

THE RUNDOWN

Fade-in.

♪ "Road To Ruin" by Church Of Misery ♪

Highlights roll through a grainy filter. Dark red hue. The thick, gloomy doom metal soundtrack plays throughout -- a perfect sonic backdrop for the hard-hitting action unfolding before us.

Curtis Penn flattens Ty Walker, then meets his match in Impulse. He runs afoul of Eric Dane, regains the FIST Of DEFIANCE, then grins deviously, having goaded his long-time associate into tonight's bout.

Clouds of Reapers swarm upon the DEFarena. Scott Douglas gets hauled away in 'cuffs. Impulse drops the Southern Heritage Title. Three pairs of glowing eyes pierce the darkness.

Bronson Box puts Cayle Murray down at Ascension. The Scot fights back, shakes hands with Eric Dane. Finally, he reaches into his boot, plunging a rusty, twisted fork into the Original DEFIANT's shoulder.

The Bastard Sons of Wrestling come into DEFIANCE. Wildside brokers a deal with Kelly Evans. Tensions flare between Will Haynes and The PCPs backstage. A roll-up secures their title shot.

The ongoing war between The STORM and The Masked Violators consumes the last few frames. MV#2 returns from the longest shit-break in human history. The factions brawl all across the building, coming back together with the PCPs and Bastards, setting us up for tonight...

The action fades, and our logo appears.



We finally come into the arena. Pyro explodes from every available corner, and the camera swings around the baying Faithful, catching a few of those all-important signs along the way...

"HOW MANY REAPERS DOES IT TAKE TO CHANGE A LIGHTBULB?!"

"#SAVEOURNATAS"

""THE ONLY STAR' RIDES AGAIN!"

"JAY EFF KAY, BAY BAY!"

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, we are *LIIIIIIIIIIIVE!* Welcome one and all to the DEFarena here in New Orleans, Louisiana, for DEFIANCE Road 2017!

We cut to the announce booth. Keebler's looking as fancy as ever, while Angus is wearing his finest tuxedo t-shirt.

DDK:

My name is "Downtown" Darren Keebler, and alongside me as always is "The Motormouth Of Malcontent" himself, Mr. Angus Skaaland! Angus, what a huge night we have ahead of us!

Angus:

"Huge" doesn't even cover it, Keebs! Every single one of these matches comes with landscape-altering potential, depending on the outcome! Whatever happens, DEFIANCE is going to be a very, very different place once the night is over!

DDK:

Strap yourselves in folks, because this is gonna be a crazy one... and it doesn't get much crazier than Eric Dane vs. Curtis Penn!

Angus:

YESSSSS, KEEBS! I love it! 12 months after his last full match, Eric Dane returns to the ring to save *HIS* title belt from Curtis Penn's grubby mitts!

DDK:

Huge question marks over the condition of Dane's neck, which was badly damaged in his brutal, hour-long war with Cayle Murray at DEFCON 2016! It's been an eventual couple of months for Penn too, having traded the FIST of DEFIANCE back and forth with Impulse, and now goaded his mentor into a fight he probably didn't want to take!

Angus:

I have full confidence in the BAWS tonight, brother! Not only is he gonna wipe that smug grin right off Micropennis' face, but he's gonna bring that FIST home, baby!

DDK:

They'll be preceded by Scott Douglas vs. Midorikawa, presuming Sub Pop Scott actually gets himself out of jail in time to perform tonight!

Angus:

Pfffft! Regardless of whether or not that Soundgarden Schmuck turns up, He's got about 75 different Reapers chasing after him, and so does Impulse, who'll challenge for the Southern Heritage Title!

DDK:

He's heading in with an injured arm, but this is a pivotal match for The Marathon Man tonight! His in-ring fortunes have been all over the place this past couple of months, but a win over Reaper will go a long way to re-establishing himself as the SOHER kingpin! And hey, how about that retirement match between Jason Natas and Kendrix?!

Angus:

There ain't gonna be no "retirement" tonight, Keebs! Fatas is gonna wipe the floor with that sports entertainment shithead!

DDK:

A tough one to predict, but a really interesting clash of styles, and you have to imagine Natas will be extra fired-up with

his career on the line. That one promises to be chaotic, as does our Tag Team Title *LADDER WAR!*

Angus:

There's gonna be all kinds of flippy shit going on in that one, Keebs! Lot's of interesting stuff going on between these teams, however -- particularly The STORM and The Masked Violators!

DDK:

There's a little tension growing between The PCPs and Bastards too! Remember, it was a roll-up pinfall on Elise Ares that secured this title match a few weeks ago...

Angus:

That match will come after what promises to be the night's most brutal. Keebs, I cannot fucking believe that Squidboy and Boxer are starting us off...

DDK:

Indeed! Kelly Evans wants to get this one out of the way nice and early, particularly given the NO ROPES! Stipulation! This is one of the most heated rivalries DEFIANCE has seen in years, so without further adieu, let's take a few steps back in time, and trace the events that led us to this point...

THE SCOTTISH CIVIL WAR

Fade-in.

Footage rolls from UNCUT 13, all the way back in September 2016. Andy Murray sits in a studio, with Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland posing the questions. We join the big man mid-sentence.

Andy Murray:

... Boxer talks like I abandoned Scotland, but he knows damn well that's not the case. Moving to America put me in an incredible position, and I like to think I've used that position to raise the Scottish scene's profile, and that's without going into the money I've spent to benefit young Scots who are in the exact same situation I was 20 years ago.

DDK:

Speaking of which, Cayle shed some light on your early battles with Box the other week. I understand you two had quite the competitive rivalry?

Andy Murray:

It wasn't all that competitive, mate...

Andy winks

♪ "Nocturnal Me" by Echo & the Bunnymen ♪

Hurried, frenzied guitar strumming. A jarring rhythm. The song's tone is cerebral, melancholy almost, but a sense of menace bubbles beneath the surface.

*IN AN ICE-CAPPED FIRE
OF BURNING WOOD*

Grainy, handheld from Aberdeen, Scotland. Mid-'90s. A tall, lanky wrestler tangles with a more compact bruiser. His frame still filling out, Andy Murray nonetheless moves with poise, and puts Boxer away with his trademark Highland Hangover.

*IN OUR WORLD OF WIRE
IGNITE OUR DREAMS*

Fast-forward to DEFCON 2016. In night one's main event, Bronson Box and Eugene Dewey engage in a violent, bloody war, taking them all across the arena. Box scoops the record-breaking FIST up towards the end, dropping him with a Highland Hangover of his own: the first shot fired in the Scottish Civil War's DEFIANT chapter.

*OF STARRY SKIES
AND YOU AND ME*

Ten weeks later. Maximum DEFIANCE 2006. Andy Murray and Bronson Box finally meet in the centre of the ring. Murray dazzles the crowd, but gets drawn into Box's game, and Boxer pulls him into a back-snapping super Boston Massacre.

*AS REALISED
OUR BIGGER THEMES*

Cayle charges the ring afterwards, running Box away. He looks straight into the Original DEFIANT's cold, merciless eyes as he backs up the ramp. The shot lingers on Cayle's face. Strife and worry flicker behind his features.

*OH, TAKE ME INTERNALLY
FOREVER YOURS*

Back to the archival footage. Scotland, late-90s/early-00s. A bulkier, angrier Bronson Box whips and snarls a 16-year-old Cayle, tossing him around ringside with reckless abandon, bludgeoning his face to a bloody pulp.

NOCTURNAL ME
TAKE ME INTERNALLY

DEFtv 73. Backstage, Bronson Box accosts Cayle Murray.

Bronson Box:

Jealousy nothin'... this is about scores. Scores and makin' bloody HISTORY ye' WEE mouthy CUNT!

FOREVER YOURS
NOCTURNAL ME

Box shoves Cayle hard in the chest. Jason Natas restrains his friend.

Cayle Murray:

LET ME AT THA--

Bronson Box:

YEEEAH! COME AT ME BOY!

DO OR DIE
WHAT'S DONE IS DONE

DEFtv 76. Bronson Box spits a wad of phlegm right in Cayle's grill. Murray's had enough.

Cayle SSSSSSSSSSSSSSLAPS the taste right outta Box's mouth. The Original DEFIANT's hit with such force that he stumbles backwards! It's not long before the two men are ripping and tearing into one another with the backdrop of four thousand screaming DEFIANCE Faithful.

DDK:

We better get someone out here quick or there won't BE a match at the pay per view, partner!

TRUE BEAUTY LIES
ON THE BLUE HORIZON

Acts of DEFIANCE 2016. A match 17 years in the goddamn making. The Scottish Civil War continues in a two out of three falls match. Cayle strikes like lightning, catching Boxer off-guard with a ruthless flurry, scoring the first fall in quick fashion...

Angus:

WHAT?!

DDK:

Oh my GOD! Cayle Murray just pinned Bronson Box in under ten minutes!

Angus:

This wasn't in the gorram program!

WHO OR WHY
WHAT'S ONE IS ONE

Box is triggered. A wild fury overcomes The Wargod, and he cripples Cayle with a huge Bombasto Bomb into the corner...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the winner of the second fall... BRONSON BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOX!

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.

*IN PURE DISGUISE
OF VULGAR SONS*

The third and final fall goes to Box. He traps Cayle in the Super Boston Massacre, breaking long after the bell rings. 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.

*OH, TAKE ME INTERNALLY
FOREVER YOURS*

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.

*NOCTURNAL ME
TAKE ME INTERNALLY*

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.

*FOREVER YOURS
NOCTURNAL ME*

Box wrestles Walter Levy on DEFtv 77. He's done with Cayle Murray, but Cayle Murray isn't done with him. Cayle runs to the ring, saving Levy from the same treatment that damn near broke his back at the pay-per-view.

*WHATEVER BURNS
BURNS ETERNALLY*

Box bails from the ring. Cayle takes a few steps back, extending his arms to his side... completely bewildered. Without even looking over his shoulder, right before pushing through the curtain the camera mic picks up Bronson's parting words...

Bronson Box:

BACK OF THE LINE, SQUID. BACK OF THE FOOKIN' LINE...

SO TAKE ME IN

URNS INTERNALLY

Weeks pass. Cayle stays aggressive, desperate for redemption. Box wants nothing to do with him... until a mutual acquaintance enters the picture.

Eric Dane:

I thought I told you not to fuck it all up!

WHEN I'M ON FIRE

MY BODY WILL BE

"The Only Star" extends a hand. Cayle rejects the olive branch.

Eric Dane:

Have it your way, kid.

Dane power-walks past him.

Eric Dane:

I'll see you in the gorram hospital.

FOREVER YOURS

NOCTURNAL ME

Enraged by the meeting between his two enemies, Box consents to a rematch. It doesn't get started. Box batters Cayle on his way to the ring at Ascension, with only Impulse saving Murray from a lengthy spell in the nearest medical facility.

OH, TAKE ME INTERNALLY

FOREVER YOURS

Which brings us to the present day. Cayle shakes Eric Dane's hand, closing-out DEFtv 81. He chokes Reinhardt Hoffman damn near to death at 84, when Bronson Box storms the ring...

NOCTURNAL ME

TAKE ME INTERNALLY

The fork is deeply lodged in Box's flesh.

Eric Dane's fork.

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

Angus:

ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! DID THAT... DID THAT JUST HAPPEN?!

DDK:

Cayle just SKEWERED BRONSON BOX!

FOREVER YOURS

NOCTURNAL ME

The music stops. We cut to the tail-end of a vignette that hit DEFIANCEwrestling.com just a few short days ago...

The dark, hate filled energy Boxer is beaming into the camera is so much it causes the camera man to take a few

cautionary steps back. Box notices this and quickly reaches out with his bloody hand and palms the lens of the camera. He kicks out with his boot and yanks the camera free from the terrified cameraman's hands. He takes his hand away from the lens, our view now tinted red with Boxers own blood.

He holds the camera aloft with his good arm.

He waits a few beats before continuing.

Bronson Box:

I've got nothin' left that'll bring me any joy in this world other than to crumple you up like a bloody letter and toss you down at Eric Dane's fookin' feet. Like fookin' TRASH.

His wild bloodshot eyes dart and dance around, unfocused and filled with hatred.

Bronson Box

Your souls gunna' be just a little filthier, a little darker when I'm done with ye'... Cayle.

Fade out.

I WILL BE WORSE

Backstage.

DEFIANCE backdrop.

Christie Zane, dressed to the nines, stands before the camera, microphone in-hand.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time... Cayle Murray.

Her tone's relatively hushed, and a little less enthusiastic than usual. Perhaps she's aware of the violence that will soon unfold, or perhaps it's just a reflection of her guest's own mindset.

A big roar goes up in the arena as Cayle steps into the scene. He's already dressed in his ring attire, and addresses Zane with just a nod.

Christie Zane:

Cayle, you are just moments away from facing your greatest rival, Bronson Box, in the first No Ropes match in DEFIANCE history. How do you feel?

Stonefaced, Murray takes a long, deep breath, then exhales cathartically.

Cayle Murray:

Christie, if you'd allow me a few minutes, I'd like to address the man who wants to end my career.

Zane nods, letting Cayle most of the shot. She keeps hold of the microphone, though.

Cayle Murray:

This guy, Bronson Box, who put my elder brother down at Maximum DEFIANCE. This guy, who jumped me before the bell at Ascension. This guy, who *bathed in my blood* at Acts of DEFIANCE...

He shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

Everything says he's gonna chew me up. Everyone thinks I'm some kinda lamb. Everyone thinks I'm this poor, naive soul who knows how to wrestle, but falls apart when things get heated. They talk about me like I'm some dumb little rookie who doesn't know he's in over his head 'til he's drowning... Christie, I'm 33 years old! I've been wrestling since 1999!

His eyes flare, and his decibel increases. Clearly, the criticism grates on him.

Cayle Murray:

I'm sick of it. I'm tired of being the guy who tried *really* hard, but fell at the last hurdle. I'm tired of being "*Andy's little brother*." Tonight, I'm changing the narrative, and I'm going to do it by exorcising the one ghost that's been haunting me for 17 bloody years...

Pause. Deep breath.

Cayle Murray:

I've sacrificed friends, family, girlfriends, just to make it in wrestling. When I was a kid, I'd spend every drop of my allowance on this sport. Videotapes, posters, t-shirts... *anything* I could get my hands on. My brother started training when I was eight years old. A few years later he went to America. He was my hero, and I knew I had to follow in his footsteps.

The Scot's tone remains relatively sombre. Christie keeps the microphone steady.

Cayle Murray:

My parents didn't have a lot, but they made sure I had everything I needed to pursue this goal. They sacrificed their dreams so that Andy and I could live ours, and it has cost us more than you'll ever know. I've missed birthdays, Christmases, weddings, *funerals*...

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

When my brother broke his back falling from a cage in '04, I wasn't there.

Shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

When my father was going through chemotherapy, *I wasn't there*.

Closes his eyes. Swallows the lump in his throat.

Cayle Murray:

When my mother was left alone in Aberdeen, crippled by a broken heart... *I. Wasn't. There.*

Cayle's eyes flicker back to life. He focuses firmly on the camera, now, making no attempt to address Christie Zane.

Cayle Murray:

They told me, "don't you *dare* come back. Don't you *dare* give up." So I didn't. I stayed *HERE*. I put *everything* into making it in this sport, so that my sacrifice - *THEIR* sacrifice - wouldn't be for nothing, and yeah, I've screwed up along the way, but that's what made me a man, and that's why I'm still here. A little scarred, a little shaken... but still. Bloody. Here.

Full of passion, determination, and energy, Cayle points downwards, then stomps a boot into the concrete floor.

Cayle Murray:

Now, almost thirty years since I first laid my eyes on a professional wrestling match, I am *THIS* close to finally repaying them. I have given *EVERYTHING* I have to make it this far. Bronson Box, you're *happy* with what you've done. You're *proud* of the hell you've put me through. You want to take my career away? *FUCK YOU*.

Cayle *spits* the last two words out. It's the first time he has *ever* cursed on-camera, and The Faithful roar in approval.

Cayle Murray:

This can't end after twenty minutes and a pinfall. Tonight, I have to repay everything you've ever done to me. You're gonna feel how I felt when I was 16 years old, and you battered, bludgeoned, and bloodied me in front of everyone I know...

He holds a finger up.

Cayle Murray:

You're gonna feel how my brother felt when you damn near snapped his back in half last year...

A second.

Cayle Murray:

You're gonna feel my pain when you cut me open at Acts of DEFIANCE, then painted yourself in my blood...

Third.

Cayle Murray:

You're gonna feel my *ANGER* when you blindsided me at Ascension, then left me for *DEAD*...

A fourth digit goes up, then Cayle pulls his hand down entirely, lowering his tone again.

Cayle Murray:

Tonight, Bronson, you will be rage, barbarity, and malice...

The last few words come through gritted teeth.

Cayle Murray:

... and I will be *WORSE*. Not out of choice, but out of necessity.

Fade.

CAYLE MURRAY VS. BRONSON BOX (NO ROPES MATCH)

The camera swings back to the announce booth following Cayle's backstage promo.

Angus:

Wow...

DDK:

That was really something. I don't think I've ever seen Cayle so locked-in before.

Angus:

That's not the smiley-happy "Howdy Doody" Squidboy I know...

DDK:

He sounded to me like a man who understands exactly what awaits him tonight, and what he must do to overcome it.

Angus:

Or, a man so carried away by emotion he won't be able to function when the bell rings, as we've seen from him before.

DDK:

The big question, through all of this, is one of mentality. Cayle just addressed the subject himself: people perceive him as too soft, too weak, too nice, to triumph over an evil like Bronson Box. The question is what has he learned over these past 12 months, and can he put it into action?

Angus:

"What has Big daddy Dane taught him," you mean?

DDK:

I was gonna get to Dane's influence, yes.

Angus:

Impossible to say at this point, but I will say that I did *NOT* expect Cayle to pull the fork on Boxer the other week! I'm not convinced it wasn't just a one-off, though.

DDK:

Either way folks, I don't think there's much more we can say that hasn't already been said. This is going to be a war for the ages, and when it's done, neither of these men are going to be the same again.

Angus:

They may never *wrestle* again -- let alone anything else.

DDK:

Let's take it to Darren Quimbey.

Cut to the man himself, stood in the middle of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following is a *NO ROPES* match...

A big pop goes up. Everyone in attendance knows what's about to happen, but the atmosphere is electric nonetheless. DQ moves the microphone back to his mouth to speak again, but the crowd start chanting.

"*LET'S GO CAYLE!*"

"*FUCK YOU BRON-SON!*"

"*LET'S GO CAYLE!*"

"FUCK YOU BRON-SON!"

"LET'S GO CAYLE!"

"FUCK YOU BRON-SON!"

Angus:

Jesus, they haven't even come out yet...

DDK:

Have you ever heard a crowd so vociferously anti-Box, Angus? This is nuts.

Quimbey patiently waits on the chants to die down a little bit. The ring around him looks naked without its ropes. The lack of visible boundaries makes the squared circle look a great deal bigger than it really is, and even the ringposts have been stripped down, with not a turnbuckle bracket or spike to be found.

A perfect blank canvas, ready to be painted with blood, sweat, and tears.

Darren Quimbey:

Our rules are as follows...

The last of the chants die down.

Darren Quimbey:

The match must be decided via pinfall, submission, or knockout, *inside* the ring. There will be no count-outs or disqualifications, and no time limit. As per Kelly Evans' instruction, there *MUST* be a winner, **no matter the cost...**

Angus:

No DQs, no count-outs... shit, this is going to be a gorram bloodbath.

DDK:

There's nothing to contain them. *Nothing*. We're going to have a clear cut winner, and if one wrestler has to put the other through hell to get there, so be it.

Angus:

I'd say that's an inevitability, Keebs.

Brian Slater - the only official big and tough enough to keep such a match under "control" - steps in the ring alongside DQ. He's wearing a pair of black gloves tonight, and for good reason.

Darren Quimbey:

... INTRODUCING FIRST!

The lights dim and a flickering sepia film reel starts up on the big screen. Grainy incomplete footage of *The Original DEFIANT* murdering a whole host of DEFIANCE luminaries both past as present all accompanied by the Man in Black's brilliant cover of the Depeche Mode's "Personal Jesus". Boston Bancroft, Jeff Andrews, Dan Ryan, Eugene Dewey, Tom Sawyer, Lindsay Troy, Kai Scott, Ronnie Long, Clair St. Sure, Andy Murray... Eric Dane... *Cayle Murray*. Each and every one, battered, bruised and broken. The eerie trip down memory lane ends with Mr. Cash's thumping guitar and ghostly voice *"I'll make you a belieeeeeever..."*

A few beats of silence. You can almost feel the anticipation of the Faithful grow.

...

♪ "God's Gunna Cut You Down" ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

No fanfare, no fireworks, just the man in black and the pure unfiltered *hatred* of the crowd.

Angus:

The Wargod cometh, Keebler!

FUCK YOU BRON-SON!

FUCK YOU BRON-SON!

FUCK YOU BRON-SON!

DDK:

Oh myyyyy! Would just LISTEN to these fans? The fans we call the DEFIANCE Faithful. So dubbed by this man years and years ago. And honestly I've never seen him happier.

Angus:

Yeah yeah, he loves being gorram hated yadda yadda... hows that WING doin'? My little birdies tell me that shoulder Cayle forked tender the other night on DEFtv 'aint doin' so good.

DDK:

We shall see, partner! We shall see indeed.

Darren Quimbey:

HAAAAAAILING FROM BANFF, SCOTLAAAAAAND... WEIGHING IN TONIGHT AT SEVENTEEN STONE! HE IS A TWO TIME FIST OF DEFIANCE AND THE FIRST *EVER* UNDISPUTED DEFIANCE WOOOOOORLD CHAMPION... THE BOMBASTIC BRONSOOOOOON BOOOOOOX!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

By the time the lithe little ring announcer finishes his spiel The Wargod steps up to the ropeless ring, scaling the steps with a smile. Quimbey stands nervously in the "corner" as Boxer prowls the edge of the ring jawing with the overly vocal ringside Faithful. After Boxers music goes silent a feeling of pure electricity seems to shoot through the crowd, all eyes are on the entrance ramp.

The lights cut again.

This time a *BIIIIIIIIIG* pop goes up. Hands start clapping. Voices start chanting.

We got ourselves an atmosphere.

Bronson Box stands in the darkness, almost perfectly still. He, just like everyone else, is waiting for Celldweller to kick-in over the PA system. There'll be no glossy, polished orchestral metal tonight though. No, an occasion like this calls for something infinitely nastier.

♪ "Alan's On Fire" by Poison Idea ♪

Thick, *heeeeeeeavy* guitar chords burst through the speakers, and the drum hits shake the arena floor. Lights flash with every elongated, stretched-out note, particularly around the entrance area. The song eventually morphs into mid-paced, palm-muted chug, with strobes punctuating every violent lash at the end of each bar.

Then it kicks-in properly - a whipping, *sarling* blast of punk rock fury, bellowing pure aural attitude around the

DEFarena. The building becomes a storm of light, but there's no sign of Cayle Murray, even as the vocalist bellows-out his first line.

Angus: [barely audible]

Where the he--

A commotion. A spike in crowd noise. The camera swings around frantically, looking for the source...

DDK:

Wait!

... and eventually finds it.

DDK:

He's in the crowd!

Indeed, Cayle Murray has emerged from a tunnel atop the bleachers. He stands between two masses of rabid fans: angry, pissed-off, focused, *DEFIANT*.

Angus:

My God...

There's something *different* about Cayle tonight, that's for sure. The song is probably the nastiest we'll hear all night. The red detailing on his attire has been coloured black, albeit in a glossy material to contrast with the matte black background. There's a wildness in his eyes, too: though not so much that he's lost his humanity entirely.

Stood atop the stairs, Cayle stretches both arms to his sides, almost opening himself up to be consumed by the fans around him.

Finally, Cayle points down at Bronson Box with one hand, then runs his thumb across his throat with the other, before charging down the stairs as fast as his legs will carry him.

Darren Quimbey:

AAAAAANNNNNNND HIS OPPONENT!

Cayle leaps down the last five or six stairs, then barrels through the very same floor seating area in which Eric Dane tried to murder him a year ago.

Darren Quimbey:

HAILING FROM ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND! HE STANDS AT 6'1", AND WEIGHS-IN AT 220lbs...

"STARBREEEEEEAAAKER"... CAAAAAAAAYLE! MURRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYY!

Finally the Scot reaches the barricade, but he doesn't hop over quite yet. Instead, he climbs up on one of the corners, rises to his full height, then screams something to the fans that the microphones can't quite pick up.

DDK:

What a noise in this building, Angus! They're fired-up, and so is Cayle!

Angus:

He was "fired-up" at Ascension too, Keebs! And Acts of DEFIANCE! Perhaps Uncle Eric's rubbing off on him, but let's not get carried away here. When this guy comes in angry, *emotional*, he tends to lose.

DDK:

How can he *NOT* be emotional?! This is the fight of his life!

Angus:

It'll be the *LAST* fight of his life if he isn't careful!

Cayle finally leaps down from the barricade, then sprints into the rope-less ring. He hurried pulls his ring jacket from his shoulders, then throws it to the ground. Brian Slater holds him back from tearing into Boxer, but only just. Boxer breaks out in a wiiiiide grin, motioning for Cayle to bring it.

DDK:

I wouldn't wanna be Slater right now!

Angus:

Yeah, I don't think even he can keep these two apart for much longer -- and Slater weighs 290lbs!

Slater plants a hand in Cayle's chest, but Murray pushes down and throws it away, desperate for a piece of his foe.

Angus:

Ring the gorram bell!

Box gets ready to fuckin' charge.

Slater looks to the technical area.

Raises a hand.

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

IT'S ON!

Big Brian gets the hell out of there as quickly as he can. Murray and Box literally sprint towards the centre of the ring, exploding with a frenzy of flying fists, elbows, and forearms!

DDK:

MY GOD!

Angus:

WE GOT OURSELVES A FIREFIGHT!

The Faithful lose their collect shit as the fighters enter their frenzy, laying into each other with a scrappy barrage of strikes.

No technique, no timing, no "picking your shots" -- just a whirlwind of uncontrolled, manic violence!

Limbs fly everywhere! Box whiffs a left. Cayle cracks a right. A left lands flush on his jaw but he eats it, firing back with one of his own.

One of Box's hands ends-up behind Cayle's head. One of Cayle's ends up behind Boxer's head.

They're looking each other dead in the eye as they smash the daylights out of each other's faces.

Angus:

HOCKEY FIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIITE!

DDK:

THIS IS OUT OF CONTROL, ANGUS!

Angus:

ENJOY THE FUCKIN' RIDE, PAL!

The duo lose control of their momentum. Their combined fury takes them all the way across the ring, before they inevitably spill out! Box takes the worst of the fall, but soon powers back to his feet, smashing Cayle in the face with a leaping right elbow!

DDK:

Box with a MEAN shot!

Angus:

But Squiddy gets right back at it!

Cayle stings Box with the first kick of the match, then a forearm, then a cop across the fuckin' throat! Boxer doubles over, clutching his windpipe, and Cayle puts him on his ass with a flying knee!

DDK:

Down goes Box!

Consumed, Cayle tears his wrestling gloves off then throws them to the ground. He grabs hold of his right elbow pad, pulling it down his arm, then throwing to the the crowd, before doing the same with the left.

DDK:

That's one way to give your strikes some extra juice!

Angus:

No padding! That's a dangerous game!

DDK:

Both for the attacker, and the defender!

Angus:

Indeed!

The Wargod gets up. It'll take him a little while to recover from the knee, and he eats a stiff elbow when he arises. Box fires back with a chop.

Cayle, Elbow!

Box, Chop!

Cayle, Elbow!

Box!

Cayle!

Box!

BOX!

BOX!

Boxer picks up the pace again, lashing out at Cayle with a relentless flurry, before cracking an elbow against the back of his skull!

Angus:

I think that knockdown only enraged The Wargod, Keebs!

DDK:

You might be right, Angus! Check the look in his eyes!

Cayle wobbles, and Box takes advantage by grabbing his arm. He pulls Murray across the ringside area then goes for the Irish whip, but the Cayle reverses, and Boxer's back goes crashing into the steel barricades!

Angus:

Oh SHIT!

DDK:

Huge impact! And Box is wearing a massive bandage from that fork-stabbing the other week, too!

Angus:

He's gonna want to protect that area of his body, but does Cayle have the killer instinct required to target it?!

DDK:

We'll soon find out!

Murray gets up, beating his chest passionately.

DDK:

The momentum's on his side, but this stipulation could have a huge impact on Cayle's gameplan here. He loves to work a breathless pace, running the ropes constantly, and utilising a handful of springboard manoeuvres. He obviously can't do that tonight!

Angus:

Exactly. It's all about adjustment. We know Box'll thrive in a fight like this, but Squiddy? I've yet to see any evidence.

Murray picks Box up, slugging him in the jaw with three quick forearms. Box fires back as he attempts a fourth, however, then headbutts him just under the jaw, sending Murray staggering. Box chases after him but walks right into an elbow, then another!

DDK:

Box cracks back with a European Uppercut!

Angus:

But Cayle answers with a straight right!

Box swings a wild left hand, but Cayle ducks, skips behind, then grabs his foe by the singlet. He tosses Boxer right into the ringpost, bad shoulder first!

Angus:

JEEEEEEEEZUS!

DDK:

There's that "killer instinct" you were looking for!

Angus:

Did you hear the noise that thing just made?! Holy balls!

The Scottish Strongman groans audibly as he hits the deck, but Cayle's not finished yet! The younger man picks him up, throws his head between his legs, then quickly hoists him onto his shoulders.

Angus:

Holy shit! He's gonna Powerbomb him onto the ring steps!

DDK:

That'll break his damn back!

The crowd get a little boisterous, but Box recovers, smashing his right fist into Cayle's skull a couple of times, before plunging those rough, elongated fingernails into his scalp.

DDK:

RED RIGHT HAND!

Angus:

Cayle's tasted this one before!

The pain shoots through Cayle's body! He has no choice but to let Boxer go. The Wargod drops to the floor, dislodging his horrendous submission hold, before leaping into Murray with another whipping frenzy of strikes.

Angus:

Oh man, here we go again!

DDK:

Hold onto your hats!

Box goes *NUTS* on Cayle, but Murray answers back, landing a blow of his own every time Bronson connects!

DDK:

This place is nuts, Angus! Just nuts!

Punches! Elbows! Forearms! Uppercuts! Chops!

You name it, baby -- we got it!

Angus:

They can't fight like this forever!

DDK:

... or can they?!

The exchange gets super messy, with both men whiffing as often as they connect. Box is the first to switch-up, drawing Cayle into a tight clinch, before pulling his face down into knee after knee...

Angus:

My God! He's gonna smash Cayle's face!

The last shot brings Cayle to his knees, but Box maintains the clinch. Instead of throwing another knee, he turns around, yanking Murray with him, before tossing him carelessly into the barricade!

DDK:

Damn! There's gonna be nothing left of ringside by the time these guys are through!

Angus:

Of course! What else would you expect?!

Bronson takes the first breather of the match, but it lasts just a couple of seconds. He's soon on top of Cayle again,

belting away with a couple of mounted punches, before grabbing his legs and swinging him into the ring steps! Cayle's body connects with a loud *CRASH*.

DDK:

ANOTHER big-time impact fro-- hey! What's Box doing?!

Angus:

... is he...?

Box has one boot planted down on Cayle's chest he reaches beneath the ring curtain. Eventually he finds what he's looking for - the cord that ties the mat to the ring's metal frame.

Angus:

He is! What the fuck?!

DDK:

Box is separating the mat from the structure!

It's a fiddly process, but Box has set many a ring up in his time, and knows exactly what he's doing. The canvas loses its tension as Box loosens the cord, then pulls it up, holding it high for all to see!

DDK:

What's he gonna do with that?!

Angus:

How do you say "garrotte" in Scottish?

DDK:

... just like that.

That's *EXACTLY* what Boxer has in mind. He pulls Cayle to his feet, taking the chord, and pulling it back across his throat!

DDK:

JESUS! He's gonna strangle him!

Murray's face goes red almost immediately, but survival instinct kicks-in. Instead of letting himself get choked out, he thrusts his body backwards, sending Box crashing back-first into the barricade!

DDK:

THANK GOD FOR THAT!

Box is forced to dislodge, and both fall to the floor momentarily.

Angus:

Jesus shit, Keebs. We just saw literal attempted murder...

DDK:

I'm sure Big Brian would've prevented it from going that fa--

Angus:

You think?! I dunno if he wants to get in Box's way tonight! Look at the bloody man!

The cord falls out of Box's hands, and Cayle swipes it almost immediately.

DDK:What?! *Cayle*?!

No, Darren, Cayle isn't going to garrotte the hell out of Bronson Box.

He's gonna wrap the cord around his fist, drop to the ground, then smash it into his skull.

Again.

And *again*.*AND AGAIN.***DDK:**

JESUS!

Angus:That thing's made out of *wire*! It'll tear his face up!**DDK:**

And Cayle's knuckles!

