

THE RUNDOWN

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

♪"Aradia" - Karyn Crisis' Gospel of Witches♪



Lights, cameras, 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...

**AN IMPULSE TO SAVE
UNCLE ERIC!
THIS IS DEF A SIGN
MIDORI SOUR POWER
WE WANT BOX V. MURRAY
REAP WHAT YOU SOW
BLOW IT UP!!
JFK FOR PRESIDENT, AGAIN
SQUIDS THINK INSIDE THE RING
CURTIS PEEN, STILL NO TYPO**

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

DDK:

Welcome to the Wrestle-Plex and another addition of **DEFtv!** I am "Downtown" Darren Keebler alongside my partner, Angus Skaaland. How are we feeling, Angus?

Angus:

WE? You gotta mouse in your pocket, Keeps? I didn't see you down in that ring with me. What that piss poor excuse for the FIST did to me at ASCENSION ... unconceivable! I ...

DDK:

Inconceivable.

Angus:

WHAT?!

DDK:

You misspoke. It's in- not un-.

Angus:

Damnit, Keebs! Micropennis crossed the line and you're worried about grammar!? He is GORRAM lucky Dane called him off. I was just about to make my move!

DDK:

I'm sure you were. Had him right where you wanted him. Well, speaking of Curtis Penn ...

Angus:

Peen.

DDK:

... walked out of Ascension as the FIST of DEFIANCE, but not without finding himself in a world of hot water.

Angus:

Oh, Eric Dane will have his head! You don't run afoul of me and not expect heads to roll.

DDK:

Well I can expect this will not be the last we hear of the situation.

Angus:

You can GORRAM bet it isn't! Not if I have anything to say about it.

DDK:

And speaking of Ascension fall out, Codename: REAPER will face off against Impulse in our main event for the Southern Heritage Championship!

Angus:

Can we put a lock on the main breakers? Then when we are done ... BEAT Peen with it in a sack?

DDK:

The Reapers would walk away with the win after a strange match, to say the least. That match would introduce the Faithful to multiple Reapers.

Angus:

Only to be utterly disappointed that ... one of them is Midori Sour! Much like Micropennis; a sour son of a bitch!

DDK:

... and of course Ascension would NOT bring an end to the Scottish Civil War; so tonight a War crashes into a downright BEEF. Bronson Box and the last Onslaught Champion ...

Angus:

Disgrace Onslaught Champion.

DDK:

... Kendrix face off with the returning Jason Natas and Cayle Murray - in a Tornado Tag Match!

Angus:

FATAS returns! Just in time to kick in Kendrick's head while he has no back up! Can we get him on Peen next?

DDK:

... and speaking of next!

Angus:

The PUBLIC LYNCHING of Curtis Peen!

DDK:

Not quite BUT ... and you'll like this, Angus. BRAZEN returns to DEFtv; Petey Garrett takes on Danny Diggs in one on one competition! But first ... yes, it appears we are going to the backstage area...

DANNY DIGGS VS. PETEY GARRETT

Cut to Backstage. Petey Garrett and Solomon Grendel make their way to "Guerilla." Solomon is on edge and keeping a vigilant eye. They've not fared well in their recent appearances on the main roster.

Solomon Grendel: *[urgent]*

Eyes peeled, Petey!

Solomon does a cursory check of the team's collective six and whips back around manically. His partner reassures him there is nothing to fear.

Petey Garrett:

Sol, there is no need for all that. No Douglas ... No Masked freaks ... no worries!

Cut to the ramp way.

DDK:

BRAZEN team: Brutal Attack Force returns to DEFtv!

Angus:

Of all the talent down there I'm still not sure how these two keep lucking out.

All of a sudden Petey Garrett comes barrelling through the curtain with an uncontrolled momentum. He stumbles and falls out on the top of the ramp.

DDK:

What the ...

His partner follows; propelled forward violently. A steel chair clangs against the metal ramp grating after bouncing off of the latter. Solomon stumbles and takes a nasty spill off the ramp, tagging the guardrail on the way down.

Angus:

Stick with what you KNOW!

DDK:

This must be ...

Petey finds his feet and turns around to meet the boot an emerging Midorikawa dawning his Reaper gear but with the Lucha inspired Emerald mask we've seen before.

DDK:

MDK!!

Angus:

Midori Sour! With a twist of REAPER!

Petey takes a bump on the stage but springs back up as Midorikawa, is ready with a toe kick doubling Petey over.

Angus:

These morons will never learn!

With a fist full of hair MDK leads Petey toward the ring; stumbling and bumbling the entire way.

DDK:

Well, Deja Vu ... to say the least!

The pair reach the ring and MDK sends Petey inside before climbing the apron to follow. On the inside; rather than stay on the attack he moves toward Darren Quimbey, who begins to slowly back himself in the corner.

DDK:

For the love of ...

Angus:

Dane!

DDK: *[sighing]*

... leave Quimbey out of this!

Midorikawa gets eerily close as Quimbey leans back as far as humanly possible. Restrained by the turnbuckle tension; Quimbey finds himself nearly nose to nose with the newly revealed Reaper Green. The tension amongst the Faithful builds as the question of whether or not MDK's carnage will extend to non competing staff members as well as active wrestlers.

Midorikawa cocks up his right hand ...

Angus:

I'd hate to be him!

DDK:

Well ...

Angus:

Dammnit, KEEBS!

MDK, feigning the attack to raise the ire of the crowd, pump fakes and snatches the microphone from Quimbey.

DDK:

Oh, thank ...

Angus:

... Dane?

Midorikawa:

DOUGGGGLAAASS!

He screams just before he places a boot to the neck of a reiling Petey Garrett, attempting to pull himself up. Garrett is forced back to the matt and held under the heel of MDK's boot.

Midorikawa:

"Sub Pop" SCOTT! ASCENSION is only the beginning, NATHANIEL! You took the ONLY thing I ever loved... all in the name ... of the only thing you EVER, truly, loved.

He bears down harder on Garrett's neck causing him to grasp at his throat and squirm.

Midorikawa:

I took your victories, Scott. What I could not take, part and parcel, I permanently affixed an asterisk to...

Garrett continues to struggle. His feet flailing and slapping the canvas.

Midorikawa:

... that clearly did not suffice.

Garrett's struggling begins to slow.

Midorikawa:

We have unfinished business, Scott. Either you SHOW your face ... or your true colors. You show the people which you loved more; HER or ...

Scott Douglas:

ENOUGH!

Douglas' voice echoes over the PA to a reaction from the Faithful. Not necessarily a good one but not as bad as before. Between Lance's investigative pursuits, Tres Reapers' attempts to block him and Midorikawa's overall sadistic nature ... The Faithful are starting to give Douglas the benefit of the doubt. Douglas comes through the curtain, no music ... because why would the production team have him cued up. They wouldn't even play the tape.

Douglas steps out on the ramp holding the microphone to his mouth. He hesitates.

Midorikawa removes the pressure and Petey snaps back to life gasping and clutching his neck.

Scott Douglas:

Fuck it ...

Douglas drops the mic and charges toward the ring. Midorikawa readies himself in the middle of the ring beckoning Douglas.

DDK:

This is about to get ugly!

Angus:

Sour's mask is coming off?

DDK:

What?

Douglas hits the ring.

Angus:

He must wear that thing for a reason, Keebs.

Lights out.

Angus:

Of course! He's all Reaperfied now! Endowed with the power, knowledge and tenured experience of an electrical engineer.

The Faithful begin to illuminate the area with cell phone lights as the lights return. Douglas spins around frantically on the defensive but Midorikawa is long gone. Only a beaten and battered Petey Garrett remains in the ring. Douglas heads toward Garrett to check on his former opponent. He is interrupted as the DEFiatron flickers to life after a short burst of static and digital artifacts.

The screen clears enough to show Midorikawa's masked visage cackling like a comic book villain.

Douglas glares toward the screen as we cut to elsewhere.

FIGHT NOW PLZ

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip hits the PA System.

The lights in the arena go out momentarily before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, immediately bringing Kendrix into view. Dressed in his ring tights and a Mikey Money t-shirt he holds his usual pose with his back facing the ring, arched slightly back with his arms out wide by his side, palms out in front of him. Returning his arms down back to his sides he ever so slightly twists around to face the crowd. However, there is no sign of the Bug Eye shades or indeed his trademark smirk etched across his face. The former DOC does however begin his trademark cocky swagger toward the ring.

DDK:

Can't say we've ever seen Kendrix make an entrance without his bug eye shades. The Londoner looks like he means business tonight, especially following the Hollywood Bruvs loss to PCP...

Angus:

HAHAHAHAHA!

