

70 Days

[The HULU timer runs down and then after a brief commercial, the DEFIANCE logo flashes on the black screen before jumping right to a sweeping shot of the arena, catching a glimpse of the four thousand strong that make up the Faithful and their many signs.]

KING OF COOL!

I TEABAGGED DEWEY IN HALO 5!

DO AIRSHIP PIRATES GET FREE RUM?

TRAINWRECKER!

OMEGA-NNA CUM!

SIGN ME TO BRAZEN!

CURTIS PENN-IS!

HARMONY + LINDSAY = HLA

DDK:

Welcome everyone to DEFIANCE Wrestling, LIVE on Hulu Plus from the WRESTLEPLEX in New Orleans! I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler alongside, as always, my broadcast partner "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland! And we're coming to you hot off the heels of one hell of a Pay-Per-View!

Angus:

Damn right we are, Keebs! And can I just say, that last sign-

DDK:

Less of that, we've got one hell of a DEFtv coming straight into your face holes as we-

♪ Dark Lord Bowser by Thunderclash ♪

DDK:

Oh come on, can't we have one run down without being interrupted by this jerk?

Angus:

You watch your mouth, Keebs! That's our FIST you're talking about there!

DDK:

And it's a damn shame too! Eugene Dewey used every trick in the big book of shenanigans and even invented a few new ones to get Lindsay Troy disqualified at the conclusion of their title match at Acts of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

What are you talking about? He used Lindsay's hot headedness against her! He was smart, Keebs. And he managed to overcome having her Brother-in-Law as the special referee as well!

DDK:

He 'overcame' that?

Angus:

Of course he did. Dan Ryan wanted to referee that match and make sure it went down all fair and square, well Kelly Evans made sure he did that by holding his very livelihood over him by decreeing in the event he didn't call it straight

down the middle he'd be fired on the spot. Lindsay was the one that gave Dan the choice of disqualifying her or losing his job, and we all know what call he made.

[During the discussion of the Pay Per View's main event result, Eugene Dewey makes his way down to the ring. He's got the FIST of DEFIANCE draped over his left shoulder and holds a microphone in his right hand. The fans boo and jeer the Guru of Gaming as he ascends the stairs and steps into the ring. Eugene grins out at the crowd as he waits for his music to fade out and the hot, hot crowd to simmer down.]

DDK:

He looks pretty happy with himself considering Lindsay made him tap out after the bell and he ended the evening looking up at the lights following that Humility Bomb from Dan Ryan...

Angus:

That's as maybe Keebs, but it doesn't change the fact that he's still our champion!

[Dewey raises the microphone to his lips but can't get a word out as the fans erupt as though to drown him out even before he can utter a single syllable.]

DDK:

These DEFIAfans don't want to hear a word from 'our champion', Angus.

Angus:

Well they're just as disrespectful as you, Keebs. We've known that for years.

[Slowly the fans start to die down again. Dewey brings the microphone up for a second time and pauses for a second, but when the fans don't react as loudly this time, he's able to start.]

Eugene Dewey:

Are you guys done?

[That elicits a reaction though as the DEFIAfans sound out another round of jeers aimed at the man stood in the center of the ring. Dewey's forced to continue over the top of them, shouting a little louder so as to be heard.]

Eugene Dewey:

Because if you're not then I completely understand! I'm not done either!

[Dewey smiles broadly and chuckles to himself.]

Eugene Dewey:

It doesn't matter what they stack in front of me, it doesn't matter who they put in my way, it doesn't matter when, where, or even why they do what they do, they just can't wrestle this title away from me!

[Dewey lifts the FIST high into the air to yet another chorus of boos from the capacity crowd. He seems more than happy with himself though as he lowers it back down to his shoulder.]

Eugene Dewey:

And that's why I'm out here tonight... I'm out here to invite each and every one of you to join me in celebrating what my community commonly refers to as my Cake Day! Now I'm sure I don't need to explain that to most of you, what with you all being huge Internet nerds who sit around on Reddit all night talking about 'MRW Eugene Dewey retained his title yet again' and then post little pictures of John Travolta, but for those select few who don't know what I mean, allow me to explain it to you... So Keebs, listen up!

Angus:

HA!

Eugene Dewey:

My cake day falls on February 2nd, because that was the day, all the way back in 2013, that I won the FIST of DEFIANCE. That's right, in a mere 70 days time, I will have held this title for two whole years!

[Granted, there's a couple of fans who applaud that... actually that might just be Angus on his headset, but almost everyone else reacts in the same way they've reacted since Dewey stepped through that curtain.]

Eugene Dewey:

If you're not impressed by that then let me put it into some kind of perspective for you! When I won this title belt Prince George wasn't even born, the TRULY Untouchables were still a thing that existed, and Dan Ryan was actually relevant! The Southern Heritage title has proved to be the kiss of death to everyone who's held it, the Trios titles have faded into obscurity, and the World title has been enveloped by the only championship in this company that's actually worth something!

[Eugene grows redder and redder as he almost shouts into the microphone.]

Eugene Dewey:

For the last 670 days I have invested my blood, sweat and tears into making this title one that any wrestler serious about this business would want to hold. I am the SOLE REASON people like Lindsay Troy are here in the first place or why guys like Omega continue to flock to DEFIANCE! Before me 100 days as champion was an achievement, and not a small one either, that'd have been fifty gamerscore points right there. 200 days was unheard of... one year was unthinkable... but two? Every single one of you out there would have said two years is impossible. But here I am, 70 days away from achieving just that... the impossible...

[Eugene opens his arms out wide as though to soak in the adoration of the fans, but none of it comes his way.]

Eugene Dewey:

In the last two years I've established myself as more than just another Mob. I've established myself as a legendary, as a boss... as THE Endboss of DEFIANCE. And every single person that steps up to me gets swatted back down, because this Endboss is hard as balls to defeat! Just ask Lindsay Troy, Heidi Christenson, Dan Ryan, Curtis Penn, Bronson Box, Johnny Booya, Dusty Griffith... They all tried, and they all failed to beat me! Because none of them, **not one**, were, are, or ever will be good enough to take down the Endboss of DEFIANCE!

[Yep, redder and redder the FIST continues to get. He even starts to tremble as he gets more and more excited.]

Eugene Dewey:

In 70 days I will host a celebration of gargantuan proportions! One so incredible that Mardi Gras will look at it and say "Holy crap, that looks like fun, can we go do that instead!?" Because February 2nd won't just mark the end of 2 years of Eugene Dewey as the FIST of DEFIANCE, it'll mark the start of 3... and then 4... and then 5... and on, and on, and on, and on I'll go for the rest of time, because Eugene Dewey will NEVER be defeated! This is MY title, I earned it, and I'm damn well gonna keep it!

[Dewey drops the mic and heads for the corner where he climbs the ropes and holds the FIST of DEFIANCE high in the air while shouting back at the fans that are shouting at him. He points to the title and then to himself as Dark Lord Bowser starts up again.]

Angus:

You can hear the passion in there, can't you Keebs.

DDK:

Oh he's passionate, but he's delusional, Angus.

Angus:

Delusional? He's been the FIST for 670 days!

DDK:

And for at least half of that time he's taken the low road to retain that title. Listening to that speech anyone would think he'd spent the last year of his reign being nothing but a stand up, honourable guy!

Angus:

The ends justify the means, Keebs. 2 years as FIST is 2 years as FIST no matter how you achieve it.

DDK:

I think I'm gonna have to disagree with you there, Angus. But I think one thing we will agree on is that we've got one barn burner of a show in store for everyone tonight, and we're gonna kick things off with Andy Sharp, who's coming off of a very successful debut at Acts of DEFIANCE against Felton Bigsby as he takes on another BRAZEN star, Reinhardt Hoffman!

Angus:

I'm calling Reinhardt, Keebs. Flippy Doo dude might be a former world champion, but Hoffman's no slouch. Tonight's his chance to make his mark on DEFIANCE and pick up a win over the much hyped "Lord of the Skies".

DDK:

We've also got Harm-

Angus:

-mmmmmmm-

DDK:

-only going one on one with Howlin' Joe Wolfe. Care to make a prediction there?

Angus:

I predict i'd make Harmony howl, is what I predict!

DDK:

Classy. We're also gonna see the debut of Ajax Gore, and he's got one hell of a task ahead of him as he takes on Dusty Griffith! And you've got to believe that Dusty's not gonna be 100% after that war against Bronson Box at Acts of DEFIANCE. This could be the night for upsets, Angus!

Angus:

Or Mayberry might be looking to bounce back and ruin the debut of the youngster. At 21 years old this kid's got a bright future ahead of him, but I'm sorry to say, I don't think it starts tonight.

DDK:

We've got all that and more on DEFIANCE TV!

On One Condition

[We're now live in the Pleasure Dome aka The Offices of One HBIC of DEFIANCE herself, Kelly Evans. Kelly Evans doesn't look that pleased with her current company at the moment and lets out a snort as she has a stack of papers set out on her desk.]

Kelly Evans:

...You know, you haven't even SIGNED this contract yet. You mean to tell me what Acts of DEFIANCE was all about with Dusty Griffith and your goon squad?

[Standing across the other side of the desk are two of the men who made their respective return/debut for DEFIANCE: an impatient Angel Trinidad and his new manager and handler of Team HOSS' affairs, Thomas Keeling Sr. Thomas addresses Kelly.]

Thomas Keeling Sr:

It's called "making an impact" my dear. Many members of your roster take part in such an act all the time. Do I detect a hint of singling out my clients for something that professional wrestling was FOUNDED on?

Kelly Evans:

I'm not your dear, and no, what I detect is me not letting you sign this contract for what your guys did.

[Thomas Keeling Sr. let out a chuckle for a moment to bring a little levity to the situation.]

Thomas Keeling Sr:

Look, Ms. Evans, I won't continue going around in circles with you and DEFIANCE... the courts pretty much took care of that for us. I will concede to the fact that it may not have been such a smart thing to do, but look what we did - drum up more business. People are talking about my clients again and I assure you going forward, that my clients will conduct their business in the ring - unless SOMEBODY on this roster decides to seek retribution. Then I cannot be held responsible for what they do.

Angel Trinidad:

Nope.

[Kelly Evans cast a scary glance of her own in Angel's direction before throwing the contract over to their side.]

Kelly Evans:

I'll hold you that, Keeling, since I trust you only marginally more than your dipshit of a son. Sign the contract and go make me some money.

[Thomas Keeling hands over the contract to Angel, but he shows a little bit of hesitation about signing it - something Kelly picks up fast.]

Kelly Evans:

Your Talent Agency not have pens or what?

[Angel motions to something in the contract that Thomas Keeling raises an eyebrow at.]

Thomas Keeling Sr:

You've been asking me for that, Angel, and it's up to Ms. Evans...

Kelly Evans:

(Perplexed) What's up to me?

[Thomas is about to speak up for his client when Angel Trinidad speaks up.]

Angel Trinidad:

I want a match tonight... I want Ty Walker. Make that match and I'll sign.

[Thomas Keeling looks a bit thrown himself as he turns to Angel.]

Kelly Evans:

And just why in the hell would I give you that match tonight? Why would I give you ANYTHING after Acts of DEFIANCE?

Angel Trinidad:

He took something from us before we were fired... He's been a thorn in my side for a long fucking time and I want to prove that I'm ready to come back... I NEED this match.

Kelly Evans:

You'll wrestle who I tell you to wrestle.

[Keeling whispers something in Angel's ear that brings a small smile out the side of his face. Kelly is already annoyed with their side chatter.]

Kelly Evans:

Something funny?

Thomas Keeling Sr:

Ms. Evans, you and the rest of DEFIANCE will find that I am a man that does not like to spread rumors or make improper insinuations, but... your relationship with Mr. Walker is not some secret. Are you making this decision to spite my client or are you fighting your battles for him by denying Trinidad this request?

Kelly Evans:

(fuming quietly) Are you TRYING to get Team HOSS fired again? You mention another word about my personal relationships again, then I'll can the four of you and the only place you'll work is at some Bingo Hall.

[Keeling puts his hands up defensively.]

Thomas Keeling Sr:

My apologies, Ms. Evans, I have overstepped my bounds.

[Kelly then looks to Angel and then shakes her head.]

Kelly Evans:

I'll tell you what... since you want this match so damn bad and I know Ty has no love lost for Team HOSS, then you got your match.

[Angel nods in agreement and without any further hesitation, he grabs a pen from Kelly's desk and and signs the contract before throwing it down in front of her. Angel is about to leave when Kelly raises a finger.]

