

QUOTENT QUOTABLES

Timestamp: About two hours before the only show that matters on a Tuesday night...

Back behind the Wrestle-Plex, where cars are filing in before show time, Lance Warner is waiting, trying to see if he can get a scoop or a word with one of the wrestlers coming in for the show. Warner is jittery. Nothing but crew and office staff. He looks around and sighs, thinking he might go in and grab a bite to eat if no one is coming in yet. Just then, a limousine comes around into view and rolls up near the door. The back door opens.

Jackpot.

Dan Ryan steps out into view, sunglasses pulled over his eyes. He reaches back into the car and pulls out a bag before shutting the door. He sees Lance Warner immediately, but ignores him. Maybe he's here for something else.

Nope.

Warner approaches Ryan, excitedly. Ryan sighs.

Lance Warner:

Dan Ryan! This is great. Can I get a quick word with you before you go inside?

Ryan looks at him and makes a hand motion as if to say "If it will make you go away," but he doesn't actually say it.

Lance Warner:

Great!

Warner motions to his cameraman and he starts rolling.

Lance Warner:

Dan Ryan, tonight you and Lindsay Troy take on the team of Bronson Box and Eugene Dewey in the main event...

Ryan nods.

Lance Warner:

...I think what everyone wants to know is what the situation is between you and Lindsay Troy right now. Considering what happened after her gauntlet match last week, they want to know why you weren't there when she came through the curtain after her match like you said you would be.

Dan Ryan: [immediately annoyed]

Is that what everyone wants to know?

Lance Warner:

It seems like there's some tension there.

Dan Ryan:

Ask me something else, Warner.

Lance Warner:

I just want to know, as the Faithful do, if everything is alright between the two of you going into your match tonight.

Dan Ryan:

When I told you to ask me something else just now, was there a secondary option implied in there somewhere? Was I not clear enough for you? Let me clarify. Ask me something else.... or YOU... [Ryan gets uncomfortably close to Warner, leaning in] ..are going head first.... into THAT. [Ryan points back at the limo.]

Warner looks at Ryan, then at the car, then back at Ryan, then back at the car, like C-3PO arguing that R2 made a fair

move in Dejarik and wondering if he'll get his arms torn off.

Lance Warner:

OK, new question.

Ryan relaxes and straightens up.

Lance Warner:

Since you and Lindsay Troy have had some tension lately, what will your strategy be going into the championship match at Ascension?

Dan Ryan: [gritting his teeth]

That sounds suspiciously like a new question with shades of the old question.

Lance Warner: [getting frustrated]

I'm just trying to get to the bottom of this. I certainly don't want to faceplant into a car, but these are the things people want know!

Ryan looks down at Warner. He considers several things. Some of them involve violence. Another involves just walking away. In the end, he chooses perhaps the least wise.

Dan Ryan: [narrowing his eyes and leaning back in]

Why is this the only thing anyone wants to know about? Why aren't you asking me what I think about Bronson worming his way into the match at Ascension? Or how I see tonight going without bringing up these phantom issues between Lindsay and I? You could ask how I see things going tonight when they come face to face with us and give it the old college try, or in Bronson's case, the old community college try. But no, you just want to keep digging, keep probing. Alright, fine. You want a quote to run? I'll give you a quote. I'll tell you why I wasn't there when Lindsay came back from her match. I had better things to do, alright? I had better things to do. I'm not her fucking sidekick, and it's not my job to wipe her ass. There. Now you've got a quote to run with.

Ryan pushes past Lance Warner, not hard enough to hurt him, but hard enough that it's clear they're done here. Ryan goes through the main back entrance door as Lance Warner just watches on.

THE RUNDOWN - WELCOME TO THE SHOW

Fading in with a sweeping shot of the raucous crowd, we find four thousand strong of the most DEFIANT fanbase in the business, the Faithful. They are jam packed inside the Wrestle-Plex on this, DEFIANCE's first show of 2016!

UNDERFEETED!

I'M STILL DRUNK FROM NEW YEARS!

SNOWBACKS STOLE MY JOB!

I'M READY TO ASCEND!

cVc FEARS THE BERN!

JONNY

DUSTY GRIFFITH vs JASON NATAS

The shot cuts to the ring where Darren Quimbey awaits to introduce the opening content of the evening as the beat begins to rain down.

Angus:

I tell ya what though, Keebs, I think Mayberry really asked for this match because he knows Ol' Fatas here is ripe for the picking.

DDK:

That's one way of looking at it. I, however, think Big Dust sees a guy in Jason Natas, who is struggling to get it clicking after being out of action for so long, and wants to help him draw out his talent... by giving him just a good old fashion fight here tonight.

Angus:

That doesn't make a lick of sense does it? Personally, my get the easy win while the getting is good theory makes more sense, but you're probably right, that sounds like some zen warrior nonsense that Mayberry would believe in.

♪ "NY State of Mind" by Nas ♪

The Anti-Superstar stomps out from behind the curtains wearing a black tee shirt with 'THE PUGILIST' stretched across the chest and sporting a noticeable look of determination on his face as he power walks down to the ring. Getting to ringside, Natas takes a couple quick steps towards the ring and rolls in under the bottom rope before climbing to his feet. Claiming his side of the ring, Natas loosens up as he awaits his opponents arrival.

The music fades and soon the Faithful are on their feet when that familiar opening drum beats begins to pound the airwaves of the Wrestle-Plex.

♪ "I Love It Loud" by KISS ♪

With the Faithful stomping and clapping along with the beat, Dusty Griffith emerges from behind the curtain to a deafening roar of cheers as the song kicks into gear with its droning riffs. Dusty never breaks his stride as it actually picks up once he hits the ramp. Charging down the aisle towards the ring, he dives in under the bottom rope, where he quickly pops to his feet and takes a few laps rebounding back and forth across the ring. Bouncing to a stop in the center of the ring, Griffith scans the crowd as he turns to see the entire jam packed arena before going to his corner.

Referee Hector Navarro gives a few instructions, but neither man appears to pay him any mind, with Dusty removing his jacket and Natas pacing in his corner like a caged animal. A moment later Navarro calls for the bell, which might as well have been like a starting pistol because The Pugilist explodes from his corner, charging The Wild Bronco. The tactic catches Dusty off guard, who covers up as Natas swarms him with a furious barrage of strikes in the corner.

Griffith tries to escape the corner, but the aggressive Natas stays on him, driving him into another corner as he unleashes his frustrations on the former World Champion. Dusty tries to create some separation and fires back with a couple of elbows, but Natas is relentless and continues to pour on the damage until sending Griffith across the ring to the opposite corner. Natas dashes across the ring and scores with a Back Elbow Splash in the corner.

Griffith staggers out of the corner as Natas rushes towards the ropes. On the rebound, Natas looks to take Dusty's head off with a Yakuza Kick, but he instinctively dodges it and tries to grab the Pugilist with a waistlock. Natas escapes with a few back elbows to Griffith's face and then tries for a Spinning Back Fist, but Dusty again avoids the shot as he ducks and grabs the waistlock as Natas spins around before snapping him up and over with a Backdrop Suplex!

Full of adrenaline fueled aggression, Natas rolls through the impact and takes aim, rushing back at Dusty as he scrambles around to locate the Anti-Superstar. Griffith, showing his quick thinking, rolls out of the way before Natas could score with his basement double knee strike he calls the Facebreaker. Both scramble around to locate the other

and we have a stalemate as the Faithful erupt with a storm of cheers and claps as the two of them stared back at each other.

A moment later the approach in the center of the ring and lockup, pushing and pulling against each other like two big bulls fighting for dominance. Natas however proves quite capable in Dusty's wheelhouse and goes strength for strength against him until Dusty grabs a headlock, but Natas pushes him off. Griffith rebounds off the ropes and slams into Natas with a shoulder that doesn't budge the Pugilist even an inch.

They eye each other briefly before locking up again, this time Natas grabbing a headlock and getting shoved off. Likewise, Natas comes off the ropes and barrels into Dusty with a shoulder block that doesn't move the Wild Bronco. Not satisfied with this, the two challenge each other to keep trying and that's exactly what they do, taking turns to rush the ropes and slam into each other with a thunderous shoulder block.

This continues until Dusty manages to finally "win" as he knocks Natas back a couple steps. Seeing his chance, Dusty tries to follow up with another, but Natas shows his own quick thinking as he changes gears and pops Griffith up and blasts him with a EUROPEAN UPPERCUT in mid-air that floors him! Natas dives on top of Griffith for the cover, but only gets a brief two count, earning himself a round of applause from the Faithful.

Natas looks to follow up, clubbing Dusty with forearms before rushing the ropes and clipping Griffith with a YAKUZA KICK to the side of the skull. This seemed to awaken Dusty, who popped right up and returned fire with an Elbow Smash to the head. Natas returned the favor with another Yakuza Kick that flattened Griffith and then tried for the NEW YORK MINUTE DDT, but Griffith countered out with release NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX!

Undeterred, Natas is the quicker of the two to get up and pummels Dusty as he gets to his feet. Having had enough of this, Griffith shoves him back and then blasts him with an Elbow Smash as Natas charged back. Natas comes back and scores with the Yakuza Kick, setting off another exchange as he and Griffith go tit for tat, running front kicks versus elbow smashes. This continues until Dusty finally floors Natas with a pair of successive elbows before dropping to the mat himself.

Both recover as the Faithful cheer and clap for both of them to continue, but suddenly those cheers turn sour as JONNY BOOYA and ALECZANDER THE GREAT rush the ring! Booya tags Natas, while Alecz zeroes in on Griffith. The two musclebound meatheads swarm their targets with a barrage of clubbing blows as Natas and Griffith were trying to get back to their feet. Referee Hector Navarro has no choice but to call for the bell, making this match a no contest.

DDK:

What are these two doing?!

Angus:

Why does Alecz have to ruin a good HOSS-smashing by involving the flat topped moron?

DDK:

Who cares about that? These two are ruining what was a heckuva barnburner!

Alecz and Booya continue their assault, dragging their foes into opposing corners, but get the tables turned on them when Dusty and Natas counter stereo Irish Whips and send the Super Muscle Bros crashing into each other! Natas targets Booya and tackles him to the outside, where Natas finally gets a chance to unload his frustration on one of the two muscle monsters who have been taking every chance to make his return miserable.

