give a FOOK about some daft bird sassin' me after the squid gets a lucky shot. I don't give a FOOK about a crazy cunt with a chip on'er shoulder, and I certainly don't give a FOOK about a moralistic little quim who thinks he's better 'n everyone else.

DDK:

Bronson Box providing some good feeling and perspective towards his opponents from last night.

Angus:

Or at least, trying to break the land speed record for the uses of the word 'fook.'

Bronson Box:

What I care about is the greasy, grungy piece'a shite that walked out with the Southern Heritage Championship, a title that should be around this fookin' waist!

Some cheers, some boos, a not-insignificant 'SCOTTY-DOU-GLAS!' chant begins.

Bronson Box:

Cheer for him all you want, but he's a filthy disgrace to championships 'ere in DEFIANCE and 'e won't last long... leastaways not if I get another crack at 'im.

More pacing.

Bronson Box:

Because there is NO-FOOKIN-MAN-OR-WOMAN more deserving to 'old a championship 'ere in DEFIANCE than the fookin' WARGOD. But I don't blame Scott Dooglas for that, he saw a chance to win and 'e took it. I can respect that mentality. No... I blame Impulse. I blame this fookin' guy who was locked in the Boston Massacre... or maybe he wasn't. Either way, that fookin' prick wasted my time by not tapping out, and that is a slap in the face that I will not fookin' stand for. You pricks want your main event?

Of course, the FAITHFUL cheer.

Bronson Box:

Well, I want my fookin' pound'a flesh, and I'm gettin' mine before you're gettin' yours!

He drops the microphone and stares towards the entrance way.

DDK:

Strong words from Bronson Box, and I don't know, Angus... can anyone really remove him from the ring if he doesn't want to be?

Angus:

...Well... He's not the biggest guy, so technically a lot of people could PHYSICALLY remove him... but after about three and a half seconds of the attempt, they'd absolutely regret it.

DDK:

These fans are chanting for Impulse, they want the ring cleared for the main event but they also want to see--

♪ "Cannonball" - SIRS♪

Just like that, the fans come to life even louder: this is more than just the respect they provide to Box, this is actual approval of the man and the attitude he presents.

Impulse walks out, the former FIST and two-time former SoHER looking none the worse for the wear from the previous night's all out war. He is also in street clothes: jeans, sneakers, and a T-shirt espousing a classic tag team called 'Vox Nihili.' There's no shortage of bruises and bandages, but Impulse appears to be ignoring them.

He also carries a microphone, and stops at the top of the ramp.

Impulse:

Let's get the obvious outta the way, Box... if you deserved to win the Southern Heritage Championship, you would've

done so.

The fans rise in volume at the audacity of the comment, but they clearly support Impulse's version of events. Bronson shakes with rage, but he does not interrupt. Not yet, at least.

Impulse:

And Cally's a tough girl, sir... I meant it when I told you that if you touched her again I'd end your miserable career... but she shook that shot off like a champ and you'd never even know what happened. Seems like it's a metaphor for your career, Box... or at least, your career since I started wrestling for DEFIANCE.

He begins to walk towards the ring.

Impulse:

You get into a fight with someone... you do okay... but before it's all over you've had your ass handed to you, and at the end of the day, the only person that remembers you did a thing? Yourself.

Angus:

Now wait a second, you can't say that to the HOSS...

DDK:

Impulse is clearly angry!

Impulse:

So where we at, Bronson? You're holdin' the show hostage because you're throwing a temper tantrum... and you're robbing these fans'a their MAIN EVENT... and I'll put up with quite a bit on my end, but you don't disrespect the FAITHFUL like that.

He's reached the ring, and walks up the stairs and enters under the top rope. Box approaches him but stops when Impulse stands up in the ring.

Impulse:

What it comes down to, I guess, is that you blame me for your shortcomings last night. That's fine, Bronson... if that helps you sleep at night... but beyond that? You want me?

Impulse steps towards Bronson.

Impulse:

Here I am.

DDK:

BRONSON BOX WITH A RIGHT HAND!

IMPULSE VS. BRONSON BOX

DDK:

And another! Impulse is rocked!

Angus:

You can't HOSSFITE when you ain't a HOSS!

DDK:

Box with a scoop, and he's looking to deposit the Marathon Man with a powerbomb - Impulse fires a pair of forearms, and he takes Bronson down with a headscissors!

As the two roll away from each other, the fans cheer as each takes up a defensive pose!

Angus:

And where's DEFSec?

DDK:

DEFSec is on standby, Angus - I'm receiving word that Kelly Evans is giving these two some time to sort things out before they're broken up!

Angus:

Still smarting from the bullshit that led into last night's match, I assume?

DDK:

I wouldn't mention it if I was you.

Angus:

She's such a tease.

The two athletes rush each other again, and Impulse sidesteps Box and catches him in a hammerlock, wrenching his arm and forcing the WARGOD to his knees! Bronson takes it for a few seconds before he repositions himself and flips Impulse with an armdrag takedown, and immediately climbs on top of his opponent and fires a series of fists to his face!

Impulse catches one, and bends Box's arm back, wedging his forearm in the crook of his elbow!

DDK:

Fist by Box! That's his injured arm, he has to disengage!

Angus:

That cheeky little monkey.

Both men roll away from each other; Box gingerly cradles his arm, while Impulse wipes his bloodied, possibly broken nose.

Bronson charges Impulse, but the Marathon Man sidesteps and shoves Box into the corner! BRONSON BOX SPINS AND FIRES A RIGHT HAND! Impulse staggers, all the while Box pulls the turnbuckle pad off the corner!

Angus:

You know what's on his mind.

DDK:

I think we all know what's on his mind, Angus.

Box moves towards Impulse, still rocked, and fires another fist! Knee to the stomach, and he hoists Impulse, turning

towards the exposed turnbuckle! Impulse with a clubbing forearm to the back of the neck! Another! Box struggles to stay on his feet, but his knees are buckling with every shot.

Angus:

Hold'em down, HOSS!

DDK:

BOX GOES DOWN!

As Bronson Box falls backwards, he loses grip on Impulse, who lands on his feet and half - steps, half - trips over the WARGOD, stumbling into the ropes! He takes a breath, and measures Box!

DDK:

Bronson climbing to his feet... SUDDEN IMPACT!

Box stops short on impact, and he crumbles to the mat! The fans roar in excitement, as Impulse picks up the microphone from where it was dropped.

Impulse:

I would've let things go, Bronson... we clashed, we fought, and the deserving athlete won the championship. I considered us quits after that, but this tirade of yours?

He shakes his head. Box moves in slow motion, rolling to his stomach.

Impulse:

Blame yourself.

DDK:

Impulse drops the microphone, and he's outta here!

Angus:

Does he really think that was the smart way to go? You don't talk down to the ORIGINAL DEFIANT and think that ends it. Hasn't he learned?

Bronson Box (panting):

GET THE FOOK BACK HERE!

Impulse turns around, just outside the ring, to see Box on his knees, shouting into the microphone.

Bronson Box:

You don't just walk away from me! You think you can put me down and not out, and we're finished? We don't finish until I decide we're finished! Keep on walking, and it'll never end, ya cunt!

The fans roar in approval once more as Impulse ponders.

Bronson Box:

Every match, every night, every step your little twat takes... The WARGOD will be there to fook up your day.

DDK:

IMPULSE REENTERS THE RING!

Angus:

AND THE HOSS KICKS HIM IN THE HEAD!

A second kick stuns him, and Bronson Box lifts him up and throws him into the corner!

DDK:

I'm surprised that Impulse was so easily baited, Angus! Typically he's the very model of stoicism!

Box sucks in a pair of deep breaths to steady himself, and in that time Impulse is able to step forward with an attempted palm thrust - BOX SHOVES IT AWAY AND HEADBUTTS IMPULSE!

The fans gasp collectively.

Angus:

Right on that busted nose! If it wasn't broken before, it certainly is now!

Any fight that was in Impulse is gone now. He slumps in the corner, his hands over his face.

Box drops to all fours, sucking in air, but he recovers quickly and whips Impulse across the ring into the exposed turnbuckle! The Marathon Man drops to his knees and winces in pain!

DDK:

Bronson Box back in control! He moves in quickly!

Angus:

I think we know what's coming... the anticipation makes it more exciting, don't you think?

DDK:

I doubt Impulse would agree!

Angus:

I don't know if he'd even hear you right now.

DDK:

Box with a scoop... BOMBASTO BOMB! If this was a sanctioned match, this would be an easy three count! He's favoring that damaged arm, but Impulse ain't moving!

Angus:

Even a lightweight like Impulse takes strength to hoist like that, I'm surprised Bronson could hold him.

Bronson Box:

You don't get in my way, fooker! You don't get between the WARGOD and what he wants!

A grin slowly forms on his face.

Bronson Box:

Let the Squid defend his FIST in a minute. I'mma stalk your buddy, the slacker; beat 'im down, humiliate 'im, and take the Southern Heritage Championship for m'self.

DDK:

I don't like that smile.

Bronson Box:

And I bet there's plenty'a time... t'keep on fookin' with you and your little tart.

Box drops the microphone and turns around, his fist in the air in assumed victory.

Angus:

Well, on that uplifting note--

DDK:

IMPULSE IS UP!

Bronson does stop at the sudden rush of energy to the fans, though Keebler's statement is a bit premature. Impulse has pulled himself up to a seated position in the corner! His eyes still look a million miles away but he also appears to be focused on the WARGOD! Box turns towards him and looks on with disbelief as Impulse wills himself back up to his feet, though he does appear to be vertical by virtue of the top rope.

Angus:

If looks could kill, he'd be an Uzi.

DDK:

You disturb me sometimes.

Bronson moves in, and Impulse spits a gob of blood in the WARGOD's face! A rush of color is the most visible sign of Bronson's anger at this blatant disrespect, and he fires a right hand!

DDK:

IMPULSE DODGES! BOX JUST PUNCHED THE RINGPOST!

An audible 'CLANG' fills the arena as Bronson backs off, holding his damaged hand in pain. Impulse holds onto the middle rope for a long moment while Bronson cradles his more immediately damaged appendage, but quickly moves in!

DDK:

THE MESSAGE! Impulse trying to clamp that double wristlock!

Angus:

I'm surprised he's even standing!

DDK:

I'm just as surprised that Box is still standing, Angus! These two men have more courage than is healthy, I think!

Bronson tries to move himself around, but the fact that he has one damaged forearm and another damaged hand essentially puts him at a loss, and Impulse forces him to the mat, pushing back with the leverage until Box's forehead is almost all the way down!

