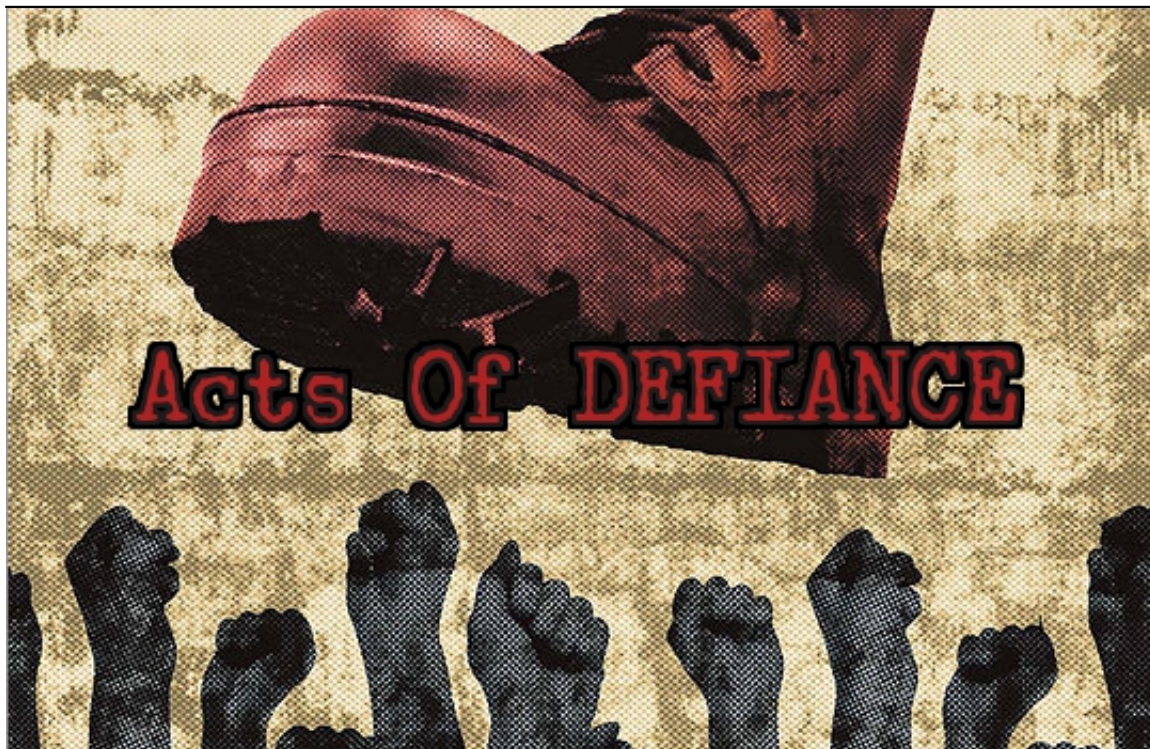


THE RUNDOWN



Hit the music, the highlights package, the stock footage, and all the other usual introductory jazz. We get tremendously wonderful shots of all your favourite DEFIANCE stars, from Lindsay Troy to Scott Douglas, accompanied by all kinds of fancy effects, before the camera sweeps through the arena. A bunch of pyro explodes around the entrance area, and we catch a few of those all-important fan signs...

#RIPJACKHUNTER

MAKE DEFIANCE SAFE AGAIN

SACK MARK SHIELDS

DEFIANCE IS MY #SAFESPACE

Switch over to Angus and Keebs! Keebler is decked-out in a pretty nice looking suit, while Angus is looking suave in one of his *BEST* tuxedo tees.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, my name is "Downtown" Darren Keebler, and thanks once again for joining us *LIVE* on pay-per-view! This is Acts of DEFIANCE, and I am joined, as always, but "The Motormouth of Malcontent"... Mr. Angus Skaaland!

Angus:

Thanks, Keebsy! We've got a loooooooooooooooooong night of ass-kickings, hossfites, and fuckboy stomping ahead of us, and I just can't wait to get started!

DDK:

It's a stacked card as ever! Not only will Lindsay Troy defend her FIST of DEFIANCE against Curtis Penn, but Bronson Box and Cayle Murray will collide in the *LAST* battle of the Scottish Civil War, and Impulse will finally get his hands on Mikey Unlikely in a fair environment!

Angus:

All that and a whole lot more! Let's get it started!

CARTE BLANCHE (PART II)

DDK:

Before we get into the action tonight let's take a look at some footage from just a few hours ago as Lance Warner attempted to get some information or perspective out of "Sup Pop" Scott Douglas.

Angus:

Yeah, how'd that go ... "uh, um ... Nirvana."

DDK:

Let's take a look!

Cut to the Wrestle-Plex's loading dock area; specifically the man door directly adjacent to the bay/freight door. "Earlier Today" overlays the footage in small white lettering.

Lance Warner straightens his tie flanked by his khaki jacket as he chit chats with the camera operator. Lance isn't holding the microphone to his mouth quite yet and is audible but noticeably low.

Lance Warner:

Are you sure he hasn't already arrived?

The camera operator's response is nearly inaudible, yet based on Lance's reaction it was clearly favorable.

Lance Warner:

Perfect, we'll catch him on his way in and get the "scoopz" on this Midorikawa/CODENAME: Reaper deal. We just have to wait ... patiently.

The camera operator's unseen and unheard reaction tilts the camera slightly before correcting.

Lance Warner: *[snappy]*

Hey! It's better than dealing with JFK ... *[sarcastically]* Innit?

The door swings open violently slamming against the outside of the building with a thunderous crack. Scott Douglas stomps across the threshold and enters the building with a head full of steam.

Lance Warner:

Scott! Scott, if we could get a moment, please!?

Douglas stays the course and completely ignores Warner as he and his camera man struggle to keep pace.

Lance Warner:

Scott, it'll only take a moment!

Douglas rounds the corner from the loading dock area, headed to the locker room. He disappears from screen until Lance and his cohort catch up and take pause at the doorway. Douglas stalks around the locker room, glancing into the shower area and returning to exit out of the opposite door.

Lance hustles to catch up and keep stride with Douglas' sense of urgency.

Lance Warner:

Scott, what are your thoughts going into this match tonight against Midorikawa and CODENAME: Reaper?

Scott maintains pace without a word, only stopping to force open doors, peering in for moment and continuing on.

Lance Warner:

Midorikawa has alluded to the fact that you two have a past together. Is there any credibility to these claims?

More silence. More Doors.

Lance Warner:

Midorikawa referenced “leaving people in the lurch” and inferred that is something you have a history of.

Scott stops abruptly next to a large rack of upside down folding chairs and turns to Lance.

Scott Douglas:

This ends tonight!

Scott reaches for one of the chairs on the rack and pulls it down. Chair in hand he storms ahead and bumps the camera operator as he passes. The camera spins and gets Douglas back in view long enough for him to round a corner. The camera turns back to lance Warner.

Lance Warner:

Don't lose him!

Cut back to the live feed and to DDK and Angus at the commentary desk.

SHOOT THE MESSENGER

Backstage, it's a scene of controlled chaos. The camera sweeps past producers, their assistants, and who knows who else slowly... finally resting on DEFtv EP, Kelly Evans, looking only as she can look. The crowd offers a hearty pop as she turns to reveal that she is mid-phone call.

Kelly Evans:

And you heard what *I* said! I will accept NO excuses! I want security on it's toes tonight! The tension back here is at it's peak and I want to be sure that we keep our performers safe AND separated... at least until we can corral them into--

Pacing slightly, she turned to see DEFtv editor and DEFIANCE Webmaster, Dave Felcher earnestly walking towards her, note in hand.

Kelly Evans (into phone):

Hey. HEY! I've got to go. Just lockdown that locker room!

Nearly puncturing her phones' screen with the hangup, Kelly gave Felcher a look that clearly communicated that she was far from in a frame of mind to deal with any of his bullshit.

Dave Felcher:

Bad news... our tag match for tonight just fell apart! That tag team we were flying in from Japan? ... The STORM? ...they're not--

Confused, Evans snatched the note from Felcher and read it to herself.

Kelly Evans:

...VISA issues? We've been promoting these guys for weeks and they didn't know they'd be denied entry into the country?!? How does this HAPPEN?

Felcher shrugged, obviously no help.

Kelly Evans:

Fine. Find someone not doing anything and have them make a few calls. Oh, I know! YOU! You've got contacts, right? Find me a tag team to take on the Barrio Boys!

Felcher absently scratched his head as he looked at his watch.

Dave Felcher:

B-but.... That match is like... only...

Kelly smiled as she thumbed her phone, returning a text, a tweet, or whatever the kids are into these days.

Kelly Evans:

You should hurry then. I've got work to do. ...and, it appears, so do you.

She strode off, as only she can, leaving Felcher in a bit of a pickle.

MDK vs. SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. REAPER

DDK:

I'm not sure what exactly Douglas has in mind but I can't imagine it will bode well for Midorikawa.

Angus:

Seattle's Lamest Son? Eh, who cares? Between Reaper's electrical engineering degree and Midori Sours ... well, crazy; this nineteen nineties grunge reject is going to be destroyed!

DDK:

Last week, Kelly Evans granted Scott Douglas carte blanche, and as we saw ... he seems to be taking that to heart. These two masked individuals have been torturing "Sub Pop" Scott for the last several months now and I think he may have had enough.

Angus:

He clearly hasn't had enough of getting his ass whipped.

DDK:

Let's go down to the ring with Darren Quimbey!

Cut to the ring where Darren Quimbey is set and ready alongside Benny Doyle.

Darren Quimbey:

This match is scheduled for one fall under Triple Threat Rules! Introducing first ...

Cut to the rampway.

♪ "Baby Takes" - Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

... weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds and standing six foot two inches tall, from Seattle, Washington ... Sup Pop SCOOTTT DOUUUUUGLAS!!

DDK:

Douglas, was clearly fired up, I think he is ready to put this fiasco behind him.

Angus:

He should make like his hero than and ... shoot himself in the face!

DDK:

Angus ...

Angus: [laughing]

Too soon?

The grungy guitar led song plays longer than The Faithful have become accustomed to and the initial pop dies down to a confused rumble as Douglas appears to be a no show.

DDK:

Well this is surprising to say the least.

Angus:

Is it, Keebs? If we've come to know anything about Kawasaki ... it's he isn't going to give Douglas a fair fight! Not that

he deserves one. He's probably laid him out somewhere backstage.

DDK:

That ... well, that is a surprisingly apt possibility, partner. I'm getting word now ... yes, our production team has rerouted a few camera operators to the backstage area with attempts to get eyes on Scott Douglas and/or Midorikawa.

Angus:

The one you need to be worried about is Reaper! Someone find that beautiful freak and get this over with!

Cut to the camera formally positioned at the bottom of the ramp to capture, what would have been the entrance. The angle jostles back and forth as the operator hustles up the ramp and through the curtain. It takes a moment to adjust to the darker setting. The color balance and focus correct and reveals Midorikawa standing in the middle of the room with a steel chair gripped tightly in one hand. The backrest of the chair balancing on its tip as his head swivels and his eyes dart around the room.

DDK:

Well, partner ... you were half right. But the question that begs to be answered ...

Angus:

Where the HELL is Douglas!?

DDK:

Ask and ...

Douglas storms the gorilla position wielding a chair of his own. Gasps and reactions from the crew in the area cue MDK to a presence which affords him just enough time to turn around and attempt to raise his chair as a means of defense. He manages to get it to chest level as Douglas leaps toward him and crashes down on his tormentor riding the chair like a boogie board.

DDK:

... you shall receive!

Angus:

I'll give the little reject one thing; I didn't see this coming! Eye for eye!

DDK:

...and we'll all go blind. It seems as if; Scott Douglas has used Midorikawa's dastardly tactics against him!

The sound of impact is followed by the clanking of chairs and the general upheaval of the area and it's inhabitants.

DDK:

As much as I don't condone the tactics, Midorikawa seems to have had this coming.

Angus:

Live by the ... chair, die by the chair, Keebs!

Douglas scrambles to his feet as MDK ryths on the concrete floor. Douglas, reaching behind the head, pulls MDK up by the back of his tightly laced mask.

Angus:

Finish what you start, Dougly!

Douglas pushes the camera operator out of the way with one hand, as he ushers the dazed MDK with the other, through the curtain and out the ramp way. The Faithful pop louder and more intensely than any reaction Douglas has ever received since signing with DEFIANCE. The camera follows from behind as the two crest the curtain.

Cut to a view from the ramp way as the pair move toward the ring. The camera rapidly retreats backward while keeping it locked on Douglas as MDK's head bobs in and out of frame.

DDK:

Folks, as enthralling as the turn of events have been... the fact remains this is scheduled as a Triple Threat match and I don't think referee Benny Doyle, in good conscious, can call for opening bell with one opponent on his back and the other yet to be seen!

Angus:

Wait for it ...

Douglas rolls MDK under the bottom rope and into the ring. He jumps to the apron and enter the ring himself.

Angus:

Wait for it ...

Lights out.

Angus:

Called it!

Lighters and phone flashlight apps flicker on and begin to light up the Wrestle-Plex just as the lights return proper. CODENAME: Reaper stands in the middle of the ring. Douglas' guard instantly goes up as a groggy Midorikawa scrambles backward to the turnbuckle as his eyes dart around the edges of his mask. Benny Doyle hesitates as MDK is not on his feet and the tension between Douglas and Reaper are of the highest mark.

DDK:

Shades of DEFTv here, once again, at ACTS of DEFIANCE!

Reaper and Douglas rush toward each other as MDK instinctively pulls himself to his feet with the help of the turnbuckle. Reaper and Douglas collide and start trading blows. Midorikawa makes a late and woosey ... but a impactful addition.

Angus:

Here we go!!

He crashes into the pair as Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING

DDK:

And there's the bell.

MDK's crash landing strikes Douglas and sends him reeling; which turns Reaper's attention to his new found aggressor. The two start exchanging blows back and forth.

DDK:

And they're off to the races but neither man can seem gain the advantage, here.

Douglas comes storming back with a spear-like-bear hug on Reaper and pushes him into the corner. MDK, frustrated and potentially concussed, pulls Douglas out of the skirmish in the corner, only to be met on the turn around, with a ...

DDK:

Big clothesline from Scott Douglas!

Angus:

Big Deal. You just clocked the kid with a chair ten minutes ago.

Reaper, slumped down in the corner, begins to resurrect from the previous attack as Scott Douglas follows up on Midorikawa. Douglas scoops MDK for what appears to be a body slam. MDK floats over and lands behind Douglas and applies the waist lock. Forcing him into the ropes, chest first, MDK attempts the pin via a roll up.

DDK:

Midorikawa with a quick pin on Scott Douglas!

Angus:

Damnit, Doyle! Count!

A recovered Reaper launches himself from the corner and blasts Kawa with a diving clothesline before Benny Doyle can even reach a one count. MDK flips backward nearly crushing Douglas as the force compresses his knees to the mat and subsequently, either side of his head.

Angus:

Oh shit! That bent him in half!

DDK:

That is either dumb luck or an incredibly strategic move by Reaper.

Angus:

Dumb luck? No, that two birds with one stone! Dumb luck is getting folded up and disposed of like a flyer for one of the shitty garage bands Douglas HAD to have been in.

Reaper, unrelenting, pulls Midorikawa up and lifts his comrade in face concealment up in a vertical suplex. Reaper, taking a step or so backward to the ropes, turns slightly before dropping MDK free fall onto the apron.

DDK:

Oh my God! That could have very nearly broken MDKs neck!

Angus:

"The Russian Leg Sweeps."

DDK:

What? No, that was clearly a vertical suplex.

Angus:

No, "The Russian Leg Sweeps." I guarantee you that was one of his band names.

Douglas is down on the mat, he has managed to show signs of life since being nearly folded in half, but he has not yet managed to make it to his feet. Instead he lies prone in the center of the ring clutching his lower back. Reaper ascends to the top rope, MDK begins to stir on the apron but only enough to roll off and fall to ringside. Reaper is poised on the top ropes, Douglas beneath him like a pain ridden welcome mat, the Faithful are up on their feet and Reaper's eyes flare a insane bright hue of freshly oxygenated blood. He leaps from the turnbuckle ...

DDK:

Fremont Plunge! FREMONT PLUNGE by REAPER!

Angus:

No, no. That's too on the nose. Had to be something more like; "Scotty D and the Flannel Trunk Trio."

The audible gasp from the audience is nearly as loud as Keebler's mic. Reaper hooks the leg and referee Benny Doyle

drops into position.

ONE ...

TWO ...

NO!!

Reaper is yanked out of the ring by his foot from the recovered MDK, the pair start trading blows on the outside. MDK gets the upper hand and tosses Reaper into the side of the ring, he follows up with a swift knee to the midsection, hooking Reaper, now he lifts him in the air and brings him crashing down with a hard suplex of his own... This time to the floor.

Angus:

Retribution!

DDK:

Another band name?

Angus:

No, that was literally retribution.

Reaper is reeling but moving. MDK stays on the attack as he lays a round of kicks to the back of Reaper's masked head.

DDK:

This is getting out of hand, partner!

Angus:

Yeah, no one is kicking the GORRAM hell out of the former bassist for the "Nirvana One Contenders."

Sensing opportunity, MDK climbs on the ring apron and stands waiting like a predator for his prey. Douglas slowly climbs to one knee in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Douglas could be in for a world of hurt here.

Angus:

Finally! Midori Sour for the win!

DDK:

Midorikawa, Angus. Midori Sour, that's a drink order.

Angus: [indignant]

The hell it is!

Douglas is none the wiser as he rises to his feet. MDK patiently stalks on the apron.

A handful of The Faithful in the front few rows begin to yell and point in attempt to warn Douglas of the waiting attack. Douglas seems to take note and turns to see what the commotion is all about. At that moment MDK springboards off the top rope and across the ring with a flying body press but is with a devastating standing side kick.

DDK:

The GUILLOTINE!! That could be it, partner!

The Faithful explode and cameras flash throughout the moment as MDK's head looks like it was nearly taken off. Douglas falls nearly in time with MDK and attempts the pin.

Angus:

Not bad, not bad. Feels more like hair metal than grunge though doesn't it?

ONE ...

TWO ...

NO!!!

Code Name: Reaper, out of nowhere dives into the pinfall; through the middle ropes and effectively breaks the count. All three men lay sprawled on the mat. Referee Benny Boyle, hesitantly, begins a standing ten count.

DDK:

We have some movement! The question is; who will be able to capitalize!?

Angus:

Well as big a hair metal was, you can't really argue the fact grunge killed it. But in the end isn't it the record labels who capitalize?

DDK:

What? There is match going on in the ring, Angus!

Douglas and Reaper begin to show signs of life. Reaper reaches a knee and falls toward the nearest ropes to pull himself up. Douglas, follows and positions himself, still on one knee, in the opposite corner.

Angus:

Still?

Reaper leans forward and hangs from the top rope by his grip. Douglas surveys the situation as MDK slowly slides himself back into a neutral corner.

DDK: [sighing]

Yes ...you ... [giving up] Benny Doyle now trying to find a safe place as this could be yet another kamikaze style collision between these three.

The Faithful begin stomping their collective feet. Right then left, right then left. Creating a mumbled reverberant drum roll seeming sound.

Then tension builds.

DDK:

Hell of a crowd here tonight, Angus!

And builds.

Angus: [snidely]

Of course there is, Keebs ... I'm HERE! They damn sure aren't here for ... for ...

At it's fever pitch, Midorikawa and Reaper seem anxious and ready to pounce. Douglas, still on one knee stays vigilant darting his eyes back and forth from one masked man out for his destruction to another. Kawa looks to Reaper.

Angus:

Damn, I really thought I had one more.

DDK:

Not sure what these two are up to.

Reaper looks to Kawa.

Angus:

Hopefully secret cabal with the soul intent of ending Kurt Nobrain.

Midorikawa and Reaper rush toward the knelt Douglas. Douglas lunges like a runner from a shot put and spears Reaper as Midorikawa throws his shoulder in and t-bones the collision in progress.

Kawa takes the least of the impact and is quick to his feet; physically urging Douglas to do the same. Reaper follows only seconds behind as his eyes fire up in a figurative re-enactment of Mount Vesuvius.

MDK sends a dazed Douglas into the ropes, MDK drops down for a back body drop.

DDK:

The GUILLLOTINE!!

Over MDK's back Reaper cuts down Douglas with the vicious standing side kick. Douglas' takes to the canvas the hard.

Angus:

Did his head come off? Tell me his head came off! He ...

DDK:

Don't say it!

Angus: [laughing]

That's the closest he'll ever get to Nirvana!

MDK rises at the waist and turns to Reaper.

DDK:

Midorikawa doesn't need a special mask to see the rage in his eyes right now!

Angus: [disgusted]

Really ... Keebs?

Midorikawa shoves Reaper with two hands planted firmly on his protective chest plate. Reaper returns in kind. Midorikawa, refusing to back down, comes back at Reaper with a little extra force than before. Reaper's back nearly meets the ropes.

DDK:

This has gone from an all out brawl, to a wrestling match ... to ... I don't even know.

Angus:

To a shovin' match, Keebs. Two grown men afraid to show their faces shovin' at each other.

Midorikawa continues to taunt the unreactive Reaper as he motions for a microphone.

Codename: Reaper:

Very well. Finish what you've started ...

Midorikawa's aggression is quickly turned back toward Scott Douglas.

Codename: Reaper:

Hell, if she was my sister, I'd want revenge too.

Midorikawa whips around back toward Reaper, again, with his own fire in his eyes.

Angus:

Is that ... "Tombstone?"

LIGHTS OUT.

The Faithful gasp a sound somewhere between surprise and a tinge of disappointment. Once again, lighters and phones begin to come out and attempt to light the goings-on.

Angus:

Ok, that one ... I didn't see coming.

The lights cut back on and Reaper has disappeared from the ring and the surrounding area. Midorikawa appears to be frustrated but quickly shakes it off and returns to the mission at hand.

Scott Douglas, still attempting to recover, is snatched up by his masked dementor. With a reverse headlock and a clasp of the knee, Midorikawa hoists Douglas by his own petard. The Faithful rise again to attention yet the prevailing sentiment seems to be negative.

DDK:

Sub Pop Suplex!

Angus:

Yusssss!

MDK holds Douglas aloft and spins in a near three sixty as if to rub it the faces of the audience whose disapproval grows by the second.

Angus:

Just finish it you masked moron!

Douglas begins to struggle in the precarious position.

DDK:

I have to agree with you, partner. If MDK wants this victory he needs to capitalize on this circus of a match now!

Midorikawa's grip on Douglas' knee begins to falter. Douglas is able to shift his weight. MDK leans forward. Douglas' feet touch the mat just long enough for him to grab the MDK's knee, reversely.

DDK:

The ...

Angus:

No!!

And with a quick snap raises MDK up and drops him down on his head with the Fisherman's Suplex Brainbuster.

DDK:

The Sub Pop Suplex!! Can he make the pin!?

Douglas flops over with what he has left and covers MDK. Benny Doyle administers the count.

ONE ...

TWO ...

THREE!!!

Doyle calls for the bell. The Faithful pop louder and longer than any Douglas appearance thus far.

DDK:

Somehow! Someway ... Scott Douglas walks out of this victorious!

DING DING DING

Douglas rolls off of MDK and braces himself by the middle rope, mid ring, and on one knee. He throws a hand up and gets a slight boost in the slowly declining crowd pop.

Angus:

Ok ... I get it. See, Keebs, I'm always a few steps ahead. Wait for it...

Douglas pulls himself to his feet but still requires the top rope for support.

Angus:

Wait for it ...

Lights out. Phones. Lighters. And other luminary elements.

Angus:

Called it! You're gonna get it now, Doug Funny!

The lights cut back on and Scott Douglas remains where he was last seen. Albeit, slightly more confused.

DDK:

Midorikawa is ... ?

Angus:

Not a drink, I get it, Keebs!

DDK:

GONE!

Midorikawa has vanished without a trace. Douglas, now on his feet, has his arm raised by Benny Doyle.

DDK:

Folks, I don't have the slightest idea what just went on here!

Angus:

But ... but ... NO! Where is Reaper. Lights Out. Reaper. Lights On. Douglas bleeding. How hard it that?!?

DDK:

Unfortunately, we have to move on! But trust me, partner... you won't be any less disappointed. JFK, himself, will be out here shortly to disappoint you further.

Angus:

Son of a ...

Cut to the backstage, to the VIP section.

Very Important Persons I : A New Hope

Welcome everyone, to the V.I.P. section. The only way you'll ever get to see the exclusive Hollywood SEG party like no other is through a cameraman's lens. An OK GO song blasts over the loud speaker as a DJ spins on the upstairs section. The locker room is packed to the rafters with hanger ons and groupies, dressed either to the nines or skimpily. Sometimes, both.

Especially when it concerns one half of the tag team champions, Elise Ares, who carries a plate of champagne through the dancing crowd. She wears her clingiest dress that is only given weight by the tag title strapped around her waist. She raises the champagne above the dancing heads as she hurries over to a large man wearing a box.

Klein, standing just in front of the VIP section, holds a clipboard. He looks at Elise, then at the clipboard, then at Elise.

Elise Ares:

Seriously?

Elise impatiently taps her foot.

Klein looks back down at the list. He then nods his box, and pulls away the velvet rope. On the other side, the D, her partner in crime, stands from his seat holding a bottle and shouts.

The D:

Ei!

The D gives her a big hug. The D turns to Kendrix, the JFKiest man in the sport, who's standing in the corner with his arms crossed over his chest.

The D:

See! I told you she didn't fall in.

JFK rolls his eyes, takes a swig of his soda and wanders off. The D stares as he walks away, his face turning somber.

Elise Ares:

What's up his butt? I thought we were celebrating Mikey's longest running Hollywood championship reign and his eventual retain against that no good cheating Impulsive person.

The D shrugs his shoulders, grabbing a glass of champagne and literally double fisting his drinks.

The D:

His loss.

The D then tosses the champagne glass over his shoulder, shattering it. The D smacks the gold plate of his title around his waist.

The D:

Man, we should not defend these titles more often.

Elise Ares:

So many photoshoots, way less ugly people I have to touch.

Elise says with a smile before her expression turns disgusting.

The D:

Yeah, but you still gotta talk to 'em.

The D looks and surveys the room, half listening.

The D:

Where's the man of the hour? Where's the star of Back to Back to the Future?

Elise Ares:

Is that what it's called?

The D:

I honestly have no idea.

(He leans in whispering)

I've never seen Mikey act.

Elise Ares: (whispering)

Me either.

The front entrance to the SEG's locker room swings open, and the Southern Hollywood Heritage champion Mikey Unlikely enters. He's dressed in his finest suit and carries the Heritage championship over his shoulder. He surveys the landscape as Journey plays in the background. The song record scratches to a halt as the D grabs a microphone.

The D:

ALRIGHT EVERYONE!

Someone touches the D and he swats them away.

The D:

Go away. Idiot. THE MAN OF THE HOUR IS HERE! The biggest Hollywood star has arrived!

Elise Ares:

Except Tom Cruise.

The D:

Or Will Smith.

Elise Ares:

Or Bradley Cooper.

The D quickly withdraws the mic from Elise and whispers in the quiet room

The D:

Why would you say that in the mic? (To Mikey) Your, HOLLYWOOD, HERITAGE CHAMPION! MIKEY....
UUUUUNNLIIIIIIKELLLLLYYYYYYY!!!

The D looks around the quiet room and seems annoyed.

