

THE RUNDOWN

IN FIVE... FOUR... THREE... TWO... ONE...

The DEFtv logo dematerializes into the wild and woolly Wrestle-Plex crowd. As the camera pans around we immediately catch one sign in particular, a GIANT multi-panel masterpiece depicting “Beautiful” Bobby Dean in a flowing baby blue gown lounging in Eric Dane’s rippling muscled arms. Very “tacky romance book cover” sort of vibe. Beyond that we get the usual decent mix of desperate attempts at funny and actually funny from the DEFIANCE Faithful.

MUSHI FEARS SQUIDBOY!

HEY ANGUS! *then a huge cartoon fist*

FDJ = SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN

DIE MIKEY DIE

DEWEY BROTHERS 4 EVAR!

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen welcome to another exciting edition of DEFtv!

Angus:

Understatement of the century. Both Curtis Penn AND Mikey Unlikely have the potential to eat shit and lose tonight. This PLEASES me, Keebler.

DDK:

Going right along with my partner and starting from the END of the show, we have TWO HUGE main events for you tonight as, firstly...

Skaaland just can’t help himself.

Angus:

Impulse is gunna’ knock Curtis Penn the HELL out!

DDK:

sigh ... and then we’ll see a fantastic showdown between...

Angus:

Mikey “booooooooo” Unlikely and Jason Natas, and Natas gunna’ knock Simon Cowell off his his swivel chair and RIP his nasty little fingers off the SOHER title belt. I bet his fingers are so gross and sticky, Keebs. LA people don’t wash their hands, did you know that? EVER?

DDK:

Can we move on now?

Angus:

If it weren’t for the near-legal weed and big fake titties California could break off into the ocean and float away, honestly.

DDK:

Our... well heck, THIRD main event is a contest that could easily main event any pay per view as Sean Jackson looks

to take down the former FIST of DEFIANCE, The Dark Lord himself Eugene Dewey.

Angus:

Eugene not being able to wring Bronson's neck til DEFCON? He's lookin' to let loose a little pent up aggression tonight. And speaking of GORAM AGGRESSION, Keebs. Cayle Murray is stepping into the ring tonight against a pissed off sumo-motherfucker looking to PROVE something in big Mushigihara. With big bro gone, can the littlest Scotsman survive the God-Beast? Me thinks noooo.

DDK:

It's a big show, partner! I think we should get this puppy underway, shall we?

Angus:

WRESTLIIIIIIIIIIIING!

Angus gets up from his position at the desk and schmooses with the fans immediately around the commentation station.

DDK:

Let's do this!

RAIN CITY RONIN VS. THE HOLMSTROM BROTHERS

♪ "Guardians Of Asgaard" by Amon Amarth ♪

The rasp of the DEFIANCE faithful fills the WrestlePlex as two-thirds of the Trios Champions emerge through a dense cloud of fog on the stage. Hoisting their belts into the air, identical twins Floki and Ivar Holmström bray back at the seething fans with triumphant and battle-ready roars of Nordic rage, appearing tonight without the other remaining members of the Viking War Cult backing them up.

DDK:

Jumping right into action tonight, our first match will involve two rising tag team forces going head to head in what is sure to be an intense contest! And one of these teams is coming to the ring now, the Holmström Brothers Ivar and Floki of the Viking War Cult, the reigning DEFIANCE Trios Champions!

Angus:

They may be without Torvald and Cul tonight, but we've seen the straight up savagery of the twin terrors Ivar and Floki, and we all know how it assisted in the Viking War Cult's victory securing the Trios Titles!

♪ "Revolve" by the Melvins ♪

The crowd warmly greets the coming of the Rain City Ronin as "The Undying" Rocko Daymon and "The Pacific Blitzkrieg" Kerry Kuroyama stride through the entry-way. There's no frills or flair to their entrance... no lights and fog. Just matching sets of burning stares pinpointing down on two twins standing ready in the ring. They look wholly fixated on taking care of business tonight.

DDK:

The Rain City Ronin are making their way to the ring, getting much love from the DEFIANCE Faithful! Though still relative newcomers to the company, they have won over these fans with their staunch determination and focus on the competitive aspect of the sport!

Angus:

They've definitely proven they aren't the annoying fuckwads we've seen from the Pop Culture Phenoms... but I'm eager to finally see if these guys can back up the bold statements with some bold wrestling here tonight, against one of BRAZEN's finest tag teams!

DDK:

Both of these teams look absolutely amped and ready for action! And it looks like the official doesn't want to waste any more time!

Hector Navarro rings the bell to get things started as Daymon elects to start for the RCR and presumably Floki steps in for the Holmströms. The multiple former World Champion stands as rigid as a statue in a game of intimidation, staring daggers into the reigning Trios Champion standing across the ring. Undeterred, Floki shoots in low... but doesn't account for "The Undying" exploding into a flurry of knees, forearms, and elbows that reels him across the ring and eventually gets strong-armed into a twisting belly-to-belly suplex. A quick lateral crossover to the chest puts Rocko into place to make a pin, forcing Floki to force up the shoulder after the count of one.

Daymon resumes the statue pose as he gets to his feet, and the Holmström angrily bares his teeth as he pushes himself back up off the mat, his Viking blood starting to boil hot. Floki springs at Rocko again, and this time, the two men tangle up straight into a fierce collar-and-elbow tie-up. The battle of strength crosses all four corners of the ring, broken up only by the occasional forearm or change in positioning. Finally, Rocko's edge in experience puts him out on top as he sweeps Floki onto his back with a side headlock takedown... but the Holmström twin, not to be so easily outdone, growls like a lion as he forces himself back up to his feet and reverses the hold with a side suplex with a bridging pin. Navarro gets to two before Rocko rolls out and breaks free. The two exchange an intense staredown once they rise to their feet.

DDK:

Tensions are beginning to mount in this face-off! "The Undying" Rocko Daymon has come out swinging here tonight, but the Holmström brothers are showing they are more than eager to swing back if tempted!

Angus:

Well we may be in for quite a fight, if the Rain City Ronin are the kind of dudes that like to throw rocks at a hornet's nest!

In a rare sight, the hungry grin of a man who has found a worthy challenge crosses Rocko's face, yet he goes to the RCR's corner to tag in his pupil Kuroyama, giving the young grappler some tactical advice as they trade places. Likewise, one Holmström tags out to the other. Kerry and Ivar waste no time going straight into the lock-up. The young Kuroyama makes the first move by going low and sweeping the leg to bring the Trios Champion to the mat. Kerry immediately targets the back of the controlled leg with kicks, but Ivar introduces his face to the heel of the free foot to kick him loose. Kuroyama recovers quickly, the pain burning the passionate fires spurning him forth, and bursts back at Ivar with a low dropkick to the ribs just as the Holmström twin is pushing himself back to his feet.

With angry determination clearly etched on his face, Kerry goes to work on the Holmström twin with a series of holds and suplexes to chip away at the Trios Champion's stamina, broken up by the occasional pin attempt. But Ivar's resilience comes through as he continuously kicks out after the two count, denying the young talent an easy win. Kuroyama's determination quickly gets overtaken by frustration, which he finally takes out on Holmström after the third kick-out with a few blatant mounted fists. Referee Hector Navarro quickly steps in and pulls Kerry off... and it's while the two of them are having words when the twins pull off their classic switcheroo and Floki swaps in for Ivar.

Angus:

HAHAHAHA that shtick never gets old!

DDK:

The identical Holmström twins are doing only what identical twins can do... and I'm not sure anybody else around the ring even noticed!

Angus:

That takes some expert skill, to pull it off to quick... they must have that creepy twin telepathy thing going on!

After taking his warning by Navarro, Kuroyama is none the wiser as he goes to pick up Floki, thinking him for his brother. Floki quickly catches the young talent by surprise as he suddenly grasps the arms and applies a leg-scissor around the shoulder. Kerry groans in frustration and pain as he's rolled over onto the mat into a cross-arm breaker, and makes a desperate drag to the nearest bottom rope to break the hold before enough damage can be done. By now, Ivar has recovered on the Holmströms' corner, and accepts the tag out by Floki.

Floki meets the rising Kerry with a quick arm drag and fierce kick to the shoulder before tagging out again, and the Viking twins start setting the pace. Frequent tag outs and swift attacks keep Kerry Kuroyama from mounting any form of a comeback, and now he finds himself in the position of having to kick out of numerous pin attempts. From the Rain City Ronin's corner, Rocko watches the action with a degree of intensity that doesn't show any signs of panic. But things look dire for the young Kerry as the double-team onslaught reaches a new peak with a double-arm drag takedown by the Holmströms. Ivar (presumably, at this point) goes for another cover, but Kerry still pops up the arm before the three.

DDK:

ANOTHER kickout by Kerry Kuroyama! That young man's resilience is on display here tonight, but how much more of this punishment can he take?

Angus:

Surprising to see his partner hasn't done anything to stop it by this point. But I assume that guy just goes into Sleep Mode whenever he gets tagged out. Seriously... professional wrestling cyborg.

The DEFIANCE Trios Champions take a moment to gloat as a way of diffusing the biased crowd reaction, but the fans

continue to cheer on Kerry as he digs deep and tries to force himself back up. Ivar tags out to Floki, and the two quickly wrangle Kuroyama up the rest of the way before sending him into motion with a double Irish whip. Kerry bounces off the ropes, narrowly DUCKING a linked lariat, and rebounds across the ring, taking both of the unsuspecting Holmströms down hard to the mat with a double-sided spear as they turn around. Seeing his opportunity, Kerry fights the pain as he motivates himself to pull himself to his corner.

The Faithful pop strong as the hot tag is made to Rocko... who surprisingly doesn't take to the ring like a house on fire, but instead first helps his student and tag partner back to his feet, likewise waiting for the Holmströms to recover. The crowd begins cheering hard as all four men stand across from each other, and the tension finally boils forward as everyone springs to the center of the ring for one final showdown between teams. Kerry and Floki go straight into a lock-up as Rocko and Ivar begin trading heavy blows.

Angus:

Now THIS is more like it! Straight up two-on-two BEDLAM!

DDK:

The official doesn't look to be in any hurry to put things back into order!

Navarro stands off to the side as the four men go to absolute war. The fisticuffs between Ivar Holmström and Rocko Daymon mounts into an all-out brawl, while Floki and Kerry wrangle each other into the ropes on the other side of the ring. A spinning right hand from Rocko sets up Ivar to being whipped off the ropes, as Kerry sets Floki into an Irish whip of his own. Both Holmströms narrowly avoid collision as they dash past one another, and both members of the Rain City Ronin are waiting on the return. Kerry seizes his own Holmström and uses his weight to tumble from the ropes as Daymon meets his own with a sharp kick to the midsection, setting him up perfectly for the double-underhook facebuster.

DDK:

There's the patented BRAIN ROCKER... and the cover... ONE... TWO... THREE!! The Rain City Ronin pick up their second win in DEFIANCE!

Angus:

I have no idea if who was the legal Holmström by that point, but then I doubt Hector did either!

DDK:

And yet through all of that chaos, the Rain City Ronin stood together as a strong force, surviving even the twin tomfoolery of the Holmströms!

Securing the three count, Rocko Daymon rises off the mat, engaging in only modest celebration as he salutes the efforts of the fallen Holmström with a slight nod of respect. Kerry Kuroyama rejoins him in the ring as the student defiantly pumps a fist to the crowd, the anger and determination in his eyes still as hot as when he first walked into the WrestlePlex.

DDK:

The Rain City Ronin came out here tonight to make a statement, and I would say it was heard loud and clear, picking up a solid win over two-thirds of the DEFIANCE Trios Champions!

Angus:

Important thing to note there is the TWO-THIRDS parts... cause who knows what may have been with a monster like Cul the Reaper thrown into the mix? But I have to give credit to the Rain City Ronin for bringing it tonight, and backing up all the big talk with some big action!

FAT GUY, LITTLE COAT

Backstage.

Any locker-room: the specifics don't really matter.

A pensive Cayle Murray paces back and forth, running a thumb across his smartphone screen. Already dressed in his ring attire (plus a black DEFIANCE tee), the Scot's every move drips with nervous energy, no matter how small.

DDK:

Cayle's looking a little twitchy tonight, Angus.

Angus:

No doubts, Keebs! Remember what happened the last time Eric and Bobby separated Squidboy from his brother? It was *forkin'* wonderful! And Andy isn't even in the building tonight! This is gonna be fun.

DDK:

I dread to think what they've got planned, Angus. Bobby's attack on the elder Murray was downright brutal, and if you ask me, Big Murr was lucky to escape with nothing more than a few broken ribs. Nonetheless, it'll be a long time before we see him on DEFtv again.

And then it comes.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

Cayle Murray closes his eyes, breathes deeply, and balls a fist.

Voice:

Housekeeping!

It's loud, high-pitched, and delivered in one of the most racist Spanish accents you'll ever hear. It catches Cayle completely off-guard, to the point where he physically recoils, surprised.

Cayle Murray:

... come in?!

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

Voice:

Housekeeping!

Cayle Murray:

Come in.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

Voice:

Housekee--

Cayle Murray:

Oh for the love of...

Tired of the charade, Cayle slides his phone into his pocket and steps towards the door. Just as he reaches out to grab the handle it bursts open, sending Cayle defensively backwards.

"SURPRISE NYAAAAAGGA!"

Fat Bobby Dean is fat. Glistening, even, and jovial as he bursts into the room sans t-shirt, ring-robe, or anything at all to cover that gut and those tits. Behind him with a Cheshire grin plastered across his face is of course, Eric Dane.

Eric Dane:

Hello, Cayle.

BBD:

Sup, squid-dick?

Cayle immediately tenses-up. His back goes rigid, and he clenches two fists down by his sides.

Cayle Murray:

Leave.

Eric Dane:

Ah, no. Perks of owning the building, Cayle, I go where I please.

BBD:

Oh, looky-looky...

Bobby Dean *bounces* across the ring (because that's how clinically obese wrestlers move, right?) to where the black and red bomber jacket that Cayle wears during his ring entrance hangs. He pulls it down from its peg and tries to stuff a bulbous arm down one of the sleeves.

Cayle Murray:

Leave that, Bobby!

Almost moving to grab the garment from Bobby's clutches, Cayle sees the smirking Dane fold his arms over his chest and thinks better of it. It takes Bobby a good deal longer than it should to fit his arms inside the jacket, but he eventually does.

BBD:

Look, boss!

Grinning like a pig in shit, Bobby looks back and forth between Eric and Cayle, swaying his massive form rhythmically.

BBD:

Fat guy little coooooaaattt! Fat guy little coooooaaa--

RRRRRRRRRRIP!

The material finally tears under the pressure. Cayle grits his teeth, seething.

BBD:

Oops.

Bobby labours to pull the jacket off his person, then holds it up for examination. There's a giant tear across the shoulders, and Bobby shrugs, throwing the damaged bomber back to its owner.

BBD:

Sorry about that, friendo.

A powerless Cayle Murray balls the jacket up and throws it straight to the floor. There's nothing in this world he'd enjoy more than to leap across the room and smack both men square in the jaw, but that'd mean a forking would be in his immediate future.

Cayle Murray:

GET OUT.

The Only Star screws his eyes up and purses his lips, as if concentrating deeply on the command given. A moment passes before sarcasm takes over.

Eric Dane:

That's a negative, Ghost Rider.

BBD:

What else you got here, Squidoo?

Bobby begins rummaging through things and squeals with excitement as he eyeballs a pair of wrestling gloves laying in the top of one of Cayle's assorted pieces of luggage.

BBD:

Gimmie dat!

Bobby grabs the gloves and goes to jam one chubby hand into one extra-medium glove. Cayle lashes out before Bobby's able to ruin another piece of his property, slapping them gloves out of his hands and to the floor.

Cayle Murray:

What do you guys want?! A fight?

BBD:

Why, you cruisin' for a bruisin'?

Dane clears his throat.

BBD:

Lookin' for a whoopin'?

Eric Dane:

Bobby.

BBD:

RAMBLIN' FOR A SCRAMBLIN'?

Eric Dane:

ROBERT!

Hearing his Christian name in such a tone, the Big, Bold, Beautiful Bobby Dean shuts his yap. He backs away just enough to say he did, but still eyeballs Cayle very much in a "*do something*" kinda way.

Eric Dane:

I just wanted to let you know, Cayle, that I'll be the special referee tonight for your match with Mushigihara. I like to deliver these kinds of messages personally, you see, inspires confidence in your employees.

Dane's grin widens.

BBD:

Yeah, and I can be there too! Special Reward for flattening your big schmuck brother last week! I get to be the special guest ringside bell-ringer slash time-keeper slash enforcer slash-

Eric Dane: [interrupting]

Yes. Bobby will be there too. On the *outside* of the ring. Where he can't screw anything up. And I'll be right there in the middle of the action, Cayle, making sure you keep it on the up and up against the big guy. I hear he's a little run down lately, maybe you even have a chance.

Cayle Murray: [through gritted teeth]

I'm tired of this, Eric.

The Scot lets-out a short, sharp sigh.

Cayle Murray:

I'm tired of *YOU* screwing with *MY* career. My brother's on the shelf right now because of you and your...

Realising the gravity of his situation, Cayle thinks twice of insulting Bobby.

Cayle Murray:

... *HIM*, and now *this*?! What's next, huh? Are you gonna put me in the hospital too? Is that your plan?!

Practically spitting his last few words out, Cayle takes a moment or two to calm down a tad.

Cayle Murray:

I came here to *wrestle*. That's it, Eric. If you're gonna cut me down, at least have the bollocks to face me one-on--

Eric holds up a hand.

Eric Dane:

That's just it, Cayle. *You* came **here** to *wrestle*. Here, of all places. You try your hardest to embarrass me in Utah, and then you've got the absolute *balls* to come here to my fucking house and think you're just gonna waltz in the door and *wrestle*? I can crush you like a fuckin' bug at any opportunity, Cayle, but that's the easy route.