DDK:

And here comes DEFSec! I guess Kelly Evans has given this enough!

Angus:

Still a tease!

The pressure continues to build, and with DEFSec walking at a normal pace and out of his view, Bronson Box can feel the pain in his arm as constant and sharp, and he seems visibly disgusted with himself as he does the unthinkable.

Tap.

Tap.

Tap.

Impulse lets go to a chorus of cheers as DEFSec arrives, separating these two men from each other, though Box refuses any help.

Angus:

So... is that a win?

DDK:

I don't know what this is, Angus, but these two men have certainly shown their guts here tonight! Neither of them have the SoHER, and both of them may have some lingering injuries... but I don't think this matter is settled! One thing is for certain, though... I'm sure they've grudgingly earned each other's respect! Let's take a minute to clear the ring, and we'll be right back with our MAIN EVENT!

Kingdom Come

The locker room.

The lights are dimmed, giving us just enough to see the gargantuan figure sitting on the bench. His head bowed, hands on his lap, the only sounds one can make out from him is his breathing.

Suddenly, another figure slithers beside him; lean and lithe, dressed in a suit of black, the little light available making his slicked-back golden hair shimmer a bit. He tilts his head up, allowing us to see his baby blues and his sharky grin.

Eddie Dante:

DEFCON, August twenty-third, twenty-seventeen. The night that doubters are silenced; that limits are tested; and when a God-Beast ascends to rule over his Kingdom Come.

The behemoth by his side draws breath through his nose and utters a low...

Mushigihara:

Osu.

As his hands raise up to his head, the Lord of the Ring who calls himself the monster's manager continues.

Eddie Dante:

In mere moments, we will enter the battlefield across from a lion and a vulture. The lion deems himself king of the beasts, a virtuous being of honor and loyalty. He draws his sword and tries to smite all those who would inflict ill on the land he defends. The vulture hovers around the masses, waiting for those who fall into periods of struggle, and when the time comes, harvests them like carrion. He feeds from the bottom, letting others do the work before he can reap the benefits.

The brute finishes lacing the back of his head. He raises his head, leaning towards the camera, and letting the light reflect off the golden mask he wears.

Mushigihara:

OSU.

Eddie Dante:

Good. Evil. Manifested in two men who stand in the way of a dragon who pays no heed to such simpleminded dichotomy. Good and evil; man and beast; heaven and hell; all of these are of no importance to us. We see things beyond this narrow scope. And tonight, the God-Beast will strike upon New Orleans, and take his rightful place as the Strongest There Is, and when he does, he will take on ANYONE who thinks they can keep up with the God-Beast. The King of the Monsters. The Japanese Juggernaut. And when that final bell rings tonight...

The monster rises to his feet, dwarfing Eddie Dante.

Eddie Dante:

YOUR FIST of DEFIANCE.

Mushi chuckles briefly, before ending our time together with an ear-shattering...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

Eddie Dante:

Mushigihara.

Cut away.

FIST: CAYLE MURRAY (C) VS. KENDRIX VS. MUSHIGIHARA

Cut back to the boys. Your boys. The best boys. Better than the rest boys.

DDK:

Welcome back ladies and gentlemen. It's finally here: *the* main event of this two-night affair, and Angus, the arena is buzzing.

Angus:

No doubt! This may not be our home building, but it's stuffed to the gills with 10,000 rabid DEFIANCE fans, and they can't wait to see The Squid™ go to war with Mushigihara and Shitbag McFucknugget!

DDK:

How do you see this one panning out?

Angus:

First, I see Mushi flattening those little bastards. Then, I see Kendrix trying all kinds of sneaky shit to worm his way back in. Finally, I see the champ pulling off his 'Little Squid That Could' act. Will it be enough to win? I'm doubtful.

DDK:

This is a different situation for Cayle Murray. His past two rivalries, with Eric Dane and Bronson Box, were bitterly personal affairs defined by hatred and bloodlust. While I've little doubt that there's a shade of disdain between this three, the belt has been the main focus here, as it should be.

Angus:

Credit where credit's due, that Scottish fucker has treated the FIST of DEFIANCE with the utmost mistake. He understands what it means to sit at the top of the mountain - whether or not he has what it takes to stay there is a different matter.

DDK:

This is Cayle's second defence. Kendrix ruined the first with a totally uncalled for chair assault, and we've seen both the Englishman and Mushi stand tall since then, with The God-Beast throwing Murray off the stage the other week. Is the champ on the backfoot?

Angus:

He is, and I'll throw my usual disclaimer on this one: if he gets too emotional, that belt is gone. We all know that this is Cayle's greatest flaw, Keebs, and there's no doubt a sneaky cunt like Kendrix will be ready to take advantage.

DDK:

Smart, belligerent, and conniving, JFK is an excellent technical wrestler, but his wits are definitely his biggest advantage. Cayle, like you say, tends to let his heart lead his head, and while Mushi isn't stup--

Angus:

Oh, give over: he's a big dumb ogre. But a *STRONK* one.

DDK:

"Stronk?"

Angus:

Yes. "Stronk." Dude's a beast. There's nobody stronger in DEFIANCE, and nobody meaner. It's going to take a herculean effort for the little guys to bring him down, and he might just be may favourite.

DDK:

I think a lot of people would be in the same boat. In any case, we're about to witness three of the best DEFIANCE has to offer go at it, and I see no point in holding off any longer...

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage. No music hits but the DEFIASTRON lights up, static momentarily hits the screen before bringing into view John F Kennedy waving at his adoring crowd.

DDK:

John F Kennedy? Not sure what's happening here folks...

The static hits once more John F Kennedy is on podium. Static clears and dialogue hits.

"We dare not forget today that we are the heirs of that first revolution. Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of..

Sharp static/interference hits, the voice changes, an all too common voice to the DEFIANT Faithfull.

BRUVS *BRUVS* *BRUVS*

The static hits and the interference is gone. John F Kennedy's back on our screen.

Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose and foe, to assure the survival and the success...

Sharp static/interference hits as the screen lights up with the JFK logo as the boos fill the arena.

OF JAAYYY EFFFFFFF KAAAYYYYYYY....BELLEND

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The screen fades out as a spotlight shines down in the centre of the ring, immediately bringing Kendrix into view with his back facing the ring. Wearing the same t-shirt as earlier along with his new black and gold JFK ring tights with black boots, he holds both hands high above his head, index fingers pointing to the sky, simultaneously lighting the outside of the ramp with a series of white pyro leading up to the main stage and out to the sides.

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 that smirk.

Angus:

What a load of shit. This self serving mcfucking douchebag!

DDK:

Easy Angus. He sure has some opinion of himself, but walking toward the ring, brimming with confidence, is a young man who ended DEFtv two weeks ago, standing tall above his opponents tonight with the FIST in his grasp. Love him, or most probably, hate him. Jesse Fredericks Kendrix is one of the most conniving and technically gifted talents DEFIANCE has ever seen.

Having made his cocky way to the ring, JFK climbs up to the middle turnbuckle and bumps his fist to his chest before holding his arms out wide by his side. He twists around down to the mat, hopping from one foot to the other, discarding his t-shirt. He turns to face the entrance ramp, egging on the next entrant.njnreenn e

No lights, save for one white spotlight.

No music.

The crowd starts to murmur, especially as the always-dapper Eddie Dante appears from the ether to face the 10,000 Faithful who are mixed in their reactions. The Lord of the Ring saunters a bit down the aisle, grinning that sharky grin

as he gauges each and everyone in attendance. At the lip of the ramp, he stops on a dime, placing both hands on the handle of his cane as that familiar kanji lights up the DEFIAtron.

ꦏꦗꦶ

The crowd starts to heat up, knowing full well what is going on here, as golden lights and mist fill the venue. Dante keeps smiling, his eyes closed, as the crowd's buzz is suddenly cut off by...

CRUNCH-CRACKLE

That thunderclap that also triggers a row of golden firework geysers, as those familiar words appear in front of the kanji.

THE GOD-BEAST

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

Angus:

ENTER THE GOD-BEAST!

The arena entrance is now glowing, the lights pulsing in rhythm with the pounding drums resonating through the building. Before long, the glowing light is altered by the appearance of an imposing, shadowy figure standing on stage, head bowed and fists clenched. As the song's guitar screeches, the figure emerges from the ether, revealing itself to be the King of the Monsters himself. Lumbering forth, Mushigihara joins his manager, flanking him while taking time to turn to a fan and shout "OSU!" right into their face.

DDK:

Mushigihara has terrorized the FIST picture since his return to DEFIANCE mere months ago; now his opportunity has come, on the biggest show in DEFIANCE's schedule, to hold wrestling's richest prize.

At ringside, Mushigihara stares down everyone at attendance, then rolls into the ring, keeping a firm gaze at Kendrix, determined not to let the bruv get the drop on him again. He surveys the crowd one more time, before letting out one more...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

The lights dim.

The human beings buzz. They're waiting for that Celldweller introduction. The production team keep them waiting, and the atmosphere builds, with chants supporting the champ reverberating around the arena walls.

Two spotlights flicker to life. One side of the stage, a snare drummer, and on the other, a violinist. The drummer hits us with a roll...

♪ "The Wings Of Icarus" by Celldweller ([SPECIAL PPV EDITION, LADS](#)) ♪

The violinist hits us with a sombre, minor key melody, and the drummer gives him a militaristic backing. It's the kind of composition that wouldn't sound out of place if it were soundtracking a doomed army's deathmatch. Two more spotlights illuminate another set of musicians.

Then another.

And another.

There's eight of them, four on each side, and black and white stills of the champ's previous triumphs start appearing on the tron. Then, everything dies.

Wait for it...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

A huge pyrotechnic explosion. "The Wings Of Icarus" that everybody knows kicks-in with full force. The band's still playing, but they're joined now by the FIST of DEFIANCE, who stands before a perfect wall of white light emanating from the tron and the LED boards below. Decked in that pretty white and gold championship attire, Cayle Murray turns around, his face an image of pure focus.

DDK:

AND THERE HE IS!

Murray starts making his way down to the ring. There's a slow, cocksure swagger to his steps - another demonstrable manifestation of the increased confidence that comes from being FIST. He eventually reaches the bottom of the ramp, then calmly climbs onto the apron, hoisting both arms into the air, pointing skyward.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

A string of explosions go off at the top of the stage.

Angus:

FUCKING HELL! Is he trying to deafen me?!

