

## WELCOME TO THE SHOW



The music plays, the opening montage rolls, and 30 seconds later we're joined by The Motormouth of Malcontent himself.

**Angus:**

What it do, funboys?!

The Voice of the Faithful leans back in his office chair, his face etched with that trademark grin. He's wearing a black and white tuxedo tee, of course, along with a disproportionately expensive pair of loafers.

**Angus:**

Welcome to UNCUT: your bi-weekly look behind the curtain of all things DEFIANT! We are one week removed from a particularly *murderous* episode of DEFtv 65, and the journey to DEFCON gathers pace like a runaway freight train!

Still grinning, Angus slides his feet down from the desk and leans forward, clasping his hands together.

**Angus:**

Tonight we'll hear from Harmony, Frank Dylan James, the Drunkbros... *Hollywood McFuckass*...

Angus turns to his side and spits on the floor, such is his affection for all things Mikey Unlikely.

**Angus:**

... and let's be honest, *probably* that oxygen thief Jack Hunter too.

His proud grin slowly wavers at the thought of two of his least favourite DEFIANTS.

**Angus:**

UGH.

But he soon clears his thoughts with a sigh, shake of the head, then by forcing the smile back across his features.

**Angus:**

Nevermind: I'm sure there'll be plenty on this show that *won't* make me want to kill myself. Enjoy!

Cut.

## Drunkbros: Minimalism

**Bartender:**

What'll it be?

Cally leans in and holds up two fingers.

**Calico Rose:**

Two tall glasses of your finest lemonade, please.

The bartender looks confused.

**Bartender:**

Lemonade, Cally?

She smiles.

**Cally:**

It's a favor for a friend.

He shrugs, and gets the drinks. Cally has been a regular customer for several weeks, and she always tips well, so it's no skin off his nose what she orders. He drops the glasses down on the bar, and she drops enough cash to pay for the drinks and offer a 200% tip; before the bartender can address this, she's well out of earshot. Cally plants the drinks on the table, one in front of her and the other in front of Cayle Murray.

**Cayle Murray:**

You can drink, Cally... I won't be offended.

**Cally:**

Naaaah, it's really no fun drinking alone... it's just sad. Anyways, it's not really a celebratory atmosphere, is it? How's your brother?

**Cayle:**

Broken ribs: five of 'em. He's been told to sit on his arse for two-to-four weeks, and to not even think about going near a ring for eight-to-twelve, but I dunno.

Cayle shakes his head. Cally winces.

**Cayle:**

With all that weight, it could've been a lot worse. Andy's like Lazarus though. Once upon a time in AWC, he took a nasty fall from the top of a steel cage. Serious back injury. Doctors told him he'd be lucky to ever wrestle again, but he was back at it in less than six months.

**Cally:**

Well, we'll drag him out again as soon as he's ready.

They sit in silence for a few seconds, enjoying their drinks, while a few people dare to approach them for autographs. Cayle signs, and Cally poses for some pictures in the interim.

**Cayle:**

Knox doesn't mind you being out without him?

**Cally:**

...Why would he?

It's a good question, but it's also a logical one but a totally illogical one.

**Cayle:**

Well... you guys are together, aren't you?

**Cally:**

Almost ten years, yep.

There's a pregnant pause, during which Cayle looks like he's waiting for a follow up, and Cally laughs at his waiting for the follow up.

**Cayle:**

Okay, but you need to acknowledge that going out to a bar with some guy who isn't your lad is a little weird.

Cally looks faux - offended.

**Cally:**

Listen, Squidboy.

They both laugh at the nickname.

**Cally:**

We're not joined at the hip, okay? He knows I love him, I know he loves me. What are we s'posed to do, spend all our time together and have a publicly twittered relationship to show everyone whose property is whose? That's a bit dysfunctional, don't you think?

She shakes her head.

**Cally:**

Do I look like a hashtag girl character to you?

Cayle also laughs, but it quickly dies out when he sees that she is seriously asking the question and wants him to answer.

**Cayle:**

... No, you sure don't.

**Cally:**

No, I don't. I mean, I could. I could toss on a pair of booty shorts and a sportsbra and vamp it up if I really applied myself, but I think the Faithful could tell that it wasn't authentic. I think they could tell that I'd be tossing on a Halloween costume, or... y'know... half a Halloween costume, for the sake of a cheap pop. I mean, I know I don't belong here, I'm not a sports entertainer - my only redeeming quality is that I'm not trying to be anything I'm not.

Cayle laughs.

**Cayle:**

Sure, they really have no interest in seeing you come up with new and creative ways to get Angus to blow it up.

**Cally:**

Please, I'm just havin' fun. I think he was, too, or I hope he was.

They continue in silence for a few more seconds; Cally greets more fans that approach the table, while Cayle quietly ponders this woman, more over than half the company, who doesn't seem to understand the fact that she's got the entirety of the Faithful behind her on the strength of a simple fist bump.

**Cally:**

Besides, anyone who puts their relationship on full display like that, it's not based on feeling, it's based on

showmanship. It becomes a prop, and that's totally hexed. Private lives should be private, right?

Cayle looks momentarily caught off guard by the question, but fortunately Cally is there to back him up.

**Cally:**

Right! Anyways, that's enough about me. What's up, man? What's going on?

Cut.

## History Lesson Pt. 1

The camera cuts in high and swoops down on the traditional “news” style desk, behind which sit the hosts of DEFTv: the “Motormouth of Malcontent” Angus Skaaland, and “Downtown” Darren Keebler. Beside the voices of DEF is none other than the manager of one of the most volatile members of the DEFIANCE roster, the lovely but icy managerial wunderkind Jane Katze.

### DDK:

Folks, welcome... Tonight, Ms. Katze, in the wake of Kelly Evans’ massive announcement regarding your client, Bronson Box, taking on Eugene Dewey at DEFCON in a winner take all grudge match for the ages. You wanted to take a little time to give some of the newer members of the Faithful, and the DEFIANCE roster itself, a little HISTORICAL perspective as we move closer and closer to the biggest DEFIANCE show in our company’s history.

### Jane Katze:

Thank you Darren. Absolutely. Many years ago when DEFIANCE was shiney and new the seed of this match was planted. When a pudgy, fresh faced boy-monster scored several *upset* wins over a man who’s place as the SPINE of this company was already well established...

### Angus:

Now Jane, you promised this would be an IMPARTIAL look back at the history of these two maniacs. Remember what I said about breaking rules and rigorous *spankings*, Kitty Kat.

Skaaland gives the leggy brunette the eyebrows to an unfazed - if not slightly *grossed out* - reaction.

### Jane Katze:

Angus, I want you to go back and rewatch the Clash PPV and pay close attention to what I did to that nasty little tick Eddie Dante. Just the tip of the iceberg of a moveset well remembered and on hand at a moment’s notice. So if you enjoy all your joints and tendons being... well, *in their proper place*, I’d recommend you cool your pies and stick to the script... *Mr. Skaaland*.

Angus runs his fingers through his bleached blond hair with a sheepish, but still very much goddamn proud of himself, grin. He shoots a sideways glance towards his commentary partner, Keebler, in hopes of putting a stop to his sniggering. Once he’s satisfied Angus has sufficiently squirmed, he gets the conversation back on track and invites Jane to continue on. Katze again starts recounting what she continues to refer to as Eugene Dewey’s career making “fluke” wins over her client Bronson Box.

### Jane Katze:

And for those who are only familiar with Eugene as the impudent, spoiled, tantrum throwing FIST of DEFIANCE... we’re talking about a young man who, at the time, was the definition of the so called “plucky” underdog. Always there beside the other white hats to drive the latest threat from DEFIANCE’s door. Whether he was being led by Xavier Langston, Christian Light, Tom Sawyer... sweet little Eugene was always ready to put his body on the line for the “right cause”... for someone or something OTHER than himself. His goals. His aspirations. He’d piss them aside in favor of whatever the latest crusade was. Over and over and over again, the sidekick for men like *Dusty Griffith*...

