

DEFIANCE Wrestling: DEFIANCE TV 61

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, New Orleans, Louisiana
23 Feb 2016

SEAT OF POWER

The show fades in with a shot from earlier in the day and begins within the confines of the Skybox, the Bosses Office, the Seat of Power of all things DEFIANT that is mockingly, and perhaps even *lovingly* referred to as Kelly Evans' Pleasure Dome.

Behind the desk however is not Kelly Evans, though turned slightly at an angle, the occupant of the Head Bitch In Charge's high backed, futuristic looking office chair is unseen with only a tailored suit covered arm that is outstretched with it's fingers rhythmically tapping on the desk.

The calmness is broken up when the double doors to the office open and in arrives the Matriarch of DEFIANCE herself, along with her beau and DEFIANCE's Crazy Old Man, Tyrone Walker. The two are engaged in some random chit chat that old friends such as themselves share.

Tyrone Walker:

Dunno why you're still on holdin' to old stuff, shoot, a nigga fall off one ladder to his demise and suddenly I can't go out and play no more? Youse trippin', woman.

Kelly Evans: [rolling her eyes]

Yes, I'm the one "trippin" over *old stuff*, from our **last show**, where your stupid ass nearly got killed because, did I mention you're stupid?

Tyrone Walker:

Psssh, whatever, I'm just sayin', I'm good, ain't no needin' to hold me back because I *almost* died or whatever... 'Sides, if Andy can go, you fo' damn sure know YUHBOITAI can go, ya heard?

Kelly sighs and shakes her head until noticing that someone is in her seat. Planting her hands on her hips, she prepares to unleash hell on this intruder.

Kelly Evans:

Okay, fucko, you got five seconds to get out of *my chair*, or--

The chair turns to reveal it's occupant. The END Boss of DEFIANCE, Eric Dane.

Eric Dane:

Your chair?

Oblivious, Tyrone Walker trots over to his long time friend and shows him love with a big dap. He cheeses big as the two old friends haven't seen each other in several months.

Tyrone Walker:

Yooo, Big Dee in the hawse.

Eric Dane:

Hello Darkness, my old friend.

Tyrone Walker:

What's good, bruh? You back to captain this ship again or are ya lookin' to do something a little

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more... *fun*?

Dane cocks an eyebrow. It's Kelly's turn to chime in now.

Kelly Evans:

ahem It's good to see you again, *boss*.

There's a certain tone and emphasis there that nobody misses. Feeling the level of "serious business" rising to adult like levels, Blackimus Prime slinks toward the door. Kelly rolls her eyes, Eric chuckles.

Tyrone Walker:

Yeah, a'ight, I'mma go find some trouble to get into. Holla.

Making his hasty retreat, Ty leaves Eric and Kelly to discuss *business*. Turning back to Eric, Kelly's brow perks up.

Kelly Evans:

Can't say that I'm not curious myself.

Eric Dane:

Wondering if you're out of a job, Kels?

Kelly Evans:

No, not a job, *thee job*, **your** job.

Eric Dane:

And why would I do that?

Kelly Evans:

Well, *daddy's home*, isn't he?

Eric's lips spread into a cheshire smile at Kels echoing his words from Ascension.

Eric Dane:

He is, but, and I ask again, why would I do that? Or are you looking to *give me back my chair*?

Kelly Evans:

Absolutely not, but, I always figured this was... temporary.

Eric Dane:

Yeah, well, I like what you've done with the place, your office decor notwithstanding.

Kelly smirks at the jab.

Eric Dane:

Seriously, I expected you to not fuck it up, and you didn't. And that would have been enough for me to take a few weeks off and come back and I'd have probably killed myself. But you went and exceeded my expectations, like, you blew them out of the fuckin' water.

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Kelly Evans:

So, does this mean-

Eric Dane:

Yes, you can keep your ugly chair.

The HBIC is on him like a flash, hugging his neck the way a child hugs Santa. Dane reciprocates in kind, genuinely happy that he could deliver the good news for Kelly.

Eric Dane:

Besides, a month ago I was a World Champion. That didn't end exactly the way I'd have liked it to, and maybe I've got a thing or two left to do before I hang up my knee braces again. So whaddaya say, boss, think you can find a spot on the roster for l'il ol' me?

Kelly's eyes tilt upward as if she has to even consider this.

Kelly Evans: [coyly]

I think I can find something for you to do... *kid*. Now, you can get out of **my chair**.

She says bluntly, trying to put a little bit of an authoritative base in her voice, though her ecstatic smile never breaks. Eric chuckles at the attitude, knowing he's taught her well, and for the first time in his life, he does as he's told, offering her seat, the seat of power in DEFIANCE back to her willingly. Taking it, Kelly adjusts the chair back to her preference and almost instantly falls right back into business mode as she begins looking over the work that is waiting for her attention.

Turning on his heel, Dane heads for the door.

Kelly Evans:

Thank you, Eric.

She says with an appreciative smile.

Eric Dane:

Sure thing.

Opening the door, the Only Star officially enters the halls of the Wrestle-Plex as it's newest DEFIANT. The shot fades into the arena to officially begin the latest and greatest episode of the best damn wrestling show on television...

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CAKE DAY CANCELLATION

The first shot of the evening isn't of the arena as one might expect, instead we see the underground parking lot just at the moment a cab pulls up right in front of the door the the backstage area. There's an uncomfortable pause before one of the back doors open allowing the passenger to exit the vehicle.

And that passenger? None other than the FIST of DEFIANCE...

Sorry, force of habit there. Make that the *former* FIST of DEFIANCE.

Eugene grumbles under his breath as he waits for the cab to move out of his way before heading for the backstage door, dragging his luggage with him as he walks. No sooner is he through the doorway than is someone pouncing on the former FIST, but this person, wearing a name tag that says "Abigail", isn't familiar to any of us.

Abigail:

Mr. Dewey?

Eugene Dewey:

Hmph?

Abigail:

Hey there, Eugene! Are you super excited for tonight?

The bubbly blonde bounces along next to Eugene clutching an iPad to her chest as she adjusts her glasses.

Abigail:

I've got all these activities planned for everyone! There's a giant pinata, a I've got this huge cake in the shape of a two, there's a costume contest organised for later, and from what I've seen around here it's gonna be super difficult to pick a winner!

Eugene stops dead in his tracks and stares at the blonde for a second.

Abigail:

You don't look super stoked... Oh god, what is it? I thought you said you loved Pinatas? You were talking about a video game where you created this garden for all these-

Eugene Dewey:

I sent you an email.

Abigail:

What? I didn't get any emails...

Eugene clenches his teeth as a fire blazes in his eyes.

Eugene Dewey:

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I sent you an email over two weeks ago telling you to cancel all of this. The cake, the contests... I told you, if I even see a streamer...

The blonde swallows hard and goes all doe eyed as she looks up at Eugene.

Eugene Dewey:

You've done everything haven't you?

Cut to 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 for the post Ascension Fallout!]

Siiiiiiiiigns....

ANDY MURRAY HAS NO PLACE IN THIS BUSINESS
EUGENE GOT FISTED!
SAVE THE COWS, DDT A COWBOY
THE QUEEN WAS ROBBED!
SAM HORRY -- LONGEST DK -- SHORTEST MONTH**
BRONSON WOULD GIVE HIS LEFT EYE FOR THIS SIGN!!

[After a long pass over the darkened ring the shot focuses on the announce booth where the two mainstays of DEFIANCE sit ready to run this mother down.]

"Downtown" Darren Keebler:

Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to DEFIANCE wrestling and welcome to the new age! As always, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler alongside my broadcast colleague 'The Motormouth of Malcontent' Angus Skaaland!

Angus Skaaland:

I'm still in shock, Keebs. I can't wait to see what tonight has in store.

DDK:

So let's-

Before Darren or Angus can say much else a shadowy figure stomps out from the back and across the stage. The spotlight catches up with him halfway down the ramp to reveal the former FIST of DEFIANCE. He rolls into the ring, which brings the lights up to reveal the squared circle to be adorned with streamers, banners, balloons, and a giant pinwheel on each corner. In the center of the ring is a table covered in candy, chips, dip, and sandwiches. There's piles of plates, party hats and all manner of party favours from bags of goodies to individually wrapped presents.

Without missing a step, Dewey stomps over to the table and turns it over, sending cheetos and doritos all over the canvas and to the outside. He runs his hands along one of the ropes and rips the streamers hanging over them off, tearing them apart before he throws them to the floor. A few of the balloons get stomped on and burst before Eugene starts to pick up the presents from the canvas, which he tosses deep into the capacity crowd.

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DDK:

This isn't good, Keeps.

Angus:

Something tells me Eugene Dewey had something planned to celebrate his 2 years as FIST.

DDK:

What makes you think that?

Angus:

Well he was talking about his 'cake day' at one point, and that thing over there is kind of a give away as well.

On the stage sits a huge, golden inflatable 730.

DDK:

How did I miss that?

Angus:

Honestly, I don't know. I noticed it as soon as we came out.

Eugene reaches over the ring post and grabs a hold of one of the oversized pinwheels. He starts to wrench it from the post, but he's cut off by... well, who else would you expect?

♪ "Zero" by the Smashing Pumpkins

Angus:

Business is about to pick up.

From the back, with the FIST of DEFIANCE wrapped tightly around his waist, swaggers Dan Ryan. The fans in the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex cheer the arrival of their new champion, but in the middle of the ring one man definitely isn't pleased to see him. Eugene snarls towards the entrance way, almost like a rabid dog, and breathes so harshly that his nostrils flare to around eight times their normal size.

Dan Ryan:

Eugene, Eugene, Eugene! What's going on, little buddy?

In the ring Dewey's breathing appears borderline erratic as he pulls all manner of faces in the direction of the new FIST of DEFIANCE.

Dan Ryan:

Looks like some party you're trashing. Did you throw this for me? I should have told you, I prefer cream cheese frosting on the cake, and no mustard on the sandwiches.

Dan heads slowly over to the large inflatable numbers on the stage.

Dan Ryan:

Or was this the party you were gonna throw for yourself, huh? I'm so, so sorry to be the one to ruin

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this spectacle for you, Eugene, truly I am. But you can't say I didn't warn you. I mean, I've been telling you for months now that I was gonna take the FIST from you, but you didn't believe me.

Dan strokes at the '7' before turning back towards the ring.

Dan Ryan:

Two years ago, I told you that the FIST belongs to me, and for two years I let you keep it warm. Three weeks ago I took it back because I wanted to. Believe me Eugene, I could have done that at any time over those magical seven hundred and thirty days, but by leaving it that long, by picking that exact moment, it made everything so much sweeter.

Eugene stomps around the ring and demands a microphone from the time keeper.

Dan Ryan:

Awww, have you got something to say, buddy?

Eugene Dewey:

Give me back MY belt!

Dan stares at Eugene for a second and then cracks a smile.

Dan Ryan:

Your belt? Oh no, Eugene, this is *MY* belt. See, it's around *my* waist and the little name plate right there? It says 'Dan Ryan', not Eugene Dewey. See, there's the little 'D' and the 'A' and the 'N'... what am I saying? You know how to spell Dan Ryan, you'll have been reading it on all of your little message boards and your guild chats and whatnot. And hey, Eugene...

Dan motions to Eugene as though he has a secret to tell him.

Dan Ryan:

Wanna know what I did with the 'Eugene Dewey' name plate? I threw that in the trash, 'cause that's never gonna be needed again. I tried to sell it on eBay, but hey... [Ryan holds his arms out wide] ... no bidders.

Eugene's face turns as red as his hair and he starts to shake violently.

Eugene Dewey:

I'm gonna kill you, Dan. I'm gonna kill you, then I'm taking back my belt, and I'm gonna teabag you for good measure. I'm gonna gank the shit out of you, then dance over your corpse. That title belt belongs to me. I held it longer than everyone else combined, and that record still stands, and it's gonna stand long after you lose that. When people think of the FIST, they don't think Dan Ryan. They think Eugene Dewey, because my name is synonymous with that title belt. It's Mine... Mine... Mine mine mine mine MINE!

Dan looks up from his fingernails.

Dan Ryan:

Sorry, buddy, I zoned out there a second. Were you talking about Minecraft? 'cause if you like

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Minecraft then you should probably hit up one of the local middle schools. There's plenty of kids around that love that shit too. You'd probably wanna cut your hair first though. You'd probably end up getting slapped with some sort of restraining order if you went hanging around schools looking like... well, that...

In a fit of rage Eugene scoops up an inflatable monkey that somehow managed to avoid the destruction until this point and punts it into the crowd.

Dan Ryan:

Woah, Eugene, calm down! Kicking monkeys is LOW, even for you. Look buddy, I can't talk to you when you're like this. So here's what we're gonna do. I'm gonna head back there and hang out. You can carry on scoring field goals with Donkey Kong until you've calmed down, then come back and we'll talk, mmmkay?

Dan starts to make his way back to the curtain when Eugene calls out.

Eugene Dewey:

I WANT MY TITLE BACK!

With one huge roar Eugene rips one of the pinwheels from its post and javelins it towards Dan Ryan up the ramp. The pinwheel falls way short, which is just as well, because DEFsec scurry past the FIST towards the ring, which they surround before taking down the embodiment of Nerdrage before he can cause any more damage.

Dan Ryan:

Woah, Eugene, you'll get your shot, you know? Don't think you won't. In fact, I'm counting on you getting your shot. See, there's one regret that I have after winning this, and that's that I never got to pin you in the middle of that ring, one, two three... I had to make do with taking this down from a hook above the ring. No, I want to beat you, Eugene. I want to pin you, Eugene. And I want to do it TONIGHT!

Ryan smiles hyoooooge.

The fans erupt at that notion as Dan Ryan drops the mic on the stage and heads for the back. In the ring Eugene struggles against the DEFsec guards as we go back to our hosts.

DDK:

How about that, Angus?

Angus:

Dan Ryan just tore Eugene a new one.

DDK:

And he challenged Eugene to a match for the FIST later on tonight.

Angus:

That's gonna be a barn burner, Keebs.

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DDK:

Too right, Angus. You know, after all that excitement I don't remember where we got to. But I understand there's something going on backstage that we're heading to now.

Angus:

Good, that'll give the cleaners some time to sort some of this shit out.

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BOSS BITCH AND QUEEN BITCH

“Backstage” is sorta-kind of a relative term, in this instance. While the camera does cut away from the symphony of sugary destruction in the Wrestle-Plex proper, the Faithful watching in the arena and at home are actually taken up on high...

...to the Pleasure Dome.

Kelly Evans stands in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows with her hands on her hips and an amused look on her face. She watches a swarm of ring hands try to wipe, sweep, and otherwise tidy up the battlefield before the rest of the night's proceedings get underway, and she chuckles as one of the kids bites the dust after slipping on some frosting.

Kelly Evans:

I should be pissed about this, since clean-up duty this early on is a pain in the ass, but I get a kick out of seeing that little nerd blow a gasket.

She turns on her heel and marches back to her desk, but not before casting a look to her right.

Kelly Evans:

Something you seem to know a little bit about yourself.

The camera repositions to show the person Kelly directed that comment to. No, Eric Dane didn't magically reappear in her office in the time it took for Eugene to lose his shit and for Dan to help him along the way. Rather, it was another participant in the FIST of DEFIANCE Ladder War match ... the one who wielded a certain nasty Spike at ASCENSION, not the recipient of its attack.

Lindsay Troy:

Dodongo dislikes tantrums.

The Queen of the Ring's leaning against one of the windows and watching the continued happenings some thirty feet below. Some of the Faithful are tossing the gift boxes back and forth and the inflatable monkey is crowd surfing, so it's no wonder that she doesn't notice the Matriarch of DEFIANCE staring at her curiously.

Kelly Evans:

Did you...

Lindsay Troy:

Make a Zelda reference? [chuckles softly] Sometimes [the other half's nerdery](#) filters through.

Kelly Evans:

Tell me about it.

Lindsay Troy: [serious now]

Sometimes other tactics do too.

A knowing look passes between the ladies. Kelly sits behind the desk and folds her arms across her

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stomach.

Kelly Evans:

Yeah, well, I didn't ask you up here so we could have a kiki and boy talk. We need to discuss the spiking incident. That was some fucked-up shit, Troy. Some *real* fucked-up shit.