Meanwhile, Dusty grabs on to the staggering Aleczander and looks to send him flying, but the Mancunian Muscle shrugs him off. Alecz snarls at an equally angry Griffith, each hurling threats that turn into the two of throwing bombs at each other. Dusty blocks one wild haymaker and tries to send Alecz for a ride, but is suddenly cut off by the arrival of ANGEL TRINIDAD, who crashes his big boot right to the side of Dusty's head with a PUMP KICK!

Angus:

HAH, YAAAAAAAAS! OUR HOSS OVERLORD HAS ARRIVED!

Angel and Alecz regroup and look to lay a two on one beating on Dusty, both of them stomping the proverbial mudhole into him. However, before they could walk it dry, the Faithful erupt with cheers when FRANK DYLAN JAMES and MASSIVE COWBOY charge down to the ring! In seconds they're on Team HOSS and a whole new brawl ensues, Cowboy tackling into Alecz, while Big Frank collides with Angel!

DDK:

What a mess we have here tonight, partner!

Angus:

I know ain't it great!? Dare I say it's PANDA BEAR LINOLEUM!?

Soon Dusty is up and jumps back into the fray of the HOSS on Southern Bastard violence. Meanwhile Booya and Natas continue to clobber each other out on the floor. Moments later DEFsec floods the ring and immediately goes to work separating the warring clusters that are scattered in and outside of the ring.

Angus:

Aww, c'mon! Let 'em all fight, damnit! BOO! BOOOOOO!

DDK:

Good lord, we'll be back in a moment after DEFsec's Finest gets this mess cleaned up!

One squad of DEFsec pull Dusty Griffith from the ring, who is engaged in a shouting match with Aleczander, who is still in the ring. While another crew try to keep Natas and Booya apart as they drag them away towards the back as the shot cuts to elsewhere in the building.

ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER

The shot cuts elsewhere in the Wrestle-Plex, where we find ourselves following the generally-unmistakable figure of Harmony along the corridors. The brunette beauty nods as DEFIANCE staff pass her on her journey until she turns a corner and is stopped dead in her tracks by walking into someone.

Harmony:

Oh, I am so sorry!

She looks up to find a startled Henry Keyes standing in front of her as he does the same and they both pause for a moment then point.

Harmony and Henry Keyes (In unison):

I was just looking for you!

Harmony looks at the Airship Pirate with a slightly-skeptical look on her face, waiting for the inevitable.

Henry Keyes:

Miss Scott!

Harmony's face breaks and cracks a smile, glad to know she won't have to go through the previous show's shenanigans.

Harmony:

Please Henry, call me Harmony. I don't stand on ceremony.

Henry Keyes:

Fair enough, Miss Harmony!

Harmony raises an eyebrow for a second then shrugs it off.

Harmony:

I'll go with it. Anyway, I'm glad I've found you. I wanted to say thank you for the little bit of help last week with Crank. I'm fairly sure he's a few sandwiches short of a picnic, if you get my drift.

Henry's normally wild face focuses to a scowl.

Henry Keyes:

There's something about that man, Miss Harmony. He's a fellow that needs a good wallop, I would say. And, truth be told, it was pure instinct to run in there - after all, you're now one of my boon companions, eh?!

Keyes pats Harmony hard on the shoulder, sending her lurching forward a half step. She straightens herself up with a chuckle.

Harmony:

Indeed! Well I appreciate it whether it was instinct or not. It felt rather enjoyable to make that cretin look like a complete fool out there.

Henry Keyes:

If only I could have pulled my own share! The BELL CLAP missed its target, after all. Well, it's as they say - no claps, no glory!

Harmony this time looks a little confused, not entirely sure what to make of what Henry just said.

Henry Keyes:

Perhaps that's a sentiment Miss Troy can elaborate on another time - which, by the way, despite last week's embarrassing snafu I truly do hope my cadre of wartime battle-mates includes you both!

She breaks into a smile, resting her hand on Henry's shoulder.

Harmony:

Don't worry about it. We look very similar so I can see where the confusion would occur.

Chance Von Crank appears from the corridors. Henry and Harmony both brace for a fight. His gaze locked on the two.

cVc:

The Shock N' Rolla seeks his revenge this night. One or both of you will pay with your asses... Whether it be the butt pirate...

Crank points at Keyes, whose smile immediately turns sour.

cVc:

Or... The British Vixen that looks like a man...

Crank then points at Harmony.

Harmony:

You are one sad, strange little man, and I pity you deeply.

cVc:

I...

Harmony, cVc and Keyes all hush as they turn their heads when they're interrupted by the sound of two familiar voices approaching.

Tyrone Walker:

Aye, bruh, she didn't even want you in the buildin' after last week, you gotta adapt some skill points to your chill tonight.

Sam Horry:

Yeah, but you saw how that dude pulled me from off the ropes. Then he started poppin' off at the mouth like he was 'bout that life. Stormtrooper number....whatever he was, caught a bad one.

Tyrone Walker:

Truth, cuz, but then there was like, 4 other people you beat down too.

Sam Horry:

Anybody can get it, nah'mean? Effin' with me, it ain't safe.

Tyrone Walker: nodding

Heard, just remember, Jake's the ass that needs beatin', not some dudes just tryna do their jobs out there...

Ty trails off as he notices Harmony, Keyes, and cVc standing there.

Chance takes his wallet out of his back pocket and moves it to the front pocket while specifically staring Ty down.

Tyrone Walker:

Yooo, what it do, Mini-Troy?

Harmony: grimacing

I'm stuck with that now, aren't I?

Sam Horry:

Harmony, what's good, ma?

Harmony:

Aren't you a sight for sore eyes?

Sam and Harmony, longtime friends, hug. Ty meanwhile turns to Keyes, who engages the Black Jesus in another incredibly complicated silent handshake, which grabs everyone else's attention and seemingly mesmerises Harmony and cVc. The exception is Sam who, having his own unique handshake with Ty, recognizes many of the hand movements immediately. Sam casually joins in treating everybody to a three-way handshake that leaves those not involved completely dumbstruck. Keyes grins at his new comrade-in-shakes as they wrap it up with a triple-dove half-rodeo finger blaster.

Harmony:

What in the world...

cVc:

That's how the blacks have to communicate so the police won't hear.

Ty and Sam turn to look at cVc with a similar "what do you mean **you people?**" sort of look. Keyes turns to cVc with a blank expression.

Henry Keyes:

What are blacks?

Before anything can go down, Jake Donovan jumps aboard this crazy train, whistling the tune of "Burn it down," as he flicks a silver zippo open and shut, the metallic sound punctuating the beat of the song.

Jake Donovan:

Hey Sam, you're looking better. A shame, the crispy look was really starting to suit you.

Chuckling, Jake looks pretty pleased with himself.

Jake Donovan:

Too bad all those officials decided to protect you last week, I'd have been happy to send you back to the burn unit, permanently this time...

Sam twitches as he makes to lunge at the young firestarter, but his cousin Ty is quick to move in between them. The whole time Jake has his head cocked with a wicked grin.

Sam Horry:

Ain't nobody gonna protect you at Ascension, remember that. I hope you're able to keep that sense of humor after our match at Ascension and everybody wonders whether or not you'll ever wrestle again.

Jake's grin just grows as he lights a flame and runs his fingers through the fire.

Jake Donovan:

By the way, how's that hot little agent of yours? When I was near her last, that shriek she gave.....mmmmmm, goosebumps.

Sam immediately lunges for Donovan with Harmony and Ty stepping in Sam's path to hold him back. Jake continues a hearty laugh in Sam's face, angering Sam all the more.

Ty Walker:

Save it for Ascension Sam, remember you're on time out, cuz!

Jake Donovan:

Yeah, 'cuz'. Time out.

Heeding his cousin's words, Sam fades into the background all the while pointing at Jake. Meanwhile and with a gleam in his eyes, Chance begins to stare at Harmony's cleavage. She notices almost immediately. He continues to stare even after she catches him. Harmony shoves Chance suddenly.

cVc:

Can I play with one of those?

cVc leers at Harmony like the perviest of pervy pervs, because the dirty bastard has no tact whatsoever. Harmony glares at cVc with disgust for about a second before her hand flashes across his face, leaving a red imprint of her palm on his cheek. Crank shakes himself after the blow, bringing a hand up to his face as a sickening smile curls his lips and then lunges at the British Vixen with a right hand that is suddenly caught by Henry Keyes!

Henry Keyes:

MISTAKE.

Keyes, with a surprisingly fierce anger in his eyes, holds cVc's arms and begins pushing forward until cVc buckles and the pair end up on the floor. Fists start flying, first with Keyes on top, then with cVc gaining advantage. cVc rakes Keyes's eyes and breaks free for a moment, getting to his feet and pointing at Harmony. Jake Donovan laughs at Keyes's pain as he gets to his feet, which causes Harmony to shove Donovan's shoulder with a mean look.

Tyrone Walker:

Yo, now hold up!

Ty says as he steps in pulling apart the fracas that develops in front of him before it can get out of control.

Tyrone Walker:

If yall wanna be wild n' out, might as well do it in the ring later tonight.

Standing at Walker's side, Horry nods, metaphorically backing his play. Donovan glares back at the cousins as he takes a spot next to cVc, slapping him on the chest as if to ask "you wanna do this?" To which cVc nods as he makes with the evil eyes towards Keyes and Harm, who stand across from him and Jake, both nodding a silent agreement to partner up tonight.

Henry Keyes:

I've been itching for a good fight for YEARS. But I suppose you two SCOFFLAWS will have to do.

cVc and Jake scowl at those words, but with Walker standing right there giving them the Samuel L. Jackson wide eyed stare to "get the fuck outta here," they back away with bad intentions for their foes later tonight. Keyes continues staring hard at cVc and Donovan and throws a lazy backhanded pat with his right hand that ends up quasi-chopping Harmony across the collarbone. He hasn't quite mastered the cool-guy no-look bro punch to the shoulder with Harmony.

Henry Keyes:

Prepare the battlements, Miss Harmony!

