

THE RUNDOWN

Fade to black.

♪*"The Ecstasy of Gold" - Ennio Morricone*♪

FADEIN on a slow motion of Reaper Prime vs. Bronson Box from DEFtv 85.

Angus:

We've got bodies all over the damn place, Darren!

Bronson Box:

... AYE, WELL FOOK YOU TOO, SUNSHINE...

CUTTO Oscar Burns vs. Danny Diggs from DEFtv 86.

DDK:

Well, Oscar Burns gets the win tonight but it's Danny Diggs getting the last laugh. Why do you think he's singled out Burns, Keeps?

Angus:

I teach my BRAZEN kids to make a mark any way they can... it's just Diggs chose to leave a Burns skull-shaped mark on that chair of his. I approve!

CUTTO David Hightower vs. Gage Blackwood from DEFtv 87.

DDK:

David Hightower wins in an impressive debut!!

Angus:

I can't believe the beating this kid's taken... but credit to him, he's starting to show signs of life again.

CUTTO Scott Douglas vs. Reinhardt Hoffman from DEFtv 88.

DDK:

Say what you will about Douglas, Angus, but against all odds he pulls out a pretty impressive victory here tonight.

Angus:

What odds? This was a circus out here.

Quick fade with multiple cuts: David Hightower. Gage Blackwood. Oscar Burns. Danny Diggs. Bronson Box. Reaper Prime. Scott Douglas. Impulse, holding the Southern Heritage Championship.

Fade to black.

Kelly Evans (V/O):

Don't test me.

♪*"Street Fighting Man" - Rage Against the Machine*♪



We fade back in on the WRESTLEPLEX, filled to capacity and beyond with the DEFIANCE FAITHFUL, going crazy as the camera pans, the strobelights strobe, and the music plays.

As always, there are signs.

**I'M A SQUIDHEAD
WHERE'S MOM?
TRICKELBUSH
BLOW UP THE OVENS
SHAKE DICKS, FORM DYNASTY
I KNOW PSYCHOLOGY
REAPER RED IS TOTALLY GARFUNKEL**

And so forth.

Finally, we settle in on 'Downtown' Darren Keebler and 'The Motormouth of Malcontent' Angus Skaaland, standing in front of the table. The fans are cheering both, and Angus is playing to the crowd while Keebler remains the consummate professional.

DDK:

WE ARE AT DEFCON ONE! Good evening ladies and gentlemen, my name is Darren Keebler, and I'm joined, as always, by Angus Skaaland, for the first of two action - packed nights in DEFIANCE Wrestling! We're going to see a Fatal Four Way tonight, Angus, for the Southern Heritage Championship!

Angus:

I've given up trying to diagram that sentence, Keebs... Impulse and Snotty and Bronson Box and Two Day Shipping... all I know is Impulse is a worthy enough SoHER, Snotty is a slacker, Bronson Box is a HOSS and with Reaper, I don't know whether I'm touching myself or protecting my balls.

DDK:

...Beyond that, we'll see Danny Diggs taking on Oscar Burns in a rematch from DEFtv 86, and these two men are certainly ready to take it to the big stage!

Angus:

I hope so. I get so bored during these shows.

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

I'm being honest here! Not everyone can be a HOSS, even though I've got high hopes... maybe... for David Hightower.

DDK:

And David Hightower will be opening the evening up against Gage Blackwood, and that match is imminent, Angus! Let's get to ringside!

DAVID HIGHTOWER VS. GAGE BLACKWOOD

♪“Country Boy Can Survive” by Hank Williams Jr.♪

The slow song plays over the loudspeaker. Out through the curtain comes Jamie Sawyers first in a bright green suit. Right behind him is the intimidating David Hightower who has the signature hook around his neck with heavy chain attached.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring, weighing in at 275 lbs. He hails from West Memphis, Arkansas. He is accompanied by his manager, Jamie Sawyers, this is DAVID HIGHTOWER!

Sawyers calls for the music to be cut, with a quick motion across his throat. He pulls a microphone from his inside pocket.

Jamie Sawyers:

Welcome ladies and gentlemen to DAVECon! I know each and every one of you fine, fine people of Louisiana came out here tonight to watch David Hightower dismantle Gage Blackwood, one extremity at a time! Well have no fear, as we do not plan to disappoint!

The crowd boos loudly.

Jamie Sawyers:

I know! I know! I don't like Gage either people, but you have to give the man his props. He doesn't quit easily. He's been walking around here for weeks bullying people backstage. Only problem is, when it comes to INSIDE the ring, Ol' Gage has been getting a little bullying himself. A man who is ZERO and three in a DEFIANCE ring, tonight David is out here to do the whole world a favor, and rid DEFIANCE of Gage Blackwood! After tonight, you will never see his face around here again! Because THAT'S what we do to bullies!

The pair roll into the ring slowly. David Hightower barely moves other than where he is directed. The big man goes to his corner and begins loosening up his neck. Then they await their opponent.

♪“Millionaire” by Queens of the Stone Age♪

The guitar solo starts up, followed by Gage Blackwood walking out. Gage keeps his eyes locked in the middle of the ring as the crowd cheers lightly. Meanwhile, inside the ring Jamie Sawyers is shouting at Blackwood, although he can't be heard over the loudspeaker.

Blackwood hits a few hands walking down the ramp and also misses a few. His awkwardness to connect with the crowd comes across, although he seems to mean business as he quickly rolls into the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, weighing in at 200 pounds, from Edinburgh, Scotland... Gage Blackwood!

DDK:

Sawyers is still running his mouth here folks, and he hasn't left the ring yet.

Referee Mark Shields walks over to David Hightower and pats him down. He then walks over to Gage Blackwood and does the same.

Sawyers:

Your bullying days are over, Gage! DAVECon is here!

It looks as though Mark Shields is ready to ring the bell, but Sawyers won't get out of the ring. He keeps running his mouth at Blackwood.

All this does is get the crowd more heated as time moves on...

Sawyers:

What David is going to do to you tonight, he is going to end your despicable behavior!

The crowd starts chanting "Sawyers sucks! Sawyers sucks!"

Sawyers:

No more walking around like you own this place! No more picking on the little guy! No more bullying people!

DDK:

Who's he kidding?

Angus:

Not me... or, wait, isn't Gage the one who started all of this?

The crowd keeps booing, as they are becoming restless on having the match begin. Mark Shields could kick Sawyers out of the ring (he could even eject him from the ring area), but he wasn't sure it was in the rule book (it was).

Blackwood stands in the corner of the ring, taking it all in with an emotionless expression. He's much more focused on the match and Sawyer's words were going right past him... for now...

Until Sawyers walks right up to Gage and gets in his face, that is.

Sawyers:

You're going to learn a lesson you'll never forget.

The crowd has changed its tune from "Sawyers sucks!" to "Let's go Blackwood".

Sawyers runs his mouth a little more, beginning to get this already pre-engaged crowd enough energy to shake the building.

Blackwood continues to stand there, letting Sawyers basically spray his saliva all over him. Finally, Mark Shields wakes up from his "rule book coma" and escorts Sawyers pleasantly out of the ring.

Shields calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

DDK:

Listen to this crowd, they are ready to go!

Angus:

It doesn't take much to get this DEFCON crowd going, but Sawyers did more than his share! Hell, I'm ready to go Keebs! This is gunna be a HOSSFITE!

Blackwood stands in the corner and begins to move, as Sawyers finally walks down the steel stairs completely. Sawyers shouts to the fans in the front row as he gains his position near the apron.

Blackwood now changes his attention over to Hightower, the giant, behemoth of a man. Though only 6'2", the sheer muscles and thickness of the one known as 'The Anti-Bully' makes him a threat to almost anyone on the roster.

David smiles slightly. He slowly removes the chain from around his neck and places it on the ground. It's all done in a confident, rather cocky way. Hightower destroyed Blackwood the first time. Hightower can and will easily do it again.

Gage uncomfortably sways back and forth as the crowd chants him on. Although he has underperformed in DEFIANCE so far, and has yet to make his mark, this hardcore DEFCON crowd was ready to cheer for anyone.

Blackwood:

This is my chance.

Blackwood charges at Hightower and is met with a stiff forearm to the side of the head.

Again. Again. Hightower already has Blackwood reeling as he tosses him into the ropes and hits him with a hard shoulder block!

Angus:

Might it be, another massacre for Gage at the hands of David Hightower!?

Hightower mounts Blackwood and starts reigning down on him with punches. Right, right, right. He takes a small break and looks up at Sawyers.

Sawyers:

He made a fool of you David!

Right, right, right.

Sawyers:

Teach him bullying is wrong!

Right, right, right.

DDK:

And just like that, Hightower punches Blackwood into another time zone!

Hightower picks Blackwood up and then lifts him in the air with both hands around his neck. He holds him in this position for what seems like eternity, gaining heat from the crowd as he does. Meanwhile, Sawyers still screams on from the outside.

Sawyers:

Choke him out, that's it! Choke him out! This bully will never pick on you again!

Blackwood's face starts to turn beet red.

Referee Mark Shields is already distracted. He found some hot girl (about 15 years younger than he is) in the front row with what looks to be her highschool boyfriend.

DDK:

You know Angus, I wonder how Mark Shields is still employed here! He's not even paying attention to the damn match, again.

Angus:

This is a slaughtering, does he really have to!?

The crowd is trying to get behind Gage by rallying. They are stomping their feet on the ground, attempting to get this opening match going and steered in a direction they would like to see.

Blackwood's face keeps getting redder and redder. But you can see it in his eyes. Unlike before, he was overwhelmed. Unlike before, he was already beaten.

Not this time.

DDK:

Blackwood comes alive with a kick to the stomach!

Angus:

His legs are free!

DDK:

Another kick! That one almost winded Hightower!

The crowd keeps stomping... louder and louder, while Sawyers tries to scream over them. Finally, a third kick and Hightower lets go of Gage. Blackwood takes a deep breath and runs into the ropes, but he's met with another shoulder block and falls back down!

DDK:

Gage is down again!

Angus:

Good try, kid... but it doesn't-

Gage bounces back up. He hits the ropes again and this time slides underneath Hightower's legs. A hard kick to the back and then a roundhouse kick to the back knocks Hightower forward by two steps. Sawyers quickly jumps on the apron and Blackwood cracks to take a swipe at him.

DDK:

Oh what a mistake by the Scottish rookie!

Angus:

Typical Distraction 101 and Hightower comes back with a devastating clothesline!

DDK:

Somehow, you know Sawyers is going to misrepresent what happened and say Blackwood was calling him names from the ring... anything to think he's justified to get up on the apron!

Hightower silences the crowds stomping by lifting Blackwood up and throwing him like a rag doll into the corner of the ring. He screams and charges in, crushing Blackwood's body between him and the turnbuckles. Once Hightower moves away, Gage stumbles to the middle of the ring and collapses like he's been killed.

Sawyers:

Never pick on me again!

Sawyers continues to obnoxiously shout from outside the ring, generating more heat and more heat every time he does to this pent-up crowd. Hightower, seemingly overconfident, takes his time to bask in the crowd's reaction before he walks over to Blackwood and lifts him up.

DDK:

I wonder, Sawyers is so delusional... does Hightower think the crowd is cheering him?

Angus:

No. Can't be. Or... well...

Hightower pulls Blackwood to his feet, but he's met with a stiff uppercut and an inside cradle!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

Wow, no one saw that coming!

Hightower gets up first and nails Blackwood with another clothesline. This time, he doesn't make a mistake and hurls Blackwood back into the corner.

