

WELCOME TO THE SHOW



The shot fades in off the splash and we're greeted by the Motormouth of Malcontent and the Avatar of the DEFIANT Faithful, Angus Skaaland. The Executive Producer of DEFIANCE is once again walking and talking through the halls of the Wrestle-Plex as he introduces this, the next episode of DEFIANCE: UNCUT.

Angus Skaaland:
What up, fuckos?

Reaching for his back pocket, he once again produces a few sheets of paper.

Angus Skaaland:
By looks of these numbers, UNCUT is what's up. Seems like you guys loved us turning the Wrestle-Plex into a glorified Big Brother House, because as I said about fifty times last week... You all want **MOAR** of everything you just can't seem to get enough of.

He tosses the sheets aside and continues walking and talking.

Angus Skaaland:
There were skeptics, flippy doo loving lame-ohs who thought a show without wrestling wouldn't work. Well, it can never be said that I don't know what you all want. You're my people after all, *amirite?*

He flashes a big smile and double thumbs up.

Angus Skaaland:
So whatta we got for you today? Well, we got a little bit of everything from mystery and intrigue, dudes taking matters into their own hands, people sending in audition tapes, hell, we even stole more property from UTAH... and that's just the stuff I can remember, so lets get to it.

Angus walks off, leaving the shot and we cut to a splash screen.



BEST IDEA ALL NIGHT

The trainers room.

Dusty Griffith and Frank Dylan James are being checked out by the Chief of DEFIANCE Medical, Iris Davine and her staff. Naturally, Ol' Frank isn't very cooperative with all the trouble. Dusty however sits there silently, scowling as one of the trainers looks him over.

Iris Davine:

Sit still Frank, if you stop fussing, it'll be over quicker.

Frank Dylan James:

Ah ain't no damn sissy, Eye-russ, and Ah don't need your damn hippie boy here touchin' me like Ah ain't never been on the wrong side o' a fight before. Right Dust?

Frank says as he reaches over and slaps Dusty on the chest with a backhand. Griffith doesn't respond, he just keeps grinding his teeth as the gears in his head turn and turn.

"Shit..."

The voice -- hoarse, deep and gravelly -- could belong to a handful of DEFIANTS, but it's The Anti-Superstar who steps into the medical room without knocking.

Jason Natas:

Looks like you boys took a bigger poundin' than I thought.

Washed and changed after his loss to Mushigihara earlier, Natas almost looks fresh tonight.

Almost.

The beard's as wild and unruly as ever, but the hair's neatly cropped and the black "PUGILIST" t-shirt fits neatly over his incrementally-slimming torso. He looks at Frank and Dusty in-turn.

Dusty Griffith:

Hmph, yeah, but where were you, brother?

Dusty says without even a shred of tact as he eyes Natas.

Jason Natas:

Sittin' exactly where you are right now, Dust. The Good Doctor'll tell you herself.

Dusty flashes a quick glance in Davine's direction. She nods in the affirmative.

Jason Natas:

The God-Beast ain't exactly pillow-fisted. Left me with a couple aches 'n pains of my own. Truth is I didn't even hear about what happened 'til a good 15-20 minutes ago.

Dusty's face twitches before nose flares like a bull. Letting the words sink in, his glare breaks and he grumbles, conceding to the Pugilist's point.

Dusty Griffith:

Yeah. Just tired of these sonsabitches and being caught shorthanded against them...

Dusty trails off as he snorts and thumbs his nose.

Dusty Griffith:

But most of all, I'm sick and **damn** tired of that big kid ducking me.

Natas nods his understanding to Griffith's frustration. Having been listening since Jason's arrival, Frank grunts his way back into the conversation.

Frank Dylan James:

You know what I thank?

Dusty and Natas turn their attention to the Mastodon.

Frank Dylan James:

We should go find dem HAWSBOYS an' take them out back behind a woodshed an' whoop dey asses good an' raw!

Jason Natas:

Sounds like a helluva'n idea t'me.

The Pugilist cracks his knuckles.

Jason Natas:

Figure I still gotta knock a few of Duke Nukem's pearly whites loose before our little debt is settled, an' the other two are just as worthy of a whoopin'.

Dusty considers this for barely a couple beats, his eyes gleaming.

Dusty Griffith:

You know what, brother, that's the best idea I've heard all goddamned night.

Pushing himself off of the trainers table and moves the trainer's assistant to the side before heading to the door. Big Frank hoots with excitement and follows suit before slapping Natas on the shoulder.

Iris Davine:

.....

Iris stops herself from interjecting, watching them leave her office with the realization that arguing against their bad intentions would be a waste of her time.

Cut.

DON'T BE A HERO V1.2

The words "DEFtv EXTRA" appear in the screen's bottom right corner, and the footage cuts to a sign lit-up against the night's sky.

"NOEH: New Orleans East Hospital."

The building it belongs to is long, tall and curved. Every single window's lit-up and the medical centre has a real incandescent glow in this late hour. The camera pulls away ever-so-slowly and we meet a jacket-clad Christie Zane, who's stood before us with a microphone in-hand.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gents, DEFtv 62 brought us a typically action-packed night of professional wrestling with plenty of talking points, including the latest chapter in the ongoing rivalry between Eric Dane, Bobby Dean and The Murray Brothers.

A sudden gust catches Christie off-guard and sends strands of blonde hair flying loose, but she continues without pause.

Christie Zane:

In the night's goriest scene, Andy Murray returned from his victory over Mikey Unlikely to find his brother Cayle broken, beaten and lying in a pool of his own blood. Andy would soon track Dane down and engage in a heated verbal exchange with The Only Star that only resulted in further frustration for the lauded Scottish grappler.

A few still images of the Andy/Dane confrontation cycle in the bottom left corner.

Christie Zane:

Meanwhile, Cayle was hurried to the trainers' room, where Iris Davine and our medical team deemed his injuries too severe to be treated in-house. He was soon bundled into an ambulance and taken to the building behind me where he is currently receiving treatment. We all saw the results of Eric Dane and Bobby Dean's actions, but footage of the actual assault has eluded us... until now.

She nods.

Christie Zane:

Let's rewind and show you exactly what happened when Dane and Dean found Cayle Murray. A warning though, folks: the footage you're about to see is graphic in nature, and not for the faint-hearted.

[STATIC-BLAST]

Cut-to: State of the art security footage, courtesy of the DEFplex being designed and engineered by a billionaire before he went to prison for White Collar Crimes against Humanity. We are staring directly at a door.

Bobby Dean wobbles into the frame, followed by Eric Dane.

The audio kicks on.

BBD:

-and then we can go eat?

Eric Dane:

SHH! Yes! But first we do the job!

Seconds pass. The Only Star takes a place on one side of the door, while Bobby Dean takes the other side. Dane knocks curtly on the door and a familiar voice answers from inside.

“Yeah, just a sec, who is it?”

Bobby looks over to Dane, who shrugs at him as if to say Figure it out, to the bulbous beast of a wrestler. Bobby wastes little time answering in a shrill, high pitched voice.

BBD:

Haas-Kee-Ping!

Dane shoots eye-daggers at him.

“Housekeeping? The fuh-”

The door opens and Cayle Murray pokes his head out juuuust enough to be noticed before-

BBD:

SURPRISE NIGGA!

Bobby Dean rushes the Scottish grappler, quickly pinning him up against a bay of lockers. The Only Star takes one last look around before slinking through the door behind them and shutting it tightly to keep out intruders.

[STATIC-BLAST]

Cut-to: Inside of Cayle and Andy Murray’s locker room.

I told you, state of the art.

Just as the younger Murray brother is gaining an upper-hand over the bulbous brutality of Bobby Dean his face meets the flying knee of The Only Star as Eric Dane careens into the shot and unceremoniously puts Cayle down.

Bobby, having been startled by Dane’s sudden insertion into the fight, shrinks back slightly as The Hardcase goes to work, driving fist after fist into Cayle’s head. After several hard shots his forehead goes red and splotchy and blood plumes out of an open wound on his head.