She pauses for a moment, letting the weight of her words - especially the curses - sink in.

Kelly Evans:

ASCENSION was unintentionally bloody all the way around. I knew what I was gonna get with some of the boys, like Frank, Omega, and Dusty. That thing with you, Boxer, and the Spike, though...

She shakes her head and, surprisingly, a little smile forms.

Kelly Evans:

I didn't think you had it in you. I don't think anybody did. We've seen that temper flare here and there the past two years, sure, but we didn't see how *red* it could truly *get*. I'm...impressed. The *Faithful* are impressed.

Kelly picks up a stack of papers that had been sitting innocuously at the corner of the desktop and drops them back down. For her part, Troy remains in place, but is starting to look a little antsy at the show Kelly's putting on.

Kelly Evans:

Angus had our Community College Intern Warriors pull all the tweets, posts, hashtags, whathaveyou, related to the FIST of DEFIANCE Ladder War match and this stack right here? [pats it again for good measure] These are *just* related to you carving the Wargod up like a jack o'lantern. Dare I say, the Faithful have completely embraced you now that you've shown them you can be just as crazy and bloodthirsty as they are.

Lindsay Troy:

Time and a place, Kels.

Kelly Evans:

Beg pardon?

Lindsay Troy:

You're acting like this is the latest, hottest, straight-off-the-runway dress that I've just gotten my hands on. I've worn this get-up before. Might've been awhile. People...*the Faithful* ... might've needed a reminder, but it all still fits just as well as it did five, ten years ago. Just needed a time and a place to put it on again.

The Queen's eyes snap to Kelly's, hot coals being stoked by a fire iron.

Lindsay Troy:

Bronson and Jane have been pushing my buttons in DEFIANCE for a year now, and I meant it when I said it was time somebody showed him who his betters were. Well, now he's got a permanent reminder. That scar might've squared off some of the cheapy-little He Man Woman Haters Club

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potshots, but I've still got a list of other offenses I want a pound of his flesh for. I'm not done with Bronson Box yet, Kelly. I want him one-on-one. No goons. No bullshit. Don't care when. Don't care how.

Kelly Evans:

Done. Something tells me the feeling's more than mutual. I'm sure his Twittering will be extra Boxery now that he's got an actual reason to hate you.

Lindsay Troy: [smirking]

I think my having a vagina was reason enough without anything else having happened.

Kelly Evans: [nodding]

Yes, well now you're the *bloody harlot* who defaced his ugly mug, something he's never going to forget. And while you're at it, you can go out there tonight and give those animals we all know and love a main event show against someone you might actually like.

Lindsay Troy:

MUHBOITAI?!

Kelly Evans: [not amused]

I was thinking Andy Sharp, who also doesn't believe in taking a "night off" after almost killing himself.

Lindsay Troy:

Giving the DEFbaby his first taste of the main event? That's almost kinda nice of you.

Kelly Evans:

I'm feeling benevolent; Eric's letting me keep the reins in my hand.

Lindsay Troy:

Lucky Andy.

Troy starts off toward the door to begin her pre-match prep and the camera goes to the ring.

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THE MURRAY BROTHERS vs ANGEL CITY EXXXPRESS

DDK:

After all that, folks, it's time for our first match of the evening. We've got Angus' boys -- The Angel City eXXXpress -- making their first appearance in quite some time, as they welcome the debuting Murray Brothers to DEFIANCE.

Angus:

What better way to kick-off the night, AND our newly-formed tag team division, than with Rich Mahogany and Don Hollywood?! It's time to crank it up a couple notches.

DDK:

The Murrays are bringing some serious experience to DEFIANCE and there's a lot of hype surrounding their debut, particularly after Cayle's recent run in the great state of Utah. Will it prove justified, or will it fall apart on the very first night? Let's find out.

♪ "The Bad Touch" by The Bloodhound Gang ♪

Rich Mahogany explodes through the curtain, body glistening in the lights and hair slicked back and ready for action. He immediately makes for the closest section of fans to the ramp and reaches into his banana-hammock, retrieving a whole handful of hotel room keycards and handing them out to the ladies in the crowd. "Dapper" Don Hollywood is out quickly behind the "Love Machine," and then Angel City boys are in the house! Both men slither into the ring, continuing the theatrics until they're interrupted.

There's a burst of static, followed by a slow piano sample. The house lights cut, and Jay-Z's "Public Service Announcement" gets as far as the "*allow me to reintroduce myself...*"

♪ "Get Busy" by The Roots ♪

Heavily-distorted bass cuts through everything. The drumbeat pounds through the arena and South Philly's finest are in full-flow, soundtracking Andy & Cayle Murray's arrival onto the stage. Clad almost-identically in lion-branded attire, the new signees bump fists at the top of the ramp before starting their descent. Cayle plows forward enthusiastically to slap hands with those in the first few rows, while Andy follows closely behind, all calm confidence and subtle swagger. Eventually they climb into the ring and take a few moments to discuss strategy. Cayle, the smaller of the two, stays in the ring with Rich Mahogany, and we're off to the races.

They circle for a few moments, with Cayle unsure of how to take his glistening opponent. Eventually they dive into a lock-up. Cayle pushes him against the ropes after a few moments of jostling, then breaks at the referee's behest. He steps back, Rich comes forward, and we get another lock-up. This time Cayle works into a side headlock that Rich breaks by charging forward and pushing Cayle chest-first into the turnbuckles.

After being clubbed in the back a couple times, Cayle falls to one knee and eats a boot to the face. Rich tries to keep Murray grounded with a headlock but Cayle fights his way to his feet and fires away with a few elbows, before whipping Rich to the corner. Cayle charges, but Rich bails-out before he can follow-up with the flying forearm. The ACX member has no time to recuperate, though, as

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Murray follows him out almost immediately: chasing him round to his brother, who hops down from the apron, wags a finger, and let's Cayle roll him back inside.

Rich pops up and tries to halt Cayle with stomps, but Murray battles through them and, when on his feet, downs rich with a short clothesline. Rich gets up only to eat another clothesline, before Cayle runs to the ropes, comes back, and lands a back Senton for a two-count.

In control, Cayle takes Rich to the corner and chops him hard across his slimy chest. A second chop follows, then a third, before the Scot whips him to the opposite corner and follows-up with a leaping back elbow! Rich, again, gets whipped diagonally, and another charging elbow follows. Mahogany falls to his backside, Cayle runs to the opposite corner and back again, flying through the air with a huge basement dropkick for another two count!

Visibly warming-up and starting to enjoy himself, Cayle Murray bows for the fans' appreciation, but Rich catches him with an unseen low blow as Cayle tries to haul him up! Cayle crumbles, and Rich compounds his misery with a standing elbow drop, before grabbing the smaller Murray brother by the hair and dragging him to the corner.

In comes Don Hollywood. The ACX stomp away on Cayle Murray for a few moments for Rich is finally ordered to leave the ring, but Don keeps him in the home corner. He drapes Cayle's arms over the ropes and pushes his forearm into his throat momentarily, before stepping away and letting the Scot stagger out. A high-angle elbow to Cayle's skull follows, and when he hits the deck, Don grabs Cayle's boot and stomps down on his knee joint. Another stomp follows before Hollywood moves into his wheelhouse by dropping an elbow across the knee, then tying into a knee lock.

Cayle writhes and struggles against Don's grasp, before rolling onto his stomach to loosen the pressure. Don attempts to roll him back onto his back so he can re-apply, but Cayle boots him into the chest and scrambles to his corner. His hand falls just a few inches short of Andy's outstretched hand, however, as Don yanks him backwards and drills him with a DDT. Hollywood looks Andy Murray dead in the eyes and blows him a mocking kiss, before dropping down and getting a two-count.

Moments later, Cayle Murray again finds himself trapped in the Angel City eXXXpress corner. Don tags Rich in, and after a quick eye rake, Mahogany slaps Cayle *hard* across the chest. Andy Murray, by now, is almost leaping into the ring to get a piece of the ACX and turns to the crowd to start an arena-wide clapping session, trying to spike his brother's adrenaline.

Sadly, Cayle's on the wrong side of a Rich Mahogany back suplex. The ACX member hops back to his feet and shimmies across the ring, much to the crowd's dismay, but gets caught-off his guard when Cayle ties him into a small package on the re-approach. Close near-fall!

The two-count visibly irritates Rich, who thought he had the debutant in the palm of his hand. He pulls Cayle to his feet and tries to slam him down, but Cayle counters the attempted bodyslam and attacks with the elbows. Rich comes back with a knee to the gut that winds Cayle, then a chop that forces him backwards, before whipping Murray across the ring. Cayle ducks the attempted clothesline on the first rebound and hops-up on the second, bringing Mahogany down with the Sling Blade! Cayle covers and the referee's hand slaps the mat twice before Don Hollywood's boot breaks things up.

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Don flees as soon as Andy puts a leg through the ropes, however, and heads back to his corner. Cayle starts crawling towards his big brother's outstretched hand, but Rich grabs his boot, gets up, and tries to go after the same leg that Don had abused. Cayle's wise to it this time, however, and catches Rich flush on the jaw with a huge upkick! Rich stumbles backwards, hits the mat, and finally -- *mercifully* -- the Murrays slap hands.

6'7" and full of fire, Andy barrels into the ring like an unchained gorilla and knocks Don Hollywood -- who's just been tagged -- with a running elbow. Don hits the deck, jumps back up, and finds himself in Andy's grasp. The belly-to-belly sends him flying halfway across the ring and a kneeling Andy Murray pulls himself back to his full vertical.

Catching-up with Don, Andy takes the scrambling ACX member around the waist and slowly deadlifts him off the mat into a standing gutwrench. Murray let's Hollywood dangle helplessly for a few seconds before throwing him backwards to a big pop from the crowd, then covering for the two.

Rich Mahogany is fully recovered on the apron. Andy, again, takes Don up and hoists him into the air, but leaves him hanging in the vertical suplex for a moment too long as Rich strikes from behind, breaking the hold. Andy turns to face Rich but gets struck from behind by Don, and soon both Angel City eXXXpress members are raining blows, trying to knock the big man down.

Evening the odds, Cayle Murray charges across the ring and dropkicks Rich Mahogany square in the chest, sending him to the outside. Andy whips Don across the ring and damn near separates his head from his shoulders with a ferocious Lariat on the rebound!

Angus:

LARIATOOO-- no, wait a minute. Ahem... MURRIATOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

After another pinfall attempt, Don Hollywood slips a boot onto the bottom rope and tries to shake the butterflies away. A desperation roll-up with a handful of tights gets him a close nearfall when Andy approaches next, but he's running out of gas. Nonetheless, he's a lot quicker to scamper away to his corner than the 280lbs Andy Murray, and slaps Rich Mahogany's hand before Andy can get to Cayle.

Rich comes in and catches Andy by surprise with the closed fists, but Andy stops him square in his tracks when he foolishly tries to whip him. Instead, Andy keeps hold of the wrist and levels him with an elbow that sends him straight to the mat. Andy doesn't cover, however: just takes hold of Don, moves to the corner, and tags his brother in.

Andy whips Don across the ring. On the rebound, he hoists him high in the air with a Flapjack. Don's immense downward force clashes violently with the upward motion of Cayle's European Uppercut, and he falls onto his back, helpless to avoid Cayle hooking the leg and getting the three-count!

Darren Quimbey:

The winners of the match via pinfall, Andy and Cayle... THE MURRAY BROTHERS!

DDK:

Impressive debut from the Murrays, Angus. The Angel City eXXXpress tried to isolate Cayle and cheat their way to victory, but when the odds were evened, they just couldn't contain the debutants'

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restless energy.

Angus:

My guys had their moments, but holy smokes, Keebs... Andy Murray is a goddamn hoss. A bright start, but let's not pretend they were facing the deadliest tag team on the planet. Things are only get tougher from here.

"Get Busy" starts blaring as Andy Murray helps his brother to his feet and throws his arm in the air, smiling broadly. Don and Rich scamper away on the outside but the feed's firmly focused on the victors as the feed drifts away.

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DAME UNA OPORTUNIDAD

Jumping backstage, the shot returns to the office of the ever popular Head Bitch In Charge of DEFIANCE, Kelly Evans. The room is finally quiet after being visited a number of times tonight already, and she's taking this moment to let the peace soak in. It is interrupted, though, by the arrival of Tyrone Walker with an unknown face to DEFIANCE fans, El Trebol Junior, in his company

Tyrone Walker: [he is very excited]

Yooo, did you know we had Mexican Leprechaun wandering around this mothafucka?!

Evans looks to find her long time friend and significant other, confused as her eyes tilt down to see the four foot seven luchador, who doesn't seem to realize he's being scrutinized.

El Trebol Jr:

I had an office sorta like this one for UTA's After Hours. Mine had strippers, of course, but still, I approve.

Ty nods, remembering those finer point details.

Tyrone Walker:

And he was running the show over in Utah, and he was the Wildfire Champ, and he beat Sean Jackson, yanno, the dude who snaked the world title off Dane.

Evans' brow raises slightly as she gives Walker that classic "are you stupid?" look that women tend to give men more times than not. El Trebol, the single man that he is, doesn't react to Kelly's look any more than Ty.

Tyrone Walker: [ignoring the "look"]

For real, woman, **we** gotta sign this pint sized little nigga, just like, take it outta my money if you gotta...

Evans continues to just stare incredulously, especially at this "we" business. She's used to this from Walker, who is barely a serious adult even on his best of days, but this?

Kelly Evans:

...Oh my god, are you stupid?

Walker finally slows down his excitement in response to that outburst. Narrowing his eyes as he turns his head slightly, considering the question.

Tyrone Walker:

Define... stupid? 'Cause outta all my ideas, inkin' this kid's gotta be on the right side for sure... I mean ju--

Having had enough, Kelly waves a hand to silence Walker before he keeps going, because if there's anything Tyrone Walker can do it's talk... and talk... and talk some more.

Kelly Evans:

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I am looking at him and the answer is, **no**.

Walker frowns as he looks down to his newest and littlest buddy as El Trebol returns the stare, patting him on the back.

El Trebol Jr:

If it means anything, I don't think you're stupid, Ty. I think they should hire the pint sized little . . . erm . . . negro too.

Walker smiles and nods as he claps a hand on ETJ's shoulder.

Tyrone Walker:

C'mon, Kels, it's Christmas...

El Trebol Jr: [confused, scratching his masked head]

Ty, its February...

Tyrone Walker:

Black History Month is Black Folks Christmas, little dude.

Kelly Evans:

But, who would he even wrestle? Did you even think about that Ty? [she turns to ETJ] No disrespect, kid, DEFIANCE might not be--

Tyrone Walker: [without hesitation]

I'll do it.

ETJ looks up, the surprise and perhaps the honor showing through his mask at the offer. Evans however sighs and rubs her eyes.

Kelly Evans:

I thought you were taking the night off? Yanno, because you almost killed yourself at Ascension? Remember, we talked about this?

Tyrone Walker:

Nah, I don't remember sayin' anything like that. I do remember you sayin' you wanted me to take the night off and then I never agreed to anything... 'sides, like I already done did told ya, if Andy Sharp can wrestle, you damn sure bet I can wrestle... [he looks down to his friend] Whattaya say, Trebol?

El Trebol Jr:

I couldn't think of a better start to my career in DEFIANCE. [he gestures to Evans with his thumb] I'm down if she is.

Ty and ETJ turn their attention to the boss. Kelly grumbles, rolling her eyes and shakes her head. Ty smiles big knowing that he's won this one, even though he's likely going to pay for it later.

Kelly Evans:

Oooh, FINE!

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Ty pumps his fist in victory, looking down to ETJ again and gives him some victory dap.

Kelly Evans:

But if you kill yourself.

Tyrone Walker:

Yeah, yeah, you won't let me forget it.

El Trebol's grin was obvious even behind the mask.

El Trebol Jr:

I promise you I won't break your bae, Kelly. We're just going to have one hell of a match. Right Ty?

Tyrone Walker:

Hells yeah, Lil' Bruh.

Once again Kelly just rolls her eyes as she watches the two comrades leave her office. A slight smile curls up as they disappear, knowing Ty's just being Ty, but at the same time wondering just what she had let into DEFIANCE.

