

THE RUNDOWN

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

THOOM THOOM THOOM THOOM

The DEFtv logo fades from the screen as the Wrestle-Plex's huge crane came swoops over the audience, picking up a few of the Faithful's usual "hilarious" signage.

DOES DANE PEE IN A BAG NOW?

DIE MIKEY DIE... (pretty please?)

IN DEF, SQUIDS FLY

THE QUEEN GOT FISTED

S.E.G. = GARBAGE PEOPLE

The crane camera swoops over and down and settles on the commentary station, we cut to a stationary camera shot as we're greeted by DEFtv's announce team the ever mouthy bottle blond and all round DEF renaissance man Angus Skaaland and the voice of DEFIANCE Wrestling "Downtown" Darren Keebler. "Keebs" is still looking quite smashing in his fancy (see: rented) tux from last night.

DDK:

WELCOOOOOOOOME to DEFtv...

Angus:

Tell 'em what number, fancy pants! Tell 'em! Go on

DDK:

Oh for the love of... [annoyed sigh] YES it is indeed DEFtv 69, Angus.

Angus:

And you're still dressed like the maître d' in a snooty restaurant, getting all the miles out of that tux before you have to return it?

DDK:

Well... yes, actually. Can we PLEASE move on and talk about the two nights of monumental professional wrestling this promotion allowed you and I to sit and call?

Angus:

I'd rather not... the more we dick around talking about you monkey suit the longer we can go without mentioning... well, you know...

DDK:

The fact Mikey Unlikely and his Sports Entertainment Guild went three for three with not only Mikey Unlikely retaining his Southern Heritage title over a primed and ready Andy Sharp, not only Kendrix stepping up and making a big statement before DEF*MAX with a win over LAR... but they acquired even MORE gold in the form of the reinstituted DEFIANCE WORLD Tag Team championships thanks to the PCP's... let's go with "interesting" victory over the Rain City Ronan and Angus' pot dealer friends, ACX.

Angus:

THREE GORRAM nasty black marks right up the middle of what would have been two flawless days of DEF action, Keebler... just a shameful state of affairs. Goddamn shameful. Fuck those guys, fuck Mikey and his overblown entrances, fuck the their nutsack gobbling yes men and their ILLBEGOTTEN tag team titles, fu...

DDK:

Okaaaaay, moving on... Night 1 also saw Jason Natas score the biggest win of his DEFIANCE career putting away former multi time world champion Sean Jackson in a classic encounter. As well as a settling of the issues between

Harmony and the current reigning Onslaught Division champion Frank Dylan James.

Angus:

We got some underdogs in our ranks, Keebs. Natas gritted his teeth and took down the biggest target he'd ever faced here in DEF. And Harm? Good god damn does that girl have heart. She might have lost to big Frank but she doesn't have a damn thing to be ashamed of. She took the ONSLAUGHT champ to his limit... that's sayin' something right there.

DDK:

And of course, Night 1 was capped off with the insane brawl around the Lakefront Arena in a score settling feud that lives in the very bones of this company. Bronson Box and Eugene Dewey pulled out nearly every nasty brutal trick out of their respective toolkits to try desperately to put the other away. In the end though? Bronson Box walked away the victor after reaching over and snagging a tool from someone ELSE'S toolkit...

Angus:

Not to mention a back first trip through an aluminum and glass display case slash Box morphing into King fuckin' Leonidas and BOOTING Eugene off the TOP of one of the arena's luxury boxes! We've sat here and watched some unbelievable stuff, Darren... we've seen dirtbike chases through the backstage, we've seen our boss use a car battery to torture a female member of the roster, we've seen people stabbed choked tossed torn dropped and brutalized but I 'aint NEEEEEEVER seen some shit like Eugene getting straight up CAUGHT by the Faithful and crowd surfed back to the ring...

DDK:

Without a doubt, partner. But like I said, the important and beguiling fact... after ALL that, Bronson chooses to put Eugene away with ANDY MURRAY's finishing maneuver.

Angus:

AND THAT WAS ALL JUST NIGHT ONE FOR GOD'S SAKE!

DDK:

Indeed partner, Night two kicked off with Impulse FINALLY overcoming Curtis Penn putting him in a very good position going forward into the new year.

Angus:

Poooooor little Penn-is... just can't catch a break.

DDK:

We also bore witness to the culmination of hostilities between Sam Horry and Mushigahara as The God-Beast overcame his nemesis in a hard hitting Onslaught style encounter.

Angus:

Next.

DDK:

Well, in a situation that saw BOTH Murray Brothers overcome...

Angus:

GAAAAAAH NEXT!

DDK:

Sorry partner, but we're talking about this... first up we saw an battered and bruised Andy Murray put away Eric Dane's... well, Eric Dane's friend "Beautiful" Bobby Dean. A fact that obviously didn't sit well with Eric Dane. The DEF owner attacking Andy... leading to HIS opponent, Andy's brother Cayle to hit the ring and start the next match off almost IMMEDIATELY!

Angus:

GORRAM travesty of justice, Keebler! Darkest timeline! DARKEST TIMELINE!

DDK:

In what can only be described as a show stealing CLASSIC, Cayle Murray cemented his place in DEFIANCE's pantheon DEFEATING "The Only Star" Eric Dane after one of the single most intense, brutal, career altering encounters I've ever had the pleasure to have called.

Angus:

On that tip, I don't disagree. I don't know if I'll EVER forget that match.

DDK:

But somehow... that was not all. In our maaaaaaaain event, in a match YEARS in the making. A relationship that not only predates DEFIANCE... we, we're talking about FAMILY here, Angus.

Angus:

It's not hard maths, Keebs. Dan Ryan decided to step right in the middle of Troy's shit and remind her and everyone why Dan Ryan is who Dan Ryan is. Simple as that

DDK:

From a certain perspective, sure... but... are you saying what happened at the conclusion of Night 2 was justified?

Angus:

No... well, yes... goddamn listen, it's no huge mystery that Troy's grown on me over the last few months. You know... ninja stars and all. Alls I'm sayin' is this... is thi... wait a tick, hold up. What in the blue hell's goin' on down at ringside?

The camera cuts down toward the front row to see what's going on and it's none other than James Witherhold, otherwise known to the wrestling world as "Perfection" sitting front and center. He's turned back towards the crowd three rows behind him in a shouting match. What's separating Perfection and the crowd he's decided to argue with is just a two seat by two row section of his personal security in black suits.

Angus:

Oh god...who let that idiot in?

DDK:

Would you stop. Well folks, I suppose the rumors may be true and former UTA World Champion Perfection has joined DEFIANCE or it may very well be he's just attending the show. Either way, not exactly the kinda crowd he expected.

Angus:

What? He expected The Faithful to like him!? Pffft! Fuck Jimmy Witherhold.

Witherhold seems to be enjoying every second of the debate between The Faithful around him in the Wrestle-Plex. Yet all we can focus on is the woman sitting next to James, his agent and manager Courtney Paz who's had enough. She's grabbing James' arm begging him to stop riling up the crowd and also asking security to show them out.

DDK:

I like him, he's a talented wrestler. I'm sure many others do as well. Perfection is a decent competitor and has a following...I can see one person cheering for him.

Angus:

A following, please. People hate him because he's-a-bum! Even his agent doesn't want him here!

The camera with a wide shot angle stays pinned on Perfection who has now stood up and extended his argument to nearly the entire area. The fans suddenly erupt as a black flash is seen jumping a far barricade and rushing towards Perfection from the inside ring area.

Angus:

Who the hell...

The figure then jumps over the barricade in front Perfection pinning the self-proclaimed star between himself and his security staff.

DDK:

Jesus...that's Code Name: Reaper!

Reaper quickly throws a fist at Perfection which makes the crowd explode in cheers. Before Reaper can throw a second swing James' security has jumped in and is pushing Reaper away. Witherhold immediately grabs his bottom lip and looks at his fingers that are covered in a very, VERY, light glaze of blood. James' eyes are in complete shock as he looks at Reaper while his security staff is moving Witherhold backwards, down the aisle, and towards an exit.

DDK:

And he's busted the lip of Perfection! It's not really that much blood but he's busted it open! I can't believe it- Reaper has sucker punched Perfection!

Angus:

What a wimp! That's a graze wound here, Perfection! Grab your sack and go back to drinking martinis, you fairy!

DDK:

There's no need to bad mouth the guy, Angus. He was here to enjoy the show.

Angus:

He's a cry baby! Get out of here and don't come back, fuck boi!

The Faithful, much like Angus, want nothing to do with Perfection and begin to throw soft drinks amongst other edibles at Witherhold as he is leaving. He covers Paz and himself with his suit jacket as his security escorts him quickly out of camera sight and out the doors. As we pull back to where the attack happened, Reaper is already gone.

DDK:

Well where the hell did he go?

Angus:

Who knows, he got rid of Perfection, that's all that matters.

DDK:

The Faithful shut down that distraction for us, so let's focus on tonight!

Angus:

Oh hell yea''RESTLIN'!!!!!!!!!!

But first...

THE ITCH, PART III (NEW BEGINNINGS)

Recorded earlier.

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex.

Scott Douglas sits outside the rear entrance of the 'House the Faithful Built.' Pulling on a cigarette, sitting on a metal trimmed black road case marked "DEF" in white spray paint, he flips through a small packet of papers. Flipping one page over the other while the staple in the right corner maintains the integrity of the whole.

Completely oblivious of his surroundings, Scott surveys the documents on his lap. Seemingly ahead of schedule, he appears to be double checking whatever is contained within.

Voice:

Seattle's Favorite Son, or is it Forgotten? Hell of a nickname, either way.

A figure comes into frame nearly blocking the light shining previously shining down on Scott. His face hidden from view and his long black hair pulled back tightly in a ponytail, shows streaks of grey clearing giving away his advanced age. His shirt, as faded his jeans, seems to have once been black in color. He brings a cigarette to his lips and motions toward, Scott.

Unknown Man:

You got a light?

Scott Douglas: [glancing up from his paperwork, trying to place this man's face]

Yeah, sure...

Scott rifles through his pockets for a moment before producing a small BIC lighter. The man takes it and it ignites his own cigarette. He takes a long deep drag, pauses for a moment, and lets the smoke bellow from his mouth. Scott returns to what is left of his own, still trying to put a name with the face.

Scott Douglas: [exhaling]

You work here or something?

Unknown Man:

Me ... ? Naw. I don't work here. I know someone who does though.

The man takes a beat and draws once again from his cigarette. His face still hidden from view other than an ear, a cheek and a protruding red ember.

Unknown Man: [exhaling]

DEFIANCE is about to be changed forever. If I were you I would take a long hard look at that paperwork before you sign it.

Scott Douglas: [flicking his cigarette butt off to the side]

Well, I'm here to dot the eyes and cross the t's. It's pretty much a done deal. Do I know you from somewhere?

With a last and monstrous drag the man pulls the implement down to the filter and lets it fall to the ground. The scuff of his boot can be heard; rising, falling and then twisting the remainder of the of the tobacco into the concrete.

Unknown Man: [ignoring Scott's question]

Good luck to you kid.

He reaches for the door and pulls it ajar. His back remains to the camera, almost strategically.

Unknown Man:

You never know; we may run into each other again.

He steps inside with an obvious limp in his gate and disappears behind the closing door. Scott, head cocked in confusion, stares at the door as it swings shut. A moment passes and he shrugs it off as *deja vu* or mistaken identity and returns to his paperwork. A slight buzz becomes audible and Scott reaches for his phone. Glancing at the caller information displayed on the screen, he sends it to voicemail and returns to his paperwork, once again.

Another Voice: [off-camera]

Hey, buddy, when you're done with your break make sure Frank's bags get to the locker room. Bags are in the trunk, and whatever you do... ignore the muffled sounds coming from the back seat.

Scott looks up from his paperwork, a bit confused and clearly in disbelief.

Scott:

Sorry, you got the wrong guy ...

Tony Gamble enters the frame with that permanently scarred half-smile that has become his trademark. The Permarscar Superstar, as he was once known when he entered the squared circle, adjusts his tie as he approaches.

Tony: [interrupting]

Are you kidding me... I would expect this kind of service in Utah, but not at the Wrestle-Plex.

Scott: [slightly raising his voice yet remaining civil]

Man, I'm sorry but I'm not who you think I am. I'm not staff or a roadie, or whoever does that. I don't think anyone does that ...

Tony:

Well, a guy like Frank can't be getting his own bags! This is your chance to get on the good side of the future of this company, maybe make a little money so you can stop dressing like a bum.

Scott looks down at his ripped and faded jeans. What is left of the cuffs meeting a pair of scuffed and untied combat boots. His t-shirt seems to have once displayed a green logo of sort but fading and time have turned in unintelligible. Scott, realising what he is doing, stands from the road box and places his packet of papers down on its surface.

Scott:

I don't know who you are ... or more importantly who you think you are... But I am not a stage hand, a bellhop or your personal do-boy!

Tony:

I'm noticing a bit of hostility in your voice.

Scott: [composing himself]

You know what? You're right. Let me start over. I'm not staff. My name is Scott Douglas, I'm the newest signee of DEFIANCE.

Tony steps back, brings his hand to his chin, and shakes his head.

Tony:

I'm a really good judge of talent, and I'm just not seeing it. But I guess someone has to open the show, right?

Scott: [chuckling a bit and retaking his seat]

OK, I got you.

Scott returns to his papers, writing the situation off as a non-starter and not worth the bother.

Scott:

Sure, someone has to open the show. I'll be that.

Clearly unhappy with the turn of events, Tony starts back toward the car.

Tony: [muttering under his breath]

I'd be happier if you would BE getting our bags..

Scott ignores Tony's muttering and continues to thumb through his paperwork. The door swings open and a nondescript production assistant pokes their head out.

PA: [unsure]

Scott Douglas?

Scott:

Right here.

PA:

Miss Evans will see you now.

Scott hops off the box and turns to head inside the building. With a cursory glance back to Gamble, Scott shakes it off and heads inside.

Fade.

THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS VS. IMPULSE AND LEVI COLE

DDK:

We have a special treat tonight folks, our first matchup is a preview match from the DEFMAX tournament. All four of these competitors will be competing over the coming weeks leading up to DEFMAX where we will crown our winner! Round Robin style tournament means you can lose and still come back! At the end of the tournament the two men with the most points in each bracket will square off one on one to determine the winner!. Two fields of four have been made up of some of DEFIANCE's elite talent...

Angus:

Mikey is in it too, you can't classify him as Elite.

DDK:

The tournament begins right here on the next DEFtv! We couldn't be more excited! Before that however, we have a hell of a tag match to kick off the show Angus!

Angus:

Are you kidding me!? You're excited for this match!? It has the Hollywood idiots in it!!

DDK:

It also features a new face to those unfamiliar with BRAZEN as well as the man who just beat Curtis Penn at DEFCON! Let's send it to Darren Quimbey for the introductions.

♪ "Fuckin' In The Bushes" by Oasis ♪

Darren Quimbey:

This match is scheduled for one...

Off Screen Voice:

Kill it, kill our awesome entrance music right now, innit?!

The boos from the crowd in the arena that accompanied the entrance music are heightened as Mikey Unlikely and the Pop Culture Phenoms step out onto the stage, SOHER and Tag Team title belts wrapped around their respective waists.

Thud....Thud....Thud....Thud

Followed by Klein, a huge smiley face drawn over his box, Kendrix walks out from the curtain, clapping his free hand slowly against the mic held in the other. Stopping half way down the ramp he stops at the nearest cameraman and points back at the top of the stage where the champs are giving each other's title belts a rub clean.

Angus:

Seriously, who gives out the mics in this place?! Why can't Hollywood McFuckass just go to the ring and get this match started?

DDK:

Despite what people think of them, and we're hearing exactly what they think of them right now, the SEG had one hell of a night at DEFCON.

Kendrix:

Oi! Camera Jerk...Listen Yeah?! That right there, on the stage, is the defining shot of your career, so zoom in good on it because the Sports Entertainment Guild kicked the hell out of DEFCON's arse, innit?!

one:

Kendrix:

CLAP LOUDER, DAMMIT!!!!

Boos, rather than louder clapping, ring out as Kendrix hands Mikey the mic.

The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer brings the mic to his lips but the boos in the building are deafening. He waits them out, eventually taking off his sunglasses and glaring back unimpressed at the crowd.

Mikey Unlikely:

Ladies and gentlemen, I want to welcome you to a new era in DEFIANCE. The Era of Sports Entertainment!

Angus:

It would be a new era if Mikey left DEFIANCE forever! PLEASE! PLEASE!?

