

THE RUN...NOPE

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

♪"Work Bitch" - Britney Spears♪

There is no camera pan of the crowd, we immediately move from the logo to Darren Keebler, standing by himself at the commentary table with his back to the fans.

DDK:

DEFIANT FAITHFUL! Welcome to DEFtv! My name is Darren Keebler, and I'm currently joined by... nobody! Hopefully that's remedied before too long, but there's no time to get into that right now, as you can tell from the music playing, and from who's walking the ramp, we're about to get a public address by The Boss!

Indeed, over Keebs' shoulder, Kelly Evans can be seen walking to the ring with purpose in her step. The camera cuts to ringside, where she holds up her hand as she steps up into the ring, and Quimbey, certainly no fool, has a microphone ready for her to take without losing her step.

Kelly Evans:

Kill the music.

Within a few seconds, the music cuts, and the fans are near unanimous in their cheers for the Boss.

Kelly Evans:

Faithful...

More cheers. She lets them go for a few seconds, then makes a slashing motion across her throat. They understand: they grow silent.

Kelly Evans:

First of all, thank you for your continued support for DEFIANCE Wrestling. You're the reason we're able to keep coming out here and putting on a show that we hope is worthy of you.

They cheer.

Kelly Evans:

You could say that there wouldn't be a DEFIANCE without Eric Dane, but there wouldn't STILL be a DEFIANCE without you, The Faithful - and for that, we all thank you. And for that, I would like to apologize to you.

The cheers fade to confusion.

Kelly Evans:

The opening match and closing match at DEFtv 75 were beneath you. You paid good money to see a Southern Heritage Championship match, and to see the FIST of DEFIANCE in a pre-Acts of DEFIANCE warm - up against her number one contender, and you were robbed of one and cheated out of the other.

She paces for a few seconds to let that sink in, and she leans in the corner, still facing the hard camera and facing the entrance.

Kelly Evans:

I'm the boss, and the final decisions are all mine. And while I have an entire company to run, Scottish psychos to handle, corrupt referees to investigate, and a Sports Entertainment Guild to deal with... the fact remains that any letdowns experienced by you FAITHFUL are my responsibility to make right, and that brings me to the Southern Heritage Championship. As of twenty minutes ago, without the knowledge or consent of either individual, I have signed the order to see Mikey Unlikely defend his Southern Heritage Championship at ACTS of DEFIANCE... against Impulse.

The fans cheer like crazy, until...

♪"Blunt Blowin'" - Lil Wayne♪

The FAITHFUL boo, but everything is drowned out by Kelly Evans.

Kelly Evans:

NO! STOP! KILL THE MUSIC!

The music dies.

Kelly Evans:

No. None of that. Mikey, if you, your life partner, or any of your Sports Entertainment cult set one foot in this arena before your scheduled matches I will strip you of the title, fire your ass, and castrate your entire family. Try me.

DDK:

I can't remember the last time I saw Kelly Evans this angry! I'm... talking to myself.

Kelly Evans:

And Mikey? Impulse? Get your game faces on, because, taking into account what happened at Maximum DEFIANCE, this match will be no count outs and no disqualifications. And after what happened at DEFtv 75, and DEFtv 74 with so much outside interference?

Pause, for dramatic effect.

Kelly Evans:

This match will take place within the confines of a roofed steel cage. No escapes, gentlemen - a pinfall or submission wins it, and nothing else will end the match.

A huge pop rises from the fans, and Kelly cautions them to calm down again.

Kelly Evans:

But I'm not without sympathy for you, Mikey. You did manage to escape from Maximum DEFIANCE with that championship belt, and officially, Impulse did not defeat Kendrix to earn his shot at DEFtv 75 - which you did... *technically*... win. So, with that in mind... this will be **THE LAST OPPORTUNITY** for Impulse to challenge Mikey Unlikely for the Southern Heritage Championship. Make the most of it, Impulse - because you're never going to get another shot.

She smirks.

Kelly Evans:

You could almost call this... **THE FINAL ACT.**

The fans pop again at the obvious branding.

Kelly Evans:

And as for you, my old friend... CURTIS PENN...

♪"Enea Volare Mezzo" eRa♪

Kelly Evans:

NOAP!

The music stops again, even faster than Mikey's.

Kelly Evans:

As much as I like having you here to fuck with, Curtis, Jane - **I AM NOT GOING TO BE INTERRUPTED**. For that matter, Impulse, Lindsay? I hear either of your songs, and all bets tonight and at ACTS are off. Are we clear?

She smirks again.

Kelly Evans:

You keep on poking the bear, Curtis... and eventually, like your old friend Angus said, she's gonna shove her FIST up your ass. And why should she have to wait? So... since I don't have anything else to announce for you two's title match at ACTS of DEFIANCE... tonight will see a very special main event. On one side of the ring, will be the FIST of DEFIANCE, Lindsay Troy, teaming up with the number one contender to the Southern Heritage Championship, Impulse...

The fans already start to cheer, as they can tell what the rest of the announcement will be.

Kelly Evans:

And on the other side of the ring, will be the Southern Heritage Champion himself, Mikey Unlikely... and the number one contender to the FIST... Curtis Penn. All four of you, have at it, and get some of that aggression out... because two weeks from now, it's for ALL the marbles.

She pushes off and walks to the middle of the ring.

Kelly Evans:

Are we clear? Yes? Then let's get to work. Oh, and Keebs?

The camera cuts to the broadcast table, where Darren Keebler suddenly gets self conscious.

Kelly Evans:

Tell Angus to stop sulking, or he won't get paid tonight.

Mic drop. After all, it's someone else's job to pick it up.

FALSE STARTS

DDK:

Welcome back, Angus. Are you done with your time out?

Angus:

...Mostly. Long as McFuckass and Micropennis get theirs.

DDK:

Well, DEFIANCE does have its fair share of personal issues and vendettas, partner.

Angus:

Not to mention Civil Wars ...

DDK:

Indeed. The issues between "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas and the masked Midorikawa, may be a little fresher on the surface but it's clear there is more to this situation than meets the eye.

Angus:

Question is: Who will Midori Sour jump tonight? Are we about to see some Tyler Durden shit?!

DDK:

My partner is, of course, referencing MDK's unrelenting attack of Douglas' opponents: effectively robbing Scott of the opportunity to compete or score a meaningful victory.

Angus: *[raising his voice]*

Except Reaper! Mistimed that one and nearly took Terry Anderson's head off!

Cut-to: Darren Quimbey and Benny Doyle in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall, introducing first ...

♪ "Baby Takes" by Green River ♪

Scott Douglas steps out from behind the curtain the moment the music begins. The Faithful react with a sizeable pop; one that seems to grow a little each week. Douglas cracks his neck and throws his taped fist in the air. He heads to the ring as Darren Quimbey finishes out his introduction. He makes it down to the ring and slides in. Popping up to his feet he once again throws his hands in the air to a decent reaction but noticeably less than before.

Cut back to the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

The DEFIATron comes to life and rather than displaying a entrance package for Midorikawa: it shows the man himself. Although, his mask is firmly in place with an addition of a black hooded sweatshirt, he doesn't appear to be in his ring gear. The backdrop filling the scenery seems to be the same industrial style area he was seen grinding cryptic messages into the concrete floor. (*Uncut 14*) Dim lighting and all.

Scott Douglas turns to Benny Doyle and Darren Quimbey, arms held out in confusion. He questions the pair with a handful of expletives mixed in. They both return the confused looks.

MDK:

Come on, Scott. I thought you understood how this worked, by now.

Scott steps to the ropes facing toward the screen and with a open palm beckons MDK to come down to the ring. Clearly he doesn't understand the difference in screens and cameras.

MDK:

You try to get ahead, I knock you ... or whoever I need to ... DOWN! Always reach for the lowest hanging fruit, after all.

Midorikawa leans into the camera, taking himself out of focus for a moment before it is restored.

MDK:

So, I thought to myself ... How do I rob my old pal of this opportunity. *[leans away]* I mean, hell ... this one isn't just about competition. No. This one isn't a simple win or a loss. No, sir. *This ...* this is about vindication. Retribution. Dare I say, revenge?

Scott has heard enough and turns toward Quimbey calling for his mic. Quimbey hands it over and can, vaguely, be seen exiting the ring as the camera follows Douglas back to the opposing ropes. Scott raises the microphone to his mouth and begins to speak but is interrupted by MDK.

MDK:

And the question is; which among us can obtain that sweet, sweet revenge? *[laughing]* That part ... Oh, that part ... Scotty, was *easy*.