Cayle lays off Box for a moment, then pulls him to his feet, and rolls him back inside the ring. Blood trickles from a small wound in The Wargod's forehead as he clambers to his feet, only to get knocked down by a charging Cayle Murray!

DDK:

Cayle takes mount!

Murray leathers Box with the cord-wrapped fist, but Bronson reverses position, forcing Cayle onto his back and landing some sharp elbows!

Angus:

Fantastic reversa--

DDK:

NOW CAYLE REVERSES BOX!

Murray's back on top! He lands one shot with the wire, but Box rolls away from the second one, and Cayle's fist hits the canvas. Cayle rises, and Box tries to clamber up too, but eats a boot to the face as soon as Cayle is steady!

Angus:

Pow, right in the kisser!

DDK:

Cayle is on fire!

Another boot! This time to the rising Wargod's chest!

Angus:Those are *NASTY*! We haven't seen *this* Cayle Murray since he fought Eric Dane!**DDK:**

THIS is who he needs to be to survive tonight, Angus! He can't just slap on a few headlocks and work some chain moves! He's gotta bite down on that mouthpiece and do whatever it takes to win, because Boxer sure will!

Angus:

Exactly! No dopey nice guy bullshit! He's gotta fight with a little "Only Star" in him, baby!

The Original DEFIANT staggers out of the ring following the impact of the second blow. Cayle charges forward, leaping off the apron, and knocking Boxer down with a flying knee!

Angus:

THE FLYING SQUID!

DDK:

WHAT A MOVE! AND IT LANDED *FLUSH!*

Angus:

RIGHT IN THE MOUTH!

Murray lands flat on his back. He winces at the impact, but he's a lot better off than Box, who has fallen all the way back against the beaten barricades. Murray comes forward, throwing a wild boot at Boxer, who rolls out of the way! Cayle's shin connects with the barricade, though his kickpad absorbs most of the impact.

Angus:

Thank God he didn't pull those things off earlier!

Cayle's not finished with Boxy yet, though. He unravels the cord, the lashes it down upon the rising Wargod's back!

Angus:

He's literally whipping him!

The steel wire cracks against Boxer's back over and over. Red welts start breaking out instantaneously, though the pain only stalls his rise. Cayle goes more of a blunt approach, stomping down on his foe's bandaged shoulder, before stepping back, lunging forward, and blasting the wound with a stiff soccer kick!

"OOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DDK:

What a kick, Angus! This has been *ALL* Cayle Murray thus far!

Angus:

I didn't know squids were such venomous animals! But cast your mind back to Acts of DEFIANCE, Keebs. Who won the first fall in that two-out-of-three match?

DDK:

Cayle.

Angus:

Exactly... after making a fast start, just like tonight! I'm not saying he's not off to a great start, but there's a long way to go yet!

Back to the action, and Murray doesn't let-up for a second! He tosses the cord back inside the ring, then hauls Boxer up, tossing him shoulder-first into the post!

DDK:

That post is taking a *POUNDING!* And look at Boxer's finishers: one's a Powerbomb, the other's a Camel Clutch... both of which place great pressure on the aggressor's shoulders!

The Wargod rolls onto his back, roaring in agony. Cayle goes right back after him, picking him up by the head, but Box

suddenly flips *THAT* switch.

He rushes upwards, pounding Cayle with his good forearm, before digging into his skull with the Red Right Hand once again! Cayle stumbles backwards, and an enraged Box reaches down into his boot...

DDK:

Oh no...

Angus:

THE SPIKE! HE'S GOT THE SPIKE!

Boxer pulls out his rusty, blood-encrusted implement of destruction, holding it high in the air.

Angus:

Cayle's about to be repaid for that forkin', brother!

DDK:

LOOK OUT, CAYLE!

Boxer brings his head down, and gets ready to skewer Murray, who has recover. Box suddenly *lunges* forward, slashing wildly, but Cayle ducks!

Skips behind!

Box turns!

Cayle boots the spike right out of his hand!

HUGE pop from the Faithful!

Angus:

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

IT'S GONE! THE SPIKE IS GONE!

Angus:

Where did it even land?!

DDK:

I don't know! But Cayle just took Box's deadliest weapon right out of the equation!

Boxer didn't see that one coming, and the shock knocks him off-guard for a few moments. He snaps out of it, through, charging forward, leaping into Cayle with a flurry of mean lefts and rights. Cayle ups his dukes and blocks enough strikes to create an opening of his own! He lashes out with a desperate right hand! It lands flush, and the left follows!

Angus:

Those are the kinda shots that'll break your own gorram hands!

Bronson staggers back, but quickly recovers. He charges Cayle but Murray goes low, hoists him off the ground, and plants him on the floor with a Spinebuster!

DDK:

HUGE MOVE! And that might just be our first actual wrestling move!

Angus:

This is one hell of a fight, Keebs! And it's only just heating up!

Cayle pulls away from Box. He stands up, looking around, then catches glimpse of a section of the barricade that has already become partially dislodged. Murray grabs hold of it, yanks it out of place, then throws it down on Boxer's torso!

DDK:

What's Cayle doing?!

Murray hops onto the apron...

Angus:

Murderising Bronson Box, baby!

He quickly hops off, tucking his feet beneath his body, before thrusting them down with a double stomp!

Angus:

YEP! MURDERISED!

DDK:

HE JUST STOMPED THE STEEL BARRICADE INTO BOX'S SHOULDER! This is nuts! Cayle's going to town on that bodypart!

Angus:

As he fuckin' should! If an enemy has a weakness, you exploit it! It's just a shame it's taken him this long to realise...

No rest for Cayle. He pulls the barricade off his downed opponent, then picks Box up himself. Boxer gets rolled into the ring, and Cayle follows. He rises to his fall height, then stalls, catching his breath.

DDK:

A wise move. These two have worked a frantic pace thus far, and they can't keep going like this all night.

Angus:

Have you seen this kid's gas tank?! There's a lot of flaws in his game, but endurance isn't one of them! He wrestled Eric Dane for *seventy-two* minutes, for Chrissakes!

Murray screams at Box, telling him to get up. He paces back and forth, stalking his prey like a hunter, before planting a half-strength kick in Box's back.

DDK:

Jesus, who ever thought we'd see Cayle *toying* with Bronson Box like this?

Angus:

This is dangerous, Keebs...

Another half-strength, teasing kick. Box grits his teeth.

Angus:

... very dangerous.

Growing impatient, Cayle shifts his position. Box remains on the mat, through sitting upright, enraged.

Murray sets his enemy up. He takes a step back, then comes forward, swinging his boot straight at Box's bad shoulder...

BOXER CATCHES IT!

DDK:

Uh-oh...

The Original DEFIANT tightens his arms around Cayle's leg, keeping it locked-in as he rises.

Angus:

What'd I tell you!

Box is on his feet! Cayle tries to pull his leg away, but to no avail. He leans in, slapping Box over and over again, but each blow only seems to anger the Wargod more! Finally, Box swings Cayle's foot back to the ground, then lurches forward, catching Murray with a sick headbut!

Angus:

DOWN GOES THE SQUID!

DDK:

OHHHHHHHH MY!

Angus:

That's what happens when you try to play Box's game for too long, Keebs! AND HERE COMES THE ACE!

Cayle's momentarily stunned, but that moment is all Boxy needs to get right back into it! He storms towards Murray, blasting him with another wild whirlwind of strikes. Each is thrown with hatred and fury - not precision and technique!

Angus:

Throw a squid to the wolves and the wolves shall feast!

Murray tries to fight back, but he can't overcome Box's bluster. The DEFIANT Ace levels him with a headbutt, then boots him in the jaw as he tries to get up. He finally grabs Cayle by the tights, then tosses him right at the ringpost!

KRRRRRRRRRRRRANG!

DDK:

MY GOD! CAYLE JUST FELL OUT OF THE RING!

Angus:

... AGAIN!

Murray hits the mats on the outside like a sack of potatoes. Box hops off the side of the ring and goes to town once again, pulling Murray up, and propping him against a barricade.

He peels off one chop.

Two chops!

Three chops, four!

Soon, his left forearm becomes a blur, such is the velocity he's hitting Cayle!

DDK:

Machine Gun Chops!

Angus:

We haven't seen Box fight like this in years!

Boxer finally pulls away, then locks Cayle in a Gutwrench. He swings around wildly, throwing Murray into the side of the ring!

Angus:

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!

Cayle's back arcs with the agony, but he can't afford to succumb to it. Box grabs a handful of hair and yanks him up. Murray tries to fight back, but Box shakes-off the shots to his gut, then throws him straight into the barricade once more! The section finally gives way.

DDK:

This is chaos! There's no containing them!

Angus:

That's what happens when you remove the fuckin' ropes!

With the barricade section loosened, Box stomps across to it and yanks it free. The front few rows of fans scatter, but they're not in his crosshairs at the moment.

DDK:

Box has evil intent in those eyes of his!

Angus:

Doesn't he always?!

Box pulls the metal construction across ringside, then measures the gap between the ring and the existing barricades. He decides it's enough, and hauls the barricade portion up, with one end on the ring, and the other atop the nearest standing section.

DDK:

Oh no...

Angus:

He's building a bridge!

DDK:

I don't like this one bit!

Angus:

Something tells me the Squid is about to say "bye bye," Keebs!

The Ace slaps down on the barri-bridge a couple of times, making sure it's relatively secure. Once satisfied, he pulls Cayle Murray up, then rolls him into the ring.

DDK:

Somebody move that barricade!

Angus:

Why?! There are no DQs, dummy!

DDK:

Because somebody's gonna get seriously hurt!

Hauling ass back inside the ring, Box grabs Murray, then hoists him up onto his shoulders.

DDK:

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

He powers forward, POWERBOMBING Cayle down on the bridge!

"OOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

The barricade buckles on impact! It crumbles down to the floor, and Cayle hits the deck hard, completely motionless!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

Angus:

SONUVAGNOME!

DDK:

CAYLE JUST GOT *OBLITERATED*!

Angus:

DEAD! FUCKING DEAD!

DDK:

HOW DOES HE COME BACK FROM THIS, ANGUS! HOW CAN HE POSSIBLY COME BACK FROM THIS!?

Bronson grabs Murray with his good arm and just heaves him over the destroyed barricade. The Faithful in the first several rows, being old pros at this by now, all vacate their seats and make room as Cayle slumps into a chair in the first row. The ACE is quick to follow, grabbing a fist full of his opponents mop of hair. Boxer again in a show of one handed might HEAVES Cayle by the hair and he clatters back first through the first few rows of chairs.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Angus:

This is pure fuckin' MAYHEM with a capital B!

DDK:

The Wargod with TERRIBLE intentions for Cayle Murray here, Angus!

The Starbreaker has zero time to recoup as Boxer is right there, yanking him up by his arm and lightning quick Irish whipping him right back against the barricade. Bronson puts so much mustard behind the whip he loses his footing and drops to a knee as Cayle goes CRASHING back first against the busted barricade with so much force the whole thing just comes completely off its hinges. Murray tumbles lifelessly to ringside as the crowd goes fuckin' bannanas for the sheer spectacle of it all.

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

WOWEE! CAYLE SENT FLYING THROUGH THAT DECIMATED RING BARRICADE!

The Scottish Strongman quickly gets to his feet and stalks after his prey. Once he's standing over Cayle like some sort of golem he spies the long piece of mat cord from earlier. He snatches it up and HEAVES Cayle back atop the ring. Boxer goes about leaning Cayle against the nearest available ringpost and TYING THE MAT CORD AROUND HIS

NECK, pinning him by the neck to the ringpost!

Angus:

Holy shit, that's gorram ROWDY.

DDK:

Boxer has effectively TETHERED Cayle by the neck to that ringpost!

With Cayle immobilized for the moment Box goes to the next corner over and yanks loose yet another length of cord holding the lightly padded canvas down to the ring. With the canvas free Box yanks and pulls until he's pulled the canvas all the way back and exposed half a ring's worth of loooooong hardwood planks.

OOOOOOOOOOHOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

Oh Angus... what are we seeing here?!

Angus:

Adding like *half an hour* between this and the next match, that's *whatOH MY FRIGGIN' GHAWD!*

Still fiddling with the canvas Box doesn't notice Cayle having freed himself of the poorly tied knot. And he sure as hell didn't notice the reverse Hurricanrana coming straight for the back of his head.

WHAM!

The crown of Bronson's head is driven RIGHT into the hardwood he just exposed for the world to see. As The Original DEFIANT clutches at his sheared noggin, Cayle fails to capitalize as he clutches desperately at his obviously aching back.

DDK:

Murray's to hurt to follow up, partner!

Before Cayle knows it Bronson rises to his feet like goddamn Jason and lurches after him with a guttural war cry. Box takes mounted position and just rains down wild, reckless lefts and rights that the Starbreaker does his best to defend against. Before getting to his feet Bronson digs the jagged nails of his trademark Red Right Hand into the eyes even going as far as to BITE DOWN on the bridge of Cayle's nose.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

SNACK TIME, DARREN!

DDK:

Unconscionable...

With his nemesis again somewhat immobilized, Boxer goes about wildly yanking four of the boards loose from the ring and tossing them into a haphazard pile behind him. The sight of The WARGOD dismantling the ring like this has the fans frothing at the wholesale carnage.

Angus:

I don't think we're going to be getting that security deposit back, Darren!

Satisfied with the new chasm he's created into the under bowels of the ring, Boxer turns his attention back to Cayle still writhing in pain an arms length away. Making a bit of a show of it Box props Cayle's head up between his redwood-like thighs... pointing his jagged right index finger towards the open chasm where the boards have been removed.

DDK:

HE'S NOT!

Angus:You GORRAM bet he is... *OOOOOHSIT!*

Box takes Cayle up into a powerbomb position... but we see his injured shoulder buckle ever so slightly. Enough so that Cayle is able to slip out the back of the maneuver to the safety of the ring. Infuriated at the failure of his limb Boxer takes a deep breath... and reaches down into his OTHER boot. Pulling free what could only be described as...

Angus:A SECOND SPIKE! *WTFEEEEEE!*~**DDK:**

INDEED IT IS! OH MY GOD! THE WARGOD HAD A SPARE SPIKE!

Bronson turns and LUNGES with all his weight down towards Cayle still struggling with his injured back. The lightning quick young grappler thankfully, even his injuries, rolls out of the way.

THUNK!

Instead of the blood curdling reaction from the fans that he was expecting, The Wargod is met with LAUGHS from the Faithful. Pull as he might, with all his mammoth strength, he's somehow gotten his shiney new toy LODGED in the hardwood ringboard.

Angus:HA! SOME SPARE! HE'S GONE AND GOT IT FRIGGIN' *STUCK!***DDK:**

Indeed! Bronson struggling here to dislodge this new Spike from that ringboard!

Angus:

He was aimin' for Murray's head, Keebs!

The camera picks up Boxer's voice as he struggles to dislodge his weapon of choice from the hardwood ring-board.

Bronson Box: [growling]FOOKIN' BASTARD... PIECE OF *SHITE*...

In his struggle he ends up just pulling free yet another board. Clearly frustrated he tosses the now splintered and cracked piece of wood aside. As Bronson turns to once again lock on to his prey he's met with several increasingly exhausted elbows right across from the temple from Murray.

DDK:

Skull rattling shots from an absolutely brutalized Cayle Murray!

Angus:

When a psycho son-of-a-bitch goes for the eyes with a gorram metal Spike? Can you even dream up a situation to produce more adrenaline? FIGHT OR FLIGHT KEEBS!

Not wanting to absorb anymore rouge shots to the skull the wily veteran Wargod quickly hops down to ringside, catching Cayle's leg on the way down and yanking him VIOLENTLY and hucking him across ringside. Murray lands with a cacophonous metallic crash against the guardrail Box is quick with the guardrail assisted boots to Cayle's midsection.

DDK:

Cayle's down... but what, wait what's Box looking for here?

He reaches right out into the crowd, pulling back one of the Wrestle-Plex's many heavy black folding chairs. Taking a moment to GRIND IT into the throat of his opponent, Box eventually sets the chair up right behind the edge of the ring in almost the very corner of the ringside guardrails. The chair perfectly situated Bronson turns again to Murray, deadlifting him up onto his wide shoulders and unceremoniously depositing him down into the previously described folding chair.

Angus:

Oh I smell trouble here Keebler...

You can hear the murmur of the crowd as Boxer rolls back up into the ropeless ring right to his feet. He wastes zero motion as he immediately sprints back towards his opponent, launching himself towards Cayle like the sloppiest, lumpiest missile you've ever seen in your goddamn life. Boxer lands not with a clatter but a sickening crunch as he cannonballs himself right into Cayle's lap. The folding chair collapsing under their weight, Murray sandwiched between Boxer's bulk and his pancaked seat.

OOOOOOOOOOHOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

OH MY GOD! BRONSON BOX WITH THE RARE HIGH RISK OFFENCE! WOWEE!

Angus:

WTTTTTTTTTTTT *sputter*

Boxer is up waaaaay faster than a human should be considering the shape he's in from not only that insane dive from the ring but the shape he's in from the last several minutes of this torture chamber of a wrestling match. His wide, wild bloodshot eyes are trained on the now haphazard pile of boards already pulled up and laying this way and that up in the ring. Using primarily his "good arm" Boxer proceeds to side several big thick pieces of lumber across the ringside gap, setting them up like a bridge from ring to barricade.

Angus:

Oh my God, YES! I've got such a raging violence boner going on right now, Keebler!

The Original DEFIANT attempts to set up a traditional snap powerbomb through the bridge but Murray expertly skins the cat and slides out the rear of the move thanks in part to Boxer's hindered shoulder. Telegraphing the maneuver Boxer spins around and greets his opponent with a simply reckless spinning elbow. Following up with a series of wild neck snapping European uppercuts with his good arm that back Cayle all the way back up into the ring.

DDK:Not *ONE* pinfall attempt from either of these men yet, partner.**Angus:**

This 'aint about the win or getting anything "over with" Darren! These are two men hell bent on doing something GORRAM *EVIL* to one another! Full stop!

Almost like he heard Skaaland's words Boxer's eyes scan the bands of crisscrossing exposed steel where they've loosed boards from. We can almost see the idea come together in his head.

Angus:

HE'S NOT... !

DDK:

I THINK HE IS!

Box pulls Cayle up from where he was on all fours, desperately trying to shake out the proverbial cobwebs and trucks his head... *pointing a long jagged fingernail towards the exposed steel*. The ungodly ruckus from the Faithful as Boxer hoists best he can Cayle up onto his half-damaged shoulders is deafening.

OOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

OH THE HUMANITY! BOX WITH A DEVASTATING RELEASE POWERBOMB!

WHAT THE FUCK! WHAT THE FUCK! WHAT THE FUCK!

Angus:

Not the most creative chant, but DAMN appropriate... WOW!

He ends up not “getting” all of in, but the sickening way Cayle lands atop the exposed steel and *slumps* down to his feet causes a palpable crowd wide cringe. Yet again Box wastes very little time capitalizing on his advantage, reaching down and grabbing a sweaty fistfull of his opponents mane and PULLING him up and out of the bowels of the frame and back up the the canvasless, ropeless ring itself.

Box pulls Cayle in close and has a quick exchange of words... pointing towards back behind him towards the bridge of ring-lumber still draped across ringside.

DDK:

The Wargod has something in mind here, Skaaland!

Angus:

This has gotta’ be it right? Whatever it is? I can’t... wait... wait a GORRAM second...

Something about the way Boxer yanks Cayle up into position perched riiiiight at the edge of the ring telegraphs to longtime fans exactly what’s coming. The ringboard bridge directly behind them. The Wargod hoists Cayle up and leeeans back and down. Driving Cayle headfirst through the boards with a BRUTAL and perfectly executed...

Angus:

STAAAAAAAAAAAAARDRIIIIIIIIVEEEEEEEEEER! WHAT. THE. SHIT.

DDK:

BRONSON BOX BREAKING CAYLE’S NECK WITH **ERIC DANE’S** FINISH!

Both he and Bronson landing in a heap of broken splintered wood at ringside.

OOOOOOOOOOOHOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Shocked, still decidedly behind Cayle Murray, still aching for Bronson’s blood... the Faithful take a moment let BOTH men know how the feel baring witness to this brutal instant classic of a contest.

*FIGHT FOREVER! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

*FIGHT FOREVER! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

*FIGHT FOREVER! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

Using every ounce of the strength he has left in his one good arm, Boxer hoists and heaves Cayle back up and into the ring. Following close behind Boxer hooks Cayle’s leg for the FIRST pinfall of the entire match so far... !

ONE.

TWO.

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

OH MY GOD!~

DDK:

KICKOUT! CAYLE KICKS OUT OF BOXER'S INCREDIBLE BOARD ASSISTED STARDRIVER!

Angus:

WHAT. A. MATCH, KEEBLER! WOW!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The Faithful come absolutely, guardrail rattlingly, seat tossingly un-fuckin'-glued as Cayle somehow manages to not only kickout but with *AUTHORITY* sending Box scooting back against the bare ringpost. The ACE slaps the mat in shocked frustration, absolutely aghast at what just transpired. Referee Slater holds two fingers aloft where Bronson can see them.

Angus:

What were we just sayin' earlier about no pinfalls? Box was the first one to relent Keebs! He pulled that Stardriver out to END this hellscape of a match, you *know* this... AND THE LITTLE BASTARD KICKED OUT!~ AHHH!

Cayle is still motionless, just barely struggling up to his elbows to little effect. This gives the absolutely LIVID Wargod time to frantically scan the battlefield for something, *anything* he could use to further brutalize Murray. His eyes settle on the splintered board from earlier, the one he'd gotten his surprise second Spike lodged in. Again Bronson tries to pull the Spike lose to surprisingly no avail. The camera again picks up the Wargod's audible struggle.

Bronson Box:

FOOKIN SHITE BASTARD LUMBER... *growl, mumble*

Thinking quickly, Box props the Spike laden board against the nearest available turnbuckle like one would perhaps a folding table. Boxer painfully drags a near lifeless Cayle by his hair over to the weaponized turnbuckle, laying him back against the board. The veeeeery tip of the Spike poking all the way through the board digging just so into the back of Murray.

DDK:

Oh God, no... come on, he could...

Angus:

CAYLE'S ABOUT TO GET RAILROADED, KEEBS!

Box takes a few huge steps back and just like we saw minutes before, executes a wild running cannonball with the absolute worst intentions...

KERRRRRR-ACK!

The sound of the already punctured, splintered wood is enough to send shivers up and down your spine...

OOOOOOOOOOHOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

But sadly for Bronson Box the exhausted Cayle Murray had the wherewithal to roll out of the way of the wild uncharacteristic maneuver at the VERY last second. The Wargod's frame goes crashing through the board sending sharp, jagged pieces of hardwood absolutely everywhere...

Angus:

Awwwwww dude, I think I'm going to yarf...

Everywhere INCLUDING Bronson Box's already carved up shoulder.

DDK:

Sweet *LORD*.

Literally, inches from the wound caused by Cayle and Eric Dane's fork on the last DEFTv is a long jagged piece of wood JAMMED into The Wargod's red weeping flesh. The look of pure disbelief mixed with obviously seering pain is one we don't oft see etched so deeply and for so long on the Wargod's face. Cayle has managed to crawl slowly into the opposite corner and prop himself up for a moment's respite. Even in his current state the crowd manages to draw out a weak smile on the Starbreaker's battered and bruised visage, even if just for a fleeting moment...

*FUCK YOUR SHOULDER! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

*FUCK YOUR SHOULDER! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

*FUCK YOUR SHOULDER! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP**

Angus:

Oh... oh no, he's not, please don't...

DDK:

Air sick bag, airsick bag! This is why we keep them under the desk!

Boxer slowly wraps his free hand around the end of the huge shard of hardwood, waving off Brian Slater's attempts to assist. Willed by the pure adrenaline of the moment Boxer is back up on his feet now, pacing back and forth... several deep breaths, and...

OOOOOOOOOOHOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Angus:

Yup, that did it **flargle-bargle-vomit-puke**

The *shriek* that escapes The Wargod's lips is deafening, several literal squirts of blood escape Bronson's shoulder and pitter patter down onto the exposed boards still left available to stand (and bleed) on.

DDK:

What happened to that... what did you call it? Violence boner?

Angus: [wiping mouth]

Go to hell Darren.

The whole bloody ordeal gives Cayle just enough time to find his second, third, possibly even fourth wind (at this goddamn point.) The pop when Cayle *LEAPS* up and simultaneously locks on both a tight body scissors and a wicked dragon sleeper is sudden and deafening.

YEAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

HUGE submission latched on a distracted Bronson Box here!

Angus:

Granite City Cross! Box is fightin' it though Keebs!

Fighting it indeed. Bronson whips his freest arm up directly at Cayle's face, recklessly making contact with his closed fist several times right across the bridge of Murray's nose. Cayle releases the hold and staggers backward a step but somehow musters the gumption to snatch Box and explode with a ring rattling release German suplex on Boxer. The shoulder first impact of The Wargod's shoulders bounces a few more boards loose creating an even bigger open space leading down to the under-ring.

*FUCK HIM UP CAAAAAY-LE FUCK HIM UP! *CLAP CLAP**

*FUCK HIM UP CAAAAAY-LE FUCK HIM UP! *CLAP CLAP**

Angus:

LOOK! Box is gettin' up, Keebler!

Box manages to get to one wobbly knee, behind him the sheer drop to the under-ring behind him. The look of pure determination on Cayle Murray's face could melt steel. The victorious young Scotsman charges towards his grizzled countryman, steps up and cracks off the most jaw shattering Shining Wizard you've ever laid eyes on. As the crowd yet AGAIN pops for their hero Bronson Box slumps backward and vanishes beneath the ring.

DDK:

THAT'S SHINIEST WIZARD I'VE EVER SEEN, ANGUS!

Angus:

HE 'AINT DONE MY MAN, LOOK!

Cayle frantically motions for referee Brian Slater to move closer to the ring post. Using the huge official for balance Cayle manages by the grace of God to maneuver his way atop the bare ring post. With no time to waste he immediately wildly LAUNCHES himself off the post, aiming himself directly for the giant, dark boardless chasm in the middle of what was a perfectly well put together wrestling ring just minutes before.

"OOOOOOOOOOWHAT THE FUCK?! WHAT THE FUCK?! WHAT THE FUCK?!"

Angus:

AHHHHH! HE'S GONE! THEY'VE FALLEN INTO THE GORRAM SHADOW REALM DARREN! THEY'RE ON THE OTHERSIDE WITH BARB!

The eerie sight of watching a human body come off the top with that much momentum, no ropes, and just goes about VANISHING before our very eyes through what's usually hardwood and canvas is indescribable.

DDK:

I'M NOT EXACTLY SURE WHAT CAYLE HIT HIM WITH DOWN THERE, BUT... WHA... WOWEE!

An arm pops up after several long seconds without seeing hide nor hair of either man.

Cayle Murray's arm to be exact.

DDK:

Some sort of diving splash onto cold hard concrete, I have no idea what state Bronson Box is in under there folks.

Angus:

Oh yeah we do, LOOK!

Cayle rolls up onto the top of the ring (or what's left of it anyway) dragging Box up by the straps of his brown and grey pinstripe singlet. The Wargod looking almost dead, blood still slowly oozing from his brutalized shoulder meat. And now more blood flowing from a large gash on the crown of his head. The Wargod lifelessly wearing what amounts to a *crimson mask* as Cayle props him up against the frame of the ring, only his chest and shoulders popping up through the gap.

Cayle stops, clutching at his back. Obviously in terrible pain.

DDK:

Cayle has to capitalize here, Angus. Before it's too late! We've seen before so many times over the last seven years Bronson's inhuman ability to rally in matches just like this one!

Murray pounds with his fist at his back, trying to FORCE some life back into his aching muscles. He reaches out and locks in the best chinlock he can muster and BEEEEEEENDS Boxer back first back across one of the metal beams criss crossing the ring's undercarriage. Being up atop the ring he doesn't get full leverage, Box slipping out and somehow finding the will to slump half his body body back up into the ring.

DDK:

Box refuses to die, partner!

Angus:

They aren't going to have any ring LEFT if they keep going like this!

Cayle lends a hand, helping Boxer back up into the ring. Once back on wobbly legs Boxer gets wrapped up and taken SKY HIGH in a quick, unexpected VERTICAL SUPLEX from Murray...

DDK:

CHAINBREAK... NO! BOXER SLIPPED OUT! COUNTER FROM THE WARGOD!

Bronson immediately locks his arms around Murray's waist and pops of an absolutely desperate GERMAN suplex that sends Cayle clattering into the hardwood.

The Scottish Strongman's eyes are wide and wild, he rakes his jagged thumbnail across his throat as he then takes Cayle's back and locks on his trademark spine snapping Camel Clutch. Murray's eyes flutter open in absolute desperation when it dawns on him what's happening.

Angus:

BOSTON MASSACRE! HE'S LOCKED IN THE BOSTON MASSACRE!

Bronson is obviously enjoying the feeling of his young nemesis squirming under his brutal grip... but something about

the look on Bronson's face tells us all he's not quite satisfied. Inch by careful inch Boxer starts to readjust his arms in a VERY familiar fashion...

DDK:

BOX IS GOING FOR IT! HE'S GOING FOR THE ***SUPER*** MASSACRE!

Angus:

THIS IS THE MOVE THAT CRIPPLED CAYLE THE LAST TIME!

DDK:

AND HIS BROTHER!

Agonised, Box winces as he slides one arm out of the Camel Clutch, then under Cayle's armpit.

DDK:

BUT CAN HE PULL IT OFF WITH THAT INJURED SHOULDER?!

Boxer ***CLENCHES*** that arm, applying the first Nelson with a full clamp, but he can't do so without a pained roar.

DDK:

CAN HE GET FULL TORQUE?!

Angus:

DOESN'T MATTER, KEEBS. IT'S DONE. FUCKING DONE.

Murray's gone purple.

His eyes are clamped shut.

He ***MIGHT*** be halfway to unconsciousness.

But Bronson Box doesn't give a fuck.

Gradually, the DEFIANT Ace slides his left arm beneath Cayle's.

DDK:

FULL NELSON!

Angus:

HE'S GOT IT! AND ***POP*** GOES THE SQUID'S BACK!

With the hold locked-in, Box readies himself to pull Cayle's spine all out of pace. He pauses momentarily, glaring out across the hate-filled around, before yanking back on the hold...

Angus:

CALL THE MATCH, SLATER!

Box goes further back...

Angus:

CALL THE DAMN MATCH!

... and further...

DDK:

IT'S DONE!

... and *futher*...

DDK:

CAYLE MURRAY'S QUEST FOR REDEMPTION ENDS IN FAIL-- HEY! WAAAAAAIT!

But Cayle follows the momentum! He takes the ultimate risk, pushing his own shoulders backwards, allowing him to pop one on his legs out from beneath him!

Angus:

WHAT THE FUCK?!

Murray *plants* the boot into the ground, then pushes back, forcing Box into the boards behind him.

DDK:

BOX FALLS FLAT ON HIS BACK!

Angus:

BUT HE'S STILL GOT THE FULL NELSON!

With both legs free, Cayle struggles against Box's iron grip. The Ace pushes him back to a seated position and stands up, trying to put him back in the old position, but Cayle resists!

With eventually last drop of energy left in his body, Cayle plants one boot into the mat, then another, slowly forcing himself upright.

DDK:

HE'S GETTING UP!

Angus:

HOLY. FUCK.

DDK:

HE'S GOING TO BREAK THE BOSTON MASSACRE!

Panic stretches across Box's face. Cayle is overcome by a burst of energy, allowing him to pull one of his aching arms alllllllll the way downwards, then scoop one of Box's legs.

It's not much, but it's enough to wobble Boxer's balance. Cayle pulls his boot off the ground, then suddenly throws himself backwards! Box crashes down on the boards, breaking the hold entirely.

DDK:

HE DID IT! HE'S OUT!

Angus:

CAYLE JUST COUNTERED THE MASSACRE! FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME, HE FOUND A WAY OUT!

Boxer takes the worst of the impact, and his back arcs from the pain. Cayle rolls off him, meanwhile, then pushes both hands into the floor, slowly rising.

DDK:

He's getting up!

Angus:

Look at the look in his gorram eyes!

DDK:

How does this end, Angus?! How the *HECK* does this end?!

Angus:

Hell if I fuckin' know, Keebs!

Coated in his own seat and Bronson Box's blood, Cayle reaches his full vertical. He swipes his hair from his eyes, then steadies his balance, calling for Boxer to rise. Impatient, he steps into the rolled canvas, readying himself.

DDK:

Uh-oh...

Angus:

Wait a minute, is he about to do what I think he is?!

DDK:

He may just...

Cayle's *SCREAMING* at Box, desperate for his hated foe to peel himself from the wood. Boxer's deaf to Cayle's calls, but he eventually pushes both hands into the boards, trying his best to ignore the agony, until Murray charges forward...

Angus:

STARBREEEEEEEEEAAKKKKKKAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Cayle's knee *SLAMS* into the side of Boxer's skull, sending The Scottish Strongman splaying across the exposed boards.

