

WELCOME TO THE SHOW

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The splash comes to life as the video loads. Seconds later it dematerializes, fading into the arena proper of the Wrestle-Plex. The place is quiet without four thousand strong of the DEFIANT Faithful, though there are a number of people scattered about doing clean up and maintenance. Standing at the top of the entrance way, we are greeted by the host of the show, Angus Skaaland.

Angus Skaaland:

What it do, DEFerinos?

The Motormouth of Malcontent is walking and talking as he paces on the main stage that many of a DEFIANT have stood before heading into battle.

Angus Skaaland:

We had one helluva night, didn't we? We had it all, blood, guts, flippydoos, douchebags, MUHBOITAI, titles on the line, HOSSFIGHTS... *Literally everything.*

He pauses in his tracks.

Angus Skaaland:

But I hear you, you want more, right? You always want more, and who could blame ya, right? DEFIANCE is the best damn pro wrestling in the world today... Even if it has nothing to do with a coupla lunatics, a ref, and a twenty by twenty of canvas and steel, you want more.

He lets that fact hang in the air, as if letting the anticipation build.

Angus Skaaland:

More is what you're gonna get, and we got plenty of it to give you. We got a bit of everything for you, but don't take my word for it, see for yourself... Right now!

Cut...

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HEADSTRONG

Van Carver just finished laying to waste to the Airship Pirate, Henry Keyes, when he cuts through the curtain in the back intent on heading to the locker to cool down, shower off. On his heels, Miss Jane Katze, his new manager. She nods her head improved with Carver's improvement between the ropes.

Neither Carver nor Katze notice him but there goes a t-shirt clad Jason Natas, who's watched the action on a monitor near gorilla. Carver all but bumps into him before The Bronx Bully extends a hand to stabilize the Vanimal.

Jason Natas:

Easy, boyo. Easy.

The Anti-Superstar practically *grunts* the words out.

Jason Natas:

Helluva fight you just put on. Betcha don't wanna get yourself into another one, though...

The stabilization at the hands of Brooklyn's finest comes a bit hard for the brash rookie who's intent on Murder Bombing ever Tom, Dick, and Harry on the DEFIANCE roster.

Carver's eyes go wide as he moves to take a step towards Natas. Jane Katze steps in between.

Jane Katze:

There's no need for this. Not here -

Looking to Natas.

Jane Katze:

-not now.

Katze uses this brief pause in this dick measuring contest to walk between both men, continuing down the hallway. Carver exchanging one final look with Natas before following his manager back to the locker rooms.

Jason Natas:

Be seein' you soon enough, kid. Real soon.

Cut.

THE AFTERMATH

Footage taken directly from DEFIANCE Road.

As Sevendust's "Black" plays him out, Tyrone Walker makes his way from the ring, bumping fists and slapping hands of the Faithful the whole way. He's also being followed by a pair of DEFIANCE's medical staff, who are buzzing around him as they wait to poke and prod at his various injuries. He's also walking in near lock step with the Chief of DEFsec, Wyatt Bronson, who escorts the victorious Walker to the back.

Reaching the top of the ramp, Walker takes a deep breath to steady himself before turning to give the roaring Faithful an appreciative bow for their support. Backing towards the entrance, the shot cuts into gorilla position just as Walker disappears behind the curtains and continues to follow him on his way deeper into the Wrestle-Plex. Random people give him thumbs up and compliments on the good showing out there. Every step becomes more and more labored as the adrenaline wears off.

Wyatt Bronson:

They're right, it was helluva a show out there t'night, Ty.

Walker grumbles as he exhales that deep breath and wraps an arm around his body, the life washing away from his face.

Tyrone Walker:

...I'm about to fall over, Bronnie.

Before Bronson can even comprehend the words spoken to him, Walker begins coughing as he doubles over in pain and then hits the deck.

Wyatt Bronson:

Oh shit! Get some help over here!

The pair of DEFmed staffers are on him like a hawk, rolling Walker over on to his back. One of the staffers looks toward some random backstage hand and tells them to go get the Chief of DEFIANCE Medical, Iris Davine. Bronson gets in close as he takes a knee near Walker, while the DEFmed staffers begin to clean up his bloody face so that they can check the various wounds.

Wyatt Bronson:

Damn son, how long you been holding that in?

Tyrone Walker:

I'unno Bronnie, prolly since Omega started bouncing me around like a superball?

Wyatt Bronson: [shaking his head]

Jesus.

Tyrone Walker: [forcing a smile]

Ya can't let 'em see ya sweat, kna'sayin'?

Wyatt Bronson:

Heh, you're one crazy sonuvabitch, Ty.

Tyrone Walker:

Yeah, but hey, go tell Kels I'mma be in the spendin' the night at the hospital... again.

Bronson nods as they're joined by Iris Davine, who is flanked by a couple more of her team. Walker looks over to her with a weakening smile.

Tyrone Walker:

Lemme guess, Doc, I'm not cleared again?

Iris Davine:

...

Bronson can't help but let a small chuckle escape, but Iris is not amused whatsoever as she glances sideways at the Chief of DEFsec. Bronson coughs as if clearing his throat to stifle his laugh, but then his communicator beeps and without even answering it, his demeanor gets serious.

Wyatt Bronson:

Alright, gotta go.

Leaving Walker in the capable hands of Iris and her team, he can be heard talking to whoever it was on the other end. Bronson speaks a few words before he gets a response, something about "package in route..."

Cut.

WINNING ISN'T EVERYTHING... IT'S THE ONLY THING!

(Previously Recorded) pops up in the corner of our screen.

We cut to the parking area of the Wrestle-Plex. Bursting through the double doors that open to the garage is a large group of people. The collective walks en masse. Finally we're able to make out one of the people... with a paper bag on his head...

Klein walks slightly behind the group that is now obviously Mikey Unlikely, Kendrix, and the Pop Culture Phenoms, The D and Elise Ares.

The entire crew is loudly celebrating.

Mikey Unlikely:

I DID IT!!!! I DID IT!!!!