Scott Douglas:

I've had about all -

Scott is cut off once again. The audio of Midorikawa bellowing through the PA system talks over Scott by a word or two.

MDK:

All I had to do ... is just leave you hanging.

MDK holds his arms out by his side and shrugs slightly.

MDK: *[leaning into the camera]*

Now, I wonder where I might have gotten that idea from? You've got a way of leaving folks in the lurch, now ... don't you Scott?

Scott Douglas:

Listen to me, freak!

Midorikawa begins laughing as Douglas begins to speak. A deep maniacal laughter continues indefinitely.

Scott Douglas:

I DON'T KNOW YOU! You show up and start getting in my way. Rattling on about revenge and retribution, what have I done to you?! Huh?!

A small section of the Faithful begin to react.

Scott Douglas:

It's time to settle this!

And the section to either side of it.

Scott Douglas:

Bring you ass down to the ring and let's finish what you STARTED!

All the while the Midorikawa continues to laugh himself nearly into a coughing fit.

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs MIDORIKAWA

Angus:

OHH SHIT!

DDK:

What the -

Midorikawa hits the ring, coming from the audience while what is now clearly a prerecorded video continues to play on the DEFiatron. Douglas turns around just in time to see MDK and the lariat he is throwing. The attempt to to duck it, instead, results in Douglas catching the brunt of the force to the face. The force and impact throws MDK off balance but he catches himself on the ropes. Douglas doesn't fair as well and takes the bump, but instantly pops back to his feet. Clearly dazed, Douglas is operating on nothing but survival instinct. The timekeeper incessantly rings the bell like a judge calling for order in the court. There is none to be had.

DDK:

MDK,out of nowhere! Jesus!

MDK stalks toward Douglas as Benny Doyle attempts to break up the would be melee. MDK attacks again and it is as if the second blow to Douglas' head woke him up. The two start trading fists in the middle of the ring. Furious rights and lefts alternating from one to the other. The bell continues to no avail or acknowledgement.

Angus:

It ain't a HOSSFITE! But at least these two half-a-flippy-do's are throwing blows!

Black Out.

Angus:

It's time to REAP what you SOW!

DDK:

I don't think you going to make that a thing, partner.

Cell phones begin to light up enough to illuminate The Faithful in various sections of the arena. While others flash pictures that cast light toward the ring resulting in almost a stop motion or strobe light effect. Douglas and MDK appear to moving at half speed as the continue to go blow for blow.

Angus:

Watch me!

The last few flickers of digital cameras appear to present a new figure in the ring. The lights return in full and Codename: Reaper is standing in the ring. Douglas and MDK have paused the slug fest and the three stand in a small triangular pattern. Benny Doyle exits the ring and leaves the three to their Mexican standoff.

DDK:

This can't be good.

Angus:

This is going to be GREAT!

The original pair in the ring dart glances back and forth between the opposing two. Reaper meticulously turns his attention from one to the other.

DDK:

This will not bode well for Douglas!

Reaper and MDK's glance meet one another's. Their expressions hidden behind masks. They both slowly turn to Douglas. He rapidly dart his eyes from one potential threat to the other. Douglas stands his ground but his guard is clearly on the highest of all alerts. If he could hear DDK, he would certainly agree.

Angus:

Yeah, this is going to be GREAT!

Douglas cocks back and right and dives head first into hell. The three trade blows in an awkward three way dance. Douglas tags Reaper. Reaper tags MDK. MDK fires back at Reaper. Reaper nails Douglas in the face. Benny Doyle, who had been feverishly calling for security, abandons his post and retreats to the back in search of reinforcements.

Angus: *[nearly giddy]*

Called it!

Reaper's strike spins Douglas and send him back first toward MDK. MDK pushes Douglas toward Reaper. Reaper fires another shot and sends a dazed Douglas back toward MDK. As Douglas returns he cocks up a fist and inadvertently elbows MDK in the temple. MDK is stunned and staggers backward as Douglas attempts to gain him balance. He finds it only to realize Reaper is charging at him. A spear drives Douglas to the matt as he fights from underneath on the way down. The impact takes the air out of him momentarily as Reaper's blood red eyes boil over. Reaper throws blow after blow at Douglas.

Midorikawa recovers in the corner and launches with one foot on the bottom turnbuckle to land on Reaper's back. He attacks with the ferocity and tact of a recently emancipated lab primate. Reaper attempts to shake him off and/or connect with elbows as he continues to pound on Douglas. The distraction allowed Douglas just enough breathing room to get some of his wits about him; resulting in being able to swing his head left to right and not take a punch or three. The damage, however, has been done; evident by the blood trickling out of his nose.

With his efforts to shake MDK loose from his back falling short; Codename: Reaper powers his way upright yet still on his knees. MDK continues to swing wildly at the Target Seeker. Douglas takes this opportunity to low crab walk his way out of the danger zone. Retreating to a corner he begins to slowly pull himself up as Reaper painstakingly powers to his feet under the weight and attack of a full grown man.

Reaper reaches his feet as MDK continues to swing while trying to maintain his positioning. Glancing blows are the most he can hope for in the situation, although the strikes he can make contact with are shredding his knuckles on Reaper's armored cowl. The fiery red hue drains from Reaper's illuminated eyes as he staggers backward. In a last ditch desperation, he flings himself and his unwelcome passenger backward; into the opposing corner.

MDK takes the brunt of the impact as his arms fly free of his hold on Reaper and his shoulders buckle on the ... corner. Reaper staggers as he struggles to regain his wherewithal and steadies himself with the top rope, mid ring. Douglas is barely on his feet and still using a the turnbuckle to brace himself.

Benny Doyle re-emerges from the curtain leading Wyatt Bronson and a team of DEFsec.

DDK:

Finally, we can get some order!

Back in the ring, Douglas nor his oponents have noticed this and Douglas charges Reaper. A lariat square across the shoulders causes a pivot point and Reaper goes head over heels toward the ringside floor.

Black out. The Faithful scramble for their phones. Only the quickest on the draw are able to light up there flashlight apps.

As the lights return: Benny, Wyatt and DEFSec quickly regain their bearings and continue to the ring; MDK leaps from the apron to the floor and over the guardrail; Douglas peers over the ropes to get a position on Reaper.

DDK:

REAPER is GONE!

Angus:

No shit, Keebs! Lights went out. What did you think was going to happen!? Lindsey Troy to the aid of Kurt Co-BANE- of every masked wrestlers existence!?

Wyatt Bronson holds steady at the base of the ramp as DEFsec minions slide around him and continue on down to the ringside area. A few check under the ring as a few more approach the section of guardrail MDK bounded over.

Scott Douglas, still profusely bleeding from the nose and trying to make sense of the situation, stumbles toward the same section of ropes that started it all. He falls against them with one arm draped over the top and meets eyes with Wyatt Bronson. Bronson shakes his head in derision and turns to head back up the ramp.

Angus:

Somebody's in trouble!

DDK:

I have to agree. Scott Douglas had a handshake agreement with Ms. Kelly Evans that personal situations would *NOT* affect his performance in DEFIANCE; and personal issues seem to have just hit a boiling point!

Cut away.

CARTE BLANCHE

Scott Douglas sits with his head cocked back trying to stop the bleeding from what is likely to be a broken nose. Possibly even a symptom of post concussion syndrome. The camera pulls back slowly to reveal the room. The first thing that can be noticed is the chair Scott is sitting in. It doesn't seem to be your normal steel folding chair from the locker room. As the zoom ratchets back even further it's clear he is in an office. Before the eye can readily identify familiarity with the room, it is drawn to the large Wyatt Bronson standing next to the door.

Wyatt swings open the door just as the camera reaches full frame and it becomes instantly evident whose office Scott is sitting in.

Kelly Evans: *[entering]*

Mr. Douglas ...

Scott catches a slight glimpse in his oddly angled periphery and snatches his head back to a normal position. Kelly passes by Scott and rounds the desk. She places a hand down on the surface and takes a cursory glance and the new additions to the memo's and requests that have been left in her brief absence. Scott bats at his nose like a cocaine addict; hoping the blood flow has subsided.

Kelly Evans: *[still scanning her desk]*

You seem to have a problem, Mr. Douglas.

Scott Douglas: *[sighing]*

Well ...

Kelly Evans: *[looking at Scott]*

We had a discussion; not that long ago ... I remember telling you then that we would not tolerate your hashing out your past during our TV time, Mr. Douglas.

Scott Douglas:

Yeah ... I remember, and -

Kelly Evans: *[interrupting]*

AND ... since then I've come to reconsider.

