

SOUND THE ALARM

Earlier this afternoon.

Just outside the main workers' entrance to the Wrestle-Plex near the loading docks, a member of DEFsec is on the ground clutching at his head and moaning in pain. We hear another crash as another member of security goes crashing into a parked car, setting off the alarm with a loud blaring siren throughout the enclosed area. Standing over him....

EUGENE DEWEY.

Eugene Dewey:

There. That's my identification.

Just then more members of DEFsec arrive with Kelly Evans just behind them, alerted by the loud alarms.

Kelly Evans:

What the...?

Kelly surveys the area, sees tables wrecked and two employees laid out, and a deep frown comes across her face as she turns to look at the former FIST of DEFIANCE.

Kelly Evans:

You have an explanation for this?!

Eugene's eyes go wild, unhinged.

Eugene Dewey:

These PEOPLE asked me for my identification. MY IDENTIFICATION!! ME! The rightful FIST of DEFIANCE for TWO YEARS!!

Kelly Evans:

So why didn't you show them your identification?

She just couldn't help herself. Eugene grits his teeth hard enough to almost be audible as he seethes.

Eugene Dewey: [exploding]

This is blatant disrespect!! I earned that championship and that imposter STOLE it right out from under my nose. I DEMAND my property! I demand.....

And..... Kelly Evans has had enough.

Kelly Evans: [raising her voice forcefully]

You DEMAND?? Let me explain something to you right now. You're in no position to demand ANYTHING. You come here and you assault my employees who, by the way, were doing their jobs, and you yell at me about what you earned?? I'll tell you what you've earned, Princess Peach. You've earned the night off.

Eugene Dewey: [eyes go wide]

WH...WHAT??

Kelly Evans:

You heard what I said. You don't have a match. There's no reason for you to be here. You're done here tonight. GO. HOME.

Dewey slowly stalks right into Kelly Evans' face and stares her down. A few tense moments pass.

Kelly Evans:

You need to turn around, before I decide I'm better off finding a new challenger for the FIST at DEFIANCE Road.

Dewey holds his position, but finally thinks better of things and backs away. One of the members of DEFsec starts to move to one knee, and eats a hard kick from Eugene Dewey as Dewey walks past. The poor guy crumples back to the ground as Dewey flashes a sinister smirk at Kelly Evans. Kelly sneers back at Dewey, but holds her ground and watches him walk back through the dock area.

THE RUNDOWN - WELCOME TO THE SHOW

IN... FIVE... FOUR... THREE... TWO... ONE...

The splash fades and we're greeted by the sound of four thousand strong jam packed into the Temple of the DEFIANT, the Wrestle-Plex in New Orleans, Louisiana.

Soon the shot materializes within the arena and begins to sweep over the raucus crowd who are cheering at the highest octave that they can muster. And of course, their signs.

GOT WRASSLEFAIGHT?!
WE'RE ON THE DEFIANT ROAD!
JACK HUNTER, DESTROYER OF INANIMATE OBJECTS!
ANGEL FEARS DUSTY!
LINDSAY TROY, THE DEFIANT QUEEN!
JASON NATAS LOSS-O-METER OH-AND-FOREVER!
EL TREBOL, CAN I HAZ JOB?!
WE WANT FARTHINGTON!

The shot soon fades to the booth where we are welcomed by the hosts of the show, the best damn commentary duo in pro wrestling today.

DDK:

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

Angus nods and gives a little salute.

Angus:

We got a show and a half tonight for the kids out there, don't we, Keeps? Not that Dork Lord Euge will be here to see it anyway.

DDK:

His actions were reprehensible and I believe Kelly Evans was well within her rights to send him home... But yes, we certainly do have jam packed show, including tonight's main event for the Southern Heritage Championship. Harmony looks to keep her reign in tact against new number one contender, "The Lord of the Skies" Andy Sharp!

Angus:

Something tells me the firebug nutjob that is Jake Donovan will be watching that one *very closely*... and I'm sure Hollywood McFuckAss will be around somewhere, lurking, pretending to be important while being a douche of the highest order.

DDK:

Speaking of Jake Donovan, he asked for a more credible opponent to prove himself again, and tonight, that's exactly what he's getting, because he takes on Cayle Murray.

Angus:

Are we sure Calamurray is even able to wrestle after donating blood? I heard you need to eat a cookie and wait a couple hours before doing, uhm, stuff.

DDK:

Well, it has been a week, partner. I think Cayle Murray is chomping at the bit to make his first big splash in DEFIANCE, and a win over a former SOHER like Jake Donovan could put him in line where the Phoenix hopes to be.

Angus:

Yeah, sure, but did he eat a cookie? There are protocols to ensure our athletes safety, Keeps!

DDK: [ignoring and moving along.]

I'll tell you what's sure to be unsafe tonight, DEFIANT rookie Van Carver looks to test himself against another of DEFIANCE's biggest bads.

Angus:

Heh, yeah, I really wanna like the kid, but are we sure this guy is mentally sound? First he fights Boxer, and now he wants to get in there with Omega?

DDK:

Well, if nothing else, Angus, what he lacks in sanity he more than makes up for in spirit and toughness.

Angus:

So, in other words, he fits right in... assuming he survives that is.

DDK:

Speaking of fitting in, and no, I'm not talking about...

Angus:

Wait, Hollywoo--

DDK:

His name is Mikey Unlikely, and he *is* a legitimate Hollywood star... BUT NO... I am talking about former World Champion, Impulse, who last week said he just wants to perform.

Angus:

Ugh, why do we need more goody goodies? Screw that guy and his hippy dippy pal.

DDK:

You don't like Calico Rose, personally, I find her to be a breath of fresh air around here.

Angus:

It's not fresh air, Keeps, *trust me*.

DDK:

Well, in any case, Impulse asked for a chance and that is exactly what Kelly Evans is giving him... by pitting him

against former King of the SOHER, Curtis Penn. Someone who has taken issue with all of the new talent that has come to perform for our DEFIANT Faithful.

Angus:

Ugh... So this is a match I'm a going to hate on principal. **NEXT!**

DDK:

You like HOSSFIGHTS, right?

Angus:

I've been known to dabble in such things, yes.

DDK:

Well, after last weeks altercation between Team HOSS and Dusty Griffith, Frank Dylan James and Jason Natas, the Wild Bronco is looking for some payback when he takes on Jonny Booya.

Angus:

Okay, that's definitely better.

DDK:

No snide condemnation of Jonny Booya or Dusty Griffith?

Angus:

Nah, not tonight. I might not like Mayberry and his insufferable blowhard...ness, but he's got to be all riled up after last week, and that means he's going to beat the absolute piss outta Blockhead. Hell, even if Mayberry derps and loses, it's all win-win for me, Keeps... So what else do you got for me?

DDK:

Sam Horry makes his return to the ring since ASCENSION, as he looks to continue building momentum for his big battle against Mushigihara at DEFIANCE ROAD... Of course, standing in his way is none other than the Mastodon himself, Frank Dylan James.

Angus:

Jayzuss... Did he lose a bet? Because I don't think his kung fu chop saki MMA nonsense is going to mean anything against Big Frank, Keeps. Shoot, can Frank even spell Mixed Martial-Arts?

DDK:

I don't see how being able to spell that bears any relevance to this match.

Angus:

C'mon, Keeps. If Frank can't spell it, it can't hurt him. It's why he's still standing after the absolute HOSSING that Angel Trinidad gave him at ASCENSION.

DDK:

I'm pretty sure even Frank can spell Angel...

Angus:

I'd bet all of *your* worldly possessions that he can't spell Trinidad though. So basically, Sam is about to get smashed with the only fighting style that matters, and that's Ol' Frank's *Smash You in the Face Until You Die* style of fighting.

DDK:

It will certainly be fun to watch, but that's not all we got tonight, because the Pop Culture Phenoms look to continue building a name for themselves in tag team action.

Angus:

More Hollywood Doucheclowns, who thought it was a good idea to let them in the building?

DDK:

Well, they must have talent if they're here, partner! And they're taking on a young squad from BRAZEN, the Barrio Boys.

Angus:

Talent? The guy calls himself The D, only a douchenozzle nicknames himself like that... and Elise Ares... I mean, she's *hawt*, but dude... I think Eff Dee Jay could beat her in a spelling bee.

DDK:

Come now...

Angus:

Something I'm sure she's said in her many attempts to make it in Hollywood, heh.

DDK:

Oh jeez, *really*, Angus?

Angus: [grinning]

What can I say, Keeps, I calls 'em how I sees 'em.

DDK: [sighing]

Alright, well fans, we got so much on tonight's show, but before we can get to any of it, let's take it on down to the ring for tonight's opening contest between the BOSS OF UNCUT El Trebol Jr and Walter Levy...

Angus:

Hey, I'M THE BOSS OF UNCUT, you take that back, Keeps!

EL TREBOL JR vs WALTER LEVY

DEFtv transitions to the ring where the opening match is preparing to begin. Already between the ropes in BRAZEN's resident oddball, Walter Levy, who is chatting with the referee Hector Navarro like they were the best of friends.

DDK:

Walter Levy has been given a big opportunity tonight as he showcases himself against the rookie El Trébol Jr in our opening match.

Angus:

I would've much preferred this match on BRAZEN where I could choose to ignore it. That is to say that I don't just ignore it anyway right now.

♪ "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 the match to begin.

The two men step lightly into the center of the ring as Hector calls for the bell, each man sizing the other up in the early going. El Trébol is the first to break the plane, darting in and striking at Walter's outer shin with a stiff kick. Before Walter can respond with a kick of his own, El Trébol had already backpedaled out of his reach. El Trébol then repeats the process again in similar fashion.

Suddenly Walter lunges forward, looking to grab the luchador by the head, leaving his legs wide for little Trébol to dive through them, popping to his feet behind Walter and dropkicking him in the kidneys. Walter stumbles forward into the ropes, clutching at his back as Hector steps between the two men to prevent El Trébol from attacking his opponent against the ropes.

Pushing himself off the ropes, Walter taps himself in the chest and mouths "My turn" to the luchador before taking the initiative. Instead of running, El Trébol plants his feet, looking to sidestep a running strike in the last moment into a drop toe hold. Walter Levy had something different in mind, though; he dives forward, looking to crawl through the luchador's legs himself!

Walter Levy misjudges the dive and falls short, having to crawl the last two feet until his head and shoulders are wedged between the surprised Trébol's legs; as to be expected, Walter is not able to go any further. Overcoming his bewilderment, the luchador lifts his hands high with a double axe handle, only to flip head over heels from the modified back body drop from Walter Levy.

What was a comical miscue turned into the advantage as Levy transitioned into a kneeling armbar, wrenching away at the downed luchador. This lasts only for a moment before Trébol rolls to his knees, striking Walter under the chin with free hand to loosen his grip. Then, grabbing Levy by the neck, Trébol delivers a DDT that yields a two count in the first pinfall of the night.

Levy is quick to push himself to his feet, forcing Trébol to speed up his offense. Shooting the ropes, the luchador comes flying back in with a shoulder block that glances off the back of The Bird Man's knee, cutting his height in half. Rolling through the strike, Trébol shoots the opposite ropes and returns with a vicious looking shotgun kick to the kneeling Levy, flooring him.

It looked like El Trébol had the match won with that move, but Levy popped the shoulder off right before the three, clutching at his jaw as he slowly pushes himself to his feet. The luchador, looking to prevent that, shoots the rope again with a second shotgun dropkick in mind, only to hit only air as Levy rolls out of the way. The luchador turns into a running knee strike from Levy, who follows up with a pin that yields two.

Pulling Trébol to his feet, Levy whips him into the rope, looking again for a back body drop. He throws the luchador high into the air, allowing the little guy to rotate in the air and land feet first behind Levy. Leaping immediately onto the ropes, El Trébol springboards back with a moonsault, hitting the mat stomach first as Levy, turning just in time, steps out of the way.

Trébol rolls onto the back and looks up to see a Birdman flying down at him, having just springboarded off the ropes as well, double foot stomp on his mind. El Trébol, with only a moment to spare, rolls out of the way of Levy's boots, popping to his feet immediately. The two men stare each other down, still standing strong after throwing some of their best offense against one another. A mutual nod and then they both shoot the ropes.

Trébol, the quicker of the two, flies at the returning Levy with a crossbody block. Walter, being the bigger and stronger of the two, catches the luchador against his chest. It was then a fairly easy transition into the spanish fly, using the colliding momentum to flip backwards and drive the little luchador back first onto the mat! A near fall and a small pop from the crowd is given to the exchange.

Walter pops to his feet and sounds off a bird call, signaling the end for the luchador. Then, dragging the little guy to the corner, he hoists him to the top and then follows him up, his top rope brainbuster on his mind. But Trébol comes alive with elbows and forearms, hammering away at the stunned Levy. Then, adrenaline fueling him one, Trébol leaps onto Levy's shoulders and sends him crashing to the mat with a hurricanrana from the middle rope.

Pushing himself slowly to his feet, El Trébol drags himself over to the same corner as Levy lies unmoving on the mat. Pulling himself to the top, the luchador was looking to show the crowd the color green. He doesn't seem to notice the figure who bursts out from the entrance curtain, weapon in tow.

DDK:

Jack Hunter is on his way to ringside with a, a--

Angus:

A bottle of weed-killer. The idiot has brought weed-killer to ringside.

Rushing up to the corner of the ring closest to the action, Jack Hunter chucks the weed-killer at the head of El Trébol Jr, who looks up from his perch just in time to see it strike his face. Hector Navarro can do little but call for the bell, awarding the luchador the victory.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by disqualification, El Trébol Jr

DDK:

Leave it to Jack Hunter to not know how to properly use weed-killer.

Angus:

Eh, it was still the most exciting part of the whole match.

The Defiance crowd is given a few more shots of Jack Hunter trying to continue his attack on El Trébol, who finally is able to escape the ring. Walter Levy is not so lucky, though, and unfortunately takes the brunt of the bottle to the face from the wild Hunter. DEFtv cuts backstage while officials try to calm down the erratic competitor in the ring.

COLLECTING RECEIPTS

We cut to a crystal clear HD feed from somewhere backstage. We can tell it's from one of the Wrestle-Plex's many security cameras by the angle. The crowd pops as they realize the person on camera is none other than The DEFIANT Queen herself, Lindsay Troy. She's standing at one of the many hospitality tables in the catering area, typing on her phone screen with the index finger of one hand while the other idly swirls a plastic stirrer in a cup of coffee.

The quiet moment is snatched away by a somewhat hobbled *clip-clop* of high heels. Troy doesn't even need to turn around; she just smiles to herself and finishes up her business on her phone.

Lindsay Troy:

You're sounding less and less like a broken-down mule as the weeks go by, Jane. That brace must be a second skin by now.

The look of pure, unfiltered hatred on the beautiful face of Jane Katze could melt steel. The brace on her damaged knee, if you'll remember, was due to a vicious assault from Troy a month or so back... one of several brutal back and forth "statements" made between her and Jane's *rambunctious* client, Bronson Box.

Jane Katze:

There's no camera to mug for, Lindsay, so you can give the jokes a rest. For some reason, you and your pathe...

Troy does what Ms. Katze requests and gets DEAD serious. Obviously not in any mood to trade barbs with the likes of Jane, the Queen abandons her steaming cup of brown, slides her phone into her pocket, and takes several small - but significant - steps into Katze's personal space. To the former submission siren's credit, she stands her ground, which leaves the two women almost nose to nose. Jane might not have moved, but the aggressive motion causes her to cut her insult short.

Lindsay Troy:

Your number-crunching might put your behind-the-scenes station a couple steps higher than the custodial crew, but that's not the hat you like to wear when the camera's rolling now, is it? That one looks a lot more like a jaunty tartan "MAKE BRONSON BOX GREAT AGAIN" cap. How *far* you've come from the days of the Conclave when you couldn't even curry a single favorable glance from him.

She laughs a little, and it comes out like a huff.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm not buying this evil platonic Mulder and Scully thing you and he have going on either, so tell me...is THAT what changed? You and Box... *You know...*

And we all know what *You know...* means. It's obvious Troy is simply trying to get a rise out of the cold, stuffy executive. To Jane's credit, she keeps her trademark sultry composure but you can tell the comment stung. We detect some *heat* roiling behind those big brown eyes.

Jane Katze:

I don't have to explain myself to the likes of *you*. I know where I stand in this company. And that's on very solid ground and for good reason. I keep the lights on. **And** I manage one of its most important marquee attractions. So if you want to make your jokes, please just keep...

For the second time in a very short span, Troy cuts Jane's tirade off again.

Lindsay Troy:

Please *nothing*. Bronson Box stepped firmly into my ass with taunts and jabs and match interferences. **I stepped back.** I don't let receipts go uncollected. Your knee? His face? I'm just playing the game *your client* helped define. Seems the Faithful have taken to the way I've been *conducting business* with the Wargod, wouldn't you say?

Jane's crimson lips curl into a snarl as she crosses her arms. The two women exchange a long, tense silence.

Jane Katze:

Like I was saying... *before you so rudely interrupted me*. For some reason you and your pathetic *tag team partners* are requested in Kelly's "office" as soon as you can wrangle your *kin*. I believe that brain-dead concussion case Walker is already up there schmoozing our fearless leader as we speak.

Troy raises an inquisitive eyebrow and it takes her a moment to connect the dots.

Lindsay Troy:

Ahh, right. Don't tell me, you just HAPPENED to bring up the Trios Championships with your new best buddy Kelly.

Jane Katze: [smiling]

Well. It *IS* quite a shame they aren't being defended, especially now that DEFIANCE is overflowing with so much new talent. And seeing as... well, come to think about it. How *is* your working relationship with our triumphant FIST? *Mmmm?* Trouble in the Troy, Ryan household I ta...

Lindsay Troy:

You bringing up my family business is a big reason why you have that accessory on your leg. If you don't want me to find its twin for you, you'll keep me and mine out of your mouth and out of this Carnival of Horseshit that Boxer went and started. When I want to address the FIST, I'll do it. My way. On my time.

Troy shifts her head from side to side, cracking her neck. Jane had struck a nerve of her own, both with her mention of the DEFIANCE Trios division and with the Dan Ryan situation.

Lindsay Troy: [regaining her composure]

Concerning the Trios Titles, I'll *gladly* step up and defend the belts if Kelly's found challengers she feels are appropriate.

Jane Katze:

Aaaaand if Ryan *cares* enough to bother or Walker even *remembers* you all are even champions. Two self-absorbed egoists and a man whose head is so rattled he thinks it's still 2004. Fearsome lot. It would take an act of Congress to get the three of you on the same page.

Having had quite enough of this exchange, Troy rolls her eyes, shoulders past Jane, and starts off down the hallway.

Lindsay Troy: [muttering]

We'll be more effective than this Congress, fuck you, Mitch McConnell...