DDK:

Try and keep it together, Angus

Angus:

He's probably just as butt hurt cos MIKEY MCFUCKASS UNLIKELY IS OUTTA HERE! WOOOOOO! YUS!

Having made his way to the ring, Kendrix hops onto the second turnbuckle, furthest from the ramp and stares down the arena with a less than impressed look upon his face.

DDK:

Indeed, Mikey Unlikely announced his departure from DEFIANCE to go back to Hollywood for his latest film project, and you can read the whole announcement on the official DEFIANCE website.

Kendrix twists around down to the mat, and motions to a ringside hand for a mic, grabbing it out of there hands and making his way to the centre of the ring.♪ The boos in the arena pick up as Kendrix raises the mic to his mouth

Billy No Mates, Clap clap, clap clap clap.

Billy No Mates, Clap clap, clap clap clap.

Kendrix lowers the mic, turning and stepping forward frustratedly to face the opposite side of the arena.

Billy No Mates, Clap clap, clap clap clap.

Billy No Mates, Clap clap, clap clap clap.

He turns back around to face the other side, frustrated again, gritting his teeth. Managing to regain his composure, he slowly raises the mic up to his mouth.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah?!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

There's no chuckle tonight from the remaining Hollywood Bruv, instead, we see a somber, almost reflective looking JFK.

Kendrix:

Nobody wants to hear about the silly ho rates you all paid to finally lose your virginites.

He wags his finger out at the crowd and shakes his head as they voice their displeasure.

Kendrix:

No, no, no. Tonight, for the first time ever, isn't even about JFK!

His eyes widen and his jaw drops in mock shock before clasping both hands together around the mic, his game face back on.

Kendrix:

Tonight, ladies and gentlemen...is all about a man who made a difference, here in DEFIANCE. Tonight, is about a man that touched you all right here.

He holds his right hand across to his heart.

Kendrix:

He really did. Before this man dusted off his fifty thousand dollar ring boots inside this very ring, none of you had ever seen anyone, not only completely dominate his competitors with his undoubted technical wrestling attributes...

Angus:

Good to hear he's not talking about McFuckass then.

Jesse points his index finger out at the fans in the Wrestleplex.

Kendrix:

But also...Sports Entertain...each and every one of you week in and week out.

As he walks around the ring pointing out at each end of the arena the fans voices pick up

BOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Sports Entertainment is dead now, you douche!

Kendrix leans and rests his arms upon the middle of the top rope, casually tilting the mic to his mouth.

Kendrix:

He gave you single minded, selfish people the single most dominant faction in the history of professional wrestling. He showed all of you bellends his selflessness. He showed the world, for the first time, that you can be successful in this industry by working together towards a common goal by working as a team.

BOOOOOOOOO!

Kendrix:

And yet the wannabes he took from the gutter and turned into stars, stabbed him in the back.

Jesse shakes his head disappointedly.

Kendrix:

And you sick people, cheer those two ingrates?

PCP, PCP, PCP, PCP!

Jesse casually makes his way back to the centre of the ring.

Kendrix:

Tut tut tut. You people don't know what you have until it's gone do you? Do you bellends even want to be Sports Entertained anymore?!

NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!

Kendrix puffs his cheeks out, frustrated at the crowd's' response.

Kendrix:

WELL SCREW YOU, JERKS! COS' JAAYYY EFFFF KAAAYYY VOWS TO CARRY THE SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT TORCH UPWARDS AND ONWARDS! I REFUSE TO LET IT DIE!

BOOOOOOO!

Angus:

OH CRAP!

Jesse looks down at the "Mikey Money" shirt on his chest and pops his head up with a smile.

Kendrix:

So here's your chance to make amends, bellends. JFK wants you all upstanding...

He motions his arm upwards, gesturing for everyone to get to their feet.

Kendrix:

...JFK wants you all to show some hashtag Bruv Luv...in a minutes applause for the Greatest Hollywood Heritage Champion of ALLLLLLLLLLL TIIIIIMMEEEE! FOR JFK'S BESTEST BRUV IN THE WHOLE WORLD....

He points over at the DEFIatron as an Image of the Hollywood Bruvs takes over the screen. It appears to be right after Mikey Unlikely beat Harmony at Clash of the DEFIANTS! The pair are backstage, Mikey is sweating and has a huge smile across his face and the "HOHER" over his shoulder. JFK has his arm around his bruv also laughing. It's a very touching image of the pair.

Angus:

Can't I go one show without seeing McFUCKASS' FACE?

Kendrix:

MIKEY...UNLIKELY!!!!

*Mikey Sucks, Mikey Sucks,
Mikey Sucks, Mikey Sucks!*

Jesse's mic thuds over the chants as he claps his hands together, facing the DEFIatron with a proud look upon his face, he stops momentarily to apparently wipe away a tear from under his eye...but then gets right back to deafening the arena with the thuds of his clapping against the mic until...

♪ "No Chance" by Unsane ♪

Dat pop doe.

Angus:

YUS! THANK YOU FATAS!

DDK:

Oh boy! This is about to get very, very interesting!

Kendrix freezes as The Bronx Bully's thick, sludgy entrance music rumbles through the PA system. The former Onslaught Champion wastes no time whatsoever in stomping out from the backstage area, already decked-out in his ring attire.

DDK:

Kendrix looked like he'd seen a ghost when Natas showed up at Ascension! This could be fun...

Jason's already got a mic, and he doesn't even wait for his music to stop.

Jason Natas:

Kendrix...

There goes the music.

Jason Natas:

Shut the *FUCK* up.

Big pop. Obvs.

Angus:

Yes! Do that! Listen to the former fat guy!

The Anti-Superstar is about halfway down the ramp now, and still spitting into the microphone.

Jason Natas:

I don't give a single fuck about Mikey Unlikely, SEG, PCP, or any of that bullshit...

JFK's jaw drops and eyes widen in shock at how someone couldn't give a single fuck about what he's been ranting about.

Jason Natas:

What I care about is the fact that *you* took a title that I worked my ass off for...

Angus:

Literally!

Jason Natas:

... then you set that sonbitch on fire, and *THEN* you got me suspended, took away a whole month of my livelihood.

Natas clammers between the ropes, marching right up to his foe. His face is bright red with anger: clearly, he's been waiting a long time for this moment.

Jason Natas:

What I'm sayin', *boyo*, is that I owe you a couple bruises, and fortunately, we have a forum for that.

He stomps one boot down on the canvas. The Faithful, bloodthirsty buggers that they are, pop at the prospect of the match.

Jason Natas:

Now I know we got ourselves a tag match later, but fuck that, I don't wanna wait. How about you put that mic down, raise your fists, and we sort this shit right now?!

Angus:

Yes! Make that a thing! Make that a thing immediately!

DDK:

But what would that mean for the tag match?!

Angus:

I couldn't care less! Give me the murder!

JFK takes a step back and looks out at the fans to his right, then to his left, the crowd baying for his blood. He returns his now incensed face back at Natas, who's ready to get going.

Kendrix:

How dare you come out here and ruin a minutes applause for a true great of this sport, who the hell do you think you are?!

Jesse takes a step back towards Natas, getting in his face.

Kendrix:

Nobody ruins JFK's tribute to Mikey Unlikely. You want JFK right here, right now?

The crowd pops along as Natas nods his head in anticipation.

Kendrix:

YOU GOT IT, GET A REFEREE OUT HERE!

Angus:

YES! Kendrix just signed his own death warrant!

Jesse steps back to the opposite end of the ring and removes his Mikey Money shirt. Natas at the other end, pulls away his leathers, throwing them down on the mat. He immediately gets ready to spring across the ring as soon as the bell rings, as he tends to do...

DDK: We have a referee in the ring, we've got a match on our hands...

BOOOOOOOOOOO

Before the ref could summon the timekeeper to ring the bell, Kendrix bails underneath the bottom rope, grabbing his Mikey Money t-shirt in the process.

Angus:

What a fitting tribute that was to McFuckass. What a chickenshit!

Kendrix makes his way up the ramp, pointing back at Natas in the ring and shaking his head.

DDK:

You're not the only one disappointed, Angus! Listen to The Faithful!

Angus:

Fuckheads gonna fuckhead, Keeps! Let's get outta here...

Cut.

CALLY ROLLS HER EYES

Backstage, Cayle Murray is on the hunt.

It's the first time we've seen the Scot tonight, and he's allllll kinds of beaten up. Cuts, bruises, and grazes all over his face, but he walks with a purpose, and without a noticeable limp. He's had a rough ride over the past four weeks (and months, really), but he's still holding it all together.

Physically, at least.