BBD: (feeling slightly queazy)

Come on, boss, I think he’s had enough.

Dane snaps his head up and this time shoots lazer beams of hatred at his squire as if he’d said every dirty word on the list. Dane splats one more hard one into Cayle’s face before pulling the ever-present fork from its resting spot deep in his boot.

Eric Dane:

C’mere, Robert.

Oh shit, he used his Christian name! Bobby balks.

BBD:

Uh-uh!

Eric Dane:

Now.

Slowly, meekly, Bobby Dean makes his way over to Dane and the barely conscious Cayle Murray. Dane places the cutlery/weaponry into Bobby’s hand and gives the command.

Eric Dane:

Carve him up.

Bobby hesitates.

Eric Dane:

I said, Carve. Him. Up.

BBD:

I can't.

Eric Dane:

Just fuckin' DO IT dammit!

Seconds pass before Bobby goes into slow-mo action. As gently as is possible Bobby pokes the fork at the open wound, barely applying any pressure at all. He hits paydirt and it spurts just enough to send Bobby over the edge.

BBD:

I can't-

He dry-heaves. A stern look from Dane tells him to choke it back, but the poor man's only got so much constitution. Bobby tosses the fork back to its owner and turns in search of the nearest garbage can. Graciously, he finds it.

BBD:

HRRRBLEEARG~!

Eric Dane:

Lightweight.

Being the professional that he is Eric Dane gets back to the job at hand, smashing a few more right hands into Cayle's head before taking the fork and getting serious.

BBD:

HRRGMRRGGLFLRRRRRG~!

Dane begins whistling, admiring his handiwork. Bobby finishes blowing chunks and turns back to the boss. One look at the bloody mess on and around the prone Cayle Murray almost puts him head first back in the garbage can.

Eric Dane:

Hang the note, Bobby, and let's get out of here.

Bobby pulls a folded paper from his pocket. He looks for a way to hang it up to no avail. Dane, mentally face-palming, tosses him the bloody fork. Bobby chokes it back one more time.

Christie Zane:

Wait a minute! Cut the footage!

A few more seconds roll before the feed abruptly cuts back to Christie outside the hospital. She's turning away to face a couple of men -- one significantly taller than the other -- walking away from the building.

Christie Zane:

Andy! Cayle!

DEFIANCE's roaming reporter finally catches-up with the Murray Brothers. Both look utterly fed-up and more than ready for the evening to end, and it's Cayle who catches the eye first. There's a thick white bandage tied firmly around his forehead, and while his wounds have all been cleaned and patched-up, there's still a noticeable scrape on his left

cheek and a big, swelling welt under his right eye.

Make no mistake: Cayle Murray looks like shit.

Christie Zane:

Guys, an eventful evening for both of you. How are you holding up?

The microphone travels to Cayle first, but it's Andy who responds.

Andy Murray:

What the heck is--

The Scottish King of Cool stops himself, then lets-out a short, sharp sigh.

Andy Murray:

Forgive me, lass: it's been a rough night. I just didn't expect the TMZ treatment after walking-out of a hospital at one in the morning...

Christie Zane:

I was just hoping to catch your thoughts on what happened tonight.

Andy Murray:

He got jumped by the Tin Man and his Cowardly Lion, and I got angry when said cowards hid behind their personal security army.

Andy pauses, then shakes his head.

Andy Murray: [apologetically]

Look, I know you've got a job to do, and lord knows how long you've been hanging around waiting for us. We appreciate all of that, and would gladly talk to you in the morning, but my brother lost of a lot of blood tonight and his concussion sounds pr--

Cayle Murray: [interrupting]

It's alright, Andy...

The younger Murray's voice is weary, and the interjection catches Andy by surprise. Cayle raises a weak hand.

Cayle Murray:

I'm not too dazed to say a few words.

Christie Zane:

Thank you, guys. We won't keep you for long.

Andy steps back at his brother's behest as Christie readies her questions. The Scot's eyes are dull and devoid of their usual spark.

Christie Zane:

You and Eric have developed one hell of a rivalry over the past half-year, but tonight, The Only Star took it to a new level. How do you feel?

Cayle Murray:

Like I got my arse kicked.

He tries a smile, but it hurts his busted lip too much to hold it.

Cayle Murray:

Eric and I have clashed a lot since we first crossed paths, but nothing like this. We've traded blows in the ring, and barbs outside of it. He did all he could to bully me out of the UTA, but we're in his place now. The gloves are off. There are no rules, no limitations...

Cayle shakes his head, then pauses. Refocuses.

Cayle Murray:

I've had a lot of dark nights in my career, and tonight was one of the worst. But I've been knocked down before, Christie. I've been knocked-out and busted open more times than I can remember. I've had blood spilled, muscles torn and bones broken but never... NEVER has my will wavered.

Finally some of that trademark fire starts coming through in his voice. Andy stands well back, letting his brother continue.

Cayle Murray:

These wounds are gonna heal, Christie. This concussions gonna fade, and these stitches are gonna come-out. We're gonna swim through these hostile waters without a shred of fear, because that's what we have to do to survive. I'll keep standing-up to men like Eric Dane as long as my heart still beats and blood still flows through my veins, because this is who I am...

He pauses, taking a little moment to calm himself down.

Cayle Murray:

... and it's gonna take a lot more than this to take that away.

Finally Christie pulls the microphone away from the Murrays.

Christie Zane:

Gentlemen, thanks for your time. We'll let you call it a night.

Cut.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

We're backstage in a room we've seen quite a bit on DEFIANCE television the last few weeks, doctor Iris Davine's large trainers suite backstage where the DEF superstars go to get stitched up, iced, and generally repaired after a hellacious DEFtv. On a show filled with debuts, some of which could even be referred to as "household names", nobody could have bet a green as grass rookie would be the one with the biggest impact.

Van Carver:

GodDAMN that hurts, fuck me running...

The Murder Machine sits with several ice packs strapped to his shoulders and upper back. The look on his face speaks volumes of the amount of pain he must be going through.

Iris Davine:

Well, if you'd stayed back here with ice on your back after that match like I advised it would hurt a lot less, Mr. Carver. Was kicking poor Henry's teeth down his throat worth all this pain?

Van Carver:

Doc, before the ink was even dry on my contract... [grunting slightly in pain] I found out I was going to debut alongside HALF the God damn UTA roster... Van Carver's not playing second third or fourth fiddle to Mikey fuckin' Unlikely, The Murray Brothers or goddamn *Bobby Dean*. I've watched enough DEFIANCE over the years to know how to get noticed around this place... and it usually involves picking a target and not stopping 'til there's nothing left but *bone and gristle*.

V/O:

Just like a good steak...

A third voice from near the doorway draws Van and Iris' attention. A voice belonging to none other than front office renaissance woman and business manager to the one and only Wargod Bronson Box, Ms. Jane Katze. Heels and lips the same color red, houndstooth mini-skirt, flowing white blouse. A knockout, as per usual.

Jane Katze:

I didn't mean to interrupt Iris, but I'd love to have a word with your patient there if possible.

Iris gives Jane a little smile and a nod, moving to the other side of the room to tend to an unseen patient. Jane makes her way into the room with a little smirk on her ruby lips... and a limp in her step, a result of the knee brace still present on her person thanks to the vicious (but somewhat warranted, let's be honest) attack from Lindsay Troy a few weeks ago. Knowing exactly who this is, Carver narrows his eyes as the gorgeous brunette approaches him.

Van Carver:

Far be it for me to turn away a beautiful woman but... what *exactly* do you think I'd have to say to the manger of the guy who *literally* tried to break my back and end my career earlier tonight?

Jane considers the vaguely aggressive comment and carries on undeterred.

Jane Katze:

Hopefully quite a bit, Mr. Carver.