His grin softens.

Eric Dane:

As it stands, Kelly sees a fair amount of potential in you. And that's fine. But before I can allow you to come to my house and *wrestle*, I feel like it's my personal obligation to teach you a few things about **respect**. You can start by wiping that look off of your face, and turning the bass in your voice down when you address me or my associate.

BBD:

Hey! That's me!

Eric Dane:

Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got a big match to referee. Don't worry, I'll see myself out. Bobby!

The fat man hops to and as quickly as this whole mess started he waddles past Cayle and Dane and back out from whence he came. Meanwhile, Dane winks at Cayle.

Eric Dane:

I'll see ya out there, kid.

And then turns and leaves. Defeated, Cayle Murray slumps down onto the bench behind him and drops his head into his hands.

Angus:

Ha! Take that, Squidbitch!

DDK:

This isn't right, Angus! Dane's just *toying* with Cayle, and Andy's not here to back him up!

Angus:

Whaddaya mean it's not right? The Super Dumbshit Bros thought they could swan into DEFIANCE and stick their nose in the BAWS' business, and now they're paying penance. What part of that isn't fair?

DDK:

Cayle and Andy beat Bobby an--

Angus:

You know what, Keebs? Don't bother. Next!

Cut.

FUCK SEAN JACKSON

Backstage.

A DEFIANCE backdrop.

Christie Zane with a microphone; smiling brightly, outfit on-point.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time... Jason Natas!

The Bronx Bully steps into the scene, with his appearance drawing a hearty smattering of cheers from The Faithful. He acknowledges Christie's introduction with a nod and readies himself for the first question.

Christie Zane:

Jason, it feels like people say this about you every time you step into the ring lately, but tonight might be the biggest match of your career thus far. It's your and Mikey Unlikely, one-on-one, for the Southern Heritage Championship! How do you feel?

Clad in a zipped-up black hoodie with Andy Murray's "Fighting Chance Gym" logo emblazoned across the breast (and rocking a beard that's almost certainly a centimetre longer than last time), Natas snorts.

Jason Natas:

Like I wanna ruin his movie career with a few of these.

He taps his elbow.

Jason Natas:

Guess it is the biggest match, given there's gold involved. I know Hollywood ain't gonna come-out and fight me like Lindsay and Boxer did, though. Suspect there's gonna be a lot of fuckheads out there with him, but that's fine, Christie. Tell Mikey to line 'em up, and I'll chop 'em all down... one-by-one.

Christie Zane:

The entourage really is key. Mikey's currently on a four-match winning streak, but you couldn't call a single one of them "clean" or "fair," even from an objective standpoint. We've seen you pull-off some astonishing displays of heart against some of the very best DEFIANCE has to offer lately, but this is an entirely different kind of fight. How do you approach it?

Jason Natas:

Same way I always do, and the only way I know. I ain't Lindsay troy or Andy Murray: I ain't got the versatility to dig inside a big of tricks and come-up with something different every time I throw down.

Natas shakes his head.

Jason Natas:

I got no special powers. I don't know a thousand holds -- heck, I barely known half a dozen. I can't do no flips and I'm not about to start chainin' moves together like Eric Dane or Impulse, but y'know what? I won't surrender, I won't break, and I will go out there and fight tooth and nail 'til one of us falls down and doesn't get up again, just like I always do.

The words send ripples of encouragement pulsing through the building. For all the the criticism he's faced since returning to the ring, recent performances have all but secured The Faithful's respect.

Jason Natas:

I'm gonna give that little shit the fight of his life, Christie. Win or lose, he ain't wakin' up without a few war wounds tomorrow.

Christie Zane:

Speaking of “war wounds,” it seems as though you’ve been having some trouble with your surgically-rebuilt knee lately, with it causing you clear discomfort in both the Bronson Box and Lindsay Troy matches. How is it feeling?

Jason Natas:

Well gee Christie, way to paint a big ol’ target on the damn thing...

The Anti-Superstar waves the joke away before awkwardness can set-in.

Jason Natas:

Look, this thing ain’t ever gonna be 100% again. I know it, the bosses know it, and everyone I fight knows it, but there’s no point in complainin’ or worryin’ somethin’ I can’t change. I live with it, I work around it, and if people think they’re gonna exploit it...

Jason bashes his right fist into an open left hand.

Jason Natas:

I dare ‘em to try.

Christie Zane:

One final question, Jason: last week we saw you and Sean Jackson meet backstage and indulge in a heated backstage exchange. Do you have any words for “The Lone Star of Texas”?

Jason Natas:

Sean Jackson?

He raises his brow.

Jason Natas:

Fuck Sean Jackson.

A nod.

Jason Natas:

Later, Christie.

The Bronx Bully walks out of the scene, and we head elsewhere.

HARMONY VS. REINHARDT HOFFMAN

JACK HUNTER DOES A BACKFLIP

We cut to the backstage area where we find two men. Now you may say “man, there’s always at least two men backstage” and you’d probably be factually accurate in this male dominated industry. We’ll talk about overthrowing the Patrick Turkey another time because we have much more important things to observe at the moment. Like the fact that Cecilworth Farthington and his uncle, Barty, appear to still be roam the corridors of Defiance despite remain very much highly unemployed by the company.

Uncle Barty:

You know, every week I become more and more surprised that all you need to get backstage is a brown piece of paper with “VIP” written in crayon. You’d think there would be more scrutiny to such things.

Cecilworth Farthington:

I ooze VIP out of every pore of my body, the crayon paper just confirms what nature has already implied. That I am a fancy man here to conduct fancy business.

Uncle Barty:

I thought that was just pus from that time your father throw that beaker of acid at you.

Cecilworth scrunches up his eyes and shudders, he gets a little bit hot and bother

Cecilworth Farthington:

THAT IS VIP JUICE AND I WILL THANK YOU NOT TO TALK ABOUT THE ACID INCIDENT EVER AGAIN.

As Uncle Barty gives Cecilworth a reassuring pat on the back, a man strolls into shot doing some sweet backflips. How you stroll a backflip, I’m not sure, but he was doing it. Could he be the mysterious L. Bruises? Oh, of course not, it was Jack Hunter! And by was I mean is.

Jack Hunter:

SILLYMEN!

Noticing the nefarious Farthington family and strides confidently towards them. Wearing one of his quite marvellous “HASH TAG SUPERBEST!!!!” tees and a big, dumb grin, The Little Bruiser stops and steadies himself.

Jack Hunter:

How’s my technique?!

Jack launches himself into another totally gnarly (bro) backflip, landing perfectly on his feet. Quite *how* this noted idiot is able to pull-off such a gymnastic feat is anyone’s guess, but y’know... Jack Hunter.

Uncle Barty:

As a former Olympic Gymnastics judge, I give it a solid FOUR POINT EIGHT.

Uncle Barty smiles widely as he adjusts his bowtie with confidence.

Jack Hunter:

“FOUR POINT EIGHT?!”

Lil’ Broozy scowls. Uncle Barty mumbles “it’s a perfectly acceptable score” under his breath. Cecilworth is still nursing his COMPLETELY NOT BURNT BY ACID shoulder in pain.

Jack Hunter:

Sillyman, take that back immediately! My lean, mean, fat-reducing grilling machine flippydoo skills deserve at least a twelve out of ten!

Uncle Barty:

As the fairest man in human history, I will do no such thing as it would disgrace my reputation the world around. This bowtie means something young man, maybe not to you and your flashy quote unquote moves... but it means something to me. I will not have it sullied by the likes of your ilk.

Cecilworth, finally not longer distracting by the extreme pain running through his body decides that now would be an appropriate time to intervene.

Cecilworth Farthington:

Look my bearded friend, we can all agree that was a gnarly, kickin' rad flip that makes the girls go wild in their pants, no one will take that away from you. We're here on very important business though and perhaps you could help us... for a little cash incentive.

Cecilworth digs into his pocket and throws a handful of pennies at Jack Hunter.

Cecilworth Farthington:

We're looking for the one who calls himself Mr. L. Bruises.

Jack Hunter spends a couple of moments examining the coins, before taking the biggest one, putting it in his mouth, and chomping down. He gets a nasty surprise.

Jack Hunter:

Euurgh!

The Little Bruiser spits the coin to the floor, then throws the others down around it.

Jack Hunter:

Sillyman, these are not chocolate!

Cecilworth Farthington:

Oh, you should have said.

Cecilworth digs into his OTHER pocket and tosses another handful of pennies at Jack Hunter. Again, Hunter catches them, and jams a few of them into his mouth... without removing the foil coating. His face lightens-up upon realising that these coins are, indeed, made of chocolate, then gulps the whole lot -- foil included -- down.

Jack Hunter:

Yum yums.

A long, loud, and particularly revolting burp follows.

Jack Hunter:

Tastes like aluminium.

He smiles, then flashes a quick thumbs-up.

Jack Hunter:

Now, Sillymen, I believe you had a question?

Uncle Barty:

We had a question? Sorry, I zoned out, I was thinking about my days judging all that wonderful horsey dancing.

Cecilworth Farthington:

HUSH UP BARTY! THE CHOCOLATE MONSTER HAS THE SCOOPS. TELL US ABOUT THE BRUSIES!

Jack Hunter:

Dear C-Fart and U-Bart, what makes you think that I, Jack Hunter, AKA The Street Fighter, AKA The Little Bruiser, AKA Lil' Broozy, AKA Yung Contusions, AKA *HASH TAG NEW STREAK 65-0*... knows anything... **ANYTHING**... about what you and your bruise problem?!

While his digestive system struggles to cope with the combination of chocolate and aluminium that he's just swallowed, Jack Hunter posts-up against the wall and scratches his chin.

Jack Hunter:

HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM?!

As Hunter leans against the wall looking remarkably smug for a man pretending to know nothing... or as it's commonly known "Jack Hunter Resting Face"... the conversation is interrupted by a stage hand rushing into the scene.

Stage Hand:

I'm looking for...

The stage hand looks at the envelope in his hand and squints real hard at the terrible child-like handwriting.

Stage Hand:

Social Worker Irvington?

Cecilworth grabs the envelope out of his hand.

Cecilworth Farthington:

Sounds like how a robot would say my name... now let us see about this note. Who would even know we are here Barty? To what end?

Uncle Barty:

Only villains would know you are here my young ward.

Cecilworth rips open the envelope, studies it for a few seconds and then rapidly sprints wordlessly out of the scene. Barty looks at Hunter who is still resting against the wall... looks back at Cecilworth... looks at Hunter one more time and then draws a conclusion.

Uncle Barty:

I should probably follow him. He does get ever so mixed up.

Jack narrows his gaze, then stuffs another chocolate coin into his mouth. A very -- *VERY* -- creeped-out Uncle Barty departs down the corridor.

Jack Hunter: [throwing his head back]

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

CUT.

Thank God.

O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU?

Seeing a DEFIANT stretching shouldn't be an unexpected occurrence in the locker room, but when the individual in question is Eugene Dewey, you'd probably be forgiven for doing a double take. After all, The Ginger Guru of Gaming's pre match ritual usually involves pounding a monster energy drink so he doesn't get tired and a quick crack of his knuckles. Right now though, Eugene is stretching his triceps, then his lats, then his delts... then there's a knock at the door.

Knock knock knock

Eugene Dewey:

Come in!

We can't see the door, but we can hear it open. And we can hear who was on the other side, and it's not a voice that's heard on DEFtv for a very, very long time.

Wayne Dewey:

Hey bro, how's it going?

Eugene stops his stretching immediately and turns to his brother and former manager. Not knowing how to feel he goes through the whole range of emotions from joy to anger to all the other characters of Inside Out. Wayne shifts a little in himself, clearly uncomfortable with the long silence.

Wayne Dewey:

It's been a while.

Eugene Dewey:

...Yeah...

That's all Eugene can say. He still can't quite believe that his younger brother is stood in front of him, and backstage in the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex of all places.

Eugene Dewey:

What uhhh... what-

Wayne Dewey:

What am I doing here?

Still struggling to find the words, Eugene nods.

Wayne Dewey:

I came to see you, dude. It's been way too long since we last spoke, and I'll be honest, and like I said on that piece on Uncut... I'm worried for you.

Eugene forces a chuckle and turns from his brother.

Eugene Dewey:

Yeah... saw that. I'm fine.

Wayne takes a step forwards.

Wayne Dewey:

Except you're not. Look dude, I never stopped watching DEFIANCE, you know? I've seen what you've been going through recently, and it's tearing me up inside to see you like this.

In an attempt to ignore his brother Eugene continues with his stretching, going back to his delts before continuing with his routine.

Wayne Dewey:

Mom and Brian are worried ... I'm worried... and after what you said last week, y'know, about not being in the best place... I had to come see you and make sure you weren't gonna do anything... Like Dad...

That stops Eugene dead.

Wayne Dewey:

I can't lose my brother like I lost my dad.

Eugene turns to his brother and shakes his head.

Eugene Dewey:

It's not like that, man. I'd never-

Wayne Dewey:

I know. Deep down, I know. But I just needed to hear that from you, y'know.

Eugene nods again.

Wayne Dewey:

But I still gotta ask, dude, what's going on with you? I mean, I've seen you go from the happy, smiling, friend of everyone to... well, this... What the hell happened to you?

Unable to look his brother in the eye, Eugene turns away and touches his toes.

Wayne Dewey:

Whatever this is you've become, I don't like it. You know who I did like? The old Eugene. The Eugene I used to escort down to that ring. The Eugene I tried to topple after things went south between us... The Eugene nobody could tear down... Where's that guy?

Eugene Dewey:

Look, man-

As Eugene straightens up Wayne takes a step forwards and places his hand on the chest of the former FIST of DEFIANCE.

Wayne Dewey:

He's still in there, I know it.

Eugene Dewey:

Look, this isn't the time to talk about this. I've got a match coming up and I need to get ready. How about you hang out back here, I'll go do what I've gotta do, and then we'll go out together and talk. I know this great restaurant not far from here. Best gumbo you'll ever have, I swear.

Wayne smiles, but it's not that shit-eating grin that he was always so known for, no, this one is much more genuine.

Wayne Dewey:

Sounds good, bro.

Eugene Dewey:

Alright, look, I got a couple of things I need to do first, but I'll meet you back here soon. Just make yourself comfortable, OK?

Eugene heads for the door as Wayne looks around the locker room.

Wayne Dewey:

Sounds good, man. You got your 3DS around here anywhere?

Eugene turns back and points to his duffel bag.

Eugene Dewey:

It's in there. End pocket. Don't overwrite anything or I'll tear your nuts off.

With that Eugene leaves his brother to find the console and flip it open. Wayne leans back and starts playing whatever game Eugene left in there as we fade back to the announce desk.

DDK:

Well there's a blast from the past!

Angus:

We haven't seen Wayne Dewey since... Jesus when did we last seen Wayne Dewey?

DDK:

I think he was trying to manage Stockton Pyre.

Angus:

Who?

DDK:

That's got to be at least 2 years ago. But I guess the pressing question is do you think Wayne can get through to Eugene? I mean, that seemed like a pretty heartfelt conversation back there.

Angus:

That's the pressing question? I'd rather know where Eugene's getting the best gumbo in the world!

CAYLE MURRAY VS. MUSHIGIHARA

Cut back to announce table, where Angus and Keebs sit in-wait.

DDK:

Folks, we are gearing-up for our third match of the evening. This was already a pretty compelling clash of styles between Mushigihara and Cayle Murray, but earlier tonight we saw Eric Dane insert himself and Bobby Dean as the special referee and enforcer respectively. How do you rate Cayle's chances?

Angus:

Against Mushi? *Slim*, pun intended. Fatboy's hungry, Keebs, and he's got calamari in his sights! Cayle's just lucky he'll have an official as *fair* and *impartial* as The BAWS to keep this one civil in case Mushi thinks about getting a little unruly, though.

DDK:

"Fair and impartial"? You're certainly loyal to the guy who pays your cheques, Angus, nobody can deny that.

Angus:

I'm just telling it like it is, Keebs! You know how I do!

The lights drop.

The bass kicks.

♪ "Heavy is the Head" by the Zac Brown Band ♪

The riff, full of bass (that smacks you in the face and puts you in your place), heralds the arrival of the owner and founder of DEFIANCE, and The Faithful are quick to their feet. Eric Dane strides confidently from the backstage area, followed closely by his partner-in-crime, "Beautiful" Bobby Dean. The BAWS stops at the top of the ramp, brushing some dirt off the shoulder of his immaculate referee's shirt, before making his way down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is set for one-fall! Introducing first, your special ring enforcer Bobby Dean, and with him, the special referee... "THE ONLY STAR" ERIC DAAAAANNNNNNEEEEEEEEEEE!

DDK:

Eric Dane can do what he wants, but he's given Cayle Murray another giant hurdle to overcome tonight. As if facing a man of Mushi's size and strength wasn't enough, Cayle now has to contend with his greatest ally wearing the referee's shirt.

Angus:

Are you insinuating that Eric's NOT going to call this one straight down the middle, Keebs?

DDK:

... c'mon, Angus.

Dane enters the rings and stretches both arms out to his side, twirling once in the centre of the ring. Bobby, meanwhile, stands behind him, grinning like a teenager.

♪ "The Wings of Icarus" by Celldweller (DEFIANT Edit) ♪

The DEFIANT Edit kicks-in with a staccato rhythm, choppy guitars, and slowly-escalating strings. It doesn't take long for it to erupt into full-blown chaos, and Cayle Murray steps out from the backstage area to a driving soundtrack of power chords and violin stabs. Without the trademark bomber jacket (for obvious reasons), the Scot paces carefully down the ramp, not taking his eyes off Dane and Dean.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring from Aberdeen, Scotland, standing at 6'1", and weighing-in at 220lbs... CAYLE
MURRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!

Angus:

Squidboy looks like a rabbit in the headlights right now!