DDK:

THAT'S ANOTHER ERIC DANE MOVE!

Angus:

OUT GO THE LIGHTS!

DDK:

AND CAYLE'S BACK ON HIS FEET!

Running on adrenaline, Cayle pops back up almost immediately, whipping the crowd into a frenzy. He peels Box's dead weight from the floor, scoops him up, plants him on his shoulders..

DDK:

HOLD ON! HE'S GOING FOR A HIGHLAND HANGOVER! HIS BROTHER'S MOVE!

Murray's balance wobbles as he supports Box's weight, but eventually, inevitably, he brings the smaller man's head, neck, and shoulders crashing down on the mat with a sitout side powerslam.

DDK:

HIGHLAND HANGOVER! THE MOVE THAT STARTED IT ALL! MY GOD, WHAT A MESSAGE!

Angus:

HOLY SHIIIIIIIIIT! KEEBS... HE'S DONE IT! HE'S FUCKING DONE IT!

The impact is *perfect*, and Box's eyes are clamped shut.

Angus:

HE'S OUT! IT'S OVER! FINITO! DONEZO!

Cayle moves from a seated position into a kneel.

DDK:

ALL THAT'S LEFT IS THE COVER!

He holds his head in his hands, then throws his sweat-sodden hair back, gazing across the arena.

Angus:

MAKE THE COVER!

His chest heaves with every breath. Sweat seeps from every pore. Cayle looks down at his hands, both of which are coated in the blood of his enemy.

Angus:

WHY'S HE NOT GOING FOR THE COVER, KEEBS?!

DDK:

BOX IS DONE! HE'S GOTTA MAKE THE PIN!

Angus:

HE'S GONNA BLOW HIS BIG MOMENT HERE!

Bronson is completely out of it on the deck, and Cayle knows it. He turns his head to his fallen foe, staring at his limp corpse.

He doesn't make the cover, though.

Instead, he pushes both hands into his thigh then rises to his feet.

Angus:

THE HELL IS HE DOING?!

DDK:

JUST PIN HIM, CAYLE!

Murray's legs are barely able to support him. He sways back and forth, then throws his arms up, screaming for Boxer to get up.

Angus:

I don't think he's getting up...

DDK:

Either do it...

Box *stirs* on the mat, but not much else. Weary, Cayle paces back and forth, then reaches downwards, sliding his arms under Box's shoulders.**Angus:**

Is he going for a Boston Massacre?!

DDK:

Surely not!

The answer is "no."

Cayle uses the hold to get Box vertical, but that's it. He pulls his mortal enemy around so that he's facing him, but Box immediately slumps down when Cayle let's go. He forehead lands in Murray's chest, with only Cayle's weight supporting him.

DDK:

I don't like this...

Box's dead weight forces Cayle back a step.

DDK:

Not. One. Bit.

But after a few moments of support, Murray eventually pushes a hand beneath his enemy's chin, then takes a step backwards. He lets go of the man entirely, and Box immediately drops to one knee, drained, destroyed...

Angus and Keebler stay deathly silent.

As does Cayle.

He stands looming over The Original DEFIANT, his only movement coming through breathing.

Bronson Box falls to all fours.

The camera focuses on his face.

His fuming, blood-caked face.

He looks up.

Cayle Murray is staring him dead in the eye.

He *can't* let the *fookin' squid* win.

Not like this.

One boot goes into the ground.

Then another.

DDK:

BRONSON BOX IS ON HIS FEET!

Box sways back and forth, barely conscious.

Angus:

BUT HE MIGHT BE *OUT* ON HIS FEET!

His eyes roll back.

He *almost* falls to the mat.

But doesn't.

Box steadies himself.

Lurches forward.

Spits a noxious glob of saliva, blood, and whatever the hell else at Murray.

One last act of DEFIANCE.

Angus: [hushed]

Oh shiiiiit...

It splatters across Cayle's left pectoral.

Murray doesn't think twice before acting.

Slap to the face.

Knee to the gut.

Head between the legs.

DDK:

Oh no...

Angus:

Whoa...

DDK:

NO. Not this. Not this way, Cayle!

Memories of DEFCON 2016 linger in the air. Cayle hoists Box into a Powerbomb position, then lets his torso hang down, his head and neck just below the knees.

DDK:

NOT ON THE BOARDS!

Angus:

THIS IS THE MOVE THAT DESTROYED ERIC DANE'S NECK, KEEBS!

DDK:

I KNOW!

Cayle keeps Boxer's head dangling precariously above the boards.

DDK:

THAT WON'T JUST BREAK HIS NECK... IT'LL PARALYSE HIM!

Angus:

FUCK THAT, IT'LL KILL HIM!

With Box's career in his hands, Cayle closes his eyes.

Soaks in the moment.

This is it.

His exorcism.

DDK:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO--

Cayle drops down.

The top of Boxer's head hits the deck first, then Cayle's knees.

GANSO BOMB.

Box's lights are *OUT*.

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

Angus:

KEEBS... HE STEPPED FORWARD!

DDK:

CAYLE STEPPED *OFF* THE BOARDS! BOX LANDED ON THE FOLDED MAT!

An act of grace for a beast who doesn't deserve it.

He may have been spared the boards, but Box's neck still twists at a horrible angle as he falls. His whole body is limp on the mat, and Cayle's on both knees, staring at his foe.

Finally.

Mercifully.

Cayle Murray makes the cover.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

The pop is instantaneous.

Angus:

OH. MY. GOD.

Cayle let's go of the hooked leg, then rolls onto his back.

DDK:

HE DID IT!

He closes his eyes, pressing his hands into his skull.

DDK:

CAYLE MURRAY HAS *FINALLY* DEFEATED BRONSON BOX!

Angus:

HOLY FUCK, KEEBS!

DDK:

SEVENTEEN LONG YEARS LATER! CAYLE WINS! CAYLE WINS!

Angus:

WE MAY NEVER SEE A FIGHT LIKE THAT AGAIN! FUCK ME!

Darren Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR WINNER VIA PINFALL...

Murray pulls his hands away.

Darren Quimbey:

"STAAAAAARRRRRRRBREAKEEEEEERRRRRR"...

When Cayle opens his eyes, his expression is one of relief.

Darren Quimbey:

CAAAAAAYYYYYLLLLLEEEEE! MURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

CAYLE WINS! FINALLY, BRONSON BOX HAS FALLEN BY HIS HAND! MURRAY HAS DONE WHAT EVERYBODY ELSE SAID WAS IMPOSSIBLE -- HE HAS OVERCOME BRONSON BOX!

Angus:

I... I... JESUS, I'M SPEECHLESS!

His body is a wreck, but Cayle still musters the energy to sit upright. The few fans still in their seats rise when he does this, and a standing ovation breaks out across the building.

DDK:

TONIGHT, CAYLE MURRAY FOUGHT THE FIGHT OF HIS LIFE! HE SUMMONED BILE, VENOM, AND FURY, THE LIKES OF WHICH WE'VE NEVER SEEN FROM HIM BEFORE! HE FOUND THAT "EXTRA GEAR," BUT AT THE END OF THE DAY, HE CLOSED THIS MATCH ON *HIS* TERMS!

Angus:

HE HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO *END* BRONSON BOX FOREVER, BUT HE DIDN'T! REVERSE THE POSITIONS, AND CAYLE'S CAREER WOULD HAVE BEEN OVER!

DDK:

BUT THAT'S NOT CAYLE MURRAY, ANGUS! THAT'S NOT WHO HE IS! HE HAS SLAIN THE MONSTER WITHOUT COMPROMISING HIS SOUL, AND TONIGHT, CAYLE WILL LEAVE THE BUILDING WITH HIS HEAD HELD HIGH!

Finally, Cayle rises to his feet.

Brian Slater lifts his tired arm in the air, signifying his victory.

Murray doesn't smile. There's no joy, elation, or satisfaction on his face.

Only relief.

He lifts both hands up, clapping his appreciation to The Faithful, before doubling over, winded.

DDK:

Folks, Bronson Box is out cold...

Angus:

No fuckin' doubt! Damn, Keebs, I didn't think the Squid had it in him!

DDK:

One year removed from defeating Eric Dane, Cayle Murray has just toppled *another* pillar of DEFIANCE. We've seen this man improve, grow, and evolve as a competitor before our very eyes, and now, he is lost in a moment he has waited 17 long years for...

Angus:

Straight-up, no bullshit, that was an incredible performance. *IN-FUCKING-CREDIBLE*. Beating Bronson Box is one thing, but to do so in an environment like this? Unreal.

Giving his fallen foe one final glance, Cayle backs away from the scene, hopping out of the rope-less ring.

DDK:

We knew this match was going to be chaos, and so it transpired. Folks, the ring crew have a lot of work to clean this place up and get everything functional again.

Angus:

Shit, that was only the opening match! What does the rest of the night have in store?!

DDK:

Lord knows, Angus, but for now, we must head elsewhere, and leave this moment to Cayle Murray and his supporters...

Cayle's halfway up the ramp by now, but still facing the ring. He stops, then doubles over for oxygen. He falls to one knee, completely exhausted. A group of medics dash down the ramp - two stop by Cayle, but most are headed to the ring.

Murray doesn't acknowledge them.

There, on the ramp, the leans all the way back, raises both fists into the air, and screams pure euphoria.

His nightmare is over.

Cut.

THAT HAD TO HURT

Just as the bell rings, the various producers and backstage workingmans types cheer. They do so, not because they are rooting for Cayle Murray or Bronson Box specifically, but because their jobs are to make sure the event happens without serious issue.

When the first match comes to completion without any problems, the entire event typically follows suit. Therefore: cheers.

Except for one. Calico Rose stands at the row of monitors closest to the entryway, and she gives a clap and a cheer as Cayle Murray is declared the winner over Bronson Box. She high fives everyone currently working: they tolerate her because she is positive and filled with positive energy, she helps out with literally anything when asked, and because they've learned that she will likely badger them until she gets the high five. Acquiescing immediately is the path of least resistance.

After a few moments, Cayle Murray stumbles through the curtain from the arena, flanked by a couple of medics and she hugs him tightly.

Cayle Murray:

Oh - Cally.

Calico Rose:

Knew you had it in you, sir. Totally bossa nova match.

She lets him go, and holds out her fist. Cayle *almost* falls over, such is his level of exertion. Instead, he takes a few moments to catch his breath, then throw his sweat-sodden hair back over his head.

Eventually, he blows it up.

Cally:

RK is getting into the brain meat space for his match with Reaper, but he wanted me to tell you 'Vaya con Pollos.'

Cayle squints. He's entirely too tired for this.

Cayle Murray:

... what?

Medic:

"Go with the chickens."

Cally:

I may have improved his message. But I think you get it.

Cayle has learned to just go with the flow where Cally is concerned.

Cayle Murray:

I get it.

Cally:

So, we decided that you and me and RK and Natas are going out for drinks after the final bell - and the last person to win has to buy them all. Just gives some more incentive to root for everyone.

Cayle nods, but then stops.

Cayle Murray:

You don't have a match tonight... by design, I assume?

Cally:

A happy accident.

Cayle laughs, though he's *barely* able to communicate through heavy breaths.

Cayle Murray:

He's the last of us. Not worried. But look. I'm knackered. Destroyed. *Bugged*. Physically and emotionally. Gotta go.

He thumbs towards the medics.

Cayle Murray:

Later?

Cally:

Ab... fab.

As Cayle Murray disappears into the bowels of the arena, Bronson Box *zombies* into the backstage.

He's a messy. A bloody, raging mess. His head, face, and torso are caked in plasma, and he's barely able to stay on his feet. He shambles through, knocking into a production table, sending a cluster of expensive equipment tumbling to the floor. The medics on him try to keep him under control, but to no avail.

Boxer falls to a knee. The medical team automatically rush over to him, but he pushes them away.

Bronson Box:

Fook off.

They know better than to argue.

The Wargod rises. He looks incensed, and most of the people about avoid eye contact.

Most of them.

Cally:

Ooooh... that had to hurt. You okay, Boxy?

Without missing a step, Box wobbles past Cally, turns slightly, and lets a fist fly. He might be in pieces, but he lands a punch right on her eye, and she goes down like a shot. Immediately, several others swarm to check on her.

Bronson, on the other hand, does not miss a step.

Bronson Box:

Fookin' daft twat.

And we go elsewhere.

POP CULTURE PHENOMS (C) VS. THE STORM VS. THE BASTARD SONS OF WRESTLING VS. THE MASKED VIOLATORS (LADDER WAR)

DDK:

I don't know how anything could follow the absolute and utter WAR we just witnessed, Angus... but if anything COULD, I would say that the 4-team, all-out LADDER WAR coming up next could fit the bill!

Angus:

You might be right, Keebs. I'd say there's more than just tag team gold on the line here tonight... tonight is about SUPREMACY in the DEFIANCE Tag Team Division! Which team will stand above the others, in maybe the biggest tag match, on maybe the biggest stage ever!

DDK:

Hyperbole aside, Angus - you aren't far from the mark! The Pop Culture Phenoms are perhaps the most dominant Tag Team Champions we have seen in some time, besting every team they've faced when it's mattered most! Can they do it again, tonight, against 3 teams just SPOILING for a fight?

Angus:

I think ANYONE in their right mind would be stupid to second guess The D and Elise Ares tonight or ANY night... the REAL questions, in my view, are: Can the Masked Violators and The STORM focus on the GOLD long enough in between trying to kill each other to write history tonight? ...and just how DANGEROUS are these Bastard Sons of Wrestling?

DDK:

4 teams with purpose, 4 teams with their eyes on the gold! 4 teams--

Angus:

Keebs, I've gotta be honest with you - I don't know how much more of this hype I can take.

DDK:

Well lucky for you partner, it looks like we're ready to go.

Camera cuts to ring where DQ gives a curt nod on queue.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, our next context is a No Disqualification, FOUR TEAM LADDER WAAAAAAR!

A modest pop from the crowd elicits a little smile from Darren Quimbey.

Darren Quimbey:

The first tandem that can retrieve the title belts hanging HIGH above the ring leave as your DEFIANCE WORLD... TAG TEAM... CHAMPIIOOOOOOONS! Introducing first...

♪ "Fast to Nowhere" - ZERO ♪

The camera cuts to the top of the DEFtron and, at once and together, the crowd cheers at the sight of the Masked Violators standing atop the screen.

Angus:

Wait, what the hell are they DOING up there?!?

DDK:

The Violators are here, looking to make an IMPACT...and apparently AN ENTRANCE at DEFIANCE Road. Get a load of this!

Darren Quimbey:

From Parts Undisclosed... they are masked justice... they are masked fury... they are MASKED VIOLATOR #1!!!!!!!!!!!!

Out of the back, dressed in a bright red cape, matching his mask, MV#1 holds a single finger in the air. It's then that the Faithful noticed a zipline running from the entrance, down to the ring. MV#1 decked out in a harness, leaps majestically, cape billowing, cheap pyro exploding around him as he glides towards the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

...MASKED VIOLATOR #2!!!!!!

MV#2 steps up, scowling, a semi-crushed can of beer in one hand and his balls in the other. He offers his boys another scratch before allowing a tech to latch his harness to the zipline. He leaps, free hand performing an incredibly offensive masturbatory motion, as he looks at the crowd around him...

Darren Quimbey:

They are... THE MASKED.... VlllllOOOOOOLAAAAAATOORRRRS!!!

And just like that... MV#2 sags on the zipline and comes to a halt $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way down to the ring, above the entrance way... the crowd collectively belly laughs as #2 curses, dropping his beer, fumbling for the buckles and latches of his somehow already crusty harness.

Angus:

Oh, for christs sake...

DDK:

Looks like Masked Violator #2 is experiencing some technical difficulties!

Angus:

Could have been a lot worse for him, and a lot better for me.

By now, MV#1 has bounded from the ring, cape swelling and snapping behind him. He waves for help from the back but seems to get no reaction. Standing under #2, #1 calls up to him, hands cupped around his masks mouth-hole:

MV#1:

It's ok, old chum! Trust fall! Unlatch and--

MV#2 found his latch and, in a flash, had fallen 8 feet straight down - into his partner's waiting arms. The crowd erupts as MV#1 sprints down the aisle, his massive partner cradled in his arms.

MV#2:

PUT ME THE FUCK DOWN!!!!

Before we see him do so, the camera cuts back to Darren Quimbey.

♪ "Cochise" - Audioslave ♪

The grungy sound of angst pipes in over the PA system building the song's opening crescendo, the Bastards step out and the crowd gives them a rather negative response.

Darren Quimbey:

Their Opponents, being accompanied by their manager Jonathan Wildside, weighing in at a combined FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY POUNDS...THE. BASTARD. SONNNNNNS. OFFFFFFF WRESTTTTTTLING.

As the Threesome walks down the ramp the fans continue their jawing, which only gets worse as both Row and Stevenson mouth off to some of the Faithful seated along the rail.

DDK:

The Bastards might not be winning themselves any fans, Angus; but they did in fact WIN themselves a spot in this Ladder War.

Angus:

They took advantage of all out bedlam and pinned the Tag Team Champs.

DDK:

Well tonight it's not going to be about pins or submission, partner - it's whoever can get up there and grab those belts.

Angus:

And it's a long way down.

Stevenson and Row climb the stairs and enter the ring, neither man breaking focus - their gaze at the Masked Violators on the other side of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And THEIR opponents!

There is no music, only thunder. A spotlight finds the top of the rampway.

Darren Quimbey:

From the darkest corner of your mind! With a total combined weight of over 575 lbs... HIROSHI ZO, The LETHAL KAZUSHI... THE.... STOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRM!

DDK:

The STORM have quickly established themselves as two of the toughest, most physical duo in the DEFIANCE locker room... but since their arrival they have been 100% laser-focused on the destruction of the Masked Violators. They don't just want to beat them, or hurt them... at this point, I don't think they'd be even content with taking them out of DEFIANCE entirely... they want them out of the sport, PERIOD! That is what this is all about! That is what their manager, conspicuous by his absence, Lord Nigel Tricklebush has bred into these men! It's ingrained! Their mission is simple: destroy the Masked Violators and greatness comes next! GOLD comes next!

Angus:

That plan sucked up until tonight, because the Violators aren't the tag champs! Tonight, the STORM can fulfill their self-proclaimed destiny in one shot! But SHIT do they have an uphill battle to climb!

Hiroshi Zo and Kazushi stomp down the aisle in tandem, fists balled, eyes narrowed. Kazushi slithers into the ring, eyes locked on MV#2, a smile overtaking his lips. Zo nudges past Quimbey in the ring, raising two fists with appropriate defiance. The crowd greets them with disdain.

All I wanna do is... **Gunshotz.**

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

That disdain quickly changes to elation as the electronic pulse of Krewella encompasses the arena. Lights. Lasers. Smoke. The pageantry is paid off as The D erupts through the cloud holding his DEFIANCE Tag Team Championship high into the air with his right hand. The usual blue and pink attire is replaced by shades of gold and white, the usual walking is replaced by...

Angus:

Segways?!

DDK:

You have got to be kidding me! The PCP have a fleet of segways at their disposal!

Angus:

The more I think these dimwits are going to get it right, the more disappointed I am when they get it completely wrong.

The D stands firm on the staging area as Elise Ares bursts through the smoke behind him. With her championship seemingly mounted on her handlebars, her LED glasses flashes the word "SEGWAYS!" over and over again. She drives circles around The D before coming to a halt next to him. They make eye contact before The D points overhead to the zipline. Elise looks up and her mouth drops open in shock.

The D:

OH C'MON!

Elise Ares:

We should have the best entrance...

The D shakes his head before motioning for the pair to make their way down to the ring. Behind them Klein emerges, wearing his trademark box, while the handlebars of his segway also wears a box. He's only noticed in the background for a second or two before losing control of his ride and disappearing back into the smoke.

The pair stop at the end of the aisle and dismount their championship chariots. Behind them at the top of the ramp, an angry Klein is currently beating his segway with a steel chair out of frustration.

DDK:

A sign of the violence to come Angus?

Klein tosses the chair aside hustles down the aisle to catch up. The D and Elise simultaneously climb up to the apron, where they back-to-back pose for the crowd with their titles on their shoulders before leaping into the ring. They mount opposite turnbuckles, showing off their tag team titles to their opponents more so to the audience... well, Elise shows off her own reflection to herself. Inside the ring, Klein claps in approval for his teammates before reaching into his box and pulling out golden sparklers. He lights them and raises them into the air to thunderous approval, halfway through their spark the lights return to normal. The combatants re-enter the ring. Klein quickly snuffs out his festive sticks and escapes into the anonymity of the ringside area. The tag belts are handed to Carla Ferrari, as the hook lowers from the ceiling lowers. Carla unlatches, and the D and Elise blow kisses to their tag team titles as they're raised high above the arena. Carla flashes a thumbs up to Benny Doyle, who rushes toward the time keeper's table.

DDK:

It looks like they're finally all ready to go here.

Angus:

This match is going to be chaos. Utter chaos.

DDK:

It's going to be violent.

Angus:

And I'm going to enjoy every second of it Keebs.

The bell tolls. The Faithfull all on their feet, anxious to see what kind of madness awaits them in the latest installment of the Ladder War. Without hesitation the Storm and the Masked Violators reignite their passionate rivalry. Hiroshi Zo and MV #2 mixing it up with one another, while Kazushi and MV #1 do the same.

DDK:

The Storm and the Violators wasting no time getting down to it, Angus. This one could get personal and quick!

Angus:

It's a war, Keebs! No two ways about it and we've got two teams here tonight that wanna rip each other's hearts out!

Gotta love it.

Stevenson looks at Row, Row looks back at Stevenson - Ares and the D doing the same thing, and at the same time both teams have the same idea.

DDK:

Looks like both the Bastards and the PCPs have opted to tend to some ladders while the brawl takes over the ring.

Both the Bastards and the Tag Team Champs rush to opposite sides of ringside and root around underneath the ring. Row and Stevenson throwing out a bevy of weapons - steel chair, kendo stick, the Bastards pull out a table just for good measure and set it up on the outside bridging the guardrail. On the opposite side of the ring, working diligently while Klein holds the apron for them, the Tag Team Champions have pulled out the first ladder of the evening.

Angus:

Really smart work here by both teams, Keebs. You've gotta be ready to capitalize at any moment.

Kazushi and MV #1 find themselves paired off, while Hiroshi Zo and MV #2 have begun engaging in hand to hand combat. Kaz, a hair faster than MV #1, is able to block a few of the sloppier strikes, before rushing his forearm forward and catching MV#1 right across the bridge of his nose. Kaz presses his advantage backing 1 into the ropes, MV#1 desperate to halt his progress, slides between Kaz's legs, popping to his feet quickly only to be forced backward as Kaz swung a foot wildly trying to connect with a well timed kick.

Opposite him, MV#2 is dumped out of the ring by Zo.

DDK:

It's The STORM and the Violators, battling it out, as expected! LOOK AT THIS! ZO AND KAZUSHI with a double clothesline that DUMPS the Masked Violators over and OUT of the ring!

Angus:

You hear that landing?!? Someone broke their ass. I know it.

The MVs are down, licking their wounds, 2 holding the back of his neck, 1 favoring his shoulder.

DDK:

Be that as it may, the Storm is standing tall right now!

Hiroshi Zo extends a finger skyward, as the crowd reigns down their displeasure.

DDK:

AND OH MY! HERE COME THOSE BASTARDS!

Stevenson and Row rush The Storm from behind.

DDK:

They are working over The STORM and you have to believe that these two men were just lying in wait, ready to take their shot!

Skidd Row has Kaz tied up and at risk in one corner, Stevenson taking it to the larger man in Zo in the other. Stevenson locks his arms around Zo's waist and uses his quads to lift him up and over in the air.

DDK:

BIG suplex plants Zo in the center of the ring as --OHH!--

Skidd Row picks up a dazed Kazushi, perches him on the top rope, before vaulting up and knocking him right off with a kick to the side of the head, sending Kaz crashing off the turnbuckle and onto the floor below.

Angus:

Momentum in a match like this can change before ya know it, Keebs!

Zo gets dumped out of the ring by Stevenson and suddenly it's the Bastard Sons of Wrestling who bask in the crowd and the moment. Displeasurable shrieks reign down on them from the Faithful. Jonathan Wildside frantically barking orders at his men from the outside. Suddenly, MV#2 slides under the rope and forearm BLASTS Row from behind. The camera momentarily catches PCP smiling outside the ring, watching the chaos, each with a ladder in hand and at the ready. The D leans over the guardrail, letting the DEF fans touch his chest, as Elise cringes at the thought. Back to the action in the ring, as the Bastards have now turned the tables on MV#2.

DDK:

The double-teaming we are seeing now is obviously 100% legal in a match like this... all 8 participants are legal, anything goes!

Angus:

I've heard all of that before! But just TRY to put it in her butt and, 9 times out of 10, you'll hear a different story!

DDK:

Maybe that's because you keep asking that during a wrestling match and not in the privacy of your own home.

Angus:

The world needs to see me fuck Keebs. HERE COMES #1! It's another toe-to-toe brawl in the center of the ring! These fans are eating it up, *I* am lovin' the sheer physicality of it all... but you know who is loving this most?!?

DDK & Angus (in unison):

The Pop Culture Phenoms!

Angus:

Yup! They are playing it smart! Layin' low in the cut!

DDK:

Are... are they taking selfies with the fans?

Angus:

They're pretending they're smart. I still think they're just lucky. But I'll cheer luck that trounces Mikey Unlikely any day!

DDK:

It certainly seems to be a sound strategy: watch and wait as your opponents destroy each other! But time will tell if it pays off! HERE WE GO!

The Storm enter back into the fray as it's Kazushi who slides a ladder into the ring before it turns into all out chaos!

Angus:

Hey! Someone other than PCP remembered this was a ladder match! That's encouraging!

DDK:

Hiroshi Zo is using it as a weapon!

Inside the ring Zo swings the ladder wildly, battering it into the sternum of J Stevenson with one end, as MV#1 eats the other!

DDK:

LOOK AT SKIDD ROW!

Row jumps and from the second turnbuckle, applies the facelock, leaps forward and drops down bringing Zo's head

down into his own weapon of choice - the ladder! The Faithful pop for the first truly painful moment of this Ladder War.

DDK:

Angus, did you see the way Zo's neck BUCKLED there?!

Angus:

I did - and as wrong as this sounds - I liked it.

Zo gets rolled under the bottom rope and out of the ring. The D uses him as a footrest for his right foot, watching the carnage with great amusement from ringside.

In the ring MV#2 wraps Kaz in a bearhug.

DDK:

MV#2 squeezing the life out of Kazushi! Look at this! He has his wrist locked up there, this is a closed hold... this is a hold now where the only way Kazushi gets out of it is if #2 WANTS him out of it!

The camera crunches tight on MV#2's mask, foaming at the mouth and into his gnarly beard as he screams. Obscenities and vulgarities some heretofore never broadcast on pay-per-view before. Cut--

DDK:

#1 from the very top!

A perfectly timed missile dropkick from MV#1 cuts off J Stevenson from jumping MV#2 from behind and breaking his hold.

Suddenly, the air in the room changes from "warm" to "hot". Our view shifts to a wider shot of the ring... and it appears that the Pop Culture Phenoms are making their move.

Angus:

Picking their spots and calling their shots! Elise and The D are in the ring and are taking advantage of the situation, quickly setting up a ladder! Could this be it?!? SERIOUSLY?!?

The PCP's don't even clear the third rung when #1 rises to his feet. It's now that MV#2 finally lets go of his hold on Kaz, letting his limp body fall to the mat. The crowd stirs as the D and Elise meet eyes and slowly reverse course. By the time the Champs reach the bottom, the Bastards have regained their wits and their footing as well. There is a half-a-moment of serenity before it all kicks off.

If you blinked, you missed it. Elise pairs off with Row, holding her own and then some. MV#2 and Stevenson brawl, stiff and unyielding. From corner to corner, they batter one another with no mercy, back and forth. In the middle of it all, The D and MV#1 are locked-up. A standing switch by MV#1 gives him an advantage long enough only to lose it when The D reversed it and, after a quick and confusing thrust that stuns MV#1--

DDK:

GERMAN SUPLEX by The D!

Angus:

He just gave it to him!

The D swoops over-top and locks on a reverse chancery.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, take a moment to appreciate what we are looking at here... a god damned, honest to goodness one on one professional wrestling contest hidden inside a puzzle wrapped in a clusterfu--

Angus:

HA! Oh, could it be? Am I finally rubbing off on you?!?

#1 works himself to a seated position! The D, cinches in that chinlock. Working to his feet #1 throws an elbow to The D's breadbasket. ANOTHER to the gut. #1 works himself behind and SHOVES The D off and into the ropes.

The D leaps over a crawling MV#2 as he--

DDK:

...shoots back, leapfrog by #1--

The D ducks a clothesline from Stevenson--

DDK:

...shoots back, HUGE CLOTHESLINE by The D! And Elise Ares sends Skidd Row out of the ring!

Ares and The D meet eyes... then glance at the ladder they'd set up that, in the maelstrom, had fallen over. The crowd cheers as they set it back up and start their way, in unison, up the ladder. They stand near the top, ladder swaying. Fighting for balance, The D rests one hand on a belt and another on Elise, the pair using themselves to stay steady.

Angus:

This is it! PCP is right there!

Elise reaches up and goes to work the belt off it's hinge. Then the world is swept out from under her--

DDK:

Hiroshi Zo THROWS #2 into the ladder!!!! OH MY GOD!!!

Ares and The D never expected it, the ladder tips and they fall -- The D stays inside the ring, his stomach catching the top rope as he falls before flopping back into the ring. Elise isn't as lucky -- her trajectory takes her over and outside the ring, through that table the Bastards had unearthed earlier! It's then the air leaves the room ----- and then suddenly rushes in again as the fans erupt with surprise.

HOLY SHIT!**HOLY SHIT!****HOLY SHIT!****HOLY SHIT!****Angus:**

Like I said about momentum in a match like this--

DDK:

MY GOD! Elise Ares just went CRASHING through that table and-- Is she ok?!?

Angus:

She broke her ass. I've never been more jealous of a table.

DDK:

The Storm and Violators BACK at it! It's spilled OUTSIDE the ring now!

On the outside Zo and #1 brawl. Each strike coming harder and faster than the one before, clearly no love lost between the two. They take their brawl up the aisle, as The D and Klein both check on Ares at ringside.

DDK:

Elise Ares IS moving folks. That's certainly good news.

Angus:

Yeah, but how's her ass? Flat bottom girls don't make the rockin' world go round.

In the ring, it's the Bastards who make a play for the belts. Their ladder set up. Row at the top, as Stevenson arrives a half second slower.

DDK:

Row is FIGHTING with that belt! THE D! THE D!

D arrives just in time. He struggles to tip the ladder over, pushing with all his might until the angle crosses the threshold of resistance. Both Bastards can only watch as the ladder sends them into the most uncomfortable and precarious of positions, as the D shouts "DIIIIICKS!" to wild cheers.

DDK:

The Bastards just got CROTCHED and CROTCHED HARD!

Angus:

Been there.

Instead of capitalizing, the D rushes outside the ring to check on Elise. Meanwhile, on the perpendicular side to the PCP & Bastards, by the entrance...

DDK:

Look at THIS! Back up the ramp!

MV#2 is holding his own, soaking up strikes from both members of The STORM!

DDK:

He ain't doing too bad, Angus.

Angus:

Where is #1?

DDK:

I don't know, I--

You have your answer. The camera cuts high above the entranceway, atop the DEFtron. MV#1 holding a single finger in the air, as if to check the direction of the wind. With a single gesture, #1 latched himself back onto the zipline and offered the fans in attendance and around the world a proud, noble salute... then he jumps.

DDK:

WHAT THE--

Angus:

FUCK!

#1 sails towards the ring again, this time there was no pyro - but it was twice as majestic when, at just the right moment, #1 releases his harness and falls to ringside - on top of The STORM!! The crowd erupts and the announcers chuckle.

DDK:

That might be a first!

ONE!**ONE!**

ONE!

ONE!

ONE!

DDK:

Not resting on his laurels, #1 is right back at it!

MV#1 whips Kaz, but Kaz reverses it and it's #1 who's sent hard into the Guard Rail flipping into the crowd. Kaz quickly following him.

DDK:

OH NO!

The camera crew quickly catches up to Kazushi and #1 as they trade blows through the crowd. DEFsec quickly on the scene, following the warning issues from Kelly Evans earlier in the week, trying to corral fans out of the line of fire as best they can. Suddenly, #2 flies across our field of vision and the camera wheels madly to focus on what's going on. #2 and Zo are in the crowd as well.

Angus:

This is getting out of control!!!

Cameras show members of the DEFsec team pleading with the wrestlers to get it back to the ring. Fans are seen frantically moving out of the way of the fracas.

DDK:

DEFsec is trying to do their job, and--

It's this moment when things go shithouse. Hiroshi Zo flat out punches a member of DEFsec in the face -- what seems like the entire team is on top of him immediately. Which brings Kazushi into the fray.