Scott is clearly confused. He inhales thru his nose in a short and deep burst. Glancing back at Wyatt Bronson before a quick knuckle graze to check for bleeding as he turns back toward Kelly.

Scott Douglas: *[cautious]*

... how so?

Kelly takes a seat at her desk.

Kelly Evans:

Well, Scott ... After the events leading to and directly following DEFCON and the resurgence, of what the dirt sheets like to call, the Scottish Civil War ... It's come to my attention that rather than attempt to tread on good faith and ask you to stray away from personal matters, especially when others have seemed to take you sheer presence, so personally ...

Kelly grasps the edge of her desk and pulls her high back leather rolling chair all the way in.

Kelly Evans:

... that instead, I am going to cut you free from the tether and ask that you settle these matters in a timely fashion. As so they do not become a chronic issue, henceforth.

Scott Douglas: *[cocked brow]*

Timely ... ?

Kelly Evans:

Timely! ACTS of DEFIANCE.

Scott begins to retort but thinks for a millisecond and the energy built results in a sigh.

Kelly Evans:

Yourself, Mr. Douglas ... verse Midorikawa verse CODENAME: Reaper. Settle this nonsense ... NOW! Rather than letting it build to the point that it boils over worse than it did, tonight.

Scott Douglas:

No tether?

Kelly Evans: *[instant response]*

None.

Scott Douglas: *[paced response]*

No repercussions?

Kelly Evans: *[instant]*

None.

Kelly stares at Douglas awaiting the next volley of questioning. Scott stares back; his brow contorting with each synapse fired.

Scott Douglas: *[weary]*

Carte blanche?

Kelly Evans: *[instant, confident]*

Carte blanche!

Scott looks to the left for a second, thinking. He turns back to Kelly slowly and nods, knowingly. Seeming to gain more confidence in what she has decreed with each bob of his head. This self help tape of a confirmation continues as he stands. He shoots the boss one last glance before turning away. She lowers her brow just slightly as affirmation. Scott turns to walk away from her desk and exit the door.

As he approaches Wyatt Bronson, the gatekeeper, Kelly clears her throat. The throaty social que gives Scott slight pause as Wyatt slaps his imposing mitt against the door.

Scott turns slowly; nearly looking over his own shoulder.

Kelly Evans:

Don't make me regret this, Scott.

Scott tilts his head upward in a sign of understanding and turns back toward Wyatt. Scott extends his hand, palm up, in a mime like question of; "do you mind?" With a glance to Kelly and a nod in return, Wyatt opens the door and Scott exits.

Wyatt pushes the door shut.

Wyatt Bronson:

You sure that was the best idea?

Kelly Evans:

All three pose a problem ... We honestly can't lose.

Cut.

NO DEAL

Backstage, Andy Murray is looking for trouble. The towering Scot strides purposefully through the backstage area, not quite ignorant to his surroundings, but looking very much like a man with something on his mind.

DDK:

Looks like we're about to catch-up with The King early-on, and he doesn't look like a happy man.

Angus:

Neither would I be if I'd been forced to share as much breathing space with Jimmy Witherhold as Andy has lately.

DDK:

That's the thing, though: for all that's happened, Murray really hasn't had a chance to confront Perfection over his shenanigans. DEFtv 73 saw Perfection use Mark Shields to engineer a loss to Curtis Penn then flee the building before Andy could track him down, and at 74, they did the exact same thing, only with Perfection himself in the ring.

Andy's not scheduled to wrestle tonight, and he's dressed in the usual greyscales: black bomber jacket, white "SCOTTISH STRONG STYLE" tee, and some well-cut jeans. He rounds a couple of corners en route to his destination, then arrives at the door he'd been looking for. Without knocking, Murray immediately pushes it open and barges through the threshold.

One of the locker-room's occupants jumps: the other? Not so much.

Perfection:

Didn't anybody ever teach you to knock, scumbag?

James Witherhold is all decked-out and ready to go for his match with Elijah Cross. He's reclining casually in a foldable chair, while his manager, Courtney Paz, has been distracted from whatever business she'd been attending to on her iPhone Pro.

Perfection: [holding his hands up]

My mistake -- I shouldn't expect such complex concepts as good manners and courtesy from Eurotrash like you.

A devilish smirk stretches across Perfection's features. Andy Murray, being Andy Murray, lets the insults bounce right off him.

Andy Murray:

Frankly, Jimbo, given there's a show going-on around us, I didn't expect you to be here.

The smirk broadens. Perfection parts his lips to speak, but Andy cuts him off.

Andy Murray:

Let's cut the crap, mate. You owe me a match - a FAIR match. I didn't come back to this business to screw around and play games with cowards like you, so prove you're worth whatever Kelly's paying you and meet me in the ring.

Perfection:

Oh, An--

The King puts a hand up.

Andy Murray:

No ifs, no buts. Frankly mate, I think you're a stain on this business. Now I don't know what kind of deal you've struck with Mark Shields, but even taking that out of the equation, you haven't breathed an honest breath since you walked through the door here. DEFtv 75 was the final straw, but fortunately, we've got a platform for solving problems like this: the ring.

Perfection:

I guess you didn't check tonight's card, did you?

James Witherhold slowly rises to his feet.

Perfection:

No, of course you didn't. You'd much rather barge into a locker-room unannounced and throw your weight around than, y'know, do the required research. A shame, as that simple step could've saved you this embarrassment.

He smirks. Again.

Perfection:

I've already got a match tonight. Sorry to disappoint you, "mate." Even if I didn't, what makes you think I'd want to face you again? I already beat you two weeks ago, remember...

Perfection winks.

Andy Murray:

You call that a "win?"

Perfection:

Well, yes. My name was read-out at the end, wasn't it?

Andy stops himself from responding. He knows exactly what Perfection's doing, but he's still fired-up from their match the other week.

Perfection:

Exactly. Now if you don't mind, I've got a match to wi--

The blonde-haired grappler tries to push his way past Murray, but Andy puts a hand on his chest.

Perfection:

That was a mistake.

Andy Murray:

So was your "win" the other week. Do I need to repeat my demands?

Perfection:

Do I need to repeat my refusal?

Murray's brow tightens. His gaze narrows. His blood begins to boil.

Andy Murray:

James, I swear to fu--

He feels Courtney Paz's gaze upon him.

Perfection:

Please, don't embarrass yourself again. I've got an ungrateful to obliterate. Do yourself a favour and don't stick around, unless you want her to put you in your place too...

The King doesn't wait, though.

His first instinct is to smack Perfection right in the jaw, but no. Not the right time, not the right place.

He curls both hands into fists and squeezes the tension away. Then, Andy Murray turns and walks away. Perfection looks over his shoulder, and Paz gives him a nod of approval. Cut.

PERFECTION vs ELIJAH CROSS

Cut to Angus and Keeps.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, it's time for a match.

Angus:

A match? You don't say.

DDK:

We're about to see Perfection in...

Angus:

UGH.

DDK:

... action, and guess who's officiating?

The camera focuses on Mark Shields for a moment or two.

Angus:

Great. Fantastic. Wonderful. Can't wait for this.

DDK:

Andy Murray had a few stern words for Perfection a few minutes ago, as we just saw, but it's time to see what Mr. Witherhold's made of. He goes up against BRAZEN's Elijah Cross tonight.

Angus:

The last time we saw Mr. Cross on DEFTv, he was getting his head kicked-in by Sean Jackson.

DDK:

And he's already in the ring, good to go. Let's not waste any time folks!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Los Angeles, California, he stands at 5'11" and weighs-in at 190lbs... "2 F'N XTREME" ELIJAAAAHHH CROOOOSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

Decked-out in the most indie-rific wrestling gear you've ever seen, Elijah Cross realises the camera's on him, so he runs up a set of turnbuckles and pops a backflip.

Angus:

Ugh, this fuggin' kid...

DDK:

Not a fan, I take it?

Angus:

I've been trying to coach the, ahem, Xtreme out of this kid for over a year now, but it ain't working. This monkey's got more spots than a dalmatian.

♪ "Perfect Gentleman" by Helloween ♪

The music hits, and The Faithful boo in unison, because ain't nobody got time for James Witherhold. The preening Perfection almost slides out from the back, smirking, talking a little shit to the crowd as he makes his way down.

Darren Quimbey:

... aaaaaand his opponent! From Hidden Hills, California, he stands at 6', and weighs in at 222lbs...
PEEEERRRRRRRRFFFFFEEEEEECCCCCTTTTTTTTTIIIIIIIOOOOOONNNNNN!

Perfection barges past Mark Shields as he enters the ring. He makes an immediate beeline to Elijah Cross and, without waiting for the bell, starts clobberin' on the poor bastard.