He charges in again, screaming as he comes across.

SLAM!!

Angus:

I don't know how the human body can take that! Over 275 pounds of pure muscle just crashing into you like that!

Blackwood stumbles around the ring, but he doesn't fall. Instead, he tries to regain himself. Showing his resilience, he finds Hightower and tries another kick to the stomach.

Hightower moves to the right. Blackwood misses.

DDK:

Another Irish whip into the turnbuckle!

This time, Hightower mounts Blackwood on the second rope and throws frequent punches. The punches are so fast and furious, even the "heel" fans in the DEFCON crowd (or DAVECon crowd) couldn't keep up the count.

Meanwhile, Mark Shields was blowing kisses to the girl half his age.

Shield:

I think she likes it...

By now, the permanent scar on the forehead of Gage Blackwood was beginning to open up, although blood hasn't come pouring out just yet.

Hightower steps down and allows Gage to stumble out of the corner once more, something he's getting used to. Hightower telegraphs it, but is able to pick up Blackwood for a big vertical suplex. Both men slam into the mat hard as the ring shakes. Hightower slowly rolls through the move and hooks the leg of Blackwood. Shields is still scanning the crowd for other cute girls but Sawyers get's his head into the game.

Sawyers:

SHIELDS! PIN!

One...

Two...

Kickout!

DDK:

Another close one there, if Blackwood doesn't change up his strategy soon, he's going to lose this one in a big way!

Angus:

Lose? If he doesn't stop getting slammed into that corner, he's going to have a collapsed lung and some broken ribs!

He's gone to the corner four times already!

Indeed there seems to be some strategy involving the midsection and ribs for David. He repeatedly lays down some stomps to the ribs. David walks over to his corner and reaches down.

DDK:

You can't do that! He's got that tow hook! He's going to bludgeon Blackwood with it! This is not a no disqualifications match!

Sawyers:

YES! Take his head off!

Angus:

I don't think he cares Keebs, this is about ending Blackwood, not about wins and losses.

Hightower wraps the chain around his fist and holds the hook so that the point is facing outward. Referee Mark Shields warns David loudly but doesn't get in his way for fear of attack.

Hightower runs from the corner just as Blackwood stands up. Hightower swings the hook with full force but Blackwood ducks at the last second, pops right back up as David turns around and hits a beautiful standing dropkick in the middle of the ring that finally knocks Hightower to his back. The fans erupt as the chain and hook fall off the hand of Hightower and lands near the edge of the ring. Blackwood is on the mat breathing deep, taking precious time to recover from the onslaught he's taken over the last few minutes.

DDK:

He's created an opening now, but can he capitalize?

Both men start to get to their feet, but Gage makes it up first. He spots 'The Anti-Bully' and hits the ropes opposite him. Blackwood comes back with a huge running forearm that meets the chest/chin of David and echoes across the arena. The fans let out a loud "OOOOHHHHHH" noise.

Angus:

Hightower is rocked by that forearm! He looks dizzy! Gage is going back for more!

Another trip across the ring, another big forearm.

CRACK!

Hightower leans all the way back but doesn't fall. Gage goes for the trifecta.

Angus:

Here he comes!

David regains his balance and reaches down just in time.

DDK:

Woah woah woah....

Hightower caught Gage with full momentum and gorilla presses him over his head. The cameras in the arena are going off everywhere as David has Gage at full extension over his head.

Sawyers:

DO IT! DO IT DAVID!

DDK:

That's a long way to the mat!

Angus:

I don't think he's looking at the mat Keeps... I think he's looking....OOOOOOHHHHH NOOOO!

Hightower comes forward and launches Gage over the top rope and directly down to the floor on the outside of the ring. He lands with a thud that shakes the floor nearby. People on that side of the ring are seen going nuts.

Angus:

He... he... he killed him.

Blackwood doesn't move a muscle. Some of the fans are even booing thinking Mark Shields has called for the bell. Sawyers victoriously walks over to the fallen Scottish wrestler and stands over him.

Sawyers:

I told you! I tried to warn you! This is your lesson! Bullying is not acceptable!

Sawyers keeps standing over Blackwood, continuing to say "I told you" over and over to more heat from the crowd.

DDK:

Shields could administer a ten count, but he hasn't yet!

Angus:

I'd say this might be the opening Blackwood needs, but I doubt anyone can come back from...

Blackwood starts to move. Just a little.

Sawyers' eyes almost pop out of his head. He looks up at David from inside the ring, as if to say with his face "look at this, can you believe this bully HASN'T learned his lesson yet!?"

Hightower nods.

Although Blackwood is not on his feet (not even close), he shows signs of life. As a result, Hightower exits the ring and walks over to Sawyers and Blackwood.

Hightower nods again.

DDK:

David pulls Gage up by his hair. He is literally lifting Blackwood up by just his hair! Incredible strength!

Angus:

The crowd is still trying to get behind Blackwood here. But I think they're going to get their hopes up.

Hightower rolls Blackwood back into the ring. He enters himself and then signals for a finish.

Angus:

What the-!?!?

DDK:

I can't believe it! As Hightower bends down to get Gage, he's hit with a DDT! David's face slams the mat and then he flies backwards and lands on his back!

The crowd cheers loudly. Blackwood falls right back to the canvas and doesn't move a muscle.

Sawyers screams at David from the outside. The crowd starts stomping their feet again. And Mark Shields is blowing

kisses at the young girl.

DDK:

Maybe you're right, Angus. Maybe not having a count out was the opening Gage Blackwood needs!

Both men start to move, but Hightower starts to move a lot more. Even though he is much, much slower than Blackwood, he hasn't taken the beating Gage has. Although the DDT came as a complete shock and gave Hightower a headache, he had much more energy... and much more power.

DDK:

Hightower's on his feet first, but Gage is just about to meet him up.

Hard, stiff right from Hightower.

This is met with a pretty decent left hand from Blackwood.

Right from Hightower.

Left from Blackwood.

Angus:

Not sure Hightower's a guy I want to go blow-for-blow on...

Surprisingly, Blackwood connects with three straight left hands and then runs into the ropes. He jumps up at Hightower, but David catches him and sucks the life out of him with a bearhug.

Angus:

That takes the crowd right out of it again!

Hightower maneuvers Blackwood on his shoulder and then runs him face-first into the turnbuckle.

DDK:

David is going back for the chain!

'The Anti-Bully' wraps the chain around his hand and runs at Blackwood... but Blackwood ducks it!

DDK:

Floatover DDT!

Blackwood struggles to flip Hightower onto his back, but he's eventually successful!

DDK:

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

That's still a pretty strong kickout by Hightower!

Sawyers jumps back on the apron and tries to enter the ring. Mark Shields stops him from getting in but Sawyers stands on top of the apron.

Sawyers:

Okay David, finish him off!

Blackwood limps heavily to the corner. It's the corner adjacent from Jamie Sawyers. Sawyers keeps shouting at Hightower, but then he notices Blackwood.

Sawyers grins. Blackwood charges.

DDK:

Another mistake by Gage! He was looking to rush the manager, but David Hightower pops up and annihilates Blackwood with a shoulder block!

DDK:

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The crowd comes alive. Their feet start stomping the ground again. Even Jamie Sawyers, who still stands on the apron, becomes a little concerned.

Hightower launches Blackwood into the corner and pummels him with right hands. He then throws Blackwood into the buckle across the way and pummels him with more right hands.

Angus:

The mugging continues.

The crowd keeps stomping, however. This gives Blackwood enough wherewithal to use everything he has left and flip himself up and over the next turnbuckle he's thrown into, leaping backwards and behind a charging David Hightower.

He kicks Hightower, but his foot is caught.

SMACK!!

DDK:

Enziguri!

Blackwood stands, screams into the rafters and gets to the second rope.

DDK:

Missile dropkick!

Angus:

I don't believe this second-wind!

Blackwood knows he has to do more. He kicks Hightower twice and then points to the top rope. He heads up there, contemplating what move he is going to perform. But before he can even get in position...

Sawyers:

Hey! Hey you!

Sawyers jumps back on the apron.

Sawyers:

David's going to get you! DAVECon hasn't even started!

Blackwood takes a swipe at Sawyer, but he can't reach him. Mark Shields actually comes over and does his job correctly this time, demanding Jamie get down off the apron or he's going to kick him out.

Shields:

I think I can do that...

All the while, Hightower snapped out of it, pulled himself off the mat and wrapped his hand with the metal chain, hook pointing out and all.

The crowd tries to warn Blackwood, as David Hightower marches over.

Angus:

Another rookie mistake!

SMA--

SWOOSH!!

At the very last second, Blackwood sees Hightower's punch. He's able to move out of the way, but as he does he falls off the top rope and lands on Mark Shields. Shields then bumps Sawyer and all hell has broken loose.

DDK:

Shields is down! Looks like Sawyer is down too!

Angus:

And Gage is tied up in the ropes!!

Hightower, like a predator, takes notice. He first notices Mark Shields is down. Second, he notices his manager is getting back to his feet. Third, and most importantly... he realizes Gage Blackwood has nowhere to go.

DDK:

Oh this is not looking good!

Angus:

You're telling me, Keebs!

Sawyer gets back on the apron, right behind where Blackwood is tied up. He grabs Blackwood's face and forces him

to look right at David.

A wide, evil grin crosses the face of Jamie Sawyers.

Sawyers:

Bullies never proposer.

Hightower slowly re-wraps the metal chair around his hand.

Sawyers:

Never.

Hightower marches over to Blackwood and puts his right fist right in front of his opponent.

Sawyers:

Yes. YES. YES!

The crowd is shouting. Some of the younger children cover their eyes. Hightower pulls his arm back and takes a deep breath.

DDK:

It's over-

As Hightower swings, Blackwood is able to slip out of the ropes! But instead of punching Sawyers, 'The Anti-Bully' surprisingly pulls his arm back, narrowly missing Jamie's head by a couple of inches.

Sawyers, slowly, opens one eye.

He lets out a sigh of relief.

DDK:

Blackwood with a dropkick to Hightower! Now he slides out of the ring and he's going to go after Sawyers!

Angus:

This place just erupted!

Blackwood stalks Sawyers around the ring and then back up the rampway. It was very likely Blackwood wanted to go faster, but the beating he's already taken has made him move best, at a limping speed.

DDK:

Sawyers is coming near us for protection now!

Sawyers runs behind DDK and Angus, hoping this would keep Blackwood away from him. Just as he's about to get off the apron and over to the commentary booth, Hightower nails Blackwood with a hard forearm shot.

DDK:

Hightower makes the save for his manager!

David brings Gage to the announcing booth and throws his head into the announce table.

Angus:

Hello, hello? Oh, good. That didn't short circuit us!

Hightower bounces Blackwood's head off the top of the table now!

He takes a moment to check on his manager, who nods back and tells him to keep going.

SMACK!

DDK:

A hard, stiff shot from Gage Blackwood to the face of David Hightower!

SMACK!

DDK:

Another!

SMACK!

DDK:

Another!

SMACK!

DDK:

Another!

Blackwood tosses Hightower right into the guardrail beside the announcers (who by now, are a good ten feet away from their table). Hightower looks to go in head-first and bend one of the metal rails, knocking him right out!

He then looks at Sawyers and the crowd goes wild!

However, this time, Sawyers is able to escape easily. He takes the long route back to the ramp, sprints all the way down it and slides into the ring.

Blackwood:

Whatever.

Muttering to himself, Blackwood tosses Hightower back to the announcing booth and right on top of the announce table.

The crowd cheers again.

