

UNKNOWN SENDER

No time for a rundown, kids, we've got *INTRIGUE*~!-ing things afoot!

We open backstage of the Wrestle-Plex. Camera focuses in on Midorikawa as he is walking towards the back locker room, as he approaches and turns towards the locker room, Terry 'The Idol' Anderson walks by him from around the corner, almost bumping into him. The Idol seems to be in a hurry.

Terry: [not stopping]
Watch where you're going!

This catches MDK's attention and he turns to say something, but Terry is already high stepping it in the other direction. He steps forward a bit to start pursuing him, however decides against it. He turns back towards his original path and makes the turn at the corner. As he approaches the door, it's already cracked open. He pushes it all the way open and steps inside.

On the opposite side of the large locker room, sits a full body length mirror and as the camera focuses in on what MDK is staring at, the camera man realizes it's a message. It takes a few seconds for the camera to focus the lenses close enough to read exactly what it says. The message is comprised of magazine and newspaper clippings of letters and stating simply:

“gReEN RivEr rUns DEeP.”

MDK snatches the piece of paper and the camera struggles to zoom out and correct focus. He stares at it for a moment or two before ripping and tearing it up in a fit of anger. He seethes and loses his temper tossing chairs, benches and anything not nailed down. With one final act amidst his child like fit he punches the a locker leaving a minimal dent in it's worn exterior. Pulling his hand back as the thin metal rings through the tile laden room, MDK calms himself and mutters something in Japanese under his breathe.

MDK:
Kuso ttare (?????)

Black.

SCOTT DOUGLAS VS. PETEY GARRETT

Petey Garrett and Solomon Grendel traverse the backstage area, with their respective heads on a swivel.

Garrett: *[urgent]*

Eyes peeled, Sol! We will *NOT* have a repeat of last week!

Solomon does a cursory check of the team's collective six and whips back around manically; appearing on edge. He responds to his partner in a reassuring manner but it's clear he is mostly attempting to reassure himself. Unsuccessfully.

Solomon:

Damn, right ...

Garrett: *[glancing around]*

That little developmental dodger thinks he can just have us waylaid and skirt right up the ranks! Oh no! I don't think so!

Solomon: *[maniacally]*

That's right!

Cut to Commentation Station.

"Downtown" Darren Keebler and "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland look up from their monitors and address the camera directly while glancing at one another to keep up a conversational appearance.

DDK:

Looks like the Brutal Attack Force are on high alert tonight to ensure Petey Garrett doesn't befall the same fate that cost his partner, Solomon Grendel, a TKO - last week against Scott Douglas.

Angus:

I'm all for BRAZEN, Keeps ... but these two. These two got what the deserved!

DDK:

Are you still sour over an interruption, Angus?

Angus:

Actually I -

Angus is cut off and drowned out by Scott Douglas' entrance music and the moderate pop it elicits.

♪ "Baby Takes" by Green River ♪

Angus:

This son of a -

And again, by the voice and subsequent cut to Darren Quimbey in the ring. Quimbey makes Douglas' announcement as the Seattle native hits the ramp.

Angus:

I am *NOT* entertained!

Keebler can be vaguely heard; trying to contain his amusement. Douglas makes his way down the ramp, slapping a few hands and acknowledging a sign at ringside. He reaches the ringside area and after some additional fan interaction; he slides into the ring and readies himself. Rope pulling and the like.

DDK:

From what we have seen from this young man since his first appearance, here, in DEFIANCE ... Scott Douglas has something to prove! ...and something of a past.

Angus:

A past and myriad of masked murders glaring at him constantly!

DDK:

That is, of course, in reference to Codename: Reaper and the mysterious Midorikawa, who we saw at the top of tonight's show receiving a correspondence that did not seem to bode well with ... as he has become known, MDK.

Angus: *[excited]*

MDK?! Murder Death Kill! I - *[interrupted, again.]*

♪ "Bulls on Parade" by Rage Against the Machine ♪

Darren Quimbey makes Petey Garrett's announcement as the camera cuts to the rampway. Garrett barely crests the curtain before he and his partner are propelled forward violently. A steel chair clangs against the metal ramp grating after bouncing off of the pair. Solomon stumbles and takes a nasty spill off the ramp, tagging the guardrail on the way down. DDK gasps and condemns the situation as Angus finds great pleasure in Brutal Attack Force's continued misfortune.

Petey takes less of the original hit and pulls to his feet quickly, only to turn around and meet a boot protruding through the curtain. Petey takes a bump on the stage but springs back up as the man attached to the boot, Midorikawa, emerges from between the black drapery. Petey approaches MDK with his fists balled tightly and arm cocked ready to rebut. His intention is lost on no one as he reaches his attacker. The punch thrown would have been telegraphed by the blind and MDK being of foresight and of somewhat sound mind; leaned it and returned volley. Following the glancing blow, MDK placed a toe kick square into the bread basket and doubled Petey over.

Douglas, outraged at this continual interference, exits the ring in pursuit of his indignant saboteur (mid-Benny Doyle's pre match foreign object check.)

MDK snatches a prowl Petey by the head and delivers a swift and brutal Sub Pop Suplex on the cold steel stage. All momentum and no height.

Douglas sprints up the rampway as the impact takes it's toll on his would be opponent.

DDK:

We need DEFsec out here now! This is ridiculous!

Angus:

I think you mean amazing, Keebs!

MDK is on his feet and already back through the curtain before Scott can reach the heart of situation.

DDK:

Midorikawa has done absolutely *NOTHING* in **DEFIANCE**, since his arrival, other than sabotage the promising Scott Douglas.

Scott attempts to give chase but is met and held up at the curtain by DEFsec and medical staff. Frustrated, he relents and backs away to allow their passage.

Angus: *[amused]*

Not true! He beat the shit out of Jack Hunter!

DDK:

Well, it doesn't look like we are going to have anything resembling a professional wrestling match here tonight between Scott Douglas and Petey Garrett, thanks to Midorikawa!

Scott stands on the ramp way with his hands on his hips clearly frustrated as DEFsec and the medical staff attend to the Brutal Attack Force. Benny Doyle enters the frame after ascending the rampway and appears to be informing Douglas that their will be no match. Douglas, reluctantly, nods in understanding.

DDK:

If I've said it once, I've said it ten times, partner... This situation between Douglas and MDK is *FAR* from over!

Angus:

And let's not forget the electrician!

DDK: *[befuddled]*

Who ... ?

Angus:

Reaper! Master of lights. Tall, dark and shady. Bright red eyes like the tail lights of the care you rear end after a long night at the bar ... come on, Keeb's you know him.

DDK: *[derisory]*

Yes, of course. Codename: Reaper is somehow also in the mix, it would seem, after his appearances last week! That being said as our esteemed medical staff attends to our fallen BRAZEN talent, we'll be right back with MORE DEFIANT action, here ... on DEFtv!

MAKE DEFIANCE GREAT AGAIN!

The scene cuts to an image of the cinderblock wall that lines the backstage areas of the Wrestleplex. It rests for a few moments, the manilla color reflecting the light from the long fluorescent lights that hang above. Suddenly out of nowhere a cardboard box is placed directly in front of the camera. Not just any cardboard box however, this one has eye holes and a mouth hold carved out of it.

It's a Klein box!

The camera pans out a bit, and the larger picture comes into view. Three rows high, and in an arching shape in front of the Sports Entertainment Guild locker room a cardboard wall is being built by the members of the Pop Culture Phenoms. Klein, The D, and Elise Ares all move used Klein boxes from the large stack on the right, into the sequential pattern. Inside the arch are DEFIANCE SoHER champion, Mikey Unlikely, and his best bruv, Jesse Fredricks Kendrix!

Mikey stands with his arms crossed, and his signature shades rest on his face, along with a scowl. He wears his championship over his right shoulder, it drapes across his new #DrakeFace t-shirt. JFK has the same shirt, but of course his is blue, not black. JFK surveys the wall thus far.

Kendrix:

Looking good! Seriously though...why we doing this again Bruv!?

As The D wipes sweat from his brow, Elise looks as if she's ready to take her worker's union mandated break.

The D:

I gotta second K-Cup here. The only person this wall stops is Bobby Dean, and that's because a quarter of these boxes are covered in pizza grease.

Mikey Unlikely:

We're doing it to keep people out! Listen up guys, the first rule of Hollywood is, always create a barrier between you and the people! We don't want anyone sneaking into the S.E.G. locker room...

He looks both ways cautiously.

Mikey Unlikely:

Illegally!

The D suddenly thinks about this, nodding a bit. Kendrix slaps his bruv on the back with a non verbal "Obvs".

Mikey Unlikely:

The average person won't cross a barrier if you put it in front of them! Even if it's one they could easily surpass, It's hilarious! Think about it, caution tape, Orange safety fence, Unlocked doors that say keep out! It's about sending a message, not necessarily making it impossible! Get it!?

With a smile on his face...

Kendrix:

JFK already knew all that bruv, was just asking for the Phenoms benefit Innit! They clearly need lessons in not only how to survive in Hollywood, but clearly they need help with their masonry skill innit?!

Kendrix kicks at one of the boxes on the far right side, knocking it off of the wall and onto the floor with a thud. Klein looks down then back at JFK, who looks away quickly, trying to play innocent. Elise walks over casually and picks the box back up and puts it back onto the wall sideways. She brushes her hands together marveling at her work for just a second, before she turns her back and Klein turns it back the correct direction. He then strokes the box lovingly.

Mikey Unlikely:

And really, there are plenty of people here in the DEFIANCE locker room, that we need to keep faaaaaaaaaaar away from the Sports Entertainment Guild's locker room! I can almost smell FDR from here.

Elise Ares:

FDR? Like the dead president? That smell isn't a rotting corpse, I'm sure it's just Klein's burrito.

Klein's eyes go wide inside his box, as if to say "I forgot about that."

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey you don't say that!!! FDR: the guy that just lost the "ugh I'm a big, dumb, brutal bastard" championship!

Elise Ares:

Frank Dylan James? Wait, does James start with an R?

Elise looks over at The D and Klein who are holding time cards about to go punch out for their break. They look back at her and both shrug in unison, having no idea how to answer such a question.

Kendrix:

It's a silent R, idiots! Don't you correct Mikey!

Elise Ares:

I'm sorry! English is my second language! Well... actually it's my third? I think I learned Portuguese first? There was this really hot Brazilian kid in middle school, and I'd act like I cared because he'd spend time trying to teach me thi...

Mikey Unlikely:

SPEAKING OF BIG DICKS! I bet that idiot Impulse is stopped by this wall. Wait, where are you guys going!? This is only 3 rows high!! This is only going to stop Jack Hunter!!

The D:

But our Actor's Union requires that we take a union mandated break after every two hours of work. It says right here in the contract under Article 42.3 D, The Civil Rights Act of 1964. (whispers) Did that sound believable?