The D:

Applause now please!

The crowd proceeds to applaud as Mikey cuts a swath through them. He then reaches the VIP section, only for Klein to get in his way. Mikey rolls his eyes as Klein stares at Mikey, back to his clipboard, back to Mikey, back to his clipboard...

Until Mikey swats it out of his hand and jumps over the VIP rope.

Mikey Unlikely:

What the fuck is this? Journey?! For my entrance? Get your act together D, or you'll be nothing more than a D-List celeb.

The D:

Oh fuck, that means I gotta do New Years on CNN with Anderson Cooper...

"GONNA DIE"

The scene opens up in the backstage area outside the rather noisy Hollywood Bruvs locker room. Standing by beside Lance Warner is none other than Jesse Fredericks Kendrix already in his ring tights and wearing his official DEFIANCE "JFK" merch t-shirt and of course, his trademark Armani sponsored giant Bug Eye Shades. Facing the camera, Lance brings his mic up and begins to bring home the bacon.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen I am pleased to introduce to you all JFK himself, Jesse Fredericks Kendrix.

Kendrix claps sarcastically at the intro.

Kendrix:

Congratulations Lancelot, you've finally introduce JFK by his full name. JFK's proud of you sir, he really is.

Lance pauses for a moment, awaiting the end of Jesse's clapping. It eventually comes.

Kendrix:

Don't just stand there gawping, get on with it!

Lance quickly returns the mic back in front of him and doesn't hold back/

Lance Warner:

Kendrix, tonight you step into the ring with two of the most brutal men to have ever stepped foot in DEFIANCE. Tonight you face off against Mushi and the Defiance Onslaught Champion himself, Jason Natas, in a triple threat match for the DOC title. How are you feeling going into a match having no previous DOC rules experience.

Kendrix holds his hand out flat at Lance, abruptly stopping the interviewer in his tracks. He grabs the mic off of him and holds it up in front of his mouth.

Kendrix:

Woah woah woah, what are you trying to do here Lance? Are you trying to make JFK feel intimidated before his big match?

Lance looks perplexed as Kendrix closes the gap between the two, getting in the interviewer's face.

Kendrix:

What? You don't like that? You don't like JFK stepping into your personal space like that? It's intimidating innit?!

Jesse's frown immediately turns upside down as he fixes up Lance's suit jacket, dusting imaginary dust off of it before slapping him ever so lightly, friendly even, on the face before backing up.

Kendrix:

Listen, Yeah?! Just chill Bruv! You know, JFK has heard a lot over the last month about how the DOC division is soooooo Brutal. How it's soooooo tough, etc etc, yada yada yada, blah blah blah! You know JFK's heard what Angus has had to say. "JFK's gonna die". JFK's heard what Keebs has had to say "Kendrix doesn't know what he's let himself in for".

He shakes his head dismissively and removes his bug eye shades, pointing them out in front of Lance.

Kendrix:

You and everyone else don't think that Kendrix can handle the DOC division? Did you not see what happened last week. Did you not see Jesse Fredericks Kendrix take out some Brazen JFK wannabe? Did you not see JFK walk into the ring and go face to face with the champ himself Jason Natas?

Lance nods along to Jesse, who in turn hooks his shades into his shirt and nods straight back at Lance.

Kendrix:

Yes, of course you did Lancey! Everyone did. Don't get JFK wrong. Natas, he's as tough, and relentless violent as they come. There's a reason why he's the DOC champ after all, the guys a bully, he simply loves a fight.

He mockingly holds his fists up in front of him as if squaring up for a fight with Lance who takes a step back, not wanting any of Jesse at all. Kendrix affords himself a chuckle at poor Lance's expense before getting his game face back on.

Kendrix:

But here's the thing Lance, it's true Jasey boy loves a fight, but so does JFK. But the difference between the Bronx Bully and JFK?

He holds his arms out wide, hunching his shoulders with a questionable look on his face quickly replaced by that oh so annoying trademark cocky smirk.

Kendrix:

JFK knows how to get inside people's heads...and believe me, it wasn't hard getting inside that neanderthal's head! Two weeks ago, JFK took away the one thing that man thrives on. The one thing Jason Natas lives for...a fight. JFK got into Jase's head the moment he handed J.J. Dixon on a plate to him.

The smirk turns into a proud grin.

Kendrix:

And with that, the match was made. The Neanderthal versus The Future. It was just that easy! But JFK knows tonight won't be easy Lance. JFK'll be honest, when that brute sucker punched him after the match was made, JFK was in shock! That man hits HARD, bruv!

Jesse places his hand flat across his face, remembering where he was hit.

Kendrix: Luckily for Natas, Security came out to stop JFK from beating his arse down in the middle of the ring for the world to see. But you know, throw Mushi into the mix as well and it's true...JFK has an almost impossible task on his hands tonight.

He cocks his head back, taking just a moment to think, run his hand through his beard and return with a smile.

Kendrix:

Almost, but not quite. See to all the doubters like you, like Angus, Keebs, the DEFIANCE faithful and most of all...Jason Natas himself...Kendrix is apparently "gonna Die". Have we all forgotten the same was said when JFK took on the original DEFIANT himself, Bronson Box?! The baddest man in this company...and look what happened there, bruvs!

He was his index finger side to side slowly.

Kendrix:

Naaahh maaaattttteeee! Tonight is the night, bruv! Tonight is the night JFK, proves to the world once again that Sports Entertainment is the future of DEFIANCE...when he becomes the brand new...D...O...C!

With that, Kendrix chucks the mic up at Lance who manages to catch it with Jesse walking out of shot.

Fade.

JASON NATAS Â© vs. MUSHIGIHARA vs. KENDRIX

Cut to yer boiz in the announce booth.

DDK:

Welcome back ladies and gentlemen, and if this night hasn't been chaotic enough already, the carnage is about to get turned up to 11...

Angus:

I fished-out my best tuxedo t-shirt for this match and this match alone, Keebs! I even ironed it!

DDK:

I guess that's one way to make an effort...

Angus:

Absolutely Keebs, but I've got a question for you...

The Motormouth of Malcontent puts his hands on DDK's navy blue suit.

Angus:

Don't you know it's customary to wear black to a funeral?!

DDK: [bewildered]

... whose funeral would that be?

Angus:

Kendrix's, duh! That little shit might have roughed-up JJ Dixon two weeks ago, but he's got to fight Mushigihara *AND* Jason Natas now! He ain't ready for this, and he's about to realise just how far over his head he really is.

DDK:

Kendrix was certainly cunning in the way he injected himself into this one. It was originally set to be Natas vs. Mushi for the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship, but I guess JFK got a little envious seeing his SEG stablemates carrying gold around.

Angus:

He's *goldblind*, Keebs!

DDK:

You could say that, but perhaps there's something to be taken from the way he goaded Natas into accepting this match. Kendrix obvious can't slug it out with these two, but he's a sly competitor and one of the best technical wrestlers in the company. I definitely wouldn't count him out...

Angus:

Yeah, but he's bringing headlocks to a chop fight! That pussy's gonna wet himself from the moment the first elbow connects with his face, mark my words. I predict an early death for him, and an epic *HOSSFITE* between Natas and Mushi.

DDK:

Natas and Mushigihara have previous, and the former sumo overturned The Bronx Bully in a singles match at the start of the year. That was a long, long time ago, however, and Natas is currently in the midst of a nine-match winning streak.

Angus:

Mushi's been killing it down in BRAZEN, but I don't need to tell you about the improvements Natas has made since Clash of the DEFIANTS. Fatas is a completely different animal to the man Mushi faced before, and this should be a helluva fight!

That it should be. Let's take it to DQ!

The camera flips over to the man himself in the middle of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following three-ways match is to be contested under DOC rules, and it is for the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship!

♪ “Let ‘Em Come” by Scroobius Pip ♪.

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, immediately bringing Kendrix into view with his back facing the ring wearing an official, albeit slightly amended, DEFIANCE DOC t-shirt and trademark JFK green and gold ring tights with green boots.

Angus:

That man cannot wear that t-shirt! Who gave him that?! Did you give him that Keeps?!

DDK:

I certainly did not, does that say Sports Entertaining the DOC since 2016?!

Angus:

I think I'm feeling like those people did back in the day just prior to watching a lynching. I cannot wait for Kendrix to die!

As the track's marching style drumming picks up pace he rotates his neck twice to stretch it out before slicking his hair back with both hands. Returning his arms down back to his sides he ever so slightly turns his body over to the left. The camera zooms in up close as he tilts his head to peer over his left shoulder, sporting his Armani sponsored Bug Eye shades as well as a smug smirk on his face.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent. Making his way to the ring, hailing from London, England. Weighing in at 218lbs...

Having made his way to the ring, Kendrix hops onto the second turnbuckle, furthest from the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

This is..... KEEEEEEENDRRRRRIIIIIIIIXXXXXXXXXX

Having bumped his fist to his chest before holding his arms out wide by his side Kendrix twists around down to the mat, hopping from one foot to the other, discarding his shades and t-shirt. He turns to face the entrance ramp, holding his hands out, curling his fingers towards him, ready for his opponents.

♪ “Mach 13 Elephant Explosion” by Masafumi Takada ♪

It's Eddie goddamn Dante out from the backstage area first, and *of course* The Faithful boo that horrible bastard. He stops at the top of the ramp, grinning from ear-to-ear, then swings his hand back to the curtain. Mushigihara stomps out onto the stage and stops beside his manager, soaking in the crowd's reaction for the first time in a long time.

DDK:

Looks like Mushi came to fight!

Angus:

Of course he did! He knows he's got a great chance of winning DEFIANCE gold for the first time in his career here, and with Dante by his side, he's got a nice little x-factor.

The God-Beast throws arms out to his side, and The Faithful bellow along with him...

Mushigihara:

OOOOOSSSSSSUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!

The duo make their way down to the ring, Dante issuing his chage with some last minute instructions.

Darren Quimbey:

Next, being accompanied to the ring by his manager, Eddie Dante... hailing from Mito, Ibaraki, Japan, and weighing in at 294lbs... THE GOD-BEAST... MUSHI! GI! HAAAAARRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Once inside the ring, Mushi glares Kendrix from beneath his mask. Dante does a good job keep his beast under control, however, and ushering him into his corner.

♪ "No Chance" by Unsane ♪

Biiiiiiiiiiiig reaction for those nasty opening chords. The sludgiest entrance track in DEFIANCE history shakes the DEFarena to its foundations, and the noise only intensifies when Jason Natas appears from the backstage area, belt over his shoulder. He takes one big gulp from his bottle of water before dunking the rest over his head and marching down the ramp, bumping fists as he goes.

Angus:

There's my guy!

DDK:

Natas is only two months into his DOC reign, but he has already defended the belt an impressive five times! Not a DEFtv has passed without him putting the strap on the line, and he has passed every test with flying colours.

Angus:

This guy *IS* DEFIANCE, Keebs. He's only been around for just over a year, but I can't think of a single member of our roster that embodies this company's "*FUCK YOU*" style better than Jason Natas. He's gonna be licking his chops not only at the prospect of throwing down with Mushigihara, but also murdering Kendrix right in the face.

Darren Quimbey:

... aaaand finally! He is the reigning, *DEFENDING* DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion, hailing from South Bronx, New York City, he weighs in at 270lbs... THE ANTI-SUPERSTAR... JASSSSONNNNNNNNNNN
NNNNAAAAATTTTTTAAAASSSSSS!

Natas rolls under the bottom rope and immediately pops to his feet. He hoists the belt high, making an effort to stare Mushigihara down first, then turning to Kendrix. He eventually turns the belt over for Carla to hoist up high, before making for his own corner and pulling his sleeveless denims off.

DDK:

What an atmosphere, Angus! There's always something in the air when the DOC is on the line.

Angus:

You know it! This is *a*ways one of my favourite matches of the night, and the Kendrix factor makes tonight extra spicy!

DDK:

You really don't like those Sports Entertainment Guilders, do you?

Angus:

Fuck the Sports Entertainment Guild!

DDK:

... okay then.

Natas' music finally dies down, and each man settles into their respective corner. Eddie Dante rolls out of the ring. Mushigihara is almost perfectly still, Natas is shaking his arms loose, and Kendrix is looking a little edgy.

Angus:

Dis gone be gooooooooood!

DING! DING! DING!

There are a few "OSU!" chants ringing around the building's upper reaches, but they're mostly drowned out by calls for the defending champion. Each man stays in their corner in the moments following the bell: none of them wanting to make the first move.

DDK:

Three-way matches are always tricky. You can strike first, but that opens you up to an attack from the third party.

Angus:

We've never seen a three-way in the DOC division before, but given the division's "relaxed" rules, I can only imagine that this is gonna be even more unhinged than usual.

Jason Natas takes a step out of his corner, and so does a pensive Kendrix. They almost start circling, but soon take note of the fact that The God-Beast hasn't moved a muscle yet. Natas glances over to him, then takes the middle-ground on his side of the ring, not wanting to be forced into a corner.

DDK:

Who'll make the first big move here?

JFK reels himself in before making advances on Natas. Instead, he looks over to Mushi, then back to Natas, and back to Mushigihara again...

Angus:

Something on your mind, fuckstain?

Meanwhile, a chant breaks out...

"YOU'RE GONNA DIE!"

"YOU'RE GONNA DIE!"

"YOU'RE GONNA DIE!"

The chant gets louder and louder, and the volume peaks when Natas starts throwing his arm up, trying to drum a higher decibel from The Faithful. Kendrix just glares around the building, wide-eyed.

Angus:

Oh, yes! This is going to be quite... *DELIGHTFUL!*

DDK:

Kendrix isn't enjoying this chant one bit!

Angus:

Gee, I wonder why...

JFK's head darts back and forth for a moment, before he makes a snap judgment. The smallest man in the match strides across to Mushigihara and gently slaps him on the shoulder, then points towards Natas.

DDK:

What is he doing?!

The SEG member starts talking to The God-Beast, but his words are completely inaudible. Mushi turns his masked head to face Kendrix, who continues gesticulating towards the DOC.

Angus:

Is that dipshit doing what I think he's doing?!

DDK:

It looks like he's trying to recruit him...

Angus:

Has he never seen Mushigihara wrestle before? Jesus Christ, what an idiot...

Kendrix makes one final frantic point towards Natas, and Mushi turns his head towards the champion. He takes one big step forward, then another...

Angus:

... what the?!

DDK:

Wait... it *worked*?!

... then turns around and damn near clothesline Kendrix's head off!

Angus:

HAHAHAHAHAHA! TAKE A FUCKING SEAT!

The crowd pops for the double-cross, but only because it happened to an SEG scumbag. Mushigihara peels Kendrix off the mat and Irish whips him towards Jason Natas, who floors JFK with a clothesline of his own!

DDK:

I guess Kendrix's plan backfired.

Angus:

In the most beautiful way imaginable!

This time it's Natas' turn to pick Kendrix up. He does so, then whips JFK to to the ropes. He and Mushigihara take the centre of the ring, grab Kendrix on the rebound, and drive him face-first into the mat with a double Flapjack!

Angus:

Get in the fuckin' bin!

DDK:

I guess Mushi and Natas don't like Kendrix too much either...

Angus:

This is what happens when you take a sports entertainer to a hossfite, Keebs!

The Bronx Bully and Natas share a knowing glance, before eventually turning back to JFK. Unfortunately, the Sports Entertainer has found a way to roll himself out of the ring. He collapses in a heap on the outside, and suddenly becomes the least of the hoss' concerns.

Angus:

Heh, can't say I blame him...

DDK:

He'll take a breather and recuperate. Meanwhile, I think it's safe to say things are about to get violent.

Both men watch the Bruv scurry away, and Mushi makes the first move. He shoves Natas in the chest with both hands, almost knocking The Anti-Superstar off his vertical base.

Angus:

Here we go!

Natas, of course, doesn't take to kindly to this. He steps forward and peels-off a vicious knife-edge chop across The God-Beast's chest! It's a move that makes most of the audience members wince, but Mushigihara barely even flinches.

The God-Beast, of course, comes back with a chop of his own.

Angus:

JEEEEZUS.

Natas grimaces, but *slaps* back with a chop!

Mushi, chop!

Natas, chop!

Mushi!

Natas!

Mushi!

Natas!

DDK:

God, look at the colour of Natas' chest!

Angus:

This is DOC, *BAY BAY!*

Mushigihara eventually stalls, feeling the accumulated blows. Natas switches up, smashing his opponent with a forearm, but Mushi fires right back!

Natas!

Mushi!

Natas!

Mushi!

Natas!

Natas!

NATAS!

Having landed several unanswered, The Bronx Bully comes are his opponent with a trademark opponent. Mushi is stunned, and The Anti-Superstar heads to the ropes, bashing into the former sumo wrestler with a shoulder barge...

... but Mushi doesn't even wobble!

DDK:

How do you get a beast like Mushi down?

Angus:

That would have floored almost anyone else in the company, but Natas almost bounced off him there! Never underestimate the sumo base!

Natas shouts something to Mushi. The precise wording isn't audible, but it's almost certainly some kind of attempt to initiate a textbook DOC dick-measuring contest.

Of course it is. Mushi heads to the ropes, then comes back with a shoulder barge of his own. Natas *stumbles*, but he doesn't go down!

Angus:

Dick-measuring, commence!

Natas goes to the ropes again, comes back, and again the barge barely troubles Mushi.

DDK:

I don't think this is the best course of action for Natas...

It's Mushi's turn, and he repeats the same move with the same outcome. This time, he chooses to follow up with a textbook sumo open-palm strike, before running to the ropes, and coming back with an extra nasty barge! Natas goes down!

Angus:

Don't try to out-sumo a sumo, Fatas!

DDK:

Precisely.

The Bronx Bully isn't slow in recovering, and mushi is content to let him. He allows the champion to get to a knee before eventually moving him, then landing a couple of big, clubbing overhand blows. These stifle Natas' attempted rise, and knock him back to his knees. Another clubbing blow follows, before Mushi turns to some more sumo-esque slaps, catching Natas hard in the jaw.

DDK:

A slap might not sound particularly brutal, but when you can throw 'em like Mushi, they're as dangerous as any other strike.

Angus:

Absolutely, Keebs. Natas has been known to throw a few disdainful slaps himself, but Mushi's are a completely different level. A sumo's slap is like a boxer's right hook, and Natas won't want to absorb too many of these.

Another couple of slaps follow, before Mushigihara bullishly takes Natas off his feet and pushes him into the corner. Kendrix, meanwhile, has recovered on the outside. He's kneeling against the apron and in absolutely no hurry to get involved again.

Angus:

Look at that snake! Just snaking about, being a snake. *Snake*.

DDK:

So you're saying he's a "snake," right?

Angus:

... shut up, Keebs.

Natas springs to life, peppering Mushi's mask with another forearm flurry before the big man can corner him! Mushi takes a step backwards, and Natas clocks him with a headbutt! Taking Mushi's arm, Natas whips him to the opposite corner and immediately charges after, flattening him with a clothesline against the turnbuckles! He throws Mushi to the mat and covers...

ONE!

NO! KICKOUT!

Angus:

Kickout with authority! This one's starting to heat up!

DDK:

Indeed. This is actually pretty smart from Kendrix: let the big guys wear each other out, then wait for a moment to strike...

Angus:

Pretty cowardly if you ask me.

DDK:

C'mon, if this was Eric Dane you'd be praising his genius.

Angus:

How many times do I have to tell you to "shut up" before you eventually do it, Keebs?

The Bronx Bully is first to his feet, and he lets his opponent rise. Big mistake. Mushi surges up and uses some more of his sumoisms to push Jason Natas back against the ropes, then clock him with another couple of slaps. From there, Mushi pulls Natas in, grabs him, and downs him with a belly-to-belly side suplex!

Angus:

Jesus fuck! That's a ring-shaker!

DDK:

Huge suplex from Mushi! Can he take advantage?!

The God-Beast glares out at Kendrix, who urges him to continue. Unperturbed, Mushi pounces on the rising Natas, wrapping one of his big, beefy arm around his head.

DDK:

Here's where Mushi tries to wear Natas down.

Angus:

Yeah, Natas isn't known for his gas tank, and holds like this - when you're forced to work against your opponent's weight - can really drain your stamina. Look at the way he's applying this: Mushi has almost the entirety of his upper body weight leaning into Natas' back, preventing him from rising.

More than that, Mushi has his forearm deliberately pressed into Natas' throat to cut-off his air supply. He eventually hauls Natas up and throws him into a corner. Here come the slaps again, and Mushi follows-up with a Shotei palm strike this time. Natas is reeling, and Kendrix decides this would be a good time to re-enter the ring. Unfortunately, Mushi catches him just as he's slipping under the bottom rope...

Angus:

Not so fast, fuckboy!

JFK immediately slides back to the outside.

DDK:

That was close. Mushi and Natas obviously don't want to charge out and attack JFK, but I'm not sure how much more time they want to give him. Kendrix must be operating on close to a full tank of gas at this point.

Angus:

Don't worry, Keebs: he'll get smashed as soon as he re-enters the ring. Don't worry about it.

The Bronx Bully takes advantage in the confusion. He smashes Mushigihara with a forearm, then another, and another! Mushi's staggered, and Natas runs to the ropes, rebounds, and hits him with a big clothesline!

DDK:

Here comes the champ!

It doesn't take Mushi down, but it sends him back against the ropes. The Anti-Superstar comes charging forward for another, but Mushigihara changes levels, drops down, and sends Natas flying over the top rope! Natas hits the mat with a *thud*, and Kendrix is all over him like a fly to dogshit!

DDK:

JFK is sticking the boots in!

Stomp, stomp, stomp! Natas can barely move through the flurry.

Angus:

Come on, Natas! Get up and break his face!

The crowd jeer, because fuck Kendrix, but there's little they can do. Kendrix eventually turns around, beaming with pride. He stretches both arms out to his side and soaks in the boos, but he has given the notoriously durable Natas just a little too long to recover. The champ is almost back to his feet, but it doesn't matter either way: Mushi charges out of the ring, clobbers Kendrix with a big boot, then flattens Natas with a clothesline!

Angus:

Goddamn, Mushi is on fire!

DDK:

That's how you take advantage of a situation, Angus! Impressive awareness from Mushi, who is now in complete control.

The God-Beast slides Natas back inside. He follows him in, then hooks the leg...

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

Angus:

Not too close, but not too far.

DDK:

Interesting match so far. Kendrix is playing it pretty much as expected, but he has been thwarted every time he's tried to mount offence. Natas and Mushi have spent much of the match training, and it's the former sumo who's on top at the moment.

Angus:

A dangerous situation for Natas, who hasn't been able to work as much of his trademark brutality as he'd like. Knowing this thick-skilled goon, however, he'll find a way...

Mushigihara pulls Jason Natas to his feet and sticks him in the corner again. He follows-up with a couple of short shoulder barges, then follows-up with a stiff uppercut! Mushi steps to the side, allowing Natas to punchdrunk stumble his way out, then gets ready to throw something. Natas turns around at the worst possible moment...

DDK:

Savate Kick!

Mushi catches him just below the jaw, but Natas stays standing! He wobbles alllllll the way back before Mushi comes right in, looking to take his head off with a swift Lariat... ducked! Natas steps behind, pulls Mushi around, and headbutts him right under the jaw!

Chop!

Chop!

Chop!

Angus:

This is more like it!

The third chop *hurts* Mushi, and the fourth goes right to his throat! Mushi falls to a knee.

DDK:

A crushing blow to the windpipe! Textbook Natas offense!

Angus:

Even a God-Beast feels that one, Keebs!

Now it's Natas' time to put his opponent against the turnbuckles. He charges back across the ring, then sprints towards Mushi. The running high knee connects! Natas unceremoniously hauls him out of the corner, turns him around, then puts both arms around his waist...

DDK:

Wait a minute...

Angus:

... is he?!

Natas *heaves* backwards! He gets Mushi just a few inches off his feet, but no further.

DDK:

He's trying to German Suplex a 300lb man!

Another heave...

Angus:

Can he get him?!

A few more inches, but again Natas can't quite pull it off.

Angus:

C'mon, Fatas!

DDK:

He's trying again!

One last push.

HEAVE.

Almost...

Almost...

ALMOST...

DDK:

HE GOT HIM!

The crowd pop huge as Mushi's head, shoulders, and neck get compressed into the hard mat! Natas immediately lets go, then rolls onto him for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-- NO! KICKOUT!

Angus:

What a gorram suplex! I'm fired-up, Keebs!

DDK:

Hugely impressive display of strength from Natas, almost reminiscent of his training partner Andy Murray!

Angus:

And now the champ's in control! Send more elbows, please!

If Angus desires it, Natas can provide it. He doesn't let Mushi get up his time. Instead, he stays knelt and starts hammering away with some ground elbows. Carla eventually forces him to break before the five count, but Natas gets up, hauls his opponent with him, then spins around...

Angus:

FFFOOOOOEEEEEEHHHHHHHAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMMMMMAAAAAAHHHHHH!

The Roaring Elbow catches Mushi flush in the jaw, and he hits the mat like a falling tree.

DDK:

Huge, huge move! Is that enough!?

ONE!

TWO!

THR--- NO! KICKOUT!

Kendrix simultaneously reaches under the bottom rope to grab Natas' boot, but Mushigihara kicked-out anyway.

DDK:

By far the most impactful move of the match thus far, but Mushi survives!

Angus:

That same elbow knocked Earl Lee Roberts straight the fuck out a few weeks ago, but Natas has to be wary of the fuckboy factor here.

DDK:

Very, very wary...

The Bronx Bully gets up. He feeds off the crowd's energy, and calls for Mushigihara to rise. It takes a while for The God-Beast to even stir, but he eventually does, and is soon climbing up...

DDK:

Natas perhaps setting him up for the South Bronx Lariat here.

Angus:

It'll be goodnight Mushi if that's the case!

Mushigihara is up! Natas runs to the ropes and rebounds, leaving his feet for a flying knee on the rebound. As he jumps, however, Mushi thrusts his elbow forward... but although his strike finds its way to Natas' jaw, The Bronx Bully's knee also connects!

Angus:

JESUS!

Both men hit the mat like sacks of potatoes!

Angus:

Did you see that?!

DDK:

Shades of Mushigihara vs. Sam Horry there! What impact!

Angus:

Wait a minute, I just realised something...

DDK:

What's that?

Angus:

FUCKBOY.

Kendrix rests his arms upon the ring apron. Shaking off the last of the cobwebs he sees both men down. Sensing his opportunity he rolls into the ring. Getting to his feet he stumbles to the centre. Looking down at Natas to his left and then Mushi, down to his right. Scarcely believing his luck, JFK drops to his knees and quickly crawls over to Mushi, hooking the leg;

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT

Hands to his head, Jese looks over at Natas, who's still down. He crawls over to the DOC and hooks his leg for the cover;

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT

Slamming his hand flat to the canvas in frustration Kendrix wastes no time and goes back for the cover on Mushi!

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT

No reaction this time from Kendrix, as if he was expecting Mushi to kick out. This time he goes straight back to Natas, hooking the leg;

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT

Angus:

How desperate is this guy? Was he really expecting them to stay down for three after both guys kicked out of the first attempts?

DDK:

Well, cover after cover will eventually wear you out but both Mushi and Natas are certainly made of sterner stuff.