His presence elicits a big pop from the faithful, but his facial expression suggests he's not exactly in a jovial mood tonight. After rounding a couple of corners, Cayle passes a few doors on the next corridor before arriving at his destination. He knocks, waits a surprisingly short amount of time, then shoves the door open.

Cayle Murray:

'Pulse.

Cayle is face to face with his friend, fellow 'drunkbro,' the Southern Heritage champion, Impulse. Pulse himself looks worse for the wear as well; possibly, and for some reason, his inevitable showdown with Codename Reaper is weighing heavily on him.

Impulse:

Cayle. What's good?

Cayle Murray:

It'd be good if you apologised.

Cayle's tone is clearly sharper than Impulse had expected. Murray's brow tightens.

Cayle Murray:

The pay-per-view... what were you thinking?!

Impulse's eyes go wide.

Impulse:

You mean... when you were getting your head caved in, and I didn't want to see my friend go through that?

A voice pipes up from the interior of the room.

Calico Rose:

HI CAYLE!

Impulse:

Would you prefer I just said 'screw 'em, he wanted this?' I can't walk away, Cayle... it's not in my nature.

Cayle Murray:

Then learn how to, because if that happens again, I swear to God...

He cuts himself off, finally remembering who he's talking to, if only for a second.

Cayle Murray:

Look, I'm not a lamb. I'm not defenceless. This is a dark, dark, business, but I don't need other people to fight my battles, and I don't need saving. That was my fight - my war - and you took it away from me. How am I ever going to get even with Boxer now? He has everything! Every win, every advantage, every card... but I could have snatched one back at Ascension, had YOU not gotten in the way.

Cally (Offscreen):

RK, you clearly stepped over one of Cayle's lines, so just say you're sorry. Cayle, RK was literally just looking out for one of his best friends, so just say thank you.

Impulse looks back into the room, takes a breath, then looks back at Cayle, their eyes locked. And he chuckles.

Impulse:

Dark business, huh? You're lucky, Cayle - you've got an enemy who uses his fists. He fights dirty, but he'll stand in that ring at the end of the day, look you in the face, and proceeds to fire a frontal assault. You wanna keep throwing yourselves on the swords, I can't stop you... so fine. I'm sorry I stopped you from getting the crap kicked out of you at Ascension, next time I'll let Box end your career.

He steps back.

Impulse:

Is that good enough, Cayle? Do you feel closure now? I've got an appointment later with someone that's been playing mind games with me for months, and if I'm right, he's been playing mind games with me for **years**, and I don't need this hangin' over my head right now.

Silence.

Cally (Offscreen):

I don't think that's helpful, RK.

Cayle Murray:

No, it's not bloody helpful...

He takes a step forward.

Cayle Murray:

Bronson Box's scalp is mine. That match was MINE. Now it's gone, and so is my redemption.

Pause. Gritted teeth. Tension.

Cayle Murray:

You have no bloody idea what I went through to get to this stage, do you?

Impulse laughs again.

Impulse:

Yeah, I do. I was **there** for it, my friend. Don't blame it on Box's blindside attacks; if you were ready to beat him you'd have understood his nature and expected it. It's not my fault if you couldn't hang.

Cayle:

Well then. I understand **your** nature, Knox... deal with your bloody freakshow, then next week, seeing as you're so bloody smart... I'll meet you in the goddamn ring.

Cally (Offscreen):

Language!

Stepping away before he does something he'll later regret, Cayle stomps out of the room, slamming the door closed behind him.

Impulse turns, and leans on the closed door, pushing his head back to rest.

Impulse:

Damn.

Cally sits in a folding chair, legs crossed, swiping something on her phone, not looking up.

Cally:

Well. That couldn't've possibly gone worse.

Impulse:

Can you believe him?

Cally:

I think you're both idiots, and you should both apologize for overstepping.

Impulse:

Maybe a boot to the jaw'll knock some sense into him.

Cally rolls her eyes.

Cally:

That's... an option too, I guess. A bad one, but by the numbers it counts.

Impulse does not respond, he simply drives the heel of his boot into the door and repeats his previous reaction.

Impulse:

Damn.

THE ONES WHO DO THE CHALLENGING

DDK:

Well, up next, we have the trio who wish to be referred to as the “Unlikely Slayers.”

Angus:

Ding, Dong, the fuckwits dead!

♪“Live for the Night” by Krewella (MIA Intro)♪

The DEFIANCE crowd rises to their feet in cheers as the arena lights darken. It’s not deafening, but the cheers surely outweigh the boos. A single spotlight falls onto the entrance way.

DDK:

What a difference a few short weeks makes here in DEFIANCE, eh Angus?

Angus:

Honestly, if you told me six weeks ago I’d be even considering cheering these guys, I’d shoot you in your face.

DDK:

Angus. Really?

Angus:

In your face Keebs. Dead.

Elise Ares is the first to emerge onto the ramp, wearing the silkiest and slinkiest of pink clingy dresses. A pair of LED sunglasses flash the word STILL and then CHAMPS repeatedly across her eyes as she shakes her hips to the rhythm, accenting the tag team title wrapped around her petite waist. She pauses and moves her hand up toward her ear, still somewhat perturbed by the response. Following her out next is the D, who’s dressed a bit more like a common man, traditional ring attire and a “Who Wants the D?” t-shirt, belt tossed over his left shoulder. Last, but most importantly, is the Box Man Klein, who is shirtless and happily waving to the Faithful. When he emerges, the cheers swell in volume.

DDK:

Klein surprised everyone at Ascension, Ascending to the moment and taking out both Mikey Unlikey and Kendrix with humiliating power grapples. Who knew he had that in him?

Angus:

Alright Keebs, I’ll level with you. I knew idiot box child could toss people around like rag dolls. I do my research. But the guy hurt The D ages ago and he swore he wouldn’t wrestle again.

DDK:

He told you that?

Angus:

He shadow-puppeted it with tears.

Klein is first to the ring, rushing to pull the ring ropes apart for Elise, who goes to make her grand entrance but stops. She slides her glasses off of her face and walks up to a little girl in the front row, a smile crosses her face as she looks right past the girl to a man finishing his beer in the audience. He notices he’s on camera and chugs before raising his arms in celebration. Elise bounces in place and points to him and backs away, realizing she was almost within reaching distance of people. Klein comes out to check on her and she hands him her glasses, to which Klein goes up to the barricade and places them on the eyes of the drunkest man in the room. He pumps his fist into the air before the camera cuts back to Elise and Klein on the apron.

Angus:

Well that happened.

DDK:

It seems like PCP is starting to grow on this crowd a little.

Angus:

Like herpes?

She twirls and tosses her hands in the air before smiling a devilish grin to a close up camera, standing on the mat. The D, meanwhile, races around the ring, slapping fans hands before jumping onto the ring apron. He grabs the top rope and leans back a bit, allowing Elise to re-enter frame just over his right shoulder. In the distance, Klein waves as The D just flashes the pearly whites.

Angus:

Their name is still stupid though.

Klein pulls two microphones from his box and hands them to each of his cohorts.

The D:

DEFIANCE! Thank you for the warm reception.

Elise Ares:

Hey D, did I see you touching people in an appropriate manner?

The D:

Immersion therapy. I'm working on myself. Trying to be a better man. I figure, now that Mikey Unlikely is gone, GONE BABY GONE (cheers), well, we can become the legends we were always meant to be. We can become the WRESTLERS, we always meant to be.

Elise Ares:

Oh, well how are we planning to do that?

The D:

Figured we'd try it. Consider it a fitting room. You're trying on this new beautiful two piece that accentuates all the curves in the right places. And gets us movie roles.

Elise Ares:

I'm in! In that case I'm glad we turned down Boris and Natasha. It just wouldn't fit us anymore.

The D:

So, the new and improved PCP. Twice the high, double the fun. If you might remember, a few months ago we started the PCP Tag Team Invitational, and while it wasn't always on the up and up, we did wind up giving a lot of tandems spotlight that they otherwise would have not gotten. They got a chance to shine in front of you all, and you embraced them.

The D heads to the cameraman on the apron and looks directly into his lense.

Elise Ares:

SO WHO WANTS TO DO PCP?!

The D:

This, is not that.

Elise Ares:

Oh... YEAH. RIGHT! Totes not that.

The D walks off, pacing.

The D:

This is us, being FIGHTING Champions. This is just the first step of many to personal everlasting glory, of us putting these titles up against ALL comers!

Elise leans in, whispering into the mic.

Elise Ares:

What if they're bigger than us?

The D:

We go liath their David.

Elise Ares:

What if they're smarter than us?

The D:

Hasn't stopped Klein yet.