Elise Ares (whispers):

That was sooo convincing.

Klein jogs over and pulls the contract out of the box covering his head and opens it up, flipping through the pages to find the article in question. Kendrix grabs the contract and rips it up in front of PCP who look at each other in shock and then back out at JFK.

Kendrix:

Bye bye contract! NOW GET BACK TO WORK! The Bruvs need to grab an Oreo frappe before JFK kicks impulse's arse tonight and we don't have time to build this wall! What with all the supervising we have to do!

JFK and Mikey depart, leaving the PCP behind. Elise grumbles as she continues stacking boxes. The D sighs.

The D:

Still better than Trump.

Elise Ares:

Hey now, Donald Trump is going to put America back to work again! As a latina woman, I'm sure our President-Elect has my best interests in mind. Mikey is going to make SEG Great Again! I hope.

The D:

We aren't great now? Why hasn't anyone told me!?

Elise Ares:

Obvs! Why else would we be building this wall?

There is a long awkward pause between the three of them before Jack Hunter goes walking by in the hallway. Elise and The D share a glance with each other, and then quickly begin grabbing boxes and throwing them up on the wall. Under his breath you could almost hear Klein singing...

♪ "We don't need no education..." ♪

HOT SKOOP!

The scene cuts backstage to our intrepid backstage reporter, Lance Warner, who is standing beside Kelly Evans' office door.

Lance Warner:

Angus, Darren, DEFIANCE Faithful...I'm keeping post outside Kelly Evans' office where I have it on good authority that the FIST of DEFIANCE, Lindsay Troy, requested a meeting with the Matriarch of the Company. Details weren't readily available - no surprise there - but I do know that even though she's in the building tonight, Troy isn't scheduled to compete. In fact, her only known upcoming match is her ACTS of DEFIANCE title defense against Cur--

The door opens, halting Lance's sentence, and Lindsay Troy emerges from the interior of Kelly's office. The Faithful respond with a cheer. The Queen of the Ring's wearing a brand new **Drunkbros Emoji Crew** long-sleeve ringer tee (now available on DEFIANCEwrestling.com!) and looks only mildly surprised to see DEFIANCE's head interviewer standing there. She regards him with a thin smile.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh hello, Lance. On the trail of the hottest of the hot skoopz, I take it?

Lance Warner:

You could say that. Word was you wanted to see Kelly Evans about something. I guess that wasn't so far off?

He leans the microphone toward Troy's mouth. She laughs, politely.

Lindsay Troy:

Your 'gotcha!' journalism strikes again. [A smirk.] Yes, that's correct. I did want to see Kelly about something. And that *something*, of course, is the FIST of DEFIANCE title. As much as I'm itching to get in the ring and defend the belt against Curtis Penn at ACTS of DEFIANCE, I know I need to test my mettle as champion well before then. I didn't overcome the **WARCHAMBER~!** and a Headliner through an announce table to simply kick back, rest on my laurels, and wait a few more weeks for my first title defense. Kelly agreed and, even though it's a little short notice, I'll be defending the belt tonight!

Another cheer from the lunatics in attendance. The Queen smiles and nods.

Lindsay Troy:

Anything else, Lance?

Lance Warner:

Well, there's the matter of *who* you'll be defending the belt against, of course.

Lindsay Troy:

Oh, that I can't tell you.

Lance pauses. Blinks.

Lance Warner:

W--why not?

Lindsay Troy:

For starters, Kelly hasn't informed my opponent yet. And also... [She leans forward toward Lance's ear and "whispers," loudly] *...it's a surpriiiiise....*

Troy stands upright, all smiles.

Lindsay Troy:

We need a little mystery and *INTRIIIIIGUE~!* around here sometimes. Keeps things fresh, you know? Now if you'll excuse me, I've got a match to prepare for.

She takes her leave with confident strides. Lance watches her go and calls out after her.

Lance Warner:

Wait! There is the matter of the number one conten.... [sighs]yep, out of earshot.

Lance turns back to face the camera.

Lance Warner:

Folks, you heard it straight from the FIST of DEFIANCE herself. Lindsay Troy will be defending her title tonight against an opponent to be named! You're not gonna want to miss it so keep it tuned right here to DEFtv 74 on Hulu Plus!

Cut elsewhere...

KENDRIX VS. IMPULSE

♪ "Revolution" by SIRSY♪

Angus:

Here we go! Time for Hollywood McFuckass Lite to get his shit kicked in!

DDK:

The Marathon Man, Impulse, enters the arena with the hopes of earning another shot at the Southern Heritage Championship, and Angus, while I agree with you that I hope he earns it, he has an uphill battle against Kendrix! JFK is, by far, the most technically sound wrestler in the Sports Entertainment Guild; however if Impulse can get past Kendrix, I think he's a shoo-in to take the title!

Angus:

Cover your ass, Keeps... here she comes.

Amidst a chant of 'Blow it Up,' Calico Rose approaches the announce table, all while Impulse starts his path down to the ring. She fist bumps both Angus and Keebler to a rousing cheer, and an even bigger one when she coerces Angus to stand up and give her a hug.

And he jumps when she touches his butt.

DDK:

That's why I sit here, Angus.

Angus:

I don't feel well.

No sooner do Impulse and Cally enter the ring, the music fades and Impulse runs through his pre-match ritual...

♪ "Fuckin' in the Bushes" - Oasis♪

DDK:

Do you think Kendrix is making a statement tonight, Angus, by coming to the ring to the Hollywood Bruvs' music instead of his typical singles theme?

Angus:

I never think that the Bruvs know what they're doing, Keeps.

Kendrix enters the arena to the typical S.E.G. reaction, but there is a small cheer from the FAITHFUL - perhaps they acknowledge a small modicum of respect towards his wrestling ability.

One way or another, he does not return their respect.

DDK:

We've talked about the pressure on Impulse to earn his shot, but what about Kendrix? He needs to win this match for his partner; if he comes up short, Mikey has to step in the ring against Impulse once again, and I think Maximum DEFIANCE taught us all that in a fair fight, Mikey is no match.

Angus:

Do you really think McFuckass has the slightest inclination to give him a fair fight?

Kendrix enters the ring, and despite the sneer on his face, he keeps his eyes on his opponent. Impulse has the same look of intensity in his eyes, only without the sneer. The bell rings, and they circle each other, neither prepared to make the first move, which could lead to the first mistake.

"Fuck The Bruvs! Fuck The Bruvs!"

Finally, after a somewhat spirited chant towards Kendrix, the Bruv is clearly agitated, and he acts out of emotion, taking a step towards Impulse to fire a right hand at the Marathon Man's face. Big mistake. Impulse sees it coming - there isn't any attempt at subterfuge here - and catches JFK's wrist as the fist flies towards him. He hooks Kendrix' arm under his own and leverages him to his knees by the elbow and shoulder, with Kendrix telling referee Hector Navarro that no, he doesn't give up.

Obvs.

"You Can't Wrestle!" Clap clap clapclapclap

"You Can't Wrestle!" Clap clap clapclapclap

That may have motivated Kendrix. He spins his center of gravity and takes Impulse over with a modified armdrag, and locks an armbars of his own. Impulse, predictably, bridges and reverses. JFK spins out of it and elbows Impulse in the face, and as he spins out of the impact, hooks him from behind and lifts him for a belly to back suplex!

Impulse goes over, 360 degrees, and lands on his feet, reversing the hook! Kendrix steps forward immediately and hooks the top rope, which starts the count. Impulse backs off at two, and Kendrix fires a mule kick back into his groin!

Except not. Having wrestled the Hollywood Bruvs, both individually and as a team, Impulse knows what's coming, and he had stepped back so he can grab Kendrix' outstretched foot and lock on an anklelock submission! It is not on tightly, however, as Kendrix is able to kick out and pull himself to the outside, where the fans start their colorful description of the Bruvs once more.

"Fuck The Bruvs! Fuck The Bruvs!"

Kendrix responds this time, by flipping them the finger. Boos rain down, and they are only multiplied when Klein appears on the entrance and walks towards the ring.

DDK:

This is a one on one match, Angus! What is he doing here?

Angus:

If we're lucky? A Tibetan Monk bonfire. But I never get what I want, do I?

Klein walks to ringside in silence, holding a sign that he spins from front to back at short intervals. One side says "**BRUV LIVES MATTER**" and the other, in equally large letters "**TOTALLY OBVIOUSLY**" - and the 'Fuck the Bruvs!' chant grows even louder.

Impulse initially smirks, but as his eyes dart between Klein and Kendrix, he does the math and backs up a bit, allowing JFK to reenter the ring. Kendrix eyes him suspiciously, but as Navarro directs the two athletes, they lock up in the middle of the ring, and Kendrix powers Impulse into the ropes. The referee calls for a break, but Kendrix with an open hand to the face! The fans boo, but Impulse holds up a fist towards them, and they quiet.

DDK:

Incredible control he has over the fans.

Angus:

Awesome. If only he could have control over the match, too.

They lock up once more, and Kendrix again uses his weight advantage to back Impulse, into the corner this time. Navarro calls for the break, and this time, Kendrix fires an elbow towards Impulse.

Except Impulse sees it coming, and he short circuits it with a shoulder right into Kendrix' sternum. Kendrix staggers

back a few steps, and is floored by a hard clothesline! The cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout by Kendrix! He rolls away from Impulse and grabs the ropes, which gives him the time he needs to rework his strategy. He talks to Klein for a few seconds - though his face maintains a look of annoyance, this might just be a feint.

Finally, as Navarro threatens him with disqualification, Kendrix rises to his feet and steps towards Impulse to lock up, but at the last minute he comes underneath with a fist to the gut, and a swinging neckbreaker that puts the Marathon Man on his back. Impulse rolls to the ropes to pull himself back up, but his opponent does not subscribe to the same clean wrestling standards, and Kendrix drives a running knee into his face that bounce him off the ropes and drops him to the mat! Kendrix covers his opponent!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Undeterred, Kendrix scoops Impulse again and slams him to the mat, following up with a boot to the face. Another one!

"Let's Go Impulse!" Clap Clap Clapclapclap

"Let's Go Impulse!" Clap Clap Clapclapclap

Calico Rose leads the chant, which also includes people calling for... someone... to 'blow it up.'

Hashtag.

It's all for naught, however, as Kendrix scoops Impulse and immediately rakes his eyes - just in case - and hooks him for a facebreaker DDT that leaves him laying. Another cover, another two count. Kendrix scoops him, and bashes his head and shoulders to the mat with a German Suplex! Another! A third one, and he bridges for another cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THKICKOUT!

Kendrix hooks Impulse's head and pulls him up - Impulse with a small package! Two count only! Kendrix kicks out and immediately drops a fist into Impulse's face! Another crossface, and a third before JFK stands up and pulls his opponent to his feet! Irish whip across the ring, and Kendrix drops Impulse again with a running knee to the face! Cover! Almost a three!