DDK:

Oh No!

Now, #2 is throwing elbows at anything and anyone moving; namely DEFsec and more team members pour in. There is a fleeting moment where the camera catches MV#1 pleading with everyone involved to stand down -- just before he is grabbed and subdued by DEFsec.

DDK:

This is... this is shameful! Nothing can contain this... this BLOODFEUD between the Violators and The STORM! DEFsec is... it seems they are escorting these two teams... uh.... They are out of here...

Angus:

Mark today into historical reference: I Am Speechless.

DDK:

You better not be! This match is FAR from over!!!

The crowd is murmuring as the Bastards and PCP both eye one another, a little unsure of what just transpired. Referees Benny Doyle and Carla Ferrari urging the contestants on.

Angus:

And then there were two. You've gotta love these odds if you're PCP or the Bastards.

DDK:

The odds just doubled in either of these teams' favor, Angus. I can't believe what we just saw.

Angus:

Those DEFsec guys don't take kindly to being hit, lemme tell you that. Probably some GITMOesque treatment coming the way of the STORM and the Violators right now.

All four remaining contestants enter the ring, each of them a little worse for the wear. The crowd hushes as if another match is almost about to start as the participants reset themselves in the ring. Stevenson and Ares mix it up this time as J wastes no time bullying the smaller flier. J uses her natural speed to his advantage, allowing her to gain control off the jump, before reversing course and leveling her with a short armed lariat, knocking Ares to the floor. Meanwhile the D whips Row into the corner and follows him in quickly whipping around before making him an ...

DDK:

...A LISTER! A LISTER! THE D JUST ADDED SKIDD ROW TO THE A LIST.

Angus:

Guess there's a first time for everything.

The ladder from the previous climb is slung over the top rope. The D steadies it as Stevenson eyes him carefully almost daring the D to climb on up. Instead the D looks at Klein who flashes him a thumbs up. The D stiffens his shoulders, getting a bit of moxie in his step, as he takes two huge strides toward Stevenson.

DDK:

The D is feeling it folks. He's ready to throw down.

His plan to bait Stevenson works as the vet takes off, head full of steam. Stevenson swings wildly, the D is able to duck underneath, grabbing under J's arm and shooting him across the ring. As Stevenson comes back, the D brings the knee up smashing J's face right into it. J is dazed but not down, as Elise Ares sizes him up. She vaults herself off the middle rope and swings a blind Pele Kick, catching J flush in the temple. The crowd explodes.

DDK:

Elise Ares seemingly rising from the dead there to deliver the death strike to J Stevenson.

Angus:

And quite possibly the Bastards title hopes.

Jonathan Wildside is on the outside livid. Klein keeping a careful eye on him. The D steadies the Ladder for Elise and she starts to climb.

DDK:

The D standing guard. Klein keeping an eye on Wildside. Climb Elise, Climb!

Wildside motions going towards the ring, testing the PCP's battle plan as Ares gets closer to the top. Then there's motion from the crowd.

Angus:

Are those idiots still fighting security?

It's not the STORM, or the MVs instead it's Will Haynes who jumps the barricade and slides into the ring. Wildside taking his cue from Haynes does the same, Klein moves a step too slow, the D has to choose who to go for, he goes for Wildside who swings a kendo stick at his head. The D ducks the kendo stick but the damage is done as Haynes topples over the ladder and leaves Elise Ares a sitting duck. She's dangling from the rafters, desperately clutching her tag title. She's kicking wildly, screaming.

Elise Ares:

IT'S MINE!

DDK:

Elise in no man's land right now.

The D motions to try to catch her but Elise is hesitant. The Bastards swarm, Wildside swings again with the kendo stick, the D dodging it but Haynes rushes past him catching the D's head, pulling it even with Haynes' jaw and dropping him face first to the mat.

DDK:

BEE T GEE from Will Haynes lays out the D.

Angus:

This is bullshit.

Ares is still in the air, Haynes mockingly telling her he'll catch her if she lets go. Elise has to let go, she has no choice. She tumbles, Haynes pushes Wildside back content to let her ping pong off the mat. Instead at the last possible second Klein had snuck into the ring just off screen, pops up to catch her, placing her squarely on the ground.

The crowd roars their approval.

DDK:

And KLEIN saves the day. OH MY. I thought we were gonna need to scrape Elise off the mat.

Angus:

If I can use my tongue you wouldn't even have to pay me.

In the ring Klein stares down Haynes, angry of his involvement in the matchup. Haynes holds his ground, he doesn't want to hit Klein so he does the next best thing. He brings his fist rushing forward, denting Klein's box. Klein backs off, rubbing g his dented box. He looks at his hands, and as if he notices blood, eyes flare in a rage.

DDK:

Klein is in shock. He's never been dented before!

Klein catches Haynes with a stiff right hand. Haynes off the ropes and no one has time to react before he flapjack Haynes, catching him on his shoulders on the way down. Klein airplane spins Haynes' feet to collide with Wildside knocking him out, Klein sees J and Row coming to and rising, and spins Wildside into them as well. He just keeps spinning and spinning and spinning, the crowd now counting alongside...

Elise stands and Klein spins Haynes into her, knocking her back down.

DDK:

Klein is getting out of hand here Angus!

... and spinning...

DDK:

The D hits the ring to try to calm Klein, but gets too close and eats Haynes boot himself!

Angus:

What is this Box brain doin'?

Finally Klein's wild ride comes to a close as he drops Haynes with a $\frac{3}{4}$ neckbreaker so he also body splashes on top of the prone J Stevenson. The crowd is ecstatic as they reached at least fifteen on their count, even though it was probably about 8 rotations.

KLEIN!

KLEIN!
KLEIN!
KLEIN!

Klein stands there in the center of the ring, alone, underneath the dangling Tag Team titles. He waves to the crowd who pop a bit from his friendly hello. Klein rushes over to the D and helps him to his feet. He yells at Klein that they have to set up the ladders. Klein rushes outside of the ring.

Elise and the D recover inside, and grab the ladder that the Bastards had pushed over earlier. They set it up in the center of the ring, taking a look up toward their belts in the process. Klein then shoves a ladder from the outside through the ropes and into the ring. It lands on the metal latch in the center of the ladder, bridging horizontally to the ring ropes. The D frowns and looks at Klein.

The D:
WHY?!

Klein shrugs his shoulders. He points over toward Stevenson, and then points to the bridged ladder, and makes a SQUISHING motion with his fists. The D's face lights up. Elise catches on quickly. The D points toward Stevenson in the ring, a light cheering is heard. Elise uses her hands to tell the Faithful to get louder. The D points toward Row, as Elise listens in to the cheers.

Angus:
Are... are they asking us? Who they want to be put through a ladder?

DDK:
It seems that way Angus!

The D points back to Stevenson, and the cheers are louder. Elise still can't decide, pondering the reaction, so the D points to Row one last time. The Faithful let out the largest cheer so far. Elise nods as both Pop Culture Phenoms lift Row to his feet. They toss him onto the bridged ladder. Then, Elise points to the D. The crowd cheers. The D points to Elise. They cheer even louder. Elise rolls her eyes, but listens to the cheers and climbs the far side of the ladder.

At the top, Elise mouths the words "Do I really gotta?" to The D who nods in affirmation. Elise sizes up Row, and launches herself. She contorts like a beautiful gymnast, flippy dooin' on top of Skidd Row with a corkscrew double knees to the chest.

DDK:
YOUR FEATURE PRESENTATION! OFF THE LADDER! ONTO A LADDER! AND WHAT....

Angus:
The LADDER DIDN'T BREAK. BUT HOW!?

The crowd groans that the ladder doesn't break as Elise rolls through in a show of empathy. They begin to murmur, wondering what the duo plan next. So, the D smiles, and quickly climbs up the ladder himself. The swell of cheers rise again.

DDK:
I guess the crowd gets to see both champs take a DIVE!

At the top of the ladder, the D outstretches his hands in a taunt, which only shows how close he is to actually grabbing the tag titles at that moment. Instead, he leaps off the ladder and hits a frogsplash. He doesn't quite get all of it.

DDK:
He calls that the B Movie Angus! Based off his trainer's --

Angus:

IS THIS LADDER MADE OF TITANIUM?! WHAT GIVES!

Both the D and Elise are crumpled and broken from the stiff impact of the high flying move on a ladder that will only bend but not break. J Stevenson is still dazed from Haynes crashing down on top of him from Klein's airplane spin mode. So, Klein decides to step back into the ring, and mock rolls up his imaginary sleeves. He steadies the ladder, and begins to climb as the faithful cheer him on. Once he's near the top, he positions himself on the other side of the ladder, so he has a clear path toward Row. He throws his arms into the air and leaps, dropping an elbow onto Row as -

DDK:

THE LADDER BREAKS! IT FINALLY BREAKS!

Again the crowd is awash in chants of Box Man's name.

KLEIN!

KLEIN!

KLEIN!

KLEIN!

After a few moments, Elise and the D have recovered. They lift the dazed Klein to his feet and as he just steadies himself, they let him go and begin to pose for the cameras. Flashbulbs flash as they try to fill the whole frame of a panoramic shot. Snaps are no doubt being chatted, grams being posted instantly.

Meanwhile Wildside is stirring on the outside, so Klein quickly slides out to make sure he isn't up to no good. He eyes both Wildside and Haynes as well trying to sequester them from the action. Inside the ring the Tag Champs start climbing, a little slowly - each feeling the grueling effects of his match. The D arrives first, Elise Ares pausing to take care of a rising J Stevenson.

DDK:

And the D now trying to grab a hold of that belt - It's elusively swaying away from him.

Angus:

It's not easy to steady yourself on a ladder either, Keebs. Takes a lot of coordination.

Down on the mat, Stevenson gets the best of Ares, bending her head down and meeting it with a rushing knee. The force of which knocks Ares back into the ropes, Stevenson leaning forward and folding her over top of them, dumping her from the ring. He knows he has little time.

DDK:

And the D FINALLY able to get his fingertips on the title. Can he pull them down!

Stevenson climbs the ladder on the other side and hammers the D in the chest with a right hand. The force of the blow pushes the D off the ladder. He falls backward, landing on his back in the ring, but able to brace his fall. It's then that Elise Ares slides in and runs up the ladder, just passing by a recovering Skidd Row - the look on his face suggesting he still doesn't know what day it is.

Angus:

Here it is - CHAMPIONSHIP SCRAMBLE!

Stevenson grasps one of the championships and knocks Ares back off just as Klein enters.

DDK:

Klein catches Ares again, and just throws her back onto the ladder!

Angus:

As it's Stevenson now who has trouble with the Title.

As Stevenson fumbles with the latch, Skidd Row finally comes to and further dent's Klein's box with a clothes that sends him out of the ring. Row turns and pulls at Ares feet, bringing her further down the ladder. Standing on the second rung, Elise can't protect herself as Row leaps up with incredible height, swinging his leg to her head with an Enziguri. Ares' eyes roll into the back of her head as she back flops onto the mat. Row races up the side to help Stevenson untangle the tag straps.

The D rushes off the far ropes and dropkicks the ladder. Forced to let go or face their pancake fate, Stevenson and Row both relinquish their swinging titles before the impact, falling to the mat on their own two feet. Ares rising once again, dazed from the kick. All four competitors square off,

DDK:

PCP and the Bastards rise but each unsure of how much they've got left in the tank.

Angus:

This has gotten brutal and I love it, Keebs. I know it's early but this has been one of the MOST BRUTAL DEFIANCE Roads that I can remember.

Stevenson and the D pair up, Ares and Row and it's a strike fest. Each one coming almost in slow motion.

DDK:

Tanks at E but that won't stop the D.

The D showcases what little speed he has left by unleashing a flurry into Stevenson backing him into the corner. Meanwhile Ares whips Row hard into the other side, both PCPs backing up till they feel the other behind them - catching themselves by surprised. They both yell and rush in delivering well timed Elbow Strikes to the heads of the Bastards, before leading each of their Bastard out with a Bulldog slamming their face into the mat.

On the outside, Wildside leads a dizzy and spent Haynes up the ramp out of the ire of Klein.

Angus:

Bastards finding higher ground on the outside while their boys take their licks in the ring. Not a lot of faith if ya ask me.

DDK:

PCP getting the ladder reset, Angus. Making another go of it?

The D climbs slowly on one side, Ares just as slow on the other. Klein leading the Faithful to will them to the top.

DDK:

Bastards stirring a bit, PCP has one chance at this.

Row drapes an arm over the bottom rung of the ladder, on the D's side pulling himself up.

Angus:

And Elise Ares has gotten her hands on one of the titles. Having a bit of an issue getting it off.

DDK:

Her arms are probably noodles, Angus. These teams have been bringing it all tonight they've got to be exhausted now.

Row pulls himself up the ladder, the D kicking at him to keep his distance. Row catches a boot and wrestles the D down onto the mat. The D quickly rolling to his knees, charging Row and twisting his body, bringing his leg up for a Spinning Kick when he's met with a hard clothesline from Stevenson, flipping him in the air.

DDK:

J Stevenson just saved his Tag Team partner. The D was coming in hard!

Angus:

I don't got time for that one, Keebs. Look what's happening!

Elise panics as she fumbles with the latch to the titles. As Row reaches the top he grabs the other title, as it's a bit of tug of war.

Angus:

Row has one now! It's a race! Who's gonna get their title first!

As Stevenson locks in a nerve hold on the D on the mat, there's a rush of action on the outside. Wildside and Haynes surge toward ringside, looking to help the Bastards, but Klein stands just between the ring and the entranceway. He holds a steel chair in his hands and smacks it against the turnbuckle post.

Meanwhile, Row and Ares are pushing and pulling, trying to rip the tag title off the hook and away from their opponent. Row tries to push Ares, but Elise swats at him with a free hand, catching him with a stiff palm strike to the ear.

DDK:

Row stumbles - AND - OH NO!

Angus:

THE LADDER IS KNOCKED OVER!

DDK:

ARES AND ROW HANGING ONTO THE TITLES FOR DEAR LIFE!

The crowd rises in anticipation as Elise steadies her dangle with her other hand. Stevenson and the D still fighting, as the D has recovered and they're going strike for strike in the far corner. Klein wildly is swinging the chair toward Wildside and Haynes as they keep their distance. Ares and Row going to war as if they were in American Gladiators, hanging from the rafters, kicking and swatting at each other.

Angus:

Skidd Row delivering a kick to Ares. Ares looks like her grip is slipping.

DDK:

ROW lost his grip! Only ONE HANDED now.

And then it happens.

Both of them fall.

DDK:

THE HOOK GAVE WAY!

Angus:

Well that's not right...

They each hit the mat back first as the crowd goes silent. Carla Ferrari and Benny Doyle hit the ring quickly to make sense of the mess.

In Skidd Row's hand is a shiny DEFIANCE Tag Team Title.

It's matching title however, rests comfortably in the arms of Elise Ares. She can't take her eyes off of it, but mostly

because she sees her reflection.

The bell rings as The D and Stevenson stop brawling, rushing toward their partners in confusion. Carly and Benny Doyle talking amongst themselves in the ring. DQ climbs into the ring, timid and patient. He's waiting to hear word from the officials as he prepares for the call.

Angus:

HOW IN THE HELL DID THEY BOTH HANG ON!? HOW DID THAT HOOK SNAP! Seriously. The one day we go non-union...

DDK:

What a testimony to the fight each of these teams had here tonight. I'm unsure of what to tell you folks as we wait for - OH - looks like we have a decision.

Carla looks to be listening to an ear piece, as she nods to the inaudible voice. She mouths the words "really?" and walks over to Quimbey, She whispers in his ear as the crowd begins to quiet down. DQ raises the microphone to his lips as the anticipation swells.

Darren Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...THE WINNERS OF THIS MATCH....

There is a dramatic pause.

Darren Quimbey:

AND NEW....

DDK:

WHAT!

Angus:

Wait, huh? That's, not what should -- oh. That makes sense.

The crowd groans as Angus quiets himself.

Darren Quimbey:

DEFIANCE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS....SKIDD ROW AND....

Another slight pause.

Darren Quimbey:

ELISSSSSE ARRREEEEEESSSSS!

DDK:

WHAT!?

Angus:

THAT'S RIGHT KEEBS! Kelly Evans just told me DIRECTLY, we have CO-CHAMPIONS!

DDK:

THIS IS - THIS -

Angus:

I think what Keebs meant to say is... this is unexpected!

DDK:

I'm sorry folks at home, I'm thrown for a loop here. We just saw an ALL OUT WAR and it seems like neither team really won!?

Angus:

Tell that to the titles around the waist of Row and Ares. I think they'll disagree, Keebs.

DDK:

But Tag Team Champs not on the same team? Ares keeps her belt but the D loses his?!

Angus:

Sometimes life ain't all butterflies, Keebs.

DDK:

Where do the Bastards and PCP go from here?! And will we ever see the Masked Violators or the Storm again after their blatant disregard and assault on DEFsec?! This whole thing left me with more questions and no answers Angus!

Angus:

Good! Mission accomplished!

As the scene transitions to the next segment, a bit of audio is still heard from Keebs and Angus talking off air...

Angus:

Jeeeeeeesus that was unexpected.

DDK:

I know, right?

... before their mics are properly cut off.

DAVIANCE

With the camera on the ring and the fans, but the commentary audible we pick back up.

DDK:

Wow! What a war that last match was Ladies and Gentlemen!

Angus:

It's always fun watching a ladder match Keebs, but when you add eight battered and broken bodies it's even better!

DDK:

You're not wrong there! And we had a changing of the guard! New Co-Champion.... While Elise Ares of the Pop Culture Phenoms technically retained one of the titles, the other title was snagged by Skidd Row! A member of the Bastard Sons of Wrestling!

The camera cuts to the DEFIatron where we see the replay of the tag team win.

Angus:

There's nothing I love more than a little strange bedfellow action!

DDK:

I've heard the rumors backstage.

Angus:

What!? ...Nevermind... what's coming up next Keebs?

DDK:

Coming up next Angus we have one of the matches you have been looking for the most! We have the former D.O.C. Jason Natas versus the man who won that title indirectly and then burnt it to a crisp! Jesse Fredricks Kendrix!

The matchup versus screen shows on the tron as the fans light up.

Angus:

Yus! This beating has been a long time coming! Kendrix the London Loser is going to get his tonight and I can't wait to see it! Did you bring your splash mask Keebs? Cause I smell blood!...

Their commentary is soon cut off by a familiar if not annoying sound as the PA system rings out.

♪ "This Fire Burns (MIDI Version)" by Killswitch Engage ♪

Angus:

Dear God no...

DDK:

That's the theme song for...

Angus:

Don't say his name, maybe it's a joke!

Jack Hunter comes through the curtain walking backwards. He is apparently pulling a shopping cart from the backstage area. He get's about halfway through the curtain before his cart get's caught up in it. Jack stops, and jerks at the cart but it doesn't come loose. He puts his feet apart and pulls with everything he has. Finally the cart comes free and Jack falls backwards rolling onto his back with the cart rolling toward him slowly.

DDK:

Uh oh, Jack Hunter is here ladies and gentlemen and he's having a hell of a time up on that ramp.

Jack eyes up the rolling shopping cart and jumps to his feet. He still has plenty of time as it moves at a snail's pace. Jack lines it up and jumps.

DDK:

Back spin kick to the shopping cart! Looks like Jack thinks he's being attacked! As he's gone off on the side of that shopping cart with a barrage of kicks.

Finally with the shopping cart defeated (at a complete stop) Jack smiles wide and throws his arms out with a laugh.

Jack Hunter:

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

From inside the shopping cart Jack Hunter picks up a microphone and on his way to the ring he turns it on and begins to do...whatever it is that Jack Hunter does.

Jack Hunter:

SILYMEEEEEEEEEENNNNNNNNN! 'Tis I, Jack Hunter! AKA The Street Fight, AKA The Little Bruiser, AKA The Street Fight, AKA 'Lil Broozy, AKA Yung Contusions, AKA THE SUPERBEST... AKA THE UNDEFEATALABARDOR'D 1506-0 HASH TAG... NEW STREAK!

And the crowd go milds.

Jack Hunter:

And I am not a happy boy, oh no, very sad, and also angry, plus annoyed, plus sad, also rats, because you, the DAVIANCE wrestlefights house, AKA Deaf Fire Ants, have dared to book this big wrestleshow, AKA Sillymania, without I, Jack Hunter, but not book like Lord Of The Rings, because that is an actual book, that you read, with pages, yes.

The Undefeataboozled reaches the ring and grabs a few fluorescent light tubes from the Shopping Cart O' Weapons and carefully slides them into the ring. He rolls in behind them.

Jack Hunter:

Because of this, because of sad, because of rats, I am here tonight, in this building, a wrestling building, and I am going to issue a challenge, to any sillyman in the back, but not just any challenge, not even Chip's Challenge, but a special challenges... *A CLOSED CHALLENGE.*

Angus:

... "closed challenge?"

DDK:

I think he means "open."

Angus:

UGH.

Jack Hunter:

So listen up, fartboys, if you, a fartboy, think you can streetfight me, the best boy, in *MY LITTLE PONY DEATHFIGHT*, come he--

The screeching sound of Jack Hunter's voice is quickly replaced by the PA system once more.

♪ "A Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams Jr. ♪

DDK:

Whoa....what's this!?

The camera's shift from Hunter in the ring to the stage. Where a man in a bright green suit, with black underclothes comes through the curtain. He also holds a microphone. Shortly thereafter a jacked up, bald headed man comes through the curtain wearing a pair of denim jeans and no shirt. His chest and shoulders are scarred and tattooed. He carries a large chain around his neck, hanging from the end of the chain is a large rusted tow hook.

DDK:

Is that!?...That's David Hightower!

Angus:

He doesn't work here!

DDK:

It appears as if he just might, partner.

The man in the lime green suit brings the microphone to his lips.

??????:

Jack Hunter! Long time no see my friend!

Jack looks down at the pair, very confused.

Jack Hunter:

Aha!

He finally connects the dots.

Jack Hunter:

'Tis you! A mormon! I don't like mormons, too many wives, I just have one wife, Jack Huntress, AKA The Little Bruisette, you see.

??????:

Now the last time you saw me, I was the primary backstage interviewer for WrestleUTA! Oh how the times have changed!

Angus:

Hey you don't say that here! DEFIANCE or nothing!

The boos ring out across the arena at the mention of another promotion. The suited man turns to the crowd.

?????:

So for those of you who don't know who we are, my name is Jamie Sawyers, and my friend here is David Hightower! We've come to DEFIANCE to begin anew! We've come to DEFIANCE, to get in where we fit in...David doesn't fit in with all the lights and glamour of the other place. He's looking for something a bit more....physical.

Sawyers turns back to Jack in the ring.

Jamie Sawyers:

You see David Hightower is not a technical wrestler...

Hightower rolls his neck and cracks it with his hands.

DDK:

I don't like the looks of this partner!

Jamie Sawyers:

David Hightower is not a... what do you call them here?... a Flippy do?

Now he rolls his shoulders and cracks his knuckles before headed for the ring slowly. Sawyer follows behind.

Jamie Sawyers:

David Hightower isn't what you would call a "strong style" wrestler...

Jack Hunter picks up the light tubes and takes guard in the corner.

Jamie Sawyers:

As a matter of fact, I don't think David Hightower has a wrestling "style" at all but I will tell you this...

They near the ring apron.

Jamie Sawyers:

The man is a bully!

Hightower slides in the ring. No referee in sight, but Hunter takes off toward the bigger man.

DDK:

Jack runs at Hightower and attempts a clothesline but bounces off the large man's chest. What Hightower lacks in height, he makes up for in muscle mass! This man is built like a fortress. Hunter looks at his arm and shakes it out after the impact.

He looks over to his other hand and sees he's holding a lighttube still. Hunter swings the light tube full force across his body, bringing it down across the head of David Hightower. The light explodes and the fans pop, but Hightower doesn't move much. The cloud of chemicals clears and we see a very angry Hightower staring back at hunter. A small trickle of blood escapes from somewhere on the top of his bald head. Hightower swings hard with a left hand haymaker that almost takes the head off Jack Hunter.

Angus:

Oh shit!

The fans all "oooooooooh" at the strike. Hightower drops a few stomps on the downed Hunter. He picks him up by the hair before booting him in the gut, placing him between the legs, and powerbombing Hunter with authority in the middle of the ring. Sawyers looks on with a smile before telling Hightower to "finish him off".

DDK:

David Hightower is in DEFIANCE folks, and apparently he doesn't want to make friends with Jack Hunter. What authority on the powerbomb! Hightower now backs into the corner...

Hightower has Hunter face up in the middle of the ring. He comes out of the corner and takes about three steps before jumping as high as he can. Hightower comes down with a single knee to the face of Jack Hunter!

DDK:

The West Memphis Massacre! What a devastating move!

Angus:

Ow! I think I like this guy Keebs. Anyone who shuts up Jack Hunter is a friend of mine!

Sawyers in the ring now, pulls Hightower aside. Sawyers is celebrating and smiling but Hightower stands there with a very determined look on his face. He stares at Jack on the mat.

♪ "A Country Boy Can Survive" by Hank Williams Jr. ♪

Hightower and Sawyers leave the ring. Hightower looks over at the shopping cart before placing a swift kick into the side of it, sending it toppling over and all the weapons spilling out.

The scene cuts from the pair walking up the ramp, to the commentary table.

DDK:

Talk about an unexpected arrival, folks! Whatever Jamie Sawyers and David Hightower's motivations are, I don't think they're good for the rest of the roster! I'm getting word that we're about to head elsewhere, however...

KNOCK'EM BACK

Backstage.

Dr. Iris Davine's medical room, to be precise. A victorious Cayle Murray sits on the edge of a bed, small cup of pills in his hand.

Iris Davine:

Need something to wash those down with?

Tired and bleary-eyed, Cayle shakes his head.

Iris Davine:

Alright, knock'em back...

He chucks the painkillers down his throat, then swallows. As one medic presses an ice pack into his right bicep, Murray takes a few moments to slow his breath and control his heart rate. His face is already bruising up from the war with Bronson Box, and there are dozens of cuts, scrapes, and grazes across his torso.

Iris Davine:

Let me see you stand up.

Davine waves the medic away. Cayle presses both hands down on the edge of the bed, then slides off. He stands up straight, wincing in pain as he does so, but at least he's still vertical.

Iris Davine:

Well, you didn't fall over. That's a good sign.

Cayle Murray:

Everything hurts though.

Iris Davine:

It will. Don't worry, the painkillers won't take long.

She pauses.

Iris Davine:

Helluva match, by the way.

The door swings open, interrupting the Scot before he can retort.

Eric Dane:

Hell of a *brutal* match at that.

The Only Star immediately turns his attention to the DEFmed official.

Eric Dane:

Is he cleared?

Iris Davine:

Cleared to what?

Eric Dane:

Work, dear. Can our boy function?

The chief medic raises her brow, surprised by the elaboration.

Iris Davine:

Well... I mean... technically...? Sure, I guess. Though a couple of days of rest wouldn't kill him though...

Cayle has given up on the idea of standing up straight. He puts one hand on the bed, then doubles over, breathing heavily.

Cayle Murray:

... "work?"

He squints.

Cayle Murray:

I've already wrestled...

Dane holds up a finger.

Eric Dane:

Do not go gentle into that long good night...

Cayle Murray:

...

Eric Dane:

Old age should burn and rage at the end of the day.

The Scot straightens himself back up again. A quizzical look crosses his face.

Cayle Murray:

What ARE you on about now?

Eric Dane:

Just don't wander off. Trust me.

The Only Star slaps Cayle's back entirely too hard, then walks away from the scene without explanation, closing the door behind him. Murray winces -- the painkillers still haven't kicked-in yet.

Cut.

Angus:

Huh. The Squid lives...

DDK:

Not a single congratulatory word from Eric Dane, however. Something is occurring...

Angus:

And I've no idea what.

JASON NATAS VS. KENDRIX

DDK:

Next up ladies and gents, we have a match-up that's been months in the making. Jason Natas got what he wished for, a one on one match against Kendrix, but that wish comes with a possible price to pay - his DEFIANCE career on the line should he lose.

Angus:

I'll admit, this is a hell of a risk for Fatas to take but it's got to make him even more focused into giving this Sports Entertaining Weasel the beating of a lifetime that he truly deserves.

DDK:

Is it wise though? We all know Natas is one of the best brawlers in the business, but he doesn't possess half the technique that Kendrix does. If JFK can turn this into a clinical wrestling match, Jason could be in big trouble.

Angus:

Sure, but by the same token, if Natas can turn this into a nasty, gritty fist-fight, JFK is absolutely fucked. All depends who can impose their gameplan on the opponent first, Keebsy. Guess who my money's on?

DDK:

I don't think I need to...

Angus:

Gorram right you don't. That little shitbag has done everything he can to avoid Fatas for the past four months! Tonight, he goes to hell.

DDK:

But if he wi--

Angus:

Let's not even think about the consequences of that happening, Keebs.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall, with Jason Natas' DEFIANCE career on the line!

♪ "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, JFK t-shirt along with his trademark JFK green and gold ring tights with green boots, the self proclaimed future of the business holds both hands high above his head, index fingers pointing to the sky.

Angus:

Oh I can't wait to see this prick die tonight!

DDK:

This one has been brewing ever since Acts of DEFIANCE. Is this the night Kendrix finally gets his comeuppance or will we be seeing the last of Jason Natas in a DEFIANCE ring?

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. Turning fully, Kendrix taps both his hands on a rather severed looking belt he's wearing around his waist.

DDK:

That's not...is that the DOC?

Angus:

THAT SON OF A...this guy's gotta have a death wish!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, making his way to the ring, hailing from London, England. Weighing in at 218lbs...

Having held the title up at both sides of the ramp, obnoxiously laughing his head off in the process and having made his way to the ring, Kendrix hops onto the second turnbuckle, furthest from the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

This is..... KEEEEEEENDRRRRRIIIIIIIIIIIIXXXXXXXX

JFK bumps his fist to his chest before holding his arms out wide by his side. He 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 the knackered looking DOC up out in front of him, ready to greet his opponent.

♪ "No Chance" by Unsane ♪

Angus:

Oh shit yes!

The gargantuan, sludgy riff soon pummels the DEFarena into the ground, and The Faithful are on their feet, screaming their approval the living, breathing embodiment of DEFIANCE. Full of hell, Jason Natas bursts through the curtains, sprinting down the ramp as fast as a 6'4", 270lb monster can.

DDK:

LOOK OUT! HERE COMES NATAS!

Angus:

This ain't gonna be no wrestlin' match, Keebs!

Darren Quimbey wisely bails before The Bronx Bully can hit the ring. Kendrix panics and swings the DOC in Natas' direction but he's too late as Jason surges across the ring, taking JFK down to the mat and laying into his opponent with a quickfire barrage of lefts and rights as the bell rings!

DDK:

HERE WE GO!

Kendrix covers up, trying to block the strikes as best he can until Natas lifts him up. There's barely a single person in the arena not on their feet as Natas forces JFK into a corner, battering the life out of him with forearms and elbows. He rips the Englishman away from sanctity before the referee's count can begin, booting him in the thigh as he shambles across the ring, before pulling him round, and chopping him across the throat.

Angus:

SHIT! ALREADY?!

DDK:

Natas doesn't usually pull that chop out until waaaaay deep into a match!

Angus:

Unless he hates you as much as he hates this prick!

Kendrix falls to one knee, clutching his windpipe. He can't escape the mauling, however, and Natas hauls him up by

the throat, knocking him square in the jaw with a straight right, then following up with a stiff headbutt!

Angus:

I can see the bruises forming already, Keebler!

JFK wobbles, completely taken aback by the onslaught. Natas quickly pulls his sleeveless entrance jacket away, then aims a swift bodykick at Kendrix's gut, forcing him to double-over. This allows Natas to come in with a skull-crushing knee, sending the smaller man falling down to the mat.

DDK:

I don't think we've ever seen Natas POSSESSED like this before!

Angus:

Isn't it beautiful, baby?!

Again Natas hauls Kendrix up, then puts a hand behind his head before laying into him with another barrage of forearms. The Bruv slumps across the ring, landing on the ropes, and wisely grabs hold of the top one. Natas moves in for the kill, but JFK clings onto the rope for dear life...

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR! CLEAN BREAK!"

Kendrix survives just long enough to make it to the break, and Natas is forced to back-off.

DDK:

Smart work from Kendrix there: remember, a disqualification is still a loss, and if that happens, Natas is finished.

The Bruv suddenly drops to the canvas and rolls out of the ring, drawing the ire of everyone in attendance.

Angus:

Where the fuck is he going?!

DDK:

Looks to me like he's getting out of here!

JFK stumbles towards a barricade, swinging his arms back as if to say "fuck this." He hops over and into the crowd, but The Faithful pop as Natas charges out of the ring, chasing after him.

Angus:

Not so fast, fucko!

DDK:

Kendrix can't run away from this one!

Kendrix barely makes it three rows deep before Natas catches up with him. The former DOC counters a meek strike, then catches JFK with a back elbow of his own, before cleaning his clock with a European Uppercut and throwing him back to the barricade.

