

THE RUNDOWN



Lights, camera, action. The music hits as the highlight reel begins, stock footage and all the other usual introductory stuff start the broadcast. A variety of shots, of all your favourite DEFIANCE stars in various situations of peril and victory, are accompanied by graphic effects and overlays. Old footage dissolves to the live broadcast as the camera sweeps through the arena. A bunch of pyro explodes around the entrance area, and we catch a few of those all-important fan signs...

**IN DEF PCP SMOKES YOU
GREEN RIVER RUNS DEEP
BLOW IT UP!
THIS IS DEF A SIGN
RUBY SAPPHIRE EMERALD
SIGN OF THE TIMES
SUB POP HER IN THE MOUTH
MV GOES NUMBER TWO!
SQUIDS THINK OUTSIDE THE BOX
CURTIS PEEN, NO TYPO**

The live shot finds the boys in the booth as “Downtown” Darren Keibler kick off the broadcast next to “The Motormouth of Malcontent” Angus Skaaland.

DDK:

Welcome to the Wrestle-Plex and **DEFIANCE ASCENSION!** I am “Downtown” Darren Keebler alongside my partner, Angus Skaaland.

Angus:

You see that sign, Keeps? Curtis PEEN! *[laughing]* I'm mad I didn't think of THAT myself.

DDK:

I apologize, Angus ... I missed that hilarity inducing signage. I was preoccupied going over this incredible card we have here before us!

Angus:

Only thing that really matters here tonight is that it's SEGtards vs SEGtards! Oh, how the mighty morons have fallen!

DDK:

Well, I think the Faithful may share some of your exuberance for that match up but not quite all of your hatred for the Pop Culture Phenoms.

Angus:

Yeah, yeah... I get it. The enemy of my enemy is my friend. Change that name and maybe we can talk!

DDK:

... and speaking of TAG TEAM ACTION, after a disappointing turn of events on DEFtv; The Masked Violators are not scheduled to compete here tonight. Masked Violator #2 suffered an injury and is currently hospitalized. Instead, we will showcase some BRAZEN talent in THUGS FOR HIRE and THE BARRIO BOYS!

Angus:

Of all people to get carded out of here my money was honestly on MV Uno. But hey ... BRAZEN! *Amirite?* Showcased on the big pay per view! I can get behind that.

DDK:

Speaking of BRAZEN, we'll also bare witness to Corbin Michaels going head to head with Nigel King of the BRAZEN unit, the Guns of Brixton!

Angus:

With a main roster contract on the line! Cordless Microphone has made a bed ... I don't think he wants to lay in! BRAZEN FTW!

DDK:

For the win? So, your official prediction is CORBIN ... MICHAELS ... will prove victorious here tonight, then?

Angus:

What? Oh ... no, that is not what FTW means at all, Keeps.

DDK:

Nevertheless, we aren't even have way through this spectacle that is ASCENSION tonight!

Angus:

Box murders Squid, MAIBOITAI handles Peen and Impulse smacks up the lighting engineer and his mystery opponent and promptly turns around and shows Jorts Mcgee what a Sudden Impact feels like! Boom, that's the show!

DDK:

Well, outside of a couple names you hit on the last few points ... and mixed it in with some wishful thinking .. but yes, tonight Curtis Penn defends against the returning Tyrone Walker! That should make for an interesting match up. Tyrone recently resurfaced last week and just like that ... we've got a FIST title match, partner!

Angus:

As long as MAIBOITAI and his ever present afro can take the FIST away from Micropennis, all will be right with the world.

DDK:

Assuming all those other things come to pass as well.

Angus:

Obviously.

DDK:

One might even add, totally obvio--

Angus: *[interpreting]*

Hey ... !

DDK: *[chuckling]*

... and as mentioned of course we have what some feel COULD be the conclusion to the blood soaked Scottish Civil War saga! "Bombastic" Bronson Box vs the younger of the Murray kin, "Starbreaker" Cayle Murray! And one must wonder ... what involvement will the recently returned "broken" star and patriarch of DEFIANCE have in this blood feud.

Angus:

Well, first things first, Keeps. It doesn't matter. You don't cross nor QUESTION the boss. He does no wrong.

DDK:

That aside, it will be interesting to see how his newly found interest in Cayle Murray shows here tonight.

Angus:

Yeah, yeah ... let's get this shot on the road, Keeps!

DDK:

Well, as a matter of fact it is about *THAT* time! We start tonight with a hell of a match up in Impulse and "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas going head to head in tag team action with CODENAME: Reaper and a mystery partner! Intrigue...

Angus:

Which color?

DDK:

What?

Angus:

We talked about this last week. You have to pay attention to the colors.

DDK:

That is - hold on ... I'm getting word their is some type of problem in our production area. Particularly, where the audio and video is being controlled.

Angus:

A Bengi says it's Reaper.

DDK:

We have a camera in that area? ... yes, we do.

Cut to the production area backstage. A large console, many levers, buttons and a wall of screens. The staff in charge of handling said equipment focus on the task at hand and attempt to ignore the commotion going on behind them. Even as they cue the camera to cut to essentially themselves.

Scott Douglas, with a large plastic clam shell style tape case, in a gorgeous hue of old as shit grey, is amidst a heated debate with one the production staff.

Scott Douglas:

Look, I understand you have a job to do ... but it is imperative that you play this tape! It's already cued up, just play it ...

The staff member, who appears to be the director of live broadcast, protests.

Director:

This is a LIVE event. I can't just play a tape I haven't vetted.

Scott Douglas:

This was a televised broadcast! There isn't anything on here you can't show.

Director:

Then someone owns it ... that is even MORE reason why I can't play this.

Scott Douglas:

Look, I am NOT what they've made me out to be! You've already played a piece of it! Just play it in CONTEXT!

Director:

I have NO idea how that happened on DEFtv and we have been vigilant to be certain nothing like that will happen again.

Douglas is verging on frantic and clearly very frustrated.

Scott Douglas:

You have to play this! I AM NOT the villain here!

Director:

Look ... --

The door swings open and Wyatt Bronson steps in flanked by a few of his fellow black shirted DEFsec.

Director:

... oh thank god.

Wyatt Bronson:

It's time to go, Douglas.

Scott Douglas:

No, you don't understand ...

Wyatt Bronson:

I don't think you understand ... you are first up.

Scott Douglas:

This --

Wyatt Bronson:

Let's go!

Douglas inhales deeply ready to retort but duty over responsibility takes over and he relents. He heads toward the door. Wyatt Bronson and crew give him enough space to pass but watch closely. The group enters the hall as the camera angle cuts to Douglas flanked by black polos and Wyatt heading up the rear. We cut back to Keebs and Angus.

DDK:

Not a great start to Scott Douglas' evening. The match is coming right up, but first, folks, I'm told we have some footage to show from earlier in the evening...

Angus:

Footage from "earlier in the evening?" I smell shenanigans!

DDK:

Here it is...

EARLIER TONIGHT

The feed cuts to some grainy security footage. The lighting's pretty dim and the framerate is low, but what's going on is still fairly distinguishable... otherwise it'd be a pretty useless security feed.

A figure gets out of a taxi cab 30-40 metres away. After collecting his own bag from the boot, he hands the driver a few crisp bills then lets him go on his way. Dressed casually, the figure slings his holdall over his shoulder and starts walking purposefully towards the entryway. It doesn't take a great deal of effort to figure-out that this is Cayle Murray - a man who'll engage in the latest chapter of his lifelong war with Bronson Box later on this evening.

He stops in his tracks for a moment, spending a few seconds pawing through his pockets. The camera continues its pre-programmed swoop around the area, taking Murray out of the shot for a few seconds. Moments later, a loud WHACK comes through the feed, followed by a pained scream.

The CCTV operator switches to manual quickly, tracking back to where Cayle stood. His attacker - bald-headed and full of rage - has him down on the ground, and brings down with looks like a steel pipe across his back!

A single security guard immediately rushes over, but Bronson Box swings the pipe at him, almost knocking him over in the process. He changes his assault this time, bringing the pipe down across the back of Cayle's knee, before dropping it to the concrete floor and pulling the younger Scot up by his hair!

Again, the security guard tries to intervene. Again, Bronson fights him off, this time with a two-handed push. He drags the helpless Murray across the parking lot and towards a car hood, then smashes his face down upon it.

Again.

And again.

And AGAIN.

Until a huge dent is left.

A new DEFsec member rushes into the scene, and another. The now three-man team swarm upon Box, who has mounted Cayle on the ground. Frenzied, Box lays into Cayle with closed fist after closed fist until eventually he's restrained. It takes the combined strength of all three DEFsec guys to do it, but they eventually peel the madman away from his opponent, with a medic arriving fresh on the scene. Bronson's wild, wide bloodshot brown eyes are still locked directly on Cayle.

Bronson Box:

YOU AIN'T READY, SQUID! NOBODY IN THIS FOOKIN' PROMOTION CAN TAKE ME!

The words are barely distinguishable, but the feral rage is all too apparent.

Bronson Box:

IMMA PUT YER' WHOLE FOOKIN' CAREER TO FLAME YOU LITTLE PRICK!

The footage cuts away abruptly as the mass of DEFsec gorillas and shoved back into the camera crew, and we head back to Angus and Keebsy.

DDK:

Shocking, Angus. Absolutely shocking.

Angus:

Is it, though? After the way Boxer lost his gorram mind two weeks ago, I don't think anyone should be surprised by this - Cayle especially.

DDK:

This shouldn't be happening, though. They have an outlet for issues like this -- it's called the ring!

Angus:

Stop playing naive, Keebs. When has that EVER stopped Box in the past?! He doesn't give a single fuck about beating Cayle Murray in a controlled environment: he cares about BEATING him, and that's exactly what he just did.

DDK:

Whatever twisted justification you can muster, Angus, this leaves our pre-main event in jeopardy! The assault didn't last long, but it was incredibly brutal -- will Cayle even make it to the ring tonight?

Angus:

I wouldn't bet against it. I've had plenty of negative things to say about the kid since he started here, but he's definitely not the kind to turn his back on a fight, even if it may lead to certain death.

DDK:

We'll bring you further news on this situation as it develops, folks, but until then, we have a show to get on with...

SCOTT DOUGLAS & IMPULSE VS. REAPER & ???

Cut back to the booth.

DDK:

Well it appears Scott Douglas has been removed from the production area by DEFsec and is currently being escorted to the ring.

Angus:

Just like a rock star!

Angus turns to Darren. He can barely keep his composure.

DDK:

Go ahead ...

Angus:

Motley Douche!

DDK:

That's, honestly, not that clever.

Angus:

Always a critic.

Cut to the backstage hall leading toward Guerilla Position. Douglas rounds the corner, still flanked by black polos and Wyatt Bronson in toe. Impulse and Calico Rose are positioned just outside of Guerilla awaiting their entrance. Lance Warner, ever present, hovers around the area much like a fly on the wall. As Douglas and crew approach his music begins and can faintly be heard.

♪ "Smiling and Dyin" by Green River ♪

Douglas stops next to a rolling, black equipment, case a few feet away from Cally and Impulse. He sets down the tape he had been carrying. Cally doesn't appear to have changed her opinion on Douglas. Impulse approaches the situation from it's current standpoint alone.

Impulse:

Focus, sir. Handle the business, then get back to it.

Scott Douglas:

I tired. *[looks toward Cally]* I really did. This isn't what it seems. I am not what Reaper is trying to portray me as. *[toward Impulse]* I am not the villain.

Awkward moment.

Wyatt Bronson:

Gotta go, kid.

Scott looks back toward Bronson briefly and walks toward the chorus of boos. DEFsec follows Douglas beyond the curtain into Guerilla as Impulse and Cally hang back. Lance Warner, nonchalantly places his hand on the tape Douglas set down earlier.

Cut to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

The first match of DEF ASCENSION is a TAG TEAM BOUT!! Introducing first, from Seattle, Washington ...

Cut to the rampway as Scott Douglas enters and the Faithful pop, but in distaste. With zero fan fare or posing Scott heads to the ring with his head hung low.

Darren Quimbey:

... weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds, standing six foot, two inches ... "Sub Pop" Scott DOUUGLASSS!!

Scott throws a knee on the apron and pulls himself up by the rope. He enters and awaits the rest leaned in the corner.

♪ "Revolution" - SIRSY♪

The simple sound turns the crowd around instantly. The jeers and chants of distaste quickly transform into well wishes and fandom. After several seconds of anticipation, Impulse walks through the curtain, and stops. An additional second or two and Calico Rose joins him to a decent cheer of her own; she forgoes the fist bumping, butt touching stop over at the booth as the pair head toward the ring.

Angus:

What are we ... chopped liver?

DDK:

Depends ... does Cirrhosis effectively chop one's liver?

Angus: *[sarcastically]*

Ha ...

Ignoring the fans' cheers, Impulse steps to the ring apron and holds the ropes for Cally who gives an exaggerated bow. After he enters the ring, he finally nods his appreciation, but his face remains stoic.

Angus: *[still sarcastically]*

Ha ...

Darren Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by Calico Rose...

Angus: *[pointedly]*

Ha ... !!!

Quimbey pauses, as typically Cally would have a ridiculous title for herself.

Much like *ACTS of DEFIANCE*; she obtains for the norm. Climbing to the middle turnbuckle as the Faithful pop once more, she blows a kiss towards the commentary table.

DDK:

Well, there you go, partner. No butts touched or fists bumped but ... hey no love lost either!

Angus:

Yeah ... yeah ... yeah.

Darren Quimbey:

From Washington Heights, New York, and weighing in at one hundred and ninety pounds... IMMMMMMMMMMPULSE!

Angus:

And here go the lights ...

The lights dim momentarily but return to their full brightness within the same moment.

DDK:

Losing your touch, 'Gus?

Angus: *[yelling]*

NOT A THING! [regains composure] And ... if you'd let me finish my -- *NOW!*

The lights drop.

Two BLUE, equally leveled, Orbs ... almost as if they are LED lighted eyes on a mask ... appear at what seems to be the top of the ramp way. The left of the frame gives the only hint as to where the camera is pointed; the CRT phase of the commentation booth monitors flicker.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents ... first, hailing from PARTS UNKNOWN! Weighing in at two hundred and twenty four pounds ... standing six feet and two inches tall .. COOOODENAAAAAME ... REAAAAAPPERR!

With the lights still down; before Darren Quimbey can finish Reaper's announcement, a second set of orbs, equally spaced ... as if they were ... you get it, appear on the dark rampway. The only difference, these orbs shine a bright emerald green.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner ...

DDK:

What the hell!?

The lights cut on and reveal *TWO* identical Reapers, the LED lit eye color aside. The pair charge the ring like warriors rushing into battle.

Darren Quimbey:

CODENAME: ... *Reaper?*

Quimbey questions, just before taking the powder. Scott Douglas and Impulse shoot quick and confused glances at one another. With no answers in either of their eyes, the odd couple prepares themselves for the rising tide.

DDK:

Duel Reapers?!

The Reapers make their way down the ramp as Douglas' seeths in the ring at the site the pair; beckoning their expediant arrival.

Angus:

Duel? As in Duo ... Hold on, I've been saying this for --

The hooded pair approach the ring and just as they come in range.

DDK:

Suicide plancha!!

Douglas leaps and throws himself over the top ropes just as the lights cut out once again.

DDK:

What *the* -- ? Douglas mid air and the entire arena is pitch black!

Angus:

I honestly, did not see that one coming.

The lights return and Impulse finds himself face to face with both Reapers and Scott Douglas is laid out on the concrete floor. Unresponsive. DEFmed files out from back stage.

DDK:

He may be really hurt here, partner. A fall like that ...

Angus:

This moron is constantly *almost* hurt. It's like every other show he is back there with Iris. Flippy do's more times than not ... get what they deserve.

Back in the ring, having no other recourse Impulse attempts to strike the first blow as the pair descend on him. Benny Doyle urges one of the Reapers to fall back to the apron. He clearly isn't having much luck as the power in numbers seems to win over the situation.

DDK:

The Southern Heritage Champion is in trouble here.

The pair whip Impulse into the ropes and on his return; he eats a double clothesline. Wasting no time both reach down to yank him back up from the matt. But Green lets loose his hold on Impulse and turns to the medical staff attending to Douglas. He already brightly lit eyes flicker as he heads that direction.

Angus:

He'll survive. Look, *CODENAME: Attention Deficit Disorder* just remembered "*Sub Par*" is taking a nap ringside.

As he ducks through the ropes, Doyle takes this circumstance to be the closest semblance to a match he is likely to get, and calls for the bell.

DING DING

Reaper Green rushes toward Douglas and the DEFmed staff scurry from his side quickly before becoming collateral damage. Green snatches Douglas up his hair and leads his nearly limp body back toward the ring.

Angus:

This is about to get good!

DDK:

Reaper, now ...

Angus:

Specify, Keebs. *SPECIFY*. There is *two* out here.

Inside, Reaper Blue continues his assault on Impulse, charging and striking him back with a hard right fist that pressures him against the ropes. Reaper Blue follows that up with a series of body blows and then whips the champ across the ring.

DDK:

A expertly executed drop toe hold in the middle of the ring! Reaper may -- Reaper Blue may have the SoHER's number!

Reaper in one fluid motion, follows up with a elbow drop the back of Impulse's head, not once but twice.

DDK:

Reaper ... hell *these* Reapers are just down right vicious!

Outside, Green runs Douglas, shoulder first, into the ring steps. His body crashing, against and nearly, through the steps as the awkward clang and bang rings throughout the area.

Angus:

OH! Yes! St. Patrick's day just passed ... *GREEN* is a *GOOD* color on Scotty D!

DDK:

There is a match going on! We need some order.

Angus: *[laughing]*

The Patron Saint of Failed Bands!