### DDK:

He was a kind, driven young man who, through *sheer determination and grit*, found himself embraced and fueled by the DEFIANCE Faithful.

### Angus:

Replace the word “kind” with “fucking psychotic” and you’re talkin’ about *Boxer* there, Keebs.

### Jane Katze:

Very astute, gentlemen. Many have referred to them as the so called “*yin and yang*” of DEFIANCE. Two sides of one coin. As time passed Bronson and Eugene would criss cross paths over and over again in tournaments and title

matches building a company defining rivalry that's as much a part of the bedrock of DEFIANCE as anything or anyone.

**Angus:**

Yeah, a rivalry that at one point helped us get kicked off the goddamn *AIR*.

**Jane Katze:**

Indeed. Bronson's assault of a young producer after another shock loss to Eugene lead to a string of troubles, including further tension to DEFIANCE's thin relationship with the ESEN cable network. It's common knowledge, Angus; moreover it's DEFIANCE history. This isn't about nitpicking the past, it's about like Darren said... perspective. Eugene has had Bronson's number time and time again, not ceaselessly, but the numbers are indeed in Eugene's favor... before the AFTERSHOCK pay per view that is. Where Bronson Box made his return from exile. When he unfurled his master plan and...

**Angus:**

... created a mouthy, spoiled rotten *monster* out of the Faithful's absolute favorite goodie two shoes white hat baby HOSS.

Katze smiles coolly.

**Jane Katze:**

In so many words, yes. Before Eugene proved unsuited for the role Bronson created for him, that was indeed the plan. Almost from the moment my ex-employer Edward White unceremoniously sent Bronson home he and I began opening lines of communication not only with one another, but with our dear boy Eugene. Honestly it didn't take all that much convincing, really...

Katze recrosses her legs with a sly grin. Coupled with the subtle implication she, well - "convinced" Eugene - the way beautiful women tend to "convince" young men of whatever they hell they want really... it's almost too much for Angus to take.

**Angus:**

No wonder the kid's had his head up his ass, he went *PUSSY* blind, Keeps!

The leggy brunette just rolls her eyes (as does Darren) and she continues on.

**Jane Katze:**

I just opened a door, Angus. I opened it in order for my client to march in, and attempt to reforge that red haired ninny into *something resembling a MAN*. A man who, if convinced to look out for himself, instead of always getting distracted sticking up for the 'little guy,' might just become the legend he was capable of becoming. Sadly, failure is just a natural part of the *creative* process. Sometimes what the sculptor sees within a piece of granite, once he starts chipping away, just isn't there. Bronson shaved off every ounce of the white hat wearing, smiling and eager to please Eugene Dewey hoping to find a cold blooded killer within... we all see now that just wasn't the case. He chipped and chipped and all he was left with was a whining, sniveling, tantrum throwing disgrace of a champion. And now, without the FIST... just *who is Eugene Dewey, gentlemen?*

**DDK:**

A very good question from the manager of The Bombastic Bronson Box. [turning his attention to the camera] Folks, what we'd like to end with is a few clips from March of 2015, the Aftershock pay per view where DEFIANCE's stalwart defender reached the pinnacle of this business, defeating Dusty Griffith unifying the DEFIANCE World title with his FIST of DEFIANCE... only to turn his back on *everything* and *everyone* he held dear from his fans to his friends to his peers and even his FAMILY all apparently at the behest of Ms. Katze and her client. I believe we're going to hop in at about the moment Dusty is handing both title belts to the new Undisputed FIST... let's roll the clip.

The studio darkens as all three turn back towards what was a pitch black wall, upon which the video of Dusty Griffith and Eugene Dewey, both looking rough having put one another through hell, Dusty has just handed the old Unified DEFIANCE World title and the FIST of DEFIANCE belts to the new champion and hoisted his proteges arm high to a

massive reaction from the fans in the arena. We hear the reaction flip moments later as the Guru of Gaming shocks the entire wrestling world, laying Dusty out with a completely unexpected Shoryuken uppercut that leaves everyone stunned.

Before he launches into his now legendary, scathing, obscenity laced promo, the scene freezes on the twisted, snarling face of Eugene Dewey... as a voice familiar to long time DEFIANCE fans starts in over the image. We cut slowly to a very nervous, but obviously very sincere Wayne Dewey. The former ringside manager and very much *still* the only sibling of our former FIST.

**Wayne Dewey:**

We'd... we'd already had our problems. I was out of the picture when all that happened. Maybe if I'd been around to look after him. Maybe if we'd have stayed on the same page Bronson and that... that *DAMN* Jane Katze wouldn't have crawled into his head like they did.

We cut back to the video. An edited together montage of all the events that transpired at the Aftershock pay per view. Jane Katze and Kelly Evans snarling at one another about "Jane's plan" at the top of the show in front of the the mysterious limo that unbeknownst to us contained the returning Wargod, Bronson Box.

**Jane Katze (V/O):**

The very second the feds caught up to Edward White, the tumblers started falling into place and it became CLEAR he was headed to prison and wouldn't be in charge around here very much longer. That's when I started the plan in motion. Boxer and I never were *fans* of one another during our time as members of the Blood Diamonds, but he saw clearly that I knew what I was doing, that I was a survivor. He put a lot of trust in me right out of the gate, not something he's known for. As is evident by the end of Aftershock that trust paid off *QUITE* quickly. In one calculated movement we created not only one of the most indelible moments in DEFIANCE pay per view history... but one of its greatest *villians* this company's ever seen in what was one of its most lauded heroes.

Eugene Dewey and Bronson Box nose to nose, teeth gnashed, eyes wide... a sight we've been treated to tens upon tens of times before. Even after repeat viewing you can't quite pinpoint the moment it goes from same old Eugene versus Boxer and becomes... something else. A testament to the acting chops of both men. Before you can even process what's going on they're *BOTH* laying the boots to the still punch drunk former DEFIANCE World champ Dusty Griffith, still sitting prone against the turnbuckle.

The swerve after the swerve, the knife in the back after a knife in the gut.

**Wayne Dewey (V/O):**

I was watching at home with our parents, can you believe that? Sitting on the sofa with our mom... who... listen, sidebar, she *HATES* that he wrestles at all but she's *SO* proud of him, you know? She's a mom. Hearing those words come out of his mouth only to then see him side with a dude she's watched on multiple occasions just rip her baby boy apart with tears just streaming down her face. It was awful. I was as speechless as our step-dad. He just sat there with this *look* on his face from the second Euge laid out Dusty with that Shoryuken.

*I don't know if I'll ever forget that look.*

The black and white hued video gets to the very end, Bronson Box leaning under the bottom rope, growling into a microphone with his bloodshot brown eyes locked on the motionless body of Dusty Griffith...

**Bronson Box:** [video]

The short pathetic reign of Dusty Griffith is over!

Long live the *KING*.

Eugene, the "king" in question, steps up on a folding chair at ringside, propping one leg up on the corner of the ringside barrier, his two title belts held aloft over his far less appealingly ginger head as the Faithful rain pure poisons down onto their former "Player 1." The camera pulls back, away from the screen and we're back in the studio with

Keebler, Skaaland and Katze. Behind them, still up on the screen, that last black and white image of the “End Boss” Eugene Dewey triumphant, realigned, and reborn.

**DDK:**

A moment in time I’m not sure I’ll ever forget having the displeasure to call, if I’m being honest.

**Angus:**

He got whiny as hell, and yeah, he went way off the reservation like Kitty Kat said, but right out of the gate? You can’t deny seeing Eugene take the bull by the horns and sort of *make his own* destiny for a goddamn change wasn’t REALLY refreshing considering what a pushover he tended to be.

