

WELCOME TO THE SHOW



The splash fades and we're greeted by the "Motormouth of Malcontent" and host of the show, Angus Skaaland! The Executive Producer is once again walking and talking as he opens the show.

Angus Skaaland:
What it do, fuckos?!

Angus flashes a smile as he lets that question hang for a second.

Angus Skaaland:
We are one week removed from a chaotic night of action at CLASH OF THE DEFIANCES: a night that saw not one, not two, but *THREE* new DEFIANT champions crowned! Frank Dylan James bowled through the competition to become the first *EVER* DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion, and...

The Voice of the Faithful gags at the thought of what he's about to say.

Angus Skaaland:
Ugh. Hollywood McFuckass himself, Michael Unlikeable, is our new SOHER Champ...

He shakes the repulsive thought out of his head.

Angus Skaaland:
But the good news is that Mr. Unlikely *has* been placed on an FBI wanted list for crimes committed against the sport of professional wrestling, so, y'know... with every cloud comes a silver lining.

Angus smiles.

Angus Skaaland:
And who can forget The *BAWS* himself, Eric Dane, who swept through Sean Jackson en route to becoming the brand new *REAL* World Heavyweight Champion?! Tonight, we'll here from him and a whole lot more as the dust settles from CLASH OF THE DEFIANTS, and we start looking forward to DEFCON.

Angus turns a corner and continues down another hallway towards his office, aka the command center of DEFIANCE television production.

Angus Skaaland:
Welcome, boys and girls, to UNCUT!

He says before opening the door to his office and disappearing.

BAGGAGE



The dust has settled from CLASH OF THE DEFIANTS and the DEFIANCE crew are all beginning to make their journey back from the Wrestle-Plex, as is our now former SOHER Champion Harmony, who walks her way through the arena's parking lot with her wheeled suitcase in tow, a large bag perched on the top of it and balancing against the handle as she carries another large bag in her spare hand.

Finally, she reaches her car and as she stops the wheeled suitcase in its tracks, the bag resting on top drops off, only to be caught in one of the giant hands of Frank Dylan James. Spotting her friend, the brunette smiles as she reaches into the bag she's holding for her keys.

Harmony:

Twice in one night, Frank. Are you going for Knighthood?

Frank, having somehow managed to bend down and catch her falling bag all the while keeping his own beat up and road-worn duffle smile that cracked-tooth grin of his.

FDJ:

Naw, reckon I jus' got me a knack fer bein' in the right place at th' right time is all.

Frank drops his own bag to the concrete with a flat thud that sounds suspiciously like then pounds of gold and leather lumped in with a length of steel chain and a few pieces of wrestling "gear." Presently he's dressed in his West Virginia best, a giant pair of overalls with no shirt underneath and no shoes; vintage Frank Dylan James.

Harmony presses the button on her car key having finally retrieved them from the bottom of her bag, the trunk opening immediately.

Harmony:

Well I'm sure you've got GPS on me or something.

The Mastadon of the Mountains gently sets Harmony's luggage into the trunk of the car and then hops out of the way, allowing her to situate things to her satisfaction.

FDJ:

Sheeeeeeeeeeyit, ta be honest wit'cha I was watchin' yer match hopin' you'd mop th' floor wiffat Hollywood Hippy sum'bitch an' I jes' couldn't bear watchin' all'at bullshit all'em people. Fair's daggum fair, an th' way they stole'at belt from ya just plain ol' wadn't fair!

Thunk. The trunk closes.

Harmony:

Well, like I told you before, I do appreciate it!

Frank retrieves and shoulders his own big ass burlap sack of a duffel bag and shoulders it. He looks a little antsy here but weathers the storm anyway.

FDJ:

Lis'en here, the fellars is goin' out to some kinda KAR-EYE-OKEY bar fer drankin' an' singin' an what have yeh. I'unno about none o' that hippy singin' garbage but drinks is on me if ya wanna go out an' mebbe drink some'a the pain away.

Harmony is just about to politely decline in favor of a hot bath and a quiet glass of wine when-

“GIT OUTTA MAH WAY YOU BIG HILLBILLY BAAAASTARD!”

Jonny Booya.

The one and only.

Frank and Harmony both turn at once to find the Musclebound Mongoloid strutting up to them carrying both his own bags and probably Curtis Penn's too.

