

SHOW OPENER



The opening montage plays, the generic rock music fades out and were in studio with none other than one of the voices of DEFtv The Motor Mouth of Malcontent himself Angus Skaaland.

Angus:

Welcome once again, basement dwellers, to UNCUT: your bi-weekly yadda yadda, lots of fun entertaining DEF related this and that. Sorry to be so pushy but we quite literally have no time to goddamn waste this week. We've got a BIG one for ya'... I'm talkin' Bruvs, Boxer, EVEN a damn MATCH! That's right, actual wrestling for the FIRST TIME on this professional wrestling program!

... God, no wonder Mikey fuckface loves this show so much...

He loses the thread but picks it up quickly after someone off camera gives him a quiet "pssst."

Angus:

Right, sorry. Whenever I think about that asshole I get a little indigestion. So without further ado... enjoy UNCUT, ya' ungrateful jerks. Keep the volume to a dull roar, your poor parents are trying to watch NCIS for God's sake... jobless animals.

Cut.

DEFTv EXCLUSIVE: OUTTA THE WAY

Backstage, Jason Natas is pissed.

Angus:

FATASSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

DDK:

There's a man who should be Southern Heritage Champion right now, and boy, does he look upset.

Angus:

He's about to Lariat Sean Jackson's head into the stratosphere, Keebs! Fatas head Hollywood McFuckass beaten! The SOHER was his... and then that goddamn worm showed-up and wrecked everything.

DDK:

Since when were you such a big Natas fan, Angus?

Angus:

Since he started beating the shit out of people I fuggin' hate Keebs!

Decked-out in his ring gear (sleeveless tee, black trunks, black boots, and a hefty knee brace), The Bronx Bully's looking for trouble. He stomps along the corridor with the subtlety and grace of an African Elephant, and from the purpose in his step, it's clear that he knows exactly where he's going.

Natas rounds a corner, and finds exactly what he's looking for a few metres further along.

The door's got a "Sean Jackson & Entourage" sign attached to it. Perfect.

The two truck-sized bouncers stood either side of it? Not-so-perfect.

Jason Natas:

Fuck is this?

Neither suit-clad goon gives Natas the time of day, which only antagonises The Anti-Superstar further. His scowl intensifies.

Angus:

Wait... has Sean Jackson hired security tonight? How the hell did he swing that one?! DEFSex is still a thing, right?

DDK:

I guess he figured that Natas would be out for blood tonight after what happened a couple of weeks ago, but how Jackson convinced management to sign-off on this is beyond me. Never underestimate the persuasive powers of Sean Jackson and Marshall Owens.

Jason Natas:

Outta the way.

Natas moves forward and attempts to push the door open, but a couple of meaty paws stop him from advancing. Both bouncers put hands on Natas simultaneously, and The Bronx Bully instinctively slaps both of them away. Just when it looks like things are about to go south, however, the door creaks open.

Marshall Owens:

Mr. Natas.

Jason Natas:

You.

Jason immediately plows forward again. The goons step in front of him this time, pushing him forcefully away from the sharply-dressed lawyer. Both stand a good few inches above Natas' already-imposing 6'4", and they more than match him in body mass.

Giving-up on the notion of barging his way through, Natas looks Owens in the eye.

Jason Natas:

Your boy. I want a piece of him. Now.

Safe behind his hired helpers, Marshall Owens sighs.

Marshall Owens:

My client has nothing to say to you at this point in time.

Jason Natas:

"Nothing to say to me"?!

His face turns a deeper shade of red.

Jason Natas:

Motherfucker, "your client" owes me a goddamn championship! Bring his scaredy ass out right now and we can settle this like men.

Owens waits a moment or two before answering, deliberating inciting Natas.

Marshall Owens:

I reiterate, sir: my cli--

Jason Natas:

I ain't above puttin' hands on a lawyer if that's what it takes.

Feigning disbelief, Owens pulls his glasses slightly down his nose, glaring at Natas over the frames.

Marshall Owens:

Was that a threat, Mr. Natas?

Jason Natas:

You're goddamn right it was.

Marshall Owens:

Just as I thought. You are barbaric, Mr. Natas. A primate. A vile, unevolved neanderthal with no concept or reason or diplomacy, and that is why my client has nothing to say to you, sir.

Owens sighs. Again.