**Jane Katze:**

I’m so glad you approve, Angus.

**Angus:**

Don’t get it twisted little Ms. Perfect-legs. You and Mr. Wargod lost control of the starfleet *wessel*/USS Eugene Dewey quicker than Darren loses his breakfast when I send him awesome pimple popping videos from YouTube. Y’all got that particular starship lost in a goddamn *nebula* or some shit, Katze...

**Jane Katze:** [narrowing her eyes]

I can’t deny that. Eugene was never comfortable with my managerial services... *something to do with his ridiculous brother*... so helping keep him pointed in the right direction, as it were, was a bit of a TASK. But as my client has been wont to say to Faithful, wrestler, and... *announcer* alike...

Jane gives Angus a unmistakable “*watch your tone when you speak to me, little man*” look.

**Jane Katze:**

DEFIANCE is about *legacy*. It’s about win or lose - about creating moments that the people who flock to our shows year after year hold close to their hearts and minds for the rest of their *LIVES*. You pull aside any member of our “Faithful”... the fans MY CLIENT dubbed as such by the way, and you ask them about Aftershock. Names like Frank Holiday, David Noble, Clair St. Sure... dust, faded into history like most of the unimaginative schlubs who pass through those blood red ropes year after year. But Bronson Box and Eugene Dewey? The two *HOMEGROWN* superstars still standing atop the heap, still making waves? What they did, if you haven’t noticed, we’re sitting here dissecting that one series of event after the fact like we’re all on Sportscenter and it’s the key play from the greatest SuperBowl ever played. You have the gall to say it was a *DISPLEASURE* to call that, Darren Keebler? If that’s true you’re even more of an embarrassment to that chair than this one is.

Jane hooks a thumb towards Angus Skaaland, giving his best shoulder shrugging “... *who, ME?*”

**Angus:**

Heeeeeey, I resemble that remark.

**DDK:**

Ladies and gentlemen as we now move beyond the unprecedented turn of Eugene Dewey and the unification of the FIST, next time here on UNCUT we continue this look back at this sizable slice of *DEF History* as we discuss *The Original DEFIANTS* and the two year reign and the rise of DEFIANCE’s “End Boss.” For Angus Skaaland and Jane Katze, I’m Darren Keebler. Enjoy the rest of UNCUT, folks.



## DrunkBruvs: The Fellowship of the Bruv

The scene opens inside a plush looking NEW ORLEANS hotel suite but more importantly, specifically on Jesse Fredericks Kendrix, bobbing his head along to the genius that is Drake's "Started from the Bottom Now We're Here" (Explicit Version). Adorning a white T-shirt with a picture of his own face in the centre with the word BRUV directly above and below it, blue abercrombie jogging bottoms and wearing his trademark red giant bug shades (yes, inside), Kendrix is relaxed with his legs sprawled out across a comfy looking leather couch. What's noticeable is that three empty bottles of Brew Dog Punk IPA accompany him on the ground by the couch.

**Kendrix:**

Started from the bottom now we're here, started from the bottom now my whole crew fuckin 'ere, nigga...

At that moment, JFK brings the singing to a halt and his hands to his mouth in shock at the last lyric he quoted from the artist Drake. Shaking his head in disgust and grabbing the remote by his side he switches the tune off.

**Kendrix:**

Unbelievable, in this day and age!

Suddenly across the room his phone goes off... Once again Drake fills the air!

**Phone:**

Fuck being on some chill shit! We go zero to 100 nigga real quick! They be on that rap to pay the bills shit....

**Kendrix:**

And I don't feel that shit! Not even a little bit! OH LORD!

Jumping out of his seat he throws his hands through his hair, dangling freely from it's usual man bun position, as he walks across the room. Taking a quick swig of his beer he then answers the phone, putting it on loud speaker.

**Kendrix:**

BRUV!

On the other end of the phone line the easily distinguishable voice of Mikey Unlikely can be heard.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

HAPPY BIRTHDAY BRUV!!!!

Kendrix flaps his hand somewhat embarrassingly and dismissively towards his phone.

**Kendrix:**

Thanks Bruv!

**Mikey Unlikely:**

Today is going to be amazing buddy, I'm so psyched for it!

Kendrix nods his head along to his best bruv's excitement, but a rare look of serious reflection comes across the Londoner's beautiful bearded face.

**Kendrix:**

Listen Yeah...you know how the Hollywood Bruvs love Drake?

**Mikey Unlikely:**

OBVS!!!

**Kendrix:**

Totally Obsv...well, JFK doesn't mean to...alarm you, but...he was just listening to Started From the Bottom...and, and...

Kendrix bites his lower lip and closes his eyes momentarily, a look of pure pain in his face.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

What's up Jesse? You OK?

Letting out a brave sigh Kendrix opens his eyes.

**Kendrix:**

Did you know that Drake says the word...

He looks over his shoulder at two attractive half naked blonde women in his bed, stirring in their sleep, before grabbing the phone and walking into the bathroom for some privacy so that they can't hear the very controversial word he's about to say. Locking the door behind him he whispers ever so quietly into the speaker.

**Kendrix:**

Did you know, yeah?!...In the song... that Drake says the word....Nigga????!!!

He quickly squats down and looks through the bathroom door key hole behind him just to make sure neither of the girls were eavesdropping and heard the bad, offensive word he said.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

Bruv, relax...Drake always says that shit! In fact, as a man who's actually released his own successful PLATINUM selling rap album...I can tell you that we SUPERSTAR rappers are actually encouraged to use that word in our tunes as many times as is humanly possible! It's quite redic.

Kendrix stands up, resting his back on the door and wiping his brow with the back of his free hand before resting it upon his chest, above his heart.

**Kendrix:**

Totally redic! Phew, that was a close one, JFK thought Drake was going to spoil his oh so very special day with his potty mouth!

Unlikely can be heard laughing on the other end.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

I'm downstairs bro, cmon down! Let's get this party started.

Jesse smiles and pumps his fist. His face turns to worry.

**Kendrix:**

How will JFK know which car is yours!?

--L--O--V--E--U--C--O--L--I--N--

The scene cuts to Mikey outside. Or his upper half anyway. He is standing in a limo, hanging out of the sunroof. His phone to his ear, he looks up at the enormous hotel trying to spot Jesse's suite.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

Oh... You'll know!!

**Kendrix:**

On my way!

The scene zooms out and not only is the limo he stands in bright orange, but it has a large banner on the side: 'Happy Birthday Bruv!!!!' and a handful of models are waiting with a sign that reads "The Future of Sports Entertainment! J.F.K."

Mikey pushes the end button on his phone, pulls a liquor bottle from out of view and takes a long hard drink on the tequila.

Behind the limo is a taxi cab. Sticking out of both rear windows is The D and Elise. Klein's box shaped shadow can be seen in the backseat between them.

**Taxi Driver:**

Your fare is already \$187 dollars. Are you going to take up my entire night?

**Elise Ares:**

We're paying you to drive, not to talk.

**The D:**

So DRIVE good man! DRIVE! (to Elise) That was a good flick.

As the scene fades away Unlikely lets out a hiccup.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

Huhyuck!

## Don's Figured It Out [cue "It's Always Sunny" theme music]

"RICH! I FIGURED IT OUT! I FIGURED IT ALL OUT!"

Rich Mahogany rolls off of the couch and hits the floor with a bemused thud. Red solo cups, cigarette butts and... well, a VERY attractive older woman in just a pair of black lace panties, and an empty pizza box follow in his wake as he blinks to a barely-living hangover. He searches the room for his tag team partner, finally peering him over by a large bay window looking out over the city of New Orleans, Louisiana.