Harmony:

You've got a lot of big dumb nerves Jonny!

Frank takes a menacing step toward Booya.

FDJ:

Lotta big dumb balls too!

Jonny, to his credit, doesn't back down one bit.

Jonny:

Listen here, boah, I don't think you know who yer messin-

Like a flash Harmony is all the way in Booya's face.

Harmony:

I don't see your Daddy Keeling or your Uncle Curtis or anybody else out here to stop you from you puttin' your foot in your mouth and me puttin' mine in your ass, hotshot, so why don't you just keep on walking and find you a nice harmless little mirror to flex in front of!

Booya's grin widens as he sucks at his teeth somewhat suggestively.

Jonny:

Speakin' of LITTLE and HARMLESS... heh heh...

Frank drops his bag for a second time. His own jovial mess of a smile now twisted into the sneer of a man about to do serious harm to another. He takes another step but Harmony plants a hand in his chest, stopping him. Frank cocks his head, not all the way understanding the situation at hand.

Harmony:

Come on Sir-Flex-Alot, say something cute. *Please*.

Jonny looks directly over Harmony at the Hillbilly Jesus.

Jonny:

You gon' let this li'l *bitch* do yer talkin' fer ya, BOAH!

And that was where Jonny Booya fucked up, right there. Frank collides with him, all hambone fists and Mack truck elbows, with Harmony caught in between. He gets a couple of glancing blows in but between Harm's squirming and Jonny's back-peddling this skirmish never exactly takes flight.

FDJ:

I'LL KEEL YEW YA DUMB SUM-BEETCH!

Booya backs away, grinning like an idiot.

Jonny:

Next tahm I see you, I'mma take that shiny new belt away from ya BOAH!

Frank wants to pursue the Mindless Mound of Muscle but Harmony steps in again, putting everything she's got into a shove to the Mastodon's chest. He doesn't like it, not one little bit. The camera cuts away as Frank continues to hollar after the retreating Jonny Booya.

DRUNKBROS



It's Tuesday night at Lucky's Bar on St. Charles Avenue and karaoke night is in full flow. A cramped, almost-claustrophobic room of dark wooden panelling and red fixtures, it's not exactly crammed to the brim with willing participants...

"Play the music, Sillybox!"

... and *THAT* might be why.

The Superbest himself, Jack Hunter, stands on the stage with a boombox held over his shoulder, that looks strangely dented and has a few broken bits on one end. Finally locating the "PLAY" button, Lil' Broozy pushes the microphone against the speaker and almost jumps out of his skin as a sudden burst of feedback *rips* through the room.

Then the "music" starts playing, and the patrons groan in-unison.

Jason Natas:

What in the...

A visibly-agitated Anti-Superstar looks up from his beard. The 8-bit rendition of Killswitch Engage's "This Fire Burns" is as obnoxious as it is loud.

Jason Natas:

Fuckin' told you we shouldn't have came with this guy.

Andy Murray:

Jack? He's not so bad.

The fresh-looking Scot smiles, then necks his whiskey.

Andy Murray:

He's just... "quirky." Yeah, let's go with quirky.

Jack Hunter patrols the stage like a security guard, mean mugging anyone who dares meet his vision. Unfortunately,

his solitude is short-lived.

Security:

Okay, no! Not this again...

A bald-headed, burly man who's at least five or six inches taller than Jack strides up to the stage and immediately pulls the microphone from his hands.

Security:

I thought I told you last week? *NO. MORE.*

His boombox still playing, Jack Hunter is *seething*. His weird little face is turning red, and you can almost see the smoke coming out of his ears.

Jack Hunter:

SILLYMA--

Before Jack can finish, however, the guard grabs him by the arm. Jack swings the boombox down from his shoulder to stop it from falling as he's yanked down from the stage and across the room.

Jack Hunter:

Unhand me immediately, Sillyman! How *DARE* you interrupt The Superbest as he was giving the gift of music to these bar creatures?!

Not a word from the guard, who just keeps pulling The Little Bruiser closer and closer to the door.

Jack Hunter:

Don't you know who I am?! I am famous wrestler Jack Hunter, AKA The Little Bruiser, AKA The Street Fighter, AKA Lil' Broozy, AKA THE UNDEFEATABOOGLED 646-0 HASH TAG NEW STREAK, which means I have never lost, because 0, okay, now unha--

THWACK!

