

DEFIANCE Wrestling: DEFCON NIGHT 2

Lakefront Arena, New Orleans, Louisiana
27 Jul 2016

THE RUNDOWN



BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM!

"Mainstream" by The Senton Bombs starts up after several massive pillars of flame shoot up from the stage and down the ramp. As the Lakefront Arena's big crane cam swoops down over the crowd and pulls up as it masses the rampway focusing in on the commentation station and DEFIANCE's intrepid announce team of "Downtown" Darren Keebler and the one and only Angus Skaaland.

DDK:

Ladies and Geennntttllleemmmmmeeeenntnnnnn! Welcome back to the sold-out Lakefront Arena here in New Orleans, Louisiana, where we are **LIVE** for the *OFFICIAL* conclusion to the DEFIANCE calender year: DEFCON, night two!

Angus:

What a brutal shitstorm we have ahead of us, Keebs!

DDK:

From the Sports Entertainment Guild's all-round domination...

Angus:

IIICCHHH!

DDK:

... to a barnstorming Bronson Box vs. Eugene Dewey main event, night one lived-up to DEFCON's billing as part one of the biggest pro-wrestling show of the year! Tonight, we attempt to go one better.

Angus:

Tonight, Keebs, Eric Dane *finally* drives a stake through Cayle Murray's heart! Little Icarus has been flying too close to the sun for over a year, it's time he finally dropped into the goddamn ocean!

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DDK:

For Cayle, this is a chance to prove that he belongs at the top of the table, but he faces the sternest test of his life tonight! Eric Dane is one of the greatest wrestlers this sport has ever seen, and this is *HIS* house...

Angus:

Speaking of the greats... how about dat main event?!

DDK:

More than a decade of history comes together as Lindsay Troy and Dan Ryan finally clash inside a DEFIANCE ring! From EPW to NFW, these two have been allies for *years*, but things starting falling apart when Ryan Humility Bombed Troy at ASCENSION, and things have snowballed ever since!

Angus:

If any wrestling show is gonna satiate my bloodlust, this is it... and we haven't even spoken about Andy Murray vs. Bobby Dean or Sam Horry vs. Mushigihara yet!

DDK:

Tell me about it, Angus! Two very different match-ups with very different histories, but all four are out to make an impact tonight! In the meanwhile, we're about ready to get things started...

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IMPULSE VS. CURTIS PENN

♪"Revolution" by Sirsy♪

Angus:

Oh, I've been waiting for this one!

DDK:

Have you? You've spent most of the past few months insulting Impulse every time he's been out of earshot, with the sole exception of the times he's gotten one over on Curtis Penn.

Angus:

Exactly! Now I can finally decide whether or not he's worth my time, for the rest of time.

Impulse walks out to a huge cheer from the crowd; after an arena absence of over a month from Calico Rose, she also garners a "Blow it up!" chant. For that matter, she turns towards Angus and Keebler, and pounds her fists together. The camera cuts to Angus and Keebs, where Angus bristles at the chant, but holds up the drawing that he has managed to keep, and puts his fist against it.

He earns a huge pop from the fans at the action, and Cally puts her own hands in the air in victory. Impulse smiles, and takes her by the hand, until --

DDK:

Look out!

From behind, Curtis Penn emerges, and cracks a chair across the back of Impulse's head, which sends the Marathon Man head - over - heels down the ramp, and he loses grip on Cally's hand! She is half - pushed, half - tripped off the ramp, and catches herself on the guardrail, no doubt helped by the fans.

Angus:

Still shameful, he should've seen this coming.

DDK:

Penn pulls Impulse's leather jacket from his frame, and throws it into the crowd! I hear that's a memento from one of Impulse's old trainers, and Curtis Penn will pay for that!

Angus:

He's really paying right now, Keebs; he's busting his wrists by swinging that chair.

Calico Rose starts to pull herself back up onto the ramp, but Curtis Penn approaches her! She stops her attempt, clearly prepared instead to defend against whatever Penn does, but --

DDK:

He's got her drawing!

Angus:

He's what?

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The drawing that Cally had made of Angus Skaaland - the one she's been fist bumping since Angus told her that he was medically unable to do so directly - is now in Curtis Penn's hands, and he tears it to tiny shreds of paper, crumples them up, and throws them at her!

DDK:

Impulse is up, and he hooks Penn from behind! Thumb to the eye by Penn, and it's all legal since this match hasn't even started yet!

Angus:

Dude. That's fucked up.

Over the course of the next eleven seconds, Cally tries to pick up all of the pieces of her Angus drawing, sees Curtis Penn drag Impulse to the ringside area and bounce his head off the corner of the ring apron, and she leaves her papers behind to follow.

DDK:

Referee Brian Slater is red in the face from shouting at Penn to move the match into the ring, but Curtis Penn slams Impulse's head into the ring steps, oblivious to the warnings! Strictly speaking, until the bell rings this is all legal, so there's nothing the official can do!

Angus:

That's beyond a wrestling match or personal feelings. There's being passionate, and there's being a dick just to be a dick.

Curtis Penn pulls Impulse back to his feet, but he stops and turns around at the sound of Cally shouting at him. He drops the prone Impulse and takes a step towards Cally, who backs up, and trips on the ring apron, landing on her ass, a few feet from Penn's grasp!

Somewhere, a chairscot can be heard.

Angus:

Don't even think about it, Curtis - I'll come down there and beat the shit outta you myself!

Before Curtis can make a decision, one way or another, about Cally, Impulse rises, drives a forearm between Penn's shoulder blades, and sends his opponent into the ring! He falls to his knees after the shove, however, and holds onto the apron to keep him as upright as he can. Penn rolls to the opposite side of the ring, overly cautious against a continued attack that never comes.

DDK:

Impulse slides under the bottom rope as well, and there's the bell! This match is finally official!

Angus:

Chin up, buckaroo - Penn's gonna get his now!

Impulse pushes to his feet and steps towards Penn, but the previous barrage had clearly taken its toll, as his second step is unstable and he steadies himself on the top rope. That hesitation is all that Curtis Penn needs, as he brings a double axehandle up from down under and catches Impulse square on the chin! His bell sufficiently rung, Impulse falls to the mat, and Penn covers! ONE... TWO...

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Kickout!

DDK:

Curtis Penn with a kick to the ribs! Another! Did he really think he'd get the pinfall so quickly?

Angus:

At least I pay attention: they don't call Impulse 'The Marathon Man' for nothing.

Penn drops a heel on Impulse's chest, and covers again, for a ONE... TWO... KICKOUT! Open handed slap to his opponent, which brings a chorus of boos from the crowd, and they get even louder when Curtis Penn flips off the fans on the hard camera side - you get the sense that he's flipping off the home viewers as well.

DDK:

Not exactly the way to make friends, is it?

Angus:

He's not trying, Keeps - he knows nobody would ever like him.

While Penn makes friends, Impulse rolls over, and pushes back to get himself up on his feet. He moves a little too slowly, however, as Penn meets him by the ropes and drives the point of his elbow between Impulse's shoulder blades. He picks Impulse back up to a vertical base and sends him into the ropes with an Irish whip... Clothesline!

DDK:

Impulse ducks the clothesline! He's off the other side... FLYING FOREARM! He smacked Curtis Penn right across the eyes!

Angus:

So that's six hundred and fifteen blows landed... against three? He needs to do better to stop being such a shameful Impulse!

DDK:

Both men hit the mat, and we can see there on the replay, with the placement of that forearm, Impulse also cracked his forearm against Curtis Penn's nose! That's enough to shock and disorient you, and it's giving Impulse precious seconds to recover his wits!

Indeed, both men are on opposite sides of the ring. Curtis Penn holds a hand to his eyes, repeatedly pulling away and covering again - we can see that they're tearing up after the shock to his system, and Impulse is on the mat, his palms pressed into his own eye sockets. Referee Brian Slater is not counting, since Curtis Penn is on his knees.

Impulse kips up, but he falls backwards into the corner! Curtis Penn, at the same time, rises to his feet, and sprints towards the prone Impulse! EUROPEAN UPPERCUT BY IMPULSE ROCKS CURTIS PENN! Both men are rocked, however, as Impulse is unable to follow up, and Curtis Penn takes the opportunity to hit Impulse with a low blow!

DDK:

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Just like that, whatever momentum Impulse was gathering stops in its path!

Angus:

You know, I hate Curtis Penn.

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

Really.

DDK:

Because I really couldn't tell.

Angus:

...

DDK:

...

Angus:

Don't get cute.

DDK:

You were saying?

Angus:

I hate Curtis Penn... BUT... he's at least showing he'll do whatever it takes to win, and if Impulse doesn't take this lesson to heart, he's going to leave his first DEFIANCE Pay Per View really disappointing.

DDK:

Don't you mean 'disappointed'?

Angus:

Naah, if he disappoints me I don't really care whether or not he disappoints himself.

Curtis Penn drags Impulse to his feet, obviously still in pain, and drops him with an exploder suplex! Cover, ONE... TWO... THKICKOUT! Penn looks at the referee in disbelief, but he does not argue the count this time. All the while, Calico Rose pounds the mat with her left hand, trying to get Impulse moving.

Angus:

And as long as he doesn't disappoint her.

Cally's eyes meet Penn's, and he mockingly hits the top rope in front of her. She steps back, and shakes her head and wags her finger at him to a cheer from the fans. ROLL UP BY IMPULSE! ONE! TWO! KICKOUT BY CURTIS PENN!

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DDK:

Desperation move by Impulse, and you can see that he's still not in this match, Curtis Penn recovers first, and he lays a series of right hands into Impulse's face! Impulse trying to defend himself, but it's all he can do to block half of Penn's blows! Chokehold!

Referee Brian Slater counts, and Curtis Penn releases the choke a millisecond before the five count. Another choke, another five count! Curtis Penn climbs to his feet and points at Impulse!

Curtis Penn:

What a fucking joke!

DDK:

Curtis Penn, making friends.

Pen grabs Impulse by the head and pulls him up to a nearly - vertical base.

Curtis Penn:

You still all about sportsmanship, you pathetic son of a bitch?

Backhand to Impulse!

DDK:

This is beyond a match, Angus - this is just wrong.

Angus:

I said that ten minutes ago, but you were all about two idiots beating on each other.

DDK:

Another fist to Impulse's face - Impulse ducks, and he hooks Curtis Penn with a uranage! Cover! ONE... TWO... THKICKOUT! Impulse isn't out of this yet!

Angus:

He might want to rethink that, because he keeps breaking up Fuckhead's momentum, sure - but he hasn't been able to maintain any kind of momentum tonight.

Curtis Penn quickly scrambles back to his feet, and he pulls Impulse to the same. He isn't gentle, either - he pulls and walks backwards, causing Impulse to stumble forward. Penn hooks him by the head and turns him around, lifts him up and crotches him on the top turnbuckle!

DDK:

Penn sets him up, will we see a superplex, Angus?

Angus:

That, or a Boston Cream Pie. Seriously, Keeps... pay attention.

Right hand by Curtis Penn, and he climbs to the top, hooking Impulse as he goes - Forearm by Impulse! Another! Right hand by Penn! Forearm by Impulse! Impulse shoves him backwards, and Curtis Penn lands on his head and shoulders on the mat! The fans cheer as loud as they can as Impulse takes a deep breath, steps to the top turnbuckle...

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DDK:

SHOOTING STAR PRESS! IMPULSE FLATTENS CURTIS PENN AGAINST THE MAT!

Dazed as he is, Impulse has the presence of mind to hook the leg, for the ONE... TWO... Kickout by Curtis Penn! Penn recovers quickly, and he grabs Impulse by the foot and drops him, knee first, on the mat! He follows it up with a series of kicks to the knee, and Impulse rolls to the ropes for some leverage!

DDK:

Smart strategy by Curtis Penn, Angus! He's trying now, to take out the Marathon Man's legs.

Angus:

As badly as Impulse is doing today, what with always fighting from underneath, Curtis Penn is doing infinitely worse. He's had control this entire match but hasn't been able to put him away. Dare I say it, that's a shameful Curtis.

It's almost as if he's responding to Angus directly; Curtis Penn pulls a shaky Impulse back to his feet yet again, and starts to yell in his face..

Curtis Penn:

STAY.

Right hand by Penn!

Curtis Penn:

THE.

Another!

Curtis Penn:

FUCK.

A third right hand, and Impulse rope - a - dopes against the top rope and tries to shake it off.

Curtis Penn:

DOWN!

He fires a fourth right hand, but...

DDK:

IMPULSE CATCHES CURTIS PENN'S FIST! DOUBLE WRISTLOCK! DOUBLE WRISTLOCK! He's forced Curtis Penn to the mat!

Angus:

Not sure if he forced Curtis down, or if he himself lost his footing, and the leverage just pulled Curtis down with him! Doesn't matter, though, it all means the same! Give up, you miserable piece of flippydo!

Impulse has worked his way behind Curtis Penn, and he has the leverage on his arm such that Penn

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is carrying most of his weight. Penn flails about desperately, trying to find an escape, trying to find the ropes, but to no avail.

Finally, reluctantly, and to the unmitigated glee of everyone else in the arena, Curtis Penn taps the mat.

DDK:

HE DID IT! Impulse wins!

Impulse releases the hold at the sound of the bell, and falls to the side, immediately supported by Calico Rose! Fortunately, Curtis Penn rolls out of the ring, holding his arm gingerly. He glares at Impulse, but walks back up the ramp without further incident.

Inside the ring, Impulse feels the back of his head - the initial point of impact for Curtis Penn's chair, and his hand comes back red. Cally helps him out of the ring; once on the floor, she holds his hand up in victory to a round of cheers from the crowd.

DDK:

This was a rough spot, Angus. Curtis Penn grabs an illegal advantage right at the start, and Impulse was on the defensive the entire way through. Still, the only thing that matters is the final three seconds, and they were filled with Curtis Penn tapping!

Angus:

I'll give him the credit for turning it around, sure - and getting the win. But you spend all this time back and forth with the world's biggest jackass, and you have the nerve to be surprised by a sneak attack? He should've seen it coming.

DDK:

You may have a point, Angus - where are you going?

As Impulse and Cally walk up the ramp, Cally stops to pick up the scraps of paper that are still strewn about. She's surprised, however, when Angus meets them at the top.

Of course, the chant begins.

Angus nods at Impulse; the universal sign of 'Nice job,' and he looks at Cally.

And he holds up his fist, to a round of cheers.

Cally stares at his fist, for about half a second, then lunges forward and hugs Angus, to a huge pop.

DDK:

Well, DEFCON Night Two is certainly off with a bang! Coming up next, Sam Horry and Mushigihara finally settle the score! We'll be right back with you!

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"SQUIDBOY"

Backstage.

The Murray Brothers' locker-room.

Casually dressed in a black tee, some basketball shorts and a pair of beaten-up Stan Smiths, Cayle Murray's sitting on a bench, earphones in. He's busy thumbing through a myriad of musical choices on his phone as his older brother approaches.

Andy Murray:

Oi, lad.

Andy's presence catches Cayle's attention even if his words don't. The King taps his ear, prompting Cayle to pull his earphones out and send a tinny blast of faceless punk rock spewing across the room.

Andy Murray:

It's about time you thought about warming-up.

A couple of finger taps killed Cayle's music, and he sat the device down beside him. He smiled.

Cayle Murray:

Sure thing, Dad.

But his joviality isn't reciprocated.

Not this time.

Not tonight.

Andy Murray:

I'm not joking.

Cayle's expression turns quizzical.

Cayle Murray:

O... kay?

Decked-out in his black and gold wrestling tights, The King is already dressed for battle. A black DEFIANCE tee covers his torso, but other than that, Andy Murray is good to go.

Andy Murray:

You understand tonight's importance, right?

Cayle Murray:

Of course I do.

He frowns, as if Andy should've known.

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Cayle Murray:

Humour is how I hide the nerves.

Andy Murray:

I don't want you to hide the nerves. I want you to *eradicate* the nerves. I want you to forget that you were ever nervous in the first place, because he'll *kill* you if you don't.

Cayle Murray:

Andy, relax.

Having stood-up from his perch, Cayle raises his hands.

Cayle Murray:

I understand exactly what I'm get--

Andy Murray:

No you DON'T.

Cayle freezes, taken aback by his brother's snap.

Andy Murray:

You think you do, but you *DON'T*. Sure, Eric Dane's pushed you around. He's stabbed you, put you in the hospital, and left you to bleed-out. He's screwed with your matches and tried to ruin your career, but if you think that everything that's happened over the past year is anything more than the tip of the iceberg, you're *done* tonight, Cayle. *FINISHED*.

Humbled, Cayle lets Andy continue.

Andy Murray:

You're about to face one of the most brutal competitors this sport's ever seen, in his environment, under his roof, with *no rules*. You need to understand how dangerous this is, Cayle. You need to realise what could happen tonight. If you think he's been bad to you so far, get ready, because tonight's going to be a whole lot worse.

Andy pauses.

Andy Murray:

This isn't about pinning your shoulders and putting you in your place. To him, this is Cayle Murray on a platter. He wants to finish you, brother. We're not talking about winning a wrestling match: we're talking about Eric Dane taking your career away. That's what's at stake. Not pride, not ego. *Your career*.

The elder Murray emphasises his point by planting a finger in Cayle's chest.

Andy Murray:

He is rage. Violence. Barbarity. He is without mercy. You must rise through all of that, and you must fight without limits, because he doesn't have any. Eric Dane is a sociopath, a *BEAST*, and he has never been stronger...

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He presses his finger just a little harder.

Andy Murray:

... but you? You are *BETTER*. I *KNOW* you are, and so must you if you're to survive his hell tonight.

Andy pulls the digit away.

Andy Murray:

Get your shit together and stop being such a goddamn mope. This is it, lad! You can't be awestruck little Cayle any more. There's no more preparation! *THIS* is the night everything changes, and I need you to realise that.

The younger Murray doesn't say a word throughout. Instead, he stands perfectly still, locked into every word.

Andy Murray:

You are the one carrying this family's name forward, not me. I've sat at the top of the table and loved every minute, but you are the future, Cayle, and I am the past. This isn't just a changing of the guard, though: this is me *TELLING YOU* that you're about to become the biggest star in this whole industry, and when it happens, *NOBODY* will be happier than me...

Careful to avoid his tender ribs, Andy puts a finger in his own chest.

Andy Murray:

But you need to stop doubting yourself. I saw the look on your face when Lindsay tried explaining this to you the other week, and it *worried* me, Cayle. You're one of the best wrestlers I've ever seen, but you keep making the same stupid mistakes, and if you do that tonight, you'll go down in history as nothing more than a footnote in Eric Dane's legacy of blood.

The King's gaze hasn't left his brother's eyes since he started talking. Now visibly more worked-up than when he started, Andy continues.

Andy Murray:

Think about everything you've been through. Think about every mistake, every missed opportunity. Think about every drink you've taken and pill you've swallowed. Think about *rehab*. Think about the night your heart *literally* stopped. Think about every time you let our parents down. Think about every time you let ME down. Think about the mess your life had become, and contrast it with where you are - and *WHO* you are - today. You've come too far to screw this up, and I won't let you.

Andy takes a step forward.

Andy Murray:

You are *not* "Squidboy." You are *NOT* "Andy Murray's little brother." You are the best wrestler in this goddamn company, a better man than I will ever be, and I am *DAMN* proud to call you "family."

Finally, he cools off. A lengthy break follows his final few words, and he takes a few long, deep breaths. Cayle looks away momentarily.

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Andy Murray:

I want you to do me a favour.

He looks back up.

Cayle Murray:

Yes?

Andy Murray:

I want you to go out there and show them who the hell you are. Tonight, Cayle, you'll show everyone who's ever doubted you that not a word of what I've just said was out-of-place. No more self-doubt, no more timidness. Treat that son of a bitch like he is a *guest* in *YOUR* ring and trust me, brother, Eric Dane will rue the day he ever crossed you.

A silence falls between the Murray brothers. It hangs in the air for a few seconds. Cayle ruminates on everything his brother has just said to him, and nods slowly. Andy doesn't need the verbal confirmation - he can tell from the look in his brother's eyes that he understands - but he gets one anyway.

Cayle Murray:

I *promise* he will.

Cut.

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SAM HORRY VS. MUSHIGIHARA

DDK:

DEFIANT Faithful, our next bout has been in the making for... some three years, now. It all started in 2013 when the Philosopher Kings and the team of Hookers N' Blow feuded throughout Japan over the DEFIANCE World Trios Tag Team Championships, and it comes to a head tonight as Sam Horry and Mushigihara will lock up at DEFCON and put this long-burning feud to an end. The members that made up those teams have gone in different directions since then; Ryan Matthews, Troy Matthews, and Ty Walker are no longer with DEFIANCE, and Eddie Dante has since retired from active competition and settled into the role of Mushigihara's handler. Now, it's down to the Ronin and the God-Beast to determine the ultimate victor.