Impulse pulls himself to his knees on the ropes again, but Kendrix hooks him quickly and sends him into the corner with a hard whip. He follows through quickly and whips Impulse to the opposite corner, at which point he chokes him, foot - to - neck, against the corner. Navarro counts, and Kendrix drops the hold at four and a half.

The fans chant for Impulse, and Kendrix yells at them to stop wasting their time.

Slumped in the corner, Impulse looks quite the worse for the wear as Kendrix whips him across the ring again, and follows up a half step behind with a crushing clothesline. He hooks Impulse with a headlock, and bulldogs him into the mat! Cover! Two and $\frac{3}{4}$ count!

Kendrix pulls Impulse up again and hooks him for another bulldog, but Impulse shoves him off at the moment that he jumps for the impact! Kendrix lands tailbone first on the mat, while Impulse staggers to his knees, unable to follow up!

He recovers from the impact, and Kendrix jumps to his feet a little too quickly, dropping a front dropkick into Impulse's face, reversing the momentum again. Kendrix pulls him to the middle of the ring - Impulse with another small package out of nowhere!

ONE...

TWO...

THKICKOUT!

To his credit, Kendrix was more surprised than stunned, and was in no danger of being pinned at that moment. He rolls away and gets back to his feet against the ropes, and he runs toward the still - rising Impulse - DROP TOE HOLD DROPS JFK! Quick thinking, however, sees Kendrix put his hands down to brace his fall, and he's back up in no time with a kick to the head and an elbow drop! Another elbow!

He makes a less-than-polite gesture before he drops a third elbow, and covers again.

ONE...

TWO...

THKICKOUT!

Impulse rolls to his knees, and as he starts to rise, Kendrix comes off the ropes and lands a beautiful dropkick right on the side of his head, and another cover - Impulse hooks the ropes with his hands, and Navarro won't count! Kendrix slams the mat with an open hand in frustration, but he grabs Impulse by a boot and gives him a sharp pull, pulling him to the center of the ring. Kendrix kneels down with an arrogant cover - IMPULSE WITH A ROLL UP!

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Kendrix rolls to his knees, and he is clearly angry over the way he was nearly suckered; Impulse remains on the mat. JFK grabs him and pulls him to his feet, and sends him hard into the corner. Impulse hits and slumps, and Kendrix follows through with a hard crushing clothesline. Impulse breathes heavy, and Kendrix responds with a boot against the throat.

Navarro warns him, then he counts. Kendrix breaks on the four, but the hot-blooded Bruv turns his back on his opponent to argue with the referee.

Mistake.

Impulse steps out, still breathing heavy, and he hooks Kendrix from behind and Dragon Suplexes over his head... but it's blocked. He tries again, but Kendrix struggles against the full nelson. Finally, Impulse gets him over and bridges JFK's shoulders to the mat!

As he lifts, however, Kendrix' boot finds Hector Navarro's face! There's no count! Navarro, however, having learned from Maximum DEFIANCE, manages to duck out of the way just in time. The boot barely clips his face, though the referee goes down!

Mere seconds later, as Navarro pulls himself to the corner and regains his wits, Klein slides under the bottom rope, immediately showing an uncomfortable amount of concern for his wellbeing.

After what could possibly have been a five count, Kendrix gets himself free and rolls backwards to his knees. His temper had slowly lowered, and since there was no one- or two- count, there was no rush. But as he pulls himself up and sees the words "**BRUV LIVES MATTER**" on a large sign, covering the referee's field of vision, he turns back towards the rising Impulse and puts both hands around his neck in a blatant choke.

It's almost a savant talent, the way Klein continues to check Navarro's eyesight, his hearing, his sense of smell, his speech, and his motor skills, without repeating himself. Even Calico Rose, on the outside and trying to disrupt Klein's command, is unable to break up the two, and Navarros simply looks overwhelmed by the two managers talking at cross - purpose

Across the ring, Impulse's face is starting to turn purple from the pressure on his windpipe, and his hands slowly drop from Kendrix's. His eyes angle down, and he knows he needs to do something drastic.

With one hand, he pulls Kendrix' kneepad down, and with the other, he delivers a hard, solid punch right to his kneecap.

Immediately, Kendrix lets him go and stumbles backwards, trying to stay on his feet. Winded but rapidly gaining his second, Impulse follows with purpose as the fans rise in volume, for two reasons.

The first? The SUDDEN IMPACT that drops Kendrix to the mat.

The second? Much to Angus Skaaland's chagrin, it's Mikey Unlikely himself, jumping the barricade, sliding under the ring, and as Kendrix hits the mat, Mikey's Southern Heritage championship belt hits Impulse on the back of the head, He pulls his tag team partner on top, just in time for Hector Navarro to clear the commotion from the corner.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

Cally looks confused, and in that confusion, Mikey is able to sneak around to the other side of the ring and make it appear to her - and to the referee - that he just showed up. Mikey and Klein pull Kendrix out of the ring and help him up the aisle, while Cally slides underneath the bottom rope to check on Impulse.

Angus:

MOTHER FUCKING FUCKER FUCKING SHIT!

DDK:

Um... Yeah, that's about right, Angus. Let's let this all sink in and we'll be right back.

THE COMING STORM

We return from commercial with a bright white FLASH on the screen and a just-as-quick return to darkness. Thunder rumbles low, slow, and distant. Suddenly, a deep-voiced announcer with excessive echo and a questionable british accent breaks in...

VOICE-OVER:

What lies on the other side of the world? Science may never FULLY know...

We see a crude, possibly clay representation of Earth spin slowly and methodically - camera cocked just slightly. Doth we detect an old school pop and shimmy to the film, like something from a further yesterday? We might.

VOICE-OVER:

But from the depths... from the DEEP... from the darkest and most undesirable regions of your very imagination... comes the most devastating force man has ever known!

Another flash. A man jumps across the screen. Another crash of thunder. The shot returns to the spinning clay world, crumbly clouds stutter across the globe.

VOICE-OVER:

From beyond comprehension... two men, two warriors, align to shatter the world of tag team wrestling as we know it!

This time the crash and the flash are one - another, different man leaps across the screen.

VOICE-OVER:

Two men... two warriors... coming to DEFIANCE!

The most brilliant flare yet overcame the screen... in union with a calamitous tumult of noise. Suddenly we cut to a shot of two asian men, one taller and leaner than the other, both standing ready to fight. Our narrator steels himself for the final push.

VOICE-OVER:

Brace yourself...

CRASH/FLASH! His voice raises in a crescendo!

VOICE-OVER:

When comes... THE STORM!

On cue, the two men SCREAM with the crash of thunder, resetting their stiff fighting stances. On the lower third of the screen, it reads...

THE STORM - coming SOON

We fade out.

DOWN WITH THAT SORT OF THING

Back to the booth...

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we're just a few short moments away from the DOC Title defense, but I have an official announcement to make, straight from the office of the BOSS, Kelly Evans.

Angus:

Oh, joy. This has been a banner night so far, I can't wait to hear this.

Keebler can be seen picking up a piece of paper, that he is directly reading.

DDK:

While DEFIANCE Wrestling will not undermine our officials, and Kendrix will remain credited with the victory tonight against Impulse, due to the nature of both Klein and Mikey Unlikely's interference in said match, DEFIANCE Tv 75 will feature Impulse challenging Mikey Unlikely for the Southern Heritage Championship.

Angus stands up and pumps his fist in the air.

Angus:

YES! There is a God, and McFuckass, be thy bitch! Not just that, Keeps, but do you know what time it is?

JASON NATAS © VS. MASSIVE COWBOY

Angus:

IT'S HOSSFITE O'CLOCK, MOTHERFUCKERS!

DDK:

Yes, yes it is. Round two of Jason Natas' BRAZEN DOC gauntlet is about to take place, and he's about to get a step up in competition...

Angus:

You gorrarn right he is! Down in BRAZEN, we've got a little group by the name of the Southern Bastards! They're Frank Dylan James' boys, and well, they're not best pleased about what Natas did to their boss. They're out for blood, and it starts with the biggest, meanest one of 'em all - MASSIVE Cowboy!

DDK:

We've seen MASSIVE Cowboy on DEFtv before. He's one of the meanest power-brawlers you'll ever come across, and a perfect fit for our DOC division! I can't wait for this one, Angus, but it isn't gonna be a pretty...

♪ "Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent ♪

Coming out to Frank's trademark tune gets a big pop from the crowd, and MASSIVE Cowboy's soon pulling the curtain apart and hurtling down to the ring. Swinging a huge bull rope over his head, he almost takes-out a couple of fans in the first few rows, then spits a noxious wad of chewing tobacco down on the mat.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is for the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship! Introducing the challenger, from the The Double Dragon Ranch, Tokio, Texas, he stands at 6'5", and weighs-in at 265lbs... MASSSSIIIIIIIVVVVVVEEEEEEE COWBBBBBOOOOOOYYYYYYY!

DDK:

Jesus! Someone get that bull rope off of him...

Angus:

Heh. Who would even *dare*?!

Cowboy keeps swinging the damn thing as he rights the ring, and Quimbey immediately bails to the outside.

♪ "No Chance" by Unsane ♪

The heaviest, nastiest, sludgiest theme music in DEFIANCE rumbles through the arena, and Jason Natas powers out from the backstage area looking just as *fucked-off* as his night's opponent. DOC around his waist, Natas draws a big pop from the Faithful, but he's deeply locked into "strictly business" mode tonight.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, hailing fro-- SHIT!

DQ darts out of the way as MASSIVE Cowboy suddenly bundles out of the ring to stomp towards Jason Natas. The Bronx Bully quickly unclips his belt and drops it to the floor, but eats a few big right hands in the process!

Angus:

No fucking around tonight, Keeps!

Cowboy rocks him with a big forearm, then tries for a Lariat. He hits it, but Natas stays standing -- only just. Cowboy takes the back of his head and tries to slam it down on the railing, but Natas blocks the attempt and back elbows MASSIVE hard in the face. A forearm follows, then a chop, before Natas whips the dude back-first into the apron!

Natas rolls the brute inside, then follows himself. The bell finally rings. Natas clubs Cowboy as he rises, but MASSIVE fires back with a forearm and a boot to the gut. Natas doubles over, and Cowboy hits a couple of big, clubbing blows to the back, sending the champion stumbling away. Another clubbing blow follows, then another, and Natas finds himself in the corner.

The challenger peels-off a chop, but Natas fires out of the corner with a roar and blasts him with a couple of unanswered forearms. He knees Cowboy in the gut, then lands a few clubs himself, before bringing a knee up into his face! The challenger stumbles backwards, and the champ catches him square in the jaw with a wild upkick, then plants him in the corner.