### Rich Mahogany:

Holy shit, what, where are we... whose apartment is this... why...

Searching his immediate surroundings for his trademark Hawaiian shirt, Mahogany finally rubs his eyes into focus.

### Rich Mahogany:

Why uhhh... are you naked, bro?

### Don Hollywood:

I REALIZED OUR PURPOSE... wait... why are YOU naked? I was... what was I saying?

Rich obviously doesn't really hear his partner's question, choosing to just mindlessly shrug as he continues to search for his shirt... and I guess his pants too at this point. He manages up to his feet, taking off the pair of women's sunglasses he was wearing up to this point and tossing them aside.

### Rich Mahogany: [mumbling to himself]

Ugh ... so sticky...

Dapper Don stands with his grand prize winner and two runners up exposed for all of NOLA to see. And just like cats with a laser pointer, the two men whose blood types are by this point absolutely "M" for marijuana, immediately get distracted with other more pressing matters than figuring out where they are, why they're naked and more importantly what Don was so excited to have "figured out."

### Don Hollywood: [to nobody impartial]

*Gosh* this is a nice apartment...

### Mystery Woman:

It *REALLY* is, now if you don't mind drawing the blinds, my neighbors... well, they exist... and don't need to see what a dumpster fire my life's become, okay Mr. ding-a-ling?

The aforementioned nothing but black laced panty wearing, VERY attractive older woman from the tumble off the sofa moments ago... aka the only other human being in the room, finally has to clear her throat and jump right in there with these two numbskulls.

### Don Hollywood:

Oh my you're gorgeous, hello!

We hear the fleshy "thwack" of Don's *favorite party favor* hit his leg as he whips around, unapologetic of his nakedness, to greet the statuesque mystery woman. Rich groggily pulls a pack of cigarettes from his shirt... *heeeeey, he found his shirt, atta boy*. He pops on his own shades, looks the woman up and down like the goddamn creep he truly is, lights one up and takes a long drag before adding his own *joie de vivre* to the already *scintillating* conversation.

### Rich Mahogany:

So did we...

He points back and forth between he and her making the universal sign for "did you make the poor life decision to let me put my gross penis anywhere near you" and by the look on the poor woman's face the answer to that question is an

undeniable yes.

**Don Hollywood:**

Did *WE*...

Donny utilizes same gesture, this time between he and her. She again nods yes with about as much enthusiasm as a staunch atheist stuck in a church... a Baptist church. A *Southern* Baptist. A really backwoods Southern Baptist church. Don and Rich take a moment to each, independently, feel really proud of themselves. Then the realization washes over both of them both at the same time... Don is the first to put the puzzle pieces together.

**Don Hollywood:**

Which one of us went first, was it hi...

The woman shakes her head no, looking at BOTH of them with a big smile. By this point she's gotten herself fully clothed. Don't ask me how women do that, by the way. You get up, make awkward small talk, "*lol so we boned, right*" and all of a sudden you haven't even scratched your ass and gotten half the the statement "ummm, so like... breakfast or whatever" out of your mouth and they look and smell awesome again and are out the door. Least this woman would be... if, you know, this wasn't obviously her goddamn apartment.

So yeah, three way. Rich and Don had naked time together.

**Rich Mahogany:**

Dude... we totally *ménaged*.

**Don Hollywood:**

You... and her... and me? Oh wow, bro of bros.

The awkward silence is broken by the two idiots eventually high fiving one another in apparent celebration. The sight of two naked (*well, Rich has his shirt on at least*) men giving one another a jumping "*end of a buddy cop movie*" style high five in the middle of her living room seems to ingratiate the two Angel City boys with the woman - if only a little.

**Mystery Woman:**

How... open minded of you. Not many men are comfortable with this particular... *ratio*.

**Rich Mahogany:**

Our reputation rarely proceeds us, but if it did you'd *totally* get it.

The woman hands Rich a towel for his exposed lower half and Don-Ho a fluffy pink terrycloth bathrobe to - by the grace of God - cover what he's been parading around for all to see... thank Christ for pixilation and tight camera shots.

Shit on a shingle, these dudes' balls are out a lot.

I mean there's edgy... and there's just gratuitous.

**Don Hollywood:**

Thank you for your hospitality, Miss...

Searching for a name, the woman couldn't hold her hands up quicker to deflect the question.

**Mystery Woman:**

Boys... no no... this, ummm... wow. I work in the *\*ahem\** local television industry, and as such have become friends with some of the women that work at that wrestling company of yours... you two followed them here, we aaaaaaall consumed more drugs and alcohol than is ever necessary...

Both Rich and Donny interrupt at the same time, vehemently disagreeing with the idea one could EVER consume more

drugs or alcohol than is “necessary.” Eventually, they noticed how thin her hospitality was wearing, and they allowed her to continue.

**Mystery Woman:** [sighing deeply]

Listen, I’m pretty sure everyone I know, now knows I slept with two... [aside, to herself] *albeit adorable in a sort of gross, one night stand out of town sort of way, but...* utterly below my social strata, ugh, *wrestlers*. And not even one of the good kind with the big *shoulder* muscles... what are those muscles called, dear?

**Don Hollywood:** [obviously a little deflated]

*\*sigh\** Traps.

**Mystery Woman:**

That’s the ones. What was I saying? Ahhh... you two, right. I’m going to need you two to go ahead lea...

Rich Mahogany flicks aside the butt of his well smoked morning cigarette, walks right up to the woman and presses his index finger... *oh, ick, totally still sticky...* onto her surgically enhanced lips, re-smudging her reapplied lipstick. The move is so bold and unexpected she just stands there stupefied as the sleaziest of the sleaze lays it all down for her...

**Rich Mahogany:**

Listen toots I know who you are. I watch the evening news, and neither of us really give a good goddamn. Donny-boy and myself here? We’re big timers, they know these two beautiful faces nationwide. Coast to coast my dear, coast to coast... so ‘A’ number one, show a smidge of respect, would’ya. We ain’t baristas down at the Starbucks on the corner, or even the nicer one on the opposite corner... we’re two dudes currently embroiled in one hell of a three team feud for the ages over the title of top banana in the hottest professional wrestling company in the COUNTRY... *so*.

Rich takes his finger from her mouth, delicately takes her hand in his and lays a sweet little peck right atop.

**Rich Mahogany:**

Seeing as we’re the classy globe trotting superstar athletes we are, we’ll ignore your slight and simply thank you for... [*heh, psych*]... lettin’ us get our BOOOOOOOOOOOOOONES wet, *PEACE*.

As his tag team partner goes about grabbing his things (and a few things that obviously *aren’t* his), laughing out loud to himself and shoving it all into a gym bag, (again, probably not his) Don sidles up beside the woman. He’s naked again, holding her soft pink bathrobe out, draped over his arm.

**Don Hollywood:**

“Social strata”... you *guess* the weather in front of a green screen. You can have this back now... good day. Also thank you for the sex, it’s been a very stressful few weeks... [*hello distraction my old friend*]... see, there’s these two assholes, and they’re WAY up these two OTHER bigger assholes assholes, and all four of these assholes... well, wait, there’s also these two Japanese wrestling marks from Seattle who talk and talk and talk, but... anyway, the whole situation is just so stressful, it was just so nice to be able to have a night like last night, it means a lot to be able to...

**Rich Mahogany:** [yelling from out in the hallway]

DON! COME ON DUDE, JEEZUS!

**Don Hollywood:**

Fuck this chick, right, leaving in a huff. Got sidetracked, bud, on my way...

Dapper Don Hollywood leapfrogs the sofa and makes a beeline for the apartment door, and out he goes... and the mystery weather girl woman waits for him to realize - there it is. Donny comes breezing back into the apartment still quite completely naked.

**Don Hollywood:**

Forgot my clothes. Heh.