Angus:

It's gonna be an all-out war, Keebs, one that I think that Mushi's gonna win handily. Three years is a lot of time for anger to build up in a man, and Mushi isn't just any man; he's a force of nature given flesh, and Sam Horry may claim to be DEFIANCE's strongest fighter, but fighting strong isn't gonna cut it against the God-Beast, you know?

DDK:

Well, these two men last met at DEFIANCE Road in April, but that encounter ended in a draw when neither wrestler was able to respond to referee Brian Slater's ten-count. This rematch has been signed, and now both men are surely hell-bent on settling this once and for all. Let's go to Darren "DQ" Quimbey!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall, and there MUST be a winner! You referee for this bout is Hector Navarro!

The lights dim as red lights illuminate the entrance area.

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

Dante emerges from the backstage first as the red lights point towards the God-Beast walking directly behind him. The intimidating Sumotori stood at the entrance ramp, soaking in the cheers of his ever growing fanbase.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, he is accompanied to the ring by his manager, EDDIE DANTE! Hailing from MITO, IBARKI, JAPAN, and weighing in tonight at Two Hundred and Ninety Four pounds, this is... the GOD-BEAST MUUUSSSHIIIIGIIIIHAAARRRAAA!

DDK:

It's been a long road for Mushigihara and Sam Horry, but it all comes to a head tonight at DEFCON!

Angus:

But the question is, whose head gets kicked off?

Mushigihara makes his way to the center of the ring, as the red lights focus in on him. He bellows a

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thunderous “OSUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!!!” before the lights come back on.

DDK:

The Monster of Mito Ibaraki...is here.

The lights dim again, as this time purple lights illuminate the arena. Air sirens play as the intro for Horry’s intro song kick in.

♪“Hot N***a” by Bobby Shmurda ♪

Sam, flanked by the Red Dragon Fight Team and Jeanie, makes his way down the aisle wearing a sleeveless, hooded, purple gi top, adorned with the logos of his various sponsors.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, hailing from the EAST ELMHURST SECTION OF QUEENS NEW YORK, he weighs in at Two Hundred and Thirty Eight pounds, this is the KING OF THE STREETS SAAAMMM HOOORRRY!

DDK:

The King of the Streets will need to rely on every bit of street smarts he has if he’s going to beat his long-time foe tonight, because Mushi is NOT going to make it easy.

Sam makes his way into the ring, and poses with both arms raised over his head as the lights come on.

Angus: (scoffing)

I’ll say. This is going to be a war, in either case.

Handing his top to his team, and placing in his mouthguard, Sam stretches in the corner. Sam begins hop up and down, as his fight team make their way to the back. Jeanie stays behind, and gives her husband a kiss for good luck before he meets the God-Beast in the center of the ring.

The two warriors stand in the center of the ring, staring each other down while Eddie Dante and Jeanie Horry shout words of encouragement to their guys. Hector Navarro calmly explains the rules to the match, leading to both Mushi and Horry slowly nodding in agreement, before the former Fishman Deluxe calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

The crowd starts heating up as the two competitors stand in place, hardly moving a muscle. Sam Horry mouths something to Mushi, who responds with a nod and a stern “OSU,” before the two lock up, collar-and-elbow style. It doesn’t take long for Mushi to get the upper hand, and leaning Sam Horry up to a nearby corner, before Navarro calls for a clean break. Mushi lets up and leaves Sam be... before WALLOPING him with an overhand chop that echoes through the Lakefront Arena to a crowd of jeers! Sam responds by rushing in a huff, unleashing a salvo of chops and kicks that knocks Mushi back into the ropes... but Mushi rushes right back in and BLASTS him with a forearm to the face!

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DDK:

It only takes one shot from Mushighiara to turn the tide around.

Stunned, Sam reels back, before Mushi puts Sam down with a hard palm thrust to the point of the jaw. Sam pulls himself up to the ropes, where Mushi charges him, but Sam manages to catch his opponent with a jumping knee to the face, sending Mushi backwards. Sam charges the now reeling Mushi who swings a heavy palm strike at Sam. Rolling with the strike, Sam swings up Mushighiara's arm to trap Mushi in an armbar with Mushi having to carry Sam's weight all on the joints of his arm. Mushi roared in pain.

DDK:

Look at that! Sam is hanging from Mushighiara's arm with that armbar! I don't think I've ever seen that from Sam before!

Angus:

And look at how Sam has his body in between the ropes and Mushighiara!

DDK:

Sam used this strategy the last time they were in the ring together. Try to take out one of the big arms of Mushighiara and have him essentially try to beat Sam with only one arm.

Sam cranked back on the arm as Mushi gritted his teeth. He drops down to one knee, slamming Sam on his head, but Sam still holds on to the armbar. Mushi stands back to his feet, and drops down again with all his weight, causing Sam to release the hold. Mushi rubs his arm, then slaps it to get the flow of blood back to the arm.

DDK:

You just have to know that this will be a war of attrition between these two men.

Making it to his feet first, Sam is back to press his attack. He attempts to Irish Whip the God Beast, but he holds steadfast and reverses the Irish Whip on Sam. However instead of sending Sam into the ropes, Mushi jerks Sam back into a stiff forearm using the same arm Sam just held in that tight armbar. Sweat flies off Sam's body as the crowd reacts to the audible "THWAP!" echoing throughout the arena.

DDK:

What a hard shot!

Holding on to Sam's wrist, Mushi pulls Sam back in and connects with another hard forearm that snaps Sam head back. Mushi whips Sam in again, and this time, Sam blocks the forearm blow, and lands an equally stiff roundhouse kick to Mushi's liver. Mushi doubles over in pain, as Sam hooks Mush's already softened arm and locks in a kimura armlock with Mushi's arm tangled up in the ropes for more leverage and torque.

DDK:

Sam's got the arm again!

Mushi tries to pull away when Eddie Dante yells at him to remain put.

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Angus:

I agree with Eddie telling Mushigiara not to move. The more he pulls away from the armlock, the tighter that holds gets!

Eddie yells at the ref, "That's a five count Hector, do your job!!!"

Hector begins a five count with Mushighiara howling in pain. Hector reaches 5 and Sam releases the hold. Mushigiara drops to his knee, clutching at his arm. Sam answers with heavy roundhouse kicks to Mushi's injured arm.

DDK:

Sam has got a mean streak a mile long!

Sam goes to lay in another roundhouse, but Mushi catches it, and takes Sam down with a dragon screw leg whip. From the mat, Mushi lays across Sam, and hits Sam with unchallenged palm strikes to Sam's head. Sam makes it to the ropes, causing Hector to step in and break up the action.

Angus:

I don't know what it is about the other man from either Sam or Mushi's point of view that makes both men bring out this level of viciousness! Mushi hits Sam harder than any human being ever needed to be hit, and Sam is trying his damndest to disable Mushi!

DDK:

It's the nature of their rivalry, Angus; plain and simple. This is what each man brings out of the other, because they know this is what it takes to keep the other man down. What's scary as we see both men pull up to their feet, is that they relish the opportunity to put themselves through this as much is needed to see who the better man is.

Approaching Mushi who was still holding his own arm, Sam was not prepared for Mushi to take a play from Sam's book. Mushi scores with a HUGE roundhouse kick to Sam's chest that drops Sam to the mat gasping for air. The crowd came unglued!

DDK:

Mushi landed a roundhouse kick?!

Angus:

That's it, we're all fucked! Mushi throwing kicks is the seventh sign!

The camera pans in on Sam's surprised countenance, still gasping for air. Still clutching his arm, Mushi approaches Sam. He picks the winded Sam up, and takes him down courtesy of a thunderous Uri Nage suplex. Mushi stands to his feet, then looks down on Sam again. Sneering he picks Sam up to slam Sam back down with another Uri Nage suplex.

DDK:

Sam's body has to feel like he's been in a car accident.

Angus:

Yeah, and Mushi's the accident.

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Mushi makes it to his feet, and stands over Sam, with the crowd chanting 'One More Time!' Mushi obliges, picking Sam up to crash him down to the mat with another Uri Nage suplex. Sam slides out to the arena floor in an attempt to break Mushi's momentum.

DDK:

Sam is taking some heavy breaths on the outside. If you're Sam in this situation what do you-- Mushi's followed him outside!

On the outside of the ring, Mushi begins to stalk his prey. Sam backs up in earnest.

DDK:

As you can see, Sam is trying to keep some kind of space between them.

Angus:

Yeah, to no avail though, Sam just tripped over one of these photographers here at ringside. It's almost like Sam is the cheerleader in a bad horror movie, tripping over things randomly.

DDK:

And the monster Mushighiara, is that much closer to him.

Angus:

DUNN, DUNN, DUUUUUUUUUUNNNNNNNN!!!

With only the ringpost separating the two, Sam throws a wild haymaker of a roundhouse kick, out of desperation. It misses and only backs Mushi up. Sam's quick thinking however, sees Mushi's hand from his worked over arm on the ring apron. Posturing as though he will throw another kick, Sam instead grabs Mushi's exposed wrist and pulls his already sore arm into the ringpost, shoulder first.

DDK:

And that is what makes Sam dangerous, right there. In addition to the skill, he's ultra resourceful. Did he set that up, probably not. But when he saw an opportunity, he took it.

Angus:

And that's the arm Sam has been working all night.

Sam slides into the ring, and back himself into the corner. Mushi, kneeling down on the ringside floor in obvious pain, is being tended to by both Eddie Dante and Hector Navarro.

DDK:

Mushi is hurt. Eddie is trying to buy some time for the God Beast, and I'm--I'm not sure if Hector shouldn't stop this match altogether. I'm hearing we have a slow motion replay of this...

Slow motion replay shows on a side screen of Sam pulling Mushi shoulder first into the ringpost. The crowd "Ohhhhhh's" at the force Mushi's sore arm hits the ringpost.

DDK:

....That was nasty. Mushi really took a hard blow to that arm.

Angus:

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Hector may stop the match here. It wouldn't surprise me at all if he did.

Sam slides outside the ring, pushing Hector out of the way and continues to stomp Mushighiara about his injured arm. He rolls Mushighiara in the ring and rolls in after him.

DDK:

That may have been a mistake, Hector Navarro looked like he was going to give Sam the win there.

Mushi, valiantly bases up to one knee, Sam measuring springs off the ropes to do damage, but Mushighiara explodes, with a high cross body that completely crushes Sam underneath Mushighiara! The crowd came alive.

DDK:

High Cross Body by Mushighiara! Where in the world did that come from?!

Angus:

What makes that move so devastating coming from Mushi is that, while it was not a "pretty" looking maneuver, Mushi's weight delivered nothing but impact.

DDK:

Navarro with the count...

1.....

2.....

Kickout!

DDK:

Sam barely got the shoulder up.

Both men made it to their feet, with Mushi taking Sam down with a modified STO. Again all of Mushi's weight came crashing down on Sam.

DDK:

That almost looked like a variation on Mushighihara's signature hold, the Beast's Claw, but he wasn't able to get his hand directly on Horry's face! He's been full of surprises here, so who knows what other tricks he has up his sleeve...

The two warriors are slow to rise to their feet, as Navarro steadily counts them out, but Horry manages to get upright first. The God-Beast still struggles, and Sam, seeing a window, lines up for...

Angus:

MURDERDEATHKI--

The big roundhouse sails right towards Mushighihara's dome, but he sees it coming and dips his head enough to avoid anything other than a graze, and rises to his feet with a mighty roar before hooking the Ronin's arms and hoisting him to the sky...

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Angus:

Is it...

Ka-THWACK!!!!

DDK:

CHAOS ENGINE~!

...and driving his knee right into the back of Sam Horry's head. The Ronin slumps to the mat, and as the aerial camera shows, his eyes are rolling up into his head as the God-Beast stares at his fallen adversary for a second, before making the cover while cradling his arm.

ONE

TWO

THREE

DING DING DING!!!

"Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" once again echoes through the Lakefront Arena as the King of the Monsters slowly rises to an awaiting Hector Navarro.

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... "The GOD-BEAST!" MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-
RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

Eddie Dante and Jeanie Horry both roll into the ring to tend to their competitors, with Eddie gloating as he joins Navarro in raising the monster's arms. Sam Horry is finally starting to come to, but...

Angus:

Uh oh, Keebs...

Mushi lumbers over to the collapsed form of his long-time rival, and stares Jeanie in the eye...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

...before clasping his hands together and bowing at the waist in respect.

Angus:

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What the...

DDK:

We've seen this before, Angus... Mushigihara is a walking force of nature, but he has been known to show respect to opponents who have earned it, and I'd be hard-pressed not to believe that the Ronin has earned it!

Horry is still on his back, but Mushi manages to reach down and grab him by the wrist, lifting his arm in respect to a sizeable ovation, before rolling out of the ring in celebration.

DDK:

It's been a long three years, but tonight Muishigihara has risen above Sam Horry... something tells me that this won't be the end of their long rivalry though... we'll be right back, Faithful.

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WHO IS L. BRUISES???

The tone of the evening takes a more curious turn as we move from outside the arena to a more... grassy... foresty setting. As the camera slowly pulls back from the greenery we slowly see Cecilworth Farthington and his dear Uncle Barty slowly appear in shot.

Uncle Barty:

Are you sure this is the right place?

Cecilworth Farthington:

Well it's what the note said... I mean, I'm reading it correctly right? I haven't had some form of stroke and totes forgot how to read English words, have I?

Uncle Barty:

Could you ever read English words?

Cecilworth gives his uncle a wry little smile and polite golf clap at "the mad bantz," to use the words that come out of Cecilworth's mouth as he applauds. He pulls out a crushed and partly slathered in BBQ sauce napkin from his inside jacket pocket (he always has something in his inside jacket pocket, it's a very versatile pocket) and passes it over to his Uncle Barty.

Uncle Barty:

Let's see here... "Dear Fartyworth and Uncle Farty, you sillymen should Pokémon GO wild for your briefcase. MWA HA HA. MWA HA HA HA" and then something that looks kind of like a poop swirl. I mean you have to commend this rapscallions repetitive humour if anything.

Cecilworth Farthington:

I think the poop swirl is suppose to be his trademark L. Bruises mysterious signature. Y'know, like all the supervillains have. So, I got the Pokemen Go Wild phonular app and there was no briefcases to be seen.

Uncle Barty:

If there were no briefcases, why are we now in a forest?

Cecilworth rolls his eyes into the back of his head as his tongue slips out of his mouth and begins to curl around his upper lip. As he freezes in deep thought, Uncle Barty snatches Cecilworth's phone out of his hand to see what he's been hunting.

Uncle Barty:

There appears to be... some sort of tower... named "Secret Building for Villainy, No Sillymen or Sillywomen."

Cecilworth Farthington:

It's a disgrace, everyone knows that the political correct name for them is "Sillyperson," that's what's wrong this L. Bruises chap, he is basically the biggest racist I have ever seen.

Uncle Barty adjusts his bowtie as he tries to make sense of how sillygenders are linked to race but decides not to press the matter any further.

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Uncle Barty:

So... that tower appears to be in that cave. Are you saying we should go in that mysterious, dark cave.

Cecilworth Farthington:

Of course I am! The briefcase may be in there!

Uncle Barty:

So, we should go in a dark and mysterious cave, in an unknown environment, with absolutely no security apart from our own fists... because your briefcase might in there?

Cecilworth mulls the question for a few seconds before drawing the most sensible conclusion.

Cecilworth Farthington:

Of course! MY BRIEFCASE COULD BE IN THAT CAVE!

Uncle Barty:

Fine! We'll go in the cave but I don't have the best feeling about this. It feels like a trap. There could be a monster in that cave.

Cecilworth continues to look down at his phone as they march towards the cave. As the approach, the scene inside in an intriguing one indeed. Upon arrival, Cecilworth and Barty are confronted upon a giant fountain that is gushing in front of them. Cecilworth staggers around the cave, confused at the brightness.

Cecilworth Farthington:

What is this place?

Cecilworth looks wide around the entire stony enclave.

Cecilworth Farthington:

THERE'S NO BRIEFCASES HERE!

Uncle Barty looks fixated by the fountain, he reaches out his hand and attempts to touch it, only for his hand to quickly recoil upon first contact, as if he had just had an electric shock for it.

Uncle Barty:

IT'S LIKE ROOM TEMPERATURE!

Cecilworth Farthington:

And that's surprising?

Uncle Barty:

I was surprised...

The fountain based conversation is quickly halted by a booming voice.

Booming Voice:

FARTYWORTH MY SILLYMAN! IT IS I! THE MYSTERIOUS, EVIL AND DELICIOUS MR. L. BRUISES.

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YOU HAVE FALLEN FOR MY SILLYTRAP FOR YOU ARE VERY SILLY INDEED. HA HA HA HA.

A spotlight turns on in this clearly well maintained and electrified cave, illuminating the mysterious figure known as L. Bruises as he sits atop a throne made of stone, a stone throne you could say. He has a white beard taped to his mask now, as well as several loose cornflakes darted around the mask.

L. Bruises:

IF YOU WANT YOUR PRECIOUS BRIEFCASE I HAVE ONE LAST CHALLENGE.

Cecilworth and Uncle Barty kind of shift around on the spot, looking at the glorious light that envelops Mr. L. Bruises. Barty pokes his head slightly sideways and notices that the stone throne appears to have wheels at the side, as if it was some giant wheelchair.

L. Bruises:

You see, no longer is the briefcase in the hands of me, the villainous, the devious, the stealer of briefcases and the superbest villain in the history of villains, it is in the hands of MY MONSTER.

Dry ice begins to fill the cage as a large icicle shaped block is slowly lowered down from on high to ground level.

L. Bruises:

THE ABOMINABLE SILLYMAN!

As the dry ice continues to fill the room, Uncle Barty nudges Cecilworth in the gut and gestures to him to look at the clearly wheeled chair that L. Bruises sits atop. He makes a discrete shoving motion with his hands and Cecilworth nods enthusiastically.

L. Bruises:

You are enthusiastic about the monster sillyman? YOU WILL NOT BE WHEN THE TERROR BREAKS FREE FROM HIS ICEY PRISON. WHY... I CAN HEAR IT HAPPENING NOW!

There are a few moments of a smashing sound and suddenly a large man, about seven foot in stature, bald of head and clad in fur breaks free from the giant icicle. Cecilworth and Uncle Barty study the monster of a man and reaction not with fear but rather curiosity. In the hand of the tall brute, he holds the same briefcase that Cecilworth has been hunting for months on end. Cecilworth purses his lips and thumbs at the Abominable Sillyman to Uncle Barty, who responds by furrowing his brow.

L. Bruises:

MWA HA HA HA! I SEE THE TERROR IN YOUR EYES! You can get your precious briefcase, Fartyman, but you must defeat the monster I have unleashed to get it!

Cecilworth begins to chuckle as it finally fully dawns on him just

Cecilworth Farthington:

Oi, Hank, toss me the briefcase would ya.

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L. Bruises:

There is no Hank! There is only the Abominable Sillyman!

Cecilworth Farthington:

No, I'm pretty sure that's my bodyguard Hank. Seven foot tall, dull as a rock, head like an orange, muter than Helen Keller. That's my guy right there. I thought we lost him on the bus a few weeks ago but it's hard to tell with the help sometimes. People like me have a lot of staff, it's so easy to lose track.

The tall gent beclad in fur tosses the briefcase in his hand towards Cecilworth, who catches it with ease and pride. As soon as the briefcase is within his grasp, Cecilworth and Uncle Barty nod at each other, rush towards L. Bruises' throne and shove it over. L. Bruises attempts to counter-balance but to no avail, as he crashes towards the hard floor below, smashing his head off the ground as he does so.

Uncle Barty:

I hope he's not dead...

Cecilworth Farthington:

I'm indifferent either way to be honest. The penalty for briefcase thievery should be death in my book.

Uncle Barty:

Should we find out who this villain really was?

Cecilworth Farthington:

I mean, I've got my briefcase now, I'm not really that fussed.

Uncle Barty:

But isn't your sense of mystery and conclusion tingling?

Cecilworth thinks it through for a few seconds.

Cecilworth Farthington:

Not really. Now, c'mon, let's take poor Hank and get out of here. He'll need his feed, god knows what awful things that villainous L. Bruises has done to him.

Uncle Barty:

You're really not going to unmask this man who has been torturing you for months?

Cecilworth Farthington:

It's good to have some mystery in your life Barty, keeps the blood pumping.