Having got over his shock at the lack of at least one successful pinfall attempt. Kendrix scurries over to Mushi who's seated in the corner. Holding onto the ropes for leverage, Kendrix stomps down hard. Reaching the end of the ref's count, JFK lets go of the ropes and throws a wanker gesture Mushi's way, before holding back on and reigning down more stomps on his opponent. Beating the count of four and ignoring the ref's condemnations, Jesse realises Natas has struggled up, resting back first on the opposite turnbuckle. Not wasting a second, Kendrix connects with a Running Lariat, sending the Bronx Bully back to a seated position in the corner. Looking over his shoulder, Kendrix turns and hits a now upright Mushi with the same move in the opposite corner.

DDK:

Kendrix building some much needed momentum in this match, and not before long.

Angus:

He's spent most of it on the outside, the little weasel! Another Lariat on Natas!

With Natas gasping for air, JFK hops off the rope, grabs the back of the Scot's head and drops him face first in the middle of the ring with a running bulldog.

DDK:

Great move by Kendrix and straight into the Kendrix Kross! It's locked in, JFK's trying to get the DOC to tap!

Angus:

No! No! No! This CANNOT happen, Keebs!

Kendrix has Natas dead centre of the ring. Natas holds his free arm out, but he's so far from the ropes. The Bronx Bully tries to roll Kendrix but JFK has the hold locked in tight. Natas reaches for Jesse's hands, desperately trying to prize them away but to no avail. He reaches out for the ropes once more, but inexplicably, Kendrix releases the hold and rolls out of the way just in time...

OOOOHHHHHHH!

Angus:

Jesus Christ!

DDK:

That's 294 lbs of Mushi splashing down against Natas' back!

Mushi turns Natas over and goes for the cover but before the ref can count for one, Kendrix bounces back off the ropes sending a running drop kick straight into the BRAZEN athlete's face. With Mushi stunned, JFK stomps at Natas' back a couple of times, ushering him out of the ring with more stomps. He returns his attention back to Mushi, who's up to a knee. Jesse points towards him and hits him with a running neckbreaker sending Mushi to the canvass and straight into a cover.

ONE

TWO

TH..

DDK:

KICKOUT with Authority. Kendrix with a close pinfall attempt this time but Mushi powers out.

Despite launching Kendrix off of him, the kickout took a lot out of Mushi who rolled onto his front in the process. Kendrix manages to shake off the shock and stomp at the back of Mushi's head, following up with an elbow drop to his back. Back to his feet, the self proclaimed "Future of DEFIANCE" decides this is a good time to play up to the crowd.

Kendrix:

YOU WANT DOC? WATCH THIS BAD BOY!

Sitting upon his back, JFK's hooks Mushi's arms onto his legs and wraps his hands around his face, arching Mushi's torso back.

Angus:

Camel Clutch?! What the fuck?! THAT'S NOT DOC, THAT'S NOT EVEN SPORTS FUCKING ENTERTAINING!

DDK:

Ok, easy there Angus!

The crowd are letting their feelings known about this move in this particular match. But the mood begins to shift as Mushi manages to free an arm and push himself almost into a complete upright position. However, despite the fear on on Kendrix's face, he manages to roll over to Mushi's side, grabbing his arm and wrap his legs around Mushi's chest, bringing him back down to the canvas, locking in an armbar.

Kendrix:

LOOK HOW DOC JFK IS, BRUV!

Angus:

DO NOT TAP, MUSHI! DON'T SPOIL MY CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, DAMMIT!

Mushi reaches over but it's not use as Kendrix ruthlessly extends his arm. Mushi raises his free hand, his face in absolute agony, but Natas launches himself at Kendrix, dropping both fist down on the SEG members head and breaking the hold. With Mushi rolling over to the bottom rope, trying to bring life back to his arm Natas whips Jesse over to the ropes. He bends over as Kendrix comes back, looking for the up and over, but he's telegraphed it way too early, giving Kendrix time to stop just in front of him, kick him square in the face, grab his head and drop him down hard to the mat with a devastating DDT.

Kendrix hops straight back up, looking over at the corner, down at Natas, out at Mushi and back out at the corner. He charges towards it, through the ropes and hops up to the top turnbuckle. Standing upright he launches himself at Natas.

DDK:

FROG SPLASH! He hit it!, cover!

ONE

TWO

THRE...

Angus:

YES MUSHI! I LOVE YOU!

Kendrix holds onto his sternum, feeling the after effects of the Frog Splash having just been dragged by his leg away from Natas by Mushi. As Mushi rotates his shoulder and readies his wrists for a special JFK pounding, Jesse retreats to the corner. As Mushi charges, Kendrix has enough awareness to hit a drop toe hold, sending Mushi face first into the bottom turnbuckle. Givning Mushi no time to react, JFK grabs his head but he's met with a release German Suplex by Natas, sending JFK over to the opposite corner.

Angus:

YUS! That'll slow the little prick down, GET HIM FATAS!

DDK:

Look at Natas' eyes, I think he's about to show Kendrix what being DOC is all about here!

Natas picks Kendrix up with both hands around JFK's neck as Jesse looks back at him in horror. Natas winds his arm back to strike but Jesse catches him with a rake to the eyes and follows up with a clothesline out of the corner. However, before he knows it, he runs straiht into Mushi's hands, who chucks Kendrix hard into the opposite corner, following up with huge slaps and chops, over and over across Jesse's chest.

WOOOOOOOOOO

Jesse drops to a seated position, his chest all different shades of red, but Mushi affords him no time to rest, picking him up by the hand, pulling him to the centre of the ring up onto his shoulders and driving him down hard head first to the canvas.

DDK:

SAMOAN DRIVER, COVER!

ONE

TWO

TH..

Just in time, Natas yanks Mushi off of Kendrix.

Angus:

The Sports Entertainment Fud was saved in the nick of time by Natas!

Mushi and Natas stare each other, squaring up as Kendrix rolls himself momentarily out of harms way.

Mushi:

OSUUUUUUUUU!!!

DDK:

Oh My...NO! Mushi went for the Shotei but Natas grabbed his arm, SOUTH BRONX LARIAT!!!

Angus:

Mushi's Out!

ONE

TWO

THRE...

DDK:

AN EXHAUSTED KENDRIX WITH THE SAVE! NATAS WAS SO CLOSE!

Natas grabs Kendrix by the back of the head and hauls the SEG member up and clubs him back down. Bringing him up again he whips him hard face first into the corner, bouncing back off of the turnbuckles and back first into the arms of Natas, the Scot drags him back towards the corner, repeatedly driving Jesse head first into the turnbuckle. Turning him around Natas delivers a knife edge chop to Kendrix' chest.

Angus:

Here we go. Natas has Kendrix right where we all want him!

Natas takes a few steps back to the centre of the ring and charges back at Kendrix. However, JFK manages to get both his feet up, meeting Jason clean in the face in the nick of time. Natas stumbles back, shakes it off and charges at his target once more but Kendrix ducks the forearm attempt and as the two turn to face each other Jesse leans back and lifts his leg.

DDK:

SUPERKICK! COVER!

ONE

TWO

THRE...

Angus:

Mushi AGAIN with the save. THANK YOU MUSHII!

DDK:

This match goes on thanks to Mushi, but that desperate lunge of his looks to have taken everything he had. All three men on the mat, all three men right now giving everything they have for the DOC title!

*FIGHT FOREVER**Clap clap, clap clap clap**FIGHT FOREVER**Clap clap, clap clap clap*

JFK is the first to show signs of life. Frustrated, he smashes his palms into the mat once, twice, thrice...

Angus:

Ha! Look at the little baby!

DDK:

He almost had it won!

Angus:

So did Natas and Mushi before him! Deal with it!

Kendrix clenches two frustrated fists, then looks over to Carla Ferrari. He climbs to his feet then marches across the ring to her, screaming wildly, pointing down at Mushi and Natas...

Angus:

"It's not fair?!" Did I just hear that correctly?

DDK:

I think you did.

Angus:

Man, get this fucking baby out of here! I'm tired of his sports entertainment in my DOC division!

The Bruv just keeps on going with the protests, but Carla's having none of it. She remains stonefaced throughout his rant.

DDK:

Kendrix seems frustrated that his pin attempt was broken up, but that's just the-- hey!

Kendrix takes things just a little too far, prodding Carla's chest. She looks down as his rant continues, then clasps both of his wrists and throws them away as he tries to shove her.

Angus:

Carla Ferrari ain't taking no gorram shit tonight!

Ferrari finally shouts back to stamp her authority, and Kendrix takes a step backwards, shocked by her *defiance*. He throws his hands down, suggesting that he's had enough, and then he turns around...

DDK:

Uh ohhhhhhh...

Jason Natas and Mushigihara are both up.

And they're both ready to kill something.

Angus:

YAAAASSSSSSSSS! KILL IT! KILL IT WITH FIRE!

Natas and Mushi close in on Kendrix, pushing him further and further back towards the corner.

Angus:

Time to die, little fuckboy!

JFK puts his hands out, almost pleading with his gigantic opponents. They, of course, don't let up, but before they can get their hands on JFK, the Buv drops to the mat, rolls out of the ring, and starts shaking his head...

Angus:

Awww c'mawn!

DDK:

Wait, where's he going?!

Without hesitation, Kendrix starts stomping up the ramp.

Angus:

Is he leaving?!

DDK:

I think he is! Kendrix is bailing on the match!

The boos are instantaneous, but the Hollywood Buv has had enough of this DOC malarkey. He's got tunnel vision as he reaches the stage and makes for the curtains.

Angus:

Ha! What a fucking pussy!

DDK:

This is unheard of, Angus! Somebody walking out of a title opportunity mid-match?! What's gotten into him?!

Angus:

He's realised that these DOC waters are just too deep for him, Keebs! I guess you could call it self-preservation!

And with that, JFK disappears through the curtain.

Angus:

Goodbye, princess!

DDK:

There are, of course, no count-outs or disqualifications in this kind of environment, so the match continues!

Jason Natas and Mushigihara are equally confused, but they soon regain their wits. Having stopped to watch Kendrix leave, they get embroiled in another chop exchange. Mushi starts it off, Natas follows-up, and they go back and forth, and back and forth, and... you get the point.

This time it's Mushi who gains the upperhand. He lands several unanswered chops, then hauls Natas off his feet, and drives him into the mat with a side slam!

DDK:

We're reaching the business end of the match, and that was a big move from the remaining challenger!

Angus:

Mushi has looked great in his big comeback match, too! We might have a new champion on our hands!

The Anti-Superstar is down, and Mushi waists no time in hauling him up and into a front facelock! He grabs Natas' waistband, pulls him up, and hangs him in the air...

Angus:

Here it comes!

... then drives him into the mat with a Brainbuster!

DDK:

Big-time move! And now the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE-- NO! KICKOUT!

Angus:

YAAASSSSSSSSS!

DDK:

Jason Natas stays alive!

Angus:

Big move, big kickout! My God, it's gonna take a gunshot to pry this title from Natas' hands!

The faithful are absolutely buzzing at the near fall! Natas rolls onto his stomach, breathing heavily, and Mushi rolls him right back over. Showing his first signs of frustration, The God-Beast slaps him across the face, then continues the mockingly gentle assault as Natas starts to rise.

Angus:

Oh boy, that'll make the crowd turn on ya...

Natas rising, however. Mushi soon goes back to those rock-hard sumo slaps, but even those can't quell the champion's fighting spirit! Mushi boots Natas hard in the chest, and Natas reels backwards, falling to his knees...

DDK:

Natas is reeling!

Another boot to the chest!

... Jason Natas stands all the way up!

Angus:

YES!

Fired-up, The Bronx Bully grabs Mushi's next boot, then leaps inside with a huge elbow!

DDK:

What a move!

Elbow! Elbow! Elbow! Mushi stumbles forward, and Natas brings his knee up into his face! The God-Beast falls on his backside...

DDK:

Natas to the ropes!

The Anti-Superstar charges back with a sliding Lariat!

DDK:

THE COVER!

ONE!**TWO!****THREE--- NO! KICKOUT!****Angus:**

Goddamnit, I love this division!

DDK:

Another big kickout! Man, this is getting really, really intense!

Angus:

They've both beaten the absolute shit out of each other too! D-O-motherfuckin'-C!

The Bronx Bully clambers to his feet, roars to the crowd, then draws his thumb across his throat like a blade!

Angus:

Here comes the pain!

DDK:

Natas is setting him up!

Mushi puts one boot into the mat, then another.

Angus:

TIME TO DIE!

DDK:

HERE WE GO!

Mushigihara turns around. Natas swings.

DDK:

SOUTH BRONX LAR-- NO! MISSED!

The challenger ducks underneath! Slap! Slap! Slap!

Angus:

SLAPFITE!

No! Natas swots the fourth strike away, then chops him right in the throat again!

DDK:

BIG COUNTER!

Natas comes inside. Goes feral.

Elbow.

Elbow.

ELBOWELBOWELBOW!

DDK:

Mushi's down to one knee!

Natas quickly moves in and throws his head between his thighs.

Angus:

Here it comes!

DDK:

Can he pull it off?!

The Anti-Superstar secures the leg cradle, then *HAULS* Mushigihara off the mat...

DDK:

GOTCH. STYLE...

Angus:

PIIIIIIIILLLLLLLEEEEEEDDDDDRRRRRRRIIVVVAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

Mushi's head almost bounces off the mat!

Angus:

HE NAILED IT!

DDK:

IT'S OVER!

Tired, Natas sprawls over Mushigihara.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE--- NO!

KENDRIX!

Angus:

What the...?!

DDK:

It's JFK!

Angus:

Where did he come from?!

The Bruv boots the back of Natas' skull to break the pinfall, then throws him straight out of the ring!

Angus:

NO...

DDK:

MUSHI'S OUT!

Angus:

NO!

DDK:

KENDRIX COVERS!

Angus:

NO... NO...

ONE!

Angus:

NO!

TWO!

Angus:

NO!

THREE!

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

OH. MY. GOD.

Kendrix is the DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion.

DDK:

KENDRIX WINS! KENDRIX WINS!

Angus:

HOW?! HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?!

Mushigihara *JUST* got his shoulder up on the final count, but it wasn't enough. The call was fair, and Kendrix is absolutely elated as Carla Ferrari hands him the DOC belt.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner... and *NEW*...

DQ keeps going, but the jeers drown him out.

DDK:

Kendrix has done it! The Hollywood Bruv has *STOLEN* the DOC!

Angus:

This is a national travesty!

DDK:

He left ringside, but he stayed watching! Natas did the dirty work, and Kendrix swept in to take the win!

Angus:

I can't believe this, Keebs!

The Faithful suddenly perk up as a furious Jason Natas charges out of the ring, but JFK is too quick for him. He bundles awkwardly out of the ring with his newly won belt, and Natas misses with a kick aimed at his head.

DDK:

Natas is fuming, and it's hard to blame him! He had it won... but you can't take anything away from Kendrix's gameplan! He knew exactly what he was doing!

Angus:

Gameplan!? *HE RAN THE FUCK AWAY!*

DDK:

He did... but it worked! He swept in like a vulture to pick the bones! Kendrix, the most un-DOC personality in DEFIANCE, just won the Onslaught Championship through sheer cunning!

Angus:

More like cowardice! Pah!

Jason Natas lashes out and boots the bottom turnbuckle, but there's nothing he can do. JFK flashes the camera a huge shit-eating grin as he raises the belt high, then disappears through the curtain.

DDK:

What a sight, ladies and gents. I never thought we'd see the day...

Angus:

Cut the gorram feed before I throw up. *GODDAMNIT.*

And cut we do.

DON'T HATE, VIOLATE

Finding ourselves backstage, just near the Gorilla position, we find Referee Benny Doyle pacing impatiently. Brow still glistening from the match he'd just called, he grabs a production assistant by the arm.

Benny Doyle:

You know if they found a replacement team for this tag match in a bit or what?

The small, wiry PA wrenched the headphones off his head, resting them on his shoulders awkwardly.

PA:

Don't know. I saw Felcher talking to a couple guys standing outside--

Benny Doyle:

What?!?

PA:

You heard me. I think he found some guys outside. Wearing masks.

Benny Doyle:

WHAT!?! You can't take two goons off the street, throw masks on them, and expect them to have a good match - let alone SURVIVE it!

The production assistant finally mustered the courage and strength to wrench his arm free from Doyle's grip.

PA:

You don't get it. They showed UP in the masks.

Gesturing behind and over his shoulder, the annoyed assistant brushed past Doyle into the mass of curtains. Doyle's eyes surveyed the area, confused, then suddenly wide with wonder... and with that, into shot stepped two colorful, masked wrestlers.

MV#2:

I got time to take a sh!t first, you think?

The shorter, shadier masked man scratched his stomach uncomfortably. Dressed in bold red with red boots, his traditional mask was yellow and stained in spots.

Benny Doyle:

...you guys are wrestling the Barrio Boys tonight?

A taller, more muscular and lean bemasked grappler stepped forward, offering the firmest of firm handshakes to the referee. His red mask matched the red trunks of his partner - just as the bright yellow of his boots might have at one time matched the now-grungy yellow of MV#2's mask.

MV#1:

We sure are! Hi there! I'm 1! This is 2! We're the Masked Violators!

Doyle hesitated before accepting the handshake - and seemed shocked at 1's gentlemanly grippage.

Benny Doyle:

You guys might want to get ready... you're up pretty soon. Uhh... good luck. Welcome to DEFIANCE.

Doyle politely nodded to 2 (who may have growled back). He stepped out of shot, leaving the Violators to take in the scene.

MV#1:

This is EXCITING! I told you, 2! What did I say? "You can't get booked if you don't show up"! It's all about timing!

MV#2 nodded as peeked through the curtain. He reached into the front of his trunks and retrieved a half melted, mostly eaten Snickers bar. He took a bite, smearing chocolate along the cloth of his mouth-hole.

MV#2:

Timing, huh? Think I got time to take a sh!t?

MASKED VIOLATORS vs. BARRIO BOYS

DDK:

I've got to say, Angus... after that brutal affair, I'm really looking forward to what should be an entertaining, athletic tag team contest! That's what's coming up next!

Angus:

Well, I don't know who these guys are who are stepping in for that tag team we've been hyping for months... I just hope they wipe the canvas with--

The building suddenly pulses with a latin beat. If Pitbull and Gloria Estefan had a baby, this sappy pop tune would be the afterbirth. The camera cuts to the entryway where THE BARRIO BOYS explode through the curtain, all smiles!

Darren Quimby:

Ladies and gentlemen... our next match is a tag team match scheduled for ONE FALL! Introducing first...

Angus:

Ugh. STOP SMILING!

Corey Nunez and Gerardo Villalobos bounce to the ring, slapping hands and hyping the crowd as they go. Trailing them is their manager....

Darren Quimby:

Escorted to the ring by their manager and MENTOR... MR. GUSTAVO SALAZAR... Weighing in tonight at a combined weight of 545 pounds... from Boyle Heights... EAST LA... they are... THE BARRRRRIIOOOO BOYYYYYYYYSSSS!!!

Angus:

These guys whole message is so saccharine and unrealistic! Uggh.

DDK:

These young men have turned their lives around and, if you ask me, Angus, they are a real story of taking inspiration and--

Angus:

(mocks throwing up).

Villalobos and Nunez high five in the center of the ring just as the lights cut mostly out.

DDK:

And, I believe folks, that we are about to meet their opponents!

Angus:

Please don't suck.

The arena lights strobe red, blue, and yellow however the DEFtron stays static with the plain ACTS of DEFIANCE logo. There is a slight delay before "*Fast to Nowhere*" by Zero finally starts to bump. The curtain ruffles and rattles for a moment just before Masked Violator #1 finds his way through it, beaming! The crowd murmurs slightly as he raises a single finger, posing stoically, heroically atop the stage alone.

Angus:

What the fuck is THIS?

Masked Violator #1 smiled, hands balled into fists on his hips. The camera captured the moment he realized he was standing out there alone. The smile melted and he turned back to the curtain, taking half a step.

Darren Quimby:

Aaaaand their opponents...

With that, Masked Violator #2 angrily punched his way through the curtain, snarling and possibly even foaming at the mouth. Spiking a half eaten hot dog into the ground with purpose, he wiped what we hope was mustard on his ring tights and meandered to the ring.

Darren Quimby:

From Parts Undisclosed... weighing in tonight at a combined weight of 518 pounds... making an impromptu DEFIANCE debut...

2 pushes past 1, rolling into the ring and crawling to a corner to make it his. With his musk. Masked Violator 1 shrugged and leapt to the apron, then immediately bounded to the top turnbuckle before dropping down to the mat - and his feet - in a fighting stance. The crowd showed some respect his way and he waved back eagerly.

Darren Quimby:

Please welcome... Masked Violator Number ONE!

MV#1 raises his right arm on cue, the first finger raised with equal drama.

Darren Quimby:

Masked Violator Number TWO!

MV#2 blows a tremendous snot rocket from his seated position. Possibly into his lap. Let's move on.

Darren Quimby:

They ARE... THE MASKED... VIIIIOLAAAAATOOOOORRRRS!

The faithful had taken to their feet mostly out of just plain curiosity - and being on your feet lent itself well to clapping. And so they did. MV2 used the top rope to yank himself to his feet and he regards the crowd with mild interest before 1 claps him on the back, offering copious words of encouragement.

Angus:

Well... these guys are different!

DDK:

That would be an understatement! We expected to see the debut of young japanese tandem sensation, The STORM, tonight... but folks we are told that they will be unable to compete in DEFIANCE for at least a handful of months. Out of their hands. Out of DEFIANCE hands. But we are committed to delivering the best in tag team action in the world of professional wrestling and--

Angus:

And yet we still brought you THESE guys!

DDK:

Hold on now!

Masked Violator one slid gracefully back out of the ring as their entrance music slowly faded out... he trots back towards the entrance, then takes the turn towards the raised announcers-stage.

Angus:

Is he coming over here?!?

DDK:

It looks like it... he... Here he comes...

Masked Violator 1 joins Keebler and Skaaland at the announcers table and suddenly produces a series of index cards from the back of his tights. DDK hesitates for only a moment before accepting them. Microphones can't clearly decipher his words, but Masked Violator #1's pearly white smile and demeanor indicate he is going through a lengthy introduction.

Angus:

Ooooookay, buddy. Thank you! We get it, you're excited.

DDK:

Nice to meet you! Welcome to DEFIANCE! Okay... are these flash cards?!? Got it! Alright, thank you!

MV#1 offers a curt head nod, then bounds back towards the ring, where Corey Nunez stands atop one of the corners, urging MV#1 to get in the ring and get things started.

Angus:

What do those things say?

DDK:

It's... a tipsheet that they made for themselves. History and stats. However... it's mostly unintelligible.

Referee Benny Doyle waited for MV1 to slide back in the ring, receives consent from both teams, then gestures for the bell

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

Here we go, looks like high-flying Corey Nunez will start things out against these mysterious Masked Violators! And-- OH MY GOODNESS!

MV#1 stretches, ready to start this match out for his team. From out of nowhere, MV#2 spears Nunez out of the ring!! Both men crash to the outside as the crowd gasps audibly!

Angus:

Speared the kid right out of his overpriced Nikes!!

MV1 stands in the ring as shocked as anyone else! The referee ushers 1 out of the ring, apparently allowing 2 to start as the legal man, and then quickly gets to the apron to check on the status of the combatants. 2 is the first to his feet, he pummels Nunez into the guardrail with a flurry of stomps and kicks!

DDK:

I believe this is Masked Violator #2 on the outside with Nunez! Here comes the mentor of the Barrio Boys, Mr. Salazar, checking on the condition of his young charge! Obviously very concerned and-- OH MY! Did Number Two just BARK at him?!?

Angus:

I've gotta respect this masked guys modus operandi! He may be a bit of a dirtbag, but he immediately identified the weaker of the two Barrio Boys and went RIGHT at him! No way he could manhandle Villalobos like that! Uh-oh... here comes the 350 Iber now... Dude is JACKED!

MV#2 sees Villalobos coming around the outside, Doyle counting, and opts to roll back into the ring, snarling the whole way. Nunez lay motionless on the outside.

DDK:

Listen! Masked Violator #1, from the apron, chastising his own partner on his aggressiveness in the early going! Gerardo Villalobos and Mr. Salazar... checking on the condition of young Corey Nunez! And it looks like he is still conscious!

Angus:

For now! Man, Number Two laid him OUT! Kid didn't stand a chance!

Villalobos gets his partner to his feet, Doyle's count approaching 8, gives him a motivating slap across the face, then slides him into the ring. Villalobos quickly leaps to the apron and smacks his partner on the back, getting a tag. The crowd warms up a little as the big man steps OVER the top rope into the ring.

DDK:

And HERE COMES THE BULL!!! Now this match can REALLY start!

Camera cuts quickly to MV#2, on all fours, drooling and laughing. Raising to just his knees, 2 slowly gestures for The Bull to "bring it on".

Angus:

He is CRAZY!

DDK:

Villalobos hits the ropes, head full of steam and BLASTS a BOOT across the mask of Masked Violator #2! Nearly took his head off!

2 hits the mat hard and appears to be OUT! Villalobos snatches him, wrenching him to his feet. Hooks him.

DDK:

Has him dead on his feet... The Bull... VERTICAL SUPLEX! What an impact! 2 may be in trouble here as Villalobos is moving decisively... hits the ropes again -- RUNNING LEGDROP! Pivots his weight, hooks the leg, has a pin! ONE!!! TW-- No!

Angus:

Kick out by this masked weirdo! Don't ask me how!

DDK:

But Villalobos keeping the heat on him...

The camera catches that Corey Nunez is back to his feet, but standing on the apron cradling his head and neck, wincing in pain. The Bull lays in a few boots before slowly pulling a near lifeless MV#2 back to his feet... #1 reaches a hand out, desperate for a tag. Ain't happening.

Angus:

Villalobos is a big man with a dangerous past! You can say he "turned his life around", but let's not forget that this man was a CRIMINAL! A GANG member! He knows how to be violent and how to ruin lives! Don't buy this bubble gum and puppies exterior nonsense! He can KILL this joker if he wants to! Just another teardrop tattoo on the canvas!

DDK:

Everyone has made mistakes, Angus. Can't judge the man forever - and speaking of mistakes, Number 2 has made a BIG one tonight! Actually... reading this tipsheet Number 1 gave me... looks like 2 has had a few brushes with the law himself and that this match is, quote, "the culmination of Masked Violator #2's personal road to redemption", unquote!

Angus:

Oh, give me a break! If this is the culmination, their road must have SUCKED! Because this jailbird is getting his ASS beat!

Villalobos had hurled MV#2 into a neutral corner and now just laid into him. Chop, kick, punch, repeat. 2 seemed powerless, or even unwilling to stop the beating! MV#1 tried to start a CLAPFEST with the faithful but they seemed uninspired at the current moment.

DDK:

Villalobos irish whips his man into the FAR corner... follows him in... HUGE LARIAT! 2 staggers out of the corner and COLLAPSES just short of a tag to his partner!

The Bull snatches MV#2's leg and drags him back to the center of the ring, reaching a hand of his own out for the waiting hand of Corey Nunez. The crowd snaps and crackles, but not quite pops, for the Barrio tag as Nunez springboards to the top rope to plant a somersault splash on the BACK of Masked Violator #2! 2 rolls around canvas in pain, but nowhere near his partner.

DDK:

What a somersault SPLASH from Little Man! Taking a moment to recover - there's no RIGHT way to land that, kids - Nunez hits the ropes, leaps to middle turnbuckle, springboards BACK to the top rope - DOUBLE SPRINGBOARD SPLIT-LEGGED MOONSAULT!!! NAILED it!

Angus:

Meh.