Chop!

Chop!

Chop!

Cowboy staggers out, and it's quite clear that there ain't gonna be no pretty wrestling in this one. The club/striking exchange continues, and Natas gets Cowboy to a knee at one point, but the (slightly) taller man fires back with an eye rake and a headbutt. This is enough to wobble Natas, allowing Cowboy to grab a handful of waistband before unceremoniously dumping him right outta the ring!

Natas lands with a thud on the outside, and Cowboy stomps on him as he tries to rise. No countouts or DQs in a DOC match, so they're all good. Natas is back against the railings, and Cowboy hits him so hard that the barricade damn near tips over. A second one follows, then a couple of mudhole stomps, before Cowboy starts looking for his rope.

He finds it, but Natas comes at him before he can inflict any damage. The Bronx Bully enters "fuck this shit" mode, blasts him with some elbows, then hits one of those nasty throat chops he's been using a lot lately. Cowboy drops the rope, and Natas whips him into the railings, buying some time.

Jason takes some time to recover, but doesn't wait for too long. He stomps down on Cowboy, then grabs the rope himself. Just as he's about to smack him with it, Cowboy comes back with some shots to the gut, then rises. Headbutt, forearm, headbutt! Natas is staggered! Cowboy grabs the belt and brings it down hard over Natas' back, then repeats... and repeats. The third blow sends Natas down, and Cowboy attempts to wrap the damn thing around his neck.

Natas, fortunately, has enough wherewithal to elbow the big bastard in the stomach. Jason throws the rope away, but MASSIVE recovers first and throws him into the ring steps! A mighty crash reverberates around the building, before Cowboy eventually rolls the champion inside and makes the first cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

Cowboy ain't messing around. He pulls Natas up, cracks him with a punch, then throws him into a corner. Taking a big run-up, Cowboy charges and attempts to flatten the champ with a running splash... but Natas gets the hell out of there! Skips behind... back drop!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

Natas attacks Cowboy as he rises, but the Southern Bastard rises through it, and the violence spills to the outside again. After some back and forth brawling, Cowboy gets the upperhand. He lifts the burly champion into the air and drops him right on the railing, sending some front-row fans scattering in the process!

He lands on the right side, Natas, but the beating isn't over: Natas puts the boots to him a few more times, then grabs the rope, puts it around the champ's neck, and tries to straight-up murder the bastard.

Brian Slater joins the action on the outside. Natas' face quickly turns a deep shade of purple as the oxygen supply dies, and his legs start buckling. His life's draining away, and it looks like we're about to have a new DOC champion, but The Bronx Bully finds the energy to rush backwards, forcing Cowboy's back against the ring pillar!

Natas falls to his hands and knees, but he's able to roll Cowboy back inside. Cowboy up first, and they're trading after a few clubbing blows. Cowboy eventually gets him up and preps for his trademark Kung-Fu Lariat finisher, but Natas ducks beneath it, and they throw simultaneously clotheslines!

Neither man goes down. They both go to the ropes, simultaneously shoulder blocks! Nobody goes down! They start slugging it out again, and after nailing a bodyslam, MASSIVE Cowboy goes to the top rope for FDJ's Mountain Top Knee Drop!

MISSES!

Natas rolls out of the way, and rises with the crowd behind him. He dashes to the ropes, flattens him with a sliding Lariat, then pulls his head between his thighs. Lifting Cowboy's bulky torso off the mat, Natas traps the leg, and puts him down with the Gotch-Style Piledriver!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings, Unsane plays, and a victorious Natas rises, still clutching his throat.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner, and *STILL* DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion... JASSSSSSOOOOONNNNNNNNNN
NATTTTTTTTTTAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSSS!

Angus:

What a gorram brawl that was, Keeps!

DDK:

I think I counted *two* wrestling moves throughout the whole thing! Insane!

Angus:

Helluva fight! I thought Cowboy was gonna kill him with that rope, but I should know better than to bet against Fatas at this point! Another successful defence...

DDK:

And his seventh win in a row! The BRAZEN gauntlet heats-up, but Jason Natas is on a roll at the moment!

COOLER HEADS

Standing outside the locker room of the DEF*MAX Champion's locker room is DEFIANCE's second greatest reporter, Christie Zane.

Christie Zane:

Hi! I'm here standing outside of Curtis Penn's personal locker room....

A loud crash is overheard from the inside of the locker room.

Christie Zane: [a look of shock explodes onto her face]

Okay... okay so moments ago there was a loud crash coming from behind the door. We're going to see what's going on.

The door opens and scattered around the room is all sorts of debris ranging from athletic tape, clothes, and a couple of flipped over tables. Penn is seething and pacing around the room as Jane Katze tries to calm down her client.

Jane Katze:

Curtis, you need to breathe. I told you that I would handle this, let me do my job... the job that you and I agreed upon, and I'll get Kelly Evans to see it *our* way.

His pacing stops, but the cold hard glare turns on Christie Zane and crew.

Jane Katze:

Christie, dear, this is not a good time. We're trying to work through some things at the moment and you being here can...will... be very disruptive.

Christie Zane:

I can tell that Curtis is very upset over the announcement that was made earlier by Lindsay Troy...

Jane quickly places her index finger over the lips of Zane.

Jane Katze:

NOT...now. I will tell you.

She turns back around to Curtis Penn and then back to Christie Zane.

Jane Katze:

That I will be speaking with Kelly Evans about her choice to overlook Curtis Penn and grant an inferior wrestler the title shot that is rightfully my client's. Curtis should not only be the first in line for the FIST of DEFIANCE, but he should be the only person in line for the FIST of DEFIANCE.

She locks eyes with Curtis Penn.

Jane Katze:

But for now... FOR... NOW... calm and cooler heads need to prevail.

She turns back to Christie to send the point home.

Jane Katze:

So Christie, you need to turn around and leave so I can gain some control of this situation.

Jane gently, firmly, insists and guides Christie out of the locker room.

THE WALL

The scene moves from outside the locker room of Curtis Penn, to outside the... well, outside the wall. The Klein boxes are now stacked 6 rows high and are in perfect sequential order in an arc shape except for where the far end hasn't yet met the cinderblock of Wrestleplex wall. There stand our...heroes! Klein working up high from the inside, The D and Elise beginning the final column on the outside. Mikey and JFK still stand on the inside as well.

Both of the bruvv are sipping on frappes. At the same time the sweat pours from the brow of The Havana Harlot and The D. They put up one last box before they take a step back and admire their work. Walking over towards where the doorway used to be, The D looks through a single box hole left to communicate between the two sides.

The D:

We've built the wall!

Elise Ares:

And we're going to make DEFIANCE pay for it!

Klein turns around and looks back at Mikey and Kendrix on the inside, who begin to do a quick inspection. The conclusion is obvious, the wall is one box short.

Kendrix:

Listen, Yeah! I can't count on you for nothin, you missed a spot bruvv!

With those words JFK plucks the box off the top of Klein's head, nearly revealing his soul to the demonic entity currently recording him. As Klein turns his back to the camera and covers his face, running off the screen, Kendrix takes that box and shoves it into the communication hole in the middle of the wall that PCP was using to speak to the other side with.

Mikey Unlikely:

PERRRRFECT! That looks great guys! That's about as good as I could expect *you three* to do! Not as good as JFK and I would have done, but it'll work!

The D:

Can we have our Oreo Frappes now?

PCP go to enter the room and walk directly into the wall. They pause, and then look at each other, Elise Ares knocks.

Mikey Unlikely:(whispering to JFK)

Frappes!?! Shit! I think we drank those! What do we tell em!?

Kendrix:

Who is it!?

Elise Ares:

It's us! The longest reigning DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions in the history of DEFIANCE! The Pop Culture Phenoms. Well, except Klein, he's in there somewhere. We can't get in! Surely there's a door on this thing, right?

Inside the room Klein runs back into the scene, but now he's wearing a Ronald Reagan mask that he no doubt grabbed from Mikey's personal belongings. Looking back at the bruvv with his fake, molded rubber eyes, he points to the wall.

Mikey Unlikely:

Listen, guys! Sometimes in Sports Entertainment, you have to do what you can to help protect your assets! I'm sure you know all about that Elise.

Elise Ares:

What's that supposed to mean?! A girl has to be safe in today's society, I mean not every hot guy on the internet ends up REALLY being that actual hot guy on the internet. It's called Catfishing. It's a real problem that needs a real solution.

On Mikey's side of the wall, Reagan-masked Klein walks over to the wall, barely able to hear his PCP teammates on the other side. He puts his hand up against the wall and dips his head. Almost as if he could feel his teammates energy, The D also walks over to the wall on his side and puts his hand up on the wall. Elise pulls out her cell phone and a song begins to play, it's "Somewhere Out There" from the children's movie An American Tail. The D turns to Elise, a single tear falling down his cheek.

The D:

We're still here Klein. (through wall) We're connected by his children...

Mikey Unlikely:

I don't know how you ended up on that side of the wall...(snickers)... but now that you are there, we cannot afford to damage the structural integrity of this very solid partition! So you guys will just have to...

There's a crash at the other end of the wall. The music stops and the boxes come tumbling down quickly.

The D:

Oh God! Women and children and me first!

Mikey Unlikely:

Ahhhh Noooo! It's Impulse I know it!!! He's trying to get my title early!

The wall continues to fall in a flurry of flying boxes and uncoordinated strikes! The Pop Culture Phenoms back away from the mess, as Mikey Unlikely cowers behind Klein. At some point in the scuffle Mikey let's out a female child like shriek.

When the cardboard clears, and the dust settles a loud laugh is heard.

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

Jack Hunter stands tall on top of the pile.

Jack Hunter:

SILLYWALL! Consider yourself...

The Superbest, AKA The Street Fighter, AKA The Little Bruiser, AKA Lil' Bruises, AKA Yung Contusions, AKA The UNDEFEATIGOOBLED 671-0 HASH TAG NEW STREAK... turns to the camera and winks.

Jack Hunter:

... *STREET FIGHTED!*

Mikey is clutching onto the back on Klein's shirt. Still wide eyed and shaking, he finally composes himself when Jack Hunter runs off. He takes in his surrounds and looks very sad. PCP smile and cross the barrier where the wall once stood.

JFK pats Mikey on the back and goes to say something but before he can, he's cut off.

Mikey Unlikely:

BUILD IT AGAIN!

CURTIS PENN VS. ANDY MURRAY

Cut to the announce team.

DDK:

The night rages on, and we've got another tremendous match lined-up for you: Andy Murray, making an early return from his Bronson Box-induced injuries, takes-on Curtis Penn!

Angus:

Let's see if he can succeed where the squi---... Cayle failed.

DDK:

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, of course, saw Penn steal the DEF*MAX tournament away from the younger Murray with a handful of tights. Will he be able to repeat the act against Andy -- the most experienced wrestler in DEFIANCE?