Jane produces one of her Katze & Associates business cards... Carver just looks at it incredulously. Jane smiles to herself and very gingerly tucks the little white card into the waistband of his red and black trunks.

Jane Katze:

You took the words right out of my mouth a few moments ago, Van. You took the kind of initiative tonight that both DEFIANCE fans... and DEFIANCE *superstars* tend to respect quite a bit. Goaded Box into a match, performed admirably and stood your ground, then after all that abuse, *THREE* brutal BOMBASTO Bombs and still you go out

there and kick a few cogs loose in that idiot Keyes' head.

Carver plucks the card from his waistband and looks at the gold embossed Katze & Associates logo then back up at Jane's smiling face.

Jane Katze:

Very very impressive first night on the job... just keep an open mind. We'll talk again soon.

With that Jane turns on her heels and walk-hobbles out of the room leaving The Vanimal alone to convales and consider his options.

FINDING WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR

Tyrone Walker is looking around the backstage area for something. He moves some tech boxes from the corner and checks behind them. Ty throws his hands up in the air as he continues to walk around the backstage area. A few wrestlers and officials see him and wonder what the current Trios champion was looking for. Tyrone walks past a tech with a clipboard, then he stops and turns back toward the young tech hand.

Ty Walker:

Aye man, you seen Omega around here?

Tech Hand: [shrugging his shoulders]

Can't say that I have, Ty. I try to steer of him, he's crazy.

Ty nods and pats the kid on his shoulder before he walks down the hallway. Ty stops again when he sees Angus round a corner and coming towards him. The Motormouth of Malcontent gives him a welcoming smile on approach.

Angus Skaaland:

Heeeey, man. What're we doi--

Ty Walker:

Where the HALE Omega at?

Angus:

Uh... I think I saw him walking down those stairs over there about...

Ty Walker:

Thanks, bruh, s'all I need to know. But hey, you might wanna drop a dime and call the EMTs.

Walker says before making his way over to the stairs that lead downward toward the bowels of the Wrestle-Plex. The camera follows Ty as he continues down the stairs. Walker makes it to the bottom of the stairs and finds a big door. Ty opens the door to the boiler room as it slams against the wall. He peers through the faint smoke and musty smell.

Ty Walker:

I KNOW YOUR ASS IS DOWN HERE, YA BIG SUMBITCH!

Omega: [voice in the shadows]

Do you feel out of the loop when it comes to Ms. Evans?

Walker wheels around and tries to locate the source of the voice.

Ty Walker:

Mothafucka, I don't care give a fuck what deal you and Kels have, but you need to be keepin' me out of it, dude.

Ty continues further into the huge boiler room trying to peek around every corner. Keeping his guard up the whole since he has no idea where Omega could be hiding. The fumes from the boiler room continues to burn Ty's nostrils as he stands in the middle of the boiler room.

Omega: [laughing]

We can't do that Mr. Walker. You see it's not our call. It's their call.

Ty Walker: [confused]

What the HALE is you talkin' about, mayne? Stop speakin' in all these goddamn riddles.

Omega:

We are not in the proper forum to discuss renegotiations. However, your sacrifice will appease them.

Omega bolts out of the shadows tackling Walker to the ground. The monster stands over top of his prey and rains down with punches. Ty was quickly able to drive a knee into Omega's side which turns the larger man to the side. Quick to his feet, Ty drives a boot into the side of Omega's head. The big man laughs as the smaller man in this fight charges at him, which takes the camera feed out in the process.

Cut.

I WASNT READY

The scene opens to the backstage area of Wrestle-Plex where Christie Zane is standing. Wearing a red dress tight to her skin and some black high heels she stands poised in the middle of the screen, holding nothing but a microphone. After a few seconds she begins.

Christie Zane:

Good day fellow DEFIANTS. As always I am Christie Zane and today I am joined by a very special guest via satellite.

The screen moves over to the left as another screen pops up on the right. On the right is a beautiful sunny beach somewhere with a large bar chair in the middle of the frame.

Christie Zane:

It is my pleasure to introduce to you, DEFIANCE Wrestling's own Mikey Unlikely!

From stage right Mikey Unlikely saunters into view. His signature smile is NOT on his face, in fact he looks quite uncomfortable. Which doesn't make too much sense when you see his casual style. Open Hawaiian shirt, and a pair of khaki shorts. Unlikely sits in the seat and readjusts himself.

Christie Zane:

Thanks for joining us Mikey! How are you!?

The three second time delay is very annoying.

Mikey Unlikely:

Thanks for having me Christie, I'm excited to have this open forum to speak my mind.

Christie in the backstage area smiles wide.

Christie Zane:

Mikey last week on DEF62 you made your longly anticipated debut against an also debuting Andy Murray! Now we will get to the match in a second, but let's start off with the entrance... That was some production...

Unlikely snickers to himself.

Mikey Unlikely:

Produced, Directed, and starring Mikey Unlikely! Thanks Christie, When I signed the dotted line with DEFIANCE the one thing I promised to Kelly Evans was a level of showmanship not to be exceeded by any! She knew she was getting a proven commodity, a marketing machine, and instant ratings. I knew I was getting a clean slate and an opportunity to entertain the billions of Mikey fans around the globe. That was just the beginning!

Christie nods and accepts that answer before asking for a bit of detail.

Christie Zane:

...And what about the cash with your face on it, where did that come from?

Unlikely laughs and holds up one finger as if telling Christie to hold that thought. He digs into his wallet and sure enough pulls out a thick stack of the faux currency. He spreads it out on his lap and makes sure the camera has a good shot.

Mikey Unlikely:

What you saw on DEFtv, and what you see right now is a brand new promotion I am running. This [Holding up cash] is Mikey Money! That term is trademarked, reserved, and otherwise owned entirely by me!

He rambled the last part off very quickly.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now every time you come to a DEFIANCE show you get the opportunity to collect Mikey Money! When you go home to your shitty little trailer or log cabin, you can log onto MikeyUnlikely.com and if you collect enough Mikey Monies you can buy Mikey Merchandise!

Christie's eyes light up.

Christie Zane:

Oh wow! How clever! So tell me Mr. Unlikely, what would one Mikey Money get me?

He scoffs.

Mikey Unlikely:

One will get you nothing! But if you collect twenty four thousand of these bad boys you can get the brand new, highly exclusive Mikey Unlikely keychain!

Her beautiful smile turns to a frown.

Christie Zane:

Well that seems a bit steep don't you think? How would someone collect 24k?

He never wavers.

Mikey Unlikely:

You come to a lot of DEFIANCE shows! Just think Christie... the one million Mikey Money prize is a full day with Me! Doing anything you want to do! (Within reason of course)!

Christie Zane:

But a million? That seems a bit unrealistic.

Mikey Unlikely:

So does some underling spending a day with me too, but you gotta do what you gotta do Christie. I for one am SUPER PSYCHED!

Christie Zane:

OK then... let's go back to the actual match with Andy Murray. Now you had a decent showing but in the end you lost the match, your thoughts?

Unlikely shrugs his shoulders and nods.

Mikey Unlikely:

Christie, when you are right, you are right. I have only one thing to say in my defence. I. Wasn't. Ready! You see before that match started Andy Murray cheap shotted me right between the eyes. He took a foreign object and clearly dazed me before the bell.

Christie Zane:

I am pretty sure it was just his elbow.

He waves off the response from her.

Mikey Unlikely:

EVERYTHING is foreign before a match Christie. Even his elbow! I was trying to simply hand the man a very heavy head start on everyone else in the Wrestle-Plex with Mikey Money! Did you see how much I gave him!? Needless to say that cheap shot had me in a funk the entire match. I was unable to recover from the cheating that Andy Murray did.

So that said I have ANOTHER announcement to make!

He waits for her to ask what, but she doesn't after a few very awkward seconds Mikey speaks again.

Mikey Unlikely:

In two weeks, at DEFtv 64 Mikey Unlikely will make his OFFICIAL In ring debut for DEFIANCE!

