

THE RUNDOWN

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

THOOM THOOM THOOM THOOM

As the deafening concussive plumes of flame shoot up from the stage, it's all generic rock riff and screaming Faithful as the crane cam swoops down and over the crowd, catching some of the better sights and signage along the way. First sight we're greeted with is a rather *large* young lady dropping her big **GET WELL SOON ERIC** sign to then quickly flash the passing camera. Scrawled across her bare chest... **I'D BOINK BOBBY DEAN!** The camera soldiers onward across the obviously *wild and wooly* crowd.

Across the upper deck there's a mile long sign made up of numerous huge pieces of of green poasterboard that not only reads **MIKEY SLOBS JFK'S KNOB** but a brilliantly hand drawn depiction of the aforementioned act in progress. Below that masterpiece and as we move along across the last stretch of Faithful we see an overwhelming swath of signage in support of mostly Lindsay Troy, FDJ and the Murray Brothers among a few others. Before long the camera settles on the commentation station and our hosts for this and every other DEF-related evening. "Downtown" Darren Keebler and...

Angus:

... did you *SEE* the jugs on that chick with the Eric Dane sign? Someone get her number for me...

DDK:

If I'm not mistaken partner, her *bosom* said something about wanting to... erm... well... Bobby... erm...

Angus:

Stop before you hurt yourself Darren, you're as red as the gorram logo brah.

Keeps takes a deep breath.

DDK:

FOLKS! Welcome to another jam packed edition of DEFtv!

Angus:

Understatement of the century much? Get with the program Keeps!

Narrowing his eyes at his partner for a moment before soldiering on as always.

DDK:

We've got four HUGE matches to kick off DEF*MAX tonight! Firstly Cayle Murray goes one on one with BRAZEN standout "The All-American" Levi Cole!

Angus:

Cole, surprisingly not the MOST unknown guy in this *eclectic* mix of grapplers we got in this thing, here's what you need to know. He's build like a brick shit house, he's got a decorated collegiate wrestling background... this kids game as hell, Darren. Hope Squidboy's got his big boy tights on tonight.

DDK:

Rounding out our other A Block match tonight we're going to see the Southern... well, sorry *Hollywood* Heritage Champion Mikey Unlikely going one on one against the veteran Impulse! In what's sure to be an exciting contest between two of DEFIANCE's very best.

Angus:

Ugh, bleh, next. And never refer to that human skidmark Mikey Unlikely as the best of anything, much less DEFIANCE.

DDK:

Well, how does this sound to you partner... kicking off the B Block we've got the continuation of the story started *last* week at shucking conclusion to DEFtv 69's wild triple threat main event between Curtis Penn and the two competitors in tonights match. Bronson Box and the unexpectedly victorious Frank Pastore!

Angus:

Big Frank shocked the WORLD when he pinned Boxer's shoulders to the mat a couple weeks ago. Can he do it again? Stranger things have happened but I saw Boxer earlier and boy howdy does he look gorrarn mad. I mean... from what I could tell from a safe distance anyway. No goddamn way I'm occupying the same general vicinity of that sociopath.

DDK:

And speaking of Curtis Penn. Rounding out tonight's competition, our second B Block match of the night... [quietly] *oh, Angus you're not going to like this one much either...* as Curtis Penn goes one on one with the Bruv-tastic Kendrix!

Angus:

Alright, listen. They both make my skin crawl BUT... but, I am pretty damn curious to see what ol' JFK can do all on his lonesome without Mikey *Chodelikely* dangling off his sack like some sort of human sized genital crab.

SHAME ON ME!

DDK:

Eloquently put... I guess. But regardless! I'm darn excited for the beginning of the DEFMAX tournament tonight! Actually our very first matchup tonight is one of....

♪ "Fuckin' In The Bushes" by Oasis ♪

DDK:

Well...apparently we're going to see the Sports Entertainment Guild first!

Angus:

Shit! Don't forget though, Mikey lost last week! HA!

The fans boo as the stage goes dark with the exception of a single spotlight. As the beat picks up, Mikey Unlikely comes through the curtain to a barrage of Boos. He is dressed in a pair of nice slacks, Alligator skinned loafers, and a bright pink polo on. His Southern Heritage Championship on his shoulder. He stops in the spotlight and takes in the reaction.

After a few seconds out come the rest of the Sports Entertainment Guild. Kendrix wearing a v neck t shirt with enormous picture of the incredible recording artist Drake on the front. As well as a very nice pair of designer jeans. His bug eye shades hang from his head. Elise Ares is in another dazzling dress, she looks like she's dressed for an Awards show. The D, looking dapper as ever, is wearing a very form fitting suit that matches his tag partners colors. Each hold their DEFIANCE tag team championship. Klein rounds out the group, still holding the cardboard "tag titles".

All of them stand collectively at the top of the ramp. They all take a bow, and Mikey money rains from the ceiling over the fans in the Wrestle-Plex. Slowly they saunter over to the Interview stage where Christie Zane awaits.

[Tearing sounds heard]

DDK:

Angus what are you doing!?

Angus:

Getting rid of this Monopoly money! I got a check at breakfast the other day, it was \$15. I tried to pay them with Mikey Money, when she came back with the change, she said I owed her \$25!

They finally make their way onto the stage. Before Christie Zane can speak JFK takes the mic, the music slows and stops.

Kendrix:

Listen, Yeah!? If the Sports Entertainment Guild wanted an amateur interviewer for this major announcement, we would have hired someone a whole lot hotter than you Zanne, Innit!? Get the hell outta here, you don't deserve to be on the same stage as this group! What would Drake say!?

The fans go nuts as Christie rolls her eyes, and walks down the stairs. Elise Ares looks on with a smug smile, knowing she's now the only female star on stage.

Angus:

These guys really piss me off Keebs, I ever tell you that?

DDK:

Once or twice.

Kendrix:

Now ladies and bellends. If you can stop shoving your fat faces, stop checking your cheap cell phones, and put your eyes on this stage for just a few seconds, we promise to Sports Entertain the hell out of you!

GetTheFuckOut! GetTheFuckOut!

GetTheFuckOut! GetTheFuckOut!

GetTheFuckOut! GetTheFuckOut!

Kendrix:

Yea! GET OUT OF HERE CHRISTIE!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Angus:

I...don't have the words...

Kendrix:

Now... without further adue...this man has a MAJOR ANNOUNCEMENT to make regarding his future here in DEFIANCE!

DDK:

What!?

Angus:(excitedly)

WHAT!?

Kendrix:

The greatest actor to ever grace your screen! The greatest Sports Entertainer to grace that ring! The greatest Hollywood Heritage Champion of allllllllll time bae bae!!!! MIKEYYYYYY UNLIKELLLLLYYYYYYYYYYYY

They do a bruv hug followed by a fist. They bump, but then act as if their fists are stuck together, before finally pulling them away with "some effort". They follow that up by yelling "Glue Fist!"

Many head shakes in the building. Behind them PCP and Klein are clapping loudly and celebrating the passing of the microphone.

Mikey Unlikely:

Bruv! You are too kind!

Kendrix waves him off modestly.

Mikey Unlikely:

Yes, The rumors are true ladies and gentlemen! JFK did make one mistake tho! I have not one, but TWO announcements!!!!

Angus:

Mikey is leaving!?

Mikey Unlikely:

First things first, For a very small fee, you too can stay caught up on all the Mikey Unlikely and Sports Entertainment Guild news and photos with our new app! Connect directly to our social media accounts! Get the latest news on our acting, directing, and sport entertaining first! Just search for "Mikey Monthly" in your device's app store! THANK YOU FOR BEING ENTERTAINED!!!!!!

Angus:

Nobody wants that shit!

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

They don't!

Mikey Unlikely:

Now for the second announcement! It's a doozy, so brace yourselves!

The Sports Entertainment Guild clutch onto things around stage for dramatic effect.

Mikey Unlikely:

Yes, It is true! I, Mikey Unlikely, YOUR HOLLYWOOD HERITAGE CHAMPIOOOOOOOONNNNNN...

Klein throws streamers over Mikey before being admonished by The D for being "early on his cue".

Mikey Unlikely:

Have signed a BRAND NEW deal for a Hulu exclusive television SERIESSSSSSSS!

This gets a mixed reaction from the crowd, but mostly boos. Now Klein throws streamers again. The rest of the gang jump up and down excitedly and clapping. Elise having some trouble with her heels and jumping.

DDK:

Well, that is certainly big news!

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm not going to announce what the project is just yet, but I wanted to go ahead and clear the air. Filming will be done right here in New Orleans! That being said i will not have to miss any time! MIKEY'S NOT GOING AWAY PEOPLE!!!! GET EXCITED!!!!!!

Angus:

Fuck.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now being the amazing athlete I am, I am going to accept the punishment on my body from both jobs, but do not worry! I am committed to not only reaching new heights and adding a million viewers to new Hulu memberships, to not only being the Greatest Hollywood Heritage Champion of all time, but to also winning this DEFMAX tournament with my Bruv here!

Pointing to Kendrix, who nods like it's a known fact.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now, I know what you are thinking... But Mikey! You lost last week in a tag match against fellow DEFMAX competitors Impulse and Levi Cole!

The fans explode at the name of the men who defeated the Bruvs.

Angus:

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAh

Mikey Unlikely:

Well the truth of the matter is folks, you all clearly saw them double team me!

Angus:

Horseshit! All of the S.E.G. were getting into the ring, Cole just evened the odds, and got rid of the of baggage.

Mikey Unlikely:

It was a fluke people, they happen. Even the best actors have a bad take once in a while...

ImpulseBeatYou! Clap, Clap, clapclapclap

ImpulseBeatYou! Clap, Clap, clapclapclap

ImpulseBeatYou! Clap, Clap, clapclapclap

Mikey Unlikely:

And as your Hollywood Heritage Cha.....

♪ "Revolution" by SIRSY ♪

The fans erupt at the opening of the song, while Mikey tries to talk over them for a few seconds, then gives up and waits - an annoyed look spread across his face.

Angus:

THANK YOU IMPULSE!

From the entryway, Impulse emerges, already dressed for battle - with Calico Rose a step behind him. He stops at the top of the ramp, microphone in hand, and calls for the music to stop.

Impulse:

So this is what passes for a Champion nowadays, huh?

Huge pop from the fans, along with "Mikey Sucks!" chant. Mikey holds the SoHER Championship up and yells at Impulse, off mic.

Impulse:

Champions win, Mikey... and sometimes, Champions lose. What a Champion doesn't do, however...

He smirks.

Impulse:

Is make excuses.

The fans cheer some more, but Impulse continues.

Impulse:

The tragedy with all of it, Mikey, is that you've made a real impact in this company so far.

Angus:

Don't you dare compliment him!

Impulse:

I'm serious, and I know that's not a popular sentiment, but Mikey, you're nearly as impactful as you and your horde claim you are.

The fans boo, but Mikey stops his protests; he cocks his head, a little confused over where Impulse is going with this.

Impulse:

That's why it's a double tragedy for you to come on out and offer excuses... that makes you into the thing you hate the most.

Pregnant pause.

Impulse:

Just... another... whiny... little... wannabe.

All those reactions, a few seconds ago? They're back, only twice as much. As Impulse finishes his statement, Cally covers her mouth in mock shock, and nonchalantly steps toward the commentary table for a pair of welcome fist bumps.

Impulse:

What it comes down to. Mikey, is this: this isn't sports entertainment. You can't smoke and mirrors your way to a win.

He paces.

Impulse:

It's not a famous DEFIANCE HOSSFITE; you can't distract me by chanting 'Down with this sort of thing!'

And stops.

Impulse:

This is a wrestling match, Mikey... and if all you've got is an entourage and more props than Carrot Top... it's gonna be akin to sand blasting a soup cracker.

Before anyone in the ring can respond, the fans go crazy as Impulse leaves the entryway.

DDK:

Strong words from Impulse! We'll be right back!

DEF*MAX ROUND ONE: CAYLE MURRAY VS. LEVI COLE [BLOCK A]

Kick it to Angus and Keeps at the announce booth.

DDK:

Welcome back Ladies and Gentlemen! It's time for two young hopefuls to kick-off their DEF*MAX dreams, as we head to Block A for Cayle Murray vs. Levi Cole.

Angus:

Ugh. *Cayle*. Pardon me while I puke.

DDK:

Huh. DEFCON didn't win you over, then?

Angus:

DEFCON? What happened at DEFCON?

DDK:

Cayle pinned Eri--

Angus:

Don't know what you're talking about, Keeps. Nope. Not at all.

DDK:

Either way, Cayle Murray enters this tournament with incredible momentum. Finally, at the age of 32, the younger Murray brother is living-up to the "prodigy" tag that he's carried around since the day he first stepped inside a wrestling ring. DEFCON was a career-defining night for the young Scot, who finally shed his insecurities to defeat Eric Dane in a 60-minute classic, and tonight, he takes the first step towards superstardom.

Angus:

Is he even fit to wrestle, Keeps? Squiddy looked in pretty terrible shape at DEFtv 70, and I can't imagine he's feeling particularly sprightly tonight either. Granted, his fuckin' brother Lazarus'd the hell out of his own injuries leading-up to DEFCON, but still...

DDK:

I guess we'll find-out in a couple of minutes, but his opponent is no joke tonight. Levi Cole's a BRAZEN standout, Angus. He's an extremely promising power-grappler who enjoyed a glittering college career as an NCAA All-American prior to transitioning to pro-wrestling, and that serves him incredibly well between the ropes.

Angus:

You don't need to school me on Levi Cole, Keepsy. This guy's a real freak athlete who should be able to toss Mini Murray around at will, but he suffers from the same dorky moral hang-ups as the young cephalopod. There's a strong chance that this one descends into one of those completely obnoxious resthold-and-counter fests that always seem to go down whenever two "good guys" meet.

DDK:

Whatever the case, let's take it to Darren Quimbey!

DEF's ring announce is ready and waiting.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following DEF*MAX first round match is set for one fall with a 20-minute time limit!

♪ "Born in the USA" by Bruce Springsteen ♪

The arena rock classic elicits a pop from the hardcore sect of The Faithful that recognise it from BRAZEN. The rest

pay keen interest as Levi Cole steps onto the ramp for the first time since has narrow loss to Sam Horry last month, though the Nebraskan offers little in the way of fanfare. He starts making his way to the ring at a steady pace.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first! Making his way to the ring from Omaha, Nebraska, standing at 6'4", and weighing in at 265lbs, this is "AMERICAN MADE" LEVIIIIIIIII COOOOOOOOLLLLLLLLLLEEEEEEEEEEE!

DDK:

Don't sleep on Levi Cole, folks: as Angus will no doubt elaborate, this guy's one heck of a wrestler.

Angus:

That he is, and his inclusion here is far from a token gesture. Cole's a huge grappler blessed with all the power that comes with that kind of muscle mass, but he's light on his feet, explosive, and as tough as they come. If he hits full flow, he could have his way with Squidboy, who's far, far smaller...

DDK:

Amateur wrestling really is the ideal base for success at this level. Cole's fundamentals are second-to-none, and watching him throw lighter opponents around the ring has become a regular highlight on recent BRAZEN live shows.

Levi Cole enters the ring and briefly raises an arm for the crowd, but keeps things relatively low fuss. He eventually heads for his corner, then begins some last minute warm-up stretches.

The lights go out.

The Faithful buzz.

♪ "The Wings of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

The track kicks-in about 40 seconds through (because a minute-long DEFtv introduction would be sillyman behaviour), with the ascending vocal choir and distant drum pattern. Then come the staccato guitar riffs and stabbing violins, accompanied by strobe flashes in the arena, before everything goes silent momentarily...

BOOOOOOOM!

A huge pyrotechnic explosion at the top of the ramp. The track kicks-in and Cayle Murray's slowly making his way down the ramp, arms outstretched, back to the crowd. He's wearing the usual black bomber jacket, but there's a new addition on the back: a shattered gold-coloured star, with "STARBREAKER" printed along the top.

Angus:

Oh for fu--... are you kidding me?!

Cayle turns around, completely unable to hide his joy at the gigantic you-just-beat-Eric-Dane pop that greets him. Smiling broadly, the Scot slaps a few hands on his way down.

Darren Quimbey:

.. aaaaand his opponent! Making his way to the ring from Aberdeen, Scotland, he stands at 6'1", and weighs-in at 220lbs... "STARBREAKER!" CAYLE! MURRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

What a great reaction for Cayle Murray! Complete acceptance from The Faithful after the performance of a lifetime at DEFCON, and if sheer crowd support is anything to go by, Murray must be considered an early favourite for this tournament.

Angus:

Pah! Crowd support means nothing! This guy might be strolling around like Lord Muck at the moment, but he's not

gonna be so smiley when Levi Cole drops him on his gorram head.

Having rolled under the bottom rope, Cayle heads to a corner, throws his arms to the side, then eventually pulls his jacket from his shoulders. As Levi Cole comes to the centre, Cayle shakes his extended hand, and the two grapplers move back to their corners.

DDK:

Here we go!

The bell rings. Cayle and Cole move towards the centre of the ring, but stop short of tying up. The two spend some seconds sizing one another up, before Cayle turns sideways and sprints to the ropes. He ducks under Cole's swinging arm on the rebound, hits the ropes again, then baseball slides beyond the larger man. Cayle catches Cole with a couple of leg kicks as he turns, before hopping back to a safer distance.

Levi tries to cut-off the ring, but Cayle darts away before he's trapped in the corner. Again Murray hits the ropes: Cole goes low, telegraphing another slide, so Cayle leapfrogs over his back this time. Cole turns and eats a stiff spinning back kick to the gut on the turn, and falls back a few steps.

Cayle keeps his distance instead of risking Cole's clutches. As the crowd focus-in on the action, Murray again tries to sprint by him, but Cole shows some of his own nimbleness by sidestepping and shoulder barging Cayle down. Murray rolls through it, however, and springs back up, nodding to his opponent.

DDK:

A similar strategy to that employed by Cayle when wrestling Dan Ryan a few weeks ago.

Angus:

It's not a terrible idea. Ryan's far bigger than Cole, and a far more accomplished wrestler particularly at a technical level, but Murray can't run all night.

Now looking to execute some of his own gameplan, Cole puts a hand low, looking for a tie-up. Cayle gently prods it away with his boot, then voluntarily moves into the corner. Levi sees this as an opportunity and ties-up at the collar-and-elbow, but Murray's got a plan. He puts a boot on the bottom turnbuckle, then another, before gradually climbing up to the second. When there, Cayle flips over Levi's head before Cole can pull him down, and dropkicks the big man in the small of the back after landing.

Cole goes chest-first into the turnbuckles, and while stuck, Cayle smashes away at his legs with a few sharp kicks. Cole turns through them but eats a Moonsault kick, before Cayle backs-off once again.

DDK:

A very, very patient gameplan from Murray here. He's using his speed, but he's attacking in short controlled bursts because he knows there's no way he can hope to grapple with a man as larger and accomplished as Cole.

Levi moves towards Cayle Murray, who dashes, but away from Cole this time. Levi sprints after him as Cayle hit the ropes, but the Scot has enough time to slide away, stay grounded, and seize one of Cole's legs. Cayle wraps his own legs around Levi's giant limb and tries to drag him down into a heel hook, but Cole recognises what's happening and puts his hands on the top rope. The official forces the break, and Cayle gets back on his feet.

This time, Cole plays the aggressor. He bursts forward and grabs Cayle for a double leg. This catches Murray by surprise, and he's powerless to avoid the takedown. Cole lands in half-guard, but quickly transitions into side control then puts an arm around Cayle's neck.

DDK:

Here we go: a little offense to get Levi Cole up and running.

Angus:

That squid might have eight limbs, but that won't stop LC choking his ass out.

Cayle swings a leg at the bottom rope, but he's a little bit too far away to break the hold. Cole works to transition to an arm submission as the Scot moves, but he leaves one of his own limbs hanging just a second too long, and Cayle seizes it. He flips Cole over into a Cross Armbreaker and pulls back, but Levi's strength brings him to his feet with Cayle still attached! Levi goes to throw Murray down into the mat, but Cayle dislodges himself before he gets slammed, and lands on his feet.

Angus:

Goddamnit, I totally thought Cole was going to smash him into oblivion there.