Kelly Evans:

BUT... there won't be any bullshit for this match. Aleczander and Capital Punishment are banned from ringside. Keeling, you can spectate, but if you even so much as LOOK at the referee wrong, you're done here. And Angel... (She looks up at him) Don't come crying to me if he beats you again.

[Angel stomps over to Kelly's desk and plants both hands firmly into it as he looks down at her.]

Angel Trinidad:

He won't.

[With that, Angel Trinidad and Thomas Keeling take their leave while Kelly just goes about her business. The camera switches over to ringside where a match is about to begin!]

Andy Sharp vs Reinhardt Hoffman

[And now back to the announce table with the quickness!]

Angus:

What? WHAT? THE HOSS OVERLORD VERSUS MUHBOITAI?!?! Um... Keebs, do your stupid opening talky bit... I need a smoke or something...

DDK:

Okay... so while that is a HUGE match later between Angel Trinidad and Ty Walker renewing an old rivalry, we've got two young guns looking to make a name in our opener! This match was made during an exclusive interview with Christie Zane. Andy Sharp was going to open up about comments directed at him from Curtis Penn, when Reinhardt Hoffman interrupted and challenged Andy to a match. Andy knocked off one BRAZEN graduate in Felton Bigsby back at Acts of DEFIANCE, but now he has to tangle with The Gentlemen German! That match... is now!

It's match time and the noise filling the ears of the ears is "Light Up The Sky" by Thousand Foot Krutch. That can only mean that Andy Sharp is on his way out! Looking to go a perfect 2-0 tonight since joining DEFIANCE, The Lord of the Skies takes in a big reception from the crowd and goes to a knee, pointing both index fingers upward. Sharp heads toward the ring at a breakneck pace and slides underneath the bottom rope before flipping forward to his feet. Once he stands, he executes a standing backflip to show off for the crowd!

Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 by composer Franz Liszt plays next and out comes Reinhardt Hoffman. The Gentleman German walks towards the ring and Sharp waits for him as he enters the ring with nothing more than fake smile on his face. The bell rings and right at the start, Hoffman attacks Sharp in the corner! A barrage of elbows and uppercuts greet The Lord of the Skies and he gets a nearfall off a Backdrop Suplex right from the get-go!

The crowd is mighty surprised at the aggression being shown by Hoffman as he continues to work over Sharp's neck with a horribly contrived version on a Cravate, keeping him pinned down in a seated position. Sharp tries to fight back, but Hoffman assaults Mr. All-Star and DROPS him on his head with a vicious Brainbuster! The crowd was gasping in shock from the impact as Hoffman moves in for the cover, but only gets himself another close two-count!

Hoffman tries to drag Sharp towards the middle of the ring and slap on his finishing STF submission hold, but Sharp catches him as his head goes down and gets two off an Inside Cradle. Both men get up to their feet and Sharp CRACKS him in the head with an Enzuigiri kick, sending Hoffman stumbling through the ropes and out to the floor. Still holding the back of his head in pain, Sharp points to where The Gentlemen German fell out of the ring and a grin crosses his face.

DDK:

Hoffman's been wrestling a great game, but Sharp is now on the rebound and... Uh-oh, what's he thinking here?

Angus:

Something flipperific, no doubt!

Sharp takes off to the opposite end of the ring and comes back, completing an INCREDIBLE dive over the ropes, somersault-style onto Reinhardt! Sharp still favors his worked-over neck, but he's up on his feet first and high-fives a member of the rowdy crowd! A huge "ANDY SHARP!" chant erupts as Sharp rolls Hoffman back inside the ring and then follows up his attack with a slam. He executes a standing moonsault and then follows THAT with a standing Shooting Star Press! The crowd goes nuts as he follows up with a cover, but only gets two!

Andy limps upward and tries to finish Hoffman off, but The Gentlemen German catches him with a solid European Uppercut and then rolls him up into a great Gedo Clutch-style combination, but Sharp still kicks out!

Hoffman punishes him with an elbow as Sharp tries to stand, sending him back to the ropes, but Sharp bounces between the ropes...

BAM!

The Sharper Image Pendulum Lariat chops down Hoffman! Sharp then hobbles to his feet and leaps to the top rope in a single bound like he's Superman-ing that shit. The crowd is buzzing when Sharp takes flight...

DDK:

ALL-STAR FROG SPLASH! THAT'S THE THREE COUNT!

ONE! TWO! THREE!

Angus:

Hoffman gave The Lord of the Flippy-Doos all he could handle, but Sharp makes it two and oh.

[Andy Sharp starts to limp back up to his feet and as one of the ringside officials goes to help a hurt Hoffman out of the ring. Sharp goes to ask for a microphone from another ringside attendant and is given one as he takes a second to recollect himself.]

DDK:

We heard from a previous interview that Andy Sharp has a few words he wants to say about Curtis Penn's recent comments directed his way. Looks like now's the time that we're gonna hear from him.

[Sharp leans against the ropes, still favoring his head from the number that Hoffman did on him, but he soldiers on.]

Andy Sharp:

Okay, first off, I'm a man... I can say this... ow. [the crowd laughs] That Hoffman guy did a number. He was good... but tonight.... tonight, this is MY night!

[The Lord of the Skies now points towards the back.]

Andy Sharp:

Now, I promised to get to a certain someone that didn't like somebody dared to make a challenge towards his belt... yep, I'm talking to YOU, Curtis Penn!

Angus:

If this flippy-doo is just out here to curry favor with me... well, he is. So go on, son.

[Andy can't hear Angus at all, so of course, he keeps going.]

Andy Sharp:

I heard what you had to say because I dared mention your name and told you that like many other aspiring noobs, I'd like to eventually be a champion someday. I'm not an idiot and I'm not going to sugarcoat things - you've been THE FACE of the Southern Heritage Division for a long time. I've studied tapes, I've seen what you can do and I know what you're capable of.

[Sharp laughs.]

Andy Sharp:

But, dude, are you REALLY going to tell me that you're gonna make me tap out like a bitch when just a MINUTE before, you basically begged Jonny Booya to wrestle for you so you don't to have to defend the belt? You for REAL, dude?

[Some of the crowd laughs along with Sharp, but he stops immediately.]

Andy Sharp:

In all seriousness, this ain't Showtime at the Apollo and I'll leave spectacular wit to professionals like Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan. Penn, I'll take ANY challenge at ANY time to prove I can put my name among the absolute best this sport has to offer! I'll take you up on your challenge soon enough and when I do, you'll be looking at the NEXT Southern

Heritage Champion!

[He throws the microphone down and heads towards the back as his music kicks in again, saluting the cheering fans as he heads to the back.]

DDK:

Straight and to the point! Andy Sharp wants a chance at the Southern Heritage Championship and he's bound and determined to have it!

Angus:

I'll take what I can get if it means somebody knocks that idiot, Penn, off his stupid-ass high horse!

Been There, Beat That

[The camera now goes backstage interview area where the very lovely and buxom Christie Zane is standing by, ready for the chance to scoop out another big interview from Lance Warner.]

Christie Zane:

So, DEFIANCE, guess what? I've got some special guests right here with me now! Please welcome none other than a group that made their return to DEFIANCE after being fired for six months! Please welcome Team HOSS - Capital Punishment, Angel Trinidad, Aleczander the Great - and their new manager, Thomas Keeling!

[The camera pans backwards to reveal the massive forms of three men making their return to DEFIANCE. Capital Punishment stands by in the background with arms folded. The newly black-and-blond streaked Aleczander The Great checks out Christie from the front and back and likes what he sees before flexing his pecs. The new star of the show, Angel Trinidad, has an angry smirk on his own face while Thomas Keeling Sr. finally steps into view.]

Thomas Keeling Sr:

Zane, thank you for that lovely introduction, but I will be taking over this interview from here. If you could please stand there, hold the microphone, and at least TRY to conduct yourself a little more professionally than your choice of Lady Marmalade-esque attire makes you appear, that would be fantastic.

[Christie is taken aback by what Thomas has to say, but Capital Punishment stands her by and moves his hand up so the microphone is out. Thomas nods to Cappy before walking up to Zane.]

Thomas Keeling Sr:

Here's the scoop that you have all been waiting for, Christie, so listen up and listen well... Team HOSS were SCREWED by my own son's bungling and were fired from this company without due cause. However, that situation has been rectified and now I have chosen to take the lead in their careers going forward; call this a corporate restructuring for Team HOSS, should you so choose. What the world was shown and what Dusty Griffith witnessed first-hand at Acts of DEFIANCE is the new and improved version of Team HOSS!

[Thomas gestures to Capital Punishment first.]

Thomas Keeling Sr:

Capital Punishment has chosen to retire from the ring following the most dominant run of the DEFIANCE World Trios Titles and is now serving as the official head trainer for clients of The Family Keeling Talent Agency. While the Trios titles were great prizes, I am interested in MORE. With his help, we are now overseeing the careers of two of DEFIANCE's most powerful men today! Mister Aleczander...

[Keeling now gestures to Aleczander, who can't help but make his pecs dance.]

Thomas Keeling Sr:

You are now to refer to this man as Aleczander The Great! This man has more power in his one pinky than most people do in their entire bodies! ANYBODY that gets in his way will be torn apart and ground into dust underneath his boot without a second thought!

Aleczander The Great:

You all knew I was great before, love, but now you're all REALLY gonna know it!

[He gestures at Christie with a wink, a smile and then a slight pelvic thrust in that order in case his overt advances were too subtle for her. She looks grossed out for a moment and backs away, but not before checking out his backside for a brief second. Thomas Keeling pays him no mind so he gestures to Angel Trinidad.]

Thomas Keeling Sr:

Like how every football team has their star quarterback... just as how every franchise has their star player... Angel Trinidad - twenty-five years of age, nearly seven feet tall and three-hundred pounds --- all the potential in the world and

he has yet to scratch the surface. The night after DEFIANCE WRONGLY fired all three of these men, I reached out to all three. Capital Punishment and Aleczander already had the skills to succeed, but this man, this gifted physical specimen could overtake them all with the right focus.

[Angel nods in agreement with everything being said.]

Thomas Keeling Sr:

I took Mister Trinidad under my wing, set him up with the best trainers that money could buy and I spent these last six months making sure he absorbed everything he could possibly learn. This man you see before you? This is the new and improved Angel Trinidad - This is the "Brand New Bad" Angel Trinidad! And tonight, you'll all get a live demonstration of his new skills when he DESTROYS Ty Walker in the middle of that ring!

"And when he's done with that?"

[Everyone turns to stage right as Dusty Griffith and Frank Dylan James enter the scene. Big Dust eyes the returning Team HOSS, getting a stoic glare from the IWO Legend Capital Punishment, while the Mancunian Muscle grins smugly, and Angel Trinidad looks on with a self assured indifference to the former World Champion. Thomas Keeling however appears to be playing this chess match in his head, while Frank Dylan James with his big ol' chain around his neck snarls with a look that shows he's ready for a fight as he tugs at that chain.]

Dusty Griffith:

He's going to deal with me next.

[Team HOSS v.2 don't look pleased with the interruption. Angel tries not to pay him any mind while Aleczander continues to grin like the jackass he is.]

Dusty Griffith:

Because I tell you what, brother, you're going to answer for Acts of DEFIANCE and...

[Angel steps forward, making the moment even more tense as Ol' FDJ steps in just a little closer, looking a little antsy when Alecz and Cap seemingly take positions around the one time Rookie Monster. Angel stands over Dusty, showing off the clear height advantage he has, while also displaying that youthful cockiness has clearly been tempered with a focus that wasn't there many months ago. Dusty looks up and eyes the younger man, his jaw clenched tightly as he waits for a response.]

Dusty Griffith:

You going to say something, or should we just get down to business right here, right now?

[Angel gives him a smug look of indifference and shakes his head.]

Angel Trinidad:

Been there, beat that, you stupid hack. I'm already the Breaker of the Unbreakable. Acts of DEFIANCE was just me making sure that nobody forgot that fact.

Aleczander The Great:

I believe that is what you Yanks call a "sick burn" mate! Hahahahaha! In this last year, mate, you've lost the World title, you've lost to Bronson Box, and if you tried to take on any one of us, you'd lose your career, too, ya wanker!

[Dusty bristles before turning his focus to the big, muscled up Brit, his eyes narrowing as he gauges the Mancunian Muscle, who looks back at him with a satisfied grin.]

Dusty Griffith:

That so?

[Griffith steps towards Alecz.]