Not even stopping, he's in and out of the bathroom in an instant. On his way out... arms filled with a ball of tacky lime green clothing... he nods and smiles again at the woman, managing to grab with his teeth a business card from the back pocket of his pants. Of course, they conveniently happen to be inches from his mouth... and spits the thing out onto the back of the sofa.

**Don Hollywood:**

*\*patoowey\** You really do have a lovely home. I also do a little real estate work on the side, if you ever happen to need a realtor for any reas...

**Rich Mahogany:**

DUUUUDE.

**Don Hollywood:**

Right, huff, leaving, got my clothes... yeah.

And out the door he goes to join his tag team partner. The woman looks around at the blanket of *"post party filth"* that covers the mindbogglingly expensive French Quarter loft apartment with a sigh. A clattering sound is heard in the kitchen... the woman slowly wanders around the corner to find a handsome looking young man in pink wrestling trunks, mirrored shades smoking a cigarette cooking a full four course breakfast on her large range.

**Mystery Woman:**

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!

**Pete Whealdon:**

Check the bold name right there above what I'm saying lady, I'm Pete. Now shut up and eat these here eggs... do they need more thyme, do you think? They so do. Your spice cabinet is just *painfully* understocked...

We hard cut from the bemused look on the naked mystery weather woman's face to a fully clothed Rich Mahogany, and a lime green speedo sporting Don Hollywood as they wander aimlessly down one of the French Quarter's narrow little streets. They walk past all manner of fancy eatery and fine hotel drawing more than a few looks from concerned patrons.

**Rich Mahogany:**

So what did you figure out?

**Don Hollywood:**

What?

**Rich Mahogany:**

Earlier, when you woke me up. You screamed "Rich, I figured it out"... you know, before I had to tell off that snooty weather bitch and steal all this [rummaging through the gym bag] shit, I mean, what is this a goddamn pager? Who still uses a pager? What is this chick, a goddamn ER doctor from the 90's? Ooooooh here we go, sweaty yoga pants... and a sports bra! Noooooow we're talkin'...

**Don Hollywood:**

I can't remember... I think it had something to do with our purpose, something important...

Rich's hand enters the closeup shot of Don Hollywood's face, a big fat joint of the finest of marijuana pressed between his thumb and forefinger.

**Don Hollywood:**

Yaaaaay! Wake and bake! ... *\*fsssst\** ahhhhh... what was I saying?

Rich just mindlessly shrugs as he's fully engrossed in something on his smartphone. Those damn Angel City boys turn the next corner and just like that, they're gone.

Curtain. End. Black. Vamoose.

**Don Hollywood:** V/O

*WAIT! NOW REMEMBER!* ... ahh nope, lost it again, sorry folks false alarm...

*Yeah, okay seriously* **GTFO.**



## Silent Movie

The apartment door opens, and Randall Knox walks through, turning on the light as he closes and locks it. He bends at the knees to greet their two cats, Isis and "Kooter the Wonder Cat," before walking into the living room.

Yeah, it's all gonna be description. Deal with it.

We say it's Randall Knox, because he's left Impulse at the arena. For that matter, he also left Calico Rose at the arena. After the events of DEFtv 65, the Drunkbros really weren't feeling karaoke. Andy Murray was hurt, Jack Hunter was playing James Bond, Double-Oh-Zilch, and who the heck knew where Natas was at. Cally had the right idea - let's take Cayle out for some drinks and take his mind off his brother.

And it was a good idea, but Randall Knox wasn't feeling it. Carte Blanche to Cally, though, for her and Cayle to hit it and quit it.

Knox finds his mind preoccupied with Curtis Penn, and the fact that no matter how hard he tries to get out, something pulls him back in.

Yeah, Godfather III. Shut up. It still got a nomination for Best Picture.

He opens the refrigeration and pulls out a single bottle of beer. He cracks the lid and takes a long drink, and moves back to the living room, crashing down on an overstuffed recliner. His mind wanders to the events of the evening, and he takes another drink to stuff it down.

The truth is that Knox is thirty years old, and at thirty, he's older than most of his contemporaries of the same age. The truth is that, while everyone else in the wrestling business is looking for their shot to carry the ball and be the Champion, Knox wants nothing more than to have a quality match with a decent opponent.

Because Knox was the Champion once, and he was essentially given a pitch count of thirty. Because he was told, for all intents and purposes, that no matter what he did in the ring, he was not to outshine the veterans who were brought in as friends of the promoter. Because all of the hard work that he and the other forebearers of the New Frontier were doing was - in an instant - declared unimportant because of past - their - prime veterans having the same matches they'd had a decade prior.

Knox isn't stupid - he has a deep respect for the history of the sport of professional wrestling, and consistently respects and believes in the value of the veterans who have paved the way. The distinction for Knox is when the veteran pulls rank with nothing but their name, and when push comes to shove doesn't have the physical ability anymore to back it up.

There will always be a place in professional wrestling for the legends who can no longer physically keep up with the younger, hungrier athletes who are in their prime, as long as it isn't hanging onto their past.

Curtis Penn is also a former Champion. Knox thinks about it, and while he doesn't know the particulars of his win or loss, he's willing to give the benefit of the doubt: maybe the manner in which his SoHER reign ended is the reason for the chip on his shoulder.

Knox holds onto that thought, because the alternative is Curtis Penn simply being a miserable bastard, and that doesn't spell success for anyone. Blood feuds inhibit ambition in the wrestling business, be it the ambition to be Champion or the ambition to simply have a quality match with a decent opponent.

The fact is, Knox feels he owes a debt to the DEFIANCE Faithful that accepted him, despite the conflicts he'd had with the BAWS in another life, and a contest with a miserable bastard like Penn will likely be a great contest, as opposed to a great match - and he knows it won't be his best.

Knox drains half his beer in one large sip.

The fact is, Knox had started, quite against his will, to regain a small bit of the idealism he held at the start of his career, before he (and the rest of the New Frontier) was cast aside in favor of yesterday's mainstays. The fact is, Curtis Penn's attack at DEFtv 65 threatens to give Knox' cynicism a jolt of Nitro that could take him down a dark path.

There are two wars being fought - one is between Impulse and Curtis Penn; the other is between Randall Knox' idealistic nature and his realistic cynicism.

Knox isn't a fan, because winning one fight could easily lead to losing the other; and the jury's out over whether or not it's worth it.

But it's a moot point; the fight with Curtis Penn is on, and it's going to alter both mens' careers.

Whether they like it or not.

## DrunkBruvs 2:The Two (extra) Bruvs!

We open up to the inside of She She's Gentlemen's club. The lights are low, self esteem is low, but the music is loud! In the background we see dancers on poles shaking and gyrating to the tunes. Currently Drake's "Wu-Tang Forever" (That Drake is everywhere at the moment, so hot right now)!

As the camera rounds the bar it lands on a couple of familiar faces. The Hollywood Bruvs are sitting surrounded by employees of this fine establishment. The ladies all have their hands on Mikey and Jesse, Mikey is just finishing a story, both Bruvs hold cocktails in hand.

### **Mikey Unlikely:**

Then I told her.... No, I won't pay extra for that! I'm Mikey Unlikely Dammit!!!

The crowd bursts into laughter. The women look at each other with confused smiles but shrug through it. Kendrix slowly brings his cocktail to his face before taking a long sip. Kendrix then slides his giant red bug eye shades to the top of his head.

### **Kendrix:**

Bruv, now, maybe it's the stupid amount of alcohol that JFK has had, let's face it, any other man who's been drinking solidly from 9.30am to 10pm would be dead by now, but JFK just wanted to say, he's having the BEST DAMN BIRTHDAY EVVVVEERR. Thanks for getting JFK his very own Armani sponsored Bright Green Bug Eye Shades. It's so thoughtful, you shouldn't have, innit?!