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

Perfection going right at it here!

Angus:

I guess you can do that when the ref's in your back pocket...

Cross stings back with some strikes of his own, but he soon pays for his insolence. Perfection slaps him hard across the cheek, knees him in the gut, then pulls him into a standing cravate. He keeps the hold applied long enough to force Cross to a knee, then pulls him downwards, looking for a Guillotine!

Elijah slips out but wobbles back against the ropes. He tries to kick Perfection on the way up, but Witherhold absorbs the blows and immediately locks up with the kid. Perfection's technical excellence sees him through, and he soon transitions to a rear waistlock before driving Cross down with a German Suplex.

The assault doesn't end there. On the ground, Perfection takes the mount, then slides effortless into a head & arm choke. Cross immediately puts a boot on the rope, but Perfection knows he can milk it with Shields in charge. That five-count takes an immense amount of time to come around, and by the time Perfection releases, Elijah Cross is already looking dozy.

Perfection rises to his feet and grabs both of Elijah's boots. He pulls 'em apart, then slams a boot down on his groin.

No consequences from the ref, naturally.

Witherhold puts both hands out to his sides, and the fans boo vociferously. He swans around the ring for a few seconds before turning to the smarting Cross, who jabs him once, twice, thrice in the gut! Cross breaks free and catches him in the jaw with an uppercut, then goes to the ropes, springboards... and flies right into a cutter!

Perfection gets to one knee, throws his hair back, then spits on the mat. This kid's barely had a look-in, but he's landed more offence than he'd planned. Time to kill the little prick.

Witherhold takes one leg, then another. He ties him up in his trademark Figure Four (Picture Perfect), and though Cross tries to fight, the application is too precise. He taps almost immediately, and "Perfection Gentleman" starts playing.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via submission... PERFEEEECCCCCTTTTTIIIIIOOOONNNNNN!

DDK:

Perfection making short work of Elijah--

Angus:

Let go of him you prick!

The match is over, but Perfection still hasn't released the hold. Cross screams out in pain, but there's nothing he can do to get out of it. Mark Shields certainly isn't going to help, and there's not a DEFsec goon in sight.

DDK:

My God! He could be doing some serious damage!

Angus:

He already bowled through the over-matched little bastard! Was that not enough!?

Perfection squeezes tighter and tighter, increasing the tension on Elijah Cross. Then there's a noise, but what kind of noise?

A "fans getting excited" kind of noise.

DDK:

It's Murray!

Having seen more than enough of James Witherhold's bullshit for one night, Andy Murray sprints down the ramp. Shields warns Perfection in plenty time, however, and the dastardly duo bail from the ring just as the Scot slides in.

Angus:

Damnit, he got away!

DDK:

Thank goodness for that, though. The kid could've been hurt...

Angus:

"Could've?" I'd say he won't be using that knee for a while.

All Perfection can do is grin at his rival as he backs slowly up the ramp. Andy, meanwhile, leans over the top rope, shaking his head.

DDK:

A one-sided beating, folks. Perfection's looking good ahead of whatever awaits him at Acts of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

He's hoping it's Big Murr booting his punk ass all the way out of DEFIANCE. I'm getting fed-up of this bullshit, Keeps.

Cut.

YOU AREN'T READY

We fade in to a roiling, moon-lit sea. The sound of gently jostled waves. A curiously illegitimate and altogether "off" lilted british man speaks - his voice carrying just over the sound of the ocean.

VOICE:

A beautiful, calm night here at sea...

A rowboat enters the scene, rocking gently as it sweeps into view. It is at about this time that it becomes clear to anyone watching that this isn't an ordinary sea, an ordinary boat, or ordinary moon-lit evening. In fact, everything about it is fake, paper-cut-out, and mechanical in nature. Hand painted waves heave to and fro. The boat tips evenly. The few clouds in the sky move in unison from left to right. And in the "boat", a man gently "rows". His name is proudly displayed on the bottom of your screen.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

A night like any other, you might think... However, all too often, things aren't as they seem.

Lord Nigel's attire is altogether ill-advised and inappropriate for an evening row in the middle of an ocean. Dressed in a classic tuxedo and tophat, he takes a moment to tip it in our collective direction.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Greetings, oh ye DEFIANCE Faithful! It pains me to come to grips with the reality that many of you may not know me. But I know you. I know you and your heroes all too well! I can say with absolute certainty that they are not ready - YOU are not ready for what awaits you. For what awaits THEM.

A sound. The rumbling of distant thunder. Lord Nigel looks "sky"-ward with a wan smile for a moment, then back to us.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

You see... there is a STORM coming. Two of the most vicious, calculating, and physical grapplers this sport has ever seen - my charges, my wards - they are coming to DEFIANCE. To make a statement. To make an impact. And to stand above you all... where they belong. Still think you are prepared? Still think you know what to do? How to prepare? How to react?

A flash of light - meant to be lightning - in the "distance" - and suddenly the set dims and layers and layers of dark, two-dimensional clouds rolls in from the left and the right - the waves shift and jerk with more fury and motion. The approaching thunder returns.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

I will tell you once more. You aren't ready. At ACTS of DEFIANCE... act as defiant as you wish... but all of your insolence, your insubordination and indignation will tremble and be reduced to sniveling... to cowardice... to fear... when comes... THE STORM.

And with that, Lord Nigel offers another gentlemanly tip of his ostentatious cap, and the boat begins to row out of frame just as "rain" begins to fall. The bottom third of our screen reads:

THE STORM - debuting at ACTS of DEFIANCE

JASON NATAS © vs. JJ DIXON

The cameras cut back to the Wrestleplex focussing on our heroic commentary team who give us their oh so wonderful comments to describe things.

DDK:

What on earth are you doing Angus?

Angus:

Can't a man rub his hands together in super excited anticipation of some more DOC action Keeps?!

DDK:

I guess he can but do you have to smile like that while you're doing it?

Angus:

What's wrong with my smile?!

Before Keeps can answer that the stage lights up with some long dreary, whiney keyboard sounds.

♪ "Freebird" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

JJ Dixon, the fourth and final Southern Bastard to cross paths with Jason Natas in recent months, doesn't emerge from the backstage area. Instead, the karaoke "classic" plays out for 20, 30, 40 seconds.

Angus:

Fuck is this guy?

DDK:

I guess he's just taking his time, a bit like the song...

Angus:

He better get a move on, Keeps! I booked this, remember. When he does, remind me to tell him to get a shorter track as his entrance theme.

50 seconds. 60.

Still nothing.

The music cuts abruptly, replaced by something altogether nastier.

♪ "No Chance" by Unsane ♪

The sludgiest entrance theme in DEFIANCE almost breaks the speakers again, and the crowd suddenly forget their confusion. They rise to their feet as the reigning DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion, Jason Natas, stomps out from the back with the championship over his shoulder.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one-fall, and it is for the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship! Introducing first, from South Bronx, NY, he stands at 6'4", and weighs-in at 270lbs... JASON
NAATTTTTTTTTAAAASSSSSSSSSS!

DDK:

I guess Natas got tired of waiting.

Angus:

Can't say I blame him. Remember that if Fatas wins tonight, he faces Mushigihara at Acts of DEFIANCE. As much as I like the look of Dixon, personally, I hope Natas fuckstomps him fast, because that's a helluva PPV match!

Natas bumps fists with a few fans en route to the ring. He eventually makes to the bottom of the ramp, slides beneath the bottom rope, and hands the title belt over. Hunched in his corner, Natas stares up the entrance ramp, calling for his opponent to come down.

♪ "Freebird" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

As if you needed to hear that wretched song again, here it goes...

Angus:

C'mon now, JJ...

It plays.

And plays.

And plays.

Angus:

Alright, where the fu--

Here comes JJ Dixon, only not in the way you'd expect.

DDK:

Hey, what the?!

At that moment JJ Dixon comes hurling through the curtain and face down on the ramp. He places both hands out in front of him trying to push himself onto his feet. He coughs repeatedly as if gasping for air.

DDK:

Folks, JJ Dixon is in a bad way here, he can't even stand right now.

The music cuts for the second time as none other than Kendrix, wearing a plain white t-shirt with Drake's face on it and jeans, walks out slowly from behind the curtain looking down at the injured Brazen performer before him.

Angus:

FUCK THIS GUY! WHY ARE THESE SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT JERKS ALWAYS SPOILING MY FUN??

Kendrix squats down beside Dixon with a concerned look on his face. As the cameramen close in on the two men JFK points out at the ring.

Kendrix:

Hurry Up bruv, your three minutes of fame are nearly up. Go help Natas look good.