Jane Katze, with the same red snarl on her lips, watches as Troy turn the corner and vanishes from sight. It's then that snarl melts into a sinister, knowing smile. She scoops up the cup of coffee Troy had prepared and forgotten about in the heat of the moment, taking a satisfied sip, casting a knowing glance directly up at the camera before the security feed switches back to the broadcast and Darren and Angus out at the commentary station.

Angus:

Something tells me Troy might not like being filmed on the sly like that... wait. Is Jane "DEFSpy" from the website?

DDK:

I thought you were DEFSpy.

Angus:

I thought it was Warner, but that dude still uses a janky old flip phone. I'm pretty sure he has someone post stuff to DEF dot com *for* him. What kind of asshole "journalist" can't use a computer, answer me that Keebler. Go take a night class or something, Warner, you lazy shit...

DDK: [sighing]
Moving on...

OMEGA vs VAN CARVER

DDK:

Next up we will have the enigma Omega taking on the new comer Van Carver. This will be a tough task for Van Carver but he doesn't shy away from confrontation.

Angus:

Omega destroyed Troy Matthews and now he has this issue with Kels that has MUHBOITAI involved. .

DDK:

Especially after what happened on UNCUT. Ty Walker went head to head with this monster.

Angus:

Problem is we don't know what happened because the feed cut out. I just hope MUHBOITAI is okay because I am scared at what this man could do to him. When a man loves pain as much as he does then there is no telling what he's capable of.

DDK:

I think we have only seen a glimpse of what Omega is capable of. Let's head to the ring for this matchup.

♪ "Figure it Out" by Royal Blood ♪

The song launches into its first verse but there's still no one out of the back, it kicks into the guitar crescendo feeding into the chorus, still no one. It hits the chorus and out of the back, throwing the curtain wide open steps "The Murder Machine" Van Carver. Carver moves swiftly down the ramp, throwing punches and forearms into the air, promising punishment in his upcoming match up.]

Angus:

Van Carver has to bring his aggressive style to this match but it may not be enough.

DDK:

We will see..

♪ "Redeemer" by Marilyn Manson ♪

The lights in the Wrestle-Plex dims as the enigma Omega slowly makes his way to the stage to a chorus of jeers from the DEFIAFans. Omega walks to the ring as Van Carver watches his monstrous opponent. The large scarred hulking mass wearing a black hoodie stands near the apron and grabs the top rope from the floor and pulls himself up. Omega climbs between the ropes and slowly backs himself into the corner as he peers at Van Carver from under his hoodie.

DDK:

He looks bigger and bigger everytime I see him. We know both he and MUHBOITAI survived in that boiler room but we have no ideas the affect it had on both Omega and Ty.

Angus:

I'm sure whatever happened in that boiler room, that monster in the ring loved every minute of it.

The bell rings, Omega pulls his hoodie over his head and throws it to the floor. Carver approaches quickly, unafraid. The size difference between the large Carver and the self proclaimed Boogeyman is a bit to take in, but that doesn't stop Carver from driving a forearm into Omega's face. The Faithful howl with delight. Visions of Carver's brutal match with Bronson Box dancing like sugar plums in their head. Omega just smirks at Carver. Carver nods his head unimpressed with Omega's routine as he charges forward and connects with punches to Omega's face and chest. Omega eats it. All of it. He takes the punishment like a champ. Carver continues to pound away. The Vanimal pushes Omega back to the corner as he continues. Carver grabs Omega by the arm and tries to whip him into the ropes. The big man holds on to the top rope not moving an inch. Carver realizes he may be in a pickle here, he acts quickly Up comes the knee, Carver connecting it to the midsection of the giant, trying to loosen that top rope grip. Carver is

successful. He sends Omega across for the ride, trying his best to keep the big man off balance.

Van rushes in quickly with a clothesline. He catches Omega, Omega is staggered but doesn't find the mat. Van again rushes quickly at Omega, this time this clothesline sends the big man stumbling into the corner. Carver flashes the pearly whites, thinking he's in control, and struts towards Omega. That's when it happens.

The hand of Omega, reaches out and grabs Carver, and with the ease of someone throwing a paper ball into a waste basket Van Carver gets tossed into the corner.

DDK:

Van is going all in against Omega.

Angus:

I think Omega was baiting him in and now he has Carver in trouble.

Omega now drills Carver in the corner. The big man delivering punishment with the huge meathooks he calls hands. The Engima nails Carver with rights and lefts in his midsection. Carver doing his best to hang tough, but each one causing more pain than the one before it. Omega grabs Van by the hair and pulls him from the corner. Omega hoists Carver up with ease and drops him with a vicious Body Slam. The wind is out of not only Van Carver's sails but also out of the Wrestleplex. The fans don't know what to make of this showing of power. Omega looks down at Van before reaching for his leg. Omega drops all three hundred and fifty pounds of his bodyweight right onto it. Van screams in pain, both legs finding the leg. Any effort in order to help. Omega smiles and delivers again, all that weight, onto the same leg.

DDK:

Hasn't this freak done enough!? Poor Van isn't even going to be able to stand.

Omega stands up and pulls Van to his feet as well. Van favoring the leg. Omega whips Van into the corner and follows him in with a vicious clothesline. For the next several minutes Omega pounds on Carver in the corner until Van slumps to the mat.

DDK:

Omega is just merciless.

Angus:

Carver needs to do something quick or he will be done in a matter of minutes.

The big man reaches down and grabs Van from the mat. Carver sees an opportunity. He pokes Omega in his one good eye, which staggers the big man. Van slowly pulls himself up in the corner. Omega tries to focus as Carver now stands on his feet. The Vanimal drives a couple of forearm shot to Omega as the big man still could not focus out of his good eye. Carver continues to move the monster to the corner with forearm strikes. Van sets up Omega in the corner with a thunderous chop. The Faithful cringe at the sound of the chop against Omega's chest. Carver continues as he nails Omega in the corner with rapid fire machine gun chops. Every chop in the corner got a rise from the fans. Omega smiles with glee after each thunderous chop as Van looked on in disbelief.

DDK:

Any normal man would be done after those thunderous chops.

Angus:

Remember Angus, Omega is not a normal man. This man strives on violence.

Carver could not believe that this man stands after the punishment. Carver pulls Omega from the corner and tries to hook him in the middle of the ring. He tries to pick up Omega with a suplex but the big man blocks the move. The monster reverses the move and drills Carver with a big time suplex. Omega punishes Carver with several high impact moves that ends with a big chokeslam. The Engima goes for the pin on Carver but only gets a two count as he looks

on with a smile. Carver was not going to go away with ease and Omega loved every minute of it. The Boogeyman pulls Carver to his feet once more before he sends him to the mat with a huge belly to belly suplex. The enigma goes for the cover once again but Van was able to kick out before the three count. A normal man would be frustrated by the fight from Carver but not Omega, he relished in it. The big man smiles as he looks down at Carver who was giving it his all.

DDK:

That man just creeps me out with that smile.

Angus:

You and me both.

Omega pulls Carver to his feet but the Vanimal continues to fight back with rights, lefts and elbows. Van still had fight left in him against the monster, Omega. Van pushes Omega back to the corner but the massive maniac was just too much for him. Omega shoves Van off him from the corner then exploded with a clothesline that almost took Van out of his boots in the middle of the ring. The Faithful were in awe again of this man's strength. Omega watches Van slowly make it to his feet, before he sends him back to the mat with a vicious spear.

DDK:

Van is giving it his all here tonight but he may not have enough for the maniac.

Angus:

Van might be better off living to fight another day. You don't want to end up like Matthews.

Omega picks up the Murder Machine with little to no effort, sends him flying to the corner with a overhead belly to belly throw. The Enigma picked up Carver and placed him on his shoulders with an Argentine Back Breaker before driving him into the mat with a vicious neckbreaker. Omega hooks Van's leg for good measure as The End took another victim in DEFIANCE. The faithful showered Omega with jeers as he sat near Carver who lay on the mat not moving.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by pinfall, OMEGA!

DDK:

Van did not back down one bit from Omega. He is going to be a tough competitor here in DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Omega continues his dominance in DEFIANCE. The answer may be can anyone stop this madman.

Omega starts to move but stops as he looks back at Carver. The big man kneels next to the Vanimal and starts to unload on him in the ring. The big man drives his massive hands into Van's head. The monster wraps his massive hands around Carver's neck and starts to squeeze tighter and tighter, trying to end Van's life.

DDK:

What in the hell is this guy doing?

Angus

Someone get this maniac out of the ring.

Omega releases his grasps as Carver coughs. The maniac stands to his feet and starts to stomp Carver. The Faithful erupted in cheers as Tyrone Walker made his way to the ring.

Angus:

It's MUHBOITAI!!

DDK:

And right behind him Henry Keyes.

Omega turns to see Ty Walker make his way into the ring. Before Omega could get the advantage Ty was all over the monster. Ty continues his onslaught to actually move the big man near the ropes. Ty rushes at Omega and send him over the top rope to the floor. The monster lands on his feet as he looks up at Ty Walker who stands tall in the ring ready for a fight. Meanwhile Keyes aids in rolling Carver out of the ring.

DDK:

Ty Walker just took Omega over the top rope. But the madman is still standing as he watches Walker from the floor.

Angus:

I told ya MUHBOITAI is a beast.

Omega moves slowly around the ring as Ty Walker watches his every move. The big man slowly makes his way up the ramp as Ty continues to motion for him to get back into the ring. Omega smirks as he just walks away.

DDK:

I just hope Ty is not biting off more than he can chew against this monster.

PLOTTING & SCHEMING

We cut away from the ringside area. Cayle Murray's in his locker-room wrapping tape around his hands, getting ready for his match with Jake Donovan.

Angus:

Look! Dorothy lives!

DDK:

Barely, by the look of things. He doesn't exactly look to be in fighting shape...

Sure enough, there's a large bandage tied firmly around Cayle's head, a faint black ring around his right eye, and a slowly-healing graze across his left cheek.

Let it never be said that Eric Dane doesn't leave a mark.

Aside from his injuries, Cayle's also wearing his black-and-red ring tights and a well-fitting white tee. If this is the same room as last week, then the building's cleaning staff have done an exceptional job of scrubbing the blood out of all the surfaces.

"Are you *sure* about this?"

Cayle, of course, isn't alone. His elder brother asks the question from the other side of the room, then slowly walks into the shot.

Andy Murray:

I know Davine gave you the okay, but there are a *lot* of stitches under that bandages, and I wouldn't trust a guy like Donovan not to go after 'em right away...

Cayle Murray:

I wholly expect him to do just that.

The younger Murray looks-up, abandoning the hand-wrapping process momentarily.

Cayle Murray:

And I'm totally ready for it. Eric Dane's gonna do everything he can to make my life miserable around here, but he's not going to stop me from going out there and doing my job, even if I do feel a little fuzzy.

Andy Murray:

I just don't really want to see my own brother paddling in a pool of his own blood again.

Cayle Murray:

Don't worry, Dad. I've wrestled before, you know...

The Scottish King *almost* smiles at the wisecrack, but soon shakes it away.

Andy Murray:

Getting medical clearance is all very well, but if something like this gets you shook, we've got a whole new set of problems to deal with. Jake's a tough guy with a huge chip on his shoulder: can't afford to go against a match like that worrying about what happened at 62.

Cayle nods.

Cayle Murray:

I'm surprised the big bad wolf and his sidekick haven't haven't come looking for us yet, actually.

Andy Murray:

Oh, they will.

Andy steps a little closer to his brother. His tone grows in weight.

Andy Murray:

We're gonna stick together tonight, lad. Matter of fact, I think it's probably a good idea to stick together until I finally get that slimy piece of work in the ring. This being Dane's home turf gives him a big enough advantage as it is: I don't wanna give him another one.

Cayle Murray:

Sounds good. I don't really want to take another fork to the face.

Andy Murray:

And I don't want to be held responsible for my actions if you take another fork to the face.

Casually dressed in a black bomber and grey jeans, Andy cracks his knuckles. Twenty-one years in this business have taught him a great deal of restraint, but nobody every man has his limits.

Andy Murray:

We need to stop making it easy for them. Playing the underdog and fighting the odds is all fun and games 'til someone loses half their blood and spends the next six months being fed through a tube. Neither one of them wants anything to do with us in a fair fight, so that's exactly what we're gonna give 'em.

Cayle Murray:

Does that mean you'll be ringside with me?

Andy Murray:

Absolutely. Gotta cover all the angles.

Rising from his chair, Cayle stretches his arm muscles loose.

Cayle Murray:

Sounds good to me. I just...

He pauses. Sighs.

Cayle Murray:

I just want to wrestle. That's it. I know Eric and I had our run-ins in Utah, but things never went as far as *this*. Now I've got to go to work every night wondering if I'm gonna leave on an ambulance or not.

Andy Murray:

That's not gonna happen as long as I'm around, so get that idea outta your head immediately. We're not gonna fight they're kinda war. We're not gonna isolate or ambush. We're gonna stand firm, stay sharp, keep our heads... and sooner or later, they're gonna have to wrestle us.

His demeanour is calm; his tone authoritative and confident.

Andy Murray:

So tonight, you go out there and worry about beating pinning Jake Donovan. I'll keep my eyes on the ramp and make sure our little friends don't make an appearance.

Cayle Murray:

Alright then.

Andy puts a hand on his brother's shoulder.

Andy Murray:

Just focus, lad. You're gonna be a headline act here soon enough, and if we get past Eric Dane, there's not a damn thing anyone'll be able to do to stop that.

Aaaaand cut.

SAM HORRY vs FRANK DYLAN JAMES

Backstage, Frank Dylan James is shown in his traditional black trunks, beige kneepad and pacing back and forth in his locker room like a caged tiger, snarling at the cameramen and backstage assistants who dare interrupt his alone time.

DDK:

I have been waiting for this match ever since it was announced last week on DEFIANCEwrestling.com. In what will no doubt go down as one of the hardest hitting matches ever broadcasted on DEFtv, FDJ is set to go one-on-one with the 'King of the Streets' Sam Horry.

Angus:

Matches?! This ain't gonna be a match, this is gonna be a slugfest, and my money is on the only man in DEFIANCE so bad ass his initials have initials: F-D-F'n-J!!!!

Camera pans in on Sam in his locker room with his fight team doing pad drills. Sam would punch the pads twice then initiate a single leg takedown. He's wearing a royal blue pair of fight shorts adorned with his sponsor's logos, matching blue compression kneepads, blue shinguards and blue and white wrestling sneakers. Sam slides on his black and blue, hooded robe, and he holds his taped knuckles out as Jeanie kisses them as per their custom.

DDK:

Back-to-back monsters for that man right there. If Sam can make it out of the ring in one piece against Frank, then he's got a refocused, and retooled Mushighiara waiting for another showdown.

Angus:

Key word: 'if'. F-D-F'n-J looks like he's in a hostile mood tonight.

A split screen is shown of both competitors as they make their walk towards the ring.

DDK:

They say "styles makes fights," and bar room brawling meets the sweet science, coming up next!

♪ "Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent ♪

FDJ walks through the curtain to a strong reaction from the Faithful, who cheer when he pulls his big ass chain from around his neck and raises it high with his sledgehammer of an arm. The Mastodon has fightin' on the brain though, so he doesn't pay much mind to the crowds reaction as he stomps his way towards the ring. Getting to ringside, Big Frank climbs up on to the apron and then steps OVER the top rope and into the ring where he continues stomping around while he awaits his opponent.

The shot cuts backstage, where we find Sam Horry flanked by his entourage, who are seen walking down the corridor prepared to make his entrance. Before Sam could make it to the entrance curtain one of DEFIANCE' newest arrivals marches frantically through the building, looking for someone. He turns over a trash can in his quest, before catching Sam and co. in his peripheral.

Jack Hunter:

You! Sillyman! Have you seen the penis fly tra--... wait, I know your face.

The Little Bruiser stops a few feet short. Sam eyes him curiously.

Jack Hunter:

Famous wrestler Jack Hunter here, AKA The Superbest, AKA Street Fighter Extraordinaire. You like fighting, yes? You like the streets? Then open-up your earholes and take some advice from The Little Bruiser, Samwell, because I am the best at street fights... the SUPERBEST, in fact. When you throw the roundhouse kick, you gotta pop from the hip, where your power is...

Sam manages to mouth the words, 'the....fuck?' as he and his entourage rush hurriedly towards the entrance curtain.

Jack Hunter: *(With thumbs up)*

Hash Tag Fundamentals. Hash Tag Master the Basics, kid! HAHAAHAHA!

With Sam looking over his shoulder, trying to piece together what he'd just encountered, the opening notes to his music begins to play...

♪ "Welcome to the Terrordome" by Public Enemy ♪

Sam shakes the encounter from his thoughts and when the baseline hits, Sam emerges from the entrance curtain with his entourage en masse.

DDK:

As Sam makes his way to the ring, Dante along with Mushighiara had this to say:

A Picture-in-Picture window opens up in the bottom left corner of the screen, revealing none other than Eddie Dante and his God-Beast, Mushigihara.

Eddie Dante:

Samuel, good luck against Frank Dylan James, because next week, you'll have to stand before The King of the Monsters and sign the dotted line... at DEFIANCE Road, you will face certain doom at the hands of the God-Beast. Sleep well...

Mushigihara chuckles and points sharply at the camera.

Mushigihara:

OSU!

The shot pans back to normal, as Sam is putting his mouthpiece in. Referee Benny Doyle is having a hard time keeping an impatient Frank Dylan James in the neutral corner.

Angus:

F-D-F'n-J is just plain ready to hurt something!

DDK:

And you heard Eddie Dante, whatever parts of Sam survive this match will be ripe for the pickings as far as Mushighiara is concerned!

DING! DING! DING!

FDJ storms across the ring hurling a haymaker at Sam who ducks and fires a roundhouse kick to FDJ's thigh. FDJ shoots Sam a look almost as if to say, 'Yer' kiddin' me, right?' He wipes his leg, and shoots Sam the middle finger to a mixed response. Sam responds laying another roundhouse kick to FDJ's leg, on the side of FDJ's knee. FDJ feigns a collar to elbow tie up, and hits Sam with a heavy front kick of his own to Sam's chest that staggers Sam into the corner. FDJ follows through with a running forearm that floors Sam. Trying to clear the cobwebs, Sam tries to pull himself up alongside the ropes, only to catch a running kneelift from the aforementioned "Mountain Lion of the Appalachian Trail". When Sam backs himself into the corner, this prompts FDJ to come over and relentlessly clubber Sam to the mat. Referee Benny Doyle steps in between the two, but FDJ moves Benny out of the way to continue. Before he does, Sam shoots behind FDJ and prepares him for a German Suplex. FDJ grabs the ropes, impeding Sam's process. Sam fires roundhouse kicks to FDJ's back and kidneys, before firing another roundhouse kick to the back of FDJ's padded knee, buckling him.