DDK:

Nunez with the cover, hooks the leg!

ONE!!! TWOO!!! THRR---

DDK:

2 with a kickout on 2 and a half! Nunez, a little frustrated that didn't put it away is going back to The Bull! Tags him in! Villalobos in... wait... Nunez climbs top rope... Benny Doyle urging him out of the ring... Nunez STANDS ON Villalobos' shoulders!!!

Angus:

That's just SILLY!

In a flash, MV#1 leapt from apron to turnbuckle! He LEAPS and NAILS a Missile Dropkick on Nunez, who topples off of Villalobos' shoulders out of the ring and THROUGH a nearby, conveniently ringside production table! The crowd erupts!

Angus:

Holy SHIT!!!

DDK:

Nunez with a NASTY spill into that table!

Camera cuts to Mr. Salazar checking on the youngster, laying in a pile of debris, concern etched across the former principal face!

DDK:

Villalobos can't believe what just happened... he turns to face #1, who has scurried back onto the ring apron, raising a finger!

Angus:

Guys got balls, I'll give him that! Look at this! That second violator is crawling - can he get the tag?

The crowd pops when he does.

DDK:

Here we go!

Masked Violator stepped into the ring with confidence. Tan and muscular, he stood like Superman staring down Doomsday. Ready for anything. Ready for anything other than the MASSIVE clothesline he ate! Villalobos waits for him to spring back to his feet...

DDK:

Another MONSTROUS clothesline! He pulls #1 back up, WAIT! Standing switch reversal! #1 LIFTS the 350-plus pound Gerardo Villalobos off his feet!!!! Goes for a suplex?!? NO! Villalobos with a reversal of his own and-- WHOA!!! Masked Violator #1 gets hold of an arm and FORCES The Bull to the mat in a reverse armbar!!

Angus:

How'd he do that?!?

DDK:

#1 never stops moving, looking for position, for leverage -- but the POWER of Gerardo Villalobos! On display! Armbar still locked in, but The Bull is BACK to a knee.... Violator #1 with a FRONT FLIP that ROTATES The Bull's arm!

The Bull shrieks in pain! 1 adjusts his grip - ARM DRAGS the big man to the canvas, still applying pressure to that left arm.

Angus:

The Bull might be hurt...

Camera cuts to a VERY concerned Mr. Gustavo Salazar, splitting attention between the only-now stirring Corey Nunez and the seemingly injured Bull. It cuts now to MV#2 who, yes, definitely just blew a snot rocket. Then back to the action. MV#1 leans over towards 2. Another tag.

DDK:

Here comes 2!

1 tries to easily transfer control of The Bull's left arm to 2 but 2 ignores him. He BLASTS The Bull in the back of the head with a stiff boot and then IMMEDIATELY locks on a camel clutch.

Angus:

Man, Violator 2 is giving up more than a hundred pounds to the Bull, here... how long do you think he can--?

As if on cue, The Bull stirs. He struggles to his knees. MV#2 lays in two stiff elbows to the back of The Bull's head... but to no avail! 2 relents, backing off slightly, measuring Villalobos...

MV#1:

Now, old chum!

MV#1 enters the ring just out of Referee Benny Doyle's line of sight - Benny see's what #1 see's and has eyes on Corey Nunez. Nunez had just appeared on the ring apron, worse for wear but still there!

Angus:

What is THIS?!?

#1 CHARGES towards Nunez, sending him flying, once again, into the pile of table-debris he'd only just created! Simultaneously, #2 hits the ropes and the tandem known simply as The Masked Violators criss crossed eachother just

ONCE before the eventual collision!

DDK:

DOUBLE SPEAR on VILLALOBOS!

Angus:

Have we ever seen anything like that before?!? They SANDWICHED him at full speed! From opposite directions!!!!

DDK:

According to these handy notes, they call that "The Moving Violation"! This crowd can't believe what we just saw! #2 crawls over to The Bull... covers...

Angus:

ONE!!

DDK:

TWO!!!

DDK & Angus:

THREEEEE!!

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

What a... different kind of debut for these Masked Violators!

Angus:

I've gotta say it, Keebz. I don't think I like these guys. At all. But THAT was fun.

DDK:

HA! You said it!

Referee Benny Doyle raises first the hand of MV#2, who jerks his hand free... then the hand of MV#1 who is over the moon happy. MV#1 stands, arms raised, on the middle turnbuckle as the camera sweeps the WrestlePlex. MV#2 sits on the apron, legs dangling over the side, under the ropes. He pulls the bottom of his mask up off his mouth to unleash a healthy, bloody, tuberculosis loogie.

Angus:

There are your winners!

DDK:

An unconventional tag team if I've ever seen one... the Masked Violators are VICTORIOUS in their debut at ACTS of DEFIANCE! Take a breath... and let's get right to our next match-up!

SOON

COMING SOON...

DEFIANCE'S NEXT PAY-PER-VIEW EXTRAVAGANZA...

BONANZA...

OTHER WORDS ENDING IN "ANZA"...



ASCENSION.

SOON.

ANDY MURRAY vs. PERFECTION

Switch over to your boys in the booth.

DDK:

Folks, it's time for a clash of styles, personalities, and ideologies. Perfection and Andy Murray couldn't be further apart in each department, and I can't tell you how this match is going to pan-out, but I know it's gonna be ugly. What do you think, Angus?

Angus:

Fuck Perfection.

DDK:

Eloquent.

Angus:

Sorry, Keebs, but I can't stand the prick. He's *not quite* as Hitler-esque as Hollywood McFuckass, but he's getting closer every day. Frankly, I hope Andy sends him to shadow realm tonight.

DDK:

This beef started when the two bumped into each other backstage. Andy, of course, ripped into Perfection not only for his scheming ways, but also his apparent manipulation of Mark Shields. Things escalated when Shields conspired to hand Andy a loss to Curtis Penn two weeks later, and when Murray went to confront Perfection, he'd already left the building.

Angus:

There are two golden rules in this house, Keebs: don't arrive late, and don't leave early. That's it. Pretty much everything else is fair game, but if you can't abide by those, you don't belong in DEFIANCE. Simple.

DDK:

At least we know that Mark Shields won't be involved tonight. Shields, rightly, has been suspended from all refereeing duties tonight, and we've gone from one extreme to another: *Brian Slater* will officiate this one.

Angus:

Big Brian's gonna call this one straight down the middle, and that's not great for Perfection. He can cheat, but he can't pull a fix.

DDK:

That might be an entertaining scene -- Perfection attempting to bribe Brian Slater.

Angus:

Slater would stuff his teeth down his throat. I'm interested to see how Andy Murray fights tonight, Keebs. There are two Andy Murrays: the cool, confident showman that fought - and lost to - Bronson Box, and the grumpy, bitter old veteran that beat the absolute shit out of Bobby Dean. Given the what we heard earlier, I'd bet on the latter.

DDK:

It's power and heart versus technique and cunning, and there's no shortage of bad blood. Folks, let's head to DQ...

Swing around to Quimbey, who's ready to go.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following match will be contested under *DOC rules*

♪ "Perfect Gentleman" by Helloween ♪

The glorious cheesy slice of obnoxiously terrible metal starts playing through the PA system, and The Faithful know

what to do right away. It doesn't take long for the full rythm to kick-in, and when it does, Perfection walks out onto the stage.

Something's different tonight, though. There's a smirk on his face, but there's neither a glimmer in his eye nor a spring in his step.

Shit's about to get real, and he knows it.

Angus:

Now there's the look of a man who *KNOWS* he's about to get fucked up!

DDK:

I dunno, Angus. Perfection is an elite technician. The Murrys, as you're quick to point out, are prone to letting their emotions overcome them, which in turn makes them lose focus. If that happens here, there's every possibility that Perfection grabs a limb and just doesn't let go.

Angus:

Pfffft! What's he gonna do?! Hug Big Murr's leg for 15-20 minutes? C'mon, Keebsy! This is the D-O-C, and after the gorram travesty that Kendrix inflicted on us earlier, we're due a good old-fashioned whooping.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Hidden Hills, California! He stands at 6'0", and weighs-in at 222lbs...

PEEEEEERRRRRRRFFFFFEEEEEECCCCTTTTIIIIIIIOOOOONNNNNNNN!

Perfection slides into the ring serpentine-like, and immediately heads for a corner. He glances at Brian Slater, cursing that he isn't Mark Shields, before slumping back against the turnbuckle.

♪ "Hail to the King, Baby" by The Heavy Eyes ♪

The house lights die as the organ kicks-in over a loose, swaggering drum rhythm. Swirling spotlights take their place, and the Faithful start buzzing for the Scot's arrival. The pyro hits at the usual spot, and Andy Murray's standing at the top of the ramp. The usual theatrics just aren't there, though, and instead of smiling and posing, Murray's just standing there, scowling like a motherfucker.

Angus:

Grumpy. As. Fuck. Big Murr's about to treat James Witherhold's head like a gorram basketball, and it's gonna be glorious!

Andy takes a page from his buddy Jason Natas' playbook and starts stomping his way down the ramp.

DDK:

No pageantry tonight, folks - just complete and utter contempt. Andy has had enough of the man in the ring, and it's hard to blame him.

Angus:

I don't think I've seen anyone get under his skin quite like Perfection. Bobby Dean obviously tried to murder him that time in the gym, but Witherhold's mere existence seems to offend Andy Murray, as it does with me.

Darren Quimbey:

Aaaaaaand his opponent! Making his way to the ring from Aberdeen, Scotland, he stands at 6'7", and weighs-in at 280lbs... "THE KING"... ANDYYYYYY MURRRRRRRRRRAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!

Murray climbs up the ringsteps, through the ropes, and into the squared circle. There'll be no macho bullshit posturing tonight: he enters his corner, turns around, and starts pulling his ring jacket off.

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

Big mistake. Witherhold suddenly charges from behind, clattering the bigger man into the corner.

Angus:

GODDAMNIT!

DING! DING! DING!

Relentless, Perfection rains down blow after blow on the Scot's giant back. The first few seconds shock Murray, but he's eventually able to turn through them, throw his jacket off, and stomp towards Perfection.

Angus:

Yes! KILL!

Perfection immediately goes for a low blow, but Murray catches the boot. Instead, Perfection comes over the top and jams two fingers in his eyes, before diving in with another flurry of sloppy strikes.

DDK:

Damn, Perfection's already in survival mode!

Angus:

He's trying to keep him stifled long enough for Murray to give him a limb, Keebs. In short, he's shitting himself...

Conscious of this, Murray keeps his arms nice and tight, even when he's shielding himself from the blow. Perfection takes to the ropes, rebounds, and attempts to down the big man with a running front dropkick. Andy staggers backwards but doesn't fall, prompting Perfection to go to the ropes once more...

Angus:

Ha, try again!

Clothesline!

No dice!

The move *DOES* stun Andy long enough for Perfection to slide behind with a roll-up, though!

DDK:

Flash school boy!

ONE!**TWO!****NO! KICKOUT!****Angus:**

And if that was Mark fucking Shields, this match might already be over!

Witherhold has the same idea. He immediately pops back to his feet and sneers at Brian Slater, who shakes his head and tells him to get on with it.

DDK:

That's not going to work on Big Brian, that's for sure...

Perhaps surprised by his opponent's early veracity, Murray has rolled to the outside in the confusion. Perfection spots this, and knows he can't allow Andy a single moment to recover. He slithers out of the ring and kicks the back of his legs a couple of times, before grabbing the arm and whipping him to the barricade!

DDK:

Crash! Back-first! Perfection is really going for it here!

The King winces, but he soon has his wits about him. Perfection charges forward, but he overestimates Murray's daze! Andy steps forward, grabs Perfection as he charges, and flattens him out with a flapjack onto the top of the barricade!

Angus:

BOOM! Take a gorram seat!

DDK:

Well, so much for the early onslaught...

Andy walks away for a quick recovery. A chant breaks out.

"FUCK! THAT! GUY!"

"FUCK! THAT! GUY!"

"FUCK! THAT! GUY!"

Murray pays it no heed, however. Perfection has slumped down to the floor, and Andy charges. He drives a running knee right into his chest, then slowly walks away again.

DDK:

Another big shot! In two simple moves, Murray has left the crafty technician devastated!

Angus:

That's what happens, man. Did you *SEE* the strikes Perfection came at Murray with? Not gonna fly. You shouldn't have come to work tonight, Jimbo!

Perfection's crawling away clutching his ribs, and Andy Murray is still scowling. He charges across again, going low this time, and driving the knee into Perfection's side. Witherhold slumps, but stays on all fours, so Murray takes a step back then launches a nasty punt kick at his gut! This causes Perfection to roll onto his back, grimacing.

DDK:

Wow! Did you hear that shot?!

Angus:

"Hear" it? I felt it, Keebs!

With his opponent firmly under his control, Murray lifts one of Perfection's arms off the ground, then stomps down hard on the shoulder joint. He lands a couple of stomps on the guy's chest, before grabbing the same limb and dealing further damage to the ol' shoulder.

Entirely comfortable in this environment, Murray peels Perfection's corpse from the ground. He rolls him onto the apron then slides his lower body under the bottom rope, but keeps his neck and shoulders positioned on the apron.

DDK:

What's he gonna do here?

Murray hauls his giant frame onto the apron with the ropes as an aid. Suddenly, Murray leaps into the air, and comes crashing down with a huge knee drop across Perfection's shoulder! It sends Andy tumbling to the floor, but the self-inflicted damage is miniscule.

Angus:

Whoa... *on the apron?*! I like it!

DDK:

That's the hardest part of the ring, too! Very little give around the edges there.

Angus:

And Murray weighs 280lbs. Not fun. Not fun at all... unless you're watching it, of course!

Andy rolls back under the bottom rope, then rises to his full height. He stands across the ring, beckoning his opponent's rise. Perfection hesitates at first, but he eventually obliges, even though he's clutching his shoulder in pain. Murray doesn't do the gentlemanly thing and wait for him to get up, though: he grabs Perfection on the way, and immediately twists the sore arm behind his back.

DDK:

Standing Kimura!

Angus:

He's really punishing the shoulder here...

The King wrenches as tight as he can, but Perfection puts his tremendous scientific wrestling knowledge to good use. He finds away to twist his limb loose from the submission, but Andy keeps hold of the arm, and throws his boot up under Perfection's shoulder!

DDK:

Another blow to the same joint! This is already turning torturous.

With Perfection hurting, Murray takes a few moments to stalk around the ring, almost like he's circling his prey. Eventually, Andy comes back towards Perfection and reels him in, but Witherhold maneuvers his way out of the lock-up then rakes the eyes again. He slaps the taste out of Murray's mouth, then follows up with a closed right hand, but his arm's in bad shape. Perfection turns away, clasping his shoulder.

Angus:

That's right, bitchboy! Go cry in the corner!

DDK:

There's no way Murray gives him that opportunity.

Angus:

Perfection best pray he does!

Having shaken the butterflies away, Murray moves back towards Perfection and strikes him with a forearm, then another. He pushes him chest-first into the corner then drapes the arm over the bottom rope, making sure that Perfection's shoulder is placed against the top turnbuckle. Murray points an elbow, then brings it down on the joint with a controlled flurry, eventually breaking when Slater reaches the peak of his count.

From there, Andy throws Perfection to the mat with both hands. Witherhold lands on his arse, so Murray runs to the ropes, runs to the ropes, and comes with with a big Penalty Kick!

DDK:

One from his brother's moveset!

Angus:

And right to the shoulder, too! I'm giddy, Keebs!

DDK:

Here's the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

How does Perfection even get back into this one, Angus? Murray has been cold-blooded and methodical. He knows exactly what he's doing out there, and Witherhold has barely landed a move.

Angus:

It's simple: he doesn't.

Keeping Perfection grounded, Andy once again seizes the bad arm. He tries it up behind Perfection's back with another Kimura, but on the mat this time. Witherhold struggles for a few moments, but when the pain really sinks in, he starts looking for a way out. He eventually finds it, twisting his torso in such a way that relieves the pressure, but Andy feels the counter coming. Murray transitions by rolling Perfection onto his side, keeping hold of the arm, and pulling back with a Cross Armbreaker!

DDK:

Smart matwork from Murray - he felt Perfection's movement, and made the necessary-- hey!

Again, showing his technical chops, Perfection works his way out. He flattens his body then rolls, sweeping Murray's legs away, and forcing him to break. His shoulder's in agony, but Perfection pops to his feet and immediately goes after Murray's knee, stomping down on it several times, then snapping it backwards with a standing leg whip!

Angus:

Uhhh, this wasn't on the script...

Perfection can't keep him grounded for long, however. Murray boots away Witherhold's next attempt at attacking his leg, and clambers up. He swats an ill-advised strike away before creating distance with a push kick, then flying in with an elbow!

Angus:

That's more like it!

Perfection falls all the way down and lands in the bottom turnbuckle. The King quickly runs across the ring, then dashes back, crashing into his opponent with a running knee! Murray backs off again: if he's enjoying himself, it's not showing on his face.

DDK:

Murray's letting him get up on his own now!

Angus:

He's picking his shots and he's not tiring himself out. This is a masterful performance, Keebs: we saw Perfection try to isolate the knee there, but it was impossible without any accumulated damage. A1 strategy from Murray tonight.

It takes Witherhold a good while to eventually get up, but he does. When he's there, Perfection spits on the mat, then throws another slap at Murray's face. Andy eats it, boots him in the stomach, then throws a looping elbow... but

Perfection ducks! He grabs the limb on its way round, then downs Andy with a swinging neckbreaker!

DDK:

And just like that, the momentum shifts!

While Angus grunts something incoherent, both wrestlers spend some time labouring on the mat. For Murray, it's a question of shaking-off the move's impact. For Perfection, it's trying to forget that it feels like his arm's about to fall off. They eventually start making their way to their feet at roughly the same time, and Murray, once vertical, heads for a corner.

Angus:

Don't take your eye off the ball!

He does. It's only momentarily, but it's long enough for Perfection to capitalise. Perfection runs to the corner, crashing into Murray with a clothesline, before running out with a Bulldog!

DDK:

And the cover!

ONE!

Murray POWERS out!

Angus:

Ha! Nice try, fuck-o!

The push sends Perfection sprawling across the ring, and Andy starts rising. Perfection is all over him, first with stomps, then by trying to take his back, but Murray rises through it and dislodges the smaller man. On his feet, Murray turns as Perfection darts at him... right into a big boot!

DDK:

AGA!N to the shoulder! Did you see that impact?! Murray placed it perfectly...

Angus:

You'd usually aim for the face with such a move, but nope, not tonight. That dope Perfection took the bait! "Smart wrestler," my ass.

Witherhold wails in pain this time. He's on all fours, struggling, and Murray looks to capitalise. He charges forward with a boot right to the bad shoulder, but Perfection grabs it on the way in, cushioning the blow! From there, Perfection whips Andy to the mat, stands up, and gets him in an Ankle Lock!

DDK:

Slick transition from Perfection!

It doesn't last, however. For all the talk of Perfection's technique, Murray is no slouch himself. He uses his power to roll onto his back which wobbles Perfection, before using his free limb to sweep Perfection's legs! Witherhold hits the deck, and Andy jumps into his guard! A few seconds later and Andy's in side control, working towards another Kimura!

Angus:

Heh, you wanna talk about "slick transitions?" There you go.

DDK:

He's got it locked in! Perfection may need to tap here! That's multiple high-impact strikes and a series of submission holds, all to the same shoulder!

Murray wrenches tighter than ever before, and he's able to keep James Witherhold stifled. Perfection starts working for a way out of the hold, and Andy senses it. His solution? A blunt elbow right to the temple.

Angus:

Ha! His head just bounced off the canvas!

Another elbow follows, before grouchy Murray gets to his feet, booting Perfection as he goes. Witherhold makes an attempt to get up, but Murray knees him square in the side of the head as he's rising, and a second sends him right back down! Perfection spends a few seconds staring at the lights, but not for too long: Andy lurches forward and kicks him right in the shoulder.

Angus:

Look at his face, man. That's sheer contempt, dripping from every pore. They've only been going at it for five or six minutes, but Murray's expression hasn't changed once!

DDK:

I don't necessarily think he's enjoying this match, but he's absolutely treating it as his duty. This is some long overdue payback for all of Perfection's shenanigans, and it's panning-out exactly how Murray had planned.

Eventually, Murray decides that enough's enough. He locks his arms around Perfection's waist and heaves him off the ground with a ridiculous deadlift gutwrench, before suplexing Perfection back down into the mat!

DDK:

Big-time suplex! And here comes the second!

Andy rolls across, keeps his grip, and hauls Perfection back up again. A second gutwrench suplex, and a second roll...

Angus:

And the third!

Down goes Perfection!

DDK:

Rule of Three! And now here's the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Perfection throws his *bad* shoulder up to break the fall.

Worst.

Idea.

However.

Murray takes control of the limb almost as soon as it leaves the ground, then ties it up in a grounded armlock.

Angus:

Andy's all over him like a cheap suit!

DDK:

Murray has a counter for everything! No wrestler should be this effective at 39 years old!

Andy yanks back violently, as if he's trying to tear the limb from his socket. He knows he can't remain static, however, and soon rises, stepping one foot over Perfection's body, and wrapping the limb up almost like a Sharpshooter! The Faithful sound their approval.

Angus:

Beautiful stuff, Keebs!

DDK:

And that transition keeps Perfection at bay! For all the talk of this being an all-out brawl, Murray has taken an entirely different approach. The results have been just as brutal, but without as many flying forearms.

Angus:

He's just annihilating Perfection at his own game! He took advantage of the DOC rules to murder him on the outside earlier, and now he's doing it between the ropes.

Perfection screams. His face is starting to turn red, and the pain has never been clearer. *Again* Andy transitions while maintaining wrist control: this time, he steps back over Perfection's body, "helps" him to his feet, then hoists him up...

DDK:

Uh-oh...

Angus:

You know what this means!

Perfection's on Andy's shoulders, and there's only one way to go from there!

Angus:

Die, fucko, die!

Wrist-clutch Death Valley Driver!

DDK:

There it is! GITB!

Angus:

Dead. As. Fuck!

Perfection's head, neck, and shoulder get compressed into the mat with incredible force. Murray rolls his limp body over and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

It's over!

Murray throws Perfection's limb away from him, almost repulsed by the contact. He lets Brian Slater raise his hand in victory, however.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, here is your winner... ANDYYYYYYY MMMMUUUUUURRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

That wasn't even close, Angus.

Angus:

Damn right it wasn't. I love Grumpy Murr.

DDK:

Brutal, methodical, and calculated - a more comprehensive demolition you could not wish for.

Angus:

He kept going after that shoulder, and it paid-off spectacularly. That Death Valley Driver doesn't just hurt the spine, but it'll absolutely obliterate an already weakened shoulder joint. Murray was building up to it all along, and the finishing sequences was an exercise in perfect control.

Victorious, Murray thanks Slater, then backs off from Perfection, letting the trainers do their job.

DDK:

This wasn't about putting on an exhibition or having a great match, but sending a message. Murray did it relatively quickly, but he wasn't cruel or sadistic. He put Perfection away in a short period of time, but he made him feel every single second of that.

Angus:

Exactly. He didn't stretch it out, he didn't go full Bronson Box: he just made it as sharp and painful as possible, and I promise you, Perfection will never fuck with Andy Murray ever again...

DDK:

We can agree on that, partner. Let's head elsewhere!

The Final Word

We cut backstage, where Lance Warner stands in front of the ACTS of DEFIANCE official banner. The Faithful cheer at the sight of his guest - the number one contender for the Southern HERITAGE Championship, Impulse - and his second, Calico Rose.

Lance Warner:

Impulse, earlier tonight we saw your opponent's partner, Kendrix, take the DOC from your friend, Jason Natas.

The Faithful appropriately cheer and boo at the name drops.

Lance Warner:

With that win, every active wrestler that's part of the Sports Entertainment Guild can currently call themselves a Champion here in DEFIANCE. Does this alter your strategy against Mikey Unlikely, or give Mikey a psychological advantage going into this fight?

He holds the microphone to Impulse, who looks at him, looks at the camera, and looks back at Lance. The Faithful cheer at the anticipation, but he holds for a few seconds longer.

Impulse:

No.

You can hear some laughter in the crowd as Lance stands there, expecting elaboration.

Lance Warner:

So, just... no?

Now, we see the famed Impulse smirk.

Impulse:

It doesn't matter how many championships Mikey surrounds himself with. Once we're both sealed inside that cage, it's just me and him. I'll give him credit, he won the Southern Heritage championship when nobody thought he could, and he's worked as hard as anyone to keep it. But there's been something missing, Lance.

Pause for dramatic effect.

Impulse:

Mikey spent so much time trying to keep his title... he's barely taken a minute to **defend** it.

Huge pop from the crowd.

Impulse:

That ends tonight. Because there's no way out, Mikey. There's no shortcut, there's no protest, there's no wall, there's no Bruv. There's you and me... and you're gonna have to fight. And I have to tell you, Mikey... it won't be enough.

Lance Warner:

Why's that?

Impulse:

Cally?

Lance swings the microphone around to Calico Rose.

Cally:

Because the good guys always win in the end.

With that, the Marathon Man takes Cally by the hand, and they leave Lance Warner behind.

Lance Warner:

Darren? Angus? Back to you at ringside!

THE FINAL ACT: MIKEY UNLIKELY Â© vs. IMPULSE

Angus:

Keebs, do you know what time it is?

DDK:

I do, Angus! It's time for the So--

Angus:

Can I tell them?

DDK:

You can tell them.

Angus:

It's like Christmas all over again.

DDK:

Angus.

Angus:

I'm so excited.

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

IT'S TIME FOR HOLLYWOOD McFUCKASS TO GET HIS CAREER SHOVED UP HIS McFUCKASS!

♪ "Revolution" - SIRSY ♪

The fans rise to their feet to welcome the challenger to the arena. There are a good deal of signs proclaiming the superiority of Impulse, or of the inferiority of Mikey Unlikely. After several seconds of anticipation, Impulse walks through the curtain, and stops.

As Calico Rose joins him to a decent cheer of her own, we follow Impulse's gaze above the ring - where he stares at the cage.

DDK:

What's going through the challenger's mind right now, Angus?

Angus:

If I was him? All the ways to make McFuckass bleed.

Impulse takes a deep breath, takes Cally by the hand, and they walk to the ring with determination, slapping a few hands on the way.

Angus:

No, but seriously, Keebs... this is a guy whose entire identity is wrestling, and now he's gonna have to fight it out. And sure, maybe Unlikely loses the potential of getting himself DQ'd or getting his legion of cultists to come to the rescue, but while Impulse is trying to wrestle his way to victory, McFuckass is gonna be using the cage as a weapon, and that's the great equalizer.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, this next contest is THE FINAL ACT... for the DEFIANCE WRESTLING SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

DDK:

I'm surprised to hear you so concerned about Impulse.

Angus:

Impulse what? I'd be a fan of ANYONE who's got the chance to bitch slap McFuckass... except of course, for Micropennis.

Darren Quimbey:

This match will be contested in a steel cage with no time limit and no cage escapes! The only way to win this match will be via pinfall or submission! Introducing first, is the challenger!

Ignoring the fans' cheers, Impulse steps to the ring apron and holds the ropes for Cally who does give a wave. After he enters the ring, he finally nods his appreciation, but his face remains stoic.

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by Calico Rose...

He pauses, as typically Cally would have a ridiculous title for herself.

Not tonight; the stakes are too high. She does, however, climb to the middle turnbuckle and blow a kiss towards the commentary table.