DDK:

That aside, partner... Official Benny Doyle has his hands full with this one!

Angus:

And this is the first match of the night! It's gonna be a good one, Keeps!

Doyle does his best to keep his eye on the ring, all the while demanding the pair on the outside to take their places on the apron. Green throws his hands up as if to say he has done nothing wrong. Douglas stirs, clearly shaken but almost as if the second hit has woken him up a bit. He attempts to climb to his feet as Green takes his place on the apron and motions toward Douglas as if he is the issue.

Angus:

Well, we've got one rule abiding participant. I don't know what the hell Douglas's problem is.

DDK:

Really? ... *nevermind*. In the ring, Impulse is staggering but he is on his feet! Never count out Impulse!

Blue swings a wild lariat toward the SoHER, but it is narrowly ducked. Impulse blindly leaps toward his corner with his hand stretched out. Looking for the tag but Douglas is nowhere to be found.

Angus:

Where the hell is Douglas!? You've got *ONE* job! Well ... one *paying* job. Those failed bands don't count. Be there for the *gorram* tag!

Blue recovers from the confusion and subsequent spin that the missed shot caused and refocuses on Impulse. He stalks toward him as he realizes there is no tag to be had. Impulse rolls over quickly and throws a boot up, Reaper Blue catches it.

DDK:

Reaper Blue, I suppose ... maintaining control here.

Dragging a squirming champion back toward the center of the ring, Blue gives up and instead swings Impulse's leg out and drops an elbow on his knee.

Angus:

Shame!

Outside, Douglas has slowly limped his way around the ring and nearly made it to the apron all the while The Faithful at ringside boo and hiss toward the "woman beater."

Angus:

Shame!

Inside, Reaper Blue runs against the ropes and comes back and connects with a drop kick to a sitting Impulse. Standing to his feet, he walks over to Scott Douglas as he makes it to his corner. His eyes flaring a bright blue, Reaper takes a swing at Douglas.

DDK:

Narrowly dodged! Douglas, looks half out of it, partner!

Angus:

He took a stage dive into a crowd of NONE! What do you expect!?

Punch drunk and angry, Douglas throws a leg through the ropes with the intent on entering but Blue immediately begs off with Doyle quickly accosting Douglas and giving him the official warning. Cause meet effect. Reaper Green hits the ring and starts laying boots to the downed champion while Doyle is focused on Douglas.

Both Reaper's eyes dim and go black as they continue to stomp the downed Impulse. Douglas' original intent of retribution has now become an attempt at alerting Doyle to what is happening behind him. Douglas' pleading falls on deaf ears as Doyle remains steadfast insisting Douglas leave the ring.

DDK:

I don't know how much of this; Impulse can take!

When Doyle finally turns about, he can't tell any longer which Reaper is which. He looks to the one on the left ... and then to the one on the right ... confusion.

Angus: *[laughing]*

He can't tell 'em apart!

Doyle results to demanding both leave the ring, hoping at least one will head.

DDK:

Official Benny Doyle ... administering the five count. This could be a DQ!

One of the Reapers relents on "*FOUR!*" and heads back to his corner, The remaining Reaper approaches Impulse. His eyes flicker a moment before going full strength displaying a emerald green.

DDK:

That is not the *LEGAL* Reaper!

Picking Impulse up.

Angus:

Are you sure? It's Three Card Molly, really ..

Reaper Green attempts to hook him, Impulse swings around behind.

DDK:

RUSSIAN LEG SWEEP!

Angus: *[poorly impersonating Impulse]*

That one's for you Dougy!

DDK:

I get it. But ... no.

After working Reaper Green on the matt for well over a minute, Impulse picks him up and whips him into the good

guys' corner. Approaching Douglas, he reaches out for the tag and Impulse shoots him a questioning look before he agrees. Douglas shoots back an assuring glance and becomes the legal man and enters the ring like a beast released from its cage. He lets loose an unrelenting assault on Reaper Green; in the corner.

DDK:

Douglas is a man unhinged!

Angus:

You mean a ... wait, I had something for this. I swear.

Doyle has seen enough and starts the five count, Douglas nearly DQs himself as both Doyle and Impulse urge him to relent. Just before the five count finishes he slingshots Reaper Green out of the corner, sending him flying across the ring into Code Name: Reaper's corner; following closely behind in a sprint. Before Reaper Blue can even react Douglas is flying at the pair with a forearm, it clips Green and sends Blue to the floor. Benny Doyle, again, warns Douglas.

DDK:

Seattle's ...

Angus: *[interjecting]*

Least ...

DDK:

... Favorite Son, is out for blood!

Angus:

That is to assume these *things* bleed blood, Keeps!

With Reaper Blue still on the floor, Scott Douglas has Reaper Green in full control in the corner, setting him up on the top rope; Green's back facing the ring, Douglas climbs to the second rope, hooks him

DDK:

GERMAN RELEASE SUPLEX from the top rope!

Angus:

OH! His body just folded up like a violin!

The eventual end lands Reaper Green face first on the mat.

DDK:

I don't think Scott Douglas came here tonight to play!

Angus:

Clearly, Keeps. He didn't bring his *AXE* ... body spray OR guitar, he doesn't have any of his band's bandmates here. This is clearly just a promotional appearance for his new project, "*Nine Inch Fails!*"

DDK:

Douglas is like a man possessed!

Douglas is quickly back on his feet, and notices Reaper Blue getting to his feet on the outside, Douglas bounces against the ropes on the inside of the ring and dives through the middle rope.

Angus:

Back to the well again ...

He catches Reaper Blue in the face with another flying forearm. Doyle immediately starts the count out but Douglas can't hear him. He is viciously attacking a downed Reaper Blue with a series of kicks and punches.

Finally at the count of six, Impulse is over near Douglas and gets his attention to get back in the ring. At the count of nine, he finally does. Sliding in the ring he is met by Reaper Green's boot.

Angus:

OH! There is kick for you! You know ... cause *drums*.

Biding his time on the inside of the ring, Green was waiting for Douglas and now has him face down on the mat. Picking Douglas up quickly, he hooks him and drops him down to the mat with a snap DDT.

DDK:

Douglas is laid out flat after a hell of a DDT!

Reaper Green springboards himself off the ropes with a leg drop to the back of Douglas' head, he rolls him over and hooks the legs for the first pin fall attempt of the night.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Douglas kicks out at the last second, Reaper Green reaches out to Blue who is just recovered from Scott's assault on the outside, tags him in. Reaper Blue steps in the ring receiving a dizzy Douglas from Reaper Green.

DDK:

Reaper ...

Angus:

BLUE!

DDK:

... now the *legal* man.

Blue hooks Douglas and swings him into a neutral corner. Blue charges with a dropkick to the groin area; the crowd lets out a gasp with a tinge of delight as Douglas doubles over.

Angus:

Now that is how you treat a wannabe rock star!

Reaper Blue turns towards Impulse in the good guy corner and taunts him, but receives no reaction from Impulse other than him yelling for Douglas to tag him in. Blue, turning his attention back to Douglas with a quick kick to the head, followed by picking him up, moving him to the middle of the ring, hooks him and sends him face first to the mat with a front face Russian Leg Sweep.

Angus:

REEEEMIIIXXXX!

Blue crosses the ring to the neutral corner, climbs the top turnbuckle, points at Impulse taunting him and launches ...

DDK:

FROG SPLASH!

Angus:

... *AND MISSES!* Some know *HITS* ... Douglas isn't even a ONE hit wonder!

Douglas rolled away at the last split second and Reaper Blue came crashing into the mat. The crowd is on their feet and they want to see the SoHeR champ in the ring. Douglas slow crawls to his corner and leaps to oblige the fired up Impulse.

DDK:

Impulse in now - the legal man. Charging ... Big DROPKICK from the Champion.

The kick lands at the back of Reaper Blue's head. Impulse, does not relent and quickly wraps him up with a Cobra Clutch lock. Putting pressure on Blue's back, Impulse is, seemingly, trying to rip his head off.

Doyle checks on him but Green has seen enough as he enters the ring to break it up. Impulse remains a step ahead of him though and catches him just as he enters with a flying dropkick. Green is sent tumbling to the outside; Blue is trying to get to his knees. Impulse turns his attention back to Blue. Impulse facilitates his upward motion and whips him against the ropes.

DDK:

REAPER ducking a lariat attempt from Impulse!

Reaper charges against the ropes himself and comes running back at Impulse with a flying Spear. Impulse side steps it, but Doyle, trying to get out of the way of the previous lariat attempt finds himself behind Impulse and in harm's way.

DDK:

Doyle is DOWN!

Doyle, squashed by the spear from Reaper and impact of Impulse, falls out.

The Faithful are on their feet as the Doyle is down and chaos is sure to ensue. Douglas immediately reacts to this turn of events by hopping off the apron and heading to the other side of the ring, in which Reaper Green has been recovering from the tumble to the outside. Douglas does not see the fact that Reaper Green has a steel chair and --

DDK:

Reaper Green with that chair and ...

Angus:

... Douglas learns what a SMASH HIT is!

-- Douglas immediately feels the brunt of that mistake as he is greeted with a flying chair shot to the face.

Impulse and Blue are now both standing in the ring squaring off with a downed Benny Doyle next to them. Reaper Blue goes for the grapple but Impulse kicks him in the gut and slides in behind him.

DDK:

Impulse with a text book BELLY to BACK Suplex!

Reaper Green is on the apron now with the steel chair and Impulse sees him entering the ring.

DDK:

Big *Trouble* ...

Angus: *[interjecting]*

... in little China! ...*right?*

Impulse ducks a chair shot and in one fluid motion changes momentum falling backward and snatching Green's head from behind.

DDK:

Flying Neckbreaker!

The chair goes flying from Green's hands in the process and lands on the other side of the ring.

DDK:

I'd almost go as far as to call that a Cutter style Neckbreaker!

Angus:

Reverse Three Quarter's Headlock Neckbreaker ...

DDK:

...

Angus:

What!? I can't *HAM* it up out here without still knowing my *gorram* wrestling!?! How dare you, Keeps ... *HOW ... DARE ... YOU!?*

With the roar of the crowd behind him, Impulse is back on his feet as Reaper Blue approaches.

DDK:

SUDDEN IMPACT on Blue!!

Instinctively Impulse goes for the pin.

DDK:

Doyle is still out!

The Faithful fill in;

ONNNNNNE!!!

TWWOOOOO!!!

THREEEEEE!!!

DDK:

It is obvious to *EVERYONE* in attendance that would have been *ALL* she wrote; if Benny Doyle were *conscious!*

Angus:

She, who? Cally?

Reaper Green is on his knees and Douglas is finally shaking the cobwebs out on the outside. Impulse is back to his feet and approaches Green, who low blows him.

Angus:

Oh! I don't think Cally wrote anything, Keeps... not sure why the Reaper's are hitting him where it hurts *her!*

Green hooks Impulse.

Angus:

GET it, Keeps?

DDK:

SUB POP SUPLEX!!

Angus:

No, no... it's because ...

Reaper Green, having hit Douglas' patented Fisherman Suplex Brainbuster on Impulse; snaps to his feet and heads for the turnbuckle.

DDK:

GREEN going HIGH RISK!

Douglas finds his footing just in time to watch Green launch from the top rope.

DDK:

Gorgeous Shooting Star Press!!

Douglas' eyes widen at the sight of the maneuver and in particular its execution.

Angus:

That ... *looks* ... familiar for some reason.

Impulse manages to roll out of the way and Green is left reeling on the mat as Douglas slides into the ring showcasing an unsettling calm.

DDK:

This is completely out of control, folks!

Douglas walks slowly toward the downed Reaper Green; as if he is soaking in every lasting second. He nudges Green with his boot. Green, still stung by the missed Shooting Star Press, twitches as his LED backlight eyes flicker as if there is a malfunction in the mask.

Angus:

Leave it to Doug E Doug and his myriad of terrible bands to ruin a light show!

Green scurried back toward the turnbuckle attempting to regain ground before the stalking Douglas strikes.

DDK:

This is a strange situation to say the least.

Angus:

Strange? Things *HAVE* been *STRANGER!* Are we in the upside down, Keeps?

DDK:

What?

Angus:

I'm *honestly* ... not sure what that means. I haven't seen the show.

DDK:

Me either.

Douglas reaches to a fidgeting and electrically shorting out Reaper Green and grabs him by either side of his mask and hoists him nearly to his feet ... forcing the powder. Green clips the top and middle ropes as he bounces from the apron down to the floor.

The Emerald Green lit eyes on the Reaper mask seem to be in a constant state of flux as they flash and drop in and out independently. The sound of an electrical short can almost be heard as the ringside cameras near the man behind the mask.

Douglas, slowly and methodically, slips between the middle and top rope and finds himself on the apron for a brief moment before he hops down to the floor.

DDK:

At this point, I'm honestly not sure what Douglas is capable of!

Angus:

Anything but greatness, Keeps! Anything but greatness.

Douglas lunges at the struggling Reaper Green and a tussle ensues. Greens hood becomes detached and falls from his backlit mask. Douglas grips at the back of the Greens mask and holds tight and he slams his head into the ground. Over and over again. With each subsequent bounce the Reapers Green lit eyes flicker and present in odd hues and duration.

DDK:

Douglas has completely *LOST* it folks!

The Faithful boo Scott Douglas as he viciously rams Green's head into the ground.

Angus:

Hear no evil, see no evil ... Flippy do evil.

Scott continues until he catches a glimpse of Cally glare from across the way. He stops momentarily. Her judgement is a tough pill to swallow ... but at this point either she is right about him or ... he knows something know one else does. Scott jams a knee down hard into Green's armored chest. Still holding tightly on the back of the mask.

He looks toward Cally.

Toward the ring.

Back to Reaper Green.

And with one last furious yank he snatches off the Reaper mask as it sparks and surges.

Douglas plays a two touch game of hot potato with it before flinging it into the ringside barrier. Slinging his hand up and down to warn off the electrical burn.

DDK:

/S that ... wait ..

Angus:

Midori *SOOOUUURRR!!!*

The camera focuses back on Green, who ... now has been revealed to be none other than Midorikawa. Albeit a mask ... under the Reaper mask; which nearly came off as well ... and scorched to boot ... Midorikawa grips at his traditional hood to maintain proper coverage. Douglas stands idle like a man with a hunch that wished he wasn't right.

DDK:

MDK! We thought he had gone missing!

Angus:

Really? I mean for *gorram* sake, Keeps! Do you not *WATCH UNCUT!*? He is propositioned after *ACTS of DEFIANCE!*?!

MDK, pulls himself to his feet. He and Douglas have a stare off for a moment or two.

DDK:

This will not end well.

Benny Doyle has slowly regained his cognisance during this mask related Mexican stand off and calls out to Douglas and MDK attempting to regulate the situation and match.

Back in the ring ...

DDK:

Reaper Blue on his feet ... chair in hand!

Doyle's back is turned as he is focusing solely on the action on the outside as MDK and Scott Douglas lunge at one another and begin fist fighting.

Impulse is up as well and sees the swinging chair coming at him from Reaper Blue

DDK:

SUDDEN IMPACT!!

Angus:

... INTO THE CHAIR!

DDK:

AND into Reaper's *FACE!*

The clang of the chair rings out over the noise of the crowd. Reaper Blue is knocked completely out.

DDK:

This is it, folks!

Impulse goes again for the cover, but Doyle is on the ring apron now, still trying to figure out why MDK is on the outside in Reaper attire. The crowd is counting the pinfall again and Impulse is obviously frustrated, he gets to his feet and goes to the ring apron where Doyle is at. With everyone's backs turned another Reaper appears from under the ring on the outside, he slides in the ring unnoticed by the participants but the crowd and Calico Rose are all yelling for Impulse to turn around.

Angus:

RED means stop! It's *OVER!*

The third Reaper, whose eyes are lit up a bright Ruby Red, pulls the downed Reaper Blue out of the ring and assumes his position.

DDK:

What in the hell is happening here!?!

Finally Doyle's attention is brought back to the ring by Impulse who approaches the downed Reaper; where he left him.

Angus:

One costume, *several* clowns, Keeps.

Impulse reaches down toward Reaper with the intent on finishing him off. Cally calls from the outside trying to warn Impulse of the switch.

Reaper Red produces a small object outside of Doyle's view that appears to shock Impulse for a few seconds as the SoHER gets grasped by the neck and rolled up in the small package, Doyle is clearly confused by the turn of event but never saw the object and goes in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING

The Faithful can't believe it, Calico Rose can't believe it and Doyle himself is still confused.

DDK:

This is a *TRAVESTY!*

Angus:

THIS IS DEFIANCE!

Reaper Red immediately jumps to his feet and instructs Doyle to raise his arm in victory which he reluctantly does.

Angus:

And/or Sparta ... sometimes I get so worked up; I can't tell.

DDK:

The Green Reaper has been Midorikawa; all along. There are *TWO* other REAPERS! This was a *FARCE* from the beginning!

Angus:

I'm just waiting on the *White Reaper* to show up with that sweet *Flute* and the Dragon zord thing. *Oh man!* Go, Go, Power ... uh, *REAPERZZZ!*

Reaper Blue re-emerges and enters the ring, followed by MDK. Douglas is found on the outside of the ring laid out. Cally, with a new found understanding of the situation, is trying to bring him to.

Darren Quimbey:

And the winners of this bout ... by PINNNFALLL ... CODENAAAAAAME: REAAAAPPERRR ...SSSSS!!!

Reaper Red is looking at a downed Impulse; out cold in the ring. He points down at the fallen Champion ... Reaper Blue and MDK start laying kicks to the back of his head. It's obvious he is still unconscious.

DDK:

This is unacceptable!