Blackwood begins to take out the TV monitors on the table. He takes all three out and then looks over at the steel lighting tower that stands beside the booth, where the lights are positioned over top of where DDK and Angus would sit.

Blackwood begins to climb the metal structure.

The crowd starts to explode.

Blackwood gets about halfway up and then stops. From here, it would be about a ten foot jump. The crowd would take it, even if it meant they could have seen another ten feet more.

However...

Angus:

What's he doing?

The crowd begins to boo. Loudly.

DDK:

Gage Blackwood is coming back down.

The crowd keeps booing, although there seems to be more confusion than boos. On the DEFIAtron, Gage's behavior does not display that he's scared. Rather, he's seems to be in deep thought.

Blackwood punches Hightower a few times. He follows this up and gives him some very stiff forearms to the side of the head. Then, Gage follows through with his plan.

Angus:

Umm...

DDK:

He's putting the monitors back in the announce table.

Angus:

I don't get it?

The crowd isn't sure either, but they remain talkative among themselves. Then, Blackwood goes back to climbing the lighting tower.

DDK:

What... the...

Angus:

This is crazy! Why would he do that!?

Blackwood goes all the way up. All twenty (or approximate) feet. He takes a deep breath.

Blackwood:

Fuck it.

Gage jumps off. He drives his entire body right through David Hightower, whose entire body is driven right through the announce table. Blackwood's own head bounces off one of the monitors he put back in the table, instantly opening up the scar in the upper part of his forehead. A crimson mask follows in seconds.

And the entire crowd has turned the arena into a bedlam.

DDK:

I don't even know how to describe what just happened...

Angus:

Are you kidding me!? That was amazing!!

Both men don't move but both men don't have to. The crowd breaks out a typical "holy shit" chant while Sawyers just sits in the middle of the ring, in shock, running his mouth.

Sawyers:

Using non-sanctioned weapons! How fair is that? How fair is that?!?

Angus:

We are witnessing a coming out party!

What happens next was just as shocking, though. The first person to move...

Was David Hightower.

Angus:

If that didn't finish him...

Although the crowd is still cheering, they eventually see what kind of condition Gage Blackwood is in. And then they see David Hightower stand.

Sawyers' initial expression of fear is now changed to one of surprise and over-joy.

Sawyers:

DAVECon, baby. DAVECon.

It takes a while but Hightower, though hurting, whips Blackwood back into the metal lighting tower. Blackwood bounces right off it and back to the ground, blood spewing from his head. In the ring, Mark Shields has recovered, though he thinks this is a good time to finally talk up that girl and ask her what he missed.

Hightower, slowly, drags Blackwood by his hair all the way back to the ring.

Angus:

Hightower is a mess and Blackwood is a bloody mess!

DDK:

This was a hell of a fight, let me tell you.

Hightower rolls Blackwood into the ring and takes a few more breathers on the outside. Meanwhile, inside the ring... Jamie Sawyers stands up.

DDK:

And what a sick, sick grin Sawyers has on his face now! Hightower has giftwrapped a bloody and beaten Gage Blackwood right to his feet!

Angus:

And it's not even close to Christmas yet, Keebs! We will have Halloween and Thanksgiving to go!

DDK:

Sawyers standing over Blackwood... taking this moment in. And now here it comes, he starts kicking Blackwood again!

Kick after kick after kick. Sawyers kicks like he's never done it before. This gains him even more heat from the crowd. Hightower climbs the ring stairs and goes in-between the top and middle rope.

DDK:

Sawyers is picking up Blackwood now! He's telling David to take a running start at him! Hightower bounces off the ropes as Sawyers tosses Blackwood towards him...

Suddenly, Blackwood hits the mat. This is done purposely, as Hightower turns around, is tripped up and put right into a small package!

DDK:

Pin, pin!! There's a pin in the ring, Mark!

Finally noticing, Shields slides back into the ring and goes for the count.

DDK:

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

I thought that was it right there!

Both men rise. Blackwood swipes blood away from his forehead and charges into Hightower with an uppercut. It connects. Blackwood goes off the ropes and hits another uppercut. It also connects. During this time, Sawyers quietly slips out of the ring and back to the outside.

DDK:

Blackwood now jumps on the ropes, back on to Hightower's shoulders and runs him into the ground with a great bulldog!

Angus:

He's got the big man down. I don't believe it!

Blackwood gets up quickly, he hops onto the second turnbuckle, Hightower stands up and turns right into...

DDK:

Big spinning wheel kick from Blackwood! This has been a hell of a match!

Angus:

Hossfites are the best fites!

Blackwood is finally finding his rhythm, but when he stands to quickly he stumbles back and needs the ropes to find his balance. Referee Mark Shields gets in there and checks on Blackwood. He asks him how he's feeling and if he can continue. A quick nod before he shoulders past the referee and drops a couple fists on the back of David Hightower. Regardless Hightower stands up through the onslaught a little worse for the wear.

DDK:

In this match Blackwood has survived countless attacks on his ribs in the corners of the ring. He's dealt with Jamie Sawyers sticking his face in this match at every opportunity. He was gorilla pressed in the ring and thrown to the floor, not to mention busted his head wide open, and he's still in control!

Blackwood puts a knee into the gut of the Anti Bully which finally bends him over. A single arm DDT comes quick and Hightower lands on his face. Gage goes for another cover but after two Hightower kicks out once more.

Angus:

Hightower on the other hand has taken a million strikes, he was just thrown through our table and he's still kicking out! This is nuts!

The fans in the arena are on their feet. So is Jamie Sawyers once again.

Sawyers:

C'mon David! Get up!

Blackwood heads for the corner once more, he climbs up and almost slips as one of his hands is covered in so much blood.

DDK:

Woah, Blackwood is up, almost slipping there, the physical toll of this match has to be immense...

Angus:

Add in losing blood like stuck pig and he's only got so long before he's going to pass out from blood loss Keebs. His adrenaline is pumping and the blood is coming faster and faster. It looks like he's already a bit woozy but he's up there anyway.

Blackwood waits on Hightower to get up and he launches off. He hits the double knees and drives Hightower to the mat. Both men are down and out. The fans are up and clapping. Cheering for Blackwood, Sawyers on the outside is slapping the mat trying to wake up David. Gage goes for the cover.

ONE....

TWO....

KICKOUT!

DDK:

By the skin on his teeth, Hightower gets the shoulder up!

Blackwood slaps the mat his eyes are wide with disbelief. He picks up Hightower as quickly as possible. Blackwood hits the ropes and comes back.

DDK:

GAELIC STOR...NO!

Blackwood goes for the running double knee but Hightower catches him and slams him down hard on the mat.

Sawyers:

NOW DAVID! DO IT NOW!

David gets up, rubs his hand across the face of Blackwood and then wipes the blood across his own chest before letting out a loud roar. The crowd boos. Hightower walks to the corner and lines it up.

Angus:

West Memphis Massacre coming up!

Hightower leaps and goes for the knee drop finisher.

DDK:

HE MOVED! HE MOVED! Blackwood moved! Gage has him... HE ROLLS HIM UP!

Mark Shields slides into position.

ONE....

TWO..

THREE!

The bell rings! The fans explode! Jamie Sawyers lets out an agonizing scream!

DDK:

Blackwood has done it! He wins his first DEFIANCE match on the biggest stage possible! He upsets David Hightower!

Angus:

What a match Keebs! I loved it, that was brutal. Maybe this kid has come cojones after all. He showed me a lot tonight.

Blackwood slips out of the ring right after Shields raises his hands in victory. Sawyers steps in and pretends to go after Gage who's already left the ring.

♪"Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age♪

DDK:

In an interesting turn of events, Gage Blackwood comes out with what is possibly the biggest win of his career. Upsetting David Hightower with the roll up after a hellacious battle that left him bloodied and broken.

Angus:

Guess we will be seeing more of Blackwood around after all!

The scene fades on a shot of Blackwood walking up the ramp with his arms held high, he now has a towel from the referee and is wiping his face off. In the ring Hightower is sitting up and looking at Blackwood with disgust. Sawyers berates Hightower, but it's almost as if Hightower can't hear it.

Fade.

OL' DIRTY BASTARDS

Backstage at DEFCON NIGHT ONE and you can feel the excitement in the area. It's a heavy, almost humid excitement. It's left the FAITHFUL taxed. Concessions are overflowing as fans seek out refreshment during our trip to the back. It's time for an interview - perfect time for those big bodied FAITHFUL to load up on foods of the fried and unhealthy variety. While they get their grub on Lance Warner, ever the pro, is standing by.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and gentlemen we hope you are enjoying the hard hitting action so far! Right now I'm standing with a few talents who don't mess around - they take the fight right to the opposition, almost to a fault. They've created quite the name for themselves recently - walking out of DEFTv 88 with the DEFIANCE Tag Team Titles. That's right, I've got the scoop on the SWERVE! that EVERYONE is waiting for - I'm with the Bastard Sons of Wrestling.

It's then the Bastards make their way into the frame, stepping in on either side of Lancey Boy, with a simple DEF backdrop behind them.

There's Will Haynes, his disinterest spray painted on his face. His accomplice, Coleslaw Jenkins - who's wearing a large gold chain, a tall tee, and a pair of shorts that come to the low ankle, complete with fresh white Js.

J Stevenson and Jonathan Wildside are next, yet another two some. Dressed in their tightly fitted black t-shirts, wearing casual pants.

And finally, Skidd Row. His hair pulled behind his bandana is somehow wet - grease or water. Why don't you decide? Surprisingly enough, it's him who leads this conversation.

Skidd Row:

Alright, lemme give ya the break down, Lance. Normally we come out here and let Johnny Dub over here -

Row thumbs over his shoulder in the direction of Wildside, clad only in the finest of fedoras. Maybe this one was imported from Jamaica.

Skidd Row:

- do all the talkin'. But tonight, and I know some of us disagree, (*Row eyes both Stevenson and Haynes*) but tonight I felt it best that the **FAITHFUL** hear from me.

Skidd jabs himself in the chest with his thumb.

Lance Warner:

Right from the horses mouth. Seems like a good approach.

Skidd Row:

They deserve t' know the whole story.

Lance comes in a bit closer with his microphone, wanting to get every word of this one. The camera frame even tightens just a bit.

Skidd Row:

Ya see when we first got in the door here in DEFIANCE, we knew it wasn't gonna be easy. We're an unlikeable sort, n' lets face it you ain't gonna exactly give us sympathy over the fact that we've burnt every bridge we've ever stepped on. Right?

Warner almost scoffs, but being the pro he is muffles it. Instead he opts for a simple head nod. And we continue.

Skidd Row:

So we did what anyone else would do in our position, did what we get paid to do - we fought. Scrappy style. Tooth and nail. We toiled, we went through strife and we worked ourselves into that Ladder War.

I knew going into that match that if I got so much as a finger on those TAG TEAM TITLES I wasn't lettin' go. N' Lance I'm sure you saw what happened. Everyone saw it!

Lance Warner:

Yeah, the ending of that one was sort of hard to miss, Skidd. Not every day ya get a set of Tag Champions with such a unique story as yourself and Elise.

Skidd Row:

Irregardless, Lance - I fell to the mat. Landed on my back. Huge fall. Elise and me both. But Lance who you think had the entire medical team pouring over her, tending to her every need.

Sure as hell wasn't this guy, lemme tell ya.

They handed ol' Skidd a few Advil and a bottle of water and sent him the fuck on his way. But Elise, damn they made sure that girl didn't want for nothing.

That's when I knew we had to do something.