Mikey waves him off.

### **Mikey Unlikely:**

Awe bullocks! You deserve it buddy! All this work we've put in lately, all the magnificent action we've been delivering on a weekly basis, the fans calling our names day in and day out. It's time for a little R in R...Er and R...Dammit... R&R!

The end of Mikey's speech is slurred a bit.

Kendrix looks away for a second to ponder his bruvs last comment and of course, life's bigger questions, like how many Mikey Money bills he can fit in one strippers G-string.

### **Kendrix:**

You're right bruv, JFK does deserve it...OBVS!

Unlikely finishes his drink. Looks around the bar. He spots Curtis Penn and Johnny Booya off in a corner booth of the club. Booya is getting a table dance, while Penn looks off in annoyance. Mikey half smiles and raises his now empty glass. Penn nods and waves Unlikely over.

### **Mikey Unlikely:**

TOTALLY OBVS!! Be right back bruv, gotta go take a freek-a-leek and see our friends there...

The 2001 Petey Pablo reference is lost on Kendrix but his attention is held by one of the lovely nearby dancers...until....

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Kendrix (and his "entourage") damn near leap out of their skin as a high-pitched girl scream pierces the music and almost ruptures their eardrums.

### **Kendrix:**

What the--...

Looking-up and stopping himself mid-sentence, Kendrix shakes his head. He moves his goggled sunglasses to the top of his head.

A petrified Jack Hunter stands before him. Having fallen from his grasp in his shocked state, Lil Broozy's oft-manhandled boombox is at his feet, droning-out a barely-audible 8-bit party banger (or: Jack's stupid, awful entrance music).

**Jack Hunter:**  
YOU!

The Superbest slowly raises his hand, pointing a finger at Kendrix.

**Jack Hunter:**  
You are *DEAD*, Jimi Kendrix!

Kendrix puts his hand on the bridge of his nose. He mutters under his breath.

**Kendrix:**  
Oh Jesus...who the FUCK invited Jack Hunter to the Birthday of the century??!! Huh?! I'm looking at you PCP!!!

Reveal the Pop Culture Phenoms sitting at a tiny kids table (which is weird for a strip club). They are nursing cocktails and hiding behind the drink menus. Klein sits with his box, and happily waves to Kendrix.

*Somehow*, Jack Hunter hears this.

**Jack Hunter:**  
You are not Jesus, sillyman! How can you be Jesus? You are Jimi Kendrix, very excellent guitarman slash musicboy, AKA more inspirational than Prince, okay, so don't try to fool the Superbest, because the Superbest is very smart, and also clever, and smart. Yes.

The Little Bruiser punctuates his "yes" with another point.

**Jack Hunter:**  
How did you get in here, sillyman?! You are dead, which means you are a zombie, because you are moving, and zombies move but are also dead, which is what you are, and zombies are not allowed in sexyclubs, so explain yourself, Sillyjimi, before The Superbest, AKA The Little Bruiser, kills you like in excellent video game, Residence Evil.

JFK has had more than a few drinks but he still stares at Jack with an exhausted look.

**Kendrix:**  
Listen, yeah! We're in a strip club, It's JFK's birthday party of the century! So for one night, behave yourself and look at boobs for the first time in your life Jack!

The scowling Superbest shakes his head, then looks to JFK's female companions.

**Jack Hunter:**  
Begone with you, Sillygirls, for the Superbest is about to make it rain...

He pauses, lowering his tone.

**Kendrix:**  
... *little bruises*.

JFK parts his lips to speak, but before he can make a sound...

**Jack Hunter:**

MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lil' Broozy charges forward like a lightning bolt with a Pepsi tattoo, but he doesn't strike Kendrix. Instead, he plucks the big green shades from his head and stuffs them under his arm!

**Jack Hunter:**

This is what you get, zombieface!

Bouncers are allllllllll over him before he can complete the legendary, devastating finisher (that triggers an earthquake in the middle of the Pacific Ocean every time Jack pulls it off... true story). Two of them seize him by the arms. Jack, being Jack, kicks and thrashes away, but can't find a way out.

**Jack Hunter:**

UNHAND ME, SILLYMEN! DON'T YOU REALISE THERE'S A ZOMBIE IN THIS SEXYBAR?!

A third bouncer joins the scene, shaking his head as he returns the shades back to their owner who places them back on his head.

**Bouncer:**

Mr. Kendrix, we are sorry for the interruption.

Kendrix stares at his shades for a moment before holding them tight to his chest, thinking hard about what he almost lost

**Kendrix:**

This is an outrage! I'm Jesse Fredericks Kendrix, Dammit! You can't just let any riff raff in here. He almost stole JFK's shades dammit!! See that that idiot gets the help he needs, yeah?!

Kendrix raises his eyebrow to the bouncer who turns to his colleagues.

**Bouncer:**

Get him out of here.

**Jack Hunter:** (being dragged away)

STOP! THE ZOMBIE IS GOING TO BITE EVERYONE, AND MAKE NEW ZOMBIES, BECAUSE THAT IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ZOMBIES...

The bouncers clear the area as Kendrix returns to his drink. He stirs it a few times before he realizes that The D and Elise Ares have both flanked him on either side. The D hands him a small present in wrapping paper.

**The D:**

Happy birthday.

Kendrix looks at the present with an odd expression. He unwraps it, and actually finds delight in the package contents. He raises a pair of Oculus VR eyeware and examines it.

**The D:**

We think you're out of this world.

**Elise Ares:**

So, you should probably spend most of your time out of this world.

**Kendrix:**

I haven't said this yet, but, bruv.

Kendrix smiles and sets the headset on the bar, returning to his drink. The D and Elise celebrate silently but visually behind him as he takes a sip. They stop immediately as Kendrix swivels back around. They also notice now that Klein has stepped between them. He waves and smiles under his box, before handing Kendrix a box of his own.

**Kendrix:**

Oh... is... do I?

Klein makes motions for Kendrix to put the box on his head. Kendrix at first doesn't want to, but Klein then buys him a round at the bar and Kendrix reluctantly places the box on his head. Klein reaches over to the side of the box and pulls a small plastic handle.

**Kendrix:**

Oh... it's... a Viewfinder.

**The D:**

The original VR!

The D says, trying to support Klein. Kendrix lifts the box off his head and stares blankly at Klein.

Klein gives him a thumbs up.

**Kendrix:**

Thanks.

Kendrix promptly drops the box to the bar floor. He takes his free drink and stands, slamming his foot down onto Klein's gift. He then purposely rubs his foot to make sure it's destroyed. Defiantly, Kendrix turns back to the bar and takes a seat.

Out of nowhere like a Chris Hopper Ice Breaker, Mikey Unlikely comes strolling back his hands full of Liquor bottles.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

I'm back! What did I miss!? Remind me to talk to you tomorrow about a plan Penn has for DEFtv65.

Kendrix stares at Mikey wide eyed and woozy.

**Kendrix:**

Bruv... It's been crazy....

Unlikely smiles.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

YUS!!!! That's what I wanna hear! That's why I threw this shindig!

Jesse shakes his head slowly.

**Kendrix:**

No you don't unders...

Mikey cuts him off.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

Let's go, I got the V.I.P. room!

The World's Greatest Entertainer nods down to the bottles and smiles wide as the scene fades.

## Performance Review- Post DEF TV #65

Cue up Security Footage of the office of “Former Head Honcho of DEFIANCE #2”. It’s a simple enough layout that everyone should recognize; a rectangular desk from IKEA with about an inch of dust covering the top, a computer chair covered in plastic, and a nameplate that is partially covered, but reveals “DREWS” in block type lettering.