Christie stares at the image of Mikey hard, wondering if she should say something.

Christie Zane:

But didn't you just... I mean Andy Murray.... He beat...

Unlikely cuts her off.

Mikey Unlikely:

Thats where you are wrong Christie, you see... Cheaters never win! That match doesn't even count! I already told you! I WASN'T READY! So NOW I will make my official debut in just a few short weeks! Keep your eyes peeled because my FIRST match will be one to set the wrestling world on fire!

With that Unlikely gets up and walks off set. Christie signs off and the screen fades to black.

TAKING THE FIGHT TO THEM

THE FOLLOWING IS EXCLUSIVE SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE JUST OUTSIDE OF THE DEFIANCE WRESTLE-PLEX AFTER DEftv #62 WENT OFF THE AIR...

The scene opens up to somewhat grainy, but colored footage of an overhead camera overlooking one of the exits in the loading docks heading out to the parking lot. Team HOSS-MB as they have come to be known - Angel Trinidad, Aleczander The Great, Jonny Booya, along with Thomas Keeling - walking towards one of the exit doors.

Jonny Booya:

Fuckin' nerds! We done punked them country-ass bumpkin BOAHS out!

Aleczander The Great:

You see how Angel swooped in and fucked them wankers up, mate? That was awesome!

Angel keeps walking without saying anything and Thomas Keeling continues on.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

Too bad Cap has the night off tonight. He would've liked to seen that, I'm sure.

The gang of big bruisers continues walking through the doors. The camera switches over to the parking lot proper as Team HOSS start heading for a white SUV-style limo that Keeling himself has spared no expense on. When Angel is about to reach for the door...

???:

Fuckin' chiseled bitch... you and I ain't done.

The members of Team HOSS-MB all catch a man that Jonny Booya has become very familiar with in the last couple of months - Jason Natas. The Bronx Bully stands his ground against Angel Trinidad and the Super Muscle Bros, which almost brings a smile to Thomas Keeling's face.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

Mister Natas... clearly, you didn't get enough of a beating from Mister Trinidad a few weeks ago.

Angel cracks his knuckles and approaches Natas, but The Bronx Bully doesn't say anything or budge. Both Booya and Aleczander start heading Natas' way...

???:

Not this time, brother...

Another camera from inside the arena that looks out to the parking lot catches a glimpse of two massive bodies slowly walking towards the entrance. The camera switches back to the overhead view outside and out comes Frank Dylan James and Dusty Griffith, standing and itching for a fight. Thomas Keeling, Sr. clearly doesn't like where this situation is headed and starts to inch his way towards the limo...

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

[Head in the limo window] Start the car! NOW!

No sooner do the words leave his mouth when shit starts to break down... Natas jumps on Jonny Booya, picking up where the two of the left off at Acts of DEFIANCE. Frank Dylan James guns right for Aleczander The Great and Dusty Griffith goes right for the man that went out of his way to cheap-shot him earlier... Angel himself!

Fights break out all over the parking lot as Natas and Booya roll around on the cold concrete, trading blows and trying to take one another's head off. Aleczander tries to defend himself against FDJ and throws some hard blows while Angel Trinidad and Dusty Griffith exchange right hands! Angel tackles Dusty to the edge of the SUV limo and tries to club him, but Dusty rushes him right back and buries fists into the tall rookie's gut. As the massive fight continues to

spill over, Thomas Keeling runs for the safety of the limo once Dusty and Angel move and opens the door frantically to avoid being collateral damage.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

HELP! SOMEBODY GET HELP NOW!

The view shifts to another camera from the edge of the lot as Wyatt Bronson and members of DEFsec flood the lot, trying to get a handle on the massive slugfest! Frank throws a smaller member of DEFsec to the ground and Aleczander uses the time to regroup. Natas throws Booya to the ground and as more security tries to intervene. As the fight goes on, Angel Trinidad throws a right hand and catches Dusty on the jaw, but he grins and bears it as he throws one of his own. The two can't seem to be separated even with now six members of security trying to pull them apart! The fights continued as the scene cuts to the next half of the show.



FROM THE DEFIANCE AUDITION ARCHIVES

The shot opens on two unfamiliar figures standing in a ring. The location appears to be the DEFIANCE Training Center beneath the main offices. The stern-looking older man on the left has a look about him that suggests many years of competition under his belt. He stands with his arms crossed firmly over his chest while his hardened gaze stares down the camera. The man beside him is much younger and looks less hardened, but appears to be every bit as much a model athlete in prime physical fitness. Both men are dressed in stylized shorts and pads, and look ready for action.

Camera Man:

Okay gentlemen, start by giving your names and tell us where you're from.

Older Man:

My name is Rocko Daymon, and I come here from Seattle.

Younger Man:

I'm Kerry Kuroyama, and uh... yeah, ditto.

Camera Man:

And does your tag team have a name?

Rocko Daymon:

We are the Rain City Ronin.

Camera Man:

Okay then. Tell us... why you want to be defiant?

The duo exchange a knowing look to one another. Daymon holds up his fist as his fierce stare finds the camera again.

Rocko Daymon:

We have come to DEFIANCE in search of the greatest challenge professional wrestling has to offer, in our mission to become the ultimate competitors.

Camera Man:

Great! Let's get this underway then...

The view pulls out a bit to reveal two more men standing in the ring, dressed in generic wrestling apparel.

Camera Man:

Gentlemen, please meet a couple of our newest DEF trainees... "Dynamite" Dan Carlson and Kip Martin. Dan is a regional journeyman talent who's been working with us for a couple years, and Kip is one of our local boys.

Daymon and Kuroyama acknowledge the two with a respectful dip of their heads.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Sup?

Rocko Daymon:

We are well met.

The middle-aged Carlson scoffs from behind his Snidely Whiplash moustache while baby-faced Martin simply smiles and nervously waves a hand.

Camera Man:

So we're just going to do a quick three minute round, standard tag rules. Show us what you guys can do.

Daymon and Kuroyama look to each other again and nod once to each other in unison. Kerry promptly goes to a corner. Across the ring, the obstinate journeyman Carlson quickly dismisses his younger partner with a wave of his hand that nearly clips the youngster's nose.

"Dynamite" Dan Carlson:

Shove off, rookie! I'll show you how it's done.

Camera Man:

Okay, begin when ready.

Carlson's lips curl back into a sneer as he advances to the center of the ring with his arms in motion. Daymon holds his position, arms still folded over his chest, levelling his piercing eyes onto the opponent.

"Dynamite" Dan Carlson:

Okay, tough guy... let's see how that attitude holds up when "Dynamite" Dan BLOWS YOU AW--

His statement is abruptly cut short when Rocko seemingly teleports three steps forward and puts a forearm into his mouth. Carlson blubbers in surprise as he reels back and takes a bounce off the ropes, sending him right back into the boot Daymon has aimed at his stomach. The camera has a half-second glimpse of his bulging eyes as he doubles over, before Rocko puts his face to the mat with a DDT to follow through.

Camera Man:

WHOA!

Rocko rises back to his feet, moving with a mechanical conviction of a man who has been doing this for a long time. Gasping for air, Carlson weakly pushes himself back off the mat. He's barely off his knees when Daymon marches up and clamps down on the head with his arm. The camera again zooms in on the beet-red face of "Dynamite" Dan as he flails around wildly in a frantic effort to free himself from the headlock.

"Dynamite" Dan Carlson:

DUDE! DUDE! TIME-OUT, THIS IS ONLY SUPPOSED TO BE--

A tight SQUEEZE from Rocko's forearm chokes off the end of the sentence into a gurgle. Daymon wrangles him around by the head a few seconds more, before giving him a spin for momentum and chucking the stunned Carlson into the turnbuckle. Dan takes a hard bounce, and his rubber legs carry him straight into the arms of Daymon. Rocko hoists him up by the waist, and again the camera zooms in on Carlson's shocked expression as he's held helplessly a couple feet off the mat.