DDK:

There's definitely some sheepishness about the talented Scot tonight, Angus. Those interactions with Eric and Bobby were truly unpleasant to witness earlier, and without Andy in his corner, who knows what awaits him during -- and after -- this match.

Angus:

Sometimes I wish we were ringside, Keebs! I wanna see this up close and personal!

Murray hesitates outside the ring, but only for a few moments. Dane shrugs innocently and calls his enemy inside, so Cayle clambers onto the apron and into the ring. He deliberately takes a corner as far away from Eric Dane as possible, but the boss is quick to approach him.

DDK:

What on Earth is this?!

Dane barks something at Cayle, prompting Murray to roll his eyes, then stretch his arms out to his sides. As he does this, Bobby Dean steps forward and starts patting Cayle down.

DDK:

Ahhh, come on! Really?!

Angus:

Better to be safe than sorry, Keebs! You never know what kind of pesky foreign objects these treacherous Scots are gonna sneak-in!

DDK:

I seriously doubt that Cayle Murray would ever bring a concealed weapon to the ring, Angus.

Angus:

These white hats aren't always what they seem: remember Lindsay Troy's ninja stars?!

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

Before Keebler can argue the difference in circumstances, the familiar Terminator-esque salvo of industrial drums and shattering glass fills the hallowed WrestlePlex as the DEFIANCE Faithful respond with a mix of cheers and jeers. The arena entrance glows in golden light and smog as the familiar figures of Eddie Dante and Mushigihara materialize into view.

Darren Quimbey:

... aaaaaand his opponent! Being accompanied to the ring by Eddie Dante, from Mito, Ibaraki Prefecture, Japan, standing at 6'4" and weighing-in at 294lbs, he is "The God-Beast"... MUSHIIIGIHARAAAAAAA!

DDK:

Mushi is coming-in off a series of highly-impressive performances at CLASH of the DEFIANTS, particularly against Bronson Box in the semi-finals.

Angus:

And what better way to build on that than by mangling the male Mary Poppins himself?! This is gonna be one of those

nights where The God-Beast justifies his nickname!

Mushi and Dante, both completely unperturbed by the shenanigans, reach the bottom of the ramp. Mushi clambers onto the apron and then into the ring, prompting a frightened Bobby Dean to scamper away, clearly intimidated by the man who flattened him at CLASH.

Angus:

Heh. I hope Bobo brought a spare pair of underwear tonight...

Finally the music settles down, and both men get ready to throw down. Before they do, however, Cayle points towards Mushigihara, looks at Dane, then pats himself down. All Eric can do is smirk and call for the bell.

DDK:

No pat-down for Mushi?

Angus:

Of course not, Keebs! Everyone knows that Cayle's the devious one here! That squid just can't be trusted!

Cayle moves to the middle, but Mushi stays in his corner, eyeing the smaller man carefully. A cautious Murray tries to avoid over-advancing, and attempts to draw Mushi out by calling for a lock-up. Mushi comes forward, but not to grappler: to bull-rush!

Fortunately, Murray's nimble enough to avoid the former sumo's advances. He ducks, skips behind, and stings Mushi's legs with a few kicks. Mushi turns around slowly, so Cayle takes to the ropes, and baseball slides past him. Cayle hops to his feet, dropkicks Mushi in the back, and lets him stumble away. Turning slowly around, then plodding forward once again, Mushi advances upon Murray who turns sideways and dashes to the ropes again.

The God-Beast throws a clothesline on the rebound, but Cayle ducks, hits the ropes again, then comes back with a flying knee to the solar plexus. Mushigihara staggers backwards, so Cayle advances, popping-off a few forearm strikes, then skipping away before Mushi can grab him.

DDK:

Great start from Cayle despite the circumstances. This is exactly what he's going to have to do to stay alive tonight: there's a clear speed discrepancy between him and Mushi, and he'll be looking to exploit that.

Angus:

He's a nippy little fly, that's for sure, but all flies eventually get squashed. As soon as Mushi catches him, it's over.

Choosing his next move carefully, Mushi takes a sidestep before working back towards Cayle Murray. He finally gets hold of the evasive Scot and forces him into a collar-and-elbow. Instead of fighting, though, Cayle lets Mushi's momentum push him back against the ropes. He loosens-up momentarily, expecting Dane's count to come...

DDK:

That should be a clean break...

The Only Star's in no hurry, though. He casually saunters over to the ropes and takes a long, hard look. Having confirmed that Cayle's back is against the ropes (as if there was any doubt...), Dane sloooooooooowly throws a hand up.

Eric Dane:

ONE!

Instead of waiting for Dane's absurdly-slow count, however, Mushi breaks it up and backs-off.

Angus:

What the fuck are you doing, Fatboy?!

DDK:

I don't think Mushigihara wants anything to do with Dane's fuckery either, Angus. Good.

The God-Beast doesn't quite throw the advantage away, however, and catches Cayle off-guard with a big overhand chop. A second follows, and Murray recoils in pain. Mushi grabs Cayle's wayward wrist and pulls him back in, swinging for a Rainmaker-style Lariat, but Murray ducks behind it! Cayle peppers him with a couple more leg kicks, before stepping off, letting Mushi turn, and throwing a leaping Enzuigiri!

Mushi falls back into the corner, so Cayle charges forward with a leaping forward. Dashing to the opposite corner, Cayle comes running back with another strikes... but Mushi catches him! The God-Best pivots out of the corner with Murray in his clutches, then Belly-to-Belly overheads into into the centre of the ring!

Angus:

Yeahhh boyeeeeee! Take a goddamn seat, Squiddy!

Mushigihara rises to his feet and snaps a glance at the BAWs of DEFIANCE, then turns his attention to the crowd of DEFIAfans at ringside and beckons to them...

Mushigihara:
OSU!

A larger-than-usual contingent of the crowd responds in kind, leading the King of the Monsters to chuckle to himself.

DDK:

He may not be the most popular DEFIANT on the roster, Angus, but Mushigihara has started to get a following among the Faithful, and his toughness as of late has only endeared him more to the crowd.

Angus:

Well, he'd endear himself more to me if he stopped pandering and started pulverizing, Keebs.

Mushi turns back to the downed Cayle Murray, while Eric Dane has already started counting him down, already up to six and rising quickly. Mushi rushes in and pulls Cayle back to his feet, breaking Dane's count, then whipping him into the ropes and following up with a BIG powerslam! Dante slams the mat in jubilation as Mushi goes for the cover, but Dane practically LEAPS to the ground and starts counting...

ONETWOTH--

Cayle manages to kick out of the rapid count, and Mushi just remains on his knees, stewing while Cayle gawks at the BAWs. Dante, in the meantime, looks on in disgust. While Dane and Murray the Younger are staring each other down. Too smart to let Cayle rise on his own, Mushi grabs Cayle's skull and "helps" him up. He peels-off a brutal knife-edge chop that sends Cayle scurrying to the ropes, before landing another. Big, red welts start to form on the Scot's skin.

DDK:

Mushi's in complete control now, Angus, but that was a pretty fast count from Eric Dane.

Angus:

Really?! I think you've had too much coffee tonight, Keebs. There was nothing wrong with the count!

Mushi pulls Cayle away from the ropes and pivots into the middle of the ring, hitting him with a Manhattan Drop. Before Murray can escape, however, The God-Beast seizes both arms, applies the double underhooks, and suplexes him overhead!

Angus:

Splat goes the Squidboy!

DDK:

And here's Mushi with the cover!

ONETWOTHREE--

NO! KICKOUT!

DDK:

Whoaaaa that was close!

Another pinfall attempt brings another ridiculously fast count from Eric Dane. As Cayle Murray's frustration continues, Mushigihara rises to his feet, again taking Cayle with him. Cayle fights back this time, though: throwing a couple of forearms into his gut before breaking loose with a Bionic Elbow! Mushi's dazed, so Cayle runs to the ropes, hops onto the second, and springboards back with a picture perfect rotating European Uppercut!

DDK:

What a move! Cayle Murray is right back in this one!

The God-Beast slumps to the ropes. Cayle charges, but Mushi back body drops him over the top rope... only for Cayle to land on the apron! Cayle stuns him with a forearm to the back of the head, then quickly leaps up to the top turnbuckle, waiting for Mushi to turn around, then flattening him with a Blockbuster! Cayle makes the cover.

But Eric Dane takes his goddamn time in hitting the deck and slapping the canvas.

ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN--

His hand barely hits it before Mushigihara powers out. While Cayle shows his disgust to Eric Dane, Mushi rises and clubs the back of his neck. He seizes Cayle by the waist, looking for a back drop, but Cayle hooks his boot around Mushi's ankle then breaks free with some well-placed elbows to the ribs! PELE KICK!

With his opponent reeling, Cayle runs to the ropes once again... but something prevents him from rebounding.

Bobby Dean's hand around his boot.

BBD wags a chubby finger at Cayle, who turns 'round with a face like thunder. Cayle suddenly flies out of the ring, and Bobby Dean turns on his heels.

DDK:

Look at this, Angus! Cayle's chasing Bobby around the ring!

Angus:

This is why this dork's never gonna make it in DEFIANCE, Keebs. Look how fuckin' emotional this guy is! Eric and Bobby have got him all the way wound-up, and he's fighting like a goddamn idiot.

Meanwhile, Eric Dane has started a count-out, and yup, it's reallllly fast.

ONETWOTHREEFOURFIVE...

Cayle just about has his hands on Bobby Dean when he realises the count's quickness.

SIXSEVENEIGHTNI--

He rolls back into the ring, breaking it just in time. Mushi, meanwhile, shakes his head once again, then beckons his

opponent forward. Cayle looks at Dane, curses, then channels that frustration to charge at his huge opponent! He front dropkicks Mushi straight in the gut, then follows-up with a copy of body kicks topped-off with a spinning back kick. Mushi doubles over, and Cayle comes-in with a knee lift. Murray doesn't relent, however, tying an arm around Mushigihara's neck and pulling him down to the ground.

DDK:

Guillotine Choke! Cayle's going for the submission here, and this might be one of the few genuine avenues to victory he has here! Not even Eric Dane can deny a man tapping out!

Angus:

Heh, that's what you think...

The God-Beast slowly slouches down as Cayle wrenches with all he's got, but there's still too much left in Mushi's tank for him to tap. Even as his oxygen supply dwindles, Mushi hauls his opponent up and throws him brutally into the corner! Cayle blindly walks out, eating an open-hand throat thrust from Mushi, then falling to the mat.

This sets him up perfectly. Mushi moves towards the buckles, scales 'em, then comes crashing down with the slingshot splash!

DDK:

Death Star! That might be all she wrote, folks!

Eric Dane openly applauds the move, before dropping down and administering another one of those shaaaaady counts.

ONETWOTHREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE--

But Cayle throws a shoulder up at the last possible second!

DDK:

What a frustrating affair this is proving for Cayle. We all knew it would go down like this, but Dane's officiating is really allowing Mushi to run roughshod over the tiring Scot.

Angus:

Who says Cayle would stand much of a chance anyway? You've seen Mushigihara, right? The guy's an animal, and if Lady Luck had shined in a different direction, he might've walked into CLASH and won the whole damn thing! What has Cayle Murray ever done in his career?

DDK:

I mean, he's defeated Eric Da--

Angus:

Quiet you!

Verbally expressing his own dissatisfaction for the first time, Mushi rises to his feet.

Angus:

Just fight him, dummy!

DDK:

This is quite a change from the Mushigihara of old, Angus. Do you think his recent battles with Sam Horry have maybe taught him a little humility?

Angus:

I couldn't give a shit as long as he gets to killing this squid right in the tentacles!

Cayle labours to his feet, using the ropes as his aid. The God-Beast moves back in but Cayle swings around with a desperate album, catching him under the jaw! Mushi hobbles, then fires back with an elbow of his own, almost knocking Cayle out of his boots. He ropes Cayle to the corner and charges, looking for the corner splash, but Cayle skips out of the way, letting Mushi run straight into the turnbuckle!

The Scot steps backwards, moving to the opposite corner. He sprints forward when Mushi turns around, but Mushi pops him into the air and grabs him... but Cayle counters the attempting powerbomb, lands on Mushi's shoulders, and 'ranas him down!

DDK:

Mushi's down!

Angus:

But not for long!

It's Cayle who gets up first, but Mushi isn't too far behind him. Fortunately, though, Cayle's well-prepared for this. He runs forward with great force, smashing his knee into Mushi's mask as soon as he gets to one knee.

DDK:

BUSAIKU KNEE KICK!

Angus:

What the?!

DDK:

That might be over, folks!

Cayle hooks the leg. Much to everyone's surprise, Dane hits the deck immediately, and actually counts at an acceptable pace...

ONE!

TWO!

... **NO!**

Eric Dane stops the count, raising a hand to his right eye.

DDK:

Oh for the love of...

Angus:

Looks like the boss has something in his eye, Keebs!

DDK:

Sure he does, Angus! This is a sham! An absolute sham!

Dane stands up and fake-stumbles around the ring. He calls for Bobby's assistance, and his sidekick is soon on the apron, aiding his chief benefactor. Cayle, of course, is furious. He rises to his feet and immediately gets in Eric Dane's face.

Angus:

Calm yourself down now, Squiddo!

DDK:

Who can blame him?! Dane's done nothing but screw with Cayle all match long, and now this?! I'm not saying Cayle was about to win, but that was a big move.

Angus:

Dane got some sand in his eye, Keebs! What do you want him to do?! Have you ever tried to referee a match blind?! Me neither, but I'm sure it's impossible!

Cayle pulls Eric around and looks at him like "what the fuck?!". Dane points to his eye, maintaining the facade at first, while Bobby Dean giggles away behind him. Cayle slaps his hand three times, symbolising the count.

DDK:

Uhhh, wait a minute...

Suddenly, Dane's act stops.

Bobby's face fills with fear again, and he hops to the floor.

Dane points behind Cayle.

Angus:

Time to dieeeeeeeeeee!

Cayle, of course, mistakes it for a rouse. He remains completely oblivious to the giant standing behind him. For his part, Mushigihara just snorts, seizes both of Cayle's arms in a Full Nelson, then lifts and drives a knee into his skull on the way down.

Angus:

CHAOS ENGINE!

DDK:

What a joke, Angus!

And of course, Eric Dane makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Angus:

See ya later, Squidboy! Should'a paid attention to Uncle Eric right there!

DDK:

What a terrible excuse for a wrestling match. Murray never stood a chance, especially in there with someone as dominant as Mushigihara.

Darren Quimbey:

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

His music blaring around the building, Mushi lets his hand get raised before pulling away. He looks at Eric Dane and shakes his head vigorously, before finally leaving the ring.

DDK:

Mushi isn't too happy about the match either, Angus. He wanted the match to play-out on his and Cayle's terms, but in

the end, he got tired of the pantomime and decided to put an end to it.

Angus:

Cayle Murray has nobody to blame but himself, Keebs! This kid isn't just overly emotional -- he's STUPID too. Pay more attention next time, dumbfuck!

DDK:

Oh come on! Here come Bobby and Dane... haven't they done enough already?!

Dane and his partner in crime stand ominously over Cayle's body: Bobby's grinning, Eric's smirking.

Angus:

Yes! Put an end to this sad sap once and for all!

For a moment, Eric Dane reaches down towards his boot.

Angus:

Here comes the forkin'!

DDK:

Not again!

Instead of retrieving his weapon of choice, however, Dane just squats down, gently pats him on the head, then takes his leave.

Angus:

HA! Considered yourself de-ball-ified!

DDK:

A final act of complete and utter humiliation to cap-off a miserable night for Cayle Murray. Him and his brother might have walked-out winners at DEFIANCE ROAD, but he looks far from victorious at the moment.

Angus:

All DEF ROAD did was make things worse for these two, Keebs, especially that fiery little post-match rant that Cayle flew into. Look at 'em now: Andy's fuckin' dead, and Cayle's lying there like the smallest man in the universe. The Murray Brothers are DONE!

DDK:

Ugh... let's head elsewhere.

ARMCHAIR QUARTERBACK

Backstage, Sam and Jeanie sit in front of a monitor talking amongst themselves. Mushighiara has picked up another victory on the road to DEFCON, and 'The King of the Streets' wants to be nothing less than prepared for their epic rematch at DEFIANCE' signature mega-event. Both are casually dressed, as they are only here to observe. Sam wore a blue button-down shirt, and gray slacks, Jeanie, a black, sleeveless, button-down shirt, and red pencil skirt.

Jeanie:

They're bringing out the big guns for you, papi. That new finisher of Mushi's is devastating. We can't be at anything less than 1000% ready at DEFCON.

Sam:

I know. We got this, babe.

Jeanie:

Well, I've seen all I need to see. I'm going to drop these contracts off to the boss, and then we're going back home. Meet me back at the rental, entiendes?

Sam: (smiles)

Nope. Your Spanish es horrible, Jeanie Corazon de la Rivera-Horry.

Jeanie:

Keep it up and I'll serve you to Mushi on a silver platter, myself.

She kisses the top of his head before slapping it. Eventually she leaves Sam alone in the locker room, but he does not get a chance to enjoy the solitude.

Eddie Dante enters the scene, muttering to himself about being used or being a pawn in Eric Dane's little schoolyard bully game or something like that... but he goes silent as soon as he sees Sam Horry, and quickly puts on the appearance of his usual arrogant self.

Eddie Dante:

Enjoy the match, Sam?

Sam:

Yeah, Mushi's new finisher is awesome. I'm glad it got to see the light of day, considering that he won't come close to using it on me at DEFCON.

The Minister of Ungentlemanly Warfare chuckles.

Eddie:

Ah Sam, that trademark overconfidence of yours...you know they say, 'Pride goeth before the fall.' And fall you will at DEFCON, Sam. When it comes to Mushighiara, they all fall eventually.

Sam:

New moves or not, Eddie, when your man steps in there against me at DEFCON, it will be second verse same as the first; except when I put Mushi down he stays down.

Eddie:

This wasn't an exhibition, Horry; this was a foreshadowing.