Sitting in the plastic covered chair, elbows indenting the dust, and with his two index fingers form a steeple Curtis Penn presses his lips firmly into them. Once the domineering devastator of all dickheads in DEFIANCE has had an issue with picking up the win as of late. Once could say that he is perturbed.

A clumsy knock bangs unceremoniously at the door, rattling it and Curtis Penn.

Curtis’ face becomes granite.

**Curtis Penn:** (flatly)

Come in.

After jiggling the handle a few times, the sticking door knob turns and enters the Mountain of Mass, the BEST FLEX in DEFIANCE Jonny Booya.

**Jonny Booya:**

MANTITS BEENA LONG TIME SINCE I’VE SEEN DIS OFFICE!

Booya, like always, yells the simplest of sentences.

**Curtis Penn:**

Take a seat Jon.

Booya looks around and sees no other chair, so he decides to sit on a stack of boxes that rest against the wall.

**Curtis Penn:**

Jon, no one knew that wrestling was a business more than the man who used to sit in this chair. Somewhere, he got his lines crossed and started to forget that sometimes you’re a wrestler and sometimes you’re an owner of a wrestling organization, and very few times... few and far between you can mix both and become successful.

Jonny begins to look up at the drop tile ceiling and wonder off.

**Curtis Penn:**

JONNY! Focus!

Curtis pauses to correct himself.

**Curtis Penn:**

Just like your brother, you’ve allowed yourself to become distracted by outside forces, him with titles and you with the SMB’s. Jon I HIRED you for one sole purpose... to make sure that I DID NOT lose the Southern Heritage Championship. Which I did... on your watch.

Jonny is basically drooling out of the corner of his mouth, he’s working hard to follow the words of Penn.

**Curtis Penn:**

Jon, (Penn slaps the desk sending up a plume of dust) where is MY SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

**Jonny Booya:**

DUNNO!

**Curtis Penn:**

Exactly, ever since you have taken up with Aleczander you've forgotten why you're even here. You've forgotten the man who brought you back into the fold. You've forgotten me.

Penn closes both of his hands into tight balls of bone and muscle.

**Curtis Penn:**

Jon, you were supposed to have my back. But since you've had my back I have lost to LAR, Impuse, and Harmony, and all three times you were the reason that I lost. You're the reason that I'm not clutching my SOHER Title, you're the reason that I'm not fuck stomping Dan Ryan for the FIST. You're the reason that I'm not the D.O.C. I've lost to these three people who shouldn't have even come close to matching our combined power, and now I'm further away from holding one of these three championships than I've ever been. These three people should be one step closer to the soup kitchen, but now... now you're going to take their place in that line.

Jonny's ears actually seem to be working now.

**Curtis Penn:**

Ah.. .that got your attention. Jon, if I were a nice person... If I had a heart...IF this wasn't a business I'd tell you that you had one more shot at making sure everything went according to the plans we made. And then I'd look at your short bus mentality and give you another chance and then another... I'd make my life miserable to ensure that you had a job.

Penn unclenches his fists.

**Curtis Penn:**

But I'm not nice, I'm selfish. Wrestling is a business and I'm never going to end up like the Andrews' brothers. I am going to always have a place in DEFIANCE. I am always going to be the FACE of DEFIANCE. I AM Curtis Penn and I'm going to pull myself up and end Impulse at DEFTV #66.

Curtis stands up and crosses the office.

**Curtis Penn:**

Jon, your services are no longer viable in DEFIANCE or to myself. As far as I am concerned our contract has been nullified and voided from the day I lost the SoHer, I've only kept you around to lug around my luggage and carry me to the ring, but that's no longer necessary. The Age of Andrews has come to a close in DEFIANCE.

With a grin.

**Curtis Penn:**

Jonny, you're fired.

Penn opens the door and closes it behind him leaving Jonny "Booya" Andrews in his brother's former office.



## Drunkbros 2: Electric Bugaloo

**Cayle Murray:**

How is it?

Back at the bar (not whatever den of iniquity that the Hollywood Bruvs are currently holed-up in), the smaller, dorkier, squidlier Murray brother watches Calico Rose finish a glass of bright orange liquid.

Her facial expression answers the question.

**Calico Rose:**

Tastes like rust...

She pauses, contemplating.

**Cally:**

... and disappointment. Totally hexed.

**Cayle:**

Irn Bru is not for American palates, it seems.

Cayle, on the other hand, has absolutely no problem necking -- and savouring -- his own artificially-coloured drink.

**Cayle:**

Remind me to bring a bottle of 'Moray Cup' back next time I'm back home.

Cally - a good sport - finishes the Irn Bru with a grimace, and puts the glass in front of her. A few moments later, she pushes the glass as far from her as she can reach.

**Cally:**

Well... ew. Well, it's not the worst thing in the world, there's people here who drink Moxie, or even worse - Budweiser.

Cayle smirks.

**Cayle:**

Oh, it's not Budweiser bad, nor does it taste like 'rust and disappointment,' more 'slightly-fragrant fish brine and disappointment.' Oh, and you have to travel deep within Bronson Box country to find a bottle...

He pauses.

**Cayle:**

On second thought, let's forget that idea. Change of subject?

**Cally:**

Aces.

A silence forms. Cayle let's it hang for a few seconds.

**Cayle:**

Kind of weird without Frank, Dusty, and everyone else around, isn't it?

The Wrestler Affectionately Known as Squidboy™ takes a quick glance around the bar. He and Cally would normally find themselves in a booth, surrounded by quite possibly the rowdiest group of athletes currently under DEFIANCE employ.

Tonight? Not so much.

**Cally:**

A bit... but it happens. That's the way of this ridiculous business, things get complicated and sometimes not as much fun. It'll unravel in the wash. But you know all about things getting complicated, don't you?

**Cayle:**

Oh yeahhh...

Shout-outs to the Mormon state.

**Cayle:**

I don't know, though. I've been back in America for almost a year now. I don't remember things being as much of a circus before I went away, but now that I'm back? So much of this just doesn't make sense to me. Did you hear Eric Dane?

He doesn't wait for an answer.

**Cayle:**

He said he wanted Bobby to "KILL" my brother, and yeah, that might just be an expression, but I believed him. I was in Japan for five years, and not once did I get bullied backstage, let alone stabbed with a fork or crushed under a barbell. Sometimes I think this place is completely out of control. DEFtv 65 was a murderfest.

Cally nods. She waves at the bartender and holds up two fingers, sending a nonverbal message for another (hopefully different) drink.

**Cally:**

What you've got here is a weirdly hexed cross section of professional wrestling, Cayle. The initial explosion of wrestling was simple and straightforward, white hats and black hats, good and evil, blah, blah-bletly blah. Then the new generation came in - your brother, Eric Dane, Phil Collins... and they went all shades of grey matter to get noticed.

The waitress drops two more lemonades (NOT Irn Brus) at the table.

**Cally:**

It's escalation, pure and simple. The stakes go up, the risks go up, and hopefully the good guys can come out of it relatively undamaged. Things settle down, and then we all start a new game.

Cayle stares slack-jawed at the entire revelation; Cally has, to date, been a high energy part of the drunkbros, keeping them entertained at the arena and afterwards, but she has never shown such an overtly deep insight into the sport.

**Cayle:**

... did you read that in a book?

He retracts the joke, just in case.

**Cayle:**

Kidding, kidding. You're right. Well, I think you are. I've only been with this company for four months, and we're still right in the middle of the messy part. It'd be nice to see some light peeking through the clouds.

Murray takes a long, slow sip of lemonade.

**Cayle:**

Maybe I need to go through this thing with Eric and Bobby alone. Maybe this is how I learn how to function in DEFIANCE without getting eaten alive. Dane and I have been doing this for close to a year now, though, and we've never had a match that wasn't shrouded by caveats. All I want is a fair chance to settle this, even if I have to fight through the bullying to get there.