Dusty Griffith:

How about you try proving that point? Or are you just here for show, while the big kid over there gets all the shine?

[Aleczauder seethes at the notion of what Dusty laid out while Thomas Keeling tries to silently assure him it's not true. Angel lets out a soft chuckle without even so much as looking directly at Dusty.]

Angel Trinidad:

Dusty, face facts... your best days in DEFIANCE are DONE. You're both looking at the new beasts that run this company. If the two of you even TRIED stepping to us... you'd both be FUCKED.

[Big Frank brings the discussion to a halt with a long, loud snort as he steps up to Angel, while tugging at his chain.]

Frank Dylan James:

Izzat right, big'un? Well, git this, yew ain't beat Ol' Frank yet, an' iffin ya gots the BAWLS, yewl faight ME!

Angel Trinidad:

Oh, I do, and they're bigger than yours, you retarded hick...

[Things look like they are about to explode, so Senior steps in to diffuse. He steps into the path of the monsters around him and tries to corral his men.]

Thomas Keeling Sr:

Cool it, Angel, NOW!

[Angel goes silent, but doesn't take his eyes off FDJ while Aleczauder continues to bite his lip, wanting to take a swing at Dusty. Thomas turns to Dusty and Frank.]

Thomas Keeling Sr:

Gentlemen, I am not my son and you will find it impossible to try and intimidate me or any member of my group into fighting for free. I do implore the both of you gentlemen to watch Angel's match with Ty Walker tonight... then you will BOTH see just how much trouble you will be in if you continue down this foolish path.

[Senior and Capital Punishment have to try hard, but they manage to keep a tight leash on an agitated Angel and an annoyed Aleczauder as the foursome head down the hall to attend to other business. The Worldbreakers watch them go, both wishing that the other would have jumped.]

Inequality

[Lance Warner waits backstage for his signal. The look across his face tells the tale. Lance has no joy in this next interview, what so ever. His next interviewee stands just out of the shot next to the cameraman. Chance Von Crank looks ready to go. The rhinestone robe almost glows from certain angles. Warner notices cVc's mullet has been replaced with a real haircut. The brown stach and hair to match replaced with his natural black. The cameraman suddenly extends three fingers at Lance. He picks his mic up closer to his face as the countdown reaches one.]

Lance Warner:

My Nex...

cVc:

Shut up, asshole! There is not a single person here who cares about Lance â~†â~†â~†in' Warner. They paid money to see me, cVc.

[Warner appears threatened as Chance turns back to face the camera.]

cVc:

This is my time and I refuse to share any of it with you. It's been too long DEFIANCE. I'm back home. This is where I belong. I still get your hate mail DEFIANCE fans. That brutal shit makes me hard. Send some more.

[Crank smiles then pats Warner on the back before strutting in front of the camera.]

cVc:

I do this for me. I'm all about some me. If you are a cVc fan that's good I guess, whatever. I will exploit you for money. Buy more cVc stuff, Sheep.

[Chance notices a female out of the corner of his eye. She is not dressed like a trashy whore but rather a wrestler. This confuses him. He looks at her directly then brushes it off to continue on.]

cVc:

Things have changed but I remain defiant. Defiant best describes my personal war with political correctness. I've waged this war my entire career. There is no way I'll stop now to please some hippies. Hey Lance?

Warner:

Oh, so now you want me to interview you?

cVc:

Don't be a dick about it. Who is that bitch over there?

[Lance looks down the corridor. He squints a bit to really focus to see who Chance is referring to.]

Lance Warner:

Oh that is Harmony.

cVc:

Harmony? Wait. She wrestles here?

Lance Warner:

Yeah. Chance you may face her someday.

cVc:

Nope. I am not hitting a female again. Last time I got six months for it.

[Lance shakes his head at Chance's honesty. Harmony finishes up and begins to walk towards Lance and cVc. She notices immediately the two of them staring at her in mid interview. She continues towards them.]

cVc:

Harmony?

[She stops and looks back at Chance. Crank looks her up and down and appears completely unimpressed.]

cVc:

Aw, that's adorable. You believe you belong here. You need to show a little more skin, sweet tits.

[Needless to say, the expression on Harmony's face tells you everything you need to know. She's not impressed in the slightest.]

Harmony:

Excuse me?

cVc:

I don't see any pots or pans around here. No oven either. What possibly could you be doing here?

[She looks to Lance Warner with an expression that says "is he for real right now?"]

Harmony:

Well seeing that this is 2015 and not 1925, I'm about to go and wrestle a match in front of all those people out there. That's generally what you tend to do when you're a wrestler.

[Chance shakes his head in complete disbelief. Lance Warner holds a mic up to his face.]

Lance Warner:

That's Rig...

cVc:

OHHH No! No way this bitch gets the last word! I don't believe for a second that you can wrestle. You look like another pretty face that's gonna get smashed. Then how will you make a living?

[Without any warning, Harmony lashes out and hits cVc with a vicious right hand, slapping him so hard his eyes almost roll back in his head and he hits the floor with a thud, instinctively reaching for his cheek. Warner almost leaps out of his skin in surprise, looking on at the scene in shock as Harmony gives her hand a shake to get rid of the aftersting.]

Harmony:

Just like that. Now, if you don't mind, I've got business to take care of. Lance.

[She smiles then turns and walks away from the scene. Chance shakes his head still holding his jaw.]

Jake Donovan vs Jason Natas

[The camera cuts back to the booth where Angus and DDK and organizing their notes for the upcoming match, which pretty much means that DDK is organizing and Angus is taking a drink from a red solo cup.]

Angus:

Tell me again why we're having this match?

DDK:

'Cause Jason Nates decided to make a return to the ring and Jake Donovan needs someone else to set on fire?

Angus:

snickering That fireball *WAS* kinda funny.

DDK:

I seriously doubt that Sam Horry felt that way about it.

Angus:

And that effects me how?

♪ "NY State of Mind" by NAS ♪

The music kicks-in over the PA system, signaling the return of Jason Natas who gives it a few seconds before stepping out onto the stage in-time with the legendary MC's opening bars. Sure enough, on a physical level, this is not the same guy that last stepped in a DEFIANCE ring well over a year ago.

Angus:

Holy shiiii--... someone hasn't been looking after themselves.

The gruff New Yorker's hair's grown to shoulder-length and doesn't look like it's seen a comb in month's, and the beard's every bit as unkempt and bedraggled. It's the torso, however, that's most jarring. It's covered by a black DEFIANCE tee and the muscle mass is clearly still there, but there's a noticeable plumpness around the abdomen, and the waistline's clearly an inch or two bigger than before.

DDK:

This guy's back on the scene after tearing his knee apart just a few weeks into his DEF career, and it looks like the road to recovery hasn't been an easy one.

Angus:

Tubby here better have a plan, or this one's gonne be over real quick...

DDK:

"Tubby"?! Jesus, Angus... he's not gone full sumo, he's just carrying a bit of puppy fat around. Let's see how that affects his performance.

Natas finally reaches the bottom of the ramp and climbs into the ring. The expression, body language and gut match those of a man who probably doesn't want to be here tonight. Soon flashing lights begin to burst overhead like fireworks, wildly shifting between red and orange as the heavy metal tune of Jake Donovan begins to play.

♪ "Fire it Up" by Black Label Society ♪

The fans come out of their seats as Jake appears at the top of the ramp, one arm raised to the rafters. They're booing their former hero like he just kicked their favorite puppy, and Jake, he just stands at the top of the ramp, head thrown back, soaking it up. The face paint is missing, and the once colorful clothes have been reduced to a pair of black cargo pants with flames crawling up the leg. Jake blows a fireball towards the rafters and the booing grows louder, but the

grin on his face only seems to grow.

As soon as the bell begins ringing, Donovan nails Natas with a standing dropkick, sending him staggering back. Jake pops up immediately, dodges a clothesline and nails Natas in the ribs with a roundhouse kick. Jake with a spin side kick, again nailing Natas in the ribs, this time doubling him over. A springboard legdrop to the back of the neck sends Natas crashing face first to the mat, and Jake takes a moment to glare out at the booing fans and flip them off.]

Jake pulls Natas to his feet and catches a forearm to the mouth for his trouble. A scoop slam by Natas sends Donovan to the mat but Donovan able to roll out of the way in order to avoid an elbow drop. Donovan pops to his feet before Natas can even climb back to his knees and what follows is a series of kicks to the head and body of Natas followed by standing dropkick to the face and a corkscrew moonsault that manages to net him a two count.

Donovan using his speed to hit Natas from all angles, with kicks and strikes, off the top rope headscissors and a hurricunrana that sends Natas halfway across the ring. Donovan races to follow him, leaps up onto the top rope and loses his footing for a second and is forced to reset himself. Donovan leaps, but Natas able to roll over, and Donovan hits nothing but canvas.

Natas with a scoop Powerslam, before stomping the air out of Donovan. Natas with a splash to the chest of Donovan, hooks the leg but only manages to get a two count before Donovan is able to kick out. Huffing, Natas yanks Donovan to his feet only to get nailed in the face with a jumping knee, then driven into the mat with a DDT. Donovan stomping away at the shoulder and arm of Natas before heading into the ropes and coming off with a summersault legdrop to the back of the head. Still, it takes Donovan some effort to roll Natas over, and he is only able to get a two count.

The match progresses. Donovan lets Natas rise on his own, laughing at the destitute bruiser, who fires-up with a headbutt, a couple of elbow strikes, then flattens Jake with a short Lariat. But Natas is too beat, too tired, and too wobbly on his feet. The tiredness kicks-in, and when Jason goes to groggily pick Jake up, Donovan breaks free and drills him with a DDT.

Donovan steadies himself, and the ensuing Phoenix Splash is as graceful as it is effective. The pinfall is elementary, and the three count inevitable. Jake shrugs away the referee's attempt at raising his hand as the celebration begins. As Natas leaves the ring, Donovan remains standing in the center of the ring, glaring into the camera.]

Jake Donovan:

Just try and keep ignoring me! You just try it, and I'll burn this whole fuckin' place to the ground.

[As the fans boo and a few even hurl things at the ring, the camera quickly cuts elsewhere.]

Prey - Part 1

[The camera pans to the backstage area to see a few tech hands and various wrestlers scuffling about the Wrestle-Plex. The hustle and bustle of putting together a show like DEFtv is something special. However, one man lurks in the shadows, observing everything around him. The camera dares to get closer to reveal the silent presence as the monster, Omega!]

The last jOlt Heavyweight and Fearless champion is inconspicuous to the DEFIANCE talent and crew. He watches his surroundings indiscriminately before one person in particular catches his eye. That person is none other than the former number one contender for the FIST of DEFIANCE, Lindsay Troy.]

Omega:

See how they scurry around like ants. They don't understand what lies in front of them. We see things that they do not see. They can't comprehend the meaning of the word **fear** but that's why we came here. We are just beginning our efforts to turn DEFIANCE into something more chaotic and violent.

[Omega continues to look on as Troy talks to one of the tech hands. Just beyond where the Queen stands, a flash of red passes an intersecting hallway.]

Omega:

You people relish in what they..

[Omega points in the direction of Troy and others as he sits in the shadows with his hoodie covering his face.]

Omega:

...can do for you. But we are in the mindset of what **they** can do for **us**. They can satisfy our urges of destruction. Someone in this company is here on borrowed time. We are going to make an example of someone here in order to show DEFIANCE why Omega is the most destructive force to ever walk into this company.

[Omega pulls the hoodie back from his face, revealing a missing left eye and a sinister smile.]

Omega:

We see the fright in your eyes and the uncertainty in your movements. We know your trepidations and your feeling of utter disappointment. We are here to change all of that. We will be your savior.

[Omega pauses for a few seconds.]

Omega:

You are wondering how we will be your savior. We will take you away from all of this. We will help you forget your ineptitude of winning that one special match. We will put you where you belong.

[Omega smirked as he continued to look around before slinking back into the shadows.]

Omega:

We are watching **you**.

[The camera faded back to the ringside area.]

Angus:

Keebs, this guy is a total creeper. Did you see his eye? Or lack thereof?

DDK:

"Creeper" is an understatement, Angus. And to be setting his sights on Lindsay Troy doesn't bode well for the Queen.

Angus:

Well, she'll need something to do since getting herself DQed at Acts of DEFIANCE.

DDK: [sighing]

Let's just send it over to Christie Zane who is standing by with an update on Sam Horry.

Angus:

SNOOZE...

[Cut away...]