Sam:

You want foreshadowing? Watch my match next week.

Sam chuckles, as he leaves Eddie behind. Dante takes a deep breath and clenches his fists, before muttering a single word...

Eddie Dante:

...absurd.

UNDEFEATED!!!

We open backstage area where Christie Zane stands poised looking into the camera. Wearing a tight fitting but flattering dress, she looks on with a smile on her face, waiting for her cue.

Christie Zane:

Hello once again Ladies and Gentleman, I'm Christie Zane and WHAT A SHOW WE'VE HAD SO FAR!!!! We just saw the Rain City Ronin in action and if there was any doubt about their ability in the squared circle, then surely.....

A whizzing sound can be heard growing steadily louder. Zane looks off to her right and opens her eyes wide. The camera does not move, it stays centered on Christie. Suddenly but slowly, Mikey Unlikely floats past her. Yes...FLOATS.... Past.

Without so much as even acknowledging her existence, the SOHER goes on by on a silver and black Lexus hoverboard!

Christie Zane:

Mikey, I was hoping I could just get.....

Too late he's gone. Christie, smart enough to know this crew rolls in numbers, sees Mikey's Bruv, Jesse Fredricks Kendrix, coming through on a Segway. She jumps in front of his path with her arms out, trying to stop him.

Christie Zane:

Woah, woah, Kendrix!

With enough time to remove his Armani sponsored bug eye shades, Kendrix's eyes widen at the sight of Zane inches away from him. Casually leaning his body back like a seasoned veteran segway person, he brings his segway, with personalised "JFK" branding on it, to a halt.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah...

Kendrix momentarily squints his eyes at the sight of Zane, unsure of who she is. Smiling awkwardly, Zane gestures her mic out in front of her.

Christie Zane:

Uh, Christie Zane...we met last week...I was on the stage during your awards ceremony??

Kendrix looks taken aback, wracking his brains to figure out who's speaking to him. Struggling to remember, he looks her up and down, trying to remember if she was a fan he slept with. Shaking his head as he gives up on trying to remember and dismissively holds his hand out flat in front of her.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah...Zaney?! You can't just step out in front of a bruv enjoying a casual segway ride in the wrestleplex. It's not on, you could have killed someone, innit?! Now if you don't mind.

Kendrix gestures for Zane to get out of his way as he pops his shades back on, putting a foot onto the Segway. Zane, however, stands firm in seeing out her job at hand.

Christie Zane:

I was just hoping to get you and Mikey's thoughts on the Hollywood Bruvs' debut tag match in Defiance last week?

At that moment, Mikey wizzes unbalanced back into shot, the Southern Heritage Championship strapped around his waist, interrupting Zane.

Mikey Unlikely:

Bruv, what's the hold up?

Kendrix points his index finger directly at Zane:

Kendrix:

Bruv, this bird yeah?! Now JFK has his doubts, but apparently she works here? She's so desperate for an interview with the Hollywood Bruvs that she put her own life in danger. She LITERALLY...stepped out right in front of JFK on his Segway.

Mikey looks over at Zane with his mouth open wide in shock. Shaking his head in disbelief he returns his attention to his tag partner.

Mikey Unlikely:

How fast were you going bruv?

Kendrix:

Full speed, 10 Miles per, innit?!

Mikey has an impressed expression on his face but that quickly turns to anger as he switches his attention to Zane.

Mikey Unlikely:

WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU ZANE??! YOU COULD HAVE KILLED SOMEONE!

The bruvs look at each other in disbelief at the reckless nature of the interviewer. PCP show up a little late, panting and sweating. Elise and The D on a tandem bicycle, and Klein on a razor scooter, the word "Xtreme" written on the side of his box in black sharpie. Elise jumps off of the bike and begins to jot some more things down on Klein's box with a sharpie she pulls out of her top.

Mikey Unlikely:

But you know what Christie, since you risked your life to get close to the bruvs for an interview, you can go ahead and ask the question that everyone wants the answer for!

Pleased to have got the bruvs to somehow focus on business and not their love of the segway and hoverboard codes of conduct, she brings the mic to her mouth. Klein's box now reads "Xtreme: The New EP from the PCP!" and has six stars quickly jotted under it, Elise attempts to showcase it but the camera cuts away.

Christie Zane:

Mikey Unlikely, Jesse Ken...

Mikey Unlikely:

You can go ahead and ask the Sports Entertainment Guild the secret to how they've managed to stay undefeatable during their time in Defiance!

Christie looks at Mikey to see if he's going to continue, he doesn't...

Christie Zane:

OK then, Mikey Un...

Mikey Unlikely:

GREAT QUESTION! Super Reporter Christie Zane wants the scoop, well lucky for you, Mikey ALWAYS delivers. Now I've heard the same rumblings you have miss. That the S.E.G. is cheating to win their matches, that Mikey Unlikely does not deserve to be the DEFIANCE Hollywood Heritage champion! It breaks my heart when people say these things!

JFK gets a concerned look on his face and pats his buddy on the back.

Kendrix:

You ok bruv?

Unlikely sighs, then nods slowly.

Mikey Unlikely:

Yea, I'll be ok pal! Thank you!

He turns his attention back to the interviewer.

Mikey Unlikely:

I understand why people are saying these things, I get it. You cannot hide the truth forever Christie! Sometimes people just have to take a look in the mirror and face the facts. To buy into the truth, and the truth is... Everyone else is jealous!

PCP smile wide and give a thumbs up to Kendrix. The D tries to speak but he's cut off..

Mikey Unlikely:

The future of DEFIANCE, JFK is undefeated!!!! The Greatest Tag Team in DEFIANCE not named Bruvs, are Undefeated!!!

The D throws his arms up in celebration. Elise takes a slight bow.

Mikey Unlikely:

AND most importantly... Your Hollywood Heritage Champion is Undefeated!!!

Christie Zane snorts a bit trying to stifle a laugh. Mikey eyes her up and frowns. Behind him his compadres chatter as well.

The D: (Whispers to Elise Ares)

Hey wait, I thought that Andy Murray beat --

Unlikely spins around and points a finger at Derek Edwards.

Mikey Unlikely:

HEY, YOU DON'T SAY THAT!!

He spins back around, The D looks as if he's just had his dreams crushed. He places his thumb in his mouth and gnaws at his fingernails. Elise runs in place nervously.

Mikey Unlikely:

Andy Murray is a cheating bastard! If you go back and watch he cheap shot me!

Kendrix:

Obvs!!

Mikey Unlikely::

Totally Obvs!! JUST LIKE ANDY SHARP did on the last episode of DEFtv. Well I have a message for Andy Sharp, you coward! I've already pinned you, fair and square, in the middle of that ring at DEF ROAD. I'm sorry somehow you think you are owed a shot at this... MY Hollywood Heritage Title! But the fact of the matter is you are the last person who will be getting ANY title shots against me! In fact after I beat Jason Natas later on tonight, and successfully defend the most prestigious title this company has ever seen, I'm planning a very long and gruelling vacation schedule, so to be honest Sharp, I don't know if I have the time to deal with....a looooooooooser like you!

The Hollywood Bruvs laugh, PCP look at each other and then nervously laugh with them, confused but not wanting to spoil the moment. Klein picks up and starts laughing loudly as everyone else stops. He goes full Santa. The D smacks him in the chest and he coughs. Unlikely looks at Zane again.

Mikey Unlikely::

Now if you'll excuse me, I have more important things to be doing...

Mikey spins on his Lexus hoverboard and floats away, Kendrix gently pushes Christie Zane out of his way before "peeling out" (scooting off), Elise hits the tiny bell on their bike and they follow suit. After a moment, Christie turns to a disorientated Klein.

Christie Zane:

Klein! Klein! We just heard you laugh! We didn't know you made noises. The D told us your larynx was torn out in a wild panda bear attack...

Christie holds the microphone up to Klein's box mouth hole. His eye holes show his eyes widen. In panic, he leans in to plant a box covered kiss onto Christie Zane. She retreats, backing up and raises her hands.

Christie Zane:

Uhm, no?

Klein shrug, gives her a thumbs up, and shuffles off behind the crew ever so gracefully on his tiny scooter. As the camera follows, Klein busts out a tail whip before disappearing around a corner.

THINGS ARE LOOKING SHAKY

A deafening, repetitive thudding introduces us to the backstage area as we find the behemoth known as Frank Dylan James hammering on a locker room door, the name plate clearly visible as "Harmony". He pauses.

Frank Dylan James:

C'mon, Harm! Open th' daggum door!

There's no reply from the other side and he begins to hammer on it again, but he's stopped when the door suddenly swings inward and Harmony stands in front of him looking absolutely furious.

Harmony:

You were way out of line out there.

Frank Dylan James:

Lis'sen, Ah-

Harmony:

I really don't want to hear it, Frank. Regardless of your personal opinions on women in wrestling, I am not some god damned princess in the ivory tower who needs protecting from the evils of the world while I braid my hair and talk to the fluffy little forest animals.

The volume of Harmony's voice slowly rises and she takes a step towards Frank.

Harmony:

I can handle my own shit.

Frank Dylan James:

I jes' didn't want you gettin' screwed over by that Andy Kaufman hippy.

Harmony:

And how exactly did that work out, Frank?!

There's an awkward silence before Harmony exhales a clearly irritated sigh and runs her fingers through her curls.

Harmony:

For the sake of our friendship, Frank, give me some space right now.

And before Frank can reply again, she slams the locker room door closed. For a moment Frank stares at the door. He can't help but think he can fix this if Harmony would only just listen. He's just about to knock again when he's interrupted mid-thought.

Voice:

If you ask me Frank, I'd say she'd look good sitting in an ivory tower braiding her hair.

Frank turns and is met by the smug smile of Curtis Penn.

Frank Dylan James:

I didn't ask you. Now git outta mah way or Ah'll bust her Gyat-Damn noggin fer ya!

Penn thrusts his arm across the hallway, blocking FDJ from leaving.

Curtis Penn:

Well... you didn't ask me, but then again I don't care. You see Frank there's not much that you have that I do care about. While you seemingly bump into random people backstage over the years and ya'll become best good friends,

I've pretty much kept to myself. And all the while I've racked up wins and championship runs, all you've racked up are blown up friendships and busted teeth.

Frank holds the DOC up, brandishing it.

Frank Dylan James:

Reckon ah got this.

He smiles a toothy grin.

Frank Dylan James:

Wharr's yers?

Penn casts a sideways glance at the D.O.C and smiles.

Curtis Penn:

I reckon you do.

Penn reaches up and pats the gold plate.

Curtis Penn:

But then again I reckon I could make this title worth something too, just like I did with the Southern Heritage Championship.

Curtis grins.

Curtis Penn:

So shine it up for me... would'ja?

The Hillbilly Jesus, having held his temper in check for as long as is possible for one of his nature, can almost feel the blood rushing as his face goes red, his eyes go wild, and his broken teeth go to gnashing.

Frank Dylan James:

Boy... I'mma give ya the benefit'a th' doubt this **one** time because Ah got other more pressin' matters on mah mind. But Ah swear to you by mah Gran'pappy's hooch recipe, iff'n you ever touch me or mah goddamn property again, I'mma gonna break off yer fuckin' hand an eat it fer ya.

Frank tries in vain to keep it together.

Frank Dylan James:

NAH GIT AWFFA MAH GODDAMN LAWN YA STUPID FUCKIN' HIPPY BAYSTERD!

Curtis Penn:

Fuck you... Your lawn... You fucking trailer trash pig-poking toothless fuck. You ever talk to me like that again I'll take your title and lil Miss Thing in there too. I'll beat you into the canvas like I'm about to do to Impulse. I'll take away your precious lil' title and turn it into another earmark in my legacy, turning you into another cVc, just another asshat that stood on the opposite side of the ring from me. Another person who lost their worth to me. One more wrestler who thought that a gold plate and leather strap would make them special.

Penn gives a quick pause.

Curtis Penn:

Instead you'll just be another hill country hick who will lost a championship to me.

With Penn's intensity brewing he clamps down on his lower lip and bites off his frustration.

Curtis Penn:

You know what, I can't even... not with *you* anyway.

He blows past Frank. He stops and spins on his heels.

Curtis Penn:

You ain't worth the blood pressure meds, Frankie-my-boy.

Curtis storms down the hallway, leaving Frank to actually bite a chunk out of the leather of the Onslaught title belt to keep himself from breaking Curtis Penn into more little fingers than Frank has fingers and toes to count.

EUGENE DEWEY VS. SEAN JACKSON

♪ "Dark Lord Bowser" by Thunderclash ♪

DDK:

Heres comes the former FIST!

Angus:

Being a former champ for Eugene is like having the second highest score on the Street Fighter machine down at the 7/11, Keeps.

DDK:

Watch out blowing the dust off that reference there, partner.

Angus:

Oh, eat me.

Out onto the stage steps a visibly preoccupied Eugene Dewey. He rubs the back of his neck and looks towards the back as he heads down the ramp. The DEFIAfans in attendance don't seem to know how to react to the Ginger Guru of Gaming as several of the jeers while a good chuck of the faithful applaud the former FIST. Dewey rolls into the ring and heads to his corner while talking to himself, almost as though he's trying to hold a conversation with someone in his head.

♪ "In The Air Tonight" by Phil Collins ♪

DDK:

This is a HUGE opportunity for Sean Jackson here, taking on the longest reigning...

Angus:

Ugh, stop, please we hear it enough from him for Christ sake.

Jackson is quick to the ring, the wiley veteran never taking his eyes off the former FIST of DEFIANCE his entire trek down the ramp. As soon as he's in the ring, the bell sounds and we get immedietly underway.

DDK:

Brian Slater wasting no time getting this contest underway, partner.

Angus:

Blame that on ol' Euge down there and his *flawless* reputation with Slater and the rest of the referees. Two years of HELL for those guys, Keeps.

The two competitors circle in the ring and tease a tie up. Eugene lunges in, but Jackson backpedals and walks away from the former FIST. Jackson runs his hand over his head and grins at Dewey, who simply stares daggers back at the Lone Star of Texas.

Eugene looks to engage again, and this time gets a tie up. Dewey pushes Jackson back into the corner, and after a couple of seconds of holding him there, Brian Slater steps in and asks for a break. The two stay tied up for a few more moments before breaking and slowly they separate. That is until Sean Jackson jabs a thumb into the eye of the former FIST and whirls him around into the corner. Jackson unloads with a series of rights into the jaw of Dewey and follows them up with a knee to the midsection. Eugene tries to cover up and ducks down, but that only allows Jackson to push his foot into the Ginger One's throat and forces him through the ropes. Slater reaches a four count before Jackson releases the choke and backs off holding his hands up.

Slater allows Eugene time to get back to his feet, but as soon as he does Jackson rushes in with a forearm to the side of Eugene's head which stuns the former FIST. Sean snapmares Eugene out of the corner and to the mat where he locks in a rear chinlock. With his free hand Jackson rakes at Eugene's eyes, which caused Brian Slater to call for

another break. Sean obliges, and the head referee of DEFIANCE gives him a stern talking to, but Jackson doesn't seem to pay any attention to it.

As Dewey gets back to his feet Sean closes in again and locks in a side headlock. Jackson delivers a straight shot to the face of Dewey as he holds on to the headlock, but that appears to backfire on him as Dewey lifts him and drops him with a back suplex. Eugene covers for a one count before Sean kicks out.

Both men get to their feet and Sean swings with a right that Eugene ducks. Dewey replies with a right of his own and then a back elbow. A few more strikes knock Sean back against the ropes where Dewey then whips him from across the ring. Jackson rebounds and comes at Eugene who ducks down for a back body drop. Jackson puts on the brakes and grabs Eugene's head to take him down with a swinging neck breaker. Jackson covers Eugene quickly and gets a two count before Dewey gets his shoulder up.

Jackson pulls Eugene to his feet and controls him with a front facelock. Eugene lifts Jackson off of his feet and drives him towards the corner of the ring. Jackson's back collides with the turnbuckles and he loses his hold on Eugene, who straightens up. As he does so though, Sean leans through the ropes in an attempt to force Eugene to back off. Brian Slater steps in and tells Eugene to do just that, but Eugene seems hesitant to do so.

Jackson yells at Slater to get Eugene to step back. Finally Dewey does so, and Jackson flashes him a smug grin as he re-enters the ring. Eugene looks less than impressed with the reaction of Jackson, but he takes a deep breath and looks to re-engage. Jackson ducks the collar and elbow tie up attempt and goes behind on the former FIST. He charges Dewey into the ropes and rolls him up off the rebound. Sean even grabs a handful of Dewey's sweatpants and scores another two count before Eugene manages to kick out.

Eugene scrambles back to his feet and turns to Sean, who jumps at him looking for a DDT. Eugene throws him off though. Jackson lands on his feet and takes an open palm strike to the mouth which sends him back into the corner. With fire in his eyes Eugene charges in and squashes Jackson against the turnbuckles with an avalanche splash. Eugene hits the ropes and comes back at Jackson, but before he can hit his usual butt bump, Sean escapes to the outside of the ring.

DDK:

Sean Jackson's corner cutting finally seems to have gotten to Eugene!

Angus:

This is the Eugene we've come to know and love!

Dewey manages to halt his run and exits the the ring. He waits for Jackson to turn around before cannonballing off the apron to connect with the Lone Star of Texas! Eugene pulls Jackson up to his feet and throws him back first into the guard rail. Sean tries to escape Dewey's clutches, but he only gets his head bounced off of the ring post and the the apron for good measure. Dewey scoops Jackson up and slams him on the arena floor before pulling him up and tossing him into the ring. But just before Eugene slides in after him...

Bronson Box:

EEEEUUUUGENE!

The DEFIatron lights up with the mustachioed face of the Wargod.

DDK:

What the hell does he want!?

Angus:

If you shut up we might find out!

Eugene turns to the DEFIatron with a confused look on his face. The image zooms out from just Box's face to reveal his upper body.