PCP jumps around Mikey celebrating with him.

Elise Ares:

WE DID IT! WE DID IT!!! First off I'd like to thank the academy for your support. Second off I'd like to thank myself, without the support of myself none of this would've ever been possible. You know, when I was a little girl, I often would run to the only movie theater in town and...

Klein occasionally politely golf claps whenever The D gives him a dirty look. Kendrix pulls out his phone and begins to play orchestral music that grows louder and louder over Elise's voice.

Elise Ares:

But I have so much left to say!

Abruptly cutting the music from his phone to a halt, Kendrix holds his index finger up at Elise signalling a moment for an important announcement.

Kendrix:

Listen Yeah, Now that Mikey single handedly beat that Bellend Andy Sharp AND... Sports Entertained in the process...DEFIANCE and the entire world are finally on alert to the wonders and excitement that are... the Hollywood Bruvs!

Unlikely waves off his favorite bruv.

Mikey Unlikely:

Yes, yes my friend! Our plan is in full effect, but let's not focus on that... Let's take this chance to do what the Bruvs do best.... WE CELEBRATE!!!!

Kendrix smiles and nods with Mikey.

They all near an idling black stretch limo. The driver is waiting by the door with a sign that reads "*DEFIANCE's Greatest Entrance Man - Unlikely*"

Unlikely slows the group up and looks directly at the newer trio, PCP and Klein.

Mikey Unlikely:

You guys held up your end of the deal, what a terrific audition! Now despite my having Sharp beat...

Kendrix:

Obvs!

Mikey Unlikely:

Totally obvs!...and the whole world knew I had it clinched on my own, but you two...

He smirks and points to the undefeated tag team.

Mikey Unlikely:

You two played your role to a T! I'd give it a definite C-! You have room to improve but I believe there is space for you under my employ!! You guys keep it up and I might just have to start dropping your name in Hollywood...

Elise Ares:

What if we get invited to be in the next Final Destination movie, D?!

Mikey Unlikely:

I can think of a lot of people who'd LOVE to see that.

The D:

Well, the fate of whether we die or not in Final Destination is already pre-determined, cause, well, weird scary accidents and screenwriters deuces machine-uh?

Elise Ares:

We could write it ourselves! The striking hero and his damsel-NOT-in-distress, surviving through chaos of this world to prevail as champions! We'll be stars!

The D:

I have always wanted to kick Death square in the nut sack.

Elise Ares:

I can see it now... our own infomercials. We can sell people shit they don't need and build a kingdom upon their sadness! Pop Culture Phenoms... THE CEREAL! Oh no, that means I need to get another victory speech together, I just wasted mine!

The Havana Harlot quickly pulls out a pad of paper from a mysterious pocket and begins to jot down some ideas.

Elise Ares:

I'd like to thank... myself? No. I already did that. Hmmm... this is hard.

The D:

What about yourself? You should really thank yourself again.

Elise Ares: (Speaking as she writes.)

You're right. Meeeeeeeee. Deeeeeeee. Isn't there a third one?

Klein shakes his box in frustration. A matching black Lincoln Towncar pulls up behind the limousine as Mikey smiles at the PCP.

Mikey Unlikely:

Congrats! You guys get to come out with us tonight, after all someone needs to run for my drinks and some eye candy wouldn't hurt either. But you're not riding with us..You haven't earned that just yet.

He smirks and slaps Kendrix on the chest. The pair laugh because they're assholes. They wait for the coming disappointment over missing the Limo ride.

The driver of the Towncar steps out and holds up a sign that reads: "*Pop Culture Phenoms*"

The D:

WHAAAAAAAAAAT!!!?

Elise Ares:

Did you just see that shit?!

The D immediately pulls out his phone and switches the camera to the selfie side. Elise jumps into the picture next to him, making faces to try and figure out which one makes her look both beautiful and excited. Klein wonders into the frame and sees himself on the phone and runs away.

The D:

We got our own town car! Hey Geeves, FOLLOW THAT CAR!

Elise Ares:

Geeves? He looks more like a Pablo, and I know a few Pablos. Speaking of which, do I know you? My llamo Elise. Soy famosa.

The D:

All drivers are Geeves. Regardless of race. (to driver) HOWYADOIN' GEEVES?! (slaps on back) This is gonna be FUN! For us I mean. Not you. It'll be hell for you. TO THE FUTURE!

Elise Ares:

Where we're going, we're not gonna need roads.

The D wildly looks around, and notices the limo has long since departed from the scene.

>The D:

Oh God. Where's Mikey? He drove off without us. Here, let's load Find My Phone and follow him!

Elise Ares:

How else are we gonna find out where we're partying?!?

The D:

FOLLOW THIS DOT!

The D shouts and hands the driver his phone, as the trio climb into the back of the town car. The driver sighs, and gets into the vehicle before driving off.

FACTS AND RUMORS

The scene comes to life with the words “DEFIANCE ROAD exclusive!” In the bottom right corner as we find a very smartly dressed Christie Zane stood in front of the door marked “doctor” on the front. She smiles brightly and puts the microphone to her mouth.

Christie Zane:

What a night DEFIANCE ROAD has been folks! The action has been insane, including an incredibly hard fought battle for the SOHER Championship between champion Harmony and challenger Jake Donovan that saw Harmony successfully retain the championship.

Christie pauses as the door behind her opens and Harmony steps out, still dressed in her ring gear with a huge bag of ice resting on her left shoulder. She turns her head back to the gap in the door.

Harmony:

Thanks Iris.

The SOHER Champion closes the door behind her and turns around, emitting a tiny squeak of shock as she finds Christie stood directly in front of her, not expecting the reporter to be there.

Harmony:

Holy cow Christie!

Christie suddenly looks rather sheepish.

Christie Zane:

Sorry. I didn't mean to scare you.

Harmony takes a deep breath.

Harmony:

It's okay. Just wasn't expecting you to be there. Look, I owe you an apology after the last time we spoke. I was a little rude.

Christie just shrugs.