Declares the Airship Pirate before walking off with Harmony, presumably to strategize for the squared circle combat that is in their near future tonight... And we take it back to the arena for more exciting action!

TEAM HOSS vs FDJ & MASSIVE COWBOY

We return to the arena. That's right. We're gonna Just In Progress this shit.

DDK:

And we're back and we're going RIGHT into the action! We originally had this match scheduled for a little later in the night, but since all four competitors are out here, we've got FDJ and Massive Cowboy taking on Angel Trinidad and Aleczander The Great!

Angus:

Oh, hell yeah, they're getting right into the HOSSFITE!!!

And cut to the ring where FDJ and Angel are TEARING into each other right off the bat! The two monsters exchange blows on one side of the ring while Aleczander The Great gets to meet MASSIVE Cowboy up close and personal! He goes after The Mancunian Muscle and wails on him with a series of hammer-like right hands to his rib cage!

Capital Punishment is doing his best to hold Thomas Keeling Sr. back while the keeper of Team HOSS watches the fight between the four men spill all over the ringside area! The crowd is going nuts at the fight taking place and even Mark Shields is having some fun watching HOSS fight hoss. Angel misses a wild right and FDJ slams him with a Clothesline that spins him over the top rope... BUT ANGEL lands on his feet! The agile giant tries to get back in the ring when Keeling holds him back.

DDK:

Angel is MAD! And Aleczander gets thrown to the floor by MASSIVE Cowboy!

Aleczander gets thrown at the feet of Team HOSS while Mark Shields tries to finally do his job and restore some semblance of order. Frank Dylan James wants more of Angel and vice-versa, but Keeling is barking orders at the temperamental Angel to maintain composure. He reluctantly returns to his corner while Mark explains to Cowboy and FDJ the match... FDJ wants to fucking rip Angel's throat, but MASSIVE Cowboy wants some of Angel, so FDJ relents to his Southern Bastards Brethren. Angel wants in also, but Aleczander gestures that he wants in first to get some payback on MASSIVE Cowboy. Angel shakes his head before gesturing to get inside first.

The Mancunian Muscle rushes right at MASSIVE Cowboy and goes on the attack with right hands, but Cowboy fights back with a STIFF Headbutt of all things! Aleczander is punch-drunk already and Cowboy crushes him in the corner with a big Corner Clothesline. He whips him to the other side and cracks him with another before going to the ropes and running him over with a huge Running Shoulder Block! He follows that up with a huge Running Knee Drop!

The crowd is all about MASSIVE Cowboy kicking some ass as he pulls Aleczander to his feet and drops him with a huge Belly-to-Back Suplex for a two-count! Aleczander is no small man, but MASSIVE Cowboy lives up to his name! He cocks his fist back and is locking in for a Lariat, but when Aleczander gets back up, he sees it coming and bails to the floor. MASSIVE Cowboy runs right to the outside and chases after him, wanting some payback as bad as FDJ does, but Cappy gets in between the two men. Cappy and Cowboy measure each other up for a moment and the Japanese wrestler starts to swing...

RUNNING DROPKICK FROM ANGEL ON THE FLOOR!

The athletic freak of nature that was Angel Trinidad caught MASSIVE Cowboy when he wasn't looking and now Aleczander has an opening to wail on him on the floor with right hands! The crowd boos Team HOSS as Aleczander eventually powers MASSIVE Cowboy into the ring where Angel finally tags in. Cowboy tries to stand while Angel turns to FDJ and takes a cheap shot, knocking him off the apron with a huge boot to the head! Angel then turns over to MASSIVE Cowboy as he tries to rise, only to blast him with a huge Running Crossbody from the 300-pounder!

He gets a two-count off the Crossbody, but Angel keeps picking him off with kicks. The tag is made to Aleczander as Cowboy gets put in the corner and gets splattered with a Running Knee! Angel whips him out... **BICEPS EXPLOSION** by Aleczander! Aleczander with the cover, but another two-count! Aleczander tags back to Angel and he comes back in and drives alternating back elbows to Cowboy's face. The beatdown continues as Angel wails on him in the corner

with rights, but MASSIVE Cowboy fights back with chops! Angel tries to stop him, but he also gets a Headbutt to the chest for his trouble and goes teetering as Cowboy makes the tag to FDJ!

Aleczander tags in for his partner, but that turns out to be a mistake as the monster that is Frank Dylan James! He mows Aleczander down with something that's less of a running shoulder and more of a big, hairy, drunken bus running at him high-speed! He tries to go for Angel Trinidad and whacks him with a right hand as a receipt for earlier. Aleczander then takes the brunt of a series of Headbutts in the corner from FDJ, followed by getting whipped across the ring. He gets his face nearly kicked off with a Running Big Boot to the head!

FDJ goes postal on Aleczander and drills him in the face repeatedly with right hands. When Angel rushes back in the ring to save his partner, MASSIVE Cowboy cuts him off at the pass and catches Trinidad with a huge Running Elbow to the chest! Aleczander tries to block some of the shots by FDJ, but James continues throwing bombs. Angel and MASSIVE Cowboy continue to drill into one another as both parties are right back where the match started. That is, until...

WHACK!

...Capital Punishment jumps in and cracks FDJ in the back with a chair! And as much as Shields wants to let them fight, even he has to stop the match!

DDK:

And Team HOSS are done playing by the rules! FDJ and Cowboy are gonna take this one by disqualification, but I don't think HOSS cares!

Angus:

As the kids say... LOLNOPE.

FDJ doesn't go down immediately until Cappy brings the chair down about three or four more times into his back and head! Cowboy turns and rips the chair out of Cappy's hand, trying to come to his friend's aid, but the slight hesitation leaves him wide open to eat a HUGE Running Pump Kick from Angel! Angel and Cappy both help Aleczander to his feet and after the Big Brit dusts himself off, the three-on-two beatdown continues!

DDK:

And after Jonny Booya and Aleczander The Great both beat down Dusty Griffith and Jason Natas earlier, there's nobody to help Frank!

FDJ is STILL trying to stand and even gets a shot in on Cappy with a right hand, but Angel and Aleczander maul him like a pack of giant wolves while Thomas Keeling is screaming orders.

Thomas Keeling Sr:

Make an example out of them! This is YOUR time, Angel! YOUR time, Aleczander!

Angel, Cappy and Aleczander The Great continue drilling FDJ with combinations of boots and chair shots and it takes a good, long while, but eventually even the fire that FDJ has is snuffed out from the combined assault of Team HOSS. Angel then motions for Cappy and Aleczander to help get James back to his feet. They do so and feed him right to The Brand New Bad, grabbing him in the Powerbomb position... The Bronx Native then flashes a grin and HOISTS James onto his shoulders...

Angus:

BAD MAN'S LAND! He DROPPED James right on the back of his head with that Bomb! I declare this HOSSFITE over!

James crumbles over in a heap while Aleczander now presses the edge of the chair Cappy brought in down on MASSIVE Cowboy's throat. FDJ is down, but that's not enough for him. Angel drags FDJ and puts him down on the canvas before he goes to the ring apron. It's foreign territory for Angel Trinidad, but the big man climbs up top... the

crowd is LOUD now with jeering as he takes flight...

DDK:

ANGEL TRINIDAD OFF THE TOP! HE JUST TOOK A PAGE OUT OF FRANK'S BOOK AND DROPPED THAT KNEE RIGHT INTO HIS CHEST!

Angel takes second to recover from the top rope move, but he adds insult to injury by stealing Frank's own Mountain Top Knee Drop! FDJ clutches his chest while Angel heads back to his feet and Team HOSS finally revels in the damage caused. Angel in particular kneels over FDJ and makes sure the hillbilly beast can hear him.

Thomas Keeling Sr:

Anything you can do... Angel can do BETTER.

Team HOSS follow Thomas Keeling out of the ring one by one. Aleczander and Cappy converse among themselves for a job well done while Angel Trinidad looks back at FDJ, who is just now starting to stir. While reeling on the ground, he shoots a death glare at Angel, who looks back smiling.

DDK:

In that video Team HOSS put out on New Year's Eve, Thomas Keeling referred to Angel as "The Biggest And The Best" in DEFIANCE! Angel's now looking to prove that, but FDJ isn't going to take this lying down.

Angus:

...Did you not see what just happened in there? That's EXACTLY what he's doing now!

CARDS ON THE TABLE

Following Angus Skaaland's favorite type of match (*"HOSS FIIIIIIITE!"*), we're backstage with DEFIANCE's resident Ego Buster.

Dan Ryan is going through some pre-match rituals, getting his gear together, stretching out and so on. Before long, there's a light rap at the door and it opens. Lindsay Troy walks in with a stony look on her face.

Dan Ryan: [glancing up]

What's up?

Lindsay Troy: [shuts the door, keeps her eyes on him]

You and I need to have a serious discussion.

Dan Ryan:

Yeah? About what?

Lindsay Troy:

I'd normally give some sort of sarcastic alternative to what I really want to talk about, but I'm not in the mood. I think you know what I want to talk about.

Ryan turns and gives her his full attention.

Dan Ryan:

I've never really been good at female hints. I think a direct approach might be helpful here.

The muscles around Troy's mouth tighten as she clenches her teeth, nearly at the threshold of reason and explosion.

Lindsay Troy:

Let's start with tonight's edition of "Dan Ryan's Hot Takes with Lance Warner."

Ryan was prepared for this.

Dan Ryan:

Look, I knew as soon as I said it that I shouldn't have. I apologize, alright? I'm just getting sick of being asked that question.

Lindsay Troy:

It's not just tonight. Maybe the reason you keep getting asked that question is because it's obvious to anybody paying attention that you've had a bug up your ass concerning the both of us since Acts of DEFIANCE.

Ryan turns away, snorting like this is nonsense.

Dan Ryan:

Gimme a break.

Lindsay Troy:

No, see, I've given those and now I'm done. You think I'm stupid?

Dan Ryan:

No... I don't think you're stupid. On the contrary, I think you're sharp as a tack, Lindz. But what I don't think you're understanding is that when I asked for a shot at the FIST and Kelly gave me one, I didn't expect you to go around behind me and try to find a way into the match yourself. For some strange reason, I thought you might let me have the same shot you had. And precisely BECAUSE I don't think you're stupid, I have to wonder why.