Ya see HOLDING half a belt didn't mean a thing to us. It didn't elevate us at all. We were still second fiddle to PCP, and we knew unless we did something we'd stay that way.

Lance is hanging onto every word of this story. It's a big scoop for him.

Skidd Row:

So I told my boys to turn their backs on me. Hardest thing we've had to do here in DEFIANCE. Had to sacrifice myself for the greater good!

Lance Warner:

Sacrifice? Skidd looked like you pretty much just partied with PCP. Don't know how that's really sacrificing, my friend.

Skidd Row:

You know how much them idiots talk, Lance? They never shut up. It's always something. Reading IMDB pages, asking about pricing for elephants.

Shit I had to hear Elise go on about what shade of purple to paint her nails - THEN- Klein and the D alternated which nails they painted. I shit you not - it was a *nightmare*.

Lance Warner:

I can only imagine what life with them can be like.

Skidd Row:

No. You really can't. It's that bad.

But back to this story, Lance, stop distracting me!

Anywho, we had to do something.

I fell on my sword and I created this uneasy alliance with Elise. And since that bitch is so far up her own ass she didn't see the swerve coming. Regardless of the D basically calling my shot for me.

Skidd looks back to the group of guys he came to the dance with. They all are smirking. It's clear how little they think of the D. And we're talking about two guys who refer to themselves as the Grusome Twosome.

Skidd Row:

I mean - this is just me talking here - but maybe if ya cut back on the dick jokes you could actually get taken seriously dude.

Either way, Elise is so full of herself that as soon as I shot her some attention had that girl wrapped around my greasy ass finger. Then all we had to do was bait our trap and SLAM BAM THANK YOU M'AM the Bastards walked away with the TAG TEAM TITLES.

Lance Warner:

Yes indeed. However those Tag Titles were handed over almost immediately to Kelly Evans.

All eyes land on Jon. He was the one that told them giving up the titles would be in the team's best interest.

Skidd Row:

You know what - that don't even matter, Lance. Every one of these **FAITHFUL** hated Elise and the D when they first got in here. They wanna cheer them now for what? Beating Mikey Unlikely? This guy - RIGHT HERE -

Skidd Row makes a big show of pointing to the THRILLmaker himself. In typical Haynes fashion he down plays this, although he loves every second.

Skidd Row:

- did that too? So where's our God damned red carper, huh?

Lance, open them peepers, slick. Inequality is everywhere. It ain't just out there in the streets of this country, it's back here too. What's good for the goose, ain't always good for the gander.

Lance looks a bit confused and goes to ask another question but Skidd quickly taks over him.

Skidd Row:

But tomorrow night we get an opportunity of the **GOLDEN** variety. And you can best believe we're gonna make what we did to Elise Ares look like a God damned kindergarten pageant.

Personally I can't wait to rip into that Boxed Bitch, himself. That's right Klein. Talking to you, friend. You're a joke. No one here takes you seriously - even in the SLIGHTEST. After tomorrow I hope it's my face that haunts you at night instead of that guy who's career you ruined.

The guys behind him all react to the burn, laughing - snickering.

Skidd Row:

And D, I know you want your revenge. Come and take it homes. Let The D's balls finally drop. Come out from behind your platonic costar's shadow and do something, for once in your Z rated life.

It's time to wrap this one up.

Skidd Row:

We're looking forward to it fellas. Ain't we boys.

J Stevenson:

You betcha, bud.

Will Haynes:

Countin' down the minutes, b.

Coleslaw Jenkins:

HEAAAAAARD dat.

Joanthan Wildside:

You wanted it D, Klein - well now you got it.

And with that the Bastards are gone just as quick as they came in.

Lance Warner:

Tough talk from a bunch of tough guys. We're tossing it back to you, Keebs, Angus. Hope there's more hard hitting action as DEFCON closes out Night One and rolls into Night Two. Don't go anywhere!

And with that the scene cuts back to Angus and Keebs.

OSCAR BURNS VS. DANNY DIGGS

DDK:

We're rolling now, partner!

Angus:

Just like David Hightower was rolling over Gage Blackwood, until he cheated!

DDK:

That's not how I see it, Angus.

Angus:

You must've stared at the eclipse a bit too long.

DDK:

...Next up, we've got a battle of two rising stars with two completely different in-ring philosophies. Not to mention a unique stipulation for the match itself. The technically-savvy New Zealander "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns takes on the cheating brawler "Master Thief" Danny Diggs!

Angus:

Danny Diggs' in-ring style is pretty much my fault. He's right – I'm the one that's told all of the BRAZEN stars that it's up to them to find their way – turns out that Diggs' "way" is being a complete troll and stealing wins as fast as humanly possible! He has a couple quick wins under his belt including one over Oscar by countout, which let him pick the stipulation for DEFCON! And what'd he choose? One-Sided DQ!

DDK:

That's right up Diggs' alley! We've seen him steal victories with duct tape, low blows, eye rakes, chokes and whatever he can get his hands on! Everything he does in this match is legal!

Angus:

Yep, Keebs, as legal as any of them fancy locks that Burns likes to use. He can straight blast Oscar with a chair, kick him in the nuts, spit in his face, rake his eye and whatever falls in between! We're gonna see if Oscar's white-meat goody-good style is gonna save him.

DDK:

Hey, the rules are definitely in Diggs' favor tonight, but don't forget.. Oscar Burns is a master submissionist and grappler – all it takes is one opening and if Diggs gets caught in one of his holds, that's it. He's done!

Angus:

We'll see. Oscar Burns and especially Danny Diggs wanted this platform, so it's on them not to choke!

The camera goes to the ring with Quimbey about to make introductions.

Darren Quimbey::

The following contest is set for one fall and will be set under "One-Sided DQ" Rules! Traditional rules apply to Oscar Burns for the duration of this contest, but Danny Diggs cannot be counted out or disqualified! The pinfall or submission must take place inside the ring!

With the unique rules out of the way, it was time for intros!

♪ "Do You Really Want To Hurt Me" by Culture Club ♪

The gloriously inappropriate tune plays through the arena. Annoyance and jeers spread among the faithful, and it's only amplified as Danny Diggs glides out from the back. The portly grappler is clad in a pair of tie-dye tights and a black shirt with only the word "Meh." In one hand is a steel chair, and the other, a bottle of wine. He takes a sip before walking down the ramp, still grinning.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Cleveland, Ohio, weighing in at 250 pounds... **"MASTER THIEF" DANNY DIGGS!**

Diggs enjoys the negative response from the crowd and walks down the ramp. Knowing he has a spot on the biggest card of DEFIANCE's calendar year brings a shit-eating grin to his face as he basks in the moment.

Angus:

Diggs straight-up told Oscar Burns that he picked on him only because he wanted to get famous off the expensive of a highly-touted signing. I'd say in the build-up he's already done that, but man this would be pretty sweet for Diggs to shit all over Burns' PPV debut and score a big win.

DDK:

And this is Burns' chance to get revenge on a man that has tormented him since setting foot into DEFIANCE. For those who follow UNCUT, Oscar was VERY heated about how his match with Burns ended on the most recent DEFTv. Sure, the stipulation belongs to Diggs, but Burns seemed confident heading into this match.

Diggs continues to bask in the ring, but already he's up to no good. He runs to one of the corners and starts to strip the turnbuckle padding! After throwing that down, he walks over to the adjacent corner and does the same.

Angus:

It's all legal-eagle, Keebs!

The music fades out and now gives way... but it's a new theme that starts to kick up...

♪ "The Tempest (instrumental)" by Pendulum ♪

The lights of the arena begin to flicker in rapid three-second pulses of yellow and orange as the theme plays and out comes Burns, looking out to the crowd. No smile on his face for the first time ever since joining DEFIANCE tonight and rocking a different shirt.

"Keep Calm and Stay Sweet As."

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Wellington, New Zealand and currently residing in NOLA... weighing in at 243 pounds... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

Angus:

What the hell does Sweet As mean, anyway? Is that a typo?

DDK:

Nope, it's a New Zealand expression akin to cool or awesome.

Angus:

God, listening to you explain that was neither cool nor awesome. You sound like the whitest guy ever, Keebs.

Whatever the words mean, the crowd cheers for Burns as he approaches the ring that Danny has already set up as his personal playground. Diggs takes off the shirt and throws it into the audience before entering the ring...

DING DING DING!

Angus:

Boot by Diggs! He's going for the kill already!

DDK:

He tries to send Burns' face into one of those exposed turnbuckles!

He does try for dear life, trying to slam Burnsie's face into the top turnbuckle, but Burns shuts that shit down by blocking it and then throwing an elbow to the face of Diggs! He pummels him with a swift European Uppercut and then runs off the ropes to try a Flying Uppercut, but Diggs ducks!

Angus:

Swing and a miss! That's what he gets for leaving his feet!

While Oscar recovers, The Master Thief wastes no time as he tries to stand. He grab's Burnsie's head again to put his face in the other exposed buckle.

DDK:

Second verse, same as the first! Oscar needs to have his head on a swivel because Diggs can do just about anything to win and he will!

Before Burns can even get anything going, Diggs claws the eye! He looks at referee Brian Slater and dares the large referee to do something, but knows he can't almost like he's trolling him. The Ultimate Troll takes off his shirt and kicks the leg of Burns so he gets down to one knee and starts choking the life out of him with it!

DDK:

And no five-count or disqualification to save Burns here!

Angus:

He's got him on the ropes!

Burns tries to fight forward and then finally does something by lunging towards the ropes. He dives partially through the middle and upper rope, effectively running Diggs throat-first into the top turnbuckle! Oscar takes a moment to catch his breath while Diggs does the same, holding his neck in pain.

DDK:

If Oscar wants to strike, now's the time!

And that's exactly what he does! After making sure he's okay, he quickly moves over to Diggs and moves him right into a painful Cobra Twist submission, TIGHTLY locked in on Diggs! Oscar takes his time really grinding the hold in and wrapping both arms around the neck of Danny while stretching him out! Diggs tries to fight his way out by sheer force, but escaping submissions doesn't seem to be one of his strong points! He continues to pull back on the hold even tighter now and cranks the neck until there's nowhere for him to go...

DDK:

Is he gonna tap already?

Angus:

This could do it!

Danny tries to shake his way free, but The Technical Spectacle has the hold cranked in even tighter! Diggs then reaches into his tights with his free hand...

Angus:

EVIL FOREIGN BABY POWDER! DUDE! AIN'T SEEN THAT IN A WHILE!

DDK:

Good lord, I think Diggs might have come up with a contingency plan for about every situ... SCHOOL BOY!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Angus:

Gorram, that was close!

Danny tries to steal one again from Oscar Burns, this time using a rather cheeky Backslide!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

And around and around they go!

Oscar is still somewhat disoriented so Diggs slaps on a Headlock and straight PUNCHES him on the dome! The echo from the shot is heard loudly in the building so Danny continues putting pressure on Burns. He cocks back... another HARD Headlock into a punch and the blow sends Burns tumbling into the ropes. Danny goes to the ring apron with him and climbs out so both men are on the apron now. He cranks the head of Burns...

DDK:

NECKBREAKER ON THE RING APRON!

Angus:

Hardest part of the ring, Keebs, so I've heard anyway!

DDK:

Oscar is down now and no doubt Danny has the advantage.

Diggs starts to get up and sits on the floor with Burns now writhing in pain after the Neckbreaker! He literally sits back a few steps from where Burns is and starts to count along with the referee. Knowing he can't be counted out, he's in no particular hurry to get back into the ring. He even leans in closer to Burns.