Elise Ares:

What if they're prettier than me?

A brief pause, they make eye contact, before they both break out into laughter.

The D:

More likely, they'll be gross and untouchable.

Both the D and Elise make faces of squeamishness, before the D turns back to the camera.

The D:

So, there's one team that called out ALL of DEFIANCE, and specifically called out the tag team champions... WITHOUT, DARING, to mention us by name... the disrespect they've shown to your.... (raises championship) LONGEST... REIGNING TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... cannot go unnoticed. So... I beg YOU, LORD NIGEL--

The D pulls out a cue card, forgetting the last name. He squinted.

The D:

That can't be right..

An obnoxious and unwelcome rumble of thunder marks an end to the fun in the ring and - instantly - boo's rain down around the arena. We cut to above even the DEFtron where a crudely cut, seemingly cardboard thundercloud slides into a spotlight from left to right. Standing atop it, dressed to the eights in a black suit, tie and matching bowler cap is Lord Nigel Trickelbush. Another clap of thunder cues him, raising a microphone to his dry, cracked lips.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

A curious trio, are you. A group of failed actors and flawed wrestlers who have been grossly miscast, through only a lack of viable competition, into the roles of their lifetimes: CHAMPIONS.

The crowd let's Lord Nigel how they feel about that opinion, and it isn't pretty. The D lets Elise know, "Don't worry, you'll win an Oscar someday." Klein massages the D's shoulder as the camera cuts.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

What you don't know is that your roles can be easily re-cast... and that the only RIGHT choice for your parts are those of genuine destroyers of men... forces of nature... It is time for you to learn that, sometimes, the best actor is that who doesn't know he is acting, is ignorant to the part and is used to going off-script. You beg for The STORM?

Another annoying crash of thunder. The DEFtron flashes and our camera-shot pans back to reveal Hiroshi Zo and Kazushi - The aforementioned STORM - snarling and brooding atop the rampway. The boo's crescendo.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

The STORM begs for YOU.

The D smiles in the ring, and Klein starts awkwardly massaging his shoulders again. The D shrugs him off and looks back angrily, before turning back to Nigel.

The D:

Then let's do this! Bring on the Storm! We've got our umbrellas. Let's do it, RIGHT NOW!

The D lays the tag strap down in front of him. Klein rushes up behind him, now dressed in a yellow rain slicker and holds two umbrellas. Elise and The D grab them before erecting them in a defensive manner, as if bracing for The STORM.

The D:

It feels more like a drizzle.

Elise Ares:

I expected more for something pronounced in permanent caps lock.

DDK:

Looks like we have a tag team title match, coming up next!

Klein starts rubbing the D's shoulder, as he shakes him off.

The D:

Please stop doing that.

POP CULTURE PHENOMS (C) VS. ???

The camera cuts back to the rampway, as The STORM storm down towards the ring, thunder fading just slightly. Perched on his 2-dimensional cloud, Lord Nigel smiles an ugly smile as the cloud slowly rolls out of the spotlight and of frame.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH (laughing):

Oh, children of DEFIANCE... you are ILL PREPARED!

Angus:

I hate that guy. "Douchechills". That's what I get: douchechills!

DDK:

Certainly an unsavory character as it APPEARS we have an impromptu DEFIANCE World Tag Team Championship bout on our hands! What an opportunity for The STORM!

Angus:

As much as I dislike their mouthpiece, these two nameless fucks are BEASTLY!

DDK:

Hiroshi Zo and Kazushi, Angus!

Angus:

Wa-Alaikum-Salaam, Keeps! Elise and The D are shot out of a cannon tonight! This could be good!

DDK:

Let's go to the ring and find out!

As the ring announcer announces the combatants involved, it's clear that the fans are staunchly behind their Champions and enjoying the ride. Hiroshi Zo and his flat-top mullet start out for The STORM opposite The D. Following the bell, a brief lock up is quickly muscled into a side headlock from Zo. The D shoots him off, leapfrogs, drops down, and armdrag-throws Hiroshi Zo to the canvas with ease and confidence. Another lock-up, rinse and repeat outcome. Zo is furious and The D is loving it. Zo charges and The D pulls the top rope down, sending Zo plummeting over the ropes and brutally to the ringside floor.

Angus:

I'm pretty sure Mullet just broke his asshole.

DDK:

His name is Hiroshi Zo and I don't think what you just said is possible.

Angus:

I don't care what his-- UH-OHHH!

Kazushi STORMS into the ring, but The D, cagey as ever, is expecting it - DUCKING Kazushi's signature running boot.

Angus:

Baldie misses the boot!

DDK:

LOOK AT ELISE!

Angus:

I always do!

With an energy unmatched, Elise Ares springboards to the center of the top rope and crossbodies Kazushi! Instantly back to her feet, she hits the ropes and delivers a quick, blinding running single leg-drop across his throat! Referee Carla Ferrari starts her routine attempt to chide Elise out of the ring... and it almost works! The illegal Ares pulls Kazushi to his feet - and suddenly, Kazushi has her by the throat - but The D catches him from behind!

Angus:

ZING~!

The D cinches deeper on a modified sleeper hold for Kazushi as, on the opposite side of the ring, Hiroshi Zo springs to the apron. The crowd sizzles as Zo screams maybe the most unintelligible "words" recorded in human history, his eyes afire. With a grin, The D **SHOVES** Kazushi at Zo! Zo takes the weight and impact of his partner full bore - and hangs on. Dazed, Kazushi rolls out of the ring. Equally dazed, his partner eats a series of stiff forearms from The D! Hooking him for a suplex, Zo manages to reverse mid-air and lands on his feet in the ring, delivering a **HUGE** german release suplex of his own! The replay, and announcers, marvels at the way The D landed on the back of his head and neck. Still, he finds the wherewithal to reach for the waiting tag.

DDK:

Ares gets the hot tag!

She ducks a would-be-decapitating clothesline from Zo and hits the far ropes - hop-scotching over an attempt from Kazushi, on the ringside floor, to snatch her feet from under her! Despite her awareness, Zo catches her in a one-handed pop-up power bomb and **DRIVES** her into the canvas! His cover attempt netted a 2-count and a shockingly monstrous pop from the crowd! Zo's eyes are bewildered and furious at once. He angrily wrenches Elise Ares to her feet, dragging her to his corner before getting a tag from Kazushi. Still fuming from his earlier interaction with her, Kaz wrenches her from Zo's grasp violently by the hair. Delivering punishing open hand punches and slaps across her face and chest, the fans in attendance audibly recoil uncomfortably. Kazushi manhandles her into the corner before pausing to glare at the arena menacingly.

DDK:

Kazushi with an **IRISH WHIP** into the opposite corner and--

Ares comes alive, running up the second and third turnbuckle before delivering a picture perfect moonsault on Kazushi.

DDK:

Wait... what is that?

Angus:

What is what?!?

DDK:

THAT!

Suddenly, we cut to high above the ring. The rafters, even. A red, blue and yellow figure waves majestically. The fans nearest him - the nosebleeds - start the chant.

CROWD:

ONE! ONE! ONE!

Angus:

Well, no shit...

He rappels down towards the ring with a mix of grace and caution, all smiles behind that mask. The action in the ring has stopped. All eyes are on the Masked Violator who slowly descends down to ringside. Every eye except for Elise Ares. Her eyes spy opportunity.

DDK:

WAIT! Ares with a ROLL-UP on Kazushi!?!?

ONE!!!! TWOOOO!!!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

Angus:

Ares has DONE it! Holy SHIT!

DDK:

They've weathered The STORM!

Elise Ares has a look of shock on her face as she looks back at Carla. The crowd has erupted, jubilant, and still buzzing from the bemasked man hanging twelve feet over ringside. Hiroshi Zo ascends a turnbuckle, REACHING for the dangling MV#1... who now is suddenly signaling to be brought back up. The D and Ares celebrate! Klein suddenly produces those umbrellas... and they've got them open, giggling! With a belt in one hand and a mocking umbrella in the other, the fans are loving it. The D seems to embrace where Elise's discomfort is only slightly more evident as the two quickly scamper up the rampway.

Kazushi and Zo stomp back up the ramp, spitting and furious. Zo hurls a vulgar gesture towards Number One - who politely waves back - before the duo melt behind the curtain, shamed.

DDK:

The Pop Culture Phenoms retain SOLIDLY here tonight and you have to believe that Masked Violator #1 continues to be a marked man as far as The STORM see things!

Angus:

The guy is a goofball, I don't want to talk about that masked freak but I *will* tell you that that is one more BIG pinfall victory for Elise Ares and The D! Say what you want about how it went down - tonight, Elise Ares was craftier and quicker than Kazushi - PERIOD!