Marshall Owens:

Tell me, Mr. Natas, have you checked-in with Kelly Evans tonight, or have you become completely consumed by this animalistic rage?

Jason Natas:

Kelly? Hell no. I got one thing on my mind tonight, boyo, and that's knockin' your boy's teeth down his throat.

Marshall Owens:

Then you'll be happy to know that you shall have that opportunity later tonight.

The Bronx Bully's rage seems to dissipate momentarily. His expression loosens-up a little, and he flashes Owens a quizzical glance.

Jason Natas:

What?

Marshall Owens:

DEFIANCE have seen fit to book my client in a one-on-one match with you tonight. I can't say that I'm too happy with Ms. Evans' decision, and I shall have an official complaint on Eric Dane's desk by the morning. I can't fathom why a crude "brawler" like yourself deserves an opportunity against my client -- one of the most decorated wrestlers of his generation -- but whatever the case, you got what you wanted. Congratulations.

None-too-pleased, Marshall watches as the redness slowly fades from Natas' beard-covered face, and a slow smile creeps across his cracked lips.

Jason Natas:

Good.

The Bronx Bully bashes a fist into his palm.

Jason Natas:

Wherever that bitch is hidin', tell him I'm comin' for his throat.

A defiant Marshall Owens folds his arms across his chest, then looks down at Natas' brace.

Marshall Owens:

That's a pretty big brace you've got there. Knee can't be doing too good.

Jason Natas:

What's it to you?

Owens smiles.

Marshall Owens:

Good day, Mr. Natas.

The lawyer disappears back inside.

The door closes.

Angus:

Ayyyyy! Jason Natas vs. Sean Jackson... tonight?!

DDK:

Talk about bad blood, Angus. Natas might just rip Jackson limb from limb!

Angus:

"Might"? I don't think there's any question! Jackson cost Natas his first win, his first championship, and now it's time to pay penance! Bring on the bloodbath!

We cut.

"LITTLE" WOMAN

After DEFtv...

Our camera hurries along backstage in the halls of the Wrestle-Plex, catching up to the huge stride of Frank Dylan James who is pacing down the corridor at maximum speed. He makes an immediate beeline for his locker room door, almost taking it off the hinges as he slams through it, but his gait stops immediately as he finds Harmony standing in front of him, her hands wringing in front of her.

Harmony:

Frank..

He ignores her, walking around her and throwing the DOC championship down onto his bag, keeping his back to her.

Harmony:

Penn is a piece of shit with the morals of a sewer rat. I knew he was going to do something to screw you over and when Mushigihara made a surprise appearance, I knew I had to do something.

Frank Dylan James:

Yeah, do what? Ya run out there all full'a piss'n vinegar an ya ass wadn't nuthin' but another gawdamn distraction!

Harmony:

That was an error on my part. I saw Penn almost steal the win and I knew I messed up, but Frank, I was trying to help.

Frank spins around, seeming to grow in size in anger.

Frank Dylan James:

Harm, ah done told you this once an' ya ain't like it. I'mma tell ya ag'in an this time ya really ain't gon' like it. Ah. Don't. Need. No. *Little*. Grl. Gettin'. In. Mah. Way. CAN YA TRY AN UNNARSTANNIT THIS TIME? Ah can't be try'n'a defen' that there Dee Oh See belt while Ah'm busy makin' sure you don't get ya little ass mangled out there! So next time jes' stay back here where ya **belong**.

It's Harmony's turn to be angry and the brunette reaches back then slaps the taste right out of Frank's mouth. Her chest heaves up and down as she gulps in air in anger.

Harmony:

How DARE you. Next week, we're going to meet in that ring and I'm going to show you just exactly what a "little" woman is capable of.

She turns on her heels and strides straight for the door, pausing to turn back as she lays her hand on the handle.

Harmony:

I'll make you eat your words.

Harmony slams the door. Frank stares at it, eyes going wild and all manner of facial hair bristling. It's everything he can do to keep his temper, but God only knows how long before he loses it and goes into a blind rage and does something that nobody wants to see him do.