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WHERE'S THE BEEF?

And now, back to the announce table with our intrepid announce team, DDK and Angus Skaaland.

DDK:

We're going to be heading to ringside momentarily when we see the very dangerous, but very successful Team HOSS member, Angel Trinidad, take on a game Jason Na...

Angus:

Fatas...

DDK:

...NATAS... but first, we're gonna take the scene over to our interview stage where we've got Christie Zane standing by with one of the participants in our HUGE main event tonight!

From the broadcast booth, we're taken nearby to the Interview Stage where Christie Zane, little black dress and all, is standing front and center.

Christie Zane:

DEFIAfans, at this time, let me welcome a cute Canadian [she stops to let out a giggle] and a man known for taking risks... please welcome ANDY SHARP!

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

RAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

The crowd respond in kind to the man making his way out in a red and gold "JUST LOOK UP!" shirt! The man of the hour took a knee and pointed his index fingers to the heavens...

Andy Sharp:

I MEAN IT! JUST LOOK UP!

Sharp makes his way towards the stage and takes the hand of Christie Zane before planting a kiss on it, making her blush a little. He walks a little bit gingerly, but he's there and feeds off the crowd before the music fades out.

Christie Zane:

Well, Andy, thanks for being here!

Andy Sharp:

Thanks for having me here, Christie. And thanks to the fans for still liking my ass even after I got tossed off a ladder at ASCENSION and took a couple of you out in the process. My bad.

Sharp shrugged in the moment while Christie moved onto his next question.

Christie Zane:

Well... first things first... are you hurt?

Andy Sharp:

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Right to the point. Okay, then. Yep. Sucks. Big, fat, floppy donkey balls. Bruised ribs. Not QUITE 100%, but I have been cleared to compete tonight. but I'm... [lifting his shirt to show bandaged ribs] ...Still got these things in the way. I'm bummed that my second opportunity at the Southern Heritage Championship didn't pan out... but I don't let setbacks stop me, Christie. Harmony busted her ass off to win that championship and I take nothing from her. But I'm not stopping. You all know my history. I've pulled myself back up from worse than this... I don't mind saying it here and it's corny as shit, but I've been blessed enough to pull myself from the brink of DEATH itself. ASCENSION was a setback, but I'll find my way. I always do.

The Lord of the Skies nodded and got a good round of applause going from the crowd for his candidness.

Christie Zane:

Nice to have an upbeat attitude... now tonight, you're facing Lindsay Troy! First time ever match, right? What are you thinking going into tonight's match?

A smile on his face.

Andy Sharp:

Well, first things first, both of us had shit luck when it comes to ladder matches at ASCENSION and I understand this match is a chance for both of us to rebound. Now, it's crazy as hell for anybody to want to take on one of the best wrestlers in the business today, let alone with bad ribs... but there's no weeks off for me. I don't do that. Especially when I can score the biggest win of my DEFIANCE career tonight. Queenie, I have all the respect in the world for who you are and what you've done, but...

Suddenly the lights drop to black on the stage area. The fans raise a ruckus in the stands. The entrance area explodes with pyrotechnics. They shoot in every direction, lighting up the entire arena. The elaborate set up lasts a solid 30 seconds.

Angus:

Ok, this is a bit ridiculous.

♪ "Blunt Blowin" ♪ by Lil Wayne

The DEFIATron begins to play a video. Words flash across the screen.

DEFIANCE FANS!

GET READY!

NEXT WEEK!

THE BIGGEST STAR TO EVER DIP AS LOW AS DEFIANCE!

THE IN RING DEBUT OF,

MIKEY UNLIKELY!

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The fans boo relentlessly at the entranceway. The lights turn back on. Everyone waits but nothing happens.

Angus:

Who the hell does this guy think he is?

The cameras cut back to the interview area, where Andy Sharp stands....

Andy Sharp: [looking up at the tron]

Huh... well, good for Mikey, I guess. But yes, to your quest....

Right in the middle of Sharp's response the crowd begins to boo loudly once again. This time there is no music, there is no pyrotechnics. Oh no, a red carpet comes rolling from the entrance way. Sharp, knowing better, waits to see what comes next.

"The World's Greatest Entertainer" Mikey Unlikely steps from behind the curtain. Wearing a suit minus the jacket, Unlikely looks sharp. He has a mic in hand.

Mikey looks around. He waits for the fans to die down before speaking.

Mikey Unlikely:

WE'RE COUNTING DOWN! At DEftv 62 I will make my in ring debut! GET EXCITED PEOPLE!

Boos ring out throughout the arena.

Mikey Unlikely:

That's right! DEFIANCE will no longer have to suffer through the most boring, most droll, and most ridiculously violent wrestling on the planet! The biggest name to ever grace this shithole of an arena, will beat his first opponent in RECORD BREAKING TIME!

The camera shows Andy Sharp on the interview stage. His face planted firmly into his palm.

Mikey Unlikely:

FINALLY! You will get your money's worth! FINALLY! You will witness real talent! FINALLY! you will see the world premier, of my greatest film yet! Mikey Money stars, writes, produces, and directs the greatest blockbuster of all time.

He motions with his hands as if reading a marquee.

Mikey Unlikely:

The Mikey Unlikely Story: How I Made DEFIANCE Suck A Little Less Every Day.

Almost with a look of "can you believe this motherfucker?" on his face, Andy motions to Christie Zane and takes the microphone in hand.

Andy Sharp:

...Mikey Unlikely, ladies and germs.

Booing from the crowd while Sharp continues.

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Andy Sharp:

Look, dude, I gave you a pass at ASCENSION because I'm all about the "making some noise" thing. I get it... been the noob, been there, done that stuff... but this is twice now that you're cutting in on my time out here. So you tell me now, Unlikely... do we got beef? Are we beefin' over turf? I just want to know ahead of time because if I got beef, I gotta be mentally ready to squash it. So just to recap... beef. Squash. Do we have a problem here?

The two share a staredown between the distance. Unlikely breaks first, smirking.

Mikey Unlikely:

Andy Sharp! I'm soooooo glad you asked that question! Honestly, I wasn't sure you were going to make it here today! That was quite the beating you took in that Ladder War wasn't it!? Ouch...I do hope you are okay? To answer your question, Yes! I do believe you and I have a... "Beef." You see, you are the exact reason that I choose to sign this DEF contract. Well that and the money!

He chuckles for a second.

Mikey Unlikely:

These people pay every week to get in here, and for what? To watch someone like you play ballerina and flip around?

The fans cheer for Sharp.

Mikey Unlikely:

To watch Bronson Box impale someone's forehead?

Even louder this time.

Mikey Unlikely:

I came to DEF to entertain! To give the fans something they have never had. Someone to be proud of! A true champion!

If Andy facepalmed any harder by this point, his hand would've gone right through his skull. The Lord of the Skies looks right at Mikey Unlikely.

Andy Sharp:

Tell you what, Mikey. I've got business tonight... but if you want to pick up this conversation next week and want to interrupt me a third time...

Mikey raises his arms out and smiles.

♪ "Blunt Blowin" ♪ by Lil Wayne

His theme song drowns out Sharp. Andy now visibly frustrated, shakes his head and hands the microphone back to Christie Zane. Unlikely disappears behind the curtain and soon after, Sharp takes his leave from the interview stage.

DDK:

Wow, Mikey Unlikely certainly not endearing himself to the fans, and now seemingly singling out

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Andy Sharp.

Angus:

Pfft, if Hollywood McFuckass thinks he's gonna impress me by cutting off Lord of the Flippy-dos... Well, maybe a little bit... but don't be coming into our house, talking smack!

DDK:

Well at DEFtv 62 Mikey Unlikely will have to put up or shut up!

Angus:

I'm hoping for shut up!

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ANGEL TRINIDAD vs JASON NATAS

DDK:

With that interview now done, we're turning the action back to ringside for our next match Things are gonna heat up between Angel Trinidad and Jason Natas just like they did out here with Sharp and Unlikely

Angus:

...Don't you DARE compare the Lord of the Flippy-Doos and Hollywood McFuckass to OUR HOSS OVERLORD! Jason Fatas is a big, juicy lamb to the slaughter tonight! You saw what Trinidad did to FDJ at ASCENSION.. and I LIKE FDJ!

DDK:

Natas has been steadily improving with every outing, and came within a wisp of defeating Booya at ASCENSION. If Angel sleeps on him for even a second, Natas can make him regret it! Now, to ringside!

♪ "NY State of Mind" by Nas ♪

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

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

Despite the lack of victories since coming back to DEFIANCE, Natas still shows no fear his opponent finally finally arrives. From the back, the self-proclaimed "Biggest AND The Best" Angel Trinidad stomps out from the back, eyes locked dead ahead toward the ring. Thomas Keeling, Sr, is at his side and points towards the ring, giving him instructions on what to do tonight - put a hurting on Jason Natas. Angel Trinidad approaches the ring...

DDK:

Have you ever seen Angel so focused as he has been since Team HOSS came back?

Angus:

Nope, this is day and night. Angel was talented, sure, but he was this funny derpy kid trying to be the best... now, he could very well be that after how he DOMINATED Frank Dylan James!

Angel steps into the ring and Mark Shields calls for the bell. Natas tries to go right on the offensive, but Angel sees him coming, shoving his fellow Bronx native into the corner! Angel raises his arms with a cocky smirk on his face that Natas just wants to knock the fuck off him. Natas runs at him a second time and kicks him in the leg, trying to chop the big man down, but Angel LIFTS him up over his shoulder, runs Natas into the corner and goes ballistic with a furious series of knees to the gut!

After Mark Shields has his fun, The Biggest AND The Best steps back with a hop in his step. It seems after his huge PPV win over FDJ, he's much more confident than he has been since coming back. The

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Pugilist ain't in the mood for Angel's shit, so he comes right back with some hard chops that would stop a normal person... sadly, Trinidad isn't normal. Angel swings with a wild Clothesline that Natas ducks under and returns fire with a few more hard chops. Natas charges off the ropes and comes back with a HUGE Running Elbow right to his face!

The crowd cheers as he rocks the giant! Natas gets some steam behind him, but Trinidad recovers and knees him in the gut! The crown jewel of Team HOSS goes to the ropes himself, but Natas is behind him and clocks him in the face with another Running Elbow! He grabs Angel by the waist and tries to take down the bigger man with a Belly to Belly, but Angel blasts him with a shot to the eye and knocks him down with a RUNNING DROPKICK!

Thomas Keeling Sr:

You got this, Angel! That ring is yours!

Now the Wrestle-plex is filled with booing as Angel rolls over and gets a two-count over Natas. The Anti-Superstar tries to get back up to his feet, but Angel cuts him off at the pass with a big knee to the gut! With Natas in tow, he sets him up in the Suplex position and simply THROWS him halfway across the ring! Hated or loved, the crowd can't help but go nuts at the fact he just chucked 270 pounds like dead weight. Angel goes for another cover, but Natas shoots another shoulder up!

Still fighting, Natas tries to stand again when Angel puts him back down with a boot. He grabs him by the head and runs The Anti-Superstar right into the top turnbuckle, Bulldog-style! Natas recoils from the blow and holds his head, but things get worse when Angel pins him to the corner and floors him with a series of alternating back elbows to the face. Angel then picks up Natas in his arms, drops him once with a Rib Breaker, then back up. He simply THROWS him over his head with a Fallaway Slam! Angel with another cover, but The Pugilist STILL kicks out!

Getting angered with his tenacity, Angel shoves him back into the corner again and charges, but Natas with an elbow! He's winded, but when Trinidad tries to charge again, this time Natas gets a boot up. He charges, only for Trinidad to grab him by the throat! A Chokeslam maybe in mind, but Natas frantically lays into his arm with blows until Trinidad backs off. Angel swings again and misses, but a Spinning Backfist from Natas does not! Angel is now wobbly on his feet when Natas turns around and straight WHACKS the big mofo with the Foehammer (Roaring Elbow!) Angel is about ready to teeter when Natas gets up behind him and FINALLY gets him off his feet with a Side Belly to Belly Suplex!

The crowd is going crazy and Keeling Sr. looks ready to blow a gasket as his meal ticket has been chopped down! Natas hits the ropes and delivers a targeted Running Knee Drop to the head! With all he's thrown at him, he goes for the cover, but only gets a huge two-count! Natas shakes his head and protests with Mark Shields, but only gets two fingers from the official. Natas slowly rises to his feet, still looking winded from the beating Angel has doled out, but fights back anyhow.

Natas grabs the larger Angel by the neck, but The Biggest AND The Best fights back with fists to the gut. Trinidad tries to rise and tries to go for the ropes, but Natas grabs him by the waistband of his tights and THROWS him overhead with a nasty Backdrop Suplex! He spikes Angel down and the beast pops back up, only looking glassy-eyed as ever. Trinidad tries to rise when Natas greets him with a big Discus Chop to his neck. Angel is stunned when Natas runs off the ropes... RUNNING CROSSBODY BY ANGEL! Angel stays on top of him, but Natas kicks out!

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Angel Trinidad:

THREE.

Mark jumps back when Angel snaps at him, but with Keeling Sr's tutelage, he stays on Natas. He sets him up in the corner and goes right for Bad Man's Land, but Natas suddenly slips out the back and lands feet first behind Angel! Angel turns right into a sloppy but effective Spinebuster! Natas covers again, but only gets two!

Natas has gotten way more offense than anybody figured by this point, so he doesn't stop. He cocks a fist back and charges...

RUNNING PUMP KICK!

The crowd cringes from the impact as Angel Trinidad nearly kicks Jason's head off his shoulders! Angel wastes no more time as he slowly drags him to a vertical base... BAD MAN'S LAND! The Brand New Bad drags Natas to the center of the ring by a limp leg and goes for a casual cover, all weight on his chest. The three-count is academic and Angel Trinidad chalks up another one.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner of the match, but pinfall... ANGEL TRINIDAD!

DDK:

This Jason Natas was much more improved from where he was when he first came back, but tonight it just wasn't enough. Natas' downward slide continues while Angel Trinidad's path of destruction continues! Who the hell is going to stop this monster?

Angus:

I'll give Fatas some credit tonight... dude's got something... it's called a spare tire! YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR LEAGUE, FATAS!

Angel Trinidad stands up and lets out a roar while Thomas Keeling Sr. reenters the ring to greet the crown jewel of Team HOSS. Casting a parting glance back at the fallen Jason Natas, Angel flashes a grin before backing to the ropes and executing a flip, landing on his feet on the outside. Keeling claps at his agile superathlete of a protege before leaving the ring and following up the ramp behind him.

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THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Cut to the locker-room area, where two DEFIANCE debutants are enjoying their first night on the job.

Andy Murray:

So. That was fun.

Having just stretched his shoulders out, The Scottish King of Cool drops his arms to his side and shakes them loose. Andy has already freshened-up and slipped into some casual attire following the early-show match with the Angel City eXXXpress, and stands directly across from his younger brother Cayle.

Andy Murray:

How are you feeling?

Cayle Murray:

I wasn't ready for the greasy one...

The former UTA wrestler carefully pulls away patches of his t-shirt that have become matted to his torso.

Cayle Murray:

Think I'm gonna need a second shower.

Andy Murray:

Nothing prepares you for Rich Mahogany, lad. Nothing.

A shiver runs-up the larger Murray brother's spine, and he doesn't even try to hide it.

Cayle Murray:

Still, it was good to get out there and blow the cobwebs away. That's the longest I've gone without a match in at least two or three years.

Cayle slowly rises from his spot on the bench, wincing every so slightly from the strain on his tense muscles.

Cayle Murray:

Ouch.

Andy Murray:

A couple of weeks on the road'll put you right. You should've seen me the morning after my first night back in the ring; I was shambling around the hotel room like a Walking Dead extra. Ring rust is serious business.

Cayle Murray (rubbing his chin):

Right. Hollywood caught me with a couple of sore ones, too.

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Eventually the Scot finally shakes his negativity away. Rich Mahogany's lingering viscosity aside, he looks no worse for wear than when he'd first strode proudly down the ramp at his brother's side. Not a hair in his sickeningly-perfect cut is out of place, and his pale British skin looks almost entirely free of blemishes.

Cayle Murray:

That's another one off the bucket list though. Must be at least five or six years since we last teamed-up.