He eventually enters the ring, FIST of DEFIANCE still strapped around his waist. Celldweller fades out, and we're left with nothing but pure atmosphere.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies aaaaaaaaaaaaaand gentlemen! The following contest is set for *ONE FALL*, and it is for the *FIST OF DEFIANCE* **ANNCCCCCEEEEE!**

Finally showing his face, DQ steps into the middle of the ring. Brian Slater's by his side.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, to my right...

The fans immediately jeer for Kendrix.

Darren Quimbey:

Challenger number one! He hails from London, England, and weighs in at 218lbs... 'JAYYYY EEEFFFFF KAAAYYYYYY KEEENNNNDDDRRIIIIIXXXXXXXXXXXXXX!

Smirking, JFK responds the only way he knows how: by giving the jeering masses a wanker sign.

Darren Quimbey:

... aaaand the second challenger! To my left, he hails from Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan, and weighs in at 294lbs... 'THE GOD-BEAST'... MUSHI! GI! HAAAAARRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAA!

Mushi pulls both arms out to his sides. You know what's coming next.

Mushigihara:

OSSSSSUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!

Darren Quimbey:

... aaaaaand finally! He is the *REIGNING! DEFENDING! FIST. OF. DEFIANCE...*

Cayle brazenly steps into the middle of the ring, completely unintimidated. He hoists the belt high in the air, glaring first at Mushi, then at Kendrix.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Aberdeen, Scotland, and weighing in at 220lbs... 'STARBREAKER'... CAAAAAYLE MUUUURRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYY!

Angus:

Holy shit, Keebs! Dat big fite feel!

DDK:

This place is buzzing, Angus, and so am I! I can't wait to get this started!

Cayle retains his position in the middle of the ring, but eventually hands the title belt over to Brian Slater, who passes it to the outside. Murray eventually moves back to his corner at the burly official's behest. Mushi's ready to go, and Kendrix is leaning back against the turnbuckles, looking relatively casual.

DING! DING! DING!**Angus:**

Here we go!

DDK:

This is gonna be a clas-- HEY! Where's Kendrix going?!

As soon as the bell rings, JFK drops to the floor, then rolls out of the ring. The Faithful jeer immediately, and both competitors turn their heads to watch him.

Angus:

That little prick...

Kendrix laughs and shrugs off the arena's disdain, then turns back around to face the two wrestlers in the ring. He looks at them and fakes anger, as if he's astounded that they haven't started taking lumps out of each other yet.

Kendrix:

Get on with it, Bellends!

DDK:

Does he think he can just wait this out?

Angus:

He did this when he won the DOC! Get in there and fight, bitchboy!

DDK:

I don't think he can hear you.

Angus:

UGH.

Deciding that he'd rather "get on with it, bellend," than chase his smaller opponent around ringside, Cayle Murray turns towards his large one. Turns out Mushigihara is of the same mindset.

DDK:

Well, I guess we're getting Mushi vs. Cayle to start things off while Kendrix--

Angus:

Paints his nails? Sucks his own pecker?

The two grapplers move to the centre of the ring, pausing only momentarily before throwing themselves into a collar and elbow. Mushi, of course, gains the upper hand, using his combination of size and raw-boned power to push Cayle back one step, two steps, three steps, four. Murray's back hits the ropes, Slater counters the four, and Mushi makes a clean break.

Angus:

Not gonna beat Ol' Mushi in a test of strength, pal.

DDK:

Indeed. Cayle's a strong competitor himself, but Mushi is on a different level. Perhaps the champ thought he could grapple his way out of that one?

Angus:

Pffft. Less grapplefuck, more wrestlefite!

Mushi calls Cayle back to the middle of the ring, and the FIST obliges. Mushi seems like he wants to go for a knucklelock, but Cayle isn't that stupid, and instead skips behind, locking his big foe in a rear waistlock. Unfortunately, Mushi's girth is such that Cayle can't get a good grip. Mushi referses, steps behind, then tries to lift Murray off the ground. A Scottish boot hooked around his ankle puts an end to that, but no matter: The God-Beast pushes Murray forward again. We get to the ropes, and there's a break.

DDK:

A tentative start, with Mushi getting the better of Cayle in these early exchanges. This one's all about pure, uncomplicated wrestling thus far, Angus!

As soon as Keebler says that, Mushi lashes out, smacking Cayle with a chop to the throat. With one arm slung over the top rope, Cayle drops to one knee.

Angus:

Ha! You were saying?!

DDK:

Oof! That was a nasty one!

Mushigihara stomps forward, knowing that he must squash this fly before he becomes a problem. He yanks Cayle away from the ropes then pulls him to his feet, before biel throwing him all the way across the ring!

"OOOOHHHH!"

It's Mushi's first real display of strength, and the crowd, as usual, are awed. Cayle lands on his arse, and the motion takes him into the bottom turnbuckle. He sits there, glaring at Mushi. Strategizing. Plotting his next move.

DDK:

Smart work from Cayle not to rush back in, but Mushi just manhandled him!

Angus:

Meanwhile, that limey fuck is still taking it easy outside the ring.

Kendrix:

YOU NEED TO DO THE WRESTLE THINGS CAYLE!

Sure enough, JFK is currently leaning against a ring post, offering faux advice to the FIST of DEFIANCE. Cayle completely blanks him, but it's probably getting under his skin regardless. Mushi calls him forth again, and Murray climbs to his feet, before moving towards the centre of the ring. The God-Beast swings a clothesline, but Cayle ducks! He skips behind, lands a couple of forearms, but the masked brute turns around and lunges an elbow.

Ducked!

Again Cayle nips behind, and again he goes for the rear waistlock. This time Mushi turns, hooks an arm beneath Cayle's torso, then whips his whole body around, tossing Murray across the ring.

Angus:
STRONK!

DDK:
Like an ox.

Angus:
Squiddy needs to do something about this, because Mushi is bossing him at the moment.

Cayle doesn't stay grounded this time. He hops immediately to his feet and finally goes to his speed, dashing past Mushi, then hitting the ropes. Murray ducks a clothesline, hits the ropes again, then comes back, staggering his opponent with a running dropkick! Cayle gets back to his feet, hits the ropes and leaps into a forearm... but Mushi catches him, then drives his body into the mat with a ring-breaking side slam!

DDK:
What a counter from the big man, who looks very impressive in these early stages!

Angus:
This is one of the biggest matches of his career. Eddie Dante will have drilled how huge this is into him before the match, and I wouldn't expect Mushi to let up at all.

Kendrix thinks about making a move. He grabs the middle rope, then swings one of his legs up, but Mushi hears him coming. The God-Beast turns around and locks eyes with JFK, who immediately backs off, thinking "fuck this" and presenting Cayle to Mushi.

Kendrix:
Keep your eye on the champ Mushi-Man!

Angus:
Man, I wish Slater would just go out there and grab the little fuck...

DDK:
He's not doing anything illegal, Angus.

Angus:
I know! That's the problem!

Mushigihara goes back to work, knowing Dante will call him if Kendrix tries to be a sneaky prick again. He seizes Cayle's head as he's climbing back to his feet, putting him in a basic headlock. Mushi wrenches and grinds a couple of times, applying increasing amounts of pressure, before dropping down to one knee. This forces Cayle closer to the mat, thus increasing the tension on his neck.

Angus:

A basic hold, but a painful one when it comes from a man as strong as Mushigihara! This'll grind away at Cayle for sure.

The God-Beast climbs back to his feet after a while, and his reason soon becomes apparently. He drops a tad lower, grabbing Cayle around the torso, before slamming him down with a backdrop into the cover.

ONE!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

Well, you're not going to smoosh the squid that early.

DDK:

Nope, but that'll expend a little bit of energy. It's all about the small things in a match like this, as I'm sure you're well aware.

Angus:

Listen Keebs, I understand The Graps, okay? Don't think you know more about The Graps than me. Ever.

DDK:

... that was needlessly threatening, but okay.

Mushigihara, being a monster, is a little slow in getting to his feet. This allows a dazed Cayle the opportunity to attach himself to one giant leg. Mushi treats this as an annoyance at first, but he underestimates the Scot's technique. By bringing his own legs into the hold, Cayle is able to leverage Mushi down to the mat, trapping him in a modified kneebar!

DDK::

Excellent work from Cayle, who grapples his way back into this thing!

Power overcomes all. Well, in this case it does. Mushi drags him and Murray back towards the ropes with immense efficiency, then clambers his way to his feet, having grabbed one of the ropes. Cayle breaks when ordered to but charges at Mushi as soon as he's on his feet. He walks right into a big forearm, then gets tossed into the corner, with Mushi peeling off a series of chops across his chest!

Angus:

Force like that will break the gorram skin!

Picking up the pace, Mushi tosses Cayle across the ring with another biel throw before charging out of the corner, leaping, and landing a perfect back senton!

Angus:

MY GOD!

DDK:

Cayle just got flattened by a 300lb man!

Mushi clambers to his feet as fast as his size will allow (read: not very) then goes back to that headlock. This time, Cayle is able to slip his head out. Mushi turns around, and Cayle, desperate, hits him with a nasty headbutt right on the jaw!

DDK:

Mushi's reeling!

Cayle runs the ropes, dashes back, then flies into Mushi with a single leg dropkick! The God-Beast falls back against the ropes, and Murray stays on the mat, still feeling the senton's damage.

Angus:

Fatso's in a spot of bother but Cayle is too-- HEY! FUCKHEAD!

DDK:

It's JFK!

Say what you will about Kendrix, but the man knows how to pick his spots. The crafty Englishman slides into the ring when both men are down. The Faithful voice their displeasure as he goes right after the downed grapplers, first attacking Mushi, then Cayle.

DDK:

JFK is fresh! The other two aren't! This is a great chance to gain a foothold!

Kendrix goes back and forth between his opponents, blasting both with a strike every time he charges. He can't keep control for too long, however. Mushi eventually recovers, and charges away from the ropes...

Angus:

YES! MURDER THAT FUCKBOY!

JFK attempts to scamper away, but to the delight of the arena, Mushi grabs him before he can get his second leg out of the ring. The former sumo unceremoniously drags him back between the ropes, then tosses him across the ring! Kendrix lands hard on his back and immediately reaches out for it in pain.

Angus:

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS!

DDK:

I think Kendrix mistimed his run-in, there!

Angus:

That or he underestimated Mushi's resilience! It's gonna take more than a couple of pillow-fisted strikes to knock Fatboy down!