More booing (they do that a lot when Mikey is around).

Mikey Unlikely:

Now I know what all of you are thinking!? What's next for Mikey Unlikely and the Sports Entertainment Guild!? WELL ALLOW ME TO UNVEIL our plans! The Pop Culture Phenoms are focused on not only being the most modest and humble Tag Team Champions DEFIANCE has ever seen, but they plan on being DEFENDING champions! The PCP have decided to pull their names from the hat of DEFMAX, in lieu of defending their tag team titles here on DEFtv in the upcoming weeks!

DDK:

If you remember it was PCP who pinned each other to win the championships, and take advantage of a lax set of rules.

Angus:

It won't take long Keebs and someone will take down these Pop Culture Rejects. Maybe SUPER MUSCLE BROS!!!!

Unlikely slides the mic under his armpit and golf claps directly toward the champions who pose impressively in the center of the ring. JFK urges the fans to clap louder as he often does.

Mikey Unlikely:

And finally....I told all of you people and Kelly Evans, that I've got a very important announcement to make tonight... so without further adue I would like to announce that I, your HOLLYWOOD Heritage Champion..., will be taking a hiatus from defending my championship to focus on DEFMAX!

The fans boo him relentlessly for this.

YOU'RE A PUS-SY! YOU'RE A PUS-SY!
YOU'RE A PUS-SY! YOU'RE A PUS-SY!
YOU'RE A PUS-SY! YOU'RE A PUS-SY!

Angus:

Are you kidding me? He's a champion, Keebs he can't just NOT defend the title!

Mikey Unlikely:

You see, I will be competing in tournament along with JFK here, and when the Sports Entertainment Guild brings that home, then we plan on celebrating with all our fans here in DEFIANCE! Kelly Evans has had me defend MY championship on numerous occasions in such a short time. Winning defenses against the likes of Lamond Alexander Robertson, Andy Sharp (AGAIN!), and Jason Natas...

The fans cheer loudly for Natas.

Mikey Unlikely:

I believe I've proven to everyone in the locker room that this belt is NOT coming off my waist! I deserve a well earned break! So for the next few weeks I will only take part in DEFMAX tournament matches...while the rest of DEF figures out who's worthy of headlining a match with Mikey! And if I can have your attention for just one more sports entertaining moment I would like to....

♪ "Revolution" by SIRS Y ♪

In the ring, the Bruvs both look annoyed at the interruption, but anything they're trying to say is drowned out by the fans' cheers.

DDK:

Here comes your best friend, Angus!

Angus:

Don't start that, Keebs, we've got an understanding.

DDK:

What understanding?

Angus:

She gets to blow it up, and... I don't altogether mind.

True to Keebler's words, Calico Rose is the first one out of the backstage, followed quickly by Impulse, who gives a wave to the fans and points to a few near the entryway, as if he knows them by name. A half step behind, big Levi Cole looks pumped and ready: his amateur headgear still unstrapped across his chin.

"Blow it up! Blow it up!"

A familiar refrain echoes the arena, and while Impulse and Cole walk down the entryway, greeting the fans and slapping hands, Cally trots to the commentary table and gets - for the first time ever, to a loud pop - a simultaneous fistbump.

In the ring, the Hollywood Bruvs see this, turn to each other, fistbump, and immediately flip off the fans, to a fairly loud boo.

Cally catches up, just in time for Impulse to hold the ropes for her to step through, followed by Levi Cole holding the ropes for Impulse to step through. The Brazen mainstay insists on allowing the former two-time World Champion to enter first, to which Impulse returns the favor from inside the ring.

Once more, the Bruvs look at each other, clearly confused over the revolving show of respect.

Impulse removes his leather jacket and tosses his vintage 100% cotton "Blue Eyed Badass" T-shirt into the crowd, and he keeps his eyes on Mikey Unlikely, clearly impatient to start the match. Levi Cole, however, taps him on the shoulder and points toward the Bruvs, and Impulse nods, shakes his hand, and steps back between the ropes.

Ding, ding, ding.

Levi Cole is ready to go but Mikey and Kendrix are still on the apron in their corner playing their third set of rock, paper, scissors. Kendrix looks crestfallen as Mikey pumps his fist in celebration as his scissors destroy his tag partner's

paper.

DDK:

And it appears we're going to see a rare start from Mikey Unlikely, the Bruv is known for letting Kendrix do the brunt of the work and capitalizing...

Angus:

That's how he does almost everything Keebs, the Sports Entertainment Goons always do the work and Mikey takes the spotlight.

DDK:

Well he's in there now, and he's squaring up with Levi Cole! Who is making his jump to the main roster from BRAZEN! Levi Cole is making his first appearance tonight, in a long list of appearances now that he has been entered into the DEFMAX tournament.

Unlikely warms up in his corner as Impulse whispers some last minute advice to his partner as he points at the Bruvs. Finally the referee calls for the action to begin. The two competitors slowly circle one another, before locking up.

DDK:

Collar and elbow tie up here, Cole overpowers Mikey, and backs him into the turnbuckle. Cole breaks at one and backs away from the corner, Mikey takes a swing at him and misses!

Cole flexes at Mikey which excites the fans. Unlikely grows a scowl and comes charging out of the corner. Levi Cole is ready and takes him down with a drop toe hold. Unlikely's face bounces off the mat and he reaches for his nose in pain. Kendrix looks on with a look of concern as Cole hops over the body of Mikey and applies a side headlock.

Mikey cries out in pain and panic. He tries to rise to his feet but Cole applies extra pressure and drives him back to his stomach. Kendrix admonishes the referee for allowing a choke hold, who rolls his eyes back at him before checking on Mikey again. Unwilling to give up Unlikely scrambles to the ropes, once again beginning a count that Cole breaks at one.

Angus:

Ha! Hollywood looks a little flustered!

The two tie up once more, and this time Mikey tries to drop to a knee and take over Levi with a firemans carry, Unfortunately Unlikely has never executed the move, Cole with his ametuer wrestling background blocks the flip, and instead locks Mikey's arm between his legs and rolls off his back into a crucifix pin.

1...

Kickout.

Mikey sits up, looks at Cole and slaps the mat in frustration. Cole backs up to allow him up, but Mikey decides he's had enough for the time being and tags in his partner.

DDK:

Here comes Kendrix! The two circle one another and tie up. This time Cole does go down! Kendrix with the arm drag, he follows up with a headlock takeover as Cole began rising to his feet. Kendrix drops a quick legdrop but Cole moves!

Kick to the gut from Levi Cole as both men rise, he backs JFK into the ropes before sending him off the other side. Cole ducks and nails the big back body drop, sending Kendrix wayyyyyy into the air before crashing down on his back.

Angus:

The fans here in the Wrestle-Plex are behind Levi Cole, who is single handedly taking care of both of the Bruvs right now! I love it!

Cole picks up JFK before delivering a few stiff elbows. He applies a front face lock on 'The Future of DEFIANCE', Kendrix panics and tries to wriggle free, to no avail. He reaches for the ropes but Cole pulls him back to the center of the ring. After weighing his options Kendrix makes a smart move.

DDK:

Northern Lights Suplex by Kendrix! He doesn't hold on for the pin, but what an effective reversal there! Kendrix gets up and applies the boots to the downed Levi Cole.

JFK:

Who the hell do you think you are?? I'm JFK, dammit!

Standing elbow drop by Kendrix and then a pin attempt.

1...

Kickout!

DDK:

Still too early in this one. Kendrix now griping about the slow count, he rises to his feet and picks up Levi Cole. Whipping him into the corner, Kendrix follows behind but is surprised when Cole gets the boot up to block it! Kendrix holding his jaw....BIG RUNNING BULLDOG from the corner by Levi Cole. That took down Kendrix!

Cole now lays on the mat trying to catch his breath, the fans in the Wrestle-Plex are going nuts as he goes to his corner to tag in Impulse. Kendrix tries to stop him but is a second too late. Impulse is in!

Impulse comes through the ropes in one fluid motion and brings his right arm up and wipes out JFK.

DDK:

Kendrix back up now! Impulse knocks him down again! He's up! Hip toss by Impulse! Kendrix rises again! He runs at Impulse who leapfrogs him, on the return now JFK finds himself on the receiving end of a cross body block.

Kendrix drops to the mat holding his chest and rolls out of the ring.

Angus:

Here comes Hollywood! Watch out!

Mikey enters the ring and runs full speed at Impulse but he's ready. Impulse against the ropes, ducks and tosses Mikey over the top rope, his momentum flips him head over heels and he lands right on top of Kendrix who was getting to his feet.

On the inside of the ring Impulse poses and the Wrestle-Plex loses its mind.

Angus:

This is awesome! I haven't seen anyone dominate the Bruvs like this... These two need to stay together!

DDK:

Indeed the team of Cole and Impulse is operating at a high level right now. On the outside of the ring, the two begin to stir...wait what is Impulse... TOPECON HEEEEEEELLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO Impulse just dove at both of the Bruvs and wiped them out again!!!!

THIS IS AWESOME! Clap Clap Clapclapclap!

THIS IS AWESOME! Clap Clap Clapclapclap!

THIS IS AWESOME! Clap Clap Clapclapclap!

On the outside Cally is jumping up and down with excitement. On the other side the PCP look on worriedly.

Angus:

Someone keep her away from these idiots. If one of these fuckbois puts their hands on her I SWEAR TO GAWD!!!!

Impulse gets up and sees Klein rounding the ring toward them and slides back in to avoid the big man. Once the coast is clear the PCP follow behind and help Mikey and JFK to their feet. They collectively embrace as Mikey heads back to their corner with them, and Kendrix slides back into the ring, where Impulse is waiting.

DDK:

The ring veteran gives Kendrix space. The two lock up, and Kendrix pushes down the arms of Impulse and European uppercut! Kendrix follows up with some fists, hard to tell whether they are open or closed.

Angus:

No it's not.

Kendrix backs Impulse into the corner. Lifting his leg, he presses it into the neck. The referee begins the count Kendrix waits till the last possible second to break the hold. Kendrix hits the ropes and comes back with a running knee lift that leaves Impulse groggy in the corner. JFK grabs him by the hair and yanks him to the Bruvs corner where he tags in Mikey.

DDK:

Unlikely back in now, They hook the arms of Impulse... double suple...no.... They reversed the suplex and sent Impulse onto the mat face and stomach first. Kendrix finally leaving the ring, Unlikely locks on a rear chin lock.

A traditional slow clap breaks out across the Wrestleplex, Outside the ring the PCP try to get the crowd to shut up. Impulse slowly gets to his feet, Unlikely still holds on. In one quick motion Impulse reaches behind his head, grabs the arm of Unlikely, drops to the mat and locks in an armbar.

Angus:

Holy shit! Yus!

DDK:

He's got that armbar locked in and Mikey is panicked! He's reaching for the ropes but unable to pull Impulse's dead weight that far, Here comes Kendrix, with a stomp across the head! The hold is broken and Kendrix leaves the ring. Mikey now picks Impulse by the hair, you'll notice he's not using the tender arm from that hold!

As soon as Mikey has Impulse up, Impulse once again outsmarts him and rolls him up for a schoolboy.

DDK:

Surprise pin!

1...

2...

Kickout!

Angus:

Fuck! Thought he caught him...

DDK:

It was close partner, no doubt about that! Unlikely now pounding the mat in frustration. He looks angry!

Mikey rises to his feet, as does Impulse...Unlikely goes for the clothesline, Impulse ducks! Mikey hits the ropes and

comes back with a flying forearm attempt, Impulse dodges it. The Southern Heritage champion rolls through and gets back to his feet. Impulse charges, Mikey drops the top rope, sending Impulse to the apron. Unlikely is unaware thinking he's on the ground by now. Elise Ares yells from the floor while Klein jumps up and down until he realizes he's begging for attention.

DDK:

Impulse grabs Mikey from behind and plants him with a forearm. Unlikely spins around to face him and catches ANOTHER hard forearm. Knee to the gut. Sunset flip...Impulse rolls Mikey through and stands up himself in one fluid motion...SUDDEN IMPACT!!!!

Angus:

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA COVER HIM NOW!!!!!!

Impulse goes to do just that but The D and Klein reach in and pull out the leader of the group. As the referee begins the count, they try to revive Mikey. Eventually they get him around and get him in the ring, by now, Levi Cole is back in the ring. Mikey is getting to his feet and Cole is on the prowl.

Angus:

I dont know whats going on tonight, but Hollywood McDouchenozzle is the most ineffective in ring competitor I've ever seen. Has he hit a move yet?

DDK:

He's certainly getting an education in technical wrestling.

Angus:

An education? This is beyond taking his fake ass to school. This is embarrassing. I for one couldn't be happier!!

Cole stands tall as Mikey gets up wobbly as ever. Unlikely tries a quick kick when Levi surprises him, but it's caught. Levi Cole lifts up on the leg, driving Unlikely to the mat, where he rolls him over, hops over and once again applies an armbar to the same arm Impulse had been locked on earlier.

Angus:

Listen to his scream Keebs! It's music to my ears! This is amazing, This is how he should record his next album! I would buy it!

DDK:

Kendrix goes to step in the ring AGAIN illegally but both Cole and the referee see him coming and both rush over to stop him.

Kendrix:

IT'S NOT FAIR, REF! THEY'RE FOCUSSING ON HIS ARM! WHO DOES THAT?!!

Angus:

Are you kidding me?! After what he did at DEFCON?!

Kendrix retreats and Cole turns back to Mikey once again, who is trying to wring his arm out and get some feeling back.

Angus:

A feeling other than pain you mean! Yus!

Cole grabs the bad arms and uses it to irish whip him into the friendly corner. Unlikely grabs for it, but has no time to recover. Cole crashes into him an instant later with a huge body block that shakes the ring and sends Unlikely to his ass in the corner.

Angus:

Hahahahahaha I can't stop... I won't stop! Best night ever! Where's the popcorn guy!?

DDK:

Tag to Impulse. Slingshot legdrop from the outside into the corner on Mikey with authority! The SEG look on worriedly. Wait.. what's Kendrix telling them.

The Sports Entertainment Guild fan out, Each hit a different side of the ring and climb on the apron.

Angus:

No! No! No! Not this shit again!

Much to Angus's delight, the plan is foiled. On one side of the ring Levi Cole runs at The D and plants him with a forearm sending him off the apron, crashing to the floor. Outside the ring Calico Rose grabs the ankles of Elise Ares and pulls them off the mat, sending her face first into the hardest part of the ring and sprawled in no time...

Angus:

YUS CMAWWWWWWWN!!!

DDK:

Impulse runs and hits Kendrix with a huge running kick that sends him straight into the guardrail!

Angus:

THIS IS SPARTA!!!!!!!!!!

Cole and Impulse look at Klein then at each other. Klein suddenly looks nervous but stays in position anyway. They nod at each other and run. Both men deliver running dropkicks, catapulting Klein onto the floor and rolling onto the ramp. The Wrestle-plex is losing its mind. The fans are going bat shit crazy.

Angus:

He's all alone!!!! He's all alone!!!!

Indeed he is... Unlikely uses the ropes to slowly get to his feet but he has no idea where he is. Cole steps out of the way, and Impulse nails it.

DDK:

A SECOND SUDDEN IMPACT, UNLIKELY DROPPED LIKE A SACK OF POTATOES!

Angus:

GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Cover...

1...

2...

And for the first time ever...

No bullshit...

No Cheating...

3!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

NO PLACE IN THIS BUSINESS

The camera is focused backstage in the Wrestle-Plex. No one but the figure in black is there, the man who has attacked Perfection; Code Name: Reaper.

Reaper: [his modified voice is unique to our ears]

You see it's people like this, people like James. They don't have a place in the wrestling world. They think that simply because they 'look good', 'talk good', 'walk good'. That it actually means something to the wrestling industry.

DEFIANCE locker room, Reaper is facing the camera, masked as usual his voice audible just barely under the modifier he uses.

Reaper:

He calls himself Perfection, but yet he is a slug, there is no impact that he could make on **DEFIANCE**, nor should he even be allowed that opportunity. Hence why he was driven out of the Wrestle-Plex tonight. He is not worthy of *The Faithful*, nor will he ever be.

Moving away from the camera Reaper looks down for a moment and the room is silent before something interrupts.

Voice:

Of all people, you choose HIM? To bust his lip open? I understand that you think he's a joke...

Camera catches up to the voice and it appears to be Terry 'The Idol' Anderson. Shutting the locker room door behind him, he looks out of breath and sweating. Wearing a fedora, with a short sleeve Hawaiian shirt, he looks as if he was running all over the arena. Wiping his face off with a cloth he inches closer to Reaper.