HELLO, FAITHFUL

The scene opens to a low table, probably a coffee table, and very prominently is a glass with quite a bit of whiskey in it. The liquid is very still, no ice is present. A hand takes the glass, the view tilts and repositions, and the viewing public sees that the hand belongs to a figure who is currently unfamiliar to the Faithful-at-large. The man is seated in a comfortable looking easy chair. He has blazing blue eyes and short, slicked-back, dark blonde hair. He's wearing a light gray hooded sweatshirt and dark blue jeans. The figure takes a sip of his drink.

Figure:

Ahh. Now that's some decent hooch there. Ohh wait, how rude of me. I haven't introduced myself yet. Why hello there, I am Jonny. Jonny Bedlam.

Jonny reaches out his hand for the viewers to shake it. He laughs.

Bedlam:

Haha, I guess that was a silly gesture. I'm a silly guy sometimes. I can't help it. Forgive me. Blame the booze. Blame my hailing from a dumb Southern state. Blame something. Not me though. I'm new here; I guess I've got the new place jitters. I've come to DEFIANCE because I feel, it just simply lacked a fella like me. Or maybe it was because the paycheck was bigger than the last place, who knows?

Jonny smirks and takes another sip from his drink and pulls a flask from the pocket of his hoodie. He tops off the glass back to its pre-sip levels.

Bedlam:

Ahhhhhhhh! Now that was quite a snort there. Don't emulate this behavior if you're a youngin'. Drinking is bad, kids. Unless you're me. I'm kidding; I know our demographics trend higher than the young impressionables. All joking aside, I think I had better probably tell you just who the hell I am and what the hell I'm doing here. I'm Jonny Bedlam, as has been previously said, and as some of you might know if you'd watched some of the cockroach ranch feds in which I've worked before. I've been wrestling a few years and I'm kinda nuts and kind of a drunk. I'm here in DEFIANCE to raise a little hell. Strike that, I'm here to raise A LOT of hell. I'm here to light a fire under the ample, dumpy posteriors of the DEFIANCE "workforce."

Jonny dramatically, and douchily, air quotes the last word.

Bedlam:

Work, *ha*. It doesn't seem like they've had much of a challenge in a while. That's why I'm here. Consider me Alec Baldwin's character from Glengarry Glen Ross. DEFIANCE workers, you don't get any coffee. Coffee's for closers. Am I talking big, early on? Yeah, probably. Am I biting off more than I can chew? Yeah, probably. Do I care? No, definitely no. So stick around, Faithful. Stick around and enjoy the madness as I knock these punks you call *idols* around. It will be just lovely to behold.

Jonny takes one massive glug from his glass and drains it, mostly. He then throws it at the camera's point of view and it smashes, leaving bits of glass and some whiskey dripping downwards. Chuckling is heard as the scene fades.

HOME AGAIN HOME AGAIN

As Bronson Box wanders aimlessly around the wreckage of his school all we hear is the sound of the broken glass and plastic popping and crunching under his loafers. The blank, almost unphased look on his face is... *eerie*, to say the very least. Over his shoulder we see emerge from the back office The Wargod's trainer and mentor, the decade plus retired British journeyman grappler Spud Collins. The old man leans silently in the doorway, watching his protege survey the damage caused by Eugene Dewey just a few days ago. Boxer gives no sign he heard or noticed Spud's arrival, but starts talking to him all the same.

Boxer:

Sorry about all this.

The grizzled old ring veteran just shrugs.

Spud:

Don't bother me none lad, he left my room be. But after listenin' to several very terse voice messages from Ms. Katze she does seem a bit put out, don't she? Other than bein' pissed at the fat ginger, what's she got to be mad at *you* about, boy?

The Original DEFIANT just chuckles to himself under his breath, taking a moment to kick aside a piece of broken gym equipment.

Boxer:

I, emm... I decided not to press charges against Eugene.

Collins can't help but laugh.

Spud:

Christ almighty, an tell me boy... why'ja go and do a thing like that, then? Woulda' had all this paid for, coulda' kept the place in business. I know how that girl could manage the insurance policies to have us all walkin' away with our pockets lined nice an fat. So... why, eh?

You can tell by the way Spud asks the question it's rhetorical, he just wants to here Box say it. The Wargod stands there, listening to the quiet for a few beats, gathering his thoughts.