The guard throws Jack Hunter through the bar's two swingdoors without a care in the world, then turns around and shakes his head. He looks over to the assembled Drunkbros -- a lineup completed by Cayle Murray, Impulse and Calico Rose.

Security:

Is he your friend?

Jason Natas:

GOD no.

Calico Rose:

I don't mind him.

Jack Hunter (Shouting, muffled, from outside):

Sillygirl! Save the music!

Cally shakes her head, but gets up to collect the boom box.

Impulse:

Forty five seconds. Who won the pool, Natas?

Jason Natas:

Fuckin' A I did.

The gruff New Yorker cracks the closest thing to a smile that he's capable of.

Jason Natas:

Now, I believe you all owe me a drink.

Cayle Murray:

You're gonna have to sing for it.

Jason Natas:

Sing?

He scoffs.

Jason Natas:

Just shaddap and get me another bottle of this hippy "microbrew" stuff, Squidboy.

At that moment, Cally returns with the boom box, and a beer of her own.

Cally:

Way ahead of you, four microbrews and one crisp, bubbly Birch Beer are on the way. But you still need to sing for it.

Natas, at this, glares at Cayle Murray like he's just shot a puppy.

Jason Natas:

"A *what* beer?!"

For his part, the younger Murray just shrugs.

Cayle Murray:

I like carbonated birch bark drinks.

Andy Murray:

Just be thankful he isn't on the kumquat spritzers yet, Jase. That's when things get *REALLY* crazy.

Impulse:

And that doesn't even come close to the virgin pina coladas.

Everyone has a good laugh, and Cally sits next to Natas with the book of songs open.

Cally:

What's your poison, Natas? Poison? Warrant? Metallica? Blondie? Nico? Ooooh, they've got Sir Mix-A-Lot!

Jason Natas:

My poison's about a dozen more beers, by which point this "karaoke" thing'll hopefully be wrappin' up.

The waitress comes by at that moment with the drinks, but she noticeably hands two beers to Cally. Natas reaches, but she pulls away.

Cally:

First, you need to tell us that you like big butts and you just can't lie.

Meanwhile, in the background, one of the bar's handful of non-Drunkbro patrons has shuffled onto the stage towards the portly, tattooed lady who's running the show.

Patron:

Excuse me, which Drake songs do you have?

The DEFIANCE crew hear every word.

Jason Natas:

Fuck Degrassi.

Andy Murray:

Great, time for a nap.

Impulse:

I'm with yah. I'd rather hang out with Jack Hunter outside than hear some Drake.

The fan of basic white girl hip-hop hears this, and immediately flashes an accursed glare towards the wrestlers.

Patron:

Actually, bros, Drake is the voice of our generation, bro. You guys are all wrong. If you knew one thing about music, you'd know...

Meanwhile, Andy Murray rubs his temples.

Andy Murray:

Think I'm gonna need a stiffer drink.

Cally:

I bet they've got some bleach in the back.

... aaaaaaaand cut.

NAMASTE

The scene opens up to a random gym in downtown Baton Rouge. The camera pans the half empty gymnasium with brand new exercise equipment. A couple people are lifting weights, some use the medicine ball, others sit around the water cooler chatting and flexing like idiots.

Away from all that 'action', the camera pans and finds Mikey Unlikely. Mikey runs on a treadmill and he's got a pretty good workout going. Sweat drips from his forehead as the constant thump thump thump of his feet hitting the track echoes nearby. No one is working out near Mikey, but that very well may be by design.

Behind him stands a very tall and very wide black man in a full suit and sunglasses. The man stands with his arms crossed, The Southern Heritage Championship hanging over one shoulder. Looking at everything and nothing behind the shaded lenses. On the left side of Mikey stands a very fit woman. She wears what resembles a 1980's workout outfit, full of bright colors and stretched spandex. She is very thin apart from being exceptionally busty. She pats the sweat from Mikey's forehead with a white towel, then places a Hi-C juicebox in front of him. Mikey sips from the super cool drink.

Just then someone steps up onto the treadmill next to Mikey, as the camera moves over it's quickly revealed to be his one and only Bruv, Jesse Fredricks Kendrix.