Referee Benny Doyle, steps in to break up the action. FDJ steps towards Sam, who throws a roundhouse kick to the interior thigh of the same padded leg. Sam follows through with a jumping knee, but FDJ sidesteps Sam and delivers

a vicious clothesline to the back of Sam's head, crashing him face first down to the mat. FDJ delivers a hard stomp to the back of Sam's head, and Sam immediately slid outside to the ringside.

DDK:

This has been a physical battle tonight, ladies and gentlemen!

Angus:

...okay this has been about 12 minutes long, so you beat the spread FDJ! Now bring it home!

DDK:

Are you betting on this match?!

Sam slid back into the ring, covering up immediately as FDJ clubbers him back into the corner. Again Benny Doyle steps in to break the two apart, this time FDJ charges into the corner with a running boot, Sam dodges the strike, and FDJ tangles his leg on the top rope. Sam grabs hold FDJ and executes a German Suplex. However, Sam doesn't get a good enough arc on the throw, and FDJ recovers from the suplex faster than expected. Sam gets up from the mat to find FDJ charging at him again. Sam hits a spinning back kick to FDJ's padded knee, FDJ's knee buckles again and finds Sam locking him in the Muay Thai Clinch throwing knees, to the delight of Sam's crowd. Still in the clinch, FDJ explodes grabbing Sam by the throat with both hands and lifting him into the air. FDJ falls forward, crashing Sam to the mat. He covers Sam.

Getting the shoulder up a split second before three, Sam rolls towards the ropes. FDJ follows Sam to the ropes where he reaches to grab at Sam again. Not wanting to be on the receiving end of whatever FDJ plans to do to him, Sam shoots in, grabbing FDJ's padded knee and rotates, locking in a painful kneebar. The hold is way more painful than it looks, but through equal parts grit, and equal parts pride, FDJ moves to grab the ropes. A piece of Sam's heart breaks when FDJ again flips Sam off and uses the long arms his 6'7 frame provides to reach the ropes. Sam releases the hold. He goes to follow up on FDJ, but FDJ pushes him away with a big boot to Sam's chest. While Sam takes a breather in a nearby corner, FDJ pulls himself to his feet, slapping his padded knee to get the blood flowing back into it. The Appalachian monster hides his pain well, but the human body is the human body, and he limps towards Sam.

With a 'Now or Never' attitude, Sam unleashes a huge uppercut which stuns the big man. Sam then connects with a left hook, right straight combo, and finishes up with a left leg roundhouse kick to FDJ's liver. FDJ grimaces as Sam steps to his right and drills FDJ with a right body hook, then right hook, and a left leg roundhouse kick again to FDJ's liver. Sam hits a staggering FDJ with an elbow. "Fall, damn you!" Sam shouts at him. FDJ reaches and grabs Sam behind his head. "You first, boah!" FDJ answers with a thunderous headbutt. Sam was reeling when FDJ connects with another headbutt. He tosses Sam into the corner and with his back towards Sam, opens up with a series of elbows FDJ calls his 'Redneck Welcome'. After the first two jarring elbows, Sam covers up in the corner to try to absorb as least damage as possible. Getting FDJ's cadence down, allows for Sam sneak in a stinging right leg roundhouse kick to FDJ's kidneys to create space. When FDJ turns around he sees a charging Sam whom FDJ snatches and slams down awkwardly to the canvas.

With Sam writhing on the mat, FDJ motions to the crowd that it's time for the end. He climbs to the top rope and leaps off to deliver his patented diving knee drop. When he lands, Sam has rolled out of the way. After a few moments, both men are trying to make it to their feet with the fans cheering both men on. Sam pulls himself to his feet first, FDJ stands up, but his worked over leg gives out on him momentarily, dropping FDJ to one knee. That moment was all Sam needed to score with a brutal roundhouse kick. The entire arena gasps as FDJ falls limp, and FDJ's leg which gave out on him folds awkwardly behind him. Referee Benny Doyle motions Sam to the neutral corner to check on FDJ. He waves the match off to a shocked audience as FDJ is completely unresponsive.

DING DING DING!**Darren Quimbey:**

Referee Benny Doyle has stopped the contest, making the winner of the match, by knockout, The 'King of the Streets' SAM HORRY!

DEFIANCE medical personnel and trainers storm to ringside to attend FDJ.

DDK:

He knocked him out?! Sam Horry has knocked Frank Dylan James out! This is totally unprecedented!

Angus:

No Way! Somebody check that shinpad Sam wears. There's gotta be a--a lead pipe or something in there.

DDK:

We saw Sam do this to Jake Donovan at the conclusion of their match, but....Oh my God, he knocked out Frank Dylan James! They're telling we're gonna take another look at that kick.

A slow motion shot plays of Sam's padded shin plowing into the lower face and jaw of Frank Dylan James, his head snapping back and falling backwards over his buckled leg. After another replay but from a different angle. It shifts to a live shot, of Sam checking over the fallen FDJ. "Diff'rnt result next time boah!" FDJ says. "Let's do it, homie," Sam answers with a smile.

DDK:

There you see FDJ now responding to backstage trainers, and even Sam himself going to check on him. Sam has an enormous amount of respect for FDJ. But what a finish here tonight, as FDJ becoming the second wrestler this year to fall before the brutal professional fury of Sam Horry. Will Mushigiara be the third? Only way to find out is to tune in at DEFIANCE Road.

FDJ receives an applause as he stands to his feet. A man's man, he shoves away anybody trying to help him out of the ring. "Y'all wanna help me, make sure there's a fuckin' ice cold beer waitin' fer me in the back. Or I start crackin' heads." FDJ says in typical FDJ fashion. "Yeah he's alright." The medical attendee says.

DDK:

There's more DEFIANCE action to come! Stay with us!

JACK HUNTER TRIES TO DDT A FLIGHT CASE

Backstage.

A corridor. Any corridor. Take your pick.

Armed with another bottle of weedkiller, Jack Hunter's rampaging through the building, looking for trouble.

Angus:

Jesus Christ. This guy, three times in one night?! What did I do to deserve this hell?

DDK:

Come on, Angus... everyone loves The Little Bruiser.

Angus:

Be right back, gonna find a couple of cyanide pills to swallow.

Jack Hunter:

Come out, come out, wherever you are, little cactus...

Jack rounds a corner and comes across a row of sealed flight cases. Without a second thought, The Superbest drops his weedkiller and hops atop one of them. He stomps down hard on it a couple of times, the sight of which sends a crew of technicians scattering away.

Jack Hunter:

Please don't be scared, Penis Fly Trap! The Superbest just wants to talk with you, about blood, and guts, and little bruises, and blood, and also guts, and rats! HAHAHAHA!

His manic cackle reverberates down the hallway. Jack punctuates it by jumping up and stomping both boots down on the undented, unscathed case. Puzzled as to why El Trébol Jr. is yet to emerge from his apparent hiding place, Jack growls loudly.

Jack Hunter:

Okay little cactus, you asked for it!

The Superbest jumps again, this time landing an elbow drop across the row of cases. Bone collides with steel, and The Little Bruiser rolls off the boxes and curls-over in pain, clutching his elbow.

Jack Hunter:

Oweeeeeee!

The malice in his eyes only intensifies. Red anger flushes his skin and he slowly rises to his feet, eyes on the cases. Jack Hunter slowly lifts his hands to cup his mouth, but before he can utter that famous cow noise...

"Uhhhh, Mr. Hunter?"

The ever-intrepid Christie Zane carefully steps into the scene, microphone-in-hand.

Christie Zane:

What are you doing?

Jack Hunter:

No, Sillygirl! What are *you* doing?!

The Street Fighter's face turns from angry to aghast.

Jack Hunter:

Do you have any idea what you've done?! You interrupted a Cow DDT, Sillygirl! I was about to unleash the most SUPERBEST move in professional wrestlefigths today and scare the Penis Fly Trap out of his little hidey-pokey-hole-box-thing until you showed-up and ruined it!

Completely unperturbed by Hunter's apparent distress, Christie's brow tightens with confusion as she tries to make sense of whatever Jack's trying to tell her.

Christie Zane:

... you were going to DDT a flight case? A large, rectangular, *steel*/flight case that probably weighs something similar to your bodyweight?

He nods.

Jack Hunter:

Problem, Sillygirl?

Christie shakes her head and gives-up trying to make sense of the man with the Pepsi tattoo. Instead, she lifts the microphone to her mouth and slips into "day job" mode.

Christie Zane:

Jack, earlier tonight we saw you charge down to the ring during El Trebol Jr.'s match with Walter Levy and throw a bottle of weedkiller at the little guy's head, drawing the DQ. Can you explain your actions?

The Superbest laughs, then stares at Zane like she's just asked the dumbest question imaginable.

Jack Hunter:

Are you even edumacated, Sillygirl? Let the Superbest educate-ify you. Weedkiller is a thing, and it is a thing that kills weeds, you see, and the Penis Fly Trap is the worst sillyweed I have ever seen, and he is also a cactus, okay, and I don't like him, so I am going to kill him using weedkiller, because he is a weed, and weedkiller kills weeds, which means he will be deadificated.

He smiles, then turns to tap the flight case.

Jack Hunter:

But it is fine, because I have found him in his little cave thingy, and as soon as I open it, I will street fight him so bad he'll never want to be on another street ever again, okay.

This time, The Superbest kneels down to the case's level and gently taps it's surface.

Jack Hunter:

I know you're in there, cactus!

Christie Zane:

I don't think he's in there, Jack...

Jack Hunter:

What are you talking about, Sillygirl?! Of course he--

The Superbest is interrupted as Christie Zane sighs deeply, then brushes past him. She pops away the two clips that were keeping the flight case closed then lifts the lid open for all to see. Predictably, El Trébol Jr. is nowhere to be found.

Christie Zane:

See?

Jack peeps his head over for a few seconds.

Jack Hunter:

Oh poops.

Christie Zane:

What now, Jack?

He ponders his options for a moment, before unceremoniously grabbing the mic from Christie's hand.

Jack Hunter:

Listen here Penis Fly Trap, AKA Sillycactus! I, famous wrestler Jack Hunter, AKA The Superbest, AKA The Little Bruiser, am tired of your stupid little face and mask and shortness! I am already 2-0 in Deaf Fire Ants after street fighting Jake Donovan two weeks ago and extending the *HASH TAG NEW STREAK* to 65-0 and you, little creature, shall be my next victim! HAHAHAHA!

The laugh is so unnecessarily loud that it causes Christie to wince.

Jack Hunter:

I hereby challenge you to a wrestlefight, at Deaf Fire Ants Road, where I will not only wrestlefight you, but also cover you in little bruises, so many little bruises that you will no longer be green, but the colour of bruises, which is brown, which is also the colour of poop, and you will look like poop, *HASH TAG... MIC DROP!*

No laugh this time: just the weirdest smile you've ever seen before throwing the microphone under his arm and... yes, DDT'ing it to the floor. He dusts himself off, stands-up, and looks a bewildered Zane in the eye.

Jack Hunter:

Bye bye.

Cut.

Angus:

I don't even know where to begin with that, Keeps. Please, for the love of God, let's move on...

ADVERTISEMENT: CLASH OF THE DEFIANTS

Moving on from the Jack Hunter Show for the sake of Angus Skaaland's sanity, the arena goes dark as the DEFIatron comes to life with a video package of calm, oceanic waters...

A STORM OF VIOLENCE IS COMING.

AND WHEN IT MAKES LANDFALL.

THERE WILL BE A GATHERING.

AN ONSLAUGHT OF FIGHTING SPIRIT.

PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE...

Cut to the booth.

Angus Skaaland is positively giddy at the news. Before Keebler can even get a word out, Angus just starts rambling excitedly now that he has something that thoroughly cleansed Jack Hunter from his system.

Angus:

YUSS! Are you ready for the KING OF THE HAWSFAIGHT, Keebs? Because I am!

DDK:

I certainly am, partner. If you have followed DEFIANCEwrestling.com, fans, you know that we are crowning a new champion. At DEFIANCE's next grand spectacle will take place even before the dust has settled from DEFIANCE ROAD.

Angus:

Oh ho, but not just any new champion, Keebs. We're taking eight of the most DEFIANT bastards on the planet, throwing some brand new gold up for grabs, and seeing what happens.

DDK:

A grand experiement if there ever was one. We here at DEFIANCE Wrestling pride ourselves on honoring the glorious tradition of the sport, but also being on the cutting edge.

Angus:

Turns out we've got a lot... I mean **a lot** of angry and crazy athletes who love nothing more than smashing faces... you know... *for fun*. I am so stoked for this, you have no idea.

DDK:

I'm pretty sure I have a finger on that pulse, partner. Plus, ever since UNCUT started buzz and today's news revealed it officially, there have been **many** of our athletes who have begun throwing their name in the hat.

Angus:

Damn right. I knew the DEFIANT Onslaught Championship, aka the HAWSFAIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP, was a great idea.

DDK:

Indeed. Stay tuned, fans, but right now we got more DEFtv on tap!

POP CULTURE PHENOMS vs THE BARRIO BOYS

Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez:

DEFFFFIIAAAAANNNNNNCEEEEEEEEE, HOW YA'LL DOOOOOIN?!

The startling voice welcomes you to the ring, as all three members of The Barrio Boys are standing there wearing matching bright red jumpsuits. They all wear big cheesy grins on their faces while Corey Nunez and Gerardo Villalobos throws their arms into the air, trying to get a round of cheers from the otherwise head-scratching crowd.

Angus:

Oh God, no...

DDK:

Certainly one of BRAZEN's finest teams are here to prove themselves tonight, The Barrio Boys! This will be a great opportunity for them here tonight, don't you think, Angus?

Angus:

I'm amazed these guys are still employed by BRAZEN! They better be damn glad they can wrestle, because every time I see their faces I want to gouge out my own eyeballs with a spoon.

Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez:

We're here for another muy importante message for ALLLLL the little ninos out there in the crowd tonight! Take it from us, ninos, we learned the hard way. A life of drugs, alcohol, and other potentially harmful and abused substances is not the way to go. There is a future out there for all of you! A big, bright, SHINING beacon of hope that is all accomplished by listening to your parental authority figures or legal guardians and attending your school in a timely manner!

Corey Nunez:

Just remember ninos... don't be a playa, STAY IN ESCUELA.

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

Blue and pink lights flash around the arena as the music begins to play. Out walk the trio of The D, Elise Ares, and then Klein. The spotlight highlights Klein, who is lagging behind the rest of the group and requires his own lighting. Realizing this, he runs back to the back and shy away from the attention, hoping to later sneak down to the ring undetected.

The D:

We've finally been given our God and country given right of freedom of speech in DEFIANCE. Backstage we were given microphones! And you all will be ever so thankful.

The duo hold their mics up into the air as they continue their walk down to the ring, speaking over their own entrance music.

Elise Ares:

I'm pretty sure I was involved in the Spanish-speaking PSA that this terrible group of impersonators were inspired by. You see when I was a teenager the entire world was at my feet. I was flown all around the world because of my obvious beauty and grace, and often did little videos for you people.

The D:

Wait, wait, wait... Elise, what do you mean by "you people?"

Elise Ares:

Well in my country we call him a "matón." A thug! Petty, stupid criminals who were born only to spend their entire lives behind bars or out on the streets getting killed by the police. Which is a real problem in this country by the way. Hashtag, my life matters more than all of yours.

Klein counts the letters of that hashtag in the background but loses count.

The D:

And that is why tonight, we've come to get behind our own cause. We dedicate our match tonight to the only man in the building worthy of sharing the spotlight with DEFIANCE's best and brightest stars, and that man is Mikey Unlikely. Mikey, the following performance is dedicated to you.

The D smacks his chest twice and then Elise blows a kiss at the camera.

Elise Ares:

I hope you enjoy.

Elise winks into the camera and makes a "call me" motion as the pair slide into the ring.

DDK:

As Klein tries to sneak down to the ring undetected here, the Pop Culture Phenoms will be starting their second match here momentarily and I have to ask you Angus... who do you have winning tonight?

Angus:

A giant meteor, killing us all, God willing.

The pair of Barrio's competing tonight will be the same two who spoke, Gonzalez and Nunez, as Villalobos, the muscle of the group, makes his way to the outside of the ring. On the other side of the ring, Elise Ares is already laying across the top rope as if she's posing for a bikini shoot trying to get the attention of the camera. The D on the apron fake frames her as she poses with his fingers. She looks into the camera and waves hello as the bell rings signifying the beginning of the match.

Elise jumps down off the top rope and immediately somersaults under a clothesline attempt from Lips. She takes a moment to take a bow as the crowd serenades her with chants of "You Can't Wrestle!" Gonzalez clubs her in the back of the head. The crowd loves it. He keeps her on the ground with a series of stomps as she clings the bottom rope and breaks the shots. Hector Navarro pushes Gonzalez away and Elise jumps up to her feet and shoves Corey Nunez off the apron. He's caught by Villalobos who begins to scream outside the ring and Navarro sees him holding Nunez, but doesn't see Elise Ares low blow Gonzalez and drop him to the ground with a DDT. She bangs his head repeatedly against the mat as the crowd boos her on and Navarro begins to count until break. She has until five. She takes all five.

DDK:

Hector Navarro is known for having a keen sense of what goes on in the ring, but Elise is taking advantage of his need to know what's going on at all times.

Angus:

Can you just kind of nudge me when this crap is over? I'm taking a mental health hour.

Upon rising to his feet, Gonzalez is trapped in a side headlock by The Havana Harlot. She works the hold while dragging him over to her corner and The D tags himself in. Elise opens Lips up for a kick to the ribs. The D shoves him down into the corner and Elise tags herself back in. The D hits him with a dropkick and slides back out. Elise uses the bottom rope to get elevation and The D gets up and tags himself back in before Elise hits him with a dropkick and slides out. Tag. Dropkick. Tag. Dropkick. Tag. Dropkick. Eventually after The D tags himself back in Hector Navarro calls for a rope break and forces PCP to let him out of the corner.

The D:

FOR MIKEY!

The D raises his fist and charges Gonzalez to keep him isolated before the crafty ring veteran lays him out with a one-legged dropkick. Both men lay on the ground. Lips begins to crawl towards his corner to tag out. Just inches away

from his partner, he's pulled back towards the middle of the ring by his ankle. The D has him right where he wants him and then drops down and puts him in a side headlock. The crowd chants for him to escape, clapping together in unison. He buries an elbow into the chest of The D, freeing him enough to hit him on the chin with a hard superkick sending them both to the mat!

Again Lips is crawling across the mat, reaching out for his partner. Feet become inches and he jumps up and makes the tag! So does The D! Elise Ares comes barrelling into the ring but is dropped by a high dropkick from Nunez. The D tries to take him but surprise but is also dropped with a dropkick. Nunez sprints across the ring and jumps onto the second rope and flies backwards hitting Elise Ares with a hard crossbody that he rolls out of and hits The D with an enzuguirí as soon as he reaches his feet on the apron sending him crashing down to the outside.

DDK:

Look out! Corey Nunez is on fire!