Kendrix throws a few elbows into Mushi's stomach as he's pulled to his feet, but it's no use. Mushi blasts him with one big forearm, locks him in a belly-to-belly, then suplexes him overhead! JFK *bounces* across the ring.

Angus:

CEPHALOPOD ALERT!

Cayle Murray is back on his feet and going right after Mushi! He leaps at the big man, catching him by surprise with a jumping forearm, before nailing him with a lightning quick flurry. Unfortunately, Mushi is tough as granite. He absorbs the blows, lands one of his own, then bludgeons Cayle with a headbutt. Mushi then lifts Cayle up and brings him down with another belly-to-belly suplex!

DDK:

Mushigihara is cleaning house!

Angus:

I knew this would happen!

There's no time to rest, because Kendrix is back on his feet and charging right at The God-Beast. Mushi sidesteps his attempted Superkick, however, then damn near takes the little fucker's head off with a short Lariat!

DDK:

A potential game-changer-- CAYLE!

No real luck for Cayle either. He ducks a clothesline and bounces against the ropes, but gets flattened with a snap scoop powerslam on the rebound! Mushi climbs back to his feet, stands tall, then lets out the warcry...

Mushiqihara:

OSSSSSSUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!

Angus:

This is nuts, Keebler! Mushi is absolutely dominating!

DDK:

The most monstrous force in DEFIANCE is running amok! I don't know how Cayle and Kendrix are going to keep him down!

Angus:

"Keep him down?" Try "*GET* him down!" Mushi is killing it, and these guys don't know how to cope with it. What a start!

The big ogre eventually goes back to work, targeting Kendrix first. He plants the Englishman in a corner then stings his chest with one chop, two, another. Five land in total, and the mauling looks set to continue, only for Cayle to charge him from behind!

DDK:

The FIST is back!

Murray goes to town with some trademark strikes. Two leg kicks tag the zip out of Mushi's movement, before Cayle goes to the body, cracking his torso with a flurry of stiff ones.

Angus:

KEEP GOING, SQUIDDY!

Kick.

Kick.

KICK!

DDK:

Mushi's wobbling!

Not anymore.

The God-Beast eventually powers through the pain, knocks Cayle with a gigantic elbow, then throws him out of the ring. Murray lands awkwardly on the outside.

Angus:

You were saying?!

DDK:

This isn't a man! It's Godzilla!

Angus:

And these fuckers are Tokyo!

A little shaken by the ease with which Mushi just manhandled the FIST of DEFIANCE, Kendrix charges nonetheless. He tries to clobber the big bastard from behind, but this has little effect. A few right and left hands follow, but Mushi catches one, swats another away, then takes Kendrix down with a clothesline.

Angus:

EAT SHIT!

Finally, Mushigihara picks Kendrix off the mat, puts him on his shoulder, then lobs him out of the ring. The Englishman lands on his back. Eddie Dante is like the Cheshire Cat.

DDK::

Both of them! He took out both of them!

Angus:

The monster has risen!

DDK:

Cayle and Kendrix need to do something a little differently, because this isn't working!

Murray is on one knee, clutching the back of his head. Kendrix slowly rises a few feet away from him. Both men look a little shaken up, and they share a disbelieving glance.

DDK:

Cayle wrestled Mushi a few weeks ago, but at this stage, it looks as though The God-Beast has made the smarter adaptations! He's all alone in the ring, and that's very telling.

Angus:

Stood right there in the centre, like King Shit of Fuck Mountain. I love it, bay bay!

Cayle eventually breaks his gaze on Kendrix to slide back into the lion's den. Mushi stomp, stomp, stomps on his back to stop him from getting up, but Cayle's a ball of energy, and rises through it.

DDK:

And here comes JFK!

Kendrix slides back in now and also goes right after Mushi! The God-Beast clobbers Cayle, then strikes Kendrix, but eats a hard left forearm as he turns back towards the FIST!

Kendrix with an elbow!

Cayle with a forearm!

Kendrix!

Cayle!

Kendrix!

Cayle!

Angus:

Look at this shit!

DDK:

Chip away at the Redwood and eventually it will fall!

Murray finishes things off with a big European uppercut. This one sends Mushi swaying backwards a little, but Kendrix doesn't fuck around here. He charges forward, catching Mushi with a Superkick... but the brute doesn't go down!

Angus:

What the FUCK?!

DDK:

He ate it!

CAYLE. SUPERKICK!

Mushi falls to one knee!

DDK:

MY GOD!

Angus:

Mushi's almost down!

Almost.

But not quite.

The two Brits share a knowing glance before both shrugging their shoulders at each other, hitting the ropes at the same time, then charge back towards the struggling God-Beast. This is when Mushi powers back to his feet, taking both men out with a double clothesline.

Angus:

Ha! So much for that!

DDK:

Perhaps, but I think Cayle and Kendrix just found the blueprint. Seems to me that they can only get Mushigihara off his feet by working together...

Angus:

Cayle? Kendrix? Working together?! You're out of your mind!

DDK:

Look what they just did, Angus! They're down, but that was the most vulnerable Mushi has looked so far!

Mushi takes advantage of the lull in action. The fans are on their feet, thoroughly engrossed by what they've seen thus far, and curious as to what comes next.

Angus:

Look out, elephant! The fleas are arising!

Sure enough, both Kendrix and Cayle are showing signs of life. Mushigihara stomps over to them, but he can't control both at once. He takes Cayle up first, then Kendrix, who he knocks back against the ropes with an elbow!

DDK:

Mushi going after Murray now...

Cayle does the elbow! Skips behind. Leg kick. Leg kick!

Angus:

Git 'im, Squiddly!

The Crown Cephalopod Prince (note: not an actual nickname) chips away at Mushi, but gets rattled by a forearm! In comes Kendrix, catching Mushigihara by surprise with a few body kicks, but Mushi, enraged, wraps both hands around his throat and tosses him across the ring!

Angus:

Well, so much for that...

Mushigihara storms after Kendrix, but Cayle attacks again, barrelling into Mushi and unloading with some swift rights and lefts to the body. Again, this doesn't last long. The God-Beast throws him into the corner, then charges into him with a big clothesline!

DDK:

Seriously. How do you stop this monster?!

Angus:

Not this way, that's for sure!

Mushi grabs the rising JFK and plants him in the corner opposite Cayle, chopping him across the throat so he won't go anywhere. He then dashes across, flattening Murray with a running splash!

The God-Beast charges back. Kendrix gets the same treatment!

DDK:

He's pancaking 'em!

Mushi turns away from Kendrix and charges back at Cayle, but Murray recovers! He dashes out of the way, and Mushigihara runs right into the corner!

DDK:

What agility!

Mushi turns away from the corner, and stomps towards Cayle in the middle of the ri--

Angus:

SUPERKICK!

DDK:

KENDRIX BLASTS MUSHI! OUTTA NOWHERE!

The God-Beast falls on his arse. Cayle backs into the corner, then charges forward, snapping him down with a Blockbuster, and the crowd come unglued!

DDK:

They did it! They finally got Mushighara down!

Angus:

Where the hell did this random, weirdo chemistry come from, Keebs?!

Both of the smaller men are back on their feet, with Cayle soaking in the atmosphere, feeding off the crowd's energy. Kendrix, that rat bastard, balls a fist, pulls back, swings... but Cayle turns at just the right second...

DDK:

Uh-oh...

Angus:

Ha! What was that about chemistry!? Don't. Trust. Kendrix!

JFK pulls out of the punch (if he hadn't Cayle would've dodged anyway), and feigns an apology. Cayle thinks "fuck that shit" and kicks him hard in the thigh, to which JFK looks a little offended. They charge into a lock-up.

Angus:

Probably not a good idea, boys! There's a God-Beast around!

The duo jostle back and forth, but Mushigihara powers to his feet with almost terrifying quickness!

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

The God-Beast tears Kendrix and Cayle away from each other, throwing JFK back towards one of the corners. He goes after the staggered Murray, attacking his back with clobbering blows!

Angus:

Mushi's dropping the hammer on Squidward!

DDK:

They did *NOT* want to let him get up there, Angus!

The big lad keeps pummelling away on Cayle, but here comes Kendrix! JFK flies into the back of Mushi's knee with a chop block, colliding with enough force to knock a rhino down! Mushi hits the deck... but gets right back up again!

Angus:

JEEEEEEEEEEZUS!

DDK:

This is *INSANE*!

Fortunately, Mushigihara is slow as fuck.

Equally fortunately, Kendrix isn't.

DDK:

BELLEND! BELLEND! BELLEND!

Angus:

Where did that come from?!

DDK:

He can hit it out of nowhere, Angus!

But Kendrix does something a little different this time. He holds onto the double-knee Facebuster, keeping Mushi within his grasp.

Why?

Because Cayle has climbed the top rope.

Leapt off.

Landed a *BEAUTIFUL* Senton on Mushi, sandwiching his face into Kendrix's knees!

Angus:

OOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT?!

Angus:

SICK FUCKING TAG MOVE, IDIOT!

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

Bamboozled by what they've just seen, The Faithful react in the only way they know how.

Cayle and Kendrix, meanwhile, share another of those glances, as astounded by their level of cooperation as anyone else.

DDK:

This is nuts! The most popular man in the company working with the most hated, all for the greater good!

Angus:

Pragmatism, baby! Pragmatism.

Mushigihara, meanwhile, has rolled onto the apron. He's hurting badly. It takes him a good while to climb to his feet, using the ropes for extra leverage, but the Brits eventually catch him in their peripheral vision.

Angus:

Act quickly, dipshits!

Cayle does.

He charges, runs the ropes, rebounds.

DIVES over Mushi.

Catches him on the way down.

Lands on his feet...

DDK:

SUNSET FLIP POWERBO--

Angus:

NO! HE CAN'T PULL HIM DOWN!

Mushi has both hands *CLAMPED* around the top rope! Cayle's feet are on the floor. His hands on Mushi's thighs. He's *TRYING* to pull the beast down for the apron powerbomb, but alas.

DDK:

CAYLE CA--

SMMMMMMMMMMMACK!

Angus:

SUPERKIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIICK!

Kendrix *BLASTS* Mushi!

The God-Beast loses his grab.

Cayle *POWERBOMBS* him down!

Angus:

WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK?!

DDK:

OH...

The crowd go absolutely bloody apeshit.

DDK:

OH MY GOD! DID YOU SEE THAT?!

Angus:

UNREAL! ABSOLUTELY UNREAL!

DDK:

I never thought I'd see Mushigihara take an impact like that! Ever! Cayle didn't have enough power to slam Mushi down on his own, but the Superkick did the trick!