Darren Quimbey:

From Washington Heights, New York, and weighing in at one hundred and ninety pounds... IMMMMMMMMMMPULSE!

DDK:

I've never seen Impulse this focused before, Angus!

Angus:

Well, this is it, Keebs. Possibly the best pure wrestler in DEFIANCE against possibly the worst - and the best has come up short time and time again, and if he does it here there IS no tomorrow. Wouldn't you be focused?

Impulse has made his way to the far corner, stripped off his leather jacket and T-shirt, and he sinks to a crouch with his hands still on the top rope, stretching himself out and preparing for his opponent. Cally, for her part, has already left the ring and is talking animatedly with any fans who get close enough.

Darren Quimbey:

AND HIS OPPONENT...

The lights go down, and the fans begin to boo loudly.

Angus:

Not another one of these...

DDK:

That's right Angus, Our Southern Heritage Champion is known for making quite an entrance on these DEFIANCE pay per views!

Angus:

It's a waste of time Keebs, just get in there and wrestlefight so Impulse can grate Mikeys face against the cage like a piece of swiss cheese!

The DEFIATron lights up with words that scroll from the bottom of the screen to the top, as the words reach the top they fade away.

"It is a dark time for the Rebellion. Although the Faux Champion has been destroyed, IMPULSE has driven the SEG forces from their hidden base and pursued them across the the state of Louisiana.

Evading the dreaded IMPULSE CALLYFLEET, a group of SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT freedom fighters led by MIKEY UNLIKELY has established a new secret plan on the remote world of DEFIANCE.

The evil lord DARTH EVANS, obsessed with finding young UNLIKELY, has dispatched thousands of title defenses into the far reaches of space...."

Angus:

Ugh.....

♪ "Duel of the Fates" ♪

In the arena, men in long brown and black cloaks walk through the curtain, their faces hidden by the cloth. They line either side of the ramp, until they cover the entirety of it, from curtain to the ring and face inward. Once everyone is in place, the curtain is slowly pulled away and out comes The DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion. Also covered in a black cloak he stands at the top of the ramp.

The boo's cascade down the rows of seating. The "Hollywood" Heritage Title over the shroud and fastened around his waist.

As the champion passes each set of "Cloaked Characters" red light sabers light up in their hands. Pointing down toward the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... Coming to the ring from "Beautiful" Los Angeles, California. Weighing in at 225 lbs. HE IS THE CURRENT REIGNING AND DEFENDING DEFIANCE SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION! This is MIKEEYYYYYYYYY UNLIKELLLLLYYYYYYYYYYY!

Unlikely reaches the bottom of the ramp and stops short of the ring. He slowly brings a hand up and removes the shroud that covers his face. Mikey has a little facepaint around one eye for intimidations sake. With his other hand he lights up a light saber himself. His is blue. OBVS Mikey is a good guy!

Suddenly everyone from the entrance ramp moves at Mikey all at once. The light sabers descend on him quickly. Mikey turns and fights the first few off using his own Lightsaber, the humming sound mixed with the whizzing sounds of contact, sound legit. After the numbers become too much for Mikey in the choreographed fight scene he suddenly raises his other hand quickly. When he does, all the men fall away at once. Some "fly away" with incredible visual effect and wires. Once everyone falls, and Mikey is alone with his hand up "using the force" he finally disrobes and reveals his wrestling gear.

DDK:

What a fight! Mikey is going to be tired before he even begins this match!

Angus:

Puh-lease! This isn't Hollywood Keebs, Mikeys about to find out the difference between taking on Actors, and taking on wrasslers!

The music fades away as Mikey looks at Impulse in the ring, then looks at the cage up and down. He checks out the sides of it, yanking on it from the outside, testing its stability. He then reaches behind himself and pulls a hot mic from the back of his trunks and brings it to his lips.

Unlikely:

So this is it, huh? This is the cage!? This is what's going to finally stop my UHMAYZING reign as YOUR Hollywood Heritage Champion!?

Booooooooooooooooooooooooooooo.

The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer chuckles to himself. Inside Impulse stands ready, focused.

Unlikely:

This is what Impulse needed ALLLLLLLLL ALONG!? This is the equalizer? After I beat Impulse and successfully defended this title, NOT ONCE, BUT TWICE, I now must do this for a third and final time!

The champion saunters towards the stairs.

Unlikely:

No interference this way, they said... No way for Mikey to get one over on Impulse in this one, they said.. Nowhere for Mikey to run, innit!? Well I say NAY! I say this is Impulse's most dangerous match yet! I say Impulse CAN'T RUN from MIKEY!

On the apron now, Mikey splits the ropes and enters the ring through the door.

Unlikely:

And I say it's a great thing for DEFIANCE! Not only do they have the most money champion of all time baybay! But they've got the hottest wrestler on the planet, the man who's name goes further than any other person to ever step in this ring, the man whose reputation has him know WORLDWIDE as a fantastic actor and an even better athlete. The man who has SKYROCKETED to the top of DEFIANCE in less than a year's time! Now Impulse, Impulse is old news...

He looks over at the challenger and cocks his head.

Unlikely:

A older, wiser, worn down Impulse wants to become a champion of this premier company... but why!? For personal gain!? For the attention that Mikey gets? For pride? All of these things are good and fine, but at the end of the day the champion has to have STAR POWER! Something Impulse is clearly lacking. So Impulse i'm giving you ONE CHANCE! To walk away right now, and to never again stand in the way of my greatness. To never again...

The words are cut off as a running Impulse leaps and takes Mikey down with a flying forearm. The referee calls for the bell and the door on the cage is shut and padlocked. The referee takes the microphone from the mat where Mikey dropped it and goes to hand it through the cage but quickly realizes it's too large. So instead he places it in the corner of the ring under the turnbuckle. When he turns his attention back to the men, the fans are going nuts and Mikey is already in trouble.

DDK:

Listen to these fans, Angus! They're deafening in their support for the challenger!

Angus:

Healing is best done with loved ones, Keebs.

Impulse scoops Mikey off the mat and sends him right back down with a belly - to - back suplex and a bridge, and a two - and - a - half count! Mikey kicks out and scrambles to the ropes, but there's no respite here with no DQs. Impulse hooks him and pulls him back, but Mikey fires an elbow backwards and hooks Impulse's head, and drops him with an across - the - shoulder chinbreaker!

DDK:

Impressive reversal by Mikey! He's learned a lot in the past few months, likely as a result of his series of matches against Impulse!

Angus:

Ain't that a bitch; Knox trains McFuckass on how to win a wrestling match.

When Impulse's head snapped back, he staggered, but did not go down. Mikey doesn't watch this - he doesn't see Impulse holding his chin but remaining on his feet, and he stands up, smugly, and turns to fire a fist! Impulse sees it coming and manages to dodge out of the way, and he straight-arms the point of Mikey's elbow and forces the Southern Heritage champion to the mat with serious pressure on the arm!

Mikey scrambles to the ropes; again, there's no break, but he slides his free half underneath the bottom and pulls himself up on the ring apron, until Impulse is simply no longer able to keep the pressure.

DDK:

Interesting escape, but Mikey finds himself in a precarious position between the ropes and the cage. Impulse wastes no time, releasing the hold and trying to dropkick Mikey against the cage. Unlikely ducks!

The fans ooooooooooh at what would have been as Impulse's feet meet the cage. Mikey ducks back between the ropes quickly and grabs Impulse by the head as he tried to get to his feet. Mikey drops a few stiff elbows into the side of the face of the challenger before hooking the arm, and attempting a quick suplex of his own. Impulse twists out of the attempt before Mikey can lift him, still holding the arm of the champion Impulse pulls him toward himself and delivers a short arm clothesline that sends Mikey down, clutching his nose.

Impulse right back on him scoops Mikey to his feet before he has time to react, and irish whips him into the turnbuckle. Impulse follows in but Mikey - showing ring awareness - hip checks Impulse and rolls around his waist taking him down with some sort of side sunset flip with a loose cover on the back end.

ONE...

Kickout!

Angus:

Too early, kid... you would think three matches later, you would learn that sort of thing, but I'm giving McFuckass too much credit for even having a brain.

DDK:

There's no doubt Mikey is looking to end this one early, he's going against a man who's well versed in long, slow, technical battles. The champion would be wise to keep the tempo up and try to brawl his way to victory.

Mikey doesn't waste the time to even complain to the ref, he picks up Impulse, and delivers a knee to the gut to keep him off balance. Mikey points to the cage on the other side of the ring, which elicits a mixed reaction from the crowd. Unlikely takes off, holding Impulse by the head, and tries to launch him at the cage but Impulse jumps, and uses the ropes to springboard back at the Champion and take him down with a tornado DDT. The crowd comes out of their seats as Mikey is planted square in the center of the ring.

DDK:

Impulse with a cover! Two count only!

Angus:

What was that about a long match?

DDK:

As you know what I meant, Angus - the longer this match goes, the advantage moves to Impulse, but you can bet both men will be looking to end things as soon as possible.

To the roar of the crowd, Impulse pulls Mikey back to his feet and immediately hooks him with a T-Bone suplex, dropping the Southern Heritage champion back on his head and shoulders. Mikey pops up but falls to his knees and

lands on the middle turnbuckle, facing the ringpost.

Impulse stays on him, to the delight of the crowd, and he whips Mikey across the ring! He runs after, but Mikey raises a foot and catches his challenger in the jaw at the last minute! Mikey again sinks to his knees, trying to catch his breath, as Impulse recovers quickly and moves in!

Everyone in the arena suddenly winces, and Keebler and Angus both drop their headsets with an audible 'thunk.' Impulse 'TIMBER's to the mat, after Mikey Unlikely blasts him between the eyes with the microphone that he originally brought into the ring.

Feedback rings out through the arena speakers.

Mikey breathes heavy, even as Impulse rises first. He holds his hands to his forehead, but moves back towards his opponent - MIKEY WITH A LOW BLOW! Impulse staggers and falls to one knee, at which point Mikey Unlikely hooks him around the waist, and lifts both men up, sending Impulse face first into the cage!

Impulse hangs onto the top rope after impact, but Mikey, invigorated by the turning of the tables, rises to his feet, runs into the opposite ropes, and lands a fiery dropkick to the side of Impulse's head, that was devastating in and of itself, but also sandwiches his head between Mikey's boots and the cage itself!

The camera zooms in, catching the red stains on the cage at the point of impact as Impulse slides to the mat. We can also hear the rustle of microphones.

DDK:

Mikey with a cover, ONE... TWO... Kickout!

Angus:

GAWDDAMMIT! Even when they lock this Rodeo Drive Reject in a cage, he finds a way to get a weapon in there. Mikey Unlikely CANNOT fight a fair fight!

DDK:

Wow, Angus, I never thought I would hear you advocating for less violence.

Angus:

Well how many times can we let this go...

Both men take their time getting to their feet. Mikey gets up just a little fast and has that microphone in hand. He removes the protective plastic covering over the mouthpiece. Now the metal sound receiver is fully exposed. Impulse turns around and Mikey plants it about a quarter inch into the forehead of Impulse who slams the mat hard, clutching his head. Cally on the outside has an incredulous look of concern on her face as she barks at Mikey to drop the weapon.

DDK:

Unfortunately for Impulse, there is nothing the referee can do but stop and watch the carnage. This match is no disqualifications.

Unlikely grabs Impulse by the back of his ring gear, and drags him over to the side of the cage, right in front of his manager Calico Rose. Mikey takes the hair now, and presses Impulse's face against the silver steel that surrounds them. Unlikely begins to grate his face on the cage, the blood that now flows freely from the head of Impulse drips onto the floor outside the ring. Mikey takes the microphone receiver and digs it directly into the open wound. The fans cringe as the wound is opened slightly and more blood comes flowing out. Mikey then yells at Cally, but what is said is inaudible.

The champion pulls back the challenger's hair and lifts him to a standing position. Locking in a side headlock, using the busted microphone as blunt instrument, Mikey begins taking hard shots at the face of Impulse with the exposed

edge of the mic. The fans boo loudly as Impulse drops to the mat with a thud. Mikey wastes no time, he smiles and goes for the cover.

DDK:

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT! Impulse kicked out! He's not out of this one yet folks. Unlikely seems unfazed by this. The champion grabs the challenger by the hair once again, this time he lifts his head and slams it into the mat, again, and again! He's relentless, and clearly in control at this point in the match.

Mikey finally stops, he looks around the arena through the cage and the fans who boo back at him. A smile slowly develops across his face. He lifts up the challenger, and whips him off the ropes. On the return he ducks, and lifts Impulse with a back body drop. Impulse slams down on the mat and reaches for his back. Unlikely heads for the turnbuckle.

All the way to the top of the turnbuckle he climbs. Unlikely can now reach the top of the closed cage. He looks up at it, then down at Impulse. Clearly behind those eyes, he begins to formulate a plan. Unlikely reaches up, and with both hands grabs the cage. He swings out away from the turnbuckle and in an amazing display of strength and athleticism, he "monkey bars" across the cage to the center of the ring where Impulse lies. With one last thrust he does a pull up on the cage and brings his head all the way to it, before releasing and dropping down with a leg drop from the top of the cage.

Angus:

Hooooooooo!!!!yyyyyyyy Shhhiiii.....YEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!

DDK:

Impulse moved! Impulse moved! He's still in this! Mikey just bottomed out on that mat and is in a lot of pain. Both men are down!

Mikey pops up, holding the back of his leg in pain, all the while Impulse remains on the mat, sucking in as much air as he can. The fans cheer, almost all of them on their feet, to try to will Impulse back into the match, all the while Cally pounds her hand on the cage to lead them on.

DDK:

That could be the opening that Impulse needed to get himself back into this one Angus!

Angus:

You'd think so, but McFuckass is getting to his feet already, so everything is still ruined.

Impulse is to his knees, Mikey sees this and stumbles in his direction with his arms above his head in axe handle fashion. As he moves in, Impulse raises up just in time, and hits Unlikely in the gut with an elbow. Mikey doubles over but tries again for the Axe handle smash, and once again Impulse strikes first. The fans are elevating in volume with every strike. Unlikely spins around and goes for a huge boot to the head, Impulse ducks and pulls Mikey down with the quick roll-up attempt.

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

A collective breath is let out around the arena, they were anticipating three. Both men slowly get to their feet using the ropes on either side of the ring. Unlikely now rests in the corner, as Impulse gets up and has a sudden burst of energy.

He turns and runs and dives at Mikey, landing a standing splash in the corner. Unlikely stumbles out, and Impulse hooks the head and drives him down with a mean suplex.

As Mikey rolls to his knees with his forehead pressed into the mat, he holds the back of his neck. Impulse presses his palms into his eyes, still getting his brain back in the match. The referee looks back and forth between the two athletes, lost.

DDK:

It's a quandary he's in, Angus!

Angus:

Do you even know what that means?

DDK:

Slater should be counting, but with no time limit and no DQs or count outs, his only option is to wait it out!

Let's Go Impulse! MIKEY SUCKS!

Let's Go Impulse! MIKEY SUCKS!

The fans are certainly doing their part; with Cally leading the charge they are practically willing Impulse to his feet. On one side of the ring, Mikey pulls himself up by the ropes as the fans nearest him boo, while on the other, just as Mikey turns around on wobbly legs--

DDK:

IMPULSE KIPS UP! MIKEY STOPS IN HIS TRACKS!

Angus:

And Impulse falls backwards into the corner, it was all for nothing, Keeps.

Truth be told, Mikey does immediately move in after Impulse falls backwards, and he fires a right hand that bounces off the side of Impulse's head! He cups Impulse's head once again, but he looks out at the fans with a smirk, gloating at their unhappiness over this turn of events, and he sends another fist flying! Except... it never hits the mark.

DDK:

IMPULSE GRABS MIKEY BY THE WRIST! HE TWISTS HIM AROUND AND LOCKS ON THE MESSAGE! THE FANS ARE ON THEIR FEET!

Angus:

OH PLEASE BREAK HIS ARM! PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE!

Impulse locks on the double wristlock in the ring, but Mikey is still on his feet, and he's struggling to remain that way, and to keep the pressure off! The two athletes circle in the ring, again and again, all the while, Mikey is gradually forced to his knees!

Angus:

Oh please God, if you let McFuckass lose I swear I'll behave; I swear I'll never do anything bad ever again! Please, oh please, oh please!

Unlikely cries out loud enough for every person in the WrestlePlex to hear him. He slaps at Impulse but can't find the mark as panic fully sets in. Mikey falls to the ground, Impulse falls on top and the crowd goes nuts.

Angus:

Please tap! Please let him win!

Mikey is clearly in trouble, but he hasn't given up yet, and he hasn't given in yet either, as he continually spins his body

to alleviate the pressure as best he can. Impulse keeps up with him, but stays just far enough behind for Mikey to avoid the inevitability.

Finally, Mikey gets enough forward momentum to spin both men to their knees, and he wrenches his own arm backwards to give himself the room to drive his opposite fingers square into Impulse's eyes! Impulse drops the hold as Mikey scrambles away!

Angus:
DAMN IT!

DDK:
Don't give up on life just yet, Angus! Look at Mikey!

While Impulse kneels down near the corner, Mikey scrambles across the ring and tries to pull himself up on the ropes, but he loses his grip twice! His right arm - the one that was damaged by the double wristlock - is causing him pain every time he tries to use it! A loud "Fuck" comes from the champion who is utterly frustrated at this point. He goes to the corner and uses his good arm to pull himself up. The other lies against his side. Mikey looks at Impulse, and Impulse glances back through the blood. The fans stand in the seats as both men move forward, Mikey holding his bad arm, Impulse wiping away at his face.

DDK:
Say what you want about Mikey, He's giving it everything he has, he wants to retain his championship! Meanwhile Impulse has taken everything Mikey has and gotten back up! The man has the heart of a lion, but at this point it's hard to determine a favorite.

Angus:
Fuckass has never had a match like this in DEFIANCE or anywhere for that matter, Impulse has been here before. THAT'S the advantage he needs!

The two men meet face to face in the middle of the ring. Mikey presses his forehead directly into Impulse's, screaming at him angrily. Impulse holds his composure. Outside the corner of the ring Cally looks on, usually bubbly and excited, she's focused and stoic.

DDK:
Mikey with a stiff right fist! Impulse responds with a forearm! Punch! Forearm!

The fans cheer and boo with every blow respectively.

Forearm!

Punch!

Forearm!

Punch!

Impulse!

Mikey!

Impulse!

Champion!

Challenger!

Challenger!

Challenger!

Mikey is on spaghetti legs. Impulse backs up and hits the ropes and comes flying back with a running back elbow that floors the champion. He reaches for his head now, as Impulse pulls him up. Impulse follows up with a double underhook. He tries to lift Mikey, but Unlikely kicks his legs in the air, until he regains the weight balance, and drops back to his feet. The Champ stomps on the boot of Impulse, who then releases the double underhook. Mikey now reaches up and once more puts a thumb in the eye of the challenger. Right away he goes for it. He turns Impulse around and ducks his head under the arm with a reverse DDT position. Mikey tries to complete the finisher he's been using for weeks, but cannot get the other arm to respond.

"FUCK!"

The champion drops the challenger dismissively, and runs to the corner. He starts slamming his shoulder into the turnbuckle, trying to correct his arm issue. Meanwhile behind him Impulse is up!

DDK:

Mikey now seems to have PARTIAL feeling back in that arm... He winds up the best he can and waits for Impulse to turn around! Mikey spins! ROARING..... IMPULSE DUCKS! MIKEY TURNS AROUND!

Angus:

SUUUUUDDDDDDDEEEEEENNNNNNNN IMMMMPPPPAAAAAACCCCTTTTTTTTTT

Mikey eats nothing but foot and slams to the mat. The lights appear to be out. The challenger covers and every fan in the arena counts with the referee!

ONE.....

TWO.....

THRE....NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

DDK:

MIKEY KICKED OUT! MIKEY KICKED OUT! IMPULSE IS RIGHT BACK UP! HE HOPS ON MIKEY AND LOCKS IN THE MESSAGE! HE'S GOT THE SAME ARM AGAIN!

Unlikely is in the middle of the ring, he has nowhere to go. He screams at the top of his lungs and writhes in pain, but it's no use. Impulse has it locked in all the way. He looks right, he looks left. He's got no one to help him. He does the unthinkable.

Angus:

HE TAPPED!!! HE TAPPED!!! HE TAPPED!!! IT'S OVER!!!!

The bell rings and the arena explodes! Impulse drops the hold at the first ring of the bell, and he collapses to the mat. As the cage lifts up, Slater raises Impulse's hand, and Mikey rolls out from under the bottom rope and the bottom of the cage as soon as he's able.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this contest, as the result of a submission...

Angus:

I imagine this moment is somewhat like witnessing the birth of a child.

Darren Quimbey:

...and... NEW... DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion...

Angus:

Nope! This is better!

Darren Quimbey:

IIIIIIIIIMPUUUUUULLLLLLLLLLLSE!!!

DDK:

Cally slides into the ring with the title belt and hands it to the referee, as Mikey slides out! She helps Impulse to his feet while Brian Slater officially hands the championship to him, and some of these fans are giving Mikey Unlikely a small round of applause!

Angus:

We call them 'idiots.'

DDK:

Be that as it may, you can't help but give Mikey his due for managing to hold onto that title for as long as he did, with as much success as he did!

A long tracking shot follows Mikey up the ramp, with Impulse holding the championship belt on his shoulder on the big screen behind him, and Mikey locks eyes with one of them.

And he spits on them.

Angus:

You were saying?

Back in the ring, Cally hugs Impulse and kisses him full on the lips, despite the fact that she is now covered with blood and sweat. Impulse keeps the belt over his shoulder, and he looks down the ramp and locks eyes with the former Champion.

Mikey glares, and he leaves the arena.

Angus:

BYE, McFUCKASS!

DDK:

We've got a new Southern Heritage Champion, and we've still got two huge matches to go! We'll be right back!

Backstage Interview

We cut backstage, we're outside one of the many locker room doors that dot the backstage hallways. Standing outside this particular locker room door is intrepid interviewer Lance Warner.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen, at this time I welcome the two time FIST of DEFIANCE... Bronson Box.

From stage left saunters The Original DEFIANT himself. Boxer's already dressed for war in his trademark brown and grey pinstripes. He sidles up to Warner with his thumbs hooked in the straps of his singlet.

Lance Warner:

Bronson, thank you for giving us some time right before your big showdown with Cayle Murray... I, ummm...

Bronson just silently stares a hole clear through the back of Lance Warner's skull. The pause is long and awkward... Bronson's wide near-unblinking eyes, his mere PRESENCE quite literally willing the lithe interviewer out of the camera's frame. Plucking the microphone from his hand before he vanishes off screen. A moment to gather his thoughts, and bam... his eyes make contact with the camera and he's off to the races.

Bronson Box:

Been a tick since I just yakked at you lot, hadn't it? Been a... troublesome time for ol' Boxer, if I'm speakin' the truth. I'll not mince words, when that... SQUID emerged from my past, like some sort of vapor and STOLE from me a prize I'd long stalked... ripped to pieces a blueprint so well crafted... a beautiful MEANINGFUL story, MY STORY, YOU FOOKIN' NARCISSISTIC PRICK! And now that story will go untold. And you and your kin laugh, you brush it off like you've done nothin' of consequence... you and yer' brother walked into the house I bloody built and disrespected me. Plain and FOOKIN' simple, lads. And guess what? I'm a mean shortsighted bastard with a bad attitude that's gunna walk out there and bloody huuuurt you, squid. Elbow the FOOKIN' respect into yer' skull... embarrass ye'... just like I've done before.

His eyes are wide and wild as he gesticulates. He starts counting off items with his fingers.

His voice is quiet but just looking into his eyes, his intentions are anything but quiet.

Bronson Box:

I'm done with business manageeeeeers and tag teeeeeams, factions and fookin'... PARTNERSHIPS... [he chuckles] I'm done with bloody t-shirts and fookin' merch. I'm don' reignin' myself in fer' the harpies that run my beloved DEFIANCE.

He reaches out suddenly and grabs the side of the camera, wrenching it from the hands of the crew member that was holding it. Our view shifts wildly as Box backs away, his eyes still looking directly into ours as the camera dangles from it's lens clutched in the meaty fingers of the Scottish Strongman.

Bronson Box:

You disrespected me, boy. Worse of all you disrespected DEFIANCE Wrestling ... and that just won't do. And now, sunshine? ... Now?

Another raspy chuckle escapes his throat like a bat from a cave.

He just drops the camera, the expensive piece of audio video equipment just clattering across the hard cement floor. We can still hear The "Ace" as the fallen camera catches him start off in the general direction of the gorilla position and the arena proper.

Bronson Box:

Now squid, I disrespect YOU.

CAYLE MURRAY vs. BRONSON BOX

We cut right to the announcers out at the commentation station.

DDK:

And with... wow, all that being said. Folks? It's time to go to war!

Angus:

Scottish Civil *War*, to be precise!

DDK:

In what looks increasingly like the final chapter in the ongoing Murray Family vs. Bronson Box rivalry, we're about to see Cayle, the youngest of the clan, throw down with The Original DEFIANT, and not for the first time...

Angus:

Absolutely not for the first time. We learned all about Bronson Box's history with the Murrays a few months ago on UNCUT. Box, of course, handed Cayle a crippling defeat in one of his very first matches as a professional, but he didn't stop there. The Wargod left him broken, beaten, and bloodied in front of friends and family, and now, 16 years later, he's out to repeat the act.

DDK:

Box has been single-minded since reuniting this decades-long rivalry, and he took care of Andy Murray at Maximum DEFIANCE. The elder clansman fought like a professional, but when you're going up against a force of nature like Box, that often isn't enough. Cayle would do well to learn from Andy's lessons tonight.

Angus:

Is he ready for this, though? Is he ready for the unholy torrent of rage and bile that Bronson Box is about to bring down on him? His brother is a cool-headed veteran with a reputation for thinking his way out of even the toughest spots, but Cayle is a far more impulsive, emotional, and often irrational competitor. To me, that sounds like easy prey for a man like Box.

DDK:

I don't think Cayle Murray is "easy prey" for anyone. This is a guy that *BROKE* Eric Dane, and a man who would have won the DEF*MAX tournament if not for Curtis Penn's low moral fibre. He's one of the most complete wrestlers on the planet, and yes, the task is enormous, but nobody thought Cayle would topple Dane either.

Angus:

Look, I get what you're saying - I really do - but have you *SEEN* how angry Boxer's been lately? I haven't seen him look this demonic in a long-time, and this might not be one of those absurd ultra-violence type matches he loves, but he'll still be out for blood. Cayle had to go to a dark, dark place to put Dane away, but can he do that for a second time *without* tossing his soul away? I have my doubts.

DDK:

It's certainly one of the night's most eagerly-anticipated matches, and almost certainly the contest carrying the most ill will. Strap in, folks: this is gonna be a brutal one...

Cut over to DQ.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following is a two out of three falls match!

♪ "The Wings of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

The lights cut, and the track's seldom-heard, often-trimmed opening refrains leak through the PA system. A chill descends upon the arena, but the atmosphere builds. The track builds and builds and builds, passing through distant, muted drums to reach a set of staccato guitar chords. Each note hits with flashing strobes, before all light dies... and a

YUGE pyrotechnic explosions lights up the DEF Arena.

"The Wings of Icarus" reaches full flow. Cayle Murray's stood at the top of the ramp: back to the crowd, "STARBREAKER" logo on the back of his jacket very, very visible.