Lindsay Troy:

THAT'S what this is all about? Are you forgetting exactly who was up with Kelly lobbying for inclusion after she named you number one contender? Because last I checked, I didn't shrink six inches, gain fifty pounds, lose my hair, and grow a stache.

Dan Ryan:

Cute. So you went up there because you just happened to be in the area, you saw Bronson box-trotting his way into the office and you felt like you needed to help Kelly make her decision?

Lindsay Troy:

I went up there to see how I could get the next crack *after you*, but Box and Katze were already there and wanting in at Ascension. Then WORDS HAPPENED and those gauntlet matches were made. And even if things didn't happen that way, did you think I'd just give up on getting the FIST after the way my last shot ended?

Dan Ryan:

Way to gloss that over. Words happened and those matches were made. That's a nice editing trick. [Ryan feigns being amazed.] Next thing you knew... you were in the match? And the last shot.... you mean when you got yourself disqualified?

Lindsay Troy:

I mean when I was killing Eugene in the face and you disqualified me, yes.

Dan Ryan:

You mean when I was told I'd lose my job unless I called that match by the book and you refused to stop breaking the rules?

They're spinning their wheels, again, and Troy knows it.

Lindsay Troy:

Let's lay all of our cards on the table here. Where are we going with this? I don't *need* backup, but this family backs each other up.

Dan Ryan:

THAT.... is the point. I'm not your manager and I'm not your damn backup. We may be friends, you may be my wife's sister, we may be family, but I'm a professional wrestler and damn good one. I'm not sitting on the sidelines while you go on your grand quest. I'm going into Ascension and I plan to climb up that ladder and take that belt. Those are my cards, and they've never changed. That's what I'm always about. I don't know why the hell you'd think that's changed.

Ryan turns away and starts rustling through his bag. He finds a bottled water and pulls it out.

Lindsay Troy:

And I'm not going to stop going after the FIST just because you want it. That's not how it's ever worked, here or anywhere else. You and I going after the same thing? We've dealt with that. What I won't deal with anymore is this new dynamic of side-stepping potshots and about-faces because you're not getting your way. That's not how we [points between the two of them] solve things. You shouldn't need the reminder, so get your head straight.

Ryan makes a face like, "You've lost your f'n mind."

Dan Ryan:

OHHH.... yes MA'AM.

Troy tilts her head in warning.

Lindsay Troy:

What about this conversation makes you think I'm not dead serious.

Dan Ryan:

Well, I'll consider myself warned. Please.... no knee bar. And you can wipe off the stern warning face now. Save it for the kids.

Once, more, Troy can feel the threshold rapidly deteriorating. She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, and opens them again.

Lindsay Troy:

I mean it.

Ryan softens his stance.

Dan Ryan:

Fine. I'm tired of talking about this. Are we gonna beat Boxer and Dewey tonight or what?

Lindsay Troy:

I don't know. Are we?

Dan Ryan:

Well... I'd say beating Bronson Boxer and Eugene Dewey is something we agree on.

Lindsay Troy:

Alright then.

Lindsay turns and goes to the door.

Lindsay Troy:

You know I really hate having to do this sort of thing.

Dan Ryan:

Oh? I thought it was your favorite hobby.

Lindsay Troy:

Don't be a smartass.

Dan Ryan:

You don't know me at all.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh right, I forgot. That's YOUR favorite hobby.

That gets the first smile of the conversation, from both of them. Lindsay raises a fist, and Dan bumps it back.

Lindsay Troy:

See you in a few.

Dan Ryan:

You got it.

Troy leaves and Ryan smirks, watching her go. The smirk stays as the scene cuts to ringside.

HARMONY & HENRY KEYES vs cVc & JAKE DONOVAN

DDK:

Coming up next, we have something of an impromptu tag team battle.

Angus:

And by impromptu, Keebs means that dirty redneck cVc tried putting hands on the Princess Peach to my Mario, Harmony until the Master of Time and Space, Henry Keyes saved the day and kept her pure for me... And then that firebug lunatic Jake Donovan got involved and in the infinite wisdom of my MUHBOITAL, we're here now. This is gonna be great, Keebs!

DDK:

It certainly could be, partner, so let's take it to the ring and find out!

The shot cuts away from the booth to the ring as the music of Chance Von Crank begins.

♪ "I'm Broken" by Pantera ♪

Pixie Paradoxx, Chance's new valet sticks her head out from behind the curtain. She has her face hidden underneath a rubber Ronald Reagan mask. She points back towards the curtain as Chance Von Crank emerges to a deafening roar of boos.

DDK:

Chance is being accompanied by his newly hired valet. Pixie is a retired pornstar at just twenty nine years of age.

Angus:

I bet she cleans out Chance's mustache.

Crank and Pixie make their way down the aisle, the whole time cVc trades barbs with random fans along the way. Once at ringside, Pixie climbs up the steps before sitting on the middle rope to weigh it down. Paradoxx then pushes the top rope up to allow Crank easy access to the ring.

♪ "Fire it Up" by Black Label Society ♪

Flashing lights burst overhead like fireworks, wilding shifting between red and orange. "Fire it Up" by Black Label Society erupts from the arena's speakers. The fans come out of their seats as Jake appears at the top of the ramp, one arm raised to the rafters.

DDK:

Jake looks ready to go. Can he and Crank coexist? Both men are headstrong and this could cause chemistry problems.

Angus:

Both men want to win too. Both are calculated psychopaths. They could form a great team here tonight... It's just too bad...

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

Angus:

They're up against the greatest team to assemble since Team Danger or Team HOSS! The Baron of the BELLCLAP and the Mistress of the Bitchslap!

DDK:

That's high praise, Angus... But Harmony still isn't going to give you the time of day.

Henry Keyes comes through the curtain to a huge wave of cheers. Drenched in red lights and slightly hunched over, he

marches forward as his music blasts throughout the arena. Donovan and Crank watch as the Airship Pirate marches up the steps and climbs through the ropes.

♪ "Just a Girl" by No Doubt ♪

The crowd pops as the music hits and The Wrestle-Plex darkens as a purple hue surrounds the stage. A spotlight appears at the entrance way just as Stefani begins to sing, Harmony steps out on the stage. She has a huge smile across her face and pauses near the top of the stage. Harmony looks out on all the fans just before the song picks up speed dramatically. As it does so, an explosion of silver sparkling pyro surround The British Vixen. She holds her arm up in the air.

DDK:

Harmony has got this crowd pumped. She looks ready to go here tonight!

Angus:

That's not the only thing she has pumped, Keebs!

DDK:

Good lord, Angus!

Harmony slides through the ropes to join Henry. Chance and Jake both stare down the two as the lights come on. Mark Shields calls for the bell as Harmony and Jake face off. Crank mocks Harmony from across the ring. She charges in but Donovan cuts her off using a sharp kick. The British Vixen winces from the kick but then counters with a kick to Donovan's gut. He bends over slightly, which results with Harmony hitting the ropes then nailing Donovan with a big swinging neck breaker! Jake quickly gets back to his feet still somewhat dazed. Chance begins to scream at Donovan causing him to turn towards him. Donovan catches a pale kick to the side of his head from Harmony. She holds up one arm high for the crowd after the sharp kick.

Harm quickly follows up with a figure four leg lock. Jake tries to fight her off but she locks the maneuver in before he can. Donovan begins to extend both arms towards the ropes. Crank reaches from the corner talking smack the entire time. Jake looks like he may tap as Chance intervenes suddenly. cVc dashes through the ropes and stomps Harmony, breaking the hold. He continues his forward momentum and hammers Keyes with a clothesline. Henry falls off the apron after the shot. Chance gives chase as the referee attempts to regain order.

The Airship Pirate and Trailer Park Prodigy continue to swap punches on the outside getting the crowd riled up. Meanwhile inside the ring, Harmony rushes towards an unsuspecting Donovan. He notices her out of the corner of his eye and moves out of the way at the last possible second. She hits the ropes just out from Donovan and on the return he catches her with a nasty spinning wheel kick. The pop from the shot wows the crowd. He goes for a quick pin.

Keyes slides in the ring to break up the pin. Chance walks around the side of the ring after a warning from the referee. The ref also sends Keyes to his corner to regain control. Jake applies an armbar after the kickout. Keyes begins to stomp on the apron attempting to will his partner on. Harmony twists and turns her free arm looking for the ropes. Crank kicks her arm away as she tries to grab the ropes. cVc does this once, then again. The referee catches Crank and gives him a stern warning. Harm grabs the bottom ropes and the referee calls for Jake to break the hold. The referee then stands Harmony and Jake up.

Jake catches Harm with another sharp kick then she counters with a huge forearm shot! Jake then retaliates with a mean hook of his own. Donovan begins to get the upper hand in the exchange pushing Harmony towards his corner.

Chance gives Harmony a quick knee shot to the ribs through the ropes. He then holds her arms down in the corner. Jake begins to lay into her with sharp kicks. The referee begins to count on the two men but both ignore him. The referee jerks Donovan away warning him. Crank meanwhile, begins choking Harmony in the corner. She fights for air as Keyes rushes through the ropes only to be cut off by the referee. Chance continues choking her until the referee spins around. He acts innocent as she falls to the mat holding her throat. Donovan then puts his foot across Harmony's throat while holding the ropes. Before the referee can come in again, Jake tags in Chance. Harmony makes a mad

dash for Keyes only to be cut off by The Trailer Park Prodigy. He grapples her back to her feet then tosses her back into the corner.

Donovan holds one of her shoulders as Chance continues to punish Harmony in the corner. Keyes rushes through the ropes only causing a distraction to the referee from his efforts building his frustration. Crank and Donovan continue to take cheap shots while the referee is distracted. Henry continues to shake the ropes and stomp the apron. The anticipation builds in the Wrestle-Plex. Crank Irish whips Harmony into the ropes. On the return, cVc nails Harmony with a vicious knee smash. She drops to the mat. The Harlan County Devil blows a kiss at Keyes further enraging him. Harmony makes a mad dash for Keyes while Crank isn't looking.