Angus:

Wait, literally?!

DDK:

Well no, but he's single-handedly taken control of this match!

Angus:

Are the Pop Culture Phenoms literally on fire?

DDK:

Well...no.

Angus:

Then quit trying to trick me into paying attention to this match with the promise of a good time! God damn flippy doos.

With Elise back on her feet Nunez gets to the striking. Kicks. Chops. Punches. All of them land with authority staggering the female lucha down to her knees (Angus would follow with "WHERE SHE BELONGS!" If DDK had set him up). Nunez bounces off the ropes and Gonzalez tags himself in as he dropkicks her in the back of the head sending her face-first into the mat. Meanwhile Gonzalez comes from off the top with a giant senton across her back! He rolls her over for the count and is pulled out of the ring by The D!

Corey Nunez jumps into the ring and sprints across taking The D out with a Tope Suicida! Right as impact happens Gonzalez slips back into the ring and pulls Elise Ares up by her head and then gets a second low blow before Navarro could get back around to see the action in the ring. Elise rolls Gonzalez up and goes for the pinfall. At the count of two she grabs onto the ropes and traps Lips so he can't kick back out and the third hand hits the mat counting the pinfall! The crowd boos heavily.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by pinfall, THE POP CULTURE PHENOMS!

Angus:

And more importantly... now it's over!

DDK:

A close call for the Pop Culture Phenoms tonight! Those Barrio Boys had them beat and if they didn't cut corners a little this match probably would've gone a completely different way!

The D joins Elise Ares in the ring and as they get their arms raised he yells into the camera...

The D:

That was for you, Mikey! That was for you!

He has more to say, but the camera pans away from him and onto Klein, who goes to join them in the ring but quickly scurries away when he sees the lens pointed into his face. The scene cuts away.

IT'S NOT YOU, IT'S ME

Backstage, Lindsay Troy is walking up to the area near the door to the Pleasure Dome. As she approaches it, Tyrone Walker approaches as well.

Lindsay Troy:

I figured you would be inside already.

Tyrone Walker:

Been tryin' to keep my head straight for the match later. Do you know what this is about?

Lindsay Troy:

Didn't know there *was* a match until Jane saw fit to hobble her ass through the halls and tell me I was being summoned.

Tyrone Walker:

Word, how'd that play out?

Lindsay Troy: [scoffing]

How do you think?

Tyrone Walker:

Guessin' it was all kinds of fun.

His sarcasm is thick.

Tyrone Walker:

Speakin' of things that ain't been fun lately, you seen Big Bruh around or what?

Lindsay Troy: [stiffens slightly]

Nope. Family makes you weak, or so I hear.

Tyrone Walker:

Right, Iunno about all that, but look... I'm not tryin' to get in the middle of anything here, but we've still got these belts to defend tonight, yanno? So what up with y'all? Are we still doin' this thing as a team or what's up?

Lindsay starts to open her mouth, but is cut off by the massive Dan Ryan entering the frame. Ryan, still in street clothes, has his DEFIANCE Trios championship belt over his shoulder and brushes past both of them, opening the door. Kelly stands up from behind her desk as Ryan pauses and looks back through the open door.

Dan Ryan: [expressionless]

You two comin'?

Ty looks at Troy, who sighs as she returns the glance, then walks into Kelly's office. Walker follows closely behind. Dan Ryan sits in the chair across from Kelly just to her right and gets comfortable, belt in his lap. As the others approach, Ryan looks at Troy and pats the chair next to him.

Dan Ryan:

I won't bite.

Lindsay Troy: [smirking slightly]

I'm sure.

She sits, and Tyrone Walker takes up the seat on the opposite side of her.

Kelly Evans:

So look, I'm gonna get right down to business. First, we have a Trios division that's been moving on the upswing in BRAZEN as of late and I've been remiss in ensuring the belts have been defended appropriately both on DEFtv and on their live shows as needed. This ends tonight. Second, everyone has seen this little family quarrel stuff playing out on the shows lately, and really, I don't give a damn about that. As long as everyone does their jobs, it doesn't matter to me if the two of you...

A glance at Ryan and Troy just then.

Kelly Evans:

...enjoy a nice family meal together on Sunday afternoon or not. What I *do* care about is taking care of DEFIANCE business. Since all three of you are here, I'm sure you know where I'm going with this.

Kelly looks from one member of the team to the other. She holds her gaze on Tyrone Walker momentarily.

Tyrone Walker:

Shoot, I'm down, let's do it.

Kelly Evans: [looking over to Troy]

And you?

Troy attempts to keep her face a slab of granite and, to her credit, does a better job of it than she did earlier with Jane. But there are still chips there - tiny crevices brought on by Dan Ryan's continued sideswipes from week to week and month to month - and once again, she finds herself in a position where time and place don't necessarily align.

There's a task that needs doing, you see, and despite what she thinks and how she feels, she still has a professional responsibility to uphold.

She looks at Kelly and opts to retract her tongue in favor of holding things together.

Lindsay Troy:

As far as I'm concerned, business is business. If you have challengers then I'm ready to defend the belts. Dan and I don't always see eye to eye, but we take care of what's needed in the ring. This shouldn't be any different.

Kelly nods briefly, then looks to Dan Ryan, who is mostly looking down at the base of the desk, deep in thought.

Dan Ryan: [not looking up]

I disagree.

Lindsay Troy's head tilts in confusion at this statement, as does Kelly's.

Kelly Evans:

Really... you disagree?

Dan Ryan: [looking up, but at Kelly Evans]

I do. In fact, I think we have a serious problem.

Lindsay Troy:

Hold on a second...

Dan Ryan:

This has been a long time coming, I think. Let's not act like we're all surprised that we're in here answering these questions. To be honest, these questions have been following me around for awhile now and I'm of a mind to put an end to it. So, we have a problem. But I.... I am a problem solver.

Kelly Evans:

What do you propose?

Walker's brow furrows as his eyes shift towards Ryan, wanting to know the same thing.

Dan Ryan:

Kelly, you have a business to run. I respect that. Believe me, no one can relate to the position you're in more than I do. Lindsay is both right and wrong. You have a team of champions who aren't seeing eye to eye. But there's nothing left to discuss. I'm gonna admit something that she hasn't been brave enough to admit.

Troy's eyebrow rockets skyward as she glares a hole through her brother-in-law.

Dan Ryan: [gesturing to he and Lindsay]

This.... Team. This... whatever it is. It's over. I'm pulling the plug.

Lindsay Troy: [legitimately surprised]

You're what?

Kelly Evans: [herself stunned]

Really...

Tyrone Walker: [confused]

Wait... what the hell, bruh?

Dan Ryan lifts his Trios title off of his lap and places it on Kelly's desk before standing up.

Dan Ryan: [ignoring Lindsay and Ty and looking at Kelly only]

It's the logical thing to do. I don't feel like fighting her anymore, and I certainly don't feel like answering to her idea of who I should be. I think it's time.

Lindsay bolts to her feet, as does Ty, because this could get ugly in a hot second.

Lindsay Troy:

Just like that? You're giving up your belt and what.... ditching out?

Dan Ryan turns and looks directly at Lindsay Troy for the first time since they entered the room.

Dan Ryan:

You'd prefer I throw you through a barber shop window first?

Troy shifts her body to square up to, or maybe even lunge at, her brother-in-law, but Ty grabs her before it gets that far and directs her toward the door.

Tyrone Walker:

Yo, settle down, El Tee, we can handle this business just us two. C'mon.

Walker guides her a couple steps away from Ryan and the personal turmoil the Ego Buster has caused. Troy looks at Ty, incensed, but when he nods to assure her that yes - indeed - the two of them have got this, she grunts and stalks the rest of the way out of the room on her own. Ty lingers behind for a moment, his head swimming.

Dan Ryan: [turning to look at HISBOITAI!!]

Let's talk later.

Ty looks at Dan, then just puts his hands up with a sigh and turns to leave. Dan watches as he walks through the door, then turns back to Kelly. She doesn't look amused.

Kelly Evans:

Well that was something. I'm sorry I didn't bring popcorn.

Dan Ryan:

There something else I'd like to discuss.

Kelly Evans: [intrigued]

Oh?

Dan Ryan:

It's about the FIST. I'd like to defend it. I'd like to defend it.... Next week.

Kelly Evans:

A week before your match with Eugene?

Dan Ryan:

Why not? Especially with nerd supreme in the dog house, I'd like to get some work in.

Kelly Evans: [shrugging]

If you're game, I'm game. Against who?

Dan Ryan: [smiling]

That's what I'd like to talk to you about....

Cut to ringside...

DUSTY GRIFFITH vs JONNY BOOYA

The shot returns to the booth.

Angus:

Well, that's certainly going to make family gatherings awkward, isn't it?

DDK:

An understatement if there ever was one, partner.

Angus:

Anyway, on with the show, what's next?

DDK:

Next up, Dusty Griffith takes on Jonny Booya, and after the violent altercation that was caught on security footage (aired on UN CUT) something tells me this one is going to be one heck of a battle.

Angus:

Heh, I'm of two minds on this one, Keebs. On one hand, I loathe Mayberry and his insufferable honor and respect act, and I always will. So I'd totes love to see him get his ass kicked for the lulz. **BUT** he smashes and suplexes fools for fun, something I grudgingly enjoy watching him do, which, on the other hand... Blockhead is the biggest damn fool and I hate him with the power of the sun. Sooo, seeing how Mayberry likes to smashplex fools and Jonny Booya is the fooliest fool in the history of fooldumb, I think I'm going to like this one.

DDK:

Well said... Take a drink, or a breath, or something, Jesus. Let's also take it to the ring and find out what's about to go down when these two behemoths clash.

Cut to the ring.

♪ "Funky Shit" by the Prodigy ♪

The techno rock track begins to pulse and soon Jonny Booya makes his way out on to the stage with the entirety of Team HOSS backing him up. Aleczander hovers around his fellow Super Muscle Bro, offering words of encouragement. Angel Trinidad however looks highly disinterested in the spectacle of Alecz and Booya, who stops at the mouth of the entrance way and drops to a knee before hitting the double biceps curl he calls the Best Flex in Wrestling!

DDK:

Come on now, this is *supposed* to be a **singles** match, what is the rest of Team HOSS doing out here?

Angus:

Looks like Thomas Keeling isn't taking any chances after Mayberry, Eff Dee Jay, and Fatass jumped them in the parking lot.

DDK:

That's certainly one way to put it.

Soon the massive collection of brawn makes their way to the ring. Alecz and Booya stopping to make fun of the various booing neckbeards for their lack of physique along the way. Once in the ring, Booya continues to pose and taunt the crowd while he waits for the arrival of his opponent.

♪ "I Love It Loud" by KISS ♪

That familiar drum beat begins to pound the airwaves, causing the Faithful to stomp in unison as the lights begin to flash. When the song kicks into gear, Dusty Griffith comes charging out to a huge roar of cheers. Stopping at the edge

of the rampway, Dusty just stares down towards the ring, as if he were locking on to every target in the ring.

Angus:

Oh man, this is gonna be good, Keeps. Mayberry's already mad and itching to fight, this is gonna be faaaantastic for me to watch!

DDK:

Yessir, and he's not alone!

Angus:

I sense a HAWSFAIGHT on the way, Keeps!

The crowd roars even stronger as Dusty is joined at his right flank by Frank Dylan James, who looks none the worse for wear after his battle with Sam Horry earlier in the night. Jason Natas, comes up on Dusty's left flank, looking equally ready to rumble as the three stand united once and for all against Team HOSS. Griffith gives both men a glance before turning and rushing towards the ring. Booya doesn't waste any time and meets Griffith as he gets to his feet and the two are immediately throwing bombs!

DING! DING! DING!

Booya slams hard forearms into Griffith's back, who tries to back Jonny off with blows to the midsection. Booya scores with a knee lift and backs Dusty against the ropes before shooting him across the ring. Booya backs into the ropes and charges at Griffith with a clothesline, but Dusty ducks it and hits the ropes again.

Coming off another rebound, Dusty comes flying back at Booya with a huge, Flying Shoulder Tackle! The blow sends Booya reeling right out of the ring by his Team HOSS partners. Griffith gets up and pulls his tee shirt off before stomping over to the Team HOSS corner and chucks the shirt out of the ring and in the face of Angel Trinidad!

Angel rips the shirt from his face and tosses it aside as he glares menacingly up at Dusty. Brian Slater steps in and pulls Griffith away, who turns away and begins stomping around the ring amidst a storm of cheers from the Faithful. Booya rolls back into the ring, where he's immediately swarmed by Griffith. Hammering away, pummels Booya relentlessly.

Angus:

Yas, pound that Blockheaded sonuvabitch, Mayberry!

DDK:

I have seen it all, Angus Skaaland is actually rooting for Dusty Griffith.

Driving Jonny into the corner, Griffith lights him up with a few big chops before pulling him to the center of the ring. Hooking him, Dusty drops Booya with a Backdrop Suplex and then follows up with an elbow drop and a cover that barely gets more than a one count. Dusty gets up and drops a second and a third elbow before dashing to the ropes.

Aleczauder reaches in and gets a hand on Griffith's ankle, stopping his momentum and quickly turning around as if nothing happened Dusty spins around and hollers and tries to take a swipe at the Big Brit. Meanwhile, FDJ and Natas make their way near the neutral corner as if they're about to get rowdy, but Brian Slater cuts them off and tells them to go back to Dusty's corner.

During the commotion, Booya recovers with Griffith distracted, allowing him to setup his shot. When Dusty turns back around, Booya smashes him with a running Big Boot to the face! Much to Aleczauder's delight, who applauds, while the Faithful boo the dastardly tactics.

Angus:

Head on a swivel, Mayberry, hah!

DDK:

Something tells me if Alecz does that again, he's going to be answering to Big Frank and Natas.

Keeling barks instruction and Booya goes right to work, stomping away on Dusty, who tries to fight back to his feet. Throwing shots into Jonny's gut, Griffith looks to get some separation, but Booya gets him with another big knee and then drives him into the nearby corner. Trapping Dusty in the corner, Booya repeatedly drives his shoulder into Griffith's midsection.

Pulling back, Jonny rattles Dusty with a reverse elbow once, then twice, all the while referee Brian Slater telling Booya to let him out of the corner. Booya ignores the commands and kick-stomps Dusty down to the mat before shoving his big boot into Griffith's neck. Grabbing the top rope for balance, Booya chokes Dusty with his boot across his throat, drawing a count.

Slater gets to four before Booya lets up, ignoring Slater's admonishment so that he can get some much needed flexing and posing in. On the outside Frank and Natas pound the mat and shout encouragement to Griffith, who crawls out of the corner, trying to recover.

DDK:

He's certainly not doing himself any favors with all of this showboating.

Angus:

The guy is such an idiot, Keebs. He's got Mayberry right where he wants him, but he's more concerned with being Blockhead the Musclebound Idiot.

Finally remembering he has a match to win, Booya locates Dusty and kick-stomps him back into a corner. Lifting him up to his feet, Booya pushes Dusty back against the turnbuckles and then hammers him across the chest with several clubbing forearms. Griffith tries to return fire with elbows, but Booya again stops him with knees to the gut.

Booya whips Dusty across ring and then struts out of the corner to about halfway before charging forward and crushes Griffith with a clothesline. Jonny continues to maul him as he rears back and bashes him with repeated standing Clotheslines until repeating the previous process. Booya signals he's going to do it again, but Dusty EXPLODES out of the corner...

...and the Faithful erupt with cheers as he takes Booya's head off with a running clothesline as he was strutting out the corner.

Angus:

You stupid moronic idiot, Blockhead, HAH!

DDK:

You just can't waste time with Dusty Griffith, the man is entirely too resilient.

Booya scrambles up and eats a second clothesline, then a third, then an elbow that rocks him back. Booya tries to engage with his boxing background, but Dusty slips those and continues throwing elbows and forcing him into a corner. Now with Booya trapped in the corner, Dusty unloads his weeks and months of frustration on him.

Alternating elbows and chops, Dusty opens a can on Booya's skull and chest until Brian Slater pulls him off. Dusty turns away and roars to the crowd with an emotional outburst that gets them to cheer even louder for him. Dusty turns back to work and stalks Booya as he staggers into another corner and continues to pummel him there.

Having seen enough of his gym bro getting beaten up on, Alecz hops up on to the apron and grabs Dusty by the hair. Griffith pulls away and smashes the Big Brit with an elbow to the mush that knocks him off the apron. Grabbing Booya, Dusty throws him up and over with a big, overhead Belly to Belly.

Booya gets to his feet while Griffith lines up his shot, but right as he goes to charge out of the corner, Trinidad reaches

in and trips him up!

DDK:

Come on! Once again, Team HOSS is interfering in this match!

Angus:

Hey, who are you to judge what OUR HOSS OVERLORD wants to do, Keeps? This is his world, we're just allowed to live in it!

Dusty is up quick and nearly dives through the ropes at Trinidad, who is quick to stay out of Griffith's reach and smirks back at his rival. Having had enough of Team HOSS getting involved, Frank and Natas stomp their way around the ring and charge at Angel and Alecz!

Meanwhile, as the four of them are fighting, Jonny Booya looks to capitalize while everyone is distracted... but when he charges in, Dusty turns just in time to send him flying OVER THE TOP ROPE with a Back Body Drop!

Angus:

INCOMING!

The Faithful explode with cheers at the sight of Booya crash landing into all four brawlers down on the floor like a giant game of human bowling. Frank is the first one to get up and being completely in his chaotic element, he hoots to the crowd, who cheer in response. Meanwhile an irate Angel kicks his way free of the wreckage.

Getting up, Angel charges at FDJ as the Mastodon helps Natas to his feet, which sets off another brawl as Alecz and Booya get back into it. Stepping out on to the apron, Dusty takes a couple steps and dives into the scrum as he targets Angel and the two start throwing shots. Frank and Natas square off with Alecz and Booya as all six brawl in the confined space outside the ring.

Angus:

It's Panda Bear Linoleum out there, Keeps!

DDK:

It was only a matter of time before this happened, partner!

Brian Slater is quick to drop out to the floor and along with Keeling, they attempt to get between the two battling sides. Eventually Griffith and Booya break away and return to the ring while the other four continue to occupy Slater and Keeling.

Seeing an opportunity with Slater distracted, Angel Trinidad peels off and goes to help Booya. Sliding into the ring, he blindsides Griffith as he and Booya pummel him with a few shots before Angel tells Booya to hold Dusty up. Bouncing off the ropes, Angel looks for the Pump Kick, but DUSTY MOVES AND BOOYA EATS THE BIG BOOT TO THE FACE!

DDK:

He missed and just nailed Booya!

Angus:

Damnit, Blockhead, YOU HAD ONE JOB!

Before Angel can even process the mistake, Frank reaches into the ring and pulls his feet out from under him and drags him back out to the floor and the two continue to fight. Slater seeing the action in the ring, quickly slides back in as Booya staggers back to his feet.