Cally's furvert intent proves out a Douglas comes to. Between her pleading expedience and a quick assessment of the situation; Douglas pulls himself to his feet. leaps to the ring apron. DEFSec charges towards the ring led by Wyatt Bronson, as Douglas grasps the top rope and springboards into the Reapers encampment.

LIGHTS OUT!

Angus:

This is *AMAZING!*

No fancy orb show this time, just blackness. The Faithful do their best to light up the arena, but to no avail. When the lights come back on Code Name: Reaper Company are gone. Impulse and Scott Douglas are laid out in the middle of the ring face down. Somehow, the SoHER belt has been draped across Impulse's lifeless body.

Cally pulls herself up to the apron screaming for help as we cut away to elsewhere.

LORDLY ARRIVAL

We cut to outside the arena. More accurately: behind the arena, near the receiving area. The camera is trained with a profile of the vehicle entry gate. The pointless yellow security bar raises slowly and, just as slowly, a black limousine smoothly rolls through and into frame. It takes probably too long to recognize that the "limousine" is actually a somewhat crude yet clearly at least a little convincing 2-D cut-out. It glides forward with an eerie silence, finally coming to a rest at the feet of the camera-man. It is then that we realize the driver is clearly not an actual person but a sinister cut-out it's self.

Our view sweeps back slowly, towards the rear of the "car". The limousine's rear passenger "window" is "rolled down" and a black and foreboding silhouette rests within. This 2-D cut-out seems to move. He tips his bowler cap and speaks.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Thank you, Callum. I've got the door.

There is no creak of the door opening, no shifting of weight from the "vehicle". Lord Nigel rises out of the car, soundlessly closing the door closed behind him. With a confident tug of his black jacket lapels, Trickelbush taps the razor sharp tip of his umbrella loudly on the pavement. His smile is poison. His posture, cancerous. Off camera, we hear someone clear their throat.

LANCE WARNER:

Uh, excuse me... Lord Nigel... can I ask you a few questions?

Slowly, the Lord of Lord turns to meet the gaze of our intrepid interviewer.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Be quick about it, if you can. This is an important evening, my boy. I mustn't tarry.

LANCE WARNER:

Well, I'll cut right to the chase and hit you with a two-parter... there are reports that one half of the Masked Violators, #2 specifically, is expected to be on the shelf for the next 3 months with a shoulder injury thanks to the attack of your team, The STORM, at DEFtv 79. As a matter of fact, the future of the team in DEFIANCE in general is in question. First question is about your reaction to that news when you heard... and the follow-up, what is the future of the STORM? What are you even doing here tonight? The Violators aren't here... your team doesn't have a match... What are your intentions tonight?

The Lord of Fannyshire's dead grey eyes somehow brighten.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

By my count, that was 4 questions. But I shall humor you as a token of goodwill. My reaction to the downfall of the Violators? This was always the plan so I certainly wasn't surprised! What I will tell you is that they should heed my words, hold them close to their bruised bosom, nestle them under their pillow at night - stay away. You are outmatched. Whiiiiich brings me to your second, third, and fourth questions, Mr. Warner.

The camera zooms in to a tighter shot of headshot of our Lord. When he next speaks, his forcibly posh, proper british accent cracks. In only a few spots. And only slightly.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

For those answers... You. Will Need. To WAIT. Those who chase the storm shouldn't be shocked when the STORM finds THEM.

A tip of that horrible cap.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Now YOU, Mr. Warner should run along. Get inside. In front of some dusty monitor. It's going to be a jolly good show. If you'll excuse me...

Lord Nigel leaves the shot and Lance gives a shrug. The "limousine" catches Warners eye and he gives it a wary tap with his index finger. It collapses to the ground with a whoosh of air, startling him.

LANCE WARNER:

Uhhhh... let's throw it back to you guys for the next match!

CORBIN MICHAELS VS. NIGEL KING

DDK:

Welcome back *inside* the Wrestleplex, folks! We're one match in and, now, it's Contract Match time! The past two months have seen the tension between the newcomer Corbin Michaels and BRAZEN's Guns of Brixton build more and more - with the Guns not being shy about letting everybody know they didn't believe Michaels deserved his contract. It all came to a head at DEF Eighty as Michaels had heard enough ... and put his contract up for grabs against Nigel King!

Angus:

Here's to hoping for a Double Countout and no contract for anybody!

DDK:

No countouts in this one, Angus. All possible outcomes have been accounted for. *[Angus [interrupting]: Meteor strike?]* Either Corbin Michaels retains his contract or all three Guns of Brixton will walk away with their very own contracts! We're ready to go ... here's Darren Quimbey to take it away!

The shot cuts away from the Dynamic Announcing Duo to Darren "DQ" Quimbey, who is getting ready to let those vocal cords rip. Referee Carla Ferrari stands nearby.

Darren Quimbey:

The following contest is set for one fall, and it is for a DEFIANCE Contract ...

♪ "London is the Reason" by Gallows ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ... Hailing from LONDON, ENGLAND, he weighs in at Two Hundred and Five Pounds ... This is NAAASSTY NIGEL KIIIIING!

Nigel King steps out onto the ramp and his two stablemates - Rob Collins and Harry Rose - are not far behind. The trio emit an air of confidence as they make their way toward the ring, which the DEFaithful respond to with the expected catcalling. The Guns ascend the steel steps and one-by-one they slip into the ring.

DDK:

The Guns have been handed a great opportunity and it's all on Nigel King. *[pauses]* But it would be foolish to think that the other two Guns are planning on being spectators here.

Angus: *[triple sarcasm alert]*

Ya think, Keebs!?

Darren Quimbey:

And now his opponent, hailing from BROKEN ARROW, OKLAHOMA, he weighs in tonight at Two Hundred and Seventy-Seven Pounds ... This is the CYCLONE ... COOOORBIIN MIICHAAEEELS!

♪ "Frontline" by Pillar ♪

The crowd pops at the introduction of the young Oklahoman, who has managed to gain a fan or two with his code and not being a total douchenozzle. Corbin doesn't take even a beat to soak it all in as he takes a much more direct approach - call it a quick walk.

DDK:

All business from Corbin Michaels tonight, Angus. This young man had the bravery to put his DEF contract on-the-line and, whether it was a wise move or not, it shows his character.

Angus:

It proves that he's not ready for this platform. This is a Dog Eat Dog business ... it's hard enough to survive and even

harder when you cut your own throat. Even if he manages to get through this colossal mistake, he's on borrowed time.

DDK:

You really dislike this kid, don't you?

Angus:

Yep!

Corbin, now on the apron, cuts into the ring and locks onto the three Guns in front of him. Carla Ferrari orders the Brixton boys to the outside and, after a bit of jawjacking at both her and Michaels, they oblige. With the riff-raff cleared, Ferrari calls for the bell ...

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

And here we go, Keeps.

Despite the adrenaline and the opportunity at-hand, both men take the required time to circle around the other, looking for an opening. The less patient Michaels makes the first move with a lunging collar and elbow tie that King evades and still manages to drive a boot into Michaels' knee as he sidesteps. Corbin buckles down, the attacked knee hitting the canvas, and Nigel King slaps on a headlock (and gets to grinding on that neck). King puts a few knuckles forward and drives them into Corbin's right eye.

DDK:

Nigel being Nigel, but Ferrari is quick to hand out a five count ... this could be night and day compared to their last meeting with Mark Shields in-charge!

Angus:

This mean bastard would be my best friend if he wasn't a crooked toothed Brit!

With Nigel tossing a verbal complaint at Ferrari, a headlocked Corbin takes the brief lapse in focus to lift King high in the air, holding him (flailing legs and all), and giving him the Atomic Drop of Dreams. King hops around like he sat on a caucus before turning right into a full steam ahead Corbin, who wipes him out with a Diving Shoulderblock! Michaels is quickly to his feet, pulls the downed King to his feet, and two-hand shoves the much smaller Brit into the buckles!

DDK:

That's raw power!

Angus:

Retard strength is a real thing, Keeps. Seriously, look it up.

Michaels buries a shoulder into King's midsection and it sends the slouched Londoner into a coughing fit. Corbin straightens Nigel back up and, instead of doubling down, he takes a sneaky poke to that previously targeted eye. Carla barks at him, but King feigns innocence. King comes up behind Michaels and clips the big man's knee, which puts him down hard! King immediately starts to stomp the knee and transitions to a handstand (legs way up) to put a little extra oomph on his knee-on-knee attack. Corbin rolls away toward the ring's edge and a grinning Nigel starts to chirp at Carla Ferrari.

On the outside, Harry Rose sneaks in toward Corbin and starts hammering away like he was a tenpenny nail. Carla starts to turn away from King and the Brixton Butcher takes it as his cue to slink back toward Rob Collins. King moves back in on the wounded Michaels. King assists him to his feet, drives a knee into his midsection, and flips him over with a Snap Suplex.

DDK:

Not only is Corbin Michaels going to have to beat a very, very motivated Nigel King, but he's going to have to

overcome a numerical disadvantage - one that the Guns of Brixton have shown they are more than willing to use and abuse!

Angus:

He's getting what he wanted!

King keeps the facelock cinched in, rolls over, and looks to go for the back-to-back, but finds his second attempt blocked by the brute. Michaels blocks another try. Corbin picks King up into a Vertical Suplex and holds him up there as still as a statue ... slams him down and hooks a leg!

One!

Tw --

No! Kickout!

Corbin goes back to work and brings Nigel with him to his base. The Broken Arrow native sends King across the ring with an Irish whip and meets a big-air backbody drop on his return. Michaels peels him off the canvas and tosses him over with a Hip Toss. Nigel latches on to the arm as he's going over, pulls Michaels down with him, and locks on an Armbar Submission! Corbin goes into panic mode and only helps the Brit tighten up his lock! Carla Ferrari slides in for a closer look!

DDK:

"Nasty" Nigel is a smooth operator and he's got Michaels in a load of trouble! Corbin is squirming like a worm on the hook, but the armbar is locked in! Corbin reaching! The ropes are right there!

On the outside, Rob Collins pries the very rope that Corbin is trying to grab away from him. One last grasp from Michaels and he gets a grip on the bottom rope! Ferrari commands the hold be broken and King does so, but with an added pop of the hips that sends Michaels rolling in agony. "Nasty" Nigel flashes a toothy grin. He follows up on the same arm with a Double Stomp! Nigel slips to the outside, drapes Michaels' arm over the bottom rope, and rips down on it with an arm snap (totally a real thing). Corbin rolls away in pain. The Guns, grouped up on the outside, have themselves a good laugh!

Angus:

Not sure what they're giggling about down there, but, if The Office has proved anything, it's that us Americans are way fucking funnier than those dirty, soulless Brits!

DDK:

I imagine they can feel that they're on the cusp.

Angus:

They're still British, Keeps. They can only go so high.

DDK:

[audible sigh] Nigel showing serious Wrestling IQ with this arm-focused attacking. That's the side that Corbin throws the Broken Arrow Lariat from and we've yet to see him pick up a victory in any other fashion! Nigel puts a knee in the crook of his shoulder and starts to twist and pry ... he's like a pitbull, Angus!

Referee Ferrari checks with Corbin for the "Uncle", but all she gets are groans and grimaces. Nigel releases the hold and heads for the corner. He pops up onto the mid-buckle, catches his balance, and lands a Flying Legdrop onto the battered arm. King climbs back up and, with a satisfied smirk, yanks Michaels by his hair to bring him up. Nigel goes to whip Corbin into the ropes, but intentionally stops and jerks back on the arm ... Corbin falls to a knee. King pulls on Corbin's arm, but the youthful Okie lunges forward and slams his shoulder into Nigel's abdomen. Nigel backpedals and then fires a European Uppercut that rocks Corbin backward.

And Corbin rocks back forward to drive an off-hand forearm shiver into King's chin. It's King's turn to stumble backward now and Corbin pushes forward. King concedes space until he runs out of room as he backs into the ring cables. Corbin charges in and King ducks down to send Corbin up and over, but the Cyclone puts on the brakes and slams a double axe handle into the small of Nigel's back. Michaels slams him into a standing headscissor and plucks him into the air! Corbin turns toward the turnbuckles, but is stopped short by Rob Collins grabbing his foot!

DDK:

Nigel King was headed for a ride into the buckles, Angus, but Rob Collins stopped Corbin ... Corbin kicks him off and Ferrari reads him the riot act, but mission accomplished because Nigel wriggled his way free!

King storms toward Corbin, who throws a wild and much less effective than usual Broken Arrow Lariat that is easily evaded by the agile King! King catches the throw arm and tries to corral Michaels down to the mat with a Fujiwara Armbar ... Corbin braces against it and spins/pushes the Gun of Brixton leader into the shortside cables! The young Oklahoman quicksteps to the side and slaps a Crossface Chickenwing onto Nigel! Nigel waves his arms frantically, but Michaels drags him away from the ropes!

DDK:

We haven't seen this out of Michaels before! Nigel King's in a bad way here! He's dead center in the ring and Corbin Michaels is stuck on him like a tick! King's knees are buckling and there's a real sense of worry coming from the other Guns! He's tapping! Nigel King tapped out!

Corbin ragdolls King to the side and the Londoner immediately starts gasping for air as a pissed-off Rob Collins helps him out of the ring. Corbin goes to raise his left arm into the air, but, adrenaline or not, is quickly reminded that his arm and shoulder are not feeling so hot. Ferrari takes his good arm and throws it up into the air ... Corbin leaves it there for a good while as the DEFaithful let him know how they feel with a roar!

Angus:

Say it isn't so!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner by PINFALL, the CYCLONE ... COOOORBIIN MIICHAAEEELS!

DDK:

Corbin Michaels retains his DEFIANCE contract, Angus, and that has to be a real feather in his cap! He did what he thought was the right thing to do, put himself into a tough spot, but still came out on top! Well done, young man.

The shot cuts to commercial as a triumphant Corbin Michaels, arm raised high, takes in the cheers from the DEFarena audience

ONLY DEATH CAN SLOW ME DOWN

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, earlier this evening we brought you some shocking backstage footage as Cayle Murray was assaulted by Bronson Box while entering the building. We can now bring you an exclusive update on Cayle's status, and reveal that he WILL be cleared to compete against Box tonight...

Angus:

Bad. Fuckin'. Idea.

DDK:

Furthermore, we have Cayle standing by with Christie Zane in the backstage area right now. Christie, take it away...

The feed cuts to Christie Zane and Cayle Murray, both stood before a DEFIANCE backdrop.

Christie Zane:

Thank you, Darren...

She turns her focus away from the camera and towards Cayle.

Christie Zane:

Cayle, we all saw what happened to you earlier tonight. You're obviously pretty banged-up, but can you give us a little more detail on how you feel at the moment?

"Pretty banged-up" doesn't really cover it. Cayle's face is scraped from where Box's fists landed, and his right eye is already starting to bruise-up. He has changed into his typical ring attire, but his hair's all over the place, and the twitchiness in his mannerisms suggest that he's not exactly in a calm state of mind.

Cayle Murray:

Like hell, Christie...

His voice is low and gruff. He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

As if the pressure of this - the biggest match of my career - wasn't enough, now I have to face the most destructive force this sport has ever seen with a broken body. My head's ringing, Christie: I'm seeing double, and I haven't been able to straighten my right leg since he jumped me. But you know what? That's fine. All of it is fine.

Pause.

Cayle Murray:

Because tonight, I'm gonna take this hell - my hell - and make it HIS hell.

The Scot fires-up for the first time, completely blowing the groggy, fatigued overtones away.

Cayle Murray:

Bronson Box! If you wanted to take me out, you should've finished the job! You should've put me in a hearse, boyo, because I'm telling you now - tonight, only DEATH can slow me down.

Murray throws a few wayward strands of hair back over his head, now looking directly into the camera.

Cayle Murray:

I'll make it to that ring even if I have to crawl on my hands and knees, damnit! Hell, if Wyatt Bronson has to throw me over his shoulder and carry me on his back, I'll still be there, face-to-face, eye-to-eye, fist-to-fist...

Christie's still holding the microphone, but she's very much out of the shot now. We're left alone with Cayle Murray,

more angry and pissed-off than ever before, spitting words like venom.

Cayle Murray:

What you've done to me can NEVER be settled in a parking lot! It can't be settled by cheapshots and cowardice! No, this thing only ends when one of us takes the other man's scalp, and that's exactly what's going to happen later tonight!

He emphasises his final word with a point.

Cayle Murray:

Remember Aberdeen 17 years ago, Boxer? It was my second professional match, and you beat me to within an inch of my life... well I've got a receipt for that. Remember Maximum DEFIANCE back in October? You tried to snap my brother's back in half, and take his livelihood away! I've got a receipt for that too, and for everything you've done to me, my name, and my career over the past six months, I've got a whole lot more!

Cayle takes a moment or two to slow his breathing, but he doesn't dial down on the intensity. His eyes are burning, and The DEFIANT Ace is the reason.

Cayle Murray:

Tonight, I'm collecting ALL of those. ME. Nobody else. And I'm not gonna do it by playing your game, Eric Dane's game, or anybody else's game! I will walk away from this Scottish Civil War with my honour intact and my pride redeemed, even if it kills me.

The camera lingers on the final shot, then cuts back to the announce table.

Angus:

Jesus. Christ.

DDK:

Cayle's fired-up and ready to go, but will his determination be enough to overcome the obvious physical handicap tonight?

Angus:

Whenever this kid gets this emotional, he loses. Simple equation. We've seen it time and time again, and at some point in this match, there's probably going to be a moment where he loses control again. That rant seems to have fired The Faithful up, but as far as the fight goes? Be cautious, Keeps.

DDK:

That wasn't the nervous energy of old, Angus! I don't think I've ever heard Cayle so consumed by his single-mindedness towards an opponent, even Dane! If you ask me, this could well be the equalizer...