"Dynamite" Dan Carlson:

WAIT-WAIT-WAIT-WA--

SLAM!! Rocko's explosive spinebuster leaves "Dynamite" Dan splayed out on the mat. The camera lingers on Carlson a moment longer as he groans a while on his back, then back to Daymon as he stands tall in silent judgment over the fallen journeyman. He turns away as the camera whips back to Carlson, weakly dragging himself to his own corner for a much needed tag. The camera goes to the pale and simply stunned expression plastered over Kip Martin's face, and it's clear he knows he's in over his head. The young local is inching himself a bit closer to the steel corner post, trying to put as much distance between himself and his partner.

Camera Man:

Uhhh Kip?

Martin shakes his head, clearly wanting none of it. The camera goes back to Carlson as his body is dragged BACK, and we see that Kerry Kuroyama now has him by the leg. Kerry doesn't let up on the work his partner started, beginning by curling back on "Dynamite" Dan's leg into a half crab.

"Dynamite" Dan Carlson:

N-NNOOOO!!!

Kuroyama pulls back on the leg as Carlson groans even further pain. The journeyman's hands claw away at the canvas as he tries to drag himself free. After a few moments of punishment, Kerry releases, but quickly turns around and takes "Dynamite" Dan by the waist, lifting him back to his feet. Carlson is again helpless as his feet leave the canvas.

"Dynamite" Dan Carlson:

WAAAHHH!!

SLAM!! Kuroyama's perfectly executed German Suplex bounces "Dynamite" Dan off the mat with disastrous force. Carlson is left in a heap lying on his side, gasping for air. Then Kuroyama's shadow falls over him once again, and he seemingly shrinks. Kerry takes a firm grip of the wrist as he straddles the arm, and Carlson nearly SHRIEKS as he is rolled over into a Fujiwara armbar. Kerry gives his limb a TWIST, and the journeyman again groans loudly in pain. His bewildered eyes again find the camera.

"Dynamite" Dan Carlson:

DUDE, HE'S GONNA BREAK MY ARM! STOP THIS, DUDE! STOP IT!!

Camera Man:

Then just TAP OUT already!

Carlson FRANTICALLY slaps the canvas with his free hand, and Kuroyama promptly releases the arm. He immediately pulls it in and rubs it like a wounded animal, and he winces as Kerry bends over him again, this time holding out his hand.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Good match, bro!

"Dynamite" Dan looks the young athlete up and down suspiciously before finally accepting the offer to be helped off the mat. Kip is there immediately to lend him a shoulder to lean on. Rocko comes back in to give his partner a congratulatory fist bump and nods approvingly. Carlson stares at the veteran in disbelief.

"Dynamite" Dan Carlson:

Geez dude, I thought you were gonna kill me! It's only a try-out video!

Rocko's eyes close as he drops his head in momentary repentance.

Rocko Daymon:

I humbly apologize. We do not believe in pulling our punches.

Camera Man:

Thanks Dan, and uh, thanks Kip. That's about all we need from you today.

The two trainees quite thankfully exit the ring and head to the locker room. Kuroyama looks to the camera, perking his eyebrows.

Kerry Kuroyama:

So what do you think, bro? Think we're defiant enough?

Camera Man:

Wow guys, uhh... I'm speechless. That was REALLY impressive. We normally don't get guys in off the street as good as the two of you.

Rocko Daymon:

Then you approve. What is the next step in our path from here?

Camera Man:

The next step? Well, I'll run this video upstairs to Miss Evans' office and I'll make sure she gets a good look at it. If she likes what she sees, we'll probably call you back within the week for a more formal interview.

Kerry Kuroyama:

Groovy! We'll be waiting for the call.

Camera Man:

That about wraps up everything we need here... OH, wait! What did you guys call yourselves again?

Rocko Daymon:

We are the Rain City Ronin.

Camera Man:

Rain City Ronin! Awesome! Thank you again, gentlemen!

Daymon and Kuroyama simultaneously nod respectfully to the camera, and it cuts to black.

JIZZY SMELLING AMERICAN PRICK!

“This store is already making my balls itch and I haven’t tried anything on yet.”

The tiny Chinese man with the measuring tape looks like he’s about to throw his hands up and kick the two awful men taking up his afternoon right out the front door of his custom suit shop. He has better things to do than to stand here smelling Rich Mahogany’s trademark... scent. Where goes the sleazy one so goes the other superiorly groomed half of the Angel City eXXXpress.

Don Hollywood:

I can’t BELIEVE you don’t have a custom suit, brother man. Every respectable man about town needs some hand made threads. You’ll draw much finer cooze when you look like you got the cash.

Rich raises an eyebrow as the little Chinese man takes a deep breath and measures Rich’s inseam with a little shudder.

Rich Mahogany:

Broman, this little Korean dude has been taking my measurements for like twenty five minutes...

Don Hollywood:

Mr. Wang is Chinese, firstly...

Rich Mahogany:

Wang... heh.

Don Hollywood:

And secondly...

Mr. Wang

Second you shaped like sack of dirty laundry, hard to get exact measurement.

Don Hollywood:

You do have something of a sort of lava lamp like consistency to your bod, my dude. I keep asking if you want to hit the gym with me.

Rich Mahogany:

Bleh... bunch of boney self involved bitches with low self esteem. No thank you. I like my ladies like I like my beer. Cheap, plentiful and available at any nasty dive bar or gas station between San Fran and Augusta Maine, my brotha. Fuck the stars, shoot for just BELOW the moon and you juuuuuust might land in a cute drunk fat girls nether regions.

Mr. Wang quietly swallows what was most likely a little bit of vomit as he finishes measuring around Mahogany’s crotch’ll region.

Ding ding ding.

The door of the shop swings open.

Mr. Wang:

I help you, one moment.

”I ‘aint here to buy one of your monkey suits old man... “

Rich and Don both look towards the doorway with wide nervous eyes.

Don Hollywood:

Flex Kruger... wow man, what a surprising thing that’s... happening right now...

The (self-proclaimed) Lord Paramount of Pectoral Perfection, Flex Kruger. BRAZEN young gun and resident beef slammin' muscle head. When BRAZEN first started the young Kruger decided he liked the ACX gimmick and globbed onto Donny and Rich's wagon and never hopped off. Six foot four, two seventy five pounds of muscle on top of muscle stuffed into a pair of tiny white shorts and a waaaaay too tight tank top.

Yeah, he's pretty gross.

Rich Mahogany:

The fuck do you want, roid rage?

Flex Kruger:

You think stickin' this lumpy space princess into one of your tacky ass suits is going to solve all your professional problems, Hollywood?

Kruger walks over and tries to grab at Rich's somewhat... lets say softened midsection.

Rich Mahogany:

HEY! Unless you've got a vagina and proof your just over eighteen, hands the fuck off.

Flex backs away with a cocky smile. Don-Ho is boiling at that "tacky ass suit" comment. The immaculately coiffed member of ACX takes a step forward, wagging a finger near Kruger's absolutely unfazed face.

Don Hollywood:

MY SUITS AREN'T TACKY... goddamnit... I just like to be color coordinated at all times AND stand out from the crowd a bit, okay? I was shy as a kid, and...

Flex Kruger:

Bleh, ick, fuckin' enough. Stop. Listen up, both of you. For some goddamn reason Angus Skaaland likes you but you're talentless assholes so you're stuck here on the BRAZEN death march while guys like Van Carver and all the Utah creeps skip over all this nonsense and get started makin' the REAL green.

Rich Mahogany:

I'd love to hear a point soon before Mr. Wang puts some Korean voodoo curse on me.

We hear the little man mumble "I'm Chinese, you jizzy smelling American prick" ... or something to that effect.

Moving on.

Flex Kruger:

You two dicks are my best bet for getting off this non-televised never ending small town USA bullshit house show tour and get this handsome mug on DEFtv. And you know how I'm going to do that? Come on fella's, guess...