Angus:

Look! The human punchbag is trying to flee again!

Sure enough, JFK bundles himself over the barricade once more, but he at least lands at ringside this time. Natas hasn't taken any damage yet, however, and stomps after him. Kendrix has risen to his feet by the time he arrives and jams a thumb into Jason's eye, pushing him back against the apron.

Angus:

AWWWW C'MAWN!

DDK:

Finally some offence from JFK, illegal offence, but offence nonetheless.

He charges, looking to hit The Anti-Superstar with some kind of strike, but Natas powers back to life, grabs JFK as he's rushing in, and spins around, crushing him against the apron with a huge Spinebuster!

DDK:

MY GOD!

Angus:

SHIT! Did you see that?!

DDK:

That could be all, Angus! Kendrix could be finished.

The Bronx Bully stays aware of the situation, realising they're heading for a double count-out. As the count hits nine, he rolls back inside the ring, but only briefly. Going back outside, he seizes Kendrix as he's trying to crawl away, then peels him off the floor. He places JFK's back against the ring post, peeling off a naaaaaaaaasty chop that lands flush on ol' Jesse-boy's chest.

Angus:

Yes! Bust that fucker up!

Natas pulls back, preparing a second chop. JFK ducks out of the way at the very last second, however, and Jason's hand flights right into the post. He roars in pain, pulling the hurt limb away.

DDK:

Oh noooooo! That's a potential broken hand right there!

Angus:

Did you hear the noise that made?! Holy cow!

With Jason hurting, Kendrix moves in, digging a couple of elbows into the big man's thick, thick skull. He then grabs Natas' hurt hand and attempts to whip him into the post, but Natas reverses it, and JFK makes a hard collision.

Angus:

FACE-ON-STEEL, BAY BAY!

DDK:

This is absolutely brutal, Angus! Kendrix is taking a pounding!

Angus:

And Fatas is the one throwing the hammer!

The Bronx Bully pulls away momentarily, beating his chest, full of primal rage. The Faithful respond accordingly, and when JFK rolls onto his back, he reveals an oozing cut on his forehead.

DDK:

He's busted open!

Angus:

This thing just keeps getting better and better! Go Natas!

DDK:

Do you think Natas will hop inside and take a count-out win here?

Angus:

Absolutely not! Survival isn't enough tonight, Keebs - he needs to send a message to Kendrix. Anything else other than a long, sustained beatdown would be completely unsatisfying!

Again Natas rolls under the bottom rope to break the count, then comes back outside, shaking his head. It's clear that the chop to the ringpost has left him in a lot of discomfort.

DDK:

That doesn't look good...

Angus:

Particularly when a huge part of your gameplan involves throwing that thing in the opponent's face!

Jason gets back to it a few seconds later, and grabs the downed Kendrix by the waistband. He rolls him back inside the squared circle, then mounts him on the canvas, aiming a flurry of precision elbow strikes right at the wound in his head.

DDK:

We're barely five minutes in, and already Jason Natas is coated in his foe's blood!

Angus:

This sure ain't for the faint of heart!

Natas is still going at 100mph. He hauls JFK up to his feet once more, then thrusts him back into the corner. He starts pounding forearms like a boxer hitting a heavy bag, forcing Kendrix to drop to the canvas, before pulling his limp body away by the arm.

DDK:

Natas is just toying with him!

Angus:

This has been allllllll FATAS thus far, and I love it!

DDK:

He's gotta be careful about blowing his gas tank, though!

While Keebler is jabbering away, Natas has put JFK in a front facelock, hoisted him into the air, and snapped his head into the mat with a...

Angus:

BRAAAAAINNNNNNBBBBUUSSSSTTTAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Exactly.

DDK:

AND NOW THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

NOOOOO! KENDRIX BARELY KICKS OUT!

Angus:

Holy balls! I thought that was it!

DDK:

Kendrix is more resilient than you think, Angus! It'll take more than that to put him away!

Angus:

Not much more, I bet! The little fuckhead has barely landed a punch!

Natas doesn't let the kick-out get to him. He starts pushing the smaller man around the ring, shouting obscenities as he go. With Kendrix up, Jason grabs a handful of his face, then pulls away and slaps him hard with his free hand. Another chop to the throw follows, sending Kendrix to one knee.

DDK:

UGH! That chop never gets easier to watch.

Angus:

Crushed larynx on the menu tonight, Keebs!

Natas again grabs Kendrix by the face, but he pays for it this time! The Englishman suddenly bundles him up with a small package!

DDK:

WAIT A MINUTE!

ONE!

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOOO!

TWO!

THR--NO! KICKOUT!

Angus:

THANK CHRIST!

The Bronx Bully POWERS out of the pinfall attempt, and immediately leaps to his feet. His body is already coated in sweat, but he shows no signs of slowing down, pummeling JFK as he tries to rise.

DDK:

Here comes the swarm!

Natas' elbows JFK so hard that he drops onto the canvas face-first, forcing him to crawl across the ring towards the sanctity of the bottom rope. Natas yanks him away by to the boot, however, then rolls him onto his chest, and drops a big knee across his ribcage!

Angus:

NATAS SMASH!

DDK:

The crowd are screaming themselves hoarse, Angus!

Angus:

Of course they are! It's Kendrix!

DDK:

They've been there for every moment of Natas' long journey to the top, and by god, they're not ready for it to come to an end!

Taking a brief break from the maelstrom, Natas moves into a knelt position, taking a huge gulp of air into his lungs.

Angus:

You made a good point about the gas tank earlier, in fairness...

DDK:

It's remarkably easy to punch yourself out in situations like this, Angus. Natas would be wise to recover some lost oxygen here. The last thing he wants is for his DEFIANCE career to end because he didn't know went to slow down...

Having decided that enough's enough, Natas takes JFK back to his feet. The bleary Englishman tries to fight back with some shots of his own, but too much damage has been done for him to mount a serious assault at this point. Jason takes him to the corner, peeling-off a nasty chop across his chest, using the hand that didn't smash the ringpost.

Angus:

Now that's a sound I like to hear!

Another chop.

Another!

Kendrix's chest is already swelling-up with a big, red welt.

DDK:

Jeesh, anymore like that and he'll...

Another!

ANOTHER!

Angus:

... break the skin?!

The Bronx Bully steps away from his opponent, who looks absolutely aghast. Kendrix puts a hand to his chest, and when he pulls it away, his palm is coated with specks of blood.

DDK:

Kendrix is now bleeding from TWO separate places!

Angus:

And it'll soon be three! And four! And five! Oh my!

DDK:

The crowd are right behind Natas here, a wry smile across his face and ohhh, desperate poke to the eye again from Kendrix.

Angus:

Why is that prick defending himself, Keebs?!

As Natas tends to his eyes the ref berates Kendrix, holding his index finger up at him.

DDK:

One more poke to the eye and it's curtains for Kendrix.

Jesse holds his hands up innocently at the ref as he stumbles out of the corner but wastes no time as Natas turns back to face him, grabbing the Bronx Bully and sending him shoulder first into the ringpost. Jesse takes a moment to double over, wipe some of the blood away from his head and take a deep breath in before arching his back up straight and back over to Natas.

DDK:

Club to the back of Natas, and another. Both men out of the corner.

Kendrix Irish Whips Jason across to the ropes but follows him there meeting him perfectly as he bounces back, with a running clothesline, sending Natas over to the outside. Jesse doesn't even think about going to the outside to continue his attack, instead he goes straight to the Ref and tells him to begin his count.

ONE..

TWO..

Angus:

That little weasel!

DDK:

Kendrix not wasting anytime asking the ref to begin his count, if he reaches ten, then Natas is gone from DEFIANCE for good.

With the count at three, Natas, tending to his shoulder, shakes the cobwebs off and looks up at JFK with a disgusted look on his face. Jesse smirks back at him, takes a couple of steps back from the ropes and invites Jason back into the ring.

FOUR

DDK:

Natas quickly up to his feet and slides back into the ring, but Kendrix stomps on the damaged hand.

Angus:

SHIT!

Natas, ignoring the pain, fights through Jessie's forearms and stomps, gets up to his knees but walks straight into the crossface.

DDK:

Kendrix Kross! Kendrix Kross! Middle of the ring, it's locked in and Natas is in big trouble here.

Angus:

NOOO! DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE!

Kendrix arches his back as far as he can go, screaming at Natas to tap but Natas isn't having any of it. He plants his free hand down to the canvas and pushes his torso up, pure brute strength, up to his knees, then to a standing position.

Angus:

Holy shit! The power this man has, Kendrix still hasn't let go of the hold.

DDK:

OH! He has now. Natas dropping to the canvas, both men down and the ref has begun his count.

ONE

TWO

THREE

Kendrix holds the back of his head following the impact while Natas tends to his neck. Both men pull themselves up by the ropes at opposite corners from each other. Jesse charges at Natas but he's met by a well timed clothesline. He's straight back up, but Natas is there again with another clothesline.

DDK:

Jesse ain't getting up from that, so Natas simply picks him up by the hair and this time sends him hard into the turnbuckle, oh look out!

OHHHHHH!

Angus:

SOUTH BRONX LARIAT!

The arena explodes (not literally) after Kendrix stumbled out of the corner and straight into the waiting Natas. However, the place simmers down as Kendrix has enough wherewithal to roll himself out under the bottom rope to ringside.

BOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Natas has his head in his hands, he knows that was it, but you have to admit Angus, that was smart from JFK, he knew exactly where he was despite almost having his head taken off.

Angus:

The Sports Entertainment fuck has bought himself some god damn time, FUCK!

Natas doesn't hang around with what could have been and rolls himself to the outside where he meets Kendrix, still laid out on the floor. He helps him up, both hands around his face and rolls the almost lifeless body into the ring. Jesse rolls himself over into the centre as Natas slides back in and gets to his feet.

DDK:

My God, look at those eyes, Natas is pissed.

Angus:

Oh Baby! He's so angry, something wonderful is going to happen, Keebs!

Jesse gets to his feet but stumbles disorientated towards the opposite ropes, unaware of Natas setting himself up behind him, the crowd building in anticipation. Jesse grabs hold of the ropes to gain focus, eyes widen, a look of sudden fear hits him as he turns.

Angus:

LARIAT!

DDK:

NO, Kendrix ducked it...SUPERKICK!

Natas' lights go out as he drops to the canvas and Jesse falls back first on top of him, hooking the leg and kicking his legs back on the mat for extra leverage.

ONE!**Angus:**

NO!

TWO!**Angus:**

NOOOO!

DDK:

KICKOUT! Natas got the shoulder up.

Angus:

Oh thank you, Jesus!

Kendrix puffs his cheeks out and hangs his head, shaking it in disbelief but he doesn't dwell on it. He's straight to his feet and stomps at Natas' head, his hands, shoulders before dropping an elbow to the heart, straight back up and down again with another elbow.

DDK:

Jesus, Kendrix has lost it here!

The ref gets in between Kendrix and Natas, trying to bring a halt to the stomps but Kendrix shrugs him away and sits on top of Natas' back, hooking his arms behind his own legs before wrapping his hands across Jason's chin and pulling back.

DDK:

Impressive Camel Clutch, Natas, screaming out but he manages to get his foot on the rope.

Angus:

Great ring awareness from the Bronx Bully. There's not many ways out of that hold, I can tell you.

Kendrix finally releases the hold on the refs count of four, getting every last inch of pain delivered to Natas, neck and shoulders. The ref gets in JFK's face, reminding him to obey his instructions but Jessie ignores him, instead throwing a rude shaking wrist gesture towards the audience.

DDK:

Kendrix not endearing himself to the DEFIANCE faithful here this evening.

Angus:

When does he ever? Turn around you dufus!

As soon as Kendrix turns his attention back on the task at hand he runs into a left hook from Natas, and another, and another sending him stumbling back towards the ropes

DDK:

Natas with fire in his eyes, fighting back, the arena right behind every strike.

Jason whips Jessie across to the other side meeting JFK on the return in the centre of the ring, sending him up, over and down hard to the mat. Jesse sits up, a huge grimace on his face as he tends to his back. Unlike his opponent this evening, Natas doesn't waste anytime. He sets JFK back up to his feet, throws a couple of elbows to the back of the head on his way up and knees to the sternum before throwing his head between his legs, arms around the midriff and hauling JFK up to his shoulders.

DDK:

Kendrix going for a ride here! Ohhh and power bombed right into the turnbuckle.

Angus:

Beautiful! Natas taking a page out of Felton Bigsby's book when he shocked Kendrix a few weeks ago.

DDK:

Natas is rather slow to drag Kendrix away from the corner and into a cover here.

ONE...

TWO...

TH..KICKOUT!

Angus:

Natas was slow into the cover there and didn't hook the leg. These are the fine margins we are dealing with here, they could make all the difference to whether he stays or leaves DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Hopefully he hasn't gassed himself out from the early assault he delivered to Kendrix. JFK's eyes are wide, he knows how close came to defeat. Natas takes a huge breath in and out, both men giving everything they have so far.

Natas is up to his feet first as he watches Kendrix stumble back into the centre. He throws a right but it's blocked and Kendrix returns fire, connecting well, he connects again sending Natas back but the Bronx Bully stops the momentum quickly with a hard knee to the gut. Kendrix doubles over into the underarm of Natas.

DDK:

Natas looking for one more big move here. Kendrix is going up and over once more, but he's wriggled free and hits Natas with a devastating neck breaker, you could here the impact, cover.

ONE

TWO

TH...TWO AND A HALF!

Angus:

Natas got the shoulder up! But again, the leg wasn't hooked.

Natas reaches for the back of his neck once more, Kendrix sports a frustrated look on his face but he shakes it off, sending hard, sharp elbows to the side of the seated Natas' head.

DDK:

Vicious elbows from JFK, not usually his style, that's for sure.

Angus:

Looks like he's actually taken a leaf out of Natas' book.

Working Jason to a standing position, JFK whips his weary opponent into the corner and follows up right behind him with a forearm across his chest, knocking the air out of his lungs. Wasting no time Kendrix whips hi, across to the opposite corner. A sick smirk falls across his face as he runs across, leaps and ands his right knee into the side of Natas' head. As Jason steps out, Jesse immediately grabs the back of his head and hits a running bulldog into the centre of the canvas.

DDK:

Kendrix whipping up a head of steam, he's in control of this match now.

Angus:

The momentum is on his side for sure but he's not gone for the crossface he usually does after that combination. Natas has got inside his head, Kendrix knows he can't make Jason tap.

Jesse looks at his downed opponent and chuckles to himself. Once he's. Ack up to his feet, he slicks his hair back and starts to shove Natas' head with his foot. He cockily does this once more but Jason pushes him away the third time. Kendrix grabs Natas' head and slaps the Bronx Bully across the face.

Angus:

Oh my...

Kendrix:

YOU'RE DONE, BRUV! ITS OVER! I'M BETTER THAN YOU!

A whack echoes around the arena after Kendrix' palm strikes the cheek of Natas once more.

DDK:

My God, look at Natas, he looks pissed!

The former DOC sits upright - his face full of fury. JFK panics, slapping him again, and again, and again, but Natas blocks the final shot, powers to his feet, and headbutts the Bruv right between the eyes!

Angus:

YAAAASSSS!

DDK:

NATAS IS UP!

Kendrix stumbles backwards and Natas charges at him, knocking him to the mat with a fierce clothesline! He immediately peels the Englishman back up, throws him in the corner then charges to the opposite side.

DDK:

Here he comes!

The big man charges and throws a rushing forearm!

Angus:

GET SQUISHED-- NO!

DDK:

KENDRIX MOVES!

Natas crashes into the 'buckles chest-first, and Kendrix stumbles away, clutching his head. He turns around first, leaning over, lining Natas up...

Angus:

DON'T TURN AROUND, FATAS!

DDK:

THIS COULD BE IT!

Natas, of course, turns around.

Kendrix throws the Superkick!

Angus:

FUUUU--

NATAS CATCHES HIS BOOT!

PULLS KENDRIX IN.

ROARING ELBOW!

Angus:

FOOOEEHAMMMMAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

JFK crumbles, but Natas grabs hold him before he can hit the deck. He throws Kendrix's head between his thighs then looks out across the building, running his thumb across his throat.

Angus:

YAAAAASSSSSSS!

DDK:

HERE IT COMES!

Natas pulls Kendrix up in the air with what little energy remains.

This is it.

The last fuckin' shot.

DDK:

GOTCH-STYLE PILEDRIVER!

JFK's head bounces off the mat!

His body goes limp.

Angus:

GET FUCKED! GET ABSOLUTELY FUCKED!

DDK:

AND HERE COMES THE COVER!

The adrenaline dump hits Natas almost immediately, but he has just enough left to crawl over to Kendrix, then hook the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEE--- NOOOOOOOOO!

OOOOOOHHH!

DDK:
WHAT?!

Angus:
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?

DDK:
NOBODY HAS EVER KICKED OUT OF THAT BEFORE!

Natas rolls off of Kendrix. He can't fucking believe it.

Angus:
THAT LITTLE SHIT KICKED OUT, KEEBS!

DDK:
HOW IN THE WORLD DID HE KICK OUT?!

Angus:
JESUS! HE'S TAKEN BOTH OF NATAS' BIGGEST MOVES... AND HE'S STILL A-FUCKIN-LIVE!

Natas pounds his anguished fists into the mat before taking a moment to look down at JFK whose barely able to slouch over onto his front. Natas looks up as if to the heavens before looking out at the fans at ringside, urging him on.

DDK:
How does Natas come back from this?! He may have burned his last drop of endurance with that flurry!

Angus:
He'll find a way, Keebs! He HAS TO find a way!

Jason crawls across the ring, grabbing a handful of rope. He hauls himself back up, but his gulping for air, and barely able to stay vertical.

DDK:

Oh no... this doesn't look good...

He turns to JFK, screaming for him to get back on his feet.

Angus:

That ain't gonna work!

Kendrix pushes his hands into the ground and starts rising, but it's taking too long for Natas' liking. The big zombie shambles over to his opponent, pulls him up, and plants a few forearms in his jaw...

DDK:

There's not much "pop" left in those strikes, Angus!

Angus:

He's still rocking him through!

The blows send the fatigued Kendrix back against the ropes, but not to the mat. Natas doubles over, catching his breath...

Angus:

C'mon! No time for that!

He eventually comes back forward. Swings.

KENDRIX TRAPS THE ARM!

Drags him to the ground.

DDK:

KENDRIX KROSS!

Angus:

FUCK! NOT AGAIN!

JFK pulls back with all he's got, wrenching Natas' neck against itself.

DDK:

THAT'S TIGHT!

Angus:

HELLA TIGHT!

DDK:

BUT WILL NATAS TAP OUT?!

The Faithful burst into life, willing Natas out of the predicament. He's not got the technique to reverse the hold, so he's left with one choice: brute force.

The earlier exertion has taken a huge toll, however. He pushes his elbow into the mat, but can't quite carry himself towards the bottom rope!

Angus:

COME ON!

He digs in again.

Grits his teeth.

One.

Last.

Giant.

HEAVE.

DDK:

HE MADE IT!

Natas wraps his hand around the rope.

Angus:

Oh thank fuck for that! Jesus, Keebs, that was too close for my liking.

DDK:

It was almost game over. Incredible resilience from the Bronx Bully, incredible! And look a Kendrix, he's slamming his hands down on the mat in a tantrum like a petulant child!

Sitting back up straight, Kendrix puffs his cheeks out, seething that he wasn't able to put Natas away for good. He bundles Natas under the bottom rope and onto the outside. Standing in the centre of the ring he raises his hand at Natas imploring him to get to his feet. As Natas rises, Jessie takes off for the opposite ropes, back through running full pelt and diving in between the ropes.

DDK:

The back of Natas' neck crashed into the barricade! Perfect suicide dive from Kendrix and it doesn't seem he's finished there.

Angus:

Watch out Jason!

As the ref begins his count, Kendrix grabs Natas by the back of the head and launches him headfirst into the steel steps, busting his head open, the echo thundering around the arena. Kendrix admires his handy work, wipes his hand across his forehead and flicks the blood at Natas while the referee reaches the count of three.

DDK:

Natas has seemingly taken Kendrix to a new level that even I didn't think he was capable in thriving in.

FOUR

With Natas motionless by the displaced ring step, Kendrix, realising his opportunity, quickly rolls back into the ring.

Angus:

That sick, seemingly now blood embracing, bellend is yelling at the ref to count faster!

FIVE

SIX

DDK:

A count-out loss is still a loss! If Natas can't get back inside, his career is done!

SEVEN

Angus:
COME ON!

Natas stirs.

His predicament registers.

EIGHT

He clamps one hand down on the apron.

DDK:
HE'S NOT GONNA MAKE IT!

Then another.

NINE!

Angus:
NOT THIS GORRAM WAY!

HAULS his body off the floor.

TEEEEEEEEEEEEEENNNN--

DDK:
NATAS ROLLS INSIDE!

Angus:
JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!

DDK:
BUT WHAT DOES HE HAVE LEFT?!

The Anti-Superstar goes almost motionless as soon as he lands inside. Kendrix, in a hurry, pulls him off the mat, hangs him in the air, then spikes his head into the mat.

DDK:
BRAINBUSTER!

Angus:
Shit...

But he doesn't cover!

Instead, Kendrix hits the mat.

Traps the arm.

Applies the Crossface.

Angus:
Oh no...

DDK:

ANOTHER KENDRIX KROSS! JFK HAS IT LOCKED IN!

His face covered in blood, the Bruv pulls back harder than ever before, hell-bent on pulling his larger opponent's body apart!

Angus:

NO...

DDK:

IT'S TIGHT, ANGUS! REALLY TIGHT!

Angus:

HOLD THE FUCK ON, NATAS!

Jason's red face is etched with agony. He tries to reach out to the bottom rope, but it's at least a foot away from his grasp.

Angus:

HOLD ON!

JFK pulls back EVEN TIGHTER!

Angus:**HOLD. THE. FUCK. ON.**

Natas lifts his free hand in the air...

Angus:

NO!

... but pulls it away again!

Angus:

THANK GOD!

DDK:

HOW DOES NATAS GET OUT OF THIS ONE, ANGUS?!

Kendrix is getting frustrated. His arms are burning with lactic acid, and he desperately wants to let go...

But he can't.

Not in this scenario.

DDK:

JASON'S BEEN THROUGH TOO MUCH! BRUTE FORCE ISN'T AN OPTION!

Jason raises his hand again...

Angus:

DON'T YOU TAP!

... and swings it down to the mat...

Angus:

DON'T YOU DARE FU--

DDK:

IT'S OVER!

... but pulls it back up again at the last possible second!

Angus:

COME ON YOU FUCKER! GET OUT OF THERE! DON'T TAP YOUR CAREER AWAY!

Kendrix eyes are closed. Every muscle in his body is clenched, and his teeth are gritted together.

Another man would've passed out by now, but not Jason Natas

Not tonight.

Pain gets to every man, however.

The Bronx Bully makes one last attempt to crawl to safety, but JFK yanks him backwards.

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Up goes to the hand.

DDK:

HE'S GONNA TAP!

Down goes the hand...

DDK:

HE'S GONNA...

Stops just before the canvas.

DDK:

... TAP.

But only for a moment.

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

FUUCK!

JFK pulls away from his opponent as soon as he taps-out, more from exhaustion than anything else. Scroobius Pip soon hits over the PA system, but Kendrix is too tired to get to his feet.

DDK:

It's over. Jason Natas' DEFIANCE career is over...

Darren Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR WINNER VIA SUBMISSION...

A scrunched cardboard cup flies into the ring, then another. A few more items of fan-thrown debris land around Kendrix, who's now grinning broadly on the mat.

Darren Quimbey:

KENDRIXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX!

DDK:

Natas absolutely destroyed JFK during the early phases, but he gassed himself out trying to put him away. In the end, he paid the ultimate price, and his storied DEFIANCE tenure has come to an end...

Angus:

I can't believe it, Keebs. Can't fucking believe it.

DDK:

You'd best come round to it, partner: one of The Faithful's favourite wrestlers has just been booted out of town, and they've giving it to Kendrix with both barrels.

The Bruv finally rises to his feet, though his legs are wobbly. Nonetheless, he's still able to maintain a vertical base as he mockingly bows to the crowd.

Angus:

Look at this piece of shit, Keeps! He's delighted with himself!

DDK:

Let's not take anything away from his performance, Angus. Kendrix withstood one hell of a battering - the likes of which would've put many wrestlers away within five minutes.

Angus:

I don't fucking care, man. The sight of this prick celebrating will always get me down, particularly when it's at a guy like Fatas' expense...

The defeated Bronx Bully has propped himself up on his elbows. Crushed, he holds his head in his hands.

DDK:

There's no way Natas could have foreseen his career ending this way when he returned to DEFIANCE two years ago. We watched him battle back from a crippling knee injury before our very eyes. It was a long, gruelling process, but he gained a ton of traction along the way, and eventually became a champion.

Angus:

This guy IS DEFIANCE, Keebs. He's a goddamn warrior, and a man with more heart and soul in his left middle finger than JFK has in his entire body. I... I can't believe he lost.

His music still blaring, Kendrix takes note of Natas' mini-recovery, and walks towards his downed enemy, laughing loudly.

DDK:

Oh come on, that's enough...

Angus:

Get fucked, Kendrix.

He slaps the back of Natas' head teasingly. The crowd's noise intensifies, and another piece of trash flies into the ring, bouncing off the Bruv's shoulder.

Angus:

You won, bellend! Isn't that enough!

Kendrix "helps" the ruined brawler to his feet, pointing a finger in his face, and shouting something the microphones don't quite pick-up.

DDK:

This is despicable, Angus. Absolutely des-- HEY!

BELLEND!

JFK crushes Natas with his trademark double-knee facebuster, then clambers back to his feet, triumphant.

Angus:

FUCK. OFF.

DDK:

FOR GOD'S SALES! THAT WAS TOTALLY UNCALLED FOR!

Angus:

Hold me back, Keebs, otherwise I'll maul this prick when he comes up the ramp...

Kendrix doesn't hang around much longer. Having rubbed salt in the open wound, he waves Natas a mocking goodbye, before heading to the ring. Medics are already tending to Natas as the Bruv makes his retreat.

DDK:

Folks, Jason Natas' DEFIANCE career has just come to an end in the most depressing way imaginable.

Angus:

It's back enough that he had to tap-out, but THIS will now go down in history as the final shot of him in a DEFIANCE ring. It's miserable. Utterly miserable.

DDK:

I can't believe the events that have just unfolded here. There's still a whole lot to get through tonight, however, and for now, we must head elsewhere...

The feed cuts away from ringside, finishing on one last, lingering shot of a motionless Jason Natas in the middle of the ring, with chants ringing around the building...

"FUCK YOU KENDRIX!" clap-clap-CLAPCLAPCLAP!

"FUCK YOU KENDRIX!" clap-clap-CLAPCLAPCLAP!

"FUCK YOU KENDRIX!" clap-clap-CLAPCLAPCLAP!

"FUCK YOU KENDRIX!" clap-clap-CLAPCLAPCLAP!

BRAVADO

Iris Davine:

That's a bad shiner, sweetie.

Cally:

You should see the other guy.

Iris Davine:

Oh? Got some good shots in?

Cally:

Naaah, but you should see him. Muscular and annoyed. I'd avoid him in the future if I have the option.

Davine was doing her usual - she had given Cally an ice pack and a mild sedative - very mild, just to calm down her adrenaline. She was used to this type of injury and would have offered the same to Impulse, except that he is still waiting to compete tonight.

Impulse:

I looked for Bronson all over - everyone told me he's already split, the coward.

Cally:

Good.

Impulse:

Good??

Cally:

You've got yourself a shot to regain the Southern Heritage belt tonight, RK... you don't need this distraction.

Impulse:

True, but -

Cally:

But, but, but. I'll be fine here. Seriously.

Unconvinced, Impulse looks to Iris.

Iris Davine:

We'll make sure nobody comes in to hurt her, Mr. Knox.

With that, Cally smirks, leans in, and kisses Impulse hard on the mouth.

Cally:

Go kick his ass, babes.

He waits, but after a second or two, Impulse returns her smirk, and backs up a step.

Impulse:

I'll be back in a bit.

And he turns and walks out of the medical area.

Impulse (V/O):

With the Southern Heritage belt.

And we go to ringside.

BAGGAGE CLAIM

Cut back to the boys in the booth.

DDK:

This has been quite the night already, Keebs! And the action does not stop here! Tonight Impulse, the former FIST, challenges for the Southern Heritage Championship!

Angus:

So, we are in for a light show.

DDK:

That is a possibility given that he challenges the current champion, Codename: Reaper who managed to defeat Impulse a few weeks back on DEFtv.

Angus:

Yeah, he's also the clown the winged the other clown ... and would ya' look at THAT; McFuckPennis is ruling the roost again.

DDK:

Speaking of the current FIST of DEFIANCE, Curtis Penn; we will see him put that title on the line tonight against Eric Dane, of all people ... in an unsanctioned match!

Angus:

For fucks sake let's hope the BAWS breaks him.

DDK:

Well, partner ... we opened with NO ROPES. I'd venture to say anything is possible here to --

Keebler is cut off by the ambient audio of a crowded area. The camera cuts from the pair in the booth to the DEFiatron to their right. In a wide shot, surrounded by the stage and a handful of the Faithful attentively staring at the screen, we see the end of the walkway leading from incoming flights to baggage claim at the New Orleans international airport.

DDK:

Well, I'm being told to throw to this ...

Angus: *[voice over]*

What the hell is ... *this*?

DDK:

Not a clue, Angus.

The visual cuts from the live shot of the screen to what is being displayed on it. The camera pans left slightly to show Lance Warner; who must have left out from DEFarena moments after his interview with Cayle Murray. Lance, trying to hold back his own impatience, is flanked by two familiar faced police officers. Officer one glances at his watch as Lance turns to the camera with a derisive look.

Lance Warner:

He'll be here ...

He turns back and subtly addresses the officers.

Lance Warner:

... relax.

The camera swings back. The live audio from the Wrestle-Plex makes it clear the Faithful are growing restless.

Angus: *[voice over]*

Hey ... cut this shit off! Let's GO!

As Angus' irie rises a figure crests the ramp way heading into baggage claim. Lance can be heard rubbing it in from off camera.

Lance Warner:

Told you ...

The figure is, none other than, Terry Anderson. Lance sets out to meet him. The camera stays put but pushes in. Lance looks fidgety and uneasy as he approaches Terry. The two meet and the camera holds a tight shot on the unlikely duo.

Lance Warner:

So ... !?

Terry Anderson:

Well, it wasn't quite as easy as you made it out to be ...

Lance snatches his head right and back left quickly; shrugging his shoulders in confusion. Terry stands emotionless, duffle over his shoulder, as several other wayward travelers pass by the pair in an out of focus blur.

Lance Warner: *[through his teeth]*

It was ALL in the file. The tape, the pictures ... police records, mug shot ... HOW could it have gone sideways, Terry?!

Terry Anderson:

... but it worked. *Somehow.*

Scott Douglas:

Lance ... I really owe you, bud.

Douglas appears from the left with a bag in hand. Clearly in Lance's frustration with Terry he missed Douglas heading from the gate straight to the baggage carousel. The live audio from DEFarena hears the Faithful pop huge for Douglas.

Lance Warner:

Scott ... ?

Angus: *[voice over]*

Can this night get ANY worse!?

DDK:

Shhhh!

Lance shakes off the surprise and returns to his normal mode; all business.

Lance Warner:

Ok, we have a very finite window to get you back to the arena.

Lance motions for the police officers and they head toward the trio.

Lance Warner:

I've arranged a police escort with Orlean PD.

Officer #1:

Mr. Douglas, on behalf of the City of New Orleans and the --

Lance Warner:

There is no time! We have to move ... now!

Douglas turns toward Terry Anderson with great trepidation. Terry returns the look and sentiment. They both shrug at each other; nearly in unison.

Lance Warner:

Now!

The Faithful is in a frenzy as the feed is interrupted and the screen goes black. We return to the commentary booth.

DDK:

Looks like this ... this Reaper Co., specifically Midorikawa, won't have quite the night they planned.

Angus:

They've still got to get here, Keebs! Escort or not ... they're pushing it.

DDK:

Very true, partner ... but for the sake of competition let's hope Scott Douglas makes it on time to face Midorikawa and possibly ... lend some finality to this war that has waged on for nearly a year!

Angus:

You hope. I'll pray ... pray he goes headlong into a interstate guardrail resulting in a fatal crash that clips him and both those cops who didn't take him out back and end him a month ago!

DDK:

Jesus, Angus ... I ... *uh, Ok*. We'll find out soon enough if Scott Douglas will make it or *NOT* ... but right now we have the very prestigious Southern Heritage championship up for grabs! In a re-match between Codename: Reaper!

Angus:

Reaper Red ... that's what the kids are calling him.

DDK:

... and the MARATHON MAN; Impulse!

CODENAME REAPER (C) VS. IMPULSE

DDK:

What do you expect we'll see here tonight, Angus?

Angus:

A massacre.

