

THE RUNDOWN

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

♪"You Get What You Give" - The New Radicals♪



The cameras flip on to the FAITHFUL, going crazy for the first DEFTV on the direct road to DEFCON. They're certainly enthusiastic, holding up a plethora of signs.

YEAR OF THE SQUID

WANTED: SOME GUY

SHE'S A REAPIST

I GOT DRUNK WITH ANGUS AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY SIGN

MICROPENNIS GOT FISTED

WHERE'S LINDSAY?

BLOWING IT UP FOR 365

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?

LT'S GOT NARDS

And so forth.

We finally settle in on our erstwhile hosts for the night, "Downtown" Darren Keebler and "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland. Angus looks like he's somewhat pained by the crowd, but Keebler refuses to acknowledge it.

DDK:

WE ARE LIVE, FROM THE WRESTLE-PLEX, HERE IN BEAUTIFUL NEW ORLEANS! My name is Darren Keebler, and I'm joined as always by Angus Skaaland, and Angus, it was just two short weeks ago that we crowned a **NEW FIST OF DEFIANCE** at DEFIANCE ROAD!

Angus:

STOP SHOUTING!

DDK:

I'm... sorry? I didn't realize I was shouting.

Angus:

Well, you are! I have the mother of all hangovers, Keeps... the sudden and final removal of the FIST of DEFIANCE from Micropennis gave me an excuse to take two weeks off to drink all the alcohol in New Orleans.

DDK:

...All the alcohol?

Angus:

It's a work in progress, okay?

DDK:

Be that as it may, we also have a new Southern Heritage Champion in Impulse, although things are far from settled between Impulse and Codename Reaper!

Angus:

He needs to forget about her and focus on Bronson Box! That shithead dared to punch out Calico Rose, and he needs to pay!

DDK:

I thought you were off the Impulse gravy train, Angus?

Angus:

I can take or leave him... as long as he's against Micropennis and everyone that's ever been associated with McFuckass, and as long as he's keeping our championships away from failed electricians like Reaper, I suppose I'll not altogether hate him, but Cally is an inoffensive provider of quality herbal refreshment, so I'm afraid I need to be completely against Bronson Box on this one.

DDK:

Beyond that, tonight we're expecting to see the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championship decided, one way or another, we'll be saying goodbye to Jason Natas, and we'll hear from the New FIST of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Fatas was robbed! Can we trade him for Kendrix? Or the Little Bee Girl?

DDK:

Who?

Angus:

Snotty Douglas is a tool! Am I clear enough?

The lights do a cut.

The people do a buzz.

And the music does a play.

♪ "The Wings Of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

Angus:

Those would be the sounds of a squid!

CAYLE SAYS THINGS

DDK:

Looks like we're set to hear from the FIST early on!

Angus:

Yes, Keebs. That's kinda what people do when they win the Big Shiny.

The song kicks-in on the staccato guitar intro, because running through the full 30-40 seconds prior to that would be uncivilized on DEFtv. That section eventually passes, and a huge pyrotechnic explosion rips through the building as the track hits full flow. Driving rock guitars and stabbing violins fill the building, conjuring the kind of bombast one expects from a pro-wrestling theme.

Finally, the FIST of DEFIANCE is revealed at the top of the ramp.

DDK:

And there he is!

Cayle's casually dressed tonight, with a grey t-shirt beneath the track jacket he usually wears to the ring, and the FIST around his waist. The Faithful do all kinds of popping as he walks down the ramp, slapping hands as he goes.

DDK:

Three weeks removed from the biggest night of his professional career, Cayle Murray walks into the DEF Arena as something he has never been able to call himself before: a *champion*.

Angus:

Everybody knows I don't like this geek, but Keebs, even I was impressed with what he was able to do at DEFIANCE Road. Defeating Bronson Box in that hellscape of a match was strong enough, but toppling three of DEF's biggest and best in a ladder match less than two hours later? Absurd.

DDK:

And would you listen to this noise!

The reception is, of course, thunderous. Already the most widely rooted-for wrestler heading into DEFIANCE Road, Cayle's glorious night seems to have turned all but his most curmudgeonous critics (and Angus Skaaland) to his side.

He reaches the bottom of the ramp, climbs the steps, and enters the ring between the middle and top ropes. Cayle wastes little time in unfastening the FIST, walking towards the ropes, then hoisting it high on the air, his face beaming with pride.

Angus:

A sight I never thought I'd see, Keebs, but given the way the FIST has been passed around lately, perhaps I shouldn't be so shucked.

DDK:

You're right, Angus. That championship has changed hands on each of the past three shows! Surely it can't happen again tonight?!

Murray eventually pulls the belt down and slides it onto his shoulder. His call for a microphone is answered by Darren Quimbey, who strolls over to the ring and hands him one. The music fades, but there's still too much noise for Cayle to even think about speaking yet. Chants, cheers, songs - all that.

A broad grin stretches across Cayle's face. Two years ago, he was nothing. Now, he's the top champion in the most wrestling-centric promotion in the world, and almost 4,000 fans are singing his name. He couldn't be happier.

The noise eventually dies down...

Cayle Murray:

Alright lads and lasses?

... then fires back up again. Only for a moment, though.

Cayle Murray:

So.

He taps the FIST.

Cayle Murray:

I guess I won a couple of matches three weeks ago.

DDK:

That you did, sir!

Angus:

God, Keeps, why don't you just marry him?!

DDK:

... because I used the word "sir?"

Angus:

... shut up.

Cayle Murray:

DEFIANCE Road was one hell of a night. My only goal when I walked into this building was to end it with Big Bloody Bronson. Even if it meant a lengthy trip to the hospital and a couple of months on the sideline - I *HAD* to rid myself of that burden before I could move on with my career.

He glances down at the belt.

Cayle Murray:

Every person who enters this sport does so with the aim of one day becoming a champion. We all have our own individual goals, but if you don't at least approach this game with aspirations of making it to the top, you won't even get as far as the opening match. Spirit, determination, heart: they're important - vitally so - but without ambition, they're nothing.

Pause.

Cayle Murray:

Bronson Box is a legend.

Immediate boos for The Original DEFIANT's name.

Cayle Murray:

Yeah, that's how I'd react too, but let's think objectively. He was the first Unified DEFIANCE World Heavyweight Championship. He's a two time FIST. More than that, he's one of the very first names you think of when the word "DEFIANCE" is mentioned. He is a pillar of this company, and I learned more about myself in the time I spent in the ring with him than I did across the last 32 years of my life combined.

DDK:

Love him or hate him, folks, only a fool would deny what Bronson Box has accomplished within these walls.

Cayle Murray:

That man put me through hell. I knew I'd be tested from the moment I first locked eyes with him, but I could never have imagined the depths he'd eventually drag me to. As I stand before you tonight, I can safely say that I have never experienced such agony in all my life, and if you know my history, you'll understand the significance of that...

Another pauses.

Cayle Murray:

... but I'd go through it all again just to stand here tonight, as *YOUR* champion!

Big-time pop. One of those cheesy "you deserve it" chants breaks-out, claps and all.

Cayle Murray:

Tonight isn't about reflection, because lord knows I've done enough of that over the past 21 days. No, this is about moving forward. This is about taking what happened at DEFIANCE Road, building on it, and conquering whatever challenge meets us next. It has been my honour and privilege to fight for you these past 16 months, and now that I have this...

He hoists the FIST of DEFIANCE into the air.

Cayle Murray:

... I promise I won't let you down.

Angus:

God, Keebs, where's my sickbag?! I just remembered how gross this guy can be.

Cayle Murray:

The perception of the FIST of DEFIANCE is that whoever holds it is, at that point in time, the best wrestler in the world. To say that's a lot to live up to would be the understatement of the century, but after all I've been through under this roof, I can tell you I've never been readier for this challenge.

The lights suddenly dim, and the DEFtron comes alive, the slow, gentle plucking of a traditional Japanese shamisen accompanying what appears to be a warm, soothing white light. Slowly, symbols materialize in the center of the screen, leading to audible confusion among the DEF Faithful.

??

DDK:

This is rather unusual, I can't quite make out what that's supposed to mean... is it Japanese?

Angus:

I'm at a loss too, Keebs. Where's a goddamn weeaboo on the roster when you nee--

CRUNCH-CRACKLE

The sound of thunder breaks the ethereal moment, as the next words to appear, in front of the kanji, send the Faithful into a frenzy...

THE GOD-BEAST

DDK:

What a scene, folks! Mushigihara is back in DEFIANCE, and by the looks of things, he's got his eyes set on the ultimate prize!

Angus:

The last time we saw Mushi, he was mixing it up with Jason Natas in the Onslaught division! We haven't seen him in *MONTHS!*

DDK:

A shocking turn of events, folks. For now, we must head elsewhere...

FELTON BIGSBY vs CLAY DANIELS

Angus:

Well, *THAT* was fucked...

DDK:

Unbelievable scenes to open DEFtv 85 tonight, but folks, the show must go on. Our first match is an official BRAZEN Showcase, with two of our finest up-and-comers set to do battle!

Angus:

Bigsby's back, baby! Remember that time he beat Hollywood McFuckass's friend?

DDK:

How could I forget? It was barely a month ago!

Angus:

Don't get sassy, Keeps. That's my job.

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "Hard To Handle" by The Black Crowes ♪

The smooth, slippery Otis Redding cover kicks through the PA system, and the crowd all turn to the ramp, keen to get a glimpse of the DEFIANT newcomer. A tall grappler sporting a wild mane of blonde hair steps out onto the ramp, waves to the crowd, then jogs his way down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Nashville, Tennessee, he weighs in at 234lbs... "CLASSIC" CLAY DANIEEELLLLSSSSSS!

DDK:

Cool, laid back, and full of southern charm, this young man's going to be a bit hit with The Faithful if he keeps his head down!

Angus:

He's kinda "howdy-dooddy," but Daniels can go in the ring. He works that classic southern technical style, and while his frame's still filling out, that height gives him a huge leverage advantage over most opponents.

Daniels slides under the bottom rope, then immediately hops to his feet. He throws both arms in the air a couple of times, trying to rile the crowd up, and they respond with a slight cheer. Shit's about to go south, though...

♪ "100 Black Coffins" by Rick Ross ♪

Those who recognise Felton Bigsby's entrance music start jeering, and the big Texan brute stomps out onto the ramp. He's not alone, however: *three* other men step through the curtain with him, and they waste little time in making their way to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Houston, Texas, he weighs in at 320lbs... "HOUSTON STRONG" FELTON BIGSSSBBBBYYYYYYYY!

Angus:

Huh. Looks like Felton brought his posse...

DDK:

Who are these guys, Angus?!

Angus:

The scruffy one? That's The Neighborhoodlum. The suit? Brother Lucius Owens. The fat fuck? His son, Roosevelt Owens.

DDK:

... I'm guessing they aren't good news?

Angus:

That's putting it mildly.

Daniels looks perplexed as the four men walk down the ramp, but only Bigsby enters the ring. Felton marches right up to his opponent and shoves him in the chest. Daniels doesn't go down, but he gets knocked back a few steps, then points a finger at Bigsby.

DDK:

Whoa, something tells me this is gonna be heated...

Hector Navarro calls for the bell, but while Bigsby is screaming at Daniels to come at him, Clay doesn't take the bait. He stays composed, moving towards the centre of the ring, and starting his circle. He doesn't see The Neighborhoodlum hop onto the apron behind him.

DDK:

What the...?!

He *DOES* see Rosey pull his massive, bulbous form onto the apron. Daniels immediately sidesteps, then moves backwards... and bumps into Brother Lucius, who's *also* standing on the apron.

Angus:

... oh no...

DDK:

What's going on, Angus?!

Angus:

Nothing good!

Bigsby strikes in the confusion, clubbing Daniels from behind. The rest of the group take their cue to climb into the ring, with The Neighborhoodlum joining in on the assault, but Lucius keeping his distance. They soon have Daniels stomped down to the ground.

DDK:

They're setting on him like a pack of dogs!

Navarro has no choice but to call for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

And if you've been paying any attention to recent BRAZEN live events, this shouldn't come as a surprise at all!

The group set Daniels up in one of the corners, and Roosevelt charges forward, squashing Daniels with his 478lb frame! Clay, dazed, stumbles forward... right into Bigsby's clutches!

DDK:

C'mon! This isn't fair!

Felton scoops the big man onto his shoulders, then powers towards the turnbuckles, flattening Clay with his version of an Oklahoma Stampede!

Angus:

East Texas Stampede!

DDK:

This is barbaric, Angus! What the hell are they doing?!

Angus:

Killing the hell out of Mr. Howdy-Doody, by the looks of it!

The punishing ain't over yet. With Daniels on the mat, The Neighborhoodlum runs to the ropes, then comes back, splatting his face into the apron with a curb stomp! As if that wasn't enough, 'Hoodlum and Bigsby roll Clay onto his back, allowing Rosey to pancake him with a running splash!

DDK:

Somebody stop this! This is madness!

Angus:

Do *YOU* want to get in their way?!

When Roosevelt gets to his feet, Felton finally places a boot on Daniel's chest, with Lucius hitting the deck and making a symbolic three count.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via disqualification... CLAY DANIELLLSSS!

DDK:

Daniels wins, but he doesn't look like much of a winner...

Angus:

So much for our BRAZEN Showcase, eh?!

DDK:

He could be seriously hurt, you know! Four high impact moves like that, all in a row...

A mean, spiteful glare lingers on Bigsby's face as he glares around the arena. The group don't linger, however. As soon as Brother Owens is back on his feet, they're headed out the ring, and back up the ramp...

Angus:

Outstanding match. 10/10. Would commentate again.

DDK:

What a farce, Angus.