DDK:

He went to his amateur base to take Murray down, but Cayle's very, very skilled on the mat, and if you give him an opening, he's gonna capitalise.

Angus:

Sure, but Cole's so *gorram* big that he can just brute force his way through any of Murray's limb holds.

Growing in confidence and aggression, Levi stalks towards Cayle, who again hits him with some kicks to the thigh. This slows Cole a notch, but he keeps coming, and grabs Cayle's leg when he swings a left boot. Cole takes him to the mat with a single leg takedown, but Cayle's able to scramble to the ropes and force the break. He goes back to dashing, but flies right at Cole this time and front dropkicks him in the stomach. Levi hits the deck this time, and Cayle springs forward with a Blockbuster!

Levi snaps back on the mat, and Murray makes the cover.

ONE!

KICKOUT!

Levi forces Murray off him, but Cayle doesn't let him rise. With Cole getting up, Cayle runs against the ropes and kicks him square in the chest with a brutal Pentalty Kick! Levi's back hits the mat, and Cayle sprints towards the turnbuckles.

DDK:

Cayle Murray's gonna fly!

That he is.

Cayle flies from the top rope with a low-arcing Moonsault into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

A near-fall, but Cayle's Moonsault is pretty unique in DEFIANCE. It's not the typically graceful high-arc move that most wrestlers utilize: instead, Cayle barely gets any air, and almost *whips* his body down on the opponent's torso.

Angus:

It's actually kinda nasty for a flippydoo move, but if Cayle tucked his knees on the way down and whipped *those* into

his opponent, it'd do even more damage... but Cayle's too nice and soft for that.

DDK:

"Nice and soft?" Did you see that Penalty Kick?!

Angus:

Nope. No idea what you're talking about.

Feeling the toll from forcing too much athleticism on his still-recovering body, Cayle opts to slow things down by letting Levi Cole get halfway up, before seizing his throat in a Dragon Sleeper! Cayle applies full body scissors with his legs to drag Cole to the ground, before wrenching back tightly.

DDK:

Granite City Cross! How will Cole escape this one?!

The sheer girth of Levi Cole's torso prevents Cayle from getting as much tension as he'd like with the scissors, however. Cole struggles at first, before pushing his weight backwards to force Cayle's shoulders into the mat.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Murray rolls his shoulder away, but Cole immediately goes to the same tactic.

ONE!

NO!

Knowing he can't work against Cole's weight forward, Cayle banks on the big man fading away, but rolls onto his side to prevent further pin attempts. This, however, gives Cole momentum to roll all the way on his stomach, then use his strength to crawl towards the ropes. Break.

Angus:

Yanno, I'm surprised that little fuck can still move after that beating he took at DEFCON.

DDK:

Perhaps he shares some of his brother's Lazarus-like healing qualities? Either way, look for Cayle to slow things down now: like you say, he's still recovering and he doesn't want to blow himself up.

Angus:

Which plays right into Cole's hands.

Murray gets away from Cole, who's face has turned red during the submission, and looks to be moving a little more slowly. Cayle moves in while his back's turned, but Cole's learned his lesson from last time and goes low to duck a body kick. Crouching, Cole turns around and shoots for another takedown. He's successful, but Cayle squirms onto his stomach during the process. No problem for Levi, who rises to his feet, pulling Cayle from the ground as he goes, before dropping him with a German Suplex!

DDK:

What a move! Could this be the upset?!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

Cayle Murray flops away from Cole, who gets to his feet, then seizes the Scot again. He pulls him up with another German, and goes for the release variant this time. Cayle, however, flips through and lands on his feet, but immediately falls on his arse: the previous suplex seems to have knocked him a bit loopy.

The younger Murray gets up, but not quickly enough to avoid Levi Cole. Cole pulls him away from the ropes, throws his head beneath his arm, then grabs a leg and snaps back with a Fisherman Suplex into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

DDK:

A nice bit of offense from Levi Cole, who seems to be coming into his own now.

Angus:

What'd I tell ya, Keebs? This guy's got more Suplexes than Madonna's got songs!

DDK:

... word to your Moms?

Angus:

Never speak again.

Cole's on his knees, recovering some lost breath. This also gives Cayle a little recovery time, however, and when Levi gets to his feet and advances, he walks right into a small package.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Cole powers out of the small package, but Cayle's already back on his feet and running. He hits the ropes just before Cole hits full vertical, and comes back with a Sling Blade! Murray takes a few moments to recover on the mat himself, before getting-up gingerly, and taking control of Cole's arm. Once up, Cole reverses Cayle's Irish Whip attempt and sends him to a corner, but Cayle gets his boots up as Levi charges.

Cole stumbles backwards, and that's when Cayle comes at him. He seizes control, hooks a leg, then downs Levi with a leg-hook STO!

DDK:

Down goes the big man!

Before Levi can get-up of his own volition, Cayle takes his head and throws it under his arm. Standing, Cayle grabs the waistband and pulls.

DDK:

He's looking for the Chainbreaker! This could be it!

Cole sees it coming, though. He avoids the hanging vertical by tying his arms around Cayle's waist, and dropping to a knee. This alone almost takes Murray down, but Cayle stays up and thwarts Cole's attempt to transition to a double leg by putting an arm around his throat, and snapping back with a DDT!

Without hesitation, Cayle Murray runs to the ropes...

Angus:

It's Flippydoo O' Clock!

His feet hit the bottom rope, Cayle springboards back, and flies through the air with a corkscrew 450 splash!

DDK:

Air Raid!

Angus:

Welp, that was fun while it lasted....

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

"The Wings of Icarus" plays loudly, and Cayle rises to his feet, smiling.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner... CAYLE MURRRRRAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

Cayle Murray blows the cobwebs away with a strong showing in the first round of the DEF*MAX tournament, but Levi Cole put up a strong fight, and never looked out of his depth.

Angus:

Bleh, it is what it is. I though Cole had a shot when he started throwing Squiddy around a bit, but whatever, it's fine. Someone's gonna crush his dreams soon enough.

DDK:

You think? For a semi-injured man, Cayle sure looked impressive tonight.

Angus:

He wrestled like a gorrám ballerina at times. A more experienced opponent would've countered that, and dropped him on his fuckin' head.

DDK:

Either way, the first DEF*MAX 2016 match ends in a smart victory from one of the early favourites. Let's head elsewhere...

PARKING LOT INTERLUDE

From the ring to the parking lot...

A car door slams shut and the camera spies Dan Ryan, sunglasses on, title belt slung over one shoulder and the strap of what's presumed to be a gear bag over the other, swinging around the driver's side of a black SUV. The Faithful inside the Wrestle-Plex BOOOOOOOO loudly as the scene is projected up on the DEFIAtron, but the FIST of DEFIANCE can't hear them. If he could, he'd be smiling.

There's scant trace of a limp from his DEFCON match against Lindsay Troy, and with his sister-in-law barred from the building until a medical clearance comes through, Ryan has little to worry about. The stunt Troy pulled last week was shocking to be sure. Try as he might, he couldn't stop the expression from registering on his face. But Dan knows Lindsay is hurting, worse than she defiantly let on two weeks ago. He has never made a move without a full awareness of what the consequences of his actions might be. She won't be back. Not for a good, long while.

DDK:

The FIST of DEFIANCE is making his way into the building, partner, but with Lindsay Troy banned from being within sight or breath of the Wrestle-Plex until further notice, I'm not quite sure what he thinks he'll be doing.

Angus:

Before Troy willed her broken body onto the stage and partway down the ramp two weeks ago, Dan Ryan said that he'd be paying close attention to the DEF*MAX Tournament. That's why he's here: to get an up-close view of who he could very well be facing if Troy doesn't get what she's hoping for.

DDK:

Well, he's missed one match already.

Angus:

Just the squid's. He can get the Cliff's Notes later.

Ryan walks forward, toward what is presumed to be the wrestlers' entrance. He's followed at a distance by a member of DEFsec; whether the "babysitting detail" is a new edict of Kelly Evans' given the Ego Buster's recent actions is unknown. If he's aware of their presence, he pretends otherwise. Dan Ryan, as he is 95% of the time, is all business and his focus is laser-accurate.

But what's curious, at least to the astute observers amongst the Faithful, is that the DEFsec guy seemed to bleed silently into the scene from the background. There was no formal announcement of his presence. Even if Dan Ryan was given a heads-up before he arrived to the arena, one would think the Ego Buster would have a snarky retort for the idiocy of someone thinking he needed *watching over*. Since when does the FIST of DEFIANCE need a caravan of black-shirted day care workers watching his every move?

And that was the other thing...

Angus:

Hey Keebs?

DDK:

Angus?

Angus:

Wyatt Bronson and the boys usually wear black shirts, right?

DDK:

Yes. Why?

Angus:

Doesn't that one look grey to you?

Every step the Ego Buster takes carries him closer to the sanctuary of the Wrestle-Plex and the continuation of the DEF*MAX Tournament. The DEFsec brute lengthens his stride and begins closing the distance between himself and Dan Ryan, quickening his pace and breaking into a heavy-footed, lumbering run.

Dan Ryan hears the footfalls approach and twists his body halfway toward the sound, only to be taken to the pavement by 260 pounds of angry, vicious, roughneck by the name of **Wade Allen Elliott**.

YAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSSS!

The Faithful inside the Wrestle-Plex damn near lose their minds at the sight of Wade Elliott - the *original* DEFIANCE trios tag partner / close friend of Lindsay Troy's - sending shockwaves down Dan Ryan's spine with that spear! The Ego Buster, caught by surprise, hits the cement hard, as does Wade. The FIST of DEFIANCE title belt goes flying; so too do Ryan's travel bag and sunglasses.

Angus:

WHAT THE ACTUAL -- HOLY SHIT --- KEEBS, CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS?!

DDK:

I never, EVER, THOUGHT that Wade Elliott would come back to DEFIANCE! It's been a year and a half since Junior Keeling tried that stun--whoa LOOK OUT!

Wade's the first to his feet and he's hauling Dan Ryan the rest of the way to his. The forever-combustible Southern Sparkplug rocks the FIST of DEFIANCE with wild and furious punches, sending the Ego Buster careening backwards toward a white sedan. Ryan tries to get his bearings as a trickle of blood from his eyebrow makes a path down his cheek. He pivots and sends a punch toward Wade's jaw which finds its mark. Elliott recoils and fires another haymaker at Ryan, landing the blow. The two bulls lock horns, swinging wildly at each other, both looking to get the upper hand.

Angus:

WE'VE GOT OURSELVES A HOSSSSSSFIIIIIIIIIIIIIITTTTTEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!

DDK:

This is PURE MADNESS out here in the parking lot!

Angus:

This cameraman's my personal Big Damn Hero for catching this, Keebs! Move over, Godzilla, we've got SOUTHERN HOSSFITE SUPREME VERSUS GIGANTOR THE ASIAN FIST OF DEFIANCE YAAAAAAAAAAS!

Wade throws a knee into Ryan's midsection to create some space. Disembodied voices elsewhere call for someone to get Wyatt Bronson, to alert Kelly Evans, to get over there and break this up. A low whistle sounds from behind Dan Ryan. More footsteps approach, hurried, at a breakneck speed. The Ego Buster swings with a right cross, Wade ducks it, and the whiff sees Dan's momentum spinning him around to be greeted by two leaping, sternum-cracking knees to his collarbone courtesy of Wade's compatriot in the Big Damn Heroes trios team, and Dan Ryan's brother-in-law, **Tyler Rayne**.

It's always the smaller, stealthy ones that you have to watch out for, and it's all Wade can do to avoid the collision and not wind up as collateral damage from the second half of this calculated sneak attack.

Angus:

Oh shit oh shit oh shit ... we've gone from a HOSSFITE to a FULL-BLOWN FAMILY FEUD!

DDK:

First Wade Elliott and now Dan Ryan's brother-in-law, Tyler Rayne! We should've known: where one goes, the other

one wasn't going to be far behind!

Angus:

I'll admit, this wasn't the Ty I was hoping for.

DDK:

Did you want it to be...

Angus:

MUHBOITAI!!

DDK:

Of course.

Angus:

But all'a this has just gotten uncomfortably personal, Keeps. You know I don't like to be in my feelings like this!

Dan roars as he falls, again, to the unforgiving concrete. Tyler lands nimbly, rolls forward, and quickly shifts his body to spring back toward his prey. Wade's back on the attack as well, putting the business-end of his steel-toed work boots to Ryan's solar plexus. Rayne dives for Dan's head, landing punches and forearms a-plenty to his face. More voices add their calls to the ruckus and what sounds like an army of boots advances toward the ambush. Multitudes of hands pull Tyler Rayne away from Dan Ryan. Double that number grab ahold of Wade Elliott. A visible struggle ensues between the real DEFsec patrol, Rayne, and Elliott, while a few others move to assist Ryan to his feet and form a barrier between the men.

Voice:

What the HELL is all of this about?!

BAWSE LADY ON THE SCENE!

Kelly Evans storms down the back steps with Wyatt Bronson at her flank. The Matriarch of DEFIANCE looks ready to join the fray and rip someone's head off herself. Wyatt, on the other hand, can't believe what he's actually seeing right now. Dan, Tyler, and Wade are all still trying to get at one another and it's no easy feat to contain them. For their part, DEFsec's now managed to situate Rayne and Elliott on the back side of the fracas furthest away from the arena's entrance.

Kelly Evans:

Everybody cut the shit RIGHT NOW! RIGHT THE FUCK NOW! You two...!

Obviously directed at Tyler and Wade.

Kelly Evans:

...not currently employed here! Hey! HEY!

DDK:

Kelly might need to take some kind of care here, partner. This is a highly volatile situation.

Angus:

You ain't kiddin'. It won't matter much that Wyatt's out there with her. She might have to call the National Guard in.

Kelly Evans is all of five-foot-six but has cultivated a commanding presence amongst her employees - past and present - ever since Eric Dane entrusted her with the keys to the kingdom. That's how she's able to establish a sort of order amongst the heathens. Under normal circumstances, when Kelly speaks you'd do well to listen. But as Angus, Darren, and the Faithful At Large have seen thus far, this is no *normal circumstance*.

Dan Ryan, incensed, breaks off from his handlers and marches to meet Kelly. She holds up a hand in hopes that it will give Ryan a measure of pause. It goes about as well as you think.

Dan Ryan: [snarling]

I want their heads on a goddamn platter....

Kelly Evans:

Dan...

Dan Ryan:

DO NOT TRY TO HANDLE ME RIGHT NOW.

Kelly's reply is a pointed *I don't give a fuck that you're my top title holder, you don't get to dictate shit to me* look, which is necessary when you need to stand your ground with the Ego Buster without also kicking the hornet's (wins~!) nest any further.

Unfortunately for Kelly, Tyler Rayne is the master of kicking things that really shouldn't be kicked.

Tyler Rayne:

gods damn, you know... I could'a sworn surprise appearances were all the rage now, 'specially ones havin' to do with people thought tucked away in their own little cozy corners of the world. Or hospital beds. Or wherever Drifters drift to. Ain't that right, Country?

Rayne's nickname for Wade brings the Blue Collar Brawler no comfort. In fact, he looks like he still wants to go a couple more rounds with Dan Ryan.

Tyler Rayne: [smirking]

We might've been wrong about that...

Dan Ryan:

Dead FUCKING wrong, Rayne, and I'm going to beat you within an inch of your goddamn ...

Kelly Evans:

Everybody hold the goddamn phone! Nobody's beating on anybody else! Now I might've only heard through a radio what went on out here, Rayne, but it goes without saying that you and Wade don't work here anymore, and coming onto this complex and assaulting contracted DEFIANCE talent is going to earn you a trip off the premises at best and a trip off the premises via police escort and a booking downtown at worst.

Wade Elliott: [fired up and out of fucks]

You can save yer company line horseshit and police threats fer someone who gives a rat's ass about any kind've *lines* or *authority* to begin with!

Kelly Evans:

Jesus, Wade, leave it to you to always make everything difficult.

Tyler Rayne: [glaring at Dan]

No, you have your *FIST of DEFIANCE* to thank for that. Would've been content gettin' on with my next chapter. Wade too. And gods knows Uni doesn't need anyone fightin' her battles for her. Does well enough on her own; always has. But don't think for a damn second that neither Wade nor I won't take up arms for her. Especially when family's the one thing the girl's cared about most in her life, and I watched your final attempt at shattering the ties by trying to break her **gods damn neck**. Yeah...that's a cause worth showing up here, beating the Kong Shit out've you for, and taking a big "trip downtown" over. Bet we'll make bail. Might even give it all another whirl once we get out.

The snarl on Dan Ryan's face grows deeper and much more sinister at Rayne's perceived flippancy, but Tyler's actually not being flippant at all. He's just as heated, just as amped-up, as the FIST of DEFIANCE. But what Tyler

doesn't have is a champion's advantage, and he certainly doesn't have Kelly Evans on his side, at least in a 'what's best for DEFIANCE' sense. And Dan Ryan....knows it.

Dan Ryan:

Charming...to the last.

He turns to Kelly.

Dan Ryan:

I don't give a **shit** that those two aren't under contract. I don't give a **shit** that they haven't fought in who the fuck knows how long, or that they all went off and started writing next chapters in their bullshit lives, or that all they have is the clothes on their backs and a prayer in their fucking hearts. I want them in unsanctioned matches; one tonight, one next show. I don't give a single fuck who goes first. I'm the FIST of DEFIANCE; they came here looking for a piece of me, and as the **FUCKING MAN** of this **GOLDEN CASTLE ... EYE WANT to GRANT THEM ...** their wish. One of them. TONIGHT. Do I make myself clear, Kelly?

The Matriarch sighs. What can she do? Say no? Not when this is something that all three men clearly want. Why else would Rayne and Elliott show up this way to prove this kind of point? She nods, very reluctantly, knowing exactly what it means when she does it.

Dan takes this confirmation and, without another word to either Tyler or Wade, storms off in the direction of the WrestlePlex's entrance. Some DEFsec men follow in his wake. Along the way, he snatches up his bag, glasses, and title belt.

Kelly watches Ryan go, then casts her eyes back to Tyler and Wade.

Kelly Evans:

I can't take responsibility for what happens to either of you. I know you know that.

Tyler Rayne:

Wouldn't expect you to regardless.

Kelly Evans: [to the remaining DEFsec crew]

I'm putting this match on last. They're to stay out here. No entry whatsoever until go time. Whoever they decide goes first, some of you escort in. The rest of you, keep the other out. [to Rayne and Wade] I'm giving you both what you want. Do not fuck with these directions. We clear?

Rayne nods. Wade grunts.

Kelly Evans:

Good. Wyatt, let's go.

She and Wyatt Bronson take their leave as well. The remaining DEFsec bodies give Wade and Tyler some space. The file into formation, half facing the door, half facing the Big Damn Heroes.

Tyler and Wade turn and walk back toward a big, black Chevy Silverado. The camera watches them go and manages to pick up one last word from them.

Wade Elliott:

I want 'im first.

Cut away.

ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE

The camera is following behind Kelly Evans and Wyatt Bronson as they're making their way through the Wrestle-Plex from the parking lot. The group of DEFsec that had followed Dan Ryan in are with them now too.

Evans:

...Jesus goddamn Christ, Wyatt...

Bronson:

I know. I can't believe it either. It's been, Lord, a year? Year and a half since Rayne and Wade have been here? And to come back like this? Because of what Ryan did?

Evans:

Dan Ryan is a dormant volcano on a good day and all of this shit with Troy....and then what he did at DEFCON....he's erupted. *Fuck*. Goddamnit, if she had anything to do with this...

Bronson:

I wouldn't go jumping to that conclusion just yet, OK?

Evans: [sighing]

You're right. But I'm going to get to the bottom of this, rest assured...

Just as Evans is about fifteen feet from a corridor intersection, Courtney Paz rounds the bend in the same direction. The camera stops at the same time as Evans, both have noticed Paz who can be seen quickly upping her pace towards Kelly.

Paz: [semi-audible]

Perfect timing...Kelly!

Evans:

No.

Kelly spins on her heels in a quick 180 degrees to avoid Paz and her missing client. Wyatt and his security also turn around to escort Evans away. Finally, Perfection turns the same corner taking his sweet precious time towards the bustle.