Cecilworth pats his briefcase with pride and thumbs towards the exit of the cave. Uncle Barty shrugs his shoulders and leads the way out, with a delighted Cecilworth, once again reunited with his briefcase and his bodyguard, following closely behind.

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ANDY MURRAY VS. BOBBY DEAN

Cut to Keeps and Angus at the announce booth.

DDK:

Welcome back, Ladies and Gentlemen. DEFCON has provided one hell of a two-night ride thus far, and it's far from over! We were promised a resolution to the ongoing rivalry between The Murray Brothers and Eric Dane and Bobby Dean tonight, and it's time for the first half.

Angus:

As cute as that little pep-talk between Andy and Cayle was, it's time to man-up and face the music. The BAWs is gonna mop the floor with Squidboy and drive him out of DEFIANCE once and for all, but first, the matinee.

DDK:

Who could've seen this coming eight weeks ago, when Bobby Dean dropped a loaded barbell on Andy Murray's ribcage and compounded the misery with a big splash? It looked like the elder Murray was going to be on the shelf for close to three months, but here he is, waaaaay ahead of schedule.

Angus:

What is this guy: Lazarus?! *How* has Andy Murray healed-up quickly enough to fight tonight?

DDK:

Maybe the diagnosis wasn't as severe as first thou--

Angus:

Bobby fractured his ribs, Keeps! Of course it was severe. Either way, I refuse to believe he's at 100% tonight, and going-up against a near-400lbs man when your ribs are all kinds of messed-up doesn't sound like fun to me.

DDK:

Definitely not, but Andy Murray is considered among the finest wrestlers of his generation for a reason. He's a 22-year veteran who is just as athletic today as the day he debuted. His strength, character, and willpower are almost unmatched, and on his day, he's one of the best wrestlers on the planet.

Angus:

One slip, Keeps. That's all it'll take for Murray's night to end. I don't deny his credentials, but Bobby's getting pretty good at using that weight of his as a weapon, and if he happens to land on those tender ribs, it's goodnight for Mr. Murray.

DDK:

You can bet Andy will be more than aware of that. He's not taking Bobby Dean lightly, but he *is* out to teach him a lesson. Let's see what happens... Darren Quimbey, take it away!

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall...

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♪ "You're the Best Around" by Joe Esposito ♪

The cheesiest entrance music in DEFIANCE history belts out through the speakers. It takes a few moments longer than usual, but "Beautiful" Bobby Dean eventually steps out on to the stage. Clad in his blue robe and with a look on his face that screams "I don't wanna be here," there's none of BBD's usual tomfoolery tonight. Instead, Bobby shambles down from the stage, glancing gingerly around the arena.

Angus:

Oh dear, Robert...

DDK:

Bobby Dean looks like he wants to throw-up, Angus.

Angus:

This is one of those times when I'm glad our announce booth is halfway across the arena. I don't wanna be there when BBD hurls-up dem guts...

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, hailing from Houston, Texas, he stands at 6'1", and weighs-in at 368½lbs...

"BEAUTIFFFFFFUUULLLLLLL" BOBBBBBBBBBBYYYYYYY DDDDDDEEEEEEEEEAAAAANNNNNNNN!

BBD reaches the bottom of the ramp and climbs up the steps. He carefully enters through the top and middle ropes, then slides his robe off his shoulders. Mercifully, he doesn't throw-up.

DDK:

Bobby Dean can have no qualms tonight, Angus. He did the deed, and now he must pay the price.

Angus:

I can't really argue with you. I could say that it was little more than Andy deserved, given his constant meddling in Eric Dane's affairs, but I guess that's neither here nor there at this point.

DDK:

This is a tall order, but when he focuses, Bobby can be an effective competitor. He's never been the most refined professional wrestler in the world, but he's got a low-key nasty streak that'll catch you off-guard, and there's real power behind all that weight.

The house lights turn gold as the low Hammond Organ fires-up, punctuated by stabbing horns and the occasional bass hit. The music's spoken word intro drips out of the PA system in the MC's thick southern drawl.

♪ "King" by T.I. ♪

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Strobes flash with the hook's every chord-hit, intermittently illuminating Andy Murray's rise from beneath the stage. The moving platform carries him up ever-so-slowly until he finally hits stage-level and a wall of golden sparks cascades down behind him.

There's no bomber jacket tonight, though. Instead, Murray has a long red cape wrapped around his torso, a gold crown atop his head, and a sceptre in his hand.

The King has risen.

Angus:

Oh for the love of...

DDK:

This is what DEFCON is all about, Angus! A big-time entrance for a big-time event!

Angus:

This is so goddamn cheesy... I want to hurl.

Darren Quimbey:

... aaaaaand his opponent! Hailing from Aberdeen, Scotland, he stands at 6'7" and weighs-in at 280lbs, this AAANNNDYYYYYYY MMMUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYY!

Deaf to Skaaland's complaints, Andy begins his walk down the ramp focused entirely on Bobby Dean, before stopping at the bottom to place the crown on a young fan's head. Murray enters the ring soon after, and climbs a turnbuckle. The cape-clad King holds his arms aloft and soaks-in the big fight atmosphere as his timid opponent bails out of the ring.

Angus:

Where are you going, Robert?

DDK:

If I was to hazard a guess, I'd say he's a little worried...

Angus:

Then maybe he should've killed Andy Murray when he had the chance!

Andy Murray hops down from the corner and slowly detaches what remains of his elaborate costume and hands it to Mark Shields. While the referee takes the props away, Andy glances around, looking for Bobby Dean.

He finds him backing-up against the barricade.

DDK:

Shields can't call for the bell until Bobby gets back in the ring, Angus.

Angus:

Thanks for explaining the rule, Keebs. It's not like I've ever called a wrestling match before...

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A smile stretches across Murray's face as he locks eyes with his portly opponent. Andy moves across the ring, politely calling from Bobby to join him inside. Bobby shakes his head vigorously.

Angus:

Come on, Bobo! We haven't got all night...

A few more seconds pass, and BBD still isn't any closer to actually getting the damn match underway. Murray moves further across the ring and sits on the middle rope. He pulls the top rope up with his right hand, then beckons Bobby with his left.

DDK:

Murray is literally holding the ropes open for him.

Angus [sarcastically]:

Gee, what a swell guy!

DDK:

This is getting ridiculous, though. What does Andy have to do to get Bobby in the ring?

Angus:

Dropping a couple of hotdogs in there would probably work.

Bobby Dean takes a few ginger steps towards the ring, then places one meaty paw down on the apron. For a minute, it looks like he's going to accept Murray's offer and finally get things going, but he shakes his head at the last minute, turns around, and walks away.

Angus:

Ahhhhhhh c'mawwwwwn!

The King's done waiting around though. Instead of continuing with the charade, Murray climbs out of the ring and chases after "Beautiful" Bobby Dean, who lets out a panicked *yelp* when he sees the big Scot barreling towards him.

DDK:

No more messing around: here comes Andy Murray!

Realising he can't outrun Murray, Bobby (attempts to) slide under the bottom rope to get away from him. Andy rolls back in himself and climbs to his feet long before his opponent. As the bell rings, a smiling Andy Murray stands tall over his opponent, who's jaw drops.

BBD:

Oh shit...

The match finally underway, Andy Murray hauls Bobby Dean to his feet then forces him into an unwanted collar-and-elbow tie-up. The King jostles for position, then skips behind Bobby, drilling his kidneys with a couple of sharp elbows. Bobby scampers away, and turns back around as Andy Murray circles.

Angus:

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Come on, Bobby! Don't you realise that Eric Dane is going to slit your throat if you don't start doing something?!

DDK:

I don't think he ever expected this match to materialise, Angus. When Bobby dropped that weight on Murray's chest, he wasn't supposed to come back this early. Now BBD finds himself stood across the ring from one of the best big men in the business, and he doesn't know what to do.

Angus:

Murray's got a *LOT* of tape around those ribs, though. It's gonna be super interesting to see how long he can protect them for. I know Bobby looks like a goof 99% of the time, but if there's a chance to hit Murray where it hurts, he'll take it.

Andy moves back in and locks-up with Bobby again. This time, Bobby has the presence of mind to back into the ropes and force a quick break from The King. Andy obliges and backs-off. It takes Bobby a few seconds longer than he'd like to finally move away from the ropes' safe haven, but he eventually does... and walks right into Andy's forearm.

DDK:

Here we go!

Forearm, forearm, forearm.

BBD's rattled. He eats an elbow, then takes a stiff knife-edge chop across the chest.

Bobby tries to hop away, but Andy pulls him round by the shoulder, then hits a jaw-rattling European Uppercut. A split second later, Bobby's falling to the mat with a hand over his eye.

Angus:

What the hell is he doing?!

Pressing his left hand against his eye socket, Bobby calls out to Mark Shields, then points to Murray.

BBD:

Referee! Referee! He jabbed his thumb in my eye!

DDK:

No he didn't!

Angus:

How do you know, Keebs?! Our monitors aren't exactly big.

DDK:

It was an uppercut, Angus! How on Earth does one's thumb reach an opponent's eye when throwing an uppercut?

Angus:

Scottish voodoo magic, I guess. Fuck if I know.

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Bamboozled, Murray holds his hands out to his sides. Shields looks down at Bobby, takes a look at his untouched eye, and shakes his head, giving Murray the all-clear to move back in. Andy does just that, but before he can do anything...

BBD:

Wait!

Now on his knees, Bobby catches Andy off-guard with the shout. The distraction gives him all the time he needs to reach-up and punch The King square in the ribs!

Angus:

That's what I'm talking about! Bobby lured Andy in and sprung the trap! I guess he's learned a few of Dane's old tricks...

Andy naturally recoils, which allows Bobby to get back up. The cumbersome grappler moves in for the kill, but Murray suddenly swings round and clocks him with an elbow! Another follows, before Murray lifts Bobby clean off his feet, over his head, and back down to the mat.

DDK:

Overhead Belly-to-Belly! What strength from Andy Murray!

Angus:

Alrrrrrrright, maybe I was kidding myself. That was remarkably straightforward.

Rising back to his full 6'7", Andy clutches his bandaged ribs and mouths the words "cheeky bastard." Bobby struggles on the mat momentarily, but soon finds the ropes and uses them to pull himself all the way to his feet. The King takes control of the situation by moving forward and wrapping his arms around Bobby's sizeable waist. Panicking, Bobby grabs the top rope to try and prevent the German Suplex, but to no avail. His head, neck, and shoulders hit the mat with great force, and a smiling Andy Murray sits down for moment, thoroughly enjoying himself.

DDK:

I've no doubt that Murray is on a lot of painkillers tonight with those ribs of his, but he is absolutely ragdolling Bobby Dean here. That's one of the heaviest men in the company, but Andy's throwing him around like he's weightless!

Angus:

I guess that's what a lifelong diet of haggis, porridge, and whisky will do to a man. Curse those Scots and their weird eating habits...

Having successfully immobilised his opponent, Andy takes his time. Eventually he's back on his feet and moving towards Bobby, who has worked his way to a knelt position. His heart set on dropping Bobby on his head again, Andy's plan gets foiled with a quick back elbow, before Bobby turns, stands up, then tackles Murray into the corner. BBD rams his shoulder into the Scotsman's abdomen, then backs-off.

DDK:

Looks like Bobby's setting-up for a corner splash...

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Bobby runs forward, but here's the thing: Bobby Dean isn't very fast. Andy sidesteps out of the corner and BBD careers helplessly into the turnbuckles. When Bobby turns around, Andy flies forward with a running Yakuza kick that sends BBD's eyes rolling in the back of his skull. From there, The King prevents Bobby's fall by locking him in a gutwrench, then slamming him backwards.

DDK:

Gutwrench Suplex! But look, Andy's still got his fingers locked...

Angus:

How on Earth do that big bastard's arms fit all the way around Bobby Dean's stomach?!

Murray rolls his body over on the ground, stands up, and nails Bobby with a second Gutwrench Suplex! He's not done yet, though: a second ground-adjustment follows, and Bobby gets suplexed into the mat for the third time in quick succession.

DDK:

Murray calls that the "Rule of Three," and if he can pull it off against Bobby Dean, he can pull it off against anything. An imposing performance by the big Scot thus far.

Angus:

Yeah, this really isn't working out for Bobby. He's gonna have to do some serious damage to Murray's obvious weakspot real soon, because Andy is taking him to school at the moment.

DDK:

Andy has taken control by making this a pure wrestling match, Angus. This is his wheelhouse, and if Bobby can't make this a dirty fight within the next few minutes, we might see an early finish.

Still without a single pinfall attempt to his name, The King rises to his feet, taking BBD with him. Andy throws an elbow, then another, and Bobby rocks back against the ropes. With Murray coming forward, Bobby enough wits about him to duck down and slide his torso under the top rope *just* as Andy gets his hands on him.

BBD:

BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!

Mark Shields doesn't even have to interject. Andy Murray backs-off immediately, then beckons his opponent forward. Bobby, obviously, isn't so keen to leave the sanctity of the ropes, but he eventually does. They meet in the middle of the ring again, and Bobby tries to catch Andy off-guard by throwing a boot between his legs. Murray's agile enough to dodge back, then hits BBD with the Dikembe Mutombo finger wag.

Angus:

Jeesh, Bobby, that was right in front of Shields.

DDK:

Maybe he's trying to get himself disqualified before he gets dropped on his head again.

Angus:

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That... is entirely possible. Ugh.

Coming forward again, Andy feints a double-leg takedown, the moves upstairs with another collar-and-elbow. Bobby tries to break free, but again, Andy's strength is too much, and BBD ends-up backed into the corner. Andy knees Bobby in the gut, breaks, then hits a European Uppercut. Satisfied that his opponent is sufficiently rattled, Andy runs to the opposite corner, then charges back with another European Uppercut!

DDK:

280lbs of flying Scotsman! That's gotta hurt!

Angus:

Curse those damn Europeans and their Uppercuts!

Bobby falls to his knees, and after loosening his arms out, Murray gets ready to lift again. He wraps his arms around Bobby and *deadlifts* him off the ground, but BBD jams an elbow into his ribs before he can execute the German. Andy resists the first shot, but succumbs to the second. Bobby breaks free, then yanks the bandages down from Murray's chest.

DDK:

Oh no, what's Bobby going to do here?!

A knife-edge chop, obvs.

Angus:

POW! Right across dem baby back ribs!

Another.

A third, and The Faithful go "OHHHHHHHHH!"

Angus:

See, that's what I was talking about! As soon as Bobby stung the ribs, Big Andy fell like a house of cards!

DDK:

Can Bobby build on this? He's had very little offence thus far, and he's already taken a pretty sustained beating, but Andy might be in trouble here.

A fourth chop sends Andy to his knees, so Bobby responds exactly like you'd expect an Eric Dane associate to: by punting him square in the ribs.

DDK:

GOOD LORD!

Angus:

Oh, Bobby! I didn't know you had it in ya!

DDK:

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He might've re-fractured those ribs, Angus! That was one hell of a shot!

The King falls onto his back, and Bobby makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICK-OUT!

BBD pounds the mat in frustration, but then an idea pops into his head. He squats down, readying himself...

Angus:

GO ON, ROBERT!

... then "springs" as high as his stubby little legs will take him, before crashing down on Andy with the big splash!

DDK:

BIG SPLASH! Right on the ribs! That might be it, Angus!

Angus:

Make the count, Shields!

Shields, of course, obliges.

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEEE---NO! SHOULDER UP!

Angus:

Goddamnit!

DDK:

What a turnaround, folks! Bobby Dean had barely made a dent on Andy Murray up until this point, but he's really crippled him by attacking his weak spot!

Angus:

Dane's obviously been implanting some of his wisdom in old Bobo over the past few weeks, and Bobby is executing to perfection. All he had to do was weather the storm, then strike when an opportunity emerged. How did I ever double him?!

DDK:

Look at this now! Bobby's going to the corner.

Dragging Andy across the ring by his arm, Bobby makes for the 'buckles. Keeping Murray on his

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back, Bobby set's him up with his head close to the bottom turnbuckle, then starts climbing.

DDK:

Angus! He's going up-top!

Angus:

Do you like Scottish pancakes, Keebs?!

DDK:

Look out!

Bobby springs up and down a couple of times, then leaps-off.

Angus:

BAAAAAANNNNNNZZZZZZZZZZAAAAAAAIIIIIIIIIIIII--

But Andy Murray rolls out of the way!

Angus:

Fuck!

BBD falls into the mat arse-first. Andy Murray rises behind him, clutching his ribs.

DDK:

Thank goodness for that! Bobby Dean might have actually killed Andy Murray there!

Angus:

The match would've ended, that's for sure. That's one lucky Scot!

Bobby's smarting, but Andy lets him clamber back up. BBD's eyes go wide as soon as he turns around to meet Murray's gaze, and the Scot takes full advantage by powering forward and almost decapitating Bobby with a Lariat.

Angus:

Well, I guess it was fun while it lasted.

DDK:

Andy might have one of the nastiest Lariats in the business, and Bobby's already taken a significant pounding to the chest, neck, and head area. Never mind Andy's ribs: Bobby's gonna leave here with a concussion if this continues!

Andy takes a little moment or two to let the pain pass through his chest, then yanks Bobby back up and places him to the corner. BBD's a little woozy, but still compos mentis enough to jab a quick punch into you-know-where.

BBD:

Tee-hee! You're not so good after all!

He comes forward, Bobby, but Andy grabs the arm and whips him to the ropes! He gets popped into

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the air on the rebound, and up comes the fist!

DDK:

SHUTTHE-EFF-UPPERCUT!

Angus:

Did he just pop Bobby by-God Dean into the air?!

DDK:

I mean, it wasn't as high as usual, but yes. Yes he did.

With his opponent lying on the deck like a dead animal, and conscious of the risk to his ribs, Andy Murray decides enough's enough. It takes a little more effort than before, but he scoops Bobby Dean up and places him over his shoulder.

DDK:

Here it comes!

The King lingers for a few seconds, then drives Bobby's neck and shoulders down into the mat.

DDK:

HIGHLAND HANGOVER!

Angus: [sigh]

Oh well...

Andy hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

A comprehensive victory from a consummate professional. Good job, Andy Murray...

"King" by T.I. starts playing again, and Andy slow rises to his feet. Mark Shields helps raise his hand into the air, but the height difference makes that somewhat difficult.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner by way of pinfall... AAAANNNDDDYYYYY
MUUUUURRRRRRRRAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

Andy seemed to have Bobby in the palm of his hand for most of that match, but there were definitely a few periods of uncertainty.

Angus:

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No doubt, Keebs. Murray was always rolling the dice tonight and it would've been very easy for his grand plan to backfire. If Bobby had nailed that Banzai Drop, I think things would've worked-out much differently.

DDK:

But they didn't, and Andy Murray has done exactly what he said he would: defeat Bobby Dean soundly and fairly, without any shenanigans or caveats.

Angus:

That he did, but-- HEY!

There's a commotion in the crowd. You know, the excited kind of hubbub that only happens when shit starts going down.

Angus:

IT'S DANE!

Before Andy Murray can figure it out, however, he's already been clocked around the back of the head by the rampaging Only Star. While Bobby Dean rolls out of the ring, Dane knocks Andy to the flow and starts stomping away.

Angus:

Git 'im, Baws!

DDK:

Where did Dane come from?!

Angus:

The ramp, dummy!

Dane grits his teeth and grabs the top rope for extra traction as he stomps down on Andy Murray. Dressed in street clothes, he's more than ready for his upcoming Crescent City Street Fight with the younger sibling.

DDK:

Come on! This is uncalled for!

With his adversary completely immobilised, Dane drops to his knees and immediately rains down with the elbows.

Angus:

That's what you get, SQUIDMAN!

DDK:

We need some he-- HOLD ON A MINUTE!

Another buzz from the crowd. Why? Because Cayle Murray's sprinting down the ramp at full speed.

Angus:

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GODDAMNIT!

Cayle slides under the bottom rope and charges straight towards Eric Dane, peeling him away from his fallen sibling. Face-to-face with his greatest rival, Cayle dives forward and starts throw forearm after forearm at The Only Star, who responds in-kind.

DDK:

This is chaos, Angus!

Angus:

Stupid is what it is! Squiddo just gave Dane *ANOTHER* reasons to murder him tonight!

Mark Shields thinks about interjecting, but the strikes are too wild and uncontrolled for him to make a safe approach. The brawl almost spills out of the ring, but Dane grabs Cayle by the hair and pulls him back to the middle of the ring.

DDK:

We're gonna need a few more officials out here!

Angus:

Why?!

DDK:

To break them up!

Angus:

I don't think that's gonna be an issue, Keebs!

Sure enough, Shields is waving his arms at the technical area.

Angus:

Looks like we got ourselves a STREET FITE!

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The bell rings!

DDK:

We are underway!