Boxer:

Makes me sick to give the man credit, but Ed White was spot on when he said why I do what I do... aye, I'm fixin' a mistake with Eugene. But it's... LESS than that somehow. Like he said. I love toyin' with the fat little shite. I think you even said it when we first met, I had the look of a boy behind his pa's garage with a cornered mouse and a fookin' stick. Eugene bloody beat me, made a fool of me and I've *never quite* tagged him back for that. Not really. So here I am, pinned by that PRICK Ryan, an...

Spud Collins, with his tiny steely grey eyes and coarse white hair and gnarled cauliflower ears hobbles out towards Bronson, stopping right in front of him.

Spud:

Look at me.

Bronson takes one second too long to turn his head and face his trainer. Spud reaches over and rips Bronson's folded up suit jacket off his arm and tosses it aside into a pile of fallen, broken weights. Boxers eyes grow wide at the rash action. His bloodshot brown eyes are trained on Spud now, lemme tell you.

Spud:

That bloody *WOMAN* has had her hand up yer *TWAT* since she get you yer' job back. Aye, Ed White... the *OTHER* pushy fuckin' American cunt you've allowed to lead you around by the nose and make you question yer' God given gut

instincts. You were RIGHT to tell'at Jane fuckin' Katze to stuff this goddamn school up her nosey little twat. Becasue you, Bronson fuckin' Box has a human *fuckin'* being to rip to FUCKIN' shreads in a couple weeks. Because that's what I brought up Bronson Box in this business to fuckin' do... he don't run schools, he don't scrawl his name across a bunch of fuckin' t-shirts... and he don't don't have time te' listen to women like Jane Katze and Kelly Evans *squawk*. I heard ye' walked in and asked that repelent Evans woman *politely* for a bloody match, her tossin' you a bone like that wee Hunter twat and havin' the gall to tell ye' to go EASY on'im... you know who'd go and settle fer' some shit like that years ago, lad? Do you?

Eugene fuckin' Dewey, that's who.

Collins steps into Bronson's personal space, not one ounce of fear in the old man's eyes.

Spud:

So I'ma ask you again, boy. Why'd you decide not te' press charges against Eugene?

Bronson's mustache twitches as his lip curls up in anger... maybe a smile? Maybe both?

Boxer:

I did it because wantin' someone's blood on my hands THIS badly is what I fookin' live for...

Collins shoves with both palms against The Wargod's chest.

Spud:

AYE, go on then!

Boxer:

I don't give a damn about merchandise or the fookin' people... I don't give a fook' about what Jane wants. Or what Kelly wants. I want the look Dan Ryan had in his eyes when he was backin' up the ramp AWAY from me as quick as his legs would take him... clutchin' his belt to his chest like a parent who just snatched their child out of fookin' traffic. I want that look in the eyes of every blood person on that roster. I want to see it in Eugene's eyes right before he loses consciousness LOCKED in the Massacre.

Collins leans in close, placing one twisted arthritic finger against Bronson's blood red tie.

Spud:

That all yer' gunna' do to our boy Eugene, then? *Beat him?*

The Scottish Strongman's eyes sort of lose focus, he stares off into the non distance over Spud's shoulder.

Boxer:

No, no ... I'm gunna' keep doin' my best to keep buildin' Eugene back up into the bright shinin' star of the Faithful like he was before I let Jane loose in the poor boys head, make'em once again the... [chuckle] ICON of this *beautiful* lie that inside everyone, even the FAT and STUPID that there's a HERO just waitin' to be discovered! That everything will work out so long as you try hard and believe it so. Aye... every voice is goin' te' ring out in joyful chorus that Eugene Dewey's back to be OUR. HERO.

His eyes snap as though they were magnetic, wide and psychotic, back to Spud's.

Boxer:

And then I'm gunna' set him on fookin' *fire* and piss on the ashes in front of the lot of them. Because you're right, Spud...

Cut.

That IS what Bronson Box would do afterall.

A SLIGHT SNAG

Kelly Evans' door was open, which means that nobody was getting yelled at. But she has a stern look on her face, patience masking annoyance.

Kelly Evans:

This puts me in a tight spot.

On the other side of the desk, Impulse sits, alone. His demeanor remains stoic as ever.

Impulse:

I know, and I'm sorry. It's just... you know, you get pushed and pushed, and eventually-

Kelly Evans:

You don't need to explain to me. I know Curtis Penn. He's a gigantic pain in the ass, and I'm actually surprised it took you this long to snap. That being said... no, you don't get your match with him at DEFCON.