DDK:

I can't disagree, the best of The STORM just wasn't enough! Thanks, of course in part, of the Masked Violator known as Number One!

HEEL BRUVS

The scene opens in the backstage area where we see Kendrix walking along the corridor, the cameraman walking backwards to keep him in shot. Jesse looks rather agitated as he talks into his cell as the feed picks him up mid conversation.

Kendrix:

I know, right? JFK did a good thing for the world, he gave a heartwarming tribute for a man who worked his socks off in this company and you have a well deserved minutes applause ruined by that neanderthal!

Suddenly JFK's eyes widen as he comes to a halt.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah...I'll give you a call later, something just came up.

Hanging up, he fits the cell in the back of his ring tights, the initial cautious look on his face turns into a cocky grin.

Kendrix:

There you are, bruv!

The camera pans across bringing the one and only Bombastic Bronson Box into view. Sheared head and already dressed for action in his traditional pinstripe singlet. The camera zooms out as Kendrix steps back into the frame, right in front of the Scottish Strongman.

Kendrix:

Glad you're here. Ready for your pep talk from JFK I see...

Bronson's unflinching bloodshot brown eyes are trained on Jesse as he approaches.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah, we've got a big tag match coming up. So JFK figures the plan is that you just go ahead and do your brutalising thing to both of our opponents. But in the interest of DEFIANCE and Sports Entertainment, it's better that the hottest commodity in this company, makes the winning pinfall.

Jesse holds both thumbs back upon his chest.

Kendrix:

You got that, Boxy?

The Wargod sniffs and runs a thumb across his nose. He leans in towards Jesse ever so slightly.

Bronson Box:

You might be a "hot commodity" boy'o... but yer' in the presence of the GODFATHER of this fookin' company. So how about ye' drop the cutesy little act and we shoot bloody straight with one another.

He leans in a little closer, his lip curling slightly as Jesse looks on confused.

Bronson Box:

I'll give shine where shine's due, boy. Yer' a fine athlete. But truth be told you've had yer' fookin' head planted firmly up yer' arse since ye' set foot here in my company. I haven't given ye' a second thought because up 'til now you've acted like a bloody cartoon week in and week out. Shinin' that Unlikely pricks boots. But see I understand you've dropped a considerable amount of that *baggage* over the last few weeks. Now *THAT*... that is an intriguing proposition come to think of it. That nasty little shit Jesse Kendrix unfettered from the fools and bellends he's constantly shackled himself with.

The intense staredown from Box continues, but the contempt sort of *disappears* from his face.

Bronson Box:

Because that's all Mikey Unlikely was, sunshine... a fookin' *FOOL*. An anchor around the neck of what otherwise could be a respectable young troublemaker.

JFK starts to protest but Box raises the sternest goddamn finger you've ever seen. Jesse picks his spot and relents.

Bronson Box:

When we step out there understand two things Jesse. One? This is a rare opportunity to show me and to *SHOVE* in the face of these proles that you're *not* that cartoon... that you're a fookin' villain of the highest bloody caliber. Willing to do *ANYTHING* to make an impact. I want blood and guts, Jesse. If you don't *GET* me my blood and guts I'm gunna' *TAKE* 'em. Savy?

Kendrix:

I feel you, Boxy, I feel you... And two?

Bronson cocks an eyebrow.

Bronson Box:

Two? I 'aint Mikey Unlikely, I 'aint goin' out there to have *fun* so keep yer' fookin' game face on and keep that Natas twat out of my hair... all I want is some **alone time** with the fookin' squid. You do that and you can have the bloody pinfall.

And that's it. The Original *DEFIANT* shoulders lightly past a somewhat dumbfounded Kendrix and makes his way towards gorilla. JFK blinks and shakes his head... a sinister, excited smile spreading across his lips. He eagerly rubs his hands together as he starts off after his tag team partner for the night.

Kendrix:

[to himself] Oh this is going to be fan*TASTIC*... [shouting down the hallway] hold up Boxy! Wait for ol' JFK, maaaatttteeeee!

We cut directly back to the boys out at the commentation station.

DDK:

Are we witnessing the birth of a beautiful new friendship, partner?

Angus:

Doubtful. I'm pretty sure Box just wants to make sure Jesse is game to handle Natas by himself, leave him free to *FLAY* Cayle alive in the ring for our entertainment. Lots of fun uses for squid skin, I'm sure, right?

DDK:

Eww. Would you stop?

Angus:

Come ooon. Nice pair of *SQUID skin* galoshes. It's rainy in Scotland, right?

OWNERSHIP

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" eRa ♪

From behind the curtain out steps The FIST of DEFIANCE Curtis Penn. Plastered on his face is a smirk, his hand rests on the top of what one would assume is the Twenty Pounds of Gold that places the bounty on his head. And like he gives a shit. He glances at the commentators booth and pats the bulk.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen Curtis Penn, The retaining FIST of DEFIANCE has decided to grace us with his presence.

Keeps looks over to his broadcast partner.

DDK:

Angus, what are your thoughts about how Ascension ended?

Angus gives his "friend" the 'eat-shit-and-die' glare before responding.

Angus:

Nope.

Curtis Penn unbuttons the bottom button on his suit jacket then pulls it back showing off the FIST. He starts down the ramp soaking up the jeers from the crowd, even interacting with the Faithful who have no wish to have him near them.

DDK:

There was a time in Curtis' career that I would have told him that his goal of being the FIST of DEFIANCE was out of his reach, but here I sit watching him walk the apron with DEFIANCE's top prize around his waist and I just can't understand how.

Curtis ducks underneath the top rope and walks to the far side of the ring and call for a microphone.

Curtis Penn:

Okay, we're going to have a little recap from the last month. Some of ya'll need a small reminder of just who the fuck I am!

He wipes his mouth and then lifts the microphone back to his grinning lips.

Curtis Penn:

A month ago I destroy your hero, Lindsay Troy to become the FIST of DEFIANCE. Then I cruise into Ascension and have what some of you call an absolute horror of a match. Some of you even gave it negative stars and to ya'll I say congratulations on being critics and not being the FIST. Because what that match did do was end a chapter in my life where I had to deal with Tyrone Walker and his evil bitch queen.

Curtis looks up to the skybox.

Curtis Penn:

Hi, Kelly. What I did to Tyrone Walker disgusted some people enough to forget who the fuck they were and made them think that their balls were just a little bit larger than they thought. Emotions: causing people to have their ass whipped on a daily basis.

Curtis casts a glance up to the commentator's booth.

Curtis Penn:

Hey Angus, how's the jaw?

Curtis lowers his head.

Curtis Penn:

Now, I do have to tell you that I did suffer a penalty for fucking up Angus and that no one in the locker room should place their hands on non-combatants. However, if you step into this ring you're going to get fucked up again. Hell, I'll take the three weeks off just to Curb Stomp you one more time.

He pauses.

Curtis Penn:

And now to touch on what happened at the end of Ascension. The stare down between what ya'll have been dubbing Teacher versus Student; Curtis Penn and Eric Dane. It's like this Eric cares about that limp dick with the headset... Emotions. Did I expect Eric Dane to come out to the ring and place his broken body in between Angus and myself?

He raises his shoulders.

Curtis Penn:

Not really, but shit happens. Kinda like Eric choosing Angus over me. Kinda like me fuck stomping his buddy out of a job and then me breaking Angus' mouth. Shit happens. And am I worried that Eric Dane is going to have one more match? Nope. The Squid did something that I haven't seen since the early days and actually hurt "The Hardcase."

Curtis grin widens to a toothy smile.

Curtis Penn:

However.... Eric my dance card is wide the hell open. And if you want a shot at revenge or redemption for your friends I'm already in the ring.

Curtis waits for a minutes.

Curtis Penn:

Just like I thought a couple weeks of cool down time and the crippled old has been realizes that his time is up and it's better for his health if he did not come out here.

Curtis Penn walks to the ropes and ducks under the top rope.

♪ Heavy is the Head that Wears the Crown ♪

And the crowd erupts as Eric Dane steps out onto the stage.

DDK:

And the BAWs has something he wants to SAY!

Eric Dane:

Curtis Penn. Congratulations. Congratulations on breaking through that glass ceiling that I saw hanging over your head while I was running you until you puked. Congratulations to you on me handing you the FIST. Congratulations on you running your fucking yap and gaining my attention. Congratulations on you being that fucking ignorant.

Penn lifts his microphone to his mouth.