Silence. Blank stares. Don is checking texts on his phone.

Flex Kruger:

Yeah, laugh it up boys. But I'm going to make it my personal mission to turn your two pud pullin' dumbasses into ring shape... even if it KILLS you.

With that the refrigerator sized man with the flowing blond locks backs out the door giving the ACX boys the old double finger guns and a little wink.

Rich Mahogany:

I swear to God, I'm gonna smother that son-of-a-fuck in his sleep.

Don-ho nods his approval.

Rich Mahogany:

With my nuts.

Rolling his eyes Mr. Wang goes back to the dubious duty of measuring Rich's in-seam. This could probably take a while, so mercifully this is where our scene comes to a close.

SHIT TALK - EPISODE 1



The view is simplistic enough. It's a shot of three bathroom stalls aligned one next to the other next to the other. The middle stall is the only one that appears to be occupied as a pair of rather beefy legs peek from under the stall door, their sky blue wrestling trunks bunched around their ankles, a slight brown streak appears...

Soon the door to the bathroom opens and the familiar and very hated face of Mikey Unlikely peers in, checking to see if the coast is clear. Mikey walks into the room, bending down to check the occupancy of the stalls.

Bobby Dean:

Hello!?

Mikey Unlikely:

No! No, no, no, no!

Bobby Dean:

Hi, I'm Bobby Dean, and it's...

Mikey Unlikely: *[Interrupting Bobby Dean as he turns to storm towards the bathroom door.]*

As bad as I need to go, I'm not sitting in here for *another* one of your Shit Talks!

Bobby Dean:

But Mikey!?

Mikey Unlikely:

No!

Mikey storms out, attempting to slam the bathroom door behind him, but it's got one of those hydraulic arms so at the last second instead of a massive slam, it crawls to a stop, closing gently.

Bobby Dean:

Well, that was my bestest friend in the entire planet, Michael Unlikable! He truly does live up to his surname!

Bobby is interrupted as the bathroom door once again opens up, and a sound of moans and whimpers enter the room.

A figure rushes through the room, exploding into the stall next to Bobby's. After a second, a massive splash sounds, followed by some aggressive groaning and grunts.

Voice:

HAHAHAHAHA! Get out of my body please, terrible pooh demonman!

Bobby Dean:

Uhm, hello?

Voice:

God? Is that you? It's me, Jack Hunter! AKA The Superbest, AKA The Little Bruiser, AKA HASH TAG street fighting game on fleek, AKA Mr. Steal Yo Girl and the Microwave, okay.

Bobby Dean:

Jack!

Jack Hunter:

God!

Bobby Dean:

No, it's me, Bobby Dean.

Jack Hunter:

SHHH, Bobby! The Superbest is talking to God! So, God, I need your help finding Alan Nothing, because that sonuvabitch...

Bobby Dean:

No, that was me Jack. I was the one who said Hello.

Jack Hunter:

Oh. Oh, oh, oh. Please excuse The Hunter for a moment, sillyman.

A sound of another massive splash echos throughout the small room, as Bobby's feet are seen shuffling away from Jack's direction.

Bobby Dean:

Allow me to welcome our second guest on the first ever Shit Talk, DEFIANCE Edition!

Jack Hunter:

God!?

Bobby Dean:

Would you mind if I ask you a couple of questions?

Jack Hunter:

Okay, God. You may ask me, famous wrestler Jack Hunter, former champion of UTA hardcore wrestlefigths, AKA the UNDEFEATIBARBEQUED 45-0 HASH TAG NEW STREAK personman questions, multiple questions, so many questions, but only if you help me find Alan Nothing, okay? I hate Big Al.

Bobby Dean:

What's the toughest thing you've ever street fought?

Jack Hunter:

I have street fought since I was 5 years old, Godman, this is a tough question, because I am not 5 any more, which means that is a long time ago, which means you are a sillyman, okay. I have street fought many thing in the Utah

Wrestlefigths including The Eric Dean... BRB Ellis... Amy, Harry's Son... and Skymont McGroobery, but also many other hardcore extreme things that are extreme and hardcore, like scorpions, and snakes, and cars, and dogs, and dinosaurs, and cows, and fuck cows, I hate cows.

He pauses.

Jack Hunter:

So to answer your question: no.

Bobby Dean:

What the heck did you eat!? (Bobby makes gagging sounds as another splash is heard from the stall over.)

Jack Hunter:

The Little Bruiser survives on a high-complex Paleo Weight Watchers Xtreme Vegan Diet of lightbulbs, rats, dead cows, moss, and lightbulbs, God, but you should know this, because you are God, and God sees everything, yes, so why are you asking me things you already know, God?

Bobby Dean:

Have you ever lost?

Jack Hunter:

What are you talking about, sillyman? I am not lost, The Superbest never gets lost, because he is very good at maps and compasses and maps, which means he never gets lost, because he is good at doing navigations, sillyman.

Bobby Dean:

Have you ever won? (Bobby is oblivious to the above answer, and is incredulous if yes.)

Jack Hunter:

Have you not heard of the legendary *HASH TAG NEW STREAK 65-0?!?* I am starting to question if you are really God or not, sillyman, because if you were God, you would know about the *HASH TAG NEW STREAK*, because Gods know things, and also I am a god, AKA The Good of Doing Wrestlefigths, and I have never seen you in heaven, and you would be in heaven if you were a God, so tell me sillyman, are you really God, or a big liarface?!

Bobby Dean:

Well, God has heard rumors, the rumors are that you're not human, that you could possibly be an alien? Can you confirm or deny said rumors?

Jack Hunter:

I am not an alien, I hate aliens, so why would I be an alien? Aliens are dicks and I hate them, and I think that Alan Nothing, my mortal enemy, is an alien, and I hate him, so he must be an alien, so I will kill all aliens with Mouldy and Skuller and Independence Day and we will win, yes.

Bobby Dean:

If you and I got into a street fight, who'd win?

Jack Hunter:

HAHAHAHAHA! Listen sillyman, I will street fight you so bad you will never want to be on a street ever again, okay, I am going to street fight you in the face and ear and pinky toe and face and testicles, okay, and you will lose because I am the Superbest, AKA you are bad at street fights, AKA fuck Guile.

Bobby Dean:

How much are you getting paid?

Jack Hunter:

Well God, AKA sillyman, AKA Robert, The Superbest does not like to brag about his moneys, but I will tell you,

because you are swell. The Little Bruiser, AKA The Hunter, is the Superbest, which means he is not just the best but also super, which means I am the Superbest, so the Deaf Fire Ants pay me many moneys, AKA the sum of one gajillion American Rupees every Friday, and also sometimes on Saturdays, and with these monies I will one day have a Burger King kitchen in my kitchen, because I invented the story-driven street fight, okay.

Bobby Dean:

I demand a raise!

The door to the bathroom bursts open, a scowling Eric Dane marches in and without even the slightest pause, he walks up to the middle stall door and with a mighty roar he kicks it in.

Bobby Dean:

EEEEEEEEK!

Eric Dane:

I told you, you've got a big match and you're in here playing footsies on the toilets? You wanna fuck around with a glory hole, do it on your own time! Now let's go!

Jack Hunter:

God? I didn't know you had a brother?

LAKE PLACID VI 2: THE KICKSTARTER ACCOUNT

A simple white room with a circular coffee table. The only color is a single rose in the middle of a glass vase. The D steps into frame, looking dashing as ever with a three piece suit and a monogram handkerchief hanging from his square pocket. He smiles.

The D:

Hi, we know how much you like quality entertainment. And how difficult it may be to find just the perfect flick you're looking for.

Sharp abrupt cut to Elise Ares, dressed to the nines. Wearing a tight strapless red dress with a slit (get your mind out of the gutter) down the sides, she has her legs crossed to show a pair of expensive black Louis Vuitton heels complemented by a diamond necklace. She appears to be in the same room, but the camera has flipped around and broken the 180 rule.