Danny Diggs:

Better get up, Burnsie!

Burns tries to do just that despite his neck feeling like it was on fire.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

This is a good strategy for Diggs. He doesn't have to sweat being counted out.

Angus:

Of course it is! I've taught this kid!

DDK:

You WOULD be proud of that, wouldn't you?

Burns pushes a fist onto the ground and tries to stand again with some of the audience starting to count along with the

official.

FOUR!

FIVE!

But then Diggs GRABS his legs and tries to pull him away from the ring!

Angus:

Even better stra-tegery, Keebs! He can just keep that goofy Kiwi from getting back in the ring!

SIX!

SEVEN!

Burns tries to fight his way into the ring, but Diggs has his leg.

EIGHT!

He kicks him in the face with his free leg!

NINE!

He almost trips, but scurries into the ring! The crowd claps for Burns as he just barely manages to keep from losing two straight to Diggs via another cheap finish.

DDK:

Burns just BARELY makes it back into the ring! I'd think if I were anybody other than Danny Diggs, you'd want to beat your opponent definitely at DEFIANCE's biggest show of the year.

Angus:

Anybody else, you'd be right. But Diggs is all about making history and he'll take a win ANY way he can get it. The asterisk that would be next to the win doesn't matter to him.

Diggs checks his lip for blood, but when there isn't any he reaches underneath the ring.

DDK:

What's he doing now?

The crowd starts to cheer for the appearance of not one chair, not two chairs, but SEVERAL chairs being lobbed into the ring! One of them comes dangerously close to hitting Oscar, but he just manages to roll out of its way! After about five chairs have made it into the ring, Diggs rolls inside and starts to make a pile out of them.

Angus:

Ruh-roh, we've got some plunder now!

After a pile of the folded chairs has been left in the ring, he goes back over to Burns and tries to finish him off...

DDK:

No! Burns flips him over by the arms!

He has Diggs by the arms while putting weight on his shoulders for a pin. Danny moves legs up, but Oscar traps them with his own, pinning him with a European Clutch!

ONE!

TWO!

Angus:

ALMOST, Keebs! Diggs screwed around too long and the Kiwi almost got him.

DDK:

Diggs has been arguably on a better role than most BRAZEN stars in the last few weeks. His need to be noticed by everybody has helped him, but you're right, it almost cost him there!

Diggs tries to get back up, but Burns is already on his feet. Diggs blasts him with a right, but when he tries a second punch, Burns grabs the arm, drops an elbow on the joint, fires off a European Uppercut and then SNAPS his arm down with a quick Arm-based Dragon Screw!

DDK:

Oscar's about to mount a comeback and the crowd knows it!

The crowd cheers Burns as he holds up his foot and STOMPS down on the limb of Diggs! The arm has become his focus and he brings down three more VICIOUS stomps to the arm of Diggs! Diggs tries to fight his way out and gets up to a seated position, but Oscar cocks an elbow back and BLASTS him in the face with a wicked shot! The crowd grimaces from the hard elbow and Oscar sits down on Danny's chest, putting his weight all across Diggs' shoulders!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Shoulder up... NO! RIGHT INTO A TOP WRISTLOCK!

Angus:

Okay, that was slick!

Burns continues to manipulate the bad arm of Diggs and stands up to deliver a few more stomps to the exposed limb! Frantically, The Master Thief tries to get back to the ropes, but he's too far away. He reaches out the other way and has his hands on a chair from the pile...

CRACK!

Angus:

OUCH! RIGHT ON THE SIDE OF THE FACE!

DDK:

Burns was too close to that pile of chairs and just to save himself, Diggs cracked him in the head! Now what's he doing!

Diggs holds his left arm in pain and uses the chair to pull himself upright again while Burns tries to recover. Diggs then brings up the chair...

CRACK!

DDK:

And another nasty shot to the back! Diggs is fighting with every dirty trick he can and he could take this right now!

Diggs grabs Burns by the body and DROPS him with a big Body Slam right into the pile of chairs! Burns flinches in

pain, but to make matters worse, Diggs jumps up and DRIVES his 250-pound frame right on top of The Technical Spectacle with a Senton!

Angus:

MID-TO-LARGE GUY SENTONNNNN!

DDK:

Diggs with the cover! This might be all!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE- NO!

DDK:

How did Burns kick out of that?!

Angus:

He's a dumb goody-good who won't stay down, I reckon.

Diggs decides to try another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

And then another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE... NO!

DDK:

Three times he tried to pin Burns, but it didn't get the job done!

Angus:

He's one of them "more guts than brains" types where I'm mixed. They don't know when to stay down, but you love seeing them take a shellacking.

Diggs looks on in shock at Brian Slater's count! He thought clearly the end was nigh for Oscar Burns but Twists and Turns kicks out and the match rolls on. The Ohio native slowly starts to rise and shakes out the cobwebs. He knows he has to follow up on Burns because any opening means trouble for him. He pulls both of Oscar's legs and is clearly about to drop an elbow or a fist between the legs...

DDK:

No! Burns flips him over with a Headscissors! That's scary agility!

Oscar uses a surprise second wind to pop off a surprise counter, but he limps up into the corner and remains poised while an angry and flustered Diggs is on the other side. He charges at Burns with a roar ...

DDK:

Burns moves... DIGGS HITS THAT EXPOSED TURNBUCKLE WITH HIS ARM!

Angus:

You dumb kid! Burns just suckered you!

Indeed he does because his arm goes right into the exposed turnbuckle that he opened at the start of the match! Diggs cries out in pain when Burns grab him by the back and **THROWS** him backwards with a huge German Suplex. Rather than hang on for the bridge, he rolls through it and then fastens his arms around Diggs' neck...

DDK:

Snap Dragon Suplex! He's taking Burns to task tonight! All this needling is coming back to bite him!

Angus:

Ouch!

The crowd cheers as Diggs' head bounces off the mat! Burns kicks the pile of chairs away from the middle of the ring and then pulls Diggs up again. This time, he throws him in the center of the ring and slowly makes way to the top turnbuckle – the effects of this brawl still showing – and yells out to the crowd...

Oscar Burns:

SWEET AS!

And off he goes with a Top Rope Knee Drop right to the arm of Diggs! Burns rolls through and takes a moment to collect himself before he quickly turns him over...

DDK:

THE GRAPS OF WRATH III!

Angus:

ELECTRIC BOOGALOO!

Angus can't resist as the second submission finisher of Burns – a modified Scissored Armbar – has Diggs in the middle of the ring with nowhere to go! Burns then pulls his free foot up near Diggs... **STOMPS** rain down on the head of Diggs while trapped!

Angus:

WHOA!

DDK:

Those stomps Burns likes to use! He's raining them down on Diggs **WHILE** he's in the hold!

He throws a few more for good measure! Slater checks for a sign of a tapout, but Diggs is out! The referee calls for the bell!

DING DING DING!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner as a result of referee stoppage... **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

The crowd cheers as Burns immediately relinquishes the hold after the match ends. Burns makes it back to his feet slowly, still wincing in pain after Diggs had a number on him with various tricks and toys. Slater raises arm and Burns lets loose a cheesy smile, then holds his back.

Angus:

GORRAM! He just stomped Diggs' brain matter into mushy bits!

DDK:

Diggs' overzealousness just cost him that match! He dominated parts of this bout, but Burns just showed if you give him any opening, no body part is safe.

The Master Thief is still in the ring lying unconscious while Burns points to the cheering fans, happy with his victory tonight. He rolls out of the ring and even though a few welts are on his back and this brief, but energetic bout took a bit out of him, the feeling of victory is almost enough to make his DEFCON debut more than worth it.

DAWNING THE MASK

The D:

So then, Bruce Willis is a ghost.

Fade in backstage, as the D is talking things over with Klein. Klein wears a new modified box, smaller than usual, snug and tight. The D has on his evening attire, dressed to the nines. Klein tilts his head to the side inquisitively.

The D:

Yeah. I know, right? Now everyone of his movies you expect a twist. It's gotten so bad that the twists have become... THERE ARE NO TWISTS. Anyway. That's why I'm gonna make a movie called the Seventh Sense. About like, a guy who hears ghosts. Twist is? He's just crazy.

With a loud click, the large metal door swings open bringing an aura of seriousness into the otherwise ridiculous exchange. Elise Ares walks into the room slowly, you can tell she'd be hanging her head if she were capable of such a thing, but instead she's fitted into a brand new neck brace. She can't seem to stop rubbing the thing like a dog in a cone as she looks across the room at the rest of the Pop Culture Phenoms.

The D:

You look like that ridiculous chimp that got bit by the gator on the set of the sequel to Lake Placid Vi, Lake Placid Vi II, coming soon to special edition blu ray available only at Walmart stores across the greater New Orleans Metro area... some animals were harmed in the making of this motion picture...

Klein shoots a thumbs up back to The D as Elise tries to shake her head, can't, and then kind of shakes her torso instead.

The D:

You remember, right? It had that silly cone and it wouldn't stop putting its finger in it's...

Elise Ares:

I remember. I feel dumber though.

Klein gets up to walk over to Elise and puts his hand on her shoulder.

Elise Ares:

I don't know what got into me... or even what's gotten into us, lately. Normally I put on Purel seventeen times a day out of the worry of coming into contact with a person who is from a lower social class than we are but with Skidd Row I felt...

The D:

Horny?

There is a short glare, followed by dialogue.

Elise Ares:

No. That's not the word I'm looking for. Starts with an "S" I think. S... s... sa? Su? Sooo... sorry? Is that a thing?

The D:

That can't be right. Klein. Get our dictionary. Look up the word "sorry."

Klein rushes off to the far corner of the room. He looks in his gym bag. He turns back to the D and shrugs his shoulders, the dictionary nowhere to be found.

The D:

Oh well. Guess we'll never know.

Elise Ares:

Regardless, I don't like these "feelings." Now I understand what all those girls in all those movies I'm amazing in felt like when they were going through all the things I pretended I was going through in real life.

The D:

The fact you've never felt those emotions before, but were able to convey them when committed to cellulite... that alone is oscar bait.

Elise Ares:

I know, I'm so great at acting, no one understands. Now I just got back from talking to the medical team and they told me that I'm not going to be able to compete tomorrow. When I found that out, that made me feel... I don't know, another feeling that starts with an "S". I'm just so done with it all right now.

Klein lets out a gasp. Perhaps the first audible thing he's done. The D and Elise look at him.

The D:

I thought your vocal chords were destroyed by hyenas... ANYWAY. Elise, I'm so ... something... that you're gonna miss the biggest show of the year. But, I guess that means we gotta figure out a plan B? Who's gonna tag with me when the PCP get their shot at the Bastards?

Elise and The D think, squinting hard. Then, simultaneously, they turn to Klein, who's currently trying to eat an ice cream through his box. He then walks away like he's trying to sneak out of the room now, but he's very, very late.

The D:

Klein. Buddy. Pal. Friend. Best friend. Best man. The greatest person in the world. (sighing) Please stop walking away from us incredibly slowly.

Elise walks past Klein as he slow-motions towards the door and stands in front of him, pouty faced. Klein stares at Elise's neck brace, tilting his head quizzically, wondering if it offers better protection than his box. He shakes his head no.

Elise Ares:

We need you, Klein. Those dickholes stole my tag team championships, and they toyed with my new found "feelings" and took advantage of me. Now I'm not able to defend myself.

The D:

Yeah, Elise is never gonna feel anything ever again. Do you want them to get away with that?!

Elise Ares:

I may never feel again!