Getting Personal

[Backstage Christie Zane is standing with a serious looking Elizabeth Rivera-Horry, and an unnamed gentleman.

Elizabeth is in a white button-down blouse, and creme leather skirt. The unnamed gentleman wore a gray suit, with a white shirt and matching gray tie.

Christie Zane:

Joining me is the agent for "The H.N.I.C." Sam Horry, his agent Elizabeth Rivera-Horry. Elizabeth, Sam has been noticeably quiet in the days following Acts of Defiance, where his face was burned by Jake Donovan. When we saw you last, it was at the hospital where Sam was being treated. You said that Sam would be back here tonight.

Elizabeth:

That I did, Christie, but some things are, as the adage goes, "subject to change." The gentleman standing next to me is Dr. Sterling Woods, and I'm going to give him the floor at this time.

Dr. Woods:

Good Evening, Ms. Zane. When Sam suffered his burn, I was the physician who treated him, and released him from my care later that evening. While the burns that Sam has suffered have healed nicely, they have not healed enough to the point where I can clear him to compete. I want to give him another couple of weeks, and then reevaluate.

Elizabeth:

While this was upsetting news to Sam--to both of us, really--his health is the ultimate concern, and knowing Sam like I do, he wouldn't want to perform at anything less than his best. In fact Sam said that...

[Jake Donovan casually strolls into camera shot, whistling 'Fire It Up' as loudly and obnoxiously as possible. He smirks while bypassing Christie, then cuts a quizzical look at Elizabeth who is equal parts, angry and terrified. With a nonchalant shrug, he pulls out a single match and strikes a small flame on it's head with his fingernail.]

Christie:

Jake, do you...

[Jake snaps the match in half, dropping it as he Donovan pushes Zane aside forcing his way into Elizabeth's space. As she tries to back away, he just crowds her more, inhaling deeply, a menacing sniff as he inhales deeply the fear scent rolling off of her. Elizabeth lets out a small shriek as she braces for what's to come. Calmly, and ever so slowly, he reached into his pocket and pulls out a second match, lighting it mere centimeters from her face, causing her to scream and cower, her eyes squeezed tightly shut. Chuckling, and having received his desired response, Jake blows out the match. Cautiously, as if in slow motion, Elizabeth looks up to see a grinning Jake.]

Jake:

It just takes one of these, Lizzie. Just one.

[He kisses Elizabeth's cheek, and exits, leaving her visibly shaken.]

Christie:

Elizabeth, I--I don't know what to say...

[Elizabeth doesn't offer Christie an answer. She storms off with the dumbfounded doctor, as she speaks angrily in her Puerto Rican tongue.]

Prove It

[The Pleasure Dome. Tyrone Walker, chillin' on a purple overstuffed couch as he continues getting ready for his match later on with Angel Trinidad. Kelly Evans, seated, eyeing the wet bar. Her perfectly manicured nails gently rap her desk.]

Ty Walker:

Another appointment?

Kelly Evans:

Yep.

Ty Walker:

Looking forward to this one?

Kelly Evans:

Nope.

Ty Walker:

Five o'clock somewhere.

Kelly Evans:

Yep.

[She starts to make her way to the bar just as a loud knock hits the door. Kelly sighs.]

Kelly Evans:

Perfect timing...Come in.

[The Airship Pirate, Henry Keyes, strides manfully into the room, looking like he came straight from a 1880's steampunk haberdashery; a full-length dark leather jacket with chains and buttons that seem to go nowhere, a bright red vest with an oversized matching red tie stuffed hastily underneath, red goggles on his forehead, and the arm brace. That fucking arm brace.]

Henry Keyes:

Aye, hello! Miss Evans! You wanted to see me?

Kelly Evans:

It's about time, wouldn't you say? Come in...

Henry Keyes:

I'm already in.

Kelly Evans:

...then have a seat.

Henry Keyes:

I'd prefer to stand, if it's of no objection.

[Kelly pauses and gives Henry a hint of her patented "the fuck did you just say to me?" glare.]

Henry Keyes:

If you saw the things I did in the Scarab Fields of Outer Mongolia, hooooooo boy! You'd think twice about sitting in ANY chair! Truly though, I mean no offense. Please continue.

[Kelly's anger-glare breaks in a moment of intense confusion before she finally gives in to her earlier temptation and finishes her walk to the bar.]

Kelly Evans:

Henry, it's about time that we had a little chat. About your future.

Henry Keyes:

Well THAT'S an awfully fat topic, isn't it? We're already IN the future.

Kelly Evans:

We're in the present, Henry.

Henry Keyes:

HA! I find that to be HARDLY-

Kelly Evans:

SHUT THE FUCK UP, for a second.

[Henry obliges, then looks over to Ty, shrugging. Ty chuckles to himself as he laces up his boots. Kelly finishes pouring two brown cocktails and offers one to Henry, who puts up a hand and shakes his head before pressing a button on his brace, popping out the one-ounce flask he had custom installed. Kelly proceeds to pour the contents of one glass into the other for one, very FULL, beverage.]

Kelly Evans:

That new brace of yours has all sorts of bells and whistles, doesn't it?

Henry Keyes:

Actually, no bells, just-

Kelly Evans:

-but that doesn't change facts, Henry. I saw that..."thing"...you call a left arm. We ALL saw it. That thing was purple and mangled and DISGUSTING.

Henry Keyes:

Well I mean, she's seen a few FIGHTS, but I don't think that it's right to start hurting her feelings like that...

Kelly Evans:

I gave you three months of time away from the show to rehabilitate that thing. But then you come back, looking like you've been busy - and frankly, I don't think you're ready to be back on the active roster.

Henry Keyes:

But Miss Evans! I DID rehabilitate her! Look here - see that fine handiwork? The craftsmanship? And I had the most productive three months of piracy of my LIFE!

Kelly Evans:

HENRY. That's NOT what "rehabilitation" is. You're supposed to take time OFF.

Henry Keyes:

HA! You and your "time" again...

Kelly Evans:

I knew it was too soon to bring you back. I KNEW you weren't capable of taking this seriously. The worst thing about you, Henry, is that you've got that crowd in the palm of your hands every time you step through the curtain, but then you cock it up. You hurt yourself, you're forced to leave, you come back, you're gone again. And then, you act like nothing's changed! Because nothing HAS changed. You're the same steampunking, no-momentum, career-going-

nowhere, LOONY-

Henry Keyes:

-But my dear, EVERYTHING has changed. The Mongolian Scarab Gem is MINE. My hearty crew has empowered my arm with UNRIVALED good fortune. And I'm willing to prove it to you. Give me a man - ANY man, ANY stipulation - and I'll fight him. If I lose, send me off to the skies once again, there's PLENTY of work for me there...but I'd rather be here. There's something...INVIGORATING about this place.

[Henry pounds the shot in his flask in one go, and Kelly, mentally exhausted, downs a solid 50% of her giant cocktail.]

Kelly Evans:

Screw this up again, and you're gone. Forever.

Henry Keyes:

Deal...though I'm sure you'll find that a lot can happen between now, and "forever."

[Ty stands up to help show Keyes to the door. He holds out his left arm to shake hands with Henry - and amazingly, FLAWLESSLY, they execute a perfectly-timed and overly-complicated 17 second handshake full of twists and turns and backhands and fistbumps and clasps. Henry nods and leaves. Ty smiles. Kelly is incredulous.]

Kelly Evans:

The hell was THAT, Ty? Did you rehearse that or something?

Ty Walker:

Naw, woman - just had a feeling he could do it.

[Kelly shakes her head, downs the rest of her drink, and the scene cuts to the ring.]

Harmony vs Howlin' Joe Wolfe

[We leave the Pleasure Dome and bring the focus back to ringside, where Angus and DDK are sat ready and waiting for the next match.]

DDK:

Up next we've got Harmony facing off against "Howlin' " Joe Wolfe and after her encounter with a returning Chance Von Crank backstage, Harmony is going to be all kinds of fired up!

Angus:

And that's a good thing! I like it when she's feisty.

DDK:

She could be sacrificing a lamb to Satan and you'd still like her.

Angus:

Would you quit giving me a hard time for appreciating a beautiful female?!

♪ "Just A Girl" - No Doubt ♪

The opening guitar strains of "Just A Girl" by No Doubt echo through the Wrestle-Plex as the arena darkens and a purple hue surrounds the stage. Harmony trots out onto the staging with a huge smile and pauses at the top, looking out at the fans before the song kicking in full force prompts an explosion of silver sparkling pyro either side of Harmony, who throws a hand up to the sky.

She strides down the ramp, taking a little time to make contact with the fans before she hops onto the apron on one knee and stands up, launching herself over the top rope with both hands. She leaps onto the middle rope and poses to the fans, blowing a kiss out to them before jumping down and staying loose.

♪ "Howlin' for You" - The Black Keys ♪

"Howlin' " Joe Wolfe makes his way down to the ring and gets a hometown kid response from the Faithful as he makes his way down the ramp. He quickly rolls under the bottom rope and throws his arms up to the crowd before turning around to face his opponent.

As the bell rings, Wolfe takes a step forward and holds out a hand to Harmony for a handshake which the brunette accepts before they circle and dive into the tie up with Wolfe getting the early advantage, knocking Harmony down and throwing her into the corner, but she dives out of the way as he looks for a splash. Wolfe crashes into the turnbuckle chest first and she drops him with a neckbreaker then hits a standing moonsault before hooking the leg for a one count.

DDK:

Is that cVc? What is he doing out here?

Angus:

This crowd just turned. They finally caught sight of him.

Chance Von Crank wanders down to ringside, watching from the bottom of the ramp as Harmony uses her long legs to lock Wolfe into a Lotus Lock, but it doesn't last long as Wolfe uses his weight advantage to get to the ropes. Wolfe stops her momentum with an elbow to the jaw as she charges then knocks her down with a hard lariat that almost turns her inside out! Wolfe makes a quick cover and Harmony kicks out at one, but he doesn't let her go anywhere, trapping her into a sleeper hold. She struggles against the pressure as Hector Navarro checks for signs of her giving in, but Harmony contorts her body and lands a couple of stiff elbows to the gut before she throws him off into the ropes and knocks him down with a dropkick on the rebound. She tries to throw him towards the ropes as soon as he gets up, but Wolfe reverses it and sends Harmony sailing, only to be dropped with a tilt-a-whirl headscissors as he picks her

up!

DDK:

Impressive offense from Harmony here!

Angus:

That lucky bastard just had his face between her legs

Chance slams both balled fists down on the apron. He shakes the ring getting the attention of everyone inside. The referee gives cVc a stern warning. He blows a kiss at Harmony, who completely ignores him and hits Wolfe with a lungblower before making a cover for a two count. Harmony shoots cVc a death glare then hits the ropes, but Wolfe recovers and plants her with a scoop slam! Wolfe makes a cover but only gets a one count then pulls Harmony up to her feet and throws her over with snap suplex. Wolfe gets up and hits the ropes, going to drop a huge fist on Harmony but she rolls out of the way then hits him with a running enziguri.

DDK:

Damn that kick echoed round the Wrestle-Plex!

Angus:

I'd let her kick me like that, I really would.

Chance begins walking around the ring. Harmony watches him close not trusting cVc at all. Chance suddenly jumps up on the apron now facing her. Crank begins to mock Harmony from the apron. She rushes towards him. At the last possible second, he jumps off the apron and Wolfe drops down to roll Harmony up from behind for the three count!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of the match, by pinfall, "HOWLIN' " JOE WOLFE!

DDK:

Harmony just got screwed out of a win by Chance Von Crank!

Angus:

As much as she's my woman, she asked for that. She shouldn't have hit him.

DDK:

You and her isn't going to happen; just give it up already.

[Wolfe rolls out of the ring to celebrate with the fans as Harmony glares at cVc as he backs up the ramp, looking rather proud of his actions.]

Sunshine and Title Shots

[We cut to a mundane shot of some random backstage staffer quietly making himself a piping hot cup of coffee at one of the catering stations backstage. Just as he finishes stirring in a few spoonfuls of sugar a big meaty fingered hand enters the frame from stage left and pie faces the poor guy off camera.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[As the camera pulls back, none than the endboss of DEFIANCE Eugene Dewey grinning a shit eating grin, the man's steaming mug of coffee in his free hand... the other hand clutching the gold on red leather FIST of DEFIANCE draped over his shoulder.]

Dewey:

Thanks *nerd*, saved me the trouble...

[The champ takes a dainty sip from the red DEFIANCE logo mug, a sour look spreading immediately across bespectacled his face.]