Terry:

I understand why you are doing this, trust me I do. But you are biting off something much larger than you think. Regardless of what you think of Perfection, you have to know he's a capable wrestler. Extremely talented. Are you absolutely sure this is the target you want to go after?

Reaper:

Well I obviously can't GO for THE target can I? It's not like I'd ever get the approval or even the hint of it to get a match with him, and before I could even spring into action to make an impact and take him out myself, I'd be fired before I could utter a single breath. I knew who I was going for as soon as the rumors began swirling. Courtney Paz as his agent, really? How did he manage to corrupt her?

Terry:

After their involvement together at Immortal Wrestling Federation, she followed him. I don't think she has made any appearances until now, but the word is she's been working for him behind the scenes for a long time. There must be a reason why she decided to show up here tonight with him.

Reaper: [modified voice slows down and grows more intense]

Courtney Paz had a great future in this industry, corporate shot caller, but instead she chose to follow this tool. A pathetic waste of ring gear, a tool with no power and only words. He calls himself Perfection, and he used his charisma to make this woman his slave. I won't stand for it, nor should anyone.

Terry moves forward more to say something but Reaper stops him, grabbing the camera and pulling it closer to Reaper's red eyes.

Reaper: [eyes growing brighter]

This message is directly for you Perfection. You are not welcome in this building, you are not welcome in that ring and if I have to END your career in your very first match that is what I will aim to do. For your own safety I suggest you never step foot in this building again.

Pulling the camera even closer now.

Reaper:

Reaper... is... watching!

He shoves the camera away from his face and points to the exit. The camera crew gets the message and starts to head out.

Reaper:

Leave Terry. Everyone out!

Shaking his head, Terry 'The Idol' Anderson takes his leave behind the camera crew, mumbling to himself. They exit the locker room and close the door behind them. The camera focuses on Terry as he slowly walks down the backstage area. A few moments pass by and loud shuffling can be heard from within the locker room. Words are spoken but un audible to our ears.

Reaper:

I SAID EVERYONE TO LEAVE! INCLUDING YOU!!

The camera's focuses on the locker room door as movement is heard towards it, the door opens a slight crack and camera cuts to black.

SCOTTISH CIVIL WAR, VOL. 1

Some words appear on the bottom of your television screen: "Footage recorded earlier today."

Four steel walls, a light, intense claustrophobia, terrible music.

The DEFarena's elevator is going down, and its sole occupant is looking tetchy. Decked-out in one of his finest Harris Tweed suits, there's a restlessness behind his eyes, and tension's etched across his scarred facial features.

Bronson Box: [muttering under his breath]

I swear... that damned woman...

The DEFIANT Ace finishes with a sigh, then shakes his head as the elevator goes BING and reaches the bottom floor. The doors slide open, and Box immediately strides forward...

Andy Murray:

Hello mate.

The King (of Scotch Style) pushes himself away from the wall. His presence catches Box by surprising, and while it doesn't quite knock him off-guard, Box stops as soon as he's past the sliding doors. Andy's dressed in his usual greyscales: not clad for a fight, but ready to react if one breaks-out.

Andy Murray:

Cute move you pulled at DEFCON, laddie. I guess imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, but look, if that was a cry for attention or call for help, I'll be your Samaritan.

The Only DEFIANT stops in his tracks. He waits a beat before slowly turning to face his "old friend." The two take a few moments to size one another up, big Murr not batting an eye as the former two time FIST of DEFIANCE steps right into his personal space.

Bronson Box:

Don't flatter yer'self lad. I had an injured wing, it was the first thing that came to my mind in the moment that I could pull off with one fookin' arm... well, mostly anyway. Been watchin' you big man, you and your fookin' pet squid.

Andy Murray:

That right?

Bronson Box:

Aye... I been a wee bit distracted what with stealin' the show the last number o' months. Issues are settled, figured it was time to properly welcome my fellow countrymen... us all bein' old friends and all. When WAS the last time you, me and the squid were all in the same place, ye' figure?

Andy Murray:

I wanna say 20 years, but whatever the number is, it's not high enough.

The King peers down upon Boxer, who might be a full foot shorter than him.

Andy Murray:

You haven't changed a dot though, have you? Only difference is that chip on your shoulder seems a little bigger than before, but I guess I shouldn't be surprised. You've always been an insecure wee shitebag, even when we were learning our craft back in Aberdeen.

A smile stretches across his face.

Andy Murray:

My brother's a little busy trying to win DEF*MAX at the moment, though. You're stuck with me. Sorry, pal.

Bronson Box:

Such concern for yer' fookin' wee squid, aye lad? Like a mother hen, you are. Guess yer' makin' up fer' leavin' the little bastard alone in the territory with this particular "wee shitebag" back in the day when you scampered off to America to become a "big star"... you remember that, don'tcha sunshine? When I fookin' dismantled the squid in front of yer' family. I've still got the best picture of me wipin' the squid's BLOOD across my fookin' chest in front of... who was that? Yer' auntie? Yer' mum? So long ago I don't right remember...

Andy Murray:

Wow.

He laughs.

Andy Murray:

You're still hanging your hat on that?!

Andy shakes his head.

Andy Murray:

I'd like to say it's "cute," but it's not. It's pathetic. For all the years you've been in this business, the thing you're most proud of is beating-up my younger brother when he was sixteen years old...

Pause.

Andy Murray:

That's the problem with you, Boxer. You've been doing this almost as long as I have, but you've still got an inferiority complex a million miles wide. You're right: I left Scotland at a very young age, but you know what? I'm pretty happy with what I've done in this business. Delighted, in fact. You? You're still trying to claim beating-down a kid as some kind of victory, but let's be honest for a moment, Boxy. We stepped into the ring together more than once. You know how those matches went...

Bronson Box:

No... what I'm doin' is remindin' you of the lengths I'll go to when I'm properly motivated. I did what I did to the squid all those years ago because I KNEW I could beat you... and you knew it. You bloody knew it and you left, you chicken shite rat bastard. But like you said, that was a million years ago. See... I'm pretty proud of what I've accomplished as well. All ye' have to do is look around... see this building? The promotion you're standin' in right fookin' now? This is what I've fookin' accomplished ye' big stupid bastard. DEFIANCE is my legacy. No matter what anybody bloody says, I'm the fookin' beating heart of this place. I'm in the goddamn marrow...

He sneers, pausing for another. He leans into Andy enough that the normally unshakable Scotsman actually has to physically shove Boxer away.

Bronson Box:

AYE! GET MAD, YE' FOOKIN' PRICK! You better STAY mad, Andrew. It'll be the only way you and yer' shite brother are gunna survive what's commin' yer' way. I've made a career out of shreddin' any outsider who waltzes into DEFIANCE with somethin' to prove. Even the ones that survive testin' themselves against me aren't the same for the experience. You really thought you could just dance right onto MY roster and set yer' shite squid brother up as some sort of... bloody... UNDERDOG hero? That Cayle fookin' Murray'll somehow become a biiiiiig star in DEFIANCE Wrestling whilst The Wargod's still bloody breathin'...

Big Murr cuts Boxer off.

Andy Murray:

"Become?" Go ask your lad Eric Dane how he's doing, mate. Then go take a look at the DEF*MAX betting odds. Then, when you've stopped greetin' about what you find, come back and see me, but here's the thing...

He puts a finger in Box's chest.

Andy Murray:

My "shite squid brother" defeated the CORNERSTONE of this company live on pay-per-view. You've been wanting to do that for a long, long time, haven't you? Well guess what, LITTLE MAN... never. Going. To. Happen.

It's common knowledge that one of the main arteries of DEFIANCE has always been the animosity between DEFIANCE's owner Eric Dane and DEFIANCE's "problem child" Bronson Box. It's bad blood that formed the bedrock of the company as much as any performance from any competitor in DEFIANCE history. It's a match we all thought we'd see one day. The blunt reminder of the fact we probably won't... well...

SMACK

The open palm slap leaves the side of Andy Murray's face beet red. The two start swinging so quickly and so wildly we're not even sure who landed the first punch. In no time the tiny elevator lobby is filled with humanity all trying to pry the two Scotsmen apart. Boxer claws up above the shoulders of the DEFsec goons holding him back and SCREAMS over the din at Murray.

Bronson Box:

You take from me?! I'll blood take from you, ye' FOOKIN' BASTARD! I'LL CARVE MY TEN POUNDS OF FLESH FROM YER' FOOKIN' HIDES fer' what you lot cost me! You hear me boy?! YOU HEAR ME?! You lot are fookin' DONE! DONE!

As a lion's share of the DEF security gorillas involved all lead The Original DEFIANT down the hallway towards the locker rooms Andy Murray shoulders away the security and producers still present around him to hold HIM back, the big Scotsman's eyes following Boxer as he's dragged around the corner and out of sight. Big Andy Murray looks on nonplussed as we cut from the video back to the commentation station.

DDK:

Tensions running hiiiiiiigh between DEFIANCE's Scottish contingent, partner!

Angus:

You see Murr's face at the end there? I think he realized just then the ungodly fuckin' shitstorm headed for he and his "wee squid" brother. In Bronson Box's mind there was precisely one person who was going to "take out" the BAWS... and that was him. The Murray Brothers have made a pretty big splash so far in DEF, good start, real cute... but soooooomethings tells me they're about to get goddamn BAPTISED in the church of DEFIANCE like nobody has before if that reaction from Boxer is any indication.

POP CULTURE PHENOMS Â© VS. THE LOUISIANA BULLDOGS

DDK:

So, I'm told we're going to have the PCP...

Angus:

SKIIIIIPP!

DDK:

Angus. We're live. There's no skipping.

Angus:

Well, then I'm mentally checking out until interesting happens.

♪"Live for the Night" by Krewella (MIA remix)♪

The crowd goes into a fever pitch of groaning and general unpleasantries as the entrance music for the new DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions echoes over the arena. Multicolored lights pulsate to the music as The D leads the way down to the ring, holding his half of the titles over his head in a way that the world is forced to recognize what he has accomplished. Behind him, as if she's driving while texting, Elise Ares is staring at her own reflection in her highly polished championship, striking modeling facial expressions on her way to the ring before one of the poors in the crowd grazes their dirty little fingers against the side of her arm, forcing her to jump away and clutch her championship against her chest like the one ring. With all the attention fixated on his well-dressed and battle ready companions, Klein stealthily walks out from the backstage area. He has the two cardboard championships slung over his shoulders.

Angus:

This might be the most disgusting thing I've ever seen in my life.

DDK:

Well, unfortunately for us all neither the Ronins or the Xxxpress could've seen what was going to happen at DEFCon. The Pop Culture Phenoms both won and lost the match, but find a way to leave the event the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions. I guess what we need to take out of this, Angus, is that they can't pin each other EVERY match.

Angus:

I wish someone would pin a giant nail through both of their skulls.

Elise Ares climbs up the ring steps, and then shouts at Klein to hold the ropes open for her. Meanwhile, The D has forgone the ring and rushes Brad Arnold and the timekeeper's table. He snatches a microphone to jeers as he slips himself in under the bottom rope. The D taps twice, as their music fades out.

The D:

Hey, you, gopher, get her a microphone too. We don't share microphones.

Promptly, a ring crew member tosses a microphone over the ropes and into the ring. He smacks against Elise's chest, causing her to take her gaze off herself. She stomps angrily as Klein picks up the microphone using a rather large metal clasp that's made in the style of a shark head chomping. He extends it to Elise, who picks it up.

Elise Ares:

We said get, not throw. Bellend.

A small swell starts in the DEFIANCE crowd, as the D and Elise look around perturbed. This only increases the swell before it comes a full on chant.

"Fuck 'em up, ring crew, fuck 'em up."

The D snarls. Elise is shocked. The D paces around the ring and loudly taps on the microphone, before slamming it three times into the side of his head for loud THUDS.

The D:

These, these savages. We're the tag team champions, part of the hottest group of talent in sports and entertainment. We are multi-platform superstars!

Elise Ares:

These people just don't know greatness when they see it. Obvs.

The D:

Totes obvs. Mikey Unlikely is gonna EGOT all over your faces.

Jeers at the mere mention of Mikey. Klein covers the painted on earlobes of his box.

Elise Ares:

As a matter of fact, we're so hot that we've eliminated the entire division from competition! RCR? We beat them up. ACX? We beat them up, too. You give me an acronym and I'll tell you how fast we took them down. You poors can boo all you want, but we're the best in the world, and there isn't a damn thing any of your grubby little paws can do about it.

The crowd boos, Elise smiles.

Elise Ares:

Waaaaah, waaaaah, waaaaah. So when we realized there was no competition left, we put our heads together and came up with an idea to entertain you... the stupid people. What we came up with was the PCP Tag Title Invitational. We come out here. We pose for your enjoyment and give you a once in a lifetime photo opportunity to show your dumb kids --

The D:

All kids are dumb.

Elise Ares:

Obvs. -- that you were once in the presence of greatness, and then we beat up whoever is stupid enough to think they have a chance against PCP. We're doing it all for you. Our fans. Aren't we great?

The crowd screams "NO!" in unison back at the team and Elise just blows them off and looks over at The D and shrugs.

The D:

So, who here wants a championship match?

The crowd's' jeers turn to murmurs. People look around at each other.

The D:

I'm serious. The less training the better! I don't care if you're a sixteen years old teaming with your great grandfather, don't care if you're a couple rodeo clowns or how about you two?

The D points to the front row, where two large bikers sit. They begin to stand and jaw jack with the D.

The D:

Not you two. Them.

The D is pointing to two young females sitting next to the Bikers.

The D:

Hi. I'm the D. I could show you why later.

The D makes a phone with his thumb and pinky finger as Elise rolls her eyes behind him.

Elise Ares:

So who wants to take PCP?!

Elise pauses for a moment as both Klein and The D look back at her. She lowers the microphone and exchanges a few words back and forth with her teammates off the record. She raises an eyebrow and after a moment she pushes the microphone back up to her lips.

Elise Ares:

Take ON PCP.

Klein and The D clap as Elise corrects herself with poise and grace.

After a few moments, The D raises the mic to his lips, annoyed.

The D:

C'mon Tom Cruise. I know you're backstage with David Arquette. Win some gold, cause you two are never winning an Oscar. You know Arquette, the last time...

Elise Ares:

Whoa, whoa... let's back off on the David Arquette talk, we're contractually obligated to have as little fun as possible.

The D:

Sorry. Courtney's a bitch. She ain't my friend. Career's over too.

Klein nods his box in agreement. The D turns his attention toward the entrance rampway and spins his finger above his head.

The D:

We actually talked it over earlier tonight and we have challengers in store just in case. Even got them new theme music and everything. So, control room, hit THEIR music! (off mic to Klein) It's really good.

♪""Rage" by Marshall Smith♪

The DEFIANCE crowd is unsure what to make of the generic rock music, when out from the backstage area steps the Louisiana Bulldogs, Denver and Oliver Brandt. A groundswell of support resonates over the arena as the two stand firm and DEFiant toward the PCP.

"You're listening to a demo for stock music dot net!"

Angus:

Bayou Cane's finest are here to hopefully break some necks!

DDK:

Here comes the Louisiana Bulldogs, you guys might remember they were the Pop Culture Phenoms first opponents here in DEFIANCE and took them to the limit. PCP almost bailed on that match completely!

Angus:

Oh, how things could have been different...

DDK:

It looks like the boys were backstage and waiting for another shot at the champions. They'll get their chance right now!

Angus:

Honestly, as much as I love my BRAZEN folks, it's not about the Bulldogs. It's about someone ending the fuckery of these two Hollywood McFuckwads Fluffer Duo.

DDK:

Tell us how you really feel.

Oliver and Denver both react to the strange voice over the pa system as they march toward the ringside area. Unphased, the reach ringside and climb onto the apron.

"You're listening to a demo for stock music dot net!"

Off their reaction, the D charges and catches Oliver in the jaw with an elbow. Oliver crashes to the floor. The D hooks the ropes and brings Denver in the hard way, up and over the top rope. The D and Elise begin to stomp the ever living blood and vinegar out of the fallen Denver, before The D shouts at Klein.

The D:

Do your job Klein!

Klein looks around, and tears off his jacket to reveal a REFEREE'S OUTFIT. Usually the lone source of cheers for the PCP, this sight has turned the crowd against Klein. The D shouts at Klein to ring the bell, as The D and Elise keep stomping away. Klein, box on his head and everything, turns to the ring announcer and sounds for the bell.

Angus:

You've gotta be shitting me. Klein isn't a ref!