Klein shoots daggers toward the D and then Elise.

The D:

That wasn't a veil reference to the guy you paralyzed at Harmen's training school dude, and you know that. Dude, we need you. We need the power of the box. The Box, and the D. It's a match made in heaven! Dude, you need me inside you.

The D, Klein, and Elise all squint in confusion. The D shakes his head.

The D:

That's not right. But the sentiment stands. Do you stand with us? Or, against us?

Klein tugs at the collar of his box, gulping deeply. He looks over to the corner of the room, where the Cowboy Luchador stands reading an old timey newspaper. Like, literally, it's yellowing from age. He looks up from the newspaper and

flashes a thumbs up to Klein. Klein then stands tall, sturdy shoulders, and nods toward Elise and the D.

The D:

Alright! Perfect! Then we got this in the bag. Just, you do everything. I'll cheer you on. Hands in the middle, on three, PCP...

The D places his hand in the center of the trio. Elise is first to place hers on top. Followed by Klein. And then, oddly by the Cowboy Luchador. Elise and the D glare at his general direction, and the luchador removes his hand, tips his cap, and leaves the locker room.

The D:

That guy's just weird. Anyway...

They shake their hands up and down three times.

Elise Ares & The D:

One. Two. Three. PCP!

The D:

Let's DOOOO THISSSSSSS!

They raise their arms into the air simultaneously and end in a freeze frame. They wait patiently for the music to start playing. Nope. Not yet. Elise, obviously injured, begins to shake before finally she's forced to drop her arm to her side. The men quickly follow with disappointment. Things work out so much easier in Hollywood.

The D:

Oh wait, the match isn't until tomorrow. Wanna go get drunk? Paint the city red?

Elise Ares:

Like you had to even ask. I started before I walked into the room.

She pulls a small, bedazzled flask out of her back pocket and waves it into the air before opening the door.

The D:

Oooh. Can I have some?

Elise Ares:

It's empty.

Elise takes another swig from her flask as the trio depart the locker room.

FINALLY DEFIANT

The scene cuts to the locker room area, where Gage Blackwood is sitting on a chair just finished having his forehead stitched up. The trainer walks back into the picture and she shines a light into Blackwood's right eye and then his left.

Trainer:

You're lucky, Gage. It doesn't seem like you suffered a concussion and the gash in your head, while big, is all sowed up and the bleeding has stopped.

Blackwood:

Aye. Thank you.

Trainer:

You're also lucky you didn't break any bones from that jump.

Blackwood looks down at some of the bruises on his body and then slowly looks back up. It takes him a few moments to speak while the trainer begins to pack up her things.

Blackwood:

Well, I had a lot to prove tonight. It's DEFCON. It was worth the risk.

The trainer laughs slightly and zips up her medical bag.

Trainer:

That's what they all say. But that was a potential career ending move, Gage. You know that, right?

Blackwood nods in agreement.

Blackwood:

I'm aware. I'm aware that you have a job to do... but so do I. My first two months here haven't really worked out the way I expected.

With each sentence that passes, Gage becomes a little more animated in his voice and less monotone.

Blackwood:

I lost my debut match, I'm sure you saw.

Blackwood rubs his head slightly. He feels a large bump on the side of it, knowing that came when he crashed into the television monitor. He continues.

Blackwood:

To follow this, I lost a rematch two weeks later... to the same guy.

Gage looks down in disappointment as he recalls the event.

Blackwood:

He's not even on the DEFIANCE roster. He's BRAZEN. He's supposed to be a development. But the thing is... *I'm* the development. Then I fought David Hightower, if you even call that a fight. I got manhandled. And I didn't... I didn't come to DEFCON, the show of DEFIANCE, to fail once again.

Finished packing up her things, the trainer stands and faces Gage.

Trainer:

Well, given the reception you got out there moments ago... the risks you took... the lengths you went to... I don't think you failed tonight.

Gage takes a moment to collect his thoughts.

Blackwood:

I didn't fail tonight. But it's just one night. I have a lot of work to do. There are a lot of talented wrestlers here and every night I need to prove myself. New guys are getting signed every week. Some stay, some go. But the numbers will always go up. New talent will always come. I know it will be tough and I know I have a lot to work on, but tonight proves I can belong here. I don't yet, but I can eventually. Just as long as I keep this up.

About to leave, the trainer turns back one last time.

Trainer:

You know, you've said more tonight than you did over the past two months.

Blackwood nods, almost smiling embarrassingly in agreement.

Blackwood:

Yes I'm aware. I just don't have confidence talking in front of a crowd.

The trainer smiles and says one final thing before she leaves.

Trainer:

Oh, I didn't mean with words. I meant your actions.

She leaves, as Blackwood sits quietly, rubbing the back of his neck.

He smiles one last time before the scene fades to black.

WRONG TIME

The scene opens to the backstage area, and it appears the camera has gone live before it's supposed to as Mascara De Muerte IV stands next to Christie Zane. She's talking to him about their upcoming interview in just a few moments...

Christie Zane:

...So when I give you the cue, we're ready to go, and I'll do a sign on, and then ask you questions! Sound good?

MDM4 nods enthusiastically.

DDK:

What's this!?

Angus:

Looks like an interview, Keebs. First day on the job?

Christie Zane:

So I'll ask about your tag match from the last DEFtv and then I'll switch to your thoughts on Cayle Murray's chances in the main...

She never gets to finish her sentence. A white blurr comes from the right hand side of the screen and levels MDM4 knocking him to the ground. As the camera zooms out we quickly see it's David Hightower. A very sweaty, and very angry David Hightower.

DDK:

Oh no, David Hightower has attacked Mascara De Muerte IV right in our backstage area!

He lets out a yell, and wastes no time picking MDM4 back up off the ground. Christie Zane scatters out of the shot, and away from the action. Hightower drops a couple of stiff fists to the mask and then pops MDM4 over his shoulder and runs him headfirst into the concrete block wall.

DDK:

This is really uncalled for!

With a thud the luchador bounces off and holds hi head in agony. Hightower isn't finished. Hightower lifts an huge equipment box off the floor and over his head.

Security shows up and tries to get him to put the box down, but to no avail. Hightower crashes the box down across the legs of MDM4.

Angus:

Holy Ouch!

DDK:

MDM4 has a noted history of past knee injuries, including a major one, which is why he wears that knee brace. David Hightower is out here acting like a spoiled child who had his favorite toy taken away...

Angus:

You going to stop him Keebs?

DDK:

....

Security is finally able to pull Hightower off of MDM4 and away from the scene. Jamie Sawyers enters the frame for

just a moment but only to pull David away from the fracas. Security then works to remove the large equipment box from the legs of MDM4 and get him medical attention.

Fade.

SOHER: IMPULSE (C) VS. BRONSON BOX VS. REAPER PRIME VS. SCOTT DOUGLAS

DDK:

It's been a wild night so far, partner, and we're still just heating up!

Angus:

I get the hyperbole, but if we literally have only one match to go and are just heating up, doesn't that sort of shit on the rest of the night so far?

DDK:

Absolutely not, Angus! This has been an extraordinary night of action so far, but that's all been sauce for the goose when compared to the fight to come! It's been over a year since Codename: Reaper first showed up in DEFIANCE with vague threats about exposing the 'false heroes' in DEFIANCE Wrestling, which quickly transitioned to accusations towards Scott --

Angus:

--The Smashing Dumpkin--

DDK:

Douglas about his role in the death of a mutual friend! However, Reaper quickly turned attention to the Southern Heritage champion Impulse, and even managed to take the SoHER from the Marathon Man for several weeks before being outed as a young girl with an old school grudge!

Angus:

Do you understand it? Because I've hosted every episode of UNCUT since DEFIANCE ROAD and I'm still lost.

DDK:

At the same time, as Bronson Box was reaching the climax of his feud with the FIST of DEFIANCE, Cayle Murray --

Angus:

And again, Squidward wasn't the FIST at the time...

DDK:

He won it the same night, Angus.

Angus:

There was something fishy about that match.

DDK:

...

Angus:

...

DDK:

... How long have you been waiting to make that joke?

Angus:

Longer than I'm comfortable admitting.

DDK:

... At the same time, Bronson Box was finally defeated by Cayle Murray, and after making an ill - timed joke, he reacted by punching out Impulse's valet, Calico Rose. Kelly Evans has been all over this situation for weeks and she finally put these wrestlers against each other with the SoHER on the line, so they could get all of their aggression out in one fell

swoop.

Angus:

While this should be a fast paced, exciting match... nothing's gonna be solved here.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

This next contest is a FATAL FOUR WAY MATCH, scheduled for one fall! There are no countouts, no disqualifications, and no time limit... and it is for the DEFIANCE WRESTLING... SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

Huge pop from the fans.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first...

♪"Cannonball" - SIRS♪

The fans rise to their feet, cheering for the imminent arrival of the Champion.

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by...

He looks through his notes.

Darren Quimbey:

...By Calico Rose...

DDK:

That's a surprise.

Angus:

Serious fight, serious intro.

Darren Quimbey:

From Washington Heights, New York, weighing in at one hundred ninety pounds... The DEFIANCE WRESTLING SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION... THIS... IS... IMPULSE!

At that moment, Impulse steps through the curtain with a look of pure determination on his face. He stops at the top of the entryway and looks at the fans and soaks in their cheers.

Behind him, Cally steps through and takes a somewhat exaggerated bow. They join hands and head for the ring, high fiving a few fans near the guardrail.

Angus:

It's so... disconcerting... seeing these two be serious. I mean, Impulse is as serious as Hollywood McFuckass' ineptitude, but Cally is typically as serious... as McFuckass' acting career.

DDK:

You've seen Mikey Unlikely's movies?

Angus:

...No...

Upon entering the ring, Impulse does not showboat or play to the fans - he removes his jacket and hands it to a ring attendant; he removes his 'I Support The Wrestling Revolucion' T-shirt and does the same... and hands the title belt over to referee Hector Navarro.

No frills or extras.

DDK:

He looks ready, Angus!

Angus:

He's gonna have to be, for this one.

DDK:

The Southern Heritage Champion looking more serious than I've ever seen him!

♪ "Smiling and Dyin'" - Green River ♪

Douglas takes the stage to a resounding pop from The Faithful.

DDK:

Speaking of serious ...

Darren Quimbey:

From Seattle, Washington, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds ... "SUB POP" ... SCOTT DOUUUGLAASSSS!

Rather than pause for effect or fanfare, he never breaks stride and heads straight for the ring. Same sleeveless black t-shirt, long cut offs and scuffed boots.

Angus:

... serious pain in the ass.

Douglas pulls himself up to the ring apron and holds for a split second. In that fleeting moment, he looks back over his shoulder at the roaring crowd of the Lakefront arena, just before ducking between the ropes.

DDK:

Fun fact, this is Scott Douglas' first DEFCON! He was a guest at last year's event and joined the company in the days following!

In the ring, Scott approaches the SoHer Champion.

Angus:

There isn't one thing fun about that fact, Keebs. Banging your head against the wall burns one hundred and fifty calories an hour. Now ... THAT is a fun fact.

Impulse, seeing Douglas' approach, meets him in the middle.

DDK:

Debatable, but some may say that is EXACTLY what Scott Douglas has done since arriving here in DEFIANCE.

The pair meet in the middle and with some inaudible words exchanged shake hands accompanied by a understanding nod.

Angus:

You always have to bring it back to this GORRAM --

DDK:

Match? Yeah, part of the job, partner.