Christie Zane:

I'm used to it. I know you guys have to be all in the zone focused that stuff before matches.

Harmony:

Still doesn't excuse the fact I was rude, so I'm sorry.

Christie Zane:

Apology accepted. Just wondering if I can get a few words about your defence tonight.

Harmony smiles, taking a second to readjust the bag of ice resting on her shoulder.

Harmony:

Sure thing.

Christie Zane:

Brilliant.

The interviewer turns back to the camera and flashes a smile.

Christie Zane:

Folks I am here with SOHER Champion Harmony following her successful championship defense against Jake Donovan. Harmony, congratulations on retaining the SOHER Championship tonight, how are you feeling?

Harmony chuckles.

Harmony:

Sore. Donovan gave me one hell of a fight out there that I'm going to be feeling for a few days afterwards, but it's all worth it to be able to say I'm still the Southern Heritage Champion.

Christie Zane:

You've had a few critics in the lead up to this match saying you've been overly harsh towards Donovan's wants at an opportunity and that as a defending champion, you should have been more open to a defense. Do you have anything to say to that?

A sigh escapes Harmony's lips, the brunette running her fingers through her curls.

Harmony:

Yeah, I was probably a little harsh towards him. Possibly because of what he did to a good friend of mine, Sam Horry and showed no remorse for it, and possibly because he thought that defeating me before I was champion entitled him to an opportunity. At the end of the day, there were other people before him in the queue.

She pauses, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear.

Harmony:

I will defend the SOHER championship anytime and anywhere with the utmost pride because unlike Curtis Penn, I'm a fighting champion. But there were more deserving of the opportunity before Donovan, such as Andy Sharp and Ty Walker. I just don't like seeing people jump the queue.

Christie Zane:

With 2 successful title defenses under your belt, what are your plans moving forward in DEFIANCE?

Harmony:

I just take every day as it comes. Bring on whatever is thrown at me.

Christie begins to look almost giddy to ask her next question in the hope she might get an exclusive.

Christie Zane:

Well the DEFIANCE faithful want to know if there's any truth to the rumours?

Harmony furrows her brow as she adjusts the bag of ice again.

Harmony:

What rumours?

Christie Zane:

About you and Frank Dylan James.

This time, Harmony's eyebrows go up.

Harmony:

You're going to have to explain on that one.

Christie begins to look like she's about to explode.

Christie Zane:

You've been seen working out together and having a drink together in the juice bar. People say you've been looking rather cosy.

Harmony begins to laugh, putting a hand on Christie's shoulder.

Harmony:

Oh Christie. There's nothing but friendship with Frank and I. Why must people assume a man and woman are dating because they're doing things together? We're workout partners and we get along well. Plus, I'm getting married in September.

The disappointment is clear in Christie's posture as her shoulders drop, which makes Harmony chuckle again.

Harmony:

Sorry to disappoint.

Christie Zane:

It's okay. Thanks for the interview, I'll let you grab a shower.

Harmony:

Thanks Christie.

And Harmony walks away.

THE FALLEN ANGEL

POST-DEFIANCE ROAD EXCLUSIVE: BACKSTAGE

One of the many doors leading to the backstage area nearly had its hinges kicked off as a sore, battered, and completely pissed-off Angel Trinidad passed through. The man that had called himself The Biggest AND The Best in DEFIANCE had suffered his first defeat since returning to action at the hands of the one man that he had been avoiding after his initial beatdown. Behind him, Thomas Keeling and the other members of the SMB - Jonny Booya nursing a bad case of whiplash thanks to Jason Natas' Burning Lariat, and Alecander hobbling along in front of him - tried to keep pace.

Alecander The Great:

Mate... Angel, slow down!

Booya said nothing behind him and Keeling tried to get his charge's attention.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

Angel... ANGEL!

The giant Bronx native turned around and shot Keeling and the other SMB members a look that stopped them all COLD. Thomas raised his hands defensively, trying to cut through the obvious tension in the room while Angel huffed, looking like he was ready to jump.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

Angel... what happened out there...

Angel raises a hand was CLOSE to grabbing Keeling by the throat, but took everything in him... EVERYTHING... to not do something he might regret. Alecander The Great took a beat and got in between the two.

Alecander The Great:

Angel... that fucking wanker Dusty got LUCKY tonight... that's all. You've beaten him before, mate and I know that you'll do it again next time...

Angel lunges out at Alecander, but now it's Keeling's turn to get in between them! Trinidad stops himself and continues to say nothing as he shoots a death glare toward both his manager and stablemates.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

Angel, you need to listen to reason! I get that you are frustr... no, you're a level BEYOND frustrated right now. Words don't even express how you must be feeling, but I want to put it to you like this...

Booya and Alecander silently watch as Keeling approaches Angel - albeit very, very carefully - as he raises a hand to paint a proverbial picture for his star client.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

Angel, remember how you felt when DEFIANCE **WRONGLY** took your career away from you. Remember how it felt to have everything taken away from you. Your Trios Titles... your livelihood... your wrestling career. Six months, you were gone. Six months, you channeled this frustration training under me and you rebuilt EVERY facet of yourself. You changed how you operate mentally, you changed your in-ring game and you have stood out as one of the... no, THE best big men in wrestling today.

Angel is still close to frothing at the mouth, but for the first time in a few minutes, his anger looks like it might subside just a little bit.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:

All Dusty did tonight was seal his death warrant. He spent MONTHS trying to fight you even though you CLEARLY have his number. You've beaten everybody around him and you've set examples to his friends all in the name of

proving that you are without a shadow of a doubt, the best big man in wrestling today. You've warned him, you've proven time and time again that he is in no way your equal and this... this FLUKE... this won't stand. Use this, Angel. Use it. Use it and show this roster... show DEFIANCE... show this WORLD that this business is yours for the taking. After tonight, this thing with Dusty Griffith is only going to go one way. You and I both know what that way is...

Aleczander and Jonny Booya look at Keeling as he uttered the word.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:
DEFCON.