DDK:

This is pretty much the furthest from a fair open challenge. We shouldn't expect anything less from the PCP.

Klein rushes in and steps between the D and Denver. Klein shouts at the D to get out of the ring and onto the apron. The D looks confused, slapping the palm of his hand with the back of his other. Klein simply points and stands his ground, tugging at his referee's shirt until the D relents.

Elise grabs Denver and slams him into the PCP's corner. Quick leaping sidekick sends Denver to a seated position, where Elise begins the stomp parade.

Angus:

God, this again.

DDK:

Here comes the Blacklist... I can't imagine this is an official match. I mean, Klein has experience but not in Defiance.

Elise with a tag to the D, who enters and the two continue their stomping. Suddenly, the crowd lets out cheers as DEFIANCE official Carla Ferrari rushes into the ring and yells at Klein to get out. She begins to count on the D and Elise, as Klein counts alongside her. Elise steps out onto the apron at three, as Carla turns to Klein and notices he's still there. She points for him to leave, and he points toward the corner, where Elise has re-entered with a tag from the D, and the stomp parade continues. Carla begins her count, and again, Klein mimics her loudly into her ear. Quick tag. More stomps. More shouting from Klein directly into Carla's ear.

DDK:

At least we have order restored. How long is anyone's guess.

Angus:

Is that idiot Klein still in the ring playing Sesame Street?

Quick tag. Stomps. Shouting. Quicker tag. Stomps. Counting. The D rushes off the far side ropes and boot washes Denver in the corner. Denver tumbles over and the D rolls him away from the bottom rope into a pin.

One.

Two.

Oliver Brandt dives with the save. Double ax handle to The D, as Carla steps in and motions for Oliver to head to his corner. Klein, right next to her, is making very angry gestures and pointing to the corner alongside her. As Carla watches Oliver exit the ring, Klein turns to the PCP corner and Denver is being choked by the tag rope by Elise. The D looks at Klein and gives him a thumbs up, before Klein rushes over and breaks it up to the PCP's shock. Carla turns and walks over, noticing the gasping Denver Brandt.

The D:

Yo. He's doing your job. Poorly. I totally helped choke this guy. I mean...

Carla turns toward Klein and points to the outside of the ring. Dejected, Klein exits, and begins to pace on the outside. He reaches down, rips off his referee shirt, and reveals yet another referee shirt. This shirt, however, has the word "backup" where a name would be. Klein points to the back of his jersey and smacks the apron. The D rolls his eyes and sends Denver over in a snapmare, into a chinlock. He nods enthusiastically while Klein makes motions for Carla to check the neck of Denver. Carla reprimands The D for the choke, and then double checks the throat.

DDK:

Carla has to be on top of her game tonight Angus. These PCP have a way of outright muckability.

Angus:

I've got quite a few more vulgar options for you if you'd like to join the 21st century.

DDK:

I know. I've heard them all.

The crowd begins to swell in support for Denver Brandt. He begins to push his way up to his feet, before rolling sideways and breaking the hold by breaking the grip of The D. Trying to stay on the offensive, The D rushes Denver but hits only air as the Brandt boy hits the opposite ropes. On the rebound, Denver launches into the air and floors The D with a huge shoulder block, popping the crowd. The D tries to collect himself but is floored by another shoulder block! Then another! Staggering, The D reaches his feet only to be taken down by a belly-to-back suplex! Oliver Brandt blind tags himself in. Denver pulls The D up to his feet as Oliver enters the ring and Carla (and Klein from the outside) begin their count. The duo whip The D into the ropes and then send him hard to the mat with a double back body drop! Oliver goes for the pin!

One.

Two.

T... NO. Kickout at 2!

Outside of the ring Klein looks into the crowd and holds up two fingers.

DDK:

Great teamwork from the Bulldogs here! They've really tightened up their game since the last time we saw them here in DEFIANCE. A real old school style and work ethic, that's something you can appreciate, right Angus?

Angus:

Abso-fucking-lutely. Love the hard nosed, gritty way these two fight. I'd be proud to call them my champions. Then again, I'd be proud to call just about anyone but these two fuckwads champions right about now.

Outside of the ring, Elise looks into the crowd and stomps her foot on the mat, trying to raise some support. Usually such an attempt is met by cheers, but Elise's attempt is met by contempt.

NO!

Is shouted with each stomp on the mat.

NO!

NO!

Inside the ring, Oliver Brandt drops to a knee wrenching a side headlock. The D reaches out to grab a rope or anything, but to no avail trapped in the middle of the ring. He tries to push Oliver off, but again no luck as the Bulldog simply shakes his head no, much to the delight of the crowd, and wrenches harder on the lock.

TAP! TAP! TAP!

The crowd begins to chant sarcastic, but optimistically. Klein screams from outside of the ring asking if The D would like to submit, but never gets an answer. Oliver uses his hold to spin around to the back of the Tag Team Champion and throws him over with a hard German Suplex. The impact rolls The D over, who is grabbed again but this time grabs the top rope keeping Oliver from tossing him. With his back turned, The D lifts his leg and hits a hidden low blow on Oliver and the crowd boos in response. Carla walks over to check on the action and Klein jumps up on the apron, screaming about a low blow but Carla is more concerned about the boxed official trying to get involved again. Carla screams back at Klein to get off the apron and The D kicks Oliver in the jewels once again while she's distracted before dropping him with a DDT. Klein jumps down off the apron in disgust as The D sees Carla turn around and begins to crawl across the mat, pretending to be in a more dire circumstance than he really is as Oliver is trying to recover from the sequence.

DDK:

How do they get away with this stuff? Every. Single. Week.

Angus:

They never cease to find new ways to be fucking TERRIBLE at wrestling.

DDK:

Is it time we start taking it seriously?

Angus:

Fuck no.

The D makes the tag! Elise Ares jumps onto the top rope and amazes the crowd with a springboard 450 splash and hooks the leg!

One.

Two.

THR...NO!

Elise looks back at Carla and shoves three fingers in her face. Carla shoves two back into the face of the Tag Team Champion who backs away so she doesn't get touched by the official. Klein raises two fingers to the crowd. Shaking her head in disgust, Elise gets up to her feet and begins to stomp away on Oliver Brandt. Stomp stompy stomp stomp. She goes for the pin one more time!

One.

Two. NO. Not two! Kickout!

Elise Ares:

THREE!!! THAT WAS THREE!!!!

Angus:

That was clearly one.

DDK:

I don't think she can hear you.

Angus:

Do I look like I give a--

DDK:

-- No, I don't.

Elise Ares jumps up to her feet and pleads her case to Carla as Oliver Brandt begins to crawl back towards his corner. The crowd swells in support as Elise continues to stand her ground to Carla, who she is now convinced is against her. Behind her, Oliver jumps across the ring and makes a hot tag to Denver Brandt who jumps over the rope and into the ring. Klein slaps his hands together and points over towards Denver as he charges Elise, who turns around just in time to look like a deer in headlights.

Huge clothesline turns Elise inside out. Face down on the canvas, Denver hooks Elise in a straight lift and tosses her over his shoulders, landing her back on her chest as he keeps the greco hold locked in. Denver adjusts his body, and throws Elise in a reverse lift. Still with his arms hooked around her waist, he floats behind into a rear waist lock, and then deadlifts the amazingly awful actress into a german suplex, with a bridge.

One.

Two.

The D breaks it up, kicking the hands out from the bridge. Carla steps in and points D to his corner, as Klein loudly gestures on the outside about The D's interference. Denver lifts Elise by her hair and tosses her off the ropes, no, reversal by Elise and Denver goes running. Elise falls to her knees and grabs the official Carla while holding the back of her head. As Denver runs, The D yanks down the top rope and Denver goes tumbling to the outside. As he recovers, The D rushes off the apron and BOOT kicks Denver with his shin. He uses this momentum to flip off the apron and land on the outside with a shooting star press to the now fallen Denver Brandt.

DDK:

Hate them or hate them, that was impressive.

Angus:

Flippy do. Hate 'em more.

The D lifts Denver to his feet and slams him into the steel turnbuckle post. He reaches to the far side and grabs one of the tag team championships. With Denver leaning against the turnbuckle post, the D charges and SANDWICHES Denver Brandt between the steel post and the tag team gold. Denver slumps to his knees as the D tosses the belt

aside. The D climbs back onto the apron as Elise finally lets go of Carla. Oliver Brandt is pointing and shouting, and his tone is matched by that of Klein on the outside. Carla looks and sees Denver lying unconscious outside the ring.

She starts her count, and Klein enthusiastically joins in himself on the outside. Even the D on the apron begins to Bob his head as it gets to five. At eight, Denver is climbing up on the apron to get back into the ring. The D is there and gently kicks him, only for Denver to grab his boot and yank him off, using the D to pull himself in under the bottom rope at nine.

Elise yanks Denver to the center of the ring and covers.

One.

Two.

Kickout. And Elise dives on top with rights and lefts, wild and unpredictable shots that seemed to have no target. She stood and begins to kick away at Denver as he tries to fight to his feet. Elise with clubbing forearms as Denver powers to his feet.

Eye poke.

Jawbreaker. Denver stunned, as Elise tosses him head and shoulder through her corner's tag team ropes and into the steel post. The D with a cheap shot as Carla and Klein reprimand him, before Elise tags in the D. The D grabs Denver out of the corner and hits a corkscrew suplex, slamming Denver into the mat. He stands and tags the already climbing Elise, who measures.

Your Feature Presentation

(Double knee drop Phoenix Splash)

One.

The D rushes and knocks the incoming Oliver Brandt off the apron with a charging elbow.

Two.

Klein yells at the D for attacking Oliver and to get out of the ring. The D laughs.

Three!

Angus:

Proof there is no God.

The D rushes off the ropes and drops to his knees, celebrating like a Woman's soccer team. Elise yells at Klein to get their titles.

DDK:

The Pop Culture Phenoms have retained their tag team championships. Whether we like it or not.

Angus:

WE DON'T. NO ONE DOES. LIFE IS PAIN.

The PCP are handed their belts by backup official Klein, before they raise them to the crowd. Carla goes to grab their wrists, but the D shakes his head and points her to leave. Klein reaches, grabs both their wrists, and raises the PCP's hands to the jeering crowd. The tag titles dangling raised in their free hands.

DDK:

Neither do the Faithful, but perhaps this open invitational will be the start of the end of the SEG.

Angus:

We can only hope.

DDK:

As the impartial observers we are.

Angus:

I hope they fall into a volcano. I hope grizzly's tear them to shreds. I want to shut 'em up with a live hornet's nest. I am going to go google horrendous deaths and get on the FBI watch list, again. I hope the loch ness monster is real...

DDK:

Just go back to your happy place, Angus.

Angus:

Grrrr.... mmmmmheheheheHAHAHAHAHAH McFuckass still lost tonight, all hope isn't lost...

Angus fades out as we head elsewhere.

CAYLE AND CHRISTIE HAVE A NICE CHAT

Cut to the backstage area.

Christie Zane is chilling before a DEFIANCE backdrop. There's a microphone in her hand, because you wouldn't be able to hear her speak without one, obvs.

(Totally obvs).

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time... Cayle Murray!

The Artist Formerly Known as Squidboy steps into the scene, accompanied by a big pop inside the arena.

Christie Zane:

Cayle, thanks for joining me tonight.

Cayle Murray:

You're most welcome.

Murray's still pretty banged-up. There's a big plastic bandage across his forehead with where Dane came at him with the fork, and though he's no longer walking with crutches, there was a notable limp to his step as he arrived. One of his eye's still blackened, two fingers on his left hand are in a splint, and he just *looks* like a man who's been in the wars.

Christie Zane:

The obvious question first, Cayle: DEFCON saw you do the unthinkable. After one of the most brutal and gruelling matches in DEFIANCE history, you ended a year-long rivalry by pinning Eric Dane cleanly. How do you feel?

Cayle Murray:

Like I never want to eat with a fork again.

He smiles, but doesn't follow-up. A few seconds pass.

Christie Zane:

Ummm, is that it?

Cayle nods.

Cayle Murray:

Yup.

Christie Zane:

Wellll, if tha--

He stops her before she can form a sentence.

Cayle Murray:

Totally kidding. I'm not that cruel.

Cayle smiles again, then continues.

Cayle Murray:

Nah, it feels pretty great. Everyone knows the extent of my issues with Eric Dane, and I'm glad to finally be able to set them aside. Believe it or not, that man taught me a lot not only about this business, but about myself, and what I need to do to get ahead at this level of the sport. Dane might be a no-good piece of youknowwhat, but I'll be damned if he's

not the best wrestler I've ever stepped inside a ring with, and one of the best this sport's ever seen. Period.

Christie Zane:

This is a major, major victory for you, Cayle. Do you think this will act as a jump-off to push you towards that main event level?

Cayle Murray:

I don't like thinking in those terms, honestly. I never want to make the mistake of thinking I've "made it," because that's when things get slippery. Complacency sets in, and before you know it, you're falling behind with no idea how to stop it.

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

I want to become the best wrestler on the planet, but more than that, I want to be true to myself, and true to the fans who give their hard-earned cash to be here every other week. If it wasn't for them, we wouldn't be anything more than a bunch of spandex-clad guys flailing around in an empty building. I'll give my every breath to ensure I'm always upholding these values, no matter where my career takes me from here.

Christie Zane:

The win comes at a significant cost, though, and not only to yourself. Eric Dane sustained some severe injuries at DEFCON, and there's a strong suggestion that he may never wrestle again. Does this weigh on your mind at all?

The question strikes Cayle like a bolt of lightning, but he does his best to steady himself and form an answer.

Cayle Murray:

Jeez, Christie. Give me an easy one instead...

He shakes his head, kidding, then straightens himself up.

Cayle Murray:

You know, I never go out there to hurt anyone. I don't like knowing that my actions can conceivably cause harm to another person's career in any given match, but that's the business. That's what it is, that's what DEFIANCE is... and if I'm to be the man I say I am, I can't just pussyfoot around these things.

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

I truly wish Eric Dane all the best for a speedy recovery. I didn't set-out to harm that man, but it's what I needed to do to survive. That man was out to *KILL* me at DEFCON: if I didn't fight fire with fire, I'd be dead in the water... and I'm not ready to die just yet, Christie. I've worked far too hard to get here, and I've still so much to do.

Zane accepts his answer with a nod.

Christie Zane:

Many don't realise this, but you've taken a long, difficult road to get to this point. You've been wrestling for 16 years now, but it's only recently that you're career has started to take-off. What do you attribute this to?

Cayle Murray:

Life.

He nods.

Cayle Murray:

You're right: this hasn't been an easy path. I was very fortunate to have not one, but two positive male role models

when I was growing up: my father, and my brother. The only thing I ever wanted when I was younger was to be just like them, so I spent all my life trying to emulate them.

Cayle pauses, bowing his head for a moment.

Cayle Murray:

But I failed. I couldn't meet their standards, and it took me to the kind of dark place that I'm not entirely comfortable talking about on television. I became an embarrassment to my family, and the men I looked up to in the first place, but the epiphany came, I figured-out where I was going wrong, and here I am today: a man who doesn't hide from his failings, but retains them as a constant reminder to never stop getting better. I'm truly thankful for every moment I get to spend in this business, Christie, because I've screwed things up before, and I never want to do it again.

Christie Zane:

You are, of course, nursing your own set of injuries from DEFON. Are you going to be ready for DEF*MAX's official kick-off in a couple of weeks?

Cayle Murray:

I'm always ready to wrestle. If Kelly Evans had put me in a match the day after DEFCON, I'd have been there, crutches and all. Might've got my arse kicked straight back to the hospital, but I'll ever use injuries as an excuse not to perform.

Cayle pauses.

Cayle Murray:

Unless I lost both legs, or something. That'd be pretty tricky.

Christie Zane:

So you'll be good to go against Levi Cole in two weeks?

Cayle Murray:

You know it. Maybe I won't be 100%, maybe I won't even be 50%, but this tournament is going to get the very best of what I'm capable of. Anything less would be unacceptable.

Christie Zane:

Cayle, thank you for your time.

Cut.

VIGS-NETS (vignette)

The lights in the Wrestleplex go down and the DEFIatron lights up...

An old dirt road is shown. Trees line it both sides. A car rounds a corner and is seen slowly, very slowly coming down the way toward the camera. The red sports car bumps and struggles as it navigates the holes and the stones jutting from the ground. We switch to the inside of the vehicle.

A married couple. The man wearing a business suit, a necktie, and has his hair slicked straight back. His wife in a beautiful blue and white sundress, her large hat is having trouble finding room under the low profile roof.