Dixon tries to get to his feet, reaching up at Kendrix, trying to pull himself up but JFK slaps his arms away. Jesse stands tall, takes a look at Natas in the ring and waves at him before holding his index finger up at him.

Kendrix:

Won't be a minute, bruv.

With that, Jesse delivers a hard kick straight to Dixon's gut, sending him clawing at the ground gasping for more air. Kendrix rips the shirt off of JJ, places both hands around his head to haul him up. Smiling at Dixon, Jesse quickly tucks JJ's head in between his armpit. Hooking his arm around it, he slaps Dixon's back with his free hand and

simultaneously drops down driving his JJ's head onto the concrete.

Angus:

JESUS CHRIST!

Jesse gets to his feet and dusts pretend dust from his shoulder before dragging Dixon down to the ring and rolling his almost lifeless body into the ring. Stepping away from the ring, eyeing Natas the whole time, Jesse lays his hands out in front of him as if presenting JJ Dixon to him.

Angus:

Man, Natas looks *PISSED!*

DDK:

Kendrix just absolutely mauled his opponent for the evening... and for what reason?

Angus:

No idea, Keeps. Natas ain't no white knight - he wasn't about to charge out and help this geek - but he *really* loves a fight. Kendrix just took that away from him...

The bell finally rings, and a grumpy Jason Natas glares at the limp BRAZEN wrestler before him. He glares up at Kendrix with a face full of thunder, then shakes his head.

DDK:

Well, I guess he has to pin him here. What a pointless affair! Kendrix should be ashamed of himself.

Grimacing, Natas hits the deck.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Angus:

What a fucking farce.

"No Chance" by Unsane starts playing, but Quimbey barely makes an effort to be heard over it.

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner and still the DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion... Jason Natas.

The Anti-Superstar hauls himself to his feet. First, he points at Kendrix, who's applauding Natas for his victory. Then, he marches over to the technical area and calls for a mic. It's tossed to him.

SOMEONE'S GONNA DIE

With steam practically coming out of his ears, Jason pulls the mic to his lips. The music cuts.

Jason Natas:

YOU.

He points towards the shit-eating SEG member again.

Jason Natas:

Speak. NOW.

Kendrix's jaw drops, pointing at himself, as if in shock. He gestures for a mic from a nearby stage hand and then taps his hand down twice on it, checking it's on. He raise the mic to his mouth.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah?!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Jesse lowers the mic, taking the time to roll his eyes at the now expected reaction to his opening line. He raises it back up to speak.

Kendrix:

First of all, Jase. JFK would like to be the first person to publically congratulate you on yet another hard earned defence of your title tonight.

Natas is shaking his head, looking rather impatient and can be seen mouthing "fuck you"

Kendrix:

Woah woah, JFK knows you just want to get in the back for a shower, you're sweating like a pig right now, but hear me out. Secondly Jase, JFK just saw you say it, but there really is no need to thank him.

Jesse takes a look around at the fans by the barricades and holds his index finger to his mouth.

Kendrix:

Shut it Bellends, JFK's talking to the Neanderthal.

Switching his attention back to Natas he points back up at him.

Kendrix:

As JFK was saying, there really is no need to thank him...for turning your match into the first ever Sports Entertaining DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship Match in history!

Taking a moment to hold his hands out by his side and basque in the glory of his announcement, while the rest of the arena thinks otherwise, he puts his game face back on.

Kendrix:

You see, rather than put all these people through another run of the mill, hard grunting, long drawn out match of an eventual Jason Natas win over a BRAZEN NOBODDY!!! JFK not only helped speed the BORING procession up...

Still raging, Natas cuts him off.

Jason Natas:

Get to the goddamn point, fuckhead. You owe me a fight, and all I'm hearin's bullshit.

Kendrix puffs his cheeks out in frustration at being interrupted and exhales, shaking his head.

Kendrix:

You're making this longer than it needs to be, yet again, Natas! Not only did JFK save this audience from yet another snorefest he proved without a shadow of doubt that he is DOC material when he beat the FUCKING SHIT out of Angus' precious BRAZEN BITCH!

He turns and waves at Angus

Angus:

KILL HIM FATAS!

Jesse makes his way up the steps and into the ring, stepping over the middle rope, meeting Natas square in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

This kid has balls but I'm not sure how wise this is.

Kendrix:

You're right, Jase. JFK owes you a match.

His eyes focus on the title resting proudly on Natas' shoulder before meeting Natas' eyes once more, the two are inches away from each other.

Kendrix:

JFK will happily step in the ring with you...for your title...How about it Jase, The Neanderthal versus The Future...oh, and that Mushi guy too.

He opens his arms out wide by his side, winking at Natas in acknowledgment of his witty build up of the potential match. However, he sees that Natas doesn't look impressed. Stepping back up in his face, Kendrix audibly sighs into the mic.

Kendrix:

That is of course if you're...D...O...C enough?!

Jesse takes a step back and throws his trademark smirk Natas' way.

Jason Natas:

Know what I think, boy?

Cooling-off is a lost cause at this point, but Natas takes a moment.

Jason Natas:

I think you ain't built for this goddamn company, let alone this division. Bet'cha didn't even look this poor fuck in the eye when you took'im down...

He doesn't wait for an answer.

Jason Natas:

I thought you were jokin' the other week, but now? Now you've given me a reason to rip your goddamn head off. If you've got a deathwish, fine, call me the executioner.

Natas gets right in JFK's face.

Jason Natas:

YOU'RE ON.

Angus:

YES! KENDRIX IS GONNA DIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

A big pop goes up for the anticipation of whatever may happen at Acts of DEFIANCE. His DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship in his hand, Jason slowly raises the belt in the air, clearly flexing in front of his opponent.

At this point, Kendrix decides it'd be a grand old idea to shove Jason Natas in the chest.

Big mistake.

DDK:

Look out!

The Bronx Bully flies into the Hollywood Bruv with an elbow! Another! Another!

Angus:

KILLLLLLLLLLLLL HIM~!

Kendrix is swarmed. He puts both hands up to block the blows, and that's when half a dozen DEFsec members start pouring down the aisle. They quickly get inside the ring and pull the DOC away from his challenger.

Angus:

Awwwww c'mawn!

DDK:

What a messy situation, Angus! JJ Dixon's still out cold, and it looks like we've got a new Acts of DEFIANCE match on our hands...

Angus:

Mushi, Kendrix, and Natas? One of those doesn't fit, Keebs. Something tells me Kendrix just signed his own death warrant...

The security team are able to push Kendrix back towards the ropes, and he drops to the mat and rolls out on his own accord. The look on his face tells us all we need to know.

DDK:

Oh boy... something tells me Kendrix doesn't know what he's let himself in for.

Angus:

Is he still fucking smirking?! Goddamnit! At least we're only two weeks away from this mercy killing!

The camera finally cuts elsewhere.

RECEIPTS

It's getting late.

There's less than an hour of programming to go, and most of the DEFIANCE roster are already preparing themselves to depart for the evening. Kelly Evans' work is far from over, however, and we find her up in the Pleasure Dome, twirling a fountain pen in one hand and sifting through a pile of super-important papers with the other.

She's had plenty of business to attend to between talking to Scott Douglas and laying down the law at the beginning of the show, but her quiet's about to be shattered again. There's a knock at the door.

Kelly looks up, sighing. She hesitates before answering.

Kelly Evans:

It's open.

In steps Andy Murray, looking a tad flustered in the wake of James Witherhold's latest act of fuckery.

Andy Murray:

Alright lass?

Kelly Evans:

Andy...

She drops the pen, then folds her arms.

Kelly Evans:

It's not like you to come up here during showtime.

Andy Murray:

I don't usually need to ask for a favour during showtime.

The Scot steps across the room, and Kelly motions for him to take a seat on the other side of the desk.

Andy Murray:

Two favours, actually.

He obliges.

Kelly Evans:

Two? That might be asking a bit much.

Andy Murray:

Well the first one's pretty straightforward: I want Perfection at Acts of DEFIANCE. DOC Rules.

Kelly Evans:

"DOC Rules?"

She raises her brow.

Kelly Evans:

Jeesh, what do you plan on doing to him?

Andy Murray:

I've got a few receipts to claim. You saw the other week, right? And now tonight, the stuff with that rookie...

Kelly Evans:

You've got a point. Consider it done.

The King nods. No smiles, though.

Kelly Evans:

The second?

Andy Murray:

Well, that's a little more complicated...

Cut.