That causes Impulse to sit up. He starts to talk, but Evans cuts him off.

Kelly Evans:

Maybe that's worked in some of the shitholes you've wrestled in before, but here in DEFIANCE, we don't sign matches without both participants' agreement; except in extreme circumstances. Like, if Penn smacked your little ray of fistbumps around, or if Mikey Unlikely refuses to give Andy Sharp what he's earned. Unfortunately for you, Curtis Penn called me and said he won't wrestle you again.

Impulse:

So what do you suggest?

Kelly smirks.

Kelly Evans:

I suggest you convince him.

Impulse raises an eyebrow.

Kelly Evans:

I'm not suggesting you actually interfere in a match, or jump him, or anything of the sort, just that you... convince him. Take some time and figure it out for DEFtv 68.

Impulse nods, stands up and shakes Evans' hand.

Impulse:

Thanks. I'll do my best.

Kelly Evans:

Do more than your best - get it done. Everyone in the stands - and in the back - wants to see you kick his ass. Just do us all a favor?

Impulse:

What's that?

Kelly Evans:

If you actually get the chance to win... just take it.

Impulse:

I won't break the rules... but I get you.

He turns and leaves the office, while Kelly sinks back in her chair.

Kelly Evans:

I hope you do.

BRUVCUT AND BRUVCENSORED

The scene opens outside the Hollywood Bruvs locker room post DEFTv68. Mikey Unlikely, wearing a sweatsuit straight out a 1990s Beastie Boys music video, is standing by with Christie Zane

Christie Zane:

Mikey, you must be experiencing mixed emotions tonight after Andy Sharp successfully defeated your Sports Entertainment Guild Gauntlet while you successfully defended the SOH...

Mikey holds his hand up flat at Zane, halting her in her tracks

Mikey Unlikely:

You don't say that! Stop calling it that. It's the HOLLYWOOD HERITAGE TITLE. Say it properly Zane!

Zane looks around nervously as Mikey expectantly tilts his head and raises his eyebrows.

Christie Zane:

Uh, the Hollywood Heritage Title...

Mikey rolls his eyes as he begins to mimic, rather childishly, the interviewer.

Mikey Unlikely:

Uh, uh, I'm Christie Zane, I don't know the official names of titles, I'm so unprofessional!

Clearly frustrated, Mikey shakes his head.

Mikey Unlikely:

Luckily for you, toots, you've got a fair rack. Lets face it, if it weren't for those things you wouldn't have a job in DEFIANCE, hell, you'd probably have starved to death by now!

Zane takes a deep breath in an attempt to ignore Mikey's latest insult and remain the consummate professional she is. However, her momentary pause for composure is all Mikey needs to keep going.

Mikey Unlikely:

Back to the matter at hand... four and zero Christie...I've been on an absolute tear here in DEFIANCE lately. Let me spell it out for you. Andy Sharp at DEF ROAD, Harmony at Clash, Jason Natas last week, and now LAR! There is no telling how far I can go!...

Christie Zane:

Your match with Lamond Alexander Robertson ended in a no contest...

Mikey Unlikely:

Who is the champion Christie?

Christie Zane:

You are.

She concedes.

Mikey Unlikely:

Yessssss! Like I said four and zero. Andy Sharp thinks just because he became the luckiest man alive by SOMEHOW defeating three of my costars, that he's going to beat the hottest thing going in wrestling? He thinks one win is going to propel him to HOLLYWOOD Heritage title range!? Nah... I proved it in front of everyone tonight that when it comes to this title...

At that moment, Kendrix frantically bursts out of the locker room with a large hardback book open in his hand.

Kendrix:

Bruv, Bruv!

Mikey looks a little perturbed with his tag partner as he holds his hand out to present Zane to him.

Mikey Unlikely:

Bruv, I'm in a middle of an interview.

Kendrix looks up from his book and grits his teeth awkwardly.

Kendrix:

Did you tell them that you're the greatest Hollywood Heritage Champion of all time?

Mikey Unlikely:

Obvs!

Kendrix:

Totally Obvs!

The two create a fist bump explosion type manoeuvre before Kendrix points down emphatically at his book.

Mikey Unlikely:

What have you got there bruv?

Kendrix holds the book up flat to his chest, revealing the title..."DEFIANCE RULE BOOK"

Mikey Unlikely:

Where did you find that?