With his hair tied up in a man bun and sporting an orange Tough Mudder 2014 headband, Kendrix sports a red wife beater top, black shorts and those weird freaky looking toe trainers. As JFK begins his jog the two begin to converse.

Kendrix:

Bruv, guess how many curls JFK just did??!!!!

Mikey Unlikely:

Hmmmm, probably at least two or three! Amirite?

Kendrix:

Just three? Have you seen these arms? JFK could do 100 curls if he wanted to!

Mikey Unlikely:

OHHHHH CURLS!!!! I thought you said girls!

Kendrix:

Well, you're right on the girls, but guess what?

Mikey waits intently on his bruv's next revelation...

Kendrix:

JFK did...98 Curls!

The pair share a chuckle before Kendrix gives him a fist bump for that one. After the faux explosion Kendrix slaps Mikey's chest and points across the gym where some girls are doing some squats.

Kendrix:

Oh...my...days! Bruv...have you seen those fitties over there?!

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh you mean Jasmine? Sparkles? And Denise?

JFK looks at his compadre, then back at the women, then back at Mikey confused.

Kendrix:

Wait... How do you know them?

Mikey laughs and waves off his buddies inquiry. The busty lass looks at her watch and turns down Mikey's machine to a slower speed before slowly reaching the end of the dial. She pats Mikey off as his run comes to an end.

Mikey Unlikely:

Listen, I gotta stretch out, got class coming up in five!

Jesse never loses his stride, he focuses on his breathing.

Kendrix:

Class? You mean acting class? Not that you need a class to learn how to act, cos, you know, you're the World's Greatest Entertainer, innit?!

Unlikely stretches out on the ground. He lies face up as the female grabs one of his legs at a time, stretching them in and out.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hardly bruv, I've already mastered the art of acting. Obvs!

Kendrix:

Totally obvs!!!!

Mikey Unlikely:

Nah, I have Yoga class!

At that moment, Kendrix immediately slams the emergency stop button on his machine and breaks out into a fit of laughter. He steps off his treadmill, doubling over, slapping his head with the palm of his hand before pointing and continuing to laugh at Mikey.

Kendrix:

Oh mercy! Seriously bruv? Yoga?! What the hell are you doing that for? Is this your way of telling JFK that you're batting for the other team now?

Kendrix starts to double over again and laugh at his bestest bruv in the whole world but manages to compose himself as he wipes away a happy tear from his eye.

Kendrix:

But seriously bruv, if this is your way of telling JFK that...you know...you're a massive bender now...well, JFK is still cool with you. Once a bruv, always a bruv, innit?!

Unlikely stands up and puts on his angry face.

Mikey Unlikely:

HEY!, YOU DON'T SAY THAT!!! I'll have you know Yoga is great for the mind, body, and spirit! How do you think a Hollywood Superstar stays so fit!? It takes more than lifting weights and speaking greatness to thousands of idiots every week! YOGA! Is what made me the Sports Entertainer I am today! Everyone in Hollywood is doing it!

Kendrix shakes his head still not believing what he's hearing.

Mikey Unlikely:

I expect that kind of tom foolery from the other guys, but not from my bruv! Now if you'll excuse me! I have a class to get to!

A door at one end of the gym opens and a gorgeous blonde comes out and announces the Yoga class is about to start.

Mikey grabs his towel and his whistles for the large man to bring his title. Kendrix is still staring at the blonde when Mikey meets up with Jasmine, Sparkles, and Denise as they head into the room together. Mikey puts his arms over the girl's' shoulders.

Mikey Unlikely:

I am soooooooooooooo excited for class today girls!

Kendrix's jaw drops.... He's left standing alone in the workout room. He get's what Mikey's up to now.

Kendrix:

Cheeky fucker!

Cut to:

Inside the yoga class Mikey sits near his friends. We see him sitting indian style surrounded by nothing but gorgeous women. As the camera zooms out, in the very back we see Kendrix sit down next to a very sexy brunette.

Brunette:

Oh, Hi! I'm Becky! How long have you been doing Yoga!?

Kendrix:

Too long baebae, toooooo long!

CUT.

New Orleans Aripport

New Orleans Airport.

A few days removed from DEFIANCE Road.