Dewey:

BLEH! How do you drink this crap!? Somebody get me a Monster!

[His cocky grin develops a slightly sinister twinge to it as he throws the cup of hot coffee back to the nameless pleb still sitting on his ass, which collides with his chest and splashes all over his chest. No sooner has the hot coffee started to seep through the pores of his shirt is the poor man scurrying up and out of frame. Dewey just chuckles to himself, turning on his heels... and ends up nose to mustachioed nose with his "partner" in the not oft seen or heard from alliance of Original DEFIANTS. His rough raspy voice is unmistakable...]

Box:

Hello Eugene.

Dewey:

Boxer...

[The Bombastic Bronson Box's sharply waxed facial adornment twitches as he eyeballs the ten pounds of gold slung over Dewey's beefy shoulder.]

Dewey:

Yo, Buddy, my eyes are up here, yeah? God, now I know how those feminists must feel...

[Bronson's bloodshot brown eyeballs slowly roll from the FIST, settling on Eugene's condescending mug.]

Box:

Always quick with a joke, 'aintcha lad? I heard ye' runnin' yer' mouth out there earlier, sunshine. Gettin' a little snippy there...

[The Wargod's brow furrows as his mustache once again twitches... like some sort of divining rod that seeks out tense staredowns.]

Dewey:

Just speakin' the truth. Düsseldorf, Grindhouse: Germany... feels like it was just yesterday, don't it, bud? And here we are, the Original DEFIANTS, still toppin' the cards and runnin' the place.

[Eugene gives Boxer a very condescending heavy handed slap to the shoulder that The Wargod immediately shrugs off with a disgusted scowl. Bronson steps towards Eugene, The Champ taking a big step backwards, an audible "OOOOOOH" can be heard from the fans out in the arena.]

Box:

Original DEFIANTS...

[Almost spitting the words at Dewey's sneakers.]

Box:

What have ye' done fer' me lately, boy'o? Seem's like all this little ARRANGEMENT here's done is benefit **you**... I held up my end of the bargain and bought you a healthy CHUNK of that impressive reign of yours by puttin' Griffith on the shelf. Had that ridiculous sot barkin' at my door for months and did ye' lift a finger te' aide me? Like I ended up bloody NEEDING it, but that fact remains.

Dewey:

So you're saying...

[Bronson leans in, pushing his words through clenched teeth.]

Box:

What I'm sayin'...

[The Wargod's peepers once again noticeably settle on the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt.]

Box:

Original DEFIANTS or no... and considerin' we never even bloody talk, I'm guessin' no... that right there's gunna' find it's way back around my waist sooner rather than later, boy'o. I shook Dusty Griffith's confidence so badly he might never be the same again. That 'aint just a regular old win, that's a victory of the highest bloody caliber. I mighta' been the fella' ye' beat fer' that belt so many many months ago, lad... but I'm also gunna' garner the distinction of bein' the fella' who **took it back**.

[Eugene's face screws into an annoyed scowl.]

Dewey:

So we back to the way things were? Us beatin' the shit out of each other forever? Because Boxer...

[It's the champs turn to take a big intimidating step into Bronson's personal space. Yet another "OOOOOOH" from the faithful out in the arena as Box takes a grudging half step backwards.]

Dewey:

Not only have I got *your* number, I might be the only guy who understands the truth about you. Win or lose, rain or shine... you're here. You didn't lie a few weeks ago when you said to Griffith you were in the fuckin' veins of this place. He didn't believe you... *but I do*. I always have. I believe you because I'm the same sort of stubborn, Bronson. We get goin' again the only way either of us is going to stop is if we're carted out in handcuffs... or goddamn body bags. So if you're back on the hunt for a piece of the *CHAMP* just tell me now... *sunshine*.

[The Wargod chuckles as Eugene's face grows reddened with intensity.]

Box:

No... no I 'aint gunna' start huntin' ye', lad. It's good te' see ye' still have a fire growin' in that pendulous belly o' yours though, partner. No. If you and I are gunna' be doin' any shit beatin' it'll be out in that ring fer' **THAT**.

[Boxer jabs a thick finger right into the center of the big gold hand on the front of the FIST.]

Box:

Now don't you go screwin' up you and I's little tale by LOSIN' this prize before I get my opportunity, Eugene my boy. Else I'll have te' beat the livin' tar out of ye' on pure principle alone... and that'll be a far more painful experience fer' you than a proper main event with gold and glory on the line, you follow me?

[The two born and bred DEFIANCE mainstays eyeball one another up and down for a second, their “gentlemen's agreement” obviously now hanging on by a theoretical thread. Eugene finally scoffs and snorts under his breath derisively before shouldering ever so slightly past Bronson.]

[The Scottish Strongman looks over his shoulder with a smile.]

Box:

Good luck lad, Troy an' ol' Danny-boy are slippery ones, keep that fire in yer' belly burnin' bright or they'll get the best of ye'!

[Bronson chuckles to himself yet again as the FIST no sells the comment. After a moment Eugene rounds the next bend and disappears out of sight. The soft clack of high heels on concrete is heard as Bronson's lovely business manager slash image consultant slash Wrestle-Plex building manager slash former submission siren Jane Katze sidles up to her marquee client. Her long brown hair done up in her usual bun, sporting a flowy white blouse and a skintight grey houndstooth miniskirt... a knockout in crimson heels and lips, as usual.]

Katze:

How'd that go? As expected?

Box:

Aye'. He's got his head up his arse, all he can see is that bloody number tickin' up day by day.

Katze:

So the plan going forward...

Box:

Not sure yet, a cagey one that one is. Might have to come at this from a different angle I think. Tell me Jane, how is your relationship with Ms. Evans, currently? It's been so long since we paid her awful office a visit together, I believe the poor dear might appreciate the company... she works so haaaaard you know.

[Jane smiles and nods, the rest of their conversation cut off as we cut back to the commentary station where Angus Skaaland and Downtown Darren Keebler both sit with dubious looks on their faces.]

Angus:

Powderkeg, Keebs. I said it from jump street, those two “on the same page” in any combination is baaaaaad news man... though, it would be killer to see them goddamn massacre each other again. Those were the good ol' days, Keebler.

DDK:

No doubt about it, partner. The unconventional, “relationship” between these two homegrown grapplers is strained to say the very least. There can only be one champion, and Eugene's it.

Angus:

With Mayberry dealt with Bronson's lookin' for a new victim, ginger afro Ms. Sinister over there better watch his ass.

DDK:

Your nerd is showing, partner. That's a pretty deep pull, B-list X-Men villain Angus, I'm impressed.

Angus:

Fuck you Darren.

So, Here's the Deal, Curtis.

[Curtis Penn and Jonny Booya march down a corridor. Penn doesn't like it much when he's summoned to Kelly Evans' office in the Pleasure Dome, as it might have a little something to do with the humiliation that was inflicted on his pride by her in their last meeting. Curtis stops three yards from double doors to the office and turns to his heavy with instructions.]

Curtis Penn:

Just lemme do all the talkin', a'ight?

Jonny Booya:

Whadeva yeh say, Curt.

Curtis Penn:

I mean it... not one word.

[Jonny nods and knocks on the door for the brains of this operation.]

Curtis Penn:

I don't expect it to be crazy or nothing, but you never know what you're goin' to get when we walk through those doors.

Jonny Booya:

Didn't ya say she called us up here?

[Penn nods, before he goes through the door, stepping in front of Jonny Booya as he tries to gain access. He stops again, eying Booya to drive home the point as he whispers.]

Curtis Penn:

Remember, don't say anything.

[Jonny nods compliantly. Meanwhile, on the other end of the office, Kelly Evans is sat behind her desk with a brow arched as she watches these two dilly dally a little too much for her patience.]

Kelly Evans:

Will you two girls just get in here already, I'd like to get this over with before the show ends.

[Penn steps forward, approaching the desk, while Booya closes the doors behind them before returning to Penn's side, who has taken a seat across from Evans.]

Curtis Penn:

Well, aren't you especially bitchy tonight. What's wrong, boss, Ty too busy with his video games to give you your daily dose of validation?

[Penn plasters his sarcastic grin on his face. Kelly is not amused, but restrains herself in an effort to keep this thing moving forward.]

Curtis Penn:

Anyway, wish I could say it was good to see you again, Kels, especially since the last time when you violated my personal space, heh. I did send Cancer Jiles back to whatever hole he tried to crawl out of, that was very therapeutic.

Kelly Evans:

Sure, but that's all in the past, Curtis, all I'm interested in is the future. The future of DEFIANCE, of Curtis Penn, and most of all, the future of the Southern Heritage Championship.

[Penn perks up, ready to listen.]

Kelly Evans:

I saw the “promo” you recorded after Acts of DEFIANCE, which has left me with a couple of questions.

[Curtis flexes his fingers within the cast.]

Kelly Evans:

Is your wrist still hurting?

Curtis Penn:

Meh, depends on the weather. Oh... and if I'm whooping your boyfriend's ass with it. Speaking of which, where is Ty anyhow?

Kelly Evans: (waves her hand, deflecting Penn's bait.)

He's around... doing Ty things.

Curtis Penn:

Yeah, I'm sure he's giving Cancer a manly shoulder to cry on before he gets demolished by Trinidad later, that should be a lot of fun, watching your babydaddy get wrecked.

Kelly Evans:

Oh my god, enough! Are you not capable of being goddamned professional for five freaking minutes!?

[She clears her throat and regains her composure.]

Kelly Evans:

If you think you're going to make a mockery of the Southern Heritage Championship, you have been sorely mistaken. Now you admit that your hand is pretty banged up and you're trying to use big blonde and dumb behind you so that you don't have to participate in your own challenges?

Curtis Penn: (nodding)

That's the idea, yeah. I've been burying your talent for a year with one hand, I think I deserve a break after all of my hard work by being the best thing you got on the roster. So yeah, you're right, I am going to use Jonny here to find me a suitable challenger for MY championship. They beat him, they can get a shot at the GOAT SOHER, and that's that, boss.

[He leans back in his chair, smirking as if it that were the end of it. Evans is not sold at all.]

Kelly Evans:

That so, huh? You're so bad that you need someone to fight for you? I call bullshit.

Curtis Penn:

What do you want, Kelly, a doctor's excuse? It's not like I'm using Jonny to defend the Southern Heritage Championship. He's going to test them for me...while I finish my grueling recovery, that's all.

[Evans brow arches as she uses her index and middle fingers to trace her lips, staring silently at Penn for a few moments as she contemplates those words.]

Kelly Evans:

I have a better idea. You want Jonny Booya to take your place in the Curtis Penn Invitational?

[Penn nods, Booya also seems to be following along.]

Kelly Evans:

Then he's going to be taking your place all the way by defending your Southern Heritage Championship, so if he loses, you lose.

[Penn's face flushes red.]

Curtis Penn:

No.. no .. NO! That's not how this is going to work. I'm not rolling the dice on somebody else to defend my championship!

[Kelly's lips form a Cruella Deville smile as Penn stands heated. Meanwhile Booya steps into the conversation.]

Jonny Booya:

Hey, you can count on me Curt!

[Penn and Evans pause to look at Booya.]

Jonny Booya:

There ain't no goddamn skinny runt that she can find that'll beat the Best Flex in Wrestling, because I'll powerbomb every last nerd that even tries to take your title away from you!

[Booya hits the double biceps for emphasis. Evans snickers, while Penn wishes Booya would shutup as he knows this is not helping his cause.]

Kelly Evans:

Seems to me he's ready to fight for your honor, Champ. I like it, I like it a lot. I'm glad you see it my way, Jonny, because your first defense coming up tonight!

[Curtis stands up, still a bit flustered, but resigned to his fate of having to rely on Jonny Booya.]

Curtis Penn:

Well come on buddy, you have a title to defend.

[Jonny and Curtis make their way to the door, while Kelly leans back in her chair with a cheshire grin that fully displays her satisfaction. The shot then cuts back to the arena.]

Dusty Griffith vs Ajax Gore

[The DEF faithful take to their feet as the familiar drum beat plays over the speakers, bringing them to their feet as they stomp and clap along with the beat.]

♪ "I Love It Loud" by KISS ♪

Dusty Griffith charges out into the storm of cheers as the music kicks into high gear and surveys the crowd for a moment before rushing his way down to the ring. The Unbreakable Pillar of DEFIANCE still sports some of the war wounds he picked up during his battle with Bronson Box at Acts of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Oh good, this night was pretty good until Mayberry showed up.