Angus:

This is a crazy fucking match, Keebsy! I love it!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

Murray is on the outside, shocked at what they were just able to accomplish. He doesn't have long to drink it in, though: Kendrix suddenly catches him with a baseball slide.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

DDK:

Betrayal!

Angus:

Oh come on, that was inevitable.

JFK goes outside himself, stifling Murray with a couple of blows before whipping the champ HARD, head first into the ring post, knocking Murray down to the ground.

DDK:

Slater is exploring Kendrix to bring this back into the ring but I doubt he's giving the ref's instructions the time of day.

Angus:

Can't we just fire this guy? We can't have him as our FIST, Keebs, it's just not on.

Slicking his hair back Kendrix stomps at the side of Cayle's head a couple of times before whipping him back first into the apron.

DDK:

Ohh, did you hear that thud as Cayle's back slammed against the apron?

Kendrix looks over his shoulder, checking for signs of life from Mushi but Dante's still tending to his fallen God-Beast. Flicking sweat from his hair out at one of the fans hurling abuse his way, Jesse grabs Cayle by the head and whips him back first into the guardrail, leaving a measured stomp in for good measure.

DDK:

JFK is finally back in the ring here

Angus:

Yeah, but not for long, Keebs!

Sprinting to the opposite ropes he bounces off them, charges and launches himself, both arms stretched out in between the top and middle ropes.

DDK:

SUICIDE DIVE! JFK ALMOST PUT CAYLE THROUGH The GUARDRAIL!

The fans by the guardrail go nuts as both Cayle and Kendrix lay in a heap in front of them. Jesse is slowly up to his feet and begins hurling inaudible jawing at the fans at ringside, throwing the wanker sign their way.

Angus:

And that's a good way to instantly lose any sort of adoration from the DEF faithful.

DDK:

No doubt about it, but you can't deny that JFK will do anything to gain an advantage in this match and take home the FIST.

Angus:

Ugh, don't even, Keebs.

With Slater checking on Cayle, JFK grabs him by the hair and eventually puts the FIST back inside, then follows in himself.

DDK:

With Mushigihara down, the reluctant alliance has fallen apart! Could Kendrix win it here?!

Angus:

Squidley ain't looking too hot, that's for sure.

The Faithful are jeering their lungs out, and Kendrix? Kendrix bloody loves it.

With a shit-eating grin on his face, he stretches both arms out by his sides, then mouths off at the crowd. The microphones don't quite pick up whatever he is saying, but it probably isn't anything nice.

Angus:

Ugh. I hate this little shit.

JFK prances around the ring, feeling like P Diddy. Probably. He eventually comes back to Cayle and makes an attempt to pull him back to his feet, but Cayle fires up! He wraps his arms behind JFK's legs, lifts him off the ground, then tackles him into the turnbuckles!

DDK:

Outstanding counter!

Angus:

THE SQUID IS LOOSE!

Forearm.

Forearm.

Forearm!

A fourth blow lands, then a fifth! Cayle whips Kendrix across the ring, follows up with a running European uppercut, then goes for another flurry!

Angus:

Beat the piss out of that pissworm!

DDK:

This is what Cayle Murray does, folks!

The FIST eventually backs off, allowing Kendrix some breathing space. JFK staggers out of the corner blindly, swinging a sloppy punch. Cayle ducks it, skips behind, traps the arms, then lands a snap Dragon Suplex!

DDK:

SNAPDRAGON!

Angus:

Dropped him right on his gorram head!

DDK:

Cayle is rolling now, and when he builds this kind of momentum, few know how to stop him!

JFK is hurting, but Cayle Murray doesn't go for the pinfall attempt. He instead goes back to work, pulling his opponent to his feet, then hitting the hardest bodykick the match has seen thus far. With Kendrix hurting, Cayle runs across the ring, hits the ropes, comes back, and blasts him in the skull with a running knee!

*"OOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHH!"***Angus:**

DAT IMPACT DOE!

DDK:

How do you deal with a crafty technician? Knee him in the head!

Angus:

Yup, that'll do it!

The move knocks Kendrix silly. He comes forward like a zombie, but Cayle seizes him. JFK is somehow able to land a desperate thumb to the eye, but he falls to his knees almost immediately. Murray shakes his temporary blindness off.

DDK:

Cayle grabs the arm. Irish whip!

Kendrix comes back.

Gets popped into the air.

Comes crashing down right as Cayle throws the uppercut!

DDK:

SHUTTHE--

Angus:

--FUCK--

DDK:

UPPERCUT!

JFK hits the bag like a sack of potatoes.

Angus:

Let's fucking go!

DDK:

I thought you weren't a big Cayle Murray fan?

Angus:

I'm not! But I *AM* a big fan of Kendrix getting the shit kicked out of him!

Kendrix is out on the mat, but Cayle ain't playing. He pulls his body up, seizes an arm, then wraps the other around his throat. With the Dragon Sleeper applied, Murray pulls Kendrix into full bodyscissors...

DDK:

Granite City Cross!

Angus:

Cayle's playing the hits!

DDK:

Will Kendrix tap out?!

Cayle wrenches tighter.

And tighter.

And tighter.

But submitting Kendrix isn't the plan - taking him out of the game is.

Satisfied that Kendrix has only minimal fight in him, Cayle relinquishes his grip, then charges towards the corner.

Angus:

Uh-oh...

DDK:

We've seen this before!

With his back to the ring, Cayle flies off with a quick, low-arcing Moonsault! Rather than flying gracefully, the low arc means the move resembles more of a *snap*, increasing the impact.

Angus:

FLIPPYSAULT!

DDK:

WHAT A MOVE! AND THE COVER!

ONE!**TWO!****THREE--- NOOOOOOOOO!****MUSHI BREAKS IT UP!****Angus:**

Where the heck did he come from?!

Moving a little slower than before, Mushi yanks Cayle off Kendrix and sends him scurrying across the ring. Mushi lumbers towards the FIST, and goes to grab him on the matt, but Cayle catches him with a swift upkick!

Angus:

Pow! Right in the kisser!

The God-Beast is reeling once again! Cayle pops up, runs towards the ropes, but hops up for a springboard.

He flies backwards, looking for a back elbow...

BUT MUSHI CATCHES HIM.

Right into a Back Drop Driver!

Angus:

BACKUUUU DROPPUUU DRIIIIVVVVAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

WHERE DID THAT COME FROM!?

Angus:

INCREDIBLE! MUSHI JUST CRUSHED HIS SPINE!

DDK:

He caught him out of the air and drove him into the mat, all in one fluid motion! OUTSTANDING.

Popping straight up Mushi looks for his other opponent but is met by a spinning heel kick from JFK. The big man isn't down long though as Jesse decides to hit the ropes dodges Mushi's forearm, through to the other side managing to take down the God-Beast with another chop block to the back of his calf.

DDK:

Mushi is favouring the back of his calf here, that's the second time he's been taken down on that leg.

Angus:

No matter how big you are, that is one sure way to get someone off their feet, even a God-Beast.

Holding onto the top rope, Kendrix pushes Cayle out of the ring with his foot before focussing his attention on Mushi, who's struggling to one knee. JFK charges and kicks the back of the upright knee, forcing Mushi back down to all fours. Usually one to milk in the boos and show off, Jesse decides instead to get straight back to Mushi's calf, stomping away, forcing Mushi to crawl to the ropes.

DDK:

Vicious strikes from JFK, this is the worst position Mushi has been in the entire match so far.

Angus:

I can't do it Keebs, I just can't bring myself to say Mcdouchebagnuts is playing a smart game here.

Kendrix kicks Mushi's arms off the middle rope, grabs his foot, lifts it as high as he can and drives Mushi's knee down hard into the canvas. Dante looks on at ringside, hands on his head, seeing his God-Beast grab his knee in agony. Jesse throws the manager the wanker gesture before grabbing the same knee again and driving it straight back down to the mat again. Kendrix smirks, slicking his hair back, sweat dripping off his brow before holding his hand out at Mushi and looking over at Dante.

Kendrix:

THIS IS YOUR GOD-BEAST, BRUV?! MORE LIKE GOD-BELLEND!

Without waiting for a response, Jesse stomps at the back of Mushi's head, the former Sumo turning onto his front as he tends to the latest strike, just what JFK needed in order for him to grab both legs of his downed opponent, sitting on Mushi's back and arching both calves under his armpits, hard.

DDK:

BOSTON CRAB, KENDRIX HAS GOING FOR THE SUBMISSION FINISH

Angus:

NOOO, FUCK NO!

Mushi holds his hand to his mask before reaching out for the ropes. Head in his hands. Luckily for him Kendrix can't hold onto both of his huge legs, he lets one slip, but Jesse uses his free arm to arch back on the injured leg.

DDK:

Mushigihara is in a bad way here, Dante is screaming at him to make it to the ropes.

Angus:

DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE TAP, MUSHI!

Mushi, lifts his hand up, drops it but it's hovers just above the canvas. He places it down on the mat and does the same with his other, powers his torso up and unsettles Jesse's grip on top of him. Turning to his side, JFK falls off. Jesse goes for the legs again but Mushi uses them to push him away with authority to the other side of the ring.

DDK:

Impressive power from Mushi, even after that punishment. Kendrix looks shocked.

Angus:

Come on Mushi, get back to your feet and kill this fucktard!

Mushi is halfway up to his feet, albeit aided by the ropes, Kendrix charges but he's lifted up and over. Luckily for JFK he lands on his feet on the apron and strikes the back of Mushi's head with a forearm. Mushi stumbles forward but stops, turns around and looks dead in JFK's eyes.

DDK:

Uh oh!

Kendrix: looks out to his left, then over to his right and then back at Mushi with his hands held out flat in a protest of innocence.

Angus:

Yeah it was you, who else was it going to be, GET HIM!

Mushi grabs Kendrix by the throat and biel throws the Londoner back inside and landing his back on the canvas. Jesse, crawls back towards the opposite ropes with Mushi closing in. Jesse holds his hands in a "T" shape but God-Beast hauls him up by the hair to a vertical base.

DDK:

Oh, thumb in the eye and now the forearm, but Mushi hardly registers it.

Kendrix grits his teeth hits the ropes and charges back at the giant figure in front of him with another forearm. Mushi, steps back but only a litte. Jesse attempts to take the big man down one more time, hits the ropes but comes back right into Mushi's grasp and he's hoisted up, across and down toward the turnbuckle.

Angus:

Oh this is the best! Kendrix is getting man handled like the little bitch he is!