♪ "God's Gonna Cut You Down..." ♪

The mood suddenly shifts; the cheers lower because of his actions and his opponents, but there's far too much respect for the WARGOD in this building to ever outright boo him.

Darren Quimbey:

Our third competitor in this match... from Banff, Scotland... weighing in at two hundred twenty four pounds...

Angus:

THE HOSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

Darren Quimbey:

The ORIGINAL DEFIANT... 'THE WARGOD' BRONSONNNNNNNN... BOOOOOOOOOOOOOX!!!

As Box emerges from the backstage, he has a look of contempt on his face for the two athletes currently in the ring, and he approaches them, arms outstretched, walking at his own leisurely pace.

DDK:

He's one of the pillars of this company, Angus... as talented as his opponents are - with Impulse and Scott Douglas' ring tenure so far, both here and elsewhere, and with Reaper's manic energy - I think this man is the odds-on favorite to win this match.

Angus:

That's a bit of a hedged bet, Keebs... Bronson Box is the odds-on favorite to win all of the matches. Even the ones he's not in.

Wise enough to recognize that Impulse and Douglas are friendly with each other, Box enters the ring cautiously but confidently - and he keeps his distance.

♪ "Big Bad Wolf" - In this Moment ♪

As the music plays for a few seconds, Reaper Prime slowly makes her way through the curtains, standing at the top of the ramp her arms are extended out, staring at the ring and the opponents she is about to face.

Shrouded in darkness only illuminated by a red glowing spotlight she stares with dead eyes at the ring and her competitors in it.

Darren Quimbey:

And the final competitor..... hailing from... Parts Unknown! Weighing in at 224 pounds This is.... REAPER PRIMMEEEE!!!

DDK:

Reaper enters the ring -

Angus:

It's about time!

DDK:

Bronson Box seems to think so as well! Fist to the face! Reaper is rocked!

Navarro calls for the bell as Box continues to pound on Reaper! Impulse and Douglas look at each other with a simultaneous shrug before they collectively swarm Box.

DING DING

DDK:

A little bit of teamwork here in the opening minutes. Impulse and Scott Douglas attempting to neutralize Bronson Box.

Angus:

Yeah, let's see how long that lasts.

Impulse and Douglas' attack on Box turns his attention away from Reaper Prime allowing her to slink back into the corner to recover. Box attempts to fire back but is overcome by the numbers and finds himself in the ropes. Hector steps into warn Douglas and Impulse, either of the ropes or the fists. Either way, with a quick glance and even quicker understanding the pair lean into Box and irish whip him across the ring.

Box hits the opposite ropes and returns.

DDK:

Double clothesline as the team work continues!

Angus:

I give it five more minutes, tops.

Impulse scoops Box, and a hard slam puts the WARGOD back to the mat - Reaper with a double axe handle from behind! Scott Douglas with a kick to the midsection and a DDT on Reaper! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Bronson Box breaks it up! Box scoops Douglas, and a modified chokeslam! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Impulse breaks it up!

DDK:

Impulse pulls Box off Scott Douglas, and twists his arm into a hammerlock!

Angus:

Aaaaaany minute now...

DDK:

Reaper on the attack now!

Reaper Prime grabs the recovering Scott Douglas from behind and plants him face first with a front face Russian Leg Sweep.

Angus:

The Russian Leg Sweeps! YAAASSSS!

Meanwhile, Bronson Box has twisted out of Impulse's hammerlock and applied one of his own. Impulse slaps his pinned shoulder as he tries to find the footing that will give him the best option.

DDK:

Box has the Champion in trouble here!

Angus: [excited]

Nevermind that! This Reaper broad is wailing away on Seattle's Bastard Son in the corner!

Reaper Prime kicks and screams at and on Douglas in the corner as Hector attempts to call her off.

Impulse, still held tight in a Hammerlock, drops down forcing the stout Bronson Box to double over. The Marathon Man reaches up, with his free hand, for Box's neck.

DDK:

Snapmare ... no -- Box bares down!

Box lifts Impulse, still in hammerlock and grasping Box's neck, up and drives him down.

DDK:

Atomic Drop!

The impact causes Box to let loose of the hammerlock as Impulse springs from his feet and stagger forward.

Angus:

Tailbone torture!

Impulse catches himself with his right arm flung over the top rope as Box stalks toward him.

DDK:

If Bronson Box has shown us anything, partner ... it's that the torture has just begun!

As Box reaches for Impulse, Reaper Prime is already pulling a punch drunk Douglas from the corner.

Angus:

Lotta good that team work nonsense did them!

Reaper Prime, swinging behind Douglas, drops him face first into the turnbuckle with a drop toe hold. Across the ring Box lights up the champion with furious European Uppercuts.

DDK:

Reaper Prime going for the cover!

ONE ..

Box's attention is instantly stolen away as he charges Reaper Prime with a heavy boot to the back of the head, breaking up the pinfall attempt!

DDK:

Nearly a two count! Bronson Box won't sit idly by and have this match end quite that quickly!

Impulse, stunned but unrelenting, approaches Box, who immediately grabs him and tosses him out of the ring. Reaper is back on her feet screaming at Box. He pays her no mind, punching her in the gut and tossing her to the outside as well.

DDK:

Bronson Box is clearing the ring!

Angus:

You forgot one, Boxer! If your gonna take out the trash always start with the most rancid.

DDK:

Douglas is up! He and Box are the only two still in the ring!

Douglas is back on his feet and turns towards Bronson Box. Box says something incoherent before charging at Douglas and leveling him to the mat with a heavy hitting clothesline!

Angus: [laughing]

Douglas is down!

Reaper Prime and Impulse are both on their feet staring at one another outside of the ring. Impulse moves towards her but she quickly backs away.

DDK:

Impulse makes chase!

Angus:

Reaper Prime is gonna test out that Marathon Man title.

On the other side of the ring she stops abruptly, reaching down and pulling out a chair from under the ring. Impulse notices this and immediately stops the chase, opting to enter in the ring.

DDK:

Scott Douglas finds himself on the wrong end of a hanging vertical suplex!

Angus:

I've never exactly seen eye to eye with Box but if he would just end this twerp here tonight ...

DDK:

Angus? ... Angus?

Angus:

Huh? Oh yeah, sorry. I drifted off to a better place for a moment.

Box doesn't see the returning Impulse and is met with a huge forearm smash against the back of his head as he leans down to pick Douglas back up.

Douglas is on his back, Box is doubled over but now down. Impulse has his sights set on the ACE of DEFIANCE. Reaper Prime slides back into the ring, slapping the chair on the mat to get the champs attention.

Angus:

SoHer come out to play-ay...

Impulse pays no mind to the loud clanging and grabs the stunned Box. This infuriates Prime. She charges at him swinging the chair wildly!

DDK:

The Warriors? Really?

Impulse telegraphs it and ducks out the way leaving Box to take the brunt of the shot. He falls to the mat nearly on top of Douglas.

DDK:

OH! Huge chair shot from Reaper Prime!

Angus:

Don't you disparage the seminal work of Walter Hill, Keeps.

DDK:

Reaper Prime has always been a little mad but this ...

Prime cackles maniacally swinging the chair around wildly. Impulse keeps his distance while looking hole to shoot in.

Angus:

This is awesome.

Douglas is climbing to his feet, using the ropes to support himself. He catches the commotion of Reaper Prime, and screams to her grabbing her attention. She spins around staring at him while Impulse slowly approaches with caution, she goes to swing the chair at Douglas but Impulse grabs it from her mid-swing.

Seizing the opportunity, Douglas rushes the distracted Reaper and tackles her to the ground, laying in some heavy blows to the stomach and face area while Impulse tosses the chair out of the ring.

Angus:

See! Too serious ... we were all having fun and here comes old deadpan Dan.

DDK:

Nothing wrong with fair competition, partner. Impulse back on Bronson Box now.

Impulse moves to a recuperating Bronson Box, picking him up and pulling him to stand face to face, he hooks him in an arm bar and drags him to the corner turnbuckle to separate themselves from the brawling of Douglas and Reaper.

Angus:

Listen to that statement. Fair competition, Bronson Box ... This ends in broken bones and bloodshed, Keeps. Don't kid yourself.

Douglas has Reaper Prime on her feet now and she blocks a grapple attempt from him, using her speed, she bounces off the ropes, slides under the down to the mat and comes at Douglas with a swift kick to the groin area, it immediately doubles him over.

Angus:

She just turned down his bass!

DDK:

Reaper Prime following with a vicious uppercut!

The impact stands Douglas back upright.

Angus:

Get it, Keeps? Turned down his bass? He's got a little more treble now if you know what I mean.

Impulse working over Box in one corner while, Reaper climbs to the second rope facing the crowd she outstretches her arms, screams something inaudible and the Faithful let's out a loud gasp after what she connects.

DDK:

OH my!

Moonsaulting through the air, she catches Douglas' neck mid-flight, and in one fluid motion nails him with a heavy impacting reverse DDT! The crowd on Impulse's side of the ring quickly start screaming for him to look as Prime hooks the leg for the completely knocked out Douglas ...

ONE...

TWO...

THRNOOO!

DDK:

Impulse makes a last second diving save! Breaking the count!

Prime is in utter shock and screams to Navarro, insistent that she had the three count!

Standing ready for her attack, Impulse doesn't see the recovering Box coming towards him, but is immediately impacted with a huge chop to the neck, he spins Impulse around, kicks him in the gut -- hooks him ...

DDK:

SUB POP SUPLEX!! From ... Box?

The champion is flat on his back and Bronson Box sees this as an opportunity to get the victory, he hooks the leg...

ONE...

TWO... KICKOUT!!

DDK:

Reaper Prime this time with the save! She kicks Box in the back of the head, breaking up the pinfall, but after that chair shot - you have to wonder; if Box is still all there?

Angus:

Chair shots or not, that's a common concern.

Reaper:

He HASN'T SUFFERED ENOUGH!!

Box:

You Fookin' Twat!

The exchange of words is followed by Box attempting a hard slap to the face of Prime which she ducks. Douglas is nearly back to his feet with a hand on the ropes and the other on his forehead.

DDK:

Prime back out to the floor. I suppose the concern of sanity would apply to her as well.

Outside, she is grabbing a chair from under the ring, she tosses it inside. Not stopping there she grabs another chair and tosses it in.

The clang of the chairs turn Douglas' wavering attention to her on the floor. She smiles at Douglas while she leans down and starts yanking out something much larger.

DDK:

What is she up to?

Angus:

I don't know but ... this is about to get good!

She produces a ladder, Box looks at her from inside the ring shaking his head while he grabs a chair. Douglas quickly

takes stock - a pair of the criminally insane, foreign objects and a downed champion. He scrambles for a chair as well. With Impulse at his back, Douglas is on high alert and has no clue from which side or which attacker it'll come from.

DDK:

This is not looking good for Scott Douglas.

Angus:

Looks great to me!

Standing the ladder up on the outside of the ring, Prime tilts it over against the ropes and starts shoving it into the ring. Impulse begins to pull himself up and find out the pickle he and Douglas are in.

DDK:

Box is biding his time here, carefully picking his spot.

Reaper Prime hops to her feet calling over Bronson, who looks at her like she is a crazy wench. He doesn't get near her so instead she screams at him.

Reaper Prime:

NOW!!!!

With a flash of action, like something never seen before, Box goes charging at Impulse and Douglas with his chair raised high, Reaper ascends a corner turnbuckle and in another split second is launching herself across the ring with a one legged missile drop kick. The kick connects with a blocking Impulse, while Douglas and Box's chairs clang in mid air!