Reeling from the Pump Kick to the face, Jonny stumbles right into a waiting Dusty Griffith. The Wild Bronco doesn't let the opportunity go to waste as he boots him in the gut, lifts and scores with the ATOMIC POWERBOMB as he folds

him in half!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by pinfall... DUSTY GRIFFITH!

Thomas Keeling looks beside himself as Dusty has his hand raised in the ring by the official. Team HOSS-MB's plan to try and put the screws to Dusty Griffith via the numbers game has backfired for once.

DDK:

Dusty and company turn the tables on Team HOSS tonight!

Angus:

And now, Angus says more words he'd never say...YEAH, MAYBERRY!

The fights break off outside as FDJ and Natas regroup in the ring to join Dusty Griffith in celebration. The threesome have finally become a united front against the pack of wolves called Team HOSS. Angel wants in the ring in the worst of ways, but Keeling tries to hold him back while Aleczander goes to help his buddy out of the ring. Team HOSS-MB retreat from the ring licking their wounds as Dusty grabs a microphone...

Dusty Griffith:

Kid... this isn't working for me anymore. I'm sure it's been great for you up 'til now, because it's been pretty damn easy for you and the rest of your boys to pick us apart.

Dusty walks up to the ropes and leans on them with his free hand.

Dusty Griffith:

Not so easy going since we've [he motions to Frank and Natas] gone ahead and gotten this machine rolling down the road in the right direction, now is it?

He directs that question directly at a seething Angel Trinidad.

Dusty Griffith: [smirking]

Way I see it, I'm done to *death* with all the talking and the fighting that doesn't mean a *goddamned* thing. So where does that leave us? Because I think it's high time we get serious about this situation of ours.

Angel continues to froth at the mouth while Keeling, Aleczander and a groggy Booya angrily look on at the new trio in the ring.

Dusty Griffith:

Way I see it, brother, there's only one way to go from here, and that's you and your boys versus me and mine at DEFIANCE ROAD. Let's see who's really the biggest and the best around... Heh, that is if you can find the guts to stop ducking me.

Dusty drops the mic and backs away from the ropes, standing with his partners Frank and Natas, who stand in solidarity with everything Griffith had to say.

DDK:

So what's the answer going to be? Are Team HOSS going to accept with the odds not in their favor for once?

Angus:

OUR HOSS OVERLORDS... and the blockhead... SHY FROM NO ONE!

Thomas Keeling, Sr. looks like he's about ready to blow a gasket, but Angel Trinidad yells out.

Angel Trinidad:

YOU'RE ALL DEAD, YOU HEAR ME?! YOU'RE ALL DEAD!!!

Angel Trinidad and company retreat, but the answer is laid out right there for all to hear. Aleczander simultaneously tries to help Jonny Booya limp away from the ring while helping Keeling to try and keep the volatile Angel Trinidad restrained. Dusty locks eyes with Angel as FDJ and company watch the members of Team HOSS-MB skulk up the ramp and out of sight.

DEFYING THE STANDARDS OF GREATNESS

The shot cuts to backstage, where DEFIANCE media stalwart Lance Warner stands in the center of the frame with a mic in hand and a congenial smile on his face.

Lance Warner:

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen... Lance Warner here with an exclusive behind-the-scenes development! Tonight, the WrestlePlex is abuzz with word of a new team officially joining DEFIANCE ranks, adding to an ever-growing tag division!

The shot pulls out a bit as two casually dressed and fit-bodied men join Lance before the DEFtv backdrop. The older one is dressed in a subdued black t-shirt and cargo pants while the younger one wears the more typical Millennial standard of flannel and skinny jeans.

Lance Warner:

Joining me now are the Rain City Ronin... “the Undying” Rocko Daymon and “the Pacific Blitzkrieg” Kerry Kuroyama! Gentlemen, allow me to be the first to formally welcome the two of you to DEFIANCE!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Thanks, Lance! Great to be here!

Rocko Daymon:

We are honored.

Lance Warner:

Those that tuned in to our last installment of Uncut managed to get a sampling of the two of you in action. But here tonight, I think we'd all like get inside the heads of the Rain City Ronin. Let's begin with you Rocko Daymon, as I'm told you have quite the extensive resume. How long have you been involved in professional wrestling?

Rocko Daymon:

Eighteen hard years in the ring, Mr. Warner.

Lance Warner:

Wow! And what have you done over that long of a career?

Daymon's thousand yard stare fixates somewhere beyond the camera as memories flood his mind.

Rocko Daymon:

I have travelled the entire globe, put years into many companies, triumphed over many rivals, and gained many accolades in the process. I have experienced rises and falls... moments and memories both bright and dark. I have seen everything there is to see in professional wrestling... and still I continue to fight, so I may witness everything that has YET to be seen.

Lance Warner:

Interesting. Hopefully your time in DEFIANCE will bring something new to the table. So what about your relationship with your partner here?

Rocko puts a hand on the Kerry's shoulder, acknowledging the younger half of the team with an air of pride.

Rocko Daymon:

Kerry is my most outstanding student at the wrestling school I manage back home in Seattle, as well as one of the finest young athletes I have ever had the pleasure to work with. I have taught him everything I know, in the hopes that he will continue the work I have started long after my path has reached its end. We have formed this partnership with the intent that he may continue his education, as well as one day discover his own path.

Lance Warner:

Is that so? Tell me, Kerry, what's the story on "the Pacific Blitzkrieg"?

Kerry Kuroyama:

Heh, there ain't much of a story to tell... not yet anyway. But I got into wrestling because this sport runs in my blood, as far back to my grandfather who wrestled in Japan. Seemed only natural to follow in the family business. Fortunately for me, I had the benefit of being trained by one of the very best in this industry. So I put a few years in the indie leagues back home, and did some time on the East Coast... but so far, the competition hasn't quite been enough to keep me satisfied. Hence, the reason we came knocking at your door a week ago.

Lance Warner:

Well if competition is what you're seeking, then you've come to the right place. Recently, DEFIANCE has witnessed an influx of new talent, including our revitalized tag team division. Teams like the Murray Brothers, the Pop Culture Phenoms... and I can confidently say it will be interesting to see an experienced master of professional wrestling and his young protege thrown into the mix. But the big question is, what sets the two of you apart from those other teams? What "it" factor does the Rain City Ronin possess that will carry them to greatness?

Daymon and Kuroyama exchange a brief glance. Then Rocko defers to his student with a nod, and Kerry flashes a confident half-smile as he delivers his answer.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Well Lance, we aren't promising to the DEFIANCE faithful that we're anything new or cutting edge. We only promise to deliver solid professional wrestling in its purest and least compromising form. No bullshit, no gimmicks... just the student and the master, kicking ass and showing the world what this sport can truly offer when we push it to its limits.

Rocko Daymon:

You see, Mr. Warner... for us, it is not so much a journey to reach greatness, as it is about redefining what "greatness" means. We have come to DEFIANCE to test our skill and strength against the finest competition the world has to offer, as a means of understanding our own limits and abilities. Our own greatness is defined by the quality of the opponent. The stronger the competition, the stronger we will become. What sets us apart from the other teams here is not our desire to be the greatest among them, but only our conviction to being the greatest warriors we can possibly be.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Honestly Lance, it's something that's much easier to show you in the ring than to explain to you here. You'll get your first look at what sets the Rain City Ronin apart when we make our official debut next week at DEFtv 64!

Lance Warner:

And I'm sure if your words are to be believed, many of the DEFIANCE faithful will be tuning in to watch that debut. Until then gentlemen, please enjoy the rest of your remaining tour of the WrestlePlex!

Kerry Kuroyama:

Thanks, dude! We will!

Rocko Daymon:

We thank you.

The members of RCR bow their heads to the reporter in a sign of honor, and the shot cuts to black.

CAYLE MURRAY vs JAKE DONOVAN

DDK:

Welcome back folks. It's time for our next match of the evening, as Jake Donovan takes-on relative newcomer Cayle Murray in a hotly-anticipated match-up.

Angus:

Do you think Dorothy's even gonna be able to wrestle tonight? I know he's been cleared, but he didn't look too fresh earlier tonight.

DDK:

Not an ideal position to find yourself in, especially against a guy as dangerous as Jake Donovan, but Cayle Murray is fighting spirit personified. He's made a career out of battling overwhelming odds, so while tonight might be a daunting prospect, it's nothing he hasn't done before. This *is* a man with a recent pinfall victory over Eric Dane on his resume, after all.

Angus:

But Jake is *desperate* to prove himself worthy of a shot at Harmony's Southern Heritage Title at the moment, Keeps. That bandage on Cayle's forehead ain't nothing more than a target to Jake. He's gonna go all-out from bell-to-bell, and I'm not sure Squidboy's equipped to deal with that tonight.

DDK:

"Squidboy"?

Angus:

Calamari. Cayle Murray. Calamurray.

DDK:

... oh wow.

Angus:

Keep-up, Keeps: you're letting yourself down.

♪ "Fire It Up" by Black Label Society ♪

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

♪ "The Masses Against The Classes" by Manic Street Preachers ♪

The houselights die. The track kicks-in with a burst of perfect white light and two silhouettes at the top of the stage. Normality soon returns as Cayle Murray -- banged-up, but never lacking in enthusiasm -- makes his way down to the ring at a moderate pace, slapping a few hands along the way. Andy follows a few metres behind, scanning his surroundings carefully.

Angus:

Look at these guys coming down to the ring together, Dane's really got 'em shook...

DDK:

Smart move if you ask me. Both of these men have made it very clear that they want a piece of Dane and Dean in the ring, but neither can do that if they're laid-up in a hospital bed, which feels like a certainty if they split-up tonight.

Cayle enters the ring and throws his arms up for the crowd, who respond in turn. Andy keeps his distance from the ring and takes residence by the barricade, where he greets a few fans before turning to guard the perimeter.

For now, Eric Dane and Bobby Dean are the last thing on Cayle's mind. He's barely pulled the track jacket from his shoulders when Jake Donovan clobbers him from behind and knocks him to the floor. A relentless barrage of stomps follows as the referee tries -- and fails -- to separate the duo so the bell can be rung.

Donovan eventually pulls away from Cayle after punting him *hard* in the chest and letting him fall to his back. The bell rings, and the clash is officially underway.

DDK:

Vicious start from Jake, and that's exactly what you mentioned pre-match, Angus. Jake is just bloodthirsty at the moment, and he'll go to any length to prove himself worthy of the SOHER shot.

Jake moves back over to Cayle before he can fully rise. He eats an elbow to the jaw as he pulls Murray up, then another, but fires back with a knee to the gut. Cayle gets whipped to the ropes but hooks his arms over the top rope to prevent a rebound. When Jake charges, Cayle ducks down to toss him over the top rope, but Jake lands on his feet on the apron and cracks Murray with an elbow. Cayle stumbles away as Jake readies himself, and the Scot turns around just in-time for Donovan to leap onto the top rope and hit the springboard dropkick.

Firmly in-control, Jake picks Murray up and dumps him in the corner. He puts a few boots to the gut before turning away and running to the opposite corner. Moments later, Jake charges full bore at Cayle Murray, but the Scot recovers, steps forward, and flapjacks Jake through the air. Donovan throws his hands down on the turnbuckle to prevent his face from smashing into it, but Cayle turns to kick him hard in the liver, the drives him into the mat with a reverse DDT.

DDK:

Great momentum-shifter from Cayle! He's already fighting with a handicap, and if he'd let that brow-beating continue any longer, this'd be a very short night for him.

Both men take some time to recover. Cayle's first to his feet, and he brings Jake up with him. Once there, Murray grabs an arm and wrenches it, then gradually curls it behind his opponent's back. Jake throws a couple of blind elbows in Murray's ribs, forcing the break, but he turns around to eat a series of elbows.

Cayle whips Jake to the corner and immediately follows-up with a running forearm, before whipping him to the opposite and nailing another. Donovan stumbles out of the corner and Cayle darts past him, hits the ropes, and downs him with a Sling Blade.

Donovan kicks-out at two, and Cayle brings him back up. Jake quickly gouges the eyes and follows-up by chopping Cayle's chest, but Murray comes back with a chop of his own, then knees Jake in the gut and applies the front facelock. A hanging vertical suplex and another two-count follow.

Angus:

Solid work from Squidboy, who's proving tonight that he's so much more than a stupid nickname.

DDK:

That's not his nickname.

Angus:

It is now.

Murray's back on his feet and calls for his opponent to do the same. Jake, however, rolls right out of the ring for a breather, drawing a cursory glance from Andy as he enters his perimeter. Cayle follows him out but Jake sees this coming, and violently throws Murray into the barricade as he advances. A couple of heavy stomps follow, before Jake takes Cayle by his bandaged head and lands a knee right between the eyes.

Cayle goes down, and Jake rolls him back inside for a two.

Donovan keeps it on the ground. He balls a fist and bashes it into Murray's head a few times, before throwing his point elbow into the bandaged area again and again and again. Jake rolls-off Murray but returns before the referee can attend to him, then hauls him up and throws him in the corner. After a body kick, Jake pulls at Cayle's bandage until it comes loose, then tosses it out of the ring.

Angus:

Oh boy, Jake's going after the wound. It's a miracle he's not already bleeding...

Jake goes to elbow the stitches, but Cayle ducks, skips behind, and drills him with a backstabber!

DDK:

More head trauma for a man who was only cleared to compete a couple of hours ago, but another smart escape. Jake looks motivated tonight, but Cayle's answering everything.

Murray stays on the mat a little longer than he usually would, and starts to make it to his feet after hearing his brother's shouts of encouragement. Jake catches-up with him, however, and takes his legs away with a chop block.

Jake mounts his opponent and looks for the elbow, but Cayle's desperate to avoid being busted open and puts his forearms up to protect himself. Jake tries to soften Cayle up by striking his temple, but Murray seizes the arm, puts his legs up, and rolls into an armbar! Unfortunately Jake lands too close to the ropes and the move's quickly broken, but it accomplishes the goal of keeping Jake away from Cayle's injuries.

Back on their feet, the two men run at each other. Cayle baseball slides and Jake's running dropkick flies over him. Jake pops-up and runs into a big Lariat from Cayle.

Cue commotion.

Angus:

Uh-oh, there he is...

The BAWS himself, Eric Dane, appears at the top of the ramp. He walks slowly from the stage to the ramp, drawing Andy Murray's attention immediately.

Angus:

Shit just got real.

DDK:

At least Andy's here to keep him away from the match! Cayle's in complete control at the moment...

Cayle's attention wavers only momentarily, and he lands a standing Enzuigiri on Donovan as his elder brother moves towards the ramp. Dane's already talking smack, and this draws Andy closer and closer...

Angus:

Looks like we're about to see another fight break-out on the ramp!

DDK:

Cayle Murray's about to win this, folks! He's got Jake Donovan primed!

Sure enough, Cayle's got Jake dangling in the air, ready to finish him off. Before he can complete the move, however, something catches his eye.

Something waaaaay too big for him to miss.

DDK:

Hold on a minute! There's Bobby Dean!

It takes Bobby a lot more effort than he'd like to admit to clamber awkwardly over the barricade, but he eventually does so then steps towards the ring. Cayle immediately lets Jake go, and BBD backs away almost instantaneously.

The exchange only lasts for a couple of seconds, but it's all Jake Donovan needs to sneak-up from behind and roll Cayle up with a handful of tights!

ONE

TWO

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

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

Black Label Society blasts through the arena as Jake Donovan rolls away in-celebration. Aghast, Cayle rolls into a knelt position and clasps his head.

Angus:

Genius! Absolute genius!

DDK:

I knew we couldn't last the whole match without Dane and Bobby making an appearance, and they've wound-up gifting Jake Donovan a big win here.

Angus:

That was an absolute masterstroke from the BAWS, Keebs! He drew Andy away from ringside, and that allowed Bobby to... ahem... "hop" the barricade and provide the distraction.

IN THE AIR

As Jake Donovan has found himself the quickest way the fuck out of Dodge, Bobby Dean has found himself in possession of a microphone, probably kept stuffed somewhere in his tights. Jake's music dies and Bobby brings the mic to his lips, grinning like a maniac.

Bobby Dean:

I can't believe it! You lost to Jake Donovan!? JAKE!? Oh man, and here we all thought you were soooooo amazing! Boy, you must be livid right now, that bubble of grandeur suddenly bursts and everyone sees just how bad you really are.

Bobby pauses and smiles to the camera, giving an exaggerated wink.

Bobby Dean:

I've got a word of the day calendar, today's word is grandeur.

Cayle climbs to his feet, approaching the ropes while still grasping the back of his neck, causing Bobby to shuffle backwards, glancing over his shoulder just to make sure Eric Dane was still nearby, his smile faltering for just a second.

Bobby Dean:

It really is a surprise that you can even lace up your boots, I mean, do you do that yourself? Or does Andy do it for you? With his vast experience and everything...

Cayle Murray slowly climbs between the ropes and out onto apron, glaring at Bobby with utter contempt.

Bobby Dean:

You know who else has experience? Eric Dane! Yeah, he's got more experience than all of us combined! And you know what? My friend, Eric Dane, could totally take you! You and your brother! With one arm tied behind his back!

Cayle drops down off the apron, methodically walking towards Bobby, who slowly backs away, still glancing over his shoulder for reassurance.

Bobby Dean:

You know why!? Because he's got me! "Beautiful" Bobby Dean! To cheer him on! And with ole BBD being the wonderful athletic supporter he is, Eric Dane could totally wipe the floor with the crusty old Murray brothers! In fact, why doesn't Eric Dane do that at the upcoming DEFIANCE Road!? I could just see it now, the marquee:

The Murray Brothers VS. Eric Dane & "Beautiful" Bobby Dean

Andy Murray's ears prick-up at this. He momentarily turns his attention away from Eric Dane and down to Bobby Dean, unsure whether or not he believes what he's hearing. The Only Star, sensing an opportunity, starts creeping up on the back-turned Murray brother. That's when things go somewhat sideways...

That is to say the lights drop.

Angus:

What the-

DDK:

Don't even think about saying it!

From everywhere and nowhere all at once comes a voice...

"Can you feel it, DEFIANCE?"

Angus:

NNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

DDK:

Say it ain't so! But we did see his entourage at the DEFplex on UNCUT #2!

“Can you feel it... coming in the air tonight?!”

♪ In the Air Tonight - Phil Collins ♪

DDK:

That music belongs to-

Angus:

DON'T YOU SAY IT, KEEBLER!

Just as quickly as they went out, the lights are back. There is no new wrestler on the scene, however the entire ringside area has been flooded with DEFsec security. Human walls are quickly formed, separating the grapplers from every direction.

DDK:

What's the meaning of all this?

Angus:

I... don't know. I just know I hope it's not *him*.

ADVERTISEMENT: THE DEFIANT ROAD

The DEFIATron comes to life once again as a hype piece for the company's upcoming pay per view DEFIANCE ROADS begins to play.