Man:

Shit, Where the hell is this damn GPS taking us!?

The woman rolls her eyes, and sighs.

Woman:

I told you to follow Uncle Hopper's directions! Butttt nooooooooooooo, someone was SO SURE this would get us there...

The husband gives a stern look at his wife, but goes back to focus on the road when a loud POP happens!

Man:

Fuuuuuuuuuuuuckkkkkkk.... Please don't be a tire! Please don't be a tire! Please don't be a tire!

He gets out of the car slowly, his black dress shoes sink a half inch into the muddy ground. After looking down at them in disgust he rounds the vehicle and sees the afflicted tire.

Man:

GODDDAMMMIT! Please tell me this thing has a spare....

The wife gets out her cell phone from her clutch bag and checks the reception.

Woman:

Don't they have any towers out here!? we've got nothing!

The man is sweating a bit now. He reaches the back of the car and pops the trunk. Under the carpeting is a small spare tire.

Man:

Jackpot!

He pulls the jack and tire from the back of the car. As he does the wife notices a pair of headlights coming the opposite direction.

Woman:

Honey! There are people coming! Maybe they can help!

The man peaks over the trunk at the oncoming traffic. As it nears we can see it's a fairly large pickup truck, it's very loud and moving pretty quick over the uneven terrain. The man pats the back of his pants, checking for his wallet. He smiles, knowing that it's gotten him out of more trouble than he could possibly get in, in his life.

The man switches to the front of the car and waves his arms at the approaching truck. With a loud slide and shooting rocks and dust all over the place the truck comes to a halt in front of the man. One of the headlights is burnt out, and

the truck seems to be losing steam. The doors on both sides of the truck pop open and the camera cuts to ground level. We see the boots first... steel toes, both sets on each side are worn and untied.

As the camera rises we see the cut off Jean shorts of the two men, followed by the large round belly of one, and the rib cage of the other. As we finally see the faces one wears a large trucker hat and sunglasses, the other one has a mullet that would make Joe Dirt jealous.

The sound of banjo's can be heard from a distance.

The two men slowly walks toward the pair.

Duke:

Ya'll are lost....

the scene fades to black before words hit the screen.

"COMING SOON"

"THE DIBBINS"

JASON NATAS VS. JACK HUNTER

DDK:

Welcome back Ladies and Gents! It looks like one of our competitors for the next match is already in the ring...

Angus:

Oh great, *he's* back...

Sure enough, Jack Hunter is stood in the middle of the ring. *That* god-awful Killswitch Engage MIDI flare is blaring through the speakers, but fret not, loyal viewers! Jack Hunter has a microphone, and he's holding it the correct way up for a change!

Jack Hunter:

SILLYMEEEEEENNNNNNNNNN! CUT MY ENTRANCING MUSIC THEME!

DDK:

Hey! Jack's learning, Angus! He's actually operating a microphone correctly...

Angus: [sarcastically]

What a wondrous achievement, Keebs.

The music cuts at Jack's request.

Jack Hunter:

Now listen to me very nicely please, sillymen and sillygirls, for I, Jack Hunter, AKA The Superbest, AKA The Little Bruiser, AKA The Street Fighter, AKA Lil' Broozy, AKA Yung Contusions...

He pauses.

Jack Hunter:

... AKA THE **UNDEFEATIBOOGLED** 67-0 HASH TAG NEW STREAK have a thing or two to say about a thing or two or maybe three things, also four, five, six.

Mass confusion spreads through the arena, but that doesn't stop the street fighting GOAT. Jack looks identical from the last time we saw him, and while he took an almighty shellacking at the hands of Bronson Box on that occasion, rumours of his death have been greatly exaggerated.

As always, there's a trash can full of... things... sitting beside him in the ring.

Jack Hunter:

I know you sillies have been wondering where I, Jack Hunter, have been lately, and the answer is simple, sillymen. I have been doing plans, making schemes, reading DVDs, watching books, fucking the police, and getting in the bin, because I, Jack Hunter, am *BACK*, and I am ready to once again *STREET FIGHT* the sillymen, and cover their SILLYBODIES in *LITTLE BR--*

Time to cut the crap.

♪ "No Chance" by Unsane ♪

Angus:

THANK YOU, BASED FATAS!

The nastiest entrance track in DEFIANCE cuts Jack Hunter off completely, and Jason Natas powers out from the backstage to a big roar from the gathered Faithful. As Jack Hunter throws his microphone into the mat in disgust, Natas wastes no time whatsoever in stomping down the ramp and towards the ring.

DDK:

I guess Jason Natas wasn't keen on letting Jack finish his spiel...

Angus:

Nope, and Hunter's about to get his stupid little head kicked-in! First, McFuckass gets his shit pushed in, and now this idiot can die all over again! This is going to be a marvelous spectacle, Keebs!

DDK:

I'm glad you've gotten over the PCP retaining their titles.

Angus:

Denial is a wonderful thing.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, in the ring, hailing from The Streets...
JAAAAAAAAACK HUUUUUNNNNTTTTTTTEEEEEERRRRRRRR!

Natas reaches the bottom of the ramp. Jack, meanwhile, is scurrying around in his trashcan, looking for a weapon.

Darren Quimbey:

Aaaaaand his opponent! Making his way to the ring from South Bronx, NYC, standing at 6'4" and weighing-in at 270lbs... JAAASSSSSSOOONNN NNNNNNNAAAAATTTTTTAAAAAASSSSSSSS!

DDK:

Wait, what's Jack got there?!

Angus:

Is that a goddamn Nerf gun?!

Yes. Yes it is.

The Little Bruiser pulls the toy gun out of the bin and aims it at Jason Natas, laughing maniacally. The Bronx Bully enters the ring but stands still, eyeing Jack Hunter curiously before Lil' Broozy pops a round off in his chest! The little missile bounces helplessly to the floor.

DDK:

MY WORD! Shot to the heart, and Jason Natas isn't even dead! Just how tough is this man?!

Angus:

Keebs... stop it.

As Jack Hunter's brain struggles to comprehend why the missile didn't take Natas down, Jason takes a couple of menacing steps forward. Jack fires-off another round, and this one catches Natas on the shoulder. The New Yorker stops, and Jack screams.

Jack Hunter:

WHY AREN'T YOU DEADIFICUTED, SILLYMAN?!

Natas' answer is to swat the Nerf cannon out of Hunter's hands, then kick the trashcan away. Countless Skittles stream across the ring, along with a stuffed Pikachu and a small pool noodle.

DDK:

The Skittles! The Skittles are loose! Be careful in there, guys!

Angus:

I'm warning you, Keebs. Last chance.

Angered, Hunter pushes his hands into Natas' chest and tries to force him back, but Sean Jackson's conqueror barely even wobbles. Hunter heads to the ropes, rebounds, then flies at Jason Natas with a cross body...

He literally bounces off of him.

Angus:

HAHAHAHA! Take a gorram seat, "sillyman!"

DDK:

Whoa! Language, Angus! I know you like to curse, but that's a step too far!

Angus:

... *KEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEBS!*

The Little Bruiser gets to his feet. His next course of action is to cartwheel across Jason's path (because Jack Hunter), before pointing across the ring.

Jack Hunter:

Look over there!

Natas, obviously, doesn't look "over there." Jack throws the low blow regardless, but Natas counters his boot, then lunges forward to clean Hunter's clock with an elbow.

Angus:

I am deeply disappointing that Boxer didn't outright kill this schlub, Keebs, but I think Natas might've put him in a coma with that elbow!

Jason doesn't mess around. Instead of letting Hunter recover, he wraps his arms around his waist before pulling him overhead with a deadlift German... right onto the Skittles!

DDK:

THE SKI--

Angus:

NOPE! NOT LETTING YOU FINISH!

Jack Hunter being Jack Hunter is absolutely ruined at this point. For a man whose only significant DEFIANCE victory came against El Trebol Jr. (who may or may not be a possessed garden gnome), Hunter is faring exactly as expected, and he has nothing for Natas when he hauls him up, throws him in the corner, and blasts him with a few elbows.

DDK:

Ahem, anyway... The Little Bruiser is ridiculously overmatched tonight, particularly with the way Natas has been mauling people lately.

Angus:

Isn't it fantastic, Keebs? We've not seen enough of Hunter getting his shit pushed-in lately. I just hope Natas doesn't take mercy and finish this one early.

The Bronx Bully walks away from the corner. Hunter falls flat on his face, but he has his wits about him enough to roll out of the ring and take a quick breather. Natas, of course, follows him outside, but Jack lunges up from the mat and throws a handful of Skittles right in his face! Again, Jack Hunter's face sags when he realises the plot hasn't worked, and Natas kicks him square in the gut before rolling him back in.

Angus:

This guy's just a fucking dope, Keebs! How did he get a job here?! How hasn't he been fired yet? I don't understand.

DDK:

Believe it or not, Angus, The Little Bruiser has developed quite the cult following throughout his wrestling career. I understand that Jack Hunter is a huge online hit, particularly on Reddit...

Back on his feet, Natas stomps down on Hunter's back a couple of times, before pulling him up, setting him up against the ropes, and peeling-off a punishing chop across his chest! Hunter stumbles away, but hops right into Natas' clutches... Belly-to-Belly Suplex!

DDK:

It took Natas a long, long time to find his groove here in DEFIANCE, but he's just abusing Jack Hunter here. A nice little tune-up after a gruelling DEFCON match, perhaps?

Hunter's down, but Natas slowly climbs to his feet. He pulls a thumb slowly over his throat to signal the end, before hauling the wobbly Superbest up. Planting his feet, Natas lunges forward with a short Lariat that damn near sends Jack's big dumb face into the bleachers.

DDK:

South Bronx Lariat!

Angus:

Yup, that's a concussion!

With his opponent all but dead, Natas makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

In one of the most hellacious and hard-fought matches I've ever seen, Jason Natas emerges the victor! How did he do it, Angus?! How did he topple The Superbest?!

Angus:

...

DDK:

Okay, I'm sorry.

Unsané plays over the speakers once again. Jason Natas looks down at Jack Hunter, scowling.

Darren Quimbey:

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

Angus:

Well, that was fucking easy. Down goes the Superdork, and on marches Jason Natas.

DDK:

Just complete and utter domination, and it was over in a matter of minutes. Hunter falls short on his return, but Natas marches on, and if tonight is anything to go by, that knee's healing-up nicely from DEFCON.

Angus:

I don't know if it was tested, but yeah. It was a match. The wolf ate the lamb. Jack Hunter will hopefully fuck off forever now, and Natas will keep murderising people that I hate. Next!

"SEG"REGATED

The scene cuts to the backstage area as the screen bounces up and down a bit from the hurrying cameraman. He rounds a corner to a long hallway where we see a few random staff members watching something. Loud banging is heard as well as muffled obscenities.

Finally the camera is able to get past the small crowd and we see the door to the Sports Entertainment Guild's locker room hanging open.

Inside is an irate Southern Heritage Champion. Unlikely's face is a deep shade of red. The rest of the S.E.G. stand around cautious and worried. The champ takes two steps and boots a trash can halfway across the room. It bounces off the wall with a loud **KRANG!**

Mikey Unlikely:

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT!?

He slams the door shut on an open locker, before turning over a cart of snacks they had in the room. Klein reaches out with one hand but is unable to stop the flying food.

Mikey Unlikely:

I couldn't do ANYTHING out there! Every way I turned they were putting illegal holds on me!

The PCP both nod instantly.

The D:

Yea man! Totally Illegal....Obviously!

Elise sees her moment to shine.

Elise Ares:

Totally Obviously!

JFK squints at the pair.

Kendrix:

Listen Yeah!? That's not it!

Turning back to his partner now.

Kendrix:

Listen Mikey, Bruva from anotha Motha, it's all good... You are the best HOLLYWOOD Heritage Champion of alllll time, Innit! DEF*MAX starts next week and....

Unlikely stops and looks at his partner incredulously.

Mikey Unlikely:

DEF*MAX! Next DEFtv!? Bruv, I was just EMBARRASED! FUCK! We need to think of something.... We need to get those...Impulse, that bastard... He's behind this...Who does he think... Does he know who I am?

JFK edges closer.

Kendrix:

We'll get em! You know we will! The Sports Entertainment Guild always comes out on top bae bae! Like DEFCON! Remember when you beat the snot out of that doofus Andy Sharp!?

Unlikely hurls a chair across the room. JFK's pleasantries aren't working. He shrugs and looks at P.C.P. and Klein.

Kendrix:

Don't just stand there! Help Mikey break things, dammit!

The five start collectively trashing the locker room as the scene fades.

THE VIKING WAR CULT VS. THE SOUTHERN BASTARDS

DDK:

Next up folks, we've got something special for ya'... Angus?

Angus:

Right, haha, okay, so check it. You folks might've seen the commercial that aired on UNCUT about a little trios tourney happening under the BRAZEN Wrestling banner. For the uninformed... BRAZ is like DEF's *proving ground*. A little stage where DEF grapplers and top names from around the world can come and get groomed to be the next batch of Bronson Box's, Dan Ryan's and Lindsay Troy's, ya' dig?

DDK:

I believe they do indeed.

Angus:

RIGHT! So... TRIOS TOURNEY! Blowin' up soon... so we figured, why not give you fine folks a taste, a little *hors d'oeuvres*, a little PREVIEW of the sort of action you're gonna' see when this event... SPANNING SEVERAL LIVE EVENTS, mind you... kicks the hell off! And ever since BRAZEN's been **A Thing**, there have been two factions that've stood tall over all the rest. They've been at each other's throats and both will be represented by three man teams in the tourney...

DDK:

Buuuut...

Angus:

But since the two factions we're talking about are the reigning WORLD Trios champions, the VIKING WAR CULT, and the reigning Onslaught champion, big Frank Dylan James, is with his big SOUTHERN BASTARDS... we figured, hell. Why not have ourselves a massive EIGHT MAN TAG TEAM MATCH between the whole GORRAM lot of 'em!

It's *riiiiiight* about that moment the Faithful pop hard and loud as The Motor City Madman starts strummin' his electric fiddle.

♪ "Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent ♪

The huge Japanese brawler from the Double Dragon Ranch in Tokyo, Texas known only as MASSIVE Cowboy power walks through the curtain with his big Stetson and his thick bull rope slung over his shoulder. Behind him, both running out to the edge of the stage at a full sprint, are the Rebel Yell Tandem of the spark plug Earl Lee Roberts and that young ass kicker "Stars and Bars" J.J. Dixon.

Angus:

And here comes *DA' D.O.C*, ladies and germs! Hold onto your butts!

Not the worst warning, as The Mastodon comes out with his DEFIANCE Onslaught title belt strapped around his waist and his giant thick length of chain SWINGING wildly over his head, hootin' and hollerin' the whole time!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first! They arrived this evening in the back of the biggest, loudest pickup truck I personally have EVER seeeeeeen... They are the REIGNING and DEFENDING.... DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion FRANK DYLAN JAAAAAMES and his *SOUTHEEEEEEEEEEEERN BAAAAAATASTAAAAAARDS!*

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

Frank Dylan James isn't competing with his fellow Bastards in the tourney but will indeed be lacing up his boots with a few defenses of the D.O.C. I've heard?

Angus:

Well, Frank's always worked all the live events and BRAZEN showcases... he's got the strap. Only makes sense. But lemme' tell ya', them Bastards are giving up nothin' in size. Would you look at the figure MASSIVE Cowboy cuts? Good *LORD* that's a big Asian...

All four men ramble down the ramp at various speeds and trajectories, slapping hands and playing to the crowd... the swinging chain just barely missing several fans rampside before the massive West Virginian loops the weapon back around his neck and shoulders. FDJ's the first in the ring, rolling in and peeling off his title belt at the same time, scaling the nearest available turnbuckle and giving the Faithful a huge guttural roar. He's joined in the ring one by one by his three Southern Bastards cohorts. After a few moments of playing to the fans... every single light in the arena flickers off.

Darren Quimbey:

AAAAAAND their opponents, making their...

The familiar booming voice of one-third of the DEFIANCE Trios Champions cuts the ring announcement off at the proverbial knees. A wild whistling is heard bedded beneath the echoey words.