Angus:

If I know Brother Owens, Keebs, there'll be a lot more where that came from...

DDK:

Oh God...

ALLOW ME

Underwhelming isn't usually a word used to describe someone you've never seen, nor know nothing about, but it does seem an extremely fitting word to describe the new face standing alongside Christie Zane right now. After all, at around 5' 8", and with the body of a slightly out of shape cruiserweight this guy really doesn't cut an imposing figure. The cheap, ill-fitting navy blue suit with the mismatching multicolored balloon tie doesn't do much to help matters either.

But the guy behind him, now he's someone you wouldn't want to meet in a dark alley. In fact, he's someone you'd probably steer clear of in the middle of the day. Standing around a foot taller than the cruiserweight in front of him, and clearly having spent enough time in the gym for the both of them, this guy cracks his knuckles and stares dead ahead through his mirror aviator sunglasses as Christie begins to talk.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with-

The smaller man holds his hand up quickly over the microphone in Christie Zane's hand.

???:

Uh-bup-bup-bup-bup. Please, allow me.

Christie seems annoyed with the interruption, but she's dealt with many, many guys like this over the years, so she knows it'll be so much easier if she just holds it out and lets this guy say what he feels like he needs to say, which he does with the same gusto often reserved for those crappy local tv commercials a dodgy lawyer or a used car salesman might put out.

???:

Charlie Ace here along with my personal enforcer Hoyt Williams. Hoyt, say hello to the faithful in the Wrestle-Plex and all the folks watching around the world on Hulu!

The man who just revealed himself to be Charlie Ace licks his lizard-like lips in anticipation and smirks. There's no change in the demeanor of the man behind him who stretches his neck while continuing to stare stoically ahead. He doesn't even acknowledge the order to greet the DEFIA-Fans. Of course, Charlie is much too self-involved to care.

Charlie Ace:

And we're here with an announcement that is sure to shake this fine company to its very core. Because right here on DEFTV 86, that's right, our very next show, I Charlie Ace, Manager to the Stars, will unveil my newest client and DEFIANCE Wrestling's latest acquisition!

Making it painfully obvious that he's one for posturing and grandeur, Charlie closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and shivers with anticipation.

Charlie Ace:

Ladies and Gentlemen, prepare yourselves to come face to face with 'Persona Non Grata' Flynn Turner!

Charlie turns to Christie and smiles, that doesn't last too long as he realized her expression isn't one of shock, wonderment or even general awe, but more one of confusion and downright awkwardness. Realizing this, Charlie acts fast to save face.

Charlie Ace:

No more questions.

'The Manager to the Stars' turns on his heels and heads off. His departure occurs so quickly his personal enforcer

needs to be beckoned to follow him by a sharp click of the fingers. Finally Hoyt Williams does something other than look forward as he shoots Christie a look from behind his aviators that, even though we can't see for sure, can only be dirty before following his enforcer out of the interview area.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Charlie Ace... Back to Angus and Darren.

Back at the announce table Darren Keebler looks at his broadcast partner with the same sort of bewildered look Christie Zane was just sporting.

Angus:

Can you believe it, Keebs!? 'Persona Non Grata' Flynn Turner is coming to DEFIANCE!

DDK:

It seems that way. Have you heard of this guy before?

Angus:

Well... 'heard of'... it's is such an ambiguous... I mean, have any of us... had you...

DDK:

So I'm taking that as a no. And this Charlie Ace, have you ever heard of him?

Angus:

Look Keebs, you're focusing way too much on whether we've heard of these guys before. What matters is they're here in DEFIANCE and I'm sure if Charlie Ace vouches for this guy then he's gotta be good.

DDK:

But who is Charlie Ace?

Angus:

I don't know, but he seems like a trustworthy kind of guy. He's got that kind of face.

DDK:

I think we may see things slightly differently, partner...

GAGE BLACKWOOD vs GUNTHER ADLER

DDK:

Well as you may know, DEFIANCE has signed a handful of new talent. Gage Blackwood will be debuting tonight against Gunther Adler, from our BRAZEN roster.

Angus:

Great! Can't wait to see what these guys have in store.

Adler's theme song plays as he comes out to a small chorus of boos. Establishing himself further as being unpopular, he takes his time walking to the ring and staring down a number of fans in the crowd.

DDK:

Adler is huge! Standing at 6'5", 310 from Bremen, Germany! Definitely not a guy you'd want to pick a fight with in any country.

Adler enters the ring as his theme music closes.

♪"Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age♪

Drum solo, followed by a guitar lead in... and Blackwood walks out. He flips his long hair back and some faint cheers can be heard, simply based off Adler's negative response. Blackwood isn't overly energetic with the crowd or even takes the time to acknowledge them. Instead, he focuses on the ring as Adler calls him on.

DDK:

Standing at 6'1", barely 200 pounds, Blackwood looks A LOT smaller than Gunther!

Angus:

And he's not even in the ring yet!

Blackwood doesn't waste too much time. He rolls into the ring and signifies to Mark Shields that he's ready.

Although Shields is, at first, too lazy to call for the bell he finally does after Adler charges at Blackwood. Gage ducks a right forearm attempt and slides to the corner of the ring. Instantly frustrated, Adler runs at Blackwood again and misses. Kick, kick, kick. Gage lands three left-footed kicks into the back of Adler's right knee. It barely fazes him.

Angus:

Gage is hardly making a dent in this man!

Adler chops Blackwood hard against the chest. Gage stumbles back a few steps and then Adler throws him into the ropes. Another hard chop. This time Blackwood flies back into the turnbuckle. Chop, chop, chop.

DDK:

Unlike Blackwood's kicks, these are connecting!

Chop, chop, chop.

Angus:

I wouldn't be surprised if that chest starts bleeding red soon!

Adler throws Blackwood into the turnbuckle across the way and then catches him with a atomic drop and throws him to the mat right after. Adler coves but only gets a two count. Mark Shields was pretty late on the count too, so the 'Der Bulle Aus Bremen' as he's called in Germany, starts to lay into Shields. This allows Blackwood to get to his feet and hit Adler with a roundhouse kick. The crowd cheers as Adler falls to the mat and Blackwood quickly bounces off the ropes and dropkicks Adler in the side of the head.

DDK:

Blackwood picks Gunther up... he's looking for a suplex but there's just no way he can get this behemoth off his feet!

Angus:

Not that smart! He's trying to play to the crowd here... but you have him down. Keep him down!

Adler pushes Blackwood off him and then throws him into the ropes. He crushes Gage with another hard chop, this time toppling Blackwood all the way out of the ring. It takes a few moments for Blackwood to collect himself but after he jumps back onto the apron... only to be met with a hard right fist and then a shocking butterfly suplex from the apron back into the ring!

Angus:

Wow I did not see that in this guy's move set!

DDK:

Adler covers... but only gets two!

Chop, chop, chop.

Angus:

Blackwood's chest is beet red. I told you!

Adler lifts Blackwood above his head and then drops him into a huge bearhug. Gage tries to fight out of it while the crowd lightly claps him on. However, Gage's momentum burns out and he's checked on by the referee.

DDK:

Finally, Blackwood slips out of the hold.

Gage hits Gunther with another roundhouse kick, knocking him back a few feet. Blackwood goes to the ropes and looks for a spinning heel kick, but he's caught by Adler! At first he's thrown right into another bearhug but soon after Adler whips Gage's body down like a ragdoll and right across his knee.

Angus:

That is one sick looking back breaker!

Adler covers but only gets a two count. He's surprised and yells at the referee again. This gives Blackwood time to slowly get up, collect himself and catch Adler with a high angle kick to the head. Adler stumbles, but bursts forward. Before he's able to take Blackwood, the man from Scotland trips him up into a spinning toe hold.

Not soon after, however, Adler powers out of the move, kicking Gage up off the mat. Gunther gets to his feet, lunges at Blackwood and hits him with a few more stiff chops. Then, surprisingly, Adler reels Blackwood in and connects with an impressive tiger suplex!

Angus:

Wow, Gage is right back up!

It's Blackwood's turn to surprise his opponent now. He rifles a few stiff punches that barely leave a dent in Adler. However, Blackwood runs at the ropes, jumps over Adler's attempt at another chop, grabs his head and slams it right into the mat.

DDK:

Hard running bulldog! That surprised Gunther! He's down and Blackwood might have this.

Gage lifts Gunther to his feet. He tries for another suplex, but can't. Adler's just too heavy. He tries again. And once more. But he can't do it.

By now the German juggernaut regains his bearings. He takes Blackwood by the throat and chokeslams him to the mat, followed by finishing him with a dangan bomb.

Angus:

One!

Two!

Three!

The bell rings and Adler rises. He kicks Blackwood in the chest before celebrating. Blackwood, surprisingly, gets up quickly and rolls out of the ring.

DDK:

Tough break for Gage Blackwood tonight, but you have to hand it to Gunther Adler too! Some very impressive moves!

Angus:

The German's were always better than the Scottish, and once again it shows tonight.

IT'S A CELEBRATION!

Elise Ares:

No, it goes to the right of the ice sculptures!

Elise Ares' voice echoes out, bellowing orders to numerous flunkies carrying the finest of accoutrements. The DEF catering area seems to have been taken over and resembles more of a discotheque than a wrestler's snack refuge. A large banner hangs high above catering, strung from support beam to support beam. It reads "Congrats PCP" except PCP is crossed off and someone, probably Klein, has poorly and almost illegibly scrawled "Elise Ares" in it's place. There's a large cake sitting off the corner of the room, decorated to resemble a wedding cake. A DJ is set up on the other side of the room playing Mr. Bright Side. Elise cusps her bluetooth headset to hear over the commotion.

Elise Ares:

SORRY?! What do you mean sorry?! No, I don't think it's ridiculous to expect the elephant to be here before eleven? I pay you, don't I?! What am I going to do with all these mice, then?!

Elise turns to a large fish tank filled with about ten mice. She rolls her eyes, and shoves the tank off the table, shattering it. The mice scatter, infecting the DEF arena. She puts her hand up to her mouth for just a moment, feeling an emotion some would call "regret." It quickly passes.

Elise Ares:

Enjoy your freedom. Next time though...

Entering from off frame is her tag team partner, the D. His face does not look ready to celebrate the illustriously long reign of Elise, and Ares notices it quite quickly. She walks over and gently touches his arm.

Elise Ares:

D, I know it's not perfect, this wasn't the outcome I was expecting... but we have to make the best of the situation we're stuck in. Yeah?

The D frowns, looking over to the ice sculptures set up in the center of the room. One is of Elise, standing there with her tag team title. The other is of the D, however, for some reason, it's misshapen and melting. He turns back to Elise.

Elise Ares:

Klein thought you could leave it in the car with the window cracked like flowers, or a dog, or a baby.

The D:

I look like a Salvador Dali painting.

Elise Ares:

In fairness, that is the most handsome form of surrealism I've ever seen.

Klein walks up to the D ice sculpture, and just dumps a large bag of ice at it's base. He turns to Elise and The D and gives them both a thumbs up before wandering off.

The D:

The D is limp Elise.

Elise Ares:

Don't say that D! Look! It's what's-her-face!

Elise Ares drags the D with her over to DEF interviewer Christie Zane. She looks wide eyed, trying to absorb the scene that catering has become. Elise hops to her side, pulling the D with her. She nods to Christie.

Christie Zane:

I assume this is your handiwork?

Elise Ares:

Of course! Do you think something this gorgeous just appears out of nowhere? I need that.

Elise takes the DEF branded microphone from Zane with much protest. Elise then hands her a mic with a new decorative cover, the Hollywood Star with Elise's name branded on it.

Elise Ares:

Much better. Hey, you want a job?

Christie Zane:

Probably not?

Elise Ares:

You're our new host for the Elise Ares Appreciation Banquet!

The D hangs his head.

Elise Ares:

Featuring The D!

The D:

We were gonna call it the Pee Cee Pee Aye Bee.

The D says, shuffling his boots on the cold concrete. He is then pushed aside by two unnamed workers, who literally roll the red carpet out for Elise where he was standing. He can't hide his nose twitching in anger. Meanwhile, Jack Hunter walks in behind him, ready to street fight catering only to find all of... this. He shrugs it off, before continuing to hunt for grub. Elise pays no mind to him.

Elise Ares:

It'll be easy, err... look, all you do is talk about how awesome I am and introduce Bill Cosby for the keynote speech. He said I have what it takes to be a star, and that's a man who has a fine taste in leading ladies.

The D:

Too soon Elise.

Elise Ares:

What? He doesn't know where he is, it's fine. Plus it's free! Community service or something, I'm not going to question it, the price is right!

In the background, Klein carries a large bag of wheat and trips over a metal keg. He rolls back first into a nearby wall. A wanted poster of a black silhouette comes loose from a corkboard and floats onto Klein's box. Klein flails around as if he's just been attacked by a swarm of wasps and scurries off frame.

Zane notices it all, but Elise and The D are too busy talking about Bill Cosby as Elise holds up a small metal tin, shaking it.

Elise Ares:

He gave me these altoids from 1978. I'm gonna make a killing on eBay!

Suddenly Jack Hunter rips them out of her hand and drops them onto his knee. The leading lady of DEFIANCE snarls and makes a fist, but is quickly interrupted.

Christie Zane:

Listen, I came back here to interview one half of the tag team champions.

Elise Ares:

Oh me? The better half? Am I in frame? Do I look great?

Christie Zane:

How are you and Skidd Row going to co-exist as champions? You were just at each other's throats during the Ladder War. If only for an unfortunate clasp, who knows what the outcome would have been.

Elise Ares:

I'll take that as a yes? Look, it's a little soon to be dropping this load all on D over here. Did you really need to bring that up? This is meant to be a celebration, err... What's-Her-Face!