Andy Murray:

Try ten.

Cayle Murray:

Ten?!

Big Murr nods to the affirmative.

Andy Murray:

Damn close to the full decade, and that's a long time to leave an itch unscratched. But hey, it's still early, we're in New Orleans, and we've just completed our contractual obligations for the night. Let's go celebrate.

A slow, deliberate clap is heard.

"So you two made it through your first night in DEFIANCE without getting yourselves killed."

More deliberate clapping. The voice is like hot lava eating hundred year old gravel.

"Congratufuckinlations."

Enter the Dragon; or, The Only Star, as it were.

Eric Dane:

And don't give me some shit about it being easy, I trained Rich and those boys myself.

Cayle pipes in.

Cayle Murray:

So the slimiest lad in DEFIANCE is an Eric Dane byproduct. Who'd have guessed?!

Somewhere someone does a rimshot. The End Boss is not impressed.

Eric Dane:

Don't get cute with me, Dorothy, we're not in *Utah* anymore sweetheart. Things work differently around these parts than they did in Sports Entertainment hell. You'd do well to remember that in the future.

Though more confident in his brother's presence, Cayle's expression sours as Dane bites back. After all, the man *did* try to stab his eye with a fork once upon a time.

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Andy Murray:

Ah, the heartless Tin Man. You know, we had a little sweepstakes on how long it'd take you to track us down and throw your weight around. I thought you'd at least give us a show or two to get the feet wet.

Cayle Murray:

I didn't.

The Only Stat contemplates this for a moment.

Eric Dane:

What are you two even doing *here*? I can't imagine either of you are stupid enough to not have known that DEFIANCE is *my* sandbox. So what gives? Spill it.

Cayle Murray:

We came here to *wrestle*, Eric. Pure and simple. When the UTA closed, this was the only logical destination. As a man with aspirations of rubbing shoulders with the world's best competitors, I'd be selling myself short if I went anywhere else.

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

I know this is your shop, but I'm not going to let you intimidate me. You're not going to bully me out of this place, Eric, regardless of what happened over in that other place.

Andy Murray:

Aye. Exactly.

The Only Star turns his gaze towards Andy, who towers over everyone in the shot.

Andy Murray:

And as far as I'm concerned? I've been doing this for 21 years, lad. 21 long years, and not once have I crossed paths with the Dan Ryans, the Bronson Boxes, the *Eric Danes* of the world. Figured I should check a few of those matches off the bucket list before it's finally time to ride off into the sunset.

Dane steps into Big Andy's space, he looks up at the larger man with a sneer burned permanently across his face and he smirks.

Eric Dane:

Listen here, big boy, I don't know you, and that's better for you. Do yourself a favor and keep in that way. In the meantime-

He nods past Andy to Cayle.

Eric Dane:

I've got some unfinished business with Little Sister.

Andy raises his eyebrows.

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Andy Murray:

Is that so? Because last time I checked, that business seemed pretty *finished*. You know, when he *pinned* you...

Dane sucks his teeth, still inches from Andy's face.

Eric Dane:

What I remember is the Morality Police over there waiting for me to have my back turned before he made his move. I figure when a guy spends months trying to convince the world what a *good* guy he is that he might mean it. Turns out I was wrong, and I owe him a receipt for that little piece of business.

Eric jabs a finger into Andy's chest.

Eric Dane:

Now get the fuck out of my way before I put your head through a wall and I do what I want anyway.

A quiet moment hangs between the two multi-decade veterans.

Cayle Murray:

I didn't *cheat*, Eric! I didn't do anything wrong, but if it's a rematch you want, fine. Name the time and place.

Andy Murray:

Actually, I've got a better idea.

Andy smiles.

Andy Murray:

That "head through the wall" idea of yours doesn't sound like fun to me, chief, but you're a vet... I'm a vet. Catch my drift? Think it goes without saying that I admire and respect everything you've done to build this place, but you've been treating my brother like dirt for months, lad. He already took a W from you: I think it's my turn to try.

Eric Dane:

I don't do charity cases. You want a match with me, go figure out how to earn it.

Relenting, Dane backs up a step. He looks past Andy to Cayle.

Eric Dane:

As for you, do yourself a favor and keep real close to Big Brother, if I see your sorry ass around here without a chaperone there's no telling what I might do. And you...

He looks back to Andy.

Eric Dane:

Stay out of my business. **Last** warning.

As if on cue the door bursts open and in flounders known Eric Dane associate "Beautiful" Bobby

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Dean. He huffs and he puffs, and eventually he catches his breath.

Bobby Dean:

Hey Eric! I got the car all ready, gassed up and everything, just like you said!

Eric Dane:

Impeccable timing as usual, Robert, I was just leaving.

Bobby Dean:

I know! You told me to wait five minutes and bust in here then we could go to Dairy Queen! Did I do good? Can I get a Double Dipper?

With that The Only Star rolls his eyes and shoulders past Bobby to make his exit, leaving the brothers Murray alone to contemplate what just happened. Bobby waves at Cayle, as if they were friends, before taking his leave behind Dane. A long, exasperated sigh escapes Cayle's lips.

Cayle Murray:

Great...

Andy Murray:

C'mon, this wolf isn't so big and bad...

Cayle Murray:

Ha. Just wait 'til he pulls that fork out of his boot.

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YOU DO NOT MESS WITH CURTIS PENN

The shot cuts backstage to Lance Warner in his nerdy little glasses and his beige suit, because Lance Warner is a beige suit type of guy who is always looking for his beige socks. Always doing exactly what he is told, like waiting in front of the DEFIANCE backdrop for his next interview and perhaps the only interview of the night that truly matters...

Lance Warner:

Please welcome, the former Southern Heritage Champion, Curtis Penn!

Curtis Penn walks on to the set followed by the flat top wearing, no leg day skipping, Jonny Booya!

Curtis Penn:

Lance. Lance, you fail at introductions, I swear you do. Introducing me as the Former Southern Heritage Champion, you should have been instructed by the producers that you are to introduce me as the Most Amazing Wrestler Alive!

Warner nods and shrugs until he realizes that Penn's continuing to eye him means he's waiting on the intrepid DEFIANT journalist to correct him.

Lance Warner:

Excuse me, I'm being joined by the *Most Amazing Wrestler Alive* Curtis Penn.

Lance turns back to Penn who nods approvingly, ready to begin.

Lance Warner:

Now Curtis, the past few weeks have been amazing for DEFIANCE, not so much for you. With the influx of new talent, your recent loss of the Southern Heritage Championship to Harmony....

Curtis' hand quickly moves the microphone away from Lance's lips.

Curtis Penn:

I'm gonna clear this up pretty damn quickly for you and everyone in that locker room I did **NOT** lose to Harmony. I was put in a losing situation by that Harpy Kelly Evans and her broke ass pimp Ty Walker.

Curtis somehow manages to daftly remove the microphone from the hairy palms of Lance Warner.

Curtis Penn:

Now, as far as the New Southern Heritage Champion goes I have a rematch with her tonight. And I promise you that I'm going to skullfuck her into submission. Then I'm going to take back *MY* Southern Heritage Championship.

And like the wise-ass that he is, he grins.

Curtis Penn:

But that is tonight.

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He quickly turns back to Lance Warner.

Curtis Penn:

Right before you mentioned my Southern Heritage Title, you mentioned a surge in talent arriving in DEFIANCE. I say that you're a fool, I say the bitch who signed this lot is a fool, and anyone cheers for them are fools. I don't care if they survived Prime or played a part in the downfall of UTA, I don't have time for charity. If Kelly wants to give hand outs she can do that on Christmas and Thanksgiving. As far as me having to come onto this shitty platform and speak to a camera instead of the ring that I lost blood in, that I've sweated in, and that I've made my career in is a fucking shame.

Curtis turns back to the camera.

Curtis Penn:

This place became less Defiant the day Eric Dane handed the reigns over to Kelly.

A moment passes before Curtis releases a dramatic sigh.

Curtis Penn:

And Kelly, I know the day will come when you decide that one of your new darlings need the rub and you'll place them in a match with me, because I'm the only guy here who carries that type of power.

And after I'm done with them they'll walk up to your office and tell you that UTA, Prime, and all the other hole in the walls that they scattered from was a hell of alot easier than wrestling a match with Curtis Penn! On that day, Kel's, that will be the worst day of your life as they make my point for you. That I am DEFIANCE. I am the measuring stick. And I am the one that everyone must come through.

He looks back to Lance Warner as he shoves the microphone back into his hands.

Curtis Penn:

And right now Curtis Penn is not the one to fuck with.

Lance clutches the microphone to his chest as Penn shoulders past.

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EL TREBOL JR vs TYRONE WALKER

DEFtv returns to ringside as Darren Quimbey awaits the music to hit so he can make his introductions.

Angus:

And now comes the point in our broadcast where I get to watch Ty show the little green pipsqueak why this isn't a sport for children

DDK:

You cannot dismiss the fact that Tyrone Walker was the one to offer El Trébol this match. He seems to see something in the young man and is willing to give him this match to showcase that ability.

Angus:

Yeah and Darren could strap wings to a pig too. Thing is, neither of those things are going to fly here in DEFIANCE.

♪ *"Shipping up to Boston" by Dropkick Murphys* ♪

As the Irish heavy metal builds in volume throughout the arena, El Trébol explodes through the curtain, bouncing on the balls of his feet near the entrance. Then, sprinting forward, the little guy reaches ringside and dives underneath the bottom rope, rolling to his feet and throwing his arms wide. Moving to his corner, he lets the music die away as he awaits his opponent.

♪ *"Black" by Sevendust* ♪

The lights drop and are replaced by a strobe effect as the synthesized opening of Walker's entrance theme begins to dance along the airwaves. This instantly creates a buzz in the crowd who explode with a rush of cheers for the Black Jesus' arrival, chief among them being Angus on commentary, naturally. The spry 41 year old hits the stage looking ready for battle as he bounces about, whipping the crowd into a frenzy before heading towards the ring.

Along the way, Ty stops to slap hands and bump fists with a few of the regulars that have seemingly taken permanent residence of their seats during most of DEFIANCE's tapings. Once he gets to the ring, Walker continues to hype up the Faithful as he takes to a corner, throwing his hands in the air and barking at the crowd.

The two competitors step purposefully out of their respective corners as the bell rings to signal the start of the match. They step close enough to give each other a respectful fist bump before they fall into their respective fighting styles. Walker falls into a more balanced striking stance, one foot in front of the other, while Tré keeps square, prepared to evade Walker's attacks.

Circling one another, El Trébol is first to launch into the offensive, looking to strike at Walker's knee with a chop block. Walker side steps the obvious frontal assault and turns to face the luchador who uses his momentum to rebound off the ropes back at Ty. Walker aims a low kick at Trébol's chest who vaults over it, rolling through it to his feet and then turning back to Walker.

Ty gives a curt nod to the little man's athleticism before he closes the gap with two long strides.

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Grabbing Trébol by the arm, he whips him into the ropes and waits for his rebound. He drops to his stomach on Trébol's return, hoping to trip him up to no avail. On the next rebound, Ty leaps, allowing the little man to pass through his legs with no difficulty.

Then, instead of waiting again, in the center of the ring, Ty follows behind El Trébol, who had gotten it in his head a springboard assault. Both of the men hit the middle rope at the same instant, springboarding backwards and landing on their feet beside one another. Trébol is allowed a moment of surprise before Ty lashes out with a sharp kick, sending him crashing to the mat.

Walker goes for the quick pin, but Trébol shoulders out at one. Walker uses his opponent's movement to transition into a side headlock. This hold was used only to allow Walker to find his footing with Trébol in his hold; once there, he takes the little man right back down to the mat with a textbook hip toss. Trébol instinctively only to eat a stiff kick to the lower back. And a cover . . .

But only a two count from Navarro, with Trébol again kicking out. Pulling the little guy to his feet by his mask--not in a way to rip it off, of course--Walker whips Trébol into the rope, waiting for him on the rebound. Snatching him up, he twirls him with the hope of a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker in mind, but in the air, El Trébol transitions it into an arm drag!

Walker hits the mat, the sudden shift of Trébol's weight, albeit small, enough to unbalance him, and rolls through to his knees. Its there that he eats a stiff knee under the jaw from El Trébol. Walker is stunned but doesn't topple, so the luchador shoots the ropes to build his momentum. On the rebound, Trébol leaps onto Walker's shoulders, looking for his vicious Hurricanrana driver.

But Ty catches him! Then, from his knees, Walker powerbombs the little man to the mat, pressing the shoulders down for the pin. One, two, and nearly a third before El Trébol finally pops the shoulder free. Walker shakes his head, not from frustration it seemed, but from the resolve his opponent was showing in this showcase match.

Pulling Trébol to his feet, Walker manhandles the little guy into the corner, softening him up palm strikes across the head and chest. Then, stepping back to the corner opposite, Walker charges back in with a lifting knee strike that leaves Trébol slumped against the middle turnbuckle. Walker didn't think it was enough, though, as he lifts Trébol so he was sitting on the top rope.

And life from El Trébol who wildly strikes out with a thudding headbutt against forehead. Ty steps back from the blow, giving Trébol the space required to grab him by the head. Then, leaping off the turnbuckle, the duo twist in the ring as the little man lands the tornado DDT, spiking Walker to the mat. Navarro is in perfect position for the pin attempt from Trébol, to the surprise of many.

But Walker is still alive after two count and, being the veteran he is, rolls out of the ring before El Trébol can capitalize further. While he takes a few steps away from the apron, Trébol scales to the top, watching Walker from his perch. Ty appeared to be too far until Trébol, showing his ability, tightrope across the top rope until he can leap off with a huge topé suicida onto Walker!

Hector Navarro is up to a three count before Trébol, his fatigue evident, finds his feet and tries to pull Walker up. Ty proves to heavy for Trébol, who finally gives up and climbs into the ring, waiting for Ty to find his own footing and enter the ring or else pick up the upset win by countout. Walker is up shortly after, though, and is in the ring before the referee yells out six.

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Walker finds El Trébol facing away from him on the top rope, his moonsault frankensteiner in mind. Charging forward before Trébol can launch himself into the air, Walker grabs the little man by his suit and throws him backwards to the mat. Trébol somersaults through this, rolling into a seated position only to eat a vicious running knee strikes across the face by Walker.

El Trébol appears about out of it after that last attack, but Ty Walker wasn't entirely convinced. Pulling Trébol to his feet and basically holding him there for a brief moment. It took a little transitioning given the luchador's size, but Ty is then able to connect with the Ol' Dirty Buster on the little man. He doesn't even have to hook the leg as Hector Navarro drops the count the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Tyrone pushes himself to his feet as El Trébol begins to stare as Darren Quimbey presses his microphone to his lips from the bell area.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match by pinfall, TYRONE WALKER!

Angus:

There wasn't a doubt in my mind that MUHBOITAI was going to overcome the little masked freak. As if it's difficult to walk over him like that.

DDK:

El Trébol showed the fans a certain fighting spirit tonight, though. Time will only tell if this luchador deserves the recommendation Tyrone Walker has already given him.

DEFtv transitions to the backstage area following the announcer's final closing remarks.

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ASTERISKS

The shot cuts from the arena to the locker rooms.

Jason Natas, still not washed and changed following his latest defeat, runs a pair of scissors beneath his right handwrap. It takes a hefty effort to slice through the layers and layers of material but he gets there eventually and finally frees his hand from its tight, bandaged prison.

Clad in his sodden "PUGILIST" tee and aching from head-to-toe, The Anti-Superstar clenches and unclenches his newly liberated fist a couple of times as he slowly rises to his feet and lets a deep groan escape his lips.

DDK:

Another show, another loss for Jason Natas.

Angus:

Are you surprised, Keebs? Because you shouldn't be.

DDK:

It can't be easy. This man came back to DEFIANCE after a long spell on the sidelines, and he's had to work through a lot of pain and misfortune to rebuild himself. He's getting closer and closer, but Angel Trinidad is yet another loss for The Pugilist, and the road to redemption grows ever longer.

The door to the locker room swings open. Natas barely even acknowledges the arrival as his eyes turn up briefly to see who was there, finding Dusty Griffith and Frank Dylan James, who are both prepared for battle later on tonight.