Cul:

MAKING THEIR WAY TO THE RING... is the single most devastating force to cross DEFIANCE's threshold in a very very long time. The first time you saw us, we promised to take our prize from the Tyrone Walker... Lindsay Troy... and Dan Ryan. We did that. We took the WORLD Trios titles away from three spoiled, thoughtless "main event superstars" and rebuilt them atop that first word. WORLD. We took these home to Europe where the companies and fans APPRECIATE teamwork and brotherhood. DEFIANCE might not care about these title belts. You *people* might not care about the unity they represent... but *WE DO*.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

♪ "Guardians of Asgaard" by Amon Amarth ♪

The pitch-black stage area explodes with two huge plumes of fire as the music starts to play at a paint-peeling volume level. Across the stage from left to right are all four members of the VIKING WAR CULT. On one side, dressed in their matching grey and leather, are The Brothers Holmström. Floki and Ivar each hold their own identical World Trios belt up above their identical heads. On the other side of the ramp is the over seven and a half feet of masked Scandinavian brutality known as TORVALD the Destroyer... and beside him is the leader, the speaker, the Nu-Father, the Reaper.

Angus:

Not sure what these people are booing, these guys are a brutal basket of fun.

DDK:

You're terrified of Torvald, aren't you?

Angus:

Oh, okay, Mr. Truth n' Justice, go on... talk shit, tell the world what tools Cul, his two twin Matrix Reloaded ghost assassins and his goddamn bridge troll slash frost giant all are... go on Keebs, mics half an inch from your lips. Go for it, broham.

DDK:

Weren't you the one calling their act "fake ass GVAR concert bullshit?"

Angus:

Do you have it on tape?

DDK:

Yes!

Angus:

Pfft. Now praise the men before they make you pay for it!

DDK:

Ugh. Fine. They're pretty fun...

Angus:

Yeah, that's what I thought...

As they move towards the ring. Cul shouts over the brutal metal entrance music and the jeers of the Faithful... lifting his arm and pointing towards the ring once he's about midway down the ramp. His Viking brethren file past, stopping at the foot of the ramp and forming a barrier between their leader and the Bastards, all of whom are now perched or leaning against the rampside of the ring waiting patiently... well, as patiently as four guys that call themselves "Bastards" can be, honestly.

Cul:

YOU... yes, all four of you. You're just like these people. **Soft.** Even the foreign mutant you all have adopted... look at him, wearing your little American cowboy hat. That *thing* is about as much a "cowboy" as Torvald here.

MASSIVE Cowboy leans over the ropes, shouting in Japanese. Dixon leans in and listens, nods and translates.

J.J. Dixon:

Yeah, he jus' said to shut yer' trap and get them fancy leather britches and yer' hipster beard in this here ring and take the damn whoopin' comin yer' way, feller.

The crowd laughs and cheers. Earl Lee and Frank both give loud hollers of approval and urge Cul into the ring, Angus quietly asks Darren how J.J. Dixon knows Japanese, and everyone's having a grand ol' time. Everyone but Cul that is. He stone -aces Dixon's jest and carries on when the crowd dies down. Utterly undeterred.

Cul:

As I was saying... you four? You're pathetic drunks, the whole lot of you. Weak, soft Americans. Being on different sides of the brackets, we're quite sure we won't be seeing your talentless little friends in the tournament, Frank... but it would be our pleasure to show each and every one of these mindless American sheeple exactly what ridiculous clowns they hopelessly cheer for... for the simple *pleasure* of it. WE. ARE THE VIKING WAR CULT... and we willWHA...

PFFFFFF

The music stops, the lights are back at full power, and the sky is filled with rednecks. Dixon and his fireplug-shaped Rebel Yell tag team partner, Earl Lee, both take to the turnbuckles and LEAP down atop the three Vikings perched at the end of the ramp. Cul, showing concern for his brothers, takes a few steps forward... enough that he manages to step within... well, let's say... the *suicide diveable* range of a certain "foreign mutant."

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

MASSIVE Cowboy recklessly launches his huge frame between the top two ropes and rams one of his thick shoulders into Cul's body. The two men collapse into the already occupied heap containing JJ, Earl, Floki, Ivar, and Torvald.

Angus:

WE GOT FLYIN' BASTARDS, KEEBS!

DDK:

Goodness, I'm glad we're not at ringside anymore...

Angus:

I dunno, it would've been great to stand up and point directly at Hollywood McFuckass' stupid face after Impulse

knocked his ass out. MAN that was the best thing I've seen all summer.

Dixon, Roberts, Cowboy, and all four Vikings slowly clamber to their feet at the foot of the ramp. We hear Angus Skaaland scream, "HE'S GOIN' UP, KEEBS!" before we actually see the only man left in the ring scaling the turnbuckle his compatriot Earl Lee Roberts just leapt off of not even a minute ago.

With all the grace of a crashing 747, Frank Dylan James leaps off the top turnbuckle to the outside, crashing into the seven men down below. Both friend and foe absorb the impact of the falling DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion.

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Torvald and Frank are the first two vertical and are after each other just as quick. It's not long before all eight men are on their feet and spread out around ringside. Rebel Yell and the Holmström Brothers have paired off and all four tumble through the ring, ending up on the far side of the squared circle. MASSIVE Cowboy and Cul are trading blows at the foot of the ramp... and up that ramp? Big Frank Dylan James is getting blasted with HUGE closed fist shots right across the side of the dome from Torvald. It literally takes referee Hector Navarro and head security chief Wyatt Bronson to slowly corral each team and get the men who aren't in the ring moving back toward it. Before they even come close to getting the four monsters in line, Rebel Yell and The Holmström's begin a rather exciting tag match in the interim.

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

We've more or less got two matches happening at the same time here, partner.

Angus:

Yup, a tag team match in the ring and what looks to be *aggravated assault* down at ringside...

By the time Wyatt Bronson and his two DEFsec gorillas get Torvald off Frank and moving towards the ring, Floki, Ivar, and Rebel Yell have been wrestling for a good four or five minutes with the Holmström's controlling a great deal of that period due in part to their flawless tag team technique... and partly, of course, due to their penchant for Viking Twin Magic and swapping places without making a tag. Utilizing that particular trick to such great effect, by the time the other four men are finally in place to accept tags, Dixon and Roberts are not well off at all. Then again, neither is Frank Dylan James after the brutal assault from the obviously unstable Viking giant.

Angus:

The man hasn't even been in the match yet and he's already bleeding. Gotta' love FDJ...

MASSIVE Cowboy, being the freshest of his compatriots, tags in and starts in like a house of fire on the Holmström Brother available to him. Having seen just about enough of their "switcheroo" shenanigans, Cowboy goes the extra mile and RIPS the front of his Holmström's tunic and backs the blond Scandinavian tag specialist back into the corner. He absolutely lights up the man's exposed chest with skin-blistering open palm shots. His chest ends up a deep, bruised, beet red by the time MASSIVE Cowboy ceases his machinegun-like chops.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Angus:

It's like when you put a drop of nail polish on the back of one of your pet turtles as a kid to tell them apart, heh... the Bastards are nothing if not innovative!

The blistered Holmström Brother staggers over to his corner and tags in...

DDK:

Ooooooooooooooh my!

The enormous masked Scandinavian effortlessly swings a leg up and over the top rope. It takes him only two additional slow plodding steps to be RIGHT up against MASSIVE Cowboy. Even standing at six and a half feet tall, he's dwarfed by Torvald the Destroyer. The first few blows the Cowboy lands don't seem to have any effect at ALL... it's only after rebounding off the ropes with a few heavy shoulders that the best even staggers an inch. After each blow, he just stands there looking out through his eyeless mask... breathing... tilting his head this way and that. As though with each attack he's thinking... *learning*. On Cowboy's third rebound attempt, he's met with a GIANT hand around his throat.

Angus:

Oh, that ain't good.

Torvald launches the well over 250+ pound MASSIVE Cowboy across the ring like he was a cruiserweight. Cowboy lands hard; by the time he's on a knee, Torvald is there again, raining down shots similar to the ones he plastered Frank with a few minutes earlier up on the ramp. Every rally attempt from the Cowboy is cut off by reckless, sloppy, untrained brutality from the Viking War Cult's enforcer.

DDK:

He doesn't know a wrist lock from a wrist watch, but this Torvald is something to behold!

Angus:

He's got that crazy "*handicapable*" strength, Darren! ... WHAT? I didn't even say the 'R' word! ... Don't look at me like that!

Even with his size and strength, Torvald's lack of finesse and speed eventually allows the Cowboy to find an opening and make the hot tag to a bloody but ready and raring to scrap Onslaught Champion.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

FRANK THE TANK COMIN' Y'ALL, YOU BEST GET OUT THE WAY!

DDK:

And it looks like he's ready to hand a *stack* of receipts to The Destroyer!

The two men involved in this match but *not* in the upcoming trios tourney clash in the middle of the ring like two steam engines. Come to think of it, a train crash might have less carnage than what happens when The Mastodon gets his hands on Torvald. Proving once again, without a shadow of a doubt, the number one rule of DEFIANCE is Don't Piss Off FDJ.

Angus:

He's the King of "Stompin' and Hollerin' Style" Keeps!

The Godzilla-like attack of The Mastodon manages to keep Torvald on the defensive for the most part. As the two men plod about the ring trading wild overhead shots, Frank buries elbows and forearms into the massive Viking every step of the way. Unbeknownst to Frank, along the way, Cul makes a blind tag that referee Navarro catches and Frank doesn't. He allows FDJ to continue along assaulting Torvald for another couple steps before slithering into the ring behind him. Cul spins Frank around and after a sharp boot to the gut, delivers his devastating sit-out powerbomb...

DDK:

BLOOD EAGLE taking out the DEFIANCE Onslaught Champ!

Cul goes for the pinfall.

1...

2...

3.. NO! Frank gets the shoulder up!

Cul slaps the mat in frustration. As he gets up, he grabs a fistful of Frank's wild, matted hair, drags the big man up to his knees, and he starts screaming loud enough into Frank's face for the ringside cameras to pick up every word.

Cul:

GET UP FRANK! SHOW ME WHAT ONSLAUGHT STYLE LOOKS LIKE!

The Nu-Father shamelessly open hand slaps Frank across the face.

Cul:

THAT'S A PRETTY BELT YOU HAVE... MAYBE I'LL TAKE THAT ONE FROM THIS PATHETIC COMPANY TOO, EH?!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Cul raises his hand to paste Frank yet again...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The Faithful all explode to their feet when Frank's arm shoots up to block the incoming blow. He rises up to his feet as Cul's eyes grow a little wider, unable to hide his shock. Frank's shaking, hell almost *convulsing*, as he gets solidly to his feet, looking at Cul with a wide, wild gleam in his eyes, and straight up HOLLER'S his response to Cul's *question*.

FDJ:

BRING IT ON, BOY!

Angus:

Go get 'em, Frankie!

What follows is a prime example why Frank Dylan James managed to acquire that Onslaught title over the likes of Bronson Box as he goes to work laying elbow after elbow, forearm after forearm, down across the head and neck of the Viking War Cult's leader. After several minutes of nothing but pure unbridled, offense, it looks like Frank might just put Cul down for the count... But that's when MASSIVE Cowboy extends his hand BEGGING for the tag from Big Frank.

Angus:

Frank! What are you doin' big man?! PUT HIM AWAY! WIN THE MATCH!

DDK:

Cul besmirched MASSIVE Cowboy's heritage, Angus! He called him a *mutant*... he wants a piece of Cul's backside!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

With a huge grin on his face, Frank reaches out a huge mit and tags in his partner. MASSIVE Cowboy is in the ring and on Cul like a shot. Cul rallies some and gives the Cowboy a run for his money with some brutal kicks and jabs to MC's ribs but ultimately to no avail. The Cowboy eventually gets Cul into position, rebounding off the ropes and just straight up takes Cul's head off, following through with one of the sickest lariats ever performed in a DEFIANCE ring. The fans... and announcers... come completely unglued as MASSIVE Cowboy drops down and goes for the pinfall.

Hector Navarro slides in...

1...

2...

3... ! **DING! DING! DING!**

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Literally a millisecond after the three, Cul rolls up the shoulder, but alas still too late.

DDK:

THEY DID IT! The Bastards pick up the win! What momentum to carry them into the Trios Endurance Tournament!

Angus:

That right there could be the result of the tournament! Who knows? MASSIVE Cowboy will lead Rebel Yell into battle and they just staked their claim on Cul and the Holmström's World Trios titles, Darren... Cul wrote them off before this match started; think he's changed his tune?

DDK:

The smart money would be not to *ever* count the Bastards out, my friend.

Supported by Torvald, Floki and Ivar, Cul is helped from the ring and up the ramp by his followers. The Reaper clutches his Trios title to his chest as though someone was trying to snatch it from him. With Rebel Yell perched on the same turnbuckles they launched themselves off of earlier, Frank Dylan James raises MASSIVE Cowboy's hand in victory, much to the chagrin of the War Cult leader up on the stage.

WHAT'S A PUNCH IN THE FACE BETWEEN DRUNKBROS?

The Gorilla position.

Seconds after The Viking War Cult's war with The Southern Bastards, Jason Natas is lurking. A handful of the match's participants pass him by, before The Bronx Bully locks his sight on the man he's been waiting for.

Frank Dylan James clambers through the technical area with his army of countryfolk, who disperse on his command as soon as he sees Natas.

Jason Natas:

Frank.

The two brutes stand just a few feet from each other. Natas, for his part, shows no signs of obvious wear and tear following a relatively effortless clash with Jack Hunter earlier, and has since changed into his street clothes.

FDJ:

Fatas.

There goes Natas' first real cringe. He doesn't react, however: just bites his tongue, and keeps his gaze focused on the man who threw the first punch in the bar the other week.

An awkward silence falls between the two. Neither are particularly well-known for the communication ability, but Jason finds the first piece of small-talk.

Jason Natas:

Nice fight tonight.

FDJ:

Yup.

The Mastodon is a dishevelled mess. Decked-out in his trademark dungarees, he's got the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship in one of his mitts, and a sweat-matted mass of straggly hair glued to his forehead. Not that he gives a fuck.

FDJ:

Got to punch some hippie baysterds in the face which is all I really care about.

Jason Natas:

Right.

Another silence that neither man has an effective way of dealing with.

The Bronx Bully cuts to the chase.

Jason Natas:

Look, I ain't good with the sappy shit. I just wanted to talk about the bar. Make sure there are no ill feelin's and all that.

FDJ:

What about it?

Natas sighs. His drinking buddy isn't making this any easier for him.

Jason Natas:

Probably shouldn't have gotten myself all pissed-off like that. I knew you didn't mean nothin' by what you were sayin', so I'm willin' to write it off as the booze talkin' if you are.

FDJ:

Fine by me.

Jason Natas:

Good. There are enough fuckboys around here as it is: I don't need to be fightin' one of my ow--

FDJ:

What are you doing fucking around with Jack Hunter anyway?

Natas stops. Frank laughs.

FDJ:

I thought you were supposed to be a real fighter now? Fighters don't mess with hippies like Hunter.

The Anti-Superstar grits his teeth. It's happening again, and it takes every last drop of his self-control not to bite back.

Jason Natas:

Frank...

FDJ:

Guess I was wrong about those big boy britches.

Still smiling, Frank Dylan James departs the scene having clearly not learned a single thing from his recent interactions where Jason Natas.

All The Anti-Superstar can do is stew in his own frustration as the scene cuts away.

BRAGGING RIGHTS

DDK:

Uh oh, Angus. Could be trouble brewing in Drinking Buddy-Land.

Angus:

Man, talk about awkwardness between the Booze Brothers. And not for anything, but Frank's got a point. As much as I loved seeing Fatas kill Jack Hunter IN THE FACE, that wasn't exactly a big step forward after sending Sean Jackson back to his million dollar shanty in the Texas Hinterlands.

DDK:

Regardless, the Onslaught division Champ left the Bronx Bully with more than a few things to think about. And up next, we've got the last of our DEF*MAX preview matches between ---

♪ "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins ♪

A deep, thunderous wave of boos comes immediately from the Faithful as the FIST of DEFIANCE's theme hits the speakers. There are no more mixed reactions. The line, it has been crossed.

With strobe lights flashing, the reigning three-time champ, Dan Ryan, steps out onto the stage in street clothes, lights reflecting off of dark sunglasses and gleaming off the gold around his waist.

Angus:

Spoke too soon, Keebs!

DDK:

Ugh, clearly. Before we get to the main event, we're apparently going to hear from the FIST of DEFIANCE himself.

Angus:

And not *just* him. We're hearing from the Faithful, too, and they're full-on Fed Up Gang after what happened at the end of DEFCON.

DDK:

Can't say I blame them one bit either.

Angus:

MmmmmhahahahahahAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH...

DDK:

Angus?

Angus:

McFuckass got Mcfucked in the ass...

DDK:

We opened the show with that, Angus... let it go!

Angus:

Never!