Christie Zane:

Do you really think my name is What's-Her-Face?

Elise Ares:

... yes? Wait, I mean... yes.

Christie Zane:

Sighs D, you've been quiet through all this.

The D:

The D.

Christie Zane:

I'm sorry?

The D:

You should be.

Christie blinks and shakes it off, Jack Hunter notices the ice sculptures behind them and squares off the begin street fighting. Klein rushes to go wave him off but almost knocks over Iced D. He catches it and puts it back where it belongs.

Christie Zane:

The D. How are you dealing with all of this? Celebrating a loss while your partner is off cavorting and cavaliering with another tag team partner?

The D:

You really know how to hit the feels, don't you Whatser. Listen Ms. Face, would I rather have this be a banquet celebrating both of our accomplishments? Sure. But I can't win an Oscar for Best Supporting Actress, so, I knew this day'd come one day.

Elise Ares:

Awh.

The D:

Still, I always thought I'd have the Oscar for Best Director, or something at the same time. I dunno. I'd take best Cinematography at this point. Hell, I might even take a Razzie if it got me Gold. My hands feel so empty. My waste so naked.

Klein hears he is needed and appears behind the D, wrapping a sweater around his waist. He nods in approval.

The D:

It's not the same K.

Klein lowers his head in sadness. He walks up to Christie and waves cheerily. In the background, Jack Hunter goes for a roundhouse kick against the Elise Ares ice sculpture and misses. It begins to rock on its base as Christie Zane continues.

Christie Zane:

So do you have any plans on pursuing other options for gold? Maybe finding another tag team partner to continue where you left off? Or maybe there is a singles run in your future?

The D:

Why would I ever need to find another partn...

Elise Ares:

Hold up, I love The D as much as the next girl, but I thought this interview was about me?

CRASH!

The arms and head of the Elise Ares ice sculpture smash into millions of bits and pieces on top of Jack Hunter as the torso and legs pin him to the ground. The banner falls from the ceiling in the melee, wrecking everything they've been working on.

Elise Ares:

YOU SON OF A...

Ares goes to give Jack Hunter a piece of her mind but Klein quickly slides into the frame. He removes his shirt revealing the referee's shirt underneath and begins a pinfall count, taking both of the former Tag Team Champions by surprise!

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

Klein signals for the imaginary bell as Elise runs her hands through her hair in frustration. The D claps with enthusiasm as Jack Hunter still struggles to break free.

Elise Ares:

Fuck it, let's just get drunk after the show. We can celebrate later. Klein, do you still have the award?

The D:

Why wait? I don't have anything to do...

Klein walks up, handing The D an envelope with a ribbon on it. He looks at it confused, as Klein urges him to open it.

The D:

What is this... we aren't at the awards presentation stage yet...

The D reluctantly opens the letter. Inside, he pulls out a Golden Ticket. It reads "Good for one one-on-one title rematch with Skidd Row. Expires July 2017." The D blinks, and looks up at Klein, then back to the ticket, then to Klein.

The D:

Wait, you're serious? It's... it's tonight?! Holy snickies Batman!

The D rushes and hugs Klein, who seems awkwardly trapped by D's iron grip. The D turns to Elise.

The D:

We can be a family again! With all the gold! And you'll be like, a three time champion!

Elise takes her official autograph signing sharpie out of her top, pops the cap open and crosses "Elise Ares" out with a scribble before writing down "The D." She smiles back at her PCP family.

Elise Ares:

It's The D Appreciation Banquet! It was meant to be a celebration of all of our love for the D!

The D:

The women love the D. Some of the men too, but let's not talk about them.

Elise Ares:

Especially the Bastards! They REALLY love the D!

The D:

I thought we said we weren't talking about them?

Elise shrugs before Klein wraps his arms around her and D. Together, they march out of catering, leaving just Christie Zane there with a mess and Jack Hunter.

Christie Zane:

Are you... just... going to leave this all here?

She takes a deep sigh, questions her career choices and looks at the chaos surrounding her.

Christie Zane:

Of course they are.

The scene fades to black.

THE WORLD IS NOT ENOUGH

Back in the arena.

♪"Cannonball" - SIRSY♪

The Faithful explode for the well known music; hands reach for the sky, unless those hands are gripping a homemade sign and then, the signs rise to prominence in a sweeping crane shot. "Downtown" Darren Keibler provides the voiceover. Of course Angus chimes in.

DDK:

Looks like the Southern Heritage Champion ... The Marathon Man ... is on his way out! Say what you will, partner, but he triumphed over Reaper, or the unidentified female previously known as Reaper and more to your liking, was instrumental in Curtis Penn losing the FIST.

Angus:

He was there. I'll give him that. The real story is the Squid! Who knew he had it in him.

Cut to the ramp way.

DDK:

I'm pretty certain, everyone ... other than you, partner.

Reaper Red and Reaper Prime step out from behind the curtain, cutting the cheers instantly in half. The remaining sound crescendos into an uproarious cacophony of discontent.

DDK:

... that's not Impulse.

Angus:

No shit. It's that lady electrician and her last masked moron.

The pair mug from the top of the rampway momentarily as Impulse's music plays on. Reaper Red's eyes glowing with an LED backlit intensity.

DDK:

The Faithful are thoroughly against this ...

Angus:

Rickrolled.

Reaper Prime leads the way as Red follows her down the ramp and toward the ring. The Faithful that line the walk, lean against the guardrails hurling insults and thrusting signs in the Reapers general direction.

DDK:

Rick ... ? *Who?*

Angus:

Rickrolled, Keebs. This lady linemen just *rickrolled*, you schmuck.

DDK:

I ... have no idea.

The Reapers enter the ring and the recently revealed female, calls for a microphone.

Angus:

It's a internet thing, Keebs. Get with the times.

DDK:

Be that as it may, it looks like we are going to hear from this ... thi --

Angus:

Jesus, spit it out, Keebs! **Reaper Co.**! Hell it's only two of the now ... it's it even still a "Co?" Are they incorporated? Do you think they are publicly held property? They're tied to Seattle, clearly ... you think they're a tech firm? Wait ... OR ... a fish market? It's always **one** or *the other* - up there.

DDK:

Seattle is rich city full of --

Angus:

... something else too. What is it? For the life of me ... ?

She receives a microphone and takes her place in the middle of the ring next to Reaper Red. The music fades out as the crowd calms to a moderate rumbling.

DDK:

Coffee?

Angus:

No, that's not it. There is coffee everywhere. It'll come to me.

Reaper:

The ceremonial trumpets blew ... and the sheepish masses leapt to their hoven feet! Yet it is *NOT* your **FALSE HERO**

...

The Faithful return to full volume. They still don't like her.

Reaper:

... instead the light bearer, the sole instance of truth in **DEFIANCE!**

This sparks another outcry, which Reaper Prime let's sink in for a few moments, the crowd doesn't care about her, they want the SoHER champion. Clammorings of an Impulse chant begin.

Reaper:

Now, one year past, my face ... no longer concealed behind the visage ... you have grown accustomed to. The passing of time flickering and then in a flash - lost forever. In that time, my master plan ... my life's work brewed and justated. All coming to a head at **DEFIANCE ROAD.**

IMMM-PULLSE

IMMM-PULLSE

IMMM-PULLSE

Reaper:

The *unenlightened* may reference this moment in the flickering of time ... as a simple moment of defeat or even more shortsighted as the forfeiture of the Southern Heritage Championship. But those who are illuminated ... those who breathe this rarified air; will readily recognize that interaction with Randall Knox, simply as the shots over the bow.

She takes a beat.

Reaper:

Your **FALSE HERO** ... has a past. An ignorantly dark history in which he has committed a graven mistake. Egregious

actions akin to that of Dan Ryan's. **NO ONE** ... crosses or bears judgement on *HIM*! **NO ONE** has that **RIGHT**!

She pauses and calms for a moment only to ramp back up.

Reaper:

We are all simply living in *HIS WORLD, MY WORLD*. One that was created long before this company was merely a glint in the eye of its proprietor. The mere existence of those that do not accept *HIM*; are deemed irrelevant from the moment of their forsake *HIM*. Your **FALSE HERO**, you're crowned coward - who proudly asserts he would never do what I am willing to do!

The crowd's reaction goes silent, as Reaper Prime suddenly turns from the hard camera and charges toward the ropes facing the ramp way. She plants her feet and glares intensely toward the curtain. Reaper Red watches on, motionless.

Reaper:

To wit, tonight I will do what he is *UNWILLING* or **UNABLE** to do ... I will take the actions that a **TRUE HERO** would have taken already ... and before this night is over, either in this ring or out of it, I will dismantle the **ACE of DEFIANCE** himself.

DDK:

Is she suggesting...?

Angus:

This could either be the worst thing ever, or the greatest thing ever.

DDK:

...

Angus: *[gitty]*

... or both.

Reaper:

BRONSON BOX ... the **FALSE HERO** has targeted you for his habitually self serving agenda ... before he can act on this, to the delight of these sheep ... **TONIGHT** ... I will make an example of you. You don't matter, Bronson ... nor the **FALSE HERO!**

Reaper Prime pauses for a moment and shutters. The involuntary motion ends with her right shoulder tipping up as her neck bends toward it.

Reaper:

All that matters in the **NEW WORLD** is I ... and Courtney. *No*, Derrick.

Freehand to her head, Reaper Prime falls to one knee, Reaper Red continues to watch unmoving.

Reaper:

Terry. Aaron ... *no* ... **NO!**

She begins screaming at the top of her lungs, thankfully not into the microphone, the crowd just watches on in silence, stunned.

She pulls the mic back to her face.

Reaper: *[into the mic]*

I DO NOT WANT! ... **WANT!** I DO NOT WANT TO TALK ABOUT *HIM* ANYMORE! I DO NOT **CARE** ABOUT THE KA ...

For a moment the wind is rushed from out of Reaper's chest, she clutches at her heart and begins to hyperventilate. Reaper Red continues to stare aimlessly as if without command nothing can be done. The awkward hush that has taken the Faithful slowly begins to lift in the name of restlessness.

Reaper Prime, having taken no stock in the crowds reaction, slowly comes back to life. Still on a knee. She slowly brings the mic back within registrable distance; speaking in a hushed and husky tone.

Reaper:

Scott ... Don't you miss me? I know it's been a long time but ... But I miss *you*, Scott ... I miss us.

It's almost as if her entire voice changes, her tone is completely different, there is no voice modification here. She slowly rises back to her feet, mic in hand, her long red hair has swung from obscuring her face.

Reaper:

Are you going to ignore me, *still*? After all of this time ... after everything that has happened?

The Faithful are beyond confused, even the mannerisms in how she was walking and moving in the ring previously, are completely different as she approaches the turnbuckles.

Reaper:

Scott Nathaniel Douglas! What would your father think! What would Nate say, Scott!? You left me there to die, Scotty! What we had ... did it mean nothing to you? Did it **MEAN NOTHING**?

DDK:

Folks, I'm not sure what to make of this all, honestly ...

Angus:

The Reaper chick is losing her shit; what the hell do you mean? This is amazing television!

Reaper:

SCOTT!

DDK:

I'm not sure if we need to call for DEFSec or ...

Angus:

Or DEFTherapy! *HEEYOOO!*

DDK:

Either way, this doesn't look like --

A voice booms over the PA. The Faithful react, for those die hard; it is clearly the sullen tones of Scott Douglas. The camera cuts from the ring just as Reaper Prime reacts with surprise. Scott steps out on the stage through the curtain with a mic raised.

Scott Douglas:

ENOUGH! I swear to ... *Christ!*

Angus:

Ahh, shit! That's right, shitty grunge music and the sauce there from! See, Keeps ... I told you it would come to me.

DDK:

Sauce there from? ... like gravy?

Scott Douglas:

I've spent the better part of a year ... dealing with **YOUR** bullshit! On everything ... I'm fucking **DONE!** No **MORE** games!

Scott is clearly flustered and at a breaking point. The Faithful are fervently behind him but with tensions high; the question of what will come next keeps the majority still with bated breath.

Scott Douglas:

You ... whoever the **HELL** you are; you and your band of masked miscreants have plagued me for the better part of my tenure in DEFIANCE. And ... pardon the **FUCK** out me ... but I am here to wrestle and ply my trade!

The Faithful snap out of their lull and ignite at Douglas' indignant comment.

Reaper:

... Your --

The camera cuts back to the Reapers in the ring but returns quickly to Scott on the stage as he interrupts.

Scott Douglas:

You've said **ENOUGH!** This time I talk ... **YOU** listen! Whatever beef you had with me ... it's done. The matter is fucking settled!

Angus: *[scoffing]*

... the mouth on this one.

DDK:

Seriously?

Scott Douglas:

You had a good run. You threw everything you had at me. Reapers, Derrick ... I was arrested **AND** extradited back to Seattle ... and after everything ... you just won't **GO THE FUCK AWAY!**

Scott drops the mic for a moments and shakes his head in derision.

Scott Douglas:

Derrick is gone. Terry ... gone. I've beaten one or both of you ... who the hell even knows. The point is, even now ... as you attempt to exploit a great loss in my life ... it's transparent. I accepted Courtney's death years before I got here, before it was ever confirmed. I can only hope ... now ... Derrick can as well. Free from your reckless ramblings and ridiculous assertions about who is good and who is evil ... End of the day, I don't think the world ... yours or any other ... is quite that black and white.

The curtain behind Douglas shifts slightly.

Scott Douglas:

Do what you want. I'm not here to stand in the way ... just know, I won't play into your bullshit anymore.

Douglas drops his hand and moves the mic away from his mouth for a moment. He looks mentally and emotionally exhausted.

Scott Douglas:

... I'm done.