DDK:

...Care to elaborate?

Angus:

I really can't.

DDK:

Good banter.

Angus:

Oh, you want banter, Keebs? Bronson Box punches out Calico Rose, thus distracting Impulse from his chance and as we've seen, he's coming out here alone. Codename Reaper could conceivably have, what - three, four different Reapers waiting in the wings?

DDK:

Something like that.

Angus:

Therefore, either Impulse uses his current state of mind as fuel to cut a path right through Reaper and take the SoHER back again, or he comes out here completely distracted and Reaper eats him alive.

DDK:

...

Angus:

I pay attention to this shit, Keebs.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, this next contest is scheduled for one fall, to be contested under 'Reaper Rules' - which I understand dictates that this match will only end on a pinfall or submission - and it is for the DEFIANCE WRESTLING SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

♪"Cannonball" - SIRS♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, is the challenger! From Washington Heights, New York and weighing in at one hundred ninety pounds... THE MARATHON MAN... IMMMMMMMMMPULSE!!!!

The Faithful pop huge as the former SoHER walks out by himself; he stops at the top of the entryway and takes a deep breath, and looks towards the curtain from which he just entered.

Angus:

So it's 'distracted.' I almost feel sorry for the kid, he's about to get his gorram head knocked off.

The challenger walks to ringside without incident; he slaps a few hands but for the most part, Impulse keeps his focus on the ring. He notes referee Mark Shields leaning against the corner, looking bored - the notorious referee will hopefully stay impartial. Without having to worry about a DQ or out - of - ring count, it should be easy.

He stops at the foot of the ring stairs and adjusts the wrapping on his left arm.

DDK:

Don't count him out, Angus. Impulse doesn't have an ounce of quit in him.

Angus:

He had plenty when he up and gave the FIST back to Micropennis.

Angus laughs, and the sound of slapping can be heard - context tells us Angus is slapping his hand on the desk.

DDK:

Clever.

Angus:

I know! I'm a comedic genius. But seriously, sure - in a wrestling match Impulse has the edge. He's the best wrestler in this company and probably top five in the world at the moment. This isn't a wrestling match, Keebs... there's no DQ, no countout... in a brawl, I'm not sure how he'll measure up.

Impulse is patiently waiting in the ring, knowing that Reaper could appear at any second. The faithful start getting restless as the seconds grow longer.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we're moments away from the Southern Heritage title defense... we're just waiting on the Champion to make his presence known.

Angus:

What is the freaking deal this magician should have been here... well according to my watch two and a half minutes ago.

DDK:

You have his entrance timed that closely??

Angus:

It's called knowing your surroundings, Keebs, hopefully one day you'll learn it.

Continuing to stare at the entrance ramp, Impulse double checks his wrapped forearm just as the lights go dark. They continue to stay dark, longer than usual.

DDK:

Something doesn't feel right...

A red glow over takes the arena, and a more focused spotlight of red drifts it's way up the ramp way.

♪ "Big Bad Wolf" by In This Moment ♪

As the music comes on the beginning slow intro of it makes the scene that much more ominous. A handful of seconds pass and through the curtains Code Name: Reaper, steps through, his eyes a blazing hot red. The Southern Heritage Championship held in his left hand. He slowly stalks his way to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And uh... his opponent... hailing from... Parts Unknown. Weighing in at 224 lbs. The current SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION! Here is.... Code Nameeeeeee... Reaperrrrrr!!!!

Angus:

I have to agree Keebs, something is definitely off tonight. It all feels different.

Darren quickly finds his way out of the ring obviously taken aback by the first time ever actually introducing the enigmatic Reaper Red

DDK:

For the first time since Code Name: Reaper's existence in DEFIANCE we are seeing an actual ring introduction. I am not sure what this may mean.

Reaper enters the ring slowly, staring his laser eyes directly at Impulse, the arena lights return to normal and after handing the SoHER title to Mark Shields the signal for the bell is given and we are off.

The action doesn't start off right away. Reaper is standing poised in his corner, while Impulse stares at him from across the ring. The stare-down intensifies when Reaper's eye turn onto a hot flash of Sapphire Blue. It almost catches Impulse off guard as well as the fans.

Angus:

Wait... wait..

DDK:

I know what you are about to say Angus, and I'm completely in agreement. Did we not just see the Reaper with red eyes make his way down to this...

Before the word ring can escape the announcer's mouth, the color of Reaper's eyes change to the emerald green we have seen previously.

Angus:

If that Midorisourpuss is in this ring right now i'm LEAVING. I thought he was the Emerald Green Douche?

DDK:

I... don't think that's MDK...

Impulse:

I'm tired of these games, Jason. This ends tonight.

Angus:

Who the f... wait.... Is he talking about that Jason guy that was on UNCUT?

DDK:

What?

Angus:

THE JASON GUY ON UNCUT!

DDK:

I'm not sure what you are referencing, Angus.

Angus:

They had us play some weird shit from back in the 90's, with the 4:3 ratio and everything. Some guy on there was named Jason and he...

Before Angus can finish his sentence, Reaper's Eyes turn hot red once again and he moves closer to Impulse but only a few steps.

Reaper:

Tonight is only the beginning....

Impulse immediately goes in for the grapple, which Reaper dodges and pushes him backwards. Impulse doesn't give in though as he continues to move in and Reaper tries to dodge again, but is caught with a swift knee to the stomach. Slightly doubled over, Impulse grabs Reaper's head and lays a wild punch that staggers him, followed by another and another. Reaper is in reel of Impulse's assault, which Impulse takes quick advantage of and whips him across the ring into the ropes.

DDK:

Incredible assault by the challenger! I don't know that we've ever seen him actually throw a punch before, Angus!

Angus:

Maybe he just doesn't like guys named Jason? I'm pretty sure he's constantly mentally giving Fatas the finger.

On the bounce back, Reaper is caught with a standing dropkick and the crowd lets out a loud cheer. Impulse stands quickly back to his feet, picking up the downed Reaper. Hooking him under his arm, quickly lifts him vertical and snap suplexes him down to the mat, back on his feet again Impulse lays a variety of kicks to the abdomen and torso area.

DDK:

These have been some difficult weeks for Impulse, and it all started at Ascension, with Reaper's stolen victory in that tag match! This must be all of that aggression, finally coming out.

Angus:

Difficult weeks? Granted, having to associate with Micropennis and with Scottgarden is tough, but Impulse wore the FIST for an entire half a month. I'm not exactly sympathetic.

Back on his feet again, Reaper is in the mercy of Impulse at this point and with that he takes an Irish whip into the far side corner of the ring, he hits the buckles chest first and falls backward. Impulse stalking close behind, doesn't relent and picks the fallen Reaper up again, this time hoisting him onto the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

Impulse not wasting any time! Still think he's gonna get massacred?

Angus:

The night is young.

Ready to get aerial, Impulse climbs to the top with Reaper, but Reaper has a surge of life and punches Impulse in the groin area, not once but twice. As there is no DQ in this match, Mark Shields doesn't even flinch as Impulse falls backward holding his lower area. The crowd lets out their disapproval and it's obvious Reaper sees an open window of opportunity, perching himself onto the top turnbuckle. He outstretches his arms almost mocking Impulse and launches himself off the top rope with a leg drop!

DDK:

Impulse rolls out of the way!

The crowd loves Reaper missing the hit, and with both him and Impulse down on the mat, the faithful start cheering for the Marathon Man. He gets up, recovered from the low blow he took just a minute ago and picks up the fallen Reaper. Reaper is steadied in the middle of the ring, Impulse bounces off the ropes and comes at him with a flying crossbody. Goes for the first pin of the night.

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Reaper kicks out and Impulse is steadfast in his attacks, picking Reaper back up he attempts to grapple him again but

this time Reaper ducks, gives him a swift kick to the gut, hooks him.... EVENFLOW DDT. The impact is massive and it's obvious that Impulse has taken a serious hit as he is unmoving with Reaper attempting to steady himself up to one knee.

Angus:

And the Reaper takes it away. Impulse is still missing that killer instinct, Keebs.

Finally on both feet, Reaper approaches the fallen Impulse and stomps the ever living shit out of his wrapped arm. Impulse let's out a loud scream in pain and immediately covers the wrapped arm up with his entire body but Reaper isn't having that. He picks up Impulse by his head, kicks him in the gut, grabs his arm, stretches it out and then wraps it around Impulse's back like he is getting handcuffed. Reaper moves behind Impulse, grabs his under leg with his arm still firm behind him, LIFTS HIM up AND DROPS him flat on his back with his arm still behind him.

DDK:

That might have re-damaged Impulse's still-recovering arm!

Angus:

How can you re-damage something that's still damaged? Isn't it just... more-damaged?

Reaper is standing over his fallen opponent and letting the crowd's jeers soak in, Impulse is in dire pain. Crawling towards a corner, trying to recover from the sudden and impactful onslaught on his arm is Impulse. Reaper kicks at his back as he crawls towards the corner, almost toying with him.

Angus:

What the hell is this guy doing now Keebs?

DDK:

Not entirely sure but it looks like he is retreating to the opposite side of the ring.

Angus:

He has Impulse down, his arm is ripped apart but he is not taking advantage. Has to be more mind games.

DDK:

The Faithful certainly don't want any part of it.

The boos almost turn into a chorus of 'Reaper Sucks', but he pays no mind as Impulse is recovering in one corner and Reaper is steadily watching him from the other.

DDK:

Reaper with a running start, and he drives a knee into Impulse's head, sandwiching him against the middle turnbuckle pad! He stomps Impulse into the mat!

Angus:

It's like I've been saying now for over a year, Keebs... you want to succeed, you grab the hair and hook the tights. This clean wrestling crap just doesn't fly.

As if Angus can be heard at ringside, Reaper grabs Impulse by the tights and the back of the neck, and sends him, shoulder - first, into the ringpost.

DDK:

OOOH! We could hear that impact up here!

Angus:

Isn't it strange how different body parts give a completely different 'clang' when they hit the ringpost?

Without a second's hesitation, Reaper pulls Impulse back out and sends him chest first into the corner again, and pulls him backwards to roll him up!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

DDK:

Reaper won't get the victory that easy!

Angus:

You call this easy so far?

At the kickout, Reaper is sent into the turnbuckle, but stops his momentum before impact. Impulse manages to roll forward to his knees, and he pushes forward and clotheslines Reaper against the corner! Dragon suplex!

ONE...

TWO...

Reaper kicks out!

DDK:

Nicely reversed by Impulse!

Reaper rolls through faster than Impulse can, and he returns the favor, by clotheslining Impulse over the top rope!

Angus:

You wanna redact that?

There's no count, obviously - but the fans boo as Impulse tries to climb back to his feet. Reaper glares at him from the ring and the Faithful's boos towards Reaper turn to cheers while Impulse rises. Reaper rebounds off the opposite ropes, and comes back with a baseball slide that sends Impulse into the timekeeper's table.

DDK:

Reaper remains in control here, and he's looking to put the nail in the coffin.

Angus:

Impulse is supposed to be tougher than that... honestly, if this is all it takes I'll be severely disappointed.

To another chorus of boos, Reaper climbs to the top turnbuckle and measures... he leaps...

DDK:

IMPULSE DUCKS OUT OF THE WAY!

The timekeeper's table does not break, but as Impulse pushes off to the floor and Reaper hits it, an audible crack can be heard and he sinks to his knees. The fans cheer, and start chanting for Impulse, as Reaper holds on for dear life.

DDK:

Still some fight in the challenger as Impulse climbs the apron and slides back in under the bottom rope! There's no worry about a countout, so this must have some kind of tactical advantage for him.

Angus:

Is it one of those 'I've got the high ground' moments?

DDK:

... Just don't.

Outside, Reaper pulls up on the timekeeper's table, as Impulse runs off the opposite ropes... He plants his feet and leaps straight over the top rope and does a 360, hitting Reaper in the head and chest, sending his head careening off the table again! Impulse lands on his shoulders as the fans rise up in a cheer, but he quickly kips up!

DDK:

Impulse finally regains the advantage!

Angus:

He fell backwards into the ring apron, so I'd call it a 51/49, Keebs.

DDK:

Even still, Reaper is on the mat, and he's unmoving! Impulse may be on wobbly legs but he's on them!

Angus:

That's what the flippy-do stuff gets you. Keep your feet on the ground and your opponent on the unfortunate end of a HOSSing.

Still unmoving, Reaper breathes heavily while flat on his back. Impulse scoops him and sends him back into the ring, following behind and stalking behind him.

DDK:

This has been a short and brutal match so far, and Impulse looks ready for it to end!

Angus:

He's not the only one, Keebs.

DDK:

Codename Reaper slowly crawls to his knees, and I think Impulse has him measured for the SUDDEN IMPACT!

Angus:

He'd better hope he hits it. The double wristlock would've been a better choice, but I don't think he's currently got the arm strength to lock it in.

As predicted, Impulse goes for the SUDDEN IMPACT as Reaper staggers to his feet and turns around, but he is a split second too slow and the SoHER grabs his leg as a counter and sweeps his other leg in one quick motion! Impulse's head hits the mat like a ton of bricks.

Reaper goes for the quick pin on the exhausted Marathon Man...

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Impulse kicks out and Reaper crawls towards the ropes picking himself up, he makes his way slowly towards Impulse and picks him. Impulse blocks the attempted grapple shoving Reaper off of him, he attempts a sluggish clothesline which Reaper ducks and hooks him from behind. Impulse nails Reaper with a back elbow, three times and then spins around to take control of the waist lock.

DDK:

They're still struggling, I can't believe it!

Reaper surges forward with Impulse still hooked to him, grabbing the ropes and trying to break free, but Impulse is unrelenting, both men are struggling! Reaper sends his head backwards into Impulse's face, but the challenger quickly lets go and steps back, having seen it coming, and lands a forearm between Reaper's shoulder blades!

Angus:

That'll soften the ol' grip!

Impulse tightens his grip on Reaper as he is pulling him away from the ropes, Reaper attempts to elbow Impulse but he dodges it. Both men are exhausted, Impulse wraps Reaper's arm and then the other and within a split second Reaper is flying in the air into a bridged Dragon Suplex. Both men's shoulders are on the mat. Mark Shields goes in for the count.

ONE...

TWO...

The crowd lets out a loud gasp just as Impulse wills his shoulders up.

THREE!!!

DDK:

He DID IT!!!

Angus:

It's about time! Instead of taking the title belt, can Impulse make everyone happy and confiscate Reaper's special effects kit instead?

Impulse stands, favoring his wrapped arm heavily. Shields hands him the SoHER title which he slowly grabs and raises it above his head as Shields raises his good arm in victory. He nods towards the fans and tips his brow to them in appreciation, though he never takes his eyes off Reaper.

Reaper, meanwhile, stands up on the other side of the ring and now has a mic in hand. Reaching under his own mask it looks like he is adjusting something, a few seconds pass with Impulse still celebrating and Code Name: Reaper's unmodified voice is heard for the first time ever.

Reaper: [female voice]

I bet you were expecting Jason, weren't you?

Reaper stops for a few seconds so that the attention is drawn, and Impulse takes a tentative step back.

Reaper:

Congratulations, Impulse.... you won this fight but the war is just starting.

It's obvious by the reaction on Impulse's face that he recognizes the voice behind the mask and it causes him to pause.

Reaper:

You see the path set before me ... lies solely upon your head. We find ourselves here, on this night, as sworn enemies based on your actions alone.

The Faithful's boos echo throughout the arena, however you can tell by the faces of the crowd that they are roped in to what is happening right now.

Reaper:

Impulse!!! The great FALSE HERO. The quelled bravado, the quiet bitterness. It WILL consume you as it has the others before you!

You can posture and pose in front of the Faithful and proclaim your gratitude towards them. Yet as long as I am here, I will forever shut you down and proclaim for ALL to hear... YOU are nothing more than a FALSE HERO and you will never ascend to the heights of which you desire.

Angus:

Okay... so Reaper is a chick, and she's talking about things that happened years ago. Can someone get me a Reaper - to - English translation?

DDK:

Quiet!

Reaper:

As long as my FATHER'S blood courses through my veins, the WORLD will know of your falsehood and deception! The mass will know WHAT you ARE!

This burden was cast upon me. I sought help but was denied. I did not ask to be ... this.

Reaper starts to unmask.

Reaper:

This blood ... this blood makes me WHO I AM ... and no matter how hard I tried to run from it, no matter how hard I tried to CHANGE IT, the FALSE HEROS drag me back to the primal realization and complete understanding of Jason and why he was what he was.

Reaper's mask is fully off and behind is a young, crimson haired woman. Black paint under her eyes, her hair pulled back in a long thick ponytail. Her eyes, while not glowing red, are piercing daggers at Impulse.

Reaper:

These FALSE HEROS ... like you make me REALIZE why he had to make his OWN World.

You ... you are not benevolent ... altruistic; No, you are NOT a good man... not like Sean ...

... and tonight as you limp out of this arena of deceit you have built, this voice ... finally uncloaked... RING IN YOUR HEAD! ... and know IT. WILL. NEVER! go away.

Not as long as DEFIANCE is in ... My World..."

We get a close up on Impulse's face, and he mouths the words "I recognize you..."

DDK:

Impulse is frozen, Angus!

Angus:

Neh, he's bailing, Keebs!

And he is. Impulse leaves the ring to boos, and exits the arena by backing up, his eyes never leaving the woman standing between the ropes.

Another close up, and Impulse mouths the words "It wasn't like that."

DDK:

We're moving on quickly, Angus - and while Impulse has regained the Southern Heritage Championship, I think we've got more questions now than we did before!

Angus:

Maybe you do. I'm tossin' up my hands and saying 'Fuck it.'

I KNOW YOU

Cut to the backstage, where Christie Zane stands, slightly askew from the Official DEFIANCE ROAD banner, anxiously stepping back and forth.

Finally, he reacts.

Christie Zane:

Impulse? Impulse! What happened back there?

The once-again Southern Heritage Champion stops, the belt almost an afterthought in his hands, and looks at her.

Impulse:

What happened, Christie? What happened is that we got played. All of us.

Christie Zane:

...Can you elaborate?

Impulse:

I know her. I mean, I don't know her, but I've met her. And she knows things... she knows things.

Christie Zane:

Well? Who is she?

Silence.

Impulse:

I need... time.

And he walks past, and we're back in dead air. After a second, Christie looks back at the camera.

Christie Zane:

Keebs? Angus? That's all we've got from here!

SPYIN'

Eric Dane had watched every last minute of the Southern Heritage Title bout from an empty skybox.

He's up there now, stood at the window, observing the closing scenes of Reaper's grand reveal with a raised eyebrow.

The Only Star steps away away from the window, then reaches down into his leather jacket's pocket. He pulls a flashy cellphone out a few seconds later, then dials the second number in his call history. Whoever it is picks up within a couple of seconds.

Eric Dane:

I need Mr. Knox.

He pauses.

Eric Dane:

Give him 10 minutes to get his shit together, then send him my way. Yes, it's important.

He hangs up with a flick of his right thumb.

A sly grin slowly creeps across his features.

Cut.

MIDORIKAWA VS. SCOTT DOUGLAS

♪ "Sentaku No Asa" by AYA ♪

Cut to ringside recently basked in a green hue which triggered the Faithful. The solo guitar notes give way to the grungy melodic vocal intro as Darren Quimbey, looking toward the timekeeper, is shrugging and questioning his next announcement.

DDK:

Well, partner ... We have not received any word, in regards to Scott Douglas or his arrival here tonight. It looks like --

The drums kick in, followed by the distorted guitar, raising the tempo and lowering the overall tonality of the asian grunge song.

Angus: *[raising his voice]*

-- Keebs, one time ... two time ... three times ... a *LOSER!* Douglas is done here! Midori Sour is about to put the final nail in Sub Snot's Coffin!

As the song dips into the verse and the lighter guitar tones return; this time accompanied by a steady drum beat: Midorikawa creeps out from the back. Dawning a Reaper Co trench coat, much like the one that protected his identity at the close of DEFtv several weeks ago, he stands on the ramp way. Hood up, head down.

Darren Quimbey:

The following bout is scheduled for **one** FALL! Introducing first ...

Smoke slowly rises from the ramp floor as green lasers swirl around the stoic Midorikawa. The song plays on and the Japanese lyrics fall on, the English speaking Faithful's, deaf ears. They continue to express their disapproval. The groove dips into a darker, throatier, yet more driven bridge before it brings the noise with a cymbal crash and a lot of Far East angst. Midorikawa snaps his head back and the hood of his trenchcoat is flung back revealing his black and green Lucha mask.

Angus:

What the fuck is he doing? GET. TO. THE. RING ... you *GORRAM* asiaphile!

Midorikawa, on a big lighting cue, pulls the Reaper coat open as he flings his arms back and lets the coat fall to the rampway. The right wrist of the coat hangs up slightly but is shaken away quickly. Rather than his most recent Reaper gear, MDK's tattooed chest and arms are bare. The only remnants of his Reaper Co affiliation appear to be the all black pants, boots and kneepads.

DDK:

This is, honestly, a lot of spectacle for a match we *MAY* not even see.

Midorikawa begins his slow march down to the ring, ignoring fan fare, negative or otherwise. He seems slightly less manic than normal ... almost enthused.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from Izu, Japan and weighing in at two hundred and twenty five pounds, standing six foot two inches ...
MIIDDORRRRIKAAWWWWWWWA!!

MDK flings himself under the bottom rope and into the ring. Inside he pulls at and bounces off the ropes in a overblown show of his preparation.

DDK:

Well, partner we have one in the ring.

Angus:

And the other isn't welcome! Ring the bell!

Darren Quimbey returns to the corner, closest to the timekeeper's table, questioning yet again. Midorikawa approaches him from behind and swings him around by his shoulder, demanding he make the introduction. Darren seems frozen in fear and slowly forms an awkward shrug with his arms outstretched, as if he didn't know what to do with his hands.

DDK:

Seems as if you and Midorikawa are on the same page, partner.

Angus:

Let's *GO!* Curtis Peen has an ass whooping coming to him.

Midorikawa continues to badger Quimbey in the ring.

DDK:

Editorial aside, Curtis Penn will in fact defend his title next against Eric Dane in a unsanctioned match.

The green hue lifts to a mild pop from the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

... and his opponent --

He pauses and looks at MDK questioningly. MDK remains steadfast in his insistence. Darren raises the mic back toward his money maker.

Darren Quimbey:

... his --

Quimbey's attention is stolen away, as well as the Faithful as the DEFiatron comes to life. It shows the Wrestle-Plex backlot just as police car screeches to a stop; just in frame. It's followed closely behind by a second. Midorikawa turns from Quimbey and cocks his head in confusion. He starts moving toward the ropes facing the large screen; shaking his head back and forth. His disbelief slowly turning into rage.

DDK:

Could this be ...?

The blue lights continue to flash as the driver exits, pivoting to the back door with haste, he pulls it open. The camera pushes in as Scott Douglas steps out the car. The crowd ignites. Douglas, looks around for a moment as Terry Anderson and Lance Warner, one by one exit the car, and appear behind him. Additional police officers appear from either side.

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

Benny Doyle hustles from the back; heading toward the ring.

Angus:

NO! This is ridiculous!

Cut to the live shot outside. The Faithful can be heard in a low rumble.

Lance Warner: *[motioning at his watchless wrist]*

Scott, the time...

Back inside.

Midorikawa pitches a quick fit just before he turns back to Quimbey with fire in his eyes. Quimbey's fight of flight dictates he leave the ring and quickly. He rattles off Douglas' announcement in route.

Darren Quimbey:

From Seattle, Washington, Scott ... Douglas!

Before Quimbey can hit the floor, Midorikawa's attention turns, fervently, toward referee Benny Doyle as he enters the ring.

Midorikawa: *[screaming]*

RING IT! Ring the bell!

He backs Doyle into the corner screaming in his face only pausing briefly to glance up at the DEFiatron and to track Douglas' progress.

DDK:

Looks like Scott Douglas is on his way to the ring, partner. And with a police escort!

Douglas flanked by police and followed by the agents of his freedom, Terry and Lance make their way into the building and head for the ring.

Angus:

What the hell is Doyle doing? Ring the bell!

Midorikawa continues to hassle Doyle with the same request. He can barely get an arm free, pinned under MDK's weight, to finally say the hell with it and signal for the bell.

DING DING DING

With first toll of the bell, Midorikawa sets in on objective number two; force Doyle to start the count. He looks back toward the DEFiatron briefly, Douglas is still in route.

Midorikawa:

Count! Count ... !!

Doyle reluctantly starts the count although it is, admittedly, a bit slow.

ONE!

Midorikawa spins his finger around motioning for Doyle to pick up the pace.

TWO!

Cut to Scott Douglas and entourage rounding a corner and making their way closer to guerilla.

DDK:

Midorikawa, is not interested in facing Scott Douglas ...

THREE!**DDK:**

Rather, as he detailed last week ... his only interest is to make Douglas' life a living hell.

FOUR!**Angus:**

... And he did! Until Lance Warner and that drunkard Anderson had to go sticking their noses where they don't belong! Scoobey Doo ass muthafuckers.

FIVE!

Douglas draws closer. Midorikawa, ever more impatient.

SIX!**Angus:**

Where is DEFsec? Bar this man from the building! He is known criminal, Keebs!

Douglas reaches Guerilla on the screen as Midorikawa stalks ever closer to Benny Doyle. Intimidation is his only useful tool given that striking the official would produce the opposite result of his intention.

DDK:

A criminal being ushered in by Orleans PD?

SEVEN!**Angus:**

YES! They're just doing the ushering in the wrong direction!

DDK:

Clearly, Douglas' case of mistaken identity has been cleared up. Otherwise I don't think he'd be here and about to enter DEFarena!

EIGHT!

Cut to Douglas and crew at Guerilla. With a quick look back, toward Terry Anderson and Lance Warner, a simple nod says more than Douglas could with words.

Terry Anderson:

GO!!

NINE!

Douglas steps out threw the curtain and breaks into a full sprint. What once seemed like the pinnacle of volume in the arena manages to step up another notch or two.

TE --

At the very last possible moment; Douglas slides into the ring and pops to his feet. The pair find themselves, once again, in the center of the ring trading fists.

DDK:

I was doubtful myself folks ... but *WE* have a **MATCH!**

After several stiff shots from each competitor, Midorikawa seems to land the most lasting of blows.

Angus: *[gloating]*

Midichlorian, bests Douglas! *HA!* Call it here! No need to continue ...

The jaw jacking shot stumbles Douglas and his legs appear to be made, completely, of gelatin. MDK takes full advantage and delivers a swift kick to the back of his Scott's left leg. Douglas crumbles to a knee. The audible thud of his landing seems to take the wind out of the Faithful, at least momentarily. Defiance flashes in Douglas' eyes and a painful sneer spreads across his face.

DDK:

Midorikawa in clear control here.

Angus:

Toss this flannel felon out and let's move on!

MDK pulls Douglas up by his hair as he barks something inaudible.

DDK:

Like it or not, partner ... this is a full fledged competition and for these two this is a FIGHT!

MDK whips Douglas across the ring and into the ropes. Douglas returns and feels the brunt of a spinning heel kick. Douglas crashes to the matt and rolls over, immediately, holding his face.

Angus:

Stakes or no stakes ... I'm sick and tired of the Sour Hour. Kawasaki can't seem to end this moron and the police won't keep him in jail. AND Curtis PEEEEEN is the FIST! What a world, Keebs ... *WHAT. A. WORLD.*

Douglas struggles to make it back to a knee. MDK launches himself from the far ropes and drills Douglas, again in the face.

DDK:

Unrelenting! Midorikawa with a running low dropkick.

MDK slaps his hands against the mat, fired up, on his way back up.

DDK:

Midorikawa looks unstoppable!

MDK pulls Douglas up from the mat once again. Doyle warns him about the use of the hair.

Angus:

Act like you've been here before, Keebs! Kawabonga is clearly a world class choke artist! Only prayer we have is the last remaining masked Reaper freak kills the lights and we can all pretend like this never happened!

MDK hooks Douglas from behind, belly to back.

DDK:

MDK, showing great ring awareness here: as he attempts to wrench in this hold and drag Douglas back into the middle of the ring.

Douglas isn't having it as he begins to fight back, pulling forward against the force.

DDK:

Douglas, now ... swinging a wild back elbow; in attempts to break free from this ... waist lock.

Douglas swings again, this time with the right.

Angus:

I like to think of it, more as a ... unrealized German Suplex.

Third time's the charm.

DDK:

Douglas again ... and LANDS an ELBOW.

The initial blow is followed by another and, again, another. He breaks free from his opponent's grasp and floats around MDK. Initially sinking in the same waist lock.

DDK:

Douglas, with the reverse!

Quickly switching holds from the waist lock to a modified sleeper.

DDK:

Kata Ha Jime!

As Douglas locks in the hold, MDK has the instant realization of the trouble he is in. He flails wildly with every free limb.

Angus:

I thought his name was Midorisaki?

Douglas' eyes are filled with rage and redemption as he wrenches his tormentor.

DDK:

Midori - **KAWA** ... struggles to remain relevant in this contest!

The hold proves to be difficult to maintain for Douglas as MDK, arduously, marches the pair backward and into a turnbuckle.

DDK:

Douglas, will not be deterred! He doesn't appear to be giving up ...even now with his back ... almost literally against the wall.

Angus:

He's a rat! A Mouse! Mouserat! New Band name, called it!

DDK:

MDK has the ropes ... Official Benny Doyle begins the -- Douglas releases!

MDK stumbles forward and away from Douglas.

DDK:

Douglas is pursuit!

Scott, with a handful of shoulder, spins MDK around in the center of the ring and clocks him square in the jaw with a right hand. He follows with a left and feigns another left and leads with a right. Benny steps in and warns Douglas about the closed fist. Douglas acknowledges and motions his understanding.

Angus:

I figured it out! I'm a *GORRAM* genius!

DDK:

... figured what out?

Douglas backs off with his hands raised and palms out.

Angus:

That's how he got out! He's a snitch, Keebs! And you *know* what happens to snitches!

DDK:

...

MDK wavers a bit as he attempts to regain his bearings

Angus:

They GET out of JAIL!

DDK:

Just when I think you are going left ... you learn to fly, Angus.

Angus:

Nice try, Keebs ... That's the Nirvana guy after Nirvana ... it really only works when it's era appropriate puns or just solid wrestling based make-em-ups! Thanks for playing though, partner.

Douglas doesn't give MDK a moment's rest, and lunges with a strong and very legal ... lariat. Midorikawa ducks and Douglas stumbles and catches himself against the ropes. MDK springs to action to the other side of the ring.

DDK:

Midori --

Angus:

SOUR!

DDK:

Off the ropes!

Douglas turns around, just in time, to counter; albeit sloppy and in the name of nothing more than survival.

DDK:

BACK BODY DROP!

Angus:

OH shit!

MDK is launched high up into the air and sent crashing down to the slightly padded floor at ringside.

DDK:

Douglas has just catapulted Midorikawa up and OVER the ring ropes!

Angus:

Can that be a disqualification, again? I want to say that used to be a BIG no-no ...

DDK:

I don't think even Benny Doyle can believe what he has just witnessed!

Douglas exits the ring and takes to the floor.

Angus:

Excuses! Start the count! Double countout ... countout. Six one ... have a dolphin brother!

ONE!

DDK:

What .. ? Are you having a stroke? Nevermind --

Douglas reaches down to pull MDK up but instead he catches a shot to the breadbasket. Douglas recoils and steps back as stunned MDK struggles to his feet.

TWO!**DDK:**

Midorikawa on the attack now --

THREE!

Midorikawa stalks toward the reeling Douglas. He grabs him by the wrist with and attempts an irish whip, Douglas reverses and sends MDK hurtling toward the ring post.

THREE!**DDK:**

Douglas on the apron ...

FOUR!

MDK manages to get his hands up, stop his momentum and catch himself before impact. He turns around to catch something entirely different.

DDK:

Springboard Moonsault from Douglas! Off the APRON!

FIVE!**Angus:**

SLOWEST COUNT EVER!

MDK is laid out flat and Douglas all but goes down with him. The Faithful pop big for the flight and subsequent impact. Douglas finds just enough footing on the way down to plank at worst and take back to his feet.

SIX!**DDK:**

The reaction tell a clear story here, partner: the DEFIANCE Faithful are loving this and WANT more!

Angus:

They don't know what they --

SEVEN!**DDK:**

It seems like Scott Douglas plans to oblige!

Douglas picks MDK up and slings him into the ring. MDK's shoulder catches the bottom rope and stalls him for a moment, but he rolls over and into the ring, proper.

EIGHT!

As Douglas steps through the ropes he finds MDK crawling toward the center of the ring. Benny Doyle stops the count.

DDK:

Midorikawa is reeling right now, partner. One has to wonder where is this - this ... Reaper Co. he has been running with all these months!

Douglas approaches MDK in the middle of the ring.

Angus:

Oh shit! YASSS! I nearly forgot ... The lights are out *ANY* minute now, Keebs!

Douglas stands over MDK, his hair matted to his sweaty face, his eyes narrowed and his brow furrowed.