Eric Dane:

I'm not finished. Congratulations on making me tons of cash and being my employee. Because that's what you are, my employee. A product that I can discontinue at any time that I want, because I'm the BAWs of DEFIANCE and you're just the hired help. Now that I've sufficiently reminded you of *place* around here you may continue to use my microphone inside of my ring that is set up inside of my Wrestle-PLEX that is built in my hometown of New Orleans.

Curtis Penn:

Eric-

Eric Dane:

Mr. Dane.

Curtis Penn:

Eric, even you know that Mr. Dane shit ain't going to fly. You're upset about Ty, Angus, Troy, and me making your entire roster of the last few years look like complete shit. Honestly, I've wiped my ass with the people that you've brought into DEFIANCE. But, there is one thing that I can say about them is that they never hid behind a title. Sure, you're the BAWS, you sign my checks, but after watching the Squid beat you, I think you might have gotten just a little soft on me.

Penn looks into Eric's eyes.

Curtis Penn:

Or you can prove me wrong, ask Angus for your balls back, and step into this ring and we can see who is the better man.

Curtis sits on the middle rope.

DDK:

Eric is about to blow.

Angus:

As much as I would like for the BAWS to beat Curtis Penn's ass, he's not been released by the doctor. Keeps, I know Curtis and Curtis knows that Eric can't step into the ring without risking a career ending injury.

DDK:

It wouldn't be the first time Eric has done something against the doctor's orders.

Eric starts down to the ring, untucking his shirt. He stops midway.

Eric Dane:

Heh... Curt I would love to take a piece of your ass right here, right now, there's just no money in seeing my Champion beat up by a... how did you put it, crippled old man?

Curtis tries to say something, but no sound is coming out.

Eric Dane:

As much as it pains me I have to let you stand in that ring like a prick and talk shit, but I don't have to hear you. So if you want to stand in there and talk about ending careers and being the FIST go ahead, but no one is going to hear you. But as far as me getting in that ring and stomping a mudhole in your ungrateful ass, that's going to have to wait until I'm cleared.

He smirks a classic Eric Dane smirk.

Eric Dane:

Just remember Penn, when I found you you were an MMA loser dropout working a shitty second rate gimmick in every throwaway dumpster-fire promotion this side of the Rocky Mountains. I made you what you are today, and if you're not real Goddamned careful the next thing I'm gonna make you is the resident of a soft, shallow hole deep out in the bayou.

With that Eric Dane turns around and heads back behind the curtain, he takes one look back at Curtis Penn who is yelling at the BAWS at the top of his lungs. He just shakes his head and steps back behind the curtain.

DDK:

Here is what we have here folks, Eric Dane... The BAWS is pissed that he cannot get in the ring and bury Curtis Penn. Curtis Penn is pissed that Eric Dane just sidestepped his open challenge by turning everything he's ever done around on him. I for one wish those two would tie up and perhaps we could put Curtis Penn back in his place and shut his trap for good.

BRONSON BOX & KENDRIX VS. JASON NATAS & CAYLE MURRAY

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, we've got some more tag--

Angus: (interrupting)

WE GOT OURSELVES A TAG TEAM MATCH, PLAYA!

Keebler glares awkwardly at his broadcast colleague.

DDK:

Anyway...

Angus:

Fatas! Squidboy! Boxer! McFuckass 2.0! There's alllllll kinds of hatred flying around in this one!

DDK:

You're not wrong there, and when you look at how these two teams are aligned, it could make for a super interesting battle. Cayle and Natas have been training partners and friends for several years now, so while this might be their first time teaming in DEFIANCE, you'd expect them to have a certain level of chemistry.

Angus:

And earlier on in the evening, we saw Boxer bro'ing it up with Fuckstix McKendrix, proving that opposites do indeed attract.

DDK:

I don't really know what's going to happen here, folks, but expect chaos. Tornado tag rules mean every competitor is legal at every stage of the match, and frankly, I don't know if the ring's gonna be able to contain these teams!

Darren Quimbley:

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

♪ "The Wings of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

The lights cut, and the usual introduction plays out. Slow orchestral build-up, drum machine, choral vocals... all that jazz. The Faithful start doing their thing, getting ready to pop, and the song bursts into life with pyro at the top of the ramp. The house lights come back up, and Cayle Murray and Jason Natas are already making their way to the ring, both ready to go.

DDK:

Two very, very angry men, if their previous appearances tonight are anything to go by! If the performances match the facial expressions, this one's gonna get nasty.

Darren Quimbley:

Introducing first, at a combined weight of 490lbs, the team of JASON NATAS, and CAYLE MURRRRRRAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!

The duo get in the ring with little to no nonsense. Once there, they take-up position on the opposite side, ready for a good old-fashioned throwdown.

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip hits the PA System ♪

The lights in the arena go out momentarily before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, immediately bringing Kendrix into view with his back facing the ring. Returning his arms down back to his sides he ever so slightly twists around to face the crowd, Bug Eye shades as well as his trademark smirk etched across his face. The former DOC begins his trademark cocky swagger toward the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And one half of their opponents. Making his way to the ring, hailing from London, England. Weighing in at two hundred and eighteen pounds...

DDK:

Kendrix ducked out of a possible impromptu match against Natas earlier tonight but Natas will certainly have the opportunity to get his hands on JFK here.

Angus:

Please God, just please,

Darren Quimbey:

He is JAAAYY EFFF KAAAYYYY..... KEEEEEEENDRRRRRIIIIIIIIIIXXXXXXX!

Usually one to make his way into the ring and atop the turnbuckles, Jesse decides to wait at the bottom of the ramp, pointing up and issuing some heated words at his two opponents. It's juuuust about then...

♪ "God's Gunna' Cut You Down" by Johnny Cash ♪

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

The dimming lights coupled with the man in black causes the smacktalk a momentary pause as all eyes within the Wrestle-Plex proper move up and onto the entrance curtain. It's not long before said curtain is almost ripped off the set as The Wargod stomps his way out onto the stage and into the arena.

Darren Quimbey:

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaand his partner! Hailing from Banff, Scotlaaaaaand... The Bombastic BRONSOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOX!

It's not long before The Original DEFIANT power walks his way down the ramp, standing shoulder to shoulder at ringside with his... *ahem* *unlikely* tag team partner for the evening's main event. The two self professed villains slowly make their way up and into the ring.

Angus:

Holy shit, Keebsy! The white hats look like rabid dogs!

Sure enough, Benny Doyle's outstretched arms are the only thing keeping Cayle and Natas from tearing right into Kendrix and Box.

Then the bell rings, and Doyle *FLEES*.

Angus:

VIIIIIOOOOOOOLEEEEEENNNCCCCCEEEEEEE!

Natas and Cayle straight-up sprint at their respective rivals, and the limbs start flying! The crowd, of course, pop like hell as all four men start throwing, and eventually, the two natural brawlers gain an advantage. Natas and Box take control of their respective men, with Natas backing JFK against the ropes, and Boxer forcing Cayle into a corner. Murray tries scrapping his way out, but Boxer stifles him with an eye gouge then a two handed chop to the throat, while Natas gets pulled away from the ropes for violating the five-second rule.

After the clean break, JFK opts to roll outside, looking for a breather. Natas isn't going to give him that opportunity, however, and baseball slides out, catching the Englishman in the chest. He leaps upon Kendrix with another storm of forearms on the outside, while inside, Cayle ducks a Box clothesline on a rope rebound, then dropkicks him as he turns around.

DDK:

A hot start here in the DEFarena, and here comes Natas!

Jason rolls Kendrix back inside the ring then follows. Box sprung right back up from the dropkick and pounces upon Cayle, but Murray blocks a couple of his wild strikes then stings him with a hard leg kick. Kendrix, meanwhile, strikes Natas' gut as he tries to pull him from the mat, then cracks him with an uppercut on the way up.

Angus:

C'mon, Fatas! Cave his skull in! Make him bleed! Eat his brains!

DDK:

... "eat his brains?"

The unexpected strike rocks Natas, but Cayle (who has overcome Box for now) charges past his friend, nailing Kendrix with an ax kick! Murray pulls JFK from the mat then bundles him over the top rope, only to be set upon by Box again. This time it's Natas' turn to help out, and he barges into the scene, catching the Original DEFIANT with his shoulder, before whipping Box to the ropes. Natas and Cayle down the angry little man with a double flapjack on the return, and Boxer rolls straight out of the ring. Back on their feet, the good guys fire themselves all the way up along with the crowd.

DDK:

They've cleared the ring! There's that cohesion we were talking about, Angus!

Angus:

Yeah, but Box thrives in environments like this, and we already know he has the Squid's number! Then there's Fuckstix, who might be a Fuckstix, but is actually a pretty strong wrestler himself...