They both apprehensively watch Angel, almost preparing for the worst... but instead, he simply turns on his heel and walks away from Thomas Keeling and the SMB. Aleczander turns to Keeling with a look of unease.

Aleczander The Great:
Uh... Mister Keeling, you think he's gonna be alright?

Angel Trinidad continues to walk down the hall when a small stagehand opens a door and almost bumps into the large Bronx wrestler. He stops and holds up his clipboard in his hand.

Stagehand:
Oh, sorry about that!

The stagehand starts to try and get around him when Angel suddenly grabs him! He takes the poor individual by his shirt collar and belt and THROWS him halfway down the hallway, sending him skittering across the floor! He watches the stagehand go sliding right into a thick production box! It appeared the speech did little to motivate Angel as he goes back to raging the fuck out. He kicks open another door and continues to wreck shit in Godzilla-style fashion while Keeling and the SMBs exchange concerned glances. Keeling shakes his head before looking back to his other charges.

Thomas Keeling, Sr:
Dusty Griffith is a dead man...

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DRUNKBROS 1

We catch-up with Andy and Cayle Murray a few short hours after DEFIANCE ROAD has gone off the air.

Andy Murray:

... and that's why her hair is so big: it's full of secrets.

It's late as hell and the sound of chirping crickets fills the night's air. The brother's are stood outside the wrestler's hotel and both are dressed casually: Andy in jeans and a tee, Cayle in the same plus an unzipped black bomber.

They're mid-conversation, but Cayle barely has time to consider his brother's words when a taxi pulls-up kerbside. It doesn't take long for one of the back doors to open and the passenger to practi**Cally:** fall out onto the concrete.

The Murrays glance round as the driver rolls his window down.

Taxi Driver:

Get outta here, weirdo! I don't even want your money!

The cab screeches away with such force that the door slams itself shut. As the car disappears into the night, its former passenger scurries to his feet, almost knocking Andy Murray over in the process.

Jack Hunter:

Sillyman, how dare you get in The Superbest's way--

The Little Bruiser looks-up and changes his tone when he realises who he's talking to.

Jack Hunter:

Aha! Murrio Brothers!

Cayle glares at The Street Fighter with nothing but confusion etched on his face.

Jack Hunter:

The Superbest is a big fan, especially of your work on Yoshi's Island, when you street fought Baby Bowser and all of his fartboy friends, because they are all dinosaurs, and dinosaurs are all dead, so they are no match for the Murrrios, who are alive, which means they are not dead.

Andy Murray:

Ummm...

Big Murr tries to interject, but his brain's still comprehend whatever the hell Jack was trying to tell him.

Jack Hunter:

Anyhoo, I, famous wrestlerman Jack Hunter, AKA The Little Bruiser, AKA The Superbest, AKA HASH TAG NEWSTREAK 402-0, was very surprised to see you doing wrestlefighths now, instead of jumping on mushrooms and riding green weirdo dragonsaurs, and also saving princesses, but mostly squashing mushrooms. Yes.

Cayle Murray:

Hey, Ja--

The younger Murray gets hushed when Jack abruptly puts a finger to his lips.

Jack Hunter:

Hush, hush, Snail.

The Superbest turns back to Andy.

Jack Hunter:

Anyway, Tennis, what The Superbest was trying to say is that he knows you humans are new to doing wrestlefigths, okay, and I am very good at the wrestlefigths, as you have seen from my flawless matches with The Cactus and Big Alan Nothing, and I will train you rookies, okay, and give you new skills so that you can do wrestlefigths better, and give-out little bruises, so many little bruises to all the sillymen, okay?

Andy Murray:

I guess?

Jack Hunter:

Good. I will be the Mr. Miyagi to your Dr. Robotnik.

Hunter reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small, crumpled business card. He hands it to Andy and taps his chest.

Jack Hunter:

Bye bye.

As The Superbest takes his leave, Cayle's still trying to make sense of that last sentence.

Cayle Murray:

"Mr. Miyagi... Dr. Robotnik..."

He shakes his head, then turns to his brother.

Cayle Murray:

What's it say?

Andy Murray:

"J-... Jark Hunnar, 1-800-LILBRUISES. Four you all wrestlefigth needs." All caps.

Cayle Murray:

What a headcase.

Andy Murray:

I dunno, lad. I kinda like him. Maybe we should take him up on the offer.

Cayle looks at his brother like he's talking from a hole in his neck.

Cayle Murray:

Get in the bin.

As if Cayle's night hasn't been interesting enough, it gets a whole lot louder with the sound of the horde coming their way.

Cayle Murray:

Here we go. Can we try to get home before 7am this time?!

Before Big Murr can answer, he and his little cephalopod brother are joined by the other members of the DEFIANT Drunk Force. Yes, they've got a name now. Yes, they've become quite well known in the New Orleans bar scene in a short time.

Frank Dylan James:

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

The war cry of the Drunk Force is heard by the biggest and craziest of them all, the Berzerker of the horde. Trailing just

behind the rambunctious Eff Dee Jay is, of course, his long time road bro Dusty Griffith and the man who ties them all together, Jason Natas. Big Murr and Dusty clasp hands like Dutch and Dillion from the movie Predator and, somewhere, a star explodes while Guile's theme plays.

Jason Natas:

You hear that?

Everyone turns to the ever increasingly in shape Natas with curiosity.

Jason Natas:

Thought I heard thunder.

Everyone just kind of looks at each other and shrugs, but that thing about the star? Totally happened. Like suddenly millions of voices cried out in terror and were suddenly... silenced.

Dusty Griffith:

Alright, boys, where to?

Voice:

I suggest the Rendezvous; they've got a pool table.

The five turn, to see Randall Knox and Rosalyn Callasantos walking towards the front of the hotel. Yes; we're going by their real names because, away from the arena, they've left Impulse and Calico Rose behind. There's a relaxed air about them; hand in hand, you'd almost never guess that he's a famous athlete and she's... whatever she is. He's changed out of his button down shirt and semi - nice pants (a good impression for the pay per view) into a Motörhead T-shirt and faded jeans. **Cally:** remains casual in an Unmetal Inc T-shirt advertising the death metal stylings of Tom Jones, knee - length skirt, and Converse.