Baggage claim.

Following Sam's draw with Mushi at DEFIANCE Road, Sam and Jeanie stayed down in New Orleans, having visited with a few doctors after the damage Mushi had done physically to Sam. He is in his new "King of the Streets" red t-shirt, gray sweatpants, and a pair of black and red retro Air Jordan XIII's. Jeanie was in black t-shirt, form fitting jeans and black, Prada, stiletto, ankle boots. Whilst waiting for their luggage to arrive, Sam decides to begin filming.

Sam: (With the camera focused on Jeanie)

'Sup y'all, it's your man, the 'King of the Streets' himself, Sam Horry. Me and my boo took a few days down here in N'awlins visited some doctors—wave to the camera, bae—cause Mushi's big ass treated me like I was on spin cycle or somethin', and busted up my ribs. Jeanie...

Jeanie: (Waving to the audience)

Hi, everybody! Yeah, Sam's all sore and bruised, but the doctors gave us a clean bill of health. So we're free to compete in the upcoming D.O.C. tournament.

Sam: (putting the camera on himself)

Y'all heard baby-girl, I'm in this tournament. So to everybody else competin'--which especially includes you, Mushi--at Clash of DEFIANTS, I'm cuttin' a straight path to the gold, get in my way at your own risk... (Focusing his attention, and eventually, the camera back on Jeanie.) What? What's wrong?

Jeanie: (shoots a hard look to her left.)

What's going on down there?

Sam:

They got terrorists down in N'awlins?

Jeanie: (snatching the phone, and zooming in.)

Look at who that is on the conveyor belt.

Sam:

Are you kiddin' me?!

They make their way to the disturbance where standing on the border of the conveyor belt is none other DEFIANCE's own Jack Hunter. A small crowd has formed around the 'Superbest', who has them riled up like a R&R Express hot-tag.

Jack Hunter:

SILLYBAAAAAAG! How dare you defy The Superbest?! Prepare for *LITTLE BRUISES!*

It was a black duffel bag that Hunter had indeed threatened. Hunter picks the duffel bag up, hooks it underneath his arm, and DDT's the bag from the conveyor belt to the linoleum floor with an audible 'THWACK!' that was more Jack Hunter's back than the bag he DDT'd.

There was a hushed silence, as the duffel bag slowly, dramatically flips over all slinky-like. Jack, still on his back, looks up at the crowd gathered around him, who only stare back at 'The Little Bruiser.'

Jack Hunter:

Ahem.

Silence from the crowd.

Jack Hunter:

Ah-hem!

Still more silence.

Jack Hunter: (folds his arms)

Seriously, sillyhumans, does Lil' Broozy have to spell it out for you? I have done a thing, and in wrestling, when people do a thing, you chant their name, and my name is Hunter, which is spelled H-U-N-T-E-R, which is what you chant, because that is my name, okay?

As if on command, the crowd begins following suit.

Crowd:

Hun-ter! Hun-ter! Hun-ter!

Jeanie turned Sam's phone back to Sam doing his best 'WTF' face. Then she turned the camera back to Hunter still on the ground with the crowd still cheering him on. Jack meanwhile, slowly turns to his stomach...

...and drapes an arm over the duffel bag.

Crowd:

One!

Two!

Three!

Cheers and whoops ring out throughout the gathered crowd. Jack Hunter staggers to his feet, soaking in the applause.

Jack Hunter:

Sillymen and sillygirls! Your winner, and *STILL 250% UNDEFEATIFUNKABLE...* The Little Bruiser, AKA The Street Fighter, AKA Lil' Broozy, AKA The Superbest... AKA HASH TAG NEW STREAK 105-0... FAMOUS WRESTLEMAN JACK HUNTEERRRRRRRRRRRR!

He pulls out his cell phone, immediately playing a MIDI version of Killswitch Engage's "This Fire Burns."

Jack Hunter:

Hush, hush, sillies. You are drowning out my entrance theme, HASH TAG BANGER ALERT.

Sam: (reluctantly smiling)

Wow, this really just happened.

Fan:

Fuckin' right it did, bro! Jack DDT'd the shit outta that bag, bro!

Fan #2:

That bag has a family, dammit!

The Superbest make his way through the crowd, immediately spotting Sam. Jack wraps an arm across Sam's shoulders.