Kendrix and Box exchange heated words with each other on the outside. Box shoving Jesse in the chest and pointing him back towards the ring. Jesse doesn't have any of it and does the same back to Box. However, the disagreement is put on hold as Natas and Murray aren't hanging about. Jesse runs around the ring as Natas gives chase as Murray and Box meet each other in a straight up brawl on the outside. Meanwhile, Jesse slides in the ring and drops a double axe handle to the back of Natas' head as he arrives back in the ring.

DDK:

Natas suckered in and now JFK on the attack, vicious right as Natas stumbles into the corner. And Box has just sent Murray back first into the apron.

Kendrix meets Natas in the corner with a clothesline sending the brawler onto his backside. Jesse proceeds to stomp away at his foe's chest and motions for Box to join him. Before he does, Box props Cayle up against the ring steps and simply runs his knee straight into Murray's jaw, sending his fellow slumping Scot down face first to the floor. Into the ring he then goes to join in the assault.

DDK

Box and Kendrix working their boots into the gut of Natas.

Angus:

Box and Kendrix finally on the same page.

Kendrix grabs Natas by his hair, lifting him to his feet but Natas strikes out at him and thrusts an elbow into Box.

DDK:

Natas fighting back, another hard right to Kendrix but Box with a club to his back sends the former DOC back down to the canvas.

Jesse holds his jaw as he kicks out at the downed Natas. Box has words with JFK, before getting Natas up vertically.

Jesse steps away as Box launches Natas across the ring, Bronson dropping to the mat, such was the force, sending Jason smashing into the corner, back out and straight into a well timed running bulldog from JFK.

DDK:

Jesse going for the cover here!

ONE

TWO

KICKOUT

Jesse looks up frustrated at the near fall but immediately points Box's attention at Murray on the apron. Cayle, mustering up enough gumption to leap up to the top rope for a springboard something or other, cut off before completion of the maneuver thanks to a well timed European uppercut from The Wargod that leaves Murray a crumbled mess upon landing awkwardly on the hard canvas.

DDK:

Oh... good God!

Box drops a knee down onto the side of Cayle's head and keeps him pinned down to the mat. He then grabs his now trapped victims most free arm and takes wrist control, clutching Murray's index and ring finger in his meaty paw and PULLING back with all his might. The bloodcurdling scream that escapes Cayle's lips is dream haunting.

Angus:

GAH! What the SHIT dude!

DDK:

Even Kendrix flinched at that ghastly sound Box produced out of Cayle's digits. JFK back on Natas now but he's met by a fist to the gut and into the corner now being met by Jason's elbows.

Just to add a little more fuel to the fire, Boxer simply goddamn starts BITING "Squidboys" fingers. Eventually spitting them out like a wad of chewing gum we all bare witness to The Wargod wiping a small trickle of blood from the corner of his mouth. Grinning down at Cayle clutching his brutalized and bitten left hand. No rest for the very very weary however... Boxer sniffs, thumbs his nose, bends down and...

DDK:

DEADLIFT GERMAN SUPLEX FROM BRONSON!

Angus:

And another! He 'aint stoppin' Keeps!

And another and another and another, before whipping the poor young Scot into the corner and clubbing him over and over with a wild series of European uppercuts and blistering forearms.

Angus:

Sweet Jesus! Boxer's turning Cayle into mincemeat over there!

Sure enough, Box still has Murray propped-up in the corner, and he's just wailing on him. The only thing keeping zombie-Cayle from standing is the force of Box's elbows hitting his skull, and he's bleeding from a bust eyebrow.

Though still working on Kendrix, Jason Natas notices his friend is in a world of trouble. He instinctively lets go of his opponent, marches across the ring, and grabs Bronson Box by the shoulder.

DDK:

Natas to the rescue!

The Bronx Bully slugs Box with a huge right forearm, but Cayle falls to the floor behind him, completely drained. Another forearm rattles Box, and another!

DDK:

Take a loo-- hey! Wait!

Angus:

FUUUUUUUUUUCK!

Big mistake by Natas. JFK suddenly scoots up behind him, then rolls him up!

DDK:

He's got the tights!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Angus:

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Kendrix immediately lets go of Natas and scurries out of the ring, grinning from ear to ear.

DDK:

Kendrix and Bronson Box have won!

Angus:

Damnit, Fatas, you took your gorram eye off the ball!

DDK:

That's exactly what he did, Angus! He abandoned Kendrix to try and save his buddy, and paid the ultimate price for it!

Darren Quimbley:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winners... BRONSON BOX AND KENDRIIIIIIIXXXXXXXXXXXXX!

His music playing around the arena, JFK mouths at Natas as he backs up the ramp, still smiling. The Anti-Superstar is understandably fuming, but he has nobody to blame but himself, and he knows it. Frustrated, he kicks-out at the bottom rope. A team of trainers swarm the ring, meanwhile, tending to Cayle.

DDK:

A chaotic, bloody match, as expected.

Angus:

And once again, Cayle's lack of meanstreak has been exposed. If he has any aspirations of ever getting his hands on Bronson Box again, I think they just went out the window.

THE BLOODY BASTARDS

Tonight the conference table of Defiance is dressed to impress. It glistens under the weight of lemon scented wood cleaner and elbow grease. The majestic wood table reflects the fluorescent lights back up, causing a brief focusing problem for the cameraman.

As the cameraman corrects the focus, the frame comes into better view. Jonathan Wildside is seen at the head (foot?) of the table. He's dressed a bit more conservatively than he is known for, opting tonight for a plain white t-shirt, a well fitted blazer, and a pair of black jeans. On his right, former Defiant, J Stevenson, on his left, the newcomer Skidd Row.

Jonathan Wildside:

Ladies and gentlemen, here tonight - in this very room - history was made. Pen was put to paper and the GREATEST TEAM in the storied history of DEFIANCE was signed.

Wildside snaps his fingers. His buzzed hair looks like it was done this morning.

SNAP!

Stevenson and Skidd both fake a startle at the sound of the snap, as if they didn't know it was coming. Each man wears the same outfit - white t-shirt that hugs their well defined muscles, and a pair of black Adidas pants with the standard white trim. They both opt for all black sneakers as well.

Jonathan Wildside:

Just like that, the Bastard Sons of Wrestling have reunited. Thankfully, I was able to negotiate a showcase match for these two men right here.

There's a buzz through the crowd at seeing DEFIANCE's newest team in action here tonight. But just as the balloon fills with air, Wildside deflates it.

Jonathan Wildside:

But not tonight. Sorry to disappoint but not a single one of the Bastards will be in action tonight.

The crowd makes some noise, voicing their displeasure.

Jonathan Wildside:

Instead you will have to wait. In a few weeks, these two will climb into the ring and those bodies won't just hit the floor, they'll go straight through it.

The crowd groans at the reference but Wildside continues on.

Jonathan Wildside:

Now, it's about time to introduce the talent. After all if we're setting out to be the greatest team in DEFIANCE history it would help if you knew their names.

Wildside flashes a cocky smile as he first indicates Stevenson over his shoulder.

Jonathan Wildside:

First, lemme tell you about my best friend.

Stevenson shakes his head, visibly embarrassed as Jon's demeanor shifts back to more of a professional tone.

Jonathan Wildside:

This man right here shouldn't need much introduction to the real FAITHFULS out there. This is J Stevenson, former World Champion, a Hall of Famer, and a man that's made Eugene Dewey bleed his own blood, back when DEFIANCE

was still awarding points to people.

J nods his head. All of this coming a-matter-of-factly.

Jonathan Wildside:

J first earned a reputation in this business as a promising tag team talent. That's a reputation that J wants to get back to. You'll all get a chance to see just how motivated he is to return to those Glory Days in just a little bit.

The attention shifts from Stevenson over to Skidd Row, the newcomer to the bunch.

Jonathan Wildside:

By J's side in this forthcoming showcase match will be the REAL PRIDE OF CHICAGO, former Death Row CHAMPION OF THE WORLD - Skidd Row.

J quietly brings his hands together in support of his teammate. Wildside nods his head as Row steps forward, raising his hand as if to say hello.

Jonathan Wildside:

Born in the gutter, raised in the streets, this man who I'm proud to call a friend, climbed to one of the top spots in this industry all by himself. He wasn't just a cog in someone's machine, he was a stand out. And here, in DEFIANCE, he'll stand out again.

And again, and again.

These Bastards will leave you all speechless, breathless. They will do things that other teams in this place can ONLY DREAM OF!

Wildside settles himself and preps for the ending.

Jonathan Wildside:

But don't take my word for it - just watch.

And with that the Bastards complete their official TV debut.