DDK:

And he's taking on a young kid in his debut no less. Possibly Kelly Evans throwing Griffith a bone after his loss to Bronson Box at Acts of DEFIANCE?

Angus:

Heh, yeah maybe, should be fun to watch Mayberry suplex someone to death because his ego is busted.

Getting to the ring, Griffith runs his customary laps before settling in his corner where he waits. Soon after KISS fades out, the Wrestle-Plex fills with the sound of steel drums and confusion.

Angus:

I pray Griffith breaks this twerp's neck for making me listen to this auditory herpes.

The latest DEF signing, a supposed wunderkind from British Columbia, Ajax Gore makes his way to the ring, all smiles. As the Sweatshop Union died down, Gore is wiping away at his pant leg, before he offers his hand. Griffith sizes him up, but accepts the show of respect.

The match starts as the two circle, the rookie the first to try to jump in. He is blocked and tossed back by the veteran. When they get back to it, Griffith latches on a headlock. As Gore tries to build up enough momentum to break out, Griffith holds firm and takes him to the mat with a bulldog. Before Dusty can take advantage of the opening, Ajax has gotten back to his feet and is rubbing his forehead. The two shoot into a collar and elbow tie up, Griffith pushing Gore to the ropes. Breaking, Griffith throws out a European uppercut that Gore redirects to gain his back. Not wasting a second, Gore dropped Griffith with a snap German suplex.

With a nearly non-existent ground game, Gore tries to keep the momentum on his side by getting Griffith back up, but when Dusty is on one knee, he explodes up with a clothesline that takes Ajax to the mat. As Gore crawled on his hands and knees to the ropes, Griffith stalks him. With a clean jerk, Griffith took Gore up and down with a German of his own. Dusty sinks in a front chancery, dragging Gore up by the neck, trying to cut off his air intake. With the kid sapped of strength, Griffith easily transitions into a wrist lock and a series of short-armed chops. Pulling him in once more, Griffith takes Gore to his shoulders and drops him with a Samoan drop.

Picking the downed Ajax's ankle, Griffith lifts his leg and begins to bend it across his neck. Hoisting Gore into the air with the stretch, Gore is only able to break the hold when he kicks at Griffith's midsection with the free leg. After the release, Griffith still maintains the advantage and wraps his arms around Gore, looking for a belly to belly suplex, but Gore is able to swing his hip around and block the attempt. An elbow to the side of Griffith's head released the front waist lock, and Gore sinks in an arm triangle. Hooking his foot around Dusty's, Ajax drives him face first to the mat with a flatliner. Stumbling to his feet, and rushing off the ropes, Ajax drives a knee to the chest of the recovering Dusty Griffith that sends him back to his back. The first pin attempt is kicked out of at the count of two.

Ajax is first to his feet, but as he walks back to Dusty, Griffith punches from his knees and connected with Gore's thigh, just above the knee. As Gore tries to shake loose the charley-horse, Griffith walks in and delivers an elbow to

the jaw. The second is a back elbow to the ear. Gore's response is side-stepped and he is thrown hard to the mat with a backdrop suplex. Griffith hooks the near leg and tries for the pin. Gore kicks out before three.

While Griffith is starting to show signs of fatigue, and perhaps frustration, Gore is back to his feet and readying for Griffith to get up. Turning around, Griffith is surprised when Gore takes him over with a Japanese armdrag. Another. And the next time that Griffith gets to his feet, Gore meets him with a headbutt launched square at the solar plexus. Caught up in the excitement of the crowd, Gore salutes those in attendance before pulling off a standing shooting star press. Thinking he has the larger man down, Ajax hooks one arm behind the neck, and the other under the near leg and connects his fingers in the pin attempt. Griffith is able to rock a shoulder up at two. Still with the hold locked, Ajax tries another pin. This time, Griffith is able to expand and break free before the third hand fall.

Holding the top of Griffith's head as he gets up, Gore leaps into the air and tries to pull his opponent head first to the canvas with a frankensteiner. With a second shot of adrenaline, Griffith is able to catch Gore and pull back enough to stop him dead. With a twist, he sends Ajax awkwardly into the turnbuckles. The crowd ramp up with anticipation as Griffith looked to end the match. He sunk in the waist lock as he squeezed Gore's head between his thighs then brought him up. Gore has little time to think before he is dropped to the mat with an atomic powerbomb that nearly broken him in half. Collapsing over his prey, Griffith counts along as the ref counts one, two, but looks shocked when the bell doesn't ring. Gore had gotten a shoulder up.

Letting that brief moment of disappointment pass, determination takes hold of Griffith who again hoists Gore up for a second powerbomb. If the first atomic powerbomb nearly broke Ajax in half, this one was enough to knock him out cold. The gasp from the crowd still hangs in the air as Dusty goes for the pin. The count is three, the match is over.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, via pinfall, DUSTY GRIFFITH!

DDK:

I guess that's a lesson the kid will have to learn quickly; stay down or get driven down.

With the ref raising his hand, Griffith has his gaze fixed on Gore, just coming to. Walking over to him, Gore, out of instinct perhaps, lazily raises his dukes, but Griffith takes his right hand and pulls him to his feet. Presenting the kid to the crowd, Dusty holds Ajax's arm high.

Angus:

Awww how lame, sportsmanship is so overrated.

DDK:

He's recognizing this young man's effort in his debut! Ajax Gore gave the former World Champion a good fight, in any case, we'll be back folks!

[With a fleeting glance of the announce crew, we cut elsewhere.]

When Hans Met Franz And They Pumped.. Each Other Up?!

[The shot jumps backstage where we find the Mancunian Muscle in one of the random hallways while standing in front of a full length mirror. His shirt is off and his flex is on, in fact it's turned up to eleven as he preens and poses for his audience of one. Meanwhile, footsteps are heard coming from the right, but Alecz is seriously engrossed in... himself, so he's not paying any mind to who or what is coming his way as he clearly has better things for attention to be paid to.]

"You have to be ready for anything, man, there's no telling what she has up her sleeve."

[Says the unseen, but all too familiar voice of Curtis Penn, Southern Heritage Extraordinaire.]

"Uh, I don't think she was wearin' sleeves, Mr. Penn."

[Big King Cool speaks as he and his current "employer" walk on through, stopping for a moment as Penn merely gives Booya a look before shaking his head. The SOHER clearly realizes that higher thinking isn't part of Jonny's operating system. Meanwhile, Alecz continues doing what he's doing, now including the use of baby oil? Penn stammers as he responds, but Booya is enthralled it would seem as he observes a fellow muscle head doing what comes naturally to them.]

Curtis Penn:

Jus-just leave the thinking to me, Jonny, you don't want to lose the Southern Heritage title do you?

[This actually snaps Booya out of it for a moment, the mere notion that he could lose to any randomly possible nerds that Kelly Evans has lined up for him tonight. Jonny turns to address Penn and even removes his shades to do it.]

Jonny Booya:

Hey, Ah'm gonna powerbomb any nerds that little lady has in mind for sendin' mah way, don't yew worry...

[See? Curtis snickers at the notion that Kelly Evans is a lady, but composes himself quickly.]

Curtis Penn:

Fine. Good. Now then...

[It takes a second for Penn to realize that Booya had trailed off before finishing his comment. A quick look around and he finds Jonny approaching Aleczander of Team HOSS, flexing in front of a mirror with earbuds in his ears. He looks pretty pissed with how things ended earlier during the confrontation Team HOSS had earlier with Dusty Griffith and Frank Dylan James, so he's working out backstage to burn off stress.]

Aleczander The Great:

(working out) Ooooh, that's my shit, that's my shit, that's my shit... Ooooh... Gwennie, that tit, Blake Shelton, wouldn't take care of you like I would... I'd kick his ass the same way I'd kick that bloody arsehole, Dusty Griffith around. I'm more than just a pretty face, tight body, big muscles, and superior-performing todger...

[As he continues ranting to himself, Booya approaches him and taps him on the shoulder. Aleczander takes one of his earbuds out and glances over at him.]

Jonny Booya:

DOOOOOOD!

Aleczander:

BOOOOYA! WASSUP, MATE?!

[The two dap fists and then try to complete some horribly awkward motions that could best be described as one of

those overly complicated handshakes that white people think all black people do when in reality, it looks like they're trying to molest one another's palms. As the two try to cap off the super-secret handshake that somehow now involves the two punching one another's fists into each other twenty times, Penn looks over and just shakes his head in disgust.]

Curtis Penn:

Fucking idiots...

[They stop and the two share a laugh.]

Aleczander The Great:

Ahh, mate, good to see you again! You drop any fuckin' wankers on their head lately? I kicked a stagehand right in the goolies when he took a drink of his pop... came out his nose EVERYWHERE!

Jonny Booya:

Nerds. They make good dumbbells too. Took a couple o' dem scrawny twerps an' used 'em instead for my curls last week at the gym. I think I might have ta find some bigger ones, 'cause dem skinny boys don't got no resistance when I'm tryna get my pump.

[The whole time, Curtis Penn just stands there, silent, and possibly dumbfounded as he watches Jonny Booya in his natural habitat... with another muscle head. That is until something catches his eye coming along the corridor. Penn squints to get a better view.]

Curtis Penn:

Who the...?

[A large, shambling figure is making his way towards the group. The mooks, of course, are far too wrapped-up in their own little world to notice.]

Aleczander The Great:

Oh, mate, so lemme tell you about this bird I chatted up...

Jonny Booya:

Nice, haha. Dish, bro...

Jason Natas:

'Scuse me, boys.

[The defeated Anti-Superstar wears no emotion on his face as he attempts to squeeze through the mass of humanity. Jason's cleaned himself up a little following his match, but the hair's still bedraggled, and the "softness" around the abdomen is impossible to miss. A closer look shows there's still plenty muscle mass hanging around his arms, shoulders and chest, but it's pretty clear that spending a year and a half out of the ring hasn't been kind on Natas. Both men shoot him a glance and then turn right back to each other.]

Aleczander The Great:

So, anyway, mate, I walk to her and I ask her if she wants to have a go at me willy, right.

Jonny Booya:

'Course, man, I would, too...

[By this point, The Anti-Superstar has had enough of the two.]

Jason Natas:

Ain't gonna ask again. Move.

[If it is their attention that Jason Natas wants, he certainly has it now. Curtis Penn still remains by the side of the muscle-bound men and laughs.]

Curtis Penn:

You guys gonna let him talk to you like that?

[Aleczander looks to Penn and then turns back to Natas.]

Aleczander The Great:

Oh, no, mate... we ain't. Look here, you gormless tit... you need to get outta here if you wanna live to eat your next ten cheeseburgers in your car alone, fatty.

Jonny Booya:

You ruinin' a bro-ment. Y'all need ta get tha fuck outta here, NOW, BOI.

[Natas shakes his head and growls at both men...]

Jason Natas:

Don't care what fuckin' hand-holdin' you got goin' on here...

[Natas simply brushes past Aleczander, Booya, and Penn and continues walking down the hall, storming off after having met up with the two nuisances. Alecz and Booya both watch him go but not before they both have their say.]

Jonny Booya:

Yeah, walk off, ya pussy!

Aleczander The Great:

SOD OFF, ARSEHOLE! HAHAAAAHA!

[Natas STOPS in his tracks... he balls up his fists and looks back over his shoulder... growls and storms off again.]

Jason Natas:

Fuckers...

[Aleczander and Booya high-five and share a laugh after Natas walks away. Penn rolls his eyes.]

Curtis Penn:

Wrap up your playdate here, Jonny, we have places to be and a title to keep!

[Booya looks at Aleczander and the two engage in another Godawful secret handshake ending in them punching fists about ten or eleven times.]

Jonny Booya:

Late.

Aleczander The Great:

Take it easy, mate!

[Booya and Penn walk off as Aleczander puts his earbuds back in and resumes his workout.]

Angel Trinidad vs Tyrone Walker

[It's now time for the next match as we go to ringside. The camera cuts to both Angus and DDK and Angus is looking visibly shaken up by what is about to happen next.]

DDK:

You've had all night to prepare for this, Angus. You ready for what comes next when Ty Walker takes on "The Brand New Bad" Angel Trinidad?

Angus:

MUHBOITAI VS The HOSS OVERLORD? I. uh... wow. Still gonna need that minute, Keebs. I gotta think this rooting carefully. Ty's my dawg, but Team HOSS are all like, scary-big.