Frank Dylan James:

Ah'm jus' lookin' t' whip some gah'damn asses t'night, Dust.

Dusty Griffith:

Ain't that your objective every night?

Frank Dylan James:

Ayuh... that'n beer.

Dusty nods with a slight smirk before turning to find Natas still going about his post-match routine. The smirk fades and he snorts before he goes over and takes a seat near the Anti-Superstar.

Dusty Griffith:

Tough loss out there tonight, brother.

Jason Natas:

Each one tougher than the last.

The gruff New Yorker shakes his head ruefully as he peels away his second handwrap and let's it fall to the floor.

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Jason Natas:

I'm losin' these pounds, rebuildin' my strength, fixin' this goddamn knee, but shit just ain't workin' out. Startin' to wonder if it's ever gonna turn around, period.

Perhaps self-consciously, Natas' face turns sour.

Jason Natas:

What's it t'you anyway, Dust?

Dusty snorts and thumbs his nose.

Dusty Griffith:

Just talking, man.

Jason Natas:

Well, I ain't in the mood for talkin'.

Dusty Griffith:

Just because you're down, don't mean you're out, not unless you wanna give up... again.

Natas' brow tightens; his nostrils flare.

Jason Natas:

Listen he--

Dusty eyes Jason, cutting off the outburst or maybe Natas caught himself before he says something he didn't want to have to take back.

Dusty Griffith:

Maybe you haven't noticed, but you've been gaining ground with every match since you've been back. Fact is, you've been out of the game for years, that sorta rusts takes a while to fall off when you're in a place like DEFIANCE, because there ain't no slow lane here.

Dusty claps a hand down on Jason's shoulder.

Dusty Griffith:

Hell, brother, you gave me good fight, wish we could've finished it.

Frank Dylan James:

Heh, if'n them Keelin boys hadn't been there t' break it up... waste of a good fight, ya ask me. No good baysterds.

Dusty nods as he looks over to Frank, who is leaned up against the wall on the other side of the room.

Jason Natas:

Asterisks, asterisks, asterisks. That's all it is. "Could'a won this match, but this happened." "Could'a won that match, but that happened." Sorry boys, but I don't need youse standing there makin' excuses for me: fact of the matter is I ain't been good enough to turn those boyos over, no matter

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what kinda clothin' you wanna dress it up in.

Feeling his own frustration rising, and realising that he's letting it manifest as unfair aggression towards Frank and Dusty, Jason restrains himself. He takes a deep breath and shakes his head.

Jason Natas:

Just blowin' off steam here, but this ain't no cakewalk. No matter how close I get, someone's always grabbin' hold of that rug and pullin' it from under me. I'm just fed-up of fightin' with this handicap. Don't mean nothin' by it.

Dusty Griffith:

It's alright, brother, I get it, been down and out once upon a time myself. You just keep moving, because it's going to happen and when it does? Everybody better watch the hell out, because you hit like a goddamned truck out there... Whattaya say, Frank?

Dusty calls out to FDJ for his take, and the Wild Man from West Virginia simply shrugs and grunts before starting.

Frank Dylan James:

Ah ain't never been in this fer no damn wins, Dust. Ah'm jus' here to whip asses an' make sure none o' these sissy boy rasslers think they can get inna fight wiff Ol' Frank an' think they won when Ah'm done doin' what Ah'm here t' do.

Dusty smiles and shakes his head as he considers his friends take on the situation before looking to Jason.

Dusty Griffith:

There are other schools of thought, if you want 'em.

Natas shakes his head.

Jason Natas:

S'all good. We can spitball all night, but the outcome's still gonna be the same. I'll wake-up in the mornin' an' do the same thing I've been doin' for months: work on gettin' rid'a this...

He grabs what remains of his noticeably-diminished belly fat.

Jason Natas:

... 'til this ain't such a curse on my life no more.

Then he reaches down and gently slaps the once-injured knee.

Jason Natas:

I'm gonna reach the end of this road, boys, an' when I do, I'm comin' back for each an' every win that those pricks took from me. Count on it.

Dusty and Frank both nod as the shot cuts to elsewhere in the building.

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A WARRIOR'S CALL

The camera cuts to the seldom-used interview stage at the side of the DEF WrestlePlex, where intrepid reporter Lance Warner stands with a microphone in his hand.

Lance Warner:

DEFIAfans, my guest tonight is making a return to active competition in the DEFIANCE ranks after a brief sojourn in the developmental program known as BRAZEN... accompanied by his long-time manager Eddie Dante, please give a warm DEFIANCE welcome back to "The God-Beast," Mushigihara!

"Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada

DDK:

Well, it's been a while since these two have been seen on screen here in DEFIANCE, but the return of Mushigihara and Dante is a new threat to all the new blood that have joined as of late!

Amidst the golden spotlights, mist, and pounding drums, the imposing figure of the returning God-Beast materializes alongside his dapper mentor, to a mixed reaction; some hate this duo as much as ever, but many others actually missed seeing the God-Beast tear through the DEFIANCE landscape. Those people are responsible for an audible, however slight, repeated chant of "OSU!" towards the big man. He answers them by raising his hands upward and bellowing out his own...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

Eddie Dante looks like he hasn't missed a beat, leading with his signature cane and grinning like a shark that just spotted a school of tuna, while making his way to the interview stage. Mushi flanks him, and they meet Warner at the platform as the music dies down.

Lance Warner:

Well, Eddie, it's been a hard road, but Mushigihara has cut a path through the ranks of BRAZEN, and looks better than ever as he returns to the DEFIANCE main roster, so what are your plans to make an impression among all the new signings since Ascension?

Dante smiles and extends his hand towards Lance, who promptly accepts it so the two can share a respectful, professional handshake.

Eddie Dante:

Well, let me begin by saying that it's a pleasure seeing you in this WrestlePlex again, Lance, and also by saying that it was a long, hard road indeed. Mushi and I have spent the past four months touring the American southland, locking up in any parking lot, basketball court, or patch of land on which a ring could be set up, and bulldozing through the competition there. I have always said that the God-Beast and I will always persevere, and that is EXACTLY what we did in those trying times.

Mushigihara:

Osu.

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Dante turns outward, towards the crowd.

Eddie Dante:

But don't think for one second that just because we spent the past few months away from this arena, in what some might call "the minor leagues", that we took a step DOWNWARD, no! If anything...

Dante raises his free arm upward, palm up, seemingly grabbing a piece of the sky.

Eddie Dante:

...we have constantly been the proverbial "Eyes in the Sky" here in the WrestlePlex; we've been watching everything as it transpired here in our absence. We've seen the influx of new talent flooding into the DEFIANCE ranks. We've seen people rise and fall here. We've, sadly, seen our former partner beaten into retirement, and we've even seen Harmony ASCEND, and get her hands on a title that SHOULD be ours...

Dante just chuckles and shakes his head.

Eddie Dante:

...but I digress. We're here, NOT ONLY to make up for lost time, but also to settle some... unfinished business. Three years ago, Mushigihara, Troy Matthews, and myself were riding high as trios tag team champions... and then, we lost them to Sam Horry, Ty Walker, and Ryan Matthews. Since then, both men with the "Matthews" surname are out of the company, Ty Walker seems more than content as our esteemed leader's [ahem] "kept man," and well... [looks to his own cane and shrugs] my own competing days are behind me. But we never, EVER forgot the one time Mushigihara and Sam Horry fought, one-on-one, and how quickly it devolved into a fracas.

Lance Warner:

So, you're challenging Sam Horry to take on Mushigihara?

Eddie Dante:

Of course! We saw his battles with Jake Donovan, and we KNOW he has a warrior's spirit, so there's no doubt in my mind that he'll answer the call. Mushigihara wants a WAR to show that he's every bit as much a threat to anyone in DEFIANCE as before, and when it's all said and done, this ENTIRE roster will have the name of Mushigihara on its lips...

The camera closes on Dante's face as he grins.

Eddie Dante:

We await your response... warrior.

Mushigihara leans in, emphasizing the point with another...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

"Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" fires up again as the pair departs the arena, all business as usual.

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CHANCE VON CRANK vs HENRY KEYES

DDK:

Welcome back to DEFtv!

Angus:

Keeps up next we have an Ascension rematch between Chance Von Crank and Henry Keyes!

DDK:

Chance won at Ascension so The Airship Pirate will be looking for revenge here tonight.

Angus:

Chance cheated to win, per usual. Pixie Paradoxxx helped him immensely.

DDK:

No doubt, and Keyes was LIVID about it! Speaking of Pixie...

A shotgun blast explodes across the arena as Chance Von Crank's Shock N Rolla custom intro announces the presence of the White Trash Maniac.

♪ "Broken" by Pantera ♪

Pixie Paradoxx sticks her head out from behind the curtain. The crowds boos scare her so she pulls her Reagan mask down over her face. She walks out onto the stage then points back at the curtain. Chance Von Crank emerges from behind the curtain. Boos rain down on the couple as they head down the ramp and towards the ring. Fans hurl obscene slurs at the couple as they get closer to the ring. Chance walks up the steps and slides through the ropes while Pixie holds them apart for him. Crank bounces in the ring before tossing Pixie his signature rhinestone robe.

♪ "Airship Pirate" by Abney Park ♪

The propeller whirr. The red lights. It's no longer New Orleans - it's Bell Clap City. Keyes dispenses with the pleasantries of his usual deliberate hunch-strut to the ring - he's running with a full head of steam straight at the man who weaseled his way to victory at Ascension. The crowd roars its approval as Keyes slides in, charging straight at cVc - who narrowly slips through his grasp and slips outside the ring to a chorus of boos.

DDK:

Keyes is thirsty for vengeance tonight!

Angus:

Yeah, but Crank is a slippery bastard. No chance it's going to be THAT easy for Keyes.

Keyes follows Crank to the outside and gives chase. After a lap around the ring, Crank hops into the ring, followed quickly by Keyes, and Crank lays a quick boot to Keyes's head right as the bell rings to officially kick off the match. Crank does his best to follow it up with clubbing blows and strikes, but a rage-fueled Keyes absorbs a bunch of the shots and eventually is able to rise to his feet, throwing a vicious European Uppercut that gives him some space to operate. He takes a step back and levels

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Crank with a vicious Lariat, followed by another.

Keyes continues to work over Crank like a rabid dog, fueled by the crowd and his overwhelming need for vengeance. Crank, to his credit, seems game and is eventually able to duck beneath a wild haymaker of an elbow shot and levels Keyes with a snap neckbreaker. Pixie gives her clapping approval in her mask and a wave of boos rattles through the arena.

Crank goes on the offensive, and in one particularly gross moment, wrenches in a nerve hold on Keyes's left shoulder against the ropes while Pixie lifts her mask up, licks her lips, and winks at Keyes. At four-and-a-half, Crank releases the hold and gets admonishment from the referee as Pixie slaps Keyes in the face, hard.

Keyes gets good and pissed at this, and after a few salty verbal jabs from Crank, Keyes launches himself halfway across the ring in a violent and not-quite-textbook amalgamation of a Thesz Press. Keyes rains down blows, including a headbutt or two, before setting cVc up in a front facelock, swiveling around him, and wrenching in a Chickenwing! Crank fights this as best as he can, and they both end up on the ground. Keyes wrenches it in even further, forming a sort of bridge at times, and cVc is finally only able to break the hold via violent flailing and eventually getting a foot to the ropes. Keyes releases the hold, takes a step back, and smiles, beckoning Crank forward.

Pixie Paradoxxx at this point has found her way to the ring apron and has removed her mask. She's barking at the referee for Lord knows what slight that has befallen her man - Carla Ferrari is hearing none of it. An errant spray of spit flies from Pixie's face as she rants about Crank being the Man that will Make America Great Again, and it visibly hits Carla in the face - to which she responds by ejecting Pixie!!

The crowd erupts in cheers as Ferrari emphatically motions for Pixie's ejection. Crank, back to his feet, begins yelling at Ferrari about this - and is interrupted by a schoolboy rollup attempt by Keyes! Crank kicks out at two, full of piss and vinegar, and the two lock up. Crank is able to force Keyes into the corner. He rams his shoulder into Keyes's guts a few times until Ferrari makes him step back at four - and Crank punctuates this with a slap to Keyes's face. Keyes, enraged, pushes forward and shoves Crank hard in the chest, sending him tumbling ass over foot. As Crank stumbles to gain his footing, the loudest crack you'll ever hear in a DEFIANCE ring resonates through the crowd.

Angus:

BELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL CLAP!!!

The count is emphatically fundamental.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, by pinfall, HENRY KEYES!

DDK:

Vengeance, thy name is Keyes!

Angus:

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Cut away the bullshit and the flair and the distractions, and the truth is laid bare - the BELL CLAP is just that cut above the rest!

Keyes celebrates his victory and gives way-too-hard high fives to the crowd as he walks back up the ramp.

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STREET FIGHTED

Cut to the backstage area once more. Surprise, surprise: it's Lance Warner, and he's stood before a DEFIANCE backdrop with a microphone in-hand. How utterly unforeseen.

Angus:

Who the hell is that, Keeps?

As per Angus' expression, Lance isn't alone. Beside him stands a man of average athletic build with long brown hair and scruffy, short facial hair. His hands and wrists are fully-taped with black X's etched crudely across the hands, and he wears a facial expression that suggests he's trying to look fearsome and intimidating, but doesn't quite know how to.

DDK:

That's one of our latest signings, Angus! Trust me, you're gonna love this guy...

Most eye-catching of all, however, is the white t-shirt and the message across the chest. "HASH TAG NEW STREAK!!!!", it says. No pound sign: it literally says "HASH TAG," and yes, there are multiple exclamation points.

This man is an idiot.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen, please allow me to introduce to you the NEWEST member of the DEFIANCE roster... Jack Hunter!

DEF's interviewer extraordinaire turns to Jack, who looks far from impressed with what he's just heard. Jack shakes his head.

Jack Hunter:

No, no, sillyman. No, no, no. You have said my name wrong. Please use the note, sillyman, before I street fight you right now okay.

Lance doesn't exactly do the best job of hiding his frustration and let's out of the slightest of sighs as he digs into his breast pocket. He soon pulls out a small scrap of paper and unfolds it. His face twists with confusion as he tries to decipher the message.

Lance Warner:

What's this word supposed to be?

Warner holds the paper close to Hunter, who examines it for a moment before whispering the answer in his ear. The interviewer takes another couple of moments, then clears his throat and starts reading..

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen, please allow me to introduce you to The Street Fighter, AKA The Little Bruiser, AKA The Superbest, AKA the... UNDEFEATIFICUTED... hash tag new streak 35-0 world-famous wrestler, former champion of Utah hardcore wrestlefights... Jack Hunter.

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Angus:

... Keebs.

DDK:

Yes?

Angus:

What the hell is going on?

DDK:

Fasten your seatbelt, Angus... this is only going to get weirder.

Jack Hunter:

Well done Lancelot Warner, that was much more excellent and better and more good than last time, but why are you here, shouldn't you be making cartoons with your brother, because you are the Warner Brothers? HAHAAHAHAHA!

The cackle is loud, obnoxious, and completely unnecessary.

Jack Hunter:

Yes, my name is Jack Hunter, the UNDEFEATIFIABLE 32-0 best guy in wrestling, and now I am finally here, in DEAF FIRE ANTS, and I will do wrestling here, and also street fights, and give-out many little bruises, because I am here now, to fight fire ants, because my last opponent ran away me, his name was Alan Nothing, and he was scared of little bruises, because he bruises like a peach, and I hate Big Al Nothing.

Warner tries to cut through Hunter, but The Little Bruiser doesn't even give him a chance to part his lips.

Jack Hunter:

You see, Cartoonboy, I am not only the best wrestler, but I am also the best fightman, which means nobody here is as good at wrestle fights as me, which means I will do all of the wins against everyone, especially the Lesley Troy and the Calamurray Squidman and the Eric Dean, who I have already defeated many times before in fights, because he says he is The Only Star, but he is not, because there are many stars, especially in the sky, but I am also a star, because I am a famous wrestler, okay?

Lance Warner:

Well Jack, you--

This time, Jack just straight-up cuts Lance off. He grabs the microphone clean out of his hands and looks directly into the lens.