Bronson Box:

Are you havin' fun out there Eugene? Because I'm havin' *SO* fun back here!

The shot on the DEFIatron pans down passing over a bloody streak down the wall to reveal Wayne Dewey's crimson face with Bronson Box's boot pressed firmly against it. Eugene doesn't wait to see or hear any more and sprints up the ramp towards the back.

Bronson Box:

Just like the old days, my boy! Come join us, right Wayne? Eugene should come back here and JOIN US!

The Wargod's laughing face is replaced with not but static.

Angus:

Hang on with all this Inglorious Bastards bullshit, Dewey's in a *match* right now!

DDK:

And his brother's in danger!

Buffalo Brian Slater's count doesn't stop as Eugene disappears through the curtain, and he soon reaches ten.

Ding Ding Ding**Quimbey:**

Here is your winner, via countout, Sean Jackson!

DDK:

Jackson holds his hand high as he lies on the floor while still recovering from that late onslaught by Dewey, but the big story here is what the hell is Dewey going to do when he finds Bronson Box?

Angus:

I don't think we'll have to wait too long to find out.

DDK:

Not with the way Dewey was moving!

THE LOOPHOLE

"WAAAAAYNE!"

Eugene Dewey comes racing around the corner, spotting Boxer and his helplessly pinned brother before his echo fully diminishes. He approaches his DEFCON opponent with obvious, *seething* rage. Boxer has Wayne Dewey's head pushed into the right angle where wall meets floor. Right beside Boxer is his manager, Jane Kastze. Behind them, all seven feet of Jane's personal bodyguard Nicky Corozzo and Bronson's training partner Reinhardt Hoffman, both men in similar relaxed states, watching the "show."

The End Boss doesn't even acknowledge their presence.

Eugene Dewey:

Let him go. Now.

The Wargod retorts by quoting Kelly Evans from last week.

Bronson Box:

"Eugene, if you so much as touch Bronson Box or anyone in his posse before the bell rings at DEFCON you will be fired from DEFIANCE."

He lets that sink in for reinforcements sake before continuing on quoting Ms. Evans.

Bronson Box:

"If you or any of your associates, friends, partners or whatever other word you want to use to describe your current gaggle of shiteels, so much as BREATHE in Eugene's direction, you're done..." et cetera. Tell me, Eugene... anywhere in there did she expressly say I can't lay hands on YOUR associates, friends, partners... or family members? She didn't *did she, boy?*

Eugene has no choice but to stand there, because he knows the Scotsman is 100% correct. The dangers of making matches on the fly in a business where loopholes can mean... well, situations like the one poor Wayne Dewey finds himself in currently.

Bronson Box:

What? No bollocks, lad? ... Maybe that's because without me you don't have any... Not anymore.

Eugene dosen't listen to a word.

Eugene Dewey:

If you hurt him... you *know* I'm going to fucking kill you.

Something about the way Eugene delivered the line makes Bronson smile.

Bronson Box:

Theeeeeeeeeere you are Eugene... say, I have an idea. Let's you, me and your wee brother here conduct a little experiment. Let's see if we can't wedge that old *white hat* back on that ego inflated melon o'yours, eh lad? I've got just the tool for the job, come think...

The Wargod reaches down in his boot and produces *THE* Spike. Eugene begins to lunge forward, almost out of pure instinct but stops when he hears Wayne's muffled voice croaks what sounds distinctly like *"Eugene, stop"* right before Boxer plunges the rusty blood-caked piece of metal DEEP into the fleshy unmarred forehead of Wayne Dewey.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHG...

The bloodcurdling scream that escapes Wayne's lips rips through Eugene like a hot knife. After removing the Spike, he stands up and looks his nemesis directly in his eyes... drinking in every ounce of white hot rage The Gaming Guru is

laser beaming right into The Scottish Strongman's face. After a few tense moments we see the DEF medical team push past the grinning, satisfied Hoffman, Katze and Corozzo and start tending to Wayne's injury. Boxer pays them no mind, the job is done...

Bronson Box:

Come DEFCON I'm not gunna' need this bloody thing to beat you, boy...

Box *drops* the Spike, still wet with his brothers blood, right at Eugene's feet.

Bronson Box:

Because if you don't dig FOOKIN' deep and find me the little unknown rat *FOOK* that managed to score three, *THREE* victories over me all those years ago, you're bloody toast. If you come marchin' to the ring like the *longest reigning FIST in the history of yadda yadda* you'll be FOOKIN' toast, boy'o. If that's the Eugene I'm gunna' be facin' you go ahead and **STOOP DOWN** and pick up that bloody Spike and tuck it into yer' own blasted boot... because if that's how you come at me? Like a weakling? You'll bloody need it, Eugene. Hand on the fuckin' *BIBLE* you'll need it.

The two Original DEFIANTS share a moment of silence between the both of them before Boxer steps aside and allows Eugene room to pass and check on his brother. Before he does that however Eugene, fighting back tears of rage, leans in for just a moment...

Eugene Dewey:

I'm gonna tear your black heart out of your chest and hold it in front of you so you can watch it stop beating. You want the Eugene Dewey of DEFIANCE 1.0 and 2.0? You're not getting him. But guess what? You're in luck, 'cause you're not getting the Eugene Dewey of the last year either. I'm coming to DEFCON, and I'm coming as something you've never seen before. Screw all this "*bring back good ol' Eugene*" bullshit. You're gonna get ME. **Period.** You're gonna get the best Eugene Dewey there's ever been, and you're gonna regret ever wishing for anything of the sort *boy'o*.

Bronson seems to sup on every word. Eugene then simply walks over to where his brother is being tended to without even a second glance towards The Wargod. The silent but everpresent cadre of Jane, Reinhardt and Big Nicky Corozzo all gather around Bronson and exit the scene alongside their leader. After watching them go the camera zooms in on the bloody Spike, still laying where Boxer dropped it, before we quietly cut back to the commentation station and Keebler and Skaaland's shocked and bemused faces.

Angus:

THAT fuckin match is going to end in a goddamn homicide investigation, mark my words.

DDK:

You 'aint kidding.

THERE BE MONSTER TRUCKS, AARRRR!

We cut to the rooftop of the DEFIANCE WrestlePlex. There are monster trucks.

Cecilworth Farthington:

Why are these even here? Is this another one of L. Bruises' plots?

Uncle Barty:

I think it has something to do with Gawker, some weird promotion thing if I've been reading my internet blogs correctly. Which I haven't. Because I don't know what that even means.

Cecilworth Farthington:

Should we get in the Monster Trucks? Do you think that's what we're supposed to do? Maybe that will get us the briefcase?

Uncle Barty:

I don't know... I heard Monster Truck Battles killed a man once.

The wind howls around them. 'Tis a dark, moonlit night in New Orleans, full of terror, evil, terror, and pain!

And also monster truck engines gently whirring away.

A noise suddenly catches the Farthington's attentions. It's loud, mechanical, and completely obnoxious... but nowhere near as obnoxious as that which precedes it. It's the Star Wars Imperial March, and it's playing in the most epicly wonderful format imaginable.

[8-bit MIDI!](#)

Cecilworth Farthington:

Dear Uncle, I think my ears might be bleeding. I'm not sure if that's this awful noise or that incident with father having more side effects.

Uncle Barty:

I'd go with the former.

Something moves beside them. Every so slowly, a stealthy little cherry picker basket creeps up the side of the building! Oh no! Such horror! Such torment! The villain himself, L. Bruises, stands within the basket, and brings it to a juddering halt that almost sees him tumble from it (and presumably to a grisly death that he'd then go-on to no-sell, because this is a big show. Yes.).

The boombox over his shoulder appears to be the source of the obnoxious music, and he's wearing the same cloak and mask (covered in little bruises, of course) combination as last week. The notorious Mr. L. Bruises cocks his head back...

L. Bruises:

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Cecilworth Farthington looks over at his uncle.

Cecilworth Farthington:

So should we get in the monster trucks now or...

Uncle Barty:

WE ARE NOT GETTING IN ANY MONSTER TRUCKS.

L. Bruises: [in his best Darth Vader voice (it's terrible, btw)]

LOOK, I AM YOUR FATHER!

Cecilworth Farthington:

You threw acid on me?

He presses "pause" on his wonderful music machine, then reaches down to his feet, slowly pulling Cecilworth's treasured briefcase up with him.

L. Bruises:

... AND I HAVE BROUGHT WITH ME A BRIEFCASE, A BRIEFCASE THAT YOU LIKE, AND ALSO USED TO OWN, BEFORE I, THE GREAT VILLAIN L. BRUISES, AKA EVILEST MAN IN DEAF FIRE ANTS, KIDNAPPED IT, FROM YOU, THE SILLYMAN... YES.

Having successfully confused everyone in-attendance (including himself), L. Bruises pauses to realign his thoughts.

L. Bruises:

HAVE YOU BROUGHT THE EIGHTEEN DOLLARS, SLASH 500,000 MICHELOB MIKEY MONIES?!

Cecilworth's eyes widen in a panic as he pats down his now empty pockets, owing to tossing all his spare change at Jack Hunter earlier in the evening.

Cecilworth Farthington:

We were supposed to bring money? Barty! Why didn't you remind me of this?

Uncle Barty:

What am I? Siri?

L. Bruises:

NO?!

The Villain shakes his head.

L. Bruises:

TSK, TSK, TSK, SILLYMEN! I, THE GREAT L. BRUISES, AM BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED, AND UPSET, AND PURE RAGIN', ABOUT YOUR TRANSGRESHAY! GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T KILL MR. BRIEFCASE RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW?!

L. Bruises moves perilously close to the edge of the basket, dangling the briefcase over.

Cecilworth Farthington:

Because I have a lot of money? Like not on me. But like totes real big Scrooge McDuck vault amounts of money.

Cecilworth tosses a Credit Card at L. Bruises skull, it plunks off. L. Bruises picks it up and examines the card number closely.

L. Bruises:

WHAT KIND OF BUSINESS CARD IS THIS?! THE TELEPHONE NUMBER IS FAR TOO LONG, SILLYBOY!

He flicks it carelessly behind him, into the night.

L. Bruises:

NO MATTER, FARTYMAN! I SEE THAT YOU ARE UNABLE TO MEET MY DEMANDS THIS EVENING, BUT SEEING AS YOU HAVE PROMISED ME MONEY -- HOPEFULLY CHOCOLATE MONEY -- I SHALL LET YOU OFF THIS WEEK, BECAUSE I MAY BE EVIL, YES, BUT I ALSO HAVE A HEART, A HEART MADE OF COAL, AND IRON, AND CHOCOLATE... BUT A HEART. YES.

L. Bruises breathes heavily. Darth Vader, innit?

L. Bruises:

I SHALL SPARE THE LIFE OF YOUR PRECIOUS BRIEFCASE... BUT REMEMBER, SILLYMAN, IF YOU EVER...
EVERRRRRRRRR WANT TO SEE HIM AGAIN, YOU WILL MEET MY DEMANDS... AT DEFTV 67!

With that, Mr. L. Bruises flips the “play” button on his boombox once again. The 8-bit Imperial March kicks-in midway through, as he grabs a lever on the cherry-picker. The basket starts to creep down the side of the building slowly... like, really slowly. So slowly, in fact, that the Farthingtons are stuck watching L. Bruises for at least a minute before he finally disappears from view.

Cecilworth Farthington:

Told you we should have got in the monster truck.

Cut.

IMPULSE VS. CURTIS PENN

DDK:

We've got ourselves a grudge match up next, Angus!

Angus:

Is it Hollywood McFuckass getting his ass whipped by MAIFUTUREWIFE?

DDK:

Not quite, sir. We're gonna see Impulse take on Curtis Penn in a rematch from the Marathon Man's debut!

♪ "Revolution" by Sirsy ♪

Angus:

Oh lord... shittier versus shittier.

The FAITHFUL appear to disagree with Angus' statement, as they give a loud, rousing cheer to the Marathon Man and his manager/valet/whatever, Calico Rose. Impulse stops at the top of the ramp and takes in the crowd, while Calico Rose - predictably - makes a beeline for the commentary table, two pieces of paper in her hand.

"BLOW IT UP! BLOW IT UP!"

She stops and fist bumps Keebler, and turns her attention to Angus. He looks nervous, and both his hands have conveniently left the table.

Calico Rose:

How ya feeling, Angus?

Angus:

Oh, you know - some good days, some bad.

Cally:

I figured that, so I made you something.

Angus looks at her surprisingly.

Angus:

What? You... made me something?

Cally:

Well, to be fair I had someone else make you something since I'm a terrible artist and I know plenty of good ones. But it was my idea.

She hands him one of the piece of paper, which he unfolds and holds up so the camera can see - it's a photorealistic drawing of Calico Rose, shades on, tongue sticking out, fist out in front of her drawn body.

Angus:

Well... thanks?

Cally does not answer, but she unfolds the other piece of paper, and it's Angus in his tuxedo T-shirt, holding his own fist out with his eyes rolled sarcastically. She pounds her fist against her paper, then folds it and tucks it in her back pocket.

Cally:

See? Now we can fist bump by proxy, and it won't bother your hands!

She hugs him, and he looks shocked, then surprised, then indifferent, then grudgingly accepting as he returns the hug.

Angus:

Well...thanks?

She smiles, then sprints away from the commentary table to catch up with Impulse, who has made it to ringside by this point.

DDK:

Angus, are you all right?

Angus:

It's allergies, Keebs... shut up.

At ringside, Impulse hands his leather jacket to an attendant, peels off his custom made "Real World's Champion: Phil Collins" T-shirt, and tosses it to the fans, and waits in the corner for his opponent, all while conversing with Cally.

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" by eRa♪

The cheers immediately turn to boos at the opening chord of the song, and the boos only intensify when they see Curtis Penn has a microphone in his hand.

Curtis Penn:

So here we are again, idiots, losers, and stupid, ugly cunts.

Boos.

Penn:

Tonight, right now... you're going to see more Greatness than you deserve. You're going to see me take that self righteous bastard in the ring, AND his whore... and make them both my bitches.

More boos. In the ring, Cally puts a hand on Impulse's chest as if to hold him back. He looks relaxed, but completely focused.

Penn:

Tonight. Right now... you're going to learn, Impulse... that you don't belong in the same ring as Curtis Penn. But that's nothing to be ashamed of... none of those idiots in the back belong in my ring.

DDK:

Strong words from Curtis Penn, and while the fans are giving him their opinion, Impulse looks calm and collected in the corner!

Angus:

...

DDK:

Angus?

Angus:

...What?

DDK:

...Are you fist bumping your drawing?

A rustle of paper can be heard.

Angus:

Fuck no. What, isn't this match over yet?

The bell rings, and the two athletes circle each other, neither ready to make the first move. Penn looks focused, studying Impulse's every move to find an opening, while Impulse looks more relaxed, as if he has nowhere to go and is perfectly happy to let Penn make the first move.

And he does.

Penn fakes a lockup twice, earning a half - hearted flinch from Impulse the first time and a disinterested eyeroll the second. Third time's the charm, however, as Penn lands a rabbit punch to Impulse's jaw, rocking the Marathon man back a half step.

DDK:

Swift right hand, but I don't think there was much behind it, Angus!

Angus:

I'd hope not, since he doesn't look rocked at all. If that's the best Penn can do, he's pathetic... Yeah, it's probably the best he can do.

DDK:

Unsurprisingly, Shields says nothing about the cheap shot.

The fans boo mercilessly as Impulse rubs his jaw with a wry smile.

DDK:

Impulse is cool, he's not taking the bait.

Angus:

He's not engaging, either. Pardon me while I take a nap.

In the ring, still unwilling to let Curtis Penn under his skin, Impulse leans against the corner and gestures for him to come closer. Penn responds with an arrogant sneer and he points at Impulse, telling him essentially the same thing. Between the standoff, however, the referee gestures to Impulse, that he needs to get off the ropes or he'll be disqualified.

He does so, all the while Penn taunts him and dares him to attack.

The fans raise in volume, as they're pushed to the brink of anticipation for Impulse's first attack, but he paces in a short, two-step back - and - forth.

DDK:

Little cat and mouse happening here, Angus!

All of a sudden, Impulse dives toward Penn's leg! Penn pulls back with plenty of time, and Curtis Penn falls forward to the mat to a resounding pop!

Angus:

Wait, what the hell just happened? Can we see that again?

A split - screen shows what's happening now - Impulse with a deeply leveraged leglock, forearm behind Penn's knee, and a ton of pressure on the joint. At the same time, on the other side, we can see Impulse legdive Penn on the replay, but just as Penn steps back, out of reach, Impulse diverts his aim to the leg that Penn did not pull back. He straight -

arms the side of his knee to knock him off balance, and rolls through to trip Penn up and lock him where he was.

Curtis Penn, to his credit, recovers quickly and instead of landing on his face, he breaks his fall with his hands and scrambles to the ropes. Impulse breaks on two.

DDK:

You can bet that was to send a message, Angus!

Angus:

Yeah... you insult me, you insult my chick, and I break on two. Intimidating.

Curtis Penn's cocky swagger is completely gone; he locks up with Impulse and transitions to a low side headlock; low enough to be a choke, actually. Shields does not call attention; he looks bored by it. However, even as Impulse's face turns red, he lifts Penn and drops him on his neck, shoulders, and back of the head with a side suplex that breaks the hold and forces Penn to roll out of the ring to regroup!

The fans cheer for the intelligent strategy, as much as they booed Penn's a few moments earlier. Instead of counting, Shields pulls a cigarette out of his back pocket and lights it up, wandering the ring with a complete lack of interest.

DDK:

Curtis Penn walking off the effects of Impulse's attack so far, and... there's no count. Seriously, Mark?

Angus:

If you expected anything else, you're both naive and sad.

Calico Rose wisely keeps at least two sides of the ring between herself and Penn; while Impulse reminds the referee that his opponent is outside the ring. Bad move; he actually threatens Impulse with disqualification for "telling him how to do his job." The fans boo, as he actually says it loud enough for them to hear.