Elise Ares:

Well you've come to the right place. Who could forget our record breaking YouTube exclusive, Lake Placid Vi? With over six th... million hits and presumably millions of illegal downloads from you pirating bastards, we've turned into the newest internet darlings.

A small text disclaimer appears underneath Elise. If you could see, it would say that they only have 6,000 views on youtube, not 6,000,000. However, it flashes so fast and is so tiny no one makes it out.

Back to Ed, the D, this time standing in front of a fireplace, food on the head of a bear skin rug. It looks like something out of Masterpiece Theater.

The D:

Lake Placid Vi 2 is the sequel that Lake Placid Vi was meant to be. Think Evil Dead here. If I could reach my truest vision, with new characters and a fresh take, I can make a true mark on cinematic history. And with your help, with ten percent going to Kickstarter, you can be apart of history from the ground floor.

This dialogue is intercut with various scenes from Lake Placid Vi, specifically an Elise "shocked" face, The D himself having his leg chomped on by a clearly fake alligator, and Elise and the D running frightened through some woods, so dimly lit it's hard to make anything out. Except the fact that the D just ran himself full force into a tree.

Cut to Elise Ares, now sitting on an office chair presumably in a recording studio, going over the script and score for the next movie. She neatly stacks the papers in her hand so that they're all even and precise before looking back at the camera, faking surprise that it's there.

Elise Ares:

In addition, ten percent of all funds will go to the "Help Klein Get Out Of His Box" foundation.

A picture of Klein, shoulders slumped, wearing a box is shown on screen. He holds up a white board that has the words "What am I doing here?" scrawled on it.

Elise Ares:

Kickstarter is also allowing us to give our biggest donors prizes for their support. Donate more than \$30 will earn you a Lake Placid Vi coaster, perfect for any room. A donation of \$100 will give you a signed page of this movie script currently in my hands.

Elise does her best Vanna impression as the camera zooms in on a page in her hand. On the page is a single line of text that says "They scream 'AH' in unison." Zooming back out, The Havana Harlot's eyes narrow, struggling to read the teleprompter.

Elise Ares:

And if you donate \$1000 or more, you will receive a personal phone call from the star of the movie, Elise Ares to thank you for your donation. Wait, are you fu...

And now the D stands in a large Hollywood studio warehouse, empty besides a giant mechanical crocodile that replaced the alligator in the conclusion of Lake Placid Vi.

The D:

All we're asking in total, is for four point five million dollars.

Elise walks into frame, and wraps her arm around The D.

Elise Ares:

That's nothing!

The D:

No Elise. It's everything. That will cover labor costs, union wages, and the salary of our hottest Hollywood co-star, Mikey Unlikely. And then, Lake Place Vi 2, A Buffet to Die For, will become a reality.

They smile toward the camera. After a brief moment she begins to speak through her pearly whites...

Elise Ares:

Is this a wrap? Because I need to make sure none of these idiots donate before I change the Kickstarter site to get rid of that prize.

The D:

Don't worry. You won't even have to see them.

Elise Ares:

Oh, THANK HEAVENS!

DON'T MESS WITH THE SUPERBEST

IMPULSE (v/o):

So, that's that. After two years, Cally and I are part of the sport again. I'm anxious, but still excited about it: worst case scenario, we've got a second chance to exit the sport on our own terms. Still, this is DEFIANCE... the rules are different. Had to broach a potentially tricky conversation over a nice lunch at Cafe Amelie. Check 'em out, you won't be sorry.

WAITRESS:

Can I get you a drink to start, or an appetizer?

CALLY:

Abita, please.," said Cally. I asked for the same.

IMPULSE:

Same.

Impulse quietly hands the waitress a \$20.

IMPULSE:

Here. We're gonna be here for a while, that's for the table.

WAITRESS:

Understood. Be right back with your drinks.

She covers a tiny smile as she glances at the bill.

IMPULSE (v/o):

Waitstaff make their money on high table turnover; I know from experience that Cally and I tend to linger, so I've started tipping my servers at the start of the meal, then at the end as well. They've shown a decent amount of appreciation, and for that matter - we have a lot to talk about.

CALLY:

Moving here? I mean, I love this city, but that's kinda... drastic, no?

IMPULSE:

Not permanently, and not completely. Look, this is DEFIANCE. Those fans at the Wrestleplex? This is their home team; they're more attuned to the company itself than anyone on the roster; and we're the outsiders. We're New Yorkers.

CALLY:

We'll still be New Yorkers living here. Poppy wrote that in one of her books - 'so and so died on Monday. New Orleans resident of 62 years but originally from St. Louis,' or whatever. This city is awesome, but it's not the twelve blocks we've called home our whole lives... y'know?

Conversation ceases for a moment as the drinks are delivered, waitresses are thanked, and Impulse and Cally place their orders.

IMPULSE:

Amelie Muffaletta, please.

CALLY:

Shrimp and grits, please, and chicken and waffles. Thanks so much.

IMPULSE (v/o):

She complains-not-really that she's gained at least ten pounds since our first trip here. But it's hard to find any fault

with outdoor dining: despite the fact that she's right about our twelve blocks of home, you don't get a lot of outdoor meals in the Bronx.

The wind picks up a little bit, but the sun was still shining.

IMPULSE:

All those promotional appearances we did for the New Frontier and Empire, they were tons'a fun but they always had a purpose behind 'em: get fans to the arena. Here, we wouldn't need to worry about it, the Wrestleplex'll sell out no matter who's on the card. But we're not locals. I'm not a Hoss or a flippy-do wrestler, or a badass with a goatee or Dan Ryan. We want to succeed here, we need to have the fans on our side. We want the fans on our side, we need to be able t'get t'know 'em. We want to do that as well as we can, we need to be here with some semblance of roots planted.

She smiles, then her eyes drift from left to right.

CALLY:

You hear that?

They both listen.

IMPULSE:

Where's that music coming from?

No matter.

CALLY:

I'm gonna have to give Val a raise when I tell her she's the new manager, and hope Miss Ivy doesn't rent out my room.

Their eyes meet again.

CALLY:

We're doin' this, aren't we?

Impulse laughs.

IMPULSE:

Hell yeah we are...

...?

IMPULSE (V/O):

There it is again. Street Fighting Man, by Rage Against the Machine. And it's getting louder. Someone - probably the manager - looks really really worried.

MANAGER:

Sir? Sir? Sir! You can't have that in here.

Impulse and Cally both stand up and walk around the corner to get a better look at the disturbance. What they saw was the manager, The tensfiguratively having a panic attack at a new arrival.

NEW ARRIVAL:

HAHAHA! Be quite, Sillyman! You can't silence the Superbest! This is my jam!

IMPULSE:

'Be Quite?'

CALLY:

That's that guy, isn't it?

IMPULSE (v/o):

It certainly is that guy. JACK HUNTER. I'd recognize the tattoos anywhere. After we signed the contract with Kelly Evans, we went looking for Dan Ryan - and in the process of checking craft services we saw JACK HUNTER belly flop onto a serving table, taking the whole thing out.

MANAGER:

Sir! I have to ask you to leave.

JACK HUNTER slowly, reluctantly, takes the boom box off his shoulder and turns the music off. The tension drains out of the manager's shoulders--

JACK HUNTER:

MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

--until JACK HUNTER DDT's his boom box on the ground.

Cally looks at Impulse.

CALLY:

I'mma go back to the table.

IMPULSE: Good idea; I'm right behind you.

Too late.

No sooner did they sit, but JACK HUNTER joins them.

JACK HUNTER:

Sillyman! I know who you are.

IMPULSE:

No, don't think you do.

If he's listening, he doesn't respond. Instead, JACK turns to Cally.

JACK HUNTER:

You, Sillygirl... you built this.

He reaches into his pocket - his pocket, mind you - and retrieves a cupcake. Most of the frosting has smeared away, somewhere or another.