DDK:

This, Ladies and Gentlemen, is one of the biggest nights of this young man's life.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Aberdeen, Scotland, he weighs-in at 220lbs... "STARBREAKER"... CAAAAAYLE MUUUUURRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!

Cayle eventually turns around, and gazes across the building's full breadth before eventually starting his way down the ramp. He extends both hands for the fans, but he keeps his gaze solely focused on the ring.

DDK:

You wanna talk about "heart?" This is your guy. Cayle Murray is an incredible technical wrestler, but his drive and determination are what makes him such a special talent, and The Faithful have really taken to him.

Angus:

None of that matters a damn if he can't beat Bronson Box tonight, Keebs. The stakes are absurdly high. We're talking about close to 20 years of bad blood, and after the savagery Box inflicted on Andy at MAX DEF, Cayle has a huge point to prove.

DDK:

Going head-to-head with Bronson Box is a grim, daunting challenge. The thought alone would be enough to consume lesser men, but Cayle has stayed the course, and he has met Boxer head-on at every juncture. He is dead-set on overturning the Wargod tonight, and claiming another legendary DEFIANCE scalp on the path to immortality.

Cayle eventually reaches the ring. Once inside, he marches across the ring and leans against the ropes, throwing both arms into the air. He's carrying himself not like a man who's lost in the moment, but someone completely focused on the task at hand.

*♪ You can run on for a long time
Run on for a long time ♪*

As the unmistakable thumping beat of Johnny Cash's "God's Gunna Cut You Down" strikes up over the PA system we catch an intense little smile flash across Cayle Murray's face just before the lights dim and all eyes focus on the entrance curtain.

*♪ Run on for a long time
Sooner or later God'll cut you down ♪*

It's not but a few moments before the man himself eagerly pushes through the curtain to his usual eruptive reaction from the Faithful. Brutal and somewhat unpopular as he may be, every DEFIANCE fan knows when The Wargod is in residence they're in for one HELL of a show. Boxer steps out onto the lip of the ramp and looks down towards the ring. As the house lights go up, the excited smile we saw skirt Cayle Murray's face is long gone... the two men share an intense moment of eye contact before Boxer begins his trek down the ramp, towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Aaaaaand now making his way towards ringside, he is a former TWO time FIST of DEFIANCE, former UNDISPUTED DEFIANCE World Champion, from the boggy coast of Banff, Scotlaaaaaand... THE BOMBASTIC BRONSOOOOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOOOX!

Foregoing the steps, Boxer rolls directly under the bottom rope, popping back to his feet with an almost inhuman

intensity. Boos, jeers, cheers, chants... point is, the volume nearly tripled once The DEF Ace showed his face.

DDK:

Love him or hate him, there's no denying Bronson Box truly is one of the forefathers of DEFIANCE. What a *reaction* this man receives from the Faithful, partner.

Angus:

Box could care LESS, Keebs... it's lesson learnin' time! DING DING SQUIDBOY! Take your seat, class is almost in session...

The atmosphere simmers close to boiling point. Box, though one of the business' most nefarious villains, has always carried considerable support in DEFIANCE. His name is subject to a few chants, but they're almost drowned by the volume of Cayle's supporters.

Angus:

They look ready to rip each other apart!

Sure enough, Box looks about ready to murder something in his corner, and Cayle is poised to attack. Brian Slater stays beneath the duo, standing firm, before eventually calling over to the technical area.

DING! DING! DING!

Slater gets the *FUCK* out of there, and rightly so. Cayle charges across the ring and flies at Bronson Box with a huge Yakuza Kick right out the gates, but Box drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring!

DDK:

My God, Cayle almost took his head off!

Angus:

Good job he got out of there, Keebs! Squayle's boot just whistled past Box's ear!

No waiting around from Cayle, who's hot on Box's tail. Boxer turns around just as Cayle's feet touch the floor outside, and they come together perfectly.

Angus:

HOCKEYFIIIIIIIIIIITE!

Each man has a hand behind the other's head as they start wailin' away. Their limbs move so fast that it's entirely impossible to keep up with the individual blows: Cayle and Box have become a flurry of violence, and that's all that matters.

DDK:

They're beating the heck out of each other!

Angus:

Isn't it wonderful?!

The blows don't slow for a second, but it's Bronson Box who gets the upperhand! Box lands a few unanswered shots, grabs Cayle's arm, and whips him into the barricade!

DDK:

Back-first! That's gotta hurt!

Angus:

He damn near tore the barricade from it's moorings!

Brian Slater's count reaches eight, and Box is very, very aware of this. He quickly rolls under the bottom rope to break it, then rolls right back out again. Cayle's crawling around, and Boxer approaches him. He pulls the younger man to his feet and again looks to whip him into the barricade, but Cayle reverses!

DDK:

CRASH goes The Wargod!

Cayle wastes no time whatsoever in picking Box up, dragging him a few feet, and whipping him into a fresh section of barricade!

Angus:

Gorram, Keebs! Squiddy McGiddy came with the fire tonight!

DDK:

Like he has a choice - he's fighting Boxer!

Box, being the inhuman pain sponge that he is, clambers up with an arched back. He has only semi-recovered, however, and Cayle's able to lunge forward and down his opponent with a short Lariat!

DDK:

Boxer's eyes will be rolling in the back of his skull after that one!

Angus:

They're not fucking around, are they?!

DDK:

Absolutely not! No holds, no lock-ups... just two guys trying to shorten each other's lives by a decade!

Angus:

And then some!

Cayle picks Box from the floor and rolls him back inside.

DDK:

Smart move from Cayle: he has the momentum, but that's Box's world, and he doesn't want to hang around in it too long.

Bronson gets to his feet on the inside, but Cayle pops up on the apron not long after him. The Scottish Strongman swings at his rival, but Cayle quickly ducks under the top rope and rams his shoulder into Box's gut! Murray slingshots over the top with both hands clasped around the top rope, rebounds against the opposite ropes, and ducks beneath a Bronson Box Clothesline.

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD BACK ELBOW!

Cayle flies right into Boxer after springboarding, and immediately hops right back up! He keeps working a breakneck pace like some kinda pro-wrestling Usain Bolt when he runs to the ropes, leaps, and comes crashing down with a Standing Shooting Star Press!

DDK:

What a move!

Angus:

Bring out yer flippydoos!

DDK:

And now the cover!

Cayle hooks a leg.

ONE!**NO!****BOX KICKS OUT!****Angus:**

Not even close! Try harder, Squiddo!

“Try harder” he will.

Murray slugs Bronson to his feet, but Box peppers him with a few shots to the gut. This stifles Cayle, but only momentarily: he recovers in time to crack Box’s jaw with a big elbow, then send him reeling with a European Uppercut! Another!

DDK:

Cayle’s on fire!

Instead of striking again, Cayle Irish whips Bronson across the ring, lets him return, and downs him with a big Dropkick! Boxer lands conveniently near the ropes, and rolls outside again before Cayle can get hold of him.

Angus:

Smart move from Boxer: leave the ring, disrupt Cayle’s momentum, and catch a breather.

DDK:

This has been all Cayle Murray, Angus! He’s always been a fast starter, but who could’ve foreseen this kind of showing early on? He’s in there with one of the all-time greats!

Angus:

It’s a hot start, sure, but you know what usually happens to Cayle in situations like this. He gets carried away in the emotion, slips up, and inevitably ends up in a bad spot. Look for that to happen sooner or later.

Cayle doesn’t follow Box out this time, however: instead he takes the centre of the ring, stretches both arms out, and calls for his opponent to “come on.”

Box has a head behind his head, but Cayle’s words only stoke his anger.

DDK:

Here comes Box!

The Scottish Strongman slides back beneath the bottom rope and he immediately runs at Cayle, full bore. Murray’s away to slip away, however, and Boxer runs chest-first into the turnbuckle!

DDK:

Tremendous agility from Cayle!

Murray immediately gets behind Box, wraps his arms around his waist, and tosses him overhead with a perfect German Suplex!

Angus:

What the hell?!

DDK:

BEAUTIFUL execution!

Angus:

What's happening, Keebs?! Cayle is... he's killing him!

It doesn't take long for Box to get up from the move, but he has clearly been knocked loopy. He staggers across to his opponent who knees him in the gut, secures a gutwrench, then suplexes him overhead once again!

DDK:

And now a Gutwrench Suplex! This is a masterful performance from Cayle Murray!

The Cephalopod Formerly Known as Cayle Murray paces around the ring, and The Faithful are fired-up.

Angus:

He's just manhandling one of the nastiest performers in the history of our sport!

DDK:

Maybe you were wrong, Angus...

Angus:

I wouldn't go that far: we've got three falls to get through, remember? This thing's gonna settle down any minute now, just you wait...

DDK:

But after making a point about out-*wrestling* Cayle tonight, isn't this a tad embarrassing for Bronson Box?

Angus:

It won't be for long.

Box starts working his way to his feet, but he's made to eat a kick for every inch he advances. The crowd throw a nice, loud "*OOOHHHHHH!*" down with every blow, and Box's chest is soon turning a nice, deep shade of crimson!

A particularly nasty shot catches him right in the solar plexus, and Box falls onto his backside. Cayle suddenly runs to the ropes, snaps back, and boots him straight in the ribcage with a trademark Penalty Kick!

DDK:

PK! And you know what comes next!

Angus: (sarcastically)

YAY. FLIPZ.

Cayle darts across to the corner, scurries up the turnbuckles, then steadies himself. He throws his entire bodyweight backwards with a quick, high-impact, low-arcing Moonsault, making an extra effort to tuck his knees and drive them into Box's abdomen on impact!

DDK:

THERE IT IS! AND NOW THE COVER!

Angus:

Shit... this might be *IT*!

ONE!

TWO!

NOOOOO!

BOX KICKS OUT!

DDK:

So close! We're about seven minutes in, and Box hasn't landed as much as a single strike yet!

Cayle rolls off Boxer and throws his hair back, recovering some valuable lost oxygen. He stands, then waits for Box to get to a seated position once more. A big kick lands, but the second? Well, Box catches his boot, and rises with hell etched across his face.

DDK:

Uh-oh...

Angus:

See! Told you it wouldn't last!

Knowing he has no choice but to slow things down, Boxer starts tying Cayle up. He pulls him in with the leg, then traps his face beneath his arm. Box goes from a headlock into a front cravate, taking extra effort to stifle his opponent.

DDK:

Now this is smart from Box: slow it down, recover some wind, and try to grapple the lightning quick Cayle to the mat.

Angus:

Check the way he has his forearm pressing into Cayle's nose and mouth, too: this isn't a resthold, but one designed to completely cut-off the opponent's oxygen supply. It's the little things Box does that make him so dangerous.

Cayle, however, isn't going to allow himself to be cut off by a hold or two. He throws a couple of forearm shots into Box's side, but the Original DEFIANT's grip holds strong. Eventually he goes for a different tactic by reaching down, sweeping the legs, and sending Box to the mat.

DDK:

Cayle's free!

The impact allows Cayle to pop his head out, but Box gets up just as quickly. They're both on their feet, and Cayle throws a strike. Box ducks, pulls him around, and secures a front facelock...

Angus:

Here comes the suplex!

Box hoists him high in the air, but Cayle slips out of the back! He darts to the ropes like a cheetah, rebounds, and ducks a clothesline!

Angus:

Damn, this guy's quick!

A second rebound...

DDK:

Here he comes!

This time Cayle baseball slides beyond Box, but more than that: he scoops him up with a school boy roll-up on the way past!

DDK:
FLASH ROLL-UP!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Angus:
WHAT?!

DDK:
Oh my *GOD!* Cayle Murray just pinned Bronson Box in under ten minutes!

Angus:
This wasn't in the gorram program!

Box got his shoulders off the mat a fraction of a second after the third slap, but it wasn't close to enough. Cayle instinctively rolls away from Bronson Box, and the crowd, after overcoming their shock, explode.

Darren Quimbey:
Ladies and Gentlemen, the winner of the first fall... CAYLE MURRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYY!

Cayle pumps his fist in the air as his name's read out.

Angus:
Dude! *Duuuuuuuuuude!* I did not see this coming... *AT ALL!*

DDK:
I don't think Boxer did either! An absolutely blistering start from Cayle, and it has paid off! More important, he out-wrestled Box, which was exactly what Boxer said he was going to do to Cayle.

Angus:
He made a point of emphasising that, too! Keebs, man, guy, dude... I don't know what to think!

DDK:
Sit back and enjoy, partner! Things just took a very interesting turn!

Boxer's bloodshot brown eyes are wide as cracked dinner plates, and trained with laser focus on his opponent. Cayle goes down to one knee and mouths *"that's one."*

DDK:
Not an auspicious start for The Wargod here, Skaaland!

Angus:
Box needs to flip the switch here, enough of this catch as catch can malarky! WRASSLE FIGHT GORRAMIT!

DDK:
Cayle's *wrestling* credentials were never in doubt, but this is a stunning blow for Boxer.

Before Brian Slater even takes a step between the two competitors to set up the next round Bronson launches his frame with reckless abandon through the referees path directly into Cayle Murray's person. Cayle keeps his feet underneath him and the two men roll down the ropes in a whirlwind of fists and elbows back into the nearest available turnbuckle. For a moment it looks like Cayle might weather the exchange, but Box takes the low road raking the jagged

thumbnail on his right hand across the eyes of his young opponent.

Angus:

ATA BOY! That's what I'm talkin' about RIGHT there, Keebs!

Slater elbows his way between the two to check on Cayle's vision.

DDK:

Really? So he stumbles out of the gate and resorts to his old tricks... despicable. OH MY!

The stout Scottish Strongman, giving not one good goddamn about the large referee blocking his path once again launches himself into the fray like a kamikaze pilot, fists and elbows first. Ref Slater narrowly escapes with his dome unrattled.

DDK:

Bronson better watch out how many liberties he takes with Buffalo Brian Slater!

Angus:

Boxer knows well and good Kelly wants a decisive winner here, no WAY he gets DQed on some "nyah nyah" technicality. Why do you think Kells promoted that rawboned hunk of meat from security to referee? Specifically for maniacs like Bronson Box...

The unhinged alternating elbow strike, European uppercut barrage Cayle Murray has been absorbing from the Bombastic One has the crowd whipped into an absolute frenzy. Out of nowhere Boxer wraps his huge tree limb sized arms around Cayle's waist and launches him with an effortless overhead belly to belly suplex that sees Murray planted dead center ring. Box never unlocks his arms, just repositioning and rotating until...

DDK:

HUGE German Suplex from The Wargo...

Before the words even escape Darren Keebler's lips Boxer deadlifts his foe and delivers another spine compressing German. And another... and ANOTHER all in similar fashion. Bronson quickly slides through into a pin attempt, Cayle kicking out quickly for the two count. Boxer slaps the mat in frustration, grabbing Cayle by the ears and wrenching the younger Murray brother to his feet. With one quick, violent shove Cayle stumbles back into the nearest turnbuckle. Box peppers the young man with two more brutal elbows to the side of the head only to then take a few large steps back into the opposite corner and *charges*...

Angus:

Ooooooooo... HOLY CRAP!

The crowd pops HARD as somehow Cayle Murray saves himself from certain doom, extending a boot that caught The Wargod directly under the chin. His foe staggered, Cayle Murray reaches down deep and comes charging out of his corner like a house of fire plastering Bronson with a series of chops to the chest, peppering him with nasty forearms across the skull. Cayle caps off the rally with a HUGE pelle kick to the dome that sees the tables turned and Bronson now on the ropes, backed into a corner.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Listen to these fans, Angus! Like fuel for the fire that surely burns deep in the heart of that young man!

Angus:

Oh, spare me your twelfth grade AP English attempts at poetry Keebler. COME ON BOX, *WAKE UP GORRAMIT!*

Seeing his opponent momentarily on dream street, Cayle makes the same fatal mistake Box made just moments

before. He takes a few huge steps back and takes off like a jet back towards Boxer with nothing but vicious intentions in his eyes. Right before young Cayle makes contact with whatever rib shattering maneuver he had in mind, Boxer's eyes flutter open just in time to CATCH Cayle and use his own momentum to drop him spine first onto the canvas.

DDK:

ONE-ARMED SIDE SLAM! What a reversal there from Bronson Box!

Before Cayle even finishes writhing on the ground, Boxer steps forward and presses the heel of one of his boots right into the open palm of his opponent. Cayle cries out in agony, Brian Slater is RIGHT there with a fearless finger and several expletive laced warnings right in Boxer's face. After a few moments he releases Murray who immediately cradles his now brutalized digits.

DDK:

My word, now *why*? What does this school yard bullying have to do with proving who's the best? Answer me that?

Angus:

Revenge 'aint got nothin' to do with fair play, Keebs. Cayle came here to DEF and from jump street he's acted like a reckless little glory hound. He screwed up Boxer's well laid plans when he went after Eric... well, say hello to consequence street, *Squidboy*.

The moment Cayle gets to his feet, Boxer having leaned back against the ropes for a little momentum roars in with a spinning elbow to the mush that sends Cayle staggering back against the ropes. Boxer sets up an immediate Irish whip that Murray *somehow* reverses. Box ducks the incoming clothesline attempt from Murray. The two continue in this fashion until Box punts a halt to the proceedings, hooking his arms around the top rope RIGHT as Cayle pops up for a vicious dropkick that catches nothing but the space between.

Angus:

Swing and a miss!

Cayle is quickly back up to one knee, but is greeted with a swift no nonsense Boxer boot to the side of face for all the good it does him. Cayle allows the momentum from the boot to carry him through the ropes and to the outside in an attempt to put a little distance between him and the runaway freight train named Bronson Box.

DDK:

The action spilling out to ringside here! Box is right out after Cayle, here!

It's not long before Box has Cayle propped up against the ring apron, peppering his fellow Scotsman with lefts and rights and several more brutal elbow shots before going for a wild whip towards the barricade. The crowd and announcers all lean back, expecting the absolute worst only to have their tension relieved in an uproarious cheer as the ever nimble Cayle Murray deftly leaps to the top of the barricade, immediately launching himself back towards his advancing opponent...

DDK:

LEAPING FOREARM FROM CAYLE MURRAY! And off the BARRICADE no less! My... *GOD!*

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

That's one for the old highlight reel, Keebs!

Cayle quickly capitalizes and heaves Bronson's bulk up and under the bottom rope, depositing the Scottish Strongman back inside the ring. The younger Murray wastes no time following his adversary inside and uploading some brutal strikes of his own, just waylaying the "Ace" with some wild shots to his sheared mustachioed cranium. Despite his best efforts, The Bombastic One somehow powers through and gets back to his feet. Box simply ROARS in Cayle's shocked face. Box goes for the quick Irish whip, but finds himself reversed back into the corner/ Box

telegraphs the incoming Cayle Murray, flinging him over the ropes. The lithe young high flyer landing deftly on the apron. Still thinking one step ahead Box grabs Cayle's arm with vicious intent in his dark muddy brown eyes...

DDK:

Box with a rope-hanging Armbar! Yikes!

After a few agonizing moments referee Slater manages to make Box release the hold, Cayle dropping down to ringside to nurse his aching arm. Brian Slater gets right in Boxer's face admonishing him best he can before the broad Scotsman shoulders past him, his eyes focused on his opponent, slowly getting up to his feet on the outside. Bronson swings a leg out through the ropes and takes a few steps back out on the apron. Riiiiight as Cayle Murray gets to his feet, turns around and gets a FULL FORCE punt kick right to the same assaulted shoulder.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Angus:

Kicked him right in the gob! That's a Scottish-y- word, right? Gob?

Boxer drops down with a heavy double axe handle that sends Cayle to a knee, following up with an Irish whip that young Murray most certainly does not avoid. The young Scotsman's back clatters violently against the steel guardrail with so much force it sends the thing scooting back into the knees of the front row Faithful. He stalks after Cayle, grabbing him by the wrist and RUNNING him across ringside into the opposite guardrail to similar brutal effect.

DDK:

Cayle's back has got to be in absolute agony here, partner!

Angus:

Don't speak so soon, Darren, Box aint done.

The Wargod kicks the top half of the ringsteps off with one swift boot, sending the huge steel steps clattering aside. Box lands a couple quick elbows into the dome of his opponent for good measure before hoisting him up and depositing him back first into the bottom half of the ring steps with an echoey THUD.

DDK:

SPINEBUSTER onto the steel steps from Bronson Box! My... GOD!

Box gets to his feet clutching a fistfull of Cayle Murray's mane, yanking the now bleary eyed young grappler to spaghetti legs. With a sinister smile and his eyes again on the steel barricade. It takes only a moment for Box to hoist Cayle high into the air in a vertical suplex, and simply FLINGING the poor young man forward. Cayle landing BACK FIRST across the top of the barricade.

DDK:

ROLLING RELEASE SUPLEX INTO THE GUARDRAIL!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Angus:

Did... did you SEE the angle Cayle's back hit that steel... godDAMN.

With his opponent down for the moment clutching his back, Boxer takes a moment to jaw with the fans and preen a little for the Faithful.

Angus:

Well he seems to be enjoying himself. Can't say the same for Squidboy down there...

DDK:

The Original DEFIANT is in raaaare form tonight, Skaaland. Raaaare form.

Boxer effortlessly lifts Cayle and deposits him back into the ring, breaking up a fervent ten count from the referee. Cayle desperately tries to claw his way up the nearest available turnbuckle but is met with a series of reckless downward thrusting kicks to the back from Boxer halfway up to his feet. Continuing the torture Box wrenches Cayle up and cracks him down over his knee with a nasty backbreaker that sends Murray sprawling away clutching the small of his back. Box is slow to follow... almost *stalking* after Murray now.

Angus:

Oooooo I know that look...

Box stands over his wounded opponent, pushing the heel of his boot into the young man's forehead. He adds further insult with a few open palm slaps across the face and more than a little shouted jaw jacking right into the bleary mug of the Starbreaker. *"THIS IS THE HOUSE BRONSON BUILT, YE' WEE FOOK...* Amidst a smattering of boos and right as Boxer looks to connect with a boot across Cayle's ribs, the resilient "squidboy" rolls up The DEFIANT One in a lightning quick schoolboy.

Referee Slater slides in for the count...

1...

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

QUICK kick out from The Wargod!

Box kicks out with such force he sends Cayle Murray tumbling back into referee Slater. The mustachioed Strongman wastes zero time scrabbling after his prey. He wraps one huge meaty paw around the throat of Cayle and DRAGS him up to his feet, pushing him back into the nearest available turnbuckle. Another round of spittle laced jaw jacking from Bronson as he just GRINDS his elbow into the side of Murray's head.

WHAM WHAM WHAM *snort pthew*

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

DAY-UM, son... just... DAY-UM.

DDK:

I think I'm going to be sick...

Three vicious elbow strikes across the side of Murray's head. And one enormous wad of phlegm right between his dazed eyes. His opponent sufficiently dazed he takes a few big steps back, turns and charges... but before we find out what he has in store for Cayle, "Squidboy" lunges forward like a jungle cat and hooks Bronson around the neck.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

SLING BLADE! SLING BLADE FROM CAYLE MURRAY!

Both men lay motionless after the desperation maneuver.

Angus:

Yeah, well fat load of good it did Murray the younger. He's so wiped he can't even make the cover!

Both men start to stir at the sound of referee Slater starting his count. Cayle is the first to his feet and immediately tries to gain some sort of advantage with a lunging clothesline. The beefy Scotsman showing off his inhuman reflexes deftly ducks the maneuver, sweeping Murray's legs and dropping the young man nose first into the canvas.

Angus:

CROSSFACE!

Bronson immediately capitalizes with a modified crossface... one big beefy Scottish knee buried in the small of Cayle Murray's back for added brutal effect. The Wargod GRINDS his knee deeper as he viciously cranks back on Cayle's neck. To his credit the youngest Murray shows intense fighting spirit as he ever so slowly works his way to his feet and out of the body contorting submission hold. He has precisely zero time to celebrate as Box powers back with an UGLY lariat that sees Murray's head BOUNCE off the canvas. With his opponent incapacitated for the moment, Boxer lurches towards the nearest corner.

DDK:

What's the Wargod doing here, partner?

SNAPSNAPSNAP

The sound of nylon laces snapping like twine. The sort of laces you'd attach a turnbuckle pad with. With one quick, ungodly, INHUMAN feat of strength Bronson Box yanks the first and second turnbuckle pads free just like that and then casually tosses them both out into the crowd with a sadistic wide eyed grin. The Faithful speak for us, one and all...

WHAT THE FUCK! WHAT THE FUCK!

WHAT THE FUCK! WHAT THE FUCK!

Angus:

Yup, just like that I'm immediately fully 100% terrified of that man again. Yup. Confirmed.

DDK:

I... I'm speechless! What pure rawboned STRENGTH from Bronson Box! What sadistic plan count he have for...

Boxer's little sideshow act gave Cayle enough time to get his wind back, clambering up behind The Wargod and popping off a wild release snap suplex back into the now exposed buckles.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Huge maneuver from Cayle Murray! Can he turn things around here?!

Boxer rattled from his trip into his own death trap, props himself up in the corner with his head resting against the exposed second turnbuckle. Cayle immediately tries to capitalize with a quick running knee, only to find his knee delivered into the unforgiving steel of the exposed turnbuckle. Boxer rolls out onto the apron at the VERY last second to avoid contact with his mustachioed mug.

Angus:

Bronson's experience edge is what's keeping Cayle on the ropes, Keebs! He crawled inside Squidboy's noggin over the last month, we're seeing the results RIGHT here!

The Wargod grabs Cayle by the back of his head and charges towards the exposed top lug of the "turnbuckle of doom" but a series of quick elbows to the guts cuts Bronson off allowing Cayle to wriggle free and away from certain steely doom. Boxer is right there however HOISTING Cayle up unexpectedly, repositioning him atop his frame attempting once again to cop Cayle brother Andy with a huge Highland Hangover. Thankfully for Cayle he managed to slide out the backdoor and crack off a crisp release German suplex that catches Bronson completely off guard.

DDK:What a *MATCH!**RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!*

Cayle rolls around on the mat clutching his aching knee, Box his neck. After the longest “rest” yet the two men struggle slowly, ever so slowly to their feet. Exhausted, brutalized, the two men stand a couple feet across the ring from one another with pure unfiltered hatred beaming out of their retinas towards the other. Almost on cue both men walk towards one another with purpose. The elbow strikes become closed fist shots, the closed fist shots become straight up open handed slaps across the face and finally a series of (literal) skin blistering open palm slaps to the bare chest of Cayle Murray.

POP POP POP*OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!*

Cayle stumbles away clutching his beet red, ever so slightly BLEEDING pectorals.

Angus:

Sweet crippled Christ, the kid just got his CHEST caved in with those palm strikes!

DDK:

It takes a SCARY amount of haggis fueled strength to literally split a man’s skin open with an open palm slap to the chest! My... *GOD!*

Cayle turns back to his adversary only to be met with a *different* sort of open palm...

DDK:

GOD’S FIERY RIGHT HAND! Box has locked that red right hand, that vice-like iron claw submission hold onto the cranium of Cayle Murray!

The Starbreaker *SCREAMS* in agony but doesn’t lose his footing, trying desperately to find some way out of the agonizing position he finds himself in. A few kicks to Bronson’s gut do absolutely nothing to slow down The Wargod. Box pushes Cayle chest first into the aforementioned “corner of doom” with it’s two exposed turnbuckles. The pads hucked minutes ago out into the sea of screaming, cheering Faithful by The Original DEFIANT himself.