Douglas drops the mic to the stage with a thud. The Faithful start up a chant of "SUB POP SCOTT" but it's cut short as he turns to exit and is nailed in the face. Douglas stumbles backward with the force of the blow.

DDK:

That's ... that is Reinhardt Hoffman!

Hoffman having lunged from behind the curtain and cold duffed Douglas. Douglas attempts to shake it off and steps back up the ramp to meet Hoffman, who is on the continued attack. Douglas attempts to fight back but has clearly been caught of guard, giving Hoffman the advantage. If the clear size difference hadn't already assured such.

DDK:

I'm not sure what this is all about. Could Hoffman be siding with this ...

Angus:

Damnit, Keeps.

DDK:

... Pair of Reapers.

The pair continue to brawl on the top of the ramp. Wild rights and lefts, a lot of grazing blows. They trend toward the commentation station. Douglas back peddles on the defensive.

Angus:

He is probably just salty Douglas Doolittle wiped the floor with him back at the BRAZEN iPPV.

Cut to the ring, Reaper Prime has dropped the microphone and watches on, from a kneeled position. Red hasn't moved an inch. Prime looks pleased or at the very least, entertained.

DDK:

Anything is possible, Keeps. The only thing we know for sure is these two are going at it ... no more than ... **FIVE** feet from us.

Angus:

I know. It's great, *isn't it?*

Douglas ducks a big right hand from Hoffman and is able to land a substantial shot. This looks like it aggravates Hoffman more than deter him. A second shot wobbles the comparative giant and finally a third reverses the dueling pairs trajectory back toward center stage.

DDK:

This has gotten out of hand.

Angus:

To be honest, I'm just waiting for the light cue.

Douglas and Hoffman continue to throw shots at one another and stumble back through the curtain. The visual is losted momentarily as the camera operator scrambles to catch up. Through the blackness of the curtain, only a glimpse of the pair is scene as they exit the pre-entrance staging area and disappear around a corner. Still in pursuit, the camera moves toward their last known position.

Angus:

Go ahead ... *say it*. I know you want to.

DDK:

... well, it's true! We really need DEFsec back there!

The camera rounds the corner and finds Douglas and Hoffman; who have already been accosted by security. They've been separated by the large number of bodies but clearly still want to get at one another.

Angus:

Holy shit. Keeps ... ask for million dollars!

Douglas abruptly stops struggling against the men holding him back as if a moment of clarity has washed over him. He shakes his head in a "yes" motion, knowingly.

Scott Douglas:

Yeah, ok. Look ... You want to do this? Let's do it *right!*

Hoffman calms to a degree, he looks around, gaging the situation that the pair have found themselves in. Possibly trying to access Douglas' angle. After a moment or so he responds with the smile of man who knows something his opponent doesn't.

Reinhardt Hoffman:

Very well.

The DEFsec personal are skeptical of this, some what, peaceful outcome. A few short moments pass and their confidence builds when Hoffman turns around and attempts to exit the opposite direction from Douglas. They let him leave or at least that is what they tell themselves.

Angus:

Wait, so is ... that official? Do I get to see the Hoffman German Suplex Douglas into a turnbuckle? Keeps, say it. **Say it.**

DDK:

Looks ... like we *have a match?*

Angus:

With conviction, Keeps! That righteous SJW indignation ...

With Hoffman gone and Douglas having initiated the ceasefire, DEFsec begins to file out of the hallway. As the hall clears and Douglas is left alone, a poster plastered on the wall, comes into clear view and his attention, that was previously overlooked.

The poster, simple in design, features a black silhouetted avatar of a man. A white question mark emblazoned across the chest. Scrawled across the top in a large blocky type, "HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?"

Angus:

What the hell is this?

DDK:

That is a good question, partner. What is the meaning of this ... wanted ad?

Angus:

Yeah, *yeah, yeah* ... it's all over back there. I saw it earlier... I mean why the hell are we holding on Sub Snot Scott ... let get on with it already!

Scott looks at the poster, perplexed, for a moment. He shakes his head in derision and reaches for the center of the paper; ripping it down in one swipe. He walks away and off camera as the visual holds on the crumbled poster on the floor.

Cut to elsewhere.

OPPORTUNITIES

Cut to the backstage area, and the boys are strolling.

Which boys?

These boys:-

Felton Bigsby.

The Neighborhoodlum.

Roosevelt Owners.

And Brother Lucius Owens.

They're moving as a group. Lucius is briefing them on something, but the mic isn't quite strong enough to pick-up what he's saying. Decked-out in his white suit, he looks calm and focused. Felton, meanwhile, still looks like he wants to tear the head off something.

Voice:

Hey!

A female calls down the corridor. Her voice stops the group in their tracks, with all four looking up at the source. A set of high-heeled shoes click-clack along the concrete floor, and moments later, Christie Zane strides up with a microphone.

Christie Zane:

Guys, a moment of your time?

Brother Owens looks to the scowling Bigsby, and gives him a nod. The apparent leader steps forward, then leans into the interviewer's mic.

Brother Owens:

One moment. Yes.

He nods. Christie pulls the microphone back towards her, but shows some hesitation. Clearly, she doesn't have a clue how to take the group, but has a job to do regardless.

Christie Zane:

Sir, tonight's action was supposed to kick-off with Felton Bigsby here taking-on Clay Daniels in a BRAZEN Showcase. The match never really got going, because as soon as the bell rang, you four jumped Felton's opponent. Can you explain your actions?

There's a weird vibe about Brother Lucius. His facial expression is completely stoic, making it impossible to get a read on him, and he takes his time before answering. When he speaks, he does so articulately and calmly...

Brother Owens:

What you saw, Ms. Zane, is what happens when you push an oppressed group to breaking point.

Confusion etches across Christie's face.

Christie Zane:

"Oppressed?"

Brother Owens:

Yes.

He nods.

Brother Owens:

It's simple. Do you know how long my associate, Mr. Bigsby, has been part of the BRAZEN system?

Lucius doesn't wait for an answer.

Brother Owens:

Four years. Do you know how many times the DEFIANCE hierarchy have passed him over during this time period?

Again, no wait.

Brother Owens:

In 2014, Mr. Bigsby was invited to compete as part of the active DEFIANCE roster on the Guerrilla Grindhouse tour. Despite holding his own against a number of corporate favourites, he was sent back to BRAZEN just a few months later. Dozens of his BRAZEN peers have been handed opportunities since then.

He holds up a finger.

Brother Owens:

Levi Cole was allowed to compete in last year's DEF*MAX tournament.

Another.

Brother Owens:

Reinhardt Hoffman fought three times on the DEFIANCE Road cycle.

Another.

Brother Owens:

Cristiano Caballero has wrestled on DEFtv...

He starts throwing up fingers with every new name.

Brother Owens:

Brutal Attack Force, Danny Diggs, Kyo Ishida, The Barrio Boys... the list goes on.

Lucius pulls his hand down.

Brother Owens:

Meanwhile, Mr. Bigsby and my other associates sat at home, waiting for a call that never came. Finally, six weeks ago, the moment came. Felton was booked to wrestle Kendrix - one of the most celebrated competitors in this company - and what happened? He won.

Bigsby nods his head behind Brother Lucius.

Brother Owens:

In BRAZEN, Mr. Bigsby has not been pinned in over two years. My soon, Roosevelt, and The Neighborhoodlum have ran through every tag team put before them. Yet they were kept on the sidelines, while fools like those I've just listed squandered opportunities. Opportunities that should've belonged to THEM...

Lucius points back towards the group. Bigsby has folded his arms across his chest, and The 'Hoodlum is shifting his weight back and forth across his feet.

Christie Zane:

Technically, Mr. Bigsby was disqualified tonight...

Brother Owens:

This isn't about wins and losses, Ms. Zane. This is about sending a message, and tonight was just the first step.

Felton finally steps forward, leaning around Lucius.

Felton Bigsby:

We ain't waitin' for opportunities no more. Now? We takin' em...

Bigsby is the first to make a move. He walks around Lucius, then around Christie, and out of the scene. Roosevelt and The 'Hoodlum soon follow, until the interviewer is left alone with Brother Owens.

Brother Owens:

Good day, Ms. Zane.

And he's gone.

Cut.

OSCAR BURNS vs CRISTIANO CABALLERO

♪ "Sexy Boy" by Air ♪

The famous slab of French synth-pop spreads through the arena and the bronzed Cristiano Caballero saunters out from the backstage area. Carrying a rose in one hand, and with the other behind his back, he walks every-so-slowly down the ramp with his nose up and his eyes scanning the vicinity for females.

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got ourselves the debut of a brand new arrival to DEFIANCE. Just last week, Christie Zane spent a few minutes with New Zealand-born wrestler, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns! He's about to take on BRAZEN's Cristiano Caballero, who no doubt wants to play the spoiler and secure a big win tonight.

Angus:

Keeps, if this guy was as focused on wrestling as he was at trying to be a lothario, he'd be racking in the titles AND the snatch! I guess because he has the latter, I suppose he's doing all right in the game of life, but he needs to start producing in the ring!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Barcelona, Sapin, he stands at 6'2" and weighs in at 228lbs... **CRISTIANO CABALLEROOOOOOOOO!**

He eventually reaches the ringside area and walks halfway around the ring, extending the rose to a lovely redhead. She reaches for it, but her tatted-up significant other doesn't seem too happy about that. Still, Cristiano drops the ropes at her feet and winks at her partner before walking into the ring. There he waits for his opponent.

The lights of the arena start to pulsate every three seconds, switching rapidly between yellow and orange. The high-tempo orchestral music gives way to...

♪ "Hardcore Symphony" by Digital Explosion ♪

Out from the back comes the man from New Zealand that gave Christie Zane a hard time keeping up with him. The Kiwi comes out and points at his "Hi. I Like Graps." T-shirt and gets a nice little ovation. There's some fans in the house that might have heard of his work overseas, but for now he is simply happy to be there with the DEFIANTS giving him a pleasing chorus of "welcome to our hood" cheers.

DDK:

I've been waiting to get your take on this guy all week, Angus. This is "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns and he's built himself a following competing for almost ten years after leaving his home to wrestle in the UK, Japan and anywhere else that will take him.

Angus:

Ugh. I saw his interview with Christie Zane last week. Good God, what a goodie. All I've seen from this goof is that he likes to talk. Like, a lot. He better produce, too. I need to go take a piss break soon.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent... from Wellington, New Zealand, now residing in New Orleans, Louisiana...

That gets him an automatic pop from the crowd!

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at 243 pounds... this is **"TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!**

The man called Twists and Turns for his tight submissions/catch wrestling game walks into the ring. He offers Cristiano a customary handshake. He looks like he's about to do so, when the Sly Spaniard turns around and runs both hands through his hair and adjusts his man-bun. Burns takes no offense to it and even points at Cristiano like it

was a joke between friends.

Angus:

What an idiot... Caballero's gonna knock this schmuck down quickly.

DING DING DING!

The bell rings and when it does, the two men are about to lock up. Cristiano tries to go low on Oscar with a single-leg, but Oscar says "fuck no" to that quickly and grabs his arm to snap him quickly over-the-shoulder! Before Cristiano has any idea what's happening, he's down on the ground in a Cross Arm Breaker-like hold! He scurries to the ropes before any lasting damage can be done.

DDK:

Cristiano tried to take Oscar on at his own game and just paid for it!

Angus:

When I hear the nickname "Twists and Turns" I was afraid we were getting some sort of flippy-doo bullcrap, but this gorram mat-wrestling I can deal with at least!

Oscar is a gentlemen and releases the hold. Caballero goes right after him again and applies a Hammerlock, but Burns walks right in between the bottom rope, comes out the middle and then suddenly HE has Caballero in a Hammerlock! He further the damage by sweeping his knee out from under him and Uppercuts him in the arm joint!

The crowd cheers for Oscar as the punishment continues for the cocky Spaniard. Oscar fires off more Uppercuts aimed at the joint and then snaps him over into a forward throw. He holds the arms AND pins down the shoulders of Cristiano with a bridge.

ONE...

TWO...

With no other choice left but to use his legs, he tries to bridge out of the pin, but then Oscar suddenly uses his legs to bridge THAT down with a European Clutch pin!

ONE...

TWO...

DDK:

Cristiano kicks out, but good God, this is some master-class wrestling from Oscar.

Angus:

At least break his arm! Come on man!

Christiano is being taken to task right now by Oscar who STILL has the arm he has worked all match. He continues to work the arm with more torque, but Caballero has other ideas and rakes Burns' eye with his free hand! He then throws him into the ropes despite the referee's protests and rams his shoulder into the gut of Oscar several times! The blows continues when he throws Oscar out of the corner...

Angus:

SPEAR! Where the hell did Caballero learn THAT?!

The 228-pound Caballero surprises Oscar with a Spear, perhaps pulling something out from his bag of tricks to throw the technician completely off his game. Caballero goes for the cover!

ONE...

TWO...

DDK:

Oscar kicks out! He tried to match mat game with Oscar when he admittedly has none, so he surprised him with that move!

Oscar gets picked up again by Cristiano and gets a couple of kicks in his back for good measure. He then pulls him up and he goes for another ride when he eats a Spinebuster!

Angus:

Dang, maybe he's tired of being overlooked here! Good going, you dumb pretty boy!

DDK:

Cristiano with another cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Oscar with another kickout! Cristiano decides he's had it up to his man-bun with Burns' tenacity so he locks the legs. The Spanish Inquisition was coming...

DDK:

Uh-oh! Cristiano just tried for his Spanish Inquisition, but Oscar Burns may have been the one man in existence who expected it.

Angus:

That pun was cringe-worthy.