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ON APRIL 19TH, EXCLUSIVELY ON PAY PER VIEW!

IMPULSE vs CURTIS PENN

We cut back to Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland in the booth, with the fans continuing to go crazy all around them.

DDK:

What a night of action so far, Angus! And we've got yet another debut match coming up next, as Curtis Penn will take on ring veteran - but DEFIANCE newcomer - Impulse!

Angus:

Why couldn't Evans leave well enough alone? This little twit was long retired, and I was a happy man. The only positive is that the little twit and the giant ass will undoubtedly beat the hell out of each other, and I'm not ashamed to say that it'll make me giggle with glee.

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" - eRa ♪

Everyone in the Wrestle-Plex boos, as Curtis Penn emerges from the backstage, once again riding the shoulders of Johnny Booya. He regards them all with a cold glare, and as the two approach the ring, Penn has the audacity to spit on a few fans.

Surely, that'll get them on his side.

As Booya reaches ringside, Curtis Penn steps directly onto the ring apron, and barks some orders at him: a microphone is retrieved and handed Curtis Penn. He starts to talk twice, but the fans' boos drown him out.

Finally...

Curtis Penn:

Once again, I'm called upon to work a miracle by DEFIANCE Wrestling, and make a sad sack rookie feel like he matters.

A chorus of boos rain down on him, but he is nonplussed.

Curtis Penn:

First, I allow Lars to share my ring at DEFtv 62, and now, I'm asked to give some washed up has-been who hasn't wrestled a match in nearly two years the honor of locking up with me. When does the injustice end?

The continued boos tell us that, if the fans have their say, the 'injustices' will never end.

Curtis Penn:

I'm putting Kelly Evans on notice: this is the final indignity. I'll show you, once again, that you're wasting your money on anyone but Curtis Penn, but if I'm not in the ring with Dan Ryan for the FIST of Defiance at DEFtv 64, I'm gonna get angry... and we all know what I can do when I get angry.

He throws the microphone out of the ring, and it's only by the grace of Darren Quimby's quick(ish) reflexes that it was snatched out of the air before it could hit a fan in the head.

♪ "Revolution Baby" - Queen V ♪

It's as if someone flipped a switch from 'off' to 'on.' The fans immediately start to cheer, and a healthy portion cheer "Welcome back," over and over.

Angus:

What are they welcoming him back for? He's never been here!

DDK:

He's a former World Champion Angus - and a potential legend in the making, wrestling his first match in almost two

years! How can you not realize that?

Angus:

By that notion, even Jack Hunter is a potential legend in the making. I'm unimpressed.

After a few seconds, the fans cheer even louder as Impulse and Calico Rose emerge from the backstage, to what appears to be a look of minor disbelief at the reaction. Impulse walks to one side of the entryway, nodding his head, and gesturing his appreciation.

Angus:

W...what's she doing?

Calico Rose, on the other hand, walks to the other side of the entryway and keeps right on going... all the way to the commentary booth. She holds up her fist, and Angus flinches momentarily, but covers very quickly.

Calico Rose:

Come on, guys!

DDK:

What?

Calico Rose:

Blow it up!

Keebler gets it: he pounds her fist with glee and they both blow it up. Rose then puts her fist near Angus.

Angus:

No.

Calico Rose:

C'mon...

Angus:

No.

Calico Rose:

Cooooooooome..... oooooooooonnnnn....

On the entryway, Impulse looks on in amusement. From the ring, Curtis Penn and Johnny Booya look beyond annoyed. The fans look entertained, which is what matters most.

Angus:

You're not leaving until I do it, are you?

Calico Rose:

Nope!

The camera focuses in the commentary table, and Angus reluctantly pushes one finger against Cally's fist. She blows it up like he was into it, and returns to the entryway.

DDK:

You're a good sport.

Angus:

Grumble...

Impulse and Cally resume their walk to the ring, each of them taking a side of the entryway to slap hands and talk to the fans. Literally, talk to the fans: they probably took twice as long to enter as they should. Regardless, Impulse slides under the bottom rope and holds the middle up for Cally to enter as Darren Quimbey introduces them.

DDK:

Who's your pick to win it, Angus?

Angus:

I don't care, as long as one of them kills the other in five minutes or less.

Curtis Penn paces, impatient to start the match, however, Impulse takes his time. He hands his jacket to a ring attendant, gives Cally a kiss, and holds the ropes for her to leave the ring. The bell rings, and the two come together for the referee instructions - only for Penn to slap Impulse across the face!

The fans collectively boo and 'oooooh' at the sound of the impact, but Impulse just chuckles and shakes his head as the two men circle.

DDK:

There's the arrogance of Curtis Penn; this isn't a wide-eyed, rookie, though, and I think he's going to find Impulse a different breed from Robertson at 62.

Angus:

Still bored.

After a few circles, the two men lock up in the center of the ring, and immediately, Penn uses his rarely-seen weight advantage to back Impulse into the ropes. Referee Brian Slater calls for the break, and starts his count. Penn breaks at four, but follows up with another open handed slap! The fans boo, but again, Impulse doesn't react at all, other than to take a second to regain his bearings.

Angus:

If he'll take that from Penn, I bet I could take him.

They circle a second time, and when they lock up, Penn immediately backs him into the corner, and the count starts. One... Two... Three... Four... Here comes the slap - but Impulse blocks him! He grabs Penn's wrist and jerks his arm down, and pushes his palm into the point of Penn's elbow, which sends Penn to his knees. The fans cheer at the turn of events, even as Penn grabs for the ropes. Impulse breaks at two and steps back.

Penn pulls himself up on the ropes and shouts at the fans to shut up, which of course, only makes them louder. He turns toward his opponent - OPEN HANDED SLAP BY IMPULSE!

DDK:

Poetic justice and tit for tat against Curtis Penn!

Angus:

I'm just bracing myself for this guy's flippy-do crap, but that was a beautiful thing.

Curtis Penn runs at Impulse, only to eat the canvas after a drop toe hold. Penn rolls through to his knees, defensively, while Impulse kips up to cheers. Penn's temper is clearly flaring, which drives him to charge Impulse once more without planning strategy. Whatever he was planning to do stops in its tracks as Impulse steps in and down, driving his shoulder into Penn's stomach, which stops his momentum cold!

Impulse hooks Penn across the chest, apparently preparing for a uranage, but Penn is still with it enough to fire several elbows into the side of Impulse's head. The Marathon Man drops him, and Penn immediately hooks him in a German suplex! He bridges it, ONE... TWO... Kickout!

DDK:

Curtis Penn arguing with the referee about a slow count, but Slater cautions him to keep his focus on the match!

Angus:

This is why he's such a waste... he's arguing with the official and giving his opponent a chance to recover.

DDK:

Impulse to a knee, and Penn with a stiff boot to the knee! That's gotta be smart strategy, seeing how Impulse kipped up before, and enough damage to the knee will take the bite out of Impulse's big kick if he gets the chance to use it.

Calico Rose pounds her hand on the mat to encourage Impulse to get up, all the while, Johnny Booya starts to yell at Rose to shut her mouth. The fans immediately get on Booya, all the while Curtis Penn continues to lay the boots to Impulse's knee. The DEF newcomer rolls to the ropes under the impact, but Penn takes a full four and a half count before letting up.

Curtis Penn:

He ain't nothing! I'm the best!

The fans boo their disagreement with this statement.

Impulse was climbing, leaning slightly on the ropes in deference to the knee that had been attacked already, and Curtis Penn hooks him with a waistlock takedown! He pins Impulse to the mat, chin - first, and crossfaces him with a series of forearms. One final blow - a closed fist - and Penn pulls his head back - **IMPULSE SMASHES HIM WITH A HEADBUTT!**

Calico Rose jumps up and down, cheering Impulse on, while Curtis Penn holds his nose in pain. Impulse gingerly feels the back of his own head, but appears to be okay. He climbs back to his feet and hooks Penn, and Irish whips him into the ropes. Backdrop... Penn with a leapfrog! Off the opposite side, and Curtis Penn with a vicious baseball swing that sends Impulse staggering backwards, and out of the ring between the top and middle ropes!

DDK:

The referee starts the count, but Booya and Rose swiftly move toward Impulse!

Angus:

Do we have a patriotic fan somewhere who can throw something blunt and heavy at Booya's head?

Nothing gets thrown at Booya, but he stalks Impulse, with clearly bad intentions on his mind. The boos swell and turn to cheers as Calico Rose approaches Impulse from the other side, cautioning Booya to back off her boy. Booya looks her up and down and smiles, lecherously. He steps toward her, and she takes a half step back but still points at him and warns him off.

In the ring, Curtis Penn yells at Calico Rose, but stays behind the referee as his count reaches four. Impulse shakes his head to clear the cobwebs, and pushes back on his knees. Johnny Booya says something to Calico Rose that we can't hear, but her cheeks flush and she takes another half step back.

Booya responds to this by driving a boot into Impulse's side. Before the referee can finish his warning--

DDK:

CALICO ROSE JUST SUPERKICKED JOHNNY BOOYA IN THE FACE!

Calico Rose:

I knew I liked her. Him, not so much, but she's okay.

Curtis Penn leans under the top rope and grabs at Rose! She steps back and he leans even farther, only to eat a palm thrust to the cheek by Impulse! He takes a second to check on Rose, and after another second to watch Booya - on his

knees, watching Rose, holding his mouth - he slides back under the bottom rope and hooks Penn from behind - Mule kick! Curtis Penn just doubles Impulse over with a low blow, and takes him back down with a single leg takedown on his previously - battered knee.

He stays on Impulse with an anklelock, and pulls Impulse away from the ropes.

Curtis Penn:

Tap out, you pathetic, overblown loser!

DDK:

Strong words from Curtis Penn!

Angus:

I'm loathe to even give him a backhanded compliment but if Penn can tap Impulse, he might as well just go back into retirement because he's beyond pathetic.

Impulse twists a bit; he tries to leverage, however, Penn steps in between his legs and leverages to the point where his knee is unnaturally twisting to the side. The fans cheer for Impulse and cheer against Penn, but they are gradually silencing.

Until Impulse impossibly rolls his body to the side and buries his free foot into Penn's throat. A gasp of disgust rises from the fans as they see what appears to be Impulse with a dislocated hip. Penn quickly lets go to shove his opponents' foot away as the Marathon Man re-locates his leg and kips up again - only to fall backwards into the corner!

DDK:

Did you know he could do that?

Angus:

I try not to know anything about him, but still.... Eeew.

Penn turns on a dime and sees Impulse still recovering - he runs at the corner with a vicious clothesline - **IMPULSE TURNS HIS BODY AND PENN RUNS INTO HIS ELBOW!** Penn staggers backwards and around in a circle... he's holding his hand to his eye as he looks at his opponent--

DDK:

SUDDEN IMPACT! Impulse falls over with a hook of the leg! **ONE... TWO... THREE!**

Darren Quimbey:

And the winner of the match, by pinfall... **IMPULSE!**

Cheers from the crowd actually drown out the bell that signifies the end of the match, as well as the announcement of Impulse as the winner. Johnny Booya slides into the ring to help Penn to his feet, and both men argue vehemently with the fast count, the handful of tights that Impulse clearly had, the fact that Calico Rose - now in the ring herself - pushed Penn's foot off the ropes, and so forth.

Slater ignores them, and raises Impulse's hand to another rousing ovation. Impulse limps toward Penn and looks him in the eye... and offers a handshake.

DDK:

Admirable, but probably naive show of sportsmanship.

Angus:

If he's sincere, he's an idiot.

Penn stares daggers through him, looks at his hand, and spits at Impulse's feet. The fans boo while Impulse withdraws his hand, rolls his eyes, and raises his fist in the air to a rally of cheers. A close up shot of both men shows a smirk on Impulse's face as he turns to leave - CURTIS PENN WITH A SHOT BETWEEN THE SHOULDER BLADES!

Angus:

Told ya.

The referee shouts at Penn to leave the ring, which he does. He raises his own arms in victory as he and Booya leave up the ramp while Gally helps Impulse back to his feet. Impulse stares at the back of Penn's head until he turns around, and their eyes lock once again.

Impulse holds up his hand, and he holds up one... two... three fingers. This sets Penn off again, and if Booya didn't step between them and advise him to head back to the locker room, Penn probably would hit the ring again.

DDK:

Powerful statement by Impulse, after an impressive debut victory! We'll be right back!

ROLE REVERSAL

The scene opens to the backstage of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex. Lance Warner stands primed and ready to deliver his next great interview, behind him sits the black and red DEFIANCE background.

He looks directly into the camera.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time, Mikey Unlikely!

The scene zooms out a bit, to reveal standing next to Lance is in fact DEFIANCE's Hollywood superstar. Unlikely dresses a bit business casual with a pair of khakis and a "Back to the Future" remake polo. He has a very large smile on his face.

Lance Warner:

Let's start with....

OSV:

HEYAAAA Mikey!

Both Lance and Unlikely turn their heads to the left to see who is coming into the shot. Mikey sighs heavily as Lance Warner's face brightens a bit. New number one contender for the Southern Heritage Championship, Andy Sharp enters the scene in his ring gear. He is all smiles..suddenly Mikey no longer is.

Sharp does a loop around Mikey, taking him in. Obviously in a playful mood. Mikey sits with a frown on his face, seemingly knowing what's coming.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now look, just because....

He is cut off by Sharp.

Andy Sharp:

I DON'T MEAN TO INTERRUPT your little interview here... But you looked like you were having fun coming out and cutting me off all these times; I just wanted to see what it was like on this side of the room. And it feels pretty good. About as good as you must've felt when you beat Andy Murr...

Sharp suddenly winces like he just said something really awkward...

Andy Sharp:

Oh, right...sorry, dude.

Unlikely furious now grabs the microphone from Lance Warner.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now you wait just one...

It happens again.

Andy Sharp:

No. I talk. You listen. Tonight, I gotta dance with Harmony for the Southern Heritage Championship, but any time after tonight, I'm free. You ready to take me up on my challenge now?

Mikey Unlikely:

Funny you should bring that....

Sharp tisks him and shakes his head.

Andy Sharp:

Of course you aren't, what am I thinking? You said it last week, there's no motive right? No marketing? No...what was it? HYPE!?

Sighing heavily Mikey waits. He slowly brings the mic to his mouth ever so cautious of being cut off again. He opens his mouth and begins to expel his very unique opinion when he is cut off for a fourth time. His face begins to turn to a dark shade of red similar to that of a baboons ass.

Andy Sharp:

Well then let me give you a reason... You see I'm tired of your interruptions and wanting shit handed to you. I'm tired of the pyros and the "show" ... yadda yadda yadda, is how I believe the Hollywood types say it. So tonight, when I win the SOHER from Harmony tonight... I'm offering you the first crack at it, if that's what it takes for me to get you in the ring... you and me at DEFIANCE Road. That enough marketing for you... bro?

...And before Mikey can even respond.

Andy Sharp:

Whatsa matter buddy? Cat got your tongue?

A smiling and confident Andy Sharp leaves the scene knowing that he got under the skin of his recent rival. Mikey is furious and it's bubbling right underneath his somewhat obvious lack of composure.

Lance Warner turns back to Mikey who is still holding his mic.

Mikey Unlikely:

Can you believe the nerve of that guy!? I mean....

Warner frowns and puts a hand up.

Lance Warner:

Actually Mikey we are out of time, and have to cut back...

Mikey Unlikely:

WHAT!?

...to the ring!

DEFIANCE WORLD TRIOS CHAMPIONSHIP

Billy Joel once sang, Say Goodbye to Hollywood. And that's as good of an excuse as any for why the camera left Mikey Unlikely standing backstage in order to return to Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland at the Announce Booth.

Also, because they have a match to call. AHHH-DUHHHHHHHHH.....

DDK:

Here's something we haven't said in a while, Angus. Trios Title action, right here on DEFtv!

Angus:

This is where I'd traditionally make a crack like, "lol we can still haz Trios tattles?" But this one is my doing! Most of the neckbeards know I help run BRAZEN, DEF's feeder promotion. Long story short, we've got these guys...

DDK:

...Vikings...

Angus:

Would you let me talk? Shit... Yes, they're goddamn Vikings. Choice of aesthetics aside, these dudes have been tearing several huge Viking-sized holes through the torsos of every team that have had the poor fortune stepped in the ring with them. The fact they've been doin' what they've been doin' is the whole reason we decided to give them this unique opportunity.

DDK:

And if what you say turns out to be true, our somewhat... let's say now very dysfunctional Trios Champions might actually be in for a real fight tonight.

Angus:

Dysfunctional? Dude, they're already down a man! The FIST's got bigger fish to fry, Keebs! Ryan has officially left MUHBOITAI!! and his own sister-in-law holding their puds against three hungry GORRAM Swedes looking to take full advantage of this unprecedented Championship opportunity.

DDK:

Aren't they from Finland?

Angus:

...Is there a difference?

Before Darren Keebler can answer, the lights suddenly go dark... and a few bars of guttural druidic chanting bleeds into...

♪ "Guardians Of Asgaard" by Amon Amarth ♪

The stage is bathed in a blood red strobe. Through a thick fog marches the platinum blond identical twins, Floki and Ivar Holmström. The entrance is so over the top and so overproduced, the Faithful start to turn before the group's leader and figurehead, Cul, even fully emerges from backstage. The tall, lean, well-build Nord's long blond hair falls well below his shoulders, huge silver plated shoulder pads with five huge, protruding spikes are his only entrance adornments. He seems completely unfazed by the crowd's reaction... a reaction that turns to gasps of awe as the fourth and final member of the **Viking War Cult** ducks through the entrance curtain and emerges out onto the stage.

DDK:

Sweet Lord. I forgot how downright ENORMOUS that man is.

Angus:

I know, right? Dude's almost seven foot five. Moves at about the speed of a goddamn tree most of the time but when

he... well, I'll say this. If you don't remember him from a couple months ago, that over seven feet of masked Viking death machine in question's name is Torvald. Referred to by his master Cul as his "Destroyer." He has one - count them - one big trick he's been trained to do, and booooooy if you haven't had the fortune to witness it, well, I've already said too much. Make of all that what you will, Darren.

The foursome moves down the ramp to the intelligible growling of their entrance music and a decidedly negative reaction from the Wrestle-Plex.

DDK:

The DEFIANCE Faithful are a fickle beast.

Angus:

It's the Curtis Penn-effect. All this fake ass GWAR concert bullshit goes over like a lead brick with this bunch. You start addin' props and gimmicks and smoke machines to your entrance, get ready to be verbally reamed by these psychopaths. Loudly.

And now, on a better note...

♪ "Carpe Diem Baby" by Metallica ♪

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

No sooner do those words leave Angus's mouth that the Faithful thank the sweet baby Metal Jesus that this is **MURICA** and the Trios Champs are coming out to a band that they can actually get behind.