It's a blur of motion in the centre of the ring. Limbs flying in each and every direction.

Forearms!

Elbows!

Slaps!

Backhands!

You name it, we got it!

Angus:

GET WRECKED, SQUID-DICK!

DDK:

The officials still haven't cleared the previous match out yet, but Cayle and Dane are *LEATHERING* each other!

Dane throws with slightly more poise, but Cayle matches everything that hits him. The Scot lands a couple of unanswered forearms, but The Only Star fires back with an uppercut, then cracks Cayle's temple with an elbow!

DDK:

Elbow from Dane! A chop to the chest! Murray comes back with a flurry of forearms!

Angus:

How are you even keeping-up with this, Keeps?!

DDK:

With great difficulty!

Elbow. Elbow. Slap. Chop. Elbow. Forearm. Closed right. Closed left. Headbutt.

It all adds-up.

Dane scores a thumb to the eye. Boot to the gut. He takes a handful of Cayle Murray's hair, and sends the Scotsman flying over the top rope!

DDK:

Out goes Cayle!

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Angus:

Fuckin' *BINNED!*

Dane moves back to the centre of the ring and screams loudly, pounding down at the canvas.

Angus:

The gorram *BAWS* just marked his turf! This is *HIS* ring!

Cayle, who'd landed on all fours, immediately clambers back up onto the apron as his brother passes him by outside, finally en route to the backstage area. Murray charges at Dane but drops a little lower, tackling him against the ropes.

DDK:

Absolutely no fear from Cayle Murray here!

Angus:

It'll be the death of him, Keeps!

Dane clubs down on Cayle's back, but Cayle pushes his head up and hits Dane with a few forearms to the cheek.

Dane, elbow.

Cayle, elbow.

The flow takes them to the middle.

Angus:

HOCKEY FIIIIIIIIITE!

Each man puts a hand behind the other's head. They swing forearms into each other's faces with a righteous fury, each of them fired-up by 12 months of bad blood and bitterness.

DDK:

What an explosive start!

Angus:

It's beaaaaaautiful!

DDK:

This is one of the most anticipated matches of the year, and it's kicking-off like a bar fight!

The Faithful reach boiling point. Both men are wide-eyed and frenzied as they throw every last drop of hatred into every strike. Dane eventually blasts Cayle Murray away from him, hits an elbow, then kicks him hard in the chest!

Angus:

Down goes Squiddo!

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Cayle tumbles over but pops right back up. Unfortunately, he's right in Eric Dane's clutches. The Only Star runs him across the ring then tosses him outside again!

DDK:

And *AGAIN* Eric Dane just dumps Cayle right outta there!

Angus:

What did he expect?! You can't just go brawling with Dane when you're as soft as Baby Murray!

This time, Cayle can't cushion the impact. He lands right on his back.

DDK:

"Soft?!" He's out here fighting, isn't he?!

Angus:

Come on, Keebs! This guy's like quadruple-ply toilet paper! Shit, I might just call him "Charmin!"

The younger Murray winces as he sits up.

Angus:

You know what? Ol' Charmin isn't just soft as shit, but he's *stupid* too! Once again this little dorkbag comes out, abandons all sense, and fights with his emotions. If the match stays like this much longer, it's gonna be a short night for Mr. Murray.

DDK:

You're seriously undermining Cayle here. Let's not forget that prior to DEFIANCE, he'd spent five years over in Jap--

Angus:

I don't give a rat's ass about Japan! This is DEFIANCE, Keebs! He's fighting Eric Dane, *in a street fight, IN DEFIANCE!* And most significant of all, he thinks he can brawl with The Only Star! This is suicidal!

Rising up to apron level, Cayle's eyes meet with Dane's.

Eric Dane:

Get your ass back in here!

Cayle obliges. Immediately.

Angus:

See what I mean?! TOO. MUCH. EMOTION.

Instead of charging Dane, Cayle strides right up and pushes his forehead against The Only Star's. They jaw for a couple of seconds, but it doesn't last long...

"OOOOOHHHHHHHHH!"

Angus:

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HA! Know your role, Charmin!

DDK:

He just slapped the taste out of his mouth.

Murray stumbles away following the slap, then turns around and *explodes*. He ducks a Dane elbow and unloads with a flurry of elbows, before grabbing Dane's arm and whipping him to a corner! Cayle charges, but Dane ducks down and bundles him over the top again!

DDK:

Cayle landed on the apron!

Eric walks away, assuming Murray had gone to the outside again.

Angus:

Shit! Look out, Baws!

The Only Star eventually turns around, but not before Cayle Murray has hopped into the top rope, and used it to springboard towards him...

DDK:

SPRINGBOARD FOREARM! Down goes Dane!

Angus:

How the hell did that happen?!

DDK:

Cayle's got him down!

Eric rises quickly, but Cayle gives him absolutely no time whatsoever. He *stiffs* Dane with a sharp boot to the chest! Dane struggles, then falls down, so Cayle cracks him with another hard one, this time to the kidneys!

Angus:

What's going on, Keeps?! This dweeb's actually kicking like a man!

DDK:

It's called stepping up! Cayle Murray's mad as hell, and he's not gonna take it any more!

Angus:

Awww, how adorable!

His opponent hurt, Cayle yanks Dane up by the head and smacks him with another couple of forearms. Dane senses the danger and instinctively gouges Cayle's eyes, temporarily blinding him. It takes Dane a second to get his senses, but he moves back in *just* as Cayle thrusts forward with a blind headbutt!

DDK:

Right under the jaw!

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The Only Star wobbles backwards. Cayle charges. He throws a flying knee just as Dane throws an elbow! *BOTH* connect, and both men stagger backwards! They're both running at each other before they have a chance to breathe, however, and Dane knocks Cayle down with a clothesline!

Angus:

That's more like it!

DDK:

Cayle hits the mat, but Dane's going to the ropes!

Dane rebounds, then sprints back towards his seated enemy.

Here comes the knee!

Angus:

STTTTAAAAAHHHHBBBRRRRRRRRREEEEEAAAAKKK--

NO!

Cayle ducks!

Angus:

Fuck!

The momentum carries Dane forward, and Cayle hops up to meet him. Cayle throws the first forearm. Dane the second. Cayle the third.

Dane, forearm.

Cayle, forearm.

Dane.

Cayle.

Dane.

DDK:

They've slowed the pace, but they're still trading!

Cayle.

Dane.

DANE.

DANE.

A fourth goes unanswered, but Cayle shakes it off and strings Eric with a body kick! The switch-up catches him off-guard, and Cayle follows up with a spinning back kick right to the gut!

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Angus:

Come on, Dane! What the hell is going on?!

DDK:

Cayle Murray is matching *EVERYTHING!* What a sight this is!

Clutching his stomach, Dane staggers back against the ropes. No time for rest, though: here comes Cayle Murray with the running Yakuza Kick!

DDK:

DANE GOES OVER THE TOP!

Angus:

What?!

The Only Star hits the floor *hard*.

DDK:

You can say all you want about Cayle Murray, Angus, but he is taking the fight to one of the all-time greats tonight!

Angus:

Don't worry, it won't last. All Dane needs is one opportunity and this clown's going to lose his marbles again.

With Dane down, Cayle climbs through the top and middle ropes and out to the apron. Not taking his eyes away from Eric, he backs-up towards the corner, then raises a hand in the air, waiting for his opponent to rise. Dane eventually gets back to his feet, and when he does, Cayle Murray sprints across the apron and leaps forward! He catches Dane's head on the way down and drills it into the floor.

DDK:

TORNADO DDT FROM THE APRON! Those are *NOT* thick floormats, either!

Cayle Murray puts an arm on the barricade and climbs back up, taking a few moments to recover.

DDK:

This match has been fought at a frenetic pace thus far, but with that move, Cayle has an opportunity to slow things down a notch or two.

Angus:

We're only a few minutes deep yet we've already seen thrice as much action as you'll see in the average European soccer game!

Sufficiently rested, Cayle picks Dane up by the arm and rolls him back inside.

DDK:

Smart move from Cayle there: he wants nothing to do with Eric Dane outside the ring.

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Angus:

I don't think he wants anything to do with Dane *inside* the ring either, but you're right. He's one of these super-happy-clappy-handshake-nicey-nicey fuckboy babyface wrestlers who likes flips and wristlocks and shit. Cayle's not built to fight on the Baws' terms.

DDK:

I don't know about that, Angus. Cayle's been throwing some serious thunder tonight! He might be known as a fair and just competitor, but he *despises* what Eric Dane's done to him over the past year, and it resonates with every strike!

Back in the ring, Dane tries to throw an elbow but he's still groggy from the DDT. Cayle dodges it, then charges beyond Dane, coming back from the ropes at great pace. Eric swings a Lariat. Cayle ducks, hits the ropes again, then comes back with a low dropkick to Dane's knee!

DDK:

Down he goes!

With The Only Star on his knees, Cayle runs to the ropes a third time and dashes back with a running Blockbuster! He makes the cover!

ONE!

But Dane kicks-out with ease!

DDK:

There's Cayle Murray's athleticism! If this kid has one advantage tonight, this is it!

Angus:

Heh, so much for "slowing it down"...

Dane looks to rise following the kick-out, but another brutally stiff kick to the chest puts an end to that.

DDK:

Cayle to the ropes again!

The younger Murray hops, then *glides* back with a Springboard Moonsault!

Dane rolls out of the way!

Cayle senses it. Adjusts.

Lands on his feet!

Angus:

How the fuck?!

And before Dane can roll again, Cayle flings himself forward with a standing Shooting Star Press!

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DDK:

What an athlete! How can anybody not be impressed by this?!

Angus:

Well for one, this is a wrestling match, not an acrobatics contest...

DDK:

Exactly, and your man is being out-wrestled by Cayle Murray!

Despite his clear athletic advantage, Murray wisely takes a few moments to regain his stamina. Dane stirs through this, but before he can get back up, Cayle marches over and stomps down on his back. The first few stomps send Dane back to the mat, but he soon grabs the ropes for assistance, and makes it back to his full vertical.

Angus:

He's up! Time to lose a tentacle, Squiddy!

The Only Star turns and cracks Cayle a couple of times. His attempted Irish whip gets reversed, though, and Cayle throws him into the corner so hard that he immediately falls down to the bottom! With Dane in the corner, Cayle sprints away to the opposite, then charges forward, leaps, and crashes down on Dane with the dropkick!

DDK:

What impact on that basement corner dropkick! These moves are gonna add-up, Angus.

Angus:

They are, and the more Cayle lands, the worse Dane's retribution's gonna be! Enjoy it while you can, Charmin...

Murray takes Dane by the arm. Once up, he whips him across to the opposite corner and immediately charges. Cayle hits Dane with a leaping forearm smash, then takes a few steps away, letting Dane come out of the corner. The Only Star swings, but Cayle catches his arm, throws his legs up, then whips Dane down to the mat and into an Armbar!

DDK:

What a counter!

Angus:

Jesus, he *IS* quick...

DDK:

This is the best we've ever seen Cayle Murray! He looked to be in-trouble early-on, but he fought through it, and now finds The Only Star at his mercy! A fearless and ferocious performance!

Cayle holds Dane in the Armbar, but Dane twists into a more favourable angle before his arm reaches full extension. From there, Dane finds the slightest of the slightest of gaps, but it's all he needs. The Only Star's able to pull his arm away from danger and lock the fingers. Not wanting to stay on the ground with Dane too long, Cayle leaps up to his feet.

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Angus:

That's right, *boy*, you can't grapple with the boss...

DDK:

Can't grapple with him, can't strike with him... Angus, anyone listening to you would think Cayle Murray's taking a one-sided hammering here.

Angus:

SOON, Keeps. Just wait.

Dane follows Cayle to his feet, and gets Irish whipped for his troubles. Stuck in the corner again, Dane takes a running back elbow from Cayle, then flops down to the mat. Repeating his earlier actions, Cayle sprints towards Eric Dane who pops-up and throws a vicious Lariat...

Cayle ducks!

Boot to the gut.

DDT!

Murray immediately covers.

ONE!

KICK OUT!

Dane doesn't just kick out, though: he pushes up against Cayle's chest, forcing the Scot a good metre or so along the canvas.

DDK:

Whoa! What authority on the kick-out!

Angus:

Here comes the comeback!

Again, Cayle's up first. He swarms Dane, clobbering his neck a few times, then pushing his head away with the bottom of his boot. Cayle stomps, but Dane rises through the barrage, and surges up with a Shotei palm strike!

Angus:

Yes! Get him!

Cayle falls away, but swings round with a forearm when Dane advances. Back to the exchange. Give one, take one. Give one, take one...

Angus:

Come on, Baws! Break that little shit's jaw!

DDK:

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Cayle's picking-up the pace!

Indeed, Cayle turns the exchange into a flurry. He attacks so rapidly that Dane can't answer him, then abandons the forearms, spins around, and lands a textbook Roaring Elbow!

DDK:

Huge elbow! He must've picked that one up from his training partner, Jason Natas!

Angus:

Oh... oh shit...

DDK:

What?

Angus:

Look at Dane...

Eric has a hand pushed-up against his eyebrow. Thick globs of crimson seep through his fingers and splatter down on the mat.

DDK:

Cayle cut him with the elbow!

Angus:

It must've landed sharp across the eyebrow. It takes a perfect collision with the bone for that to happen, Keeps...

The Only Star pulls his hand away and looks down. It's coated red.

Taken aback by the stream of blood throwing down his rival's face, Cayle hesitates.

Dane *SEETHES*.

Angus:

Uh-ohhhhhh!

Dane lunges forward, cracks Cayle hard in the jaw with a closed fist. Another follows, then another, before Dane brings a knee up against Cayles jaw! The Scot falls to the mat. Dane punts him in the gut, pushes him onto his back, and loses all self-control, battering elbow after elbow into Cayle's head!

DDK:

This is savage! It's like the sight of his own blood set Dane off!

Angus:

Big mistake, Squiddo! Your days are numbered now!

Dane is *furious*. He keeps lashing out at Cayle until the Scot isn't moving any more, then climbs back up and pulls Cayle by the waistband. Locating the nearest corner, Dane ragdolls Cayle through the

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ropes, sending him crashing shoulder-first into the ring pole!

DDK:

My God!

Angus:

This is more like it, Keebsy! *THIS* is Eric *FUCKING* Dane!

DDK:

He's like a beast out there at the moment! But look at the blood, Angus! It's already dripping all over the mat -- all over Cayle Murray -- but more importantly, it's running directly into Eric Dane's eyes.

Angus:

You think he gives a shit?! The Baws will do this with one eye if he has to! It's all the same to him!

The Only Star pressed the ball of his hand against the wound, but he can't stem the flow. Blood paints the mat like a Jackson Pollock as Dane swings his hand away.

DDK:

Who'd have thought that Dane would be the first to get busted open in this match.

Angus:

You think Cayle *meant* that?! It was a complete fluke, and he's about to pay for it.

Murray had slumped down to the outside shortly after hitting the post, so Eric clambers out after him. With Cayle on the ground clutching his shoulder, Dane peels him from the floor, blasts him with an elbow, then throws him head-first into the barricade! The first row of fans jump back as the impact pushes the metal railings loose.

Angus:

See?!

DDK:

This is turning brutal, Angus. First Cayle got tossed into the ring post, then into the barricade...

Angus:

It was always going to pan-out like this. Cayle got his nice selection of flippy shit out of the way early, and now it's time for the real competitor to take control!

Dane's about to move-in for the kill, but he's interrupted by a medic before he can inflict further damage on Cayle.

Angus:

What the hell is this?!

DDK:

It's called common sense, Angus! Dane's gotta get that wound closed-up...

Sure enough, Iris Davine's team member approaches The Only Star with a put of petroleum jelly.

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Unfortunately, the poor soul makes the mistake of standing between Eric Dane and his prey. The scowl is instantaneous...

Angus:

Uh-oh...

The medic scoops some jelly out with his gloved hand and reaches out to Dane's brow. Eric, furious, pushes his hand away, then shoves him to the ground!

Angus:

Take a seat!

DDK:

Oh, come on! He was only trying to do his job!

Angus:

He was getting in the way, Keebs! You don't get in Eric Dane's way!

For all his rage, however, Dane isn't oblivious to the dangers presented by the cut. He grabs the discarded tub from the floor, scoops-out a huge wad, then crudely smears it over his bleeding brow.

Angus:

Now that's what I call effective field surgery!

DDK:

That jelly is supposed to stem the bloodflow and create a protective layer... when applied correctly. I hope he knows what he's doing...

Tossing the tub aside, Dane hauls Cayle Murray to his feet and sets him against the barricade. He peels his hand back, then swipes it across Cayle's chest!

DDK:

Knife-edge chop!

Another chop!

Cayle tries to scuttle away, but Dane pushes him back against the railings then strikes his chest again. There's already a long red welt on the Scot's chest.

DDK:

Any more of those and Dane'll cave his ribcage in!

Angus:

Now wouldn't that be a sight!

Finally letting Cayle fall away, Dane grunts something that the cameras don't quite pick-up, before taking his opponent by the head and waistband and throwing him hard against the ring steps! A huge crash rings out, and Cayle arcs his back in pain.

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DDK:

Jesus! This is just relentless!

His torso glistening with sweat and blood, and with at least half of his face coated in claret, The End Boss stands dominant over Cayle Murray.

Angus:

He looks like a goddamn serial killer, Keebs! Look at that visual!

DDK:

As harrowing as it is stark, this is the image of a man fresh-off a murder scene, not a wrestling match.

Angus:

And we're barely 10 minutes in! I love it!

Not even close to having his fun with the Little Squid That Could, Dane pulls him up then takes him back over to the railings. Fans scurry in anticipation of what's to come, and it proves to be a good decision: Dane doesn't *gently throw* Murray over the barricade, he fuckin' *LOBS* him!

Angus:

Fuck! He landed three rows deep!

Rows of steel chairs crumple and fold under Cayle's weight, and The Faithful around him can't get away quick enough, particularly with Charles Manson Junior making his way over.

DDK:

There are steel chairs everywhere, Angus! What a mess!

Angus:

Hope those thousand dollar seats were worth it!

The Only Star kicks away a few chairs as he reaches the other side, then blasts the rising Cayle Murray with a kick to the temple. Cayle stumbles to his feet but it's hard to get a steady balance among the debris, and a strong right forearm knocks him down again.

Angus:

Let the hunt begin!

Sure enough, Cayle gets up again, doing all he can to get away from the rampaging DEFIANCE owner. Dane just keeps cutting him off, however, and after pulling him in for a few forearms, Eric knocks Cayle over with a clothesline.

DDK:

Dane is just beating the tar out of him, and those are some stiff, stiff shots!

Angus:

I don't know how many braincells young Squiddy had going into this thing, but he isn't going to have any left by the end of it.

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DDK:

Cayle *CANNOT* compete with Eric Dane in this environment! He has to get out of there!

Instead of striking Cayle this time, Dane grabs a loose chair from the floor and throws it against his back.

Angus:

But he can't get out, Keebs! There's nowhere to go! There's a wall of fans on one side, and Eric fucking Dane on the other!

The chair bounces away, and Eric yanks Cayle up again. He looks to the gathered throng of fans and demands they get the hell out of the way, which they do. Seconds later, Eric Dane is recklessly tossing Murray into a pile of still-standing chairs!

DDK:

What a mess, Angus! What an absolute mess! This match has gone from a horror movie to a disaster flick in the space of a few minutes!

Angus:

They've wiped-out at *least* ten rows of seating, and I don't think Dane's even contemplating finishing him off yet!

Cayle's heart's beating faster than he can ever remember. *Everything* hurts, but there's no time to recover. Even when Eric Dane takes a minute to extend his arms sideways and bask in his own glory, all Murray can do is roll onto his back and *try* to prepare for whatever his torturer has next!

Angus:

Here comes The Baws!

Kneeling down beside his opponent, Dane blasts him with a series of grounded elbows.

DDK:

Dane hammers away like a carpenter, and despite the haphazard application, that petroleum jelly seems to be doing its job.

Angus:

There is no end to this man's talents, Keebler!

Satisfied that enough piss has been beaten from Cayle Murray, Dane stands back up on a rare section of floor that isn't covered by chairs, drink cups, and other random bullshit. He kicks some of the mess away to create a bigger workspace, then pulls an intact chair from the ground and sets it up.

DDK:

What's this now?!

The question gets answered immediately. Dane takes a groggy Cayle Murray from the floor, then sits him right down on the chair.

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Angus:

Pull up a seat, Young Charmin! Take a load-off!

DDK:

I don't like the look of this...

Angus:

Good. You shouldn't.