Angus:

Then you're a fool, Keeps. A damn fool.

BARRIO BOYS VS. THUGS FOR HIRE

DDK:

Here comes another tag match and a HUGE opportunity for both teams competing, Angus!

Angus:

I'm going to ask what noone else has the balls to ask, Keeps... How the fuck are these jokers on pay-per-view against eachother?

DDK:

Well, this contest was originally scheduled to be a three-way tag match with potential tag title hunt ramifications... the teams? The Barrio Boys, Thugs 4 Hire, and the Masked Violators!

Angus:

Geez, we gotta beef this division UP!

DDK::

As reported on DefianceWrestling.com, Violator #2 is out with what sounds like a pretty serious shoulder injury--

Angus:

I'd say so! It required surgery, for christs sake!

DDK:

--and it's come down to these two teams, two BRAZEN tag teams who are itching for a chance to break through to the big time, FULL time!

Angus:

Yeah, there's a lot of that going around... I guess I can't give them TOO much grief for wanting to move up!

DDK:

That's the spirit, Angus!

Angus:

But I'd also like to be the first to say: this is probably going to suck!

DDK:

>Sigh

We cut to DQ in the ring, all smiles!

DARREN QUIMBEY:

Ladies and Gentlemen, our next contest is a TAG TEAM match scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit...

♪ "Bailar" by Deorro feat. Elvis Crespo ♪

DARREN QUIMBEY:

Introducing first, escorted to the ring by their MANAGER and MENTOR, Mr. Salazar... at a total combined weight of 540 lbs, from Boyle Heights, East LA... they are... THE BAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRIIOOOOOO BOOOOOOOOOOOOYS!

They bound down the ramp, hyped for days, tagging fans hands and trying with all their might to respark the crowd energy. Some respond positively!

DDK:

Here they come... The Bull, Gerardo Villalobos... "Little Man" Corey Nunez... The Barrio Boys! And they are shot out of a cannon tonight, making their second, back to back, pay-per-view appearance here in DEFIANCE!

Angus:

If I recall, they lost last time they were on the big stage!

DDK:

Thanks for pointing that out, Angus. They are BACK tonight at ASCENSION to win the big one, silence the doubters, and continue to spread their message of positivity through their community and, indeed, the world!

Angus:

That sounds incredibly boring.

The Boys stand on opposite corners, all smiles, continuing to hype the crowd as the music fades and lights dim. The bass suddenly bumps.

♪"Put Em In Their Place" by Mobb Deep♪

Stalking through the curtain, dressed to ill, come the Thugs 4 Hire.

DARREN QUIMBEY:

Aaaand their opponents, weighing in at "Nunna Yo Bidniss", from the STREETS themselves... they are the THUGS 4 HIRE!

DDK:

This is one of those super rare occasions where the Thugs are out here of their own accord, on their own volition, with their OWN interests in mind! These guys represent everything that the Barrio Boys detest and reject! I spoke with Mr. Gustavo Salazar earlier backstage and he said that he hoped a win tonight over the Thugs 4 Hire for his "Boys" would show these hoodlums that there's a better way! A way OUT of the ghetto, off the streets and on a better path!

(Angus fakes snoring, then fakes abruptly waking up.)

Angus:

Huh?!? What?!? WHO??? Oh! These guys. Last time we saw them, they were laid out by those masked freaks, the Violators!

DDK:

I'm trying to sell the fucking match, Angus. Work with me.

Angus:

Oh. Right. Gotcha.

DDK:

Referee Benny Doyle will be officiating this contest... aaaand he calls for the bell.

Angus:

This is going to blow--

DDK: Looks like it's going to be Hurtlocker Holt starting this one out for the Thugs...

The massive Holt points at the even larger Villalobos, who stands on the apron.

DDK:

Look at this! Holt wants THE BULL! And here he comes! They lock up-----

With that, the lights cut out. The crowd stirs over the rumbling we hear in the ring.

Angus:

Thank fucking GOD.

DDK:

Fans, I think we are still on the air. It appears--

It appears the rumbling isn't coming from the ring at all. It comes from everywhere at once. Of course, it is thunder.

DDK:

What is this?!?

The thunder rolls as one lone spot light hits the top of the rampway. From the darkness appears more darkness. A black suit. Black hat. Black umbrella in hand.

Angus:

Oh, not this fucknozzle...

Lord Nigel Trickelbush soaks in the disdain from the crowd and gingerly makes his way towards the still darkened ring.

DDK:

Lord Nigel Trickelbush, of course--

Angus:

"OF COURSE"?!?

DDK:

--has been a thorn in the side of the Masked Violators and even at one time EMPLOYED the Thugs 4 Hire in an effort to take them out!

Angus:

Maybe you had the Thugs intentions wrong tonight, Keeps! What if Ole Trucklebrush has the Thugs back on the payroll?

DDK:

That could very well be...

Lord Nigel finds a stool halfway down the ramp. We discover that it's surprisingly 3-dimensional when he takes a seat on it, producing a microphone from... somewhere.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Pardon my interruption, gentlemen...

The lights slowly raise, the thunder persisting. The hard cam shows the Thugs 4 Hire on the outside of the ring, warily splitting attention between the Barrio Boys and the ostentatious Lord. The Barrio Boys, Villalobos and Nunez, remain in the ring, aping the Thugs unease. Camera cuts back to a long shot of the entryway, "lightning" flickers above Lord Nigel.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

I come tonight bearing a message. A message I've toiled tirelessly to send. A message whose receipt has yet to be fully tendered.

One half of the Thugs, Emilio Byrd, begins to stomp up the rampway towards Nigel - Nigel levels his umbrella at him.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

No. Sit. Stay. I do believe you'll want to hear this.

Holt grabs Byrd, holding him back, whispering some form of warning in his ear. They are alert, ready for what they know must be coming.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

It's as bad as you think... maybe worse than you expect... The STORM IS HERE.

An obnoxious crash of thunder. The Thugs spin on their heels. Salazar hops on the ring apron, giving his boys counsel.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

And let this cause for concern for EVERY. SINGLE. WRESTLER... in DEFIANCE. Whether you hold the tag titles... whether you carry the FIST... whether you are a sad collection of BRAZEN whelps...

Camera settles on the Thugs angry mugs, and the concerned Boys, in turn. Then back to Smiling Nigel.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

The STORM is HERE... and ALL SHALL PERISH!

The lights ALL flicker aggressively, triggering epileptic seizures somewhere, the thunder ramps up -- and The STORM is HERE.

DDK:

Look! Gustavo! BEHIND HIM!

A spotlight finds them. Zo and Kazushi hop the rail and BRUTALLY yank Salazar off the apron with a thud. And in a flash of light they are in the ring!

Angus:

We've seen this before from these guys!!!

The flickering of lightning makes it a challenge to follow - but the gist is easy to glean. The Barrio Boys have been destroyed. Nunez first. We can faintly make out some form of tandem tag-finisher; a press-slam from Hiroshi Zo into some variation of a Running Ace Crusher from Kazushi, perhaps? The thunder crashes as The Bull hits the mat.

The lights slowly raise as The STORM stand triumphant in the ring, for the first time we have seen, their faces are painted in black and blue patterns - glyphs and symbols. The hulking Kazushi glares, wide eyed, down at the Thugs 4 Hire who wait still at ringside. The two japanese killers take a fighting stance, beckoning the Thugs.

Angus:

Uh-oh!

Byrd smirks and slides into the ring first, cocky...

DDK:

Well, maybe we'll have a match after all! Pigeon in the ring and-- EATS a running BOOT from Kazushi! Devastating!

Angus:

And just like THAT, Zo is all over him! Slaps him in some kind of... half-nelson camel clutch!!

Camera cuts to Hurtlocker Holt who is ready to explode at ringside... he measures every step towards the ring, eyes now locked on Kazushi. The house mics faintly pick up the high pitched whine of Emilio Byrd as the air is squeezed from him.

DDK:

The man known as Kazushi... finds that fighting stance again and he is begging for Holt! HERE HE COMES!

Kazushi doesn't give Hurtlocker Holt even half a chance to find his footing as he climbs into the ring. He mauls the former marine, smothering him with blows. Hiroshi Zo drops the lifeless body of Byrd and rises to pull Kazushi off of Holt.

Angus:

I don't like the looks of this!

In the corner of our screen, at ringside, we see referee Benny Doyle vainly call for the bell. It rings, but no one answers it. It can, in fact, be barely heard over the thunder and the crowd.

DDK:

Hiroshi Zo pulls Holt to his feet -- irish whip -- INTO THAT RUNNING BOOT from Kazushi!!! OH MY GOD!

Angus:

Okay, I take it back... this has been fun...

Zo goes to apply his submission to Holt when a renewed buzz hits the crowd.

DDK:

What NOW?!? OH MY GOD! It's *MASKED VIOLATOR #1*!

The camera cuts to the rampway, where MV#1 has appeared and has placed Lord Nigel Tricklebush in a politely loose rear chinlock. An umbrella goes flying, flailing wildly into the crowd. The Lord's stool falls over as MV#1 drags him slightly further up the ramp, gently removing the microphone from the Lord's thrashing hand.

MV#1:

Oh! Hello there! I don't know if we've ever officially met... I... am #1!

He raises his mic-hand skyward, index finger raised proudly, all smiles under his bright red mask.

MV#1:

My chummet of chums, #2 can't be here tonight, but you knew that already didn't you? You miscreants put him in a hospital... forced him under the knife and on the injured reserve! I had a feeling you'd be here tonight... and when I showed up backstage I hear that DEFIANCE actually signed you two to a contract? Well... you got what you wanted, didn't you?

The crowd boos loudly. Kazushi and Zo hop out of the ring, stalking slowly. MV#1 adjusts, likely tightening, his grip on Lord Nigel - giving them pause.

MV#1:

Well, congratulations. You're officially on the roster... and you've delivered your message. I'm here tonight to deliver a message of my OWN... My partner WILL be back--

Modest pop from the crowd.

MV#1:

--and when he comes back, when he is healed, when he is ready... we will SETTLE this once and for all.

Modest pop extended.

MV#1:

And until then... I'm going to MAKE YOUR LIFE A *LIVING HECK!*

Masked Violator #1 releases Lord Nigel - pushing him forward into the rushing STORM who awkwardly catch him.

MV#1 gives a slight bow then charges up the ramp, through the curtain, and backstage. A flustered and unkempt Lord Nigel Tricklebush angrily gestures to his charges to give chase backstage. And they do.

DDK:

So much for that tag match!

Angus:

I'm coming around on these STORM fellas, I think!

DDK:

You heard Masked Violator #1, Angus! This is FAR from over between the STORM and the Violators!

Running Late

This was supposed to be a well timed plan but now everyone is running late.

The driver checks his watch, then the door. His watch again. Then the door. Back to his watch.

This was supposed to be a well timed plan.

Suddenly the side door opens, five men come strutting out. One with a cigarette instantly lit and pressed to his lips. They talk amongst themselves, the camera unable to pick up any thing as they shout over one another.

They reach the stretch. The driver handles the door, they load in. The last man takes his time.

He hesitates. The camera tightens.

Will "the Thrill" Haynes.

He smiles, before someone pulls him into the limo. It's Coleslaw Jenkins.

Jenkins:

God damn it mane, what da hell we tell you?

The limo door is closed quickly and off they go.

THE POP CULTURE PHENOMS VS. THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS

We cut back to the announce booth where we are greeted by the warm faces of Angus and Darren Keebler. The duo stand next to one another, reacting to the last segment.

DDK:

Did you see that Angus!? That was Will "The Thrill" Haynes! What's he doing here?

Angus:

I don't know why another former Mormon is here Keebs, but he wasn't alone, there was a whole crew there!

DDK:

I don't know what this means for DEFIANCE but it's certainly interesting.

Angus:

You know he wouldn't get through DEFSEC unless they were invited here!

DDK:

Right you are partner, but coming up next we have a match that was just made a few days ago! A match that's been brewing one way or another for the better part of a year now!

Angus:

So what you're telling me is I'm going to hate this next one because the Rodeo Drive Retard and his buddy the London Loser are going to be in it.

♪ "Fuckin' In The Bushes" by Oasis ♪

Cut to the entrance way, the fans boo loudly as the signature red carpet unfurls from the entrance ramp. It rolls down the ramp before it reaches it's end near the ring. The speech section of the song is over and it bursts into the instrumental as the famous pair of tag team partners come through the curtain with Klein trailing behind them.

In both of their hands...Microphones.

Angus:

I hope those two mics are broken! We don't need to hear ANYTHING these two have to say!

Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, this next matchup is scheduled for one fall and is for the DEFIANCE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS!

The fans get excited at the mention of the title but otherwise descend into boo's again as the ring announcer reads off the challengers names.

Quimbey:

At a total combined weight of four hundred and forty eight pounds. Representing the Sports Entertainment Guild, This is the team of Mikey Unlikely, and JAY EFF KAY.....Kendrix.... THE HOLLYWOOOOOOOD BRUUUUUUUVSSSS!

The team pose together at the top of the ramp. Klein stands behind them, nervous and unmoving. Then Mikey brings a microphone to his lips.

Angus:

Here we go....

Mikey Unlikely:

Yo DJ! Cut the tunes!

The music fades out quickly. Almost as if this was expected.

Mikey Unlikely:

I know I cannot speak for my bruv here, but I for one am SUPER STOKED to be here in DEFIANCE tonight! Not only for my own selfish tag team ambitions but really to celebrate with each and every one of you!

Kendrix looks taken aback.

Mikey Unlikely:

Don't get me wrong Bruv! We're OBVS going to take those Tag Team Titles from those two idiots in about 5 minutes!

JFK nods now before speaking.

Kendrix:

Totally Obvs!

The two walk down the ramp, avoiding all the fans that reach and or try to slap at the challengers tonight.

Mikey Unlikely:

I mean we're the best damn tag team to ever get in the ring together. We've been together for what.... 2 years now Brev!? And we've wrestled in about 6 or 7 whole matches together! Clearly the competition just couldn't keep up! We're here to win our first Tag Team gold in our sports entertainment careers!

JFK motions toward his waist where the Tag Title will be sitting after this match.

Mikey Unlikely:

But in EVEN BIGGER NEWS! Today marks the end of a year long journey! Today marks the new era in professional sports entertainment! Today begins, the Bruvs Era in DEFIANCE! You see it was exactly one year ago, that yours truly, the World's Greatest Sports Entertainer, and the best damn Hollywood Heritage Champion of all time, set foot in a DEFIANCE ring. It was the show AFTER Ascension! Here we are later, and the accolades and accomplishments keep growing. Hell I founded the Sports Entertainment Guild.... 4 months later, we held every title in DEFIANCE but the FIST!

Kendrix nods along again.

Mikey Unlikely:

And don't think it's not on our radar! But first, we wanted to clear some things up...

The two reach the ring, and both begin to climb in slowly. Mikey takes the steps, JFK hops onto the apron and slowly raise the mic to his mouth.

Kendrix:

Listen Yeah?!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Jesse rolls his eyes at the reaction as he steps into the ring via the ropes, making his way to the centre, shooing Carla Ferrari away from him.

Kendrix:

Back up toots, just focus that pretty little head of yours on remembering how to count to three, yeah?

Carla shakes her head giving the former DOC the evils before backing away to the corner. Jesse meanwhile turns his attention to the public.

Kendrix:

See, ever since JFK and Mikey stepped into DEFIANCE, we promised the world that we would make this company entertaining again. We made it our goal to make sure that, for the first time, you vile people would go home from a DEFIANCE show entertained for once...even though none of you deserve it!

BOOOOOOO!

Jesse sticks his lower lip out and shrugs his shoulders, turning to Mikey who does the same back

Mikey Unlikely:

That's correct, it's true you guys.

Turning to face the crowd again, Kendrix points his finger out in front of him in their direction.

Kendrix:

You don't deserve the Hollywood Bruvs, you don't deserve the Sports Entertainment Guild.

Angus:

He's right, no one deserves this!

Kendrix:

You don't deserve us and neither do the Pop Culture Phenoms!

A pop erupts from the crowd at the mention of the Tag Team Champions as Kendrix begins to pace the ring from left to right.

Kendrix:

Think about it! Mikey and JFK's Sports Entertainment message was FIRE! WE'VE...taken this place by storm. Rather than sitting through Jason Natas type BORING slug fest after BORING slug fest, the Hollywood Bruvs PROVED that you can be successful in DEFIANCE by kicking everyone's arse AND being Sports Entertaining at the SAAAMMME TIIIMMEEEE!!!

Stopping at the centre with his trademark smug smirk annoyingly splashed across his face, Jesse soaks up the boos before raising the mic to his mouth once more.

Kendrix:

Mikey was the GREATEST HOLLYWOOD CHAMPION OF ALLLLLLL TIIIMMEEEE. While JFK took the DOC division to Sports Entertaining Levels it could only dream of.

Angus:

I can't believe this guy was the last ever DOC....THIS GUY???!!

Kendrix:

Mikey and JFK are and ALWAYS HAVE BEEN...the S.E.G! PCP have been DEFIANCE Tag Champs for so very very long, it really is to be commended. The reason they've achieved what they have?

Mikey taps his hands across Jesse's shoulders before stepping back beside Klein behind the Londoner.

Kendrix:

Elise and The D have rode our coat tails, like a couple of Hollywood Bruv WANNABES for too long! The only reason they are champs?

He affords himself a moment to chuckle before putting his game face back on.

Kendrix:

Is because THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS...let them!

BOOOOOOO!

Kendrix:

PCP....time's up, the Bruvs are taking what's theirs right now and there's nothing you can...

Suddenly, the words are silenced from JFK's mouth by a familiar, but unexpected song. The crowd slowly recognizes the familiar beat and begin to rise to their feet and cheer to the sound of...