Penn reenters the ring on the other side, after a good thirty seconds of pacing and the referee's count of 'one.' He also takes a moment to shout obscenities at some ringside fans before stepping back through the ropes, taking full advantage of the fact that Impulse is not the type to jump him.

DDK:

Finally, we've got a lockup!

Angus makes some fake snoring sounds that abruptly cut off.

Angus:

Wait, what? Actual movement?

Penn backs Impulse up into the ropes, and leverages him back until the referee starts the count. At four he backs off, but fires a disrespectful backhand towards his face -

DDK:

IMPULSE CAUGHT HIM! Double wristlock, that is a painful hold, Angus - that he's gotten straight up submissions from in the past, and Penn clearly looks in pain! OOOH! Mule kick to the groin! Impulse releases the hold!

Of course, the referee didn't see it. Cally tries to get his attention, even as Impulse drops to a knee and holds onto the middle rope for support. Mark Shields looks at her and simply blows smoke in her face, sending her back several steps. Penn takes the opportunity to land a stiff boot in Impulse's face, and transitions into a choke across the middle rope.

Angus:

This is what you get for following the rules. What did I say last time? A shameful Impulse.

DDK:

Penn shoves Impulse into the corner, and whips him across the ring! He's certainly approaching this match differently, Angus!

Angus:

I've called Curtis Penn many things, all of which he's deserved - but he's not stupid. He clearly underestimated Impulse in their last encounter, and he's clearly looking to put him away quickly this time out.

Penn follows Impulse into the corner, just two steps behind. As Impulse's back lands against the turnbuckle, Curtis Penn is right there to crush his spine and snap his neck with a hard clothesline that slumps him again, upright by hanging onto the top rope. He coughs, trying to regain his air, while Penn hooks him - and one of his arms - and sends him backwards with a modified suplex, dropping the Marathon Man on his neck and shoulders!

DDK:

Curtis Penn with a quick cover! ONE... TWO... Kickout by Impulse!

Angus:

And it almost wasn't. Last time out, Knox showed Penn that trying to get a submission would turn out... gross... so he's clearly going for a knockout.

As Impulse pushes up to his hands and knees, Penn drives a kick straight into his kidneys, sending the Marathon Man back to the mat.

Penn:

Where's your wisecracks now?

Another kick to the gut!

Penn:

Where's all that unearned self confidence?

He bounces off the ropes and drops a leg across the back of Impulse's neck! Rollover, and another cover! ONE... TWO... Kickout by Impulse!

DDK:

Curtis Penn clearly in control, Angus! He hooks him... Side suplex - NO! Curtis Penn just dropped Impulse chest first on the top rope! He might've had the wind knocked out of him!

Mark Shields moves into position to see if Impulse wants to give it up, but he says no. Penn yells at him to ask again, but Shields simply shrugs and tells him to get back at it.

Angus:

If Impulse loses, we're never gonna hear the end of it.

To his credit, Impulse is not going down quietly. He's already on one knee, using the ropes to help him regain his equilibrium and his breath. Curtis Penn, however, is not giving him that opportunity. He puts a hand behind Impulse's head and forces him to his feet, and sends him headfirst into the nearest turnbuckle! Penn hoists him to the top and begins to climb.

DDK:

Impulse with a forearm! Penn with a fist!

The fans come back to life at the sign of Impulse fighting back! He sends another forearm into Penn's face, rocking him backwards and giving him some breathing room!

Angus:

There we go!

Taking advantage of the shift, Impulse steps up - and Penn runs into the ropes, causing Impulse to lose his balance and stumble back to the mat!

Angus:

And there it goes. He had a chance, but he was going for some flippy - do shit, and you see what happens.

Penn follows it up with a knee to the gut and a gut-wrench suplex, and another cover. ONE... TWO... THREEKICKOUT! What he has in momentum he lacks in overall damage; Impulse manages to get the shoulder up just in the nick of time.

DDK:

Impulse running out of chances, he needs to turn the tide, and do it fast!

The fans may have heard Keebler, as they start slowly - but rapidly the entire arena is chanting "LET'S GO IMPULSE!" followed by a series of claps. Penn looks out at the fans and shakes his head with a smug look on his face, as if to tell them they're wasting their breath. He scoops Impulse and sends him off the ropes with an Irish Whip... Clothesline - Impulse ducks it and hits the opposite side - SUPERMAN PUNCH BY PENN!

DDK:

That might do it! Impulse hit the mat like a bomb and he's out, Angus!

Angus:

He's not out. He can't be out. It's against the laws of nature - or at least good taste - for Curtis Penn to win a match.

Curiously, Penn does not go for the cover. He nudges Impulse with his foot, to a chorus of boos, and looks out into the crowd. The boos increase as he runs his thumb across his neck and pulls the Marathon Man to his feet, and hooks him in a full nelson! He maneuvers - slash - pulls him to the ropes where Calico Rose pounds the mat with her fist to try and get him moving.

Penn:

This one's for you, bitch!

Angus:

What an asshole!

DDK:

CURTISPLEX - Impulse blocks it!

Indeed, the showboating may cost Curtis Penn, as he was still too close to the ropes when he attempted the Curtis Plex; Impulse hooks the middle rope with his boot and prevents himself from going over; Penn tries again but Impulse has a decent hook. He puts Impulse back to the mat and drags him back a foot - IMPULSE WITH A BACK HEADBUTT! He drives the back of his head into Penn's face, and he releases the hold! Stunner on Curtis Penn!

DDK:

Penn rolls away, holding his mouth and chin in pain, while Impulse collapses to the mat! Incredible ring awareness! Shields counts! ONE... TWO...THREE... FOUR...

Angus:

If he caused Curtis Penn to bite his tongue, thus rendering him mute, I'll take back all the nasty things I've ever said about Impulse.

The count continues, reaching six, when Penn gets back to his feet and charges his opponent. He scoops him -

SMALL PACKAGE BY IMPULSE! ONE... TWO... THICKICKOUT! Penn scrambles away to keep Impulse from easily following up, but as soon as he reaches the other side of the ring and stands up, Impulse kips up to a roar of approval from the crowd!

He then falls backwards into the top rope, but he stays on his feet and gestures to Penn, this time, to bring it to him!

DDK:

Penn looks incensed! He moves toward Impulse, Impulse moves towards him - Impulse catches his outstretched fist! Armwrench into a DDT! The cover, ONE... TWO... THREEKICKOUT by Penn!

Impulse steps through the ropes and waits on the ring apron for Curtis Penn to get back to his feet; Mark Shields cautions him to get back into the ring, but seems more concerned when his cigarette falls out of his mouth and he turns his back to look for it.

Finally, Penn climbs to his feet; Impulse pulls back, slingshots himself to the top rope, and comes off with a flying clothesline that drops Penn to the mat again! Cover! No referee!

Angus:

Sure, sparky... cigarettes first. Idiot.

DDK:

Finally! ONE... TWO... Kickout! Impulse pounds the mat in frustration, and I think he may have had the win if the referee was on top of things, Angus!

Angus:

That's a pretty big 'If' there, Keebs.

Impulse rises, and circles the ring, clapping his hands - and the fans join in! He's breathing heavy, but he looks far and away back in this match after the punishment he took earlier. Curtis Penn rises to his feet, and Impulse gets himself ready! Penn turns - SUDDEN IMPACT! He collapses to the mat!

DDK:

There it is! ONE... TWO... THREE!

The bell rings as Impulse backs up and tries to get Mark Shields' attention.

Quimby:

Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner... IMPULSE!

Angus:

He's not acting like a winner, Keebs!

Certainly not. Impulse shouts something at the timekeeper, and points at Curtis Penn. Shields shrugs his shoulders and shakes his head.

Angus:

Oh, for the love of... are you kidding me?

Zoom in tightly on Curtis Penn's foot draped across the bottom rope. A replay shows the foot grabbing the rope after the two but before the three, and Impulse backing up off the pin as soon as he sees it.

DDK:

Impulse arguing the referee's decision, he's saying he doesn't want to win that way! While I appreciate his honesty and his integrity, I don't think this is the time or place for it!

Angus:

This is why I have issue with him. He has no sense of 'Take the win and run!'

Finally, Mark Shields throws his hands up in the air and calls for the bell. The fans cheer as the match restarts - until...

DDK:

CURTIS PENN FLICKS MARK SHIELDS' DISCARDED CIGARETTE IN IMPULSE'S FACE! ROLL UP! HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS! ONE... TWO... THREE!

The bell sounds again, and Curtis Penn books out of the ring to the entrance ramp, his hand in the air in triumph as he is announced as the ultimate winner of the match. The fans boo, they chant for piles of compost, and Calico Rose slides into the ring to check on Impulse.

Angus:

He wants to have a fair match, Keebs? Well, Impulse - life ain't fair. Here's hoping the lesson sticks.

DDK:

I have to agree with that, Angus - it's all well and good to conduct yourself honorably, but against an opponent like Curtis Penn, who takes any opportunity he can, you're setting yourself up for failure! I don't think this is their last meeting, Angus, and I hope Impulse takes the lesson to heart!

MR. JACKSON

We find none other than “The Lone Star of Texas” himself, Sean Jackson, walking down a long, featureless corridor. Miraculously, the former REAL World Champion has already freshened-up and changed after his match with Eugene Dewey, and wears a neatly-pressed white dress shirt (sleeves rolled-up, top button undone) that’s tucked into his black pants.

With him, as always, are Marshall Owens and Vanessa. Sean’s entourage are dressed just as smartly as he is, and the trio are conversing quietly between themselves as we catch-up with them.

“Sean! Sean!”

The voice echoes down the hallway. It’s immediately recognisable to anyone with a strong DEFIANCE knowledge, but not Sean Jackson.

Yet.

Jackson, Marshall, and Vanessa turn to meet the oncoming person in-unison. Sean’s facial expression sours as Lance Warner trots along the corridor, microphone-in-hand, and stops right before them.

Lance Warner:

A few words for the views at home, Sean?

Lance immediately pushes the microphone towards “The Lone Star of Texas,” whose scowl only grows tighter. Before the former champion utters a word, however, Marshall Owens pushes himself in-between his client and the interviewer, prompting a surprised Warner to take a couple of steps back.

Marshall Owens:

Mr. Warner, has nobody ever told you how *rude* it is to interrupt somebody mid-conversation? *Particularly* somebody as exalted and respected as my client, Mr. Jackson, is in the wrestling industry?

Taken aback by the question, Lance struggles for words.

Lance Warner:

Marsh--

Marshall raises a hand, cutting DEF’s head interviewer off.

Marshall Owens:

If I were in a worse mood -- perhaps, say, if my client *hadn’t* just defeated the longest-reigning FIST of all-time -- I’d send you on your way without so much as a soundbite, let alone a full interview. *Then* I’d be heading straight for your employer’s office: I’m sure Kelly Evans would *love* to hear all about this egregious invasion of privacy.

Calm and collected throughout, Marshall’s tone is that of a patronising school teacher taking down to an unruly student.

Marshall Owens:

On this occasion, however, I -- *WE* -- are willing to let the discrepancy slide, but should it ever happen again, Mr. Warner, I shall show no hesitation in taking the necessary action. Do you understand?

Sean Jackson cracks his knuckles. Lance Warner nods slowly, but not nervously.

Lance Warner:

Yes sir.

Marshall Owens:

I'm glad we have an understanding. Proceed...

Finally, Marshall Owens steps to the side, allowing Sean Jackson to come forward and take centre stage. The scowl on his face has been replaced by the type of smug smirk that's become synonymous with the cunning grappler over the years. Lance straightens himself out before speaking.

Lance Warner:

Sean--

Marshall Owens: [interrupting]

Mr. Jackson.

Warner briefly casts his gaze sideways to the insistent lawyer.

Lance Warner:

Mr. Jackson... tonight saw your match with Eugene Dewey end under somewhat dubious circumstances, when Bronson Box appeared to lure Eugene out of the ring to cause a count-out. What are your thoughts on the match?

Sean Jackson:

"Dubious circumstances?"

Visibly irritated by Warner's wording, Jackson shakes his head.

Sean Jackson:

Tonight, Lance, I defeated the greatest FIST of DEFIANCE of all-time without so much as breaking a sweat. A man who carried around this promotion's most revered championship for 730 days fell by my hand. History will not remember your "dubious circumstances," nor will it remember a count-out: no, the record books shall dictate that at DEFtv 66, on Tuesday the 14th June, 2016, "The Lone Star of Texas" stepped into the ring with the best DEFIANCE has to offer...

He pauses, letting *that* smirk creep across his face once again.

Sean Jackson:

... and won.

Sean's words draw an approving nod from his lawyer. As Lance readies himself for another question, Jackson switches gears.

Sean Jackson:

CLASH of the DEFIANTS was a sham, Lance. Tonight, I went some way to righting that wrong. Eric Dane is a *coward*: a crooked, weak little man who had to resort to abusing his own power and restarting a match that he'd already lost *just* so he could walk away with my championship...

He shakes his head.

Sean Jackson:

Eric Dane *cheated* me, but tonight, I proved to the world that I am not just the greatest wrestler in this company, but the greatest wrestler *in this business*. *PERIOD*.

As a chorus of jeers reigns down in the DEFarena (and Angus Skaaland presumably blows chunks into a sick bag), Warner pulls his microphone back under his own mouth, having already marked his CLASH question off the mental checklist.

Lance Warner:

Mr. Jackson, DEFtv 65 was an interesting night for you. After obliterating Elijah Cross in singles competition, you bumped into Jason Nat--

Sean Jackson:

No, no.

Again, Sean shakes his head.

Sean Jackson:

HE bumped into *ME*. Big difference.

Lance Warner:

... Jason Natas bumped into you, and instead of exchanging apologies and moving-on, the two of you engaged in a heated argument. Tonight, Natas faces-off against Mikey Unlikely with the Southern Heritage Championship on the line: do you have any comments?

Sean Jackson:

I am shocked and appalled that DEFIANCE regards its "esteemed" championship belts with such flippancy, Lance. Not only is Jason Natas a truly scummy individual, but he is wholly undeserving of the spot he finds himself in tonight, especially after I just put away Eugene Dewey. Tell me, Lance, what business a man who hasn't won a single one-on-one contest in DEFIANCE has in a championship main event?

The interviewer ponders his response for a moment, being extra careful of choosing the right words.

Lance Warner:

Some would say the recent improvement in Natas' performances, with him taking the likes of Bronson Box and Lindsay Troy to their absolute limi--

Sean Jackson:

Remind me which of those matches he *WON*, Lance.

Warner stops. He's got nothing.

Sean Jackson:

Exactly. Jason Natas is an embarrassment to the wrestling business. Going by the mess that this man let himself to get into, and the shambles that he *allowed* his career to become, it's clear that not only does Natas not respect himself, but he is not cut-out for this line of work. It is scandalous that he finds himself in this position, Lance. It's an absolute disgrace.

Lance Warner:

Will you be watching tonight?

Still smirking, Sean Jackson thinks for a moment.

Sean Jackson:

Goodbye, Lance.

And with that, Sean takes his entourage and heads back along the hallway, leaving Lance Warner perplexed.

Angus:

UGH. I fuckin' *HAAAAAAAAAAAAATE* Sean Jackson.

DDK:

I don't think we've heard Jackson this dialed-in since he got here, Angus, and I don't think this business between him and Natas is over... not by a long shot.

Angus:

As long as it ends with Natas pummelling Sean's face into a bloody mush of ground beef, I don't give a fuck.

THE DAN RYAN COMEDY HOUR

Angus:

Because if you don't lock the door, her parents might walk in.

DDK:

Why would a grown woman have to worry about her parents walking in?

Angus just stares.

DDK:

I said why would a grown woman....

Angus smirks.

DDK:

Oh God. Forget I asked.

♪ "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins ♪

DDK:

Remind me to thank Dan Ryan later for putting an end to that line of conversation.

The lights in the arena flash on and off repeatedly as the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE Dan Ryan steps out in business casual attire, title belt around his waist. He pauses for a moment, then when the major riff to the music kicks in, the lights come up and he starts his walk to the ring.

The DEFIANT faithful give him an earful as he makes his way down, with a mixed-in vocal most likely Asian group cheering in support. The BOOOOOs, however are much more plentiful. Ryan makes no expression as he jogs the last few feet to the ring and slides in under the bottom rope. He leans back against the corner for a brief moment, then holds his hand out to receive a microphone and stalks his way to the middle of the ring.

Dan Ryan:

Let's get right to the point, because I came to the building tonight to get business done. Earlier today, I had a meeting with Kelly Evans.

DDK:

INTRIGUING~~!!

Dan Ryan:

We've been building slowly to an inevitable clash between me and the next person to face me for my championship and the expectation is that we're gonna have a huge blowout at DEFCON.... IN ALL CAPS!!!!

Ryan strolls around the ring, smirking a bit and letting the crowd soak in every word.

Dan Ryan:

Well I say, why wait until DEFCON? I want to defend this championship next week, right here in the arena that GAWD built....

The crowd cheers this.

Dan Ryan:

So Kelly Evans has granted me permission to make this match official....right now.

Angus:

We might be gettin' DEFCON next GORAM week, Keebs...

The crowd starts to buzz, clearly itching to see the in-laws square off sooner rather than later.

Dan Ryan:

Therefore it is with extreme pleasure that I am here to announce that next week I will defend the most important, the most prestigious, the greatest championship.....in ALLLLLLL the land....against the one person who despite our differences absolutely deserves the next shot at this belt more than anyone else in the entire world. Ladies and gentlemen, next week it will be....

Ryan holds his hand up as if framing a marquee.

Dan Ryan:

THREE TIME..... FIST OF DEFIANCE..... DAN RYAN....vs.....

Ryan pauses for effect.

Dan Ryan:

BRONSON BOX.

Ryan smiles huge and we get a mix of loud boos and some cheers from the Bronson Box contingent, but mostly boos.