Impulse:

Gentlemen. Really enjoyed your work tonight, all of you.

Andy Murray is the one who takes the first step, as he extends his hand.

Andy Murray:

Nice to meet you, Knox.

Impulse shakes his hand.

Impulse:

We've actually met before.

Andy looks confused.

Impulse:

About twelve years ago? Syracuse. You worked a main event with Zimmerman. He was a pain in the ass but he owed the promoter a favor, I worked--

Andy Murray:

--third, with that ponytail potato factory. You did the moonsault into the third row and the entire locker room was stressing over how to top it.

Impulse smirks.

Calico Rose:

RK?

He looks at her. She points at Frank Dylan James.

Cally:

Is he evil?

Everyone stops and looks at FDJ. With his wild hair and beard, he could certainly be hiding villainy beneath. He isn't, but he could've been.

Cayle Murray:

I promise, he's not evil.

FDJ smiles at **Cally**., trying to look as non-threatening as possible.

Cally:

Good enough for me.

Jason Natas:

Well, I'm about ready to empty a few bottles. Let's find some wheels.

Cut.

DRUNKBROS 2: ELECTRIC BOOGALOO

Hours later.

The Rendezvous Tavern in New Orleans is all function, no flash. Cream-coloured walls, booze-stained wooden floors and a dizzying selection of booze, it's half-empty at this ungodly hour but there's still a karaoke session going-on in the corner. As some drunken middle-ager slurs her way through Tina Turner's "Simply the Best," we focus on Andy Murray and his training partner, Jason Natas, who are sat at a table shooting the shit.

Andy Murray:

Okay, okay. How about Drake?

Jason Natas:

Nope.

Andy Murray:

Macklemore?

Jason Natas:

Nah.

Andy Murray:

... Kriss Kross?

The Anti-Superstar sighs deeply, then throws another shot of whiskey down his throat.

Jason Natas:

Goddamnit, Andy. D'you know anythin' about *anythin'* other than wrestlin'?

Andy Murray:

I know that if I see you waste another drop of this beautiful single malt by shooting it like that then I'm probably gonna have to slap you in the face.

The Anti-Superstar recoils immediately.

Jason Natas:

"Beautiful single malt?" It's alcohol, Andy. Ain't got but one purpose...

Aghast at his friend's wholesale dismissal of the Scottish national drink, Andy holds his own glass up.

Andy Murray:

This isn't just alcohol, Jason! This is a finely-crafted piece of art in liquid form, lovingly and painstakingly put together over many--

As Big Murr begins the process of boring Jason Natas' face off, we cut to a a very sober and distinctly fed-up Cayle Murray, who sits nursing an orange juice at the bar.

Frank Dylan James:

Why're yew drankin' orange jews, KYLE?

Frank says as he eyes CAYLE suspiciously. Cayle sighs.

Cayle Murray:

I haven't drank alcohol in five years.

Frank Dylan James:

Whys'at?

Cayle Murray:
Rehab.

Frank Dylan James:
Oh.

FDJ pauses. Maybe -- just maybe -- understanding Cayle's discomfort in this social situation.

Frank Dylan James: [leaning over to Dusty]
What's rhubarb got to do with drinkin' orange jews?

Dusty Griffith: [downing his own beer]
...means he and drinkin' don't get along, brother.

Frank Dylan James: [scoffing at such a notion]
Iffin th' God almighty dinnit want us to drank, he wouldn't've gave us BEER!

Frank empties his drink in one big gulp before slamming the bottle he had down.

Dusty Griffith:
Well, some of us can't hold our own when it comes to drinkin', become sonsabitches, understand?

Frank grunts some kind of acknowledgement, whether he accepts this or not is up for debate. Either way he lets it go. It's at this moment that Cally returns to the group.

Cally:
Okay, I'm oh - for - three, who else wants t'try their luck against Knox?

Andy, Dusty, and Natas look towards the pool table, as Impulse has the rack on the green, refilling it. Curiously, the stripes are all already on the table, implying that he was solids in the last game. Big Murr steps-up before either of his drinking buddies can respond.

Andy Murray:
Sure.

Impulse is about halfway done setting the rack up by the time Murray's walked across the room and grabbed a cue.

Andy Murray:
Be warned, RK. I'm gonna pool your face off.

Impulse:
Ah, so it's RK now? My friend, you need to win at least one game to be **that** familiar with me.

'Pulse pulls the rack away and motions for Andy to break.

Impulse:
You break, sir.

The King carefully adjusts the cueball to his liking, then leans his large frame over the table and closes one eye. He measures his shot carefully and eyes-up his options. Behind him, Dusty Griffith nudges Jason Natas.

Dusty Griffith:
He has no idea what he's doing, does he?

Jason Natas:

Not a one.

Murray pulls the cue back then pushes it forward. The ball flies from its tip, into the air, and clean over the other side of the table. Impulse sidesteps to avoid a gutshot, and the ball lands with a hard *KKKRANG* on the floor, drawing the bar's every pair of eyes to Andy Murray.

Andy Murray:

Brilliant.

Cut.

DRUNKBROS 3: THE WRATH OF KHAN

Bartender:

Last call, everyone!

'Everyone' was reduced to just one table. Andy Murray, Jason Natas, Impulse, Calico Rose, and Dusty Griffith quickly drained their bottles. Cally's bottle hit the table first; followed by Murray, then Natas, then Impulse. Dusty's hit last.

Dusty Griffith:

Damn. All right, it's mine. Same?

The table gave their general agreement with that idea, but the bartender was already setting up five "to-go" cups. Message received; the rest of the table meet Dusty at the bar to get out of everyone's way. As she passes, Cally nods her appreciation to the bartender and drops three twenty dollar bills where the cups were.

Andy Murray:

You two staying at the same hotel? We can probably fit five in the cab; Cally's tiny.