Harmony lunges towards Keyes but Crank nabs her left ankle. She digs her right foot into the mat. Chance pulls but she falls to the mat and twists suddenly. The force of her weight falling suddenly causes Crank to be pulled down into a slouched position. Harmony kicks him between the eyes! Chance lets go and falls to the mat. Harmony jumps towards Keyes tagging him in! The crowd goes crazy as Keyes slides through the ropes.

Henry slides through the ropes just as cVc gets back to his feet. Keyes hits him with a huge uppercut elbow! Jake jumps over the ropes but is intercepted by Henry. Keyes clotheslines Donovan then follows up with a sharp elbow drop! Chance tries to grab Henry but gets a delayed DDT for his troubles!

Keyes then hooks Crank for a release German suplex. Harmony stands on the apron and whistles at Henry. She climbs to the top turnbuckle using the middle rope and waits for a tag. Keyes rushes over to make the tag. Chance gets back to his feet just before Harmony takes flight. Donovan sneaks onto the apron from the outside and trips her up. Harmony falls to the mat in a pile. Jake returns to his corner before Keyes can do anything. Chance tags in Jake then takes off towards Keyes. cVc suicide dives over the top rope, knocking Keyes off the apron. Both men hit the outside with real force.

Rushing over, Donovan tries grab a hold on Harmony, who suddenly comes to life and pulls him into a **SMALL PACKAGE!** However as this is happening, the referee is distracted with cVc and Keyes who are brawling out on the floor. Jake kicks out after what could have been a six count, which greatly annoys Harmony. Getting up, Harmony goes over to get the refs attention, but as she does this, Jake rushes up and hits a dropkick to Harmony's back that jolts her into the ropes before rolling her up and putting his feet up on the ropes at the last second as Harmony wildly flails but fails to kick out and secures the victory!

Angus:

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

OH, COME ON! Donovan had his feet on the ropes!

Angus:

Damnit, Shields, you had one job... ONE!

Harmony kicks out far too late much to the chagrin of the Faithful, but before Shields could be any more the wiser to what he missed, Donovan escaped the ring quickly smiling and laughing at his ill gotten gains. Meanwhile, cVc and Keyes continue to brawl through the crowd near ringside, where a small crew of DEFsec have begun wading their way through the crowd to try and keep them from digging further into the raucous crowd. Some of the fists and kicks look particularly pointed and vicious on both sides, and each man sports a handful of bright pink welts.

DDK:

Good lord, somebody get control of those two before they hurt somebody!

Angus:

There's no way that's anywhere near being over, Keebs. Besides, the Faithful are a hearty bunch, they can take a hit!

DDK:

Do you want to be pay for any potential lawsuits?

Angus:

Good point... Stop them, STOP THEM, YOU IDIOTS!

DEFsec has a hell of a time separating Keyes and cVc, who are each frothing at the mouth at this point. Neither man looks like they're satisfied with the result of the fight.

DDK:

That's what I thought... What a mess, stay tuned, because we'll be right back after this!

IF I CAN BE SERIOUS...

The camera goes backstage where two pairs of heavy feet are stomping through the halls on their way to the gorilla position. In a few moments the Southern Heritage Title is on the line - something that weighs heavily on Curtis Penn's mind. Booya is next to him, still all smiles that he got to lay a beatdown on Jason Natas earlier tonight. He recounts the tale for his employer.

Jonny Booya:

Dat's when I WUPPPED THAT BOAH! I wupped up on Jason FATAS! HAHA! Me and Alecz SHIT-KICKED them fuckin' NERDS.

Penn grinds his teeth together.

Curtis Penn:

I GOT IT! I know, you beat that boo-ah or whatever the fuck you're saying. I don't CARE! Look I don't care if you're palling around with Aleczander in your off-time, but this is BUSINESS. I have a title... no, THE title! The Southern Heritage Title! Andy Sharp WANTS that title. But I cannot be any more clear what needs to happen tonight...

Curtis stops and pokes Booya in the chest.

Curtis Penn:

FUCK. HIM. UP.

Booya nods.

Jonny Booya:

Oh, I'm gonna send his snowback ass back to Canuckisville or wherever that BOAH be from...

???:

Montreal, brother... Montreal.

Right in that moment, none other than the challenger for the title himself tonight, Andy Sharp, waltzes right up to the champion and interim champion. Penn puts on a cocky smile while Booya stands next to him, arms folded and trying to look hard. Since he's 6'6" and close to 270, that's really not hard for him to do.

Curtis Penn:

...Andy Sharp. Nice to finally meet the guy who can't go five seconds without dropping my name. I mean, I can't blame you... I'm ME after all.

The Lord of the Skies raises a hand.

Andy Sharp:

Look, man, I didn't come here to get into a dick-swinging contest. We've got a match in a few minutes and the way I see it, I needed to come here and say something really quick.

Curtis Penn:

If you want a picture with this belt, I charge \$500 for it.

Jonny Booya:

Yeah... NERD...

Sharp casts a sideways glance at Booya as if he sprouted a second head with an ass for a face before turning back to Penn.

Andy Sharp:

Look, I know I talked a whole mess of noise about how you've not been defending your title, but like another Canadian, I need to be serious for a moment. I needed to come here and meet the man that has been making that title what it is.

The Southern Heritage Champion and his bodyguard/interim champion both exchanged confused glances before Penn shoots a dirty look back at Sharp.

Andy Sharp:

No, no bullshit. I wanted to meet the man that has fought proudly for that title. Penn, I need to shake that man's hand.

Penn sticks his good hand out.

Curtis Penn:

I don't need you kissing my fucking ass, Sharp. I don't need you or anybody else TELLING me how good I am... let's get that out of the way right now. But I'll tell you what... I'm in a good mood, so you can look at the title...

Sharp just ignores him completely and shakes Jonny Booya's hand, who looks confused... again, Booya. Not a hard thing to do. Andy shakes Booya's hand vigorously.

Andy Sharp:

Booya, I don't care WHAT others say about you... you're a fighter, brother. It'll be my pleasure to fight somebody for that respected Southern Heritage Championship and NOT face some piece of garbage hiding behind others.

Jonny Booya:

Uh... um... THANKS! Look, yer a NERD, but yer a SMART NERD, BOAH. I'm wrassle this chiseled ass off and I'ma be the BEST So-Hurr Champeen EVA...

Growling under his breath, Penn pushes past his bodyguard before Booya...

Curtis Penn:

NO! NO! NO! I'M the fucking Southern Heritage Champion... and if I wasn't fighting this crippling injury, I'd tie your ass up in KNOTS, Sharp! You ain't SHIT, Andy. You think some fucking fly-by-night flippy-doo piece of shit can do what *I* do with this title? You're even stupider than you look if you even think you're worth a tenth of what I am!

The Southern Heritage Champion's nostrils flare as he glares at Andy. Sharp takes in every insult Penn slings his way and then...

Andy Sharp:

[Looking at Booya, completely ignoring Penn] See you out there... [sideways glance to Penn] ...CHAMP.

Sharp heads towards the gorilla position while Booya smirks. Penn is about ready to pull his beard hair right out as he turns to Booya.

Curtis Penn:

END HIM.

Booya is ready for a fight and he nods as both men also head towards the gorilla position for the big title match...

SOUTHERN HERITAGE TITLE MATCH

DDK:

Well, after what we just saw backstage, Andy Sharp is not lacking for confidence tonight. He's wanted this shot for weeks, he finally has his chance, so let's see if he can make the most of it. Jonny Booya defends Curtis Penn's Southern Heritage Title here momentarily!

Angus:

I don't even CARE that this mothercanucker calls himself Lord of the Flippy-Doos... he wins this title tonight, I will buy him a hooker!

DDK:

As always, Booya is going to have the official Southern Heritage champion Curtis Penn in his corner, but we heard in an interview on defiancewrestling.com this week that she'll be watching this match closely! Who knows what that means, but for right now, let's go to the ring for this huge title contest!

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

That can only mean that Andy Sharp is on his way out! Looking to get back on the winning path tonight, The Lord of the Skies takes in a big reception from the crowd and goes to a knee, pointing both index fingers upward. Sharp heads toward the ring at a breakneck pace and then leaps to the ring apron. He sits on the apron and does a fucking CARTWHEEL on the top rope before sliding right into the ring. The Lord of the Skies looks more than up for the challenge of claiming his first singles title in DEFIANCE as he waits for the opponent.

♪ "Funky Shit" by the Prodigy ♪

Unsurprisingly, the once happy audience turns on a dime for the arrival of the reigning Southern Heritage Champion and his muscled up stand in. The always smug Curtis Penn saunters out with the SOHER title proudly draped over his shoulder, reacting to the Faithful's reaction to him as if they were cheering him. Meanwhile Booya struts out to the center of the stage and drops down into his trademark Best Flex in Wrestling pose, taking a knee before hitting a double bicep curl.

Sharp sits on the top rope in his corner, visibly looking like he's about to projectile vomit in the ring. He said his piece to both Booya and Penn just moments before match time, and just watches calmly as Booya continues to demonstrate The Best Flex in Wrestling. Sharp has watched Booya's title defenses in the last few weeks against the likes of Colton Thorpe, Harmony, and Tyrone Walker and casts a glance at Penn, who gives him a mocking thumbs up.

Curtis Penn:

Good luck, shithead!

The second the bell rings, Sharp FLIES like a mofo and catches Booya right under the jaw with a Running Dropkick that sends him flying right into the corner! The crowd is already going nuts as Sharp sits back up and takes off towards the corner, cracking Booya in his chiseled jaw with a Running Elbow Smash! He sweeps Booya's leg and trips the meathead up in the corner before running to the opposite side and coming back with a Cannonball! Sharp is back up out of the corner and speeds across the ring yet again, only to come back with an INVERTED Cannonball, completing **The Hat Trick!** He pulls Booya out of the corner and goes for the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

DDK:

We were SO close to having a new Southern Heritage champion right there!

Penn gets on the ring apron right away and starts protesting with Benny Doyle about Andy Sharp's spirited attack at the onset, but Sharp immediately cuts that shit off and WHACKS Penn in the face with a Superkick! The crowd comes unglued as Penn takes a faceplant on the floor!