BRONSON BOX vs CODENAME: REAPER

DDK:

It's pre-main event time, folks! In a match set-up as punishment for Bronson Box's escalated aggression against Cayle Murray, the War-God will face-off against the imposing Code Name: Reaper.

Angus:

Boxer's been driving Squayle up the wall, Keebs, but let's not forget the real reason for this match. Box pretty much trashed an entire locker-room with red paint just to get at Murray the other week, and this is his penance.

DDK:

Whatever the reasoning, this should be an excellent, excellent match. Box is one of the legends of DEFIANCE, and a first ballot Hall-of-Famer if we had such a thing, but Reaper's striking game is fast and ferocious. We've got a great styles clash on our hands.

Angus:

And an unfortunate guest commentator situation. Ugh.

♪ *"The Wings of Icarus" by Celldweller* ♪

The music hits, and Cayle Murray makes no hesitation in striding out for his first appearance of the evening. He gets a warm reaction from The Faithful and raises a fist in the air for them, but he doesn't hang around. Instead of going through the usual rigmarole, Cayle heads straight for the announce booth and pulls-on a headset.

DDK:

Cayle, thanks for joining us tonight.

Cayle Murray:

How's it going, lads?

Angus:

It's going.

DDK:

Bronson Box, of course, personally invited you to come out and commentate tonight a couple of weeks ago. Do you have a gameplan here, or are you just out to watch the match?

Cayle Murray:

Let's see what happens, Keebs. I'm certainly not going to be a jackass and get involved without provocation, but if Boxer wants to play games..

Angus:

And in 5.....4.....3.....

DDK:

What are.....

Angus:

SHUT...

Lights go out for just a few brief moments and when they come back up, Code Name: Reaper is standing in the middle of the ring.

Angus:

You ruined it you idiot I had it timed perfectly

DDK:

Okay then.. Darren Quimby as usual is going to forgo this man's introduction.

As Reaper settles in goes about his pre-match prep the lights dim and a familiar drum beat and guitar rattles through the arena. Just as the man in black Johnny Cash starts his sermon a familiar stocky figure, built like a small brick shithouse, makes his way out onto the stage area to a torrent of boos and jeers from the DEFIANCE Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

And the challenger, from boggy coast of Banff Scotland, weighing in tonight at near seventeen stooooone. He is the Bombastic... BRONSOOOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOX!

The self-proclaimed DEFIANCE "Ace" strolls out onto the stage with an ice cold look on his mustachioed face. His gaze isn't however on the masked man down in the ring waiting for quite possibly the biggest match of his DEFIANCE career. No. Boxer's eyes are focused on the victorious Cayle Murray over at the announce desk. He's already standing beside his place at the commentation station. Bronson holds the exchange of gazes for a few moments before smiling and turning his attention finally to the task at hand. Cayle silently watches The Wargod walk down the ramp and enter the ring...

Cayle Murray:

You know what? I've got a better idea.

DDK:

What the...?!

Cayle immediately *thunks* his headset down on the announce table before Keebs and Angus can figure out what's going on. He gets up, grabs his chair, and starts wheeling it down the ramp.

DDK:

Cayle's heading to the ring!

Angus:

Heh, so much for "not getting involved."

Murray stops right at the foot of the ramp and sits himself down. Box turns around, jawing him, but Cayle just leans back, ready to watch the action.

DDK:

Nothing like front row seats, I guess. I don't think this is what Box had in mind though...

After Carla finishes the instructions to both participants the bell rings and the match is off to a quick start. Bronson Box and Code Name: Reaper square up in the middle of the ring heavily exchanging blows to the head and stomach. Neither man backs down for close to 20 seconds of pure fist and kick exchange. Finally, the veteran Box gets Reaper against the ropes and sends him flying against the corner turnbuckle with a strong Scottish Whip.

Immediately charging Box pins Reaper in the corner and starts headbutting him relentlessly. Carla tries to separate them but Box isn't hearing it, she starts the five count and he only relents on the four. Reaper slumps down in the corner, obviously out of wits from what just happened. Bronson Box gives a stare down to Cayle Murray who is now at ringside.

DDK:

Cayle providing almost a *passive* distraction, here.

Angus:

Like a snotty little kid pullin' that "I'm not touching you" bullshit... HEAD IN THE GAME, BOXER!

Focusing back on his opponent, Bronson Box takes full control over the match for the next five minutes, it's a completely one sided affair as Reaper is destroyed with a series of nasty European Uppercuts, a Canadian Back Breaker and the crowd let out a loud gasp as Box easily tossed reaper in the air for the Fireman's Carry Gutbuster. Keebler again resumed conversation about Reaper's distinct lightness even though he stand so tall. Angus followed that up by saying Keebs is an idiot.

Reaper looks severely out matched and when Box finally attempts a pin fall 1... 2... 3NO!

The crowd is almost in shock when Reaper is able to get a foot on the ropes, this obviously displeases Box who has a few choice words for Carla about her count being slow. Box looks to the outside at Cayle and loses his focus on Reaper yet again. It allows just enough time for Reaper to execute an unseen low blow that doubles Box over. Following that up with a surge of energy, Reaper uses the ropes as a springboard to send Bronson tumbling to the outside of the ring.

Angus:

NICE! Right to the haggis... bag? That garbage comes in a bag, right?

DDK:

Stomach, I believe. Wait. Seems like Reaper's setting something up here, partner...

As Angus expounds on his deep personal feelings on Scottish cuisine, the match rolls violently on down in the ring. Taking quick advantage, Reaper climbs to the top turnbuckle and comes crashing down to Box's head with a double axehandle smash. Carla immediately starts the double ten count to which Reaper pays no mind. He follows up the impressive crowd popping aerial maneuver by picking Bronson up and tossing him against the side of the ring which creates a loud thud as his back hits the side of the unforgiving steel supports just behind the ring apron. Reaper slides back in the ring to break the count at 5 and slides immediately back out of the ring.

Reaper picks him up and sets up to toss box into guardrail... REVERSAL Reaper goes flying into the guardrail with a loud clank and the crowd let's out a gasp. Box lays boots to Reaper on the outside before hoisting him up and TOSSING him up and over the second rope and back into the ring.

DDK:

My WORD he's strong!

Bronson Box slides back in, instead of focusing on Reaper he turns his attention to Cayle once again. He points at the fallen Reaper and yells 'This is going to be you SQUID.' Reaper sneaks up behind Box and hits a front face russian leg sweep. He goes for a quick roll over and then pin fall attempt 1.... 2.... NO! Box kicks out.

Reaper quickly back up to his feet and is stalking Box as he is recovering on the ropes. Cayle rises from his chair and kicks it aside. Reaper catches wind of Cayle's movements backs up further in preparation, Box up on one knee now, his eyes flutter open and the first thing he sees is Cayle Murray standing at ringside smiling back at him... that slight distraction holds Boxer's gaze and the crowd is growing loud with anticipation. Box says something inaudible as he turns his focus and SLAM!! The GUILLOTINE straight to Box's neck, he hits the mat likes a sack of bricks. Reaper goes for the pin, fistful of tights out of the view of Carla.

1.....

2.....

3... NO!! KICKOUT right before the hand hit the mat.

Angus:

What the hell?!

DDK:

I'm not sure how he managed to kick out of it but it looks like the crowd and Reaper is just as surprised as we are!

Reaper is slowly getting to his feet in surprise of what just happened. The crowd starts chanting 'He Kicked Out!' mixed with some 'Holy Shit!'. Cayle is still at ringside looking in, expression unchanged. Box is somehow getting to his feet and seems to be at full attention. Reaper is standing in the corner waiting for him. Box glances at Cayle but only for a moment and goes straight for Reaper.

The two start exchanging heavy blows again similar to the beginning of the match, this time however it's obvious that Reaper is exhausted. He succumbs much quicker and is easily guided into the corner. Box kicks him in the gut, hooks him, BOMBASTO BOMB!! Reaper flops out of the corner like a crumpled mess, Box looks down at Cayle and stares daggers at him.

Box:

You like that?

Bronson makes the veteran moves and drags his opponent to the middle of the ring, he goes for the pin and.... Lights out! The arena goes black.

Angus:

Uh oh! Here we go.

Cameras once again start flashing and for what seems like an eternity there is complete darkness in the arena. Suddenly two flashing red orbs show in the middle of the ring. Glowing bright red and next to them appear two glowing hot blue eyes. A few more seconds go by and the arena lights come back on. Reaper is standing face to face with Bronson Box. Carla looks confused and for some reason Cayle is looking under the ring apron.

DDK:

Not sure entirely what just happened here folks, but as you are all aware things tend to get a bit out of place when Code Name: Reaper is in the ring.