Paz:

Kelly- please, just two minutes! Just two!

Evans:

Nope- noooooope- not right now.

Paz is fast to gain on Kelly who's trying to make an exit. As professionally as possible, Courtney steps in Evans' path. The entire convoy stops and Kelly has no other alternative than playing friendly. Courtney has done no wrong to Evans and has been, so far, very professional. Yet, Wyatt and his staff are making sure to keep a close eye on Perfection, who is making his way closer.

Paz:

Here.

Courtney tries to hand over a small set of stapled documents over to Kelly who has her hands up refusing to take them.

Paz:

First off, I think everyone started off on the wrong foot. On behalf of James, he's very sorry for blowing past you last

week. I'm sure you can understand that James was very upset about the entire situation.

Evans just stands there silent and moves her hands to her hips while in the same motion checking her watch. Kelly's time is precious and Courtney is wasting every second.

Paz:

My client is willing to submit this contract, in good faith, based off what Eric and ...

Perfection rushes the area which draws Paz's attention away. Witherhold is unsuccessfully trying to push his way with one arm through Bronson's security while pointing his free finger as close as he can get to Evans.

Perfection:

I want Reaper tonight!

With one wave of Kelly's hand Wyatt and his staff stand down. James drops his finger and adjusts his tie, everything must be squared away.

Evans:

Go ahead.

James undoes his suit jacket button with a flick of his fingers then struts towards Evans. Witherhold bides his time while also talking down to Bronson's security team as he passes. Kelly and "The Lonestar Lariat" are letting James get away with his unprofessional behavior.

Perfection:

Maybe you didn't you hear me?....Tonight!

Evans ears perk up, she's ready to have none of his shit. Perfection smiles, puts both hands up and begins talking before Kelly can utter a thing.

Perfection:

Did Eric not tell you who I am before he decided to make himself a paraplegic? Which by the way, doesn't change the fact he was completely useless to begin with. Who the hell leaves a *woman* in charge?

Paz:

James, stop...

Kelly puts one hand up, other still on her hip, and tilts her head to the side. She's giving off that feeling of "how the fuck dare you?"

Evans:

I've pretty much have had it with you, James... and I've only ran into you twice so far. Check your attitude and give me a call next week. Good night to both of you, Wyatt will show you out.

We can see the frustration from Evans' body language as she begins to turn back around and starts to leave. It's then James decides to raises his voice.

Perfection:

I SAID TONIGHT!....Or I guarantee you.....you dense bitch- look at me when I'm speaking!

The camera is right on Evans' face as she exhales hard, she's steaming mad, and slowly turns back around.

Evans:

Excuse me?!

Perfection takes notice and starts another march forward, this time stopped by Wyatt head on. Bronson's hand is firm on James' chest and the man looks like he wants to knock every shining tooth out of Witherhold's mouth. Perfection huffs and looks past Bronson, still directed at Evans.

Perfection:

I will drag my lawyers in here for Reaper hitting me! You'll wish that Eric would've wheelchaired his ass to New Orleans, just to save yours!

Evans:

You know what...James...

Kelly takes a small step forward and gently pulls Wyatt's hand off Witherhold's chest, she bites her bottom lip while nodding her head. Something has obviously clicked.

Evans:

Normally, I'd let Eric deal with the pieces of **SHIT** he decides to bring to **DEFIANCE**. But *I'm* in charge. I've dealt with worse and I've dealt with better than you. So, I'll gladly...

Witherhold turns towards Courtney Paz to start an argument- he's overall confused. Kelly then strikes. Interjecting by softly grabbing James' chin, shutting him up, and turning his head towards her.

Evans:

Listen to me, James...**GLADLY**...take this contract.

Kelly lets go of James' chin and snatches the paperwork right from Paz's hand. Witherhold has no other reaction but to try and reach for it only to be shoved stumbling back by Wyatt. Perfection then looks over at Courtney for some help. Her response? Merely a shrug of the shoulders like "I told you".

Evans:

In fact, Jimmy, I'll even give you your match tonight....just so I can watch your ignorant ass get kicked all over my ring! And after you lose, I'm going to tear this contract up- have fun finding another job, you prick!

Kelly turns and walks off, contract in hand, with Wyatt and his men behind her. We stay put on a boiling Perfection standing with a nasty snarl on his face and Paz shaking her head as we cut out.

DEF*MAX ROUND ONE: BRONSON BOX VS. FRANK PASTORE [BLOCK B]

♪ "Like A Machine" by Thousand Foot Krutch ♪

DDK:

And here comes the man that surprised the faithful!

Angus:

A win in your debut match against Box and Penn will do that for you, and having that man in your corner is the reason I knew this kid has what it takes to win this tournament, Keebs.

DDK:

Tony "The Grin" Gamble made a good choice in taking Pastore under his wing. The kid is definitely talented.

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, standing in front of Frank with a complete smile on his face as he stares out at the Faithful.

Angus:

His win in the triple threat proved that, but now he's got Bronson's full attention. This is going to be one hell of a match.

Tony Gamble leads the trek down the ramp, the reaction from the fans is so raucous for the relative newcomer it's obvious the Faithful are anxious to see what this rookie can do against the DEFIANCE Ace.

♪ You can run on for a long time... ♪

The man in black starts to sing and almost instantly The *Only* DEFIANT pushes to forcefully through the entrance curtain he rips the damn thing off its mounts. The look of pure white hot intensity in the bloodshot brown eyes of the Bombastic Bronson Box is evident to absolutely everyone.

DDK:

Boxer looks PRIMED and ready for this contest, partner.

Angus:

If by primed and ready you mean ready to throttle someone to death, sure.

DDK:

Keep in mind ladies and gentlemen, beyond Mr. Pastore's huge career defining win on the last episode of this very show... a fact I'm sure has fueled Bronson's resolve. But think back one year ago to LAST years DEF*MAX when The Wargod made it all the way to the finals, only to lose out against another Frank, Frank...

Angus:

Baaaaaah, enough about that guy...

The Wargod's intensity follows behind him like a fog, fueling the Faithful's volume as he marches down the ramp...

Angus:

Jesus, AGAIN?!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

Pastore starts things off with that SAME reckless and wholly out of character suicide dive to ringside that's begun a number of Bronson's matches lately, both men hitting the lip of the ramp HARD. Gamble looks not wholly pleased with the impulsive maneuver from his blue chip prospect client. The sound of Frank's head bouncing off the cold hard steel ramp makes the retired legend wince.

DDK:

Frank Pastore looking to pull out ALL the stops!

Despite his now rattled dome Pastore is on his feet first and hoisting Boxer up onto his shoulder, depositing him back into the ring. Right as Frank rolls under the bottom rope however...

WHAM!

The Original DEFIANT is already his feet and just starts laying the boots to Pastore. Even receiving a back full of sharp bootheels from Bronson, Pastore finds his way to his feet. The two men trade wild shots during a period of straight up nasty-assed brawling that leaves Frank with a busted lip for his troubles... as well as getting himself locked in a vice-like Full Nelson from Box. Using his sizable height and weight advantage Frank manages to leverage himself free and swing around Boxer, cracking off a neck snapping Full Nelson Neckbreaker.

DDK:

Pastore's going for a pinfall already, Angus!

A momentarily rattled Bronson Box's legs are pulled in tight as Pastore rolls him up for what only ends up being a one count. The Wargod forcefully rolling his shoulders up, Pastore slapping the mat in frustration. A quick word from Gamble at ringside however and Pastore's back to the task at hand. Taking side control, Pastore starts maneuvering himself into position for something... but before he manages anything substantial Boxer comes around and gives Frank's attempt at chain wrestling right back to him and then some.

Angus:

I... I know Frank's no musclehead, dude can grapple. But I think he's makin' a REAL mistake trying to straight up out wrestle Boxer.

Even with Skaaland's foreboding prediction, Pastore manages to maneuver behind Boxer. He goes for Bronson's legs swinging around, actually managing to lock in one of his pet submission maneuvers. The crowd pops as the rookie manages to work the former two time FIST of DEFIANCE into a tight Gorilla Clutch... even going as far as to reach down with his left hand and paste Boxer across the back of the head several times.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

If I were Frank I'd keep *both* hands on that submission maneuver. Not a lot to be gained by TICKING OFF The Wargod.

Angus:

From your mouth to God's ears, partner!

Showing off his limitless strength Boxer pushes up with his massive arms and WALKS on his hands towards the nearest available ropes, breaking the hold. Referee Mark Shields actually does his job, asking Frank give Boxer space as he gets to his feet... a request that's quickly ignored, Pastore landing the same sort of nasty, reckless boots to the small of Bronson's back that The Wargod gave him earlier.

Angus:

Those shots are doin' NOTHIN', Box is on his feet!

Driving Frank back into the corner with a few stiff forearms, Box makes it clear that this is no longer a "wrestling" match. Bronson drives an elbow into the crook of Pastore's neck, dropping the much larger man down to a knee. The Wargod begins exchanging forearms and elbows into the back of the rookies head and neck, before letting out a roar as the big man crumples to the mat.

"ARE YOU BLIND?!"

Tony is at ringside pointing at the ropes, yelling for Mark Shields to break things up and pull Box off of his client. Bronson stares out at the PRIME Hall of Famer, allowing a sinister grin to creep across his face before mounting Pastore and raining down with reckless shots right to Frank's dome. This match is starting to look more like an Onslaught division contest than a DEF*MAX first round match. Tony continues to raise hell out at ringside, again drawing The Wargod's attention.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Frank powders to ringside through the ropes thanks to his managers slight distraction. Exhausted and rattled, Frank kneels at the apron looking desperately for his manager. Gamble rounds the ringpost and begins trying to bring his client around. However *RIGHT* as Frank starts to get to his feet, clinging onto the sportcoat of Tony Gamble...

WHAM!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

The running lariat meant for the back of Frank's neck connects squarely with the chest of Tony Gamble who's just *LEVELED* by the unexpected maneuver. Frank having conveniently dropped down to his ass to avoid the move starts scooting... *CRAWLING* away from Boxer.

DDK:

Frank Pastore's manager Tony Gamble might be *out* of the picture after that sequence of events!

Angus:

FRANK'S RUNNIN' SCARED, KEEBS!

Still both at ringside, Frank continues his best impression of Jamie Lee Curtis in the movie Halloween as he stumbles and staggers away from Boxer, eventually rolling quickly under the bottom rope. In a desperate attempt to regain some sort of forward momentum, Frank *again* attempts some boots to cut Boxer off as soon as The Wargod's shiney dome pokes its way under the bottom rope. The Wargod again simply shrugs the stomps off and quickly pops to his feet... eyes *WIDE AND WILD* as the two start overhead fists, Pastore showing absolutely no quit, but with the supercharged Bronson Box gets the better of the exchange.

Angus:

I predict quick unavoidable pain in Frank Pastore's future.

With Frank on spaghetti legs, Boxer grabs the man's wrist and with every ounce of haggis fueled muscle he can call upon whips him violently towards the middle of the ropes. Bronson leans back and through the opposite set of ropes, rebounding off, the two men connecting in a collision that sees Pastore's head being nearly taken *clean off*.

DDK:

PENDULUM LARIAT! *Textbook* Wargod there!

Boxer rolls back up to his feet and does a quick spin, looking out at the Faithful who are now clearly at a 10. After a few moments Bronson extends his knifelike right index finger directly at the nearest turnbuckle. The simple gesture is all it takes to bring the Faithful up to an 11. And if that didn't do it, plucking Frank up by the ears and tucking his head between his tree-trunk sized thighs definitely accomplished the task.

Angus:

BOMBASTO BOOOOOOMB TIIIIIIIME!

One clean effortless jerk is all it takes and the *MUCH* larger Frank Pastore is perched precariously in powerbomb position on the massive shoulders of the DEFIANCE Ace.

DDK:

NO! NO! NO! Frank skins the cat! He slipped out the back!

The fans popping for the sheer excitement of it all.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Somehow managing to slip out the back of the maneuver before any forward momentum could be achieved, all Frank has time to do is turn around before being DRILLED by not one not two but THREE nasty, sharp back elbows from Bronson. Box turns and quickly re-tucks his opponents head... giving a quick point to the turnbuckle now across from him. Another quick jerk upward and Frank Pastore again finds himself sitting atop the Banff Bruiser's beefy shoulders. He takes two huge steps forward...

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOW IT'S TIIIIIIIME...

DDK:

BOOOOOMBASTO BOMB FROM THE WARGOD!

The middle of Frank Pastore's back hits the top turnbuckle square, the impressive young newcomer crumpling down awkwardly into the corner. Boxer grabs Frank's lifeless legs by the ankles and YANKS the huge young man with one impressive tug out and away from the ropes and back towards the center of the ring. He drops down, pulling both of Pastore's legs in tight for the pinfall.

Mark Shields slides in and even with a little noticeable resistance from Pastore 1... 2... 3... Shields points towards ringside and calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, your winner and the FIRST victorious competitor in this year's B Block...

Bronson gets to his feet, wiping sweat from his brow as Mark Shields holds his arm aloft as the announcement is made. Out at ringside the camera catches a distressed Tony Gamble still recuperating out at ringside shoving doctor Iris Davine out of the way in sheer disbelief.

Darren Quimbey:

... BRONSOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOOX!

DDK:

Points for the Wargod after a hard fought contest from a GAME Frank Pastore, Angus.

Angus:

Game doesn't even begin to describe the impression this kids made in his first two in ring appearances for DEF. It's a long tourney, Keeps. Frank could *easily* still be in this thing.

CHEAP HEAT

As Pastore rolls out to check on his manager Bronson Box shoves Mark Shields and barks for the referee to retrieve for him a microphone from ringside. A command the referee dutifully fulfills, not wanting to incur the same sort of wrath Tony Gamble and Frank Pastore are *both* painfully familiar with after the events of the match. Stick in hand, Boxer gives the Faithful some time to roar and stew as he collects himself. Despite his wild victorious performance the crowd finally gels and delivers to the ears of the Wargod the hate and derision he's more comfortable with.

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Bronson Box:

Aye, yer' all hoots and hollars when I'm plasterin' some poor bastard with forearms or breakin' his back in the Massacre but oh, when the match is over yer' all over my bollocks because I'm fookin' *MEAN*... as per usual you fickle FOOKIN' sheeple can't make up yer' bloody minds about me, eh? Pathetic...

*FUCK YOU BRONSON! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*FUCK YOU BRONSON! *clap clap clapclapclap**

The *Only* DEFIANT shrugs off the chant with a little satisfied, nearly undetectable smile. Acceptable level of old school heat achieved, he gets down to business.

Bronson Box:

I had this bloody tournament STOLEN from me last year... watched as an unworthy *fool* walked away with the crown. That 'aint goddamn happenin' this year ladies and gentlemen, not if I can bloody help it... come hell or high water, you fookin' people are LOOKIN' at the winner of this year's DEF*MAX standin' right the *FOOK'ere!*

*POP *pffffffscreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeept**

The Wargod delivers the last line of his spiel with such intensity and spikes the microphone so hard he literally splits the thing in two. The handle with the red square "DEF" adornment goes spinning out into the crowd.

Angus:

GAH! Someone go get that! Those fuckin' microphone cube things are expensive...

Bronson drops down and rolls under the bottom rope, making a beeline right up the ramp.

DDK:

Gotta' say, partner - if I were a betting man, as much as it pains me to say it... *that's* my choice to win this thing.

Angus:

I'd be hard pressed to disagree with you, Keeps.

The scene cuts to Hulu adverts....gotta pay some bills, yunno! Be right back with more hothothot DEFIANCE ACTION!

PERFECTION VS. CODENAME: REAPER

Angus:

Well this is awkward.

Camera focuses on the center of the ring where Codename: Reaper is standing in the middle. His eyes are completely focused on the entryway. No entrance, no music, he's just there in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

I am guessing he is here for the match that Perfection demanded earlier this evening. But where did he come from? It's like he just appeared in the middle of the ring.

Angus:

That man is a creepy bastard, here's hoping that he can rid this place of that trash bag Jimmy Witherhold before he even gets started.

♪Perfect Gentleman by Helloween♪

Angus:

Speaking of trash bags.

The lights dim slightly as the opening riffs take place. The reaction is expected, The Faithful begin to boo as Perfection walks out. Courtney Paz is nowhere to be seen. It's clear, The Faithful don't want him here in the Wrestle-Plex and neither does Angus.

Angus:

This is ridiculous. He has no place in DEFIANCE.

DDK:

How is it ridiculous? He's talented for one. He's a great wrestler for two.

Angus:

Fuck him. He needs a crutch like Courtney Paz to make him mean anything.

DDK:

I find it interesting, Angus, that neither man has come down to the ring with their respective managers. Maybe the tensions between these two men are higher than we thought.

Angus:

Perfection is a JAGOFF and Courtney Paz is probably too embarrassed to be out here with him- I'm embarrassed for her! And do you think Reaper needs Terry Anderson here to deal with Witherhold? Pfft..PFFFT!!!!

The bell rings and Reaper immediately charges Perfection. It catches him off balance slightly and Reaper takes full advantage. Lightning quick jabs and hooks to Perfection's gut, followed by a swift kick to the back of his knee. James with one leg scrambles towards the ropes and grabs them with his head down. Reaper doesn't relent. A swift elbow drop to the back Perfection's neck sends him face first to the mat.

DDK:

Wow. What a display right off the bat from Code Name: Reaper.

Angus:

Not surprised, Perfection is-a-bum and look at Reaper! Is THAT really a man you want to pick a fight with? He's nuts-no thanks.

In full control Reaper stands Perfection up and whips him into the corner, Witherhold bounces out and is caught with a

flying body press which crushes him into the turnbuckles and onto the mat. Reaper pulls his leg up tightly for the count.

1...

Kickout!

Angus:

Stay down you turd!

Perfection uses the momentum of the kick out to roll under the ropes and out of the ring to catch his bearings. The Faithful boo him as he walks near the barrier running his hand through his hair before pointing to the fans. Benny Doyle has the count out up to three.

Perfection:

Shut your damn mouths.

Angus:

This guy can't wrestle. Look at him! He's gassed out already!

DDK:

This is wrestling, Angus. This is called strategy.

Angus:

This is called fucking boring.

Reaper just stands in the ring as Perfection takes his sweet time to walk up the stairs pointing at the Doyle to keep Reaper back. Finally, James walks between the ropes, the crowd booing even louder. While Doyle still has Reaper back Witherhold charges furiously towards Reaper going in for a grapple.

DDK:

Perfection lunging at Reaper, he's really pissed about that lip.

Angus:

He's a petulant child.

DDK:

You actually said something intelligent, Angus.

Angus:

Shut up!

Witherhold over extends himself through the commentary and turns around quickly for another lunge. Reaper throws a shot to Perfection's gut stopping him before side stepping and turning parallel. Reaper hooks Witherhold's neck through the transition, Russian Leg Sweep! Still holding on Reaper swings James back up in one fluid motion and follows up with another Russian Leg Sweep!

DDK:

And Code Name: Reaper is in full control here!

Reaper still with a good grip lifts Perfection up again for a third but this time James blocks it by stomping on Reaper's foot which causes him to release his grip. Witherhold spins around quickly grabbing Reaper's head in the process,

DDT!

DDK:

Quick moves by Perfection!

Angus:

I can't believe Kelly took that contract...why...I just can't.

Both men are slow getting up but Perfection is first on his feet and sees Reaper still struggling to stand. He takes advantage and lands a solid low dropkick to Reaper's right knee. Reaper drops to a kneel and Witherhold scurries back up and lands a swift, hard kick, to the ribs. It's enough force to throw Reaper on his back. James quickly grabs the right leg, holds it up and drives a crashing elbow to the inside thigh area.

DDK:

Perfection targeting the right leg of Reaper. This is how Perfection shines, when he's technically picking apart his opponents.

Angus:

Why did she take that contract...

Picking Reaper up now, he steadies him in the middle of the ring and whips him into the ropes. Reaper bounces off and comes back right into another dropkick to the same leg from Perfection. Sensing a rhythm he drags Reaper across the mat by his damaged leg in a sprint and lays it on the bottom rope.

Angus:

Illegal! Using the ropes!

DDK:

Really? You of all people?