Angus:

Goddamn it, I've got a raging semi right now! Go, Andy!

Sharp watches him take a fall on the floor, but Booya manages to get back up and sneak in a Schoolboy! Doyle counts, but it only gets two! Sharp rolls back to his feet but Booya is already back up and he catches Andy in the chest before powering him up and dumping him right over with a huge Gutwrench Suplex! Booya is all fired up now as he flexes an arm and he lets out a roar. He means business tonight, especially after participating in the assault on Dusty Griffith and Jason Natas earlier tonight.

He puts the boots to Andy as Curtis Penn starts to finally stand up, nursing a sore jaw as he shouts instructions to Booya to put a beatdown on him. Booya rushes over picks Andy up before throwing him right in the corner. Booya is far from the brightest bulb on the tree, but his abilities in the ring are without question. He throws jabs into the face of Andy Sharp and the pastes Mr. All-Star, furious with having been shown up. He picks up Andy out of the corner and throws him overhead with a huge Fallaway Slam! Booya goes for the cover, but only gets a two-count!

The crowd continues their unwavering support of the challenger as Booya makes quick work of him with a few hard elbow drops to the chest. He tries to pick up Andy, but Sharp surprises him with a Backslide attempt. I say attempt because Booya's power allows him to flip Sharp over... but the Canadian lands on his feet! He cracks Booya with a series of elbows to the throat and runs the ropes... **THUNDER DOWN BELOW!** The Tornado Backbreaker lands and he covers.... TWO-POINT NINE!

ANDY! ANDY! ANDY! ANDY! ANDY!

Booya is beside himself that he hasn't locked this match up yet and Penn - still holding his jaw - is just as pissed. He tells Booya to wrap things up, watching intently as Booya picks Andy up. Sharp fights back with a few elbows, but a Headbutt from Andy sends Sharp back to the ropes... **SHARPER IMAGE!** The Pendulum Lariat finally knocks Booya off his feet and Sharp has another fighting chance!

Andy goes to the ropes and cracks Booya with a series of Running Elbows to the jaw. Booya tries to swing, but Andy ducks that and Mr. All-Star cracks him in the mouth with a huge Jumping Calf Kick! Booya goes down when Sharp goes out to the apron and flies back inside with a huge Springboard Superman Elbow Smash! Sharp goes for the cover, but Booya kicks out! Sharp then picks Booya up and dumps him near the ropes before heading up top. Knowing that he's one All-Star Frog Splash away from his first singles title in DEFIANCE, he's ready, but Booya rolls to the floor...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Booya takes a powder and the meathead barely gets his bearings when Andy Sharp goes to the floor with a HUGE Somersault Dive from the top all the way out to the floor! The crowd is going nuts!

Both men stay down as Benny Doyle starts the ten-count and neither man is moving at first. Penn watches anxiously as the two men haven't registered much movement in the first few seconds. At the count of five, Andy is back up and tries to pull Booya back up, but the interim Southern Heritage Champion throws a knee into the chest. He grabs Sharp by the arm and tries to throw him at the steel steps, but Andy leaps OVER them in a single bound and jumps right back, taking Booya down with a Flying Clothesline!

Sharp heads back into the ring at the count of eight, but when Booya tries to groggily climb back into the ring, Penn grabs him by the leg to keep him out! Sharp turns around, but when he does...

DING DING DING!

...His heart sinks. Penn deliberately keeps Booya out of the ring and Andy is PISSED...

DQ:

Your winner of the match as a result of a countout... Andy Sharp... but as the belt does not change hands on a disqualification or a countout, STILL Southern Heritage Champion... **CURTIS PENN!**

Penn is as happy as a pig in shit right now as he goes over to grab the Southern Heritage Champion. He hands it over to Curtis and he raises the title, laughing at Andy Sharp's misery! Booya is still groggy from the match itself, but he manages to flex one bicep as they head back up the aisle with the title...

DDK:

YET AGAIN... Curtis Penn helps to cheat somebody else out of the Southern Heritage Championship!

Angus:

He cheated Colton Thorpe, my secret lover Harmony, Andy Sharp... and MUHBOITAI! FUCK THESE TWO FUCKHAMMERS.

Andy Sharp is about ready to blow a gasket at the result of this match and watches as Penn and Booya take a walk... but the crowd's tune changes immediately when two of the three people that Penn has screwed over in recent weeks... Harmony standing to the left and Ty Walker standing to the right. Penn turns around and sees the two before holding the Southern Heritage title out...

Curtis Penn:

Get a good look! This is as close to this title as you're EVER gonna get!

Booya and Penn laugh, but Walker and Harmony aren't in any laughing mood. The champ and his bodyguard are about to head the other way, but The Lord of the Skies is right behind them, charging down the aisle where he CRACKS Booya in the chest once again with a Dropkick! Booya goes flying and that's an invitation for Harmony and Ty Walker to dole out frontier justice on Curtis Penn!

DDK:

I don't think you can blame ANY of them! Penn's phony injury, Jonny Booya putting the screws to his opponents... they're done taking this!

Angus:

MUHBOITAI WHOPPIN DAT ASS! HARMONY WITH DAT ASS! SHARP... well, he's beating up Booya, too, so he's okay in my book!

Penn tries to scurry away while Sharp, Harmony, and Blackimus Prime himself start taking turns, attacking both of them! The DEFsec team start flooding the aisleway quickly! The crowd starts turning on them all quickly as DEFsec force themselves in between Harmony, Sharp, and Walker, and Booya. Penn scurries away with the Southern Heritage Championship and starts to head away from the scene of the crime, disappearing backstage.

DDK:

Well, DEFsec have their work cut out for them tonight! With ASCENSION just days away, the entire roster has been on heightened fight mode tonight! We'll be right back with more action while we try and get this Southern Heritage situation sorted!

WE FOUND YOU

DDK:

Andy Sharp gave Booya all he could handle and more in that match.

Angus:

Yeah Penn has some serious competition for the SOHER championship.

DDK: [Puts his hands to his head set]

I am getting word from the back that there is a huge commotion in the backstage area.

Angus:

Get a camera back there quickly.

The camera can be seen shaking as the cameraman scurries to the back to see what the commotion was about. The camera finally makes it to the back to see the massive frame of Omega standing over someone on the ground. There were a lot of people around Omega and the person on the floor. The fans in the Wrestle-plex watched from the safety of the arena as no one wanted to be within 50 feet of the maniac. Omega looked around as some technicians tried to get close to him to calm him down. Omega moved toward the technicians as they scattered like ants. Finally DEFsec came into view pointing at the massive man trying to get him to stop his attack. The camera was finally able to catch a glimpse of who was on the floor. It was Troy Matthews. Matthews was back from injury and was trying to get himself back into the spotlight in DEFIANCE but the massive Omega had other plans. Omega walked back over to Matthews and drilled him with a big boot to the side of his head. The seven foot monster knelt down next to Troy and smiled as the sight of the smile meant bad news for Matthews. DEFsec once again tried to get control of the situation but Omega started to drive big right hands into Matthews' forehead opening him up in the process. The madman pulled Troy's head up and slowly moved near his ear as he started to speak.

Omega:

We told you that they picked our first victim and guess what Matthews that victim happens to be you if you have not realized by now. You were warned each week as you made your way through the backstage area to converse with your friends. Backstage at DEFtv fifty-seven, it was you not the other Troy. In the training area on DEFtv, fifty-eight. Andy Sharp was not the mark, you were. Finally last week as you ate in reception. It has always been you Matthews. You are pathetic and you need to be cleansed.

DDK:

It all makes sense now. Omega was stalking Troy Matthews all this time.

Angus:

I actually feel sorry for Matthews. Well no I don't.

The monster grabbed Matthews by the head and drove him face first into the ground. The sickening thud made the people in the area cringe while DEFsec tried to pull the monster from the battered and bloodied Matthews. Omega grinned as he shoved a few of the DEFsec out of his way. The backstage area parted like the red sea as no one wanted to stand in this man's way. The madman grabbed the bloodied Matthews and drove him face first into one of the trailer doors. Matthews slumped to the ground and did not move as the Faithful jeered Omega from the arena. Omega was not done as he grabbed Matthews by the hair and started to drag him down the hall.

Omega:

We are here to guide you on your journey of transcending. In order to transcend you must become one with pain. Pain is the embodiment of clarity. Once you have been purged of all of your transgressions you will understand pain. All of you in DEFIANCE will succumb to your transgressions. Mr. Matthews was just the first. Everyone will realize that our normality is the only semblance of sanity in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Where in the world is this psycho taking Matthews?

Angus:

I don't know but wherever it is it can't be good.

The camera continued to follow Omega as he pulled Matthews behind him like a rag doll. Troy could barely move as the monster continued to his trek down a flight of stairs. Matthews' body bounced off each step like a rubber ball. DEFsec and the cameraman continued to follow the madman as he descended to the bowels of the Wrestle-plex. Omega pulled Matthews down a long dark hallway, where the smell started to singe the nostrils of the cameraman and the members of DEFsec that actually followed. The monster continued to pull Matthews closer and closer to the boiler room where Omega dwelled since his debut in DEFIANCE. The door slowly creaked open as no one came to this area of the Wrestle-plex unless they had to. Omega flung the limp body of Troy Matthews into the boiler room. Troy rolled near a furnace as he started to gasp from the fumes of the oil and smoke. DEFsec stood by the door ready for anything that Omega would try to do to the helpless Troy Matthews. However the madman slowly made his way toward Troy and sat next to him. He grabbed Matthews and drove him face first into a gate near the side of the furnace. Blood continued to race from Matthews forehead as he looked to lose consciousness from the amount of blood loss. DEFsec was about to step in again but they stopped dead in their tracks as the looks on their faces turned to utter shock. Omega pulled Matthews up and started to cradle him like a baby. A hush fell over the arena as Omega looked down at the bloodied Matthews.