The duo square up again, Box goes to land a huge right hook, but it's blocked by Reaper, who holds his arm in place. Box stares at the dark grey mask who's eyes suddenly light up a bright hot BLUE. Box takes a glance back at Cayle and then to Reaper who nails him with a hard kick to the gut, hooks him, EVENFLOW DDT!! Goes for the pin, again fist full of tights!

1.....

2.....

3...!!!!

The bell rings and Carla goes to raise Reaper's arm in victory but before she can even do that, the lights go out yet again. The same blue orbs that appeared earlier, appear again, but only for a brief moment. The lights cut back up and the victor of the match is gone. The only thing left in the ring is a startled referee and one piiiiiiiiiiissed off Wargod...

THE WAR TO COME

Angus:

Oooooooh, Cayle... I'd run, buddy...

Boxer slowly, methodically gets to his feet. His gaze never leaving Murray. The Artist Now Known as "Squayle" chuckles under his breath and just shakes his head at The Wargod before turning his back to leave, his business concluded... but Boxer has other ideas. Cayle gets about halfway up the ramp when The Original DEFIANT finally gets his hands on a working microphone...

Bronson Box:

NOOOOOO YE' DON'T, SUNSHINE! Stop in yer' wee tracks right there BOY... we 'aint bloody done yet! Aye... turn around there lad. Cute, this. Very fookin' cute... I SAID LOOK AT ME IN MY BLOODY FACE, MURRAY!

Cayle stops dead in his tracks, lingering for just a few seconds. Eventually, he turns to face the Wargod's fiery gaze.

DDK:

This isn't good...

Angus:

Especially if you're a cephalopod.

Bronson Box:

Well... we've got ourselves an opportunity, don't we lad? We got ourselves a MATCH. But what sort of match? A caaaaaaage mayhaps? Some sort of TORTURE chamber?

Box smiiiiiiiles down at Cayle, standing immovable, like stone halfway up the ramp.

Bronson Box:

No. No gimmicks. No weapons. Because you know what you smug little PRICK?! I'm a better fookin' WRESTLER than you! Bronson FOOKIN' Box don't need spikes and steel and GIMMICKS to beat a wee little squid like you. No. All I need is this here ring and enough time to tie you into seven different knots, ye' overconfident little cretin!

Cayle's interest is obviously piqued as he raises his head and cocks a single eyebrow.

Bronson Box:

Two out of three falls, ye' bleedin' wretch... how's that grab ye', eh?! Just you and me... just like the old days...

The sick smile that spreads across Box's face tells a bone chillingly bloody tale. He leans over the top rope with the anticipation of a child at Christmas, waiting for his opponent's response.

Slowly, surely, Cayle starts making his way back down the ramp.

DDK:

Uh-oh...

A smile slowly stretches across his features now: not as vile as Box's, but not exactly jovial either. He rolls beneath the bottom rope, climbs to his feet, and strides up to the Wargod. Without a second thought, Cayle pulls Box's hand (and microphone) beneath his chin.

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

... AYE.

Box laughs at the ballsy move, not one to be upstaged

SNOOOOORT... PHEW

The Wargod hauls back and conjures up a wad of phlegm from the darkest blackest pits of his being and just launches it right into the face of Cayle Murray.

Angus:

FUUUUUUUUUUUUU--

Before Angus can even finish his expletive, Cayle SSSSSSSSSSSSSSLAPS the taste right outta Box's mouth. The Original DEFIANT's hit with such force that he stumbles backwards! It's not long before the two men are ripping and tearing into one another with the backdrop of four thousand screaming DEFIANCE Faithful.

DDK:

We better get someone out here quick or there won't BE a match at the pay per view, partner!

Angus:

To hell with that! FITE! FITE! FITE! FITE!

From the backstage area, lead by road agent Mike Sloan and head of security Wyatt Bronson, a veritable army of agents and DEFsec flood down the ramp and storm the ring in an attempt to dislodge the two temperamental superstars from one another's person before they do any real damage. Six or seven of Wyatt's beefiest gorillas along with road agent Sloan all focus on pinning Boxer back into the most available turnbuckle allowing for some sense to be talked into the usually more cool headed Cayle Murray.

But Squidboy isn't feeling all that "cool headed" tonight...

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

Angus:

HOLY SHIIIIII--

The crowd picks up and continues Angus' nearly drowned out sentiment...

*HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!
HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!*

Cayle somehow breaks free from the DEFsec goons pushing him back and out of the ring, scaling the nearest turnbuckle, tiptoeing halfway across the top rope and LEAPING off with incredible balance and speed. He lands directly at the center of the mass of humanity surrounding Boxer! The two almost immediately pick up their brawl, throwing elbows and raining down closed fist shots across one another's skulls before Sloan and the others once again drag the two seething DEFstars apart with all their collective might... and the might of two zip ties.

Angus:

They're haulin' them away like criminals, Keeps!

DDK:

This is going to be a two out of three falls match for the AGES, partner!

Angus:

I know the end result is most likely Cayle getting splattered, but my God, I'm giddy...

DDK:

The most iconic wrestler in DEFIANCE history vs. the mercurial up-and-comer: a classic showdown, but one wrought with bile and venom, and it's only two weeks away!

LINDSAY TROY/IMPULSE vs CURTIS PENN/MIKEY UNLIKELY

DDK:

Are you ready, Angus?

Angus:

I was born ready for this one, bay-beh! Micropennis and Hollywood McFuckass getting their shit shoved in all in one match? This is my Christmas, Keeps!

♪"Enea Volare Mezzo" eRa♪

The fans boo like crazy; they even manage to kick it up a notch when the Number One Contender does not emerge from the backstage for nearly a minute. It's one thing for the fans to boo you, but it's another when you make them wait for it.

DDK:

Curtis Penn playing some mind games with the fans here tonight, Angus - is that the right move?

Angus:

It's tricky, Keeps. Obviously, the fans don't really matter - they're not your opponent. At the same time, they do such a great job of throwing Micropennis off his game, it's probably a smart move for him to pre-emptively shit all over the FAITHFUL.

Finally, Curtis Penn emerges. He walks to the ring with his nose in the air, showing nothing but contempt for the fans.

DDK:

I hate to say it, but Penn is on a roll, and he could very well be the next FIST of DEFIANCE, Angus!

Angus:

He could be, but if he is, it's a clear sign that the only God is a vengeful prick who hates me.

♪"Blunt Blowin'" - Lil Wayne♪

Angus:

Speaking of a vengeful prick...

DDK:

He's been able to hold onto that championship this long, Angus - that speaks to talent.

Angus:

That speaks to McFuckass' world collapsing in on him. Impulse and his straight shooting has come up with three separate and failed attempts to win something from McFuckass, but he keeps having to come up with a new plan. Acts of DEFIANCE, in a cage with no backup, I really hope this is the end of the road.

DDK:

You hope, or you think?

Angus:

Again, if it doesn't happen, it's because the forces of the universe are allied against me.

Before Mikey even appears, two paid attendants Mikey fans enter the arena and roll the red carpet all the way down the ramp. Once it's in place, Mikey Unlikely steps out, and, ignoring the boos from the fans, gives a 'royal' wave, all the way to the ring.

Angus:

Does that make him a queen? Can I call him a queen without people writing letters?

DDK:

Likely not, Angus - but you can safely say he's a fan of the dramatic, and he likes to be the center of attention and likes all eyes on him.

Angus:

Ah. So, a drama queen.

In the ring, Curtis Penn steps back a bit, just to give Mikey the center stage for his entrance, but Penn remains as close as he can to the middle of the ring - he will not let anyone forget him, even for a moment.

DDK:

With two of the craftiest wrestlers in DEFIANCE history on one side of the ring, and two of the most skilled athletes on the other, I really can't pick a winner here, Angus! Can you?

Angus:

Are you really asking me that?

♪"kashmir" - Led Zeppelin♪

DDK:

This is new.

New song for a new team. Calico Rose is the first one out, and she gives the FAITHFUL a polite curtsy. She power walks to the commentary table; Angus gets defensive, but she simply grabs both men and pulls them in close and gives each a kiss on the side of the head.

By the time she's finished, Impulse has entered the arena to a huge pop, and the fans have started yelling "IMPULSE GONNA KILL YOU" towards Mikey, in the ring. A half step behind Impulse, the Queen of the Ring herself, Lindsay Troy, has entered. She stops next to the Marathon Man, unhooks the FIST of DEFIANCE from around her waist, and holds it up high as the fans give her a standing ovation.

DDK:

Come back to the table, Angus - your ass is safe.