DDK:

WOW! A rematch for the ages! Many call the series of bloody brawls Dan Ryan and Bronson Box had during the Japan leg of our Grindhouse World tour where the FIST of DEFIANCE truly became a prize, Angus!

Dan Ryan:

Yes, yes, I agree, no one deserves this shot more. No matter what I think of the little guy, no one can deny the battles we've been through together. We've fought, we've bled, I looked the other way when he visited my ranch and livestock disappeared....all in all it's been a rivalry matched by few others. I know your former little buddy lost his smile, Bronson, and I know you're knee deep in trying to knock it back onto him. I for one can't wait for his triumphant return to the happy go lucky Eugene Dewey we all knew and loved. Watch out, high score on the smoothie bar Galaga machine! Truly, this will turn out to be the redemption story to end all redemption stories....but I'm throwing you a bone. And next week in front of the Faithful, I will prove ONE MORE TIME who the dominant force in our business is.

Angus:

Dan's got a set of brass ones inviting this sort of mayhem into his life so close to his showdown with a sensationally pissed off...

Ryan starts to turn and leave when....the music hits...

♪ "Trampled Under Foot" by Led Zeppelin ♪

DDK:

Speak of the devil, partner.

A smirk tugs at Dan Ryan's mouth as the Number One Contender to the FIST saunters out onto the stage. Lindsay Troy has a microphone in hand and an amused expression of her own.

Lindsay Troy:

Well...that's a hell of a match there, Dan.

She pauses, letting the acknowledgement carry over the PA system, and nods her head at the Faithful's continued mixed reaction to the Ego Buster's announcement.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm pleasantly surprised that you'd want Bronson Box as a tune-up for our match at DEFCON. Revive that dormant

one-on-one rivalry one last time, for old time's sake.

Dan Ryan:

How dare you! Bronson Box is one of the true greats of this sport. He tells us so at least three times a month.

Lindsay Troy: [smirking]

You think I'm buying this Reddit Troll act? Or did you think I'd come out here and pitch a fit about Box getting a crack before me?

Dan raises the microphone quickly.

Dan Ryan:

Yes.

The microphone goes down. Lindsay Troy almost imperceptibly rolls her eyes but hits the Dikembe Mutombo finger-wag instead.

Angus:

Heh, snap.

DDK:

Shhh...

Lindsay Troy:

NOT TODAY. The way I see it, if you want to give Bronson the opportunity to snag a win and the FIST, and take that belt back to the sandbox with Eugene, I'm still going to take a pound of flesh from you at DEFCON for all of your **bullshit**. And after I do, **then** I'll take that belt from one of them, provided they aren't still squabbling about who wore the Black Widow costume better at Comic-Con.

Dan Ryan:

First of all, I make the nerd jokes around here, not you. Secondly, Bronson Box doesn't even know what Comic Con is, and he doesn't have the legs to be Black Widow. If he dressed up like anyone, it'd be the bald-headed airplane mechanic who got chopped up in the airplane propellor in Raiders of the Lost Ark. Thirdly, while your reasoning is so typically pragmatic, I'll remind you that I've given more than a pound of flesh for this business and I'm not nearly as stupid as the Highland Wunderkind. I'll have my ninja star counter ready, I assure you.

♪ "God's Gonna Cut You Down" by Johnny Cash ♪

The Queen's not able to fire a quip back at her brother-in-law before the Johnny Cash classic stomp-claps through the speakers. The Original DEFIANT doesn't make a big to do about his entrance, choosing to walk out onto the stage with a microphone already in hand and something of a troubled, almost curious, look on his face. He perches at the edge of the stage without giving a mind at his victorious WARCHAMBER combatant across the stage, his eyes are cast down towards the ring, towards the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Bronson Box:

Feels strange commin' out my mouth but I agree with the lass over there... this attitude o' yours fits you about as well as it does Eugene.

In the background, the camera catches Troy looking a bit impressed at Box's being in agreement with her.

Angus:

Welcome to the twilight zone.

Bronson Box:

Yer' little jokes and japes... that fookin' belt cursed or somethin'? Makes anyone who wears it a wee prick? ... Then

again, when I put the thing on I was already somethin' of a TWAT wasn't I, Dan? It's just you and the boy that strapped that thing on and decided to walk around here like a couple wee pricks... but you're shite attitude and yer' tedious fookin' relationship with this one [hooking a thumb towards Troy] don't matter to me one little bit, Dan-o.

The Wargod isn't screaming like a maniac, he's not marching around like a madman (yet)... his feet haven't even moved. He's speaking about as matter-of-factly as we've ever seen him.

Bronson Box:

I bloody get it. You think you're gunna' really piss in miss tight arse's breakfast by givin' ol' HOLLIS a shot right on the doorstep of her shot at DEFCON. Like I'm some blasted prop in this little GAME you two've been playin' at here. I know there's nothin' you love more than kickin' shit all over my legacy around here, tuggin' on the same old tired jokes an' droppin' MY name in half yer' FOOKIN' promos to stir the shit and make yer'self look tough. Shit on me all you like Danny boy, make all the tired "calliope music, circus man" jokes ye' fancy... it don't change the fact I'm the one man on a SHORT list of mean motherFOOKers that've **taken** that belt from you, lad. **TWICE**. Or do you not remember me taking huge chunks of flesh out of your hide from one end of Japan to the other, eh?

Box's mic goes down with a snap. Ryan frowns boredly, taking a moment to raises the microphone again.

Dan Ryan:

First of all, slow down. All these Scots show up and suddenly your accent goes from zero to fifty like a fuckin' drag racer. Secondly, did you really just put a hard emphasis on the word "SHORT" in your comment just now? Listen...

Bronson quickly butts in forcefully enough to cut the FIST off.

Bronson Box:

Keep jokin' ye' smarmy bastard. See how far it gets ye' next week when I break that fookin' neanderthal lookin' neck o' yer's.

Ryan waits a near perfect comedic beat before continuing.

Dan Ryan:

Whaaaaatever. Yeah, I remember Japan. I remember it fondly in fact, and thank God I do, because my personally fond feelings for dipping my hand in glass and scraping it across your face is the only reason you have a shot at THIS right now...

Ryan pats the belt.

Dan Ryan:

You and your string of losses hasn't been inspiring anyone to up and book arenas around the globe for the "BRONSON BOX TAKES ON THE WORLD" tour. If anything, you're much closer to the "BRONSON BOX MOPS UP A PORNO THEATER FOR A LIVING" tour. I'm doing you a favor, and I owe you NOTHING. And don't act like you don't get off on me mentioning your name every week and throwing a courtesy insult your way. I'm helping you stay relevant. You should cut me in on your merch, because after the WARCHAMBER, they were trying to hock your shit out of the back of a 1975 Toyota Tercel at the House of Blues in Poughkeepsie, and every time I say your name, people start caring again. Bronson Box bobbleheads are two for a dollar, but a limited edition Virginia Quell broken neck bobble head with extra bobble and NO GRIP WHATSOEVER BECAUSE SHE CAN'T MOVE HER LIMBS.... is a fuckin' collector's item. Mother fucker.... I come through.

The Wargod's proverbial "tea kettle" finally starts whistling at the sharp comments from the FIST.

Bronson Box:

YOU OWE ME NOTHIN' YOU LYIN' PRICK?! I'm PRAYIN' this baby time, comedy hour horseshite ends at some point here with you, Dan.

The announcers make note of that last line from Boxer bringing a smile and a nod of agreement from The Queen of the

Ring.

Bronson Box:

I'd love to hear from the fella' who tore half my FOOKIN' face off a number years ago with a fist full o'glass, aye. I MADE that mean fucker... right there in that ring yer' standin' in now. You can scoff and continue this half cocked open mic night, weak sauce barrel o' laughs bullshit all ye' want... but every ounce of good will you thrive on from these fookin' people fer this well orchestrated "return of the real Dan Ryan" we're all sufferin' through, at's from ME.

That but has The Ego Buster "roaring" with laughter down in the ring.

Bronson Box:

Aye, ye' heard me, mate Before I peeled the flesh off yer' hide you'd slank into this locker room with pictures of your bloody kids, all smiles and good will lookin' ter' have a nice quite run as a white hat after livin' like a right PRICK up to that point. I made you RELEVANT in DEFIANCE Wrestling. Just like I made HER fookin' primed and ready to CARVE you up and make you look like a right prick at DEFCON ye' wee' dozy **CUNT**.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOH

Dan Ryan:

Oh that was your plan was it? Get her "ready" for me? You're a regular Burgess Meredith, Boxer. Gettin' Rocky ready for Apollo Creed.

Bronson raises the microphone casually.

Bronson Box:

At's about the Nth time you've referenced fookin' Rocky in a promo directed at me ye' wee unoriginal prat. Also, Creed dies in the end of that fookin' film, don't he? I quite like the sound o' that actually, you dead.

Ryan completely no sells the clumsy jape. Rolling his eyes at The Wargod's rare attempt at comedy, soldiering on with his killer Rocky reference.

Dan Ryan:

Hey Lindz...

Ryan turns to his sister-in-law.

Dan Ryan:

How fast did you catch the chicken? Tell the truth now. Come on, I won't judge, those things are quicker than they look.

By the look on the Queen's face, she really has had quite about enough of the "Dan Ryan Comedy Hour."

Lindsay Troy:

Not like standing here and listening to you two pick on each other like two seven year olds arguing over who's the "best" at the monkey bars, reminiscing about YE OLDEN TIMEZ hasn't been a delight, and [turns to Box] I have to say that the Miracles of Modern Dentistry have done great work on your grill on such short order, Bronson, really, but I'd much rather kick back and get ready to watch Natas kill the Walking Razzie Award in the face than listen to another second of this wall o' words.

Dan Ryan suddenly snatches the camera man in the ring and pulls him in close, then raises his microphone...

Dan Ryan:

Oh yeah? Well I have a microphone....and you don't....

Ryan looks mock angrily into the camera.

Dan Ryan:

SO YOU WILL LISTEN TO EVERY DAMN WORD I HAVE TO SAY!

Lindsay sighs and taps the side of the microphone in her hand. Ryan lets the cameraman go and looks back at the stage stoically.

Dan Ryan:

Wedding Singer. Bronson's favorite movie....and future vocation.

Lindsay Troy: [now she rolls her eyes]

Ah, fantastic...

The Wargod looks across the stage at Troy, hooking a thumb down towards the ring.

Bronson Box:

He's just a regular stand up comedian, this one. Is 'at Dan Ryan or Dennis fookin' Leary down there, I can't blood tell anymore [looking across the stage] ... the fook' you do to him, girl?

Troy shrugs, unamused, with a clear "So are you finished now?" expression plastered on her face directed 100% towards her brother-in-law down in the ring. As he raises the microphone to retort, she holds up a hand and actually manages to silence the FIST.

Lindsay Troy:

You two obviously have a LOT to say to one another, and I've got better things to do than stand out here looking bored with it all. I want a beer and a new SOHER champ not ... [she gestures between Ryan and Box] ... whatever this is gonna continue being.

That look shifts to one much more cold and hard as iron.

Lindsay Troy:

Come DEFCON, things will be settled. But as for tonight? I've had my fill. Box, ...he's all yours.

Troy tosses the microphone over her shoulder, pushes through the curtain, and disappears into the backstage without even a second glance over her shoulder.

Dan Ryan:

She's right. That IS enough. I take it back, Boxer. You're nothing like the Mickey character. He had the courtesy to DIE when he outlived his usefulness. DEFIANCE will be crumbling in ashes fifty years from now, and you'll be here shuffling around with your walker, just you and the fookin' cockroaches...

Box is right there to gladly continue Ryan's analogy.

Bronson Box:

OH, you're so right lad. You people 'aint ever gettin' rid o' me ye' mouthy shite... not unless yer all comfortable with fookin' murder. I'll gladly be the GHOST that walks these halls when everyone here's not but dust, because that's what I do motherFOOKer. I come through fer' this company over and over again and no amount of well rehearsed LIP from the likes of you's gunna' change that... or the fact that next week after I unwrap the Christmas gift you've just gone an' sent me? There'll be TWO big mean bastards walkin' these halls able to claim the accolade of "three time FIST of DEFIANCE." You... and Bronson Box.

The Wargod quickly, almost violently pops his neck and glares down at Ryan one last time.

Bronson Box:

I'mma go ahead and extract myself from this shite conversation... but I'll leave ye' with this. I meant what I said Dan. This smarmy arsed attitude, whatever this is yer' doin' now... it's ill fittin'. The fat titted little disappointment that you

took that from pulled the same tired routine. Made him fookin' weak. Comin' out here, listenin' to you squawk like you 'ave been? Like watchin' a fookin' rerun, this... [tisking with contempt] but nonetheless Dan-o, thanks so much fer' the opportunity. Right sportin'... foolish, but right sportin'... see ye' next week laughin' boy.

The Original DEFIANT doesn't wait for a "witty" retort from Ryan. Before the FIST of DEFIANCE can bring the microphone to his lips, Boxer's original entrance music, a tune Ryan has repeatedly lobbed jibes at in the past, cuts Ryan off at the verbal knees... and at high volume too. "The Entertainer" by Scott Joplin starts up over the PA after Bronson SPIKES the microphone into the stage, the combined electronic squeal and the music together swallows any potential response from the Ego Buster. Boxer raises his fist in the traditional reverse 'V' British "forks" directed with a confident sneer down the ramp towards Ryan (who's still leaning, "half listening" against the ropes) before turning on his heels and power walking through the entrance curtain, vanishing into the backstage area. Ryan cracks a little half impressed smirk as he goes.

Angus:

Guess ol' Boxer's heard enough too. BYE FELICIA.

DDK:

I'm not quite sure Dan Ryan hasn't put himself in a... let's say precarious position next week.

Angus:

Next week is next week, Keebler, and the so called "main event" just took up like half an hour taking the piss out of one another, TIME FER SOME WRASSLIN' GORAMIT!

MIKEY UNLIKELY (C) VS. JASON NATAS

Cut to: Angus and Keebs at the announce booth.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, it's time for our main event! Mikey Unlikely takes on the surging Jason Natas, and the Southern Heritage Championship is on the line!

Angus: (rubbing his hands together)

DIS GON' BE GUD!

DDK:

Many would call Mikey Unlikely's SOHER belt an ill-gotten gain. He might be sitting on a 4-1 record, but each of those victories come with an asterix. Whether it be through cheating, interference, or other shenanigans, there's been nothing "clean" about Mikey's run here in DEFIANCE, and the fans *HATE* it.

Angus:

You're goddamn right they do! This fuckhead has absolutely no business performing in a DEFIANCE ring, Keebs. This guy can't tell a hammerlock from a hammerhead shark! He's a cowardly, heartless, no-good sack of shit, and it makes me *sick* to watch him parade around with *OUR* Southern Heritage Championship! That record of his is falsier than Sean "Grandad" Jackson's teeth!

DDK:

You only need to look at his opponent to realise just how false those numbers can be. Jason Natas has been on an absolute rampage as of late, putting-on incredible back-and-forth match-ups with some of the best wrestlers on the planet! He looked to have Bronson Box beat on a number of occasions at CLASH, and he pushed Lindsay Troy to her limits at DEFtv 65... yet he *still* hasn't found that elusive first win. Nonetheless, DEFIANCE officials have been impressed enough to award him this title shot...

Angus:

That all comes to an end tonight, Keebs. Look: I realise I haven't exactly been Fatas' most ardent supporter, but any opponent of Tinseltown McFuckboy is a friend of mine! This dude is just straight-up *mean*! He throws Lariats like he's trying to take heads off shoulders, and he's tougher than a year-old steak.

DDK:

Am I hearing this correctly, Angus? Are you rooting for Jason Natas?!

Angus:

The guy clearly has has flaws, Keebs, and I'll keep pointing them out for as long as they exist. just wanna see somebody -- *anybody* -- take that belt from Unlikable, and I can't wait to see Fatas elbow him in the face and drop him on his fuckin' head!

♪ "NY State of Mind" by Nas ♪

As has become custom in the DEFarena, the New York rap classic kicks-in with a big cheer from The Faithful. The noise only gets louder as The Anti-Superstar walks out onto the stage in the same sleeveless "PUGILIST" tee and black-and-blue wrestling tights as at DEFtv 65. Natas walks down to the ring with minimal fuss, extending his right arm to catch hand-slaps from the fans on his way.

DDK:

The Faithful are *really* behind Jason Natas now! That reaction gets louder and louder every week: they believe in this man, they believe in the comeback story, and they're ready to see him take the SOHER Title home!

Angus:

And Fatas himself just looks ready to *MURDER* someone, Keebs! Fuck it, seeing as he's facing Hollywood, I'll give the man his due. There's a lot of pent-up frustration behind those eyes! Every single week the strikes get harder, the

suplexes get stiffer, and the man himself looks more and more like DEFIANCE material.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following is your maaaaaaaain eeeeeeeennnt! It is scheduled for one-fall, and is for the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship!

Jason clambers up the ring steps then slips through the ropes. Once inside, he forms a fist, beats his chest twice, then throws it in the air, drawing another positive reaction from those in attendance.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the challenger., from South Bronx, New York City... he weighs in at 270lbs and stands at 6'4"... "THE BRONX BULLY" JASSSSOOOONNNNNN NNNNAAAAAATTTTTTAAASSSSS!

♪ "Blunt Blowin" by Lil Wayne ♪

The light go down and a spotlight hits the stage. The red carpet unrolls from the entrance way. The Wrestle-Plex begins the boos before he even hits the stage. Unlikely is wearing his signature shades and a shit eating grin. The Southern Heritage Championship slung over his shoulder. He stops at the top of the stage looks around. Slowly but surely, Jesse Fredricks Kendrix slides into position next to best "bruv" in the spotlight, JFK holds a familiar sign. *"Down With This Sort Of Thing"*

DDK:

This faction of course very vocal about their disdain for the Onslaught Division.