Jack Hunter:

Listen humans, The Hunter is not here to do silly and do handshakes and be nice and things, I am here because I have lots of pain, pain you can't understand, and I am going to give that pain to you, so it becomes your pain, so you will feel the pain and when I put my pain on your skin, guess what is going to happen?

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He pauses.

Angus:

A lobotomy, perhaps?

Jack Hunter:

LITTLE BRUISES! Because I am Jack Hunter and I am excellent at doing punches, just like M. Bison, and when I hit my famous and deadly and cool great super finishing move the Cow DDT, you will lose, because the move is really good and powerful you see, which means you will be pinned, and even though I don't have a match tonight I will now show you how powerful I am!
HAHAHAHAHAHA!

Sporting a grin that's equal parts maniacal and batshit insane, Jack Hunter cups his hands to his lips and looks to the roof.

Jack Hunter:

MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Oh. My. GOD. Put a bullet in my head...

Jack Hunter:

I will now street fight all of the things, like this poster!

Much to Lance's bewilderment, Jack turns around to face the backdrop, clenches his fists, and starts peppering it with punches.

Yes. That's exactly what is happening now.

Angus:

What even is this?!

DDK:

Jack Hunter is street fighting the backdrop, Angus!

After knocking a couple of tears into the backdrop, Jack turns his attentions elsewhere. There's a janitor just a few metres away, pulling a mop and bucket down the corridor.

Jack Hunter:

And this mop!

A confused and concerned janitor scurries away as Hunter yanks the mop from his grip and drops to the floor, pulling the mop between his knees and wrenching back on its handle.

Jack Hunter:

Tap to the armbar, feeble mop!

By this point, Lance Warner has given up and gone home. Jack stays down for a few more moments, before something else catches his eye.

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Jack Hunter:

And this walking cactus!

The Little Bruiser suddenly hops to his feet and charges towards the cactus. Without warning, Jack launches at it with a surprisingly violent kick, catching it right at the top and sending it tumbling to the floor.

Jack Hunter:

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

But it's not a cactus.

It's El Trébol Jr.

And he's lying on the ground, completely motionless.

Jack Hunter:

STREET FIGHTED!

The newcomer takes-off down the corner, completely oblivious to the fact that he's just knocked an actual human being out cold, and presumably looking for more inanimate objects to destroy. The shot lingers on ETJ, as a nearby backstage staffer calls loudly for help.

Angus:

Ha! Oh my God, I don't think he even realises he just knocked Trébol the fuck out!

DDK:

Jesus, that kick was absolutely brutal! ETJ's gonna need some help back there!

Angus:

I've no idea what the hell I just say through, but at least the ending was kinda funny. Goodnight, lima bean!

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A KEY INTERACTION

Backstage, moments after the Keyes/cVc rematch, new upstart Van Carver walks through the hall. He's headed to fill out the last of his new hire paperwork, whistling a tune, minding a lot of his own. He's new around these parts, and the Murder Machine doesn't want to put anyone in a body bag just yet.

At the opposite end of the hallway, Henry Keyes turns the corner. He towels off his face, making sure his glorious red mustache is kept in pristine condition. Keyes feels the effects of his battle with Chance just minutes ago. Keyes looks up, he spies Carver and stops dead in his tracks.

Henry Keyes:

Great Oliver Cromwell's head on a spike, could it be?

Keyes squints as Carver, oblivious to the situation, continues his stride through the hall. Keyes pops a button on his leather brace, fumbling around quickly before producing a bronze-framed red-tinted monocle. He presses it to his eye, leaning uncomfortably closely towards Carver as he approaches.

Henry Keyes:

It can't be! Here, and now?? MOST curious...

Carver stands right in front of Keyes, perplexed. Keyes almost appears to be looking THROUGH Carver with his tinted monocle. Carver looks Keyes up, and then down, stoically. The intricately-braced arm catches his eye as he nods.

Van Carver:

Help you?

Keyes, almost surprised to hear the man before him speak with a real voice and for once realizing he may be crossing some boundaries of personal space, takes a startled step back.

Henry Keyes:

I...yes. Hm. Well. How do I ask this. Do youuuuu....

Keyes trails off, squinting once again and taking a particularly close look at Carver's head and scalp. Carver rolls his eyes, losing patience for whatever the hell it is he's obviously missing about this situation.

Van Carver:

Do I what?

Carver goes to move past Keyes but Keyes intercepts by grabbing Carver's arm. Carver's eyes dart up, locking with Keyes' for a second. Keyes has a Eureka! moment and his eyes light up.

Van Carver:

Look, do we got a problem here or...

As the words come out of his mouth, Keyes steps aside. Carver freezes for a moment.

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Henry Keyes:

Another time.

Van Carver:

You're something else.

Keyes motions that Carver has the right of way and should move past him. As he does, Keyes reaches and pinches his fingers together, plucking a hair from Carver's head. Keyes stares at it as if it were the first concrete evidence of gravitational waves.

Henry Keyes:

Funnily enough, I was about to say the same thing about you...

We transition out of backstage.

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DUSTY GRIFFITH & FRANK DYLAN JAMES vs SUPER MUSCLE BROS

We come back to the arena with Keebler and Skaaland ready to call the next match.

DDK:

Up next, we got the formal debut of the... *Super Muscle Bros* who--

Angus:

Who's best attributes are Aleczander the Great and the fact that MUHBOITAI's name for them stuck faster than Jonny the Blockhead sticks needles in his--

DDK:

Ahem... Speaking of Aleczander, surely the Big Brit will be looking for another shot here against his and Jonny's opponents, Dusty Griffith and Frank Dylan James.

Angus:

For sure, Keebs, no way the Mancunian Muscle is gonna let ASCENSION go after that megaton battle he and Mayberry fought... Just gotta hope Booya doesn't ruin the SMB's big debut by Jonny Booyaing all over the place like the flat topped idiot that he is.

DDK:

Not to mention, they're taking on a tall task and Big Frank is surely spoiling for a fight, then again, when isn't he?

Angus:

Well, there's only one way to find out, so let's take it to the ring!

The shot cuts to the ring as the music begins.

♪ "Doomsday" by Nero ♪

The Faithful boo at their first glimpse of the Masters of Musclebound Mania swagger walk out on to the stage with Thomas Keeling Sr. leading the way. While the obnoxiously loud and long dubstep tune works its way to its crescendo, Alecz and Jonny take to either side of Keeling and get their flex on. When the music finally kicks into full gear, the Brothers of Swole make their way down to the ring, randomly stopping to mock some of the skinnyfat nerds along the way. Once in the ring, Alecz and Booya continue to flex and taunt the crowd...

Then the music fades and all hell breaks loose.

♪ "Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent ♪

Turning on a dime, the Faithful begin roaring as The Nuge begins burns that dubstep garbage off the airwaves as Frank Dylan James and Dusty Griffith emerge. Whereas Alecz and Booya took their time, Ol' Frank and Big Dust forego the pomp and circumstance of your typical pro wrestling introduction and rush down to the ring with furious intent. Hitting the ring, FDJ and Dusty go right for the Super Muscle Bros, who are quick to bail from the ring, leaving Frank and Dusty to stomp around the ring like a couple of angry bulls.

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Soon the music fades and senior official, Benny Doyle brings some order to the match before calling for the bell. Alecz and FDJ start, the two of them couldn't be any more opposite stylistically as wrestlers, but strength on strength? That's universal in any language and the two attempt to bully each other with pure strength and raw power as they push and pull each other around the ring like two big bucks fighting for dominance.

Finding it difficult to gain any sort of advantage over the other, Alecz breaks free, but before FDJ can try to grapple with him again, the Big Brit looks across the ring and points... to Dusty Griffith. The Faithful cheer, clearly remembering the battle between those two and immediately sound off about wanting to see a sequel. Frank looks back towards his friend and tag partner, who nods stoically with an ever so slight smirk as he holds out his hand.

Tagging in, Griffith steps up to the man he defeated at ASCENSION and instantly the two are in each other's faces and talking a mile a minute. The Faithful's anticipation boils over quickly as the two pick up where they left off with a barrage of skull rattling elbows and forearms. Dusty breaks first and grabs a headlock, but Alecz shoves him off and Dusty comes roaring back with a shoulder block that doesn't budge the Big Brit.

Alecz taunts Dusty, flexing his impressive physique as he shows it's none the worse for wear after their clash on pay per view. Griffith shoves Aleczander back before slapping his own shoulder as a challenge for him to give it his best shot. Not one to back down, Alecz obliges as he goes to rebound himself off of the ropes and crashes into Dusty with a shoulder block of his own that doesn't even so much as wobble the Wild Bronco.

Griffith smirks as he taunts Aleczander, brushing off his shoulder like the blow didn't even register. Alecz sneers at the taunt and shoves Dusty, who returns with a shove of his own. Alecz lashes out with a knee lift as Dusty advances and then a European Uppercut before pushing him back and then whipping him to the ropes. On the rebound, Alecz comes charging in and levels Dusty with a shoulder block that flattens him.

Dusty rolls away and gets to his knees, but finds Alecz not looking to follow up as he showboats much to the chagrin of the Faithful. Getting to his feet, Griffith stands back a moment with his hands on his hips as he takes in Aleczander's boasting for the crowd before sweeping up behind him and throwing him with big Back Drop Suplex that gets an equally big cheer! Dusty is up quick and gives the crowd a knowing look as Alecz scrambles to his feet.

Rushing him, Dusty fires away with elbows, backing Alecz near the ropes before whipping him across the ring. Dusty goes to follow in, but Booya reaches in, grabbing him by the hair and causing him to whip around and blast Booya with an elbow. The distraction pays off as Alecz comes racing back across and catches Dusty with the **BICEPS EXPLOSION** as he turns around to eat the Big Brit's devastating clothesline.

FDJ bellows about the interference as he makes to get into the ring, which gets Doyle over to stop him while Alecz and Booya proceed to work Dusty over in the corner. Alecz stomps away while Booya holds him with an arm wrapped around his neck, effectively choking him. On the outside, Keeling barks commands, alerting them when Doyle turns around so he doesn't see the two on one mugging in the corner.

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Tagging out, Jonny Booya enters the fray and continues to rough Griffith up in the corner until Doyle orders him to back off. Booya and Alecz continue to pour on the punishment, tagging in and out as they take turns pummeling Dusty with simple, but effective blows. All the while, Keeling continues to give direction on the outside, getting them to keep Dusty as far away from FDJ as possible, who tries to rally the Faithful behind his partner.

Griffith tries to feed off that energy and fight back, even freeing himself from the corner as he clobbers everything that is near him before trying to stagger over to his corner. The SMB's recover quickly and it's Booya who tackles Dusty, while Alecz dashes across the ring and knocks FDJ off the apron. Enraged by the cheapshot, Frank gets in the ring and wildly swinging his big fists at both Alecz and Booya, which again takes Doyle's attention.

Pulling Dusty into the middle of the ring, the SMB's double up on him as they begin taking turns scoop slamming him again and again while Doyle is occupied with getting FDJ on the apron. Doyle finally turns away from FDJ and gets the SMB's to break it up, ordering Booya back out to the apron while Alecz drags Dusty closer to their corner and tries for the cover. He barely gets a two count as Frank comes in and kick-stomps Alecz to break it up.

Ol' Frank though doesn't need any instruction from Doyle, as he stomp back over to his corner, even though Doyle follows him over. Alecz and Booya again take advantage, pummeling Dusty with tandem clubbing blows before Alecz locks him up in a Full Nelson. Booya works Griffith over with a few hard stomps before running towards the ropes, but Dusty manages to break free by stomping Alecz' foot...

YAKUZA KICK!

Booya is gobsmacked at the sudden gaff, his hands coming up to his head in disbelief. Meanwhile, Dusty rolls away and tries to get to his corner, just as Booya finally shakes off the shock before he charges to try and stop him from tagging in the ever angry Mastodon who is hooting and hollering for Dusty to reach for the tag. Pushing himself up, Dusty puts everything he's got into diving for the tag and makes it, causing a huge eruption of cheers as FDJ begins to clean house!

Catching Booya coming in with Big Boot of his own, Frank turns and catches Alecz coming with a clothesline. Booya is up and gets a scoop slam for his trouble and Alecz takes the same ride as well, Frank scooping him up high and slamming him down hard. Frank turns to locate Booya and stomps over to the Best Flex in Wrestling before clobbering him with a brutal forearm smash across his shoulders.

Before he can do more damage to Booya, Alecz recovers and goes to jump FDJ from behind, but Dusty Griffith returns to the fray and clobbers him with an elbow! Beating Alecz back towards the ropes, Dusty and Frank look back across the ring and nod before whipping the SMB's to the center of the ring where they crash into each other! Dusty goes to follow up, but is suddenly stopped by Keeling who reaches in and grabs him by the foot!

Pulling his foot free, Dusty snaps around to see Keeling trying to play it off like he wasn't just caught with his hand in the cookie jar. Dropping out of the ring, Dusty stalks towards the Brains Behind the HOSS Dynasty, who backs away with his hands up before turning and running for his life as Dusty gives chase! Meanwhile in the ring, Frank watches as Dusty chases the Senior Keeling and bellows...

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Frank Dylan James:

Git dat gawddem baysturd, Dust!

However, he roars when he sees Angel Trinidad charging down to ringside, suddenly stepping between an angry Dusty Griffith and Keeling, who scurries behind his charge. Griffith holds up as he and Trinidad face off, the Wild Bronco snarling at the cocksure, young giant as they staredown in front of the entrance way. The Faithful simmer with anticipation as Dusty takes a fighting stance, urging Angel to fight him, but Keeling tries dissuading his client.

Dusty Griffith:

C'mon you big sonuvabitch, fight me!

Trinidad laughs and then suddenly snaps forward with a shove, but Keeling continues to try and get him to back away when Dusty returns the favor and shoves him back as Benny Doyle comes out to try and break this up as well. Back in the ring, with FDJ's attention diverted, Alecz and Booya jump him with pummeling blows before whipping him across the ring. Big Frank comes roaring back off the rebound and DOUBLE CLOTHESLINES THE SMB's!

On the outside, Dusty and Angel get closer to fighting with Keeling and Doyle continuing to try and keep the two from going nuclear. In the ring, Frank stomps around like a maniac, dropping heavy boots on Alecz and Booya as does so before settling his focus on "dat dern purrty boy!" Bringing Alecz to his knees dropping one monstrous fist after another on to his face until Booya sneaks up from behind and LOW BLOWS him!

Seeing their chance, Alecz and Booya set the big Mountain Man up and raise him high with a double gorilla press before dropping Frank's legs and swinging him into a double sitout side slam!

Angus:

SUPER MUSCLE BOMB!

DDK:

Is that what they call that?!

Angus:

I'unno, but it's what I'm calling it, Keebs!

Doyle turns to see what's happening in the ring and rushes in to make the count as Alecz drops on to off FDJ for the pin... Suddenly realizing what's going on, Dusty tries to follow suit to make the save, but Angel grabs him by the legs as he tries to get into dive into the ring! The Faithful booing their heads off at the miscarriage of justice taking place before their very eyes as Doyle makes the three count official.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winners of the match, by pinfall... Jonny Booya and Aleczander the Great... **THE SUPER MUSCLE BROS!**

Angel let's go of Dusty as Booya and Alecz make a hasty retreat, joining Angel and Keeling on the outside where they celebrate like they just had the most killer set at the gym. In the ring, Dusty

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rushes over to his best friend and tag team partner and helps him up as Big Frank grunts and growls in pain. Looking out to the floor, Dusty sees Angel, who peers back at him with a highly smug grin of satisfaction as he and the Super Muscle Bros back their way up the ramp.

DDK:

Distraction aside, that was a heckuva way to debut as a team.

Angus:

Shoot, this was such a big win for Alecz and Blockhead that they're gonna treat themselves by skipping leg day tomorrow.

DDK:

That certainly is quite a treat if you know how seriously Aleczander and Jonny Booya take their gym time.

Angus:

Plus, it's Angel three and Mayberry zero, so that's awesome too.

DDK:

Something tells me this is going to do nothing to get Dusty off of Trinidad's back, he wants that match and he's not going to stop until he gets it.

Angus:

Yeah, well... He can like, uhm, yeah.

DDK:

Well said... And we'll be back, right after this.