James throws a quick stomp to Reaper's gut before grabbing hold of the top rope. He gives himself a boost up and smashes Reaper's leg with both feet coming down! Reaper is writhing in pain.

DDK:

I'm not sure Reaper is going to be able to stand after that.

Witherhold is about to do it again but stops himself from jumping up. He looks up towards the crowd, and smiles his pearly whites for all The Faithful in front of him which only fuels their hate.

DDK:

Perfection taking a breather I guess and The Faithful surely aren't happy.

Angus:

Maybe he should take a hint.

Perfection looks down and sees Reaper starting to creep up, he starts stomping on the already damaged leg. Benny Doyle has had enough of it and pulls Witherhold away warning him. James waves him off and goes right back to stomping.

DDK:

And Perfection totally ignoring referee Benny Doyle. This I can't stand for. He needs to obey the rules if he wants to stay here in DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Again..why did she take the fucking contract?!

Doyle pulls Perfection off again this time more assertive. After a while arguing back and forth, Perfection finally looks back and notices Reaper crawling towards the opposite side of the ring. He charges over and catches Reaper just as he is getting up on the second turnbuckle, grabs him, hoists him up in the air... Fireman's Carry! Into a cradle pin...

DDK:

Perfect Package!

1.....

2.....

NO! Reaper kicks out and Perfection grabs his hair in aggravation.

DDK:

And Perfection doesn't seem a bit pleased with that count.

Angus:

Maybe he should learn how to count for starters.

Witherhold is pissed, he thinks the ref got to the count too late. Highly upset he is in the Doyle's face about his slow counting, meanwhile Reaper is getting to his feet with a small limp. Perfection, finally turns around only to be low blowed by a drop kick to the groin area! Doyle doesn't even see the low blow. Perfection is doubled over, obviously caught off guard. Reaper quickly follows it up by Irish whipping Perfection to the turnbuckle.

DDK:

And the Wrestle-Plex is rallying behind Reaper.

James hits the pads and Reaper charges in as best he can with a stiff clothesline. Reaper then hooks Perfection for a suplex, he lifts Witherhold up and places him on the top rope.

DDK:

Reaper taking Perfection up top. I've followed Perfection for a while and he's never comfortable being up there.

Angus:

Great. Break his fucking neck!

Reaper is on the top turnbuckle now and sends a rocket of a forearm to the jaw of Perfection who rocks in a daze. As he's teetering back and forth on the top rope Reaper launches from the turnbuckle and connects with a one legged missile drop kick! Perfection goes flying to the outside and lands hard on the ground. The crowd is up on their feet after that move!

DDK:

Oh my god!

Angus:

Did he break his neck!?

Perfection lays on the outside area of the ring grasping his neck and head. The crowd is cheering as Reaper lays on

the canvass holding his right leg before getting up to his base and to his feet.

Benny Doyle starts the 10 count...

1....

2....

3....

DDK:

Perfection is really favoring his neck.

4....

Angus:

I hope it's fucking broken.

5....

Perfection gets up to his feet slowly gathering his witt. "Get out" is the chant of the small section of Faithful closest to James. It's drowned by boos shortly after.

6....

DDK:

Well, luckily, wishes don't come true, Angus.

7....

8....

Perfection rolls in under the bottom rope and Reaper is waiting on the other side of the ring, waiting for him to stand. When he does Reaper charges across the ring for a spear, but James side steps it, almost causing Reaper to crash into the turnbuckle, but he stops himself. Perfection is waiting and when Reaper turns around Witherhold grabs his

shoulder and pulls Reaper down towards the canvas in a short 180 spin...vicious STO into the second turnbuckle! Reaper's head ricochets violently.

DDK:

Glimpse of Fame!

Angus:

Oh, only now do you describe Perfection's entire career, Keeps.

Perfection goes for the pin.....

1.....

2....

Another kick out!

Angus:

Thank god!

DDK:

You want Reaper to win?

Angus:

I just don't want Perfection here.

Again, Perfection is frustrated with what he believes is a slow count and again gets up to advise Boyle to count quicker. This time instead of arguing further he turns his gaze to Reaper. Going in to finish the job Perfection lifts Reaper up by his arms and throws him to the ropes, he tries to connect with a hard lariat but Reaper ducks. Both men stop in their place and turn to face each other.

DDK:

Smooth duck-under by Reaper.

Perfection is first to try and throw a fist at Reaper but it's blocked and met with two quick counter strikes. Reaper grabs James again and sends him towards the corner with such force that Reaper comes down on the canvas. James flies towards the turnbuckle, the only problem? Boyle is between both and gets squashed in the corner.

Angus:

You see! Everything that man touches ends up getting fucked up!

DDK:

Referee Benny Doyle has just been **CRUSHED** in the turnbuckle by Perfection! He looks okay though, I can see some life.

Reaper realizes what just happened, but ignores Boyle. He rushes towards Perfection who's starting to get to his feet. Reaper grabs Perfection by the hair and pulls him to the center of the ring. In a desperate attempt Witherhold slams his arm up to break the hold and swings a lazy clothesline. Reaper easily ducks under it and as Perfection turns back around...The Guillotine! High impact kick straight into Perfection's neck!

DDK:

Dear god, The Guillotine! Reaper probably crushed Perfection's windpipe!

Angus:

Great, then we never have to hear him talk. Pin that bum!

Reaper hooks the leg.... but Benny is still loopy, the crowd decides to take over.

1.....

2.....

3.....

Angus:

Ring the damn bell!

Reaper is slamming his hand on the mat as the Boyle is slowly making his way over from recovering. He drops down for the count....

1.....

2.....

NO!!

Angus:

Fuck!

DDK:

And Perfection is still alive in this one folks!

Perfection barely kicks out and Reaper is obviously infuriated as he is now in the Doyle's face, his eyes are glowing bright red. Reaper is enraged, he's not paying any attention to Perfection who is on one knee knocking the cobwebs out of his head. Benny is threatening to DQ Reaper if he doesn't return to the match, obviously having enough of both men's antics.

DDK:

Reaper really needs to pay attention...

Perfection is halfway up to his feet but manages to throw a low kick at the right leg that makes Reaper buckle back, Witherhold scrambles to hook his arms... PHOTO FINISH!! Perfection quickly grabs Reaper's leg for the pin....

1.....

2.....

3!!!!

DDK:

He got the win!

~♪Perfect Gentleman by Helloween~♪

Angus:

This is bullshit. Kelly needs to rip that contract up right now. He clearly lost, we all saw it. We don't need a referee, we have video evidence.

DDK:

Yes, that may be true. However, the official referee didn't see the count. Rules are rules.

Perfection rolls out of the ring holding his neck as he stumbles back up the ramp. Trying to smile through a cough. He still manages to argue with The Faithful around him on his way out. We turn back to Reaper who is kneeling on one leg, eyes glowing red. Doyle tries to put a hand on Reaper's shoulder but he's shot away.

QUIT LIVING IN THE PAST!

The scene opens up in the backstage area of the Wrestle-Plex. The camera focussed directly on the lovely Christie Zane, clicking her heels down the hallway, their echos giving off a sense of urgency, comes to an abrupt halt.

Motioning at the cameraman the shot pans down the hallway where none other than Jesse Fredericks Kendrix comes into focus. Dressed in his ring gear with the latest Hollywood Bruvs T-Shirt (The one with his JFK logo on the back) Kendrix appears as if he is in deep conversation with a young DEFIANCE Stage Hand.

Angus:

Don't tell me we're about to hear more from one of these S.E.G. douche's?! We've heard enough Christie!

Christie confidently continues her march towards her target as Kendrix comes closer into view.

Kendrix:

And of course that's the reason why you, little Stage Hand man, can never be a Sports Entertainer like JFK here. Innit, bruv?!

The young Stage Hand receives an unwelcome scruff of his hair from Kendrix before awkwardly looking into the lens. This brings Jesse's attention to Zane and her cameraman before hanging his head back and closing his eyes in frustration;

Kendrix:

Ugh, for F's sake! Uh, FUCK...JFK forgot he can say fuck here.

He slaps the Stage Hand on the back.

Kendrix:

Get the hell out of here, you too Zaney! JFK's got a big match coming up, innit?! He doesn't have time to pretend that he's attracted to you!

As the relieved Stage Hand walks off the shot fixes on Christie Zane, all too familiar now with the put downs from S.E.G, she simply takes a deep breath and stands her ground. She came for a scoop and my God that woman is going to get her scoop!

Zane:

Kendrix, I'm just wanting to get your thoughts on your first ever DEF*MAX tournament, especially on the back of an unexpected loss at DEFtv 69!

Kendrix grits his teeth and clenches his fists, taken aback by the question. Taking a moment to shut his eyes and regain his composure, he simply smiles, well, really, it's more of a cocky smirk as Christie defiantly holds her mic up at him.

Kendrix:

Listen yeah?! You and the rest of the bellends around here need to stop living in the past! Why do you keep bringing up the past Zaney? Huh? Why? It's boring, nobody wants to hear about it. Nobody wants to talk about how The Hollywood Bruvs, the Greatest Tag Team this industry has ever seen, somehow...

Jesse bites his lower lip and runs his hand through his beard, clearly annoyed.

Kendrix:

Somehow...lost...to Impulse and Levi Cole at DEFtv 69.

The sound of the crowd cheering is heard over the live feed. The camera focussed on Kendrix face, eyes fixed on his interviewer.

Kendrix:

And the reason nobody wants to hear about it?

He takes a brief moment to have a little chuckle to himself.

Kendrix:

It's quite simple, even a girl like you would understand it Zaney...it's because everyone knows, plain and simple, it was a fluke! It happens, big woop, get over it, yeah?! JFK could cower into a little ball over there and rock himself back and forth like some kind of mentalist wanting to get back at those two bellends for having the gall to even step foot in the same ring as the Bruvs!

His mouth and eyes open wide in shock at the audacity of the men.

Kendrix:

JFK could become obsessed, like L.A.R. and Andy Sharp were with the Bruvs for so long.

He exaggeratedly leans his head from side to side, clenching his fists out in front of him, his voice over-exaggeratingly deepens.

Kendrix:

Oh, there's no place for Sports Entertainment in DEFIANCE, you should just be boring wrestlers like us!

Jesse nods away smugly before returning his gaze to Zane.

Kendrix:

And where are they now? In hospital beds at the hands of S.E.G. All because they couldn't get over us and just take a backseat. But luckily for DEFIANCE, the bellends in the stands and watching at home...JFK is ready, JFK is focussed, J...F...K...has moved on....to the DEF*MAX tournament.

The camera zooms out a little bringing Zane back into shot with Kendrix holding a fist in the palm of his other hand.

Kendrix:

A tournament where eight of the best athletes in the business today all vying to become the DEF*MAX Champion...all but one, will fail.

He holds his index finger up in front of the lens, his eyes squinted with intent.

Kendrix:

All but one...will define the future...of DEFIANCE forever.

Affording himself a dismissive scoff he shakes his head, a wry smile splashed across his face before he points his finger, his attention back on Zane.

Kendrix:

But it's funny you bringing up the past there Zaney...because that's what JFK is up against tonight in his first match towards achieving DEF*MAX glory, towards achieving...history.

He opens his hands out wide by his side, a rare look of sincerity appears over his face.

Kendrix:

Tonight, JFK comes up against one of the most dangerous men in the game today, absolutely no doubt about it. A man who, quite frankly, does what he wants, when he wants with total disregard for anyone else. A man, intent on doing what's best for him and only him, a man who would step over his own mother in order to get ahead in this game.

Jesse looks away from Zane, biting his lip as the shot zooms in closer, focussed on him as he looks back at Christy.

Kendrix:

JFK will even go as far as to say...that tonight, he's going up against a man...he respects.

He mimics shock for a moment before turning to face the lens with his game face, dead on.

Kendrix:

Curtis Penn! That's right, you don't need to clear out those dirty ears of yours bruv, you heard him right, JFK said he respects you! You were the longest SoHer champ...whatever belt that is, it's no Hollywood Heritage title, but good for you anyway...that this company has ever had!

Puffing his cheeks out, as if exasperated, tired, he continues.

Kendrix:

But lately, and let's be perfectly honest here Penny...you've been a little...flat, stuck in a bit of a rut shall we say. The reason? You're tired old man! You've been in this game for so long and achieved so little....you just haven't got what it takes to win this tournament!

He places his palms on his chest.

Kendrix:

You've got to have the hunger, the drive, the ambition and sheer will...as well as the talent...to win this bad boy. Sure you've got the talent, but you ain't got the legs to see this through JFK, let alone to the end!

As he nonchalantly slicks his hair back he flicks droplets of water in the direction of Zane and then at the camera.

Kendrix:

Because unfortunately, while you've been stuck in a rut, JFK does what he does best. JFK keeps on moving forward! The reason JFK has become the hottest property in the business today is because JFK never stands still!

The camera zooms out as Kendrix faces Zane.

Kendrix:

So Zaney, you and everyone in this building can harp on about the past all they want. Because when JFK wins his first three points tonight, everyone is gonna be talking about one thing and one thing only...

He takes a step toward the camera, grabbing it with one hand and pointing at his face with the other

Kendrix:

The Future!

The shot shaks as Jesse pushes the camera away, the cameraman taking a step back to maintain his balance.

Kendrix looks back at Christie with dismissive shake of the head before vacating, leaving Zane in shot bringing her mic back to her chest.

DDK:

Strong words there from Kendrix prior to his match with Curtis Penn later tonight but right now, we're heading ringside folks.

PRE-MATCH FUCKERY

DDK:

Next up we have...

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella. ♪

Angus:

Fuckery. Next up we have astronomical levels of fuckery in which the world may never contain.

DDK:

That sounded awfully philosophical.

Angus:

What's that supposed to mean?

DDK:

Don't worry about it.

Elise Ares leads the way this week to a chorus of jeers from the capacity crowd. Staring into her DEFIANCE Tag Team Championship she admires her own reflection before she holds her championship into the air for the entire crowd to see. The D struts in behind her and points to the posing Havana Harlot before she turns around and motions towards him. He proceeds to play his championship like a rocking guitar solo as Elise mocks "we're not worthy" from Wayne's World. Then, The D points back towards the curtain, presumably for Klein who puts a foot out, until the spotlight hits the curtain and then he quickly pulls it back in. This process repeats one more time before Elise and The D wave their arms and continue down to the ring without him.

DDK:

Klein is being a little camera shy tonight?

Angus:

You're just now figuring the whole little bit out?

DDK:

I try to pay as little attention to PCP as I possibly can.

Angus:

You and me both, brother. Someone get me a drink.

Elise and The D pose on the apron, back to back holding their championships in the air as blue and pink lights pulsate from the entrance. They enter the ring at the same time, causing the perfect distraction for Klein who now runs down the ramp wearing a white V-neck t-shirt with "referee lines" drawn onto it with what appears to be a black sharpie, and of course, a box. He also is wearing the cardboard championships around his waist. Some idiot at ringside makes the mistake of handing The D two microphones as Elise Ares stares adoringly into her championship, fixing her hair before blowing herself a kiss.

The D:

This thing better be on.

The crowd boos when they hear his voice over the PA, as does Angus who is standing up at the announce table with two thumbs down. "Live For The Night" cuts off as Elise grabs her microphone away from her tag team partner and the crowd immediately starts in on a chant.

The D opens his mouth to speak.

SHUT THE FUCK UP! *Clap, Clap, Clap Clap Clap*

SHUT THE FUCK UP! *Clap, Clap, Clap Clap Clap*

SHUT THE FUCK UP! *Clap, Clap, Clap Clap Clap*

Elise Ares can't help but roll her eyes as The D waits them out.

Over time, the chant recedes.

The D opens his mouth to speak.

SHUT THE FUCK UP! *Clap, Clap, Clap Clap Clap*

The D, having enough, shouts over them.

The D:

Listen to these people Elise! Chanting like their voices matter... Yet we're center stage. I think we've finally made it!

Elise Ares:

OBVS!

The D:

Totally Obviously. This is all for you, the little people, who make things like our record breaking longest running Tag Team Championship reign in the history of DEFIANCE possible.

Angus:

My God, the Tag Team Championships existed before you two got here! Learn some goddamn history before you open your mouths!

The D:

Without all of you worthless disgusting bellends, we'd just be wrestling in front of no one... we wouldn't be ENTERTAINING. And that doesn't sound like much fun, does it?

Elise Ares:

Who likes to watch WRESTLING anyway?

Boos. Basically, "OH FUCK YOU" as a mass of jeers.

The D:

Plus, no one would be making us ridiculously rich off of the sales of S.E.G. merchandise, available at your official DEFIANCE merchandise stand, defiancewrestling dot com, (quickly and mumbly) or you can save five dollars by talking to Klein in the parking lot after the show's over. (Back to normal) We accept cash only, people, we don't want your fake money. Except Mikey Money, that's completely legitimate.

Elise Ares:

You can also buy all of our cool stuff at www.lakeplacidvi.com! We also sell our movie Lake Placid VI, our newest EP "XTREME", collectables... and it's the only way to get my autograph because I'm sure as hell not taking a pen or an item out of your grubby unwashed hands. Are you kidding? Ew.

The D:

Totes ew, Obvious. But we're out here tonight for a different kind of charity than the ones in which we let the unwashed masses own things that we've previously touched.

Elise Ares:

And what would that be?!

Elise feigns shock by placing her hand over her mouth, showing off her less than impressive acting skills.

The D:

As many of you know, when you get as successful and powerful as Mikey Unlikely, JFK, and the rest of us in S.E.G. you often have to give back to the little people who you beat up along the way.

Elise Ares:

For tax purposes!

The D:

Obvii. Well we've recently started a new charity called the PCP Tag Team Invitational! It's like a reality show, where we take two faceless nobodies and turn them into stars! Of course, they'll be playing second fiddle to the hottest hollywood plutonic couple to ever hit DEFIANCE, but, hey, at least they'll get a little shine. Learn just how GREAT we are, and see how far away from GREATNESS they are. Then they can go back to their little backyard where sixty lepers pay to see whatever in the world a BRAZEN show is.

Elise Ares:

Brazillian donkey show.

The D:

I knew it.

Angus:

You Hollywood McFuckasses couldn't last two weeks in BRAZEN.

Elise Ares:

So tonight, one very special tag team will get the opportunity to come out to the ring and lose to the Pop Culture Phenoms for the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships! Who will it be? Oh, I hope it's them!

Elise points to a group of minor league soccer players who have front row tickets to tonight's event. She walks over and leans against the ropes staring at them. They look back with a big smile on their faces and laughing together while Elise smiles back.

Elise Ares:

What do you say? Do you boys wanna wrestle?

The D:

Elise! We need to be serious for a moment. This is a very serious charity, like the Grant-A-Wish Foundation! Speaking of which, would any kids from the Grant-A-Wish Foundation like to come out here and challenge for the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships?

They wait and no music plays. Klein paces back and forth behind them, as if he's waiting to get his referee on. He goes to "check" on the D, who swats him away.

Angus:

Someone needs to end this. Tonight.

DDK:

I'm having a hard time taking this seriously, and obviously so are PCP and the rest of the locker room. This is honestly a disgrace to the Tag Team Championships and someone needs to come out here and bring some prestige back to these titles.

Elise Ares:

Look. I have an appointment in the morning, so I don't have all night. So if two of you could grow a pair and come out here and lose already, it'd make my night go back SOOOO much smooth...

♪ "King" by T.I. ♪

Angus:

SHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEIT...

Skaaland lets-out his best Clay Davis impression as a smiling Andy Murray steps out onto the stage, dressed in fighting gear. He's not alone, however, and after a few short seconds Andy is joined by Jason Natas, also dressed for elbow-throwing and head-dropping.

Angus:

SHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEIT!

DDK:

Wow, what a set of challengers! This isn't no BRAZEN team like the other week, it's two of the biggest guys on the roster!

The Faithful pop loudly at the prospect of the PCPs' oncoming comeuppance, and Murray and Natas waste absolutely no time in making their way down the ramp. In the ring, Elise Ares and The D suddenly look a lot less sure of themselves. The D in particular hops out of the ring, shakes his head, and then reluctantly re-enters under the bottom rope.

Angus:

This is glorious, Keeps! Fatas and Big Murr are gonna put these two goofs all the way in the bin! What a time to be alive!