Angus:

The Micropennis can worm his way out of any situation, Keeps. He could probably steal a bar of gold from Fort Knox and emerge unscathed, and I'm absolutely sure that he'll have something up his sleeve tonight.

♪ "Hail to the King, Baby" by The Heavy Eyes ♪

A loose drum rhythm drives a brief organ/guitar chord progression, with the lights flickering and flashing all over the place. The song soon kicks in with fireworks at the top of the ramp, and Andy Murray emerges, smiling. He wastes little time in making his way down the ramp, exchanging a few hand-slaps and fist bumps, before rolling under the bottom rope.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following match is set for one-fall! Introducing first, hailing from Aberdeen, Scotland, he stands at 6'7", and weighs-in at 280lbs... ANDYYYYYY MUUUURRRRRRRRAAAAYYYYYYYY!

DDK:

This is a highly interesting match on a couple of levels, Angus. You've got the obvious personal beef following Penn's less-than-honest win over Cayle, but stylistically, we have two fantastic technicians with vastly differing gameplans and mindsets, and contrasting strengths and weaknesses.

As his name is read out, Andy notices the official: Mark Shields. He casts him a stern glare, then says something that the microphones don't quite pick up.

Angus:

Oh for fuck's sake, look at the referee...

DDK:

Yeah. This just got very interesting...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen...

Darren Quimbey has the pleasure of reading the following off of an 3 x 5 index card.

Darren Quimbey:

The Master of the Curtis Clutch, The 2x Southern Heritage Champion, the DEFIANCE Grand Prix Champion, The Man who scared DAN RYAN so badly that he willingly lost to LINDSEY TROY, The Despot of DEFIANCE, soon to be the ruler over the Murray Clan, the GREATEST WRESTLER ALIVE TODAY: CURTIS PENN!

Curtis Penn smiles all the way to the ring as he notices Mark Shields standing in the ring, checking Andy Murray for any foreign objects.

Angus:

For the love of Christ, look at Penn and Shields shake hands.

DDK:

I did notice that after all of the patting down of Andy Murray, Shields more or less gave Curtis Penn a bro-hug.

Angus:

And after DEF MAX we all know that Penn should be stripped search before, during, and after the match. He's a cheater, plain and simple.

The bell rings. The two wrestlers lock-up after some brief circling, and Andy's able to use his strength push Penn back into a corner. He breaks an arm loose then tries to chop, but Penn forces him out with an elbow to the jaw. Andy stumbles backwards, Penn comes forward and ducks the attempted clothesline. Murray spins around to meet his opponent, and we have a stalemate.

Back to circling. There's another tie-up moments later, and again Andy gets the leverage. Penn controls the direction, however, and reaches the safety of the ropes. Shields immediately calls for the break and Andy obliges, but not before Penn (being Penn) complaints about the time it takes for him to break.

They come back to the middle. Instead of engaging, though, Penn retracts and leaves the ring. Mark Shields is in no mood to start the count. When Murray goes outside to chase, however, Shields kicks in with it superfast. It gets to four before Murray reaches Penn, who rakes the eyes, then tries to slam his head on the apron. Andy counters, stings him with a forearm, then rolls him inside at eight.

Back in, Penn stomps Murray as he rises but the Scot gets through it. He reaches his feet and blocks a body kick, then comes inside with some elbows. A chop follows, then a whip to the corner. Andy charges in with a corner clothesline, then whips Penn across the ring and hits another. With the DEF*MAX winner at his mercy, Murray pulls him off the ground then hits a backbreaker.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

A fair, moderate count from Shields. Andy gives him a sideways glance and works to his feet. Penn hits him in the gut a couple of times, but Murray absorbs, then hits a European Uppercut. Penn wobbles backwards. The two exchange strikes back and forth. Penn lands three unanswered, but Murray fires back, then lands three of his own. He finishes by whipping Penn to the ropes. Curtis hooks his arms over the top rope. Andy charges, and Penn ducks a clothesline, then kicks the back of Murray's knee.

More leg kicks follow, and Murray gets cracked with an elbow as he turns around. Seizing grappling control, Penn forces him into the corner then stomps him down. With Murray grounded, Penn pushes his boot into his throat. Shields, again, is fair with the five-count, and Penn breaks. Aside from the count-out, Mark's been on-point.

With Murray still down, Penn moves away from the corner then comes back with a running knee. He pulls him into the middle.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Penn works to his feet. He keeps hold of one of Murray's arms in an underhook, then knees him in the side as he pulls

him up. Releasing, Penn low dropkicks the big man's knee to send him to the mat, and Murray falls like a Redwood. Penn ties the leg up in a single crab, and it takes Murray a little while to fight it, but he eventually makes it to the ropes. This time it's Penn who gives Shields a glare, but the referee completely blanks him.

Curtis goes to work. The stomps come thick and fast, before he peels Murray up, puts him in the corner, and boots him in the gut. He goes to whip, but Murray reverses it and sends Curtis to the corner. Penn lands back-first, Murray charges, but Penn charges out, ducks a clothesline and kicks Murray hard in the liver.

The Scot almost buckles, but he withstands. He doesn't withstand the flying knee, however.

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

Penn shows his frustration by slapping the mat. As the match drags on, he attempts to seize Murray's leg again. Andy sees it coming, however, and boots him away before springing to his feet. He blasts Penn with a few forearms, then a European, before seizing him in a gutwrench and suplexing him to the mat. Murray maintains his grip, rolls through, and repeats the suplex... then rolls through again and lands another!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The King pulls Penn back up and immediately whips him to the ropes. He tries to pop him up, but Penn regains control of his momentum in time to boot him in the gut and wrap-up for a suplex. Andy counters, however, and lifts Penn onto his shoulders before driving his back into the turnbuckles.

He backs off for a moment, looking to get a run-up, but Penn darts behind him and grabs a roll-up + tights, because DEF*MAX!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

NO! KICKOUT!

Murray gets out at the last possible second. Both spring to their feet. Penn's a little quicker, and he gets a European Uppercut, then a high knee to the face. A roundhouse kick follows, and Murray's on the ground! Penn rolls him onto his stomach, seizes his neck and wrenches back - Curtis Clutch!

The volume in the arena raises, but Andy's a safe distance from the ropes. He swipes a hand towards, and it juuuuuuuust misses...

DING! DING! DING!

The arena's perplexed. Shields has called for the bell, and Penn is as surprised as anyone else. He releases the Curtis Clutch as his music starts playing and rises, grinning broadly as his hand gets raised.

Angus:

What the fuck just happened?!

DDK:

I think Shields called for a subm--

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via submission... CURTIIIISSSSSS PENNNNNNNNNNNNN!

The celebrations don't last, though. Penn gets the hell out when Murray rises to his feet. The Scot's first inclination is to approach Shields like "what the fuck, mate?", but the referee responds by tapping his own chest.

DDK:

Shields is saying he tapped out!

A convenient replay appears on the big screen. Shields points towards it, and Andy turns. His hand does hit the mat, but it's not a tap-out: it's a byproduct of missing the bottom rope.

Angus:

Awwww c'mawn! That's fuggin' ridiculous.

DDK:

It's scandalous, Angus. Penn won't be complaining, but how on Earth Mark Shields can call that a submission is beyond me! This guy's already been under investigation for corruption once...

Angus:

And Curtis Penn effectively steals another win from the Murray family. Bet they're just loving him at the moment...

Andy Murray is, of course, furious. Shields doesn't want to hear his protests, though: he raises his hands, shakes his head, and leaves the ring. The feed heads elsewhere as chants of "BULLLLLLSHIT!" ring out through the arena.

THIS IS A TEST

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, as you're well aware by this point, the Wrestle-Plex here when it was build had one heck of a security system installed. The system of HD cameras our former boss Mr. White installed covers almost every nook and cranny of this facility. And sometimes...

Angus:

And sometimes our web nerd Felcher uses it to spy on people... WE KNOW you're the DEFSpY DAAAAAVE so quit pretending you're not ya' GORRAM computer dweeb.

Darren Keebler gives his broadcast partner a sideways glance before continuing.

DDK:

As I was saying. Sometimes we're treated with footage even the folks involved aren't aware of, sometimes shedding light on a situation... and sometimes, well...

Angus:

We're treated with visual evidence of just how deranged and depraved and downright fuckin' STRANGE our roster really is?

DDK:

Well, a bit before showtime Angus here got an email with a bit of video attached... let's take a look.

We cut to the security footage. There's a timestamp slowly ticking away in the bottom left corner - 17:26:58 - indicating that whatever we're about to watch went down a few hours before showtime. The footage isn't grainy or low quality, hell it's almost in damn near HD. "The Socialite" really did spend a fortune on this security system. We're inside a locker-room, but focused on nothing in-particular. Half the room isn't visible through the camera's limited range, but the door most certainly is.

Why mention the door? Because a nonchalant Cayle Murray's about to walk through it, earbuds in, attention focused primarily on his phone. The Scot slings his holdall off his shoulder and plonks it down on a bench, still thumbing his way through a Spotify playlist.

He's about to sit down when something catches his attention. The microphone picks up a sharp intake of breath, and Cayle almost jumps out of his skin. He hurriedly pulls the buds out, drops his phone, and slips into a defensive stance. The camera pans slowly across the room: there, dressed to the nines as usual, is Bronson Box.

Cayle Murray:

What the f--

He stops himself from cursing, but still puts the dukes up. Box is sitting on a steel chair. He's almost perfectly still, and hasn't broken eye contact since Cayle first noticed him.

Cayle Murray: *[panicked]*

What are you...

Murray's words trail-off, but they're sharp and rushed. He's clearly agitated, and praying his brother or Jason Natas march through the door behind him.

They don't come, though, and the moment lingers.

Box stays stoic. Murray parts his lips again, but the Wargod raises a hand before he can get a word out.

Slowly, purposefully, Boxer rises to his feet. He takes one ominous step forward, then another, until he's stood just a few inches from Cayle Murray.

The invasiveness puts Cayle even further off his game, but he doesn't take a step back for fear of Box exploding. Cayle pulls his fists up higher, if only to create a little distance between the two. It doesn't work.

At all.

Cayle Murray:

What do you want, Boxer?!

Nothing.

Just Box's steely glare.

Cayle Murray:

What are you doing here?!

Then, finally, Bronson Box raises a hand. He calmly pushes Cayle's fists downwards, parts his lips, and the words seep through like slow poison...

Bronson Box: *[calmly]*

I'm gonnae take what's mine. I'm gonnae test'cha, squid... and in doin' so, I'm gonnae take what's mine.

The words are so quiet they're almost inaudible, and they chill Cayle to the bones. Box lets his gaze linger for a few moments, then moves away from the Scot. He doesn't nudge past him however: instead, he *politely* steps around him, walks out the door, and slowly makes his way down the corridor. The locker room door closing with a sharp click that echos through the dark empty room.