♪ "Started From The Bottom" by Drake ♪

Angus:

They aren't...

DDK:

Leave it to the Pop Culture Phenoms to pull the ultimate troll job!

Angus:

For fuck's sake.

Started from the bottom now we're here

Started from the bottom now my whole team fuckin' here

The red carpet from the previous entrance is still out as The D and Elise Ares walk out side by side, both wearing all white ring attire with the DEFIANCE Tag Team Titles on their shoulders. Fake snow begins to come down from the rafters as they stand back to back. The shot momentarily switches to the ring where the Bruvs are complaining to the official.

Mikey Unlikely:

HEY, THAT'S MY CARPET!

Elise pulls down her LED sunglasses that flash the word CHAMPS in white lights and looks towards the ring as The D pulls out a Matchbox version of a white Bentley convertible and tries to make it look like it's slowly rolling behind Elise Ares as the camera pans out and she nods. It doesn't.

Quimbey:

And their opponents hailing from HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA... weighing in at a combined weight of 298 pounds, they are the current DEFIANCE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS OF THE WOOOOOOORLD!!!! THE D. ELISE ARES. The POP. CULTURE. PHEEEEEENOMS!

Angus:

I can't believe I'm rooting for these two. What is wrong with me?

DDK:

I think that just goes to show you how much you hate the Bruvs, and let's give some credit where it's due, I think in the past month or so the Pop Culture Phenoms have come a long way in the ring.

Angus:

I'd say they're a solid... not Bruvs.

DDK:

I'd take that as a compliment.

Cut to the ring, Elise and The D stand on the apron facing the Bruvs and hold their Tag Team Championships into the

air. The capacity crowd begin to stomp and pound on the railing as the champs step into the ring hold their titles high into the air. The Bruvs go to step to them but they go to separate corners of the ring and try to get the crowd going, which is weirdly successful. Even PCP look a bit perplexed by their own crowd reaction before they jump down and meet Carla Ferrari in the center of the ring, who's request for their championship belts are met with skepticism.

Reluctantly, the champions hand over their titles and the pounding bass of Drake fades into a chant from the crowd...

"FUCK 'EM UP, PHENOMS, FUCK 'EM UP!" BANG BANG

DDK:

The crowd is ready to get this thing going!

Angus:

I can't wait to see the look on Mikey's face when these two dopes beat their asses!

Carla Ferrari calls for the bell and this one will begin with Elise Ares and Mikey Unlikely. Elise looks poised and focused, the fans in attendance start a PCP chant. Unlikely dismisses them with a flick of the wrist and heads to the center of the ring with an aura of cockiness surrounding him.

DDK:

Mikey and Elise here, the two will lockup and a battle of strength ensues! Mikey now, pushes Elise back into her own corner and out of the lockup! Mikey wipes his hands and invites her to try again!

Angus:

C'Mon Ares, fuck him up! I've had enough of that ego AND that face!

Elise stands back up, unphased but cautious. She approaches Mikey again, the pair lock up and one more time Mikey tosses her down onto her back using his strength.

DDK:

There are not many people in DEFIANCE who are going to be outmuscled by Mikey Unlikely, but that said Elise really needs to find another strategy other than going head to head with the former SOHER.

Elise back up and once more Mikey motions for the lock up. Elise obliges again, ignoring the words of 'Downtown'. Elise locks up with Mikey, and when he tries the same move for the third time Elise had found a counter. She drops and uses Mikey's own momentum to take him over with a drop toe hold. Mikey's face slams off the mat, as he reaches for his nose. The fans cheer loudly, and a small smile crosses the face of the female Tag Team Champion.

DDK:

Wasting no time now, Elise follows up and jumps over Mikey locking in a side headlock. She lies against his back and wrenches on that neck!

Carla Ferrari slides in, to check on Mikey. Unlikely realizing his predicament stands up under the weight of Elise, and backs her into the ropes but when he tries to shoot her off the other side, Ares tightens her grip!

Angus:

Yus! Nice running bulldog! McFuckass didn't expect that!

She keeps the headlock locked in as Mikey reaches for the ropes but finds nothing. He once more uses his weight advantage to stand up under the hold and back Elise up. This time into his own corner. He reaches back and tags in his Bruv, but Elise doesn't see it. Kendrix from the apron reaches into the ring, grabs Elise Ares by the hair and slams her to the mat with it. He then steps through the ropes to a tongue lashing by none other than DEF official Carla Ferrari. JFK claims he did nothing wrong, before blowing Carla a kiss, sidestepping the ref and taking advantage of the situation. Mikey rolls to the apron, rubbing his neck and using the ropes to help him get back to his feet. He grabs the tag rope and barks at JFK to "get her!".

Angus:

I guess Elise Ares was just too much man for Mikey Unfuckinglylikeable.

DDK:

Kendrix now relentless with those stomps! Elise covers up and reaches the corner. Referee Ferrari now begins her 5 count. JFK takes full advantage before backing up at 4 ½!

The fans boo loudly and then even louder when JFK gives em the bird. On the other side of the ring The D is willing on his tag team partner, and anxiously hopping back and forth trying to get the tag.

Kendrix picks up Elise, who surprises him with an arm drag, both get right back to their feet, Elise with another arm drag. JFK back up, and Elise hits a third arm drag, before locking in an arm bar. Kendrix winces and clutches at his shoulder, then swats toward Elise who arches back to avoid it. JFK uses his weight advantage to power to his feet to a standing arm wringer, before catching Elise in the face with a quick jab. Ares backs off, clutching her face as JFK charges to take advantage. Hooking Ares, she gets tossed in an irish whip, only for Mikey Unlikely to pull the top rope down, sending Elise tumbling and crashing down to the floor on the outside.

DDK:

Carla is going to have a hard time keeping the Bruvs in check. Masters of chicanery, Mikey and Kendrix will take every advantage they can.

Angus:

And look at Mikey on the outside, just stomping Elise as she tries to get to her feet.

After a few stomps, Mikey turns to Klein and shoves him. He yells and points at Elise, as Klein stands there stupidly. After a moment, Klein picks up Elise and tosses her in under the bottom rope, as Mikey returns to his corner. Kendrix is right there to take advantage, dropping a double ax-handle as Elise rolls. From side position, JFK locks in an inverted side headlock, before just striking Elise's exposed forehead with right hands. After the third blow, JFK turns to the D in his corner and flips him off, before then using that middle finger to poke the eye of a downed Elise. Ares squirms and twists, draping her leg on the bottom rope. Yet again, Kendrix takes as much of the five count he can before breaking the hold.

JFK gets up, hands raised in the air to show he's not doing anything wrong. He then charges toward the D, and clocks him square in the jaw with a forearm. The D flies off the apron to boos, crashing into the guardrail. JFK turns back to Elise and charges for a lock up, but Elise rolls underneath and springs to...

... Tag no one. Elise notices the D fallen on the outside, but can't react quick enough as Kendrix body splashes her chest first into the turnbuckle. She crumbles as JFK drops on top.

One.

Two.

The D yanks JFK off the cover and to the outside. Annoyed, The D begins to rain rights and lefts on Kendrix as he gets pushed into the ring apron. Carla is yelling in the ring to stop, which distracts the D long enough for JFK to hook his tights and drag him jaw first into the ring apron. Kendrix gets to his feet, shaking the cobwebs out of his head...

... hands free suicide dive from Elise takes the former DOC champ off his feet to wild cheers.

DDK:

JFK took his eye off the ball and an Impressive move from Elise Ares takes the Hollywood Bruv off his feet and now the ref begins his count.

Angus:

Ha, McFuckass looks in shock!

Getting to her feet, Elise throws her hands up in the air and clenches her fists, the crowd by the guardrails fully behind the Pop Culture Phenom. As Carla Ferrari reaches the count of 5, Elise grabs Kendrix by the top knot hairstyle and sends him rolling into the ring.

DDK:

Kendrix up to his feet, Mikey calling out for the tag but Elise connects with a nice diving forearm to the back of JFK's calves, sending him back first to the canvas.

Mikey, looking flustered, leans over the ropes pointing out at Ares.

Mikey Unlikely:

HEY, YOU DON'T DO THAT!

Angus:

Elise needs to ignore that douchebag and keep her eye on the prize here.

Finally turning her attention back to Kendrix, Elise grabs at his head but Kendrix quickly rolls her up into a schoolboy and Ferrari drops to the mat.

ONE

TWO

DDK:

Kickout at two from Elise. Both competitors are up, Elise misses with the right and Kendrix counters with a beautiful swinging neckbreaker.

Angus:

Meh, it was alright, I guess. But perfect example there of why you must keep your focus. Despite the Hollywood Bruvs being total dick wads, they know how to play the game.

Kendrix looks down at Elise squirming and reaching out for her neck before taking a look up at The D, whose back on the apron and slamming his hand down on the top turnbuckle, the crowd clapping in unison. Jesse smiles up at him before getting to his feet and dragging Elise by her arm over to the Bruv's corner.

DDK:

Ferrari calls the tag as the Bruvs stomp away at Elise, sending her down to a seated position.

Carla begins her count, asking Kendrix to exit the ring but Jesse stops the count by getting into her face. Meanwhile, Mikey holds both hands to the ropes, gaining leverage as he chokes her with his right boot.

DDK:

Mikey going to town here and The D is going nuts, desperately trying to divert the official's attention here.

Angus:

Come on, Ferrari, you should know these guys tricks by now.

Kendrix holds his hands up in the air as he steps back and makes his way out the ring to his corner. Ferrari finally sees the choke and counts at Mikey who removes his foot at 4, innocently holding his hands up in the air as Elise drops forward gasping for air, desperately trying to get to her corner. Mikey stalks her.

Mikey Unlikely:

Always on all fours for The D huh, Elise?!

The D has had enough and decides to take matters into his own hands as he makes his way between the ropes and

into the ring but Ferrari steps in front of him.

DDK:

No tag made, The D showing his frustration now and Mikey's loving it.

Angus:

And there's another tag not made.

With the D still remonstrating with Ferrari, Kendrix claps his hands together and makes his way into the ring with the officials back to him. Mikey fires shots to the back of Elise's head. Turning her onto her back Kendrix launches off of the ropes and drops a foot across her neck. Rolling out of the way, it's followed up instantly by another leg drop, this time from Mikey.

DDK:

Love them or hate them, The Hollywood Bruvs working together very well here tonight.

Angus:

Hate them...everyone hates them Keebs, even you.

Ferrari looks at Kendrix and claps her hands together as Mikey makes his way out of the ring. Kendrix claps back at the official.

Kendrix:

Obvs tag!

Jesse rests his foot down on Elise with her shoulders resting on the mat.

ONE

TWO

DDK:

Elise gets the shoulder up. Disrespectful cover from Kendrix. That's not going to get the job done.

Angus:

Not the intent Keebs. Pretty sure this is all about humiliation.

Jesse bends down and grabs at Elise's hair but he's met with a kick to the face. As he staggers back Elise senses her opportunity and crawls towards her tag partner, egging her on for the tag.

DDK:

The crowd willing Elise on, she's taken so much punishment, she's inches away...no!

Kendrix recovered just in time to wrap his arms around Elise's midriff and lift her up and over into a German Suplex. He keeps his hands locked around her waist and hits another before hitting a third and final German Suplex into an arch with Carla down for the count.

DDK:

Now that's an authoritative pin from Kendrix. Might get the job done!

ONE

TWO

THR

DDK:

THE D WITH THE SAVE!

The D indeed entered and kicks out the leg bridge of Kendrix, stopping the count. Carla is right there, yelling at the D to get back to his corner. Mikey Unlikely loudly and proudly claps above his head as Kendrix drags Elise back to the Bruv's corner. Ares gets tossed face first into the top turnbuckle as Kendrix measures her up for a stiff jab. Mikey enters, and kicks at Elise's midsection. He repeats this, sending Elise to her seated position as JFK exits the ring at Carla's yells. Mikey then tags in JFK, and turns over his shoulder to the D.

Mikey Unlikely:

FITTING NAME FOR YOU TWO!

Mikey then hits repeated stomps until Carla gets to four. JFK then takes his place, tagging in Mikey, who repeats the process.

DDK:

And the Hollywood Bruvs are stealing the Pop Culture Phenom's signature corner spot. That's no accident Angus!

Mikey stops stomping on Ares and turns toward the center of the ring, goading the D on and daring him to enter the ring. The D slips one foot in through the middle ropes before Carla steps between the two. Meanwhile, Kendrix has dropped off the apron and grabs something from Klein. It's the D's "Who Wants the D" t-shirt, and he wraps it around Elise's neck, using the bottom turnbuckle. He places his foot on the apron for additional leverage as he leans back, Elise gasping for breath.

As the D quickly exits, JFK releases the hold and Mikey turns back to Elise. Carla questions what Kendrix is doing on the floor, as JFK quickly tosses the t-shirt back at Klein. Mikey meanwhile, leans down to Elise.

Mikey Unlikely:

Chokin' on the D again, are we?

Elise rolls onto her stomach, coughing and using the ropes to try to recover. Mikey just watches her get halfway up, before striking her with a stiff right hand. He follows it with two more right hands, before grabbing Elise and lifting her to her feet.

DDK:

Mikey gets warned about the closed fists, but does it again! Carla barks at him as the D steps through the ropes again, he's had enough. He get's a hand on Mikeys head before Carla spots him, and drives him back towards his own corner. Mikey laughs and turns back to Elise.

He bounces her off the near ropes, and she returns only to eat a straight right hand to the jaw. He lifts Elise back to her feet.

DDK:

LOW BLOW from Elise!

Angus:

DA DICK-PUNCH-AH!

Mikey's eyes go wide in pain as he mouths the word "Why." He falls to his knees and then faceplants on the canvas, clutching his family jewels. Carla turns back to the action, attention diverted by the D.

Angus:

CAUSE YOU'RE A DICK! And Elise is the dick puncha!

The D is in his corner, slamming his hand against the top turnbuckle pad. Carla turns back around to see Mikey down.

She asks Elise about him holding himself she just shakes her head. The DEF crowd began to react in kind as official Carla begins her count. Klein on the outside, starts to slam his hand into the apron at an off tempo to the D. The D grabs the tag rope in the corner and begins to climb up on the second rope, leaning half of his body into the ring. Elise Ares begins to crawl, using only her forearms to drag her body back to the corner. Carla steps in and yells at the D to get back down, both feet on the apron.

Mikey with the tag, deflating the DEF crowd's cheers. Kendrix rushes in and grabs Elise's leg, as she's only a few steps away. Kendrix drags her back to the center of the ring, as Elise pushes up with her hands to get to a vertical base.

DDK:

Enziguri! Big swinging kick from Elise knocks Kendrix for a loop... AND SHE DIVES!

Huge swell of cheers as The D hits the ring. He takes down a charging Unlikely with a drop kick. JFK recovers in the corner, as The D charges, flying HIGH in the air with a Stinger Splash type maneuver.

Angus:

He calls that "The D in your face." Cause it's basically him running his dick into your face.

DDK:

You're just making that up. AND ANOTHER "D IN YOUR FACE" ON MIKEY ON THE OTHER SIDE!

The D looks back at Kendrix and runs, diving with another huge corner splash. Kendrix wobbles out as The D quickly rushes back to Mikey and repeats the move. Both JFK and Mikey are dazed as they slowly stumble to the center of the ring. Klein hops onto the apron, yelling at Carla who rushes to him to send him off. The D then does a split, and Johnny Cage punches both Mikey and Kendrix to huge cheers behind Carla's back.

Angus:

This is almost as good as McFuckass losing a title!

DDK:

Double Dick Punch from the D! We said Carla would have a hard time controlling the action tonight...and she's right back in the face of the D.

Angus:

If that means more dick punches, YAY ANARCHY.

The D hooks both Mikey and JFK in $\frac{3}{4}$ headlocks, and then charges toward the Bruv's corner. He backflips with the turnbuckle, hitting his version of Sliced Bread on both individuals. Mikey and JFK bounce simultaneously off the mat, as The D quickly rolls Kendrix out of the ring. He dives on top of Mikey for the cover.

...

Carla doesn't count, pointing to the outside that JFK is the legal man. The D pulls at his own hair in frustration, as he sizes JFK up. After a few hops, he rushes off the far ropes. The DEF crowd stand up in cheers before Mikey hits a HUGE lung blower. The D's head strikes Mikey's legs hard as he bounces from the impact and lands on his back, center of the ring.

Meanwhile, Klein is picking JFK up on the outside. As Kendrix recovers to a standing base, he swats Klein away, and slides in himself. He covers The D, not hooking the leg, just pressing the palm of his hand into the D's face.

ONE

TWO

DDK:

You're not going to pin anyone without hooking the leg Angus.

Angus:

You can, but it's completely humiliating... should it happen.

Kickout from the D. Mikey can't believe it as he slips back outside to the apron. Kendrix grabs the D and hits a belly to belly suplex, and then covers in the same way as before.

ONE

TWO

Shoulder up from the D. Kendrix holds his hands to his head in frustration before quickly hooking the leg for added leverage.

ONE

TWO

The D again kicks out. Kendrix grabs the D and tosses him face first into the Bruv's top turnbuckle. Mikey tags himself in as Kendrix hooks the D and hits a bulldog out of the corner. Mikey climbs the buckles, and leaps off with a second rope fist drop to the D's exposed forehead. Unlikely quickly makes the cover.

DDK:

The Bruvs working very well as a tandem here.

ONE

Angus:

Why are you complimenting them? That's just, wrong.