Omega:

♪ *Hush, little Matthews, don't say a word,
Omega's going to give you what you deserve.*

*The pain you will receive will sting,
From Omega at Ascension in that ring.*

*Once in the ring we will make you ascend,
From the pain that Omega delivers, now where do we begin?*

*Your DEFIANCE career has been a disappointment,
Now Omega will give you atonement.*

*If the pain that we inflict does not tend to the DEFIAfans favor,
Then you can tell them Matthews, that Omega was your savior.*

*So hush little Matthews, don't you cry,
Once Omega is done with you, you will want to DIE. ♪*

An eerie feeling fell over the cameraman and the DEFsec as they watched Omega sing Matthews a eerily creepy lullaby. The big man started to laugh maniacally as the cameraman started to move back towards the door near the DEFsec. Omega's laughter started to subside as he shoved Matthews' body to the floor. He made his way to the camera with a slight grin.

Omega:

Chaos truly begins at Ascension.

The camera faded back to the ringside area.

Angus:

What in the hell did we just witness, Keebs?

DDK:

I'm speechless to what I just saw. Omega just sang a lullaby to Troy Matthews. This guy is off his rocker.

Angus:

That lullaby was disturbing as hell. I have no words... I mean, there's gotta be something going on somewhere else,

let's go there, now.

THE PEOPLE vs. CURTIS PENN

The shot cuts from the bowels of the building to the Pleasure Dome where we find Kelly Evans behind her desk, rubbing her temples as if she has the gnarliest headache ever. Across from her are Andy Sharp, Harmony, and Tyrone Walker, and all three of these highly disgruntled employees are yelling over each other in some garbled mess of the English language where every few words are actually recognizable.

Kelly Evans: (muttering)

Kill me... kill me, now.

Andy Sharp:

I know I had brownie points for not being that guy before, Kelly, but now I gotta be that guy... I know you saw what happened out there and I want a rematch!

Harmony:

Considering that I got screwed over by Donald Trump's illegitimate love child, I'd say I'm owed a rematch, be with the meathead or the coward.

Tyrone Walker:

C'mon, I actually had Booya beat, if it weren't for that big muscle bitch Alecz gettin' involved and Penn crackin' my goddamn skull with his cast. 'Sides, I've actually beat Penn before, and the mothafucka been on the run ever since.

Harm, Sharp and Walker continue "discussing" their grievance when the double doors to the bosses office open and in saunters Curtis Penn, flanked by two of DEFsec's finest. The self proclaimed Greatest Southern Heritage Champion of All Time looks as if he were a conquering hero entering the city of Rome, here to be showered with the love and adoration of the people.

Curtis Penn:

Thanks for the personal escort, Kels, but I know my way up here, kay thanks. And it's not like I'm worried about any of these jackasses.

Hearing the voice of Curtis Penn, Evans looks up and rolls her eyes hard, any harder and her face would be confused for a slot machine.

Curtis Penn:

...because this is the House that Penn built, the greatest SOHER of all time and the most Superior Wrestler in DEFIANCE!

Penn grins smugly, which goes over about as well as a wet fart in church. Everyone else? Yeah, it's a collection of scoffs, facepalms, and outright contempt for the arrival of the SOHER King.

Andy Sharp:

God, I think I superkicked you harder than I thought... I made him more deluded than Chance Von Crank! Sorry, everyone.

Harmony:

Sweet baby Jesus, I found someone with a bigger ego than my ex husband. I REALLY didn't think that was possible....

Tyrone Walker:

Jayzuss, could your goddamn head be any further up your own ass, bruh?

Sitting back and observing, Kelly looks well past being over all of this nonsense as the three disgruntled parties resume making their case.

Kelly Evans:

Shutup... *shutup!*...

Elevating her voice as she rises up from her seat, Evans explodes as she has completely and utterly had it.

Kelly Evans:

OH MY GOD, ALL OF YOU, SHUT THE FUCK UP, RIGHT NOW!

Everyone pipes down as they turn to the boss, Penn however goes and leisurely takes a seat on the couch, his perma-cat-ate-the-canary smirk never fading.

Kelly Evans:

Let me tell all of you what is going to happen. You are *all* going to get a shot at the Southern Heritage title at ASCENSION.

Curtis Penn:

Hell, that's a great idea, and since Jonny's done such a good job so far, let's hav--

Evans shoot daggers of contempt towards Penn as she cuts him off.

Kelly Evans:

No, Booya going to be too busy to do your dirty work for you, because he'll be fighting a *very pissed off* Jason Natas at ASCENSION.

Penn immediately goes into panic mode as he looks at the three contenders, who suddenly look like a trio of hungry lions that glare at him as if he were a fresh kill to be torn apart.

Curtis Penn:

But my wrist, my cast, my...

Kelly Evans:

Oh, shut up about your stupid hand. You've made a mockery of the SOHER title and I'm done with it, I'm done with you and all of your bullshit excuses. Since you've clearly been more than capable of getting physically involved with these title defenses, I think you're more than capable of defending your own title yourself, don't you?

Evans looks at Walker, Harmony and Sharp for confirmation and they're all very pleased, smiling and nodding their agreement with the boss's decision here. Penn however shoots up from his seat like he just got zapped in the ass, stammering on like an idiot as he holds up his cast covered hand.

Curtis Penn:

But, but, but...

Kelly Evans:

But, but, but nothing! You have one of two choices here. Either you defend your title at ASCENSION like the so called Greatest SOHER that you claim to be, or you hand it over right here, right now, and we'll see these three will battle it out for YOUR title.

Penn clutches his title tightly to his chest, defeated and resigned to his fate, he gives everyone a dirty look before heading for the door.

Kelly Evans:

Good, glad we can finally agree on something. Oh and, just because I'm feeling *extra bitchy* about it, you'll be defending that title in a LADDER WAR too!

Penn's face turns completely sour, if looks could kill, everyone in the room would be dead right now. Evans however

smirks back at him triumphantly, while Sharp, Walker and Harmony all high five each other, all giddy with the knowledge that they'll each have a chance to get their hands on Curtis Penn after all of the chicanery he's put them through.

Kelly Evans:

Oh, don't be too excited, kiddos. If one of you doesn't take that title from him, you're all fired!

Each and everyone of them snap their necks turning them to give Evans a very sudden and shocked look. Evans smiles, chuckling to herself as she waves the threat off.

Kelly Evans:

Okay, not really, but please, for the love of God, somebody please kick his ass so that I don't have to deal with him anymore.

Curtis looks at everyone individually and simultaneously at the same time as he points at Harmony.

Curtis Penn:

Fuck you....

Then to Sharp.

Curtis Penn:

And you.

Then to Kelly.

Curtis Penn:

Ty's doing a good job on you, but you too.

Then to Tyrone Walker.

Curtis Penn:

I'mma Kill You.

Sharp, Harmony and Walker all smirk at the threat, ready to go right now if necessary, but Penn turns on his heel and exits the office, slamming the door behind him.

Cut back to the arena.

MAIN EVENT: THE ORIGINAL DEFIANTS vs THE INNER CIRCLE

It's just about main event time but first, the camera focuses on Darren Keebler and a positively gleeful Angus Skaaland. There may even be Praise Hands involved.

Angus:

YAAAAAAAAAASSSSS! MUHBOITAI WITH TEH SOHER TATTLE SHAWT~! I knew Kels was gonna make a good commander...

DDK:

You absolutely did not!

Angus:

...You didn't let me finish, Keebs. I was going to say, I knew Kels was gonna make a good commander...eventually. And now she's proven me right! CURTIS PENN'S GONNA DIIIIEEEEEEEEEE!

DDK: [sighing]

Well, you had to see this coming in some form given the sham of the "Curtis Penn Invitational" for the Southern Heritage Title these last few weeks.

Angus: [oblivious]

Can we start ASCENSION early? 'Cause I don't wanna wait to see Penn get torn limb from limb. I almost don't even care that Lord Flippy-Doo is in the match along with TAI~! and My Future Starter Wife. Three on one means Penn's gonna get fucked up and I AM HERE FOR IT.

DDK:

You're going to have to wait a couple more weeks, partner, because we've still got tonight's main event to get through! We haven't seen or heard from either Bronson Box or Eugene Dewey tonight, but we know for sure that they are on the outs.

Angus:

Bronson might've left his last shred of sanity behind at the Guerrilla Position a couple weeks ago when Jane pushed Troy's buttons a little too hard and got her knee popped out for her troubles. If he's even in the Wrestle-Plex, and I wouldn't put it by him to leave Eugene high and dry here, he's gonna want the Queen's head on a platter.

DDK:

And speaking of Troy, her relationship with Dan Ryan is tenuous at best right now. They say they're on the same page but I don't know how much truth there is to that. I guess we'll find out soon enough.

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

Bronson Box, sans Jane Katze and Nicky Corozzo, barrels through the Guerrilla Position, parts the curtain, and heads down to the ring.

♪ "Dark Lord Bowser" ♪

Eugene Dewey emerges from behind the curtain and stomps his way down the ramp to join up with Bronson Box in the middle of the ring. Dewey unclips the FIST of DEFIANCE from around his waist and holds it up with one hand for all to see before his music cuts out.

♪ "Carpe Diem Baby" by Metallica ♪

That good ol' Inner Circle theme of yore hits the speakers as the Ego Buster and the Queen of the Ring make their way through the curtain and down the aisle. Eugene's eyes dart between the duo headed his way and the squat, angry bald man in the ring with him already. Meanwhile, Bronson's trying like hell to get around Brian Slater to go after Troy. The

in-laws hop onto the apron and it's indeed the Queen who slips between the ropes to start things off for her side.

Eugene yells at Box to wait his turn in the corner, citing Champ's Preference. Slater orders the Wargod out of the ring and he absolutely does not go quietly. Finally, the bell sounds and the main event is underway!

Things start with Eugene Dewey cautiously avoiding Lindsay Troy as the two circle the center of the ring. Lindsay tries to engage with the FIST, but Eugene backtracks every time she goes for a tie up or a tackle. Eventually Lindsay gets a hold of Dewey, but he backs into the ropes and forces the break. From the outside Bronson Box calls to his partner to "get stuck in, ye pansy!", which only serves to draw Eugene into his corner and forcibly tag in his partner.