Angus:

Heh, look, those turnbuckle pads are *already* on eBay... fuckin’ millennials.

DDK:

What exactly is Bronson setting up here in... OH MY GOD!

WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM

The (now slightly adjusted) clawhold still locked on Murray’s skull, Boxer just slams Cayle’s face into the exposed turnbuckle lug over and over and over again until the blood pitter patters down to the off-white canvas like big fat red raindrops.

Angus:

Good God, the man’s a GORRAM *sadist* and I LOVE it!

DDK:

Just a disgusting display from the former two time FIST of DEFIANCE here... dear... *dear lord...*

Bronson takes a big step back allowing Cayle to fall forward into his knees. The musclebound Strongman immediately tucking Cayle's head between his tree trunk sized legs and pointing a jagged fingernail directly at the torture device of a turnbuckle they both just walked away from.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

He's not... he CAN'T!

Angus:

BOBASTO BOOOOOOOOOOOO*what the fuck... ?*

Boxer just barely hooks his arms, ready to hoist Cayle up to his shoulders for the "put 'em down for good" version of his spine shattering buckle bomb finishing maneuver when referee Brian Slater steps between The Wargod and his steely goal. Buffalo Brian waving his arms "NO" knowing full well a BOMBASTO Bomb into the exposed lug is a sure fire way to not only a preemptively ended match, but a preemptively ended CAREER.

Angus:

Laaaaaame.

DDK:

Kelly wanted a FINISH to this feud, Angus. Not more reason for them to want to straight up KILL one another.

Brian Slater stands his ground and the Scotsman relents (it helps referee Slater is built like several brick shithouses stacked atop one another) Box doesn't rest on his laurels for long however. Quickly hoisting Cayle to his shoulders, turning in mid stride to face the NEXT less "deadly" turnbuckle and releases his opponent full bore, back first into the turnbuckle pad.

Angus:

BOMBASTO BOMB, BAY BAY!

Bronson grabs Cayle by the hair and YANKS his limp body out of the corner, drops down and hooks both legs for the pinfall.

1...

2...

3... !

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the winner of the *second* fall... BRONSON BOOOOOOOOOOOOX!

DDK:

Aaaaaand we're tied!

Angus:

Yeah, and check Squiddo's head...

Though he lies lifeless on the mat, there are torrents of plasma streaming from Cayle Murray's busted cranium.

DDK:

Okay, that's getting worse.

Angus:

It is, and there's still another fall to go! It's 1-1, but Cayle just ate a gorramn Bombasto Bomb, and now his face is pissing blood...

DDK:

He bled bucketloads against Eric Dane too, but he doesn't have a t-shirt to fashion into a makeshift bandage tonight...

Cayle rolls onto his side, coughing. Blood streams down from his forehead and pools on the mat. Some mats his sodden black locks to his face, but he can't do anything about it.

Beside him, Bronson Box is on his knees, cackling.

DDK:

We've seen that look before, Keebs.

Angus:

Yes we have, and it's *NEVER* good. Box is working with evil intentions now...

Box plants one boot into the mat, then another.

Angus:

He might end it right here, Keebs!

Sure enough, Box pulls Cayle from the mat, and after slapping him across the face for good measure, he throws his head between his thighs and lines him up towards the turnbuckles.

DDK:

Whoa, he's going for a second Bombasto Bomb!

Angus:

This is it, Keebs! Goodnight Squidboy!

The Faithful gasp. Box hoists Cayle all the way onto his shoulders.

DDK:

Cayle's fighting it! He's not giving up!

Blood stings his eyes, but Cayle rains a hail of desperation elbows down on Box's skull. It takes three to stagger Box, four to make him take a step backwards, and five, six, seven to release! Cayle slumps down on the mat, a broken sack of flesh and bone.

Angus:

Well, Cayle's free, but I'm not sure how safe he is...

Murray literally *crawls* towards the ropes, unable to find the strength to get to his feet.

Angus:

There's no escape for you, little squid!

Box shakes the butterflies away, then lurches towards Cayle...

DDK:

The killer moves in...

He stands over the crawling Cayle Murray, who clasps his hand on the second rope. Box mockingly kicks it away, then uses his boot to push Cayle onto his back. Grinning, Boxer stands over his down opponent.

Angus:

He's toying with him now! Un-fuckin'-lucky, Cayle!

DDK:

This is not an enviable position to be in, that's for sure.

Boxer finally leans down and attempts to yank Cayle up, but Murray hits him in the gut! Again! Again! Again! His rise is sluggish, but he gets there, and eventually hits Boxer with a diminished European Uppercut!

DDK:

Boxer staggers backwards!

Adrenaline surge. Cayle fires all the way up to his feet, smashes Box with a wild flurry of forearms... then falls to one knee.

Angus:

It's too much, Keebs! That Bombasto Bomb has ruined him, and the bloodloss is making him woozy!

DDK:

Listen to this crowd, though! They were split down the middle at the beginning, but now? They're absolutely partisan!

"LET'S GO CAYLE!"

"LET'S GO CAYLE!"

"LET'S GO CAYLE!"

Angus:

And this is Bronson Box's house, too! Such a fickle mob!

Bronson sneers when he hears the support, and it only drives him. With Cayle still down, Box lunges forward and stomps him right on the back of the head, then moves over his body...

DDK:

Oh no...

Angus:

Cayle's about to go the same way as his brother!

Box locks his fingers across Cayle's jaw, and pulls back with the Camel Clutch!

DDK:

Boston Massacre! With the punishment Cayle's back has taken, how can he possibly survive?!

Blood trickles down through Box's fingers, but his focus is singular. He wrenches back harder and harder.

Angus:

Cayle's teetering! He's on the brink!

DDK:

But he's not giving up!

Tapping is the first thing on Cayle's mind. The pain's excruciating, but he can't succumb to it.

WON'T succumb to it.

He pushes both palms into the mat and drags him and Box a couple of inches forward!

DDK:

Come Cayle! One last big push!

Murray extends his arms again, but they immediately collapse under the strain.

Angus:

Told you! He's gotta tap!

Bronson Box doesn't want to risk Cayle getting the ropes. Slowly, methodically, he begins the transition to the Full Nelson...

Angus:

And now here comes the real killer! Box is about to snap his spine in two!

Box just about traps one arm, but Cayle recovers his composure at the perfect moment. He capitalises on the split second between Box removing one hand from his jaw and sliding it under the arm, and lunges forward, grabbing the bottom rope with his free hand!

DDK:

He made it! What an escape!

Angus:

Unbelievable! Even his brother couldn't do that.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FI--

Of *course* Box breaks at 4.9 on Brian Slater's count.

DDK:

Excellent work from Cayle. It was the Full Nelson transition that finished Andy off, but how long can he survive for? He has taken one hell of a beating!

The DEFIANT Ace stands up.

He wipes the sweat from his brow, and lets Cayle get up on his own accord.

Slowly, slowly, Murray gets to his vertical base. It's far from solid, though: he wobbles around like a newborn foal when he reaches his full height.

Angus:

Ha! It's like he's just taken delivery of his legs!

Finally deciding he has head enough, Box comes forward, pulls Cayle around, and throws his head under his arm...

DDK:

Looks like a Brainbuster attempt here...

Cayle hooks a boot around Box's calf, preventing the lift!

DDK:

Counter!

He throws a punch into Box's ribs! Another! Another!

DDK:

Cayle's fighting!

Cayle suddenly pulls his head out, puts his own arm around Box's head, and snaps him into the air.

Angus:

WAIT A MINUTE!

DDK:

CHAINBREAKER! CHAINBREAKER! CHAINBREAKER!

The sitout side slam comes with none of the usual theatrics, but Cayle doesn't have the energy for that.

Angus:

WHERE DID THAT COME FROM?!

DDK:

IT'S OVER! IT'S OVER!

Weary as all hell, the crimson-coloured Cayle drapes an arm across Box's chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE?!

NOOOOOOOOOOOO! BOX KICKS OUT!

And the air *sucks* out of the arena.

DDK:

Oh my God...

Angus:

BOX SURVIVES!

DDK:

He just kicked-out of Cayle's biggest move!

Angus:

Cayle threw his last roll of the dice, and it wasn't enough!

Perhaps knowing that his moment has passed, Cayle balls a fist on the mat. He rolls onto his back and swipes the blood from his eyes, then slowly sits upright.

Bronson Box is sitting just a meter away, eyes wider than ever.

He starts with a laugh, and it grows to a cackle. Sooner, Bronson Box is consumed by his own mania, and the colour fades from Cayle Murray's face.

DDK:

My *GOD*...

Boxer rolls onto his stomach. He glares through Cayle with the eyes of a serial killer, then sloooooowwwwwlllllyyyyyyy crawls forward.

Angus:

This... isn't good.

DDK:

No, it isn't! When was the last time we saw Box like *THIS*!?

Angus:

A long, long time ago. Fuck, Keebs: he's got *murder* in his eyes...

Cayle refuses to be overcome by the terrible image before him. He pounces forward as Box hops to his feet, driving a shoulder into his chest, and pushing him back into the corner. Blow after blow lands on Boxer's midsection, but Bronson finds the space for a swift knee to the forehead!

Angus:

Damn! That might be a knockout shot!

Murray crumples backwards, and Box is smiling again. With the crowd almost entirely on his back by this point, Box kneels down and reaches into his boot...

DDK:

No...

Angus:

Oh my fuck--

DDK:

No!

... and pulls out that old blood-encrusted railroad spike.

DDK:

Nonononononono! *NO!*

Angus:

He's already bleeding like a stuck pig...

DDK:

This is horrendous! Somebody stop this lunatic!

Angus:

Who'd be dumb enough to even try, Keebs?! Look at Box! He's *GONE*!

The Scottish Strongman raises the spike high above his head.

DDK:

Get in there, Brian!

Slater's already marching across to Boxer, ready to seize the weapon, but Cayle's wise to it. As Box grabs his hair, Murray once again tackles Bronson into the corner, and this time the spike goes flying out of his hand and to the outside!

DDK:

Phew!

Angus:

Something tells me we haven't seen the last of that thing. Squayle isn't off the hook just yet!

Cayle's relentless, but Box is goddamn frenzied. Feral, he reverses position on Murray and throws him back into the corner, knocking the taste out of his mouth with a couple of good old-fashioned puroresu slaps! Already queasy from the loss of blood, Cayle slumps back, and this allows Box to take him down.

Angus:

He's going for the back again!

Sure enough, Box tucks one arm beneath Cayle's left armpit then another under his chin. He press a knee between his shoulder blades and starts pulling back...

DDK:

ANOTHER focused assault on Cayle Murray's back! Something has clearly flicked Box's lunatic trigger, but he still knows what he's doing.

Angus:

Cayle might be in traction after this, Keebs. In hindsight, taking that first fall might have been the worst thing that could've happened to him. Box has been alllll over him ever since, and what do the Bombasto Bomb and Boston Massacre have in common?

DDK:

They both focus on the back.

Angus:

EXACTLY. Boxer is systematically and savagely taking Cayle Murray apart.

Fortunately, Cayle is close enough for the ropes to prevent Box from crippling him completely. He wraps his digits around the bottom...

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIIIIIIIII--"

... and *THAT's* when Box breaks. He lets Cayle slump to the mat, almost lifelessly.

DDK:

Well, he made it to the rope, but the damage might already be done...

The DEFIANT Ace rises to his full height. His whole body gleams with sweat, and his hands and forearms are coated with Cayle Murray's blood. With Cayle down, Brian Slater kneels down beside him, checking on the wound.

DDK:

Slater might stop this, Angus!

Angus:

There's a very real possibility, yeah. Cayle bled more than this in his match with Dane, but that was a Crescent City Street Fight! If Slater decides he's unable to continue, Box takes the fall, and the match.

For all Cayle's struggles, Brian eventually moves away from the Scot. Cue Box moving back in, kneeling down, and rubbing his hand across Cayle's bloodied face. Still kneeling, Boxer slowly wipes his bloodied hand down his own chest.

Angus:

Warpaint.

He's not finished, though. Suddenly, viciously, Box throws his head downwards... and sinks his teeth into Cayle Murray's forehead.

DDK:

... WHAT?!

Angus:

My *GOD!*

Brian Slater immediately rushes across and pulls Bronson Box away. Box falls backwards, grinning maniacally, his mouth coated with crimson.

DDK:

This is absolutely disgusting, Angus!

Angus:

This... man, I think Box has lost it.

DDK:

You *"THINK?!"*

Angus:

No, like *REALLY* lost it! Look at him - *THAT* is not human!

"YOU SICK FUCK!"

"YOU SICK FUCK!"

"YOU SICK FUCK!"

Box revels in the chants. He spits a wad of bloody saliva to the mat, then locks his gaze back onto Cayle Murray.

Those mixed reactions that have followed him around for the past few years?

Yeah, they're long fucking gone.

DDK:

This isn't even wrestling! This is torture!

Slater delivers him a swift admonishment for the bite, but Box isn't listen to a word. He's dead focused on destroying Cayle Murray, and he's about to get his chance.

DDK:

Come on Cayle! Get up!

Angus:

No, don't! Stay down, kid! This isn't safe anymore...

Cayle clamps one hand on the ropes, then another. Slowly, unsteadily, he rises to his feet. The crowd roar their support.

DDK:

He's up!

Angus:

Bad fuckin' idea...

Cayle stumbles his way towards Bronson Box, laying a couple of forearms in on his opponent. They're sloppy and mistimed, however: Cayle's all over the place, and this allows Box to scoop him up and down him with a backbreaker.

Angus:

Told you so!

DDK:

Dammit!

Angus:

Keebs, if there's any mercy in your heart, you'll root for Box to finish this swiftly. He's got *THAT* look in his eye, and we all know what he's capable of when he gets like this...

The crowd are on their feet, letting out every last drop of bile and venom. A drinks cup flies into the ring and narrowly misses the Scottish Strongman, but he pays it no attention. Box hits Cayle with a couple of mocking kicks to the side as Murray writhes around in agony.

Angus:

Box might be setting him up for a Boston Massacre here -- the move that put Andy away.

DDK:

Does Cayle have it left in him to fight out of it?!

Angus:

I dunno, Keebs: he's resilient, but this is next level.

Cayle crawls away. For all Angus' doomsaying, he refuses to die.

The crowd's hatred turns to encouragement. They clap, they chant, they cheer: all with the intent of willing Cayle Murray back to his feet.

And back to his feet he gets. It takes Cayle a good deal longer this time, but he's soon limping towards Box again...

... and *AGAIN* he falls to a backbreaker!

DDK:

How much punishment can one man take?!

Angus:

It's his own damn fault, Keebs! He keeps getting up!

DDK:

Do you *HONESTLY* expect him to stay down?! Do you know *ANYTHING* about this young man?!

Angus:

No, I don't *EXPECT* him to, but if he wants to leave with his career intact tonight, that's exactly what he'll do! Boxer damn near broke Andy's back when they wrestled, and big bro is a damn sight bigger than little bro! He needs a way out of this mess before it consumes him.

Slowly, unsurely, Cayle Murray clambers back to his feet.

DDK:

He's up!

Adrenaline spike. Murray stumbles over towards Bronson Box and clocks him with a forearm right to the jaw! Box stumbles backwards, then looks up, clutching his jaw.

Smiling.

Boxer strides forward, but Cayle ducks his swinging arm, waits for him to turn... hooks the leg.

STO!

Cue: UBERPOP.

Angus:

Where the hell did that come from?!

DDK:

Leg-hook STO! Box is down!

Angus:

The squid lives!

DDK:

But can he capitalise?!

Blood oozing from his forehead, Cayle stays on the mat far longer than he'd like to. The clock's ticking, however, and Box is stirring. Murray crawls over Box, but he doesn't pin him: instead, Cayle slowly stands up, taking Box's head, and locking him into a Dragon Sleeper.

DDK:

Wait a minute!

With every single person in the building behind him, Cayle falls backwards, locking full body scissors around Box.

DDK:

GRANITE CITY CROSS!

Angus:

OH MY GOODNESS!

Cayle wrenches and wrenches and wrenches, pulling back with everything he's got!

Angus:

Cayle's choking the life out of him!

DDK:

Can he do it?! Can Cayle pull it off!

Box starts clawing frantically at Cayle's arms, digging into his flesh with that Red Right Hand.

DDK:

C'mon, Cayle!

Angus:

Box can't get him loose! He's gonna tap, Keebs! Murray's gonna submit Bronson Box!

The clawing's not working. Box's face turns a deep shade of purple as the oxygen drains from his body, and he flattens his hand out...

DDK:

DO IT! TAP!

He lifts the hand up...

DDK:

TAP OUT!

... and up...

"TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP!"

... then *SLAMS* it down onto the mat...

Angus:

OH MY GO--

... and rolls onto his stomach.

DDK:

HE HASN'T BROKEN THE HOLD!

Cayle's forced to transition to a straightforward rear naked choke, but he keeps his weight on Bronson Box.

The Strongman reaches for the bottom rope. It's just a hair away. So close, yet so far.

Angus:

Bronson's about to pass the fuck out!

One last roll of the dice.

With all his strength, Bronson Box lurches both him and Cayle towards the ropes.

He right hand reaches it.

DDK:

DAMMIT!

Angus:That was *CLOSE*, Keebs! Real close! Another second and Box would've been out cold!**DDK:**

But what does Cayle do now?! He's thrown everything at Box! Does he have one last big move left in him?!

Crushed, Cayle relinquishes his grip. The exertion has killed him, and he rolls onto his back.

Angus:

They're both down!

Brian Slater starts the standing ten count.

ONE!**TWO!****DDK:**

This match will finish as a draw if neither of them can get up...

THREE!

Cayle coughs, then rolls onto his side.

FOUR!**FIVE!**

Across from him, Bronson Box shows his first signs of life by propping himself up on his elbows.

Angus:

The zombie awakens!

SIX!

Cayle plants one boot into the mat, then another!

SEVEN!

Box grabs the ropes!

EIGHT!

Box stumbles onto his feet.

Angus:

He's up!

DDK:

Turn around, Cayle!

Cayle's *almost* there, but he just can't quite make it.

Can't.

Quite.

Make it.

BOOM.

Running knee.

Angus:

RIGHT TO THE TEMPLE!

DDK:

Oh no...

Angus:

Cayle's down!

Box is overcome with bloodlust. He wastes no time whatsoever in tucking one arm, then the other...

Angus:

Here it comes!

... then locking the chin.

DDK:

BOSTON MASSACRE!

Angus:

This is the move that ended Andy!

DDK:

Can Cayle counter?! Can he overcome?!

The Scottish Strongman pulls back harder and harder with the Camel Clutch, but the fans already know what happens next.

They saw the last PPV.

They know what's on the agenda.

Carefully, Box locks-in a half nelson.

Then a full nelson.

DDK:

No...

He wrenches *ALLLLLLLLLLL* the way back, stretching Cayle's spine at an inhuman angle.

Angus:

THERE IT IS!

DDK:

Get out, Cayle!

Murray tries to fight. The pain is crippling, and his back's already severely damaged, but he's not going down without a fight.

He *tires* to get some leverage, but his spine's just too twisted.

It's no use.

DDK:

GET. OUT!

Nowhere to run.

Nowhere to hide.

No choice but to tap.

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

... Bronson Box has defeated Cayle Murray.

Angus:

My God, what a war.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner of the third fall by submission, and winner of the bout outright...

BROOOOOONSSSSSSOOOOOOONNNNNNNNN BOOOOOOOOOXXXXXXXXXXXXX!

Brian Slater attempts to raise Box's hand, but there's just one problem: he isn't letting go.

DDK:

Come on, Box! You already won the match!

Angus:

That's not the point, Keebs! This is about sending a message! Cayle took Eric Dane's scalp from Box, and in Bronson's eyes, this is punishment due!

DDK:

I don't give a damn, Angus! Get Andy out here! Get Jason Natas! Get *ANYBODY!*

Just as he'd done with Andy, Box keeps the super Massacre locked in.

The Faithful are *seething*, but eventually, mercifully, Box breaks.

DDK:

Thank *GOD!*

Angus:

It's over. It's finally over.

DDK:

We're gonna need some medical help out here! Cayle could be seriously hurt, and not just from the bloodloss.

Slowly, Bronxon Box rises to his feet. His music's playing, but you can't hear a damn note of it.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Angus:

I have not heard the crowd ravage Boxer like this in a long, long time Keeps...

DDK:

Whatever it was, *SOMETHING* flipped a switch in Box tonight. He frequently dips into the savage, barbaric side of his personality, but this? This was something entirely different.

Angus:

This was a beast we haven't seen in years. Let's hope it was a "one night only" thing, because if this is what we can expect from Box going forward, DEFIANCE is fucked.

Box gazes slowly around the arena, not smiling anymore.

He kneels down beside Cayle Murray, rolls him onto his back, and runs three fingers across his bloodied forehead.

DDK:

Oh come on!

Box traces his hands downwards, etching a long, bloody cross on the defeated Murray's chest.

Angus:

... *jesuschrist*...

Suddenly, Box drops to his knees. His body judders downwards, and with Cayle's body beside him, he stretches both arms out, closes his eyes, and tilts his head back.

Serenaded by The Faithful's hatred, it's a religious experience.

A cup flies from ringside, then a ball of paper. Another, another, another.

Trash soon rains down from everyone within throwing distance, but Box takes no notice. He's completely lost in the moment.

Angus:

This is the creepiest gorram thing I've ever seen, Keeps.

DDK:

I have no words for what we're witnessing at the moment, partner. Cayle Murray has been defeated, but that's not the whole story...

Angus:

No. It isn't. Look, I don't necessarily like Cayle. I respect his brother, I *almost* respect him, but this is just unsettling. I hope, for his sake, that Bronson Box is through with him, because if he's not--

DDK:

Let's not even consider that option just now, Angus. Folks, we'll be right back once the crew get this mess cleared up.

Cut.

Very Important Persons II : Electric Boogaloo

Welcome back to the VIP section of the HOLLYWOOD SEG, with the D and Elise having the time of their lives. JFK is nowhere to be seen, presumably comforting the recently dethroned Southern Heritage champion. Meanwhile, the Pop Culture Phenoms clink their champagne glasses, and then clink their tag titles before downing them back.

The rest of the party floor is jumping while the DJ spins some Eminem. That's when the locker room door is swiftly kicked open.

The D makes a cutthroat motion to the DJ as the record scratches to a halt. The D shouts across the now quiet room to a heavily breathing Mikey Unlikely.

The D:

SO!? How'd it go!?

Mikey's eyes widen. He goes to the bar and begins tossing random people's glasses behind the bartender, shattering liquor bottles.

Mikey Unlikely:

EVERYONE! OUT! NOW!"

Mikey quickly makes his way to the VIP section, as Klein steps in his path. Klein looks down at his clipboard, and Mikey quickly swats it away. He rushes the D, grabbing him by his lapel and shoving him against the wall. Elise stands next to Mikey, tugging at his arm.

Mikey Unlikely:

How do you think?

Mikey looks down at his empty waist. The D follows his eyeline.

Mikey Unlikely:

You jinxed me.

The D:

Wait.

The D lets it all sinking in.

The D:

No.

He shakes his head in disbelief.

The D:

It can't be.

His eyes widen.

The D:

You... lost?

Mikey turns to the sea of people exiting and shouts.

Mikey Unlikely:

WHAT ARE YOU ALL STILL DOING HERE!? Start a fire in five minutes if they aren't all gone.

Elise Ares:

I can fix this!

Elise bolts away as Klein shows up to Mikey's side, holding a waste basket that's currently set aflame. He smiles through his box and uses his other hand to give Mikey a thumbs up.

Mikey Unlikely:

Where were you?! You coulda stopped this.

Mikey finally lets go of the D, who clutches his neck in discomfort.

Mikey Unlikely:

This is YOUR faults.

The D:

Awh! Don't say that!

The D shouts out as the crowd of people slowly begin to exit. Mikey himself is over by the DJ, knocking over his equipment.

The D:

Drake was gonna rap... (mumbling) Started from the bottom now we're...

Mikey shoots the D a look, as The D stops his mumbling. Meanwhile, the DJ is shouting as Mikey keeps on destroying his equipment in frustration. At this point, Kendrix enters with his newly won DOC title, and without saying a word to Mikey, palm faces the DJ and begins tossing over amplifiers and equipment himself.

As Mikey and JFK continue destroying equipment, they don't notice Elise escorting the actual Drake over to The D.

Drake:

So, yo?

The D:

Yeah, we don't need you anymore. Bad vibes. Sorry Drake. Maybe next time.

Elise Ares:

This is the best worst night of my life. (dejected) Will you answer if I call you with my cell phone?

Drake stands there for an extra moment, waiting silently without answer. The D sighs and pulls out a wad of cash. Drake snatches it from his hands and begins counting it while starring the D down. Satisfied, Drake nods and exits the room. All the while, Mikey and JFK don't even notice, as they have severely decimated the sound equipment in a rage.

LINDSAY TROY Â© vs. CURTIS PENN

Cut-to: The commentator's table, where our dynamic duo of awesome await.

Angus: [giddy]

Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, Keebs, do you know what could be better than seeing Hollywood McFuckass lose the SOUTHERN HERITAGE TITLE and get a busted-up arm in the process?

DDK:

I'm sure you're about to tell me, Angus.

Angus:

Seeing Micropennis get the ever loving HOLY GORRAM HELL beat out of him! Because FUCK CURTIS PENN. And fuck Drake too!

DDK:

Alright, calm down, Angus, we've still got a main event to call! For members of the Faithful who may be joining us for the first time tonight, our current FIST of DEFIANCE, Lindsay Troy, and the Number One Contender, Curtis Penn, have been on a collision course ever since Kelly Evans, made this match on DEFtv 73. Curtis felt that he earned the right to face Lindsay sooner than tonight's marquee event since he won the DEF*MAX Grand Prix tournament at Maximum DEFIANCE, although by dubious measures, and made his displeasure known on several occasions...

Angus:

...because he's a Micropennis Clownbaby Shitlord....

DDK: [ignoring Angus]

...including during a FIST of DEFIANCE match between Troy and Cayle Murray, who Curtis beat to win the DEF*MAX Grand Prix, on DEFtv 74. Penn also holds a pinfall over Troy in a non-title match that took place on DEFtv 75 and all hell broke loose between them in tag team action on our go-home show. Now we're here, and we're ready to go. The mat's still bloody from the continuation of the Scottish Civil War between the Murrys and Bronson Box, but this is DEFIANCE and we just keep this train a'rollin'. Let's go to DQ in the ring for the intros...

And, mercifully, we do just that.

Darren Quimbey: [on that late night adrenaline rush!]

DEFIIIIIIANCE FAITHFUL! [POP!] It is my pleasure to announce that the following contest is scheduled for one fall and it is for the FIST of DEFIANCE CHAAAAAAAAMPIONSHIP!

ZOMGPOPSPLOOOOOOSION~!

Lights out.

Music up....

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" by eRa ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

FUCK YOU CUR-TIS! **CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!CLAP!CLAP!**

FUCK YOU CUR-TIS! **CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!CLAP!CLAP!**

FUCK YOU CUR-TIS! **CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!CLAP!CLAP!**

Out steps Curtis Penn from behind the curtain, basking in the hate and the heat from the Faithful. He eggs them on, begging for more.

Angus:

Ugh, can he hurry up and get to the ring so I don't have to look at him close up for long?

DDK:

That would be preferable, yes.

Darren Quimbey:

INNNNNNTRODUCING first: THE CHALLENGER!