Impulse:

Not a bad idea, sir - we're actually renting a place a few blocks away from the hotel. We can fit.

Murray laughs, and claps a hand on Impulse's shoulder.

Andy Murray:

Good thing Cayle DD'd FDJ home, otherwise the math wouldn't work.

A cool breeze blows as the group steps outside. Andy takes a large swallow of his drink and dials for a cab, while Cally leans her head against Impulse's shoulder. She sighs happily.

Cally:

This was a good idea. I'm glad we horned in on it.

Everyone laughs. Dusty shakes his head good naturedly while doing so, and Cally's eyes suddenly open wide.

Cally:

Karaoke! Me and my boy Ty --

Dusty:

You pronounced that wrong.

Cally:

--are planning a trip, you guys should totally come.

Impulse:

Seriously, thanks for lettin' us tag along, gentlemen. I think we should try to make this a--

He stops.

Jason Natas:

Make this a... what?

Impulse doesn't answer, but his eyes move to Cally.

Impulse:

Rosie? You just tensed.

No answer, but her brow is furrowed and her eyes are moving from side to side.

Impulse:

Damn. Sweetie, do we need to go to the ER instead?

Andy Murray:

ER? What's--

He's cut off by Cally having a coughing fit. Her hand instinctively grabs at Impulse's shirt, but her knees go weak and she drops to the ground, hands holding her hair behind her ears. Impulse immediately drops next to her and rubs her back.

Dusty Griffith:

Hey, we've all been there. You need to ralph, just let it fly.

He stops, and takes another drink as Impulse shoots him a 'Dude, don't' look. Cally's coughing continues, but the other three notice that it sounds... wet.

After nearly a minute of uncomfortable silence, the cab pulls up.

Andy Murray:

Does she need the ER?

Cally::

No.

Impulse:

Yes.

Murray opens the door.

Andy Murray:

Go. We'll get the next one.

Impulse mouths the words 'thank you' and puts Cally in the back seat over her protests. The car pulls away, and the three athletes stand around, drinking their beer. After a few sips, Murray pulls his phone out to dial for another car.

Jason Natas: [in the most sensitive tone he's capable of]

That was fucked-up.

Dusty Griffith:

That was beyond weird, brother. Look.

He gestures toward the spot where Cally was coughing. There are a few small bloody chunks of... something... there.

Andy Murray:

Well, it's none of our business. Unless they want to talk about it, I think we just need to keep it to ourselves.

Natas considers this, and drains his beer.

Jason Natas:

Is it weird, I could go for a really rare steak now?

It takes a while for this to register with Andy's booze-addled brain.

It does, however, and The King laughs.

Andy Murray:

You are an absolute delight, Jason Natas.

He shakes his head and pulls the phone to his ear.

Andy Murray:

Hello? Yeah, I'm gonna need another cab.

Cut.

SUPERKICKS™

NOTE: This footage was lost by a production PA runner, who was then fired. This PA was trying to do the world a solid, but... now it's time for you to suffer, just like the Murrays.

The DEFArena's official restaurant, serving-up wholesome plates of classic arena food and local favourites to dozens of DEFIANT fans on a daily basis.

It's the day before DEFIANCE ROAD (lunchtime, to be specific) and the place is buzzing. There's barely a spare table to be found, and we immediately hone-in on the spot's two most recognisable occupants.

Cayle Murray:

Are you sure about this?

Cayle and his brother Andy sit at a table for two. They're finally sitting down to eat after spending the first thirty minutes of their "lunch break" signing autographs and talking to fans. Both are dressed in fresh DEFIANCE-branded tees, and Cayle's aimlessly swirling a fork around a big bowl of thick brown gumbo.

Cayle Murray:

It doesn't *look* like something I want to eat.

Andy sighs.

Andy Murray:

Cayle, our national dish consists of minced sheep's heart, liver and lungs, mixed with oatmeal then stuffed inside a stomach. Are you *really* worried about eating gumbo?!

Big Murr scoops a forkful out of his own bowl and into his mouth.

Cayle Murray:

It doesn't *smell* too bad, I guess.

He finally elects to take the plunge. With a shrug, Cayle grabs his cutlery and takes a mouthful. A few seconds pass, the flavours start to register, and Cayle's expression changes completely.

Cayle Murray:

Mother of God...

Andy Murray:

See! Told you. I'll have to pick-up a recipe befo--

"AAAAHHHHHHHHH!"

A shriek. Loud, obnoxious and ear-piercing. It's of female origin, and its sudden eruption attracts the attention of just about everyone in the restaurant -- including the Murray Bros. Cayle and Andy rises from their chairs: the source is just a few metres away, and Cayle lays his eyes upon it. A crowd has gathered initially obstructing their view.

Cayle Murray:

Hey. miss...

Woman:

You can't be serious right now! I can't even...

He pushes his way through the crowd.

Cayle Murray:

Are you o--...

Then stops himself when he realises who it is.

Cayle Murray:

Oh.

Elise Ares:

So let me get this straight. My friends and I came here and soiled our clothes with these... these... *POORS* because on the front of the building you promised us Superkicks, and now you're telling me it's against the law in the State of Louisiana?!?!

Greeter:

Ma'am, I don't think it's just THIS state...

Elise Ares:

IT'S ON THE FRONT OF THE GOD DAMN BUILDING!!!

This is where the D comes... wait. He shows up next to an irate Elise Ares. She mutters something in Spanish to herself as she turns her back to the host. Next to her, a man wearing a pink polo shirt holds up a menu completely blocking his view of camera. He mutters something, and Elise snaps at him. The man in the polo shirt darts out of the scene before you can see his face, primarily because he held the menu up to obscure his view, and partially because when he got out of camera frame, he ran directly into a wall. The D widens his stance and takes a quick lurch, raising his foot to superkick the stunned greeter only for Elise to stop him.

Elise:

Stop D! You'll get arrested!

The D:

But... Superkick buffet...