DDK:

Something tells me this isn't exactly what they had in-mind, but that's the risk you run with an open challenge! Murray and his training partner are on their way to the ring, and The Faithful are loving it! If---... wait, what are you doing?!

There's a pause.

Angus:

Totally *not* hip-thrusting. Ahem.

Murray and Natas are in the ring before long, and Andy Murray is smiling broadly. He produces a microphone from one of his ninja pockets, taps it twice, then waits for the music to die down.

Andy Murray:

Hello mates.

The Pop Culture Phenoms ready themselves. Elise in-particular appears to be having trouble in their presence, particularly as her eyes set on Natas' ugly, battle-scarred mug. She quickly looks away.

The D:

Wha--... what do you guys want?! You guys aren't from the BRAZEN!

The D's voice is half-skittish, half-overconfident. Andy smirks. The D shakes his head no as Andy talks.

Andy Murray:

It's an "open challenge," friendo. This is how it works, and when I heard you guys were out here, I couldn't resist. So I decided "why the hell not?", grabbed my mate here, and decided to head-on out. Turns-out it's a perfect union, because guess what? He doesn't like fuckboys either.

The Bronx Bully folds his arms across his barrel chest.

Andy Murray:

Now I told myself I wouldn't get involved in any title shenanigans around these parts, but a couple of things come to mind. Number one: you three are a *blight* on this business...

This, of course, draws a pop. Klein happily waves at Murray. The D tries to wave it off.

Andy Murray:

... and number two: I don't think you're very good, just like your noble leader. But enough talking, let--

Something catches Andy's eye: it's Elise Ares, who's still incredibly put-off by Natas' presence.

Andy Murray:

What the heck is wrong with you?

Elise Ares: [shrieking]

GET IT AWAY FROM ME!

Angus:

God, just commence with the fuckboy killing already!

Andy turns to his friend.

Andy Murray:

Sorry, mate. Don't think she's into you.

Jason Natas:

Fine by me.

Andy Murray:

Anyway, enough of this nonsense... let's fight.

Angus:

YUS!

The D shakes his head wildly.

The D:

Wait. No. More nonsense please.

DDK:

Looks like it's happening, folks! The PCPs vs. Murray & Natas, with the DEFIANCE Tag Team Titles on the line!

Angus:

What a wonderful life we lead, Keebsy!

POP CULTURE PHENOMS © VS. ANDY MURRAY AND JASON NATAS

Andy Murray and Jason Natas move to their corner, conferring among one another. Eventually, The King leaves the ring and pulls his black bomber jacket off his shoulders, letting the gruff New Yorker start the match.

DDK:

Looks like we're starting things-off with Jason Natas, Angus!

Angus:

PERFECT! This guy's gonna inflict tens of thousands of dollars worth of plastic surgery bills on these roasters!

The PCPs, meanwhile, take a few moments to regroup (including Klein in his wonderful referee's shirt). Elise looks across to Natas, then immediately grimaces before looking to her tag partner.

DDK:

They're gonna play rock, scissors, paper again...

Angus:

Doesn't matter which one of 'em starts, Keebs: death is on the horizon!

Elise and The D ball their fists. Elise closes her eyes, praying she doesn't have to tangle with the uggo.

One...

Two...

Three!

Elise throws paper.

The D? Scissors.

Angus:

Ha! Take a seat, harlot!

DDK:

I don't think Elise Ares is going to like this very much...

Of course she doesn't. As The D bails out of the ring, shouting.

The D:

Chivalry is dead!

Elise stomps her feet into the ground repeatedly, making quite the hissy-fit. The puppy dog eyes won't work this time. Jason Natas, meanwhile, stands perfectly still, almost smiling.

Angus:

He could probably pick her up and use her as a toothpick, y'know.

DDK:

Natas isn't exactly quick, though. Big and tough, yes, but lithe? No way. If he can't get hold of Elise and The D...

Angus:

Oh will you stop? Fatas will find away. Fatas always finds a way.

Referee Klein moves to the centre of the ring, drawing bewilderment from Murray and Natas. He smiles and waves, then gets serious, putting his hand down to signify the start of the match. He looked at Natas, then once at Elise...

Angus:

Not this shit again.

DDK:

Wait! Here comes Carla Ferrari!

DEF's only female official has had enough of this bullshit, and she's not gonna take it any more. She points to her own referee's shirt as she admonishes Klein, before pointing him out of the ring. Klein, being Klein, pouts, lowers his head, and does his best Charlie Brown impersonation out of the ring.

DDK:

It looks like Klein is on his way out of here, which I guess removes a significant handicap for Murray and Natas.

The bell rings. As it does, Jason Natas is laughing as Klein pathetically bumbles out of the ring and strolls around towards The D.

Andy Murray:

Hey!

Murray's voice catches Natas' attention, but he makes the mistake of looking to him rather than Elise Ares!

DDK:

Wait a minute! She's got a--

Crack!

A steel chair flies across the ring and bounces off Jason's right shin, briefly staggering him.

Angus:

Ha! Nice try, dummy!

Unfortunately for Angus, the act has far-reaching consequences.

The bell had already rang, the match was official.

Using a weapon is illegal, no matter how stupid the outcome, and Carla Ferrari has no choice.

Ding! Ding! Ding!>

Angus:

Uhh... what?!

DDK:

She called for the bell! I think Elise Ares just got her team disqualified.

Darren Quimbey stands-up at ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winners by way of disqualification...

The boos? Instantaneous.

Darren Quimbey:

... Andy Murray & Jason Natas! Therefore, still your DEFIANCE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

Angus:

Awwwww c'mawwwwnnnnn!

A few items of trash rain down on the Pop Culture Phenoms from the front few rows, but they couldn't care less. They're already grabbing their title belts and high-tailing it away from ringside. Meanwhile, Andy Murray has entered the ring to plea for reason from the official, but it's to no avail.

Angus:

This is fucking ridiculous, Keeps!

DDK:

Rules are rules, Angus...

Angus:

Fuck the rules! These dorks just got themselves intentionally disqualified within the match's first few seconds just so they wouldn't have to fight tonight! Why can't they just go die under a tractor?

DDK:

Carla Ferrari is as down-the-line an official as you'll ever meet. She's out there with a job to do, and while Murray and Natas might not like it, she's done her job to the letter here. It's a cynical tactic from the PCPs, and they're fully deserving of every drop of scorn they're getting at the moment, but it seems to have worked.

Murray and Natas stop short of giving Carla a hard time, however. Instead, they turn around to face the ramp. Murray outstretches his arms as if to say "what the hell?", but only catches glimpse of the champions as they vanish through the curtain, Elise taking just an extra moment to blow them a kiss.

Angus:

Well, that was a goddamn farce.

DDK:

It most certainly was. The PCPs aren't exactly kicking-off their reign in the most noble of circumstances, but this is what we've come to expect from them.

Angus:

Screw the entire Sports Entertainment Guild, Keeps. You know I hate them, but this is one of the absolute worst things they've done! How dare they deprive me of a good face-smashing?!

DDK:

Let's head elsewhere, and hope our next match brings more in the way of action.

THE ITCH, PART VI (THE BITTER ITCH)

Still furious from the shot he took earlier, Tony Gamble storms through the halls of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex backstage area like a child who was told he couldn't have a toy in the toy store. His face a twisted mess as the rage in his eyes and the scowl on the right side of his face, fail to register on the permanently scarred smile on the left.

Tony: [muttering to himself]

That was bullshit... Boxer's going to pay.

Tony barrels past an open doorway, a production assistant attempting to enter the hallway is jolted as he glances up from his clipboard in just enough time to narrowly miss a collision. The clipboard slips from his hands and falls to the cold floor; the resulting sound alerting Tony to the near altercation.

Tony:

Is Kelly's office this way?

A nervous nod is all he receives in return, it's still enough of an answer for Tony to continue his tantrum down the hall.

Scott Douglas stands just outside the mandoor adjacent to the loading dock. Along with another man; presumably a DEFIANCE employee working in some sort of support capacity. The staffer extends his hand toward Scott as he drags a cigarette with his free hand. He passes off a lighter to Scott and exhales the thick white smoke into the night air.

Staffer: [exhaling]

Thanks for the light, Scott.

Scott:

Sure thing, bud.

Staffer: [exiting]

Too bad about Box. You made a good showing though.

Scott: [chuckles]

Yeah ... chock it up to ring rust, eh?

The staffer chuckles and throws a hand up in acknowledgement as he leaves. Scott takes a seat, on what is becoming his normal spot, atop a black equipment case next to the door. He uses the lighter previously lent to the staffer to ignite his own smoking implement and leans back on the concrete wall of the Wrestle-Plex.

As Scott settles in to enjoy a smoke; the door to his left swings open with haste and slams against his makeshift seat. He drops his cigarette into his lap and jumps off the case and to his feet. Tony Gamble stomps over the threshold still in a state of frustration and muttering.

Scott: [swatting at the loose embers]

What the fu ...

Tony turns to see Scott swiping at the crotch of his tattered jeans. It takes him a second or two before he recalls their previous interaction.

Tony:

How many freaking doors does this place have... Bag boy?

The night's events coupled with Tony's recalling of his original interaction with Scott is enough for him to let out his frustration.

Tony:

So, Cole gets a shot at the big time and now all of a sudden every Brazen wrestler thinks they can just waltz around here like they belong.

Scott:

Brazen!? That describes nothing more than your attitude, Gamble.

Tony is slightly taken aback, the mocking look of surprise on his face is clear evidence of that.

Scott:

Look, not for nothing ... but your boy just took a loss the same as I did! The only difference, TV ... or hulu; whatever the fuck that is.

Tony:

No, bag boy, it isn't the same. You see, Frank's competing in the DEF*MAX tournament while you're usually sitting around sucking on a cancer stick trying to fit in. But you don't fit in, so why don't you go back to Brazen and see if you can't win a few matches against a few other talentless hacks. Then, maybe, you can come play with the big boys.

Scott: [chuckling]

Well, Gamble...

Scott reaches down into his pocket and pulls out a green and white pack of cigarettes. He slaps the white end against his opposing hand repeatedly before removing the gold pull string; releasing the cellophane top. With a quick yank of the foil preceding the tubular death, he brings another cigarette to his lips.

Scott: [lighting up]

I've never been BRAZEN ... and you can't go back to where you've never truly been. That being said ... We agree on one of two things; I'll suck on cancer sticks ... and two, you play with the big boys. And I'm assuming ...sucking is involved in that application as well; I don't judge. To each his own, bud.

Tony completes his smile, shaking his head as he begins to wag a finger in Scott's direction.

Tony:

That's cute, but you really need to work on your timing. I mean I was starting to get bored here waiting for you to just open that pack. You should start vaping, maybe even learn some tricks, it would be far more entertaining and give you something to fall back on since this wrestling thing clearly isn't working out for you.

Scott: [laughing, nearly coughing as he exhales]

Working out for me? Look, bud ... I don't know you or your history in this business; but I'm no Johnny come lately.

Scott takes the last drag from his cigarette and tosses it to the side; approaching Tony.

Scott:

I've been up and down these roads ... a couple times. I didn't come here to make enemies and I promised Miss Evans; just that. I came here to compete... to start over!

Scott pauses for a moment, sucks his teeth and sighs.

Scott:

But you seem to be the all fired up type. The type, that in the past, could set me off ... get me going and cause a problem. But see; these days, bud ... I'm not here for vendettas or rivalries. I've got all the talent and nothing to prove other than ... I can WRESTLE. So unless Frank is up for a go... me and you ought-ta steer clear of each other, bud.

Tony:

Frank is always up for a go, but he's got much bigger things on his plate than to be puttering around with the likes of you. Hell, if I didn't have doctor's orders to stay out of the ring I'd deal with you myself, but that's not going to happen

and I have no reason to bother Frank with something so petty. So yeah, maybe it's in your best interest to steer clear of me... wouldn't want you to go breaking any of your promises.

Scott thinks about what Tony has said for a second or two. He throws his hands up slightly as he responds.

Scott: [snarky]

You know what, Tony ... Tony ... Tone? You're right. I told, Miss Evans, that what I do here will be above board and all about the business. I'm gonna let the past go and just move on.

Scott turns to walk way. He hesitates for a moment.

Scott: [speaking over his shoulder]

After all ... I'd hate to end up as bitter as you, Gamble...

Scott walks off and exits the frame. Tony's shoulder encroaches on the edge of the frame for a second or two. As Scott becomes a distant blur the camera spins to Tony who wants nothing to with it; swatting at the lense.

Fade.

DEF*MAX ROUND ONE: CURTIS PENN VS. KENDRIX [BLOCK B]

DDK:

What a great show we've had tonight so far folks, the DEF*MAX tournament is well and truly underway and we've got the 2nd Match in Block B coming up for you right now!

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" eRa ♪

DDK:

Curtis Penn has been unnaturally quiet since his loss to Impulse at DEFCON and his loss to Frank Pastore last week. Normally he's very vocal about his losses and even more his victories. I can't imagine what is going through his head as of late.

Curtis Penn steps out onto the stage wearing only his Gold and Black trunks and a black hooded sweatshirt. From the front pocket of the hoodie he pulls out a microphone. As if preplanned in the gorilla position the music stops.

Curtis Penn:

I'm sure everyone is out here waiting on an excuse for the past couple of months. Sure I could give you the same rigamarole about injuries, fatigue, and some plain ol' excuses about how Kelly Evans is just trying to bend me over and do me dry.

He pauses.

Curtis Penn:

And of course I have injuries, I am tired, but unless Kelly Evans is just trying to hand over the DEFIANT Grand Prix to me I cannot say anything bad about her.

He smiles.

Curtis Penn:

I lost to Impulse... And yes, technically, I lost to Pastore, but what I did not lose is my sense of Pride and self worth which is what they would have lost if things would have went my way. I can still wake up in the morning and smile at the sunshine, listen to the waves crashing on the shore, and hear the 'gulls squawking....

He snorts.

Curtis Penn:

Scratch that... fuck the birds. Fuck Impulse and Pastore. Fuck Box for getting his shoulders pinned like a rookie and costing me another loss. You all expect me to come out here and be a resident of HUMBLEVILLE, USA, population all of you losers in the cheap seats and the assholes in the back who think I'm on a losing streak!

He pushes back his hoodie to reveal his new haircut, with the sides to the skin and the middle growing wild, and the man beard is once more in play.

Curtis Penn:

I wasn't losing, I was trying to find my way back. I was looking for a missing part of myself all the while I was pissing away easy wins, because I didn't give a shit about winning or losing until I found my way back here. Bitches I was on cruise control!

He Pauses for a moment, letting his last admission sink in.

Curtis Penn:

And now we're back where this all started. The ups and downs of last year all started in this tournament. The DEFIANT GRAND PRIX... the same Grand Prix that I should have won last year, but lost due to a technicality. DEFCON wasn't the end of my year, perhaps for y'all it was, but the end of my journey ends at DEF*MAX with me making the statement that CURTIS PENN AIN'T THE ONE TO FUCK WITH!

Curtis drops the mic, shrugs out of the hoodie all before he steps into the ring.

DDK:

Wow, Penn is in one hell of a mood, but he is certainly all business tonight!

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, immediately bringing Kendrix into view with his back facing the ring wearing the latest #HollywoodBruv t-shirt and trademark JFK green and gold ring tights with green boots. As the track's marching style drumming picks up pace he rotates his neck twice to stretch it out before slicking his hair back with both hands. Returning his arms down back to his sides he ever so slightly turns his body over to the left. The camera zooms in up close as he tilts his head to peer over his left shoulder, sporting his Armani sponsored Bug Eye shades as well as a smug smirk on his face.

DDK:

A hugely talented young man, Kendrix is competing in his first ever DEF*MAX tournament but that equally huge ego of his must have taken a hell of a hell of a knock off the back of the Hollywood Bruvs' loss to Impulse and the debutant, Levi Cole, at DEFTv 69.

Angus:

Oh, what a great day that was Keebs! I've lost count how many times I've watched the replays!

As the chorus kicks in, JFK puts his weight on his left foot as he spins around quickly to face the stage and begins to make his way down the ramp towards the ring, completely ignoring the fans.

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, hailing from London, England. Weighing in at 218lbs.

Climbing up onto the 2nd turnbuckle in the corner closest to the entrance ramp, Kendrix looks around at the fans shaking his head at them with a disapproving look on his face. He looks down proudly at the #HollywoodBruvs logo on his shirt.

Darren Quimbey:

Jaay Eff Kaaay...KENDRRRIIX!

He raises his head up proudly, beating his right fist twice to his heart before opening his arms out wide. Taking his shirt off, it looks like he's ready to chuck it into the crowd. Instead, he wags his finger and chuckles to himself, leaving it in the corner of the ring. He jumps down, turning round in one motion and walks to the center of the ring, rotating and stretching his neck before hopping on the spot.

DDK:

We're almost ready to go here as Referee Benny Doyle has a quick word with both men. This is the first ever meeting between Kendrix and Penn and I'm sure Benny is wanting to lay down the law with these two right from the off!

Angus:

It's more likely that they are Summa Cum Laude and Magna Cum Laude of Clown College. Honestly Keebs I couldn't give a Gorram about who takes the pinfall in this.

He turns his chair abruptly towards DDK.

Angus:

Actually I hope they both lose! Then I could go home and sleep without the pills and booze.

Several seconds pass between these two men before Benny Doyle signals to the timekeeper for the bell.

DDK:

And this match is underway, Kendrix and Penn circle the ring, both looking for an opening.

Angus:

Hey look, there's an opening at the bar...

Kendrix shoots in, Penn stuffs him and locks in a front facelock before floating over and locking in a rear chin lock. Kendrix rolls over to his back, breaking up the chin lock, floats over and grapevines the arm.

DDK:

Penn breaks the grapevine, but Kendrix rolls through and trips Penn up.

Kendrix quickly applies his own front face lock.

DDK:

Penn wraps Kendrix up and powers him into the corner and lifts him onto the top turnbuckle.

Takes a step back and grins at Kendrix.

Angus:

Oh this pompous jack ass. He's clapping at Kendrix.

Kendrix grins at Penn.

DDK:

I wanted to say before all of that started that Kendrix's and Penn's wrestling style is very similar, they both have a good ground game as we just saw by that exchange. The other thing is that they both hit very hard.

Angus:

Are they both chicken shit too bro?

DDK:

Angus, I'm not too sure, but we both know that you're really referring about Penn.

Penn steps back from the corner and invites Kendrix back down to the mat. Kendrix starts jawing at Penn as they come closer together. Kendrix shoves Penn away, Penn takes a swing, Kendrix blocks and then reaches out with one of his own. Penn dances back and that sends Kendrix stumbling forward, Penn floats around and locks him in from behind and dumps Kendrix on his stomach.

DDK:

Penn again with a front facelock.

Angus:

Penn has a thing about placement of Kendrix's head by his crotch.

Kendrix reverses the facelock with a wrist lock, Penn rolls through, legs sweeps Kendrix.

DDK:

Penn steps on the left hand of Kendrix before applying his own wristlock.

Kendrix reaches up and grapevines the head pulling him over and onto the mat. Penn rolls onto his forehead and tries to flip out of the hold, Kendrix blocks the flip and tightens the hold. Penn rolls onto his stomach, pulls his head free. Penn mounts the back and works the shoulder and neck area before standing Kendrix up and pulling Kendrix's arm

around his back and up towards the shoulder blades.

DDK:

Kendrix circles trying to break the hold, Penn moves into a side headlock, and Kendrix pushes him off and into the ropes.

Kendrix drops down, Penn leaps over Kendrix, Kendrix pops up setting up for a roundhouse, but Penn slams on the breaks as Kendrix spins around from the wild roundhouse.

DDK:

Penn with a CHICKEN WING!!!???

Angus:

NO! KENDRIX BLOCKS!

DDK:

Ah, so you've decided to join us then?!

Keeps stunned for a moment, that his broadcast colleague actually called a move, he misses the hip toss that sends Penn scattering across the ring.

DDK:

Another wild roundhouse is thrown at Penn as he stands up, but Penn scampers out of the ring.

1!!!!!!

DDK:

Penn stands outside trying to come up with a game plan on how to proceed with Kendrix

2!!!!!!