Oscar not only kicks free from the submission attempt, but the bigger man SURPRISES Caballero with a flipping Headscissors Takeover from the grounded position to send him flying into a corner. He gets a running European Uppercut for his troubles! Oscar holds out his hands to tell the crowd one more is coming and then shoots him cross-corner to deliver a hard Corner Elbow Smash! Oscar then takes down Caballero flawlessly with a downright smooth AF Double Underhook Suplex! Before Caballero knows what hit him, Oscar rolls him upwards, turns him around and DRIVES him right onto the knee with a Dragon Backbreaker that nearly cracks him in half!

Angus:

Damn, that was smooth AF, Keeps!

DDK:

What's Oscar got planned now?

Now Twists and Turns is all fired up and the crowd responds in kind after he nearly fucked up Cristiano's back. Caballero has no idea what to do when Burns boots him up and points to the crowd. He locks up the Sly Spaniard, grabs an arm and WRENCHES back as he's in an Octopus Stretch.

Angus:

GORRAM! HE'S GONNA RIP THAT DUDE IN HALF!

DDK:

He calls this The Graps of Wrath and... yep...

Cristiano Caballero:

I give up! I give up! Ahhhhhhhh!

DING DING DING!

The bell rings and that is that! Oscar Burns lets go of the hold quickly and then celebrates with the crowd by jumping on the second turnbuckle with great gusto!

Darren Quimbey:

Here is your winner... **OSCAR BURNS!**

DDK:

Great debut for Burns! Caballero wasn't going to make this one easy for Burns, but other than a brief flurry in the middle, this match was all Burns!

Angus:

Still not a fan of this guy goofing off and sucking up to the fans like an idiot, but I'm pretty sure he broke that pretty boy douche-bro for a while after that weird Octopus Stretch!

Indeed, Caballero is still down and out grabbing his back while Oscar now runs out to celebrate with some lucky fans in the front row! He gives out a few hugs to the crowd (he wiped himself with a towel before so he didn't sweat on them, of course) and then runs to the back to no doubt tell his folks back home how cool his debut was!

Oscar Burns:

You've been a wonderful audience! Sweet as!

Angus:

Ugh. Dumb pandering dipshit.

ICE COLD WELCOME (SEE, BECAUSE IT'S NOT A WARM WELCOME... SHUT UP, IT'S FUNNY)

The camera pans backstage to the interview area and none other than Lance Warner is standing by, about to bring the good shit to your ear.

That's an interview, for the uninformed and just plain stupid.

Lance Warner:

Hello and thank you for tuning in this evening! I'm Lance Warner and standing by with me was the winner of our last match. Please welcome "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns.

Almost on cue, the energetic Oscar Burns bursts onto the set and grabs Lance's hand, shaking it pretty enthusiastically.

Oscar Burns:

Lance Warner, how you doin', GC? I talked to that lovely lady, Christie Zane, so it's now it's your turn on the old Oscar Burns "Meet 'Em and Greet 'Em" tour!

Warner takes his hand back after the cordial shake and nods at Burns.

Lance Warner:

Well, thank you, Oscar. Tell us all how you're feeling after that victory earlier tonight.

Oscar looks very giddy to wrestle tonight and jumps up and down with all the energy of a five-year-old recapping his day.

Oscar Burns:

It was wonderful, my friend. The fans are so gracious... funny, they are even more enthusiastic when you say that you live in their neck of the woods... but it's fun and infectious nonetheless. I've come a long way from being a skint little Kiwi with nothing to his name, to busting my buns off, working hard and now I'm here in the States. It's been an adventure, that's for sure, but now I'm looking forward to then next op...

He gets interrupted by the slow golf clap of somebody approaching from off-camera. Burns and Warner turn and saw a face that BRAZEN fans might have been familiar with. A man that looks so sleazy, you would need penicillin just after shaking his hand.

???:

So... you're the great technical master Oscar Burns...

The man finally appears on camera; man that has made a couple of appearances in the past taking on men like Cayle Murray and Jason Natas. He stops clapping to sip on a bottle of what appears to be wine or some refreshing alcoholic beverage.

???:

Hi, I'm Danny Diggs. My shirt says exactly how impressed I am you, Oscar Burns.

Oscar looks at the rather disheveled man standing in front of him with a simple black t-shirt with "Meh" right there for all to see. A grin stretches across his face.

Oscar Burns:

Heh... that's funny, my friend. Went right in for the quick-witted punchline, you hard case! I like that! Well, Mr. Diggs, thank you for your kind and witty welcome to DEFIANCE. I'm happy to be here and I'm looking forward to keep the success going.

Diggs takes a sip of his wine and chuckles.

Danny Diggs:

My God, you sound like such a pussy. [Another sip of his wine] I just came here to tell it like it is, Burns... I've been a part of BRAZEN for a little while and I'm sick of being stuck down there, getting no opportunities while some idiot from Australia comes in and takes a spot that belongs to ME!

Lance looks up at Oscar Burns and raises his eyebrow, waiting for his retort.

Oscar Burns:

Well, mate, I'm sorry you feel that way about your career, but hey! I was a young pup once and all I could do was wrestle in the wop-wops for pocket change and a hot dog! All needed was one opportunity to make it, so I can do the same for you. Heck, mate, if you want to wrestle, I'm looking for a match on the next show.

Diggs shakes his head with a confident laugh.

Danny Diggs:

You're on, Burns. I'm gonna show you all the fancy technical grapple-fucking on the mat ain't gonna save you when you take on somebody like me! Want to know why BRAZEN has dubbed me the Master Thief?

Oscar snaps a finger.

Oscar Burns:

Oh, I know, mate! It's because you're good at stealing segments because you can't get any of your own!

That little dig... well, Diggs doesn't dig it, but shrugs it off with a knowing grin. Oscar giggles at his own joke.

Oscar Burns:

I'm only kidding, mate! I'll see you in the ring next week, okay? Ta!

Burns gives Diggs a friendly slap on the shoulder and walks off while Danny

Danny Diggs:

Want some news, Lance? Here's a quote: Work smart. Not hard.

Diggs storms off with a sly grin and leaves Lance alone as the scene moves on.

PUPPET

The scene opens up once again in the Wrestleplex. The DEFIANCE faithful's attention is directed towards the interview stage where Lance Warner stands with microphone in hand.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen. I will shortly be joined on stage here by a man who has given his all for this company, one of the greatest if not the greatest, DOC Champion to have stepped foot into a DEFIANCE ring...

Pockets of the fans around the arena have already risen to their feet.

Lance Warner:

Jason Natas...

Lance pauses for a moment as the whole arena are now on their feet immediately applauding at the mention of Natas.

Lance Warner:

...first walked into DEFIANCE in the summer of 2014, making a quick impression by flattening Rich Mahogany in his debut match. Unfortunately, disaster was right around the corner. The burly brawler tore his knee apart in training just a few weeks later, and suddenly, he was gone...

Lance pauses.

Lance Warner:

A gruelling year-and-a-half long recovery process followed, but the Jason Natas that returned to DEFIANCE in October 2015 was a shade of the man he used to be. Visibly overweight and out of shape, he struggled to survive five minutes in the ring, falling to the likes of Jake Donovan and Jonny Booya.

A few images appear in the big screen, primarily of a blown-up "Fatas" labouring his way through his post-comeback performances.

Lance Warner:

But with every passing week, "The Bronx Bully" grew closer and closer to his former self. The knee got stronger. The extra weight turned back to muscle. The final step was Sean Jackson - a foe whose villainous machinations helped drive Natas to that next level, and at DEFCON 2016, Jason scored his first comeback victory...

We get a nice little slideshow of stills from that match, including the neck-snapping Lariat that ended the contest (and Jackson's DEFIANCE career).

Lance Warner:

You, The Faithful, came to accept Natas for his fire, spirit, and bullish attitude. Shortly after defeating Jackson, he took Frank Dylan James' Onslaught Championship, and held it for 118 days, defending it against six different competitors along the way...

A few shots of Jason's various defences, with particular emphasis on the rematch vs. FDJ.

Lance Warner:

Now firmly established as one of DEFIANCE's cult favourites, Natas came across a new enemy in Kendrix. Their rivalry spanned months, with the smug Englishman goading Jason into striking a security guard, enforcing a two-month suspension. Natas was enraged upon return, and went right after the man who'd ended his DOC reign, but his fury got the better of him. Natas was goaded into putting his career on the line at DEFIANCE Road, and he fell...

THANK YOU NATAS,
CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP
THANK YOU NATAS,

CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen, it is with deep regret, that for the final time in DEFIANCE, I give the stage to Jason Natas.

♪ "No Chance" by Unsane ♪

The gargantuan, sludgy riff soon pummels the DEFarena into the ground, and The Faithful are on their feet, screaming their approval in anticipation of the living embodiment of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Damn right everyone is on their feet for this man Jason.

DDK:

Absolutely no doubt about it. A true warrior of a man and he will rightly be given the chance to say goodbye to the DEFIANCE faithful properly. This is a nice touch from our company.

The riffs continue to play but there is no sign of the 6'4", 270lb monster.

Angus:

This has got to be difficult for Jason. The man's a beast but he's just lost his job. The job I know for a fact that he loved.

DDK:

That would be difficult for anyone...hey, wait a minute...

The applause quickly dies down and turns into deafening boos upon realisation that the man coming through the curtain isn't the hero they were expecting.

Angus:

FUCK THIS! NO!

Dressed casually in jeans and sneakers he dons a t-shirt with the image of himself pinning Jason Natas. Below the image is the timeline 2014 - 2017. Smugly holding his arms out wide by his side he arrogantly poses to the irate crowd.

DDK:

Total lack of class and respect from Kendrix. Despicable behaviour, especially after being given an opportunity in the shock main event at DEFIANCE ROAD.

Angus:

It was a shock alright. A shock he was even considered for The FIST by Eric Dane.

Dismissively laughing off the crowd as the music comes to an end, Jesse turns to face Lance on the stage, the interviewer looking confused as to why JFK is out here instead of Natas. Jesse points his finger out at Lance, a cheeky grin on his face, before making his way to the stage.

Lance Warner:

What are you doing here? I've arranged this time with Natas' people.

Kendrix snatches the mic from Warner and pats him on the back before pushing him away from the stage.

Kendrix:

You bellend! It was my people who called you. You actually think that Natas has people?! Get the hell off my stage!

Angus:

Son of a...

DDK:

Looks like a number has been done on Warner, on all of us.

Angus:

FUCK. HE'S GOING TO SPEAK FOREVER ISN'T HE?!

Having successfully shoo shoo'd Warner away, Kendrix turns to face his less than adoring audience as he slowly, exaggerating, raised the mic to his mouth.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah?!

BOOOOOOOOOO!

Affording himself a short chuckle at the expected reaction he brings the mic back up.

Kendrix:

Ladies and Gentlemen...LET'S HEAR IT FOR JASON NATAS!

The crowd pop as applauds fill the arena once more. Meanwhile Jesse humbly holds his hand out flat in front of them all.

Kendrix:

Now, JFK's not out here to run his mouth...

DDK:

Now that certainly would be a first.

Kendrix:

JFK's not out here to talk about how Jason Natas is a LOSER...

He holds his thumb and index finger upon his head, forming an "L" sign, leaning his head out toward each end of the arena.

BOOOOOOO!

Arching his back out straight he holds his hand to his heart.

Kendrix:

JFK's not out here to gloat about how he single handedly got rid of the HEART OF DEFIANCE FOREVER!

BOOOOOO!

Angus:

Damn this douchebag! I'm going up th....

DDK:

Sit back down partner.

Kendrix wags his index finger and shakes his head, a serious look upon his face.

Kendrix:

No, no, no. JFK is out here to say what all you guys have been saying on social media since DEFIANCE Road...

Pointing out at the crowd he holds his hand back down flat upon his chest.

Kendrix:

Thank you Jason.

Angus:

What?!

THANK YOU JASON!
CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP
THANK YOU JASON!
CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP

Nodding his head along with the crowd's chant, Kendrix mouths "that's right" before bringing the mic back up.

Kendrix:

Thank you Jason for beating the living hell out of JFK.

Angus:

Amen

Kendrix:

Thank you Jason for cutting JFK open. Thank you Jason for doing what you always did in DEFIANCE...bringing your own unique style of A game to the ring. Thank you for leaving everything you had in the squared circle time and time again.

More applause.

Kendrix:

But more importantly than all of that...Thank you, Jason...for taking JFK to the next level. Despite everything you gave, despite knocking JFK from pillar to post in the most brutal match of my career...JFK found another level to BEAT YOUR SORRY ARSE AND SEND YOU PACKING TO THE WELFARE OFFICE WITH THE REST OF THESE BELLENDERS IN ATTENDANCE TONIGHT!

BOOOOOOO!

DDK:

And there it is....that moment of respect didn't last long.

He holds his hand up flat out in front of him, shaking it out at the irate crowd.

Kendrix:

Hey, but don't worry, cos JFK's going to be selling these bad boys...

He grabs and pulls down the bottom of his t-shirt.

Kendrix:

Once he gets clearance from the DEFIANCE merch jerks so all of you can not only show your support to Jason at the welfare line but also contribute some extra income his way. That's right, all proceeds will go to something JFK likes to call the Jason Natas just got the sack because he couldn't hang with the future of this business fund!

He paces the stage, his trademark smirk splashed across his face, as the arena lets him know exactly what they think of him.

DDK:

The gall and complete arrogance of this young man astounds me week by week.

Angus:

Can you imagine how big this douche's head would be if he won the title at DEFROAD.

Still pacing, Jesse looks up at the crowd and brings the mic up, coming to a stop at the centre of the stage.

Kendrix:

But the thing is, this wouldn't have happened to Jason Natas if, like the rest of you bellends had done, he listened to JFK.

He holds his index finger up as he begins to pace the ring, looking away from the crowd, focussing his attention on the mic.