DDK:

Impulse and Douglas, block! But the champ is down!

Followed by two more clangs, Douglas and Box attempt some chair swings, but each is blocked by the other.

Angus:

What is this a sword fight? Smash someone's skull!

Impulse, meanwhile not getting the full impact of Reaper's move is getting back to his feet from the corner, while Reaper has rolled herself to the outside to recover.

DDK:

OH! Bronson Box is had a enough and just throws that chair at Douglas!

Box turns and picks up the ladder. Spinning around to face the pair he lets out a furious yell as he charges at them with the ladder being used as a shield in front of him. Douglas is quick to react and dives out of the ring, Impulse is not so lucky as Reaper has wormed her way to him and holds his leg in place preventing him from escaping.

DDK:

My god! Box just crushed Impulse with that ladder!

Angus:

You see what that coward Douglas did right? Head for the hills!

The crunch is deafening in the arena as Impulse is caught between a ladder the turnbuckles. The SoHER champion falls to the mat in pain while Box smiles at him writhing in pain. He lifts the ladder over his head, spins it around and brings the top of it crashing down ...

DDK:

No! This is - OH! This is out of hand!

... Impulse's skull.

Reaper Prime is extremely pleased as she is clapping on the outside for the hits to continue and Box is in agreeance. Box cocks the ladder back up but Douglas puts an immediate stop to that. Yanking the ladder from Box's grasp and it drops in the center of the ring.

Bronson spins around seething at Scott Douglas, yelling at him and pointing a finger back to Impulse. Douglas ignores the argument and moves forward.

DDK:

Box and Douglas lock up!

Box pushes Douglas to the opposite corner of the knocked out Impulse.

Angus:

Look out for this one. Sneaky, sneaky.

Reaper Prime slides into the ring and while unhindered sees a perfect opportunity to set the ladder up in the middle of the ring. Douglas has turned the tide of the grapple fest in the corner and now has Box pinned down with knees and forearms to the midsection and face.

Within a few seconds the ladder is open and standing near the unoccupied corner of the ring, with a devilish grin on her face she stalks her prey,

DDK:

Reaper Prime clearly has some terrible intentions with that ladder ... and she seems pretty focused on the champion!

Box and Douglas have spilled their fight to the outside. Box with the upper hand is in a blood rage slamming Douglas around.

Impulse groggily pulls himself up but is quickly met with a flying dropkick to the groin area. Defeated he slumps back into the corner and that hit draws the ire of Calico, who is slapping the mat for Impulse to get up.

Reaper Prime: [to Calico]

I'm going to destroy him in front of you! Remember that!!

Picking him up she hooks him and executes a HARD IMPACT DDT.

Reaper Prime:

THAT WAS FOR JASON!

A small chant of who the fuck is Jason starts while on the outside Bronson Box is educating Seattle's Favorite Son about the dimensions of the ring post, followed by a crushing thud into the steel steps on the outside of the ring.

The chant is quickly drowned out by a loud chorus of boos and intermixed with yelling to get up as Reaper Prime ascends the ladder, quickly moving up to the top to capitalize on Impulse who is flat on his back near the center of the ring. She gets to the top scans the crowd, outstretches her arms...

DDK:

This won't be good!

She jumps.

DDK:

SOMERSAULT LEG DROP FROM THE TOP OF THE LADDER!!!

Angus:

Holy shit! I guess if you're gonna flippy do, don't fuck around!

The impact hits Impulse directly in the neck and face.

DDK:

I think Prime felt as much of that impact as Impulse!

Prime writhes in pain, holding her leg and buttocks area. Box watched the highlight reel move happen on the outside, but paid only enough attention to see if a pin fall attempt was to be had.

When it didn't he turned his focus back to Douglas who was ready for him. Turning the tide on an overshot grapple attempt, Douglas moved out of his way pushing the Monster away from him. Box turned around quickly. Douglas wasn't as quick.

DDK:

Box lays out Scott Douglas with a brutal uppercut!

In the ring, Reaper crawls her way finally to make a pinfall attempt... just a single arm over the chest of the champion...

ONE...

TWO...

THREENO!

DDK:

Impulse kicks! Impulse kicks!

At the last conceivable second Impulse kicks out of the pin attempt. The Faithful can't believe it, Reaper can't believe it.

DDK:

Impulse is still stunned! Scott Douglas is stunned!

Angus:

I'm not stunned, this is what they get when they think they can be friends for an entire free for all!

The fans are on their feet, cheering in time with Cally's palm slapping the mat! Reaper whips Impulse into the corner while Bronson Box lifts Scott Douglas and sets him up! Navarro looks back and forth between the two sets of warring athletes, evidently trying to decide where his priority is.

DDK:

REAPER WITH THE CROWN OF THORNS! BRONSON BOX WITH THE BOMBASTO BOMB!

Angus:

AND IT DOESN'T WORK!

It happens so quickly that we need a replay just to sort it out. As Reaper Prime comes off the corner to hook Impulse in the Crown of Thorns, he manages to catch her, use her momentum to spin around, and flip her into the opposite corner... where Bronson Box is a split second away from dropping Scott Douglas across the opposite corner. Box, unprepared for the assault, is shoved forward, sliding Douglas into a sitting position on the top turnbuckle!

DDK:

Reaper hits the mat hard, and Impulse is on his knees, I don't think he can follow up!

Angus:

Too bad for him, this is where the alliance crumbles! Snotty Dee's the only one who looks ready for action!

Scott Douglas takes a half second to take stock of the situation, then he reaches down! He pulls Bronson Box up with sheer force of will, and falls forward with a superbomb to a standing pop! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THREEKICKOUT!

Angus:

You can't stop the WARGOD with a GORRAM powerbomb!

Impulse and Douglas look at each other and nod, as Douglas scoops Bronson Box and sends him into the ropes... Impulse with a drop toe hold on the rebound - Reaper Prime with a forearm to Douglas' face! Reaper glares at Impulse, but she returns her attention to the downed Scott Douglas!

DDK:

Reaper with a scoop, and a whip into the ropes... Douglas reverses!

Angus:

And Impulse grabs Box by the wrist, this is gonna be another mexican standoff!

The fans buzz with excitement as Impulse clamps down on the Wargod with his double wristlock, 'The Message,' and Scott Douglas fires a kick at Reaper Prime's face!

And the excitement turns to tension as Reaper drops to her knees on the rebound and fires a fist square into Douglas' crotch!

The change in energy catches everyone's attention, including Impulse. As Reaper grabs Douglas by the hair and back of the waist and sends him face first into the ladder, Impulse's grip changes.

The change in grip is just enough for Bronson Box to force his way up and crossface Impulse with his free hand! The hold breaks, but Box holds his previously trapped arm in pain.

DDK:

Did you hear that crack?

Angus:

Any experienced wrestler would know how dangerous that double wristlock is, even if it's not applied right. Box might've just bruised a bone - or worse.

As expected, Bronson Box - outside of the initial grunt of pain - completely ignores any damage that may have been inflicted. He hooks the stunned Impulse around the neck and lifts him up and over, dropping him on his neck and shoulders and back of the head right on that downed chair!

DDK:

Reaper is... just watching?

Angus:

She's so creepy.

DDK:

This doesn't make any sense, Angus. Bronson Box is focused on Impulse, and Scott Douglas is barely hanging onto the middle ropes! Reaper could win this!

Angus:

I'm so confused...

While Reaper stalks behind both Impulse and Bronson Box - the latter pulls the Champion to the middle of the ring and turns him over!

DDK:

THE BOSTON MASSACRE! Impulse is locked in! This is it, fans - we're going to see a new Southern Heritage Champion! This is the hold that's given Bronson Box multiple wins over the current FIST of DEFIANCE, Cayle Murray - and I don't see a way out!

Angus:

WHY IS REAPER NOT ATTACKING?!?

In the ring, even as Hector Navarro is on one side, asking Impulse if he wants to give it up, Reaper crouches down on the other, smiling into his face.

Reaper Prime:

THIS IS HOW IT ENDS, IMPULSE... YOU FALL, LIKE THE FALSE HERO YOU ARE!

Bronson Box:

Get the FOOK outta my face, ya twat!

DDK:

Impulse is turning bright red! It's gotta be murder on his neck, back, and shoulders!

Reaper Prime:

Your time is up!

The fans have begun to chant for Impulse in line with Cally's hand slapping on the mat. She paces outside the ring anxiously, hoping for some sort of change in fortune.

Reaper Prime:

GIVE UP!

Bronson Box:

Seriously, love... FOOK OFF!

DDK:

Bronson Box is quickly losing his temper!

Angus:

He's in a perpetual state of pissed off, Keebs... this could be where it all falls apart.

DDK:

All he has to do is hold on! Reaper appears more interested in screaming in Impulse's face than she does breaking up the hold, so Box has nothing between him and the Championship!

Navarro lifts Impulse's arm, but it stays up - he's still conscious. Box pulls back even harder and Impulse grits his teeth

as his eyes close - however, his arm is still up!

Reaper Prime:

FOLD, YOU PHONY!

DDK:

Is Impulse... smirking?

The fans light up in excitement as Reaper gets inches from Impulse's face.

Bronson Box:

For the last time, FOOK OFF!

Angus:

NO!

DDK:

SCOTT DOUGLAS FROM BEHIND!

Angus:

Sub Plop can't do this!!

Impulse's smirk finally makes sense: Scott Douglas has crawled back into the ring and pulled himself up behind Reaper. Douglas keeps himself out of Bronson Box's line of sight as he stalks towards her, spins her around...

DDK:

SUB POP SUPLEX!

This draws Hector Navarro's attention away from Box and Impulse, and the WARGOD starts to get up - but he hesitates - and Impulse slides out of his grip!

Angus:

Eeeeew...

A closer look on replay show Impulse 'popping' his shoulder and sliding between Box's grip! He hooks Box by the foot and holds him in an anklelock as Navarro slides down next to Reaper and Douglas!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Angus:

IT'S NOT FAIR!

The moment the bell rings, Impulse loses his grip on Box's foot and he backs off, popping his shoulder back into the socket. Box stops short of Douglas and Reaper, as Navarro raises Scott Douglas' hand in victory.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... **AND NEW SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION...**

Angus:

The Slackion! Are we gonna see the title belt reupholstered in flannel?

Darren Quimbey:

'SUB POP' SCOTT DOUGLAS!!!

Cally retrieves the title belt from the timekeeper's table and hands it through the ropes to the new Champion; he takes it and looks at it, almost unbelievably - before he holds it up high. Box kicks the bottom rope in frustration as he leaves the ring angrily, shouting and cursing all the way.

Reaper finally regains her senses and looks around, almost in disbelief. Her gaze moves from Scott Douglas, the new Champion with his belt, and around to Impulse, the former Champion on the outside of the ring.

Impulse looks at her, points at his eyes, then points at her. Reaper's face twists from confusion and disappointment into full blown rage.

DDK:

What a way to cap off DEFCON night one! We've got a new Southern Heritage Champion, and it's Scott Douglas!

Angus:

A dark day for DEFIANCE, indeed! What's next, Nu-Metal Numbnuts?

DDK:

Will lightning strike again? Tomorrow night, Cayle Murray will defend his FIST against both Kendrix and Mushigihara! And we're out of time!

We fade back, with two images lingering. Impulse and Reaper, staring at each other; Reaper with anger and Impulse with satisfaction.

More significantly, Scott Douglas has jumped into the crowd with the belt to celebrate with his people.

Even more significantly...

THIS IS DEFIANCE