DDK:

Kendrix is staring a hole through the former SoHer Champion as he paces outside of the ring.

3!!!!!!!

DDK:

Penn starts jawing with fans at ringside, before he turns his eyes back to the ring.

Angus:

He's talking trash to a few people who can't whip his ass while there is one waiting in the ring who could.

Penn starts walking back up the ramp, waving bye to Kendrix.

4!!!!!!!

DDK:

Penn is saying that he'll take the loss and still be in the finals of the DEF*MAX Tournament.

Angus:

Kendrix drops down to the mat in a sitting position, legs crossed as he taps two fingers a couple of times onto his wrist where an imaginary watch lies.

5!!!!!!

DDK:

Penn rushes the ring, he slides in as Kendrix rolls over his back and pops up ready to fight.

Angus:

And Penn slides right back out! I'm starting to think his level of chickenshittery grows with every match.

DDK:

Angus, we both know that Penn loves to play mind games with his opponents, and it usually works.

Penn walks around the ring, leaving Kendrix standing on the far side, before hopping onto the apron.

6!!!!

DDK:

Kendrix with a rather, let's just say derogatory, gesture there with that shake of the knuckles in the direction of his opponent.

Penn ducks into the ring and he and Kendrix circle the ring again.

DDK:

Penn, rather fittingly, reaches up for a knuckle lock, Kendrix reaches up to meet him, but Penn with a kick to the gut, and he follows it up with a huge uppercut that rocks Kendrix into the corner.

Penn claps in the face of Kendrix before he follows it up with two bruising chops before he reaches in and whips Kendrix across the ring, only to have it reversed. Penn runs up the turnbuckle and rushes back at Kendrix, who goes for a kick, Penn crawls underneath on all fours. Kendrix turns around and shoots in, Penn blocks and goes for another chicken wing. Kendrix blocks and spins around with another roundhouse but Penn catches the attempt and pulls Kendrix down to the mat. Penn shoots off the rope and goes for the running knee, Kendrix catches the knee and goes for a Mafia Kick that Penn sides steps.

DDK:

Penn lands a dizzying uppercut before running up to the middle turnbuckle he leaps for a double axe handle....OH...
PENN EATS A ROUND HOUSE!

Angus:

Penn is going to have to see a dentist about those teeth he's now missing.

DDK:

Kendrix has been trying to connect with that roundhouse all match, this might be the opening he's been looking for, cover...

ONE!!

TWO!!

Kickout.

Kendrix runs his hand through his hair as he frustratedly bites his lower lip before muttering something inaudible to himself as he lifts Penn, who takes a quick check to feel if his teeth are all intact, to his feet.

DDK:

JFK wrapping his arms around Penn's midriff, looking for a German Suplex but Penn hooks a nice elbow into Kendrix's jaw.

Penn grabs hold of Kendrix's hand and focuses a joint lock on his finger. Kendrix takes a step back rather gingerly, taking a look at the rather precarious situation his finger is in and shakes his head back up at Penn, pleading with him.

Angus:

OOOHHH, Yes! hahaha, OUCH! Your fingers are not supposed to make that sound!

DDK:

Penn going for digit number two but Kendrix with a desperate kick to the gut, goes for the suplex but AGAIN, Penn with the elbow and arm drag, JFK down to the mat.

Angus:

Penn is doing a great job so far in stopping Kendrix gaining any momentum in this match.

DDK:

Was that praise from you there for Penn?

Angus:

Uh, no! I called him a douche, your headset must be off or something.

Penn holding onto the arm, stomps at the shoulder, then the other arm. Kendrix reaches over in pain before Penn drops a huge stomp down on JFK's outstretched hand. He turns onto all fours but receives a boot to the side of the head for his troubles.

DDK:

Penn in complete control here now, almost toying with Kendrix.

Angus:

I'm so confused right now, is it possible to be happy and sad at the same time?

Kendrix manages to scramble to his feet after some dismissive pointing directed his way from Penn, playing up to the crowd. Penn is quick in with a chop to the chest but Kendrix manages to hit back with one of his own, and another but again the momentum is cut short as Kendrix eats a huge European Uppercut as he stumbles into the corner.

DDK:

Penn sizing up JFK here and hits him with a hard back elbow across the jaw. And now JFK wisely or desperately, whichever way you want to look at it, rolls himself out of the ring under the bottom rope.

Angus:

Definitely desperately! The only reason that happened was because Penn is spending too much time being a cocky douche when he should be just focussing on his opponent.

Kendrix tries to shake off the cobwebs, still holding onto his jaw as Benny Doyle begins his count. Jesse holds his hands in a "T" sign up at Doyle but the ref simply shakes his head and continues the count.

Kendrix:

WHAT?! JFK THOUGHT YOU COULD HAVE STUPID TIME OUTS IN AMERICA?!

Angus:

I wish I could have a time out from these two that lasts forever.

Penn nonchalantly throws a leg over the middle rope before sitting on it whilst holding the top rope up, inviting Kendrix back into the ring.

FIVE!!

SIX!!!

Walking onto the top step JFK slicks his hair back and directs Benny Doyle's attention to his opponent, making sure he's far enough for him to make his way back into the ring.

DDK:

JFK steps back through the ropes.

Angus:

Yeah... Yeah he's just like Penn, he won't just leave. If they ever joined up I swear I would hire a hitman to put two in the back of their heads.

Penn pushes past Doyle and tries to land a push kick of his own, JFK sides steps and looks to whip Penn to the far corner.

DDK:

Penn with the reversal, sends Kendrix in first, Kendrix with the up and over! Kendrix loads up for another kick Penn blocks the attempt!

Penn loads up for his own, Kendrix throws his hands up to block, Penn goes for a leg sweep instead, but Kendrix lifts his leg up in time.

DDK:

Kendrix loads up for another kick, Penn ducks,

Kendrix: NAH, MAAAATTTEEE!!!

DDK:

Huge knee landed instead!

Angus:

Penn telegraphed that way too early.

Penn drops to his knees dazed! JFK loads him up for a German. The ring shakes as Penn's neck makes contact with the apron. Kendrix keeps his grip tightened around Penn's waist, bends at the knees and lifts...

DDK:

Another big German Suplex from Kendrix and another! Bridges for the pin..

Doyle:

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

DDK:

NO, Penn kicks out at two! These two men block, counter, block and counter. That was the first real sign of damage for Penn. Can Kendrix keep up the pressure and keep the advantage? The way they're going right now this could go on until the morning! They're both so evenly matched!

Angus:

You're right Keeps they both are off the Douchebag charts!

Kendrix reaches down to grab Penn but the veteran swings his legs around the left arm of JFK, attempting another armbar but JFK desperately manages to grab the rope. Penn jumps to his feet and knees JFK in the jaw.

DDK:

And that is what I was talking about Angus, that knee could have ended it right there if JFK had not fallen out of the ring and onto the floor.

Penn places his hands on his hips and walks around the ring catching his breath, from the far side he notices Kendrix standing on shaky legs.

DDK:

We saw this a few weeks ago in his D.O.C match with FDJ!

Penn bounces off of the ropes and dives between the ropes!

Holy Shit!

Holy Shit!

Holy Shit!

DDK:

Penn just ate a jump kick that stopped all of his momentum and now he's draped across the center rope! This is not a good time or place to be Curtis Penn!

Kendrix jumps to the apron and kicks Penn in the chest, he drives a jumping knee into his face, loosening a few more teeth with the effort, takes a step back and nails a Mafia Kick that drops Penn onto his back.

DDK:

JFK to the top rope, goes for a double stomp, Penn dodges, Kendrix rolls through, he's up on his feet and wraps Penn around the waist and drives him into the ropes.

JFK holds onto the waist of Penn, rolls him into a small package, Penn slips through.

DDK:

CHICKEN WING..... CHICKEN WING!!!! They are on their backs, but I'm not sure if Penn has the hold tight! If he can manage to sink it in, this could all be over!

Angus:

CHOKE HIM, KILL'EM... MAKE HIS EYES POP OUT!

Kendrix, feeling the end, flips over Penn breaking the hold.

DDK:

OH MY GAWD! KENDRIX WITH THE DRAGON SLEEPER HOLD!

Angus:

BREAK HIS NECK, RIP IT OFF!

Penn is able to wrap his hands around the head of Kendrix and gives a half-assed jawbreaker to break the hold. Penn grabs him by the waist band and sends him into the corner, Kendrix stops himself short of the turnbuckle and drives a knee into the chin of Curtis Penn. He mounts the turnbuckle, but Penn hit a jumping uppercut that causes Kendrix to rock. Penn hooks him and lifts him off of the turnbuckle!

Angus:

THEY DIED! BEER'S ARE ON ME!

DDK:

What he's trying to say is SUPERPLEX FROM THE TOP ROPE!

Penn drapes an arm over Kendrix.

Doyle:

ONE.....

TWOOOOO.....

DDK:

KICKOUT!

Kendrix plays it smart and rolls out of the ring, an unpleasant thud as his body meets the floor.

DDK:

I know up until now we haven't paid any attention to the clock, but with all the stalling tactics and kick outs that we've seen they've eaten up a good portion of the clock. The twenty minute time limit is almost up!

Angus:

Keeps, shush! One of them are going to see the Reaper TONIGHT! Even if I have to pay Benny Doyle a hefty sum to keep this match rolling!

Penn finally stands up and notices Kendrix trying to pull himself up to his feet on the ground. Unsteady, Penn makes his way to the apron far to the right of Kendrix.

DDK:

Angus, the reality of it is that they have less than 5 minutes to either pin or submit the other!

Angus:

Keeps you really do know how to ruin a guy's night you know? Why can't you just let me live in my happy place, where these two kill each other and I can move on?!

JFK makes it to his feet, Penn side steps and kicks Kendrix in the head leaving him slumped over on the apron.

DDK:

That could have sealed Kendrix's fate and Penn drops down and rolls him into the ring.

Kendrix uses the momentum to roll back onto his feet and finds the corner to hold himself up.

DDK:

The DEFIANCE Veteran jumps back into the ring and rushes Kendrix before he can clear the cobwebs.

Penn nails another uppercut and stands out of the way as JFK falls out of the corner.

DDK:

Kendrix stumbles to a knee, Penn wastes no time nailing a diving uppercut! Penn covers Kendrix!

Doyle:

ONE!!!!

TWOOOOOOO!!!!!!

THHHHHHHH!!!!!!

DDK:

NO! KICK OUT BY KENDRIX!!!!

Angus:

Hey Keebs... why is there a big red clock with the time going in reverse?

Penn yells in frustration at the kick out. He pulls on his hair and strikes the canvas.

DDK:

Angus, I just explained that to all the viewers at home that this match only has a 20 minute time limit!

Angus: (sigh of relief)

Ok, cool, we have 18 minutes for them to finish killing each other.

DDK:

No, buddy, we have 2 minutes left as Penn calls for the Curtis Clutch!

Kendrix bites Penn's arm as he goes for the Clutch. He drives the arm down over his shoulder, before spinning around and kicking Penn in the chest!

DDK:

Barely phased, Penn drives home a stiff uppercut. Only to have another kick to the chest by Kendrix. These two are now trading uppercuts and knees.

Angus: (with fists full of his own hair and his eyes glued on the clock)

60 SECONDS KEEBS!

After a few blows traded Penn grabs the hands again and snaps the middle finger of Kendrix.

Angus:

30 SECONDS!!!

Penn follows it up with a jumping knee, Kendrix falls into the ropes and uses the push to reach up and grab the back of Chris' head.

DDK:

BELLEND!!! BOTH MEN FALL TO THE MAT!!!! Desperation move from Kendrix. That took a hell out of both guys! Wait, look!

Arms fall across each other's chests!

Doyle:
ONEEE !!!!!

TWOOOO!!!!!!!!

THRR!!!

DDK:
BOTH MEN KICK OUT! UNBELIEVABLE!

Angus:
Pure instinct there from both! Especially Penn showing great awareness to throw his arm out for the cover after taking that BELL...uh, I can't finish that sentence...

Penn and Kendrix both make it to their knees before they both just start throwing bombs... err... would be bombs if they both weren't gassed! Penn get's rocked... Kendrix get's rocked!! Both men fall over!

Angus:
10 SECONDS!!!

Doyle:
ONE!!!!

DDK:
Doyle with the mandatory 10 count. It's going to be close!

Doyle:
TWO!!!!

Angus:(praying to a higher power, probably Eric Dane)
Please don't let it be Penn!

Doyle:
THREE!!!!

Angus:(praying to a higher power, probably Eric Dane)
Please don't let it be Kendrix!

Doyle:
FOUR!!!!

DDK:
Benny Doyle and the clock are almost perfectly in sync!

Doyle:
FIVE!!!!

Angus is looking frantically at both men, eyes shifting back and forth looking for some type of life!

Doyle:
SIXXXXX!!!!

Penn reaches up for the ropes! Kendrix reaches up for the ropes.

Angus:
COMEON..COMEON....COMEON!

Doyle:
SEVEN!!!!

Both men are using everything they have left.

DDK:
PENN IS UP! Penn hooks him up for the CURTIS PLEX!

Penn snaps him over... BRIDGED

Doyle:
ONE!!!!

DDK:

BOTH MEN'S SHOULDERS ARE DOWN!

TWO!!!!!!

DING!!!! DING!!!!!! DING!!!!

Confused, Benny Doyle looks over at the timekeeper's table because his hand has not fallen yet.

Angus:

WHAT HAPPENED?!

DDK:

PENN IS UP AND CLAIMING VICTORY! KENDRIX IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RING SAYING HE WON!

Both men hold themselves up by the ropes while waiting on the official announcement from Benny Doyle who's instructing the time keeper by the ropes.

Doyle:

THERE IS NO WINNER TO THIS BOUT AS TIME EXPIRED PRIOR TO A VICTORY BY EITHER MEN!

Kendrix lobbies for a few more minutes. Penn shakes his head, grinning from ear to ear in disbelief as he hears the fans chanting for the same thing.

DDK:

Everyone is on their feet wanting a winner in this match.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentleman, as neither competitor managed to secure a pinful or submission during the allotted twenty minute time limit, referee Benny Doyle has called the result of this match...a draw!

BOOOOOO!

Doyle is in the middle of talking to JFK as Penn marches over and interjects in the conversation by giving him the double bird salute before rolling out of the ring.

DDK:

Penn just told Kendrix that he was Number One twice before vacating the ring.

Angus:

The Chicken Wing should replace Penn's Clutch as his go two move because he's such a chicken shit!

The fans boo and pelt Penn with solo cups and popcorn as he walks up the ramp with an ear to ear smile. Kendrix is still remonstrating with the Benny Doyle in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Kendrix needs to get his hands off of Benny's collar right now, you can't put your hands on a ref, the man's just doing

his job!

Angus:

Hey, what do you know, I got my wish, neither of these guys won the match!

SCOTTISH CIVIL WAR II

We're outside the door that leads to one of several large locker room suites backstage. From the vantage point we're at, it's obvious this is a live feed from one of the high-tech security cameras tucked away in almost every corner of the Wrestle-Plex. The hallway is quiet and seemingly empty after one quick pass from the camera's lens. The locker room door opens with a start, out steps into the hallway the (once again) victorious (and glorious) Cayle Murray. Earbuds tucked away in his ear, music blaring... he doesn't notice the stocky besuited gentlemen stepping quietly from around the nearest available shadowy corner.

The figure doesn't move an inch, even as Cayle runs into him as full walking speed.

Cayle Murray:

Oh, sorry ma--...

His instinctual polite apology trails off after he plucks the buds from his ears and gets a good look at the person he just bumped into.

Cayle Murray:

You here to talk or should I have left my gear on? I'd rather not get your blood all over my new sneakers...

Though jestful, Cayle is visibly lacking in his elder brother's trademark bravado, and he clenches a nervous fist by his side. The Bombastic Bronson Box chuckles at the ballsy response. He flicks his thumb across his nose and fiddles with his mustache while he does so.

Bronson Box:

No little squid, just here to talk to ye'... victor to victor. No need to spoil such a prosperous night fer' the both of us. Saw you on UNCUT the other night. Quite the little trip down memory lane you and the two talkin' heads had yer'selves.

Cayle Murray:

They asked, I obliged. Just doing my job.

Bronson Box:

Aye. Yer' becomin' quite the loyal little soldier, 'aintcha squid? DEF, yer' brother... you're just ready and willin' and able to leap right into the fire without lookin'... without thinkin'.

Feeling bolder, Cayle takes a small but nonetheless meaningful step towards Bronson, cutting The Wargod off.

Cayle Murray:

Does all this faffing about have a point, Boxer? There's a long list of things I'd rather do than stand and listen to you talking, especially if it isn't going anywhere.

Another semi-impressed little laugh under his breath, though this time noticeably less entertained. He steps right back into Cayle, giving him back that little step into his personal space.

Bronson Box:

Alright little squid... here goes.

The self-proclaimed DEFIANCE Ace leans in a little, bending at the waist.

Bronson Box:

You and your foolishly overconfident older brother blustered into DEFIANCE like a couple of... well, like a couple of typical shortsighted Scottish twats. After UTA went temporarily tits up you grabbed ol' Andrew and you chased Eric Dane across the bloody country right into MY backyard. You took something from me, squid...

Murray interrupts Boxer yet again. The Wargod stands up straight as a board, a sour look now plastered across his lips.

Cayle Murray:

Ahhh... that's right, you'd apparently tagged Eric Dane, that right? Like we were all gettin' into the Eric Dane branded minivan and you called shotgun.

No laugh this time. Not even the tiniest hint of a chuckle. He speaks in a low guttural grumble.

Bronson Box:

I hope every single one of these sheeple tune in to the next episode of UNCUT... I hear they've already sourced some marvelous footage of me covered in your fookin' blood makin' yer' silly little family blubber and cry in the front row... you remember that night, doncha' squid?

He leans in yet again, this time so uncomfortably close Cayle is forced to try and shove Boxer away... eerily like Andy did on DEFtv 69 before the two came to blows. But this time The Original DEFIANT seems to keep his cool. Just standing there, leering at Cayle.

Bronson Box:

First yer' brother steals from me my victory over him by runnin' away to America... tagged him back by takin' that pound of flesh from YOU. Now, all these years later YOU take from me the victory I've sought for the better part of a DECADE with this company...

Cayle Murray:

You' don't own the deed to the man's arse, Boxer. Anyone - including you could've stood up to the man at any time... just so happens it was my bloody turn. It also just so happened to be the match where his duct-taped-together body finally gave up the ghost, and I'm not proud of what happened at DEFCON. I'm sorry for him...

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

But I'm not sorry for YOU. You wanted a piece of Eric Dane? Too bad. You had the same opportunities as anyone else.

A silence so brutally long it absolutely qualifies as awkward. The two mug long enough, Boxer finally opens his mouth and speaks.

Bronson Box:

I'm gunna' hurt your brother for what you took from me, little squid... you wanna' be a biiiiig star here in DEFIANCE? Hear the "Faithful" chantin' yer' name and buyin' up yer' t-shirts every week? Go ahead and try te' make that DREAM a sustained reality while I'm still standin' here. Go on. And be added to the PILE of broken, wasted shite wrestlers that've tried the exact... same... thing. Aye... I'mma hurt my old friend Andrew. Badly. And it'll be your fault, little squid. An' after that? What then ye' may ask yer'self? Well... hell, who knows, aye? Now if you'll excuse me.

Bronson recklessly shoulders past Cayle and starts off down the hallway. To his credit Cayle just smiles to himself and shakes his head, obviously biting his tongue to the best of his abilities. Not wanting to exacerbate the already ridiculously tense conversation.

Bronson Box:

Oh... and good luck in the tournament, lad. It'd be a fookin' treat to see yer' adorable little face starin' back at me at the end of October. Can't think of a more... well, POETIC end to this year's DEF*MAX...

We hear the maniacal little laugh as he rounds the corner towards the buildings main bank of elevators before he disappears from sight. Cayle watches him go, allowing the intensity that's been brewing behind his eyes to dissipate in the now quiet, empty hallway as he pops his earbuds back into his head.

Cayle Murray: [muttering]

Don't think I've forgotten either, Boxer...

Cut.

THE TURN AROUND

Battered and bruised the camera's catch up to Curtis Penn as he is making his way back out to the ring.