Cayle snaps to life after a few seconds. He spins around on his heels, goes to the door, and looks through just to make sure Boxer isn't coming back.

He's gone.

A cold sweat across his brow, Cayle breathes a sigh of relief. His heart slows to a normal pace, and with deep relief, he flicks the room's remaining lights on.

That's when he sees it.

"TAKE WHAT'S MINE. THIS IS A TEST. TAKE WHAT'S MINE. THIS IS A TEST."

Over and over again, across every single locker-room, in DEFIANCE red paint.

Giant, dripping letters.

Cayle Murray shudders. And shakes his head in just stunned disbelief. A look that quite clearly asks... *"what the hell have I gotten myself into?"*

The feed cuts abruptly.

Angus:

So... like, wait... how long was he sitting there? Does he think he can get away with this shit? Kelly just straight up LOST IT when she saw the damage. She's still mad... like, the SAME tantrum for several hours. They're literally having to sand and repaint the whole damn locker room as we speak.

DDK:

The headgames continue between the Bombastic self-proclaimed "Ace" of DEFIANCE and the victorious Cayle Murray, folks.

Angus:

Headgames? Keeps Boxer hasn't done... well... *THIS* sort shit in a long while. Something's changed, maybe it was Jane pulling that bullshit with Penn, maybe it was Cayle crippling DA' BAWS...

DDK:

Probably all that and more, partner. I can tell you, Boxer was ordered OFF Wrestle-Plex property by Kelly herself after she was informed of the incident when she arrived here at the arena this morning.

Angus:

However you slice it, Darren? We're dealing with an *unhinged* Wargod we haven't seen the likes of in YEARS... and that? That shit should scare Squidboy down to his one weird flat bone that extends from his dorsal fin all the way to his weird little sucker tentacles.

DDK:

You know he's not a REAL squid, right?

Angus:

Ahh, sorry. Just really excited for Planet Earth 2 to come out in the states, can you believe those GORRAM Brits are making us wait til' *JANUARY?!*

DDK:

I didn't know you were such a nature lover, Skaaland.

Angus:

Awww, dude, twist up a fat blunt and watch penguins and lemurs and narwhales and shit high as a dollar store kite? Blow your MIND man. Blow. Your. *MIND*.

DDK:

sigh Alright Jon Stewart in Half Baked, we get it.

Angus:

Besides with Boxer goin' all "*no TV and no beer make Homer go crazy*" on us, I think we'll need all the happy animals and legal weed we can stomach, brother.

DDK:

Now, moving right along folks. We've still got a LOT of show to get to here tonight.

CODENAME: REAPER VS. MIDORIKAWA

Angus:

I can't stand SEG! I wish we could just get rid of them all.

DDK:

How do you propose we do....[lights cut out] that.....

Angus:

Well this guy could help!

DDK:

What guy? I can't even see anybody.

Angus:

The same guy that always appears when the lights go out.

The crowd is in an uproar, cell phones are flashing throughout Wrestle-Plex. Trying to catch a glimpse of what's going on. After about a full thirty seconds of darkness, the arena lights flood back on and we see Code Name: Reaper standing in the center of the ring, holding a mic and getting ready to address the faithful.

Angus:

Oh man please tell me he's calling the SEG out for last week's bullshit!

As the camera moves in, Reaper's eyes are flaring a bright red as he slowly moves the mic up to his mask.

Reaper: [modified voice and slow speaking]

Midorikawa..... Midorikawa.... Midorikawa.....

Angus:

Is he chanting?

DDK:

I don't think so Angus, it sounds like he is saying Midorikawa.

Angus:

Midra what?

Keebler tries to explain, but is cut out by the lights flashing off only for a brief second.

Reaper: [eyes flaring up even a brighter red]

Midorikawa. You... need to be addressed. The boy from Seattle, their favorite son deserves no favors from you. To me your intention seems clear, give Scott Douglas an easy ride. Let him succeed without hard work. Two weeks in a row you have eliminated any chance for him to get the rightful beating he deserves. Two weeks in a row you have stopped him from remembering he has no place in DEFIANCE, no place in wrestling.

Pausing for a moment Reaper stares up the ramp, waiting for something. The fans half heartedly cheer and some boo. The mixed response is oblivious to Reaper as he stands in silence for another ten seconds before bringing the mic back up.

Reaper:

Midorikawa.... I have to eliminate any threat that you pose in allowing me to end Scott Douglas. The man has failed not only Seattle, but the entire wrestling WORLD! He had one job and ample opportunity and it's been squandered, now it's left to someone like me to pick up the pieces. To take care and rid us of what doesn't belong.

Reaper:

So now... get out here, face my challenge for a match right now, before I let the entire world know what..... And who... you really are!

DDK:

Midorikawa is in the building folks!!

MDK slowly emerges from behind the curtains; stopping at the edge of the walkway microphone in his left hand.

MDK:

You know what, Creeper? I'll be your huckleberry! Me and you... Douglas... YOU'RE NEXT! I hope you're watching.

MDK rolls his neck as if working out the kinks and descends to the ring; a sadistic smirk spreads across his face as he begins to charge sliding underneath the bottom rope.

Angus:

And just like that we have a match. This Reaper guy is really starting to grow on me. I just don't know if Midorikawa is the guy you want to be calling out.

DDK:

What in the world was he talking about Scott Douglas failing the city of Seattle? Failed it how?

Angus:

I don't know, Keebs. Maybe he forgot to carry Reaper's bags into the hotel while they were in Seattle together? He seems to fail a lot at knowing his role.

Benny Doyle is in the ring as MDK and Code Name: Reaper are relegated to their separate corners. He gives out instruction and calls for the timekeeper to ring the bell. The match starts quick with MDK getting the upper hand on Reaper. He works on Reaper's legs and arms as he unleashes a barrage of moves, including a stellar Russian Leg Sweep. After attempting a pin fall, that resulted in barely a two count; Reaper reversed MDK's slingshot lariat into a nasty looking dropkick to the face.

The tide in the match was then in Reaper's favor as he did his damndest to keep MDK grounded. Executing an onslaught of kicks and punches to the face and core of MDK, Reaper pinned his opponent in the corner, drawing the ire of Benny Doyle. Doyle called for the two to separate with the threat of disqualification on the count of 4. Reaper broke but refused to back down. As MDK stumbled out of the corner and towards the center of the ring, Reaper capitalized with his own barrage of cleanly executed strikes and moves. Culminating in what looked to be all that was needed; an Impact DDT would lead quickly to a pin fall that would fall short. Reaper, obviously frustrated, got into the face of Benny Doyle. Doyle immediately instructed him to stand down.

At this point the match took a dramatic turn, with MDK back to his feet and Reaper distracted, MDK took to the top rope. As Reaper turned he would learn it was too late as MDK launched himself, with a flying crossbody. Crushing Reaper to the mat yet leaving MDK writhing in pain clutching his gut. MDK finally covers Reaper for the pin but again no more than a two count is achieved.

MDK takes his frustration out on Doyle, who like Reaper, Doyle takes no crap and tells him to back off. This allows Reaper the time needed to get back on his feet. He charges MDK with a clothesline, MDK ducks and Reaper can't stop the follow through. Reaper drops the arm, yet his should still glances off of Benny Doyle, who takes a hard bump and ends up spilling through the ropes to the outside. Before Reaper can react he's immediately hit with a low blow. MDK spins him around and with a kick to the gut, executes a double underhook powerbomb. He signals the end for Reaper and climbs the top rope. Reaper has no fight in him when MDK comes flying down with the Fremont Splash.

With no ref to count the finish, MDK is enraged in the middle of the ring, but then cocks his head sideways like he came up with a brilliant thought. He slides to the outside of the ring and goes under the ring, pulling out a chair in the process. The fans yell at him on the outside as MDK slowly climbs into the ring, pointing at the chair and at the fallen

body of Reaper. He steps through the ropes slowly and what he doesn't realize is Scott Douglas is making a fast run to the ring from down the ramp.

The chair is raised high above MDK's head and he is about to bring it crashing down on Reaper's skull and the chair is stopped in place by Scott Douglas' hand. He rips it from the grip of MDK causing him to spin around to greet the interloper. They exchange words with Douglas tossing the chair out of the ring. MDK immediately throws a fist but Douglas blocks it and connects with his own. Neither man flinch as they unleash a plethora of punches at one another. Douglas, manages to take the upper hand, blocking a wild fist and uses the momentum to toss MDK to the outside of the ring.

Reaper back on his feet and when he realizes Scott Douglas is in the ring his eyes glow a fiery red. When Douglas turns around, he is immediately hit with a Spear. Reaper quickly climbs to his feet and looks down at the Douglas, screaming at him with inaudible curses. Before he can follow it up, with Benny Doyle still out of it on the outside, MDK ascends the top rope and comes crashing down with a flying one legged missile drop kick to Reaper's face. The crowd starts getting into this action; chanting "Holy Shit" as the chaos ensues. Douglas gets back to his feet as MDK becomes once again vertical. The two grapple with each other in the center of the ring. Reaper lies prone on the mat. Doyle, stirring slightly on the outside, has no idea of a third party or what have gone on in his absence.

Douglas and MDK, attempt to get the upperhand on the other. MDK finds success and pins Douglas against the ropes. After a few strikes MDK sends Douglas tumbling over the ropes and onto the floor with a stiff lariat. Reaper climbs back to his feet as Benny Doyle shakes the cobwebs out. MDK turns around and is met with The Guillotine. Reaper wastes no time in covering him, Doyle shocked back to reality with the realization of a pinfall attempt; slides in the ring, and counts ...

ONE ...

TWO...

THREE...

DING DING DING

The crowd pops a little, not so much for Reaper winning as for MDK losing. Douglas looks on at the ring shaking his head. Reaper's hand is raised as his eyes light in a deep red luminances. Fixated on Scott Douglas at ringside.

Angus:

I really wish Reaper would have kicked Douglas in the throat too.

DDK:

For what? He saved him from getting bashed in the head with that chair!

Angus:

We don't know that. The lights probably would have went out and MDK would have been hanging upside from the rafters by his underwear.

DDK:

Seriously... ?

Douglas slowly backs his way up the entrance ramp, keeping a close eye on the ring and the two in it. Mostly importantly the burning red eyed Codename: Reaper.

Angus:

I've seen Stranger Things! Have you?

DDK:

No...

Douglas pauses for a moment at the top of the ramp as his and Reaper's intense stare down continues.

DDK:

These two seem to surely be on a collision course for one another!

Angus:

Wait, which one is Shirley!?

DDK:

We've got SO much more to bring you here tonight on DEFtv! Stay tuned!

SO MANY SKOOPZ

Backstage, Andy Murray's looking for trouble.