Mushi stalks his prey, sat up, breathing heavily in the corner. Mushi bends down and locks a choke hold around Kendrix' throat. Jesse, up vertical now, a pissed off God-Beast eyeing him menacingly, desperately throws his foot up in between Mushi's legs!

DDK:

OH! LOW BLOW!

Angus:

And there's the other way to take a God-Beast down.

DDK:

And it's no DQ in a three way.

Kendrix stumbles out of the corner, one hand sliding across the top rope, the other held around his throat, still gasping for air. He turns, looking pissed as he watches Mushi struggle with the worst pain ever known to a man. Exhaling, Jesse steps towards his downed opponent, but his periphial vision catches Cayle re-entering the ring, but it's too late as he's caught with a drop kick dead centre in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Cayle back in! Mushi is up but runs straight into another drop kick from Cayle. Kendrix swings for the Scot but he ducks underneath it runs through to the opposite ropes, bounces back and meets both opponents with a drop kick sending both ment down to the canvas!

Angus:

Listen to this place Keebs!

Cayle clenches both fists, taking in the atmosphere in the arena, totally in the zone. But he's onto Mushi, who's recovered first while Kendrix managed to roll himself underneath the bottom rope. Cayle hooks Mushi's head underneath his arm looking for the DDT but he's shoved away by Mushi. Cayle charges back but Mushi manouvres himself behind Cayle, wraps both arms around his torso and hauls him up, over and down HARD to the mat!

DDK:

Devastating Suplex from Mushigihara!

Angus:

The Squid almost went through the damn canvas!

Mushi stalks Cayle but before he can get his hands on him again Jesse seizes his opportunity to chop block the fuck out of that same calf sending the God-Beast down to all fours once again.

Angus:
GODDAMIT!

Mushi tries to get to his feet but walks right Kendrix arms and is driven face first down to the mat.

DDK:
What impact, Mushi is out, COVER!

ONE!

TWOOOO!

TH...KICKOUT!

Angus:
Thank you Jebus! Thank you so very much!

Jesse, on both knees holds his head in his hands

DDK:
It's been awhile since we've had a pinfall attempt but Kendrix was inches aw...WAIT A MINUTE! KNEEBAR!

With his legs wrapped between Mushi's torso and upper thigh, Kendrix hooks his hands around his opponent's ankle and arches the knee back with all his might.

DDK:
Kendrix was lightning quick into this move and Mushi's knee has already taking a lot of damage, how much more can he take?!

Angus:
His knee isn't supposed to bend that way, Keebs, FUCK!

Mushi reaches for the ropes but he's not quite there yet. Kendrix pulls back as the God Beat holds his hands to his mask once more.

DDK:
Kendrix is screaming like a mad man, are we about to see a new FIST crowned right here, right now?!

Angus:
NO, NO, NO. NO...YES, CAYLE'S BACK IN!

Seeing his title reign about to end, the Scot clammers back into the ring but Kendrix releases the hold on Mushi. Both men up to their feet, Cayle charges with the forearm but Jesse ducks under, grabs Cayle's neck and twists down to the mat.

DDK:
Swinging neck breaker from JFK!

Cayle struggles up but Kendrix stalks him, wraps his arms around his torso from behind and lifts the FIST up, over and down on his back.

DDK:
Beautiful German Suplex

Angus:

And I'm afraid he's not finished there.

Holding on as both men make it back to their feet, Kendrix delivers another well timed Suplex, not once but twice more before finally releasing. And going for the cover.

ONE!

TWOOOO!

Angus:

NOOOOOO

THREEE...

DDK:

KICKOUT by Cayle! At the very last moment!

Kendrix looks up desperately holding three fingers at the ref who defiantly holds two back at him.

DDK:

Jesse can't believe it, how close was that Angus?!

Angus:

Too close, far too close. Can you imagine we could have had this baby as our FIST, Keebs? Look at him!

Kendrix slams his fist repeatedly into the mat out in frustration.

Angus:

All that huffing and puffing like a child and now Cayle is up. Should have taken advantage douchebag!

The two stand tall in the middle of the ring with Mushi still tending to his knee on the outside with Eddie Dante. Kendrix looks furious while Cayle exhales, gritting his teeth as the crowd cheer on the square off between the young men in the middle of the ring...queue sudden burst of forearm smashes.

DDK:

Both men giving it everything they have left in the tank here.

Angus:

They're trying to kill each other Keebs, I love it.

Cayle gets the upper hand as Kendrix staggers back, not before firing back at the FIST.

BOOOO!

YES!

BOOOO!

YES!

BOOO!

YES, YES, YES, YES!

DDK:

Cayle with the upper hand now, both men into the corner...LOW BLOW, LOW BLOW AGAIN FROM JFK!

Angus:

We need a new rule on these three way matches, people!

Managing to stay upright somehow and not hit the deck, Cayle holds onto his nether regions for dear life. The ref holds two fingers up at Kendrix, berating him for his second low blow of the match. JFK shrugs him off, holds him off, runs his hand through his hair, throws the wanker sign at Cayle and grabs the back of his head, lifts his knees to Cayle's face and pulls back...HARD!

DDK:

BELLEND! IT'S OVER!

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOO!

ONNEEEEE!

TWOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

WE GOT A NEW CHAMPION!

THRE..

Angus:

YES! I LOVE YOU MUSHIGIHARA YOU BEAUTIFUL BEAUTIFUL MASKED FREAK!

DDK:

Mushigihara with the save! Pulling JFK off of Cayle by his boots at the very last moment. I think Cayle was out for the count there!

Kendrix stares at Mushi, shaking his head at the God-Beast, spitting out at him.

DDK:

Disgusting behaviour from Kendrix.

Angus:

Now he's in trouble!

The God Beast climbs to the apron as Kendrix gets to his feet. Jesse hits a jumping forearm forcing Mushi to release one of his hands from the ropes. Jesse looks out to the opposite side and back at Mushi. Seeing him struggle to regain his balance, Jesse sets off for the opposite ropes, charges back, jumps up and is sent crashing back first to the ring.

DDK:

HUGE URANAGE FROM THE BIG MAN!

Kendrix meets the canvas with a loud bang as Eddie Dante cackles with delight. The God-Beast looks down at his fallen assailant and squats down, looking ever closer into Kendrix's reeling eyes, before turning his focus to the FIST, still recovering from the Bellend, and stomping him in the back as he struggles to get up. The monster stands tall among his opponents, and as Kendrix finally manages to get to a knee, Mushi goes right back on the offensive. Mushi hooks Kendrix's arms and hoists him in a vertical position, letting him hang upside down for a good stretch of time; five, ten, fifteen seconds, before dropping him to the mat with a THUNDEROUS butterfly suplex that sends him rolling out of the ring.

Angus:

YES! SUCK IT, KENDRIX!

The God-Beast rises to his feet and sizes up the FIST of DEFIANCE, who by now has managed to drag himself to his feet with the ropes and is now leaning in the corner.

DDK:

Cayle Murray is in a bad position here, Mushigihara is on a tear and he wants to be the FIST as badly as anyone in this match!

Angus:

Well, Eddie Dante himself said it best at DEFtv 86, Keebs; "Squid, meet Kraken."

Mushigihara:

IKUZO.

The God-Beast's war cry echoes through the Lakefront Arena as he charges towards the corner, pancaking the FIST with a nasty avalanche splash; Cayle practically bounces out of the corner and plops to the mat like a sack of rocks, enabling Mushi to go for a pin.

ONE!**TWO!**

Murray manages to shoot a shoulder up just in time, much to the slight annoyance of the King of the Monsters; nevertheless, he peels the FIST off the mat and to his feet, before pelting him in the chest with a salvo of sumo palm strikes to the chest and abdomen.

DDK:

The sumo background of Mushigihara shows once again, every single one of those palms carrying a massive amount of power behind them!

Angus:

I used to think sumo was just a sport where fat guys try and topple each other, but now... I still do, but Mushi here has taken a lot of the techniques from there and put them to good use.

Cayle has backed himself into a corner once again, his face wincing from the pain of being chopped and palmed into oblivion. The God-Beast stares once again at his prey, then looks over to the grinning visage of his manager, who nods in approval.

Angus:

I don't know what Dante's telling Mushi, but I don't think it's gonna be good for Squidboy...

The God-Beast nods back, before pulling his right arm back...

WHAP!

...and delivering a chop to the FIST's sternum that rings through New Orleans with ear-shattering volume.

WHAP!

And again.

WHAP!

And a...

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

Angus:

Hamburger meat ahoy!

DDK:

... that's gross.

The chops increase in frequency and volume. One can see Cayle's chest start to bleed and welt from all the damage it's taking.

WHAPWHAPWHAPWHAPWHAPWHAPWHAPWHAPWHAPWHAPWHAPWHAP

Cayle is now yowling in pain, as the God-Beast's stream of chips finally begins to slow down, but not weaken. As Mushi finally seems to let up, he shakes his arm while Cayle fights the pain, before looking the God-Beast in the face. Mushi simply chuckles once again before letting loose one final--

WHAP!

...chop to the chest which finally makes the FIST crumple in a heap; he clutches his chest, which now resembles hamburger meat, while Mushigihara nods in approval of the torment he has caused. He grabs the FIST by his ankles and drags him in position near the corner, before bounding himself to the opposite; with a mighty OSU, he runs back to the corner where Cayle is laying, steps over him onto the second rope, and leaps off with a thunderous reverse splash.

DDK:

DEATH STAR! MUSHI HAS LANDED THE DEATH STAR AND IN A MOMENT HE MAY BE THE NEW CHAMPION!

Angus:

OH SHIT SON!

ONE!

TWO!

NOOOOOOOOO--with a last-minute burst of strength, Cayle manages to force himself out of the pin, causing the God-Beast to rise to his knees and shake his head, before slowly rising to his feet, favoring that knee all the while.

DDK:

THAT WAS CLOSE!

Angus:

It surely was! We almost said "sayonara" to the Squid's title reign!

As Cayle himself tries to get back into the fight, Mushi addresses all who will hear with a mighty...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

The God-Beast reaches for Cayle and sets him in a position for that butterfly suplex, but Cayle gets his bearings long

enough to hold himself down, then trip Mushi to the mat and bridge over him for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Mushigihara JUST BARELY kicks out before three, and the crowd comes alive for both men; Cayle looks like he has already to hell and back, but Mushi, we can't quite tell what with his face being covered.

Angus:

You're not gonna win that way, Squiddly!

DDK:

True, but how much longer can this go on for?! We're fast approaching the 30-minute mark here!