DDK:

Scott Douglas wasting *A LOT* of time here.

Scott seethes with anger as his chest heaves rolling his stiff arms and balled fists.

Angus:

Any ... minute now.

Douglas reaches down and pulls MDK up from the matt by the back of his mask. Doyle steps in with a light warning as Douglas releases and pulls MDK in.

DDK:

Looks like we'll be seeing that Sub Pop Suplex to finish this one off, partner!

Douglas maneuvers MDK's arm over his own neck and reaches down for the knee. MDK comes alive.

DDK:

Small package! **SMALL PACKAGE!**

ONE!

Angus:

I assumed, Keebs ... but TMI, bud.

TWO!

KICK OUT!

DDK:

That was a close call for Douglas, who has had the upper hand the majority of this match.

Angus:

Just one more in a series of *SLOW COUNTS* tonight! Get it together, BENNY!

The pair make to their feet almost simultaneously. MDK ducks a grapple attempt by Douglas and is quick to capitalize on Scott's blind rage.

DDK:

REVERSE DDT!

The impact rings through the arena and the Faithful let out a loud gasp to accompany their deflation. MDK seizing the opportunity, hooks the leg for another pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!!!

Douglas with a violent kick out and the Faithful are back on their feet. Sparse chants kick up and they attempt to rally Sub Pop Scott.

DDK:

The Faithful solidly behind Seattle's Favorite Son!

Angus:

Seattle's Vagrant Bum ... *more like*.

DDK:

Midorikawa, sees an opening and he doesn't look like the type who is going to let it pass him by!

Angus:

He has a mask on, Keebs. He looks like a cartoon character.

MDK picks up the dazed Scott Douglas and applies a standing leg scissors, hooks him, both arms...

DDK:

DOUBLE UNDERHOOK POWERBOMB!

MDK sits out the maneuver.

Angus:

Douglas is laid out! This is it folks!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

KICK OUT!

DDK:

Amazing resilience by Scott Douglas!

MDK doesn't want to accept Doyle's call and gets in his face over it. He gives up, quickly, as Douglas begins to stir.

Angus:

Was Terry the GORRAM lighting tech? Where the hell is the blackout!

MDK returns to Douglas and pulls him up, hooking him once again in a waist lock.

DDK:

GERMAN SUPLEX!

Douglas seems to over-rotate leading to a nasty bump but instead goes completely around. He lands on his feet but falls forward and catches himself with a hand on the matt. The Faithful ignite once again as Douglas rises upright slowly and his face grows stern and cold, the rage and anger have given way to a emotionless focus.

DDK:

I don't think Midorikawa releases ... DOUGLAS IS UP!

Angus:

Three ...

MDK turns around, pleased with himself, to find Douglas on his feet. His eyes say flight but his instinct commands fight.

DDK:

Midorikawa charges Douglas! Douglas ducks a lariat!

Angus:

Two ...

The each hit opposite ropes.

DDK:

... on a collision course!

Angus:

THREE!

Douglas and MDK collide with a pair of clotheslines and hook each others neck. The lights cut out with the impact. The Faithful begin an uproariously loud round of boos.

DDK:

... how?

The lights return and the camera crew scrambles to reorient themselves. In the ring Scott Douglas and Midorikawa are shoulder to shoulder, feet facing opposite directions: flat on the matt. Benny Doyle starts the standing ten count.

ONE!**Angus:**

Call it a gentlemen's intuition, Keebs.

DDK:

So much wrong with that one statement, I don't know where to begin ... but it appears we have company!

TWO!

The last remaining masked Reaper (Blue) stands on the stage along side this new mystery woman who was revealed as earlier in the night.

Angus:

Yeah, Keebs. Light go bye-bye, light comes back; Reapers!

DDK:

...

THREE!**Angus:** *[amused with himself]*

Jeepers REAPERS!

The Reaper pair remain on the stage and merely observe as the count continues. Midorikawa is the first to stir.

DDK:

They're just ... standing there.

Angus:

What the actual FUCK!? Another SLOW count and these creepy bastards have CEMENT for BOOTS all of a sudden!?

FOUR!

Douglas begins to show some signs of life as MDK rolls over and looks to be making a move toward vertical.

FIVE!

Angus:

SIX, Doyle! Six COMES *AFTER* FIVE!

Douglas follows suit but seems to be on a five second delay.

SIX!

Midorikawa plants his right foot but falters.

SEVEN!

He recoups but Douglas has caught up.

EIGHT!

Angus:

NINE, TEN! *NINE*, **TEN!**

NIN --

They rise in unison, albeit not fully sure footed. Midorikawa swing wildly at Douglas. Swing and a miss. Douglas returns fire and same result.

DDK:

I'm not sure standing, in this instance was enough to stop the count!

Angus:

FINALLY, Keebs. You get it!

MDK swings again, he manages a closure attempt but Douglas is able to flail an arm out and block it. MDK responds with a kick to the gut and Douglas doubles over. MDK jumps on the chance and shoots Douglas is for the Sub Pop Suplex.

DDK:

I get that this is a nearly YEAR long rivalry that somehow ... *MAY* actually end in fair competition.

Angus:

... Ehh.

DDK:

Midorikawa --

Angus: *[yelling at the Reapers]*

GO! What the hell are you wait for!?

DDK:

... is potentially going to take this one!

MDK lifts the knee and bends his own; ready to lift up Douglas and send him crashing to the matt. MDK rears up ...

DDK:

NO! ... NO!

Angus: *[yelling at the Reapers]*

GO! ... GO!

Douglas stiffens up and blocks the lift.

DDK:

Douglas isn't done yet!

Angus:

What the hell are the even here for?

Douglas raises the knee MDK is holding and drives it into his stomach. MDK loses his grip and Douglas plants his loose foot.

Angus: *[yelling at the Reapers]*

DO SOMETHING!

Douglas reaches for the knee. MDK jerks the leg back to stifles Douglas; keeping it just out of his reach. Douglas uses his free hand and starts pummeling MDK in the ribs. MDK returns fire.

DDK:

This could go either way, folks!

Their grips begin to loosen as their punching have less and less impact.

Angus:

And it could also be a double count out or double knock out ... whatever. Isn't there a time limit on this garbage?

The Faithful begin to rally behind Douglas once again as a chant builds slowly; only to swell into a cacophony.

SUB POP SCOTT!

SUB POP SCOTT!

SUB POP SCOTT!

The pair rear up and the lock becomes tense and rigid again. This time though, Midorikawa hasn't paid close enough attention the placement of his left foot. Scott reaches...

DDK:

He's got him up ...

Angus:

Son of a bitch!

DDK:

Sup Pop Suplex!

ONE!**TWO!****THREE!**

The Faithful pop.

DING DING DING**Darren Quimbey:**

And your winner ... "Sub Pop" SCOTTTTT DOUGGLASSSS!

DDK:

Scott Douglas triumphs over Midorikawa!

Angus: *[toward the Reapers]*

NOW ... ?

The Reapers remain, emotionless and unmoved. In the ring, Douglas rolls off of MDK, who is both emotion and motionless.

DDK:

I think both myself and the DEFIANCE Faithful hope this marks an END to the year of torment Midorikawa has cause Scott Douglas!

Angus:Ok, fine. Whatever ... wrap it up. **NEXT!**

Douglas pulls himself up by the closest set of ropes and staggers toward MDK. He stands split legged over MDK; much like he has done before.

DDK:

This has to be a move on the mask again, partner! Midorikawa is out cold and the Reapers haven't budged! Douglas might --

Angus:

Disgrace all of Lucha Libre?

Douglas reaches down and pulls MDK up by his mask and starts to unlace it.

Cut to the Reapers, still on the ramp way.

In the ring the laces are completely loose and the mask clearly no longer taught on MDK's head ... Douglas takes pause.

Angus:Jesus! If you're going to do it ... just **DO IT ALREADY!**

Douglas lets go and MDK's head falls back to the mat. Douglas holds his hands up as if to say he is done with the whole situation. He looks around for a moment as the Faithful continues to cheer in elation. He shakes his head knowingly and swings his leg over Midorikawa's stirring body and heads to the ropes.

DDK:

Douglas ... taking the high road it would seem.

Angus:

The high road that leads right into the hands of the Reapers! I knew it all along. Midi Pokemon was nothing more than the sacrificial pawn!

MDK rolls over as Douglas leave the ring to a continued uproariously jacked crowd.

DDK:

Looks like there is at least some life in Midorikawa.

MDK stammers to his feet but collapses, only thing keeping him from the matt is the ropes. He hangs by his right elbow from the ropes and slowly pulls off the mask with his left. Revealing his bloodied face. He screams at Douglas, no mic.

Midorikawa:

Is this what you wanted, Scotty!? Huh!?

Cut to the Reapers. No Change.

Cut back to over Douglas' shoulder, at the bottom of the ramp as he looks on at MDK.

Midorikawa:

IS *THIS* IT!? Take a good look, Scotty! Reaper mask ... Green River mask ... it **DOESN'T MATTER!** THIS WILL **NEVER END!** You and me, bud! YOU WILL **NEVER BE FREE!**

Cut to backstage.

Lance Warner is watching Scott Douglas and Midorikawa situation unfold on a small monitor. The police officers, who escorted Douglas and Terry Anderson to the arena, stand with him. One sipping a bottled water. Lance, with a handful of papers, points to the screen while tipping the documents toward the officers.

Lance Warner:

I told you this would be worth your while ...

The officers break out and hustle out of frame. One dropping an open bottled water.

Cut back to the DEFarena.

Douglas raises a hand and swipes the air toward MDK in a motion clearly suggesting he is done with the situation. He turns and starts to walk up the ramp. The camera focuses on him from behind as the two police officers, and a few more hustle from the backstage area. Douglas stops momentarily to register their passing and continues on.

Angus:

What the hell!? You just ran right past the REAL criminal!

Cut to the Reapers at the top of the ramp. The Blue eyed one steps forward but the recently unmasked Reaper places a hand on his chest and hinders the movement.

DDK:

I'm not sure what is happening folks but ... it seems like Midorikawa may have some questions to answer with the Orleans Police Department.

The officers hit the ring and attempt to subdue MDK, who has some ... but very little fight left in him. He continues to

scream some of which is picked up via the camera mics and some not so much.

Midorikawa:

She's **DEAD** Scott!

Douglas stops at the top of the ramp. Only a few feet from the Reapers' perch. He glares toward the ring. What can be understood of Midorikawa's rant picks up mid sentence with a cut to a ringside camera; as the police cuff him. He raises his chin as high as he can, chest down, hands behind his back.

Midorikawa:

...is dead! *[laughing]* Courtney is DEAD!

One of the police officers attempts to steady the squirming MDK with a forearm to the back of his neck.

Police:

Derrick Allen, you are under arrest for falsifying information and for skipping trial and bond.

MDK ignores them and continues to rant but begins to trail off, sounding defeated in more than one way.

Midorikawa:

She's gone! My sister ... my sister is dead.

Cut back to the Reapers. The unmasked Reaper looks to her counterpart and nods before turning and leaving the ramp for the backstage area. Scott can be seen in the foreground with a battle worn scowl spread across his face.

Cut ... to backstage.

WHO ARE YOU?

Lance Warner is waiting backstage, just beyond Guerilla, with a microphone in hand. The events that unfolded in the last two matches of the night have shown, for the first time in nearly a year, the face behind the mask of the Original Reaper and Midorikawa being hung out to dry by the Co.

Nervously, he waits for the unknown woman who berated the Southern Heritage Champion and stood idly by while one of her soldiers was beaten and taken into police custody.

Finally the crimson haired woman makes her way from Guerilla, no lights off, no lights on and certainly ... no magic.

The steely gaze doesn't emit from behind LED lit mask but to Lance it's easily just as terrifying.

Lance Warner:

I'd.... I'd like a minute of your time, if I could ...

Reaper, as we will call her, approaches Warner and let's what could nearly be considered a smirk come across her face; for just a second. It quickly vanishes and any sense of good tidings is washed away by the anger in her eyes.

Lance Warner:

Your tenure here, in DEFIANCE, has been that of a hidden existence. Mask and voice modification painstakingly plied as the tools to shield your identity, That is until tonight. Is there a specific reason; you chose this night? And how does Impulse play into this ... unveiling?

She stands there, unwavering, her dark brown eyes staring daggers at poor Lance.

Reaper: *[unmasked]*

Impulse walks away from the ring tonight, yet again, as the champion of the Faithful.

She takes a beat.

Reaper: *[unmasked]*

The False Hero; he has become so accustomed to dawn the colorful cape of. This ... This is merely the beginning ... a long road lies ahead. These events were put in motion many years ago by someone far greater than him, someone far greater than even the likes of ... Dan Ryan.

Lance is thrown off by the name.

Lance Warner:

Dan ... *Dan Ryan*? What ...? I'm not sure I follow. What does he or *ANY* of this have to do with the '*blood of your father*'? Furthermore, *WHO* is your father? Is he someone the DEFIANCE Faithful would be familiar with?

Out of the corner of the of the camera a blur suddenly becomes a figure standing next to Lance Warner, it's Codename: Reaper, fully masked with Sapphire Blue eyes lit up and flaring hot as he stands next to the DEFIANCE reporter.

Codename: Reaper: *[Blue, modified voice]*

The DEFIANCE world as you know it; is no longer in the hands of those who have FAITH in own future. All control has already been forfeit. No champion shall be crowned, no destiny shall be attained ... no one will speak his name. Not as long as he can't be found.

Reaper: *[Red, unmasked]*

Furthermore *[mocking]* ... as long as he can not be found, the ones who have wrong him and caused him harm shall be punished. From end to end, from friend to friend. NO ONE is safe and no one is forgotten ... not as long as they remain in ...

Reaper: *[Blue, modified voice]*

OUR WORLD ...

With that The Reapers leave a stunned Lance Warner as confused as ever. He looks at the camera almost as if to say 'What the hell was that?' But he bites his tongue and instead steps forward; towards the pair, still with mic in hand to ask one last question.

Lance Warner:

Who ... who are you?

The camera flips back to the pair of Reapers as they are almost around the corner, but they stop almost in sync. The unmasked Reaper turns towards the blue eyed Reaper, she nods and the blue Reaper turns towards the camera, eyes flaring a hot blue. Lance takes a step back, feeling he may have just said his last words but they don't approach him. They just calmly stare at him, a few more moments go by and the Blue Eyed Reaper's eyes fade out, but within an instant they flare back up, this time a Ruby Red color. Lance, let's out a gulp and then a single word is said that will forever change what people knew of DEFIANCE'S world.

Reaper: *[Red, Masked, Voice modified]*

Reeves ...

Camera cuts to instant static.

THE CALL

Jesse F. Kendrix is having a great fucking night.

He's backstage in his private locker-room, towel over his shoulders. He has changed into a fresh pair of jeans following his win over Jason Natas, and picks-up an ice pack resting on a nearby bench.

JFK is all alone without Mikey Unlikely, but he's wearing the same shit-eating grin as he was just under an hour again, when he put The Bronx Bully out of commission. That doesn't mean he isn't hurting, though: the Bruv presses the ice pack into his head as he sits down, then leans back against the wall.

The Englishman closes his eyes, taking a long, deep breath.

"GLUEFIIIIIST!"

A soundbite of he and Unlikely shouting one of their favourite words comes from the small device in his pocket. Kendrix snaps his eyes open, then reaches for his phone.

Kendrix:

Bet this is Mi--

His eyes widen as he reads the text preview on his screen.

Kendrix:

What the...?

They grow wider.

And wider.

Kendrix:

Maaaaaaaaaaaaate!

That grin slowly creeps across his face. He suddenly leaps to his feet, then hurriedly tears his gear bag open.

We head elsewhere.

Angus:

... Keebs?

DDK:

Angus.

Angus:

What the hell was that?!

DDK:

I've absolutely no idea, partner. Maybe we'll find out more later on?

Angus:

Hmmm... I swear to God, if that's Hollywood McFuckass...

CURTIS PENN (C) VS. IMPULSE VS. KENDRIX VS. CAYLE MURRAY

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, it's been one hell of a show thus far, but we're not even finished!

Angus:

I can't believe it's almost here, Keebs! The *END* of Curtis Micropennis! I've been waiting for this moment all my life...

DDK:

In another universe, this would be a potential classic. As things stand, however, we still don't know the condition of Eric Dane's neck, and that makes it incredibly difficult to pick a winner.

Angus:

Pffft, don't worry about it! The BAWS has got this, all the way to the gorram bank!

♪ *"Enea Volare Mezzo" eRa* ♪

The jeers are instantaneous for the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE. His expression is one of pure and utter contempt as he strolls out onto the stage, title belt slung over his shoulder.

DDK:

Huh, the champion coming out first? That's odd...

Angus:

You don't come out last in Eric Dane's house! That's not how it works...

Curtis definitely isn't his usual cocky self tonight, and the microphone catches a furious snippet along the lines of "I'm the champ! I'm supposed to be last!" as he marches down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

The following singles match is our main event of the evening, and it is for the FIST of DEFIANCE! Introducing first, the reigning champion, hailing from Pensacola, Florida, and weighing in at 220lbs... CURTIS PENN!

The Earl Of Elbows finally makes it to the bottom of the ramp, unable to stifle his obvious irritation. He snatches the microphone out of DQ's hands and immediately pulls it to his mouth.

Curtis Penn:

HEY YOU FUCKIN--

But...

♪ *Heavy is the Head that Wears the Crown* ♪

Angus:

DAT INTERRUPTION DOE!

DDK:

Here comes the Boss!

Angus:

It's about time, Keebs! Curtis Penn is going to DIE TONIGHT!

The crowd, already chomping at the bits, waste little time coming unglued. There is absolutely no middle ground tonight as they are fully behind the Defiant Boss and fully against the FIST. The lights strobe and Eric Dane makes his way out of the Entrance with microphone in hand.

Eric Dane:

Curtis...

Thin lips stretch into a wicked grin.

Eric Dane:

You smarmy little shit...

Curtis Penn:

Why don't you come on down here and-

Eric Dane: [interrupting]

Cut his fuckin' mic.

The Champ tries to continue, completely to his chagrin he is silenced. Penn cusses up a storm in the ring but very little of it is picked up by the ring mics.

Eric Dane:

I'm the only person who ever gave you a break in this business you ungrateful little twat, and how do you repay me? You push and you push and you scream and you cry and bitch and moan and you try to bait me into a match, knowing that my neck is wrecked worse than my knees ever were...

He pauses, vitriol building with every breath.

Eric Dane:

I fuckin' trained you, you schmuck. I got you every job you ever had!

He takes a couple of steps toward the ring.

Eric Dane:

And you pay your respect by trying to put me out of the business.

Suddenly the smile returns.

Eric Dane:

That's fine. I get it, Curt, I really do... but I told you that I had something for your sorry ass tonight and I meant it.

If anything, his smile widens.

Eric Dane:

Now, I know we've got a few ladders left lying around somewhere after that brutal tag team match earlier tonight, let's get those sons-of-bitches back out here.

A cadre of DEFcrew emerge from the back carrying ladders. They make their way to the ringside area and begin setting them up.

Eric Dane:

Hell, we're in the DEFplex aren't we? Let's get some tables and chairs out here too!

The crowd pops large. More crew members emerge with chairs and tables, oh my! Inside the ring Curtis Penn is throwing the biggest tantrum the wrestling business has ever seen. It's hard to make out, but apparently he's screaming something about not defending his title in some gimmick match bullshit.

Angus:

Hey! That's my cue!

Some shuffling is heard as Angus doffs his headset and takes off from his spot at the Commentation Station. Around ringside the DEFcrew continue to set up the accoutrements of wrestling mayhem under and around the ring. The Only Star holds Penn's attention.

Eric Dane:

Hey Curt...

He chuckles. Angus slides into the ring silently behind Penn.

Eric Dane:

What's the capital of Thailand?

Penn's face screws into a confused glare before Angus gets into position behind him, kneels, and absolutely destroys Penn with the Low Blow to end all Low Blows!

Eric Dane:

That's right, Curt, "Bang-Cock."

DDK:

THE CHAMP IS DOWN! THE CHAMP IS DOWN!

Angus signals to someone somewhere and the hook apparatus that has been hanging above the ring all night long for the tag team Ladder War begins to lower. Angus gets a weak stomp in before snatching the FIST title belt away from Penn and quickly attaching it to the hook which immediately begins to raise back to its normal position above the ring. Angus rolls out as Dane chuckles.

Eric Dane:

Bitch and moan all you want, stupid, but you agreed to and later on signed a blind contract to an Unsanctioned Match, and now you've got it.

Inside the ring Penn groans and holds his balls.

Eric Dane:

And guess what else. I never agreed to wrestle you, dick.

A collective gasp as the air goes out of the room.

Eric Dane:

... but these guys will!

♪ "The Wings Of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

DDK:

What the hey?! That's Cayle Murray's music!

The Faithful still don't know what to make of the decision, but they come unglued as the victorious Scot walks into the staging, his movement visibly stunted from the brutal match with Bronson Box. There's no pyro or fancy lighting effects - just the man walking to the ring, slapping hands with the fans as he goes. Before he can reach the bottom of the ramp, however...

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

DDK:

Kendrix too?!

The cocky Englishman slinks through the curtains. His face is all bandaged up after retiring Jason Natas, but while he's obviously in a lot of pain, he's still able to crack a trademark smirk.

DDK:

Folks, I have no idea what's going on here, but it looks like Curtis Penn is gonna have to defend his title against Kendrix and Cayle.

One more, Mr. Keebler.

One more.

♪ "Cannonball" by SIRSYY ♪

The Southern Heritage Champion walks out as soon as the first note of his music hits. He gets another big-time pop, though he's looking more than a little shaken-up following the big reveal earlier in the night.

DDK:

Kendrix! Murray! *IMPULSE!* Curtis Penn is apoplectic!

Eric Dane:

Have a nice night, fucko!

The Only Star drops his microphone, leaving Curtis *FUMING*. Cayle and Kendrix have already entered the ring, and Impulse isn't far behind him...

DDK:

This is not what the FIST was expecting, folks! My word!

Penn yells something about fairness, but there's nothing he can do about the predicament. Impulse finally climbs through the ropes, and with each of the participants finally in position, there's just one thing left to do...

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

Looks like we got ourselves a title fight!

With Angus still on his way back to the announce booth, we're left with Keebler for now.

DDK:

Folks, I don't even know where to begin! What a shocking turnaround! We were expecting Eric Da-- look out!

No time for waffle, Keebs! There's some fightin' goin' on! All four men leap towards the centre of the ring and start throwing leather, even Penn, despite his obvious grievances.

DDK:

This is chaos!

Fists! Forearms! Elbows! Boots!

Strikes are getting thrown around with reckless abandon, and without any real thought for where they land! Cayle Murray and Kendrix eventually peel away, leaving Impulse and Curtis Penn brawling in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

JFK stomping away at Cayle's midsection... Penn swings with a Roaring Elbow -- MISSED!

Impulse ducks, then catches the defending FIST with a Pele! Penn staggers back against the ropes, but Kendrix comes charging out of the corner, clobbering Impulse from behind. The SOHER's reeling!

DDK:

Here comes the former Holly-- hey, partner!

Angus: [adjusting his headset]

Miss me, Keebs?!

DDK:

As always!

Kendrix starts scrapping with Impulse, but 'Pulse fights back, landing some blows to the gut from his knelt position. Kendrix knows a few tricks, though, and takes advantage of the lax rules by kneeing Impulse straight between the legs. Penn is back up now, pulling Impulse round by the shoulder, and smacking him in the jaw with a forearm!

Kendrix does the same, cracking the SOHER with an elbow!

Penn, forearm!

Kendrix, elbow!

DDK:

Impulse is swinging back and forth like a pendulum!

Angus:

He'd best recover! Last thing I need is one of these, ahem, *bell-ends* leaving with the belt!

DDK:

I see what you did there.

Impulse eventually stumbles into Kendrix, who plants him on the mat with a Snapmare takeover! Penn dashes past them, hitting the ropes, and crashing into Impulse with a sliding Lariat!

DDK:

Whoa... is that teamwork I see?!

Angus:

Makes sense that *these* fuckboys would get along, I guess...

JFK smiles at the sight of Impulse laying on the ground, and then dusts his hands off -- job well done. Penn rises back up. Kendrix grins at him, but Curtis' face immediately turns into a scowl, and he leathers the Englishman with a European Uppercut!

Angus:

Ha! So much for that!

Penn whips JFK into a corner, following up with a running European! Kendrix slumps down onto all fours, allowing Penn to punt him straight in the gut, before darting outside the ring. He immediately puts his hands on one of the ladders, then throws it inside.

Angus:

Wait! No!

DDK:

Everyone else is down!

Angus:

This isn't supposed to happen!

Time is of the essence. Penn hurriedly gets back inside and sets the ladder up. He practically leaps onto the damn thing, but only gets a few rungs up before Cayle Murray springs back to life, pulling him down by the waistband!

Angus:

Thank *you*, Squidboy!

Cayle eats a knee to the gut, but fires back with a chop. Another! And another! Penn stumbles back into the ladder, sending it crashing down against the ropes. Cayle strikes with a forearm, then whips him across the ring... into the onrushing Impulse!

DDK:

CROSSBODY! Impulse takes-out Penn!

Cayle barely has time to catch his breath when he catches Kendrix in his peripheral vision. The Bruv strikes Cayle with an elbow, then Impulse, but Cayle blocks the second attempt and goes bananas with a forearm flurry. Kendrix gets whipped to the ropes, Cayle lifts him up with a Flapjack... and Impulse catches him with a European Uppercut on the way down!

Angus:

SHUTTHEFUCKUPPERCUT!

DDK:

What the--?! That's an old Murray Brothers move!

The Faithful, of course, pop like motherfuckers for that one.

Angus:

These corny good guys have some kinda telepathy going on, Keebs!

DDK:

I guess they must!

As Curtis Penn rolls away, both Impulse and Cayle rise to their feet. Cayle winces, feeling all kinds of pain, but they're both running on a combination of fumes and adrenaline. They stare-off in the center of the ring, and anticipation starts flowing through the building...

DDK:

Not for the first time, Cayle and 'Pulse are about to throwdown!

One might expect some typical "nice guy" grappling from these two, but this is neither the time nor place for a lock-up. They start throwing forearms, trading slowly at first, then upping the tempo. Cayle, being the more accomplished striker of the two, gets the upperhand. He lands a few blows unanswered, then whips Impulse to the ropes. Cayle hits the deck, Pulse leaps over him, the runs the ropes again. He comes back and eats a calf kick, knocking him to the mat.

DDK:

And Cayle Murray is in the ascendency!

Angus:

But for how long?! Both these men were in gorram *wars* earlier, but Squiddo's back took one helluva pounding...

DDK:

That he did! He can't have much in the tank, and he can't afford to waste time!

Cayle arches his back, hurting like crazy. He then moves towards the downed ladder and tries to pick him up, but a wobbly Pulse gets up, puts a paw on his shoulder, and pulls him round. Impulse nails him with an elbow, then whips him to the corner, following up with a leaping splash!

DDK:

Now Impulse takes control! This thing is all over the place!

The SOHER stays focused on Cayle, but his striking onslaught is interrupted by a hand grabbing his wrist, pulling him round...

CRACK!

Angus:

SHIT!

Cayle stumbles out of the corner.

CRACK!

The perpetrator?

Curtis Penn and a steel chair.

Angus:

Micropennis just knocked the Good Guy Gang's lights out!

DDK:

And now he's left alone with the ladder... and the FIST!

Angus:

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUuuuuuuuuuuuu....

Curtis drops the chair, and immediately darts across to the ladder. Jeers pour from every corner of the arena as he sets it up in the middle of the ring, then starts climbing again...

DDK:

He's halfway to the FIS--

Angus:

Kendrix! KENDRIX!

JFK grabs him by the boot, pulls him down... STRAIGHT INTO THE DOUBLE-KNEE FACEBUSTER!

DDK:

BELLEND! BELLEND! BELLEND!

Angus:

HOLY SHIT!

The Faithful pop for the spot, but their reaction soon turns sour... because it's Kendrix, obviously.

DDK:

What a move! JFK may just have taken Penn out of the match completely!

Angus:

Where did that little pube even come from!

Who knows, but Kendrix drops to a knee, feeling the physical exertion from his match earlier this evening. He takes a few moments to get his breath back.

DDK:

Kendrix could take the FIST here!

This dawns on the Englishmen. Though tired, he steps towards the ladder, then starts climbing...

Angus:

Goin' up!

DDK:

Who's gonna stop him?!

Fuckin' Impulse!

JFK swings a paw at the belt, but he's not quite close enough. A messed-up, sore, dizzy Impulse throws himself at the bottom of the ladder, tipping it over, and sending Kendrix tumbling...

Angus:

TTTTTMMMMMMBBBBBBEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

Unfortunately, the poor Bruv falls from the ladder mid-topple... and crotches himself on the top rope.

"OOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

DDK:

Oh nooooooooooooo...

Angus:

Ha! Good luck having kids, fuckboy!

DDK:

... that was cold, Angus.

Angus:

I don't care, baby! This is awesome!

Impulse pulls himself up from the mat. The crowd are willing him on, but the ladder has unfortunately snapped itself shut, and fallen to the mat. He has more pressing concerns, however, as Cayle Murray marches across the ring, instigating another striking exchange.

DDK:

Cayle with the forearm!

Angus:

Impulse right back at him!

Pulse slips away from one of Cayle's strikes then ducks behind him. Backstabber!

Angus:

Down goes the Squiddy!

Dirty Curty Penn's up now, but he's still wobbling from the Bellend. Still, he has his wits about him enough to jam a thumb right in Impulse's eye, then knee him in the gut. Pausing for breath, Penn follows-up by digging an elbow down into his foe's skull, then pushing him away with a teep kick. Impulse rolls with the momentum, however, and comes back off the ropes. Penn throws a boot, Pulse catches it, then belts him with a standing Enzuigiri!

DDK:

Impulse is cleaning house!

Angus:

He's full of fire, Keebs!

DDK:

What happened to Calico Rose has clearly turned him into some kind of Determinator!

Angus:

"Determinator?!"

DDK:

Don't ask! Just watch the match!

The SOHER ensures his long-time rival stays down with a few stomps, then runs the ropes, and comes back with a standing Shooting Star Press!

DDK:

SSP! And the fans go wild!

Angus:

... ahhh, I get it! A determined Terminator!

DDK:

Could this be the night Impulse wins the Southern Heritage Title *AND* the FIST of DEFIANCE in the space of a few hours!? What an achievement that would be!

While Impulse has been running wild on the inside, John F. Kendrix has been busy on the outside, gathering all kinds of goodies.

Angus:

Hey, what's the limey up to?!

A chair gets tossed inside, a second ladder gets pushed between the ropes, then a table gets pushed beneath the bottom.

Angus:

Looks like things are about to get a little crazy!

DDK:

Aren't they crazy enough already?!

Impulse sees Kendrix coming into the ring. He leaps upon the Englishman as he slides in and starts rising, but Kendrix blocks a right forearm, then straight-up spits in Impulse's face.

Angus:

OOF! What a greener!

DDK:

Ugh, that's disgusting...

The Faithful boo as Kendrix slaps Impulse across the face, then drills him with a Fisherman Suplex! With evil on his mind, the Bruv grabs the table, pulls the legs open, then sets it up.

Angus:

Somebody's gonna die!

Sure enough, Kendrix takes a handful of Pulse's head. He pulls him over to the table then hoists him in the air, ready to Powerbomb his ass straight through it.

Angus:

Goodnight, SOHER!

DDK:

No! Impulse is fighting!

Elbow!

Elbow!

ELBOWELBOWELBOW!

The accumulated blows get too much, and Kendrix is forced to drop Impulse. The SOHER pushes him away, creating distance so he can recover, but JFK charges...

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

... and gets back body dropped right through the damn table!

DDK:

What a counter by Impulse!

Angus:

This is fucking batshit!

DDK:

And The Faithful are loving every second!

Fired-up, Impulse beats his chest and marches across the ring, feeding-off the crowd's positive vibes. He picks-up the ladder that Kendrix had brought in, sets it up, and plants his foot on the bottom rung.

DDK:

Is Impulse about to become a two-time fist of DEFIANCE?!

Before The Marathon Man can gain any real height, *CURTIS PENN* pulls him down!

Angus:

Damnit, Micropennis! I thought you were dead!

Penn seizes the upperhand in the brawl, slapping Pulse across the face, but Impulse grabs one of Curtis' wild right

hands and pulls him to the ground and into a Cross Armbreaker! He rolls onto Penn's back, keeping hold of the arm, then stomps his boot down into the shoulder joint!

DDK:

Outstanding counter-wrestling from Impulse, who is straight-up *DOMINATING* this match!

Angus:

I never thought I'd see the day, Keebs!

Impulse pulls Penn up from the ground, then whips him across the ring...

CRACK!

Right into a chairshot from Cayle Murray!

DDK:

Where did Cayle come from!?

Angus:

What'd I tell ya, Keebs?! Telepathy!