Cally thinks about it.

**Cally:**

You may not get what you want, not permanently. RK and I had a run - in with Eric Dane some five years ago, and they'd still probably tear into each other if there was the slightest provocation, but if you can hold on until you get another chance at him you should settle it enough to have a decent window without a cloudy sky.

She smirks.

**Cally:**

Don't pay any attention to my ramble, I've never really been in the ring, just always watching, ya know?

**Cayle:**

No, no. I appreciate your perspective. It's sometimes difficult talking to my brother, because he's as invested in my career as he is his own.

He pauses.

**Cayle:**

Stuff like this is a lot easier for him, too. He achieved everything he ever wanted to do in the wrestling business by the age of 25. When I was 25, all I'd done with my life was accumulate tens of thousands of dollars' worth of debt and consume half the alcohol on the East Coast. Now I'm 32, and I still haven't really done anything on these shores aside from give the fans a few cool moments to talk about. This is still very much a redemption tour.

Cally nods her head.

**Cally:**

RK was in the same boat, y'know. First professional match was at MSG when he was seventeen, started with his top choice company at twenty two, was its World Champion at twenty six. All the stupid crap you've waded through, we've been there. You don't need to worry about doing it like Andy, or even about "redeeming" yourself. You figure out what about the circus makes you happy, and you do that.

She shrugs.

**Cally:**

It's that simple.

**Cayle:**

Whoa.

Cayle stops for a moment, thinking.

**Cayle:**

That's pretty good advice, Mum.

She stops, mid - sip, and shakes her head.

**Cally:**

No, no, no. Mom is currently fighting with Dad over who gets to be the FIST.

They stop, they think, they shudder.

**Cally:**

I'll be the wiser, sarcastic cousin, how's that?

**Cayle:**

That's a lot less weird. Sounds good.

He nods then looks down at the table, catching a glimpse of his wristwatch.

**Cayle:**

Good talk, Sarcastic Cousin Cally. Looks to me like it's about time to call a cab and get out of here, though... unless you want to get a final round of Irn Brus in?

She stares him in the eye.

He stares back.

Her eyes narrow.

His widen.

**Cally:**

No.

## Stay Out Of My Business

After DEFtv #65

The DEF cameras catch up with Harmony striding down the halls of the Wrestleplex at quite the speed, chasing after the behemoth, Frank Dylan James. He speeds off ahead of her with the DOC belt slung over his shoulder, forcing the brunette to almost break into a run to match his huge stride.

**Harmony:**

Frank, will you slow down and talk to me?!

He doesn't listen, instead keeping up the pace that threatens to leave her in the dust; despite her long legs.

**Harmony:**

Frank, for crying out loud just stop!

Frank finally slows his stride down and allows Harmony to catch up to him, turning around and breathing heavily.

**Harmony:**

Thank you.

**FDJ:**

You shouldn'a done that.

**Harmony:**

Hey, you were about to get screwed over by Curtis Penn and I'm not going to idly stand by while that happens.

**FDJ:**

I can handle mahself.

The annoyance is clear in Frank's body language as he readjusts his title belt. Harmony exhales a sigh, rubbing her forehead.

**Harmony:**

I'm not saying that you can't, Frank - but I won't see you get screwed over. Not after you went through the uphill struggle to win that championship in the first place, especially in the hands of Penn and that meathead he drags around on a leash.

**FDJ:**

I don't 'preciate you sticking yer nose in mah bid'ness. I don't need none'a yer help!

Harmony's annoyance at Frank's sheer stubbornness begins to show as she throws her hands in the air, then lands them on her hips.

**Harmony:**

Fine, Frank. You want an apology? I'm sorry. I'm sorry I stopped you from getting screwed out of your championship and I'm sorry I "stuck my nose in". Believe me, I won't be jumping to your aid any time soon.

Frank, sensing that he's driving a wedge in his newfound friendship with Harmony, does what he's seen others do before him. He takes a deep, calming breath, and tries to reword his point in a way that's a bit easier to swallow.

**FDJ:**

Lis'en here, Harm. You know ah think it's cute, you rasslin' an all, but when it comes down to it if'n ya can't stay in yer place yer gonna get hurt, an' ah can't have that bein' mah gawdamn fault. Ya unnarstannit?

Harmony raises an eyebrow, picking up on the rather sexist tone of what Frank just said, but she chooses not to pick

the battle.

**Harmony** [hands on hips]:

Fine, Frank. Whatever you want.

And as she turns on her heels and strides away, Frank raises a bushy eyebrow, not all the way sure if he just fixed everything or made it all worse. He shrugs it off, though, there are many, many alcoholic drinks to be consumed in the celebration of his first successful Onslaught Title defense.



Unlikely leaves the VIP room and over to the D.J. booth. He yells up at the D.J. to cut the music and takes the tiny microphone from him.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

Cut that Tech N9ne bullshit wanna be music off. I AM ASHAMED OF YOU PEOPLE!

Unlikely yells belligerently into the mic, sweating dripping from his forehead.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

I THOUGHT this was the best strrrp club in New (hiccup) Orleans. I THOUGHT this is where the stars could party good and fun! Here I am spending all kinds of hashtag Mi..(hiccup)Mikey MONEY at dis establishment. Drinkin up all this delicious drinks. I THOUGHT people were safe here, but NO! I'm ashamed... really I am!

A whisper from the crowd.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

SHUT UP SPARKLES! I'm not drunk! Someone get hrrr outta ere (hiccup)...and into a cab to my mansion! Anyway, a crime was committed! I know! I'm as surprised as you!

He looks at everyone and no one at the same time.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

Dis was supposed to be JFK's super birthday party, dammit! GRAND THEFT! Someone committed an act of terrorism! SOMEONE STOLE JFK'S ARMANI SHADES! Turn these lights on!

The lights come up slowly and the strippers all walk away (They aren't as pretty in the light).

**Mikey Unlikely:**

Everyone check your pockets and look around for these shades! They are giant green Armani bug-eye special from the Spring/Summer 2016 collection. ! Whomever finds the devious bastard who stole from us will get two hundred THOUSAND....MIKEY MONEY DOLLARS!

The PCP burst through the VIP curtain knocking over a particularly large bouncer. They're both wearing cop sunglasses in doors and raise fake police badges that look more like children's toys. They shout with as much authority as they can muster.

**The D:**

Nobody move, this is a crime scene.

**Elise Ares:**

You will all be detained, searched, and questioned until we find the perpetrator.

No one else in the entire club looks at them with any sense of seriousness. While this happens, Kendrix joins Mikey at the DJ Booth looking much calmer and happier as he takes a swig of his beer.

**Kendrix:**

Bruv...what happened to the music and the strippees? What's everyone looking around for?

Mikey nods along, still watching everyone search around. His intoxicated mind catches up with reality and he looks at his bro quickly...pointing his index finger at his head.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

YOUR SHADES!

**Kendrix:**



JFK KNOWS RIGHT?!

Kendrix proudly removes his shades from his head and holds them out in front of him with a huge grin on his face.

**Kendrix:**

Best present ever bruv, honestly...JFK is never going to lose these bad boys EVER!

As Kendrix pops his shades on Mikey looks back at him with a less than impressed look on his face.

**Kendrix:**

What's up bruv?

Shaking his head Mikey turns to face the D.J. out in the crowd.

**Mikey Unlikely:**

D.J. What are (hiccup) you doin? Why are the lights on!? Isn't this a strip club!? WHERE ARE THE LADIES!? D.J. HIT THAT DRAKE TRACK!! LET'S GET THIS PARTY GOIN!!!

Mikey and Kendrix immediately begin to dance when the music kicks on. He tosses the mic back at the D.J. Penn and Booya are walking out of the club, Penn turns and nods to Unlikely who returns it far more dramatically.