Kendrix:

From day one, I told everybody that I am the Future of this business. From day one, JFK told everybody that he was here to change DEFIANCE for the better. This place finally became a Sports Entertaining entity the moment SEG hit the scene. SEG, the most dominant group in the business took on and won everything that was put in our way.

He stops pacing and points out at different areas of the arena.

Kendrix:

And each time you expected us to fail. Just like Jason Natas. I mean, how much warning do you need. I'd already beaten Jason Natas and Mushi in one match. How STUPID must you be to literally BEG to face the man...

He holds his hand flat to his chest.

Kendrix:

...who's already beaten another pillar of this company in Bronson Box?! What people don't understand is that this business evolves and make absolutely no mistake about it, Bellends, you're all looking at DEFIANCE Version 2.0 right now!

He holds his arms out wide by his side, presenting himself to the arena before he picks up the pacing, ignoring the crowd's boos.

Angus:

What? There's only one DEFIANCE and that guy will never be it!

Kendrix:

It astounds me, it really does, that it's taken a year for Eric Dane to realise that I am worthy of a shot at The Fist. It astounds me that a man with his nous and foresight in this business backs and lends his unrivaled expertise to the wettest, boring and most corny guy this business has ever seen.

He comes to a complete stop right in front of the cameraman on the stage, staring into the camera, pissed off look on his face.

Kendrix:

Cayle Murray!

Walking away from the lens he directs his diatribe towards the arena once more.

Kendrix:

Cayle, you beat JFK for the Fist, congratulations, bruv!

Angus:

Thank fuck for that

Kendrix:

JFK was inches away from getting what he truly deserves until you pulled off one hell of a move to crush my dreams and fulfil yours. It's fine lines in this business that make the difference and at DEFROAD, you came up with the goods, no doubt about it.

DDK:

What a year it's been for Cayle, deserved winner of The Fist!

Kendrix mockingly claps his hands together thudding them against the mic before bringing it back up.

Kendrix:

But how weird was it that one of the biggest feuds this company has ever seen, a feud that spanned a year, Bronson Box verses Cayle Murray, wasn't higher up the card.

Kendrix looks around the arena, mockingly scratching his head, mouthing "so weird" before getting back to the mic.

Kendrix:

How weird, in fact that this match was the first match on the card. You went through hell and back Cayle, don't get JFK wrong. But how about that recovery time for later in the night huh?

He returns focus to the camera that's followed him to the centre of the stage.

Kendrix:

All that recovery time and all that time knowing exactly what you were up against at the end of the night sure would have come in handy for JFK too. But hey, those are what make the fine lines, huh Cayle?!

DDK:

Is he insinuating what I think he's insinuating.

Kendrix:

Cayle, you are nothing more than Eric Dane's puppet!

BOOOOOOOOO!

Kendrix turns his attention out at the crowd taking a few steps away from the cameraman now.

Kendrix:

The only reason Cayle Murray is champ right now, Bellends, is because Eric Dane wants to massage his own ego all because Cayle beat his arse a year ago. Eric has blindly put his own ego ahead the money making cash cow you all see before you right now. So Eric, simply put, long term...you've bet on the wrong horse, BAWS! And as for Cayle?

This time Kendrix grabs the camera, pulling it toward him.

Kendrix:

Puppet! You and me both know that you can't beat JFK one on one in a fairly arranged fight. Just like your bestest buddy in the business, Jason Natas couldn't. Prove me wrong, Cayle. The Champion versus The Future for the Fist...TONIGHT!

DDK:

Cayle Murray's been attacked by Mushi and now he's been called out by Kendrix.

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

Angus:

Kendrix has some take on things. He's called the BAWWS out and he's made it personal with Cayle here. I hope Cayle doesn't take the bait. I don't ever want to see that man get another shot at the fist again.

Jesse drops the mic and shows off his trademark smirk for the world to see before ignoring the fans completely as he walks off behind the curtain.

STRAIGHT OUTTA SHAOLIN

We enter the dressing room of Shaolin's own, Bruhh Nasty who's sitting very cozy on a black leather sofa with Defiance reporter, Christine Zane. They both laugh let out a loud laugh as the camera joins the conversation.

Christine Zane:

So... YOU ARE going to give me the first interview, right?

Bruhh Nasty:

Shoot... My life's an open book.

Christine Zane:

OK. Tell me a little about yourself.

Bruhh Nasty:

Nothin' to tell really... The God was born and raised in Staten Isl', I've made a lot of money, seen a lot of places. Now... I'm here with you... THE END.

Christine Zane:

You have got to be kidding me. I need more than that.

Bruhh Nasty:

I'm just got a kid from NEW YORK thriving in this wrestling shit. What more do you need?

Christine Zane:

What about life before the squared circle? Weren't you one of the most prominent figures in radio at one time?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

Bruhh Nasty:

The fuck is that?

VOICES FROM BEHIND DOOR:

IT'S BRUTAL ATTACK FORCE! CHRISTINE WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE! COME OUT NOW!

Christine Zane:

Oh, hell. I may have skipped an interview with them. But, they're sooo boring without CURTIS PENN. Plus, you know... YOU'RE Bruhh Nasty. I wanted the exclusive, sue me.

Bruhh smirks and opens the door to meet Brutal Attack Force, Petey Garrett and Solomon Grendel. Two of DEFIANCE'S most notorious bottom feeders, let them tell it and statues should be made in their images.

Solomon Grendel:

Aye! What's the big idea Christine? We had an agreement that you would interview US!

Grendel shouted angrily shaking his fists like a someone left a flaming bag of shit on his porch. Bruhh Nasty steps outside and extends a handshake towards Brutal Attack Force.

Bruhh Nasty:

Chill, son. She must have doubled booked, what's up, though? I'm Bruhh Nasty.

Petey Garrett:

Umbra Nasty? What kind of name is that? You one of them flippity doo dahs?

Bruhh Nasty:

It's BRUUUUHHHHHHHHH NASTY, SON! Watch your mouth.

Solomon Grendel:

You left us for an F'N new guy, Christine?!?!

Petey Garrett:

That's it! We will have respect on our names! Christine, you're coming with us. Tell this guy to step aside or be removed with physical force.

Bruhh Nasty:

Where your balls at, b? I'm right here. We can shoot the fade fair one or not.

Solomon Grendel:

You must be hard of hearing. Step aside or be removed!

Little did Brutal Attack Force know Bruhh Nasty has always been a fan of the knucks. Even before this wrestling shit popped off, the kid use to run the streets of NY with a pair of brassknucks in his pocket, a habit that even in wrestling he found hard to shake.

Petey Garrett:

Yeaaa---uggggghhhhhh

Before Petey could get another word out, Bruhh Nasty snuck him in the face with a pair of brass knucks he slipped onto his hand moments ago sending Petey tumbling into a catering cart. He quickly following it up with an elbow to the nose of Grendel who staggers backwards but not out of the incredible wingspan of Bruhh Nasty who grabs him by the neck and slings him into the Petey Garret who was attempting to regain his balance. Both men topple like bowling pins as they are now wearing the crew's lunch.

Security immediately comes to the aid of Brutal Attack Force as Bruhh Nasty is restrained to the door way of his locker room as a few members of the team attempt to help Garrett and Grendel regain their footing.

Bruhh Nasty:

Clowns... Running up on me like that you get spanked like a new born, b. Straight with the fuckin' baby powder.

Solomon Grendel:

I will be respected. Curtis Penn ain't got SHIT on ME!

Petey Garrett:

Me either! Paper, rock, scissors, Solly. Winner beats his ass tonight!

Bruhh shakes his head as Brutal Attack Force engages in a game of paper, rock, scissors for the right to wrestle Bruhh Nasty tonight on DEF TV.

PAPER

ROCK

SCISSORS

SHOOT

Grendel is declared the victor after using the mighty rock fist to crush Garrett's scissor fingers.

Petey Garrett:

You're in for it now, Umbra! Solomon is going to mop the floor with you.

Bruhh Nasty:

It's over for you maggots. Whoever want it can get it. Come see me later tonight right now, I've got an interview to wrap up, b.

Bruhh smirks as he slams the door with such force a poster flaps from the impact. The camera changes its focus to reveal a MISSING poster with no face or name present just a dark silhouette with the words MISSING stamped in capital letters across the top and bottom of the placard.

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER

The camera cuts to the backstage area, In a long corridor the camera moves from the long row of florescent lights to where Gage Blackwood is slightly limping towards the locker room area. He seems to be lecturing himself quietly, distraught about his loss just a short time ago.

DDK:

Well, there's Gage Blackwood again. A tough break for him tonight in his first match here on DEFtv.

Angus:

Yeah. He was really in control of the match, too, until things fell apart at the end!

DDK:

He does not look happy! A tough one tonight, that's for sure but there will be better days ahead for this young man.

Blackwood turns the corner where Jamie Sawyer and David Hightower are talking. Hightower, also a newly signed talent by DEFIANCE, stands at 6'2", 275 pounds. Blackwood bumps into Hightower, instantly stumbling back a few steps because of the clear size difference. Jamie Sawyer, the manager of the team, instantly shoots Gage an angry look.

Blackwood:

Sorry.

Gage mumbled before turning away from the both of them and walked past the camera. Jamie Sawyers stands with his mouth agape. He seems bewildered. Once Blackwood gets down the hall Sawyers opens his mouth again, to speak this time.

Jamie Sawyers:

Did you see that David!? He just shoulder blocked you! Who the hell does he think he is!?

David Hightowers eyes never leave the passing superstar. He slowly slots his eyes, and a flash of slow anger crosses his face.

DDK:

That's a bit of a stretch.

Jamie Sawyers:

We JUST got here and already we have someone trying to show authority over you! He's already bumping you in the hallways! This is EXACTLY what I was telling you I hated. There's no reason for those kind of actions! Can't we just be professional? NO!

Hightower moves his head to look at his manager.

Jamie Sawyers:

He's already trying to make you the victim, I've seen it a million times, I bet if I were carrying a clipboard he would have knocked that out of my hand too! What a bully!

Hightower lifts one side of his lip and spits on the floor, his face grows a bit red.

Jamie Sawyers:

We can't let this stand! We gotta make this place...DEFIANCE...A place where everyone can feel safe!

Hightower starts walking down the hall deliberately after Blackwood.

Jamie Sawyers:

No David!

Jamie grabs his client by the arm stopping him.

Jamie Sawyers:

Next time...

The enigmatic manager points to his head and looks Hightower in the eye before repeating himself. "Next Time."

DDK:

What does he mean, next time?

The scene fades out.

BRUHH NASTY vs SOLOMON GRENDEL

DDK:

Up next, we have newcomer Bruhh Nasty taking on one half of Brutal Attack Force, Solomon Grendel!

Angus:

Bruhh Nasty? Eh... Better not be a friggin' flippy doo. You know how I feel about them.

DDK:

Well you're in luck, parnter. He's 6'4, 240.

Angus:

Well all the same, I'm sure I'll hate him anyway. The guy used to be in radio and threw it all away, what a buffoon. I hope Grendel gives this guy a beating. You know he attacked them with brass knuckles earlier and threw them both into a food cart. They used a game of rock, paper, scissors to figure out who would get to kick his ass first.

♪ "TRIUMPH" - Wu-Tang Clan ♪

The classic hip hop track blasts through the speakers and the crowd erupts. The entire arena turns completely pitch black, strobe lights are the only form of lumination we see as smoke begins to pour onto the entry way. Bruhh Nasty emerges from behind the curtain in a Hip Hop inspired T-shirt, camo shorts, and of course Timbs on his feet make the cypher complete. Strapped to his back is a T-shirt launcher, he stops to perform his legendary B-Boy stance power with a microphone in his hand.

BRUHH NASTY:

What the FUCK is up, NAAAWWWWWLINS?

DDK:

What the hell? He's coming over here?

Angus:

Who knows, maybe he's regretting his earlier actions and is coming over here to issue an apology to Brutal Attack Force.

DDK:

I highly doubt that, Angus. He's got a bazooka.

Bruhh Nasty comes over to the table giving Keebler and Skaaland the infamous head nod before leaping up onto the announce table. He removes the bazooka from his back and begins firing #BRUHHISNASTY t-shirts into the sea of fans until the launcher empties.

BRUHH NASTY:

Hold this for me, b. Don't let nothin' happen to it or you'll have to answer to me, son!

DDK:

Um... I already have a dad and I'm not really the GUY for that type of thing, you know?

But before he could say anymore, Bruhh Nasty was already making his way to the ring. He stopped and slapped a few hands as the lights returned. Suddenly, Petey Garrett emerges from behind Bruhh Nasty and begin clobbering him.

Angus:

Brutal 'sneak' Attack Force is in the house!

DDK:

That's not right! What's Petey Garrett doing here? This is a one-on-one affair.

Angus:

Moral support, Keeps. He couldn't let Solomon have all the fun, how could he? I saw him backstage after he got blasted and it was not a pretty sight, by any means.

Bruh Nasty regained his composure as he exchanged blows with Petey back and forth back and forth we go. Bruh pushed Petey like a tackling sled all the way into the side of the ring back first.

Angus:

OUCH! He'll feel that in the morning.

DDK:

Is that Solomon Grendel coming from underneath the ring? Was he there this entire time?

Angus:

The cavalry has arrived! And look, he's brought party favors in the form of a steel chair.

WAAACK

Solomon slams the chair into the back of Bruh Nasty who drops to a knee, but before he could compose himself, another shot to the head would send him all the way to the ground. Bruh was in no position to defend himself, and with Petey now back to his feet the onslaught continued as both members of Brutal Attack Force stomped and kick at Bruh Nasty's lifeless body.

DDK:

Somebody must stop this! Where in the hell is our security team?