Bronson shakes his head at the cowardice shown by his partner and steps into the ring where he readily engages with Lindsay Troy. The two tie up and Bronson gets the initial advantage as he wrings Lindsay's arm, but Troy rolls and reverses the hold. Bronson uses Lindsay's hair to pull her back into the ropes and sends her across the ring, ducking down and forcing Troy to jump over him as she comes back after the rebound. Lindsay hits the ropes where she takes a cheap shot from Dewey and stumbles out into Box, who knocks her down with a European Uppercut.

DDK:

Looks like Bronson wasn't too appreciative of the assist there. The cheap shot from Dewey might have given him the advantage but that's not how he wanted to earn it.

Angus:

Take whatever you can get Bronson!

DDK:

But when he's been trying to get Dewey to act like a true champion and stand and fight for himself for the last few weeks, that exact sort of thing goes against everything he's been trying to achieve.

Angus:

Is Lindsay down? Yes, she is. How can anyone, especially Bronson Box, complain about that?

Bronson directs the champion back to the corner, but it's clear the two aren't exactly on the best terms right now as Dewey waves off Box as he grabs a hold of the tag rope again. During the talk Lindsay gets back to her feet and grabs Box by the arm. She spins him around and throws a kick to the midsection that Box catches, quick as a cat though, she jumps and catches Box with an enzuigiri. The shot doesn't take Box down, but it does allow Lindsay to follow up with a series of kicks and strikes that knock Box into a neutral corner. Troy mounts the ropes and brings down a series of right hands to the temple of Box, only stopping to charge at the advancing Eugene Dewey, who drops down from the apron as soon as Troy turns.

Lindsay returns to Box and whips him out of the corner, following him into the opposite corner with a monkey flip that sends Box back into the middle of the ring. She scrambles over for the cover and just gets a two count. Again Lindsay controls the arm and pulls Box up to his feet and into her corner where she tags in Dan Ryan. Ryan steps in and delivers an elbow to the twisted arm of Box and the controls the arm himself as Lindsay steps out of the ring. Ryan's height gives him an even greater advantage as he wrenches on Bronson's arm.

Angus:

See, if he'd have just taken the assist he'd be in control still!

DDK:

Are you just purposefully ignoring everything Bronson has been saying for the last few weeks?

Angus:

Yes.

DDK:

At least you're honest.

Ryan wrenches on Box's arm again and uses it to pull him into a short arm clothesline. Ryan goes for the cover this time and gets a two count. He adjusts to a chinlock straight away and holds Box in it for a while until Bronson fights up to his feet. Box breaks out with elbows to the midsection and hits the ropes, where Eugene manages to get a blind tag. Dan Ryan doesn't spot the tag and throws a clothesline at Box as he comes back, but Bronson ducks it and hooks the ropes to stop his momentum. Eugene rushes in behind Ryan and rolls him up with a handful of tights, which Brian Slater spots immediately and refuses to count the fall.

DDK:

Look at that! Again, Eugene takes a shortcut and Bronson Box is berating him for it! That could have been an opportunity to steal it, but Eugene tried to cheat and got found out!

Eugene and Box argue again for a moment, giving Dan Ryan the chance to come up behind Eugene and grab him with a waist lock. Eugene claws out for Bronson, who doesn't help his partner as Dan Ryan takes him over with a German suplex! Ryan springs back to his feet and reels around on Box who simply drops to the mat and rolls from the ring.

DDK:

How telling is that, Angus?

Angus:

Box had better be careful. If he and Eugene can't get on the same page they'll end up losing this and any momentum they might have heading into Ascension.

DDK:

I guess letting his partner take a Dan Ryan German Suplex isn't exactly gonna help either.

Angus:

Well... no, probably not.

Dan pulls Eugene up to his feet and tosses him towards the In-Law's corner. A couple of back elbows later he's whipping the champ from the corner, but putting on the brakes and sending him right back into the turnbuckles. Dewey stumbles back out of the corner into an overhead belly to belly suplex. Ryan covers for two but Dewey gets a shoulder up. Ryan locks in a headlock as Dewey claws in Bronson Box's direction. Eugene fights his way up and three quarter locks Dan's head before dropping back to his butt, jarring Dan's jaw. Eugene scrambles back up to his feet and throws himself at Ryan with a clothesline taking the Ego Buster down.

Dewey's back up to his feet and spins on the spot to throw himself at Lindsay Troy, nailing her with a forearm strike. Troy rises to the antagonization and tries to get in the ring to get to Dewey, but Brian Slater steps in and stops her progress. With Slater distracted Dewey grabs Dan Ryan and forces him into the corner with Bronson Box. Dewey stomps into Ryan's midsection and couple of times before tagging in Bronson Box. Eugene steps through to make way for Box, but he keeps hold of Dan Ryan's head, an action Box immediately tells him to stop.

DDK:

How about that, Angus? Box doesn't want to double team Dan Ryan.

Angus:

Moron... but don't tell him I said that... Ahhh crap, it's gonna be on tape isn't it?

DDK:

But again, this is what Box has been talking about for weeks. He's showing Eugene that he doesn't need help, and he doesn't need to cheat. He's trying to set an example right before Dewey's eyes.

Bronson pulls Dan from the corner as though to make a point to Dewey. Ryan comes to life for a moment with a couple of right hands, but Box cuts him off with an eye rake followed up by a delayed vertical suplex. Box doesn't cover as he sits Ryan up and delivers a European Uppercut to his spine.

DDK:

An unusual position for Box to hit that, but it's effective.

Box digs a knee into Ryan's spine and locks in a chin lock that he holds Dan in for a good while, wearing down the Ego Buster. On the outside of the ring Lindsay Troy gets more and more antsy and rallies the crowd. Dan, feeding off of their energy powers up to his feet and throws a couple of elbows into Bronson's midsection. In a side headlock now, he bounces Box off the nearest ropes, Box rebounds off the other side and goes for a double leg takedown, but Ryan blocks it and drops an axehandle across the back of the Bombastic one. Ryan underhooks the arms and drives Box into the canvas with a piledriver!

DDK:

Now's the time for Dan Ryan to make the tag!

Angus:

Not if Eugene's got anything to do with it!

As Ryan inches ever closer to making the tag to Lindsay Troy, Eugene jumps in the ring and charges across, knocking her off the apron just before he can! Eugene, looking pretty proud of himself, heads back to his corner, putting a boot into Dan Ryan's midsection for good measure, and then extends his hand for Box to tag it. Bronson, having seen everything that just transpired, berates Dewey for his actions again before putting more than a necessary amount of force behind the tag.

DDK:

If I hadn't seen that I'd have sworn that was a knife edge chop I just heard.

Eugene stands on the apron in shock for a second before shaking it off and stepping into the ring. Lindsay Troy pops back up onto the apron as Dewey grabs Dan by the ankle and drags him back into the middle of the ring. Dewey rolls Dan over and looks set to drop a senton, but he turns to Box and furrows his brow instead.

DDK:

What's going through the champ's mind here?

Eugene steps away from the downed Dan Ryan and with both hands shoves Bronson Box in the chest. Brian Slater counts that as a tag, and that's just as well, because Eugene Dewey steps out of the ring and heads up the ramp.

Angus:

I told you, Keebs! They're not on the same page!

DDK:

I don't think they're even reading the same book, Angus.

Angus:

Bronson Box has been speaking to the champ like a child all night, and now the champ has had enough! He's walking out!

Bronson calls out to Dewey, but Eugene doesn't stop to turn around. He just heads through the curtain and out of the match, leaving Bronson Box against the in-laws. Box accepts his fate with a stiff upper lip and steps into the ring just as Dan Ryan reaches out to Lindsay Troy and tags her in!

DDK:

And here comes Lindsay!

Troy explodes into the ring and knocks Box down with a spinning heel kick. She follows up with a somersault leg drop and then gets a two count. Box gets back to his feet but gets caught with a barrage of kicks that knock him back into the ropes. Lindsay nails a spinning kick that knocks Box between the ropes and sets him up perfectly for a corkscrew

plancha! Troy rolls box back into the ring and covers for another two. Dan Ryan gets back up to his feet as Lindsay wraps Box up with a cobra clutch and superkicks the Bombastic one just as Lindsay whips him back with a russian leg sweep! Again Box kicks out at two.

DDK:

Eugene's left Box high and dry and you've gotta believe it's only a matter of time before...

Angus:

Before this?

DDK:

Exactly.

Lindsay pulls Box up and hooks the arms.

DDK:

Final Judgement!

But Box twists out of it and hits a desperation clothesline! He gets back up and hits the ropes, only for Dan Ryan to clap him in the back of the head with a forearm strike! Box stumbles from the ropes and doubles over in the middle of the ring allowing Lindsay Troy to hop onto his back and take him over with the **By Royal Decree!** Lindsay pins Box's shoulders to the mat for the 1... 2... 3!

Ding Ding Ding!

Quimbey:

Here are your winners, Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan!

Lindsay and Dan celebrate as Bronson Box lays motionless in the middle of the ring. As "Carpe Diem Baby" hits again, Eugene Dewey steps back out onto the stage. Lindsay and Dan hold each other's hands up high as Dewey stares down the ramp at them.

DDK:

That's gotta be a huge momentum builder for Lindsay and Dan tonight, but it's gonna be all four of these competitors against each other at Ascension next time out. What's gonna happen there?

Angus:

What's gonna happen? Eugene's gonna have to deal with a united Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan and a very, very pissed off Bronson Box! That's what's gonna happen!

DDK:

Eugene's gonna have a lot of explaining to do when he and Box next speak.

Angus:

Something tells me Eugene and Box aren't exactly going to be on speaking terms after what we just saw, and who can blame them? Box berated Dewey one time too many.

DDK:

You're not seriously blaming Box for that breakdown?

Angus:

I am indeed. Dewey's been champion for nearly two years now, Keebs. He knows how to wrestle a tag team match. He doesn't need Box barking orders at him and berating him for helping his team out. That's like bitching someone out for not capturing a control point in Battlefront when they're busy defending one.

DDK:

I'm not sure I get the analogy, but there's one thing I am sure about. Ascension is gonna be a barn burner and none of you want to miss it! Until then folks, this has been DEFIANCE wrestling!

The last image on the screen is a triumphant Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan, while Eugene Dewey stares down at them from a distance.