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CLAUSES AND CLAWS...ES

Back up in the Pleasure Dome, Kelly Evans doesn't look amused. This is a far cry from how she felt at the beginning of the show, what with Eric Dane's assurance of her still being the Matriarch of DEFIANCE and all. But as the night's worn on, she's grown progressively more annoyed ... which is generally par for the course running this Crazy Town.

But now she's got Eugene Dewey in her presence. His Nerd Rage Antics from the top of the show aren't so comical anymore, thanks to all the other things that've happened since then.

Let's run down the charges, shall we?

Kelly Evans:

Reckless endangerment... Destruction of property... Assault with an inflatable gorilla?

Eugene Dewey:

It was a monkey.

Kelly Evans: "[glaring]

What's the difference?

Eugene Dewey:

Monkeys have prehensile tails. Gorillas don't. See, gorillas are one of the great apes, like us, and the great apes don't-

Kelly Evans: "[glaring harder]

Do I look like I give a shit?

Eugene Dewey:

Not really.

Kelly Evans:

Then why the hell are you still talking?

Eugene Dewey:

You asked what the diff-

Kelly Evans:

What the hell is the difference between assault with an inflatable gorilla or an inflatable monkey!?

Eugene Dewey:

I'd assume the size would come into it somewhe-

Kelly Evans:

I'm looking for a reason not to fire you right now. Keep talking and I'll stop.

Eugene clams up at that sentence. Kelly stares daggers at the former FIST for a moment before continuing.

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Kelly Evans:

Good. Now, I've called you in here because I need to address something Dan Ryan-

Eugene's nostrils flare at the very mention of that name.

Kelly Evans:

-said earlier. Something I believe involved, him, you, the FIST of DEFIANCE and this very evening.

Eugene cracks his knuckles and smiles awkwardly. Not like a shy and bashful smile though. Now, this smiles is much darker... much more sadistic.

Kelly Evans:

Well, it's my job to inform you that that's just not gonna happen.

The smile vanishes from Dewey's face without a trace. Before he can kick off, DEFsec enter the room and flank Dewey on either side.

Kelly Evans:

Still no talking, Eugene. But then again, you don't need to say a word. Now, I've read your contract and yes, you are entitled to a rematch for the FIST of DEFIANCE, and yes, that match will happen. But, even though it's nice to have a champion who's LOOKING for a challenge for a change, I'll be damned if you and Dan Ryan think you're going to be setting when that happens. And so, I've brought you in here to tell you you will receive a rematch for the FIST of DEFIANCE at DEFIANCE ROAD!

Eugene seems to be conflicted over that news. On the one hand he's lost his title match tonight, but he's not lost it entirely. Kelly meanwhile is done as done can be.

Kelly Evans:

Now get the hell out of my office, and try not to trash anything on your way out!

Cut back to the announce desk.

Angus:

God damnit, I don't wanna have to wait!

DDK:

Well, there you have it folks, it looks like the main event for DEFIANCE ROAD is set as Dan Ryan defends the FIST against the former champion, Eugene Dewey!

Angus:

OK, these next few weeks need to hurry the hell along.

DDK:

Regardless of when it happens, you can be sure it's gonna be one heck of a match!

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I WANT MY SHOT

We're backstage in the Wrestle-Plex, more specifically focused on a locker room door that suddenly opens, revealing Harmony who strides out in her ring gear and with the SOHER Championship in hand. She pauses outside the door after it closes behind her, taking a second to admire the golden plates on the belt before giving it a slap and putting it around her waist.

She's so engrossed in preparing to go and face Curtis Penn that she doesn't even notice Jake Donovan approach her with his lighter in hand, flicking it open and closed.

Jake Donovan:

You know what they say about pride, it's a sin you know, and sin leads you to burn.

Harmony almost leaps out of her skin at the sound of Donovan's voice, her hand immediately heading over her heart.

Harmony:

Jesus Christ! Don't creep up on me like that.

Jake Donovan:

Then perhaps you shouldn't make it so easy.

Harmony cocks her hip to the side and raises an eyebrow, clearly not impressed with Donovan's ramblings.

Harmony:

Get to the point, Jake. Some of us have better things to do than stand here all night to try and decipher your cryptic shit.

Jake Donovan:

I want my opportunity at the SOHER.

Harmony cocks her head to the side.

Harmony:

As does half of the roster, so what makes you think you're so special?

Jake Donovan:

Oh but I am special, Harmony. Beating you in the tag team match was just the beginning, if i don't get what i'm after, I might simply have to ruin you.

She chuckles, taking a second to re-adjust the title belt around her waist for comfort.

Harmony:

That might be, but your outing at Ascension wasn't quite as successful now, was it? And you only ended up in that tag match because you just happened to be in the right place at the right time.

Jake Donovan:

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Some would call that fate. But in case you need a better reason, I've stood where you stand now. I've worn that belt, and never once was I given my rightfully deserved chance at a rematch. Well I am invoking my rematch clause now. The only question is, will you be honorable and give it to me, or will you be prideful...and burn.

Harmony:

If you want an opportunity at this championship, Jake, you've got to earn it. And relying on some match win from BEFORE I became champion doesn't count. Prove to me you deserve an opportunity and I'll think about it. Now if you'll excuse me, I've got to go and show the world once again that Curtis Penn keeps his balls in his bedside table.

Without another word, Harmony walks away and towards the entrance way for her match, leaving Donovan to spit a fireball at her retreating back, laughing a creepy little laugh as he watched the smoke roll down the hallway in her wake.

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SOUTHERN HERITAGE TITLE MATCH

We leave the backstage area and head to ringside where the fans in the Wrestle-Plex are fired up for our next match up.

DDK:

It's been an intense night of action so far folks but we've still got so much more to come!

Angus:

I have been waiting for this next match all damn night.

DDK:

Seriously, he's been like a giddy schoolgirl waiting for their favourite boy band outside the arena.

Angus:

This match is going to combine my two favourite things: Harmony and watching Curtis Penn get his sorry ass kicked from pillar to post.

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" - eRa ♪

Again we see Curtis Penn riding the shoulders of Jonny Booya as the spotlight follows them to the ring. Penn waves like the Grand Marshal of the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. Booya carries Penn without breaking a sweat all the way to the ring. Booya bends over slightly so that Penn can dismount on the the ring apron. Penn ducks under the ropes and walks to the far corner.

♪ "Just A Girl" - No Doubt ♪

The Wrestle-Plex becomes engulfed in purple light as Harmony steps out onto the stage with the SOHER Championship around her waist and a huge smile on her face. She heads down to the ring with a spring in her step, pausing to hug a fan holding a "Harmony Rocks!" sign before she slides into the ring and removes the championship from around her waist to lift it high above her head. She hands the belt over to Benny Doyle and shakes out her shoulders as Doyle stands between the competitors and displays the belt to the fans.

Penn goes on the attack as soon as the bell rings, charging at Harmony with great fury but the champion steps to the side and quickly pulls Penn down from behind for a roll up that Penn kicks out of before one! They both roll out of the pin attempt and hurry to attack, but Penn stops Harmony in her tracks with a thumb to the eye followed by a German Suplex and bridge to pin attempt that Harmony kicks out of at one. The crowd in the Wrestle-Plex show their distaste as Penn pulls Harmony up and throws her into the corner then charges, but eats a headscissors takedown for his trouble as Jake Donovan wanders down the ramp with a lighter in his hand.

Harmony catches a dazed Penn with a standing dropkick before looking round for Donovan, finding him sat near the timekeeper's area with his lighter in hand, flicking it open and closed over and over. She shrugs her shoulders and goes back to Penn, charging at him in the corner with a handspring enziguri then dragging him out by the foot to make a cover and get a two count. The Champion grabs him by the leg to look for The Fermata, but Penn kicks her off and rolls to the ropes, pulling the top rope down to send Harmony sailing over the top rope as she charges to attack!

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Doyle backs Penn away from the ropes then begins to count, but Penn ignores it and reaches through to drag Harmony up onto the apron and through the ropes by her hair, show boating to the crowd before planting her with a hangman's DDT!

The crowd in the Wrestle-Plex are not impressed as Penn takes his time to roll Harmony over and make an arrogant cover that she kicks out of at two. After arguing with Doyle over the count, Penn drags Harmony up by her hair and throws her into the ropes, the champion ducking under the clothesline attempt to plant Penn with a wheelbarrow DDT on his return! Harmony rolls him over for a cover but only gets a two count, and doesn't give Penn time to get away, sitting him up and wrapping him into a Lotus Lock. Penn desperately edges himself towards the ropes and manages to get a foot on it, prompting Harmony to break the hold then go after Penn again, but he drops her into the bottom rope throat first and Booya hits her with a slap across the face while Penn keeps Doyle busy!

Penn pulls her away from the ropes and makes a cover, but Harmony kicks out at two and Penn begins to showboat again, jawing at the fans before he stalks Harmony from behind and goes for a roundhouse kick as she turns around. Harmony ducks the kick and shoves Penn into the ropes to pull him into a roll up, but Penn rolls through to put Harmony in the pin attempt with a fist of tights, only to be denied as Harmony kicks out at two! Both competitors scurry up to their feet, but Harmony gets there first with a double knee jawbreaker, staggering Penn long enough to lock him into The Fermata! Penn desperately reaches out for the bottom rope but he can't get there and he has no other option but to tap out.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by submission and STILL the Southern Heritage Champion, HARMONY!

Angus:

YES!

DDK:

Penn tried to showboat and it cost him dearly.

Angus:

I love a flexible girl. Did you see her bridge?!

DDK:

I really need to find you a wife or something.

Doyle hands Harmony the SOHER Championship as he lifts her hand in victory, but her eyes rest upon Jake Donovan at ringside, who continues to watch what's happened with his lighter in hand, flicking it open and lighting it up as Harmony celebrates.

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HONORING YOUR AGREEMENT

Kelly Evans walks through the corridors of the Wrestle-Plex with a stern look on her face as she arrives at the double doors to her office, the mockingly named "Pleasure Dome." Turning the handle to one of the doors, Kelly enters and slams the door behind her as she makes her way over to her desk, shoving the papers on her desk to the side. The DEFspy camera, always in the right place at the right time watches Kelly Evans in her office.

Kelly Evans: (sighing)

Ugh, what a long night... eh, what's next?

Voice:

Depends on how you answer our question?

Kelly turns to the dark corner of her office as the enigma, Omega emerges. The large man standing to his feet before advancing on the boss.

DDK:

What is Omega doing in Evans' office?

Angus:

Beats me, Keeps, dude is beyond crazy.

Kelly Evans:

What do you want Omega?

Omega:

Don't play coy with us child? You know why we are here or did you forget our agreement?

Kelly Evans looks up at the monster who pulls his hoodie back from his head to reveal his face to her. She was just not in the mood right now to deal with Omega, but Kelly knew she did not want to set this unstable man off in any way. Evans moves from her position to the other side of the desk and takes her seat before throwing Omega a wry smile.

DDK:

What does he mean by agreement?

Angus:

Not good, if Kels made some kind of deal with this crazy bastard. Dude is crazy beyond repair, Keeps... Oh... do you think he heard me?

DDK:

The man stalks in the shadows so he probably heard you.

Angus:

FUUUUU.. I need to retract everything I just said.

Kelly Evans:

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Look Omega I know there was a bidding war for your services but I cannot honor that right at this moment.

The large man does not show any anger toward Kelly Evans, a smile actually forms on his lips as he begins pacing around the room. Omega stops his pacing and glances toward the ceiling for a few seconds before peering back down toward Kelly Evans.

Omega:

They will not be happy that you will not honor our agreement, Ms. Evans. No, not happy indeed.

Kelly Evans:

Omega, tonight is not the night to be coming at me with this. I just cannot give you what you want at this particular moment.

Omega:

They are not happy but they are willing to come up with a compromise to the original agreement.

Kelly Evans: [intrigued]

So what do you have in mind, Omega?

Omega:

Well since you will not conform to our agreement, they deem that we must take something near and dear to you.

Kelly Evans: [annoyed]

Jesus fucking fuck, enough with the mystery already, what the hell are you talking about?

Omega turns his massive back away from Kelly as the boss stood to her feet believing this was a sign of disrespect. The madman smiled as he looks around the office until turning toward Kelly and sticks his right hand out and points to a picture on the wall. Kelly Evan's eyes widened as she looks at the picture that Omega pointed to. Kelly sits down and answers Omega's gesture with a single word.

Kelly Evans:

No!

Omega:

Ms. Evans we did not want it to come to this. We want everything to fall in place with our stay here. Now with these recent events you have put your company in a very precarious position. You have made it very hard for them not to retaliate. We urge you to reconsider our compromise or things will become very... *chaotic*.

Kelly Evans:

I said, **no!**

Omega looks at Kelly for a second before turning to see the picture on the wall once more. He turns and moves his massive frame toward the door, stopping just before he reaches for the handle on the door. The enigma pulls his hood over his head and peers slightly over his left shoulder.

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Omega:

Remember Ms. Evans, you are the one that will have to live with this decision. You are forcing their hand and it will not be pretty. You have been warned.

Omega grabs the handle and turns it slightly to open the door. The madman almost ran into Ty Walker as he enters the office. Smiling, Walker looks up at Omega and the boogeyman smirks as he looks down upon Ty as well.

Tyrone Walker:

Sup, big mang?.

Omega:

We will let you know in due time.

Omega walks out of the door past Tyrone Walker, brushing his shoulder on the way out. Walker "hehs" at the contact, the slight brush not bothering him enough to make an issue with it as he steps his way into the office. Shutting the door behind him, Ty walks toward Kelly who sits down in her chair with her hands slightly rubbing her temple.

Tyrone Walker:

The hells big and crazy want?

Kelly Evans:

Nothing important.

The shot fades and then jumps back tot he booth.

DDK:

Why doesn't she tell Ty what Omega said to her?

Angus:

Maybe she believes she can handle this monster, but I'unno, Omega might be beyond controllable.

DDK:

Can't say that I don't agree with you on this one Angus, but she is the boss so we have to believe that she knows what she is doing?

Angus:

Yeah, hopefully, but that'll just have to be a bridge we cross when we get there, eh?

DDK:

Yes, but before we do that, we have tonight's main event and it's coming up next!

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MAIN EVENT: LINDSAY TROY vs ANDY SHARP

DDK:

Coming up next, we have a big-time main event and in fact, it is a first-time ever match between two of wrestling's more world-traveled stars in "The Queen of the Ring" Lindsay Troy and "The Lord of the Skies" Andy Sharp.

Angus:

"Queen of the Sharp Objects" more like. If you're trying to sell me on Lord of the Flippy-Doos taking her on, then... well, I hope Brian Slater allows Troy another chance to spike somebody, if you pick up what I'm putting down!

DDK:

Keeping it classy as always, aren't ya? Moving along, both Sharp and Troy are coming off what have to be disappointing losses in ASCENSION's respective Southern Heritage and FIST of DEFIANCE Ladder Wars! Andy took a heck of a fall and is going into this match less than 100%... plus, Troy went flat-out from bell to bell and fell victim to a Humility Bomb off the ladder from her own brother-in-law!

Angus:

Andy ain't gonna be able to flip, flop, and flippy-derp around the ring as well as he can, so hope he can pull from another bag of tricks!

DDK:

I think he might surprise you, he's got over a decade of experience and he's still relatively young! Let's go to the ring!

♪ "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 to a nice pop. Normally, this is the part where Sharp heads toward the ring at a breakneck pace and slides underneath the bottom rope...

This isn't one of those times.

Walking into his first ever DEFIANCE main event with a pair of bruised ribs, Sharp continues on and pensively approaches the ring, but slaps hands with some of the fans on his way. He climbs up the steps and leaps over the ropes, then to the second turnbuckle, fingers pointed upwards before he settles into his biggest opportunity yet.

♪ "Trampled Under Foot" - Led Zeppelin ♪

The DEFIANCE Faithful jump to their feet with a roar... MUCH louder than Sharp's own reception! Cell phone screens and camera flashes light up the arena and red, silver, and gold pyro explode from the stage like cannon fire. Robert Plant serenades the Wrestle-Plex with the first verse and chorus before Lindsay Troy makes her appearance. She throws the curtain aside, strides out to the platform, and walks purposefully down the ramp to the ring. Once she's between the ropes she gives

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Quimbey a nod, foregoes her traditional posing on a corner turnbuckle, and turns to face Andy.