The D points up to a hanging banner over the buffet table. The banner reads "Superkick buffet, \$11.99." The D looks at Elise with incredible disappointment.

Elise Ares:

Apparently, it's just wrestling themed branding.

The D snarls.

The D:

It's LIES! (to greeter) Listen up walking pimple sac, I don't know what kind of business Swamp People USA is used to, but in LIBERAL America, we get what we're promised, and I was promised the ability to superkick as many people as I want, as in, "SUPERKICK BUFFET." We're STARS son! We deserve the best, not, (looks at food) to wait in line to be served from a trough along with the sheeple commoner backwater hillbilly poors who can't fathom the brilliance of trickle down economics. (The D upturns his nose) Had to walk all the way across a building for bullshit.

Elise Ares:

Yeah kid, we don't wait in lines, don't you know who we are? We're the...

Focus cuts back to the Murrays.

Cayle Murray:

Okay, if we keep our heads low enough, I *think* we can get back to our table undetected...

Andy Murray:

I've got a better idea.

The King brazenly strides towards the host's stand. His brother pitches-up beside him, but before either can get a word out...

The D:
Murrays?

Elise Ares:
We're not the Murrays! We're the Pop Culture Phenoms! The greatest thing to ever happen to this place. "God's country" my rear.

Cayle goes full Captain Picard with the facepalm.

Andy Murray:
Hello, "The D," if that's even your real name.

Suddenly the faceless man with the pink polo shirt morphs back into the frame. He puts down the menu. This time, he has a white foam To-Go Box completely covering his head. He is currently ripping out the second eye hole so he can see. A single streak of blood drips down his neck and begins to stain the collar on his polo shirt.

Elise Ares:
Actually...

The D:
You know it's not. What are you, stupider than us?

The words don't even register -- Andy's too busy following the box-headed man with his eyes.

Andy Murray:
What's with your friend?

The D:
He doesn't like you.

Big Murr *still* doesn't hear a word. Instead, he can't stop looking at the box man Klein. Klein shakes his head no and gives Andy a thumbs up. Klein wobbles as Andy approaches him. Andy gently taps the side of the to-go box, and Klein tumbles like a cut tree to the ground. Probably due to blood loss. Perhaps due to the strength in Andy Murray's finger. The world will never know.

Cayle Murray:
Apparently not.

The D:
I don't like you either. You tag team (sneers at the word) wrestlers.

Andy Murray:
O... kay.

He shakes his head.

Andy Murray:
Don't worry, guys. I know who you are. You're Mikey's butlers, right?!

Elise Ares:

If by butlers you mean very talented associates, then yes... that's us. See that, D? People know us. Pretty soon these two will be knocking on the door of our luxury suite, asking what they can do to get inside. Maybe we'll have them bring us some shitty food from Superkicks. Then, they'll have to let us superkick them.

Cayle Murray:

I actually thought you were in genuine distress when I heard that shriek, you know. Should've known better.

Elise Ares:

Yes, you can see those acting skills and even more!

The D:

Own Lake Placid Vi on DVD and HD DVD, or rentable through Amazon.de!

Elise Ares:

Yes, because Sony doesn't know a great thing when it gets kicked out of their offices! Also, if you act now, you can join our Kickstarter for Lake Placid Vi 2. You know, if you donate enough you can win a date with me. Which is a huge prize, something I've never done before. Hell, I refused to dine with make-a-wish cancer kids.

Suddenly, the idea to come over and prod The Pop Culture Phenoms doesn't seem like such a good idea any more. Genuine confusion takes Andy's face over.

Andy Murray:

"Lake Placid VI 2." What even *are* you?

He shakes his head again.

Andy Murray:

Look, I'm gonna level with you, Ellis.

Elise Ares:

That's EE-LEES. Elise. Elise Ares. Famous Person.

Andy Murray:

Ellis Airs. Irritating Person. Gotcha.

He continues before Elise's diva strop can intensify.

Andy Murray:

Alright, enough messing around. There's a queue forming behind you and I don't want to be responsible for that getting any bigger, so maybe shut up, stop being a fanny to the host, and find somewhere else to eat?

Cayle Murray:

Yeah, my gumbo's getting cold.

The D:

C'mon Klein, Elise. We're much too cool for this place anyway, now that we know Murrays are here and there are not, in fact, (glares at host) Superkicks 4 Everyone.

Elise Ares:

See ya los...

Greeter:

Excuse me. "The..." I'm not going to say that. You guys have a table ready.

The D:

What's wrong with The D, a threesome?

Elise Ares:

I don't know, but these poors make me want a drink.

The D:

Alright, let's forget where we are so we can enjoy ourselves. Maybe pretend it's Malibu and get a tan.

Holding her hands up close to her shoulders, Elise Ares follows the To-Go Boxed man into the masses, stepping carefully in her black heels. The D follows, bringing up the rear as they disappear into the chaotic masses. The Murrays share a look.

Andy Murray:

My brain hurts.

Cayle Murray:

Let's never bump into those to again. *Never.*

JUST SO WE'RE CLEAR

Backstage, inside the Pleasure Dome where Kelly Evans is seated behind her desk, glaring towards something off screen. As the camera pans backward, Eric Dane comes into view, followed by Marshall Owens and Sean Jackson. They are mere feet from one another with Dane and Jackson staring daggers at each other.

Kelly Evans:

Before we get started, let's get one thing straight. This contract signing is taking place here because I won't allow either of you to turn this into a circus.

She stands and turns her glance towards Eric.

Kelly Evans:

You've been bitching and griping since he's gotten here...

That causes Dane to snap his head towards Kelly, which prompts that million dollar smirk from the Dallas native. A smile that doesn't go unnoticed as she points towards the pixilated heavyweight championship belt draped over Sean's shoulder.

Kelly Evans:

And you haven't helped matters by constantly shoving that damn thing down our throats every chance you can...

Unimpressed, the Lone Star of Texas lips a "whatever" in her direction. It's a blatant disregard to her position of authority, but considering the source, she lets it slide, this one time.

Kelly Evans:

So knock it off.