Eric walks away, kicks chairs as he goes. He stops a few metres away from the seated Murray, and when he turns around and changes his stance, Dane's next move becomes immediately apparent.

DDK:

No...

Angus:

Yes!

DDK:

Nononononono--

Dane charges.

Angus:

STTTTAAAAARRRRRRBBBBBBBBRRRRRRREEEEEAAAAAAAKKKKKKAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

The running knee crashes into the side of Cayle Murray's head, sending him flying off the chair and tumbling to the ground!

DDK:

HUGE running knee from Eric Dane!

Angus:

This pussy must be down to just three or four lives by now!

On the floor, Eric Dane rises to a kneeling position. Cayle lies completely motionless before him, and it's enough to draw a cruel smirk from The Only Star.

DDK:

This is not going well for Cayle Murray! That early offence seems like it happened lightyears ago, and Dane has finished many an opponent off with that Starbreaker knee!

Angus:

You're goddamn right it's not going well! Cayle is not built to compete with Eric Dane in DEFIANCE. That's all there is to it, Keeps. He might be a good wrestler - heck, he might even be a *GREAT* wrestler - but he's being found woefully out of his depth tonight.

DDK:

It's far too early to write Cayle off, Angus! The momentum isn't in his favour, but don't

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underestimate his heart, his passion! If *anyone* can fight their way out of such a dire situation, it's Cayle Murray.

Back on his feet, a boastful Eric Dane puts a foot down on Cayle Murray's chest. He stands over him with his head bowed, and a few rogue drops of blood break through the jelly barricade and splash down on Cayle's forehead.

DDK:

This is just *nasty*...

Angus:

Squeamish, Keebs?!

Keebler doesn't respond. Cayle starts showing some signs of life beneath Dane's boot, so The Only Star sits him up, then hauls him to his feet. Murray fights back, however, lashing out with a forearm to the gut, then another!

DDK:

Cayle's still alive! He's fighting!

The resistance comes to a quick end when Dane clobbers Murray with an elbow, then slaps him across the cheek.

Angus:

HA! Take tha--

No! Cayle bursts up with a European Uppercut! Dane falls backwards!

DDK:

Right in the jaw!

A sudden burst of energy overcomes Cayle. He gets to his feet, slipping on a chair at first, but he's soon taking hold of Eric Dane and walking him towards the barricades.

DDK:

Looks like Cayle's trying to take this back to the ring!

Angus:

That's the best chance he has of not dying tonight, I guess...

Just as Cayle's about to scoop the legs and send Dane over, however, Dane lifts a knee and thrusts it up between Murray's legs!

Angus:

No baby squids for you, boy!

DDK:

A blatant low blow, but it's all legal in this Crescent City Street Fight!

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Angus:

And that's the key difference between these two: Dane is more than willing to go to such levels, while Cayle simply is not. This cornball is completely hamstrung by his morals, even in an environment like this, and it's going to be the end of him!

As soon as Cayle hits the floor, Dane's reaching down for a steel chair. He brings it up over his head, then cracks it down on Murray's back!

DDK:

And now the chairshot! When will this savagery end?!

Angus:

When Eric Dane decides he's had enough: no sooner, no later.

There's no more messing around from Eric Dane. Though the chair's now heavily-dented, Dane keeps hold of it, then pries it apart. While Cayle's on his hands and knees, Dane slides the chair over his head and sandwiches his neck in the gap between the backrest and the part you sit on.

DDK:

Oh no, not this...

Oh yes, *THIS*.

Dane pushes his boot down on the back of the chair, crushing Cayle's windpipe, destroying his oxygen supply.

DDK:

I don't even know how much more of this I can watch.

Angus:

What's wrong with you, Keeps?! This is a blast!

DDK:

No, it's downright barbaric! It's one thing to want to teach the kid a lesson, but this? This is way too much, even by Eric Dane's standards!

Angus:

Uh, Keeps... you do realise who you're watching, right?

DDK:

Of course I do, but Cayle doesn't deserve this! Nobody does!

The Only Star eventually gets tired of choking the living daylights out of Cayle. He pulls the chair over his head and tosses it aside. Red in the face and gasping for air, Cayle has a hand to his throat as he tries to crawl away.

Angus:

Squeal, piggy! Squeal!

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DDK:

This is dehumanising...

Angus:

And it's no less than the little shit deserves! You can't expect to fuck around with Dane's business for a whole calendar year and not pay the price. That's not how it works! I don't know what kind of dream world these Murray's live-in, but this poor little baby is finally crashing back to reality.

Knowing that Cayle's too debilitated to go much further, Dane takes his eyes off him for a moment and clears another space among the chaos. He sets another steel chair up.

DDK:

Not another Starbreaker...

Angus:

C'mon, Keeps! Dane's already done that. He's more creative than that...

After locating Cayle, Dane takes control of him, drags him over to the chair, and smashes his head down against it! He doesn't let it bounce off, however: instead, Dane leaves Cayle's face pressed against the steel as he backs off...

DDK:

Wait... he's not...?

Angus:

Dane's about to American History X a Squiddo!

Eric leaps through the air.

Brings his boot down.

Angus:

EAT IT!

But Cayle rolls away! Dane's boot stomps down on the chair, and Cayle quickly sweeps his standing leg from under him!

DDK:

Thank God for that! And here comes Cayle!

Murray *LEAPS* on top of Eric Dane, raining down blow after blow after blow on his opponent's face!

DDK:

There's that fire, that conviction! Cayle is putting everything into those MMA elbows!

A few catch Eric Dane square on his sliced eyebrow. The jelly-shield is destroyed on impact, and streams of blood fly up every time Cayle retracts his elbow!

Angus:

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Holy shit! Cayle is *covered* in Eric Dane's blood! Look at that elbow!

Some fans turn away from the scene, which is a little too close for comfort for their liking. Cayle naturally slows the pace, and as Dane's face becomes a bloody mess, he soon realises just how much damage he's done...

DDK:

Cayle's gotta stay on-top of him! He can't afford to stop!

Angus:

What the hell is he doing?!

Cayle pulls his arm up. His elbow and forearm are streaked with The Only Star's blood, and when he looks down at his t-shirt, it's much the same.

DDK:

He's shocked! I don't think Cayle can believe what he's gotten himself into here!

Angus:

Oh boy, when Dane gets up...

Slowly rising to his feet, Cayle hastily wipes Dane's blood away from him, but the hesitation costs him dearly. Eric surges up from the floor and tackles Cayle into a pile of chairs, repeating the same bludgeoning that Murray had just handed out!

Angus:

What'd I tell you, Keebs? That was the most ridiculous thing I've ever seen! This is a *STREET FIGHT*, and Cayle can't handle a little blood?!

DDK:

That was more than a *little* blood! Cayle Murray is coated, and that eyebrow wound is all the way open again! You've gotta start wondering what kind of impact this'll have on Dane's stamina...

Angus:

There's a lot of blood flowing around the human head, and these type of wounds usually take a while to stop leaking. It'll calm down before long, but regardless, Dane's filled with enough venom to carry him through *two* matches with Cayle tonight! It won't be an issue. I know it looks awful, but the wound's not as bad as it looks...

Murray puts a desperate hand-up to try and stave-off the attack, but Dane seizes it with both hands, then rolls Cayle onto his side. Wrenching tightly, Eric twists the limb awkwardly behind Cayle's back.

DDK:

Kimura on the outside!

Angus:

A new dimension to Dane's assault! Even I'm impressed.

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DDK:

Cayle's taken a huge amount of damage already, and now Dane's targeting a limb. How can the Scot get out of this latest tight spot?!

A strong technician in his own right, Cayle pushes back to loosen Eric's leverage a little, but he can't get his arm all the way out. Instead, Murray finds a way to pull his legs beneath him, then slowly start rising to his feet. Unfortunately, there's a chair between his boots and the floor. Murray loses his foot and slips back down, and while this forces him loose from the Kimura, his arm twists awkwardly on the way out.

DDK:

Ouch! That didn't look good at all! Cayle's lucky to escape without a dislocation...

Angus:

"Dislocation?" That's a walk in the park compared to the state he'll be in by the end of this!

While Cayle winces, The Only Star has recovered his posture. He picks Murray from the ground and throws a forearm. Murray answers, and soon the two are trading again... only a lot slower than before.

Angus:

Oh yeah, because this ended *SO* well for Cayle the last time!

DDK:

Didn't exactly end well for Dane either: look at that wound.

Angus:

That wound will be the reason Cayle leaves this building in a goddamn hearse tonight, Keebs! Mark my words!

Slug.

Slug.

SLUG.

The duo keep throwing, 'til Eric Dane takes a shortcut and jams a thumb on Cayle's eye!

DDK:

Oh come on!

Angus:

All legal, Darren! Hey, where is Mark Shields anyway?! I haven't seen him in a few minutes!

DDK:

Keeping a safe distance I'd imagine! He's got a job to do, but it's absolute carnage out there! Dane and Cayle have now been outside the ring longer than they were in it.

A knee to the gut. Dane throws Cayle's head beneath his arm, then positions him over the American

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History X chair. Though heavily-dented, it's still standing.

DDK:

WAIT! NO!

Angus:

DO IT!

The Only Star grabs the waistband and holds Cayle high.

DDK:

NOT THIS! NOT A...

Angus:

STTTTAAAAARRRRRRRDDDDDRRRRRRRRIIIIIIVVVVVVVVAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Dane's trademark Brainbuster drives Cayle's head through the chair and all the way down to the floor!

DDK:

JESUS, ANGUS! How much damage can the human body take?! Cayle Murray just took Dane's finisher through a chair, and the worst part? He can't even finish the match out there! This has to continue!

Angus:

I know, baby! Isn't it wonderful?!

DDK:

"Wonderful?!" You're actually *ENJOYING* this?!

Angus:

And the award for Most Obvious Question of the Night goes to...

Cayle Murray's gone blank. His eyes are closed. He's completely motionless.

Everyone in the building's chanting "HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!" at the top of their lungs, but he probably can't hear any of it.

Eric Dane, meanwhile, sits upright and wipes a stream of blood away from his face. While still flowing, the wound's nowhere near as bad as it was after Cayle's elbow assault.

Angus:

That's the man, Keeps! That's The Baws! That's Eric *FUCKING* Dane! This is what he's been doing for two goddamn decades, and tonight, Cayle Murray goes down as another brick in The Only Star's wall of victims!

DDK:

Impossible brutality. That's what we've come to expect from Eric Dane over the years, but it's been a long, long time since he showcased this kind of violence in a DEFIANCE ring.

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Angus:

It's like these people forgot what Eric Dane was all about, and he's using Squidboy as a reminder!
It's only a matter of time now, Keebs: Cayle's night is over!

Having recovered a bunch of lost energy since Stardriving the living shit out of Murray, Dane plucks his *dead* foe from the floor and finally carries him towards the railings. Cayle gets bundled over the top.

DDK:

FINALLY we're heading back inside!

Angus:

Can't pin the guy all the way over there, I guess!

Moving noticeably slower himself, Dane rolls Cayle under the bottom rope, then climbs inside. Once on his feet, Dane mockingly kicks-out at Cayle's torso a few times, but he doesn't make the cover.

Instead, Eric Dane reaches down into his boot...

DDK:

Wait...

... and pulls-out his favourite weapon.

DDK:

... it's the fork.

Angus:

An implement that Cayle is already very well-acquainted with!

Dane holds the fork high in the air, and The Faithful let out a collective gasp.

DDK:

I dread to think what Da---... wait! SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE!

Cayle rolls Dane's shoulders into the mat!

ONE!

TWO!

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NO! DANE KICKS OUT!

Angus:

Well thank Hoyt for that!

DDK:

Cayle almost had him, but look-out! Dane isn't happy!

Face flush with fury, Dane stomps down *HARD* on Cayle Murray, then drops an elbow across the back of his head! He reaches out, grabs the fork, and pulls Cayle into a seated position.

Angus:

Time to dine!

Dane *plunges* the fork into Cayle's forehead!

DDK:

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD! THIS IS *ENOUGH!* THIS IS MORE THAN ENOUGH!

The Scot screams in agony, but there's little he can do. With one arm secured around Cayle's neck, Dane pushes the fork deeper, digging layers of flesh away from his scalp.

DDK:

This is absolutely stomach-churning!

Angus:

Told ya Cayle was gonna pay for that cut!

DDK:

That was an accident! This isn't revenge... it's... it's downright *sadistic!*

Blood immediately streams down Murray's face. Agonised, he writhes within Dane's grasp, but it's no good. Each little movement only drags the fork further across his forehead.

DDK:

He's disfiguring him! Somebody get out here and stop this! Andy! Natas! *ANYBODY!*

Angus:

They ain't doing shit, Keebs, and rightly so! This is Cayle's penance, not theirs. If this little bastard thinks he has a place in that ring, he needs to endure this...

The sequence drags on and on and on, turning everyone who isn't a complete sadomasochist away. Eventually, however, Eric Dane pulls the fork away, throws it over his shoulder, and runs his hand across Cayle's bloodied forehead. He slowly rises to his feet.

DDK:

Thank God that's over...

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Opening his mouth, Eric Dane runs Cayle's blood along his tongue.

DDK:

WHAT?! Are you serious?! This is absolutely disgusting!

Angus:

Eric Dane's a sick, demented bastard! It's beautiful!

And then, Eric Dane is consumed by bloodlust. His eyes widen, and he plucks Cayle from the ground.

DDK:

He's setting him up...

The head goes under the arm.

DDK:

Just end it! This match has spiralled completely out of his control.

Cayle gets hoisted into the air. His body hangs for a few minutes.

Until Dane snaps downwards.

Angus:

SSSSSSSTTTTTTTTTAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRDDDDDDDRRRRRRIIIIIIVVVVVVAAAAAAHHHH
HHHHHHH!

Flattened by a *second* Brainbuster, Cayle goes limp on impact.

DDK:

It's over. He's done.

Angus:

I'd say "put a fork in him," but... y'know!

Eric Dane hooks the leg.

ONE!

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TWO!

THREE?!

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! CAYLE MURRAY KICKS OUT!

DDK:

What?!

Angus:

ARE YOU *SHITTING* ME?!

DDK:

CAYLE MURRAY JUST KICKED-OUT OF A STARDRIVER!

Angus:

WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK IS GOING ON?!

DDK:

After all the damage he's taken, after all the punishment, Cayle Murray refuses to let Eric Dane defeat him! By God, Dane might just have to *KILL* him tonight!

Nobody in the building is more surprised than Eric Dane, who recoils with his head in his hands. The shock soon dissipates, however, and frustration takes over. The Only Star bashes both fists into the mat.

DDK:

Dane can't believe it, Angus!

Angus:

Neither can I! How the hell did Squidboy kick-out?!

DDK:

I told you, Angus! Cayle Murray, just like his brother, is damn near unbreakable! He's proving it tonight, and while the odds *still* look grim, he's putting-up one hell of a fight!

Angus:

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The goddamn fool just doesn't know when to quit!

While he's hunched over, Dane notices the blood pooling on the mat, and knows that if he doesn't do something about the cut, he's going to start feeling real woozy very, very soon.

He looks around for a solution, and finds it attached to Cayle Murray.

DDK:

What's this now?!

Angus:

Is he going for his t-shirt?

Though sodden in sweat and blood, Dane's still able to pull the garment over Cayle's shoulders, then tear a sizeable chunk away from the bottom. He pulls it across his left eye then ties it tightly round the back of his head.

Angus:

A makeshift bandage! It'll do, I suppose.

DDK:

That should help with the bleeding, but Dane's just covered his whole left eye. Surely that'll be a hinderance?

Angus:

It'll mess with his peripheral vision, sure, but do you really think Cayle Murray's gonna be pulling-off any fast-paced, flippy shit at this stage in the match? Dane should be able to telegraph everything regardless.

Having fixed himself up, Dane's focus goes back to obliterating Cayle Murray. Keeping the Scot grounded, Dane pulls his arm up, then seizes his left index finger.

DDK:

A small-joint lock?

SNAP!

Nope!

Angus:

Ha! It broke like a twig!

Cayle howls as The Only Star pulls the finger against the joint. Before he knows it, though, Dane's grabbing his middle finger...

SSSSSSSNAP!

DDK:

ANOTHER ONE! Is there no end to this man's cruelty!?

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Angus:

One finger for that Stardriver kickout, another for fun...

Eric goes for a third finger, but Cayle bursts to life. He's broken, bloodied, and beaten, but he can't let his opponent take another digit! He powers to his feet and throws forearms, but Dane quickly stops him with a boot to the gut.

Angus:

Back down you go, fucko!

DDK:

And now Dane tosses Cayle clear out of the ring! We're a good 30 minutes in, and this one shows no sign of easing-off!

Angus:

It *SHOULD* have ended with the Stardriver, but nooooooooooooo, Squidboy just *HAD* to continue! Let's see what fun activities Dane has planned for him next!

Shortly after Cayle *thuds* down on the mat, Dane joins him outside and puts the boot to his torso a few times. Eric then ducks down and throws the ring curtain up. It takes him a few seconds to find what he's looking for, but he eventually drags a couple of chairs from underneath. They get tossed into the ring, then Dane ducks back down and starts pulling out a long, brown table.

DDK:

ANOTHER weapon?!

Angus:

Forks! Tables! Chairs! Oh my!

The Only Star pulls the table's legs out and sets it up close to the corner, but Cayle flies at him! The spear's sloppy and groggy, but it's enough to bring Dane down, and his head crashes against the bottom of the railings before he hits the floor!

Angus:

Goddamnit, that table looked like fun!

DDK:

How is Murray even moving, let alone trying to mount a comeback?

Angus:

I wish I knew the answer, but he's in terrible shape! Look at that forehead, his left hand... I'd feel sorry for him if he wasn't such a self-righteous fuckboy.

Dane is hurt, but Cayle's a lot worse. He lies on top of his adversary, his chest heaving with every laboured breath, before rolling-off and taking a closer look at his maimed left hand.

DDK:

Looks more like a set of dislocations to me: look at the joints...

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Angus:

Either way, I don't think Cayle's gonna be u--

SNAP!

Angus:

Oh my GOD!

Cayle fucking *SCREAMS*.

DDK:

He just popped a finger back into place!

Angus:

Okay, that takes some serious balls. How does he even know how to do that?!

DDK:

I have absolutely no idea, but he's going for the second...

Cayle can't, though: Dane's already moving, and that spells danger. He gets to his feet as quickly as his tired body will allow, then rolls The Only Star back into the ring.

DDK:

If ever there was a time for Cayle to take control, this is it! He simply has to capitalise on this opportunity! There's no other choice!

It takes Dane a good while longer to rise than Cayle, and the Scot takes full advantage. While Dane's getting-up, Cayle's setting him up.

DDK:

Here he comes!

Mustering all he's got left, Cayle flattens Dane with a running Busaiku Knee Kick!

Angus:

NO! What the hell are you doing, Squidboy?!

DDK:

Trying to win the damn match!

Murray doesn't rest, however. He pulls Dane right back up, whips him to the ropes, then pops him in the air...

DDK:

SHUTTHE-EFF-UPPERCUT!

Dane jerks backwards with Cayle's good hand hits his jaw, and the Scot immediately scrambles into a cover.

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DDK:

Is it enough?!

Angus:

Kick-out, Baws!

ONE!

TWO!

NOOOOOOO! DANE KICKS-OUT!

Angus:

PHHHHEEEWWWWW!

DDK:

BUT LOOK AT CAYLE MURRAY! NO HESITATION WHATSOEVER!

Overcome with adrenaline, Cayle yanks Dane upwards, then hoists him into a hanging vertical!

Angus:

NO!

Murray expends no unnecessary energy with a needless delay, though. He flips the move into a sit-out side slam, driving The Only Star's head, neck, and shoulders into the mat!

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

CHAINBREAKER! THAT'S HIS FINISHER!

Angus:

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NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:
IT'S OVER!

Cayle hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE?

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! DANE KICKS OUT!

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DDK:

OH MY GOD!

Angus:

THANK YOU JESUS!

DDK:

DANE KICKED-OUT OF CAYLE'S FINISHER! WHAT DOES HE HAVE TO DO TO PUT THIS MONSTER AWAY?!

Angus:

NOTHING!

DDK:

... what?!

Angus:

There's *NOTHING* he can do, Keeps! He just hit Eric Dane with his two best shots, and it still wasn't enough! What else does Cayle have?! What can this kid *POSSIBLY* have in his locker that can save him now?!

Exhausted, anguished, *crushed*: Cayle Murray's facial expression is all these things and more.

His forehead streaming with blood, the Scot sits upright, leans back, and presses his hands into his skull.

Angus:

Look at him, Keeps! He's fucked and he knows it! Cayle *knows* it's over!