Nevermind that this is the Inner Circle theme, originally used by Dan Ryan and Lindsay Troy over a decade ago. It's being still used tonight minus the presence of the Ego Buster, and the Faithful don't care. They're not even confused in the slightest. The FIST might have ditched THEIRBOITAI!! and their High Queen DEFIANT, but Troy and Walker decided to use this music anyway. They won the Trios Titles with it, and that's the way it's going to be.

Tyrone Walker's out first, a ball of energy as always, and the Faithful reward his exuberance with a resounding cheer. Lindsay Troy is out second, much more subdued, much more serious business, much more on her mind, clearly. The Faithful still greet her with as much passion as they did Ty, and she gives her partner a high-five when Walker holds his hand up for one. The two champs then make their way down the aisle.

DDK:

Well, partner, it may be a handicap Trios match, but Lindsay Troy already faced a handicap match of sorts when she had to deal with the ol' Twin Magic Switcheroo the Holmström brothers tried to pull during her FIST of DEFIANCE Contendership Gauntlet Run back on DEFtv 59.

Angus:

And she barely escaped it, if you remember. If it wasn't for a big miscommunication on Torvald's part, she might not've made it past the first leg of that. You can bet Cul was not happy with his men after that failure.

DDK:

They've been calling after the Queen for months and now, they're going to get her.

Angus:

Even though they're down a man, she's still got MUHBOITAI!! in there with her. I like their combo of veteran experience against rookie numbers. And hey...

He pauses for the loud crowd effect.

Angus:

The Faithful do too. Sounds to me that as far as they're concerned, ditchers and deserters be damned.

The twins step between Cul and the all-star tandem of Walker and Troy as they slide into the ring. After some mugging back and forth, Torvald places his huge mitts on a Holmström's shoulder, pushing them apart and stepping up navel to nose with Tyrone and Lindsay. This draws an "oooooooooh" from a few pockets around the Wrestle-Plex. Walker and Troy, being known for their mouths and their lack of good judgment, don't back down and the situation quickly starts to turn violently towards "shit hitting the fan" territory. That is, until Cul places a hand on his Destroyer's arm.

DDK:

He's backing down. Cul really has this guy under his thumb.

Angus:

Hell if I know. Creepy though, right?

DDK:

In a very "History Channel" sort of way, sure.

The Destroyer steps over the top rope with ease, dropping down to ringside. Floki and Ivar take to their legal corner, Cul The Reaper apparently taking the lead. The tall nordic, looking like he was forged out of war and ice and mead, leans back against the turnbuckle with a calm confidence. He motions for Troy and Walker to proceed.

Angus:

Uh-oh. I think these Vikings might just be here ready FIGHT, Darren.

The Faithful are obviously a little impressed by the gall of the BRAZEN standouts... but this is the Black Jesus and the Queen of the Ring. We're in the Wrestle-Plex, live in the heart of NOLA. There's no way the Vikings are getting much love tonight in The Big Easy. Troy and Walker play a quick, flippant game of Rock-Paper-Scissors to decide who'll start and square off against Cul. Ty wins, Troy looks disappointed, and shrugs across the ring at Cul.

Troy: [shouted]

Don't you worry your little muppet head, Swedish Chef. I'll see you in a min...

Troy's comment is cut short as the massive shoulder of Cul, moving at near freight train speed, drives half of her two-man trios team back-first into the turnbuckle right in front of her. Her demeanor immediately changes. The wide-eyed, glowering face of Cul The Reaper gets inches from the Queen's, and with a fistfull of Tyrone Walker's hair yanks the Hall of Famer violently towards the center of the ring. After a brutal exploder suplex, Cul quickly locks on a tight sleeper hold... holding it a liiiiittle longer than is acceptable to the Faithful in attendance.

Angus:

Rest hold heat, textbook.

DDK:

What textbook?

Angus:

Classic Heel Shit 101, obviously... read a book, Darren.

After a few more stiff suplexes and several deeply laid forearms into the side of the head of Walker, Cul passes the baton to Floki and Ivar Holmström. The twins assault is based on quick tags and a lot of shady business conducted behind the back of Trios Specialist, Hector Navarro. The twins quad fisted assault claims the first quarter of the match for the Viking War Cult. Cul takes another turn, getting the tag from one of the legal Holmström brothers. Cul immediately whips Ty across the ring into the ropes, catching the legend with a stiff high knee right to the jaw. Ty wobbles but doesn't drop... Cul rears back against the ropes and rebounds back with a nasty forearm across the side of the head, only managing to drop Walker to one knee. Once more rebounding his large, lean body off the ropes, Cul delivers a crisp skin-splitting step-up enziguri that finally ushers Tyrone Walker to the canvas. After which, Cul sandwiches Ty's head between the canvas and one of his big matte-black leather boots. He grinds down hard with his boot heel, never breaking eye contact with Lindsay Troy, who is seething in her team's corner.

Angus:

Is he intentionally TRYING to piss her off?!

DDK:

You'd know better than I. All I know is these virtual unknowns are taking two of DEFIANCE's biggest stars to the limit here!

Angus:

Hold your goddamn horses and bite your tongue, Keebler! We haven't seen Troy in this thing just yet.

In one last gasp effort to save this match from going completely south, Walker reaches up and pulls Cul's knee in a decidedly un-knee-like direction, sending the Norseman back-first to the canvas. Scrambling, clawing, the DEFIANCE Faithful on their feet cheering him on, Tyrone Walker finally manages to make the long awaited hot tag right as Cul was about to yank him back towards center ring.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

Take a breather Ty, old pal. HERE COMES DA' QUEEN!

Cul chicken shits his way back into his team's corner, tagging in the first available Holmström Brother. Sharp features, cold eyes, one mind...Floki and Ivar Holmström are a tricky tandem to get a handle on, but this isn't the first time Lindsay Troy's faced these two individuals, if you'll remember back to the aforementioned FIST of DEFIANCE gauntlet match Troy won to qualify for the Ladder War at ASCENSION. She's showing no less heart here as she tears into the Holmström brother in front of her with an intensity only she can bring. It's a little something someone once coined as Killing You In The Face...and it's effective. Her precision strikes open up a cut just above her foe's eyebrow, drawing a trickle of color that the Queen immediately wants to make into a river.

DDK:

I don't know if that's Floki or Ivar, but whomever it is... they're in trouble with a capital T.

Angus:

Maybe we should put a little stripe of nail polish on their backs. That's what I did with my turtles when I was seven. The pink stripe was Goldie and the purple stripe was Farrah... what? I liked pets you could keep in a jar and I had a hard-on for blondes at a really early age, what can I say?

DDK:

Defensive much, partner?

Before Troy's severe unceasing asskicking of one of the Holmström brothers gets too far gone, the seven foot five inches of Viking nightmare standing at ringside makes his presence felt once again as Torvald hoists himself up on the apron, drawing referee Hector Navarro's attention. It's at this moment the second, healthier Holmström joins his brother in a VERY quick game of "Who can injure Lindsay Troy the fastest before the fat Mexican turns around"... and makes the classic Twin Switcheroo. The beaten down (See: Legal) Holmström steps through the ropes to take a breather in their corner as his less "tenderized" brother takes full advantage, laying some brutal kicks across the face and chest of the Queen of the Ring.

Angus:

Twin magic, Darren! Twin magic!

DDK:

Where's that from? Sounds familiar.

Angus:

Some shitty show on the USA Network, it's not important. What is important is that... HOLY SHIT, MUHBOI! WATCH

OUT, TYRONE!

Sadly for TAI!!, the shouted warning from his friend Angus up at the commentation station goes unheard. After only just getting back on solid footing after the hellacious beating he received in the first half of this match, Ty is viciously YANKED off the ring apron and TOSSED into the railing by a pair of absolutely monstrous arms.

DDK:

It's OMEGA! He emerged out of the crowd and he's assaulting Tyro... Oh sweet Lord!

Angus:

TAAAIIIIIII! I can't watch, is it bad? It's bad isn't it, Darren... gah, PLEASE DON'T DIE!

Omega sends Tyrone Walker HEAD FIRST into the side of the ring steps with a sickening **THUNK!** that causes every soul within earshot to recoil at the brutal sound. The massive Omega picks up the body of Walker like he was a man half the size he is and LAUNCHES him out into the first and second rows. Chairs, DEFswag, food, you-name-it, goes flying in every direction. Fans scatter in fear as the monster swings a leg over the guardrail and stalks after Tyrone... obviously not done yet.

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Even with the Faithful-fueled chant machine in full effect, Lindsay Troy barely registered what happened. She only realizes the severity of the situation when she spots the chaos out in the first few rows. Tyrone Walker on his knees, a bloody mess, fighting for his life against the biggest, baddest boogeyman DEFIANCE has ever borne witness. The distraction is enough that Troy receives a devastating dropkick full-force to the ribs from the fresher (again: still not the legal man) Holmström brother she's been contending with for the last few minutes.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

With Omega and Walker developing into a real situation, other referees and agents lead a small battalion of DEFsec out into the first few rows, camera-side, to quell the attempted murder going down out in the crowd. This leaves Hector Navarro to focus his attention back towards the match still going on behind him. It doesn't take the endlessly clever former luchador long to notice the wrong, non-bloodied man is in the ring. He yanks the Holmström in-ring off Troy best he can, yelling him back into the Viking War Cult's corner. All three men start talking at once, keeping Hector's attention squarely on them...and allowing a certain seven plus foot tall Viking War Machine to slide quietly into the ring juuuuuust as Lindsay Troy is starting to get to her feet and find her bearings.

Angus:

Ooooooh this ain't good... Lindsay I'd move, ma'am. Move. MOVE! MOOOOV... ah shit, she didn't move...

WHAM!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!... OLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

Good God, it's like watching someone get hit by a city BUS!...

Keebler's description is of the vicious maneuver Torvald's master Cul calls "Gungnir" after the Viking God Odin's famed weapon of choice. The impact of the running spear is so great, it actually draws the attention of Omega out in the crowd. He casts a one-eyed glance at the one and only Lindsay Troy almost cut in half by the massive Viking before he returns to his work in picking apart Ty Walker. Torvald slides out of the ring as fast as he entered it, and Hector Navarro turns around just in time to see Troy writhing in pain on the mat and nothing else.

DDK:

How does a guy that takes a full minute to walk down the ramp move that fast... HOW?

Angus:

Now you're gathering why we went ahead and signed him. Goddamn freak of nature, Keebler. Freak. Of. Nature.

Troy gets to her feet, clutching at her sides like there might be a broken rib in there somewhere. The "confusion" sorted in his team's corner, Cul casually tags himself back into the match. Fresh and rested, The Reaper stalks towards his obviously injured opponent... hell, his ONLY opponent. Outside the ring, in what was the first few rows dead center camera side, amidst a scattered ring of chairs and other debris, is poor Tyrone Walker. A bloody mess from the gash atop his head to his feet, one of his boots is missing, for some reason. Standing over him, looking as massive as ever, is the man called Omega. The big man reaches down and grabs a juicy fistfull of Ty's bloody, tangled afro and drags him closer to the ring, dropping him chest first across the guardrail...

Angus:

Awwww jeeze... he's gonna make him WATCH?!

Omega pins Walker against the guardrail, applying a loose sleeper so Walker can't help but look directly at the ring where his good friend El Tee is in **big trouble**. Cul lands the last of a series of brutal rolling german suplexes, releasing the Queen in a heap, still clutching at her midsection in serious pain.

DDK:

Let me tell you, I hope Dan Ryan is watching this, wherever he is. I really do.

Angus:

To be fair, she and Ty didn't have to do this. Vacate the damn belts, we'd hold a tournament or something! Nobody FORCED them out here to face this... well shit, execution from these Swedish schmucks and... FUCK, what the hell is Omega's deal, anyway?!

DDK:

Answering all those questions in order... you know why, Lindsay Troy doesn't back down or walk away from anything... Ty's the same damn way, and lest we forget... you were a part of setting this all up.

Angus:

Yeah! Before Ryan flaked and Omega decided to go all Goro from Mortal Kombat on MUHBOITA!!!

DDK:

I suppose you could go ask Omega 'what his deal is' ... he's right down there at ringside.

Angus:

I'm solid right up here, Ty'll be fine I think. I hope. We're good here... [grumbling] fuck you, Darren.

Cul grabs hold of Troy's hair, wrenching her to her feet. She's not down for the count yet, swinging wildly at Cul's face, but he has a longer reach. Just as Troy starts trying to claw, bite, kick and scream her way out of the big Viking's grasp, he tucks Troy's head and pops off one of the quickest, crispest, sit-out powerbombs you'll ever see. He plants her with such brutal force, the back of her head bounces when she makes shoulder-first contact with the canvas. The Faithful sees the pain in her midsection shoot right up her spine and directly onto her face and they, appropriately, start BOOOOOOOOOOOOing the Viking's leader. Cul rolls backward, back onto his feet... and he goes about repeating the process one more time, connecting with the brutal powerbomb he calls The Blood Eagle.

DDK:

I'm... I was not expecting this when this match started, Angus.

Angus:

Told you they were unhinged. After the show, Google "Viking Torture Eagle" and read up on why he calls that move that. It's pretty fucked up... but also educational. What? It's historical!

1...

Nobody has time to laugh at Angus' bad joke.

2...

They're all too busy watching in shocked, stupefied silence as Cul The Reaper, leader of BRAZEN's Viking War Cult, an unknown property, rolls up Lindsay Troy in his very first appearance on DEFtv...

3...

...to win the DEFIANCE Trios Championships.

DING DING DING

At ringside, Tyrone struggles in vain against Omega's firm grasp as he watches the pinfall happen. The big man releases Ty right as the bell sounds, allowing him to fall limply to the concrete floor of what was the very first row and listen as Darren Quimbey makes the official announcement. Even the usually unflappable little ring announcer looks like he can't quite accept what he's about to say but goes about it with his trademark gusto.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen... your winners and the NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEW DEFIANCE TRIOOOOOOOOS CHAMPIONS! Floki, Ivar and Cul... the VIKING WAAAAAR CUUUUULT!

Cul The Reaper and The Holmström Brothers bail from the ring as soon as referee Hector Navarro hands them the two DEFIANCE Trios title belts. They'll have to get the third one from Kelly Evans later. As they've been wont to do after their matches in BRAZEN, the foursome hop over the guardrail and exit through the crowd. There's a brief moment, a shared glance between Cul and Omega... and a nod of acknowledgment from the legendary Boogeyman towards the young bucks who just shocked the wrestling world.

Angus:

Awww, Jesus Christ, please don't let them all become friends. That sounds like a bad time waiting to happen.

DDK:

Partner, I'm... I don't know what to say. This is unprecedented.

Angus:

You're tellin' me... shit, I'm good at running developmental. In your face, Darren! You never believed I could do it, did you? You...oh man, Ty... come on, man.

Somehow, defying all medical logic and all better judgment, Tyrone Walker heaves himself over the ringside barrier, much to the chagrin of the lingering DEFsec personnel. It takes him a few minutes to find the wherewithal but, cheered on by the Faithful, he manages to roll under the bottom rope to join his equally as brutalized, equally as dejected, tag team partner in the ring. Two thirds of the now former Trios champions don't even have a moment to commiserate...

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen we... what the hell? God, what now?

The lights drop one more time and the DEFIAtron flickers to life. As an unmistakable sheared dome jerks into frame, the whole crowd is bathed in the light from the screen. Bronson Box's mustache twitches with excitement. The scar running down and across his right eye is five feet tall across the big screen.

Bronson Box:

What a disappointed' turn of events there, lass. Damn cryin' shame, all that. But you know how it is. Monsters can indeed flock together when the situation benefits each and every one of them equally... how does it feel, sunshine...

The camera pulls back slightly, revealing The Wargod's manager Jane Katze.

Jane Katze:

Chin up dear, there's always next time.

Jane's flippant tone melts away like ice under a hairdryer.

Jane Katze:

How's that for a receipt. Bitch.

The DEFIAtron cuts back to the big DEF logo, the lights come back up. Troy is on her feet, one hand clutching her ribs... the other gripping the top rope white knuckle tight.

Angus:

Ooooooooooooo buddy, Jane Katze is gonna' diiiiiiiiie.

DDK:

If she and Bronson are to blame for orchestrating this chaos in any way... oh man, yeah, gotta' agree with you there, partner. Not only is Troy gonna kill her but Kelly Evans might too....wait. I'm being told Cul and Company have made their way through the Faithful by our stage area here and are about to meet our intrepid interviewer Christie Zane backstage in the Guerilla position. Christie? Are you there?

VICTORY

Floki and Ivar are the first through the curtain and into Guerilla, identical shiny gold DEFIANCE Trios title belts slung over each of their identical shoulders. The Holström Brothers hold back the black curtain for their leader, their warchief, and now - champion. The man known simply as Cul walks through the open curtain with an intense, satisfied smile. His long blond hair is plastered to his sweaty face. He's bruised, battered... but *victorious*. A stagehand sidles quietly up to Cul, carrying the third Trios belt formerly held by the current FIST of DEFIANCE, Dan Ryan. The Reaper takes it hungrily and slings his prize over his shoulder.

Looking none too pleased with the assignment, Christie Zane steps next to the threesome, microphone in hand... just as Cul's seven foot plus masked destroyer, Torvald, ducks slightly through the entrance curtain.

Christie Zane:

Gentlemen, the DEFIANCE Twittersphere is at full capacity after what went down out there moments ago. Your very first appearance on DEFtv and here you stand as champions. Cul, how does that feel? Any words for the DEFIANCE Faithful?

He looks the diminutive little interviewer up and down. His accent is distinctly Scandinavian.

Cul:

Feel? It makes me feel *confident*, Ms. Zane.

Cul isn't a brute; he allows her to do her job and hold the microphone. His eyes tell all we need to know of the ruthlessness of this well spoken "Viking King." His eyes turn away from Christie and settle directly on the camera.

Cul:

My name is Cul, the Nu-Father, the Reaper. My *entire life* has been dedicated to the Old Ways. To combat... to *WAR*. One singular goal. No minced words. No duplicity or deceit. What you saw out there, Ms. Zane? That well-oiled machine of war that just rolled right over two of the biggest, most established stars this company has to offer? The RAIDING and PILLAGING that just took place out in that wrestling ring is just a *taaaaste* of what's to come, my lovely...

His unnervingly quiet, breathy delivery might as well be as loud as thunder if the sinister, anticipatory smiles plastered on the identical faces of Floki and Ivar Holström are to be believed. The looming, faceless figure of Torvald the Destroyer crosses his Buick-sized arms and nods slightly, obediently agreeing with Cul's every word.

Cul:

The coward champion that didn't even have the will to face us and the distracted old man left you to face us all alone, Ms. Troy. Three individuals without the drive, passion, or will for group warfare. THAT...is why we beat you. These three men would follow me into the jaws of the wolf Fenrir itself. To the fires of Hell and back. What you see here isn't some random collective, strangers with a common purpose or profession... this is a warrior BROTHERHOOD!