DDK:

These two have quite the history. Team HOSS took the Trios Titles from Hookers 'N' Blow, but Walker got his revenge when he not only defeated Angel Trinidad at Homecoming 2014, but he got five minutes alone with Junior Keeling and hurt him bad. More recently, he helped Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan take the Trios Titles from HOSS after close to a year-long reign! Angel DEMANDED this match earlier and got it as a way to prove himself, but he shouldn't underestimate Ty for a second!

♪ "Black" by Sevendust ♪

Out came ANGUSBOITAI himself, Ty Walker! The Human Pinball Wizard stands at the top of the entrance ramp and raises his hands to take in a big ovation from the crowd. The former Trios Champion walks towards the ring and surveys the scene before he heads inside. The veteran sits on the top turnbuckle and nods along to the music, smug look on his face. He's bested Angel before and he can very well do it again. Walker flips backwards off the middle buckle and lands on his feet while waiting for his music to fade out.

♪ "Overlord" by Black Label Society ♪

Ty Walker is usually all smiles and such, but not this particular time. He knows first-hand how dangerous the former Rookie Monster can be, but doesn't show any trepidation even when Angel finally arrives. There's only he and Thomas Keeling, Sr, who points towards the ring and gives him instructions on what to do tonight - make an example out of Walker. Angel Trinidad approaches the ring...

Blackimus Prime JUMPS over the ropes and tries an no-hands Suicide Plancha, but Angel CATCHES him in mid air! Trinidad turns him around and THROWS him backwards with a Fallaway Slam that sends Walker crashing into the barricade! Thomas Keeling instructs Angel to continue so he picks up Walker, presses him over his head and then throws him into the ring between the middle and top ropes. Angel steps inside and throws Angel into a corner. He slams him repeatedly with a series of alternating back elbows to punish Walker. He then Snapmares him out of the corner and runs off the ropes before coming back with a low but incredible Dropkick!

Angel Trinidad is using more aerial moves in his arsenal and that scares Angus a little bit as he watches the action at ringside. Angel Trinidad continues to wail on Walker in the corner with more Clotheslines and then throws him to the ropes. When he comes back, Angel ran off the ropes and SMASHED right into him with a huge Running Crossbody.

ONE! TWO! THR- NO!

Walker hasn't scored any offense yet and Angel is picking him apart. He throws Walker down with several Body Slams that break him down followed by picking him up and THROWING him down with a big Drop Suplex!

ONE! TWO! THR- NO!

The Human Pinball Wizard continues to fight back despite Angel overpowering him. Angel tries to pick him up, but Walker finally gets in a few right hands. He charges at Ty, but Walker ducks and Angel goes sailing him over the top

rope. Walker has taken a severe beating, but he goes on the warpath by leaping to the top rope and flying off with an incredible Moonsault that finally gets The Brand New Bad off his feet!

Blackimus Prime is the first back into the ring and Angel tries to climb in the ring, but Walker goes for the legs and continues to kick away at Angel. The Brand New Bad shoves him backwards, but Walker rolls to his feet and heads back to the corner. Angel charges, but Walker slips through the ropes and Angel hits nothing but the corner. Walker uses a Springboard Missile Dropkick and catches Angel in the leg! He goes down to a knee and then, finally Walker **CRACKS** him in the face - **LIGHTS OUT!** The Busaiku Knee Kick connects!

ONE! TWO- ANGEL POWERS OUT!

The Blackaconda is freaked out by the kickout, but he goes to the top rope again. He goes for **BOOM HEADSHOT** Missile Dropkick again, but Angel swats him away. He then slams him down with another Body Slam and then heads for dangerous territory - the top rope. Angel starts climbing up top, but Walker heads up and kicks the rope, tripping Angel! He goes up top.

DDK:

Uh-oh! This is how he beat Angel back at Homecoming last year! He's got him hooked for the Spanish Fly!

Angus:

GO, TY! goangel GO TY!

He's got the much larger Angel hooked. Thomas Keeling looks worried, but Angel elbows away at Ty repeatedly and then Headbutts him until he stops. Angel then kicks him and hooks him up... the crowd GASPS...

BAD MAN'S LAND OFF THE TOP ROPE!

DDK:

SUPER POWERBOMB OFF THE TOP! WALKER IS DONE!

Angus:

...

The ring shakes from the impact. Angel moves over to where Walker had landed and casually covers by putting a boot on his chest.

One. Two. Three.

Angel leaves the ring along with Thomas Keeling Sr., both men surveying the damage they'd done to Ty Walker. Angel and Keeling head back up the ramp without even saying as much as a thought.

Angus:

I can't believe what I just saw... Walker was... he was DOMINATED.

DDK:

We all know Walker is no slouch, but this Thomas Keeling has turned Angel into a surgeon. He took Walker apart. This new Team HOSS, I hate to say it, is scarier than they were before with a dominant display like that!

[The shot cuts to elsewhere in the arena.]

Family Matters (Did We Do That?)

[Backstage near the dressing rooms, in the main hall. Dan Ryan leads the way, a bag thrown over his shoulder and sunglasses still on, in business attire. Lindsay Troy walks behind him, in street clothes. Ryan turns through a doorway and slings his bag onto a bench along a wall of lockers.]

Lindsay Troy:

Welcome to the show. Glad you could make it.

Dan Ryan:

I was busy.

Lindsay Troy:

Mhmm. I remember a time when you'd think something like your peers showing up over halfway through a show was unprofessional.

Dan Ryan: [tossing a look at Troy]

Am I booked for something?

Lindsay Troy:

Not for a match.

Dan Ryan: [mock whispering]

Is there some jam I can get you out of?

[There's an appreciable pause in the room. Tension.]

Lindsay Troy:

Whoa, wait a second. What was that?

[If you could roll your eyes audibly, that's what Dan Ryan would be conveying here]

Dan Ryan: [sighs]

What was what?

Lindsay Troy:

"A jam you can get me out of?" Meaning what, exactly?

Dan Ryan:

Nothing. Forget it. But next time my career is on the line, I think I'll make sure I have a little more control over the circumstances.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, I think you did a pretty fine job of that, no? [She lifts an eyebrow] I also think the next time I get a shot at the FIST, I'll make sure the stipulations don't involve you.

Dan Ryan:

The next time, eh? How many next times do you expect there to be exactly?

Lindsay Troy:

I'm figuring on the third time being the charm.

Dan Ryan:

Oh, alright. Well, in that case, I'll make sure I'm here and on time to see that happen.

[Ryan turns back toward the door.]

Lindsay Troy:

I'm sensing some sarcasm.

Dan Ryan:

Good, because I was laying it on pretty thick. [He looks at her.] You knew I'd have to call that match down the middle or lose my job and you put me in a position to make that decision anyway. I put my ass on the line for you. What were you thinking? Do you think opportunities like that come along every day? I worked hard to make sure you had a fair shot against Dewey and you threw it away like that shit didn't even matter.

Lindsay Troy: [flatly]

Right. Fair is fair. No unnoticed chicanery or other childish shenanigans that would make me lose my cool and ram my fist through the back of Eugene's mouth.

Dan Ryan: [rolls eyes]

I don't have time for this. I have an appointment to keep.

[Ryan walks across the room but Troy is right on his heels. She slips in front of him before he can cross the threshold into the hallway.]

Lindsay Troy:

I'm not happy with the way that match ended, but I don't blame you for it. That doesn't mean you get to chastise me like a child when you've seen red and lost it yourself in-between the ropes.

Dan Ryan:

Oh, I'm treating YOU like a child? What did you call it when you were patting Kelly on the back and promising her that you'd keep me under control until Acts of DEFIANCE? Was that your subtle way of showing that you trusted me to do the right thing? Because to me, it seemed like you knew just the right treat to hand me so I'd sit down and roll over for everyone. Suddenly you're the fuckin' Ego Buster Whisperer? Don't treat me like I've never had to navigate the political backstage environment before. I know what I'm doing.

Lindsay Troy:

We had the match we wanted - one of us versus Dewey. You were installed as referee to keep it straight. I was preserving the situation and you know that. I know you know what you're doing, but I also know you've been known to lose your temper. For instance, you look like you're about to lose it right now.

Dan Ryan: [making a face like she's lost her mind]

Come on. We're just talking here. Lose my temper..... don't overthink this, Lindsay.

Lindsay Troy:

And what's this appointment you're talking about?

Dan Ryan:

It's personal.

Lindsay Troy:

Let me guess. I shouldn't overthink that either?

Dan Ryan:

Jesus, get off my back... MOM.

Lindsay Troy: [scowling]

Funny. You know I hate it when you call me that.

Dan Ryan:

Stop trying to mother me, then.

Lindsay Troy: [bowing up to Ryan a little bit]

Don't give me a reason to and I won't.

[Ryan laughs internally. There's the Queen.]

Dan Ryan: [pausing, then half-grinning as he looks down at Troy]

Look, I'll catch up with you after my meeting. Don't mind me. It's been a long weekend, and I'm just not in the mood for chit chat. Depending on how this meeting goes, things should be looking up.

Lindsay Troy: [sighing]

Fine.

Dan Ryan: [walking through the door and around the corner, tossing a comment back over his shoulder]

We both know fine means it's not fine.

Lindsay Troy: [under her breath]

Picked up on that, did you?

[She closes the door to the locker room and the camera cuts elsewhere.]

Bulges

[We're once again backstage, just a few steps away from DEFIANCE shot caller Kelly Evans' "Pleasure Dome" aka the big glass skybox that looks out over the arena. Coming up the hallway we see none other than the duo of Jane Katze and Bronson Box. The manager / superstar duo obviously looking to make good on Boxer's alluded to meeting with Ms. Evans earlier. When the step up to the door Jane's nose crinkles slightly, as though she's smelled something rank.]

Katze:

Did I ever tell you how I fought Edward tooth and nail over this monstrosity of an office back when we were in the planning stages of this building? Thank God Kelly never extends the damn thing out over the crowd like Ed did every damned week, the machinery costs a fortune to maintain and it's space we could use for even more seating...

[Box looks at Jane with a puzzled "... and I care why?" look on his face.]

Katze:

Well I'm sorry, but I don't "manage" you twenty four hours a day Bronson. Keeping this building running at peak operating standards is an all the time job... especially if who you have to run every decision through a ridiculous woman with no real business experience that calls her tacky, classless office the goddamn "Pleasure Dome"...

Box:

Yes, well, let us proceed on into the maw, shall we?

[Jane smiles a sarcastically demure smile.]

Katze:

My my, should we knock?

[Like a flash Bronson rips open the door and strides confidently into the skybox, ready to trade barbs with the First Lady of DEFIANCE Wrestling... only he stops short, a half confused half annoyed snarl crawls across his face. Jane lets out a sigh when she rounds Boxer and sees what he sees.]

Wyatt:

Oh gosh, well if it isn't my namesake and ol' Ms. Katze... fella's, please, come on, please stop, geeze...

[DEFIANCE Head of Security Wyatt Bronson is parked behind Kelly's gaudy glass desk, her two musclebound man servants still at their posts right at the arms of the desk chair feathered fans in hand doing what they do better than anyone. Which apparently is make the big burly Texan security chief more than a little uncomfortable... you know, being so close to their bulges and all. Boxer's eyes narrow, the muscles in his neck and his jaw draw tight with tension, as though he's biting back with all his might his natural impulse to completely lose his fuckin' cool.]

Box:

Mr. Bronson... I must say, I wasn't expectin' to see you in here. Where might Ms. Evans be currently? Jane and I have somethin' rather pressin' to discuss with her.

[The manservants continue to softly fan Wyatt as he responds.]

Wyatt:

Gosh Box I'm sorry but Kelly stepped out, left me in charge for a tick... guys please, come on we have AC in here I don't need to be fanned...

[Those two big veins in The Wargod's head and neck start to throb in frustration as Jane steps forward smiling a cloying saccharine smile.]

Katze:

Wyatt, dear. My client just garnered a very significant victory over yet another one of Eric Dane's "golden boys"... Dusty Griffith might never be the same performer ever again after what Box did to him at the PPV. I think considering that fact, among other factors, makes Bronson Box the number one contender to Eugene Dewey's Undisputed FIST of DEFIANCE championship... now what do you think about that, Wyatt?

[Jane's answered with the sound of Wyatt's awkward mumbling as he looks over each shoulder at the speedo clad bulges of Kelly's man servants. Now it's Jane's turn to get frustrated.]

Katze:

WYATT!?

[Wyatt Bronson jumps slightly to attention.]

Wyatt:

Gah, yeah geeze I'm sorry Ms. Katze. I can't make a call that big, you'll probably have to wait 'til Ms. Evans gets back, shouldn't be more than a day or two. Fella's, please, I'm tryin' to do business here...