Judging by the low, yet audible growl emanating from under the mask, we can tell he isn't quite happy either. He manages to get to his feet a split-second before Cayle, but that's all he needs to stare him down...

Mushigihara:

Uuuuuuu-WAH~!

WHAP!

And blast him with a chop to that already-tender chest that knocks Cayle back. Mushigihara is back on the offensive, reaching down to biel throw Cayle up and back down to the mat, before pulverizing him with a salvo of stomps. Cayle is back on the ropes and trying to get back to his feet, prime position for Mushi to taunt the FIST...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

...before letting loose a chop that would probably cause Cayle's head to come clean off his shoulders...

DDK:

CAYLE DODGES THE ATTACK! He's manage to get a hold on the God-Beast!

...well, if it actually connected. Instead, Cayle moves just in time for that chop to whiff harmlessly by, reach his arms around Mushigihara's massive neck and arms, and lock in an arm triangle choke that he manages to use to drag the God-Beast to the mat! Shocked, surprised, and confused, the God-Beast now has to contend with the FIST's arms trying to choke him out.

Angus:

Y'know, if Cayle takes it here, at least the FIST won't be around Shitbag's waist, right?

DDK:

But does he have enough left to put the big man away?!

Cayle wrenches it in tight, going for the choke-out. Cayle's teeth grit and his chest oozes, while Mushi's arms and legs slowly stop flailing, insinuating that he's fading fast. Brian Slater leans in and grabs Mushi's free arm by the wrist, checking to see if he is still conscious. He raises it once...

...it drops.

Slater lifts Mushi's arm for the second time...

...it drops.

DDK:

If Mushi is down for the count here, Cayle Murray will retain the FIST!

Slater reaches for the arm and raises it again. The moment of truth is here. He lets go...

DDK:

NO! IT'S NOT OVER YET!

Angus:

"BLOODY 'ELL, GUV'NOR!" That's Kendrix's inner monologue right now, Keebsy baby!

Mushigihara manages to stop himself, his hand balling into a fist. The crowd comes alive, and some are now even chanting for him! Seeking a way out of the hold, Mushi pushes his free arm towards Cayle's face, his hand finding a place under his jaw. With a strong push, Mushi also gets his trapped hand there, pushing like hell on Cayle to force a break. Mushi's not done, though. He manages to get some momentum under his feet; slowly, but surely, managing to get himself to a standing position.

Angus:

Mushigihara is surprising the Faithful tonight with his grasp of mat wrestling! I knew he was a tank, but not a tactician!

The crowd is going wild as Mushi manages to get himself to his feet, taking Cayle up with him as he keeps that arm triangle clamped in for dear life! Mushi's Mask puffs out repeatedly, suggesting heavy breathing by the man under it, as he feels around for a positional advantage.

DDK:

The God-Beast is digging in! He could be a moment away from leaving the Lakefront Arena with the FIST!

He finds it by tucking his head underneath the FIST's back, far enough away from his center of gravity to not only force Cayle to release his grip, but also for Mushi to hoist him onto his shoulders, facing the ceiling. The crowd is coming unglued, as Mushigihara mutters two words to bring a sense of finality to tonight's festivities...

Mushigihara:

Atorasu... KATTAH

Angus:

HE DROPPED CAYLE WITH HIS ATLAS CUTTER BEFORE, KEEBS! THIS COULD BRING HOME THE...

Kendrix has finally come to, and has rushed over towards Mushi, knees first, to drop him with the Bellend. Mushi, however, seems to have spotted it long enough to split his legs out, adopting a wide stance keeping Kendrix from dropping him to the mat. After a moment of stillness, the God-Beast snaps upward, LAUNCHING Kendrix into the air and landing onto his shoulders. Kendrix tries to faze Mushi with lefts and rights, but it's all in vain, as the King of the Monsters, with Cayle Murray resting atop his shoulders behind him, and Kendrix on his shoulders in front, begins to spin.

DDK:

I don't think we've ever seen something like this before, what could Mushi be plann--

Angus:

AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH HOLY FUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!

THU-THUD!

The crowd has come undone as Mushigihara drives both of his opponents to the mat in convincing fashion; Cayle Murray with his signature Atlas Cutter neckbreaker, and Kendrix with a high-altitude, high-impact spinning powerbomb. All three men lay in a heap in the ring, with only Mushigihara making any signal that he's still in this. The

crowd, for its part, shows its appreciation for what just occurred.

GOD-BEAST! *stompstomp*

GOD-BEAST! *stompstomp*

GOD-BEAST! *stompstomp*

GOD-BEAST! *stompstomp*

Mushigihara manages to get to a sitting position, with one hand clutching his wounded leg and the other grabbing behind his mask. He sees his adversaries down and out, though, and slowly starts to crawl towards them as the crowd continues its chant.

GOD-BEAST! *stompstomp*

GOD-BEAST! *stompstomp*

GOD-BEAST! *stompstomp*

GOD-BEAST! *stompstomp*

The God-Beast manages to plop himself in a heap near Cayle Murray and Kendrix, laying an arm on each one.

DDK:

HE HAS BOTH MEN PINNED! IF ONE OF THEM STAYS DOWN, WE WILL HAVE A NEW FIST OF DEFIANCE!

Slater rushes in, slapping both hands to the mat for each count, as the crowd counts along.

ONE!

TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!

...

Any louder, and the roof of the Lakefront Arena may very well pop off.

There are people in the stands, visibly jumping up and down in excitement.

Brian Slater is kneeling, turning to the timekeeper, and raising both hands.

Each of those hands have two fingers up.

DDK:

WOOOOOOOOOOOOW!

Angus:

WHAT EVEN IS THIS, KEEBS?!

DDK:

I DON'T KNOW, ANGUS, BUT THE FAITHFUL ARE LOVING !!

Cayle Murray and Kendrix both managed to shoot a shoulder up, off the mat, before Slater could count to three. The

looks on each of their faces suggest that this was done, not on force of will, but pure instinct and muscle memory.

And an intrepid cameraman at ringside focuses on Mushigihara, our view of him so close that we can see through the mesh covering his eyes, giving us a glimpse into his face, his mind, his soul. The force of nature most characterized by raw power, fury, and destruction, is staring at us with a visible look of terror and uncertainty in his eyes. The look of a man who just unloaded his entire arsenal onto his foes, only for them to refuse to die. A man who just pulled his last rabbit out of his hat, and is at a loss of what to do next.

Angus:

HOLY FUCKING SHIT, KEEBS! WHAT THE FUCK IS EVEN HAPPENING HERE?! WHAT. THE. FUCK?!?!

DDK:

That may be the closest call I have ever seen in any match in DEFIANCE! Mushigihara had both Cayle Murray AND Kendrix dead to rights, but they both managed to dig deep down, find something to burn to stay in this match, and keep on fighting!

Mushi's leg is really starting to feel it, if the rate at which he's getting back to his feet is any indication. Not that Cayle and Kendrix are any better off, but still.

Mushi manages to get to his feet first, then Kendrix, who shakes the cobwebs out before sizing up the monster and finding a blind spot, before lunging in and taking out his leg with a knee clip.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

CUNT OFF, CUNTO!

Mushi drops down, and Kendrix sees the advantage, holding on to his leg and stomping the knee, causing the monster to grunt in pain. The crowd is letting Kendrix have it, especially as he wrenches in a toehold to milk their hatred.

Angus:

I swear to fuck, Keebs, if this moron ends up winning the FIST after all the shit Mushi has done...

Brian Slater leans in and asks Mushigihara if he gives up, but the God-Beast simply shakes his head and fights on. Before long, he manages to grab the ropes and force a break of the hold. Kendrix gloats once again to the jeering crowd, as Mushi struggles to reach his feet yet again. Kendrix forces Slater out of the way and plants his boot on Mushi's throat, choking him for a bit before gesturing the big man to get up. Mushigihara makes it to his feet, lined up perfectly for Kendrix to launch another superkick towards his jaw... only for Mushi to grab Kendrix's foot and spin him around, before locking on his arms.

DDK:

Full nelson! Mushi lifts, and this could be the Chaos Engine!

Mushi's knee, however, buckles, allowing Kendrix to break free and land on his feet, turning to face Mushi and give him a disrespectful slap to the face.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Oh my....

Angus:

OH YES...

Mushi, gritting through his knee pain, is NOT happy, and responds with a swift chop to the throat, which brings

Kendrix down to one knee, before grabbing him by the wrist and yanking him into that signature bear hug...

DDK:

We've seen this before, and it could give Mushi the FIST... and there is that suplex!

...and dropping him down with a belly to belly suplex. Mushi quickly rolls onto Kendrix, unaware of the now-stirring FIST making his way up the corner.

ONE!

TWO!

THUD

Angus:

SQUIIIIIIIIIIIIID!

While Mushi had Kendrix covered, the FIST had managed to perch himself onto the top rope, leaping off and planting both feet direct onto the back of the God-Beast's head before rolling off. Mushi rolls off of Kendrix, clutching his head, as Brian Slater holds two fingers up for the timekeeper to see

Angus:

JEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEZUS!

DDK:

ANOTHER PINFALL ATTEMPT FOILED!

Angus:

I got a sneaky feeling we might be headed for a time limit draw, partner!

DDK:

I wouldn't be surprised, but there's a long way to go yet!

All three men are on the mat, writhing in various states of agony. Mushi is probably hurting more than anyone, but he also happens to be the biggest, toughest bastard in the match, so of course he shows the first signs of life.

Angus:

The beast awakens!

DDK:

And Kendrix is crawling too!

As Mushi rolls onto one side, JFK starts scratching at the mat, desperate to pull himself across the ring. Cayle, meanwhile, coughs and splutters into a seated position.

DDK:

Cayle too! And listen to this crowd! It's absolutely electric in here!

Sure enough, the place is going bananas. Cayle moves onto all fours, then gradually clambers his way up. He throws his hair back, sending drops of sweat flying everywhere.

DDK:

What nex-- WAIT!

Angus:

MUSHIIIIIIII!

The God-Beast *throws* his arm at Cayle...

Angus:

LARIATOOOOOOOOO--

DDK:

NO! DUCKED!

Murray charges beneath Mushi, darts towards the ropes, then belts JFK over the top rope right a clothesline!

DDK:

OUT GOES KENDRIX!

But Mushi *WALLOPS* Cayle from behind!

Angus:

GET SQUASHED!

DDK:

BUT CAN HE FOLLOW UP?! THAT LEG'S GOTTA BE HURTING!