Recap, earlier in the night Curtis Penn and Kendrix battled it out in the ring for 20 minutes and while the building was lobbying for a few more precious minutes with Curtis Penn he nonchalantly give the building the middle finger and ducked out of the ring.

He grins ear to ear as producers try to slow him down and he just shrugs right past them and makes his way to the Gorilla Position.

Curtis Penn:

Give me a mic.

A voice reaches his ear with a resounding no. A mentor, backlash proverbial pain in Curtis Penn's ass from Day One, Mike Sloan.

Mike Sloan:

No.

That one word couldn't have been filled with more threat or violence even if it was spoken by the BAWWS himself.

Mike Sloan:

We have a match that is about to start. In fact if you think that you're going to go out there and make some sort of big statement during that match let's say by you acting out towards Impulse or Unlikely I will do to you more than what Kelly Evans ever has done.

Cold stare.

Mike Sloan:

The best thing that you can do right now Curtis is turn around, go to your car and make your way to your home. Because if you do anything that might... even in the slightest...

Curtis Penn: (Cutting him off)

You'll do what exactly? Beat me up? Does it look like I'm afraid of you? Does it look like I worry about you like you're some sort of threat to me physically? The best thing you can do old man is hand over that microphone and let me walk through that curtain...

Mike Sloan and his toothy smile is almost as worrisome as Eric Dane when he stands on his soap box.

Mike Sloan:

I don't have to touch you Curt, all I have to do is dig into this front pocket of mine and dial Ms. Evan and explain to her that you are about to become an incredible pain in her ass. And then she'll tell me to get rid of you. To tell you that you are no longer in the Defiant Grand Prix. And that she hopes that you'll find a good job flipping burgers down the road. So please let me pull out my phone.

Curtis Penn:

Fuck you Mike. The only reason I am not walking a mudhole in your ass right now is the modicum of respect that I have for you and what you did for me. That's the only reason I listen to you and that respect is close to running out. Just like those people out there that called me a coward, that threw garbage at me because I didn't kowtow to them for their another minute chant, you too can fuck entirely off.

A slow, frozen moment pass between the two men.

Curtis Penn:

I will no longer pull my punches Mike, not for you and not for them. I will win this damn Grand Prix even if I have to

resort to tricks and tactics that I learned from our other friend... I'm sure I can find a fork in the cafeteria. Do Not Fuck With Me Mike.

Grining.

Mike Sloan:

Are you done? We have other matches to put on that might actually have a winner.

Low blow. Penn inches closer to the Agent, but notices Mike's hand tapping the pocket that holds his phone.

Mike Sloan:

Go home Penn. Go to sleep. Wake up knowing that you still have a cold chance in Hell at winning this tournament that you are so keen on winning.

Enter the one and only, breathlessly beautiful DEF business guru Jane Katze from literally outta nowhere. She might actually be the boogiemanager with that particular trick, actually she does manage ...ermmm, well... "guide" DEFIANCE's resident Boogiemanager, so there's that. The statuesque brunette smiles coolly at both men.

Jane Katze:

Oh, boys please don't. Mike back off... [the agent doesn't budge] that's not a request, Mr. Sloan. Remember, you're not the only one with Kelly's number on speed dial. And Curtis...

She simply places a hand on Curtis forearm.

Jane Katze:

Please?

He instantly calms down, enough to stop seeing red at the very least.

Curtis Penn:

Yeah. You're right... he's not worth it. Old retired prick. Stay out of my damn way in the future. Curtis Penn does and says what he wants WHEN he goddamn wants.

Penn turns around and briskly walks away from Mike Sloan and Jane Katze both. Mike looks down at Jane casting a suspicious look at the beautiful, wholly manipulative young woman before she too heads off... in the other direction. The camera focuses in on the nonplussed look on Mike Sloan's face as we cut back to the commentation station out in the arena.

Angus:

What the HELL was that about?

DDK:

Well. Jane IS technically an executive, Angus. She's well within her power to step in and see that performers and staff don't assault one another.

Angus:

I don't know Keebs... my gorram spider-sense was tingling watching that shit.

DEF*MAX ROUND ONE: IMPULSE VS. MIKEY UNLIKELY [BLOCK A]**DDK:**

We're just getting started, Angus! One more match to go in the DEFMAX Tournament tonight, then our main event!

Angus:

For the rest of the Faithful, maybe. Soon as this next match is over and Hollywood McFuckass sinks to the bottom of the standings, I'm taking the rest of the night off in victory.

DDK:

I hope so, Angus! After Impulse pinned Mikey Unlikely at DEFtv 69, the Southern Heritage Champion lost his mind a bit, but he's also evidently turned it into something to overcome; he's been training like a madman --

Angus:

Seriously, choose another word.

DDK:

--Like a man possessed!

Angus:

He'd have to, but I don't know if it'll be enough. Impulse might grate on my nerves at times, but he's far and away the superior wrestler in this match - he could conceivably be the superior wrestler in DEFIANCE itself. McFuckass, on the other hand... he's riding a lucky streak along with a quartet of hangers - on. He's doomed, Keeps... and it's going to be the greatest moment of my life since Tom Sawyer's stupid bike went through the grinder.

DDK:

We can only hope, Angus! Let's get on down to Darren Quimby!

Darren Quimbey:

The following match is scheduled for one fall, and is a match in the DEFMAX tournament... Coming to the ring first...

♪"Blunt Blown" - Lil Wayne♪

Angus:

And here I was just starting to have a good night....but I'll say this, Impulse has a chance to do something tonight I never thought he could do....

DDK:

Beat Mikey twice!?

Angus:

He's going to make me an Impulse fan if he beats this fuckboi two weeks in a row!

The beat picks up and through the curtain comes the entourage everyone is sick of seeing, and the boos begin.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at 225 lbs. he hails from Beautiful Hollywood, California! He is the current DEFIANCE Southern Heritage championnnnnnn.....

The squad stops at the top of the ramp, the Gold from three championships (and the cardboard from two) shine with the house lights as they all stop atop the ramp. At the same time they raise up all their gold.

Darren Quimbey:

He is "The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer"..... MIKEYYYYYY UNLIKELLLLLLYYYYYYYY!!!!

They take their sweet time as the place plasters them in jeers.

DDK:

Undoubtedly the most dominant faction currently in DEFIANCE. They currently hold half of DEFIANCE's championships. Mikey Unlikely, obviously the Southern Heritage Champion, but don't forget just a few short weeks ago, The Pop Culture Phenoms won the newly reinstated DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships at DEFCON!

Angus:

Yea they are the best CHEATERS around Keeps, and not even the good kind, never in my life have I seen someone with so little talent, go so far in a short period of time. This fuckboi has only been a part of DEFIANCE since April and already it feels like a lifetime!

Down the ramp all five members of the Sports Entertainment Guild avoid contact with the fans.

DDK:

Unlikely not his usual nonchalant self. He actually looked.... Poised? Focused?

Angus:

Oxymorons when it comes to this douche. Don't forget Keeps it was the last DEFtv where Impulse pinned Mikey clean in the middle of the ring after TWO SUDDEN IMPACTS.

DDK:

That's true partner, up to this point, Mikey has had his losses but they've all been controversial, other than Andy Murray submitting him in his debut, Mikey hasn't eaten a clean loss in MONTHS! Part of the reason he's currently the Southern Heritage Champion.

Angus:

OOOOHHHH we just got word we have footage from last week, I wanna introduce it! I wanna do it!

DDK:

OOOOOOOk partner, go ahead...

The screen cuts in two, on the right the live image inside the Wrestleplex as Mikey and co, enter the ring. On the right we cut back to last week where Levi Cole and Impulse have just cleared the ring.

Angus:

Here you see the McFucks all on the ring apron, here the new HOSS Levi Cole and Impulse start dropping them like flies!....MIKEY IS ALONE.... Annnnnnd BOOM!

The super kick connects.

Angus:

Let's see it again!

The screen rewinds and the kick is delivered once more.

Angus:

How about one more time?

The screen rewinds and the kick is delivered once more.

Angus:

If anyone was just taking a restroom break, I want to make sure you are caught up, let's rewind it one more time.

The screen rewinds and the kick is delivered once more.

Angus:

Ha! I can't get enough, rewind it guys!

DDK:

Ok ok, that's plenty, Angus! Calm down!

Inside the ring the SEG are all talking strategy as the camera cuts back towards the stage.

Darren Quimbey:

AND HIS OPPONENT...

♪"Revolution" - SIRS♪

The fans begin to cheer the moment Quimbey speaks, but they almost drown out the song in the opening chords.

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by Calico Rose, from Washington Heights, New York...

Angus:

How have we not adopted them yet? Or at least, her? Can we get going on that once McFuckass goes down tonight?

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at one hundred ninety one pounds... THE MARATHON MAN... IIIIIIIIMPULSE!!!

As usual, Calico Rose enters first, and she takes an exaggerated bow. Impulse is a half step behind her, and he stops at the top of the entryway while she answers the call of the fans to...

"BLOW IT UP! BLOW IT UP!"

Both Angus and Keebler accommodate. In the ring, as they did at DEFTV 69, Mikey and Kendrix look at each other and clearly mock the practice.

DDK:

The DEFIANT Faithful reaching over the guardrails, and these two are doing their best to address each fan individually!

Angus:

Okay, okay - that's enough! I get that you like to pander to the Faithful, but you need to focus, Impulse! You beat McFuckass once, now it's time to repeat!

The PCP exits the ring, leaving just the Hollywood Bruvs. Mikey Unlikely unstraps the Southern Heritage championship from around his waist and hands it to Kendrix, all the while laughing at the referee who had initially asked for it. Evidently, only a Bruv can touch a Bruv's championship.

Across the ring, Impulse removes his leather jacket and hands it to a ring attendant. The cameras move into position and capture his black T-shirt, decorated with a hashtag and the phrase "listen to Valerian's Garden" across the front.

He has, after all, spent his entire career promoting the things his friends have done.

The bell sounds, and Impulse tosses his shirt into the crowd. He gives Cally a hug, and a brief kiss on the lips, and the SoHER Champion circles the Marathon Man to a roar from the crowd!

DDK:

Impulse with a single leg takedown, and Mikey scrambles to the ropes!

Angus:

He's always scrambling for something! This time it's a rope break!

Impulse backs off of Mikey, who laughs back at his opponent. Unlikely takes his sweet time standing to his feet and then stretching off the ropes again. On the outside S.E.G. also brush themselves off.

They circle the ring again and finally lockup. With one fluid motion, Impulse fireman carries Mikey over and locks in a rear chin lock. Quickly however, Unlikely is able to spin and use the momentum to get to his feet, Impulse doesn't let go of the hold, until Mikey backs him into the ropes and whips him off.

DDK:

On the return now, Unlikely ducks for the back drop but Impulse leap frogs, off the ropes again this time Mikey hits the mat, and Impulse runs over top. Unlikely to his feet, but Impulse... HUGE cross body block that drives the champion down!

Impulse wastes no time covering this early in the match and pulls the champion right back to his feet.

He hooks the arm, and ducks the head of Mikey, looking for a suplex. He lifts but Unlikely is all too aware of the move and spins over the back and to his feet. He reaches up with both arms and rakes the back of Impulse, who immediately reacts.

DDK:

Impulse spins, and Mikey nails the knife edge chop, and another one! He backs Impulse into the turnbuckle before whipping him into the opposite one. Following behind now, Impulse jumps over the top rope to the apron JUST in time as Mikey slams chest first into that padded buckle! He clutches his chest, but what is Impulse doing!?

Angus:

He's going for one of those high risk, high reward moves from uptop. He better hit it too!

Impulse climbs up top and leaps, just as Unlikely is turning around.

DDK:

Missile Dropkick... Mikey moved! He pushed the legs of Impulse away, and he lands on his side. Impulse reaching for his ribs a bit tenderly and like a shark on blood, the Southern Heritage Champion sees it too. He drops an elbow right into the ribs of the downed Impulse. Mikey now places his hands on the back of Impulse who lies on his stomach, he hops up, in some time of handstand... and comes back down DRIVING those knees into the ribs hard!!!! And again!

On the outside of the ring, The D points into the ring and yells at the fans... "I TAUGHT HIM THAT MOVE!" He edges back as they reach for him.

Angus:

Get these fucks out of here!

Back in the ring, Mikey has applied a ground hammerlock on Impulse who doesn't have a hard time finding his way of the lesser experienced grapplers hold. Impulse gets up to a knee and wiggles his way into rolling through the move. Mikey lets go as Impulse pops up.

DDK:

Impulse kicks, Mikey catches it! He lifts on the leg, Impulse flips backwards and lands on his feet! He grabs his ribs for a half second before running at Mikey, who tries to drop toe hold him. Impulse dodges the attack and tries to legdrop the downed champ. He moves! The both get to their feet, Unlikely throws a hard lariat that finds nothing but air, Impulse hits the ropes and delivers a high velocity dropkick that sends Mikey through the ropes and to the outside of the ring.

The fans go off.

“Blow it up! Blow it up!”

“Blow it up! Blow it up!”

“Blow it up! Blow it up!”

Slowly the rest of the Sports Entertainment Guild get Mikey to his feet, and boy is he frustrated! He begins kicking the guardrail and tossing a headset from a ringside stagehand. PCP and Klein reacting from last week, begin to follow suit. Eise Ares grabs the ring bell and slams it to the ground, Making sure to miss her heels of course. The D and Klein both pick up chairs and start tossing them on the floor. Kendrix shakes his head and face palms. He motivated Mikey to reenter the ring, where on the opposite side Cally and Impulse are going over some things. Unlikely seizes the opportunity and slides under, gunning for Impulse. Calico warns him however, and he moves as Unlikely hits the ropes, Impulse uses the momentum to roll Mikey up.

DDK:

Here we go!

1...

2...

Kickout!

Both men straight to their feet as on the outside the S.E.G. take a collective breath of relief. Forearm from Mikey as he gets there a second quicker. Then one from Impulse. One from Mikey, Impulse swings and Mikey takes him over with a single arm takedown. Mikey stands straight up wide eyed. He looks at his hands in disbelief... then over to Kendrix.

The fans laugh at him.

Kendrix:

“SEE BRUV! YOU CAN DO IT!”

The distraction is enough for the veteran Impulse to capitalize with a running wheel kick that sends Mikey down to the mat and into lala land.

Angus:

What the hell happened there?

DDK:

I don't think Mikey knew what he did. He just hit a move he didn't know he had in his repertoire!

Angus:

That was just a quick takedown?

DDK:

Nonetheless, it caught our resident actor off guard. Benefits of his recent training?

Angus:

What a skeez.

Impulse double underhooks Mikey's arms and rolls him over into a pin.

1...

2...

Kendrix places Mikey's foot on the ropes. Hector Navarro sees this, and breaks the count but goes straight towards

the collective S.E.G. He admonishes them verbally, telling them this is their only warning; the next time will be ejection from ringside, or disqualification for Mikey.

Angus:

THANK FUCK! Finally a DEFIANCE official sees the shit these guys are doing!

DDK:

Well you remember a few weeks ago when Mikey Unlikely and co had that run in with Kelly Evans about their tactics? I've heard rumblings of a memo sent to DEFIANCE referees about paying special attention to the "Sports Entertainment Supergroup"

Angus:

Good! That's very much a part of their job!

Impulse pulls Mikey back towards the middle of the ring and hits the turnbuckle. He climbs up and the fans in the Wrestle-plex begin to stand as well.

Angus:

Finish him off AGAIN! YUS!

Impulse stands and jumps with incredible elevation on the frog splash. As cameras go off in every direction.

Angus:

YYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAAAA...NNNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Faithful:

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH"

DDK:

UNLIKELY GETS HIS KNEES UP!!! HE GOT EM UP AND IMPULSE IS HURT!!

In the center of the ring Impulse writhes in agony. Both arms reaching for the ribs on his right side. Calico Rose has her hands over her mouth and looks worried. On the other side the S.E.G. are jumping for joy before huddling up.

DDK:

He's having a hard time catching his breath! I hope he's not badly hurt! He could have easily broken ribs on that.

Unlikely is catching his breath as well. Referee Hector Navarro starts his count. Unlikely stares at the ceiling breathing heavy, Impulse still holding his midsection. The referee reaches six and neither person has moved. On the outside Kendrix is direction traffic.

Angus:

Keep your eyes on the Sucky Entertainment fucks on the outside.

Elise Ares hops up on the ring apron and Hector runs to her telling her to get down. Elise poses for him, trying to seduce him, on the other side Kendrix and The D slide into the ring. Klein walks slowly toward Cally. Not menacingly, actually he is smiling and waving at her but his size enough to back her down from trying to get involved. She goes to duck to the left but Klein just shakes his head.

Audible Thud

DDK:

What the... Well ladies and Gentlemen, my partner has left the broadcast booth....wait....He's gunning for ringside!

The Wrestle-plex explodes!

ANGUS! ANGUS! ANGUS!
ANGUS! ANGUS! ANGUS!
ANGUS! ANGUS! ANGUS!

He skips the ring and goes right for Cally. Klein sees him out of the limited peripheral vision he has from inside the box and looks his way. Angus steps right up towards him with a crazy look in his eye, as Klein starts reversing course and slowly backs off. Angus gets about five feet in front of Cally and stops staring down the biggest member of the Sports Entertainment Guild who continues to walk backward, his eyes never leaving Angus. The Motormouth of Malcontent points at Klein.

Angus:

Stay the fuck back! Don't you DARE get near her!

Cally smiles but cant help but keep her eyes on Impulse now that her threat has been neutralized.

DDK:

Angus standing up for Calico Rose, but inside the ring Impulse is all alone! He's standing up now, unaware of who's waiting. Elise Ares still has Hector...No! Referee Nevarro turned around! He runs over and stops the pair of Sport Entertainers who were about to take off towards Impulse!

Impulse gets up and falls into the corner as the referee leaves the ring and runs over to Darren Quimbey. Everyone keeps their eyes on the official.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Referee Hector Navarro has just informed me he is EJECTING (faithful explode) the Sports Entertainment Guild from ringside. If they do not leave immediately, Mikey Unlikely will be disqualified!

The S.E.G. cannot believe what they are hearing. They all stomp and complain but the referee screams at them to get out. Kendrix finally pulls them towards the ramp.

"Nah nah nah nah, nah nah nah nah, Heyyyy heyyy heyyy, Goodbye!"

DDK:

The Faithful here at the Wrestle-Plex couldn't be more pleased! Sending off the S.E.G. with a song.

The sound of rustling fills the airwaves, as Angus returns to the booth.

Angus:

Pricks. Threatening a nice young girl like that, a shameful S.E.G.

Angered, incensed, and a dozen other words, Mikey Unlikely - on his feet first - drives a boot into Impulse's midsection! Another! A quick scoop and a slam, and the air is driven out of Impulse again! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THKICKOUT!

DDK:

Impulse isn't done yet, Angus!

Angus:

He's got an opening, Keeps... it's one on one now, and it's all up to Impulse. Don't disappoint the girl, Knox.

In the ring, Mikey, breathing hard, scoops Impulse again. He hooks his head as if for a reverse DDT, and drags his thumb across his own throat!

DDK:

Mikey calling for the end, here!

Angus:

God damn it, I hope not.

In a fairly impressive fluid motion, Mikey turns his body, drops his opposite arm across Impulse's neck, and drives them both to the mat! Another cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!!

KICKOUT!!

DDK:

THESE FANS ARE GOING CRAZY! Impulse with another kickout! What will it take to put him away?

Angus:

I feel like you want me to say 'More than McFuckass can dish out,' and I'd really like to, but Impulse looks like he can barely breathe right about now; like Han Solo, I have a bad feeling about this.

Mikey scoops Impulse again, and sends him into the ropes with an irish whip, clothesline off the rebound - Impulse with a reversal! Mikey hits the ropes, and on the rebound --

DDK:

SUDDEN IMPACT! Impulse just dropped the Southern Heritage Champion with the same move that he pinned him with at DEFtv 69!

Angus:

Might be all for nothing, Keeps!

Indeed, at the moment of impact, Mikey goes down... and so does Impulse. He holds a hand to his ribs, pain etched across his face, and his other hand is on the bottom rope to try to steady himself.