Kendrix points his thumb over his shoulder.

Kendrix:

Found it in the toilets a few weeks back, innit?! You know, JFK's had a rough few nights sleeping recently...but this thing works a treat with JFK's insomnia! But more importantly than that, guess what I found out, bruv?!

Unlikely turns a smug look towards Zane, confidently nodding his head.

Mikey Unlikely:

As I thought, you've found an illegal move that Andy Sharp used in the Sports Entertainment Guild Gauntlet match haven't you?!

Kendrix bites his lip.

Kendrix:

Not yet bruv, still working on that BUT...JFK has some AWESOME news for you.

Unlikely looks over at Kendrix who shares the open page in front of Mikey.

Kendrix:

According to this, Bruv, we can say whatever the...

Kendrix looks over his shoulder to check if anyone in the locker room vicinity can hear what he's about to say.

Kendrix:

FUCK.....we want!

Mikey jumps back with his mouth open in shock before covering it with both hands while Kendrix proudly nods his head.

Mikey Unlikely:

Woah...Bruv... we're on T.V. right now. Camera rollin, Mikey's goin, and you're out here saying curse words? Have you lost it? We're going to get soooooooooooooooooooooo fined....

Kendrix:

Listen Yeah!? We can say whatever the FUCK...we want...whenever the FUCK...we like!

Unlikely grabs the book off of Kendrix in a flash and takes a closer look at the content before slowly lowering the book from his face with a shocked expression painted on:

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh my god... you're right!!

He looks at Kendrix, then down at the book, then up at Zane. She nods intently confirming their suspicions.

Christie Zane:

It's true Mikey, We are broadcast live on HULU. Which is a wonderful subscription service. That said, it does not have to conform to the same rules that normal television has, namely we're not so worried about the FCC.

Mikey Unlikely:

Shut it woman! Do you know what this means!?

Unlikely looks up at the light, a twinkle in his eye and excitement trembling behind his lips.

Mikey Unlikely:

We're uncensored! The SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT GUILD IS UNCENSORED!!! I can say whatever with no worries of fines, or bleeps, or nothing?

JFK smiles and nods.

Kendrix:

This is a revelation...it wasn't like this in Utah bruv...THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS ARE....

Kendrix excitedly looks over his shoulder once more before confidently turning to face his bruv and Zane again.

Kendrix:

FUCKING FREE!

Mikey Unlikely:

WOAH.... I gotta try this for myself!

Now it's Mikeys turn to look around and see who's watching, he crouches a bit, hoping to be unseen and puts his mouth right on the microphone. He whispers...

Mikey Unlikely:

Doodoo head!

Mikey looks back at his tag partner for encouragement but Kendrix isn't sure as he holds his hand out flat and shakes it from side to side.

Kendrix:

That's good bruv, obvs...but not great. You're better than that!

Unlikely nods to himself and breathes in deep. He shakes his head real quick with a look of "here goes nuthin". The tension mounts...

Mikey Unlikely:

Fudge berries!

Mikey looks back at Kendrix once more, eagerly awaiting an applause of some sort but again, Kendrix isn't convinced. JFK puts his arm around Mikey's shoulder in an effort to gee him up.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah. You are Mikey Unlikely Dammit! We've been bruvs a long time and I've heard some FUCKED UP CURSING come out of that mouth of yours

Mikey nods his head in obvs agreement

Kendrix:

C'mon Bruv, you can say ANYTHING you want. You can say DICKHEAD, BELLEND, CUNT, BASTARD, SHIT, BALLS, FUCK, HELL, CHRIS HOPPER, ANYTHING!!!!

Unlikely jogs in place and slaps at his own chest to hype himself up and to work up the courage to say the words he's wanted to say his whole career.

Mikey Unlikely:

Fiddlesticks! No wait... Hellfire!....nah....uhm....

Kendrix brings up one finger, he suddenly has an idea.

Kendrix:

Bruv, what do you think of Justin Bieber!?

Unlikely's face turns red in 0.4 seconds.

Mikey Unlikely:

FUCK JUSTIN BIEBER!!!!!!

Kendrix jumps up and down and hugs his best bruv!

Kendrix:

There he is! You did it!!!! Let's go grab a fucking soda! You can't come Zaney.