There's a towel over his shoulder, but he clearly hasn't rested since his less-than-honest loss to Curtis Penn. Still dressed in his wrestling gear, The King marches down the corridor with little regard for anything but his destination.

Andy Murray:

Jimbo! Get out here!

He slams his fist into a standing flight case as he goes.

Angus:

Uh-oh, Big Murr's pissed.

DDK:

Wouldn't you be? Mark Shields just screwed him!

He gets a further distance down the corridor and barrels a locker-room door open. Murray pops his head inside -- no dice.

Murray keeps going, but there's a familiar face (who probably heard there was a rampaging Scotsman loose in the backstage area) up ahead. Lance Warner has a microphone in-hand, but he doesn't open conversation.

Andy Murray:

Hey, Lance, you seen Witherho---... Perfection?

DEF's head interviewer shakes his head.

Lance Warner:

He's not here.

Andy Murray:

Courtney Paz?

Lance Warner:

Nope.

Andy Murray:

Mark Shields?!

Lance Warner:

No.

Murray's head finally stops racing, and he realises what Warner's telling him.

Andy Murray:

Wait, what do you mean by "not here?"

Lance Warner:

They left about two minutes ago.

He pauses.

Lance Warner:

Together.

Andy Murray:

... what?!

The King's face turns to pure revulsion.

Andy Murray:

They left?!

Lance Warner:

They're gone.

Always keen for a HOT SKOOP, Lance waits patiently for Andy's response. The King puts his hands by his sides, tilts his head back, and let's out a long, deep sigh.

Andy Murray:

So let me get this straight: this guy sends his pet referee out to ruin my match and hand me a loss against one of the biggest bastards in this fed, then bails when it's time to face the music?!

Lance doesn't respond - just lets him vent.

Andy Murray:

What kind of a man is he, Lance? What kind of a professional leaves before the show's over?! Lindsay Troy's about to make her first FIST of DEFIANCE defence, and I'll tell you, Lance, there's a damn good reason it won't be against a man like James Witherhold...

He slaps his hands together.

Andy Murray:

No guts! No passion! No dedication! I'm 39 years old, my career's older than half the BRAZEN roster's actual age, and I'm still the first person through that door in the afternoon, and the last to leave at night! For a guy like Perfection to just bloody LEAVE the building...

Andy calms himself down a little. He shakes his head.

Andy Murray:

Good people work damn hard to give jackasses like Perfection a platform! People like Jeff in the ring crew, who's been doing this for 30 years, and the production staff who won't finish cutting this show up 'til at least 4am! People like you, Lance! People like Impulse, Lindsay Troy... ME. He didn't just slap me in the face tonight: he slapped all of us, and now he's probably sitting in the back of a limo, drinking champagne, watching this, laughing...

He balls a first, trying to squeeze the frustration away.

Andy Murray:

It's pathetic. PATHETIC! I'm here in my third decade, grinding my ageing body to dust, and this guy thinks it's okay to just vanish?! I worked damn hard for my spot, I work even harder to keep my spot... and for a man like Perfection to think he can TAKE my spot?!

Pause.

Andy Murray:

That's not gonna go unchecked.

The King walks away.

Cut.

DON'T YOU HATE IT WHEN THAT HAPPENS?

Elsewhere backstage, Jason Natas has changed and washed following a gruelling DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship defence against MASSIVE Cowboy. He's wearing a black tee featuring the logo of some crusty punk band from the 80's that nobody remembers anymore, and a pair of grey jeans.

His face is a little bashed-up from the fight, but nothing that won't heal-up in a couple of days. Stood in a corridor, he thumbs through a handful of coins, picks a few out, then slots them into a vending machine. A few button presses later and he's made his choice. The machine *whirrs* away for a few moments, but it's a vending machine, so *OF COURSE* something goes wrong.

The bottled water sticks in the bottom of the mechanism. Natas grunts deeply.

Jason Natas:

Fuckin' thing...

OSV:

Don't you just hate it when that happens...bruv?!

Roll of the eyes from Natas as he hears the brash English vocals. As he turns Kendrix comes into shot wearing bug eye shades and his #ILOVEDRAKE t-shirt. Kendrix walks over to the vending machine and gives it a kick before looking back at Natas with a surprised look on his face.

Kendrix:

Hmmm, usually that works. Listen, yeah?! Why don't you go and get one of your little Brazen people to sort this out for you? They've done a great job so far bending over for you in the ring. Maybe they can help you with your vending machine struggles as well?!

Natas grunts again (stock Natas noise no. 1). He adjusts the DOC belt on his shoulder, then squints, struggling to evaluate the human being before him. They might work in the same business, but they could barely be more different.

Jason Natas:

Whaddaya want, Hollywood?

The squinting intensifies, then it hits him.

Jason Natas:

Oh, you're the *other guy*. My bad. Still... whaddaya want?

He folds both arms across his chest, unsure of what to expect from the SEG member. Jesse affords himself a smile and a nod before clapping his hands together very very sarcastically slowly.

Kendrix:

Ah, there we go, very good, a joke! You know, that's the first time JFK's been entertained by you since he's taken this company by storm. You get yourself a personality to that neanderthal thing you've got going on for yourself and you're halfway to getting people to actually care about you beating nobodies from the gutter.

He points over his shoulder, presumably in the direction of the ring.

Kendrix:

Seriously, who the hell was that bellend out there who thought he was an actual cowboy? What was the name of that guy you beat last time out? Barry Nose? Or was it Larry?

Natas shrugs.

Jason Natas:

Just a guy ten levels tougher than anything I've seen from your sack of shit "Guild" this year.

The Bronx Bully stands firm, but doesn't alter his gaze any.

Jason Natas:

From what I can see, you fucks are more interested in runnin' away and playing tricks than fightin'. I saw your match with Impulse there...

He snorts.

Jason Natas:

Cute.

Kendrix's eyes narrow as he dismissively shakes his head before holding a solitary finger up at Natas.

Kendrix:

First of all, you're right, JFK is obvs damn cute! Secondly you were totally obvs watching JFK tear down the house out there tonight, that's a given. Because unlike your matches, everybody tunes in to be Sports Entertained. Everybody tunes in for JFK!

Natas, utterly fed-up with this shit, takes a step towards JFK, who holds his hands out in front of him to maintain a gap between the two

Kendrix:

Woah, woah, hold up for a second there champ. JFK's not here for a fight. JFK has a proposition for you...

Natas loosens-up, but only a little.

Jason Natas:

30 seconds. Then, I start taking teeth for my time.

Kendrix:

You see, it's funny. You actually brought up something over all the grunting you do that JFK found interesting. You think that JFK and the Sports Entertainment Guild aren't tough?! Do you have any idea how tough it is to actually win wrestling matches while being Sports Entertaining at the same time?

Jesse pauses for a moment to scratch his beard in thought before shaking his head and refocusing.

Kendrix:

Silly me, no, of course you don't. Anyway, if you hadn't noticed, SEG have quite a lot of gold at the moment and for some incredibly strange reason *The Future* of this company doesn't. So picture this for a minute...if you can actually picture things in your head?!

Kendrix holds his hands out flat in front of him above his head, moving them apart from each other.

Kendrix:

Jason Natas verses The Future of DEFIANCE...JAY EFFF KAAAYYY for the DOC Title.

Turning to face Natas.

Kendrix:

That way, your boring division gets its first ever Sports Entertaining match and JFK wins his first title in DEFIANCE...everybody wins!

Perhaps for the first time in Jason Natas' DEFIANCE career, he laughs. It doesn't last long though.

Jason Natas:

Kid, are you fuckin' high?

He doesn't wait.

Jason Natas:

First off, I almost admire your balls here. *Almost.*

Natas holds a finger up, emphasising.

Jason Natas:

There's not a man in this building I won't fight. Kelly Evans gives me a name, and I beat 'em up. That's how it works. But you?

His glare tightens.

Jason Natas:

I ain't seen nothin' but fuckery since the day you walked through the door, boyo. You, Hollywood, Perfection, Penn: you're all cut from the same cowardly cloth. Frankly, I don't think you're cut-out for *this* shit. I'll gladly spend five minutes slappin' the fake tan off you if that's what you want, but they already hooked me up with matches for the next few shows, but I'll tell you what...

Natas pulls the belt down from his shoulder.

Jason Natas:

I ain't doing anything *right now*. How about you?

The Bronx Bully takes a step forward, and JFK instinctively puts his hands up defensively.

Kendrix:

Hey, you've just made a huge mistake. You're not seeing the big picture of what Natas v JFK is going to do for your career! Bruv, you know what? JFK ain't doing anything. How about he shows you the bigger picture right here, right now!

Jesse removes his shades, looking ready for a fight before tilting his wrist to check the time.

Kendrix:

Ah, geeze, forgot. Actually, It's Oreo Frappachino'clock. Gotta shoot, bruv. Maybe next time, huh?!

Kendrix smirks as he takes one final look at Natas' title resting on his shoulder before backing up away from him and out of shot. All the champ can do is watch him leave, then shake his head.

Jason Natas:

Fuckin' guy...

Cut....

WHO IS THAT MYSTERY MAN?

...right on over to Angus Skaaland and Darren Keebler at the announce booth.

Angus: [a little giddy]

Keeps?

DDK:

Yes, Angus?

Angus:

Please tell me Fatas is gonna go full HOSSFITE~! on that Hollywood McFuckwit. Pleasepleaseplease...

DDK:

Well, Jason Natas hasn't yet backed down from a challenge or a challenger, regardless of titles or stature in DEFIANCE. I'm just not sure that Kendrix knows what he's getting himself into by challenging him for the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship.

Angus:

Of *course* he doesn't know what he's getting himself into. Which is why I *like* it.

DDK:

Moving right along, it's main event time here on DEFTv 74 and all we know of this match is that Lindsay Troy requested a title defense in advance of her ACTS of DEFIANCE match against Curtis Penn - which may not even go on as planned if she can't hold onto the belt in *this* defense tonight.

Angus:

Can't fault Troy for wanting to do her job and be a fighting champ. She stonewalled Warner on disclosing who her opponent was, too!

DDK:

Indeed she did.

♪ "Trampled Underfoot" by Led Zeppelin ♪

DDK:

But we're probably not going to have to wait that much longer to find out!

That all-too familiar clavinet intro cues up with strobe lights and pew pew boom boom pyro and Robert Plant and raaaaah screaming Faithful and all the fixin's. Out steps Lindsay Troy, FIST of DEFIANCE belt strapped tight around her waist, and she twirls on the stage amidst the flashbulbs to give the fans their first photo op of her with the BIG BELT~! since she defeated Gigantor Dan Ryan for it back at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

The High Queen DEFIANT makes her way down the ramp, up the ring steps, and slips inbetween the ropes. She nods to both Brian Slater and Darren Quimbey and asks DQ if she might borrow his microphone for a moment. The ring announcer obliges. Troy gives the Faithful a moment or two to settle down before she begins.