Angus:

Why don't you go help him out then, Keeps? I'm sure you could get in a few good shots before you got pummeled. Just pretend Petey and Solomon ate the last of your salmon cream cheese.

DDK:

Ugh. Don't even remind me of that day. But, I can't... I'm supposed to be watching the bazooka, you know.

Petey grabs Bruh Nasty's fallen microphone.

Petey Garrett:

This is what happens when you mess with the best! Hate to spoil your debut, asshole, but NOBODY and I mean NOBODY pulls one over on the Brutal Attack Force.

Solomon Grendel:

We're legendary! And we told you to put some respect on our names. Now look at you, you've fallen and you can't get back up! What a shame.

DDK:

This is just sick.

Angus:

I'd have to disagree. THIS is the reason DEFIANCE is the best brand in the business. He was never going to beat Solomon Grendel and you know it. They were just saving him for further embarrassment.

DDK:

Are you freaking kidding me? That guy tossed Grendel like a ragdoll backstage. I think these two are yella. They knew this way the only advantage they held.

Angus:

BAF held the TRUMP card. Bruhh turned out the lights and then Brutal Attack Force entered and turned his lights out! Gotta love the irony, Keeps.

Security finally arrives to calm the situation but the damage has already been done as Petey drops the mic on Bruhh Nasty as he and Solomon Grendel raise their hands in victory and begin walking back towards the entry way very proud with themselves on what they have accomplished tonight.

Bruhh Nasty is revived and escorted to the back moments later by some medical personnel, he's fuming as he limps while screaming obscenities on his way to the backstage area,

Angus:

Looks like it's all over now, you can quit your crying. Maybe you want to go take that bazooka and deliver it to his hospital bed for him.

DDK:

You're just a big bowl of funnies tonight aren't you, Angus? Let's get back to it. If you just joined us, Brutal Attack Force jumped Bruhh Nasty as he was coming to the ring, spoiling the New York native's debut here on DEFtv. Looks like that will go down as a no-contest.

Angus:

You think? The bell never rang, so it can't be considered a disqualification. What a brilliant move by Brutal Attack Force.

DDK:

What in the hell else is going to happen tonight, Angus?

Cut to elsewhere.

TIME

Backstage. It's a hallway. Don't use too much imagination. At the far end, a double door opens, and in walks the Southern Heritage champion, Impulse, with his other, Calico Rose, right next to him. The fans cheer at the sight, the slight limp in his step the only lingering evidence of the ladder match at DEFIANCE ROAD.

Calico Rose:

Come and play with us, Danny...

Impulse:

The hallway needs better carpet for that line, Rosie. Also, it would need to have carpeting at all.

Voice (offscreen):

Impulse?

They stop. From an intersecting hallway, Christie Zane emerges, microphone in hand.

Christie Zane:

You're looking much better, Cally.

Cally:

Thanks. It's nice that RK will go out in public with me again... people thought he beat me up or something.

Impulse:

If telling people 'You should see the other guy' four hundred and twenty six times in the past two weeks didn't do it, I'd never have reason.

Cally:

It's a classic joke! They never go out of style.

Impulse:

You have issues.

Cally:

Like the public library.

Christie Zane clears her throat.

Impulse:

Yes?

Christie Zane:

You've missed quite a bit tonight.

They both wait and allow her to continue uninterrupted.

Christie Zane:

Codename Reaper ran you down and challenged Bronson Box to a match tonight, citing that it's a step that you 'refuse' to take. Scott Douglas will be taking on Reinhardt Hoffman for the chance to challenge you for the Southern Heritage title, and a contingent from BRAZEN has put all of DEFIANCE on notice with quite the public display, and you can bet they'd love a shot at your Championship as well.

Impulse:

It's hard to fault Cayle for anything right now, but one thing that I think he did wrong with Box, was he allowed Box to dictate the terms of their wars. I won't make that mistake: he'll get what's coming is way for what he did to cally, but it'll

be on my terms, and it'll be my way. Reaper has a problem with that, that's her problem to deal with. I haven't forgotten about her, and I sure as heck haven't forgotten about her father. Our business isn't over yet either - but I'm not playing her games any more.

Cally:

Her game was like a real life version of Clue, and she's no Madeline Khan. Of course, nobody is.

Impulse:

Far as Hoffman, Scotty, and the BRAZEN guys go? It's immaterial to me who I defend my Championship against; all I've ever wanted in an opponent is a tough battle and a fair fight. But... if Hoffman is out there, I'm sure Box won't be far behind.

He smirks.

Impulse:

Comeuppance might be sooner than he thinks.

And they move on.

THEO BAYLOR vs ELIJAH CROSS

DDK:

A busy night so far, Angus, but it's far from over, and we've got another match on-tap!

Angus:

Newbie vs. dipshit loser? Sounds good to me!

DDK:

This one will see Theo Baylor - a recent signing from WrestleUTA - taking on Elijah Cross, a man we've seen a couple of times before, with his last appearance coming in a DEFtv 80 loss to Corbin Michaels.

Angus:

You know how I know Cross sucks, Keeps?

DDK:

... because he's lost each of his last three matches in under a minute?

Angus:

That, and the fact that he didn't even get a proper ring entrance! Look at this dweeb!

In the ring, Elijah Cross is doing all kinds of dopey hand gestures that probably look a lot cooler in his head than they do in real-life. He's got his hair tied back, and he's wearing the most inderiffic pair of baggy black pants imaginable. You know, the kind that look like bin liners.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, representing BRAZEN... "2 F'N XTREME" ELIJAH CROSSSSSS!

♪ "No Vaseline" by Ice Cube ♪

The legendary west coast diss track kicks through the PA system, and Theo Baylor immediately bursts through the curtain, all piss and vinegar.

Angus:

JEEEEZUS! Look at the size of that bastard!

DDK:

He's a big lad alright!

Angus:

And he looks meaner than a bulldog chewing a wasp! This is gonna be fun, Keeps!

Darren Quimbey:

Aaand his opponen! From Los Angeles, California, he weighs in at 285lbs... THEO BAYLORRRRRRR!

Theo shows the fans absolutely no regard as he powers down the ramp then charges into the ring. He steps right up to Cross, towering over him by at least half a foot.

Angus:

Kill that fool, new guy!

The bell rings, and Baylor taps a finger against his jaw, begging for Cross to throw the first shot. Unsure of himself, Cross hesitates at first, before running to the ropes, then coming back with a leaping forearm! Another forearm follows, then another... but Elijah hasn't even staggered the big man.

Cross hits the ropes one more time, but gets absolutely flattened by a big boot!

Angus:

Ha! Nice try, Dorkasaurus!

DDK:

Well that didn't go too well...

Baylor shakes his head, glaring down at his fallen opponent with nothing but contempt on his face. He eventually peels him up from the mat, then tosses him into the corner with the greatest of ease. Theo follows-up with a clothesline, before grabbing him by the collar and tossing him into the middle of the ring!

DDK:

Baylor's just bullying Cross here!

Angus:

I think I might just like this guy, you know!

With Elijah on the mat, Theo slowly walks up to him, then mockingly rubs his foot against his face. He teasingly kicks him in the torso, calling for him to get up, but while Cross at least shows signs of struggle, it's all for nothing. Baylor eventually yanks him to his feet, sends him to the ropes, then hoists him high into the air... before bringing him down with an elevated sitout spinebuster!

DDK:

Big-time move from Baylor! I think the ring just shook!

Theo holds on for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

And it's over!

Angus:

Jeesh, that was... comprehensive.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via pinfall... THEO BAYLOOOORRRRR!

Baylor gets his hand raised by the referee, but he immediately pulls it away again.

Angus:

Did he do it, Keebs?! Did Cross last over a minute!

DDK:

Absolutely not.

Angus:

Ha! Either way, this man looks like a beast. Where did you say we got him from again?

DDK:

WrestleUTA.

Angus:

Ah. *That* place...

His victory complete, Baylor unceremoniously dumps Cross out of the ring with his boot, then turns to the crowd, hollering something at the top of his lungs.

DDK:

A winning debut for this bright young talent, and while it's hard to get a read on a wrestler after such a comprehensive win, this certainly bodes well for his future.

Angus:

Sure does, Keeps! I can't wait to see who he murders next!

TONIGHT, THE BASTARDS TAKE CARE OF BUSINESS

Up next is the matchup that everyone has been waiting for - Skidd Row going toe to toe with the D, with one half of the DEFIANCE Tag Team Titles hanging in the balance. Well not literally, at least not this time.

Walking down the hallway, heading towards the ring, his long hair yet to be pulled back into his trademark sloppy ponytail is Skidd Row himself. His Bastard brethren gather near and dear to him. They're briefly discussing the upcoming match up, awash in the thumping of their own chests. It takes a moment for Wildside to spot the camera, bringing the crew to a hush with the movement of his hand.

Wildside:

Tonight, after only a few short weeks, the Bastard Sons of Wrestling are happy to be back in action. As the PRIDE of Chicago, the SCUM of the Universe Skidd Row goes out there and puts HIS half of the TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS on the line.

The Bastards all nod their head. Celebratory pats on the back go to Skidd Row for making this whole thing possible. Will Haynes and J Stevenson part ways, pushing Row front and center next to Wildside. His half of the Tag Team Champion sitting a top of his shoulder - nameplate change confirmed.

Wildside:

You see it might matter to some of you that the hook in the Ladder War at DEFIANCE Road held for Cayle Murray and not us, but it doesn't bother us in the slightest. Some of you might be offended due to the closing of catering this evening, to celebrate a job HALF done, but it doesn't bother us. And some of you might even be bothered by the awarding of a rematch for the TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS being boiled down to a SINGLES MATCH - but it - DOESN'T. BOTHER. US.

The Bastards nod their head. They seemed unphased by the matchup tonight, at least publicly. Behind the scenes, well that's up to the Defiance Spy to try to figure out.

Wildside:

It doesn't matter to us, when or where. We will beat every single team that Kelly Evans, Eric Dane, or whoever is sending Mr. Robot Love Letters to Cayle Murray throws at us. We will put your former Tag Team heroes to the sword, over and over and over again. It might START tonight but rest assured folks, it doesn't end until the other half of this here title -

Wildside gestures to the belt sitting on the shoulder of Row.

Wildside:

-gets reunited with it's twin brother.

The Bastards are all smiles. Ear to ear shit eating grins. They can't wait to get their hands on the other piece of Tag Team gold to solidify their place here in the hallowed halls of DEFIANCE.

Wildside:

That'll happen in due time. Meanwhile, tonight -

Skidd Row takes this opportunity to speak.

Row:

The Bastards take care of business.

Off they all go, the whole lot of them to accompany Row to the ring.

THE D vs SKIDD ROW (c)

DDK:

Up next, we have a... unique title match, stemming from the Ladder War at DEFIANCE Road.

Angus:

Understatement of the century Keeps. Skidd Row, and Elise Ares are tag team champions? Now, we try to reunite the belts with the former champs, as Skidd Row defends his half in a singles match against the D.

DDK:

Completely unexpected turn of events. Both teams are reeling and having to deal with the echoes and aftermath of what amounted to a broken clasp.

Angus:

Friendship starts in odd ways Keeps. Look at us!

♪ "Live for the Night" by Krewella (w/ MIA Intro) ♪

A single spotlight lands on a darkened entrance ramp, as The D steps out from behind the entrance curtain. He hangs his head low, his eyes darken and sulken. Klein appears behind him to his right, holding up a single sparkler. Elise Ares steps out on the other side, patting The D on his shoulder. He pays her very little attention as he storms to the ring. So, Elise spins in her evening gown and raises her half of the tag title high to the cheering crowd.

The D quickly storms toward the ring, slapping a few fan's outstretched hands, but he pays them no visual attention. He slides into the ring with almost zero pageantry, and cracks his knuckles as his teammates flood the ringside area. Klein wanders, giving unlit sparklers to the kids in the front row.

The rap beats of Krewella suddenly come to an end, without any sort of forewarning at all. Instead they're replaced with the polar opposite. It's hard, thundering drum, and a guitar that acts as a radar, scanning the crowd, trying to find something. The drums build, they're joined by another guitar now, continuing to build until finally the song breaks into it's masterful opening

♪ "Cochise" by Audioslave ♪

While the late Chris Cornell begins to sing the opening verse of his anthem out of the back steps the Bastard Sons of Wrestling, being lead by their manager Mr. Jonathan Wildside. Flanked a step behind him to his right and left respectively are Coleslaw Jenkins and the Thrill Ride himself, Will Haynes. A step behind them is J Stevenson. As the song reaches it's first chorus, Wildside steps aside and out of the middle steps Skidd Row. His DEFIANCE Tag Team Title tucked into his pants at one end, hanging down in front of his shorts as he points to it - drawing the ire of the Faithful.

DDK:

Good to see that Skidd is keeping the D's title safe and sound for him. Although if I was D I might wanna take a few Colorx wipes to that thing first.

Angus:

There's a pun to be made somewhere here, I just can't really put my finger on it. Or should I say in it? I don't know.

DDK:

For everyone's sake I'm glad you can't think of something disgusting to say, partner.

The Bastards make their way to ringside, Skidd Row climbing the stairs, wiping his feet on the ring apron and stepping into the squared circle. Carla over to retrieve his Tag Title which Skidd invites her to do. She opts for him to hand it to her.

Angus:

Carla ruining the fun of this one, refusing to make a move to claim the title from Skidd.

DDK:

Can't say I blame her, Angus. I wouldn't want to be touching that thing right now. Gross.

Carla pats Skidd down, the D steps forward and she does the same for him. Then calls for the opening bell.

In the opening sequence of the match both men go to their speed to try and prove a point to the other. Side headlocks, various reversals, had the crowd buzzing.