DDK:

He's absolutely distraught, but he *needs* to get-up! If he sits there any longer, that viper's gonna leap-up and stick the fangs in his throat!

Angus:

He's hit an adrenaline dump. I think Cayle thought he'd defeated Eric Dane there, and when he kicked-out, all the life just sucked right out of him. Just call the ambulance now, Keeps, this one's done...

Murray slumps down to the mat.

Lingers for a few seconds.

Realises Eric Dane's stirring.

Realises he's subconsciously giving-up.

Jolt of energy.

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Cayle *pops* to his feet.

DDK:

Wait a minute!

He grabs the back of Eric Dane's head then throws it between his thighs!

DDK:

Last roll of the dice! Cayle's got one last shot left!

Angus:

Heh, the boy pulled-up his britches...

Murray links his arms beneath Dane's gut, looking for a powerbomb lift.

DDK:

G.I.T.B! He's going for it!

Cayle pulls.

Eric Dane dead-weights himself.

To one knee.

LOW BLOW.

Angus:

HAHAHAHAHAHA!

DDK:

Down goes Cayle! Dane low blows his way out of trouble!

Angus:

POW! Right to the baby-maker!

Cayle crumbles to the floor like any man would.

Angus:

Even Lance Armstrong felt that one, Keeps!

DDK:

Wow, you're awful.

The Only Star's on one knee, his entire body heaving with every sharp intake of breath. He's closing-in on 30-minutes deep into a match for the first time in years, but when he looks up and flashes *THAT* grin, everyone in the building knows he's got murder on his mind.

Angus:

Ohhhhhh yes...

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DDK:

This doesn't look good for Cayle Murray.

With a sodden t-shirt tied around his left eye but slivers of blood still dribbling down his cheek, Eric Dane looks downright psychotic. As Cayle Murray crawls across the ring, Dane rises to his feet.

Angus:

Look at that, Keebs! That is a picture of pure evil, and he's about to tear-out the little rabbit's throat!

DDK:

Cayle needs to get back on his feet here: if Dane gets his hands on him now, he's done for.

Angus:

"If?" Nah, Keebs. It's a matter of "when."

The Only Star takes a couple of slow steps forward, then picks one of the chairs from the mat.

DDK:

Oh, God. What now?

Angus:

187 on a motherfuckin' Squidboy!

Instead of cracking Murray with it, however, Dane pulls the legs apart and sets the steel chair-up in the centre of the ring. Soon he's picking-up the second chair that he tossed-in a few minutes ago.

Angus:

Huh?

Dane sets the second chair up alongside the first, but pointing in the opposite direction.

DDK:

What's this?

Angus:

I imagine Squiddo's about to have his skull broken over both of those things.

Sure enough, Dane walks over to the rising Cayle and elbows him in the skull to stifle any fight-back. He pulls him over to the chairs.

Angus:

Knew it!

But instead of delivering *another* Stardriver, Dane sits Cayle Murray down on one of the chairs, then walks around, and sits down opposite him.

Angus:

What the...?

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DDK:

Whatever this is, I can't imagine it ends well for Cayle.

Murray's still a little woozy, so Dane slaps him across the cheek.

Eric Dane:

Wake up, fuckhead.

Cayle looks up.

Eric Dane:

I've got all night, but *YOU* don't.

Just as the last word leaves his lips, Dane cracks Cayle across the jaw with a closed fist.

DDK:

Maaaaaaaaan...

Cayle's head snaps to the side. He puts a hand to his lip, and when he pulls it away, there's blood on the tips of his fingers.

Angus:

Ha! He busted his forehead, and now he's busted his lip!

Eric Dane:

Your turn.

Cayle's eyes meet Dane's.

Eric Dane:

Right here, bitch.

He taps his finger against his jaw.

DDK:

He's testing him...

Eric Dane:

Hit me.

Under his rival's glare, Cayle hesitates.

Angus:

He's taking a measure of this tiny little man.

DDK:

Don't take the bait, Cayle! Don't fall into his trap!

Eric Dane:

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HIT ME.

Cayle doesn't.

Dane grunts.

WHACK.

Cayle eats another closed fist, and this one damn near knocks him off his chair.

Angus:

Is he just gonna let Dane knock him the fuck out?!

DDK:

I don't think he knows what Dane's doing, and when that's the case, it's best not to react.

Cayle swings around, raging.

FOREARM.

Angus:

You were saying?!

Dane fires back with a forearm of his own.

Cayle answers.

Dane answers.

DDK:

They're just lashing-out at each other! After all they've been through in this match, Cayle Murray and Eric Dane are sat down in the middle of the ring, trading blows!

Cayle with an elbow.

Dane, forearm.

Answered.

Angus:

Dane wants to beat Cayle in *every* department! Here, he's testing Cayle's masculinity. He's checking his ability to bite down on his mouthpiece and fight like a man...

Dane slaps him.

Cayle slaps him back!

The Only Star doesn't like this, and answers with another super-hard punch to the chin.

DDK:

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I don't know how wise it is for Cayle to play this game...

Angus:

Not wise at all, but he's doing it now!

Instead of letting Eric get to him, Cayle strikes a chop right across his throat!

Angus:

Jesus fuck!

DDK:

Right to the windpipe!

Angus:

Where did that come from, Keebs?! That was brutal!

It was, and as soon as Dane's done catching his breath, he does the very same thing to Cayle!

Angus:

Cayle's pissed him off now!

It takes Cayle a couple seconds longer to respond, but he does.

Forearm.

Dane cracks him with an elbow.

Cayle *doesn't* respond.

Another elbow from Dane.

Another.

DDK:

Uh-oh...

Eric Dane:

C'mon, pussy!

Forearm smash.

Cayle's head ragdolls, then rolls back around.

The Only Star purses his lips.

Wretches.

Spits a glob of saliva, bile, and blood right in Murray's face!

DDK:

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JESUS!

Angus:
HAHAHAHA!

DDK:
How can you laugh, Angus?! That's absolutely disgusting!

Angus:
All's fair in love and war, Kee--

DDK:
I don't care, Angus! That's one of the most repulsive things I've *EVER* seen! Right in the face...
Jesus...

Cayle wipes the noxious blend of body fluids from his cheek. When he looks up, Eric Dane's laughing in his face.

Cayle sees red.

Leaps off his chair like a lion to an antelope.

DDK:
WHOA!

Murray knocks Dane right off his chair. He lands in a mounted position, then starts *pulverising* The Only Star's face with punishing elbows!

Angus:
Wha--?!

DDK:
Cayle Murray is coming alive! He's putting it all together! He's learning what it means to be DEFIANT!

Angus:
What's going on with this wet fart tonight?!

Cayle smashes away at Dane's skull like a jackhammer, the jumps to his feet, letting-out an impassioned roar.

DDK:
Surprised, Angus?

Angus:
Of course I am! This guy's been nothing but a frail little baby since the day he got here. Look at him trying to be all "hard" and shit, it's almost endearing...

DDK:

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This is *growth!* This is everything his brother told him earlier on! This is Cayle Murray *FINALLY* delivering on his mammoth potential, and Eric Dane's in deep trouble!

Murray storms across the ring. He stands poised and ready, screaming at Eric Dane...

Cayle Murray:
GET UP!

Still knocked a little silly, Dane starts showing some signs of life.

DDK:
Is he...?!

Angus:
No. He wouldn't be that stupid...

Buzzing with energy, Cayle stomps down on the mat.

Angus:
... would he?!

DDK:
Cayle's setting Dane up for a Starbreaker!

Angus:
He can't do that!

Dane peels himself off the mat.

DDK:
Why not?!

Cayle gets ready.

Angus:
That's Dane's move! He wouldn't *dare*...

The Only Star's *juuuuuuuust* up enough.

Cayle charges.

The knee flies.

Angus:
NOOO--

DANE DUCKS.

Angus:

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YES!

Dane pops to his feet. Cayle turns around. Throws a Lariat. Dane ducks. Skips behind.

GERMAN SUPLEX.

Angus:

That's what you fucking get!

DDK:

Cayle's plan didn't pay-off...

Angus:

It failed epically, Keeps. He got too caught-up in the moment -- too cocky -- and The Baws made him fucking pay! Get ready for the end, because here it comes!

Having backed away from Cayle, Dane stands poised and ready.

There's no length set-up this time. Murray sits upright after just a few seconds, and Dane surges forward with the knee.

Angus:

STTTTTTTAAAARRRRRRRRRBBBBBBRRRRRREEEEEEEEEAAAAAAKKKKKKKAAAAAAHHHHHH
HHHHHHHHH!

RIGHT TO THE FUCKING DOME.

Murray snaps back.

Angus:

That's how you throw a goddamn Starbreaker, Keeps!

DDK:

That's it! That's *GOTTA* be it!

Dane, of course, hooks the leg.

Shields does his job.

ONE!

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TWO!

THHHHRRRRREEEEEEEE-- NO! KICK OUT!

DDK:

Murray survives!

Angus:

Not for fucking long!

No hesitation, no frustration: Eric Dane gets to his feet and takes his foe with him.

Angus:

The Starbreaker *isn't* how this one ends, boyo!

DDK:

Another Stardriver?!

Angus:

You fucking know it!

The head goes under the arm.

The Scotsman gets hoisted into the air...

Angus:

STTTTTTTTTAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR--

And dropped on his goddamn head.

Angus:

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--

DDDDDDDDDDDDDDRRRRRRRRRRRRRIIIIIIIIVVVVVVVVVVAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHHHHH!

DDK:

That's it.

Angus:

EAT IT, SQUIDDO!

DDK:

It's over. It's done.

Dane rolls onto Murray's chest and pulls the leg up.

The ref hits the canvas.

DDK:

A brave fight...

ONE!

DDK:

... but there's only so much a man can take.

TWO!

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THREE?!

Angus:

Goodniiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiight, Murray!

The air goes still.

Everything slows down.

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His face drains of all colour.

Angus:

... whyyyyyyyyy?!

DDK:

He will *NOT* die! Cayle Murray has shocked Eric Dane to his very core!

The Only Star puts his hands to his head.

Almost rips his own hair out.

Angus:

What am I even watching, Keeps?!

DDK:

You are watching two of the best professional wrestlers in the *WORLD* tear the house down, and The Faithful are loving every second! I have *NO IDEA* what it's going to take to end this...

The Only Star looks to a corner.

He gets an idea.

The *LAST* idea.

Angus:

Oh, but I do...

He dispels his disbelief long enough to get back up, then pull Cayle with him.

DDK:

Oh... oh no... we haven't seen *THIS* in years.

Angus:

When you've tried *EVERYTHING* else, Keeps, you bring out the big guns!

With all his remaining strength, Dane sets Cayle up on the top turnbuckle. He pauses for a moment, feeling a little dizzy from his earlier bloodloss, and a little sore from all the goddamn punishment he's taken.

DDK:

The Stardriver II!

Angus:

He's gonna drive Cayle's stupid little skull all the way down into that 'buckle!

Dane starts climbing.

Angus:

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DDK:

CAYLE ESCAPED!

Dane *ALMOST* falls back down to the ring, but he grabs the top ropes to steady himself.

Angus:

He's only pronon--

DDK:

LOOK OUT!

Cayle *GRABS* Dane by the throat.

Both hands.

TOSSES him over the top rope.

Angus:

OH MY GOOOOOODDDDDDDDDDD!

Dane *CRASHES* through the table!

DDK:

GOOD LORD ALMIGHTY! RIGHT THROUGH THE TABLE HE SET-UP EARLIER!

Angus:

I can't believe this! *HOW* does this guy still have the strength?!

DDK:

Hold on...

Cayle steadies himself.

DDK:

He's not... is he?!

Stands-up.

Looks down.

Closes his eyes.

Angus:

What. The. Hell.

Says a silent prayer.

Leap of faith...

Twists.

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Flips.

Glides.

LANDS.

DDK:

AIR RAID! AIR RAID! AIR RAID!

The corkscrew 450 lads *perfectly*, and Cayle immediately rolls over onto fragments of broken table.

Angus:

I... I...

DDK:

WHAT A MOVE... AND WHAT A HUGE MOMENT!

Angus:

I have no words...

DDK:

A death defying leap from Cayle Murray, from the top turnbuckle all the way to the outside!

There's not a single person in their seat. Cayle's on his back, staring at the lights, but Dane's a whole lot worse. The Only Star's eyes are fused shut, and his t-shirt bandage has come loose, exposing an increasingly grisly wound for all to see.

Angus:

... I think I need some air.

DDK:

Can he capitalise?! Can Cayle Murray pull this thing off?!

Murray tries to roll over, but the pain's too much.

DDK:

This is his moment! This is his chance!

Angus:

I think that flippy shit has hurt him just as much as it did Dane, Keeps.

Cayle tries again.

Fails.

DDK:

Come on, Cayle! Get back in the ring!

Angus:

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He *CAN'T*, Keeps! Look at him!

Third attempt.

Fai--

NO.

Cayle stops himself from falling back.

Rolls onto his chest.

Props himself up on his elbows.

Angus:

Okay, he's moving, but he can't finish this match outside! He's got to pick Dane up, throw him back in, *THEN* make the cover!

DDK:

It's a lot of effort, but we've Cayle pull a *miracle* out of his hat on more than one occasion tonight!

Cayle drags his knees forward, then pushes up. He's on all fours; sweating, bleeding, panting, but still alive.

He crawls over to Eric Dane.

Grabs Mark Shields for support.

Angus:

The clock is ticking, Squiddo!

DDK:

Desperation's kicking in! Cayle *NEEDS* this! He just hit one of his finishing moves to the outside... he's got it won, if he can only get inside!

Shields, of course, moves away. Cayle slumps back to his hands and knees, but reaches the apron. Throwing an arm over the side, he eventually hauls himself up.

DDK:

Cayle's on his feet!

He hunches over, catching his breath, then leans over to grab Eric Dane.

DDK:

Here we go!

Angus:

But has too much time already elapsed?! Has he missed his chance!?

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The Only Star gets rolled inside.

Cayle follows.

Half of his body's still under the rope, but Cayle doesn't care.

He *CAN'T* care.

DDK:

Cayle hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE?!

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NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! SHOULDER UP!

Angus:

I TOLD YOU!

DDK:

That was close, Angus!

Angus:

But not close enough! Dane had too much time to recover, and in the end, Cayle's efforts just weren't enough!

Cayle doesn't even look shocked.

He doesn't have enough energy left to be shocked.

He sits up, but slouches over almost immediately.

Angus:

And *NOW* what does he do?! We're waaaaaaaay beyond strategy now! I can guarantee you that Cayle has *NEVER* been in waters these deep before...

DDK:

He's trying to get up!

Trying? Yes.

Succeeding? Eventually.

Murray gets up, but he's falling around the ring like a drunk man. He slumps over the top rope, catching his breath.

Angus:

He doesn't even know where he is.

Cayle slides over to the corner.

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DDK:

But he knows where the turnbuckles are!

Climbs.

Angus:

Can he even get up there?!

DDK:

I don't know, Angus, but he's gonna give it all he's got!

Cayle's foot slips off the first turnbuckle, but he keeps going. He gets up the first, then the second, and soon he's sitting on the top. He scoots backwards and gets both feet on the top one. Instead of rising, he stays crouched, gathering himself.

DDK:

If he can pull this off...

Angus:

He can't, Keebs! Cayle Murray *CANNOT* defeat Eric Dane tonight!

Slowly, Cayle goes vertical.

Angus:

Dane has kicked-out of *EVERYTHING!* I don't care what kind of flippydoo nonsense he has up his sleeve now! It's over!

Murray wobbles.

Slips.

Almost falls.

Angus:

See! He can't even stand-up straight.

Cayle gathers himself. Bends the knees.

DDK:

We don't often see Cayle ascend the ropes too often. He normally hits the Air Raid off a Springboard, but it's too late in the match, there's not enough gas left in the tank...

Springs.

Angus:

GET OUTTA THE WAY, BAWWS!

Corkscrews.

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Angus:

MOOOOOOOVE!

LANDS!

Angus:

FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

DDK:

AIR RAID! HE HIT IT!

Angus:

NO! NO! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

CAYLE MURRAY IS GONE TO PULL THIS OFF!

ONE!

TWO!

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THREE?!

THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE--

... no.

No.

NO!

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ERIC DANE KICKS OUT!

Angus:

YYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

DDK:

WHAT THE HE--

Angus:

YYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

Skaaland is *SCREAMING* through his headset. It's so goddamn loud that the microphone cracks and distorts the sound.

Angus:

I TOLD YOU! I FUCKING TOLD YOU!

DDK:

ONE STF-UPPERCUT! ONE CHAINBREAKER! TWO AIR RAIDS! ERIC DANE HAS FOUGHT THROUGH THEM ALL!

Angus:

CAYLE MURRAY HAS *NOTHING* IN HIS ARSENAL THAT CAN PUT ERIC DANE AWAY! NOTHING! THIS PROVES IT!

All Cayle Murray knows is that his music isn't playing. He rolls off Eric Dane and onto his stomach. Blood stings his eyes. His head feels like someone's taken an axe to it. Every muscle aches.

DDK:

When was the last time you saw two men withstand such an onslaught?!

Angus:

This is what Eric Dane does, Keeps! Don't forgot about The Baws! He might not have graced this ring in a while, but he hasn't lost a single step!

DDK:

And what an effort from Cayle Murray! Who would've known, when he walked through the door back in February, that we'd be seeing *THIS* kind of fight from him?!

The Faithful bear down on Cayle Murray and Eric Dane.

Many have screamed themselves hoarse, but they're all in full song.

Those in the section that they'd destroyed earlier have regrouped and formed a moshpit.

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The arena's in a goddamn *FRENZY*.

And it's enough to will Cayle Murray to his feet.

DDK:

He's up!

Angus:

But what he can possibly do now?!

His stance is far from steady, but the adrenaline keeps him upright.

DDK:

I think we're about to find out!

Angus:

Find-out *WHAT?! He can't win this! Cayle Murray CANNOT* defeat Eric Dane in a DEFIANCE ring!

Cayle grabs Dane.

Head between the thighs.

DDK:

G.I.T.B! HE'S GOING FOR IT AGAIN!

Angus:

Yeah, yeah...

Cayle secures his arms under Dane's stomach.

Angus:

Whatev--

Powerbomb lift.

Angus:

... oh shit.

DDK:

HE'S GOT HIM UP!

Cayle lifts Dane high enough to let his legs drop down behind his back, then let's his torso hang down again.

Angus: [almost whispering]

... oh no...

His back to Cayle's belly, Dane's head's hanging *just* below Cayle's knees.

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DDK:

CAYLE'S GOT HIM!

Angus:

NO!

Murray closes his eyes.

Angus:

NOOOO!

Jumps.

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Dane's head *DRIVES* into the mat.

Completely unprotected.

Angus:

NO! NO! NO! NO!

Cayle's knees follow a split-second later!

DDK:

G! I! T! B!

It's a *NASTY* fall, but there's no other way to execute a Ganso Bomb. Dane's head snaps to the side, his neck unable to support its weight, then it slumps down to the mat.

Angus:

HE'S... HE'S GONNA KICK OUT!

Cayle falls forward himself. Drained. Spent. Exhausted.

Angus:

HE HAS TO!

DDK:

INTO THE COVER!

Cayle *LANDS* on Dane.

No energy to hook the leg.

Nothing left.

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ONE!

Angus:
COME ON!

TWO!

Angus:
COME! ON!

THREE?!

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THREE!

DDK:
HE DID IT! HE DID IT! HE DID IT!

Angus:
COM--

DDK:
MURRAY DEFEATS DANE!

Angus:
ARE YOU KI--

DDK:
A YEAR OF CONSTANT STRUGGLE ENDS IN VICTORY FOR CAYLE MURRAY!

Cue "The Wings of Icarus" by Celldweller on the sound system, not that you can hear it over The Faithful.

DDK:
WHAT AN UPSET! WHAT A PERFORMANCE! WHAT A MATCH!

Murray's eyes are wide. He's still lying on top of Eric Dane.

DDK:
WEAK! TIMID! SOFT! That's what they called Cayle Murray! They said he didn't stand a chance! Not against Eric Dane! Not in a DEFIANCE ring! Not in a Street Fight! Tonight, Cayle Murray *ROSE* to the challenge! He proved everyone who ever doubted him *DEAD WRONG!*

Mark Shields doesn't even try to hoist Cayle to his feet: he just makes an "X" with his arms, calling for medical assistance from the back.

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Darren Quimbey:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...

A swarm of medics soon barrel down the ramp with all kinds of medical equipment in their clutches.

Darren Quimbey:

YOUR WINNER... CAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYLLLLLLLLLEEEEEEEEE!

MUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

These two men went to war for close to *AN HOUR!* They fought! They bled! They gave everything! Eric Dane tried to drag Cayle to hell, but the Scotsman wouldn't let him! He took everything Dane had, and when Dane kicked-out of that second Air Raid, Cayle showed no hesitation whatsoever!

Cayle rolls-off Eric Dane's body as the staffers hit the ring. The bulk immediately attend to The Only Star, but a couple help the Scot to a seated position and begin an impromptu examination.

DDK:

This is *THE* defining moment in Cayle Murray's career! This is everything he's been building-up to since the day he was born! After one of the all-time great DEFIANCE underdog performances, he has defeated one of the best wrestlers to ever grace a ring!

Satisfied with Cayle's condition, the medics pull Cayle to his feet and prop him up, each putting an arm over their shoulder.

DDK:

That was a vintage Eric Dane performance! The Only Star lived-up to his reputation tonight, and against anyone else, he'd have his hand raised right now! There were times tonight when he resembled a butcher more than a wrestler, but he is one of the cornerstones on which this industry is built...

Murray's senses return to him.

DDK:

... but tonight belongs to Cayle Murray!

Row by row by motherfuckin' row, The Faithful rise to their feet. Applauding, cheering, shouting.

Standing ovation.

DDK:

Cayle Murray is a made man!

Though weak and wobbly, the Scot asks the medics to step aside for a brief moment. They oblige. Standing alone in the middle of the ring, coated in his and Eric Dane's blood, Cayle Murray slowly bows for The Faithful, then falls to one knee. The medics immediately intervene again.

DDK:

Eric Dane is already loaded onto a stretcher, and it looks like they're prepping one for Cayle too...

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Angus:

I...

DDK:

Remember this moment, Ladies and Gentlemen. Dane fought with all the hellfire and sociopathic rage that have defined his career: he was a force of nature tonight, but so was Cayle Murray. Folks, we're gonna have to take a quick breather and get things cleaned-up for the main event. We'll be right back.

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VIDEO PACKAGE: SECONDS TO GROUND ZERO

Slow fade up on a war-ravaged ghost town. Bombed out buildings. Smoking debris. Chopper blades turning, whirring overhead in the distance. Words begin to materialize on the screen, their coloring obscured and not fully realized. A grey veil. Shadows. Ghost-like.

An Empire Built and Shattered...

Papers from the remains of an office building float by. Magazine clippings. Glossy pictures...

Dan Ryan revealing himself as the owner of Empire Pro Wrestling. The arrival of Lindsay Troy not long after. The Queen revealing herself as DIS to win the World Heavyweight championship: the first woman to do so in any promotion worth half a damn. Troy's departure and eventual return to stand beside the Ego Buster as invading forces tried to take the company by force. The in-laws' triumph. Years later, Dan Ryan closing the company's doors for good.

A New Frontier Trampled and Conquered...

More pictures fly around.

Troy managing Ryan during the first season of New Frontier Wrestling's Ultratitle Championship. The infamous "War Games Exploding Cage" incident during All-Star Week, the duo limping away from the wreckage. Ultratitle Season 2: Ryan and Troy square off in singles competition, with the Ego Buster getting the win and knotting their lifetime record at 1 and 1. Troy getting a measure of revenge during the infamous "Hulkathon War Games Cage Match," eliminating Dan Ryan via a dropkick from the top of a cage.

Roads of Blood and Bones Paved Over and PRIMED...

Ryan accompanying Troy upon her return to PRIME in 2010. By her side as she battled and defeated Matt Ward at Colossus VII.

And now...

Air raid sirens signal for attention. A voice cuts over the racket.

"This is the DEFCON Warning System..."

Grindhouse: HOMECOMING

Troy and Ryan in the same room for the first time in DEFIANCE.

Aftershock: The Revival

Troy, Ryan, and Tyrone Walker battling Team HOSS to win the Trios Titles.

ASCENSION

Ryan and Troy in a Ladder War with Eugene Dewey and Bronson Box. Troy saving Ryan from

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Bronson Box's Spike and using the weapon against the Wargod herself.

Troy with the FIST of DEFIANCE nearly in her grasp, before being Humility Bombed off the ladder.
Ryan's ascension to glory as the three time FIST of DEFIANCE.

DEFtv #63

Dan Ryan turns his back on his partners. Troy and Walker fall to the Vikings in brutal fashion to lose their titles.

UNCUT #4

Troy and Ryan in a heated backstage confrontation, with them nearly coming to blows.

"...Condition code is Red..."

DEFIANCE ROAD

WARCHAMBER~! aftermath: Ryan lands the first shot, viciously attacks Troy following her victory over Bronson Box and claiming the FIST Number One Contendership.

DEFtv #65

PPV aftermath, tension mounting, battle lines officially drawn.

DEFtv 68

Two all out brawls to send us to this showdown, but not before...

UNCUT #10

A moving shot of Troy's discovery on her rental car, the note that accompanied it, and the slow morph of fury across her face.

"...We are at DEFCON 1."

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DAN RYAN (C) VS. LINDSAY TROY

Cut-to: Keeps and Angus at the commentation station!

DDK:

Main event time, and this is a match we've all been looking forward to for a very long time.

Angus:

The entire wrestling world has been looking forward to it, for that matter. It's been many years since these two have been across the ring from each other in singles competition.

DDK:

And, in those cases, it was always a friendly rivalry. I think it's safe to say there's no friendly rivalry anymore. These two are family, and Dan Ryan, in my opinion went way over the line.

Angus:

Yeah, he went over the line, but so what? Like this is the first time he's gone over the line? Everyone around here acts like Dan Ryan was some happy-go-lucky, baby-kissing, pretty boy who suddenly snapped. This guy's been a miserable asshole since the day he walked in the door.

DDK:

He's certainly had his moments that were beyond the pale. But to use the affections of his own daughter against Lindsay Troy? That's low, even for him.

Angus:

Oh boo hoo. World's smallest violin and all that. He's the FIST of DEFIANCE, isn't he?

DDK:

He is that.

Angus:

You don't get to be the FIST of DEFIANCE by being a nice guy. Have we ever had a nice FIST of DEFIANCE? Don't answer. The answer is no. Not one that lasts. It doesn't work.

DDK:

Well, no danger of him becoming the first. And on the other side, we've got Lindsay Troy, who has had several shots at the championship, but has come up short for one reason or another each time.

Angus:

One reason being Nerd Rage and the Wargod who damn near killed him last night.

DDK:

Every time she seemed to be on the cusp of overcoming the odds, something happened that kept it from happening, and for a long time, her brother-in-law was right there to help even score.

Angus:

And we know he obviously got tired of it.

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DDK:

Well, there are better ways to handle a situation like that than attacking a family member and trying to cave their skull in.

Angus:

I have a higher level of respect for Troy since she played *Enter the Dragon* with Bronson Box, and she's had to pay her DEFIANCE dues in order for me to even do *that*. But Keebs, you know as well as I do that Dan Ryan tried to get it through her head that it was over for months before he tried the more... direct approach. Sometimes, that's the only language a person will understand.

DDK:

We can go back and forth on the timeline and the events, but the hour of reckoning I believe is upon us. Let's go down to Darren Quimbey for the intros.

The camera cuts to DQ in the ring, microphone at the ready.

Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen! The following match, scheduled for one fall, is for the FIST of DEFIANCE and is your MAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING!

♪ "Trampled Under Foot" by Led Zeppelin ♪

The crowd comes to their feet and roars in approval as the music explodes into the arena and pyro erupts all over the stage. A moment later, Lindsay Troy strides through the curtain and is greeted by the flashing bulbs from cameras and camera phones as she crosses the threshold of the stage and starts down the ramp.

Quimbey:

Introducing first: THE CHALLENGER! ... from Tampa, Florida, weighing in at 188 pounds...THE QUEEN OF THE RING....LIIIIINNNDDSSSAAAYYYYY TRRRROOOOYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

We saw Lindsay Troy come to the aid of Andy Sharp last night. Here and now, she looks poised and prepared for business.

Angus:

This is the big one, Keebs! We know she's been here before. The **WARCHAMBER** and ninja stars aside, that match with Bronson was a blood war but there was no title on the line. This is about becoming the standard bearer for your profession, and second chances don't come along often. This what... her third or fourth chance?

DDK

Third, fourth, twelfth...she's consistently proven herself worthy of the opportunity and for being in the conversation. And you know as well as I do that Troy's as tenacious as anyone in DEFIANCE.

♪ "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins ♪

Troy is barely in the ring when Dan Ryan's music blares through the speakers and the cheers turn to

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mostly boos. Strobe effects cover the arena as the riff kicks in and the FIST of DEFIANCE steps out and basks in the jeers of the crowd.

Quimbey:

And her opponent....from Houston, Texas! Weighing in at 305 pounds...he is the REIGNING...DEFENDING...FIST of DEFIANCE...THE EGOOOOOO BUSTERRRRRRRR...DAAAAAAAAAAAAAN RYYYAAAAANNNNNNNN!

The lights reflect off of Ryan's sunglasses as he takes them off and tosses them over his shoulder. The heavier riff of the music kicks in and the lights come up. Pyro explodes and the champ starts down the ramp toward the ring.

DDK:

Speaking of all business.

Angus:

Being the champion is the most important thing in the world to Dan Ryan. If you don't know that he'll take this match extremely serious, you just don't pay attention to DEFIANCE.

Ryan climbs into the ring and walks to the middle of the ring, staring at Troy with a stoic expression typical of the champion. She leans back against the corner, not giving him the satisfaction of a reaction, even though her instinct is to walk straight up to him and rip his head from his shoulders. He finally turns and climbs another turnbuckle and stares out into the crowd with a smirk, the FIST of DEFIANCE around his waist. They *BOOOOOOO!* loudly and he waves them on, begging for more, which they happily give.

DDK:

Dan Ryan is just basking in the reaction from the Faithful right now.

Angus:

Some people we've seen come through DEFIANCE are greatly affected by the way the Faithful respond to them, but I've never seen anyone hold the reaction of the crowd in his hand like Dan Ryan does. Cheers or boos, he feeds off of it. It's inspiring to watch.

DDK:

You? Inspired?

Angus:

I have feelings.

DDK:

Not human feelings.

Ryan hands the belt to Benny Doyle, who holds it up in the air to the approval of the Faithful. He turns and hands it to a ringside attendant, then gestured to the timekeeper who rings the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

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DDK:

And we're underway! With the excitement in the Lakefront Arena right now, the atmosphere is electric!

Troy hops out of the corner and starts to circle her brother in law, who mirrors the movement. Her face is one of barely controlled rage, but it's an important control. Can't afford to make mistakes now. She moves in to lock up, but instead of a lock up she ducks his lunge, then comes back with a vicious strike to the side of his face, leading with the wrist bone. Ryan's head snaps back. He stops in place and reaches up to feel for blood, then side-eyes his sister-in-law, who has a look of complete disgust for him.

DDK:

That was personal.

Angus:

Gee, ya think?

Ryan eschews the lock up this time and just powers straight into Troy, then turns and flings her to the side and into the ropes. She starts to bounce off, but holds on tight to the top rope just as Ryan throws a vicious high boot that narrowly misses her jaw. She quickly drops to the mat and shoots in on his leg, swiping it out from under him and making him land on his back. Troy scurries to her feet quickly and goes for a snap leg drop, but Ryan rolls out of the way and to the outside of the ring.

DDK:

Lindsay Troy let Dan Ryan know right up front what kind of match this was gonna be.

Angus:

I'd be careful if I were her. She was one split second from having her head kicked into the tenth row.

DDK:

Dan Ryan got out of the way of that leg drop rather skillfully as well.

Angus:

He's a smart guy. He knew what was coming.

DDK:

No doubt these two know each other better than pretty much anyone else.

Angus:

Hopefully this doesn't turn into the world's longest string of counters.

Ryan regroups on the outside, pacing back and forth with his hands on his hips, then climbs up onto the apron as Troy looks on. She walks toward the apron, but Ryan drops down to the floor. Annoyed, the Queen reaches down over the ropes to swipe at him, but Ryan grabs her legs and takes her to the mat and out of the ring under the ropes. She manages to collect herself and stay on her feet as she hits the outside floor, but Ryan takes the opening to drive her into the apron with a shoulder to the midsection.

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Angus:

See? Smart.

Ryan pulls her up, not wasting any time and drives a hard roundhouse into her temple, staggering her to the side, then hits a clubbing blow from the opposite direction that sends her flying the other way and to the mat. Ryan drops a knee to the ribs and follows it up with one more for good measure before standing up and turning to the crowd. A well-placed smirk garners the appropriate reaction from the Faithful.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

He may be smart, but he certainly doesn't play fair.

Angus:

And what did playing fair ever get him before?

DDK:

It got him being the FIST of DEFIANCE two previous times, didn't it?

Angus:

Don't muddle up the issue with facts. The nice guy routine wasn't working out and you know it. This is much, much better.

Ryan pulls Troy up and rolls her into the ring, before following her in. He's on top of the challenger quickly, driving right hands into her forehead while she slips her hands up to defend. Finally, Troy shifts her lower body enough to fling Ryan to the side and scrambles to her feet. A rising Dan Ryan is met by a roundhouse kick to the temple that sends him back a few steps. While he tries to shake off the cobwebs, she charges in. Ryan tries to hit a clothesline as Troy approaches, but she ducks it, jumps onto the second rope on the other side and flies off with a corkscrew back elbow that drops the champion. The Ego Buster hits the mat hard and Troy immediately goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Troy caught him there and is right back on him with stiff body shots.

Angus:

This is some poking the bear shit, though. Admire her tenacity but she ought to watch it.

With each kick, Ryan shifts a little further toward the ropes but Troy's not about to let him try the same thing twice. She hops over his body, effectively cutting him off, and then drops a knee against his nose. Dan winces, his hands instinctively going to his face, and that's when Troy kicks him in the sternum. He tries to swat her away but she's already going back to the ropes. With the momentum

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on her side, she connects with a basement dropkick that puts Ryan on his back. The FIST is stunned and can't brace himself for the front-flip leg drop that follows. Another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

That's her game, Keeps. She's quick as lightning, but that's her best bet right now -- quick offense that doesn't quit.

Troy hammers the point of her elbow into Dan's chest, once into his mouth, and then drags him up to his feet. Ryan bursts forward, catching her off guard, and rams her backwards into the corner. Troy hits the turnbuckles hard. Dan drives his shoulder into her stomach and she grimaces but tries to club her way out of the predicament. Another shoulder by Ryan, a double ax-handle by Troy. Another shoulder by Ryan, Troy tries a knee-lift which is blocked, and Ryan smashes his hip against her body, effectively pinning her there.

And then he hammers an elbow into the side of her head for good measure.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

But Troy fires back with a palm strike to the jaw!

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAS!

Ryan with an elbow!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Troy with a palm strike!

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAS!

Ryan with an elbow!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Troy with a palm--NO, another elbow by Ryan! And another! The Queen's dazed and Ryan sees an opening. He wraps his arms around her waist, pivots his body, and slams her down to the canvas with a belly to belly suplex. He covers...

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

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DDK:

A hard two count with the belly to belly!

Angus:

I could almost feel the air rush out of her on impact.

Ryan drags Troy up by her hair and listens to the Faithful giving him an earful. He looks out to the crowd and laughs, but the moment is cut off by a hard knee to his midsection. Troy fires off another one, and another one, but Ryan muscles her back into the corner again. He puts a foot on her throat while Benny Doyle starts his count, dropping his boot back to the canvas at four and three-quarters.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

See? This is completely unnecessary!

Angus:

He has a count of five!

He glares at the much shorter (by a foot) referee, who admonishes him despite being on the wrong end of Ryan's temper in the past. Dan turns back to his sister-in-law and is caught from behind by a rising forearm to the forehead. Ryan stumbles backward, then feels the full impact of a roundhouse kick to the side of the head. Ryan hunches over, so Troy hits the ropes hard and uses the momentum to hook his head and twist into a hard swinging DDT, floating over for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH--KICKOUT!

DDK:

That time it was Ryan who hit the canvas hard! The Queen planted him face first!

Angus:

Getting him grounded is difficult enough. Keeping him there for a three count...well...easier said than done.

Troy pops back up, hovering over Ryan as he tries to regain his senses. Before he can get much higher than one knee, she runs and hits a front flip neckbreaker, driving his head into the point of her shoulder on impact. Troy winces in pain herself after taking a good portion of Dan Ryan's three hundred plus pounds on her shoulders, but is still able to crawl over and hook the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

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Troy hooks again.

ONE!

TWO!

And this time a HUGE kickout by Dan Ryan, which sends Lindsay Troy flying a good three feet in the air. She gets to a kneeling position quickly, but Ryan angrily turns himself and slams a fist into the mat, looking up at her with a sneer.

BOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Uh oh...looks like our FIST of DEFIANCE is about to channel the anger of his Gigantor Ancestors to do some harm to the Queen...

DDK:

...What?

Angus:

Come on, Keebs, keep up. I know it's the last match of the night but do I have to carry you through this whole thing?

They both get to their feet, and Lindsay Troy fires off another kick, but Ryan swats it away. She shoots a forearm toward his jaw, but he swats it away so hard it twists her halfway around. Troy keeps her wits, and from a turned position whips a roundhouse kick toward Dan Ryan's head, but he catches it, snatches her by the hair with his other hand and bear hugs her in a split position, her leg still up in the air. Her eyes go wide and he lifts her up and over with a leg hook belly to belly suplex. Troy's legs bounce up and into the ropes as she makes impact, and Ryan hurries over to pull her away and cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-- KICKOUT!!

Ryan sneers and gives Benny Doyle a **look**, but wastes no time in lifting Troy back to her feet. He spins her around and hooks her for a German suplex. He lifts and sends her over, but **HOLDS ON!** He pulls her back up and hits another, again **HOLDING ON!**

Angus:

Going for the trifecta!

He lifts her a third time, but this time turns and throws her over and into the corner where her head **thunks** HARD against the middle turnbuckle before she crumbles to the mat. Ryan wastes no time in grabbing her by her feet and pulling her into the middle of the ring where she lays limp. He covers.

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ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO! Troy shoots her arm out JUST in the nick of time!

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAS!

DDK:

I don't know where Troy's finding the gumption, but that was extremely close to a three count.

Angus:

And it looks like Ryan knows it too.

Ryan smirks, but an angry smirk, shaking his head as he leans a forearm into the side of her face and puts his full weight on it. Troy wiggles her way out and rolls over, but Ryan puts a full force slap into the back of her head. She crawls one more step and flops face first into the mat.

DDK:

Oh come on! That's adding insult to injury!

Angus:

Something that our FIST of DEFIANCE is well trained in.

Ryan gets up and flips her onto her back, then backs to the ropes, steps up onto the middle rope and springs into a legdrop, but Troy MOVES and Ryan hits HARD. With a burst of energy she's to her feet, hits the ropes, and yells as she hits knee trembler to the temple. Ryan slumps over! Troy covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO!! KICKOUT!

Ryan moves just enough to get the shoulder up, getting Troy to break the hook on his leg. Troy, having used up most of her energy for the one big move, flops onto her back and looks up at the lights, trying to catch her breath. Ryan is seeing stars, so he does his best to crawl toward the ropes. He gets a hand on the bottom rope and pulls himself over, then simply flops through to the floor where he lands in a heap.

LET'S GO LIND-SAY!

FUCK YOU DAN!

LET'S GO LIND-SAY!

FUCK YOU DAN!

Troy finally gets back up, chest heaving but bearings acquired. Benny Doyle is over by the ropes, beginning his count on Ryan. The champ is up to a knee by the count of four and the Queen inches forward for a better look.

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DDK:

I know that look, Angus. You might not want to watch what's about to happen.

Angus:

Why wouldn't I want to...oh shit....!

Ryan's just about vertical and that's when Troy makes a break for the far-side ropes. She comes back on the rebound, running at breakneck speed, then shoots herself forward with a handspring, sticks the landing, then corkscrew backflips over the top rope and CRASHES! into the FIST of DEFIANCE, sending them both back to the ground by the railings!

DDK:

Space Flying Tiger Drop! The champ is down! The challenger is down!

Angus:

GAAHHH FLIPPY DOOOOOO! But this is for the FIST! Do I love this move or hate it?! I'M SO CONFLICTED!

THAT WAS AWE-SOME! CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!

THAT WAS AWE-SOME! CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!

THAT WAS AWE-SOME! CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!

Benny Doyle slides out of the ring where both competitors are sprawled out on the floor. Ryan backs into the barricade, where hands are reaching down to slap the FIST on the shoulders from the crowd of Faithful who are chairless due to the chaos from the Eric Dane / Cayle Murray match. Suddenly with a blur, Lindsay Troy comes diving shoulder first at Dan Ryan, but he moves out of the way and she hits the barricade hard.