Jack Hunter:

Sillymen and sillygirls, my student in the arts and crafts of Little Bruisers and Street Fighting, Sam Horry!

Sam: (to the applause of the slowly dissolving crowd)
I'm not his pupil.

Jack Hunter:

Then what the hell are you doing here if you're not taking notes, grasshopper?

As the crowd disperses, Sam walks over to the DDT'd duffel bag, who sadly received no help up, no medical support. He flips the tag over.

Sam:

'Cause that's my bag you DDT'd, Hunter.

Jack Hunter:

Oh no, sillyman. The Superbest is truly saddened by your misfortunate lately. Firstly you couldn't beat Munchiguitara -- a man who calls himself the GOODBEST, which is worse than SUPERBEST, because good is worse than super, yes.

The Little Bruiser pops a finger up to emphasise his point.

Jack Hunter:

Then I, The Superbest, defeated your luggage in an epic five-star showdown in front of all my sillymen and sillygirls, embarrassing it in front of all its fellow sillybags, and making you cry, and sad, and cry, and rats.

Jeanie tries not to laugh as she keeps both Sam and Hunter in view.

Jack Hunter:

Take your wins where you can, grasshopper... wait a minute. (replays the MIDI 'This Fire Burns') Take your wins where you can, grasshopper and you too can remain, *HASH TAG UNDEFEATIBEATED!*

Jack gives a friendly pat to Sam's bruised ribs, causing Sam to groan in pain.

Sam: (clutching his ribs)

Not...your 'grasshopper.'

Jack began walking off with his MIDI entrance theme still playing on his cell.

Jack Hunter:

Yes, yes, Sillysam, you are right. "Grasshopper" is outdated. F. Grass Hopper.

As Jack walks off, Sam still in pain reaches to sling his now 0-1 duffel bag over his shoulder, Jeanie still films Sam with his phone.

Sam:

He DDT'd my bag, bae.

Jeanie: (laughing)

I never did like that bag, papi. Hash-tag, WORLDSTAR!

Sam: (smiling)

Shut up, Jeanie.

Cut.

DRUNKBROS 2: THE QUICKENING

The bartender cries out for 'Last Call' over a truly terrible rendition of American Pie, and the handful of patrons still inside scramble for their final drink of the night. Noticeably relaxed, however, are the Drunkbros. They don't appear to be hurrying at all.

Two weeks ago, Cally struck a deal with the manager - from one counter warrior to another - and the Drunkbros were allowed to stay as late as they wanted as long as they didn't cause a scene, keep the staff from doing their closing duties, and tipped heavily.

That was one of two deals that were struck that day, and it was Andy Murray's turn to casually order another round for the table.

Cally:
Say it!

Jason Natas:
I already did.

Cally:
But you need to RAP it! C'mon, do you like big butts?

Jason Natas: (groaning)
I like big butts.

Cally:
And?!

Jason Natas:
... and I cannot lie.

She immediately turns to Cayle and the returning Andy.

Cally:
And you two brothers had best not deny!

They look confused. Impulse facepalms, but laughs quietly to himself.

Impulse:
Allrighty, lady and gents - we've got time for one more. Maybe two. Who wants to go get him?

Everyone drinks, with Cally being the slowest to put the bottle to her lips.

Cally:
Darn it. Okay, I'll go fetch him.

That was the other deal they made - since Jack Hunter requires constant supervision, he was allowed to come back in when there were no other paying customers on the condition that anything he breaks is paid for in cash on the spot.

Cayle Murray:
We could just leave him outside, you know.

Andy Murray:
No!

Big Murr bashes his fist into the table completely unnecessarily.

Andy Murray:

He's just a boy, Cayle! He needs us!

Cayle Murray:

You've had too much to drink, Dad.

Impulse:

Dads aren't done until they feel it coming in the air tonight.

He pushes the book towards Andy Murray.

Impulse:

You feelin' a little Collinsy tonight, sir?

Andy Murray:

Trill Phil?

Cayle cringes. Hard.

Andy Murray:

He's not really influencing me tonight, honestly. Not like Prince, anyway...

Impulse looks around quickly, but calms.

Impulse:

Okay, we appear to be safe but watch that, Andy. Drakebro could be anywhere and he'll have another opinion on Prince.