DING DING DING!

The bell rings as Sharp carefully approaches Troy and offers a hand in sportsmanship. She slaps the hand out of respect and the two circle before locking up. Sharp has the power advantage over the Queen and tries for a go-behind into a roll-up quickly...

And only a one-count! Troy rolls away from Sharp as the Lord of the Skies shrugs his shoulders.

Andy Sharp:

Can't blame a guy for trying, right?

A smirk crosses Lindsay's face as both competitors meet to their feet again. The two lock up again and Troy comes CLOSE to shellacking his bandaged ribs with a kick, but Sharp moves out of harm's way before the blow can get him.

Lindsay Troy:

Can't blame a girl for trying, right?

The Lord of the Skies and Queen of the Ring nod respectfully to one another before they lock up a second time. Sharp goes to her left arm and tries an arm wringer to control her, but she ain't having none of that shit. Troy flips forward once, goes back the other way, and then rolls a third time to escape the hold and reverse the momentum so she can control the situation. Sharp realizes this is a bad position for him to be in so he runs towards the ropes and impressively FLIPS over her, even surprising Troy as he sends her shooting across the ring with a modified arm drag!

Sharp sees the chance to attack her and goes charging in, but Troy catches him with a low sole kick right in the ribs! Sharp gasps for air and that's all she needs to gain control again. She whips Sharp across the ring and goes to attack him in the corner, but Andy sucks it up and leaps over her, landing behind her. He goes to the ropes, but as he gets there, the Queen is already up in his face with a knee right to the ribs again!

Basically the bandages are a glorified target that she can keep going after. Sharp doubles over in pain as Troy pulls him out of the ropes and catches him with some forearm smashes right on the money. She's clearly got something in mind as she takes off to the ropes...

LEAPING CLOTHESLINE FROM SHARP OFF THE REBOUND!

Sharp nearly takes her head off and goes for a cover, but only gets a two-count off the shot. Sharp doubles her over with a knee of his own and sends her flying with an Irish whip across the ring. He tries for something big of his own, but Troy slides underneath him and stands up behind him. Sharp turns around with a clothesline in mind when the Queen pulls out some almost Matrix-style evasion, leaning backwards to avoid the shot. She comes back and stuns Sharp with an inverted atomic drop and follows that up with a thrust kick to the knee, bringing him down slightly. The Lord of the Skies tries to stand up...

RAYNES OF CASTAMERE!

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A deadly pair of double knees, shades of husband Tyler Rayne, right to the ribs and that might put Sharp out of his misery! The crowd cheers from the impact of the move as Sharp rolls around the ring, kicking his legs! Troy rolls over and goes for the cover..

ONLY TWO!

Surprising, but Sharp is known in his own tenured career for doing crazy stupid shit and walking away from it.

Troy shoots a quick look at Brian Slater and then goes back to punishing Mr. All-Star in the corner. The chops lead to forearms, and those lead to some NASTY round kicks right to the ribs! The look on Sharp's face isn't good, but Troy keeps the punishment going before backing away from the corner to plan her next attack. As Sharp sucks wind, she closes in with a hard forearm smash! Sharp is doubled over in pain as she grabs him by an arm and sends him off to the other side.

She has something big in mind, but Sharp sidesteps it and sends Troy crashing hard into the corner! Seeing his chance to strike, Sharp grabs her and throws her to the outside of the ring. The crowd wonders what's coming next as Sharp takes to the skies and takes the Queen down with a suicide dive! A stupid move on his part, but Sharp favors his ribs and guts it out. He slides into the ring a second time and gives himself a little bit of room as Troy tries to stand again...

Suicide Dive Numero Dos!

Sharp has made these triple dives a part of his repertoire as he waits for Troy to stand...

SUPERMAN FOREARM OFF THE RING APRON!

Normally from the springboard position, instead Andy opts for a simpler, but effective Superman forearm off the apron. Sharp lands on his feet after the shot to try and minimize shock to his ribs and now the Queen is down! Sharp quickly throws Troy back inside the ring for a cover, but only gets a two-count!

DDK:

After a rough couple of minutes for Andy, he just turned the tide back in his favor!

Angus:

Let's hope that Unlikely wasn't right earlier! Lord Flippy-Doo can't screw this up!

Sharp goes right back on the attack again and Troy is back up when he launches her into the corner. Right as she hits it, Andy buries an impactful charging big boot to the face! Troy convulses from the shot, but things go from bad to worse when he throws Troy out of the corner, hits the second rope and comes back with a slingshot discus leg drop! He favors his ribs again, but Sharp with a cover, only getting two!

Thinking what else he can do to finish things off, Andy picks Troy up again, but the Queen fights back with a few hard shots right to Andy's ribs again! Sharp winces with each shot and fires back again. Troy is back on her feet and throws huge kicks to the ribs again. She goes for a big shot, but Sharp catches the leg and takes her down with a dragon screw leg whip! A nicely-executed move

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from Andy turns the tide again.

With a weakness to exploit, he goes to the left leg of Troy and throws a few elbows and kicks into the joint before picking her up and pushing her into the corner. She tries to fight back against Andy and tries to go for his ribs again, but Sharp fights back with some elbow smashes of his own. He sets Troy's leg up and nails a running dropkick right to the knee! Troy goes down and favors the leg, allowing Sharp the chance to wear her down with a tight half-crab!

"TROY!
TROY!
TROY!
TROY!
TROY!"

The Faithful have REALLY taken to Troy, especially after her impromptu facial reconstruction surgery on Bronson Box. The thunderous chants continue as she tries to fight her way out of the hold. Andy keeps the pressure on, but Troy continues to fight until she finally claws her way towards the ropes. She inches closer to the cables as Andy tries to keep the pressure on, but Troy finally manages to wrap her fingers around the bottom ropes! Since Sharp is neither a dickhead nor a cheat, he lets go of the hold without taking advantage of the five-count.

He goes to try and pick the leg of Troy, but when he drags her back to her feet, she surprises Sharp with an Enzuigiri! Sharp stumbles from the blow and goes down to a knee as Troy tries to fight through her own pain at the moment. She clocks Andy with some good shots and tries a whip, but Sharp reverses and Troy goes for the ride. Sharp tries mounting another offensive but all that's waiting for him is an elbow to the face followed by a leaping overhead neckbreaker that nets her a two-count!

The Queen rallies back and goes low on Sharp, looking for the Final Judgment - a move that has put down men like Eugene Dewey and Bronson Box in the last few shows, but Sharp suddenly wiggles free and trips her up, going for a jackknife roll-up... close, but only a two-count! Sharp refuses to stay the hell down, but Troy shares the same sentiment as he tries to rise, only to catch a hard roundhouse to the head! Sharp finds himself doubled over again and falls to a spinning fisherman's suplex that comes CLOSE to getting a three, but not so! Sharp STILL kicks out!

Angus:

Stupid Lord Flippy-doo won't stop tonight!

DDK:

Sharp and Troy giving it all they have and then some! Sharp is making the most of this opportunity and Troy is bound and determined to rebound from what happened at ASCENSION!

In shock, Troy looks at the ref and thinks that she had three there, but Brian Slater ain't having it! She goes right back on the attack again and when she tries to get Sharp back up, he retaliates with a chop! A kick catches her in the chest and he goes to the ropes...

SHARPER IMAGE!

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The rebound lariat turns Troy inside out! She falls down hard and Sharp fights through his rib pains to roll her over and hook both legs this time... one! TWO! THRE--NO! Sharp pounds the mat out of sheer frustration and goes up top. It's a stupid move when his ribs are hurt, but he goes on anyway and Sharp shows no hesitation in his game plan. He's one All-Star Frog Splash from the biggest victory in his DEFIANCE career as he jumps...

Angus:

WHAT DA FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU?!

DDK:

NO WAY! TROY CAUGHT HIM IN MID AIR WITH THE REVERSE STO!

Sure enough, that's what she does! She manages to get up just enough...

DDK:

DIVINE RIGHT! SHARP WENT FOR BROKE AND ONE MISTAKE MADE HIM PAY FOR IT!

Sharp has nowhere to go now as Troy has him trapped, dead center of the ring, after great impact on his ribs and a game-changing counter! Sharp has not much fight left to give and tries to get anything going.. he fades.

TAP TAP TAP!

Troy releases the hold and the two competitors collapse, having given everything and the Faithful are shown going ballistic for the ending!

DQ:

Here is your winner of the match... **"THE QUEEN OF THE RING!" LINDSAY TROY!**

The Faithful are nearly blowing the roof off the Wrestle-Plex after a phenomenal effort from both DEFIANCE stars! Troy limps to her feet first and has her hand raised by Brian Slater as Sharp tries to breathe after being trapped in the Divine Right for a time. Andy starts to stir and get to his feet when Troy's hand flashes into his line of sight. He grasps it and she helps him stand, then they clasp in a handshake of sportsmanship. Sharp raises her arm skyward to the applause from the crowd before he takes his leave and disappears up the ramp, allowing Troy her rightful time to bask.

DDK:

Nothing seems to be able to keep Lindsay Troy down for long, partner! What a huge victory!

Angus:

Keep her down? Keebs, I realize getting planted with a Humility Bomb from Dan Ryan was shocking and everything and, yeah, maaaaybe she was able to bring out another side of High Prince Flips-a-Lot that I don't totally hate or whatever, but we're talking about a woman who took a big rusty metal Spike and without hesitation CARVED up the mug of one of the baddest dudes walkin' God's green ear...

Everyone within earshot knew what Angus Skaaland was about to get into. But as if on cue, the house lights all go off at once right at that very moment when those exact words escaped The

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Motormouth of Malcontent's lips. A struggle is immediately heard in the ring. After a few moments of rumbling canvas we start to hear the unmistakable voice of Lindsay Troy crying out in pain. When the lights finally come back on, a grizzly display is taking place in the middle of the ring.

Angus:

Speak of the goddamn devil himself, Keeps! Holy hell look at that mug!

The Bombastic Bronson Box has appeared, his "red right hand" clamped firmly on head of Lindsay Troy. His thumb and pinky finger pressing painfully into her temples. His fingernails digging deep into the Chairwoman's scalp. The Wargod's gnarled stapled together face twisted in that state of almost *excited* anger, wide bloodshot brown eyes locked on the pained face of his adversary.

DDK:

GOD'S FIERY RIGHT HAND LOCKED IN ON TROY!

Angus:

He's drawin' some *COLOR*, Keeps!

Troy grabs Boxer's wrist with both hands, digging her own nails in while struggling against the vice-like claw hold to very little effect. Boxer even goes as far as to press down with even more of his weight and clamps his fingers even tighter... dropping Troy to both knees, he manages to force a pained scream from Troy, which seems to please him to no end.

DDK:

DEFsec and crew have been quick to break them up twice before and, what, nothing now? Nobody's going to stop this?!

Angus:

This is DEFIANCE, Darren. These two have issues, well here we go, lettin' them sort it out the *DEFIANCE* way.

The Wargod draws his clawed fingers up into a fistful of Troy's hair, violently wrenching her head back and screaming full tilt into her now crimson face. It's loud enough that the nearest camera picks him up.

Bronson Box:

SO YOU'RE GUNNA' JUST CARVE ME UP LIKE A SIDE OF BEEF, TRY'N SHOW THESE FOOKIN' SHEEP HOW BIG AND BAD YE' ARE... YE' FOOKIN' SHRILL BI...

In what may be an equally stomach-turning move, Troy gurgles up a thick bloody wad of spit and spews the matter directly into Bronson's mangled face. Immediately after which, she cocks back an elbow and catches The Original DEFIANT right between the eyes.

*FUCK YEAH LINDSAY! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*FUCK YEAH LINDSAY! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*FUCK YEAH LINDSAY! *clap clap clapclapclap**

Angus:

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Girl's got brass ones, Keebs! Huge. Clangin'. Brass ones.

All the *yippiwoorahrah* ceases once Bronson turns his gnarled face back towards Troy, her hair still clamped tight within The Wargod's closed fist. The stray elbow from Troy has opened up several of the stitches holding the right side of Bronson's face... well, *together*.

Bronson Box: [... *laughing*]

Alright then lass... alright... LET'S FOOKIN' DO THIS CORRECTLY THEN!

He leans down, gritting his teeth, pulling violently at Troy's hair.

Bronson Box:

Shall we, sunshine?

After *several* well placed forearms deep into the side of the Queen's rattled dome, Boxer sets Troy up for what looks to be his patented running corner Bombasto Bomb... but the second of hesitation, the strange little chuckle... before taking Troy up to his shoulders, lurching forward and...

DDK:

HUMILITY BOMB FROM BRONSON BOX! LINDSAY TROY IS WRECKED!

A pop followed by a torrent of boos and derision from the faithful. A far less MIXED reaction than we normally hear for The Wargod. This also seems to make Boxer quite chuffed. He looks down at Troy writhing in pain on the canvas and clutching the back of her neck.

Angus:

Mind games man. Boxer reminding Troy about the fresh knife wound in her back, planted there by one Dan "*Humility Bomb every-motherfuckin'-body*" Ryan.

The Wargod wastes little time continuing on with "working out his issues" with Lindsay Troy, dropping down atop her and looping his arms into a full nelson position, wrenching HARD as he sits down on the small of her back.

DDK:

FULL NELSON BOSTON MASSACRE! Come on, this has to be enough, we need some help out here now, guys!

Bronson's eyes roll back slightly as he pulls even harder on the submission hold. To Troy's credit, she manages to hang in there, scratching and clawing best she can at whatever bit of Boxer's anatomy she can get her fingertips near enough to. A small platoon of DEFsec, lead by producer Mike Sloan and head of security Wyatt Bronson, are finally down the ramp and into the ring like lightning. Every hand tries to pry The Wargod's hands off the back of Troy's neck.

Angus:

SOMEONE CALL AN ADULT!

Mike Sloan:

You made your goddamn point, Bronson! For God's sake let her go!

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It's a herculean effort to break this up, which involves DEFsec chief Wyatt Bronson applying a full nelson of his own around the beefy shoulders of The Original DEFIANT and yanking him, kicking and screaming, through the ropes to the floor below. Obviously satisfied his point is made, Boxer gives in and takes his time in letting the swarm of backstage personal escort him up the ramp, smiling a satisfied smile under a shower of derision and anger from the DEFIANCE Faithful.

DDK:

Jesus, the absolute devastation, the unbridled...

Angus:

HA! Holy shit, look!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Sloan, Wyatt, and the rest of Bronson's escort get The Wargod just to the top of the ramp as an eruption from the fans cause all eyes to shoot back towards the ring, where a bloody, battered, and by God DEFIANT Lindsay Troy has crawled close enough to the ropes to heave both arms up onto the second cable, her middle fingers extended in a double bird salute directed at a now absolutely red in the face and FUMING Bronson Box.

HAIL THE QUEEN!

HAIL THE QUEEN!

HAIL THE QUEEN!

DDK:

The fans in attendance here in the Wrestle-Plex are on their feet for Lindsay Troy, Angus!

Angus:

You said it yourself, Keebs! Nothing can keep her down for long! And that includes the so-called Original DEFIANT!

Temper tantrum-fueled spittle flies from the twisted lips of the Bombastic Bronson Box.

Bronson Box:

SHUT YER' FOOKIN' MOUTHS! SHE AIN'T NUTHIN' TO BLOODY CHEER FOR! Get your goddamn hands off me Sloan, get off me! I SAID UNHAND ME GODDAMN YOU BASTARDS...

Troy manages to lift her head and smile through the pain, groggily baring witness to Box's assault blowing up in his face as he's carted out of the arena with "his Faithful" fully behind *The New Queen DEFIANT*. The roar of the crowd is so loud we barely hear the announce team pipe back in over the din.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, what a night, thank you for tuning in! We'll see you next week right here on DEFtv streaming LIVE from the Wrestle-Plex!

Angus:

CLANG CLANG, KEEBS!

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The cameras fade slowly to the DEFIANCE logo as the crowd continues chanting on.

HAIL THE QUEEN!

HAIL THE QUEEN!

HAIL THE QUEEN!

HAIL THE QUEEN!