Now, the two paid attendants Mikey fans who had previously unrolled the red carpet stop the trio at the top of the ramp; insisting that they wait until Mikey's carpet is rolled up.

You can see what's coming next: all three of them step around and walk the red carpet, to the dismay of the entirety of the Mikey entourage. What's more, as the fans reach out to try and slap the hands, Cally takes an offered cup of beer, drinks a generous sip, and pours one out "for her homies" on the red carpet before handing it back.

Angus:

Petty and destructive. I love it!

DDK:

Mikey certainly doesn't, and he's yelling at Cally as the bell sounds! Mikey Unlikely in the ring for his team - and - it's preview time! Impulse starts off against him!

The two DEFIANTS move to lock up and Mikey immediately backs off, shaking his arms, needing to "get limber." Impulse frowns, moves to lock up again. Mikey takes another step away from the number one contender to the SOHER title. Smooths his hair back. Instructs Hector Navarro to keep Impulse in place in the center of the ring. Navarro sighs but 'Pulse simply puts his arms up, willing to accommodate, and takes three steps away from Mikey.

Behind Impulse, Troy rolls her eyes, while Mikey rolls his shoulders and darts forward. It looks like he's going to finally lock up with Impulse but....no. Gigantic fake-out! The Rodeo Drive D-Bag laughs as he backpedals to his corner and slaps the hand of Curtis Penn, much to the annoyance of the DEFIANCE Faithful and Angus Skaaland at the announce booth.

Impulse isn't much bothered by this, though. He shrugs his shoulders, half-turns, and tags in his partner.

Troy bounds over the top rope, eager to get her hands on Penn after his screwjob pin over her on the previous show. Curtis sees her heading his way with a head of steam, stops partway through the middle and top rope, and yells at Hector Navarro to hold the charging Queen back. Hector slips in between the two combatants for DEFIANCE's top prize but Troy maneuvers around him. She's not fast enough for Curtis, though, and the self-proclaimed "Greatest Wrestler Alive" ducks back between the ropes and hops off the apron. He's gonna make her wait. Troy, hands on hips, steps back from the ropes, alternating her glare between Curtis Penn and Mikey Unlikely, while Hector Navarro starts his count. Penn takes his time getting back into the ring, classic heel-stall, making Hector hit an 8-count before sliding in and getting to his feet.

Angus:

Micropennis knows how to get under EVERYONE'S skin.

Penn and Troy circle each other, and when Troy steps forward to lock up, Penn steps back and flips her off, and - to the continued annoyance of the crowd - gestures around his waist that he expects to be wearing her Championship soon.

He looks to be enjoying the boos from the fans, but as he turns back towards his opponent - LINDSAY TROY WITH A THRUST KICK TO THE CHEST! Penn falls backwards, and she's on top with a series of forearms to the face!

DDK:

This is intense!

Angus:

This is delicious! This is weeks upon weeks of frustration coming out on Micropennis' face, and the only thing that could ruin it is if it stops.

After many uncomfortable seconds of a sound beating, Mikey Unlikely steps between the ropes, presumably to break up the assault, but as he does - Impulse steps in to cut him off, and predictably, Hector Navarro stops Impulse! The Faithful boo as Mikey drops a boot on the back of Troy's head, and Impulse steps back between the ropes. Mikey dips outside quickly and rounds his way back to his corner.

Slowly but surely Penn makes his way to his feet, and gets there before his opponent. As Troy turns to face Curtis he clenches and tosses her over his head with a huge belly to belly suplex. Troy bounces off the mat once, before coming to rest in the corner of Penn. He walks over, picks up Troy by her hair and tags in Mikey once again. Unlikely climbs the turnbuckle and hops down with an ax handle smash across the crown of the head of the FIST. Troy to a knee, Penn leaves the ring. Mikey takes a step toward her and floats over with a miniature blockbuster neckbreaker. He quickly rolls back on top of the champion.

One...

Tw...kickout!

Unlikely barks at referee Hector Navarro, but it does him no good. He lifts up the champion and then places a knee in the back, while pulling her arms behind her. He stretches her out pretty well before letting go of one arm, spinning her around and shooting her off the ropes. Unlikely goes for a nasty clothesline, but with all his might, he misses the champion, as she ducks and continues running. She comes back just as Mikey turns around with a diving forearm that rocks the Hollywood Superstar, and sends him sailing through the middle rope and smacking the outside. Referee begins to check on Mikey as Lindsay Troy starts crawling for Impulse. Impulse is hopping up and down on the ring

apron, begging for the tag, but before she can get there, here comes Penn. He grabs a foot of Troy, drags her back across the ring to his corner, and drops an elbow on the back of the head.

Unlikely rolls gingerly back into the ring and tags in Penn once more. Curtis takes his time now, toying with the FIST of DEFIANCE. He kicks at the face of Troy, which she tries to protect. He turns her over and places his boot on her face, before spinning and landing, twisting the face of Troy. the fans boo ever so loudly. She gets up to her hands and knees and Penn once again slaps at the back of the head of the champion. He drops on top of her back and applies a rear naked choke. The referee checks the legality of the move and considers it clean enough. He asks Troy whether she wants to give it up. She shakes her head the best she can through the arms of Curtis Penn. The fans begin a slow clap, Lindsay tries crawling for the ropes but with the weight of Penn on her back she's unable to move quickly. Short army crawls are effective but tiring for the champion. She finally gets to the ropes and the referee forces Penn to break the hold. Troy rolls outside as soon as it's released, struggling to breathe. Mikey drops down, smiling sickly at the champion. She is completely unaware.

Mikey slowly walks up on the champion but before he can reach out and grab her, Calico Rose stands in between Mikey and Troy. Unlikely is taken aback at first, he goes wide eyed and looks to the crowd who cheers for their favorite big hearted lady. Mikey shrugs his shoulder and grabs Cally by the hair. The crowd instantly screams death at Mikey.

Angus:

He's got six seconds to drop her or I'm going down there.

DDK:

You get involved after skipping the first part of the show, you might be out of a job!

Angus:

Worth it!

With a sneer, Mikey wraps his hand around Cally's throat and shoves her, back - first, into the ringpost! The back of her head bounces off the steel, as the back of Mikey's head bounces off the side of the guardrail!

Wait, what?

The replay tells the tale: the second Mikey grabs Cally, Impulse enters the ring, and as she hit the ring post, Impulse flew over the top rope and landed on Mikey, sending him flying! The challenger for the Southern Heritage championship scrambles on top of Mikey immediately, and he fires a pair of fists into his face!

....

....

Wait... what?

Yes, that's right - *Impulse* is using a **closed fist!**

Navarro restarts his count; he was stunned, like everyone else, when a flying Impulse passed him by, but now that he has his wits he's up to two, to three, and Curtis Penn leaves the ring and pulls Impulse off Mikey with a chokehold! That's when Lindsay Troy re-enters the fight. She locks a choke on Penn, and she pulls him off Impulse, who pulls **him** off Mikey, who now has a split on the side of his head!

Troy lets Penn go to relieve the pressure on Impulse's neck, and Impulse almost immediately flips Curtis Penn over his shoulder, and pulls his arm up in a modified hammerlock! After a few seconds, Impulse shoves him down, and he sees Calico Rose on her hands and knees by the ring, dry - heaving into a small bloody puddle.

And the bell rings.

Angus:

Wait, what?

DDK:

It looks like Hector Navarro has counted out all four athletes, but that's a sidenote! Mikey looks dazed, he may need some medical attention! Cally... is coughing up blood, she certainly needs some medical attention! **CURTIS PENN WITH A RUNNING KNEE CATCHES LINDSAY TROY IN THE BACK!**

Angus:

I... **FUCKING HATE... HATE HATE HATE HATE HATE HATE HATE HATE HATE HATE HATE HIM.**

DDK:

Finally, Hector Navarro calling for DEFsec and a medical team to come to ringside, we need to separate the FIST from her top challenger and get our two casualties-- Mikey is up!

Just as DEFsec reaches the competitors, Mikey Unlikely sends a large hock of spit in Impulse and Cally's direction, confident in the fact that there are now too many people between him and his own top challenger for there to be further violence.

But the violence is continuing between Troy and Penn, and it's the Number One Contender to the FIST that's now in complete control of the narrative. The running knee to the Queen's back caught her off-guard and now Penn has the Curtis Clutch locked in! DEFsec's trying to pull him off her but he is not going willingly, relishing in Troy's agony as she yells out in pain with nowhere to go!

The scene pulls back for one last look at the Wrestle-Plex, it's competitors, and it's Faithful heading into ACTS of DEFIANCE. It's nothing but carnage.

This is DEFIANCE...