IMPULSE (C) VS. CODENAME: REAPER

DDK:

It's been quite a night, Angus, and we're just moments away from the main event of the evening! We're going to see Impulse defend his Southern Heritage championship against Codename: Reaper, the man who pinned him, albeit questionably, at Ascension!

Angus:

I was almost convinced otherwise, but Impulse really is an idiot. He's got an opponent that has partners that are also him, and he's gotten into a fight with the only person left in the locker room that can apparently stand him.

♪"Revolution" - SIRS♪

Impulse enters the arena to a chorus of cheers. He stops at the top of the ramp and takes in the sights, but his eyes dart from side to side: he is clearly distracted. Calico Rose is right behind him; she waves and blows a kiss to the announce team, but her smile looks like a mask.

Angus:

Cally my dear, there are many squids in the Gulf... don't let this one bring you down.

DDK:

Of course - and there it is on the replay, Angus - Codename Reaper pinned Impulse after shocking him with a stun gun, and that's how we got here. I don't know that anyone in this company can outwrestle Impulse when he's on, Angus, but he's not on - and Reaper is a master of mind games. Who do you give this one to?

Angus:

I want to give it to Impulse, but he needs to not worry about his girlfights with Cayle.

Once in the ring, Impulse hands his jacket to a ring attendant, his Southern Heritage championship belt to Benny Doyle, and he tosses his 100% cotton "Blue Eyed Badass" T-shirt into the crowd.

DDK:

Regardless of the two athletes involved, whoever leaves here with the Southern Heritage championship will have overcome a great obstacle.

The music dies down, Impulse leans into the corner, and Cally leans in next to him, and they wait.

And wait.

Angus:

Seriously, where's--

And the lights go down.

Angus:

Don't touch me!

DDK:

Nobody's touching you!

The lights come back up, and Reaper is in the middle of the ring, in the midst of firing a right hand towards Impulse! The Champion barely dodges out of the way as he leaves the corner, Cally slides under the bottom rope, and Doyle calls for the bell!

Reaper follows up his fist with a blind kick that manages to catch Impulse on the hip, stopping his movement momentarily. He follows up with an elbow to the head, and a belly to back suplex with a bridge!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

DDK:

Strong start from Reaper, and he's got Impulse on the ropes from the get-go!

Angus:

I said it before, he needs to get the squid off his brain.

Reaper kips up as Impulse rolls to his knees, and Reaper with a kick to the ribs! Another! He's off the ropes, and lands a low dropkick into the side of Impulse's head. Another cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

DDK:

Impulse really looks off his game, Angus!

Angus:

This is what friendship does. He needs to get a posse like MAIBOYTAI, and MAIBOIS Rich and Pete.

DDK:

That won't help him now, Angus! Reaper with a scoop and a slam! Another cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Reaper rises, and slowly shakes his head. He leans over to scoop the Champion--IMPULSE WITH A SMALL PACKAGE!

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Both wrestlers roll away from each other; Impulse remains on his knees in a defensive position, but Reaper launches himself and runs towards the Champion to keep the advantage.

DDK:

Impulse with a shoulder into Reaper's stomach! Snapmare takes him over, and Impulse with a rear chinlock, and he grinds it in!

Angus:

A resthold, Impulse? I thought you were better than that.

DDK:

I don't know about that, Angus - Impulse just dragged Reaper towards the middle of the ring, and I don't think he's resting!

The referee talks to Reaper, trying to gauge whether or not he wants to submit, but Impulse is talking to him at the same time, pulling back as hard as he can.

Impulse:

I'm not playing your games, Jason... not again.

Angus:

Jason?

DDK:

I'm not sure either, Angus... but I think this was more about Impulse stopping Reaper's momentum than anything else.

As if on cue from Keebler's declaration, Impulse pulls Reaper up, almost to a standing position - he drops him and rehooks him around the waist, quickly enough to put him off balance. Belly to back suplex, with a bridge!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Reaper rolls to the outside as Impulse rises to his feet in the middle of the ring. Doyle starts the count, and Reaper moves to reenter the ring - Impulse is waiting, and Reaper drops back to the floor!

DDK:

Mind games on Reaper's part, Angus.

Angus:

Have... you met him?

Reaper once again slides under the bottom rope, but slides back out as Impulse moves in, and the count resets again! The fans boo at Reaper's apparent cowardice, as he paces, and slowly approaches the far side of the ring where Calico Rose takes a defensive stance.

Angus:

Oh, don't make me come down there.

DDK:

More mind games on Reaper's part; Impulse just tries to leave the ring to grab him, but the referee stops him!

Impulse takes a reluctant step back, still shouting for 'Jason' to come face him like a man; Benny Doyle cautions him to stay away. The referee turns to Reaper and counts one... two... and Impulse gets right on the ropes again - REAPER WITH A LEAPING STUN GUN! Impulse's neck pulls tight on the top rope, and he staggers backwards!

Angus:

Damn it!

DDK:

Doyle checks on Impulse, but all the while, Reaper climbs back to the ring and up to the top rope! Bulldog! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THKICKOUT!

Reaper rises almost immediately, and he grabs Impulse by the wrist and forces the Champion to his feet; short arm clothesline by the challenger - Impulse ducks it! Reaper follows through with a 360 clothesline, but Impulse catches him!

DDK:

Impulse with the double wristlock! The Message, he's got it locked in!

Angus:

What'd I tell you?

Out of nowhere, Cally screams in pain and surprise. Impulse's attention immediately shifts.

DDK:

It's another Reaper!

Angus:

WHAT'D I TELL YOU?

Another person, dressed just like Codename: Reaper, has appeared at ringside, and they have Calico Rose by the hair. Benny Doyle calls for security, but as soon as he and Impulse's backs turn...

DDK:

REAPER WITH A LOW BLOW!

Angus:

Reaper Prime, maybe? They're not color coded tonight.

As soon as the Reaper in the ring hit the low blow, the Reaper outside the ring lets Cally go and sprints up the ring steps.

DDK:

Reaper with a rollup!

ONE...

DDK:

HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS!

TWO...

THREE!

Angus:

...

DDK:

I can't believe it! We've got a new Southern Heritage Champion!

No sooner does the bell ring, but Codename: Reaper slides out of the ring, grabs the Southern Heritage championship belt, and backs up the entrance ramp, holding up the belt. In the ring, Cally rejoins Impulse, and they are both evidently ignoring the difficulties they just faced in order to make sure the other is okay.

We close up on Impulse's face... and he looks defeated.

DDK:

I can't believe it, Angus! Goodnight everyone!

DEAL WITH THE DEVIL

Instead of running through the usual credit sequence and fading to black, the camera cuts elsewhere.

We're in the plushiest office in the building, and the camera focuses in on a pair of dragonskin boots. Eric Dane hasn't had the busiest night of his career, but there's no such things as a "quiet night" when you're DEFIANCE's head honcho, and we catch him on his cell phone.

Eric Dane:

Heh, figures...

Standing by a desk, The Only Star listens intently to whoever's on the other end of the phone. All we can hear is a garbled voice, nothing else, and Dane's facial expression give little indication as to what's being discussed.

Time passes. Dane's still listening. Slowly, the office door opens. Eric doesn't notice it at first, but a figure lumbers itself over the threshold, and starts slowly plodding towards the company owner.

We pan-up the new arrival's body. He's wearing black boots with red laces, and black wrestling tights emblazoned with a Scottish lion rampant. His torso is coated with sweat and a few trickles of blood, and he's limping heavily, each movement prompting a pained groan.

Eric Dane:

No, here's what you need to do--

The Only Star finally takes notice. He looks up, tightens his brow, then goes back to the call momentarily.

Eric Dane:

I'll call you back.

Cayle Murray comes to a complete halt, little more than a foot away.

He looks like shit. Bronson Box got hold of him in the tag match earlier on, and his face is a mess. Blood still seeps from the wound on his brow, and much of his hair is matted to his forehead with perspiration and blood. He's breathing heavily and clearly in a lot of pain, but his gaze never wavers, and he stays locked on Dane.

A few seconds pass.

More.

Silence lingers. Dane doesn't know what to make of the situation and briefly considers quizzing his long-term rival, until he starts moving.

Slowly, surely, Cayle extends his arm, and opens his hand.

Dane stares at it.

And stares.

And stares.

Until eventually, the slightest of smirks curls around one side of his mouth. He saw what happened earlier, and knows exactly what's going on.

Something has triggered inside Cayle's head, and Dane reaches out, accepting the handshake.

DEFtv 81 comes to an end with a lingering shot of Cayle Murray and Eric Dane, two men who practically tried to kill

each other at DEFCON last year, shaking hands.

THIS IS DEFIANCE