Pyro explodes as the hard riff kicks in and the lights come up. Dan Ryan starts his walk to the ring, tossing a little smirk in the direction of the announce team as he goes. He gets to the apron, reaches and hops up, then ducks in between the top and middle ropes. He heads to the nearest turnbuckles and climbs, holding up the FIST title belt and basking in the reaction with a big shit-eating smirk. After a moment or two, Ryan climbs down and heads to another corner, then waves off that entire side of the arena dismissively and asks for a microphone instead. A crew member quickly produces said microphone and Dan Ryan walks to the middle of the ring.

DDK:

The champion is in the ring and these people are really giving him a hard time.

Angus:

Not even going to say the man's name?

DDK:

After what he did to Lindsay Troy three weeks ago, no, I don't think I will. And definitely not if you're going to sit there and condone it in the slightest.

Angus:

Well look, I'm all about doing whatever it takes to win, but even I have to admit that what he did at DEFCON was cold, especially when he had already knocked Troy out and could've just pinned her and been done with it. I've always known he was dangerous, but nothing is more dangerous than someone who will cross that line.

Dan Ryan: [eyes closed and almost whispering]

Hello, DEFIANCE.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ryan smirks again. He takes it in, then slowly opens his eyes.

Dan Ryan:

Don't seem so surprised. Why boo, really? Did I do something you didn't expect? Do you not understand me yet, FAITH-FUL?? Do you not GET IT? ARE YOU NOT ENTERTAINED?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

I'm entertained.

DDK:

Really?

Angus:

I mean, the man has clearly gone off the deep end. It's like the fiery car wreck you pass on the highway...you want to look away, but you can't.

Dan Ryan: [smiling now]

Yes... yes, keep it comin'. Keep it comin'. You people should know by now how I do things. I don't take steps. I don't do measured escalation. I eliminate threats. I..... E-LIMINATE..... Threats. Don't get all weepy for Lindsay Troy. Save your sympathy, because I assure you, she neither deserves nor requires your sympathy. She has none to give and she'll receive none from me. Sympathy.... for the woman who carves Bronson Box's face up to make a point. No...

Ryan starts a slow walk around the ring, looking down at the mat as he saunters.

Dan Ryan:

I treated Lindsay Troy just like I'd treat anyone who threatened my position as the PREMIER champion in this sport. I treated her EXACTLY the same way she would have treated me. I eliminated.... Lindsay Troy. You won't see Lindsay Troy out here tonight. You won't see her out here next week and you won't see her the week after that, because Lindsay Troy is in one of the finest medical facilities on the Gulf Coast, in what I like to call....The Virginia Quell Wing. **The Virginia Quell Wing For People Who Fuck With The FIST.....**that's where Lindsay Troy is.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Ryan turns to the camera side of the ring ropes and leans into the ropes as if staring a hole into the camera.

Dan Ryan:

So you can put your little Lindsay Troy signs away, put aside any thoughts of a rematch and just get on with your sad little lives, because the chapter of my reign as FIST of DEFIANCE, as far as it pertains to Miss Lindsay Tabitha Troy....is OVER.

FUCK YOU, RYAN!

FUCK YOU, RYAN!

FUCK YOU, RYAN!

FUCK YOU, RYAN!

ALLLLL the hatred the Faithful can muster comes raining down on Dan Ryan, but as he continues, there's a stirring near the broadcast booth.

Dan Ryan:

As far as I'm concerned, I'm moving on to paying close attention to DEF*MAX, and seeing who...

An audible **rrriiiiiipppppp** cuts over the PA system.

Sorta...sounds like velcro...

Dan Ryan:

.....the next in line will be...

rrriiiiiippppppp.....

Dan Ryan: [frowning]

What the....

Ryan tosses the microphone to the mat, thinking there's something wrong with it.

A pause.

And then...

Voice: [softly; chilling]

Did you get all that out of your system?

ZOMGPOPSPLOOOOOOOSION~!

DDK:

Oh my God...

Angus:

No way...no fucking way, Keebs...

Dan Ryan stops cold in place in the ring, staring toward the announce stage where Lindsay Troy stumbles, with GREAT difficulty, into view behind Darren and Angus.

She's bypassed the DEFIANTS waiting to go at it in the main event - bypassed the Gorilla Position entirely - and there will be speculation for weeks after this if she was really able to slip past all the boys and girls in the back undetected, or if she had been in the crowd somewhere, or if someone knew something ahead of time and didn't tell a soul.

These are not questions for this present moment, however...

Troy has a microphone in one hand; where she swiped that from will also be bantered about. Her posture is rigid; it's clear she's not trying to make any unnecessary movements. Her face is showing signs of fading bruises (significant bruises, not *little bruises*) and her arm is in a sling. Perhaps the most important sign of the collateral damage and fallout from the war with the Ego Buster at DEFCON, however, is an object dangling from the fingertips being supported by that arm sling.

A neck brace.

A neck brace that should really be on her body if she knows what's good for her.

Lindsay Troy:

Did you forget what I told you right before DEFIANCE ROAD, Dan?

She pauses. Even manages to smirk.

Lindsay Troy:

"I'm not as easy to run over like you think everyone else is..."

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAS!

The High Queen DEFIANT is moving at a snail's pace. She shouldn't be here; she's *supposed* to be in Tampa recovering. Again, if she knows what's good for her. But when she looks down at her brother-in-law in the ring, it's with a glare and a snarl of such contempt that her desire to prove the man wrong far outweighs her refusal to acknowledge good sense.

And it's what *the Faithful* would want to see, after all.

Angus:

I'm not sure I like this, Keebs, even if it *is* a ballsy as hell move. How the hell is she walking? Can we even call what she's doing walking?!

DDK:

The FIST can't believe it and, quite frankly, neither can I! But there's no way this is even *remotely* a smart idea on Lindsay Troy's part.

Angus:

She's holding a neck brace; of course this isn't a smart idea!

DDK:

Someone needs to get out here and get in between these two or he's likely to finish her off for good. He put Virginia Quell in traction for the better part of a year, and while you and I know Lindsay's a much higher-caliber competitor, her injuries cannot be insignificant.

In the ring, a flash of anger crosses Dan Ryan's face, but just as quickly it's gone and is replaced by a determined grin. He goes to the ropes, sits on the middle one, and holds it open for his sister-in-law. He waves her toward the ring, practically rolling out the welcome mat. Getting impatient, he hops right back up and out of the ropes and stalks to the microphone he carelessly threw to the mat earlier, picking it up. Once it's in hand, he stomps right back to the ropes.

Dan Ryan:

You know, you did tell me that. You did.... Tell you what: Come on down, Lindsay. You're about as tough as they come. Hell, you can show me right now how tough you really are. You need to teach me a lesson. Come on. I'm right here. Let's do this.

Troy keeps pace. Slow but sure, and trying not to jar anything too much.

DDK:

This could go from bad to worse very, very quickly.

Angus:

Discretion isn't playing the better part of valor tonight!

Dan Ryan:

Come on..... **COME ON.....!**

Ryan is practically foaming at the mouth as Troy inches ever closer, the buzz in the building intensifying. The Faithful know this is a terrible idea, but they can't help themselves. This is BAD ASSERY at it's finest.

LET'S GO LIND-SAY! *CLAP* *CLAP* *CLAPCLAPCLAP*

LET'S GO LIND-SAY! *CLAP* *CLAP* *CLAPCLAPCLAP*

LET'S GO LIND-SAY! *CLAP* *CLAP* *CLAPCLAPCLAP*

Of course, just when we think we can have nice things, someone decides otherwise. In this case, it's Wyatt Bronson and DEFsec, who finally...FINALLY...swarm the scene.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Calvary's here! And thank God!

Angus:

Maaaaaaan, Bronny and DEFsec always have to spoil the party.

The burly security guards are very careful not to jostle or manhandle the Queen of the Ring as some surround her while others continue on down the ramp, creating both a protective circle and a wall between her and the Ego Buster. Dan Ryan's not happy about this development, but he makes a very good showing of not letting those emotions come through any more than they already have. Instead, he keeps his eyes trained on Troy, who is still slowly trying to move toward him, even though this is a fool's effort. She's not getting any further than this.

DDK:

Wyatt's going to try and get some order restored here...

Angus:

...good luck with that!

DDK:

Geeze, right? And in the meantime, we're going to take a short, short break to pay the bills. Folks, we're going to be right back with your TRIPLE THREAT MAIN EVENT!

Cut away.

FRANK PASTORE VS. BRONSON BOX VS. CURTIS PENN

The man in black kick-stomps his way through the arena, preaching the word.

♪ *You can run on for a long time...* ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

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

DDK:

It was about one year ago, the very first round of DEF*MAX against The God-Beast that this man returned to active competition after MONTHS away in exile thanks to the then DEFIANCE shot caller Edward White. Since that time he's carved a path of destruction a mile wide against superstars like Lindsay Troy, Dusty Griffith, Eugene Dewey, Dan Ryan just to name a few.

The *Only* DEFIANT saunters out onto the stage with his usual intense look about him. He stands confidently at the very top of the ramp and quickly runs his thumbs under the straps of his brown and grey striped singlet before giving a guttural roar before starting on down the ramp towards the ring. He ignores each and every hand out stretched from the fans along the rampway, not even bothering to look at them in disdain... his wild bloodshot brown eyes are focused on the ring and the task at hand.

Johnny Cash plays on.

♪ *You can run on for a long time...* ♪

Angus:

But the record books show, Boxer has a spotty record at best in multi man matches... and talk about varied competition. You've got a human shaped bag of rat turds on one side in Penn, capable of all sorts of candy ass bullshit shenanigans. And on the other side... well, a virtual *unknown entity*.

♪ *Sooner or later God will cut you down...* ♪

The Wargod stomps up the ring steps and quickly steps through the ropes, making a few laps around the ring. Shadowboxing. His eyes though...his eyes never leave the entrance curtain. As Angus alludes to Bronson's first opponent, said opponent's music cuts the slow brooding country track off at the knees with the driving force of a steam engine fueled by high explosives.

♪ *"Like A Machine" by Thousand Foot Krutch* ♪

DDK:

Folks, we don't know a tremendous amount about this young man, Frank Pastore. But what we do know is, he's got a leg up on the competition both new and old alike here in DEF for one reason only...

Angus:

And that reason would be the dapper gentlemen in the nice suit following that big hunk of grapplin' beef down to the ring: PRIME Hall of Famer Tony Gamble!

The first thing we see is the three hundred plus pounds of shredded muscle and Grade 'A' Bad Intentions that make up the man from Hollywood, Florida... Frank Pastore. Standing just shy of seven feet tall, Frank towers above even his retired grappler manager. Speaking of Gamble, Tony couldn't look prouder of his charge, or more confident in his abilities... even the ominous, motionless Wargod beaming pure hatred from his eye sockets down in the ring doesn't seem to phase the PRIME legend... or his mysterious young client, for that matter.

Angus:

Would you look at this kid? Christ almighty...

DDK:

Talking to Gamble backstage, he says Pastore is primed to take the whole tournament. And plans on making a real statement tonight against these two DEFIANCE mainstays with a victory going into the first round next week.

Angus:

The odds aren't in their favor just from a mathematical perspective, but just lookin' at the cut of this kid's jib and the brain he's got standin' in his corner... I can't say part of me doesn't believe him, Keebs.

Tony Gamble leads the trek down the ramp, the reaction from the fans not as explosive as the reaction for Boxer... but it's obvious the Faithful are anxious to see what this rookie can do against two of DEF's best. Even as Pastore rolls under the bottom rope, Bronson doesn't move an inch. Frank pops up to his feet with the quickness of a man a quarter of his size... right in the face of the Bombastic Bronson Box.

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" by eRa ♪

Angus:

Ugh, gag, gross, kill me, open a vein...

DDK:

Would you please stop? The man might make your skin crawl, but he IS one of the longest tenured stars here in DEF. That has to count for something in your book, Angus. I mean... Boxer general terrifies you, but you seem to give him the benefit of the doubt.

Angus:

Penn's the exception to the rule, Keebs. He barely registers as goddamn HUMAN, in my humble opinion, much less a DEFIANCE superstar. Every day I come to work and see he's still breathing I'm like... honest to God a little disappointed, legitimately every time.

Out from the back walks Curtis Penn, taking his time like the gigantic burlap sack of dicks that he is. He soaks in the BOOOOOOOOOs from the Faithful which allows his two opponents more time to "get to know one another." Penn's in no rush to make his way down the ramp, which allows for more posturing in the ring. If this is Penn's plan, it's working, as Boxer finally just up and pastes greenhorn Frank with a ballsy open-hand slap across the face.

OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHH!

Angus:

I felt that bitchsmack all the way up here, Keebs!

DDK:

And here we go with the fisticuffs!

A pre-bell brawl starts with Curtis Penn now by the apron, looking mighty pleased with himself. He slowly takes off his entrance attire, taking his time folding it all and handing it all over to the ring attendant.

Angus:

Just take your sweet ass time, dickhole. Ugh... what a fucktrumpet this guy is, honest to God...

DDK:

Smart, if not a little on the cowardly side, obviously. Curtis has shared a locker room with Boxer for years, Angus. He knows how... well, *temperamental* the Original DEFIANT can be. Sometimes all you have to do is wait around long enough and he'll absolutely start the fight for you.

Angus:

That's been Boxer's downfall in a lot of multi-man situations. Gettin' all hot and bothered, get impatient, start poppin' off and startin' shit with one opponent, make mistakes. Bronson's at his most deadly when he's pointed at ONE person

and one person only... if Pastore can keep his head on his shoulders, he could pick up a gigantic win here over two of DEFIANCE's absolute best.

DDK:

Or Curtis Penn could pick up the wi...

Angus:

Shut your *GORRAM* hole with your garbage lies!

Curtis slides under the bottom rope quietly, taking his time to sneak up behind Boxer as he and Frank continue exchanging lefts and rights with reckless abandon. Box lands a haymaker that causes Pastore to stagger back, the window of opportunity Penn was waiting for as he wraps the Wargod up from behind and launches him over with a devastating German suplex. Boxer clutches the back of his neck with his left hand as he arches his back, writhing in pain on the mat as Penn rolls onto his knees with a smile on his face.

The smile does not last long, however, as Frank grabs him by the back of his head and drags him to his feet. Without hesitation, Pastore wraps his arms around Penn's waist and lifts the former SOHER Champ up and over like a flapjack on Sunday morning. The unexpected belly to belly suplex launches Penn into the turnbuckle, where he stays folded upside down for a moment before dropping to the mat like a sack of potatoes.

The only man standing at the moment, Frank throws his arms out to his side and leans his head back. A triumphant guttural roar bellows out from deep within before the Faithful drown him out with cheers of their own. In control of the match for the time being, Pastore stalks over to the Scotsman with malice on his mind.

DDK:

Penn levels The Wargod and in comes Frank Pastore with the massive belly to belly! My *GOD!* What incredible upper body strength from the 300 plus pounder!

Somewhere in all that madness and mayhem, referee Brian Slater quietly calls for the bell by the way.

Angus:

Tony Gamble's lookin' pretty pleased with his charge down there at ringside; Pastore's a BEAST, Keebs!

Frank drags Box to his feet and heaves him into the corner. The Wargod hits back-first against the turnbuckles and Frank charges in, pinning him in place with a hard clothesline. Box throws a fist but Frank catches it and headbutts him. Bronson's dazed and Frank takes the opportunity to grab his arm and shoot him across the ring with an Irish whip. The Wargod hits the opposite turnbuckles just as hard as the ones he just left. He stumbles forward and Frank wraps his arms around his waist, lifts him up, over, and down to the mat with a German suplex. He goes for the cover and gets a two count.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

What a showing from this young man, my word!

Curtis Penn has made his way to his hands and knees, which catches Frank's eye. He turns and darts toward the former SoHER, his boot meeting nothing but empty air as the veteran Penn powders to ringside. Even managing the classic "tap the side of your head" gimmick, looking smug as all get out to have avoided the shot from Pastore.

Angus:

I've never prayed so hard for someone to be the target of a sniper before...

Instead of immediately turning around and looking for his other opponent, Frank Pastore makes the mistake to lean over the ropes and illustrate his frustrations with missing the move by delivering a few select obscenities down at his fellow DEF*MAX competitor. Penn brushes the rookie off, leaning against the guardrail to leer at a particularly well

endowed fan.

Angus:

Ooooooooooh God, that's so goddamn groOLY SHIT, WATCH OUT NOW!

The second Pastore decides to finally turn around, all he's met with is the MAC truck-like force of a rebound lariat from the Bombastic Bronson Box. Before the crowd can even fully pop, and obviously not wanting to waste any of that precious momentum Boxer just carries right along through the ropes in the direction of one Curtis Penn... his attention still squarely on the fan.