Angus:

Well they are about to get a taste of it first hand. Did I mention how excited I am Keebs? *Fatas gunnnna killlllll youuuuuuu.*

DDK:

Are you telling me Mikey, our Southern Heritage Champion, doesn't have the wrestling ability to beat the challenger?

Angus:

There is Hollywood's "wrestling ability" standing right next to him. Benny Doyle needs to kick Kendrix out right from the get go. Nooooo way Unlikable beats anyone one on one. Did I mention...

DDK:

Yes, yes you did!

The pair take their time getting to the ring. Kendrix waving his sign around wildly.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent, Being accompanied to the ring by Kendrix! From "The Burbs" but currently residing in lovely Los Angeles, California! Weighing in at 225lbs. He is the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion... "The World's Greatest SPORTS Entertainer!" MIKEYYYYYYYYYYYYY UNNNNNNNNLIKELYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

Mikey hits the stairs and enters the ring with his tag team partner. He points at Natas making sure the referee prevents him from cheap shooting "like Andy Murray". Unlikely walks to the ropes, climbs to the second and balances. He uses one one hand to raise the championship high into the air, and the other hand to point to his face.

Angus:

Keep smiling boy, a beating is coming!

The lights come up and Benny Doyle asks Mikey for the title. Unlikely resists, even pulling the title back at one point, but eventually relents. Doyle presents the title to his opponent and then the audience. Once that's out of the way, he forces Kendrix out of the ring who was offering his partner some last minute advice.

Ding, ding, ding.

The pair began circling. Unlikely is incredibly wary of his opponent. They near each other finally and Natas extends an arm for a handshake. Mikey immediately cowers and covers his head thinking it was a strike attempt. The fans react in laughter.

Angus:

Ha! He's scared Keebs!

Mikey tells the referee he's not falling victim for Jason's cheap shots. Natas shrugs it off and finally the pair tie up in the center of the ring. It takes 0.2 seconds for Natas to overpower the champion and back him into the corner. He's pushing hard against Mikey when Benny Doyle breaks it up. Unlikely grabs his own hair and yanks back explaining to the referee that Natas was "*CLEARLY*" pulling his hair"

DDK:

Unlikely feels like he had his hair pulled in that collar and elbow tie up.

Once The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer gathers his bearings, the pair tie up once again. This go round Natas shrugs under the the arm of Mikey and slips it under his own, twisting the shoulder and dropping Unlikely to one knee. The champion stands and darts for the ropes, the referee is forced to break the hold. Unlikely corners Doyle, motioning once again that Natas was yanking on his own head, before grabbing Doyle by the hair and pulling his head back in an effort to explain.

The place goes ballistic. Boos come from every direction.

FuckEm Up Natas FuckEm Up clap clap,
FuckEm Up Natas FuckEm Up clap clap,
FuckEm Up Natas FuckEm Up clap clap.

Angus hums along with the chant, as the referee warns Mikey not to touch him again or risk disqualification. Kendrix barks back at Doyle from the outside.

Back to the action as Mikey and Natas circle again, this time when they lock up Mikey spins under the arm of Natas and gives a quick stiff kick to the back of his knee. "Onslaught Style" is yelled by Mikey before realizing he just poked the bear.

DDK:

Natas charging now! Unlikely dives for the corner and goes for the ropes. Benny Doyle is forced to step in and separate the two. The Worlds Greatest Entertainer is laughing now, He seriously can't think he can resort to this with someone like Natas right?

Angus:

Who knows that this guy is thinking Keebs, look at the company he keeps! A guy with a box on his head for Christ sakes! GET EM FATAS!

Mikey holds up one finger. Then motions for the tie up "One more time!" This time Natas is weary but locks up. He backs Mikey into the ropes before whipping him off the other side. On the return Natas rears back...

Angus:

LARIATTOOO-- Damnit!

Unlikely saw Natas setting up and ducked the devastating blow, and slides to the outside of the ring, where he meets up with Kendrix. Unlikely looks at the fans and points to his head. Benny Doyle begins his count.

ONE!

Unlikely walks over to the where Quimbey sits and asks for his Microphone.

TWO!

Mikey Unlikely:

Look Jason! I know you want this title pretty bad! I get it! But how would you like something better? I'm going to make you an offer that no man can pass up!

... SEVEN!

Unlikely turns to his bruv, tells him "hold this," hands him the mic, and rolls back into the ring. Breaking the count, he is now rolling right back out and taking the microphone back. The fans go ballistic.

Mikey Unlikely:

I want to offer you the sum of three hundred THOUSAND Mikey Money! Thats enough for a copy of my upcoming DVD "**Mikey Unlikely: Why I'm Better Than You!**"

At this point Natas jumps out of the ring, Unlikely yelps and drops the mic and begins to run from him. Unlikely slides in and as Natas follows Unlikely lays the boots down on his back. Natas rises through the stomps however and keeps coming at Mikey who is throwing loose fists now. Natas finally starts returning the shots with forearms of his own as the crowd comes to life. They cheer each and every pop to the face of Mikey. Eventually Mikey stops swinging and just starts eating blow after blow.

Angus:

Yus! Yus! Here we go..... MAKE IT RAIN, FATAS!

Natas grabs Mikey by the wrist and pulls him into a short arm clothesline. He doesn't let go, and instead pulls him back to his feet and props him in the corner. Natas starts placing shots directly into the midsection of the Southern Heritage Champion. Finally he irish whips him to the opposing turnbuckle, but Mikey reverses and instead sends Natas. He chases after but before he gets there Jason lifts a leg and catches Mikey under the chin with the boot. Unlikely tries to keep his balance as he reaches for his jaw. Natas attempts a scoop slam but Mikey instead drops into a small package.

ONE!

TWO!

KICK-OUT!

DDK:

Mikey is ever the opportunist and seems to be always intent on surprising his opponents with these roll up attempts.

Angus:

Natas is a old school knock 'em out fighter, despite his never winning a match here, you cannot claim the guy isn't tough as leather. I don't think a small package is going to take em Keebs.

Both men quickly climb to their feet. Unlikely the quicker of the two gets a shin kick in on Natas, only he doesn't go for the shin, in fact he goes for the bad kneer. Jason favors the leg before the rage becomes visible on his face. Unlikely suddenly looks afraid. He tries to dive between the ropes again but this time he is caught around the waist from behind by Jason Natas. Kendrix reaches through the ropes and grabs Mikey's hands, preventing The Anti-Superstar from pulling him away. Natas lifts and tries to pull Mikey back into the ring while his legs flail wildly. Doyle sees Unlikely making contact with Kendrix and runs over and kicks at their arms, breaking the grasp. In that moment Natas is lifting with so much strength that Mikey literally FLIES over his head.

DDK:

OVERHEAD RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX BY JASON NATAS! UNLIKELY LANDED ON HIS FACE!

Natas takes his time before getting up. Bad move, as Kendrix has ran around the ring and by the time The Pugilist gets to Mikey, Kendrix is already pulling his Bruv from the ring by his feet. Trying to get him in touch with his surroundings.

Natas waves off the Champion and motions to the crowd who respond loudly and positively. He starts barking at them and begins a chant.

GET THE FUCK OUT! Clap! Clap! Clapclapclap!

GET THE FUCK OUT! Clap! Clap! Clapclapclap!

GET THE FUCK OUT! Clap! Clap! Clapclapclap!

Outside the ring Unlikely is livid. Kendrix puts his hands over Unlikely ears so he cannot hear thousands of people telling him to GTFO. He takes his time climbing back onto the ring apron, and begins to duck as if he's getting into the ring. That's when Natas comes walking up hoping to grab ahold. Mikey throws a thumb up and it finds Natas in the eye.

Angus:

There's his signature move Keebs, cheating fuck!

Natas scoots away, hand to his face trying to clear up his vision. Unlikely takes the opportunity to dive for his legs from behind with a chop block. Natas drops like a ton of bricks.

DDK:

The champion now targeting that bad leg on Natas. He lifts his leg up before jumping and coming down with a legdrop on it! That's gotta hurt!

Unlikely gets in Natas face and slaps him around a bit on the ground. Kendrix applauds his partner. Mikey stands up and walks to the ropes, he yells at the fans. "Justin Bieber couldn't do THAT!"

The boos come in from every direction as Natas slowly gets to his feet. Jason from behind clobbers Mikey with some forearm blows.

Angus:

McFuckass is in here with Natas and thinks he can take his eye off the man!? Tonight's the night Keebs, I can feel it! Hollywood is going down faster than a hooker on Sunset Boulevard.

Natas throws Unlikely chest first into the turnbuckle. He runs behind him and charges and avalanches him against the corner. Unlikely slumps as Natas gets the crowd fired up. Mikey's hands are moving fast in the corner suddenly and Natas comes running again. Mikey drops out of the way at the very last moment, revealing a bare turnbuckle just as Natas lands chest first into it.

DDK:

Oh My! Mikey pulled the cover off that turnbuckle when no one was looking. Natas just went chest first into the exposed steel, sending him careening into the mat with authority. Natas clutching his chest now, trying to catch his breath after it exploded from his lungs! Mikey with the cover!

Angus:

He's got the tights! LOOK, DOYLE!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

The fans erupt as Mikey slams a hand on the mat in frustration. Fed-up of dealing with Natas inside the ring, he calls to Kendrix, who grabs one of Natas' boots. Mikey skips outside the ring, grabs the other, and hauls Natas outside. McFuckass then grabs Natas by the arm and Irish Whips him into the barricade!

Natas lands back-first. Unlikely pauses to gloat, which proves to be his downfall. He charges forward, but Natas charges *out* and levels him with a clothesline! Unlikely hits the deck, and Natas falls to one knee.

DDK:

A frustrating night for Jason Natas thus far, but this could be his chance! He's hit Mikey with plenty of offence, but keeps getting cut-off.

Angus:

I wanna see Fatas FOEHAMMMMMMAAAHHHHHHH this turkey into oblivion! Make it so, big man!

As Doyle's count-out his eight, Natas rolls Mikey back inside then follows. He hops to his feet and slaps his elbow pad, calling for his signature Roaring Elbow.

DDK:

Looks like you're about to get your wish!

Mikey gets back to his feet and Natas swings round with vicious intent, but Mikey ducks! Hollywood adjusts himself, turns around, then hits a running basement dropkick to Natas' bum knee! He covers.

ONE!**TWO!****SHOULDER UP!**

Instead of pissing and moaning (for once), Mikey seizes the moment. He pushes Natas onto his stomach then seizes both of his legs, pulling back in an arched Boston Crab!

DDK:

The Backstory! This is Mikey's signature submission hold!

But Jason's too big, too strong, and too full of thunder. He *HAULS* his body across the ring with his forearms, then grabs the bottom rope. Mikey breaks reluctantly.

Angus:

Thank Hoyt for that, Keeps! Come on, Fatas! Fuck this dork up!

Unlikely stands upright and launches a ball of spit down at the canvas. He extends a hand, leans down, and slaps Natas hard across the face! The fans jeer as Mikey does it again, shouting-out an inaudible insult, before pulling Jason up by the arm. He smirks broadly, then slaps Natas one more time, but Jason fires-back with a big headbutt! Another! *Another!*

Mikey hobbles away, but Natas pulls him back and destroys his chest with a chop! A second chop follows, before Natas whips him to the ropes, lifts him up, and drives him down with a perfect Spinebuster!

Angus:

Down he goes! Perfect execution on the Spinebuster! This could be it!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! MIKEY KICKS-OUT!

Angus:

GODDAMNIT!

Jason Natas is feeling it. With the crowd's energy flowing through him, he pulls Mikey towards him and throws his head between his thighs.

Angus:

Here comes the Gotch Style Piledr-- oh for fuck's sake!

Kendrix hops onto the apron, drawing Benny Doyle's attention. It's enough of a distraction to let Mikey deadweight himself, then low-blow Natas.

Angus:

Get that dipshit out of here!

Kendrix holds his hands up, pleading his innocence, before hopping down from the apron. Doyle turns around, and Mikey's got Natas trapped in a side headlock. He wrenches it tightly, but his technique isn't precise enough, so he quickly abandons it, skips behind, and locks a Sleeper in! Jason fights back, elbowing Mikey in the ribs to loosen his grip, then breaking free, and spinning round with a European Uppercut!

DDK:

Natas is unleashed!

The Bronx Bully scoops Mikey up and drops him on his shoulder, looking for a powerslam... but Unlikely squirms free! He slips out the back and kicks Natas HARD in the knee! Natas almost buckles as he turns round, but he checks Mikey's second leg kick attempt, then bursts forward with a headbutt! Backing Mikey into the corner, Natas unleashes with forearm after forearm, each one sending Mikey closer and closer to the mat.

DDK:

Natas is on fire! He's literally chopping Mikey down in the corner!

Angus:

Get dat belt, Fatas!

Mikey finally falls to a seated position. Natas turns away, takes a couple of steps forward, then suddenly charges forward to catch Mikey with a running knee!

DDK:

Right in the face with the *GOOD* knee! Mikey might be out cold, Angus!

Angus:

Yes! KILL HIM! MAIM HIM! END HIM!

Instead of covering, however, The Anti-Superstar yanks the groggy SOHER Champ up and throws his head under his arm. He calls for the Brainbuster then hoists him up, but Mikey slips out! Unlikely hits him from behind a couple of times, but Natas turns through it. Mikey panics and immediately runs to the rope, coming back with a Cross Body... CAUGHT! FALL AWAY SLAM!

Angus:

YESSSSSSSSSSSS!

DDK:

HUGE move! But can Natas capitalise?! Can he *FINALLY* score that big win and claim the gold!?

Natas rises slowwwwwly. Fully vertical, he runs his thumb across his throat in a cut-throat gesture, then grabs hold of Mikey Unlikely.

DDK:

He's setting him up for the South Bronx Lariat!

Angus:

DO IT! TAKE HIS GODDAMN HEAD OFF!

Jason swings the Lariat like a baseball bat...

MIKEY DUCKS!

SMALL PACKAGE!

ONE!**TWO!****THREE--****NOOOOOOO! NATAS KICKS OUT!****Angus:**

Where the hell did that come from?!

DDK:

Mikey's going for the cover again! He's got his feet on the ropes!

ONE!**TWO!****THREE?****NOOOOOOO! KICK-OUT!**

Every single person in attendance leaps to their feet as Natas breaks out of the cover! Mikey falls backwards, head-in-hands, shocked.

Angus:

It's not working, Hollywood! Not tonight!

DDK:

Can you believe this, Angus?! Mikey Unlikely has tried every trick in the book, but he can't get the better of Jason Natas here!

Natas rises. Mikey tries to stomp down on him, but Jason's too resilient. Dismayed, Mikey doesn't quite know what to do, so he *SLAPS* Natas across the face.

Big mistake.

The Bronx Bully roars loudly, then spins round with the Roaring Elbow!

Angus:

FOEHAAAAMMMMMMMMAAAAHHHHHHH!

Mikey Unlikely goes *limp*.

DDK:

What a move! What impact!

Angus:

Here comes the deathblow!

Natas pulllllllllllls him up.

Steps back.

LUNGES forward.

Swings.

DDK:

SOUTH BRONX LARIAT! HE HIT IT!

Angus:

GET IN THE FUCKIN' BIN!

DDK:

IT'S OVER! WE'VE GOT A NEW CHAMPION.

Natas drops down. Hooks the leg.

Benny Doyle hits the deck, and the Faithful *scream* along as his hand hits the mat.

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWWWWWOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

Angus:

YES!

DDK:

NO! WAIT!

But Doyle's hand *didn't* hit the canvas a third time.

He'd already been pulled out of the ring before that could happen.

Angus:

WHAT THE FUCK?!

DDK:

IT'S MARSHALL OWENS! MARSHALL OWENS JUST PULLED DOYLE OUT OF THE RING!

The official immediately turns around to admonish Owens, screaming for him to head to the back.

Angus:

Wait a minute... where is he?! Where's Jackson?!

Right *THERE*.

Hopping the barricade.

Sliding into the ring.

DRIVING his knee into the back of Jason Natas' head, then draping Mikey's arm over his chest, and escaping back into the crowd.

DDK:

LIGHTS OUT!

Angus:

NO! DOYLE, FUCKING DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!

DDK:

I don't think he knows what happened!

Sure enough, Benny Doyle missed the whole thing. He turns back into the ring to find Mikey Unlikely lying on-top of Jason Natas, and he does his refereeing duties.

ONE!**TWO!****THREE!****Angus:**

FUCK. THIS.

The bell rings, and Lil' Wayne starts playing. Marshall Owens laughs on his way up the ramp, and the camera tries to

catch Sean Jackson in the crowd, but he's already long gone.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner, and *STILL* DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion... **MIKEYYYYYYYYYY UNNNNNLLLLLLLLIIIIIIKKKKKKKKKEEEEEELLLLLLYYYYYY!**

Boos rain from every corner of the arena. Kendrix slides into the ring, helping his still-woozy Bruv to his feet as Jason Natas rolls onto his stomach, defeated once more.

Angus:

That was a fucking sham, Keebs! Fatas had Mikey dead to rights! Hollywood was down for the count, then that... that fucking **PRICK** Jackson showed-up!

DDK:

We have witnessed a robbery tonight, Angus. Jason Natas should be the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion, but fate has once again conspired against him.

Angus:

I've *NEVER* been the biggest Natas supporter, but *FUCK* Sean Jackson, and *FUCK* Mikey Unlikely! I'm pissed, Keebs!

DDK:

For once, Angus, you have every right to be.

Angus:

Why did Doyle make the count?! Mikey was on his back when Owens pulled him from the ring! He must've known something had happened!

DDK:

The official can't call what he can't see, Angus. When he returned to the ring, Mikey had Natas' shoulders pinned, and all he could do was count... but we're losing time, folks. By hook or by crook, Mikey Unlikely remains DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion.

The feed finally drifts into the ether, capturing one final shot of Mikey Unlikely falling to his knees, title belt in-hand, utterly jubilant.