DDK:

These fans are all on their feet, cheering for Impulse to make the cover! He's slowly pulling over, and he drapes an arm! Impulse goes ahead in the DEFMAX tournament!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!!

.....KICKOUT!?!?!?

His ribs clearly bothering him, Impulse had taken far too long to make the cover, and Mikey - though still dazed - has

enough of his wits gathered to kick out. Impulse has no look of disbelief on his face, only one of frustration.

DDK:

I thought that would be it, Angus!

Angus:

It should've been, but McFuckass bought himself some time with that rib damage earlier in the match. Just finish him off, Impulse, and we can all go home!

DDK:

We do still have one more match to go tonight.

Angus: Maybe YOU do...

Impulse slowly climbs to his feet while Mikey rolls to his knees. The Marathon Man grabs the SoHER Champion by the head to guide him back up - LOW BLOW BY MIKEY UNLIKELY! Small package!

ONE...

TWO...

THREEKICKOUT!

Clearly, the referee didn't see the low blow, thus giving another advantage to the Champion. Mikey rises, still looking dazed, but he grabs Impulse by the boot and pulls him to the middle of the ring.

DDK:

The Backstory! He's going for it, Angus!

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

With the standing Boston Crab locked on, the pressure on Impulse's ribs is clearly murderous, as the normally stoic wrestler pounds his fist on the mat in pain. The fans pick up on the rhythm, and they start to clap along with him to give him the momentum!

Mikey Unlikely:

Give it up! I'M THE ONLY STAR IN THIS MATCH!

Angus:

If the BAWS was here... he'd probably wait for McFuckass to break Impulse in half before taking him out himself. I miss the BAWS.

Impulse desperately flails his arms, trying to reach the ropes, but Mikey walks him forward, well out of reach!

Maybe...

DDK:

IMPULSE HOOKS MIKEY'S ANKLE! He leverages as best he can, and Mikey goes down!

Angus:

I've heard that about him.

The fans are on their feet as Impulse reverses the hold into a single leg Boston Crab, but the pain in his ribs causes him to fall forward after just a few seconds, at which point Mikey reestablishes his own Backstory in the middle of the

ring!

Angus:

C'mon, Impulse! Don't let the Fuckass beat you!

Impulse reaches back again, but since Mikey is stationary, he can't reach his ankles. He tries to inch forward towards the ropes, but the pain in his side stops him.

He coughs once, twice - and sees a small splatter of blood on the mat in front of him.

Pragmatism trumps pride, and he does the unthinkable.

Tap.

Tap.

Tap.

DING DING DING!

The arena is nearly silent, with the silence almost immediately replaced by a heavy chorus of boos as the referee raises Mikey Unlikely's hand.

Angus:

W...hat the hell?

DDK:

Mikey won, Angus. Are you gonna be okay?

Angus:

What the hell!!

The banished members of the Sports Entertainment Guild rush to ringside to celebrate - they enter the ring and lift Mikey up on their shoulders as he raises his arms in victory. Calico Rose helps Impulse out of the ring and up the ramp, forgotten by the S.E.G. in its wake.

Angus:

WHAT THE HELL!!!

DDK:

Surprising and disappointing conclusion to this match, folks - but the fact remains that Mikey Unlikely has just defeated Impulse in the DEFMAX tournament! Angus needs a reboot, we'll be right back with the FIST of Defiance!

Angus:

WHAT... THE... HELL...

SORRY & SHIT

Backstage. A corridor. The walls are painted mauve, because colours, and they're also painted using paint, not something else.

Jason Natas is walking. His non-match with the Pop Culture Phenoms was a good while ago, and while he barely broke a sweat out there, he's dressed in street clothes again. Having made a miraculous recovery from the chair to the shin, it's a miracle The Bronx Bully is even standing, let alone striding down the corridor at his usual blustery pace.

Speaking of his pace, it gets the better of him. Natas rounds a corner just a little bit too quickly, and almost bumps all the way into one of the few men on the roster that almost makes him look small.

Jason Natas:

Fu--

He looks up.

This is no man, viewers: it's a Mastodon.

Jason Natas:

Frank.

He nods, then tenses slightly. Though they left DEFtv 69 on "better" terms than on the previous UNCUT, Natas was still a little wary. For his part, Frank Dylan James seems nonplussed.

So far.

FDJ:

Jas'n.

A tense moment passes as Frank eyeballs the smaller man.

FDJ:

Lis'en here, boy, ah reckon I should 'polergize fer them fisticuffs in that bar. Guess ah had a couple-a-few-dozen too many, naw'mean?

Jason Natas:

Fuck it.

He snorts. A real snort: the kind that'd make a pig jealous.

Jason Natas:

Nothin' more to be said about it. 'Least it was a pretty good fight I guess. Better than I got outta those Hollywood fucks earlier, anyway.

Frank lets loose a hearty bellow of laughter.

FDJ:

Yeah, that's what'cha get rasslin' with a buncha pussies... heh-heh-heh... ya start smellin' like one! HA!

Frank claps Jason hard on the shoulder.

FDJ:

GET IT! AH SAID YA SMELL LIKE A PUSSY!

The clap, hearty as it was, hit Natas a little harder than he would've liked, and knocked him forward an inch or two. He quickly recovers.

Jason Natas:

Take it easy there, big guy...

He puts up his dukes. Joking, though you'd never guess from his one-tone vocal tone.

Jason Natas:

'Less you wanna go round two?

Frank's wild eyes narrow.

FDJ:

Aight den, gimme yer best shot ya dumb hip-

WHAM!

The Anti-Superstar fires-off a right cross into Frank's shoulder. Not his hardest shot: it was "playful" for Natas, in fact, but Jason Natas' "playful" is another man's best shot. FDJ judders back a little bit, and Natas throws a couple of air shots, deliberately missing.

Jason Natas:

Alright.

Half-smiling, he taps his own shoulder.

Jason Natas:

Go.

The Mastadon cocks his head, not getting the joke. Bushy eyebrows scrunch together momentarily as he tries to work out the proper way to respond. Eventually, he shrugs his shoulders and leans into Natas with the most vicious headbutt you've ever seen, mashing Jason's nose and immediately escalating the situation.

FDJ:

HA! How ya like me now, hippie!

The blow sends Jason crashing back against the wall. He's dazed for a moment, then puts a hand up to his nose.

Jason Natas:

MotherFUCKER.

He pulls his hand away. Blood, lots of it. His brow tightens, eyes widen, and nostrils flare.

He's got that look on his face. Sean Jackson will remember it well.

Jason Natas:

Guess we ain't playin' no more...

The Bronx Bully flies in. An elbow cracks Frank's jaw, then another, and the Mastodon stumbles backwards. Before Natas can connect with a cross, however, Frank starts wailing. The punches are wild and frenzied, but a few of 'em connect between Natas' more precise, controlled blows.

Jason Natas:

Ugh!

A straight right hand catches Jason Natas square on the forehead, and he falls back against a flight case. Pain shoots through Frank's hand as he connects with the hardest part of the man's skull, but he keeps plodding-on. He puts hands on Natas' shoulders, but Jason swings 'round with a forearm and follows with a push kick, sending FDJ tumbling backwards. Natas pauses, catching his breath, ready to stop.

Jason Natas:

That enough, motherfucker?

Frank guffaws.

FDJ:

YA HIT LIKE A BEE-YATCH! HOOAAHHH!

And he smiles his broken-toothed smile as he flies back into the fight, leading with haymaker rights and lefts and pretty much ignoring everything that Natas throws his way. The man is like a giant buzzsaw tornado full with his onslaught, backing Jason into the far wall.

Natas goes low, though. He knees Frank square in the gut, winding him, then cracks him with a downwards elbow. Frank stumbles away, and have long given-up hope of resolving things peacefully, Natas swings a wild upkick that narrowly misses Frank's head.

Jason Natas:

Fuck...

The momentum takes him off-balance. It's enough for Frank to recover and peel-off another of them punch frenzies before taking Natas by the belt, and tossing him back-first into the wall. Dust, paint, and drywall fragments cloud the air as Jason falls to the floor, leaving a big ol' dent in the wall.

FDJ:

C'mon, boy, GIT UP!

Frank's just about to pounce again, when the largest DEFsec contingent ever assembled flood the scene. There's at least a dozen of 'em, and half of them fly towards the Mastodon. One eats a wayward punch and falls to the floor, but the other five just about get him away as Natas clambers to his feet, back arched.

Natas can just about see Frank through the sea of humanity.

Jason Natas:

You fucked-up.

A glob of saliva accidentally flies from his mouth as he spits the words out, throwing an accusatory finger towards FDJ. His face is flush with red anger. Frank begins shedding DEFsec goons like old skin, making his way back toward Natas.

FDJ:

You keep tellin' ya'self that, boy!

Natas braces for another round, but it never comes. Frank's body convulses not once, but twice, as somebody finally had the good idea to put a few thousand volts into his big ass. He doesn't fall, but his bushy hair stands on end and he's clearly in pain. Another jolt and the Mastadon goes down, right at Jason's feet. Natas nods his head, raises his arms in as neutral a fashion as is possible, and begins to back away.

DAN RYAN VS. WADE ELLIOTT [UNSANCTIONED]

DDK:

So we're back from a break for what has been billed tonight as our main event, but as far as I can tell, this is just flat-out gonna be a fight.

The camera shows Wade Elliott already in the ring, no music and no fanfare, jeans on, shirt off, ready to go. The hard-nosed, fuck-stomper from Pine Ridge, Alabama swings his tree-trunk arms a few times to get loose and starts to pace the ring. He locks his baby blues on the entrance, waiting for the Ego Buster to show his face.

Angus:

I know I got giddy earlier about Wade coming back because he's one of my favorite HOSSFITERS ever, but as tough as he is I really, truly, have no idea what to expect out of this. Dan Ryan has been downright scary lately, and with this being unsanctioned and nothing stopping him from doing whatever damage he likes...

DDK:

It's a dangerous situation for sure.

Angus:

Hate to say it but Wade ain't as young as he used to be either.

Just as this sentence comes from Angus' mouth, Dan Ryan steps out amidst a hailstorm of BOOOOOOOOOOOOs~! and starts down the aisle, also with no fanfare and no music. The FIST of DEFIANCE belt is nowhere to be seen.

DDK:

The FIST is all business, too, per usual, and not a bit happy about Wade and Tyler Rayne showing up tonight. You have to admire their willingness to stand up for Lindsay Troy, though.

Angus:

Maybe, or they may be making the biggest mistakes of their lives.

DDK:

Well, they're like family. You remember the war they went through with the Legitimate Businessman's Club and then what was started with Team HOSS before Junior Keeling's shenanigans. The man rigged drug tests to get Rayne and Elliott thrown out of the company!

Angus:

Yeah, and Junior was my boy and all but he had to eat a whole lot of shit for that. DEFIANCE had to make serious nice-nice for it too with Tyler and Wade, not to mention Keeling Senior cleaning up Junior's mess with the office brass. But Keeps, back to the actual matter at hand here. Lindsay Troy, Wade Elliott, and Tyler Rayne are a wrestling family. She and Tyler are married. She and Dan **WERE** family before he took that one extra step beyond the pale at DEFCON. Look how things have turned out. Look at where we are now.

DDK:

I am very nervous for both participants in this match tonight and the participants in the second part of these unsanctioned matches next week. That is, if Wade Elliott even lets him make it there.

Dan Ryan takes a running start and rolls in under the bottom rope, and Wade Elliott picks up right where he left off from the parking lot early, getting all over him right from the get-go. He fires down on him with rights and lefts heavy as haybales, knees to the ribs, hell, anything he can throw at the champion. Ryan covers up, taking damage, but breaks the advance of the Bad Dog by driving his head forward with a headbutt and getting enough space to get to his feet.

DDK:

Wade Elliott's all over Dan Ryan! He obviously just wants to take him apart. We won't be seeing any technical wrestling here tonight!

Angus:

Not that we ever saw much of that from Wade back when he was a DEFIANT. The man is a Rebel-born, Southern-forged ASS KICKER, bottom line. It was a miracle he even knew what a suplex was.

Ryan's back vertical now and Wade's right back on the attack, throwing haymakers. Dan takes a few and fires back a few of his own.

DDK:

Ryan is a classic counter-puncher. He likes to feel out situations like this.

Angus:

He better not feel it out too long or Wade will knock him out.

After some wild punches taken to the side of his head, Ryan has enough and bum rushes Elliott with a shoulder to the gut that drives him backward into a corner. The FIST throws shoulders hard into Elliott's midsection, but Wade drives hammering blows to the top of Ryan's back with some elbows mixed in, dropping the Ego Buster to a knee.

Angus:

Elbows of fury, Keeps!

DDK:

Wade absolutely has to stay on him here. He can't let up.

Angus:

You don't need to tell a HOSSFITER how to HOSSFITE, Keeps. It's in their blood!

LET'S GO WADE!

LET'S GO WADE!

LET'S GO WADE!

LET'S GO WADE!

Wade kicks at the kneeling Ryan as the Faithful get behind him. Ryan instinctively reaches in and locks up with the brawler. They tumble through the gap between the bottom two ropes to the arena floor.

DDK:

A veteran move there by the champion.

Angus:

I'm not so sure being outside with Wade Elliott is such a great place to be either though...

They're up quickly and Ryan takes Elliott by the head and throws his entire body into the side of the ring apron. Wade hits hard but absorbs the impact and comes back with a huge clothesline! Ryan stumbles back but doesn't go down. Elliott takes a couple steps back and runs in with a yell and throws another clothesline which sends Dan Ryan over the barricade and into the crowd!

DDK:

Dan Ryan goes flying amongst the Faithful! He just missed hitting that woman!

Angus:

And she didn't even TRY to catch him! Dan Ryan could have been seriously injured thanks to her!

DDK:

He's as big as a tractor, she could have died if he fell on her!

Angus:

...

DDK:

...

Angus:

Keeps?

DDK:

Angus?

Angus:

...did you just...

DDK:

What?

Angus:

...did you just break...

DDK:

Get it together, Angus, we've got a brawl to call for the fans at home!

Ryan is up to a knee in the crowd as DEFsec struggles to keep the Faithful at bay. Wade swings a leg up to go over the barricade after him, but before he can, Dan Ryan is up and throws a big boot right to his face. Wade careens backwards to the floor near the ring.

DDK:

Dan Ryan is getting a small moment to catch his breath here with the tables turned momentarily, and he's heading back over the rail again....

Angus:

I'm still trying to wrap my head around if you broke the fourth...

DDK:

Angus, look, Hossfite!

Angus:

YES? WHAT? HOSSFITE!?!???

It's true; Wade's back up to his feet and it's HOSSFITE TIEM~! He grabs Dan Ryan as he gets back over the barricade. He slams him head first into the top of the railing. Ryan's head bounces off with a **KRANG~!** and he instinctively tries to get away.

DDK:

Dan Ryan's trying to head for higher ground, but Wade Elliott's holding on tight!

FUCK 'EM UP, WADE, FUCK 'EM UP *CLAP!* *CLAP!*

FUCK 'EM UP, WADE, FUCK 'EM UP *CLAP!* *CLAP!*

FUCK 'EM UP, WADE, FUCK 'EM UP *CLAP!* *CLAP!*

Elliott hangs on to the hair on the back of Ryan's head and walks him to another side of the ring, then slams his head into the top of the barricade again. He hangs on and walks him to another side when he rams his head on the top of the barricade AGAIN.

Angus:

This is the Wade Elliott version of going corner to corner!

The Faithful are up and on their feet screaming their approval as Wade walks Dan to the final side of the ring and slams him head first into the railing one last time.

DDK:

And Dan Ryan tastes steel once more as Wade Elliott finally lets him drop to the ground...

Ryan drops to a knee as Wade finally lets go, then eats a huge big boot to the chest that sends him sprawling backward on the arena floor. Wade goes to pick him up, but Ryan reaches up and grabs the front of his jeans and lets his momentum send Wade forward into the ring steps.

The Bama Bruiser hits hard and drops face-first across the steps where he lays there for a moment. Ryan tries to get his bearings, but Wade's up fast. He turns around and Ryan is up already, and throws a vicious forearm that sends spit flying and drops Wade again.

BOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Dan puts the boots to Elliott but he's already rolling away and getting up. Wade fires back with a hard right hand, then instinctively reaches out at someone in the corner of his vision.

DDK:

Wade just grabbed an action figure from the hands of a kid in the front row and smashed it over Dan Ryan's head!

Angus:

Whatever it takes!

Ryan reaches up to his head where the hard plastic reopened the gash from the parking lot brawl, just above his right eyebrow, and a look of fury crosses his face.

Wade throws more haymakers, Ryan covering up. Two more that catch Dan Ryan square in the jaw and Wade Elliott backs up, then charges and hits the **Southern Hospitality**, his running "clothesline from hell."

Angus:

Boom, right in the kisser!

DDK:

Wade nearly took Dan right out of his shoes with that one, Angus! The FIST is reeling!

Angus:

This is what they all wanted, Keeps. It was going to be more on the ugly side than it was ever going to be pretty.

Ryan hits the deck hard and Elliott mounts him, throwing hard right hands and left hands, whatever combination he can think of -- two rights, two lefts, a right and then a left, forearms...

Dan Ryan's cut over his eye is bleeding out now, but the blood running into his eye pisses him off. He screams out loud as he shifts his weight and shoves Wade Elliott off of him.

DDK:

Ryan's looking for a momentum shifter here but he might not even be able to see anything. Blood in the eye is a concerning thing.

Angus:

And it's the second time he's been opened up tonight. Much worse this go-around though.

DDK:

If Iris hasn't been waiting by Gorilla on standby with some gauze pads and antiseptic, she might want to be.

This time it's Wade covering up as Dan Ryan fires down fists of red hot fury on his head, yelling out with each successive blow. Elliott instinctively fights out and throws a punch, but Dan Ryan ducks it. Elliott throws another and Ryan ducks again.

Ryan clinches Elliott and flings him swiftly over his head with a belly to belly suplex that sees Elliott's lower half land right across the ring steps. Wade grabs at his legs, gritting his teeth in pain.

OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Angus:

Oh Jesus, gah, that was an awkward landing!

DDK:

Wade's knee took the full brunt of that impact, Angus. It wasn't pretty whatsoever.

Angus:

Someone tell Iris to bring a knee brace while she's at it.

Ryan is up and wipes blood from his face, enough to cover his huge Gigantor hand. He stalks over to Wade and wipes it across his chest, leaving his mark. He reaches down and takes a handful of scraggy goatee and pulls him up. Wade throws a right hand, but a much weaker right hand, and Dan Ryan blocks it, then stomps hard at his knee. Wade Elliott crumples to the floor.

DDK:

More damage done to that knee by Dan Ryan.

Angus:

This is now officially less of a HOSSFITE and more of the mugging that we witnessed earlier, Keeps, but it's not going in Wade's favor any longer.

Ryan pulls him Wade, throws him in the standing headscissors, and gives the crowd a brief look...

DDK:

Oh no... no no no....

Angus:

Ryan's lifting Wade up for a ride...I don't think I can watch...

HUMILITY BOMB ONTO THE APRON!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Wade hits hard and drops lifelessly to the floor, but Dan Ryan doesn't stop. He climbs on top of Wade Elliott and continues to beat his forehead with his massive fists. Wade can't defend himself, isn't even conscious, and just absorbs the punishment.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Wade's not moving...someone's gotta call this...I know this is unsanctioned but someone has to call this right now.

Angus:

Where's Brian Slater to call for the KO? Wyatt? Anyone?

Ryan continues the onslaught.... And that's enough.

DEFsec, Wyatt Bronson, Iris Davine, and other medical personnel come pouring out from the back and within moments are swarming all over Dan Ryan and pulling him from Wade Elliott. Wade is out cold and Ryan reluctantly allows himself to be pulled away. He rips his arms away from DEFsec, and starts storming up the ramp away from the carnage but not before grabbing ahold of a camera lens and getting his sweaty, red-faced, bloody mug in full view for an up-close shot.

Dan Ryan:

Hope they let you have you a monitor back in the parking lot, Tyler. Next show, motherfucker, you're gonna get this **ten times worse.**

Ryan's hands wrap around the camera and he full-on smashes it on the ramp. The scene explodes into snowy static and DEFtv 70 comes to a close.