"Drakebro is a sillyman!"

Welcome back, Jack Hunter.

Jack Hunter:

Where is that Sillysecurity Sillyguard?! The Street Fighter has a gift for him! The gift of...

Jack pauses. Dramatic effect, etc.

Jack Hunter: (whispering)

Little bruises.

Jason Natas:

D'ya reckon if we pour a couple bottles of liquor down this mook's throat he might start makin' a shred of sense?

There's a moment of silence as everyone seems to consider this. Almost daring the universe to stop her, Cally offers her beer to Hunter.

He sniffs it. He looks at it. He regards the bottle with suspicion.

Jack Hunter:

MOOOOO!

Before he can complete the dreaded Cow DDT, Cally snatches the bottle back out of his hands.

Cally:

Nope, it'll never happen.

Unperturbed, Jack decides that the best course of action is to complete the DDT regardless. He pulls himself back to his feet, then spies a space beside Jason Natas.

Jack Hunter:

Don't mind if I moo.

Lil' Broozy drops himself down on the bench, forcing an unimpressed Bronx Bully to shuffle along. Natas grabs his beer and downs it quickly. Hunter, however, has taken particular interest in his face.

Jack Hunter:

What is this?

Yung Broozer waggles his finger around the tiny star tattooed beneath Natas' right eye.

Jason Natas: (deadpan)

A tattoo.

Jack Hunter:

Why do you have a tattoo on your face, Sillyman? Tattoos are not for faces, because faces are important, and tattoos are not important, so why don't you move it somewhere else, because I don't like it, and I am considering DDT'ing it unless you move it, because faces are important, and if you don't believe me, ask my Pastor, F.C. Hopper. Yes.

Natas stares at Jack Hunter with a glazed over look in his eyes. After a second or two, he snaps out of it and looks at the rest of the table.

Jason Natas:

Can someone just drop a fuckin' tractor on this guy, or somethin'?

Cally:

YES!

They all look at her. She's actually reading the songs list and barely paying attention to the conversation.

Cally:

Well, not a tractor, but a combine harvester. They've got Combine Harvester, we have to do this one before we leave.

Andy Murray:

Yes!

The King bashes both fists into the table this time, almost knocking a couple of drinks over in the process.

Andy Murray:

A classic; a staple of modern British culture! That's an idea I can get behind.

Impulse:

I don't think I've ever heard this one before.

Everyone looks at him.

Cally:

Dude... you have no place in this bar.

Cayle Murray:

The bin's outside, 'Pulse. You know what to do.

Impulse:

I'll get in the bin when you watch 'Happiness.'

Everyone winces at that.

Impulse:

Too soon?

Cayle Murray:

If the Wikipedia synopsis is anything to go by, I think I'd rather duet "Scatman" with Jack Hunter.

Jack Hunter:

Now-

Everyone else at the table:

NO!

Cut.

#GITFB



Eric Dane sits alone somewhere deep in the bowels of the DEFIANCE Wrestling Complex. His surroundings are nondescript, as usual they are inconsequential. The glowing ember of a cigarette dances in the quasi-darkness until everything comes into focus.

The Only Star has a smile plastered across his face.

Dane:

I haven't had a smoke in almost a year, yanno.

He shrugs, takes another drag.

Dane:

But now, well hell, I've got something to celebrate.

He holds up the "Real Worlds Title" belt, recently taken from the bloodied and beaten Sean Jackson in the main event at Clash of the DEFIANTS. It remains pixelated.

Dane:

Lookie what I got back.

He brandishes it for the camera.

Dane:

Sure, some dick named Michael may have the *newer* and possibly more legitimate version of this belt, but this is one...

Extreme Close-up on the title belt. Slowly the pixels smoothe at the edges and blend together. Before it's all done you can clearly make out the front plate of what used to be the UTA World Championship. Sprayed across the plate in red paint is the word UTAH in all caps.

Dane:

...is mine.

Eric laughs, it is slightly unnerving to listen to.

Dane:

This is the belt that low rate Only Star knockoff Sean Jackson stole from me in Atlantic City, and this is the belt that I took back from him right here in New Orleans, along with about ten pounds of flesh, and you know what?

He shrugs, smugly.