Lindsay Troy: [smiling]

Hello, children.

BIG POP!

Lindsay Troy:

I know I played a little hard to get with Lance earlier when I told him about my meeting with Kelly regarding this FIST of DEFIANCE match tonight and he asked me who the opponent would be. I promise I had the best of intentions, though. [Nods.] Even though there's a match already set up at ACTS of DEFIANCE for this belt, that being myself against

Curtis Penn, [*BOOOOOO~!s* from the Faithful at the mention of Penn's name] I think there's another match that you all might want to see.

Angus:

Is it Curtis Penn versus a Dumpster Fire? Because I totally want to see that! I'd put money on the Dumpster Fire winning!

DDK:

She's talking about *this match,* Angus! Focus!

Angus: [dejected]

Oh. Right.

Lindsay Troy:

Not to take anything away from Curtis, of course. As the winner of the DEF*MAX tournament, Kelly's ensured that he's going to get his shot at the pay-per-view. But if I had to guess....you all *might* want to see me defend the FIST tonight against the person who *should've* won the DEF*MAX tournament in the first place had it **not** been for Curtis being a cheating shitstick.

Another cheer from the Faithful. They know what this means.

Lindsay Troy:

So without further ado....Darren, [turns to Quimbey] I'll leave you and the production boys to it...

??? VS. LINDSAY TROY ©

♪ "The Wings Of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

Angus:

Oh great! It's *Squayle!*

DDK:

... "Squayle?!"

Angus:

It's called compromise, Keebs! I can't say the *S* word anymore, so...

The music comes with all the usual pyro and ballyhoo. The lights come back with the track's full rhythm, and the aggrieved DEF*MAX finalist's already at the top of the ramp, back to the crowd, Bronson Box nose-rubbing STARBREAKER jacket in full view. He eventually turns and bounds his way down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey: [takes the mic back from Troy]

Laaaaadies and gentlemennnnnn! The following contest, scheduled for one fall, is for the FIST of DEFIANCE! Introducing the challenger... hailing from Aberdeen Scotland, he stands at 6'1", and weighs-in at 220lbs...
CAAAAAAYYYYLEEEEE MMMUURRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYY!

The Kid That Used to be a Squid™ gets into the ring, scales a turnbuckle, and makes with the theatrics.

Angus:

What a gorram kick in Micropennis' micro-nuts, Keebs!

DDK:

Oh absolutely, but what a tremendous match! A straight-up wrestling match between two of the best pure wrestlers on the planet -- this could be a classic.

Angus:

Or it could be 20 minutes of *SNORE*. You know how it is when the good guys clash. Get me a pillow and a mug of bourbon with some cocoa, and I'm good.

The Queen's already shed the FIST of DEFIANCE title and tossed it over to Brian Slater. She waits in the corner, watching Cayle, smirk on her face at the thought of Curtis Penn having a fit backstage and Jane Katze trying to diffuse the situation.

Darren Quimbey:

Aaaaaand his opponent....hailing from Tampa, Florida! She stands at 6'3" and weighs in at 195 pounds. She is the reigning....defending....FIST of DEFIANCE....LIIIIINNNDDSSAAAAAYYYY TRRRROOOOYYYYYYYYY!

Brian Slater holds that big, shiny, red and gold belt aloft for the Faithful and Cayle to see. Troy moves to center, motions for the youngster to bring it in close, and holds out her hand.

Angus:

Awww C'MAAAAWWNNNNNNNNNN.....

DDK:

A show of sportsmanship from our new FIST of DEFIANCE; a gesture which my broadcast partner obviously cannot stand...

Cayle, of course, slaps it immediately, then carefully backs-off into his corner.

Angus:

Meh, could've been worse. Still puked though.

DDK:

No you didn--

Angus:

I did on the inside, Keeps. Trust me.

DDK:

What does that even mea--... you know what? Nevermind.

The bell rings. There's anticipation among the Faithful, and deep, deeeeeeeeeeeep focus from the competitors. Typical good guy fight. The circling commences, and after a few seconds, it's very clear that Angus' worst fears have come to life.

Cayle puts-out a hand for knuckle-lock. He switches levels when Troy carefully puts one out, then retracts. Back to the circling. They go back and forth a couple of times, before Cayle puts one hand low. They lock fingers, then LT puts a hand up top, and they lock all the way up. Cayle immediately twists, then skips behind and into a rear waistlock. Troy pries his hands free, keeps wrist control, and tries to wrench the arm, but Cayle slips out of it then backs off a couple steps.

Murray shakes his arms loose. Troy goes in for the knuckle-lock this time, but Cayle slides down and swipes for a single leg. Troy backsteps, having seen it coming, then straightens up in her corner. Cayle takes the centre of the ring and immediately calls for a lock-up. Troy steps forwards, and they engage at the collar and elbow.

There's some jostling back and forth. Troy gains a leverage advantage from that all-important extra inch of height, and this time it's her who's able to transition to a rear waistlock. Cayle attempts to split her hands, just as she'd done to him, but instead takes advantage of his proximity to the ropes. He heaves forward, then grabs the top rope. The break comes without a five-count, because good guys.

While Angus kicks up a fuss in the booth, the duo once again come together in the middle. The elongated feeling-out process continues. This time, however, Cayle looks like he's going for a lock-up, then shoots low. He partially completes the double-leg, taking Troy to the mat, but only in a seated position. She's able to scoot backwards and start rising, eventually slipping one leg out, but Cayle maintains control of the other. He attempts a Dragon Screw, but he can't get it off, and LT swings a boot towards his skull!

Miss!

Cayle ducks the Enzuigiri, but he doesn't pounce as Troy lands. Instead he backs off and lets Troy rise. Cayle charges when she's up but deliberately goes by, then dashes to the ropes again. Troy hits the deck as Cayle rebounds for a second time. He skips over the top, hits the ropes for a third time, and gets arm dragged on the way back!

Murray rolls through it. He hops to his feet, and Troy charges forwards this time. Arm drag, roll, repeat!

Both wrestlers spring to their feet again. Applause ripples throughout the building, and we're at a complete stalemate once again. Troy springs to action first, charging toward the ropes to get some momentum. Cayle throws a forearm forward on her rebound, looking for a lariat, but the Queen smartly rolls under the attempt and scrambles up to her feet. She leaps over to the adjacent ropes and springboards back to catch Cayle square on the jaw with a dropkick. Murray staggers back a couple of steps and Troy is right on him, grabbing him by the arm and sending him across the ring with an Irish whip. Cayle hits the corner hard and Troy follows him in, catching him flush with a clothesline to the upper chest. She grabs his arm, sends him to the opposite side, and this time connects with a springboard back elbow. Cayle's dazed from this flurry of offense. He shakes his head as he staggers out of the corner but Troy is right there to bring him to the mat with a reverse STO.

And from the reverse STO, comes the **Divine Right (Koji Clutch)**!

Troy's got it locked in and Brian Slater is right there to see if Cayle wants to give, but the youngest member of the Murray Clan has excellent ring awareness (even though he's currently lacking oxygen). He shakes his head and kicks his feet, trying to see where he is in relation to the bottom ring ropes and manages after a couple of tries to hook his left foot over the lowest cable. Slater informs Troy that Cayle's got the bottom rope and she's got to break the hold, which she does.

They climb to their feet. Once there, Cayle acknowledges the move by mouthing (and presumably saying) "not bad," then laughs, and they get right back at it.

Straight into a collar and elbow, with Cayle out-jostling the FIST, then transitioning into a front facelock. He gets a single underhook, then attempts to trap Troy's neck in a standing guillotine, but LT slips out of it. Cayle attempts an Irish whip, but Troy reverses it and Cayle goes to the ropes. He hooks his arms over the top rope to prevent a rebound. Troy charges, gets back body dropped over the top, and lands on the apron!

As Murray walks away, Troy hops onto the top rope and springboards back in the ring. He ducks under the attempted forearm, however. Troy lands on her feet, Cayle dashes to the ropes, and swings a Lariat on the rebound... miss! Troy pulls him around but eats a European Uppercut, then gets bodyslammed onto the mat. Cayle hits his knees, grabs Troy's head, and cinches in a Dragon Sleeper.

Before he can complete the **Granite City Cross** by applying the body scissors, however, Troy's core strength comes into play. She gains her posture, pushes everything but her feet off the mat, then springs those overhead. This forces Cayle to his feet and Troy lands behind him. Murray turns, they meet eyes, then he backs off, knowing that the balance is too fine for something rash.

Not everybody shares this sentiment, however.

A murmur of surprise and alarm rises from the crowd as a blur streaks amongst the Faithful, heading toward the ring. Between the ropes, Murray and Troy are back at it, with Cayle getting the upper hand, both unaware of what's going on beyond the barricades. They're about to find out, though, when the reason for the Faithful's agitation hops the barrier, slides into the ring, and clobbers Cayle right between the shoulderblades.

Angus:

Oh for fuck's sake....

Cayle hits the deck as Curtis Penn stomps forward, frothing at the mouth, incensed!

Curtis Penn:

THIS GUY?! THIS IS THE GUY WHO DESERVES A SHOT AT THE FIST BEFORE ME?! THAT LITTLE TIT, THE SAME GUY I FUCK STOMPED TO WIN THE DEFIANCE GRAND PRIX?!?!!

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

Curtis Penn just ran through the crowd and derailed the main event by attacking Cayle Murray. This is completely unnecessary and uncalled for!

Angus:

I guess waiting until ACTS of DEFIANCE wasn't good enough for the Pensacola Prick. Way to go and piss off Kels even more by wrecking this match, dickface.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match as a result of a disqualification: Cayle Murray! But *still* the FIST of DEFIANCE....Lindsay Troy!

Cayle's to his feet and Curtis moves to attack again but is cut off by a storming Lindsay Troy! The Queen charges,

tackles Penn to the mat, and begins a flurry of forearm shots to his face. The Faithful's cheers turn quickly to boos as Curtis finally manages to block a forearm and throws a thumb to Troy's eye. This stops her offense for the moment and gives him an opportunity to shove her off him with two hands right near her throat. Penn scrambles to the outside to get his bearings. After a moment, Troy follows him and the brawl continues!

DDK:

We're gonna need to get some order down there!

Angus:

Nah, let Mom kill Curtis. Nobody but Jane will miss him anyway.

The FIST of DEFIANCE and the Number One Contender are still scrapping against the barricade while the Faithful egg and cheer them on. Brian Slater and Cayle Murray exit the ring to try and pull them apart as DEFsec arrive on the scene. DEFtv 74 begins to fade out on the scene of a stalemate, bruised egos, and a disappointing conclusion to an otherwise exciting main event.

This is DEFIANCE...