CALLY:

Why would you keep that?

JACK HUNTER:

It is a symbol.

He takes the cupcake and tosses it in the air... and spikes it to the ground like a volleyball.

And then, he sits down with Impulse and Cally.

CALLY:

This is a table for two--

JACK HUNTER:

Any more of your words and I'm going to street fight you so bad you'll cry, because I am really good at street fighting, okay?

MANAGER:

Do you know this man? Can you please take him and go?

CALLY:

...I don't wanna be street foughted...

JACK HUNTER:

That's right.

He picks up Cally's bottle of beer, and breaks the neck on the table.

CALLY:

That was already open...

He didn't seem to notice as he drinks the beer and probably a few shards of glass, but that's the moment Impulse steps in. He grabs JACK HUNTER's arm and lifts him to his feet.

IMPULSE:

Okay... time to go.

JACK HUNTER pulls away from me, and Impulse instinctively goes into a defensive pose. He didn't attack, though.

JACK HUNTER:

You don't tell The Superbest what to do! The Superbest tells The Superbest what to do!

At that, he turns on a dime and runs full speed through the tables... and face first into the wall, about a foot to the left of the door. He crumbles, stands back up, and surveys the stunned onlookers.

JACK HUNTER:

That's right, that's what you get!

And he takes off through the building interior.

MANAGER:

Is he gone?

IMPULSE:

I don't think he was ever really here.

The manager looks at them.

CALLY:

May I have another beer?

MAKE IT HAPPEN

The Pleasure Dome.

The Executive Producers of DEFIANCE television and pay per view are seated together on the long, leather sofa of Kelly Evans' office. Angus is leaned back on the far right side with a laptop set down on the coffee table in front of him. Kelly meanwhile is tucked into the left corner, sitting indian style with her own laptop resting on her folded legs.

Today being an off day for most of the boys and #girlcharacters of the company, the place is mostly quiet. For the two bosses of DEFIANCE however? There isn't such a thing, but at least they're dressed comfortably. Granted, every day is casual for Angus, who is forever in a tee shirt and jeans, but he's also not wearing his customary tuxedo shirt. Meanwhile Kelly is sans her more professional adult attire in favor of a pair of shorts and a tank top.

Angus Skaaland:

I'm telling you, Kels, this is the building we need for DEFCON.

Kelly Evans:

Angus, DEFCON is not going to be in Baton Rouge just because you like the services of some toothless whore at the Penthouse Club.

Angus scoffs at the veracity of this notion, almost convincingly, but only almost.

Angus Skaaland:

Just because you don't have a dick... and she's not toothless... and that's not the...

Kelly just eyes him, daring him to refute this as the truth.

Angus Skaaland: [pouting]

Fine. [mumbling] Cockblocking.

Evans gives him a mocking aww face.

Kelly Evans:

You need a girlfriend.

Angus Skaaland:

Eehh. I'll leave all the domestication nonsense to you and MUHBOITAI, hah.

Evans rolls her eyes and attempts to get this back on track.

Kelly Evans:

Anyway, the point is, we've been rebuilding this place for the last two years in this city. We should probably repay them for their loyalty by launching our expansion plans here, don'cha think?

Angus kind of nods and shrugs, relenting on his position when a loud thud hits the floor. He and Kelly turn their attention to find Eric Dane standing at the double doors to the office with a quizzical look on his face. On the floor next to him is a heavy gym bag.

Angus Skaaland:

What's up, Bossman?

Kelly Evans:

Heya.

Angus and Kelly greet Dane with smiles and nods, while he just stands there slightly perplexed.

Eric Dane:

What are you doing?

Angus Skaaland:

Eh, we're locking down schedules and venues.

Kelly Evans:

Boring shit, yanno?

Dane shakes his head in disbelief. He knows these two, and other than their mutual friendships with himself, Walker and Stephen Greer, these two have always been locked in a sibling rivalry.

Eric Dane:

Jesus. Ty told me you guys get are actually working together as a team, but I would have never believed it without seeing it for myself.

They both shift their eyes to each other and shrug like it's no big deal.

Kelly Evans:

Shocking, huh?

Angus Skaaland:

Flabbergasting even.

Eric Dane:

Ty said you two have been getting along well enough to work together. I knew that had to nonsense, but here we are and I'll be damned, you guys are actually managing to adult enough to be a team.

Angus Skaaland:

Heh, yeah. Who knew business would allow us to be tolerable to each other?

Kelly Evans:

Almost like it was his master plan.

Skaaland and Evans cast a suspicious eye towards the Only Star, who smirks, but neither confirms nor denies such speculation.

Kelly Evans:

Anyway, what's up? I highly doubt you're up here just to visit the zoo.

Kelly says with a tone that urges getting back to business. Dane nods before he walks over to her desk and takes one of the guest chairs. Placing it on the other side of the coffee table, he takes a seat and begins to lay out his idea.

Eric Dane:

What's up is, we've got a lot of big ol' boys and other guys who just love to fight for fightings sake.

Angus Skaaland:

The thing I love the most about DEFIANCE!

Eric Dane: [nods]

Right, so I want a new title commissioned that takes advantage of that niche on our roster.

Angus Skaaland:

YUS! Let's do it!

While Angus starts to freak out like the Nintendo 64 kid on Christmas, Kelly takes it upon herself to get analytical about it. Something which Dane takes notice of.

Eric Dane:

Not a fan?

Angus snaps out of his excitement and turns to his gaze to Kelly.

Kelly Evans:

What? No, this sounds good, real good actually. I'm just thinking of all the who, when, where, what, why and how angles.

Angus Skaaland:

Calling it now, HAWSFAIGHT TITLE!

Kelly Evans:

I was thinking this sounds more like an Onslaught.

Angus: [his eyes widen]

Oooh, the DEFIANT Onslaught Championship, heh, the Dee Oh Cee. Might make MUHBOITAI and Sam Horry nervous, heh heh, get it, because DOC? Depar--

Evans shakes her head as Dane just looks at him.

Kelly Evans:

Yeah, we get it.

Angus Skaaland:

Right, right, fine... Okay then, when are we doing this? I already know who needs to be in this thing.

Eric Dane:

Anyway, I'm going to go hit the gym.

Dane says as he pushes up out of his seat and goes to leave. Angus and Kelly track him with their eyes.

Kelly Evans:

Where are you going? Don't you you want to discuss the who, what, when, where and why?

Angus Skaaland:

Yeah, dude, this is like, your idea.

Dane stops near the door to pick his gym bag up.

Eric Dane:

Eh, sounds like work. Besides, why are you asking me? This is what I pay the **both** of you for, now make it happen.

Evans and Skaaland briefly glance to each other as Dane turns on his heel and walks out.

WHY ARE THEY HERE?

Cut to a hallway in the Wrestle-Plex. At first there's nothing out of the ordinary, just the regular old hallway until...

An older white male and younger Vietnamese female enter the camera shot. There is something familiar about them, damn familiar. Then as they get closer, the identity becomes clear....

Marshall Owens and Vanessa.

As they continue down the hallway, there's no conversation, nothing at all. Just the two of them continuing their slow trek towards an unknown destination.

Without warning, Lance Warner comes flying into the picture with microphone in hand. There's a stunned look on his face, almost out of breath...

Lance Warner:

Marshall Owens, Marshall Owens....

Shoving the mic into Marshall's face

Lance Warner:

Why are you here in Defiance?

Immediately, Marshall and Vanessa come to a stop.

Lance Warner:

Does this mean Sean Jackson is...?

The backstage reporter never gets the opportunity to finish as the attorney to the stars and manager to Sean Jackson raises his hand.

However, the manager/attorney simply shakes his head and walks away with the Vietnamese bombshell in tow, leaving Lance standing all alone.

Lance Warner:

Mr. Owens, Mr. Owens....

The scene ends with Lance Warner chasing the duo out of camera view.