Dane:

I'm not giving it back.

Another drag from the cigarette is followed up by its crushing out in an ashtray.

Dane:

I'm not giving Sean a rematch, either. And I'm not going to defend it. First of all this is DEFIANCE, and if Sean Jackson thinks he's gonna walk in here on his UTAH reputation and coast, he's dead wrong. He can start back at the bottom like everybody else and he can scratch and he can claw, and one day should the planets align he can take his shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Smirk.

Dane:

The one true **World** Title in all of professional wrestling.

He stands, the camera pulls wide.

Dane:

As for this ten pounds of tin?

Another shrug.

Dane:

It, and anybody who gives a shit about it...

He drops the belt into a conveniently placed trash receptacle.

Dane:

Get in the fuckin' bin.

DRAMATIC TRAILER

Cue: [dramatic music](#).

GAY CATS IN SPACE

EPISODE III: RETURN OF THE KITTY

**COMMANDER MURRAY HAS RETURNED TO HIS
HOME PLANET OF CATOOINE IN AN ATTEMPT
TO RESCUE HIS FRIEND ADMIRAL CATBAR
FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE VILE
GANGSTER JABBA THE MANX.**

**LITTLE DOES THE GOOD CAPTAIN KNOW THAT
THE SIAMESE EMPIRE HAS SECRETLY BEGUN
CONSTRUCTION ON A NEW ARMORED SPACE
STATION EVEN MORE POWER THAN THE FIRST
DREADED MOUSE SMASHER 3000.**

**WHEN COMPLETED, THIS ULTIMATE WEAPON
WILL SPELL CERTAIN DOOM FOR THE SMALL
BAND OF MOGGIES TRYING TO RESTORE
FREEDOM TO THE GALAXY.**

THIS SUMMER... THE SAGA CONTINUES.

TAKEN

TV static rips through your speakers long before the image even begins to fade-in. A deeply unpleasant and grating sound, it lingers for way longer than is necessary, then slowly dissipates as a grainy, fuzzy image starts to appear.

We're deep within the guts of the DEFarena. A small room filled with mops, brushes and cleaning products and all kinds of other janitor porn.

There's a desk, too, and a gold placard that once read "El Trébol Jr.: UNCUT General Manager". The words have since been scrawled over with a black marker pen, and the placard now reads "Mr. L. Bruises."

L. Bruises:

HAHAHAHAHAHA!

He sits behind the desk, but every visible inch of his body is blurred-out and pixelated. Not only that, but his voice is impossibly deep and garbled: clearly the work of some kinda vocal effects.

L. Bruises:

Greetings, Deaf Fire Ants! 'Tis I, the one-and-only famous super villain L. Bruises, AKA L. Bruises, and I am here, deep within the lair of the Penis Fly Trap, with a special message for all the Deaf Fire Ants out there, but especially you, Sausagewoof Fartyman!

The super-secret mystery man whose identity is completely ambiguous pauses.

And pauses.

... and pauses.

L. Bruises:

HAHAHAHAHAHA!

He reaches below the desk and pulls something up. It's not clear what it is until it's passed over his pixelated body and slammed down on the surface...

A briefcase.

Cecilworth Farthington's briefcase.

L. Bruises:

If you ever want to see your precious suitcase again, sillyman, you will listen to me with your ears, and your heart, and your ears, and also your eyes...

What a goddamn idiot.

L. Bruises:

You must understand, Irvington, that I am not a sillyman: I am a scaryman, and also a punchyman, and a bruisyman, and I am not to be trifled with, or tiramisu'd with, because I have a very particular set of skills, a set of skills that make me very dangerous to sillymen like you, and if you ever -- EVER -- want to see your beautiful glasses case again, you will find me at DEFtv 65, and you shall provide me with the princely sum of...

Pause.

L. Bruises:

... eighteen dollars! HAHAHAHAHAHA!

Wow.

Such demand.

Many ransom.

Much hostage.

Wow.

L. Bruises:

... and if you don't? Let's just say bruises are in your future, friendo... little bruises...

And just when you think things couldn't get any more ridiculous, our stranger from a strange land leans forward in his chair...

L. Bruises:

HADOUKEN!

... then leaps forward towards the camera, tackling it to the ground, and bringing the feed to an abrupt end.