The bruvs walk out of shot shouting more curse words as the feed fades on a confused looking Zane.

DEFtv EXCLUSIVE: JASON NATAS VS. SEAN JACKSON

Cut to Angus and Keebs.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome back to DEFtv 67, and as announced earlier this evening, it's time for Jason Natas vs. Sean Jackson!

Angus:

Remember CLASH of the DEFIANTS, when Eric Dane spent a good 25 minutes tearing Sean Jackson's soul from his body and devouring it piece-by-piece?

DDK:

Of course.

Angus:

Well this won't be *quite* as satisfying as that, but it's gonna be *gooooooooooooood!*

DDK:

This has been brewing for a few weeks now. Natas and Jackson first bumped into each other at DEFtv 65, neither man stood down, and needless to say, it didn't end well. Then, at DEFtv 66, Jason Natas had Mikey Unlikely all but defeated, and the SOHER Championship in his grasp, until Jackson showed-up.

Angus:

Let's be straight: I haven't exactly been the biggest Jason Natas supporter since he returned. I thought he came back in terrible physical condition: he looked lazy, sluggish, and unmotivated, but even I can see the work he's done to get things back on-track, and how *DARE* Sean Jackson deny me the pleasure of seeing Hollywood McFuckass get his lunch money stolen?!

DDK:

It's certainly a hotly-anticipated grudge match, and it's not gonna be pretty! Let's get this show on the road!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one-fall!

♪ "NY State of Mind" by Nas ♪

The legendary pillar of East Coast hip-hop kicks-in, but Jason Natas isn't even waiting for the intro to pass tonight. He's fired-up, and he bursts through the curtain almost immediately, stomping his way down to the ring.

Angus:

Look at that man, Keebs! He's ready to murder something!

DDK:

I dread to think what he has plann-- hey! WAIT A MINUTE!

Angus:

IT'S JACKSON!

The Lone Star of Texas sprints down the ramp behind Natas, swinging a steel chair into the back of his skull! Natas immediately falls to the ramp, and Jackson smashes him with another chairshot, this time to his back!

Angus:

For the love of fuck!

DDK:

Natas is down! He didn't even get a chance to get to the ring!

Marshall Owens and Vanessa slowly trot down the ramp behind Jackson, who places opens the steel chair up and slides it along Natas' leg.

DDK:

Oh no! He's Natas' knee sandwiched in that chair!

CRACK!

Jackson brings his boot down *hard* on the chair, and The Bronx Bully rolls out in pain. Natas tries to kick-out at Jackson when The Lone Star moves to readjust the chair, but the agony in his knee is just too much. Sean stomps down on the chair again, and jeers rain from every corner.

DDK:

Sean Jackson is brutalising Jason Natas' surgically-repaired knee!

Angus:

That goddamn *COWARD!*

DDK:

18 months! That's how long Jason Natas was out, and it's taken him since October *last year* to fight back to this point! Sean Jackson is trying to take all of that away.

Sean pulls the chair away from Natas' knee and throws it aside. The Anti-Superstar *tries* to rise, but it's just too difficult, and he soon collapses to the floor again. Jackson grabs him by the waistband, hauls him up, and throws him headfirst into the ringsteps.

Angus:

JESUS CHRIST! Fatas is *FUCKED!*

DDK:

This is ridiculous, Angus! The match hasn't even started yet!

Angus:

No! They haven't even made it to the ring!

That smirk appears on Sean Jackson's face. He puts his arms out to the side, drawing further ire from the fans, before finally rolling a battered and beaten Jason Natas into the ring. Brian Slater calls for the bell as Jackson himself slides in.

DDK:

Natas is one of the toughest guys in DEFIANCE, but he doesn't have a chance here! He came out for a match, not an ambush!

Angus:

It pains me to say, Keebs, but we should've seen this coming. Did you hear that snake Owens enquire about Natas' knee earlier? This was clearly premeditated. They've fooled all of us.

The match finally underway, Jackson lifts Natas' boot up then stomps down on the knee joint: not once, not twice, but thrice. He drops down into a kneelock, and Natas grits his teeth, doing all he can to stifle the immense pain. He claws desperately at Jackson's face, trying to fight through it, then regains a fraction of his senses. The Bronx Bully pushes his good boot into the ground, shuffles a couple of inches backwards, and grabs hold of the bottom rope.