Cul, Floki, and Ivar each hold out a belt out towards the camera. The straps are clutched tightly in their fists, and they clink the faceplates together while mugging for the camera.

Cul:

BRAZEN. DEFIANCE. The battlefield is of no consequence to me, Ms. Zane. We are the VIKING WAR CULT... and we claimed our prize. We are now the DEFIANCE Trios Champions and we're officially taking on *ALL* who feel they can take *these* from us! Name a time! Name your partners! Name a place and we'll be there, shields rattling and ready for *WAR!*

No stinging last line, no picking on the announcer. Not even a dig at the fans for some cheap heat. Cul simply brushes past Christie with Floki and Ivar in tow. Torvald lingers... getting really, really, uncomfortably close to Christie Zane. He leans down and emits a frightening, guttural yell-growl-warcry, scaring the *complete* holygoodgoddamn out of the poor

blonde. Without a laugh, without any single word, the Destroyer silently stalks after his brothers-in-arms, leaving Zane rattled and a little confused.

Christie Zane:

Back... back to you, Darren and Angus.

The camera cuts back to the commentary station where "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland are still holding it down out in the DEFplex.

Angus:

Well, damn.

DDK:

Where exactly did you and the BRAZEN team FIND these guys?

Angus:

Well... that asshole Evan Hurley... you know, the guy Bronson Box nearly crippled and retired after his awful do-nothing midcard career of nothing special whatsoever... yeah, THAT GUY. Well, that fat shit's one of our talent scouts out on the road. He has this huge boner for anything British or European... *fuckin' wrestling hipster*... anyway. He sees them wrestle at some dinky show in some Scandinavian backwater town festival or something... bada-bing baba-boom... they just beat Lindsay Troy and MUHBOITAI. Believe me, that shit hurts my HEART... but it is what it is, Darren, there's no stoppin' the BRAZEN Express, that train's left the station.

DDK:

You know for a fact that win has a HUGE asterisk next to it. I've NEVER seen someone folded in two by a running spear like that before. Is that big fella' Torvald even *human*?

Angus:

What can I tell ya', Keebs? They're Vikings who live most of the year in some longhouse in the snowy wastes of Norway lifting logs and shit, like Rocky IV style. We sent Warner out there, remember? I mean, come on. Are they any freakier than Omega or Bronson or say... the near five hundred pound health insurance nightmare DABAWSE hired as an *active* wrestler? It's DEFIANCE, Darren, just roll with it.

DDK:

Well *rolling* right along then...

INVITATION

♪ "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins ♪

The lights go out and into a strobe effect as the first riffs blare over the arena speakers. Dan Ryan steps out onto the stage in the same business casual attire from earlier, sunglasses over his eyes and the FIST of DEFIANCE around his waist. The hard riff kicks in and the lights come up just as Ryan starts a steady walk down the aisle. Fans reach out, swiping at the champ, but he ignores them completely.

DDK:

Fresh off of leaving his partners high and dry, it seems the FIST of DEFIANCE wants to have a word.

Angus:

It was the smart move. He's right. Family makes you weak. You don't need to be worryin' about all of these distractions when you're trying to defend a championship. Lindsay and Ty will just have to understand.

Ryan eschews his normal hop up onto the apron for a purposeful climb up the steps and through the ropes, owing to his clothing choice for the evening. He climbs the nearest turnbuckles and raises one arm, smirking as flashbulbs pop all over the arena. The sunglasses come off and are tossed to the ringside floor and he reaches out for a microphone before dropping to the ring behind him.

Dan Ryan:

First thing's first. It turns out that my esteemed opponent at DEFIANCE ROAD, Eugene Dewey lost his damn mind tonight. I've been doing this for a long while and in that time I've seen a lot of meltdowns. But I have to say, Eugene Dewey is rockin' the meltdown scale at a solid 8.5 on the looney scale. I mean, the guy's having a bad day. I haven't seen a man have a bad day like that since Bronson Box got chopped up by the propellor during his fight with Harrison Ford in Raiders of the Lost Ark.

Ladies and gentlemen, for SEVEN HUNDRED THIRTY DAYS Eugene Dewey was the FIST of DEFIANCE. Two long years he reigned over the wrestling world as the standard bearer, the master of all he surveyed, the king of the castle, the lord of the manor, and in one night, in one moment, one man ended it all. I'd like to say that fair is fair, but the truth is that life is often not fair. It's how we handle what life throws at us that makes each one of us a winner or a loser. It's whether you can withstand these little setbacks that determines whether you are a footnote or a legend.

Eugene, you....are getting dangerously.... DANGEROUSLY close to footnote territory.

You think we all owe you something. You think the fans owe you something. You think this business....owes you something. You rant and rave about what's yours and what you've earned. You think you can build up goodwill like a bank account and withdraw it whenever things get tough.

Here's the hard cold facts of the matter. That bank account empties every single time you step into the ring, Dewey. It doesn't carry over from day to day, month to month. The hero is forgotten tomorrow, the champion relegated to the pages of some monthly street mag. No one cares what you did two years ago. No one cares what you did last week. You try and make some kind of statement, picking up Bobby Dean like you're the first man to try using my move to make a point.

I've been eating people like you alive for over a decade so don't think for one second that you can play mind games with a guy like me....and get me nervous.

Hell, it'd be somethin', wouldn't it? A guy like Eugene Dewey rises from the lower rungs of this sport, from a googly eyed doofus to a world class athlete in the prime years of his career. Right out of nowhere. What a story, right?

That's not what happened.

You're the same guy you've been your entire life. No better, no worse. You found an angle. You shocked the world, turned your back on the faithful and hired yourself the best muscle there is to be had, and that muscle made

sure....made sure for two long years that you remained champion.

It doesn't hurt that Bronson Box is as dumb as a box of rocks.

Angus:

Outrageous. Bronson Box is a gentleman and a scholar! He's still here, right?

DDK:

Actually, I don't think so, no.

Angus:

Dammit.

Dan Ryan:

Well I'm the same guy I've been for years and years too, Dewey. I have consistently been the most accomplished man in this sport because yesterday, today and until the day I lace up the boots for the last time, I am in relentless pursuit of nothing less than being the best there is. I don't care if people cheer me or boo me. I don't care who likes it or doesn't. This...

Ryan pats the belt around his waist.

...is all that matters. If this isn't your ultimate goal then you're in the wrong damn business. The difference between you and I is you look for every shortcut available to try and trick people into thinking you're the standard bearer. I take advantage of every opportunity to prove that I am.

So now, here we are. You've got a contract stipulated rematch at DEFIANCE ROAD and you're not even allowed into the building two weeks beforehand, all because you don't know what to do with yourself now that you're back on your own.

I had hoped you'd be here tonight. I wanted you to try another of your ill-fated antics so I could rap you on the head a few times and maybe take a chunk of that ridiculous Ronald McDonald, Carrot Top, Wendy's Hamburgers hair from your head as a memento, but no. You came up here tonight and roughed up a few security guards, so now you're stuck at home taking your rage out on your fellow nerds over on the PS4 subreddit.

Angus:

Those people really are infuriating. Did you know some idiot had the nerve to suggest that Fallout wasn't....

DDK:

Focus.

Angus:

Oh, right...

Dan Ryan:

Now, for the moment, you've still got your big title shot coming up, but in the meantime, I need something to make sure I don't get....rusty. So I went to Kelly Evans tonight and I made a proposal.

Curtis Penn has made a point for a while about how he deserves a shot at the FIST and I have to tell you, I couldn't agree more. A guy like that, boy... gee... who deserves it more? No one I can think of. But I thought to myself....self, in the spirit of friendly competition, why not let the man earn a shot in the ring? So I told Kelly... what if we give the winner of tonight's Curtis Penn v. Impulse match a shot at the FIST next week on DEFTv? Surely a guy like Curtin Penn can handle a 'rookie' like Impulse.

Angus:

Well that's interesting.

DDK:

Curtis Penn has been calling himself the measuring stick, and this would have been a huge opportunity, but he's not gonna be happy when he realizes he lost a chance to get a shot at the belt next week.

Angus:

Well, that's why you have to bring your A game every time.

Dan Ryan:

She agreed. Why not, she said? Anything to sell a ticket, right? Color me shocked when the completely green and undeserving Impulse shocked the WORLD and defeated Curtis Penn in the middle of the ring fair and square.

So, instead of you finally getting your shot, Curt, it's gonna be Impulse. Sorry kid. Them's the breaks. Better luck next time. In the meantime, Impulse, apparently, it's gonna be you and me. Now, you and I go way back. Everyone is lookin' at you right now to see what you have to offer, and next week.... You've got an opportunity on a silver platter to show the faithful what you're all about. One week... call your shot.

I'll be right here.

DDK:

So a rather interesting development as apparently Impulse has earned a shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE without even realizing it. I'm not one to stir up controversy, but it's more than a little interesting that Dan Ryan was so instrumental in introducing Impulse to the company and now all of a sudden, the man has a title shot.

Angus:

You're reading my mind. I don't care for the guy, to be honest. He's proven nothing to me, and he doesn't deserve a shot like this. Like we need another goody two shoes pontificating about honor around here anyway.

Ryan tosses the mic to the side as the music kicks back up and he climbs through the ropes to the outside. He again ignores the fans reaching out to get at him and walks without distraction up the aisle and through the curtain.

DDK:

Folks, with that announcement out of the way, coming up next is our main event!

SOUTHERN HERITAGE TITLE MATCH

DDK:

It's been quite the night here folks, but we're finally here! The main event! Harmony has been one to take on all comers not named Jake Donovan, but tonight she has her hands full. Andy Sharp defeated Ty Walker last week in a hell of a match to win the right to face her in the main event!

Angus:

The Future Ex-Mrs. Skaaland is defending the Southern Heritage Championship against The Lord of the Flippy-doo's? You know I've already got my Canadian blinders on. Harm for the win, all the way, erryday!

DDK:

You gotta wonder earlier if Andy Sharp put undue pressure on himself. He's wanted this title for several months now, but he's also got Mikey Unlikely in his sights after weeks of harrassment. He made an offer to Unlikely for a match at DEFIANCE Road contingent on him winning the title tonight, but no way Harmony is going to just hand it to him.

Angus:

He needs to stop worrying about Hollywood McFuckass and start worrying about taking on Harmony! She defeated Curtis Peniswrinkle... sorry, I meant Penn. Future Ex Mrs. Skaaland ain't nuthin' to fuck with!

DDK:

And on that very Wu Tang-ish note, let's take it to the ring for tonight's main event!

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

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

♪ "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. Darren Quimbey makes the super-serial in-ring introductions.

DQ:

The following match is your main event of the evening and this is for the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship! First... in the corner to my right... from Montreal, Quebec, Canada, weighing in at 231 pounds... he is the challenger...
ANNNNNDDDDDDDDY SSSSHHHHHHHHAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRPPPPPPP!

Sharp raises two fingers up in the sky and yells out "JUST LOOK UP!" He then whips the shirt off and throws it out into the crowd, even getting some catcalls from the ladies in the process.

DQ:

And in the corner to my left... from Manhattan, New York, by way of London, England... she weighs in at 150 pounds

and is the current reigning and defending DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion...

HAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMMOOOOONNNYYYYY!

Harmony raised both hands to a tremendous pop of her own! The British Vixen and The Lord of the Skies both have their eyes locked on the SoHer Championship displayed by Benny Doyle one last time. Sharp and Harmony both exchange a handshake, but Harmony quickly turns that into a roll-up at the start... or tried to, but Sharp rolls backwards! He wastes no time going for a Dropkick, but Harmony moves out of the way of that. It's a million miles an hour when Harmony takes an arm and tries a La Majstral roll-up, but only gets a one-count!

Sharp is too big for her to keep down just yet and when Harmony tries to stand up, Sharp doubles her over with a knee to her abdomen. He tries a snapmare to roll her over and speeds off the ropes. Harmony lays flat and Sharp keeps running. Harmony stands up and actually pulls off a leapfrog over the much taller Sharp! When he comes back, he gets a Dropkick right to his face, sending him stumbling back to the ropes!

The crowd is behind both of the rising stars of DEFIANCE and Harmony lays into Sharp with a few kicks aimed at the leg, perhaps trying to set him up for version of the Figure-Four called the Fermata for later on. She goes to back away for a moment and tries to go for the leg when Sharp shoves her away. Harmony rolls to her feet and charges when Sharp gets his boot up, catching her and amazingly BACKFLIPPING from the ropes to land on the ring apron! Sharp starts to head up top, but Harmony ain't having any of that and gets right back up, catching Sharp in the chest with a Springboard-style inside Dropkick! The blow knocks Sharp over and he lands on his stomach on the apron.

Angus:

Get your head out of your ass, Canucklehead!

DDK:

Harmony has beaten Sharp to the punch every step of the way.

Sharp is down and The Southern Heritage Champion now has him dead to rights. She charges the ropes and goes for a Baseball Slide Dropkick to knock him to the outside, but Sharp AMAZINGLY high-bridges himself and Harmony slides right under him, going to the floor! Harmony barely saves herself, but Sharp comes off the apron with a Superman Flying Forearm!

Angus:

The fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu?

DDK:

I don't believe it! Sharp is an athletic FREAK!

A few replays of his very unique counter play on the DEFtron before returning to Sharp throwing Harmony back inside the ring. He stands over Harmony and uses a Standing Moonsault! He goes for a cover and only gets two! Sharp picks her up again and goes to whip her across the ring. Sharp runs off the ropes and goes back, catching her with a hard running chop. Sharp then whips her to the opposite end of the ring and tries it again, but Harmony jumps over... no, Sharp catches her!

He tries to spin her around when she slips out. Sharp turns and charges at her, but she pulls the ropes down and The Lord of the Skies goes spilling over the ropes and out to the floor. When he tries to pick himself up, Harmony finally lands the Baseball Slide to knock Sharp over. The challenger tries to stand when The Southern Heritage Champion leaps upward and nails a HUGE Quebrada Moonsault!

The crowd goes nuts as Harmony slowly starts to roll to her feet with a little bit of effort, gets Sharp back into the ring and then props his neck up near the ropes. Harmony goes for broke and lands a hard version of a Rope Hung Guillotine Leg Drop! After landing her own succession of big moves, she goes to cover Sharp, but only gets two off the challenger!

The Southern Heritage Champion goes back to Sharp's leg again and nails a few kicks to the joint to soften up the

joint. She then snaps back with a modified Leg Snap DDT, snapping his knee back! Sharp shouts in pain and Harmony has found a weak point. Sharp shoves her away again and tries to hobble back to his feet, only to catch another hard Dropkick to the knee! Sharp was hobbling now when Harmony goes for the leg, trying to set it up in the ropes. With the knee tied up and The Lord of the Skies trapped, she goes back...

LEAPING CLOTHESLINE FROM SHARP!

Sharp got his leg free from the ropes and clocked Harmony with a huge Clothesline that turned the tides back in his favor. The Lord of the Skies takes a moment to try and get the feeling back in his leg before standing up and throwing Harmony down with a big Vertical Suplex! He goes for a cover and only gets two, but then he goes right into a grounded Abdominal Stretch with extra torque on the neck!

DDK:

Sharp not really known for submissions, but this is a good one!

Angus:

Unhand my boo, you goddamn Snowback!

Sharp fights back now and slows down the pace not only to buy him some time, but to keep the champion grounded also. He works over Harmony and continues to hold the submission while the crowd gets a chant going.

"HARMONY!"

"HARMONY!"

"HARMONY!"

"HARMONY!"

"HARMONY!"

The Lord of the Skies continues to apply the pressure, but Harmony doesn't give up when Doyle asks her. With the crowd behind her, she uses a free arm and elbows Sharp a few times, then goes back to the leg that he left wide open, throwing a few elbows from her free left hand! Sharp can't take too many shots before he has to let go. Harmony favors her rib cage and gets back up when Sharp doubles her over with another kick. He throws her into the ropes, but she surprises him with a Handspring Enzuigiri!

When Sharp gets back up again, a Pele Kick greets him in the head and he finally goes down! Harmony takes a few seconds to recover and then waits for Andy to stand. She grabs him by the head and drops him with a Shiranui! Harmony with the cover, but only gets two!

Angus:

Come on, bae, you got this!

DDK:

Great sequence of moves there, but Sharp still kicks out! He wants this title and he wants that match at DEFIANCE ROAD with Mikey Unlikely!

Harmony was in disbelief that she hadn't defeated Sharp, but she had him down so she had a chance to end things. She rolled over to where Sharp had fallen and tried locking in The Fermata - the same move she used to retain her title against Curtis Penn - but Sharp cradled her and hooked an inside cradle! He almost got three, but she kicked out at the last second! Sharp was back up and when Harmony tried to mount an offensive, he caught her. STO Backbreaker into the Flatliner! The All-Star Lineup! Another cover, but no!

With Harmony still down, Sharp goes to the top rope. He's thinking it's All-Star Frog Splash time, but his knee bothers him slightly. He goes up top... HARMONY MOVES! Sharp lands on his knee and hobbles, giving Harmony the opening she needs as she leaps up and hooks Andy...

DDK:

What in the hell?!

Angus:

That's twice you've said that in five seconds!

Harmony hits the floor hard and Donovan slides out of the ring after her, hitting her with hard strikes to the back of the neck before throwing her into the security barrier by the seat of her trunks! The SOHER Champion crumples to the floor, clutching at her back but Donovan isn't finished. He stamps down on her back before dragging her back to her feet and throwing her towards the steel steps. Harmony manages to reverse the throw but Donovan reverses it back again, sending her crashing into the steel steps!

The crowd in the Wrestle-Plex are raining hate down on Donovan as a sick smile begins to form to his lips and he pulls his lighter out of his pocket, flipping it open and shut tauntingly as he slowly approaches a lifeless Harmony sat up against the steel steps.

DDK:

Oh don't you do that! She's defenseless!

Angus:

Burnt flesh is not an attractive look, Donovan! Get away from her!

Flipping the lighter open for the final time, Donovan leans over and produces a huge fireball in Harmony's face, but the champion rolls out of the line of fire and tries to get to her feet! Clearly angered by his attempt missing, Donovan chases after her and drags her back to her feet, rolling her into the ring then following her in. Harmony tries to get up again but Donovan cuts her off and sets her up for the Canadian Destroyer, taking a moment to pause in the centre of the ring and look out into the fans before planting Harmony right in the middle of the ring!

The SoHer Champion is motionless in the middle of the ring, laid face down as Donovan leisurely strolls over to the SoHer Championship belt and picks it up, standing over Harmony with it and holding it high above his head.

DDK:

This attack was despicable! And all because he wants a title shot.

Angus:

I think I should go and check on her. She might need CPR!

DDK:

If you want the sexual assault charges bringing again, be my guest.

One more visage of the carnage. Andy Sharp down and out at the top of the ramp... and most importantly, Jake Donovan raising the coveted SoHer Championship as the DEFIANCE logo appears on the screen.