DDK:

Lindsay Troy took a big chance there, but it didn't pay off.

Angus:

It paid off for Dan Ryan.

DDK:

Pretty unlikely that was her intention.

Ryan screams in anger and pounces on Troy, swinging wild roundhouse punches that she gets her hands up to block. The blows do more damage to her arms as she tries to keep the massive fists from impacting her face, but she finally slips out and starts throwing some rights and lefts of her own as the Faithful rise in decibel level watching her take on the much larger champion.

DDK:

Troy is up and fighting back! There's no lack of fight in the challenger. You have to admire her going blow for blow with a man so much larger than she is!

Angus:

Not that she needs a reason to stand toe to toe with anyone, but Ryan's made it real easy for her to

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dig deep into a well of hatred.

Ryan, with another furious yell, blocks a right hand. He snatches her by the hair and throws her as hard as he can toward the ring steps, but she dives over into a front roll and springs to her feet. She turns back, runs with a leap onto the steps, and flies into him with a back heel kick that drops Ryan to the floor. She lands in a crouch and stands up over Ryan in an unintentional pose that gets a huge reaction from the Faithful!

Angus:

Did she plan that? She looks like a friggin' statue.

DDK:

I don't think so, but who else is as agile as Lindsay Troy? She makes it look easy.

Ryan puts a hand up on the apron, but Troy drives elbows hard into his back as he tries to get up. This is met with a hard elbow or two of his own. Ryan hears Benny Doyle's count reach eight, so he shoves Troy hard into the barricade and rolls into the ring. Troy catches the barricade and stops herself, then runs and dives in under the bottom rope.

DDK:

Ryan back into the ring just in the nick of time...

Angus:

Dan Ryan's no dummy.

Ryan is waiting for her there and throws a superkick, but Troy catches it and spins hard into a dragon screw leg whip. She hangs onto the leg and rolls into a single leg Boston crab, cinching it in and leaning back hard on the champion's back. Ryan fights, trying to crawl his way over to the rope, but Troy leans in and puts leverage into the hold as her weight painfully bends his leg back toward his head.

TAP OUT RY-AN! CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!

TAP OUT RY-AN! CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!

TAP OUT RY-AN! CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!

DDK:

Dan Ryan is in trouble here, partner! Few people know how to leverage a submission like Lindsay Troy, and she's really yanking back on that leg!

Ryan gets an opening as Troy loosens her grip to try and re-establish her hold on his leg and manages to get some momentum toward the ropes. Troy tries to pull back, but his size and strength is too much and he finally reaches a hand up and grabs the bottom rope, forcing a break.

Angus:

Just too much strength...

Troy look at Doyle starting his count, then back at Ryan but doesn't let go. She gives Doyle another sideways glance before finally letting go of Ryan's leg. He slumps, half hanging over the bottom

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rope. Troy grabs the top cable and vaults herself up and over, dropping across the back of his head with a guillotine leg drop!

DDK:

Right on the back of the head! Troy takes advantage of the situation and continues the onslaught...

Troy bounces from the apron as she hits and lands on her feet. Benny Doyle starts his count, but the Queen is in the zone and doesn't care. She grabs Ryan's head and start wailing on him with rapid-fire forearms, then a discus elbow that sends a wad of spit (a tooth?) flying into the air.

Angus:

Was that a tooth?

DDK:

I think it was spit.

Angus:

Yeah, I'm gonna go with tooth. Way more badass.

DDK:

Of course.

Doyle gets to seven with his count, but Troy is back in the ring anyway, pulling Ryan by the foot off of the ropes with some effort. Troy jumps and drops a double stomp onto his lower back, then the middle, and finishing with the upper back right between his shoulder blades. Ryan arches back in pain, and Troy fires two quick kicks to the sternum.

DDK:

Troy laying in the kicks...

Ryan's back to his feet with a little help, and Troy lands one more big kick to the breadbasket. The champ's doubled over and Troy butterflies his arms...

DDK:

She could be going for the Final Judgment!

Ryan senses danger and instinctively lifts her up and over, preventing what might've been a knockout blow with the double underhook face plant.

Angus:

So close!

DDK:

That could've ended it right there!

Troy lands on her feet, turns and fires a spinning wheel kick, but Ryan blocks it. Chop by Ryan, chop by Troy...

DDK:

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Chops back and forth from the challenger and the champion!

Angus:

It's CHOPTOBERFEST!

DDK:

Choptoberfest?

Angus:

It's a thing.

Troy clinches the head, hoping to fire a knee to the face, but Ryan headbutts her away. Troy reels, turning her back, and Ryan grabs her and hooks the neck before sending her over with an audible grunt in a bridging dragon suplex! Benny Doyle's in position...

ONE!

TWO!

TH--KICKOUT!

DDK

Ryan used everything he had left to hit that suplex, but Troy is out at two!

Ryan immediately clutches his back, still feeling the effects of the Boston crab and the stomps from earlier. He shakes it off and dives right back in and locks in a Fujiwara armbar! Troy is slippery though, and slithers to the ropes quickly before too much damage is done. Ryan breaks the hold just before the five count, then drags her roughly off of the ropes, and locks it in again.

DDK:

Fujiwara armbar! Lindsay Troy is in big trouble!

Angus:

This is a hold that can rip your arm right out of its socket! She won't be able to hang in there for very long.

Troy screams in pain as Ryan pulls back hard. She fights, but there's nowhere to go. Benny Doyle is in her face looking for a submission, but Troy shakes her head hard in the negative.

DDK:

She's fighting hard, but unless she can find an escape she's risking permanent injury here.

Troy refuses to tap, so once again Ryan pulls back hard, eliciting a loud scream of agony from the Queen. Her arm goes up and looks to be going down to tap but Ryan, shielded from view of her arm, lets go and stands, then stomps her right on the back of her head.

Angus:

Was she tapping? Keeps, was she?

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DDK:

It looked like she was about to, but Dan Ryan let go of the hold!

Ryan sees Troy cradling her arm and seizes on the opening, kicking at the injured arm and causing her to do her best to cover up.

DDK:

She didn't tap out, but she's not much better off! Ryan is laying into those kicks right now!

Ryan yanks her up and lifts her onto his shoulders. Troy somehow wiggles free and drops to the mat behind him, then shoves him as hard as she can toward the corner. There's no force behind it though, and Troy grabs at her arm again. Meanwhile, Ryan uses his shoulder to stop his momentum into the turnbuckles, then turns and hits a clothesline that nearly turns Troy inside out.

Angus:

Dear God!

DDK:

Troy turns almost in a complete 360, and Dan Ryan is back over her and pulling her up!

Ryan wastes no time, lifts her up and places her into a standing headscissors.

DDK:

Double underhook piledriver! Dear God, he planted her right in the middle of the ring!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ryan covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE--- NO!

DDK:

Troy out at two-point-nine!

Angus:

I thought that was it! I really did...

Ryan apparently did as well and he spends a few moments arguing this opinion with Benny Doyle. Benny stands his ground, not giving into the verbal abuse. Meanwhile, Troy's looking loopy, and her arm's hurting, but when Ryan drags her to her feet *again* she manages to catch him with a jumping headbutt to his nose to stun him.

DDK:

Headbutt from Troy! Pure instinct right there!

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Angus:

The Queen is mounting a comeback! Whatever it takes to stay alive!

It takes her a moment to clear the cobwebs. She kicks him hard, targeting the leg she worked over with the Boston Crab, and follows those targeted leg kicks with stiff body shots. Ryan careens toward a corner and Troy follows him in, using the ropes as an assist to catch him with a step-up Enziguiri. She grabs him with her good arm and whips him across the ring, but Ryan reverses and pushes her forward toward the corner. Troy runs up the turnbuckles, tries to flip over Ryan, but he catches her and brings her crashing to the mat...

DDK:

HUGE spinebuster by Ryan!

He goes for the quick cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH--KICKOUT!

Angus

My God, she kicked out!

Dan Ryan is PISSED. He gets right in Doyle's face and starts to lose it, but then turns around to a rising Troy and kicks her in the midsection. He places her in the standing headscissors, then lifts her high in the air...

DDK:

This could be it! Lindsay Troy goes up...

And drives her hard into the mat with a Humility Bomb.

DDK:

...and down HARD on the back of her neck!

Dan Ryan covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THR--- NO, KICKOUT!

The Faithful are going nuts! Ryan slaps the mat, completely irritated.

DDK:

A kickout! She kicked out! Lindsay Troy is still alive!

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Angus:

I don't know how she's doing this, Keebs. I really, really don't!

Ryan gets back up, then reaches down to grab a handful of brown curly hair. Troy reaches up and hooks in a small package.

DDK:

Surprise roll up from Troy!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Angus:

Couldn't keep him down! But so close...

Ryan breaks the roll up, rolls back on top of the still dazed Troy, and puts one of his giant mitts right on her face while screaming down at her.

Dan Ryan:

STAY DOWN!

Lindsay Troy:

FUCK YOU!

Troy explodes from underneath. An elbow to the nose, to the jaw, between the eyes. Ryan is knocked off of her, and now she mounts her opponent, firing three more hard forearms to the face for good measure.

Angus:

Yeah baby! That's the Lindsay Troy I like to see!

Separation. Troy runs against the ropes, Ryan with a wide stance swings wildly, but she baseball slides between his legs. She scrambles to her knees and throws two stiff shots right to his kidneys! Ryan arches his back; *that's* gonna hurt in the morning. Troy gets all the way vertical, grabs his head, and brings him down with a hangman's neckbreaker near the corner!

And she's not done yet...

DDK:

Troy's climbing out of the ring and going to the top rope!

Angus:

This is gonna be a boom or bust flippy-dippy-doo move, Keebs! I can feel it!

Troy gets her balance, LEAPS up and forward through the air, flipping over and taking aim for Ryan's chest with the point of her elbow....

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WHAM!

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAS!

DDK:

SHOOTING STAR ELBOW DROP FINDS ITS MARK! A HUGE MOVE FROM THE QUEEN!

Angus::

Is it gonna be enough??!!

Troy hooks the leg and leans as far back as she can.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE--NOOOOOOOOO TWO-POINT NINE!

DDK:

Dan Ryan's arm shoots out! Dear Lord! The match continues!

Angus:

I tell you, this may not be as bloody as what *DA BAWS* and Squiddy McFishsticks went through, but this is as intense as it gets.

Lindsay Troy is up. Dan Ryan is clearly on dream street, but he's wobbling trying to get to a standing position. Troy capitalizes! Kick to the gut, hooks the arms, FINAL JUDGMENT!

TROY COVERS!

ONE!

TWO!

THR....NO!!! KICKOUT!

DDK:

And again Dan Ryan gets out!

Angus:

That's the CHAMPION right there!

Troy looks frustrated, but she doesn't pause. Instead, as Ryan sits up from the kickout, she wraps her legs around his neck and brings him forward onto his stomach. She's too quick for Ryan to stop his progress and the FIST is in a world of trouble once he feels Troy's arms wrapping around his neck and her hands locking together. Ryan screams and lurches toward the ropes as best he can.

DDK:

DIVINE RIGHT! TROY HAS THAT KOJI CLUTCH LOCKED IN! BUT CAN SHE HOLD ON?!

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Angus:

Dan Ryan is strong, Keebs -- he's got her on the move!

Ryan is able to get just close enough to the ropes to reach up and grab the bottom cable. She releases the hold immediately and, sensing the champ is reeling, goes for a MUTA LOCK, twisting Ryan's worked-over leg around her own and starting to bridge back, but the Ego Buster's not having it. He lifts himself off the mat, wriggles his leg free, flips over, and kicks Troy away.

Angus:

He's not done yet!

Ryan up to his feet and his leg is clearly hurting him. Troy whirls around and pounces, dragging him back to the canvas with a cobra clutch leg sweep! The champ's head bounces off the canvas; one more thing to ail him.

Angus:

Maybe I spoke too soon.

Troy kips up and contemplates going up top for another high risk move. She looks down at Ryan, then up at the turnbuckle, then changes her mind. Instead, she reaches down and pulls him back toward the center of the ring, entwines his legs, and flips him up and over into a Sharpshooter. Ryan's in agony, bellowing in pain, and Troy bridges backwards for maximum discomfort.

DDK:

DYNASTIC CYCLE! Troy's got that bridging sharpshooter locked on! Dan Ryan is in big, big trouble!

TAP OUT RY-AN! CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!

TAP OUT RY-AN! CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!

TAP OUT RY-AN! CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!

Ryan starts to fade and the Faithful are going wild! He's fighting the pain with everything he's got, but the string of submissions and impact moves to his back have really taken a toll on him. With a loud yell, he thrusts his legs upward, breaking the hold and pushing Troy off of him. With the last bit of conscious effort he has left, he drags himself to the ropes and manages to roll himself out of the ring and to the floor.

DDK:

Dan Ryan has figured out a way to get a momentary breather, but he's really feeling it in his legs and back right now. He's down on the floor and having a hard time getting to his feet.

Angus:

I tell you, not too many people can take the punishment these two are dishing out right now.

Ryan starts to get to a standing position. The Faithful rise with an excited buzz as they see Troy back up and run toward the ropes. She dives between the middle and top ropes, catches Ryan around the head, and tries to swing her body to bring him down with a Tornado DDT...BUT NO!, Ryan slips out before she can use her momentum to spike him down to the mat.

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Angus:

These counters are just ridiculous!

DDK:

Indeed, for every big move these two hit, it seems like there's a counter that turns the tide back the other way.

Troy's on the ground by the barricade and Ryan connects with a big knee to the side of her head! He follows that up with a kick to her wonky shoulder! Troy's hurting but trying to pull herself up. And Ryan with another kick to that shoulder!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

The Faithful are giving the Ego Buster an earful at ringside.

Angus:

They'd better be careful. The way Ryan's going tonight, I wouldn't be surprised if he winds up catching one of them.

DDK:

Benny Doyle's sliding back out to No Man's Land again to start his count...

Ryan gets Troy in position, hoists her up, looking to hit another Humility Bomb...NO, Troy fights out of it with desperation elbows to the top of his head! A strike to the ear! Ryan's getting his bell rung and he's gotta drop her. He tries shaking the stars from the front of his eyes, then charges in. Troy sidesteps at the last possible second, not realizing who was standing behind her. Ryan, unable to stop his momentum, crashes into the steel steps and takes Benny Doyle with him!

CRASH~!

OHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

Benny Doyle was absolutely sandwiched between Dan Ryan and those steel steps!

Angus:

Poor Benny, he never had a chance.

Troy with a concerned look for Doyle, but if she wants the belt she can't be worrying about collateral damage right now. She gets right back on Ryan with knees to his face. He lifts an arm and swings for her midsection. Troy tries to block it, and she does, but with her bad arm. This slows her momentum and lets Ryan recover a bit.

DDK:

Troy is on the attack and Dan Ryan is doing everything in his power to fight back.

Angus:

He's made a long career of winning big matches like this one. A man like that learns to trust his

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instincts.

Ryan to a knee. He takes a couple of breaths and then bursts forward with a spear up the bottom part of the ramp. He didn't quite get all of it, though, even though both in-laws are now down on their backs. Benny Doyle's got stars of his own to count, and he's trying to make the best of getting his wits about him.

The Ego Buster is first to a standing position, and walks the four or five feet up the ramp to where Lindsay Troy is. Ryan looks at Benny Doyle, who is in no position to make any sort of count, and smirks.

Angus:

I think Dan Ryan just realized something very important.

DDK:

I think so too. And I don't like it.

Angus:

Lindsay Troy is at his mercy right now, and unfortunately, I don't foresee any actual mercy.

Troy is back up, but she eats a hard right hand that sends her staggering up the ramp. Ryan follows, grabs her by the back of the head and drives a forearm into the back of her skull, sending her sprawling forward.

DDK:

It's like he's toying with her right now!

Angus:

And nothing or no one to stop him!

Ryan catches up with her again near the top of the ramp, and slings her back toward the ring. He sees her sprawling and turns his head, looking up at the DEFIATron, getting ideas and bad intentions. What he doesn't see is Troy sliding to a stop and regaining her bearings. She takes off running full-tilt, like a sprinter off the blocks, and when Dan Ryan turns around, Troy is already in the air with a yell and cracks him flush in the sternum and chin with her knees!

DDK:

RAYNES OF CASTAMERE! FLYING DOUBLE KNEE STRIKE!

Angus:

Ryan's gonna hit hard!

The FIST careens into the staging, bouncing off the DEFCON set design so hard that he makes the DEFIATron shake and teeter forward!

Angus:

JESUS!

DDK:

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Into the supports for the video screen! Dear God that thing is leaning forward like it could come down at any moment!

Despite the impact, the structure holds, and Dan Ryan is able to come crawling out of the mess, but he's obviously seeing stars. Troy has him back up on his feet and delivers a hard backfist to the face... NO, Ryan ducks it and locks in a dragon suplex that SENDS LINDSAY TROY OVER AND TOWARD THE ANNOUNCE STAGE!

Angus:
INCOMING!

Troy crashes against the side of the table and rolls a couple feet away after ricocheting against it. She's not just seeing stars. Her eyes roll up into the back of her head, then close. The Faithful are up on their feet absolutely stunned. There's a mix of cheers and a concerned buzz.

LET'S GO LIND-SAY! CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!
LET'S GO LIND-SAY! CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!
LET'S GO LIND-SAY! CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!

DDK:
Lindsay Troy bounced right up against our stage over here and I think she may be seriously injured. And again, absolutely no referee here to stop this. Benny Doyle got caught against the ring steps earlier, he's still slumped against the apron.... and Dan Ryan can do whatever he wants.

Ryan clutches at his face and chest where he took the knees, looks over at the table at Angus and Keebler, and makes his decision. He grabs Troy, drags her over and up onto the announce stage in front of the table. Ryan gestures for Angus and Keebler to move, then hoists Troy onto his shoulders.

DDK: [More to Dan Ryan than for the benefit of the viewers at home]
No no no... don't do this, Dan.... not this...

Angus: [Also to the champion]
Look, this is too far! Just get her in the ring and pin her...

They both continue begging him not to do it, mostly off mic at this point. Both men are standing now, their arms up and pleading the big man to back down. Ryan lets Troy slump down off him and she flops onto the stage. Ryan leans forward, both hands firmly on the announce desk and his face contorts in uncontrolled fury.

Dan Ryan:
Move, NOW, or I'M PUTTING YOU TWO THROUGH THIS TABLE!

Angus is out of there in a shot, having done as much as he's willing to do to protect the challenger. Benny Doyle, having finally regained his senses and seeing what's going on, comes sprinting as best he can up the ramp. Seeing Angus go, Ryan's gaze turns and focuses solely on Darren Keebler. Keebler sighs, holds a hand up, and reluctantly, hesitantly, has to go. The announcers are gone. No one's announcing anything.

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Radio silence.

This is serious.

Doyle's now in the direct area of the potential carnage, yelling at Ryan not to do this, begs him not to do this.

Mics are silent.

Ryan's got Troy in his grasp again.

Benny Doyle:

DAN. DO NOT DO THIS!

Lindsay Troy's still out on her feet.

Benny Doyle:

DO YOU WANT ME TO DQ YOU?!

Ryan: [sneering]

SURE.

Ryan hoists her up into position for the HEADLINER, and without another word....

...

...

The table explodes as Lindsay Troy is driven through it via the Burning Hammer, debris flying everywhere. The Queen was already practically unconscious; now, she's not moving. Ryan stands up and just stands there over her, looking down and basking in the stunned buzz of the arena. Slowly, but surely, a wave of intense boos start to rain down on the scene. Ryan keeps his gaze on Troy, but as the boos grow louder, he closes his eyes... and simply listens.

Iris Davine, the medical team, DEFsec, everyone's swarming out from the back. Kelly Evans, having been near the Gorilla Position, is right there too. Everyone has the same look of complete shock on their face

From the curtain now darts Andy Murray; he stops at the edge of the ramp and looks over at what remains of the announce stage. Calico Rose is right behind him, taking a break from tending to Impulse after his match earlier in the night. Her hands fly to her mouth, horrified. Neither knows what to say.

Dan Ryan watches the medical staff start to tend to Troy, no expression on his face, then gets off the stage. He walks past Kelly Evans, Andy Murray, and Calico Rose without even acknowledging their presence. They stare at him, stunned, angry, but so shocked they're locked in place. Ryan parts the curtain looking at NO ONE. He just leaves.

The camera holds on the medical staff tending to Lindsay Troy as the commentary team is to one

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side. Angus looks over at Cally looking torn up and, for a fleeting moment, he wants to have done more to stop this. Darren Keebler kneels down, concerned.

THIS IS DEFIANCE.