TWO

Kickout from the D. Mikey switches to a front headlock, and begins to wrench the hold in to jeers from the crowd. Mikey is positioned in such a way that he's between the D and his corner, as Elise recovers and grabs the tag rope. The D reaches out, but is feet away from Elise's outstretched hand. Mikey laughs, wrenching the hold in further. The D's legs slowly rise and stomp the mat, as Elise takes this as a cue and begins to smash her hand against the top turnbuckle. The DEF Faithful begin to clap and stomp in accordance, as Mikey can't believe the D is fighting to his feet. Right hand to the gut, and another breaks the hold. The D quickly off the far ropes but JFK clocks him in the back of the head with a clothesline. The D stumbles out, before Mikey hits an arm drag and locks in an arm bar, before turning it into a top wrist lock combo.

DDK:

The Bruvs have done an excellent job of isolating the champions. First, it was Elise, and now, they're wearing down the D.

Angus:

C'mon you D-List Celebrity! Kick them in their jaw! More low blows! Make sure that Bollywood twerp can never have children I might one day have to suffer through!

The D wriggles free of the arm bar and bridges up to his feet, top wrist lock still held in place. Mikey grabs the D's hair and tosses him back down. The D repeats, bridging to his feet before Mikey grabs his hair and tosses him down again. The D again bridges, but this time swings his legs under Mikey's chest and kicks Mikey's hands free from the wrist lock. The D hooks one of Mikey's arms and then twists his ankles behind Mikey's head, locking in a loss fitting triangle

choke.

Kendrix:

CHECK HIS SHOULDERS!

Kendrix shouts at Carla as she rushes to the D and makes sure his shoulders aren't touching the mat. Mikey winces in pain and uses his free hand to club at the D's upper thigh. He then dives toward his corner and hooks the middle rope, causing a break. The D soaks in all he can, waiting until the count of four to break.

The D let's go, back tumbling to a kneeling position as Mikey shakes the stiffness from his arm. Mikey cracks his head from side to side, and then raises the GOOD arm high in the air, asking the D for a test of strength.

DDK:

You can't be serious.

Angus:

This is a stalling tactic. Nothing more, nothing less.

DDK:

Don't fall for it D!

The D is apprehensive. He turns to the DEF Faithful and asks their opinion, as the crowd shouts "No" and boos. The D turns to Elise, who shrugs. The D turns back to Mikey, and nods. He raises his hand and cautiously approaches.

DOUBLE EYE POKE!

DDK:

Both Mikey and the D had the same idea! Neither can see! Both are swinging around wildly! OOOoooh! Mikey just caught Carla with a clothesline!

Angus:

Good thing we have medical.

Mikey regains his senses and looks shocked at the fallen official. He looks up to Kendrix, who's pointing behind him wildly.

The D, meanwhile, blindly reaches his own corner and lifts Elise up off the apron. Elise begins to kick and scream.

Elise:

I'M ME, IDIOT!

The D turns to Mikey, who's distracted by Kendrix' pointing. As Unlikely turns, the D launches the smaller Elise like a lawn dart, dropkicking Mikey square in the jaw. It's here when Klein tosses a steel chair into the center of the ring. Kendrix enters, and grabs a still blinded D into a side headlock. He lifts him vertical, and then...

DDK:

BRAINBUSTAH! Onto that steel chair! My God the D is dead!

Angus:

Oh C'mon! Is this gonna be how it goes down?!

DDK:

Elise! Off the far side! JFK turns... AMETHYSTATION! Kendrix eyes are rolling into the back of his head!

Elise goes to check on the D, who's up, groggy, and bleeding from his forehead. Elise promptly drops the D, not

wanting to get any blood on her white wrestling attire. She still urges him to get to his feet, as she rushes into the far corner and catches the rising Mikey with superkick. Mikey falls back first, seated, into the Bruv's corner. Elise starts stomping a mudhole into Mikey, as the D then recovers and joins in.

DDK:

Welcome to the Blacklist Mikey!

Angus:

It's like, double! Double the boots in your chest and face you waste of space!

The D and Elise aren't even trading off for their patented move, they're just both taking either side of Mikey and stomping the beejesus out of him. Klein jumps up onto the apron, and the D takes a wild swing to the shock of the crowd. Klein hops off just before the D connects. Then he goes right back to stomping Mikey.

After this goes on WAY too long, JFK gets back to his feet, and grabs both the D and Elise from behind. Belly to back suplex, but both Elise and the D flip over and land on their feet. Mikey pulls himself up in the corner, and the four competitors turn to face one another.

They all realize that official Carla Ferrari is now recovered. She stands between the four, holding the steel chair in her hand. As she shakes the last of the cobwebs from her noggin...

All four entertainers just fall down.

DDK:

What the... is... how?

Carla looks at the Bruvs, down and riving in pain. She looks over to PCP, who are also clutching their heads and in agony.

Official Carla Ferrari officially hates her life.

DDK:

All four are feigning attacks from that steel chair!

Angus:

I guess what they say is true. Stupid minds think alike.

The crowd pops a bit as Klein enters the ring and begins to discuss things with Carla. He rips off his "HOLLYWOOD BRUV" shirt to reveal a referee's outfit. He points to his eyes and then to the chair. Then he reaches down, trying to yank the steel chair out of Carla's hand, as she protests. The two have a tug of war, as Carla yells that Klein isn't an official. Klein finally pulls the chair out of Carla's hands, and the momentum causes him to smack himself in the box with it.

Klein falls down and is dead!

The chair meanwhile, slips and bounces out of the ring. Carla lowers her head and rubs both sides of the temple of her forehead, probably wishing she were anywhere but here. She sighs, and then begins the ten count.

As PCP and the Bruvs slowly get to their feet, they each try to put on the acting job of the century, feigning injury. Kendrix unwraps his wrist tape and begins to choke the D with the slack. Carla gives him to four before he lets go.

Angus:

Why is she even counting these at this point?

The wrist tape dangles like streamers as Kendrix sizes up the recovering D. Mikey and Elise make their way to their

respective corners. Kendrix off the ropes, catches D with a rising knee. The impact sends The D vertical, as Kendrix reaches behind his shoulder and hooks the D into a combo'd neckbreaker. Kendrix points to his skull to showcase his intelligence before he leans back on top of the D with a lackadaisical cover.

ONE

DDK:

And the D reverses! Kendrix in a crucifix pin! This is why you don't get lazy!

ONE

TWO

Kendrix barely rolls out of the crucifix. In doing so, he puts himself between The D and Elise, with Mikey on the far side of the ring. Elise takes a swipe as Kendrix dodges, but the D pounces. The D with a few elbows, sending the upright Kendrix into his corner. The D follows with a flurry of elbow shots, wearing down and sending JFK to a seated position. Once there, The D smiles, and tags Elise.

STOMP STOMP STOMPITY STOMP.

DDK:

The Blacklist! JFK eats all the shoes!

TAG. STOMP STOMP STOMPITY STOMP.

Angus:

Couldn't happen to a more worthy individual. Except if it were to happen to Mikey again.

TAG. STOMP STOMP STOMPITY STOMP.

DDK:

Mikey is shouting at Carla to do something, but they're making legal tags.

TAG. STOMP STOMP STOMPITY STOMP.

The D grabs a grogging JFK out of the corner and hits a simple scoop slam. He tags in Elise as he climbs to the second rope. Elise climbs to the top, and then onto the D's shoulders as the D helps her brace herself like a circus performer. Elise lets go of D's hands and stands on top of the D, who himself is on the second rope. It's here where she dives...

DDK:

SUPER EXTREME MAKEOVER! Double foot stomps from a supreme height onto the chest of the Hollywood Bruv!

Elise rolls through the move, and then delivers a elbow to Mikey on the apron. He is dazed but holds on. Elise picks up JFK and shoots him towards his own corner, where he hits the turnbuckle AND his tag team partner. Carla call the tag and Elise brings in Mikey the hard way. As JFK rolls out holding his chest, Ares turns her attention to Unlikely. She steps onto his chest and then steps over him.

Elise Ares:

"Que Tai Eso?!"

Rhythmically shaking her pelvis like a sex God, Elise tags The D back in, as the two of them grab Mikey by his side. Elise on the right, D on the left, they both shove him through the top and middle ropes so Mikey's shoulder strikes the steel post. As Mikey turns, The D hits a snapmare and then locks in an arm bar, before using his free hand to strike elbow after elbow into the shoulder that Unlikely just hit with the turnbuckle post.

After a few moments, Unlikely rolls to his knees and fights to his feet. The D still holds onto the one hand by the wrist, but then grabs Mikey's other hand as he rises. The D falls, putting both feet under the jaw and dragging Mikey's upper body down to it's like a foot assisted jawbreaker, a double inverted stomp facebreaker.

DDK:

The D just hit the A Lister! Mikey's lucky he hasn't lost any teeth! The D on top with the cover!

The Crowd begins to chant along with Carla's count.

ONE

TWO

THR...Mikey gets a shoulder up to the exasperation of the DEF Faithful.

DDK:

So close, two and a half from retaining the tag team titles over their former superiors! I think PCP have this in the bag Angus!

Angus:

I certainly hope so! Can't wait until Unlikely comes out on DEFtv crying about not having the tag titles!

The D grabs Mikey by his hair and starts to pull him to the ring. He doesn't know what to hit Unlikely with, especially after the second longest reigning SoHer champ kicked out of his finisher. It's this hesitation and pondering that leaves Unlikely with an opportunity. Mikey catches the thinking D with a big shove, causing him to slam into official Carla, who tumbles into Elise and sends HER sprawling off the apron and into the guardrail. All three tumble, as Unlikely falls to his knees, clutching his jaw and shoulders in pain. He reaches into his boot and grabs an object.

DDK:

The ever resourceful Unlikely! He just shoved the D into Carla, and Elise took the brunt of the chain reaction! AND OH GOD! BRASS KNUCKLES! Mikey just cracked the D in the jaw with brass knuckles!

Angus:

Won't be getting any SyFy TV roles with a broken jaw. I guess we're stuck with 'em.

With the D unconscious and Elise and Carla down, Mikey turns to the outside and begins shouting at Klein to get in the ring. Mikey is holding the middle and bottom ropes open so Klein can enter. Klein shakes the cobwebs from his box, not having gotten up since that steel chair dented his cardboard. Klein slides into the ring, and stares at Mikey. Mikey shouts at Klein that he's going to pin the D, and he wants a super fast count. He even makes the motion of clapping very fast to Klein, and asks Klein to repeat it back to him. Klein does so, but seems nervous, stiff. Unlikely grabs Klein by his shoulder and looks through his eye holes, nodding, telling him, he can do this. Unlikely then dives on top of the D.

DDK:

No, don't do it Klein. Not like this!

Angus:

C'mon, have more than a box for brains!

The DEF crowd are shouting no, as Unlikely stays on top, hooking the leg and slamming his hand against the mat to get Klein's attention. JFK shouts "Bellend" at him. Klein however, is too busy staring out at the chanting DEF Faithful, his head twirling and his body spinning. Unlikely, frustrated, hops to his feet and gets into Klein's face. Mikey shoves him to get his point across.

DDK:

That's one way to get someone's attention!

Klein stumbles back as the DEF crowd gasps. Klein looks down at his chest, and then back up to Mikey. In a quick lunge, Klein lifts Mikey Unlikely on his shoulders to a HUGE swell of cheers. He begins to airplane spin Mikey around the ring, focusing toward the Bruvs corner and catching a shocked and confused JFK with Mikey's boot. Kendrix flies off the apron and lands in the guardrail himself to a rush of cheers, as Klein dizzily spins Mikey around in circles. The DEF crowd begins counting rotations.

"Five. Six. Seven. Eight."

Klein stumbles, falling to his knees. He then recovers.

"Nine. Ten!... ELEVEN!? TWELVE!? THIRTEEN!!"

And on the thirteenth rotation, Klein tosses Mikey off his shoulders, and catches him on the way down with a crushing $\frac{3}{4}$ neckbreaker. Mikey bounces chest first off the mat and flops onto his back.

Klein meanwhile, stumbles, rushing to the D. He reaches down, almost falls over, but drags the D over to and on top of Mikey. He then heads to Carla, and tries to revive the official. The DEF crowd firmly behind Klein as he drags a semi-conscious Carla to the pin. Carla notices, and begins to count, slower than usual. The DEF Crowd counts alongside her.

...

ONE

...

TWO.

...

THR

NO! Mikey Unlikely with a shoulder up! And the entire crowd has their wind taken out of them, as an unconscious D lays on top of a broken Mikey Unlikely as Carla drops her head to the canvas to recover. Kendrix is back in the ring and immediately gets in Klein's face, aggressively jabbing his index finger into the big man's chest.

Kendrix:

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING YOU MUPPET?! YOU DO WHAT THE BRUVS TELL YOU...

Angus:

Yes... please yes.... Klein!

Klein looks around the DEFaithful one more time, who cheer loudly at him. He grabs Kendrix by the neck with both hands and headbutts him! Kendrix falls to the mat quickly.

Angus:

HE DENTED THE BOX! KLEIN WITH THE BOXBUTT!

He tried to fix the corner of the box before ignoring it to pick up Kendrix. He shoots him off the ropes and lifts.

Angus:

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

Klein just gorilla pressed Kendrix and samoan dropped him right on top of Mikey!

Angus:

COVER THEM! DO IT NAOW!

The D crawls over and slides on top of both men, Mikey's shoulders under JFK and firmly planted. Klein slides from the ring and then begins to revive Carla from the outside. She looks up to see the bruvv covered and slowly moves to a better angle on the shoulders before beginning her count. The fans and Angus all count along for the pin.

...

ONE!

...

TWO!

....

THREE!

The bell rings after Carla motions for it, but it can barely be heard over the roar of the crowd. Klein helps Elise get to her feet and rushes toward the time keeper's table. He grabs the DEFIANCE tag team championships and slides in, with Elise following him. Klein then heads over to the D, and picks him up to his feet. The D supports himself on Klein's shoulder, as Klein hands him one half of the tag team titles. Elise takes her strap from Klein's other hand, and the two of them raise the championships high, with Klein in between.

The D looks at Klein, and then wraps him up in a BIG hug.

DDK:

Ooooh! Swerve city! Klein and the D were in cahoots this whole time?!?

Angus:

Box brain and d-list outsmarted the Bruvs!! And Elise is even hugging that box-wit.

DDK:

What a turn of events Angus! I don't think anyone expected this!

Angus:

It's literally Christmas morning! And Mikey gets nothing but coal!

Elise, the D, and Klein pose for the cheering crowd as the D clutches his forehead, looking at a bit of blood from being opened up the hard way. He shakes his head and smiles at the fallen duo of the Bruvs.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix have lost their opportunity at the tag team titles, and the Pop Culture Phenoms retain! And after that anarchy, we're going to get straight into another form of pure chaos, as Cayle Murray takes on Bronson Box in what I can only imagine will be the war of the century.

Elise walks over to the fallen Bruvs, and puts her boot on top of both men. She then raises her tag title high to the crowd, as the D and Klein begin to exit the ring.

Angus:

You're pretty confident we're not going to get into a war with China... or Russia... or South Korea

DDK:

You mean North Korea.

Angus:

Who cares!? Bring on the bloodshed!

DDK:

Before we see violence, looks like we may be heading to our FIST first...

How you will be remembered

Cold open.

Curtis Penn:

For nine months Ty you've been licking your wounds. You've been healing and regaining your strength. For nine months you've been wondering how to best extract your revenge on me for placing you in that awful contraption. They said you'd never wrestle again, truth is we both know you never did "wrestle" you always had some gimmicky shit to make the crowd chant your name and sometimes you came out on top.

A brief pause.

Curtis Penn:

Tonight, in a matter of minutes, we both know that your little hockey mask and chainsaw ain't going to make a difference in this match, no matter how much Kelly thought a NO Disqualification match would help your chances. Tonight the only service that was provided by that stipulation was that I don't have to let go this time. I get to watch the color and life drain from your face. I get to watch what's left of your career empty out onto the mat.

A twisted smile forms.

Curtis Penn:

After tonight your name will only serve as a warning: You do not Fuck with Curtis Penn!

GUNS BLAZIN'

Earlier in the week...

A very quiet, very swanky bar in one of the nicest hotels in town. A favorite haunt of one particular DEFIANCE original who maintains it "pours a fine scotch." The waiter sets the glass on the little wooden side table with nary a glance from its recipient. The Original DEFIANT, The Wargod, Bronson Box reaches over and starts enjoying his beverage. After a few moments we can tell he still senses a human presence looming over him. Without looking Boxer foolishly assumes its still the waiter, possibly looking for a tip for delivering the obnoxiously expensive glass of 30 year old.

Bronson Box:

You can go ahead and shoo, ye' ain't gettin' nothin' but a curt nod from me boy'o...

The voice that fires back is absolutely unmistakable to any dyed in the wool DEFIANCE Faithful.

The Only Star, the True Original DEFIANT... The BAWS.

Eric Dane:

I'm not lookin' for a damn tip, dummy... I'll take a seat though.

The former multi time world champion, founder of DEFIANCE, and public enemy number one in the world of the Bombastic Bronson Box saunters over to the low slung leather chair across from The Wargod and props himself on the edge of the seat... leaning towards Boxer with his fingers steepled in front of him.

Eric Dane:

I think you and I are long overdue for a little heart to heart... ain't we? Watching the product these last few months from a distance I've, well... I've been getting the distinct impression you have somethin' you wanna' get the fuck off your chest. So... here in public... why don't you finish your little drink there, think real hard, and goddamn speak.

A tense chuckle escapes Bronson's throat.

Bronson Box:

Well well, my my... clever bastard.

He softly wags a finger towards Dane.

The self professed "greatest attraction in sports" takes a deep swig from his sweaty glass of scotch. After a breathy pause and a deep sigh he begins talking with his eyes dancing across the surface the glass in his hand.