Not lost on the Defiance HBIC was the blatant interference from Jackson at Defiance Road, which almost caused an episode of unspeakable violence between both men. Her gaze immediately goes back to Dane as his knuckles are white due to the clenched fists.

Kelly Evans:

Don't even think about it Eric. After what happened earlier, you're lucky I even agreed to this contract signing in the first pl...

Eric opens his mouth, but the next words heard is from Marshall Owens.

Marshall Owens:

Mrs. Evans, if I may. My client came here as a competitor, nothing more, nothing less. While Eric Dane sulked on Twitter, unleashing every juvenile insult he could, Sean took the high road and conducted himself like a gentleman, like a REAL world heavyweight champion should.

You can cut the tension with a knife.

Marshall Owens:

Which is why you begged him to come here in the first place.

Again Dane opens his mouth to speak, but it is the voice of Kelly Evans that is heard.

Kelly Evans:

Don't get cute Marshall. I signed your client because it was best for business and trust me, at Clash of the De...

No, it wasn't going down like that. The smile quickly disappears and for the first time, the Lone Star of Texas interjects.

Sean Jackson:

Best for business my ass, quit lying to save that has-been's feelings. The way you people have been coddling him is a disgrace.

Bracing for World War III, Kelly throws her hands up, hoping to stop the furniture from flying. But is completely shocked by the response from the Only Star.

Eric Dane:

Give it a rest Sean, because no one is buying your crap. The fact you are in here, still trying to legitimize that farce of a match, just goes to show how delusional you really are.

Completely confident, Eric takes a step towards the Dallas native. Sensing the wheels were about to fall off the car, Marshall Owens sacrifices himself by stepping in between the two superstars, his eyes squarely on Kelly Evans.

Marshall Owens:

Um, Ms. Evans...can we please just get on with the contract signing?

Eric is staring daggers straight thru Marshall, directly at the face of Sean Jackson. The tension could be cut with a knife until Kelly takes charge.

Kelly Evans:

Not yet Eric, you don't want to waste...

Eric Dane:

The only thing I'm going to waste is a no talent opportunist who couldn't beat me on his best...

Well, that didn't last long.

Sean Jackson:

Atlantic City, Eric, Atlantic City. It wasn't even my best night and I crushed you in the middle of that ring.

Pressing the intercom button, Kelly prepares for inevitable trouble.

Kelly Evans:

Go ahead and send in security.

Almost immediately, the door opens and several DEFsec goons enter the room. Taking position on both sides of the superstars, Kelly once again takes charge.

Kelly Evans:

This stops right here, right now. Just sign the damn contract and get out of here before I do something you both will regret.

She takes the contract and slides it over towards Sean Jackson, who shoots a quick glance towards it, before resting his eyes on his attorney.

Sean Jackson:

No offense, but I want my attorney to take a look at it. You know, to make sure Defiance hasn't tried to stack the deck in that loser's favor.

Dane's face is turning beet red, but he is managing to keep his composure. However, his patience is being tested as Marshall Owens slowly reads over the fine print.

Eric Dane:

Quit stalling and just sign the damn thing.

Completely ignoring Dane, Marshall slides the document to his client while addressing Kelly Evans.

Marshall Owens:

So let me get this straight. This is a one time match between my client and Eric Dane. If for some reason Mr. Dane can't compete, or if he fails to show up for this match, it's over right?

Kelly Looks confused at the line of questioning.

Marshall Owens:

He won't be able to scream foul and demand another shot at my client's World Heavyweight Championship, right?

Eric Dane:

All I need is one match.

Frustrated, Kelly's hands goes straight to her hips.

Kelly Evans:

You insisted on the stip Marshall, you even read it in the contract. So why are you still harping on it?

Marshall Owens:

I'm just making sure that it is understood, that Mr. Dane knows this is his one and only shot at the real World Heavyweight Championship. That if he blows it at Clash Of The Defiants, then he will never, EVER get another shot. So I want you to explain it to him one more time.....

Marshall tilts his head towards the Lone Star of Texas.

Marshall Owens:

Before my client signs.

Rolling her eyes, Kelly glances towards Eric Dane, who still hasn't taken his eyes off of Sean Jackson.

Kelly Evans:

Eric?

His response is swift.

Eric Dane:

Yeah, I understand. Now tell the coward to sign it.

With a smirk beginning to form, The Lone Star of Texas takes a pen and flips to the last page. He then scribbles his signature before tossing it all back to Kelly Evans.

Sean Jackson:

There, it's done.

Without hesitation Eric Dane grabs the contract and begins to sign his name as well. As he does, Sean begins to reach in his pocket.

Marshall Owens:

Just so we're clear Ms. Evans, if for some reason Eric Dane is injured and unable to compete at Clash Of The Defiants, this is his only chance at my client's World Heavyweight Championship. Correct?

Again Kelly nods.

Kelly Evans:

For the last time, yes Marshall. If...

As Kelly is answering the question, Eric has finished signing the contract and the moment he looks back towards the Dallas native, a heavy white powder substance catches him right in the eyes.

Sean Jackson:

That's all I needed to know.

Blinded, Eric can only try to get the powder out of his eyes as heavy punches go raining down on the Only Star of Defiance. As security tries to intervene, The Lone Star of Texas grabs a chair and begins swinging, holding security at bay. In a panic, Kelly is back on the intercom, calling for more security.

Marshall Owens:

Good bye Mr. Dane.

More security spills into the room, gaining the advantage over the outnumbered Sean Jackson. He lined up the chair shot, but was never able to connect on the skull of Eric Dane, who has now cleared his vision. But it is a totally pissed off Kelly Evans who orders Jackson and Owens out of her office.

Kelly Evans:

GET OUT, GET OUT OF MY OFFICE NOW!!!

With Dane now trying to fight his way thru security, Sean and Marshall flee into the hallway, the attempt at permanently injuring him, a failure.

Eric Dane:

YOU'RE MINE SEAN, DO YOU HEAR ME? YOU'RE MINE!!!