Curtis hits the dirt, and Cayle drops the chair. The move wasn't planned, but it was bloody effective. Before Cayle has even registered the situation, however, Impulse surges forward...

DDK:

SUDDEN IMPACT!

The Superkick connects right beneath the jaw, and Cayle flops to the mat!

Angus:

MY GOD!

DDK:

WHAT A MOVE!

Angus:

GOOD GUY ON GOOD GUY VIOLENCE!

Not pausing for a second, Impulse grabs the second ladder and sets it up in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

We now have *two* ladders set up!

Angus:

Perfect for stunts 'n shit, amirite?!

DDK:

You're not wrong!

Before Impulse can climb the motherfucker, however, Kendrix obliterates him from behind, taking his knee out with a chop block! The feral Bruv mounts the SOHER, smashing his jaw with mounted elbow after mounted elbow!

DDK:

Kendrix now! These momentum swings are too much to handle, Angus!

JFK goes back to the leg. He stands up, takes a boot, then stomps down at the knee joint once, twice, thrice. Finally, he drops an elbow across it, transitioning into a kneelock.

DDK:

JFK working some submission holds now.

Angus:

Can't tap him out in a clusterfuck, dumbass!

DDK:

No, but he *can* slow Impulse down! The SOHER can't snatch the belt if he can't climb the ladder!

Kendrix wrenches tightly, going for pure brute force over subtle technique. He eventually loosens the hold, then pushes one of his own knees into the back of Impulse's, before pulling his lower leg back against itself. Impulse winces at the pain, instinctively grabbing the bottom rope, though it can't save him.

JFK eventually gets back up and puts both arms by his sides, mouthing off to the crowd. While he does this, Curtis Penn grabs Impulse leg from the outside, crashing the knee down against the edge of the apron!

Angus:

Oh fuck off, Pennis!

Curtis slides into the ring, attacking the knee himself. Kendrix, remembering the earlier betrayal, scowls as soon as he sees the FIST. He charges across, cracking him in the face with a running knee!

DDK:

Payback for earlier!

Penn rolls out the ring, and the Bruv goes right back to Impulse. He pulls one of the ladders down, then lays it on the mat. Carefully, Kendrix slides Impulse's leg between the ladder's two parts, then stomp, stomp, *STOMPS* down on it!

Angus:

Good luck climbing a ladder after this!

DDK:

Good luck *walking* after this!

With his opponent hurting like crazy, Kendrix gets a nasty idea. Impulse is trapped, so the Englishman walks over to the turnbuckles and starts climbing.

DDK:

Oh no...

Angus:

Whoa...

DDK:

NOOOOO!

JFK flies off the top, double-stomping the ladder, crushing Impulse's leg between it!

Angus:

FUCK. ME.

DDK:

Brutal! Absolutely brutal! We've seen some *INSANE* stuff tonight, Angus, but Impulse might have a shattered kneecap!

Angus:

Kendrix is *REALLY* stepping it up. I hate the fucker, but he submitted Jason Natas earlier in the evening, and now he's controlling the FIST match...

Full of arrogant swagger, Kendrix rises to his feet, revelling in the crowd's jeers. The Faithful suddenly come to life as Cayle Murray charges into action, however, tackling JFK to the ground!

DDK:

HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!

Cayle goes HAM with the mounted elbows, before pulling Kendrix to his feet, then chopping him across the chest. He throws him in a front facelock and tries to go for a Brainbuster, but his back's aching, and the hesitation gives JFK enough time to slide out the back.

Angus:

Awww fuck!

So much for the interruption. The Hollywood Bellend strikes the back of Cayle's head a few times, then throws his head beneath his arm, arching Cayle's back. He grabs the waistband, hoists him into the air, and drills Murray down with an Inverted Suplex!

DDK:

Big-time move from Kendrix!

After taking a moment or two to recover, Kendrix decides he's had enough of Cayle's shenanigans and throws him out of the ring. He goes back to Impulse, pulling him away from the ladder, before stomping his bad knee once more for good measure. JFK decides to set the ladder up near the corner, trapping Impulse's torso beneath one of the bottom rungs.

Angus:

It pains me to admit it, but JFK is fighting a smart fight.

DDK:

He is. I don't know how Impulse is even going to move after that onslaught, and the other two wrestlers are nowhere to be found.

Just as Kendrix has the advantage, however, he wobbles. He loses his footing and falls on his arse, perhaps feeling the effects of that Gotch-Style Piledriver earlier on.

DDK:

Let's not forget that aside from Penn, all these guys were involved in brutal matches earlier!

Angus:

Exhibit A: Kendrix.

JFK pushes a palm into his head, wincing.

DDK:

Oh he's feeling it alright...

Angus:

And that gives the other dweebs a chance to get back into it!

DDK:

I think they're all feeling the effects right now! Two matches in one tonight is always a tall order, but how do you go into a match like *this* having already fought tonight?!

Angus:

By drinking a gallon of concrete and hardening the fuck up, Keebs!

Sure enough, it takes JFK far longer than he'd like to get to his feet, but get to his feet he does. He stumbles across the ring than snaps himself back to life, grabbing hold of the central ladder.

DDK:

He's gonna go for the belt.

Angus:

Awwwww piss!

One foot on the bottom rung. Another.

DDK:

Kendrix is climbing!

Up the second rung.

Third.

Fourth!

Angus:

Somebody stop this asshat!

Fifth.

DDK:

He's almost at the top!

Weary, Kendrix reaches out for the belt. His fingertips graze the gold, but he's not *quite* there yet. He takes another long, laboured step onto the next rung... then sways to the side...

Angus:

What the--?!

DDK:

IT'S TUMBLING!

JFK's bodyweight knocks the ladder off-balance... but he leaps off the rung *JUST* as it falls.

HE GRABS THE FIST.

Angus:

FUCK!

BUT THE STRAP HOLDS FIRM!

Kendrix dangles, desperate to free the belt from its lodging!

DDK:

It's not giving wa-- HEY!

HUUUUUUUUUGEEEEEE pop!**Angus:**

SQUIDBOYYYYYYYYYYY!

A desperate, driven Cayle Murray has clambered onto the top rope, and leapt onto the second ladder. With Kendrix dangling, Cayle scales the second ladder with Spiderman-like efficiency, then steadies himself at the top, saying a silent prayer...

DDK:

What's he gonn--

Angus:What the *FUCK!*Cayle *LEAPS* off.

The flying forearm connects with JFK's chest, but it's enough to dislodge him.

WITHOUT the FIST!

Both men go tumbling down to the mat, landing with a huge *CRASH*.

Angus:THEY'RE DEAD! THEY'RE *FUCKING* DEAD!**DDK:**

KENDRIX IS DOWN! CAYLE IS DOWN! THE FIST REMAINS UNCLAIMED!

Angus:How the *HELL* did he do that, Keeps?!**DDK:**

Desperation, Angus! That's the only answer! Cayle just kept this match alive, but at what cost!?

Everyone in the building's off their feet. All kinds of chants fill the air, and fists pound away at the barricades, creating a cacophony of noise inside the DEFarena.

It's night like these that make DEFIANCE *DEFIANCE*.

DDK:

The playing field is wide open once more!

Angus:

JFK just took one hell of a fall...

DDK:

So did Cayle!

Angus:

And Impulse's leg is dead!

DDK:

... that leaves just one man...

Angus:

MICROPENNIS.

Sure enough, the reigning FIST slips back into the ring. He's unable to believe his own luck as he rises up, looking at the fallen babyfaces before him.

DDK:

The match is now his to lose!

Angus:

Oh please... LOSE.

Curtis immediately marches over to JFK, pulls him up, then seizes his arms...

DDK:

CURTIS PLEX!

The Dragon Suplex compresses JFK's neck, head, and shoulders, and he rolls into a motionless heap. Penn hops up to his feet, drags Cayle Murray up, then hoists him into the air.

DDK:

BRAINBUSTER!

Angus:

FUCK! He's cleaning house!

DDK:

Penn is running wild!

With JFK and Murray down, there's only one name for Penn left to deal with. Impulse has recovered somewhat from the knee-destruction, and has crawled over to a set of turnbuckles. He's pulling himself to his feet when Curtis stomps up behind him, pulls him around, then slaps him right across the face.

DDK:

He's not gonna like that!

Penn gets cuntty with Pulse, pushing him back into the corner, screaming insults at him.

SLAP.

A second open-hand strike connects.

SLAP!

A third.

Irate, Impulse comes forward, pushing his forehead into Penn's, before firing back with a slap of his own!

The Faithful lose their shit.

DDK:

Penn gets a taste of his own medicine!

Angus:

Over a year's worth of hatred went into that one!

Penn reels! He wasn't expecting the fightback, and he stumbles backwards. Impulse tries to come forward, but his leg gives way beneath him, however. He falls right before Penn, and eats a boot to the face.

Angus:

Fuck! So much for that!

DDK:

Penn almost paid for his gamesmanship, but wound-up profiting through JFK's assault on 'Pulse's knee.

Angus: [grumbling]

Lucky bastard...

Curtis laughs audibly as Impulse rolls onto his back, but notices Cayle stirring. He pulls Murray up but eats a right forearm, then another! Cayle whiffs the European Uppercut, however, and this allows Penn to sting him with one of his own.

Angus:

Git 'im, Squiddy!

Cayle slugs Penn!

Penn slugs Cayle!

Cayle!

Penn!

Cayle!

Penn!

PENN.

PENN!

Eye gouge! Headbutt! Chop! Penn gets dirty with it, and Cayle falls to one knee, before succumbing to a stationary Penalty Kick!

DDK:

Down goes Murray!

Angus:

That's the No Ropes match coming back to haunt him!

Finally free of all his enemies, Curtis Penn straightens himself out, catches his breath, then goes for one of the ladders. He drags it into the center of the ring then sets it up in the middle, ready to climb...

DDK:

The Faithful are giving it with both barr-- WAAAAAAAAAAIT!

Angus:

KENDRIX! KENDRIX!

The Bruv, having recovered on the outside, shows surprising agility by leaping into the top rope, springboarding inside... and landing on the ladder!

Angus:

WHAT ON EARTH?!

DDK:

HE'S RIGHT ABOVE PENN!

Penn had barely made it onto the first rung when JFK leapt over him, and it catches him by surprise. Getting a second wind, Kendrix scurries up the ladder and Curtis paws at his foot. The Bruv boots him away, however!

DDK:

JFK's got this! He's going for the title!

Curtis hits the deck, but he still has his wits! He grabs the side of the ladder, thrusts forward, and sends it tumbling! JFK doesn't hit the top rope this time, but he makes a *HARD* landing.

DDK:

Down he goes! We're 10 minutes deep, folks, and this one keeps getting nuttier!

Angus:

It started with Penn in-control, quickly transitioned to Impulse, then JFK got in on the act...

DDK:

And now Penn is back in-charge. A strong showing from the FIST, but can he capitalise?

Angus:

I fuckin' hope not...

DDK:

He's the only man who hasn't already wrestled tonight, remember! That's a huge advantage.

Penn doubles over, breathing some of that fatigue away. Behind him, Cayle Murray has pulled himself to his feet with the aid of the ropes, and has started shambling towards him.

DDK:

Here comes Cayle!

Murray pulls Penn round, whacking him with a forearm!

A second forearm hits Penn's jaw.

Impulse's forearm.

Angus:

What the--?! Where did that cripple come from!

Penn strikes Murray!

Murray elbows Impulse!

Impulse chops Penn!

DDK:

It's a three-way!

Angus:

... rephrase that.

The striking merry-go-round continues for one more round, until Cayle sharpens up, and ducks away from Penn's right hand! He skips round the back, shoves Curtis into Impulse, knocking both men off-balance!

DDK:

Smart move!

A Lariat takes Curtis out! Cayle ducks one of Impulse's strikes, skips behind, then drives him into the mat with a Snap Dragon Suplex!

DDK:

SNAPDRAGON!

Angus:

THE LITTLE SQUID THAT COULD!

Hurting like hell, Cayle falls to one knee himself.

Angus:

AWWW SHIT, IT'S JFK!

Kendrix comes out of nowhere, clotheslining the back of Cayle's head!

Angus:

DAMMIT!

DDK:

He's going for a ladder!

With Murray downed, JFK grabs one of the ladders, folds it up, and carries it across to a corner. Evil's on his mind, and he slides the ladder between the top and middle turnbuckles, creating a nice, flat platform in the corner.

Angus:

My "somebody's about to get their face rearranged" sense is tingling, Keebs.

Kendrix moves back across the ring and grabs a handful of Cayle's hair. He drags the Scot towards the ladder, then places him face-down on its surface. The Faithful gasp.

DDK:

Oh no...

Angus:

... curb stomp?!

DDK:

No, no, no!

Sure enough, Kendrix has climbed past Cayle and onto the top rope. With Murray's face strewn across the metal surface, he lifts a boot up, then drops down...

Angus:

FUUUUUUU--

DDK:

HE MOVED! CAYLE MOVED!

Murray rolls out of the way, narrowly avoiding major facial reconstructive surgery. JFK misses the ladder, his boot grazing it's edge, but makes an awkward landing and stumbles. This allows Cayle to pop up and boot the side of his head with an enzuigiri!

DDK:

Down goes Kendrix!

Without wasting a second, Cayle repositions Kendrix so that his head is *under* the ladder. He grabs him by the boots, puts one earlier side of him, then pulls back, going for a slingshot...

DDK:

My God! Kendrix's face just smashed up into the ladder!

Angus:

What a beautiful sound!

With all his opponents out of the way, Cayle heads back towards the other ladder, positioning it under the title.

DDK:

Here we go!

Angus:

What a win this would be for Squiddyboy!

Cayle barely gets as far as the second rung before Penn pulls him down by the waistband, however!

Angus:

FUCK OFF, PENNIS.

Curtis throws leather, and Murray responds in kind. It's late in the evening, however, and they're both getting a little sloppy. The fight soon spills out of control, with Cayle bundling Penn over the top rope, then outside the ring. Curtis recovers with a straight up punch in the balls, however, then stands up, catching the Scot with a wicked elbow.

DDK:

Penn, the fresher man, takes advantage on the outside here, but he can't keep his eyes off the other two for long!

Angus:

They're looking mighty dead at the moment, Keebs!

DDK:

Never doubt the resiliency of an elite athlete in a title fight, Angus. Nobody is out of this match - not by a longshot!

Ol' Curty's just wailing on Cayle, peppering him with rights and lefts, finishing off with a Roaring Elbow. Murray falls to all fours, and Penn, not wanting to waste time, throws the ring curtain up and goes rummaging. He re-emerges with a table a few moments later, and starts pulling the legs apart. Putting the table upright, Curtis gets a nasty surprise when Cayle catches him with a European Uppercut, then rolls the fist back inside.

DDK:

Thank goodness! Cayle has taken enough big bumps tonight.

Angus:

You're not his Dad, Keebs.

Cayle catches the rising Penn with an upkick to the jaw, then sets him up against the ropes, hooking his arms over the top one. With Curtis at his mercy, Murray runs to the opposite side, then darts back as quickly as his tired legs will allow. Penn goes low, however, and tries to toss him through the table with a back body drop!

NO! Cayle lands on the apron!

Elbow, but he's too fatigued to follow-up!

Penn *LEATHERS* him!

Angus:

Squidward's reeling!

DDK:

HERE COMES PENN!

Penn runs back against the ropes, but baseball slides under the bottom. With Cayle still dizzy, he quickly grabs his thighs, then Powerbombs him down from the apron and through the table!

Angus:

MOTHER OF CUNT!

DDK:

Penn just bombed him from the floor, off the apron, and through the table!

Angus:

VICIOUS from the FIST!

DDK:

Can Cayle recover?! He hasn't mounted much offense here, but I'm not sure anyone has taken more cumulative damage tonight!

The camera quickly cuts away from a grinning Curtis Penn. On the other end of ringside, Kendrix and Impulse have regained at least some of their motor functions, and JFK has gone back to the SOHER's leg. He whips his knee hard against the barricade, then pulls away, both arms outstretched.

Angus:

Well, the Super Duper Friendship Gang aren't looking too hot at the moment.

DDK:

You're right! While Kendrix goes about destroying Impulse's leg, Curtis Penn is laying into Cayle from full mount! The Scot's conscious, but I don't know much longer he'll stay that way!

Kendrix is bleeding from the nose, and, satisfied that Impulse is down for the count, decides to haul the ladder that just mangled his face out of the ring. He slides one end back under the bottom rope, then props the other up on the barricade, creating a bridge.

Angus:

Didn't this dipshit watch Box vs. Cayle?! Bad things happen when you do this!

One ladder isn't enough for ol' JFK, though! He reaches beneath the ring, grabbing one of the battered ladders from the tag title match, and positions it beside the one he's just set up. Stepping back, Kendrix nods, admiring his

handiwork.

DDK:

This won't end will...

JFK turns around, looking for his downed opponent... but Impulse has pulled himself up with a handful of ring curtain! He smashes his forehead into JFK's face with a desperate headbutt!

Angus:

WHOA!

DDK:

IMPULSE IS ALIVE! Pure survival instinct from the SOHER!

Angus:

But is that leg too damaged to follow-up?! Can he even climb a ladder?

Impulse grabs the back of JFK's head, pounding his face down on the ladders again and again and again. Kendrix stops moving, so Pulse grabs his legs, rolling him onto the ladder bridge.

Angus:

The hell is he doing?!

DDK:

I don't know, Angus, but I don't think I've ever seen Impulse fight like this before!

Angus:

That'll happen when your girlfriend gets punched in the face by a raging psychopath, I guess.

An idea pops into Impulse's head.

He looks to the turnbuckles, then to Kendrix, and then to the crowd.

DDK:

Wait...

Angus:

Is he fucking nuts?!

DDK:

I think he might be!

Rolling under the bottom rope, Impulse struggles to his feet, then ropes along the the corner. His bad leg is barely functional, but that doesn't stop him planting the good one on the bottom turnbuckle, then pulling his bodyweight up.

Angus:

He's gonna kill Kendrix!

DDK:

I don't like this one bit, Angus...

Impulse *does* make it to the top 'buckle, but it takes a Herculean effort. Pain is etched across his face as he rests momentarily, but before he can act...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

CURTIS PENN!

Angus:FUCKS SAKE! THAT ASSHOLE IS *EVERYWHERE!*

Unfortunately for the SOHER, his enemy has no movement problems whatsoever. He batters Impulse upside the head a couple of times, before skipping outside onto the apron. Without hesitation, he grabs Pulse's legs just like he'd done Cayle's a few moments ago...

DDK:

WAIT!

Angus:

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Penn *LEAPS* downwards, Powerbombing Impulse off the top turnbuckle, and through the ladders below!

Angus:

WHAT THE FUCK?!?

DDK:

KENDRIX MOVED!

Angus:

AND IMPULSE IS DEAD!

The "HOLY SHIT!" chants start as soon as Pulse's back connects with the cold, hard steel. His eyes are closed, and his body is motionless.

Angus:

JEEEEEEZUS! WE JUST WITNESSED A MURDER, KEEBS! AN ACTUAL MURDER!

DDK:How can Impulse come back from *THAT?!?***Angus:**

Unless he's Superman, he can't! He fucking can't!

DDK:

JFK has rolled to safety in the meantime, but that was absolutely brutal from Penn! This man is hell-bent on retaining his title!

Angus:

Uh-oh...

DDK:

... what?!

Angus:

He's the only one still in this! Everyone else is down and out!

Curtis Penn realises it, and so do The Faithful. The reigning FIST slow turns his head to the ring, eyeing-up the one ladder that remains standing.

Angus:

Fuck! All that effort, and this little shit has a clear path to the title!

DDK:

It's done, Angus..

Angus:

Goddamnit! Can't *ONE* of these damn pay-per-views end on a high note?! ONE! That's all I fucking ask!

While Angus moans his head off in the announce booth, Penn saunters his way back into the ring, knowing he has plenty of time to get this just right. With the Faithful screaming, cursing, and booing, he raises both hands to his lips, then blows a flurry of kisses out to the adoring masses.

Angus:

UGH!

DDK:

And so it comes to this...

Penn places both hands on the ladder.

DDK:

Two weeks after regaining the FIST of DEFIANCE...

Places a foot on the bottom rung.

DDK:

... Curtis Penn walked into the DEFarena expecting to defend his title against Eric Dane...

Step two.

DDK:

... *INSTEAD*, Dane books him against three of DEF's biggest and brightest...

Step three. Curtis is getting closer and closer.

DDK:

... and now, it appears the plan has backfired.

Angus:

This is the worst day of all-time, Keebs.

DDK:

Even worse tha--

Angus:

OF ALL-TIME.

Penn is *alllllllllllll*most close enough to reach out and grab the belt.

One more step.

He lifts his boot...

DDK:

And so it stands - Curtis Penn retai--

A bustle.

A commotion.

The atmosphere *changes*.

DDK:

WAIT! WAAAAAAAAAAIT!

Angus:

IS THAT...?!

The Faithful lose their goddamn mind.

DDK:

IT IS! HE'S BACK!

Angus:

DAN FUCKING RYAN!

Having leapt a guardrail, the former FIST rolls into the ring, then pulls Curtis Penn down from the ladder.

DDK:

WE HAVEN'T SEEN RYAN IN MONTHS!

Angus:

THIS IS *INSANE*!

The FIST looks like he's seen a ghost.

Angus:

I CAN'T HANDLE THIS, KEEBS!

DDK:

DAN RYAN IS BACK, BUT WHAT IS HE DOING HERE?!

Angus:

NO IDEA, BUT CURTIS PENN MIGHT HAVE SOILED HIMSELF!

Penn's frozen to his spot, allowing Ryan to level him with a *stiffest* clothesline! Curtis falls to the mat, and Ryan quickly shoves his head between his legs.

Angus:

BYE BYE, FUCKO!

DDK:

HUMILITY BOMB!

Dan lifts Penn onto his shoulders, but he doesn't bring him crashing down in the ring. Instead, he does a full 180 before hoisting Penn high in the air, then tossing him all the way out of the ring...

Angus:

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

... and onto the guardrail!

DDK:

OH MY *GOD*!

Penn arches his back on impact, then falls over the other side and into the crowd!

"HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!

HOLY SHIT!"

Angus:

HE'S DONE! FINISHED! OVER! OUT!

DDK:

IMPULSE HAS GONE THROUGH TWO LADDERS! PENN JUST GOT OBLITERATED ON THE GUARDRAIL!

Angus:

FUCK ME! I HOPE THERE'S A COUPLE AMBULANCES ON HAND!

The Ego Buster pays no heed to the crowd's reaction. Instead, he glares down at where Penn landed, making sure he's not gonna get back up. Without lingering, Ryan rolls back out of the ring, hopes the barricade, and heads back to wherever he came from.

DDK:

Folks, this is sheer lunacy! Not only have we borne witness to a crazy title match, but *DAN RYAN* just returned to DEFIANCE, and destroyed Curtis Penn!

Angus:

And the match isn't even over yet! Somebody's gotta grab the title!

DDK:

Who's it gonna be, Angus?!

Angus:

Beats me! All four of these fuckers have taken enough damage to ensure they'll be sleeping in a hospital bed tonight -- all depends which one is the least *dead*.

Suddenly, on the outside of the ring, a grimacing Kendrix slowly sights upright, the palm of his hand pressed into his skull.

DDK:

Kendrix is alive!

Angus:

No. No, no, no! Not this asshole!

DDK:

Everyone else is down, Angus! He's gonna do it! Kendrix is gonna do it!

The groggy Bruv rolls into the ring and onto all fours, sweat dripping from his sodden hair. Breathing heavily, he takes a few moments to compose himself, and deal with the pain burning through every muscle in his body.

Angus:

Stay there! Stay *RIGHT* there!

Unfortunately, JFK doesn't obey Angus' command. He plants one boot into the ground, then another, before gradually pushing himself to his feet, swaying back and forth.

DDK:

He's up, but can he take the match?!

Angus:

I don't see anyone else making a move, Keebs! This is a gorram catastrophe!

Kendrix finally steadies himself, then realises the reality of the situation.

Impulse might be dead.

Cayle Murray is nowhere to be found.

He's alone, and there's already a ladder in the ring.

He clocks onto the ladder that's draped over the top rope, and slowly plods towards it.

DDK:

He's going for the ladder!

The Faithful pour hatred upon Kendrix from every corner of the arena, but this only wills him on. With the ladder in his grasp, JFK staggers back towards the center of the ring, then pulls the legs apart and sets it up.

Angus:

That thing doesn't look too sturdy!

DDK:

The ladders have taken a beating tonight, that's for sure! Will it hold up?!

The Bruv *wants* to climb him, but tiredness holds him back. He slumps forward onto the ladder, before finally putting his foot on the bottom ramp.

Angus:

Stop it!

Another step.

Angus:

STOP. IT.

The third is extremely laboured, but Kendrix gets through it.

DDK:

He's unchallenged, Angus! The FIST is his!

Fourth ste--

Stop the fucking presses.

MEGA POP.

Angus:

What the--?!

The corpse of Cayle Murray has just rolled back into the ring.

Angus:

IT'S THE SQUID!

DDK:

Cayle's in! Cayle's in! But is he too late?!

Kendrix is blind to the Scot, but the Scot is not blind to Kendrix. A disheveled mess, Murray looks skyward, realising his opponent is just seconds away from victory.

Adrenaline rush.

Cayle uses the ropes to yank himself to his feet, then sways back and forth, zombie-like. He almost *falls* towards the ladder.

DDK:Cayle's up, but Kendrix is *SOOOOOOOO* close!

It ain't elegant, it ain't pretty, but Murray flops his agonised body onto the ladder, then starts climbing. The adrenaline takes over, compelling him to power up the rungs as fast as he can, but there's only one problem...

Angus:

THAT LITTLE FUCK HAS ONE HAND ON THE FIST!

Kendrix knows Cayle's coming, and clasps a hand around the Championship. A last surge of energy takes Cayle to the top before JFK can secure it properly, however!

DDK:

NO! CAYLE'S AT THE TOP! HUGE FOREARM!

The blow *rocks* Kendrix backwards. He's forward to grab the top of the ladder to prevent himself from falling, but an exhausted Cayle falls forward, allowing him to strike back with a sloppy - but impactful - uppercut.

Angus:

JESUS FUCK!

Cayle *swaaaaaayyysssss* backwards, but his momentum doesn't take him off the later! He swings his body forward like a pendulum, catching JFK with another stiff one!

Angus:

HE'S GONE! HE'S GO--

DDK:

NO!

Kendrix comes within an inch of tumbling down, but keeps one hand and one foot attached. He swings back forward, throwing a looping right hand with all the energy left in his body...

CAYLE DUCKS.

Angus:

OH SHI--

DDK:

IT'S TIPPING! THE LADDER'S TIPPING!

The momentum of Kendrix's body sends the already-damaged off-balance.

The Faithful gasp.

Cayle throws both arms up and grabs the loop supporting the belt. The ladder slips away beneath his feet.

The FIST is his.

NO.

No it isn't.

SOMEHOW Kendrix recovers, leaping away from the falling ladder, and grasping onto the loop supporting the belt with a flailing arm!

Angus:

HOW THE HELL DID HE DO THAT?!

DDK:

I... WHAT ON EARTH JUST HAPPENED?!

Angus:

A HIGHWIRE *GORRAM* ESCAPE ACT, THAT'S WHAT!

Experiencing an adrenaline surge of his own, Kendrix grabs the loop with his second arm. Without a ladder to support them, both men dangle freely above the ring, face-to-face, nose-to-nose, eyeball-to-eyeball.

Angus:

How the fuck is that thing supporting their weight?!

DDK:

It won't for long!

Kendrix strikes first, trying to boot his opponent on the stomach. There's no room to generate power, however, and it has little impact.

He tries again. Same result.

And *AGAIN*. This time, Cayle swings backwards a little. The boot was enough to loosen his tired grip.

DDK:

CAYLE'S REELING!

Kendrix pulls his body back, ready for the killing blow.

He lifts his legs.

Angus:

FUCK!

Cayle snaps to life.

Headbutt!

Another!

ANOTHER!

Murray grits his teeth, struggling through the pain of the third blow.

DDK:

KENDRIX IS HALFWAY TO GONE!

Angus:

Beauty of a headbutt, Keeps! You don't need distance, and it hurts like fuck!

Instead of hurting *himself* with another blow, Murray takes advantage of JFK's lull in awareness. He pulls his lower body up, wrapping his legs around the Bruv's torso in full bodyscissors!

Angus:

The fuck is he doing?!

Cayle boldly let's go of the loop, then slides his forearm through it, "hooking" himself secure. A maniac JFK comes to life, but there's little he can do as Cayle frees his other arm, elbows Kendrix in the skull, then forces his arm round the back of his throat, and his forearm over his throat!

DDK:

GUILLOTINE CHOKE!

Angus:

SWEET MOTHER OF... I... I'M OUT OF WORDS, KEEBS!

Cayle *PULLS* with everything he's got, desperate to choke the life out of his opponent.

JFK still has both hands on the loop.

Cayle's whole body is supported by *one* arm.

This *HAS* to work, and *QUICK*.

Angus:

Have you *EVER* seen anything like this?! What the *FUCK*?!

DDK:

But for how long can Cayle support his whole bodyweight with one tired arm?!

Murray squeezes. And squeezes. And *SQUEEZES*.

His own face goes red through the strain. The Faithful are all on their feet, screaming encouragement from the bleachers.

DDK:

Cayle's like a limpet!

Kendrix tries to fight, but if he lets go, he loses.

His best bet is to hold on and hope Cayle loses strength before he passes out.

But his grip's slipping...

Angus:

WAIT...

And slipping...

Angus:

I think Kendrix is--

... and slipping.

One hand slides off.

Another.

DDK:

KENDRIX IS OUT!

Angus:

HOLY SHIT!

Cayle feels JFK's body go limp.

Lets go of the Guillotine.

Lets go of the bodyscissors.

Thanks his lucky fucking stars.

Angus:

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Kendrix drops like a stone and hits the mat with a *THUD*.

The Faithful lose it.

Angus:

ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

DDK:

ONE LAST STEP!

Cayle swings back and forth from the loop. *Destroyed*.

DDK:

ONE LAST STEP, KID!

He looks skyward. Swings his right arm towards the belt.

Grabs it.

HIS LEFT ARM SLIPS.

Angus:

OH...

But only as far as the belt's strap.

Cayle frantically tears it loose.

The FIST of DEFIANCE falls to the mat in the grasp of its new holder.

DDK:

CAYLE MURRAY IS THE FIST OF DEFIANCE!

Angus:

THE SQUID DONE DID IT!

Murray lands back-first, driving out whatever oxygen remained in his lungs. He lies motionless on the mat, just inches away from Kendrix, as Celldweller hits over the PA system.

Angus:

CAN YOU FUCKING BELIEVE THIS, KEEBS?!

DDK:

NOT AT ALL, ANGUS! WHAT A MATCH, WHAT A CONCLUSION, WHAT A STORY!

Darren Quimbey:

LADIES AAAAAAND GENTLEMEN...

He's conscious, but all Cayle has the strength to do is clutch the belt tighter to his chest.

Darren Quimbey:

... AND THE NEEEEWWWWWWW...

DQ continues, but nobody can hear a goddamn word.

DDK:

NEVER IN A MILLION YEARS DID I IMAGINE THIS IS HOW OUR NIGHT WOULD END, ANGUS!

Angus:

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU CROSS ERIC DANE! TAKE A GORRAM SEAT, CURTIS, YOU'RE DONE!

DDK:

DAN RYAN IS BACK! WE HAVE NEW TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! A NEW SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION! REAPER'S TRUE IDENTITY HAS BEEN REVEALED... AND CAYLE MURRAY IS THE FIST!

Angus:

HELLUVA FUCKIN' NIGHT!

DDK:

THE MOST TRANSFORMATIONAL IN OUR RECENT HISTORY!

DQ has finished his duties. Neither Murray or Kendrix have moved from their respective spots, but Cayle's at least conscious, belt held against his chest, shocked eyes locked on the ceiling.

DDK:

IMMENSE respect to these four men for producing one of the night's most chaotic matches on a night full of them, but

especially to the winner!

Angus:

I don't know what kind of adrenaline Davine pumped that little Squid with before the match, but it clearly worked! I'm starting to be a little bit impressed by this goofy bastard, y'know...

Murray finally sits upright, wincing from the pain. The reality of the situation soon takes over, however, and while it takes one of Brian Slater's meaty paws to help him get there, he's eventually on his feet.

DDK:

On a night when Cayle Murray walked into the building with one purpose - to *SURVIVE* Bronson Box - he has left with our industry's greatest prize!

The new FIST falls forward almost immediately, but leans on the top rope. Adrenaline kicks in, and he throws both arms in the air, letting out a huge, cathartic roar, before falling to his knees.

Angus:

This changes *EVERYTHING!*

DDK:

That it does partner! From me, Darren Keebler, and my partner, Angus Skaaland, we bid you farewell!

Medical staff swarm the ring behind Cayle Murray, but they steer clear of the victor at first, letting him soak-in the moment.

HIS moment.

At long last.

This is DEFIANCE.