DDK:

A kneelock might seem relatively innocuous, but it's pretty clear that Natas' knee is in a bad way, and Jackson, for all his misgivings, is a very precise technical wrestler. Jason's in a world of pain right now.

Angus:

Let's not forget that Natas appeared to be having real trouble with the knee in recent matches with Bronson Box, Lindsay Troy, and Hollybruv McShitbag.

DDK:

Absolutely, Angus. I can't help but feel worried for Jason Natas' wellbeing here.

The Lone Star of Texas slowly rises to his feet, then hauls Natas up too. The hurting New Yorker gets stuffed onto the second turnbuckle, and Jackson slowly lifts his left up and drapes the bad knee across the rope. Before he can recoil to kick the hell out of it, however, Natas hops out of the corner on his good knee, pummeling away at Jackson's face with a forearm barrage.

DDK:

Here comes Natas! He's not out of it yet!

Angus:

Get'em, Fatas!

Jackson is staggered, but with only one leg to balance on, Natas' strikes aren't quite as stiff as they'd usually be. Instead, The Bronx Bully throws himself forward, tackling Jackson to the ground, and thrashing away with a series of mounted elbows!

Angus:

TENDERISE THAT STUPID LITTLE FACE!

But Sean Jackson's been in this situation before. He counters. Natas, tired and sore, gets sloppy with his blows, and Jackson catches a wayward strike. Sean twists his body around Natas' head and neck, locking him in an arm triangle, but Natas plants his good boot down, grabs the middle rope, and hauls Jackson off the mat!

DDK:

Look at this strength! Even on one leg!

Instead of letting himself get powerbombed down, however, Sean Jackson completely relinquishes his grip on Natas. He lands on his feet, then savagely boots Natas in the knee! It buckles, Jason stumbles forward, and Jackson hits the ropes before coming back with a chop block.

Angus:

Goddamnit!

Instead of going for the cover, however, Sean Jackson seizes the useless limb and ties it up and a razor-sharp kneebar!

Angus:

Oh no...

DDK:

Kneebar! And Natas is a million miles from the ropes!

Jason kicks and screams. Jackson wrenches back, his technique immaculate. Slowly, surely, Natas loses his fight.

Angus:

Come on, Fatas! Fight through it!

DDK:

How can he, Angus?! I can't even imagine the kind of pain he's in tonight!

Angus:

But Sean Jackson cannot win, Keebs! Not after all this!

The Bronx Bully keeps fighting. He looks to the ropes and tries to drag his way there, but he's too far away, and Sean Jackson is too locked-in.

He tries to boot Jackson in an attempt to dislodge him, but his strength is fading.

His eyelids flutter.

Time slows down.

Everything goes back.

Angus:

Wait... is he...?!

Slater immediately grabs Natas' wrist and raises it.

It falls limply to the mat.

Slater repeats. It falls again.

And again.

DDK:

It's over.

Angus:

Jason Natas passed-out through the pain, Keebs! Goddamnit, he just wouldn't give-up!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via referee stoppage... SEEEEEAAAAAANNNNNN
JJJJJJJJAAAAAACCCCKKKKKSSSSSSOOOOONNNNNNNNN!

Sean doesn't let go, however. Even though his opponent is out for the count, The Lone Star keeps the kneebar tight. Slater moves to interject, but he can't dislodge him on his own. It's only when three more officials scurry down the ramp and enter the fray that Jackson is forced to finally break.

DDK:

I can't believe what we've just seen. Angus. That was a relentless, brutal assault on a man who came-out for a fair fight! Jason Natas tore the ACL, MCL, and medial meniscus in that knee back in 2014! It was surgically rebuilt, but tonight, it might be all but destroyed.

Angus:

And he passed-out through the pain! That's almost unheard of in this profession. Usually when someone fades away in a submission hold, it's because they've been choked, but Natas' body just couldn't take any more. He must've been in agony!

DDK:

I know he probably didn't want to give Jackson the satisfaction of submitting him, but Natas should've tapped. Lord knows how much additional damage has been dealt to that knee as a result of this.

Angus:

Whatever the case, man, someone's gotta go full Gregor Clegane on Sean Jackson's skull immediately. Fuck this guy.

A shot of Marshall Owens congratulating his victorious client lingers before we eventually cut away.