Box: [murmuring]

Bloody ridiculous... bollocks... bastards... harlot...

[The Original DEFIANT turns on his heels and starts towards the door, mumbling furiously to himself. Once through the doorway, the proceeding slam is so violently forceful it causes a huge crack in the plaster extending out from the door jam across the back wall of the Pleasure Dome. Jane leans somewhat seductively over Kelly's desk and grabs Wyatt's chin, forcing him to look directly at her. Wyatt Bronson visibly gulps, his forehead getting sweaty.]

Katze:

When that ridiculous woman gets in, tell her I have a number of pressing things to discuss with her immediately.

[As she's talking, with her free hand she's writing her name and her extension on a post-it note that she promptly sticks right to the front of Wyatt's black DEFIANCE polo shirt with a condescending pat to his chest. Without another word she steps back and heads off after her irritated client. Wyatt look a bit nonplussed... that is before one of the fan boys bulges ever so slightly brushes one of his shoulders.]

Wyatt:

Jesus guys for God sake, take a step back would ya'?! Geeze'um crow...

[He peels the post it off his shirt and looks down at it, bothered and exhausted.]

Wyatt:

I don't get paid enough to deal with this crap.

SOHER TITLE - Jonny Booya vs Colton Thorpe

[The shot cuts from the Pleasure Dome back to the booth where Keebs and Angus are ready to call tonight's main event.]

DDK:

It's time for tonight's main event, and by order of Kelly Evans, the Southern Heritage Championship will be on the line with Jonny Booya defending!

Angus:

Hah! A nice, big screw you to Curtis Penn before Thanksgiving. Here's what I want to know, who's going to take up the challenge to beat that Duke Nukem looking muscledouche?

DDK:

A fine question, what do you say we find out?

Angus:

Take it away DQ!

[The shot cuts to the ring where the Voice of DEFIANCE is ready to make the introductions.]

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is scheduled for one fall and it is for the SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

♪ "Funky Shit" by Prodigy ♪

The Faithful erupt with boos for the reigning Southern Heritage Champion and his musclebound heavy who is stands in for him tonight in defense of the SOHER title. Booya is all about the flexing at the top of the stage, while Penn acts as if he were the one defending the title himself tonight though he's in street clothes, which only annoys the crowd even more.

Angus:

I hate that guy so much, such an insufferable prick.

DDK:

Which one?

Angus:

Both of them, they equally suck for completely valid reasons!

Champion and Substitute "Champion" make their way towards the ring. Booya continues to pause and flex his biceps as he calls random fans "nerds," meanwhile Penn walks smugly towards the ring, his title draped over his shoulder. The two of them finally reunite in the middle of the ring, Penn taking center stage, while Booya takes the mic from Darren Quimbey and hands it off to the brains of this dastardly operation. He waits for the booing to die down before proceeding.

Curtis Penn:

Yes, I know, you're all happy to see me, the Greatest Southern Heritage Champion of All Time! Which means it's time to give another lucky someone a chance to reach for greatness by even existing in the same ring as yours truly. I don't care who it is, come on down and get the wrestling lesson of a lifetime!

Angus:

That smug bastard does remember he's pussing out with his "injured hand" right?

DDK:

It wouldn't be Curtis Penn if he didn't leave out some of the truth... or roughly all of it.

Having said his peace, Penn hands the mic off to Booya, who flips the mic back to Quimbey who readies to make the introduction of his opponent. Soon the opening drum beat to a new tune to DEFIANCE begins hammer the airwaves. The Faithful, smart crowd that they are, come unglued as they recognize the song when it percussion merges with the lyrics.

♪ "I'm Only Joking" by KONGOS ♪

Colton Thorpe backs out from the curtain with his head slightly cocked. He slowly turns, facing the audience with an unimpressed expression in spite of their cheers. Thorpe saunters down the entrance ramp, looking out into the mass of people as the red and white strobe lighting lights the rampway. His walk is slower, and is constantly adjusting his neck and rolling his shoulders.

Angus:

WAAAAAAAAAAT?!

DDK:

It's COLTON THORPE, the UTA Wildfire Champion!

Angus:

YAAAAAS! It's Eric Dane Junior come to save us from these horrible fools!

Thorpe walks around towards the left side of the ring with a lack of acknowledgement for the ringside fans in spite of their excitement for his arrival in "their house". Climbing up onto the apron, he takes off his jacket and tosses it onto the floor before stepping into the ring where he begins to pace back and forth in his corner, throwing phantom punches as a type of pre-match routine.

Once the fanfare of Thorpe's arrival simmers down, the match falls to the control of DEFIANCE Head Official, Benny Doyle, who calls for the bell after some pre-match instructions given to both competitors.

Booya comes out of his corner, meeting Thorpe in the middle of the ring where he immediately defaults to being dismissive to the smaller Thorpe, who gives up a few inches in height and about 40 pounds in weight to Booya. Jonny pokes the younger man, while also flexing, showing off his more many frame, while Thorpe merely stands back with a look that says all that needs to be said "who is this idiot?" as he throws a glance over to the actual SOHER Champion, Curtis Penn.

Thorpe having had enough of Booya's "Best Flex in Wrestling" act, reaches up and tags Booya with a hard right to the chin as Big King Cool continued with the double bicep curls and copious amounts of nerd accusations. Booya snaps back after the wake up call, which gets his head into the match, but misses on a wild haymaker shot. Seeing his opening Thorpe blitzes Booya with a flurry of forearms, each successive shot getting him a cheer from the Faithful.

Reeling from the shots, Booya gets driven towards the ropes, but reverses an Irish Whip. On the rebound, Thorpe ducks a clothesline while transitioning right into a School Boy rollup! Booya kicks out quickly, but Thorpe is up fast, bringing Booya with him and scores with a Side Russian Legsweep. Feeling the momentum, Thorpe is up and jawing as he spits a few disparaging remarks about Booya while also mocking his flex, which earns him a laugh from the Faithful.

Booya recovers and sees Thorpe's mocking, which angers the big muscle head. Booya stalks up behind Thorpe and then spins him around, where he gives him a talking to about his less than excellent flexing ability, even giving him a demonstration. Once again Thorpe is left dumbfounded by Booya, but seems to humor him until stopping him when he's had enough.

Colton Thorpe:

You suck and your flex is fuckin' weak!

The Faithful explode like it was a Worldstar clip as Thorpe punks Booya, who flies into a rage at such an insinuation.

DDK:

Here's the question, is Booya mad because Thorpe said he sucks or because his flex is weak?

Angus:

Does it matter? Both are the truth.

Booya charges Thorpe, driving him against the ropes and waylays him with his boxing skills as he employs a barrage of clubbing lefts and rights, all the while ranting and raving about his flex not being weak. Thorpe however doesn't just take this beating, showing his toughness as he creates some space and begins firing back with lefts and rights of his own to Booya's body until driving in, lifting and planting Booya with a Spinebuster near the center of the ring.

Thorpe is up quick and looking to capitalize as he signals for his finish, but when he hits the ropes, he gets tripped up by Curtis Penn! The SOHER Champ quickly backs away, insisting Thorpe tripped because of his own clumsiness. Thorpe pops up and spins around to bark at Penn, who continues to act as if nothing happened. This proves to be all the opportunity Jonny needs, as he bum rushes Thorpe, while he and Penn continue to bicker back and forth.

Hammering Thorpe from the blindside with a Booya Chop to the crown of Thorpe's skull, Booya quickly snatches and tosses him with a Fall Away Slam. Thorpe doesn't stay down and eats a Running Boot to the mush from the now annoyed and in control Jonny Booya. Feeling the momentum shift towards his favor, and with Penn's direction on the outside, Booya proceeds to lay down a beating on the young debuting star.

Using his size and strength to his full advantage, Booya picks apart Thorpe with a series of blunt force strikes like headbutts and forearms, as he tries to bash the life out of him while blowing out his aggravation over Thorpe's earlier comments. Eventually Booya, again with Penn's direction on the outside, transitions to basic holds all focused on crushing Thorpe's back and midsection. This also gives Booya the chance to lecture Thorpe about how his flex is not weak as he tortures him.

Thorpe however proves he's far from out of it, either because he's still got life in him or he's tired of hearing Booya talking in that southern drawl of his. Fighting his way out of a super snug Bearhug, escaping with a thumb to the eye that gets Booya to break his grip. Thorpe tries to swing the momentum back his way, but Booya proves to be quick on his dimwitted feet, putting Thorpe down with a Bossman style Side Slam.

Proud of himself, Booya celebrates his quick thinking with a bit of posing for the crowd, who jeer him mercilessly for being the big, dumb douche that he is. Booya however gets back on task with Penn's insistence, but Thorpe suddenly comes to as he attacks Booya with a punches to the gut as Jonny tries to lift him up. A big knee lift and a Gutwrench Suplex break Thorpe's attempt to get back into the fight.

Listening to Penn's orders, Booya stays on track as he yanks Thorpe up into a Full Nelson. Thorpe tries to fight out of it, but Booya's grip is strong as is his taunting, seemingly using the Full Nelson to show off his flexing ability as much to punish Thorpe with the crushing hold. Refusing to die, Thorpe finally finds his out as he kicks back, driving his heel into Booya's crotch! Gaining his freedom, Thorpe is quick to react, dropping down and taking Booya down a Drop Toe Hold.

On the outside, Penn is livid as he yells at Boyle about the low blow as if he's never stooped to such tactics himself. After a bit to recover, Thorpe from several minutes of being punished and Booya to let his bells stop ringing, it's Thorpe who strikes first with the THORPEDO to a kneeling Jonny Booya! Going for the cover only gets him a close two count.

Thorpe is up quick and feeling the momentum shift back to his favor as he scores a flurry of quick hitting impact moves, all the while Penn having a fit as he sees his Southern Heritage Championship increasingly at risk of being lost. Popping up to his feet after a German Suplex to finish the assault, Thorpe signals that it's all over as he waits for Booya to get into position.

Dashing across the ring he hits the ropes, Thorpe comes off of the rebound looking for the COLT MAGNUM, but sees that Doyle's attention has been taken to deal with Curtis Penn, who has jumped up on to the apron. Thorpe makes a beeline right for Penn and straight wallops the SOHER Champ with a wild shot that sends him to the floor. Thorpe stands at the ropes and barks at Penn to stay out of his way.

The distraction does it's job, proving to be all Booya needs as he hits a big BOOYA CHOP when Thorpe turns around. Booya follows up with a flurry of punches before sending Colt across the ring. Thorpe ducks an Axe Bomber and comes flying back at Booya with a Flying Crossbody, knocking the bigger man down. Colt is quick thinking and cracks Booya with a second THORPEDO!

Seizing the opportunity, Thorpe dashes towards the ropes right as Booya starts to sit up. This time he hits the Colt Magnum, smashing Booya right in the face with the sliding elbow to an eruption of cheers. Before Doyle can even get past the two count, Curtis Penn grabs him by the ankle and yanks him out of the ring and then shoves him to the floor! On the inside, it takes Thorpe a second to realize what happened before he sees Penn shove Doyle to the floor.

A moment later the bell rings and Thorpe knows he's just been screwed over by Penn's desperation, who he watches scramble away with the Southern Heritage Title safely clutched in his arms.

Darren Quimbey:

And your winner of the match, by Disqualification, COLLLLLTOOONNNN THHHOORRRRRPE!... However, as a title does not change hands on a disqualification... And STILL SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION... CURRRRTIS PENNNNNN!

DDK:

What a travesty! Colton Thorpe had this match won!

Angus:

Have I said how much I hate Curtis Penn yet? It's a lot, and by a lot, I mean a metric fuckton of I hate Curtis Penn.

Back in the ring, Thorpe clears the garbage from the ring as he sweeps Booya out to the floor with his foot.

Angus:

We were so close to being done with Penn and his nonsense, Keebs! On the other hand, Colton Thorpe is pretty cool and beat the piss out of the Flat-topped Moron, so I'm going to call this a win for me.

DDK:

Let nobody ever say that Angus Skaaland never finds the brightside in things... That said, thanks for watching, this has been DEFTv, I'm Downtown Darren Keebler and as always my partner in crime, Angus Skaaland bid you a good night and Happy Holidays.

Angus:

YEEEEAAAH BOY, THANKSGIVING! GOOOOOD NIGHT NAAAAOOOOO!

[The episode comes to a close with the final image being of Colton Thorpe standing tall, victorious and less than satisfied.]