Bronson Box:

My single solitary function has always been to give your bloody promotion SUBSTANCE. PASSION. That's it. You built a stage I felt worthy of buildin' my legacy on. An arena worthy of the sort of carnage I bring with me. If there was anyone on God's green who could appreciate that... it'd be a madman like Eric fookin' Dane. The man I watched brutalize people, burn fookin' arenas down. That was my thinkin' anyway... but all you and your ilk have ever done is look down yer' fookin' noses at me. I've burned the word DEFIANCE across the hearts and minds of the people that buy yer' bloody tickets and yer' fookin' t-shirts. But that wasn't enough for Eric FOOKIN' Dane...

The already quiet bar drops a few more octave levels. If it weren't for the extraordinarily expensive scotch Boxer has been imbibing all evening one might think he and his "guest" might be escorted off the premises. Boxer's eyes are now locked on the BAWS. Dane absolutely unflinching.

Bronson Box:

The resentment I feel deep down in my fookin' soul for you, old man? Molten fookin' steel you sour old bastard. I look in your eyes and you know what I see? ... Jealousy. I'm still out there in the thick of it, the heart and soul of the monster

you built and that EATS at you... "Real, True" DEFIANT my arse.

Box leans forward with his elbows on his knees, pointing with the hand still clutching his glass.

Bronson Box:

Make up all the cute nicknames you want, Eric. You know it, I know it, even that dimwit Evans knows it... I'm the best you got, boy'o. Curtis Penn, Mikey Unlikely...

The Wargod sits back in his seat with a sinister sneer and one final swig from his glass.

Bronson Box:

... the squid... please. I AM this fookin' company. You can't bloody touch me.

A short pause hangs between the two men. Boxer looks across the small chasm between them with a look of pure satisfaction... a look that starts to melt away the second Dane shoots back that confident sneer. The Only Star stands up, pulling his phone out of his jacket.

Eric Dane:

There, feel better gettin' all that off your chest pumpkin? Good...

Dane finishes sending a quick text and tucks his phone back into his breast pocket.

He bends slightly at the waist. Speaking in a quiet, calm, collected voice...

Eric Dane:

That young man who's name you refuse to say outloud? He ended my goddamn career, if I matter as much to you as you say I do that should mean something to you, you arrogant little shit. You better come out with guns goddamn blazing against that kid or he'll do the very same thing to you in an INSTANT. You know this.

A placid smile and an insincere pat on the shoulder.

Eric Dane:

I'll have the barkeep send you another one of those... on me.

And just like that The BAWS is gone and out the door. Leaving the self professed Original DEFIANT alone to stew.

CAYLE MURRAY VS. BRONSON BOX

Cut back to da boiz.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen... it's time.

Angus:

If you're squeamish, I suggest look away now. This thing's gonna be a *gorram* mess.

DDK:

If their previous encounters are anything to go by, it certainly is. Bronson Box vs. Cayle Murray is absolutely the most heated match on the card tonight, and after what happened earlier, the intensity's gonna be through the roof.

Angus:

That's if Cayle can even fight...

DDK:

He *sounded* full of fight earlier on, but there's a huge difference between actions and words. Nonetheless, Cayle is one of the most spirited fighters on the planet, and like he said, he has a lot of receipts to collect.

Angus:

Bronson defeated Cayle's brother, Andy, when the elder Murray couldn't adapt to his torrent of violence, particularly after getting cocky with an attempted Bombasto Bomb. The same thing happened to Cayle a few months ago, when Squiddo actually took the first fall over Box in their Two Out Of Three Falls match. That triggered something in the Scottish Strongman, and he's been on a feral rampage ever since.

DDK:

We've seen him destroy body after body on DEFtv, but for a while, it looked like Boxer had no further interest in pursuing Cayle Murray's scalp. Then Eric Dane showed-up, and everything changed...

Angus:

Make no mistake, Keeps: The Only Star's spectre is absolutely looming over this one. Dane was the biggest win of Cayle's career, and perhaps the only man who can help him adapt to Boxer's world. Cayle turned him down, and it might just be the biggest mistake he's ever made.

DDK:

Box and Dane have a complicated relationship of their own, of course, and Box has never forgiven Cayle for ending Eric's career before the DEFIANT Ace could get a piece of him himself. Nonetheless, when the bell rings, this is all about Cayle vs. Box. Angus, who you got?

Angus:

Box. I just can't see anything else, Keeps. The Dane match aside, Cayle has continually failed to adapt in situations like this, but I think the assault earlier in the evening all but seals it. Murray might be a fantastic wrestler, but he lacks the mentality to do whatever it takes to win - something that Box has absolutely no problem with.

DDK:

On the other side of the coin, Box just gave Cayle even more reason to go all-out this evening. He'll hold nothing back, and with The Faithful completely turning on Boxer in recent months, he'll have the whole building behind him. Handicap or no handicap, I think you're selling Murray short. Whatever the case, however, it's time to take it to DQ...

The camera swings around to Darren Quimbey, in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

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

The crowd pop, and the lights dim. Dat Big Fite Feel is setting-in, folks.

♪ "The Wings Of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

The song takes a few seconds longer to get going, but that's what you do on pay-per-views, fellas. Eventually we get the slow-building atmosphere, with the synths, distant percussion, and haunting choral vocals.

Deep blue lighting shifts across the DEFarena as the song switches gears. A muted drumbeat kicks-in, but not for very long. It eventually bleeds into a series of stabbing staccato guitar riffs punctuated by strobe bursts, before all goes silent...

BOOOOOOOOOOM!

Huge pyrosplosion at the top of the ramp. There goes Cayle Murray at the top of the ramp - back to the crowd as usual, Starbreaker jacket in full view.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first! From Aberdeen, Scotland...

Fired-up, Cayle turns around, throws an arm in the air, and screams something to the crowd. He starts making his way down the ramp at a sharper pace than usual, slapping no hands tonight...

Darren Quimbey:

He stands at 6'1", and weighs-in at 220lbs...

Seemingly out of nowhere, two HUGE forearms club Murray across the back of his neck.

WHAM!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

IT'S BRONSON BOX!

DDK:

Folks, Bronson Box has just... APPEARED and continued his brutal assault on poor Cayle Murray from earlier!

Cayle crumples down to his hands and knees, tumbling the rest of the way down the ramp. The Wargod hot on his heels with a look HUNGRY for violence. Cayle manages to claw his way up the ring apron to a wobbly base just in time to eat a short arm lariat. Bronson's right hand is clutched around a wad of Cayler hair before he even hits the ground. Utilizing his boundless strength Boxer quite literally HUCKS Cayle scalp first across ringside, sending him knees first across the ringsteps.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

My... GOD! What an impact!

Boxer shakes his hand with a sadistic chuckle, strands of brown hair and scalp falling from his fingers.

Angus:

Oh dude, that's straight up nasty...

Cayle writhes at ringside, clutching his knees with a look of pure agony etched across his face. The camera picks up Boxer as he stalks after his prey.

Bronson Box:

I AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' TO PROVE TO YOU, SQUID!

Sharp, reckless bootheels across the skull are quickly followed up by a brutal deadlift German suplex that absolutely LEVELS Murray. The announcers and Faithful alike have almost no time to react as Boxer reaches down, plucks the near lifeless Murray to his feet and quickly Irish whips him back across ringside...

KER-WHAM!

Once again Cayle Murray goes ragdolling knees first over the ringsteps. The groans from the normal pretty bloodthirsty crowd are starting to sound decidedly uncomfortable as Boxer continues his bone fracturing assault of what WAS to be his opponent for this evening.

DDK:

This is about on par for Bronson Box, folks. I really do apologize. We were expecting violence between these two COMPETITORS tonight, but in the context of a wrestling match not this-this wholesale SLAUGHTER!

Bronson addresses the camera directly as he stalks across after Murray.

Bronson Box:

Guns blazin'... eh, Eric?!

A few moments of wild laughter bleed into more vicious bootheels into the already tenderized flesh and muscle tissue of Cayle Murray. Boxer again goes for the hair, yanking poor Cayle to spaghetti legs. Before unleashing more hell on Murray Box leans in close, inches from the poor man's face.

Bronson Box:

Uncle Eric seems pretty intent on me killin' you, sunshine... what say we oblige him, aye?!

It's mere moments before Cayle's head is tucked between Bronson's redwood-like thighs and The Wargod's eyes are locked on the steel guardrail a few feet in front of him. He gives the high sign and the crowd and our intrepid announce team all collectively come absolutely unglued.

DDK:

He's NOT! Bombasto Bomb on the GUARDRAIL?! He'll kill him!

Angus:

Goddamn called it Keeps, BYE FELICIA.

OOOOOOOOH!

The ACE takes Cayle up, perched on Boxer's massive shoulders it looks about like the end when all of a sudden from behind Boxer comes Impulse... and he's not alone!

DDK:

Thank GOD for the Southern Heritage Champion!

The Faithful pop. Hector Navarro, Mike Sloan, Buffalo Brian Slater AND Wyatt and a handful of his DEFsec boys all collectively yank The Marathon Man right out of Bronson's powerbomb attempt. Impulse, Wyatt and his team tackle and pin Box against the guardrail as Sloan and the referees check on the condition of Cayle Murray.

DDK:

Impulse just *SAVED* Cayle Murray!

Angus:

“Saved” is the right word! That squid was set to become calamari...

The Wargod and Impulse trade a few *sharp* words as Wyatt and his team unhook the guardrail and “escort” The Wargod as far from ringside as quickly as they possibly can. With Bronson on his way out of the arena, Pulse rushes back over to Cayle’s side where paramedics are just now arriving on the scene.

Fury pours from every corner of the building. Not for Impulse’s actions, but because The Faithful have again been denied a true conclusion to this saga. A disappointing conclusion to a final chapter that never really got started.

We cut back to our intrepid announce team up at the commentation station.

Angus:

WHAT did I say, Keebler? What did I say? All that damn kid would have had to do was leave well enough alone... but noooooo go ahead and poke the bear with a stick.

DDK:

Once again Box’s damn poor attitude costs him a win, us all a match, and one young man years off his career, now what good does any of that do anyone? Tell me?

Angus:

Box gives less than zero fucks about winning and the fans Darren, come on, you’ve been around long enough to know that. Some men, world burning, Michael Caine etcetera... adding Eric to the mix has flipped some sorta’ switch in Boxer’s head man, I’m tellin’ ya. God help whoever gets in front of The Wargod next, all’s I’m sayin’...

DDK:

Folks, I don’t know where this leaves us as far as Murray and Box are concerned, but on behalf of the company, I apologise for this hotly-anticipated match never getting out the starting gates. Unfortunately, you only have one man to blame for that - our supposed “ACE.” And on that somewhat disappointing note, let’s head elsewhere shall we...

BOLLOCKS

Cut to the backstage area.

Kendrix is walking.

Angus:

Ha! I spy a loser!

Not so much "walking," really: more "stomping"

The Hollywood Bruv is none too pleased about his loss to the Pop Culture Phenoms, and he's got a face like thunder. Having separated himself from Mikey Unlikely for a moment, he's thrashing around, looking for something to break. The staff wisely give him a wide berth as he plods forward, shaking his head, muttering something under his breath.

DDK:

Tough, tough loss for Kendrix tonight, no doubt amplified by the identity of his opponents.

Angus:

Do you think he's going to quit, Keeps? I hope he quits. That would be wonderful.

DDK:

... a bit drastic, no?

Angus:

Hey, a man can dream.

JFK pauses momentarily. He hangs his head, closes his eyes, and slowly runs one of his palms down his face, letting out a frustrated sigh as he does.

Kendrix stands perfectly still for a few moments, then flicks his eyes back open.

Andy Murray:

Hello mate!

Grinning broadly, Andy Murray flashes his fellow Brit a huge thumbs up. Having just arrived from the airport, there's a suitcase behind him and another bag over his shoulder, but the 14 hour flight from Japan clearly hasn't blunted his enthusiasm.

Andy Murray:

How's your evening going?!

Kendrix, of course, is none too pleased by the sudden arrival.

Kendrix:

You here to rub it in, bell-end? Well go on then...

Andy Murray:

Me? No...

The King shakes his head.

Andy Murray:

I'm not. HE is...

Andy points over Kendrix's shoulder. At first, JFK's brow tightens with confusion, and he's initially reluctant to look

where Murray's pointing. Curiosity eventually compels him to turn around, however, and when he does, his eyes grow wider than the Grand Canyon.

Angus:

YAAAAAAAAASSSSSS!

Jason Natas.

Kendrix:

Fuu---...

The Bronx Bully drops his own bag, then cracks his knuckles.

JFK moves into "fight or flight" mode, and goes with the latter. Aghast, he doesn't know what to say...

Kendrix:

BOLLOCKS.

... so he flees. Rather than fight the man he effectively got suspended from DEFIANCE, JFK flies down the corridor, rounding a corner that takes him out of the camera's shot. Natas makes no attempt to chase the Englishman, however, and just takes a step forward, standing by his friend.

Jason Natas:

See you soon, fucko.

He smiles.

Jason Natas:

Real fuckin' soon.

Cut.

Angus:

It's Fatas, Keebs! Fatas is back!

DDK:

The suspension is over! Jason Natas is back in DEFIANCE, and Kendrix looked like he'd seen a ghost!

Angus:

I'm guessing those dudes hadn't heard what happened to Squiddo yet, but gorram, I'm FIRED-UP!

DDK:

As are The Faithful! Not a good time to be a Bruv, Angus...

CURTIS PENN VS. TY WALKER

DDK:

IT'S TIME!

Angus:

IT'S TIME FOR MAIBOITAI!!!

DDK:

That's right, it's time for the Ascension MAIN EVENT! Tyrone Walker, who is fresh off of his doctor's release showed up on DEFTV as Kelly's answer to Curtis Penn's Curtis Penn Invitational.

Angus:

AND SHE GAVE HIM FREE REIGN DRAIN HIM DRY!

DDK:

And with that mentioned I would just like to take the time to say to everyone in the 1st, 2nd, 3rd...and 4th rows to please be prepared to be apart of the action. Which mean, please don't spill your beer on the floor while getting out of the way.

MAIBOITAI MAIBOITAI MAIBOITAI!!!

MAIBOITAI MAIBOITAI MAIBOITAI!!!

MAIBOITAI MAIBOITAI MAIBOITAI!!!

TY FUCKING WALKER!!!

TY FUCKING WALKER!!!

TY FUCKING WALKER!!!

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" eRa ♪

DDK:

The crowds chants die down as the FIST walks out onto the stage.

Curtis Penn smiles from ear to ear as he slowly unstraps the Fist from around his waist. He hoists it into the air before lowering it onto his shoulder. He starts towards ringside.

Angus:

What a tit!

DDK:

The champion, as we've seen him recently, walks around the ring holding the FIST in the air so that everyone can see the title.

Once inside of the ring Referee Brian Slater takes the FIST from him.

♪ Natural Born Killaz - Dr. Dre/Ice Cube ♪

Angus:

Keeps will you just hold me for a moment. I've been waiting on MAIBOITAI for NINE LOOOONG MONTHS for THE BLACK JESUS to be REBORN into DEFIANCE!

The Extreme Franchise steps out onto the ring entrance wearing a long black leather trench coat and his White Hockey Mask. He slowly removes the mask to an uproar of cheers and applause.

TY FUCKIN' WALKER TY FUCKIN' WALKER!!!

TY FUCKIN' WALKER TY FUCKIN' WALKER!!!

TY FUCKIN' WALKER TY FUCKIN' WALKER!!!

He walks down to where the ramp meets the flat floor, he looks left and then to the right. He reaches into his trench coat and pulls out a beat up, rusty, chain saw and raises it high into the air with a twisted smile.

TY IS GONNA KILL YOU!!!!

TY IS GONNA KILL YOU!!!!

TY IS GONNA KILL YOU!!!!

DEF SEC begin to crowd Tyrone before he can get the string pulled. Slater is quickly out of the ring after telling Curtis to stay still. Penn points at the chainsaw and gives him the "I'm not gonna fuck with that," look.

DDK:

Ok, looks like Ty is taking this a bit too serious by bringing out that chainsaw.

Angus:

Bridget...

DDK:

Who?

Angus:

He calls his chainsaw Bridget, it's like you've never called MAIBOITAI'S matches.

Slater is actually able get Bridget out of Walker's hand and turns it over to another DEF SEC Team Member.

Penn quickly takes advantage and adds to his skymiles and he dives through the mid ropes and into the pile of DEF SEC and Ty Walker laying the whole crew out.

DDK:

Penn was able to roll out onto his feet. Slater is quick to get into his face and tells him to get into the ring so that they can start the match!

Penn grabs Walker by the cuff of the neck and the waistband of his camo shorts, only to be met with a pair of lefts and rights by the Blackaconda. Penn takes a few to the mouthpiece, but quickly breaks the rally and dishes a couple of elbows to Ty Walker in return. Penn drives a short knee into the midsection doubling over Ty, he pulls the trench coat over the head of Ty and drives the point of his knees into the face area before he drives his shoulder into the ring post. Penn spins him around and dumps him into the first and second row.

DDK:

Slater looks like he's given up on starting this thing off in the ring as he calls for the bell to start the match.

DING DING DING!!!!

Angus:

They took Bridget to the back, that's just not fair. She needs some action too! And now look at what's going on Penn is using the audience a landing pad for Ty.

Penn gets a running start and dives into the crowd, only to be met by a chair shot that leaves him crumpled on the floor.

Angus:

MAIBOITIA with the chair BLAST!

DDK:

This match is already off to a fast start! We've had chainsaws! We've had chairs! We've had DEF SEC laid over like bowling pins! And since this is a no Disqualification match this could get ugly!