DDK:

REBOUND LARIAT INTO A SUICIDE DIVE TO RINGSIDE, MY GOD!

Bronson launches himself at Penn like a goddamn lawn dart made of angry haggis fueled Scottish brutality. Penn's chest is sandwiched between a jettisoned Bronson Box and the unforgiving steel guardrail. Both men crumple to the mat, but Boxer pops up with an otherworldly intensity... Curtis Penn's limp body in his big mitts. The Wargod's eyes zero in on the steel ringsteps a few feet away, takes ahold of Curtis' arm and...

DDK:

IRISH WHIP INTO THE... NO! REVERSAL!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

It might have been simple survival instinct, it might have been pure luck. Either way, Penn's eyes flutter open just in time to reverse the Irish whip into one of his own. LAUNCHING Boxer knees first across the unforgiving steel ring steps. The Only DEFIANT flips awkwardly over the stairs and rolls back first into the ringside barrier, clutching at his knees. Again Penn taps the side of his head, giving a little tongue out "yeeeeeah" look to the crowd. Again, quite proud of himself.

Angus:

... come oooooon, we're in the deep south. One crazy dick with a hunting rifle that hates Curtis Penn as much or more than I do, come oooooon...

DDK:

Jesus, Skaaland. We are going to get SO many letters after this broadcast.

Penn's little private celebration is cut off at the knees as Frank Pastore's bemuscle arm reaches down and grabs as much of Penn's hair as he can, literally *dragging* Curtis up to the apron. The rookie suplexes Penn back into the ring and quickly goes to work with his bread and butter, hooking the arm and twisting Penn into a tight abdominal stretch.

Angus:

Don't get it confused, folks. There's a reason this kid is on the main roster this quick. He might look like he's all brawn but that's TONY GAMBLE in his corner. Frank Pastore's no run of the mill musclebound gym rat dumb dumb. He's got the wrestling skills to pay the bills. Gamble wouldn't hitch his wagon to anything less than the total package.

As impressive as Pastore's display of technical skill ends up being... it is Curtis Penn he's grappling with. The submission specialist slowly starts working his way from underneath, the two men beginning and ending a *rather* impressive series of chain wrestling maneuvers that see Curtis Penn locking in all of a tight single leg Boston crab much to the chagrin of the Faithful... and a certain color commentator.

Angus:

GAH! Fuck that! Goddamnit! I hate that he's so goddamn GOOD... FUCK! Gah... Jesus, I think I burst a blood vessel in my eye...

Before Curtis even has a *chance* to look smug, Bronson Box comes STORMING back into the ring. Before Penn can

decide what to do, Boxer drops down and connects with a headbutt that produces a THUNK so stomach churning that Darren Keebler even comments on the audiences "OOOOOH" having a definite deeper, more disgusted timbre to it. Penn stumbles out of the Boston Crab, falling back into the ropes. Frank Pastore doesn't have much time to relax however as Boxer drops down and attaches his "red right hand" directly to the fleshy area right under Frank's ribcage. As Bronson's intentionally sharp fingernails dig deep into his flesh, Frank cries out in pain.

DDK:

SACRED HEART! Oh, that has got to be VERY uncomfortable!

Angus:

Sometimes it is so painfully obvious you've never been in a fight in your life it's almost comical, Keebler...

Looking pretty pissed off now, holding the giant knot forming on his forehead, Curtis Penn staggers up to Bronson just unloading every obscenity in the book on the Scottish Strongman. So much so Boxer actually relinquishes the hold, getting up, getting in Penn's face giving it right back. It's not long before Pastore's on his feet, clutching his bleeding side. He gets a few words in edgewise... Penn and Boxer both stop talking instantly, looking back at the rookie incredulously.

DDK:

What's going on here, partner?

Angus:

You gotta' have tenure around here to shit-talk midmatch, Keebs. You'd know that if you'd ever been in a fight... heh, *pussy*.

DDK:

Would you stop, please?

Pastore stands there absorbing the uncomfortable silent stares from his two opponents, we distinctly see him mouth the word "WHAT?" before witnessing a sight no long time DEFIANCE fan thought they'd ever see... Curtis Penn and Bronson Box working *together* lighting up the chest of Frank Pastore with some skin peeling STEREO knife edge chops. The massive rookie is slowly staggered onto spaghetti legs. The assault concluding with a vicious roundhouse kick from Penn that sends Pastore staggering RIGHT into a Fireman's Carry Gutbuster from The Wargod.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The Faithful can't help but pop for the wild two man offence they just had the pleasure of witnessing.

DDK:

Unlikely double team action here from Bronson and Curtis Penn! And they're actually lookin' pretty good partner!

Angus:

Up is down, black is white! Cats and dogs, living together! The Plex cheering Curtis Penn doing stuff THIS IS GODDAMN ANARCHY, DARREN.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Skaaland gets his wish, the "alliance" is very short lived. As soon as Pastore's taken care of Penn turns and picks off The Wargod with a quick bridging German Suplex... 1... 2... *KICKOUT*... that garners Penn a two count for his troubles. He slaps the mat in frustration, even arguing with Slater a bit but ultimately wastes little time getting he and Boxer to their feet and delivering one of his bone jarring lightning quick kick combinations that obviously rattles Bronson. Curtis plays to the crowd a little too much before delivering a final swift head kick to potentially put The Wargod away, Box catching his fellow DEF*MAX competitors leg delivering a very sudden leg trap belly to belly that simply LEVELS Penn.

Angus:

HA! Yeah, keep making the same dumbass mistake over and over you pleeb.

While all this was going on, Frank Pastore has slowly recovered and coiled himself in a corner just *waiting* for the right moment to lash out and gain the advantage. He finds just that, picking just the right moment to huck the Wargod with a massive bridging leg hook belly-to-back suplex. He holds on to the bridge for a pinfall attempt.

Slater slides in.

1...

2... BOX KICKS OUT!

DDK:

Another kickout from The Original DEFIANT! It's very telling that both of these superstars seem to want to pin The Wargod here in this matchup, Angus.

Angus:

Bronson talks a huge game, we all know this. But the guy is one of the pillars of DEF, he's been on top since there's *been* an on top around here. For a guy like Pastore, obviously he wants to test himself against the best and show the Faithful he's here to play.

DDK:

And for Curtis Penn, he's been a fingers length away from the pinnacle of DEFIANCE for so long. To kick off this year's DEF*MAX with a pinfall victory over the Wargod? What an opportunity for the former SoHER to make a real statement going into the rest of the tournament...

Frank gets to his feet quickly, lifting Boxer up with him before whipping the Scot into the corner. Noticing Penn slowly rising to his feet behind him, Frank grabs his arm and songs him toward the same corner Box is in. Now sandwiched between the corner and Penn, Boxer's eyes widen as he sees the MUCH bigger Frank Pastore take off from the opposite corner in a dead sprint, looking to CRUSH the two veterans with a big splash.

Frank's chest crashes into nothing but turnbuckle though, as Curtis and Box powder through the ropes on opposite sides. Having barely escaped Frank's full weight crashing down upon him, Penn once again taps the side of his head as he plays to the crowd. He can only show how proud he is of himself for so long though, as Box wastes little time grabbing the ringpost for a little momentum boost as he swings around the corner and LEVELS Penn with a quick lariat.

DDK

Innovative lariat there from The Wargod!

Using the ring apron to add a little downward momentum, Boxer lands a few brutal bootheels across the cranium of a now downed and shaken Curtis Penn. Boxer finishes up and hops back up onto the apron. The second he faces towards the ring however he's met with a knee to the abdomen from big Frank Pastore. As hooks one of Bronson's arms over his head he glances down towards his manager Tony Gamble who nods, rubbing his hands. Frank then steps up and balances himself on the second rope.

DDK:

Is he about to poach a move from *BRONSON*?

Angus:

Hey, what's good for the goose or however that old saying goes. Boxer nicked Andy Murray's move at the PPV. Frank's just following suiOOOOH *HERE WE GO!*

Skaaland is cut off by the feat of Herculean strength taking place infront of him. Big Frank Pastore HEAVING Bronson

up and back into the ring with The Wargod's own trademark Second Rope Elevated Deadlift Suplex is an impressive sight to behold. But however, to Frank and his manager Mr. Gamble's schagrin...

DDK:

BOX ESCAPED, BOX ESCAPED!

At the absolute LAST second, Boxer wiggles out and manages to land on his feet behind Pastore, quickly spinning around into powerbomb position literally **PLUCKING** big Frank from where he still stood on the second rope. Boxer instinctively points Pastore's back towards the nearest available top turnbuckle pad and **LUNGES** forward with every expertly trained muscle in his body.

Angus:

BOMBASTO BOMB! Pastore's done! He's gotta' be done!

Tony Gamble turns away from the ring as the middle of Pastore's back makes deadeye contact with the top turnbuckle. The big man no sooner crumples down to the mat, Boxer grabs hold of one of his ankles and just straight up **YANKS** him back towards center ring with one impressive one armed motion. Immediately dropping down for a pinfall.

1...

2...

3... NO! NO!

Brian Slater holds aloft two fingers.

DDK:

PINFALL BROKEN UP BY CURTIS PENN FROM OUT OF NOWHERE!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU...

Somehow, by the grace of the Gods Curtis Penn comes around just in time to slide under the bottom rope and shove Boxer from atop Pastore and break up the three count with milliseconds to spare. The Faithful (*and Angus*) aren't shy letting Curtis know how they feel about his almost laughable amount of good fortune. Pastore to his credit has the wherewithal to roll out to ringside to be looked after by his manager who's at his charges side like a magnet to help do his part in reviving him. Even going as far as to pull a handkerchief from his coat pocket to *fan* some life back into Pastore.

Angus:

A light breeze 'aint gunna' wake that joker up Tony, he just got BOMBASTO Bombed out of the GORRAM county.

Before Penn can get to his feet after his desperation save he's lept upon by a VERY angry Wargod who begins simply raining down wild, reckless elbows and forearms, Penn covering up best he can but absorbing a number of brutal shots across the side of his head and neck.

DDK:

Curtis Penn struggling for an opening here!

Angus:

FUCK THAT! Keep bringin' the pain Boxer!

Derided he may be, the vilest of heels, Curtis Penn to his absolute credit is one of the most effortlessly skilled technical wrestlers on the DEFIANCE roster. In this sort of "bloodlust" state, Bronson Box is not the hardest competitor to out wrestle. Penn manages to wriggle free of Boxer's mount, attempting to take Bronson's back and lock on some sort of complicated choke. Like a switch is switched, Bronson seems to focus up, blocking Penn's choke attempt. The two spend the next period trading impressive reversals.

Angus:

Boxer's more than just some head dropping monster, Keebs. The guys just as likely to wrench your arm out of the socket in some sick submission hold as he is to huck you on your dome with some crazy ass suplex.

As every eye of every member of the Faithful and the attention of the announcers is on the two men in the ring and the grappling clinic they're shockingly putting on. The camera catches Frank Pastore and Tony Gamble out at ringside. Young Pastore seemingly shaking a few cobwebs and working out some cramped muscles, actually up on one knee not looking so worse for ware. Back in the ring Box achieves wrist control and forces Penn chest first back down to the canvas, driving his knee into the back of his neck for good measure... then going about manipulating and hyperextending Curtis Penn's finger joints. The look of satisfaction that washes over Bronson Box's face as he snaps and tears at the man's fingers is a look we usually reserve for serial killers and politicians.

Angus:

Ooooooooooh Jesus, that shit always makes me wanna' barf... that goddamn SOUND.

DDK:

And look at the pressure he's putting on Penn's shoulder and wrist while he's doing it! Just BRUTAL! Wait, is he... OH MY!

Boxer gets away with straight up BITING Curtis Penn's fingers for a lot longer than anyone would in any other promotion on earth. But this is Bronson Box and this is a DEFIANCE ring. And Brian Slater, along with the rest of humanity, isn't fond of Curtis Penn. So The Wargod gets an appropriate amount of leeway before being forced by ref Slater to "*get the man's goddamn fingers out of your mouth Bronson.*" Once his digits are released from between Boxer's jaws and his arm and wrist from the hold Curtis scoots away like a terrified squirrel, back into the most available turnbuckle.

Angus:

HA! Look how scared he is Darren! Look! *PUSSY!* Weeeee, this is so much better!

The DEF Ace stalks after Penn boots first. Boxer starts in with the corner based assault. Stomps, boot scrapes, chokes. Just brutalizing Penn like his goal is to smear the man across the bottom two turnbuckle pads. As Boxer continues his assault only the camera catches it, the quick image of Frank Pastore leaning against the ring apron on the outside, still looking like he's not *quite* sure where he is. As evident by the fingers Tony Gamble is holding out in front of his charge's bleary face. So quick even the announcers fail to mention it.

DDK:

Boxer getting Penn to his feet here, setting him up for the big irish whip... REBOUND LARIA... NO!

Box reaches the ropes and grabs hold and leans part of the way back only to notice his intended target has once again powered to ringside to narrowly avoid his fate. Boxer power walks back across the ring and steps up on the second rope, leaning out over ringside barking at Penn to man up and get back in the ring *"YE' WEE SISSY PRICK!"*

DDK:

Penn's cowardly tactics aside, how *dominant* has Bronson been here tonight, partner? If this match has been any indication The Wargod is in a fantastic position to once again find himself in the DEF*MAX finals this yea *WHAT THE HELL?!*

Angus:

IT'S FRANK! HE'S ALIVE!

Frank Pastore pops up behind Boxer, hoists the much smaller superstar up onto his shoulders in electric chair position. Taking Bronson by such surprise he managing to quickly tuck The Wargod's head and deliver a crisp neck compressing Rubik's Cube out of absolutely NOWHERE, igniting the crowd.

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

KISS OF DEATH, MY GOD! PASTORE! PASTORE'S STILL IN THIS THING!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

HE'S GOIN' FOR THE COVER, DARREN! MAKE YOURSELF FAMOUS KID!

Out at ringside Penn immediately notices the sudden change in Bronson Box's fortune, he starts to lunge under the bottom rope to break up the pin just like he did before... only this time to get tripped up by the well placed and well timed extended foot of one Tony Gamble out at ringside! Curtis simply stumbles chest first into the ring apron, the extra moment bought by his manager allows Frank Pastore to hook both of Bronson's legs.

Buffalo Brian Slater slides in, the fans count along.

1...

2...

3... ! DING DING DING!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Angus:

HE DID IT! HE DID IT! Frank Pastore just pinned former 2x FIST of DEFIANCE Bronson Box!

Pastore immediately bails between the ropes to ringside, falling back into the waiting arms of his manager Tony Gamble. *"WHAT'D I TELL YOU, HUH!"* Gamble gives Pastore a huge pat on the back as the two start backing up the ramp.

DDK:

What a debut, what a victory, what confirmation of his placement in DEF*MAX... just... *my GOD!* What do you think this does to those DEF*MAX *betting odds*, partner?

Angus:

Hooooo man, I can't wait for next week man. This tournament is going to *rule*.

The show ends with shots of Penn out at ringside looking frustrated but ultimately relieved he wasn't the one pinned, Pastore and Gamble up at the top of the ramp looking like they both just collectively won the Superbowl, and Box... now draped over the bottom rope looking half alive fully pissed as the realization of what just happened slowly washes over him. All three men end the show staring daggers into one another and generally mugging for the camera as Angus and Keebler go into total hype mode for the beginning of the tournament's first round **NEXT WEEK!**

DDK:

This just goes to show, partner! It really is a braaaaaand new year here in DEFIANCE!

Angus:

We keep sayin' DEF*MAX is where we shake shit up, looks like Frank Pastore and his manager Mr. Gamble have obviously been listening, Darren! What an absolutely *HUGE* win for this kid!

DDK:

Next week ladies and gentlemen the road to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE begins as we OFFICIALLY kick off the 2016 DEF*MAX tournament with... oh wow, folks you won't have to wait long to see the continuation of THIS story as Frank Pastore kicks off DEF*MAX in the B block with none other than the man he just *PINNED* in that very ring... the Bombastic Bronson Box!

Angus:

GET TRAININ' FRANKIE! Box is kickin' off the DEF*MAX lookin' for *BLOOD!*

DDK:

Box / Pastore! Penn / Kendrix! Cole / Murray! Unlikely / Impulse! The road to MAXIMUM DEFIANCE and DEF*MAX action begins *next week!* I'm Downtown Darren Keebler, he's Angus Skaaland... folks? GOODNIGHT FROM NOLA!