Now, Penn makes his way down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

From Pensacola, Florida! Weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds....he is the SELF-PROFESSED....
GREATEST WRESTLER ALIVE....

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

....and DEFIANCE's GREATEST VILLAIN.....

*FUCK YOU CUR-TIS! **CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!CLAP!CLAP!***

Darren Quimbey:

CURRRRRRTIIIIIISSSSSSSSSS PENNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!!!!

Curtis slips in between the middle and top rope and twirls in the middle of the ring, giving the Faithful a 360 degree view of his brilliance. He smirks then makes his way toward a corner to stretch a bit.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

♪ "Trampled Under Foot" by Led Zeppelin ♪

The Faithful roar in time with that all-too familiar clavinet intro. Cell phone screens and camera flashes light up the arena and pyro explodes from the stage like cannon fire.

Robert Plant serenades the arena with the first verse and chorus before Lindsay Troy makes her appearance. She throws the curtain aside and strides out to the platform amidst the fireworks. Her long legs carry her across the stage as she marches down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Making her way down the aisle...from Tampa, Florida! Weighing in at one hundred and ninety-five pounds.... she is the REIGNING..... DEFENDING..... FIST OF DEFIANCE..... Your HIGH QUEEN DEFIANT.....
LIIIIIIINNNNNDDDDSSSSSSAAAYYYYYYYY TRRRRRRRROOOOOOYYYYYYY!

Spotlights follow the long-time Queen of the Ring's path and she keeps her eyes locked on Curtis Penn. For his part, he looks cocky and confident as always. Once she gets to the bottom of the ramp, she hops onto the apron and flips herself up and over the top rope. Brian Slater keeps Curtis at bay, allowing Troy to ascend a turnbuckle and give the fans a photo op, as is her custom. After a few moments, she hops off, turns around, and unbuckles the FIST of DEFIANCE title from around her waist and hands it over to Slater.

DDK:

Both Lindsay and Curtis look ready, Angus. Any last minute predictions?

Angus:

You know where I stand, Keebs. WAR TROY. Let's get this slaughter going; I want MOAR BLOOD. MOAR

BECAUSE MOAR!

Brian Slater hands the FIST of DEFIANCE belt to an exiting Darren Quimbey and motions for the bell!

DING! DING! DING!

Troy and Penn bound out of their respective corners, adrenaline pumping. They circle and engage in a crisp collar and elbow tie-up. Penn slips his arms down and grasps Troy's hand, gripping it with a knuckle lock, then transitioning from there to a quick side headlock takedown. The FIST is quick with a counter, grapevining Penn's head, and Curtis kips up to his feet. Both champ and challenger circle again and this time Troy shoots in with a side headlock takedown, but what was good for her once is just as good for Penn, as Curtis counters with a grapevine and Troy kips up!

DDK:

They're backing up to a corner. Penn's taking in Troy's speed; they're pretty evenly matched.

Angus:

Pffft....for now.

A second collar and elbow tie-up as the FIST and her current nemesis engage again and Penn, once more, gains the advantage. He muscles her back toward the corner and as soon as her back hits the turnbuckles he, surprisingly, releases his grip.

Or so Troy thinks...

Penn feigns a punch and the Queen instinctively snaps her forearms up by her temples to block. Just as quick, DEFIANCE's self-proclaimed Greatest Heel opens his palm, slips his hand past her arms to pat her sharply on the cheek, and, with a smirk, backpedals away.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Curtis is playing mind games and the Faithful don't like it one bit.

Angus:

If Micropennis was smart - which is *isn't* - he'll think twice about trying that condescending shit a second time.

The Faithful aren't the only ones who don't like Penn's apparent mockery; Lindsay Troy's looking a little annoyed with the Number One Contender. She steps out of the corner, eyes narrowed, lips pursed. Curtis slides over to his right and the two circle each other once more. Another collar and elbow which sees Penn transition into a tight side headlock. Curtis talks a little trash, grinding Troy's cheek against his body, but the champ finds her leverage and shrugs him off, sending him into the ropes. She leapfrogs him on the rebound but Penn puts on the brakes and wallops her with a short clothesline.

Penn, for once, doesn't take the time to admire his handiwork. He runs the ropes and Troy rolls under his feet and scrambles back up to a vertical base while he's got his eyes off her. Curtis darts off the far side and as he dashes back, Troy leapfrogs him again but Penn keeps going, building momentum! Off the near side and the FIST times it just right, pivoting on the balls of her feet so she catches Penn coming back toward her and wraps her arm around his, bringing him up and over with a hip toss! She follows that up with a stiff kick to the breadbasket, then a kick under his chin to lift up his head, and then a spinning heel kick to flatten him to the mat!

Angus:

Goddamn, I love the sound of Micropennis' flesh being torn to shreds! Stay on him, Troy!

Penn rolls away, not letting Troy go for a cover just yet. He gets to his feet, a little shaken, and the champ is right back on the attack with a hard forearm shot! Curtis falls to his backside against the ropes and Troy, seeing an opportunity,

takes off to the opposite side. Curtis flips over and lands on the apron. As Troy approaches, he lands a shoulder to her midsection which halts her progress momentarily.

If Penn was hoping for a chance to regroup, however, the FIST isn't going to give it to him. She shrugs off the blow, steps back, and lands another round house kick that sends the Sultan of Strong Style to the outside! The Faithful by the barricade and in the first few rows all stand up as Curtis hits the floor with a satisfying **smack!**

DDK:

Looks like the momentum is shifting a bit in the FIST's favor!

Angus:

As it should, Keebs, as it should!

DDK:A

Curtis looking a bit dazed out ther--whoa, look out!

Penn had started getting to his feet when the roar of the Faithful signals otherwise. Troy takes to the air with a corkscrew plancha and crashes into Curtis, sending them both into the barrier!

THIS IS DEF!

THIS IS DEF!

THIS IS DEF!

DDK:

Lindsay Troy, putting her body on the line! She is down! Penn is down! The Faithful are up and cheering!

Angus:

Keebs, I don't give flippy-doo's passes often, but you know this is a special circumstance!

DDK:

Indeed it is, partner, indeed it is! Brian Slater's over by the ropes and he's starting his count!

ONE!

TWO!

Troy to her feet, bringing Penn up too. She connects with a right hand, foregoing the forearms; let's face it: Curtis Penn deserves closed fists. He staggers away, rocked by the punch.

THREE!

FOUR!

She's in pursuit with another right hand. Penn falls against the barrier. The High Queen DEFIANT kicks him square in the sternum.

FIVE!

SIX!

The FIST gives her challenger no quarter, rocking him with a left hand now, followed by another hard kick to the sternum. Penn's reeling and Troy shoves him under the bottom rope just as Slater hits EIGHT.

The Queen muscles Penn to his feet, hooks him quickly, then drives him back to the canvas with a spinning fisherman's suplex! And it's a beaut! The cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

DDK:

First pinfall attempt of the match and the champ gets a two count!

Angus:

It was too much to hope for a three there, Keeps.

DDK:

And the look on Troy's face says she knows it. She's not to be deterred, though, taking Penn up by the scruff of his neck now and hoisting him up onto her shoulders!

Angus:

Deceptively strong, as always.

DDK:

For sure but, oh wait a minute, Penn's wriggling...

Indeed, Curtis senses trouble and starts flailing, which throws Troy off balance just a bit. Her grip on him loosens and, finally, breaks completely. He slides off, grabs her hand, and...

SNAP~!

OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Lindsay Troy:

FFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUU-----

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lindsay Troy's expression *immediately* turns pained. She grabs her right hand - her dominant hand - and brings it against her stomach.

Angus:

Jesus Christ! Did you hear that?!

DDK:

I think Curtis Penn might have broken one or more of Lindsay Troy's fingers!

Angus:

Of course. BECAUSE OF COURSE HE'D TRY THAT.

Brian Slater gets right up in Penn's face, giving him an earful but not outright throwing the match out, and the Number One Contender plays innocent, alleging that he was trying for another knuckle lock like at the start of the match. Slater doesn't look like he buys it for a *second*, and neither do the Faithful, who haven't stopped booing since that god-awful sound of bone breaking cracked through the Wrestle-Plex. Slater moves away from Penn, looking disgusted at his antics, and goes to check on Troy.

FUCK YOU CUR-TIS!

FUCK YOU CUR-TIS!

FUCK YOU CUR-TIS!

FUCK YOU CUR-TIS!

DDK:

Listen to the Faithful, Angus. What do you think here, are we gonna see this continue?

Angus:

I can't see Troy not continuing here, Keebs. She's not gonna want to give Penn the satisfaction. And it's just a finger; if she's quick, she can probably take some of her arm tape and tape it up against another one. But for real, though, **FUCK CURTIS PENN, DISQUALIFY HIM AND BAN HIM FROM THE SPORT.**

DDK:

That's a little extreme. I guess we'll find out in a moment if Troy can keep going....

Slater stops in front of Troy to see if she's alright, but before she can get a word out, Penn charges forward and tackles her to the ground! The *FUCK YOU CUR-TIS!* chants intensify as Penn stomps away on her neck and shoulders! Troy tries to cover up but Penn is relentless, dragging her up and then powering her back down with a jarring scoop slam! He covers, confident, and lax as he lightly drapes himself over Troy's body!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Curtis sloooooowly gets to his feet then **STOMPS** on Troy's hand, adding insult to injury!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

FUCK YOU CUR-TIS!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

FUCK YOU CUR-TIS!

Angus:

Goddamnit fuck Curtis Penn fuck him all to hell!

DDK:

Easy there, Angus.

Angus:

Don't tell me to go easy, Keebs, I'm all fired up now! Micropennis couldn't have let me be giddy over Hollywood McFuckass Hollywood McFailing and have my usual level of hatred for him. **OHHHHHHH NO. HE HAD TO GO AND KICK IT UP TO 11.**

Curtis looks down at the **FIST**, then out to the Faithful. A sly grin creeps along the edges of his lips as he turns to them fully and cups his hands around his mouth.

Curtis Penn:

BOOOOOOO! BOOOOOOO! BOOOOOO! FUCK ME?! FUCK YOU!

With a double bird salute, he turns back to center ring and follows a rising Lindsay Troy to the corner, He tries to grab her bad hand again but she manages to evade him, and instead he grabs a fistful of hair and headbutts her once, twice, three times!

Troy is reeling, stumbling against the ropes, trying to shake the cobwebs out and shake Curtis Penn off. He tries for another headbutt and she throws an elbow with her left arm to his sternum. This gives her some separation for the moment, but when she tries it a second time, Penn catches her and brings her to the mat with an arm drag takedown

and a cover.

ONE!

Kickout!

Angus:

Come on, champ, keep battling here!

Penn yanks Troy vertical, connects with an armbreaker, then follows it up with a wrist lock. Troy counters with a left elbow to his mouth but that doesn't break the hold. She tries for another elbow, but Penn keeps the wrist lock in tact. Could the third time be the charm....NO, Penn with a poke to the eye!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Curtis darts for the ropes, gains some speed while Troy's vision starts coming back around. Her faculties return just in time for her to throw a pop-up lariat with her left arm that sends Penn plummeting to the mat back-first. The momentum of that lariat send Penn back up to a seated position and Troy follows the lariat up with a rolling elbow and then a drop kick!

DDK:

Good God, what a combination that was!

Angus:

Just when we think we've seen everything....we wind up seeing something we've never seen before. I love this place, Keebs!

DDK:

Troy is still favoring that right hand of hers, though. She has to stay on the attack and hope that Curtis doesn't keep trying to go after any more of her fingers.

Angus:

That's still a possibility. It's also a possibility that Troy will try to break something of his; an eye for an eye so to speak. I hope she does!

Troy whips Penn into the corner with her good arm, sending him up and over the turnbuckle post much to the Faithful's delight. She follows him in but Penn catches her with an elbow, shifting the momentum back his way! A quick kick to her stomach doubles her over and Penn grabs her arm, throws it over his neck, hooks her tights, and he suplexes her up and over the top rope to the outside, hoping to send her all the way to the floor. Troy manages to fight a bit on the way down and lands on the apron. She instinctively catches the top rope with both hands and grimaces with the pain of her broken finger.

Penn sends a knee in her direction, which she only manages to partially block. She tries for one of her own, and he does the same. Soon, the forearms and fists are flying, and it's not long before blood oozes from Penn's temple, courtesy of a high kick from the Queen that sends him back into the ring and flat on his back.

Angus:

LET THERE BE BLOOD, KEEBS! LET THERE BE BLOOD!

DDK:

Troy with a devastating kick that I'm not so sure didn't knock Curtis Penn for a loop there! Brian Slater is checking on him and...Troy's going up top now. I'm not sure what she's gonna do here, Angus.

Angus:

Death from above seems likely to me!

Troy's quick to scale the corner ropes; she could be going for *anything* here, but Penn's not dead yet (unfortunately). He scurries to his feet and charges toward the corner. Troy sees him coming, leaps, and catches him with a high knee to the face! Penn's back to the mat and Lindsay rolls through. Both get to their feet but Troy's there first and fast. Left-handed, she grabs a handful of his hair, bulldogs him out of the corner, and covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THRRNOOOOO KICKOUT!

DDK:

Two and a half there.

Angus:

Dammit, close! So close!

She pulls Curtis up but he stomps on her foot to halt her progress then throws an elbow into her mouth. She stumbles back to a corner and checks to make sure all her teeth are still in place. Curtis darts for the ropes and Troy follow suit, hitting an uppercut that finds its mark. Now it's Curtis' turn to check for missing teeth and for Troy to take the lead in running the ropes. Penn follows behind and throws a European uppercut that sends her back again to the corner, then he partners that with a rope-assisted high kick that staggers the FIST of DEFIANCE but doesn't bring her down. Penn grabs her by the neck and brings her to the mat with a corner assisted tornado DDT, but Curtis' and Troy's momentum causes Lindsay to pop right back up again! She throws her right leg out and catches Penn flush on the chin with a superkick, and both champ and challenger crumple to the canvas, breathing heavy, adrenaline spurt over for the moment!

Brian Slater looks at both Lindsay Troy and Curtis Penn and begins to count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

Troy and Penn are both gulping air, trying to pull themselves together.

FOUR!

FIVE!

Angus:

Shit! Penn's inching toward the bottom rope! Come on, Troy, move faster!

DDK:

She's got a bum hand, Angus, remember?

Angus:

I don't care! No, I'm kidding Mom, I do care! But I don't! GAHHHH THE PRESSURE!!!!!!! IT'S TOO MUCH!!!!!!!

SIX!

DDK:

Troy's on two knees and one hand! Penn's using the ropes to pull himself up!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

Penn and Troy, on spaghetti legs, push themselves the rest of the way up and finally face each other. Amidst the din of the crowd, it's a bloody Curtis Penn who throws the first shot. There's not much behind it, though, but it does stagger the Queen back a step. Troy regains her footing and parries with a strike to Penn's ear. He's down to a knee, Troy tries for a head kick but Curtis evades. He battles back to his feet, catches the champ with a snapmare and another European uppercut!

Penn finds his second wind and sprints for the ropes. Troy recovers enough to follow after him. She leaves her feet and connects with a flying forearm that sends Curtis sprawling against the ropes he was hoping to bounce off of. The Faithful cheer Troy on, but their zeal is short-lived as Penn charges forward, fakes a super kick to the grill, and switches to a knee that drops the FIST to the mat!

Angus:

Is there no level this piece of shit won't stoop to? Wait, don't answer that. Rhetorical question.

DDK:

Penn taunting the crowd now instead of going for a cover!

Angus:

Because he's a gorram idiot!

DDK:

Brian Slater's counting Troy, though, up to three now. She's slow to get to her feet. Penn still jaw-jacking with the Faithful...

Curtis points out to a group of twenty-somethin' 'Nawlins kids and makes a belt motion around his waist; they respond in kind with jeers and middle fingers. Behind him, Troy is standing tall again and Slater stops his count. She's sucking wind, trying to restore some energy and think of her next move while Penn's still preoccupied with the crowd. On her next breath, she rushes forward, having made her decision. Curtis seems to have had enough of the Faithful and at the same time turns back around...

CRACK~!

DDK:

BICYCLE KICK! Right in the kisser!

Angus:

BAHAHAHAHA, EAT IT, MICROPENNIS!

Curtis smacks the canvas and Troy is starting to feel the tide shifting back her way. Penn gets back to his feet and she hoists him up and hits a German suplex! The impact is jarring but he's back up again and Troy makes him pay with a standing dropkick that sends him careening toward the ropes! Penn catches himself on the cable, steadies himself, then immediately runs back toward the rising Troy and turns her inside-out with a lariat!

Curtis drags her off the mat and lifts her high into the air in a suplex position but before he can bring her back to Earth, Troy kicks her legs down herself and throws a couple of knees to Penn's midsection. Before he knows what's coming, Troy's lifting him all the way vertical herself, then releasing him parallel to her shoulder on the catch and driving him the rest of the way to the canvas with an Orange Crush!

THIS IS DEF!

THIS IS DEF!

THIS IS DEF!

Troy slides over and hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEE?????

DDK:

PENN KICKED OUT! PENN KICKED OUT!

Angus:

DAMMIT! DAMMIT! DAMMIT! SON OF A BITCH, WHY WON'T YOU DIE?!

Troy to her feet and throws a wild round house that misses Penn, who is still on his knees. He catches her and locks in a chickenwing, but the champ has the wherewithal to break loose. The escape is short-lived, because Penn grabs her again and settles for a powerbomb right near the ropes instead! He flips over for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THRNOO KICKOUT!

DDK:

Curtis pounding the mat in frustration there.

Angus:

GOOD!

DDK:

He's arguing with Brian Slater, which isn't going to do him a lot of good. Lindsay rolling out to the floor, hoping to disrupt his headway.

Angus:

Brian Slater could bench press Penn and toss him up to the Kels' office if he wanted, so he should probably keep his trap shut if he doesn't want to wind up in a world of hurt.

Curtis probably figures this is in his best interest because he abandons the argument and storms to his feet. He charges to the apron closest to the FIST of DEFIANCE and lands a mafia kick to Troy! The champ is dazed and Penn rolls her back in. He hits a reverse suplex, followed by a flying uppercut and a pin attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

THRNOO ANOTHER KICKOUT!

LET'S GO LIND-SAY! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!CLAP!CLAP!

LET'S GO LIND-SAY! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!CLAP!CLAP!

LET'S GO LIND-SAY! CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!CLAP!CLAP!

Penn stands up, chest and shoulders heaving; he's pissed that she kicked out, that he can't put her away, that she's *this* resilient. He shuffles his feet, stalking her, waiting for her to get up. The Faithful get louder but she's slow to rise. Finally she's to her feet and she backs into a waiting chickenwing...

NO!

Elbow by Troy! And another elbow! And anoth...

NO!

Penn underhooks *both* arms behind her back and forces her to the ground, then flips over and locks in a double chickenwing!

DDK:

Troy's fighting to roll Penn over here again, Angus. She's struggling.

Angus:

But not giving up!

DDK:

Slater's checking but Troy's not conceding. She's still trying to shift position....

Shouts of joy from the Faithful as Troy breaks free from Curtis' grasp. They stand up and are entangled again immediately when Penn switches to a single chicken wing. Troy does the only thing she can think of.

Elbow!

Elbow!

Elbow!

Elbow!

She fights free and whirls on Penn, smashing him with a barrage of stiff kicks that drive him backwards to the corner. Curtis is reeling, Troy can feel it. She heads for the outside and waits on the apron, waiting for Penn to get his bearings.

Angus:

What's she gonna do here, Keebs?

DDK:

I'm not sure, partner, but Curtis is on the move now.

As soon as Penn takes a couple of steps out of the corner, Troy hops to the top rope and springboards back into the ring, connecting with a flying front-flip neckbreaker! She's got Penn reeling and hauls him up, shoots him against the ropes and then takes off perpendicular to him. She gains speed, one thing her mind...

Curtis Penn, in whatever little part of his brain that hasn't been jostled and rolled about like a roller coaster, must've sensed the possibility of tragedy happening. So even though Brian Slater is much bigger than both he and Lindsay Troy, he is not an immovable object in his own right. When Troy barrels back towards Penn, and jumps in the air and leads with the points of her knees in hopes of smashing his face in with the ***Raynes of Castamere***, he does the only thing he can think of to save his sorry ass.

He pulls Brian Slater right in harm's way, and everything happens so fast that there's nothing the ref or the FIST of DEFIANCE can do to stop any of it.

Troy connects full-flush with Slater. He falls against the ropes and then down to the mat. Troy falls to the mat as well, looking horrified.

Angus:

Whoa!

DDK:

Brian Slater took the impact of the Raynes of Castamere flying double knee strike right to the chest and Curtis Penn is over in the corner looking mighty pleased with himself!

Angus:

It looks like he's biding his time, the sneaky little shit. Dammit, Troy, look around!

The Queen looks up, doesn't see Penn, and immediately gets suspicious. The Faithful call out to her, but all their voices in concert drown out any immediate specifics. Next to her, on the mat, Brian Slater is coming to, and his arm grazes her boot, which causes her to look down and provides a distraction and an opportunity for Penn to pounce.

He springs forward, hooks his hands behind her head in a full nelson, and swiftly hoists her into the air!

WHAM~!**DDK:**

CURTIS PLEX!

Angus:

NO!

DDK:

Curtis Penn connects with the Curtis Plex near the ropes and Brian Slater! He foregoes the bridge and floats over!

ONE!

Angus:

Waitaminute, HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS....!

TWO!

DDK:

Troy is struggling! SLATER DOESN'T SEE IT!

THREE?????????

DING! DING! DING!

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" by eRa ♪

Curtis Penn *BOLTS* to his feet, arms in the air!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!**BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!**BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!**BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!***Angus:**

ARE YOU GODDAMN FUCKING KIDDING ME RIGHT NOW?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?!?

Lindsay Troy cannot believe it either. She rolls to her knees, horrified, arms outstretched, staring at Brian Slater.

This absolutely cannot be happening right now. Again?!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match.....AND NEEEEEEWWWWWWWWWW.....FIST OF DEFIANCE.....
CUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRTIIIISSSSSSSSS

Kelly Evans:

EVERYBODY HOLD ON JUST A FRIGGIN MINUTE!

DEFIANCE Faithful:

YAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSS!

Angus:

YAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSS!

All eyes in the Wrestle-Plex turn to the Pleasure Do-----no, we mean Ms. Evans' office. The viewing panels have opened and there the Matriarch stands looking....*displeased*.

Kelly Evans: [mic in hand]

Curtis. [Taps foot.] Would it be **too much** to ask that you win **one match** on your own talent and skill? Hmm? I know you have it in there somewhere. It must be buried and repressed way, way deep because you continually insist on *cheating* and *snookering* your way to victories or championships. Well... [a wag of the finger]not this time, bub. Not for the FIST. You want my company's top belt? You take it FAIR and SQUARE!

DDK:

I like that idea!

Angus:

Me t---well, actually, no, I **DON'T** like the idea of Micropennis holding the FIST. AT ALL. NO. BAD IDEA, KELS. Can we just ... not give him another chance?

DDK:

I don't think she can hear you, partner.

Angus:

Hold on, let me get my cell phone...

In the ring, Curtis Penn is cursing up a storm, not that Kelly can hear him either, having believed he should be the rightful holder of the FIST of DEFIANCE title right the fuck now! Not that many steps from him, Lindsay Troy is helping Brian Slater to his feet. He falls against the ropes then leans against her for left side for support.

Kelly Evans: [continuing]

So here's what we're gonna do....we're gonna RESTART the FIST match in just a moment. Brian? [Slater looks up]. I want you to hold tight because you took a shot from Troy there and I want to make sure you don't have a concussion. We're restarting this with a new referee. Send Carla out here!

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSS!

Angus:

Yes!

DDK:

Carla Ferrari's getting the call after officiating a hell of a DOC match earlier this evening!

Angus:

It's too bad that the other Hollywood McFuckstick won the HOSSFITE title from Fatas but Carla could redeem herself after the DEFtv 75 bullshit....

DDK:

Where Penn pulled the same crap he just pulled a few moments ago?

Angus:

The very same!

Troy looks stoic while Penn turns a deeper shade of red. Brian Slater gingerly exits the ring and makes his way up the ramp. The Faithful cheer as Carla Ferrari walks out from the ramp and passes Slater. The two refs exchange low-fives as they walk by each other.

Kelly Evans:

Troy? You good to go with your hand?

The Queen nods. Even if she wasn't, she would be.

Kelly Evans:

Good. Carla, when you're ready.

DEFIANCE's lone lady ref slides into the ring, takes her position, and calls for the official restart.

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

And heeeeeere we go!

Angus:

FIST of DEF Defense Part Two!

Kelly disappears from view. Penn continues moaning and bitching as the bell's echo fades out, then he turns and rushes Troy. He tries for a rolling elbow, which the champ manages to duck. She does latch onto his neck with her left arm and brings her leg forward, then falls backwards to the mat with a leg hook reverse STO!

DDK:

A lightning quick move from the FIST!

Angus:

She drove all that hot air right out of him, ha!

DDK:

Angus, look! Her hands!

Despite all the pain and torture her right hand has endured from Penn throughout the course of the evening, Lindsay Troy still brought her legs and hands forward and locked Curtis Penn in the Divine Right (Koji Clutch)! The pain on her face says it all but she won't let go, no matter how much she's hurting.

Angus:

Hang on, Troy!

DDK:

Penn is fighting it, Angus!

Angus:

No he's not, Keebs, you stop that talk right now!

Carla's in position, asking Curtis if he wants to give up, and the Number One Contender refuses to give in! He's struggling against Troy, trying to kick toward the ropes, but the FIST squeezes harder and yells out as she does! Penn's eyes are getting droopy, his arms are getting lax. Carla asks him again if he wants to give and doesn't get a verbal response. She reaches for his arm and lifts it into the air.

It drops one time and the Faithful count it off.

ONE!

Lindsay Troy looks like she's nearly about to pass out herself but she's digging deep. Carla reaches for Penn's arm again.

Another drop. Another count-off.

TWO!

Angus:

One more, Keebs!

DDK:

Everybody's waiting with anticipation here in New Orleans!

One more time, Carla Ferrari reaches for Curtis Penn's arm.

One more time, it drops.

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

♪ "Trampled Under Foot" by Led Zeppelin ♪

Lindsay Troy falls back-first to the mat, spent, clutching her hand. Curtis Penn falls chest-first to the mat, out cold.

Angus:

YESYESYESYES THANK GOD! THANK GOD! IT'S A NEW YEAR'S MIRACLE!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match.....AND STIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII.....FIST OF DEFIANCE..... LIIIIIIINNNDDSSSAAAYYYYYYYY
TRRRROOOOQQYYYYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

What a match, Angus!

Angus:

I know!

DDK:

It was not without its controversy throughout, and you know that all parties involved are going to have something to say about it....

Angus:

Can you not ruin the moment for me? Micropennis lost! Mom retained! As far as outcomes are concerned, that's the right one!

In the ring, Troy is handed the FIST of DEFIANCE belt, which she lifts into the air!

DDK:

I don't think this conflict is gonna be over just yet, partner. As far as this evening goes we are just about out of time. For Angus Skaaland, I am Darren Keebler. Thank you for joining us and we will see you for DEFIANCE TV #77. GOODNIGHT!

Jane Katze has made her way to the ring area to help Curtis Penn out of the ring. Closeout shot of the two of them and Lindsay Troy.

This is DEFIANCE....