Walker gives Penn a couple of shots before he is dumped back onto the floor. He takes Penn across the arena and lays his chest wide for a couple of backhanded pimp slaps! He props Penn across the guardrail, mounts the apron and dives onto the body of Penn, breaking it in half.

DDK:

Both men are rolling on the floor, Tyrone with the high-risk that connected and Penn still suffering from that chair blast by Ty.

Angus:

The Ol' Human Pinball Wizard is back to his feet and chucking chairs into the ring. MAIBOITAI HAS SOMETHING NAAAAASTY BREWING!

Ty shrugs off the trenchcoat and reaches down and picks Penn up by the ears. He sends Penn into the guardrail again, but Penn reverses into and launches him onto the guardrail and follows it up quickly with a lariat and drives Walker back into the audience the momentum carries him a few rows back.

DDK:

The DEFIANCE FAITHFUL are not letting Penn follow Walker into the crowd, Penn is having to search for another way to keep up with Ty.

Angus:

I just saw Ty pop up on far row from Penn.

Penn mounts the ring apron and scans the area for Walker, picking up his whereabouts as he makes it out of the crowd by the ring entrance. Penn rushes over and Walker just picks up a chair and throws it at the FIST connecting just enough to spin Penn around.

DDK:

Now it's Walker in hot pursuit as Penn backs away.

Walker reaches out to grab Penn but a quick snap kick to Ty's midsection quickly stops him from doing so. Penn pulls Ty's head back by the 'fro only to get a poke in the eye in return.

DDK:

Penn does the smart thing and quickly retreats around the corner of the ring.

Angus:

Blackimus Prime ain't having none of that as he follows him.

Penn has one leg over the guardrail by the time Ty catches up to him. Ty quickly dumps him over into the throng of fans. He then sends Penn into a fan.

DDK:

Tyrone Walker is throwing men at men!

Angus:

No he threw MicroPenis at another man. Get it right Keeps or I'm taking over the announcing.

DDK:

This is Tyrone Walker's playground! He knows exactly what he's doing in a no Disqualification Match.

Angus:

Well no shit! You don't think Kelly just pulled this out of her vag do you?

DDK:

Walker with his Deathmatch Pedigree has a significant advantage in this type of match.

Walker reaches down to lift Penn up, only to be hit in the gut with a chair by Penn.

DDK:

Now Penn is back over rail and is showing the chair off to the fans as Walker is quickly pursuing the FIST!

Penn bashes Walker in the face with the thrown chair. Walker reaches up and clutches the bridge of the nose.

DDK:

Angus, is that a bit of red forming on that open cut?

Angus:

The Black Jesus doesn't bleed, he bleeds you!

DDK:

You might be right, because while Penn was being cocky, Walker has started to look for toys underneath the ring.

Angus:

AND HE FOUND A STAPLE GUN!

Penn turns around and freezes in place. Tyrone runs after Penn, chasing Penn around the ring. Penn rolls into the ring and begs Walker off.

DDK:

Penn with both hands up in the air, kneeling beside that pile of chairs from earlier.

Walker closes in and Penn with a quick thumb to the eye. Walker turns away and Penn is gesturing to the crowd about his intelligence. Walker recovers while Penn is playing with the crowd and turns around to Walker stapling him in the forehead!

Angus:

HE GOT EM! My DICK IS HARD!

DDK:

TOOO MUCH INFO!

YOU SICK FUCK YOU SICK FUCK YOU SICK FUCK!!!!

Penn is floundering on the mat. Walker ditches the staple gun for the pin.

ONE !!!!

Slater tosses his hand up at one and Penn kicks out and rolls out of the ring.

DDK:

Now, both, Walker and Penn are wearing a bit of red each.

Walker in pursuit and lands a clubbing blow on the shoulder area of Penn.

DDK:

Walker is chasing Penn into the concessions area as Penn is able to stay a few feet ahead of Walker.

Penn stumbles turning the corner and Walker bounces his head off of a garbage can. Penn stays on the move trying to escape. Penn heads towards the merch stands, but Walker again catches up and tosses him into the fire escape door.

DDK:

Penn quickly opens the door and starts down the back hallways.

The feed starts to falter as the last thing we see is Penn's body smacking the concrete wall.

DDK:

Something has happened to the camera or the cameraman that was following the two, but soon we'll be able to get a signal again as another camera and cameraman are already in that area.

The two break back into view by the pyrotechnics booth and the interview stage. And somehow Penn has gotten the upper hand and is pushing Walker out in an office chair. Penn pulls Walker onto the interview stage in the chair, gives him a few solids rights he pushes the chair back and forth a few times to judge the distance and shoves Walker off of the stage.

DDK:

OH MY GAWD! Walker just fell four feet off of the stage while being tied down with an electric cord!

Penn jumps down and untangles the chair and goes for the pin.

ONE!!!!**TWO!!!!**

Tyrone's shoulder comes up at two. Penn reaches down and pulls Walker up, he takes him over the ramp area and scoops him up and drives his back and shoulders into the metal frame of the ramp. He does this another two times before he slams him on his back onto the ramp. Penn jumps up on the ramp and gloates!

DDK:

Penn's ego will always be his downfall. He could lock in the Curtis Clutch here and it could all be over, but instead he's giving someone as dangerous as Ty Walker time to recover.

Angus:

Keep showing off PENN! All you're doing is buying MAIBOITAI TIME!

Penn hears Angus' shouts and drops off of the ramp and walks over to Angus. He reaches down and snatches the headset off of Keebler.

Curtis Penn:

Keep your eyes on your idol jackass. I'm about to break him like I did Troy. And then you're cocksucking ass will never see Tyrone again.

And before Curtis could say anything else, the cord to from the headset is wrapped around his neck by Blackimus Prime. Penn quickly gouges both eyes and Ty loses his grip. Penn heads towards the ring choking and spitting trying to clear his air ways. He slides into the ring and is on his hands and knees when Tyrone enters behind him.

DDK:

Walker picks up one of the three chair he threw into the ring earlier.

Penn looks up to the sight of Walker holding onto a chair. Walker throws the chair and it bounces off of Penn. He tosses the second and the third.

DDK:

He's calling for the crowd to toss him chairs.

At first there are only two or three that come flying, but after a few more seconds the ring has about 30 chairs in it, Walker is on the outside laughing as Penn is covered in the corner by the chairs. Slater moves the chairs in Penn vicinity to make sure the FIST is alright and okay to continue, but to his surprise Penn wedged himself underneath the turnbuckle and is unharmed.

DDK:

Walker is back in the ring to do more damage on Penn.

Walker grabs a chair off of the pile and makes a path over to Penn, kicking out the excess chairs. He stands Penn up in the corner, mounts the middle turnbuckle and holds the chair high in the air. Penn quickly steps in and hoists Walker up for a powerbomb and drives Walker into the pile of chairs in the center of the ring.

DDK:

Both men are down in the ring. Slater checks on both of the men, first Penn and then Walker. Penn slowly makes it to his feet and holds himself up in the corner. Walker is sliding out underneath the bottom, dragging one of those damned chairs.

Penn sees Walker using the apron to hold himself up, he runs up the turnbuckle, Walker tosses the chair, Penn catches it and tosses it back. He drops down to the apron and sidekicks the chair into Walker's face.

BOOOO!!!!CURTIS.CURTIS CURTIS FUCKIN' PENN BOOOOOO!!!!

BOOOO!!!!CURTIS.CURTIS.CURTIS FUCKIN' PENN.BOOOOOO!!!!

BOOOO!!!!CURTIS.CURTIS.CURTIS FUCKIN' PENN.BOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

Penn is living it up with the series of boos from the crowd. Sounds like some even liked what they just saw!

Angus:

If that wasn't Tyrone Walker I could have given him a golf clap.

After pandering to the crowd, Penn rolls into the ring and tries to clear space by throwing the chairs back at Walker who is laying on the floor.

DDK:

Penn is using some of the chairs that he hasn't discarded to set something up on the ring.

Penn takes six chairs and lines them up three long and two deep with the seats facing each other. Walker slides under the ropes and Penn looks to cinche him up, Walker with a knee to the gut looks to use Penn's contraption for himself and he hooks him up and lifts.

DDK:

Penn with a block. Walker tries again, but Penn blocks again.

Penn then adjusts and lifts Walker up and tosses Walker into the bank of chairs with a release vertical suplex!

DDK:

Walker came down on the neck and back, he could be out!

Angus:

SLATER GET SOME OF THOSE DAMN CHAIRS OUT OF THE RING. TY COULD GET HURT!

Penn crawls through the chairs for a pinning attempt.

THIS IS DEFIANCE!

THIS IS DEFIANCE!

THIS IS DEFIANCE!

ONE!!

TWO!!!!!!

THRE-NO KICKOUT!

DDK:

Walker kicked out at the last possible second. Now, the crew and Slater are trying to clean the ring. Penn just saw something out of the corner of his eye that was just uncovered!

Penn reached down and grabs the stapler that Walker used early in the match on him. Penn drops down to his knees and gives Tyrone the finger right before he staples him in the forehead for fairplay. He then uses the butt of the gun and drives into the bridge of the nose before tossing it aside.

DDK:

Walker is on his knees, clutching his face as Penn reaches down for another chair.

Penn walks up and lays a boot where the neck and shoulder meet.

DDK:

Penn is now wedging the chair between the top and middle turnbuckle.

The again kicks Walker in the neck, softening him up for the Curtis Clutch later on.

TY FUCKIN' WALKER TY FUCKIN' WALKER!!!

TY FUCKIN' WALKER TY FUCKIN' WALKER!!!

TY FUCKIN' WALKER TY FUCKIN' WALKER!!!

DDK:

Curtis set up another chair to sit in while the fans are chanting for Tyrone Walker.

Angus:

That gay ass clap just reminded me that Curtis used to ride the short bus.

Penn stands up and waits for Walker to meet his own vertical base. Penn rushes, Walker sidesteps and Penn eats the chair that he propped up in the corner. Penn stumbles back into Ty. Ty lifts him onto his shoulder and drops him into a high knee. Penn stumbles into the chair he was sitting in, Walker out of the corner with a double drop kick.

DDK:

Walker for the Penn.

ONE!!!!**TWOOOO-NO KICK OUT!**

Penn rolls to the outside. Walker quickly follows him, kicks him into the gut and then sends him into the barricades. Walker quickly starts to scavenge from underneath the ring and pulls out a table.

Angus:

TABLES!

DDK:

Walker pulls the table to Penn, he kicks Penn, Penn blocks. Penn unloads on him causing the table to drop, Penn then dents the ring post with Walker's head!

Penn quickly shoves the table back under the ring. Penn lifts Walker, Walker reverses and sends him back into the barricades.

DDK:

Walker really wants that table in play as he is pulling it back out!

Angus:

TABLES!!!

Penn is crawling away from the table, but Walker drops the table on him to stop him from getting too far.

DDK:

He sends Penn into the ring post and Penn just follows it onto the apron. Meanwhile, Tyrone is sitting up this table below Penn.

He rolls Penn onto the table and climbs onto the apron.

DDK:

Tyrone smiles for to the crowd.

Penn sits up like a dead man and grabs Walker by the Twig and Berries!

Angus:

RELEASE THE KRAKEN!

Penn then reaches up and hooks his nose, before releases the balls and hitting him hard with a right across the jaw. Penn takes just a moment to celebrate before joining Walking on the apron. He turns him around from the ring post and Walker grabs the PENIS! He hooks the tights, Penn blocks him twice. He switches it up and is blocked twice. Penn just decides to ding the ring post with Walker's skull instead.

DDK:

Penn spins Walker around and gets two rights for the effort. Walker tries to send Penn into the table, but Penn quickly uses the ropes to kick Walker in the back of the head and send him into the table instead!

Both men are down. Brian Slater is checking on Walker after the horrible bump.

DDK:

Slater is telling Penn to get in the ring and leave Walker alone, but Penn is calling for the end of it all.

Penn drops down off the apron and rolls Walker into the ring. Penn covers

DDK:

NOT EVEN A ONE COUNT!

Penn calls for the Curtis Plex! Hoist, over, bridged!

ONE!!!**TWO!!!!****KICKOUT!**

Penn looks bewildered. He looks at Ty's outstretched hand and grabs the finger.

SNAP!!!!**DDK:**

Penn goes for the CURTIS CLUTCH!

PELE KICK !!

DDK:

WALKER WITH A PELE KICK!

Walker sends Penn in the rope, Roaring Elbow! Walker off the Ropes with Lariat.

Angus:

LARIIOOTOOOOO!

Walker with a cover.

ONE!!!!**TWO-KICKOUT!!!****DDK:**

PENN KICKED OUT... PENN KICKED OUT! Walker is frustrated, Penn is out on his back!

Walker slides out of the ring and goes hunting again.

Angus:

THUMBTACKS!!!!

Walker pours them onto the mat and picks himself up a handful.

DDK:

Walker is walking over to Penn with evil intent with that hand of thumbtacks. He reaches down for Penn and PENN KNOCKS THE THUMBTRACKS INTO THE EYES OF WALKER!

Penn pulls Walker in for a Lariat of his own, Walker ducks and slaps on a Chicken Wing. Penn fights with everything, he heads for the pile of thumbtacks, and backs away. He bends over and makes Walker climb his back, Penn then fights for every inch back to the thumbtacks and backdrops Walker on the the pile of tacks!

DDK:

Penn is up, he's calling for the CURTIS CLUTCH!

Penn stalks him, waits for him to turn towards the entrance ramp so that Walker can watch himself tap. He steps under the armpits, snakes his arm around the neck of Walker and sits back. Walker is scratching. He is writhing. He's trying anything that he can with his free hand, but Penn only sinks it in deeper.

DDK:

Don't watch Angus. Turn your head.

Penn grins as the arm loses it's strength. Penn loosens up, giving Ty Walker some air and just as life pops back into the eyes of Walker, Penn sits down again taking it all back. Penn is playing with Walker like a kid with ants.

Slater checks on Tyrone and his arm drops three times.

Your winner VIA CURTIS CLUTCH SUBMISSION and **STILL THE FIST OF DEFIANCE: CURTIS PENN!**

Penn takes his belt from Slater and lays it gently in the corner. He then brushes past Slater as he is checking on Walker and pulls Walker to the bottom rope. He stands of Walker again, this time he grabs his wrists and pull back causing Walker's he to lift, Penn places the bottom of his boot on the back of the head and drives it into the mat!

Angus:

That's enough Curtis!

DDK:

Curtis hasn't used the Curb Stomp in a very long time. It's a move that is just demeaning and cruel.

Penn grabs the wrists again and drives the head into the mat again.

Angus:

WE NEED HELP OUT HERE!!

Penn then drops back down and reapplies the Curtis Clutch. Slater is trying to get him to stop, but there is nothing to reprimand him with.

Angus:

FUCK IT!

Angus rips off his headset and shirt and storm down to the ring. Angus slides into the ring and pops Penn square in the jaw. Penn's eyes light up in delight.

DDK:

We're going to need someone out here for Angus. He has lost his Gorram Mind.

Penn reaches out and grabs Angus by the throat. He then starts laying into Angus like he's just a rookie.

DDK:

Angus might be getting his ass handed to him , but he bought Slater and DEF SEC and DEF MEDICAL enough time to get Tyrone Walker out of the ring and backstage.

Penn circles the bloody announcer, kicks him in the back of the knee and hooks him up with the Curtis Clutch and he rocks back.

Curtis Penn:

I've waiting a long fucking time for this Angus.All of you cheap shit talking is about to come to a close, because after I knock you out, I'm going to Curb Stomp you until your jaw breaks and they have to wire the fucker shut.

Angus' eyes flicker.

♪ Heavy is the Head that Wears the Crown ♪

From behind the curtain steps the Wizard of DEFIANCE, The BAWs Eric Dane.

Eric Dane:

Curtis, Let him GO!

Curtis Penn turns his glazed gaze towards the ramp and onto Eric Dane.

Eric Dane:

If you make me walk down to that ring and scuff my brand new Dragon Skins I'm gonna beat you from here to Cormyr. So, again LET HIM GO!

The growl in Dane's voice makes this a promise more than a threat.

DDK:

Folks Angus is out cold and the BAWs of DEFIANCE has a special place in his cold black heart for my broadcast colleague so my suggestion would be for The FIST to hightail it out of the Wrestle Plex.

Curtis snatches back in his own act of defiance before he drops Angus to the mat cold.

Eric Dane:

Smart lad... Slow, but smart.

Curtis calls for a microphone and receives it via mic toss.

Curtis Penn :

Eric Dane, while I live and breathe... I have finally registered on your radar. It only took what... Ten years, kicking the shit out of two of your only "friends", winning DEF MAX, making your company, and owning the FIST? Really, Eric? Hell I should have (Penn kicks Angus in the ribs) done this a long time ago.

Eric Dane:

See now you've done it boy. I told you to leave him alone, now I'm gonna have to kick your ass.

Eric unbutton the sleeves of his shirt and rolls them up, past the elbows, and drops the mic.

Curtis Penn:

Well, you know where I'm standing.

Curtis drops the mic and stands ready for Eric to step into the ring. Dane wipes his shoes off on the apron and then slowly ducks under the middle rope. Penn rushes, Dane drops down and grabs the top rope, sending Penn over the ropes, Penn quickly slides back into the ring. DEF SEC quickly storms the ring and pushes Dane back into the corner all the while Penn is being pressured back into the far corner. Penn's pile surges forth as he makes another attempt on the BAWs. With DEF SEC watching and restraining Penn, Dane checks on Angus and issues orders to get him out of the ring.

Eric Dane slides out of the ring and follows the stretcher up the ramp, while Penn is spewing some sort of verbiage towards Eric Dane. Once Dane is out of sight DEF SEC finally release Penn . Penn quickly retrieves his title and stands tall in the center of the ring with the FIST.

This is DEFIANCE