Sure enough, Mushi stumbles.

Angus:

Oh shit!

DDK:

He might be the biggest, meanest SOB in DEFIANCE, but he's still a human being, and that knee is in pieces!

The God-Beast grunts. Cayle's starting to get up. With Eddie Dante screaming on the outside, Mushi battles through the pain, grabs hold of Cayle...

DDK:

URANAAAAAAGE!

NOOOO!

DD-motherfuckin'-T!

Angus:

WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA?!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

WHAT AN INCREDIBLE COUNTER!

Murray drives Mushi's head into the mat. He stays flat on his back himself.

Angus:

SUPERB ADJUSTMENT!

DDK:

JUST AS MUSHI WAS GONNA OBLITERATE CAYLE, MURRAY SNAPPED BACK TO LIFE, DRIVING HIM INTO THE MAT!

Angus:

NOT BAD FOR A SEA CREATURE!

Cayle's running on fumes.

He plants one foot into the mat.

Another.

The crowd spur him on.

Fortunately, fumes are still enough to charge the ropes.

Mushi sits upright.

Cayle throws his boot.

DDK:

PENALTY KICK!

Angus:

RIGHT TO THE CHEST!

... Mushi sits *BOLT* fucking upright! IMMEDIATELY.

Angus:

WHAT THE SHIT--?!

The crowd roar, but Cayle doesn't panic. He runs the ropes, comes back, PK...

RIGHT TO THE FACE!

DDK:

MY GOD!

Angus:

THAT'S A GODDAMN CONCUSSION!

DDK:

AND THE COVER--

Angus:

NO! WHAT THE HELL IS HE DOING?!

Instead of pinning, Cayle grabs The God-Beast's head. Throws it under his arm.

Looks around the building.

DDK:

Is he--?!

Starts *LIFTING* the big bastard off the mat.

Angus:

OH GOD...

DDK:

SURELY HE DOESN'T HAVE THE STRENGTH!?

The first heave gets Mushigihara to his feet, but Cayle can't quite pull him off the ground in one smooth motion.

The second?

DDK:

HE'S UP!

Angus:

WHAT THE HELL?!

Cayle's legs wobble.

Not a lot left.

Not.

A lot.

... left.

Murray snaps backwards.

Angus:

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU--

Kicks his own legs off the mat.

Angus:

--UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!

DRIVES Mushi's head in the mat!

DDK:

SPIKE BRAINBUSTER!

Both men are *SPENT*.

But only one might be unconscious.

Cayle rolls onto his fallen foe.

DDK:

AND NOW THE COVER!

ONE!

Angus:

IT...

TWO!

Angus:

IS...

THREE!

Angus:

OVER!

DDK:

CAYLE RETAINS! CAYLE RETAINS!

The Faithful fucking lose it. Celldweller hits on the PA. Murray rolls onto his back, then pumps both fists in the air.

Angus:

I'M EXHAUSTED KEEBS!

DDK:

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE! A BREATHLESS MATCH - ONE WITHOUT REST OR RESPITE - BUT ONLY ONE MAN HAD ENOUGH TO SURVIVE!

Darren Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR WINNER...

Brian Slater comes over with the FIST belt.

Darren Quimbey:

AND STILL FIST OF DEFIAAAAANNNNCCCEEEEEEEEEEE!

The big, brawny ref helps Cayle to his feet. The Scot staggers, but has enough left to take the belt and hold it high up into the heavens.

Darren Quimbey:

CAAAAAAYLE MURRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

An incredible display from all three men! Absolutely incredible! Kendrix *ALMOST* cheated his way to glory on a

number of different occasions, and let's not forget the job he did on Mushi's knee!

Angus:

That was a huge deciding factor in this, Keebs! If he hadn't done that work, I don't know if Cayle could be celebrating right now!

DDK:

And Mushi, with a career performance, summoned all the brute force in the world to snatch that belt away! Not only that, but we saw him become a truly three-dimensional worker tonight, showing incredible spirit, and surprising dexterity on the mat!

Exhausting, Cayle falls forward onto the ropes, but he's still grinning.

Still holding the belt.

DDK:

But in the end, it was Cayle Murray's grit, fire, and persistence that prevailed!

Angus:

Helluva fuckin' performance, I'll give him that!

DDK:

In my eyes, there is no complete performer in the world right now! His other major victories were brutal, bloody wars, but this? This was a pure wrestling match, and he came out on top!

Angus:

You know I don't really like this boy, Keebs, but there's a reason he's the gorram FIST! What a night for the Squid Kid!

Cayle Murray is in the center of the ring now. He stands with his arms raised in victory.

DDK:

That's one that will go down in the history books, folks! Cayle Murray emerges victorious here in second title defence since winning the FIST, and now, history awaits!

Angus:

Let's be honest, anything is better than that limey douche douche! It's just a shame he wasn't the one being pinned!

DDK:

Folks, that's all we've got time for tonight! I've been "Downtown" Darren Kee--

The lights in the arena die down quickly along with Cayle Murray's theme song....Then a familiar sound...

DDK:

What on earth...?

♪ "Blunt Blowin" by Lil Wayne ♪

The fans come unglued from their seats.

Angus:

No! No! No! No! No! Not this!....anything but this!

DDK:

Oh my god, that's the theme for...

The signature red carpet rolls down the entrance ramp, Cayle walks over to the ropes facing the stage, still breathing hard, the single spotlight hits the stage. Through the curtain comes the man himself...

DDK:

It's Mikey Unlikely!

Angus:

AWWWWWWWWWWWWW, *FUUUUUCK!*

Unlikely is in a pair of black slacks with dress shoes and a tucked in white dress shirt. He wears his signature aviator sunglasses and his short black hair is gelled down. The crowd is deafening with the boos although a smattering of cheers can be heard for the Hollywood Icon. Mikey doesn't bother posing, or worrying about the fans, he heads straight down towards the ring, mouthing something.

Angus:

I THOUGHT we drove this buffoon away!

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely, a movie star, a musician, and also a former DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion, is heading down the ramp towards the ring. Cayle looks like he's ready for the challenge!

Angus:

Take em out Squid!

Mikey slowly reaches up and pulls his shirt out from the tucked position and begins to unbutton his shirt.

Angus:

Wait a minute! What the hell is this!

Behind the FIST of DEFIANCE, Kendrix re-enters the ring. There's a commotion at the guard rail as well as a few people begin to climb over.

DDK:

Can we get a camer.....That's David Hightower and Jamie Sawyers!

Angus:

And that's not all!

Once Hightower crosses the guardrail, he is quickly followed by Theo Baylor, Crimson Lord, and Jack Harmen.

Angus:

Wait a hot damn minute! Wait just a minute...

There are now six men in the ring behind Cayle, who is completely oblivious as Mikey climbs the ring steps. Shirt now unbuttoned all the way down. He rips it off.

Angus:

TURN AROUND SQUID! GET OUTTA THERE!

Then it begins....

All six men jump Cayle from behind, the fists and forearms are everywhere. It doesn't take long for Cayle to fall, then the boots come fast and furious. Mikey enters the ring now with a wide smile on his face. Cayle doesn't stand a chance

against all these men at once.

DDK:

This is malicious! Mikey Unlikely has orchestrated some type of attack on Cayle Murray!

The men pick up Cayle and Crimson Lord picks him up for a chokeslam and brings him down across the knee for the backbreaker!

DDK:

The Hollow Point! Why is this happening!?

Angus:

I've got a theory...

David Hightower backs into the corner and comes out with his patented knee drop across the face of Murray. Cayle is out! Kendrix applies the Kendrix Kross on him. The referee is doing everything he can to break the hold. Until Harmen grabs him and tosses him through the ropes to the arena floor. Cayle is now all alone.

DDK:

This is *INSANE*, Angus! These mean are mauling the FIST!

Angus:

This... this isn't good.

Mikey Unlikely grabs the FIST championship from the mat and tells everyone to "pick him up". The fans boo loudly as Harmen, and Kendrix pick him up and hold Cayle in a standing position. Mikey get's in Cayle's face. He is yelling at Cayle angrily. Mikey hoists back the title for a big swing. Just when he does the fans explode as a blur comes running down the ramp and into the ring.

Angus:

That's Dan Ryan! Dan is here! He *TOLD* Cayle he'd do what's best for DEFIANCE, and here he comes!

Dan Ryan hits the ring and slides underneath the bottom rope. He makes it halfway across the ring before his momentum stops him. As he stands, the group of attackers dive out of the ring to avoid the big man. Mikey is the first one out of there.

DDK:

He did it! Dan Ryan just cleared the ring, saving Cayle Murray!

Ryan does a full circle with his back to Murray, fists raised, daring anyone to get involved.

Angus:

See! You can always count on Dan Ryan to do the right thing, Keebs!

Ryan fixes his eyes on Mikey, who frowns and glares at Ryan in the ring. Ryan continues to stare Mikey Unlikely down, but Mikey holds his ground, and no one else makes a move toward the ring.

DDK:

Dan Ryan is single-handedly holding off this group of... whatever they are.... Trying take shots at the champion....

Cayle Murray starts to rise behind Dan Ryan.

Mikey Unlikely nods.

DDK:

Wait, WHAT?!?!

Ryan spins around and boots Cayle Murray in the midsection. Cayle starts to flop to the ground, having nothing left after the attack earlier, but Ryan grabs his by the head on his way down and snaps him into a standing headscissors, then brings him up and DOWN HARD with a Humility Bomb, bouncing the back of the FIST of DEFIANCE's head off the mat with a sickening THUD.

Angus:

My God, did you see that!! I told you Dan Ryan couldn't be trusted!!

DDK:

Are you kidding me?! You're the one who just said --

Angus:

Don't bother me with details.

The camera goes back to Mikey Unlikely, who now has a grin on his face a mile wide. He and the rest climb back inside and approach. Dan Ryan stands over Murray, the boos getting louder and louder, looking down without expression. Ryan turns his head as Mikey approaches, and shakes the hand of a THRILLED former Southern Heritage champion.

DDK:

You've got to be kidding me! What is this!? Dan Ryan has turned on Cayle Murray...

Angus:

And shook hands with the devil himself! I'm going to be sick...

DDK:

I can't believe what I'm seeing ladies and gentlemen... I don't know what this means for Cayle Murray or the FIST, I don't know what this means for DEFIANCE! Be sure to tune in to DEFtv for all the DEFcon fallout! We're out of time!

Fade on Mikey and Ryan overlooking Cayle.

This.

WAS.

DEFIANCE.