DDK:

Hard for either man to get an inch on the other in the early going here, partner.

Angus:

Well Keeps, these guys did just fight against one another a few weeks ago in that hellacious Ladder War at DEF Road.

The D whips Row hard into the turnbuckle, rushing to follow the Pride of Chicago into the corner. Row vaults himself up using the top rope, lands firm on his feet behind the D. D turns and Row takes him to the ground with a textbook wrist lock. Row keeping a grip on the wrist and using it to wrench the D a bit. The crowd gets behind the D now willing him to his feet.

DDK:

Crowd coming alive for their RIGHTFUL Tag Team Champion, partner.

Angus:

Um excuse you! Rightful? I'm sorry but who actually HAS the Title, remind me again?

DDK:

I cannot argue possession with you partner, that's true but in a match that ends in such a controversial finish normally the Championship Advantage awards such an ending - well to the Champions - in this case PCP.

Angus:

Well I for one am THANKFUL, no dare I say it - GRATEFUL - that they didn't retain at DEFIANCE Road. PCP has held this Tag Team Division in a stranglehold for a while now. About time some new blood start pulsing through the arteries.

The D pushes Row back into the ropes and the two men showcase their strike work, trading lefts and rights. It's a battle of who wants it more that sees Row get the brief upper hand, staggering the D and quickly sitting up in the corner, on the top rope.

Angus:

Row going up to the High Rent District. What's he gonna do?!

Row leaps off looking for something but the D sees him and Row is forced to roll into the center of the ring. Quickly Row charges, the D scoops him, sticks out his knee as he spins in the center of the ring and drops Row right across it with a beautiful Backbreaker.

DDK:

Tides changing for the D! Can he close!? Can he regain his Tag Team Title here tonight?

The D presses.

ONE...!

Row kicks out easily, Haynes and Stevenson look relieved on the outside.

The D sits Row up and begins delivering metered and measured knee strikes to the back of Row's neck.

DDK:

The D trying to wear Skidd Row down here. Maybe looking to add him to the A-List!

Angus:

Please, that move should be called the Z Lister.

After working over his back, the D delivers a Double Stomp to Row's chest for good count before pulling the Bastard to his feet and tossing him - HARD - shoulder first into the turnbuckle.

DDK:

THE D IS FEELING IT RIGHT NOW. Row colliding with that turnbuckle in what appeared to be a painful way.

Row is on the mat reeling, his hands at the source of his pain - the shoulder. Carla Ferrari over to see if he's alright. The Bastards barking to one another as they move closer to where Row lay fallen, hoping to overhear anything on his condition.

DDK:

Look at this! The D clearing Carla out of the way.

The D, all business tonight, pulls Row into the center of the ring and covers him. Carla drops to make the count.

ONE....

TWO...

Row kicksout. Carla shows the D two fingers.

DDK:

Just a second away from reclaiming the Tag Team gold, let's see what the D can do here! Does he have it in him?!

D uses the opportunity to continue working Row's shoulders and back over with a few kicks to the area. The D pulls Row up and it's a few more strikes for good measure, these coming in measured chops across the Cutter King's chest, drawing their usual reaction from the Faithful. After a particular painful shot the D even shakes his wrist, indicating the amount of force used.

DDK:

The D getting frustrated a bit, perhaps. Taking out those frustrations on Skidd Row.

Angus:

And hey if the D wants to start smacking people in the mouth, I wouldn't be against it. I'll still hate his guts, but I wouldn't be against it.

Row stands his ground and the two go back to their striking again, lefts, rights, forearm shot, after forearm shot as the crowd works itself in a frenzy, mostly fueled by Elise Ares at ringside anxious to return things to "normal" with her partner.

Angus:

Did a HOSSSFIGHT just break out real quick? What is going on?

DDK:

Both men refusing to back down. It's a battle of who wants it more, Angus.

Skidd goes on a run and forces the D back into the corner. An Irish Whip across the ring gets reversed, but Row is quick with his footwork and trips the D up, rolling to his feet himself. As the D rises Skidd Row twists and turns

exploding into him with a Discus Lariat that folds the D in half.

Angus:

The D just got circumcised!

DDK:

Yeesh.

The D crawls to the ropes, using them to pull himself up. Row charges, D drops his shoulder vaulting Row over the top rope.

DDK:

Vet move by the D, using the ropes to his advantage.

Angus:

But Skidd is on the apron, the D is off in La La Land after that Lariat.

Row balances himself on the mat as the D turns and levels a huge forearm into his head. The D falls as Row pulls himself onto the top rope and spins himself on top of the Pop Culture Phenom with a Corkscrew Senton. Row pops to his feet and casts a look to the crowd, bringing a finger to his mouth to silence them. The boos reign. His Bastard Brothers nod their approval.

The D wisely rolls himself out of the ring, as him and Elise begin to talk strategy.

DDK:

The D seeking higher ground by the ramp. The Bastards not moving towards him, letting this one play out.

Angus:

But WATCH OUT!

Row runs, and launches himself through the middle rope with a Suicide Dive, Elise Ares moving away at the last second as Row connects onto the D. Row immediately is to his feet mouthing off to the front Row as now the Bastards make their way over.

DDK:

Bastards going to get involved here, Angus?

Angus:

Certainly looks that way. I've heard they have a lot of heat with some of the management here in DEFIANCE after that ending at DEFIANCE Road. Maybe this is how they'll deal with it.

Row holds up his hands, telling his Brothers in Arms to back off. Wildside stops the herd and they take a few steps back, giving Row room to work. The D crawls towards Klein and Ares, who have backed away from playing the numbers game. Row is on top of him quickly sliding him into the ring and picking him up, while remaining on the outside himself. Row brings the D up between the ropes, twisting him and dropping the D by the neck against it. Row slides into the ring himself and sets the D up in the corner, before heading to the other one.

Angus:

Using the ropes as a weapon, Row almost just snapped the D's neck in two. I would've LOVED this man had he succeeded.

With the atypical full head of steam Row charges and the D gets the feet up in time, knocking Row back. Row is crawling in the ring, stands and is groggy. The D plants himself behind Row, brings the knees up and it's the A-List for Row. The crowd explodes. The D covers.

ONE...

TWO...

THR...

Carla stops her count. Row's foot is on the ropes, next to a grinning Jonathan Wildside. She informs the D that the count is stopped.

DDK:

Did you see that, Angus? Wildside just draped Row's foot over the ropes to stop the count!

Angus:

I don't know what you're talking about, Keeps. All I saw was his foot on the ropes.

DDK:

I can't be the only one who saw that can I!??

Angus:

Looks like Miss Flippy Do is having a word about it with Carla, right now. Why don't you go cry her a river, Keeps.

Elise Ares is livid, as is Klein they're both barking at Carla about the foot. Carla didn't see anything, so she has to honor it. Elise smacks the ring in frustration. Klein trying to calm her down.

DDK:

I don't believe it folks, the PCPs just got straight screwed out of a joyous reunion of their Tag Team Titles.

Angus:

How's it feel to get screwed, Keeps? Surely the Bastards know NOTHING about that.

In the ring the D is waiting for Carla to come back to center as Row is on his hands and knees, The D turns his attention back to Row who pops up and spins this time hitting a Discuss Elbow that sends D backwards. Carla shifts her attention back to the action, Row pushes The D back into the corner, backing up himself. Row runs and nails the D with a huge dropkick to the head in the corner. The D stumbles out. Row vaults to the top rope and explodes off, grabbing the D as he flips into a Somersault Cutter.

Angus:

That's Skidd Row's portion of the Bastard Bomb, the Bastard Sons of Wrestling's Tag Team finisher. And here's the cover -

ONE...

TWO...

THREE....

DDK:

Skidd Row, with a little help from his friends, is able to retain his half of the tag team championship. This strange experiment of Skidd Row and Elise Ares continues, at least for show!

SIT TIGHT

It's been a rough night for Cayle Murray.

The new FIST of DEFIANCE intended on having a quiet night, but found-out the hard way that there's no such thing when you're the company's default "top guy." Three weeks removed from the most physically gruelling night of his career, Mushigihara appeared from beneath the ring, then battered the hell out of him with an Atlas Cutter.

Not exactly what Cayle had planned, but perhaps it served him right.

We catch up with the FIST backstage. He's hobbling around like an old hunchback, but he hasn't let Mushi's assault put him on the shelf completely. With an ice pack pressed against his skull, the beaten Scot shambles through the corridors, eventually coming to a halt at a vending machine. He reaches into his pocket grabs a handful of changes, then feeds a bunch of quarters into the slot.

OSV:

OI OI!

Cayle takes a deep breath, rolling his eyes at the latest unwanted interruption, knowing full well who the brash greeting is from. Leaning against the vending machine, Jesse Fredericks Kendrix slowly claps his hands together, a cheeky grin on his face.

Kendrix:

Not looking too chipper today are we bruv? Having a rough night, yeah?

Murray groans. Regardless of JFK's presence, he continues going about his business, thumbing a button on the machine.

Cayle Murray:

What do you want, lad?

A bottle of mineral water falls to the bottom of the machine. Cayle leans down, but he's clearly in a lot of pain as he does so. Nonetheless, he eventually retrieves the drink. Kendrix affords himself a little chuckle.

Kendrix:

Look at the state of you, bruv. You know, it must be tough being at the top of the food chain, huh? Must be even tougher when you've been put there by the guy who runs the joint. I mean look at you, attacked from behind by a Japanese Sumo Monster Guy, huh?

Jesse looks up, his index finger pressed upon his lips in thought.

Kendrix:

What would help, what would help? Hmmm

His eyes light up as he lifts his finger away from his lips and to the side of his head.

Kendrix:

That's right, someone to watch your back! Why didn't you get good old Jason Natas to watch...

He mockingly places the palm of his hand flat against his open mouth, as if slightly embarrassed. Removing his hand he holds it out apologetically at Cayle.

Kendrix:

Oh, shit that's awkward. He doesn't work here anymore does he, Cayle? You know....because I beat the shit out of him at DEFROAD, innit?!

Cayle rolls his eyes.

Cayle Murray:

Very good.

He cracks open the bottle of water.

Cayle Murray:

Well done, mate. You took another man's career away. Real pillar of this sport, you.

Murray takes a gulp.

Cayle Murray:

I'll say this - I can't be too mad about DEFIANCE Road. Jason agreed to the stipulation, and he fell. It sucks, but it's fair. *Technically*. Your little victory speech earlier, though? A disgrace. You're talking about a man who became one of the most successful wrestlers in DEFIANCE the right way, lad. You should dream of the day you look in the mirror and finally see a man as honest as Jason staring back.

He sighs.

Cayle Murray:

But look, I've just had my bloody head kicked-in. I'm not exactly up for your banter at the moment. Cut to the chase - what do you want?

Kendrix makes his way off of the vending machine and gets in front of Murray.

Kendrix:

Oh you know exactly what I want, bruv. You and the whole world heard exactly what I had to say earlier tonight. But before I cut to the chase as you say, i'll tell you exactly what I see in the mirror. I see a man that just like Jason Natas, does things his own way. Hell, you used to do things your own way. Boring, wet way, but your way nonetheless.

Kendrix takes a step back, looks Cayle up and down and smirks back at him.

Kendrix:

But now? You're doing things Eric's way aren't you, Cayle?!

Cayle Murray:

Four things mate. First, you're giving me a bleedin' headache. Second, I don't know how you can watch DEFIANCE Road and tell me that I didn't put Bronson away 'my way,' whatever.

He shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

Three, last time I checked, Eric put you in that main event too, mate. Gave you the exact same opportunity I had.

A slight smile creeps across one half of his face while Kendrix grits his teeth.

Cayle Murray:

And four, I *think* I might have choked you out at the end there. Not sure. Might have to go back and re-watch it.

JFK parts his lips to speak, but Cayle interjects.

Cayle Murray:

Look, lad. Jokes aside, you want this...

He taps the belt around his waist.

Cayle Murray:

... that's fine, I get it. I'll gladly throw you a title shot, but after Big Bloody Mushi tried to cave my skull in, he's first on my list. On a similar note, I'm not cleared to compete at the moment, *especially* after what happened earlier. I can't imagine you're the patient type, but if you can hold your horses for a couple shows, we'll fight. I'd wrestle you tonight if I could, especially after that little song and dance earlier, but you're gonna have to sit tight.

He nods.

Cayle Murray:

Alright? Alright.

Knowing that the response is probably only going to make his headache worse, the FIST brushes past Kendrix, then heads down the corridor. The shot fading out on Kendrix with a wry smile on his face.

SCOTT DOUGLAS vs REINHARDT HOFFMAN

♪ "Smiling and Dyin" by Green River ♪

DDK:

Angus, your prayers have been answered.

Angus:

Prayers? Your a **GORRAM** genie, Keeps! You call for security. *Boom*. Security. You call it a match ... *whatta ya' know?* I get to see Douglas *destroyed*!

DDK:

Or Ms. Evans saw the challenge and it's acceptance ... and *rickrolled* with it!

Angus:

Nope, not even close, Keeps.

Darren Quimbey makes Douglas' announcement as the Seattle native takes the ramp. He holds as the cacophony of feedback and random sounds give way to the distorted guitar and pappy drums. Douglas snaps his head back and reveals his slightly swollen face as the hair flies. The Faithful's ignite and come to their feet. He bobs his head along with the music for a second before stepping in time toward the rampway.

DDK:

Looks like Douglas is a little lumped up from the altercation between he and Hoffman, earlier tonight.

Angus:

He got what he deserved!

DDK:

From all accounts, it seemed to be an *unprovoked* attack.

Douglas makes his way down the ramp, slapping the hands and acknowledging a couple signs at ringside.

Angus:

Sorry, force of habit.

DDK:

I don't think anyone would say Douglas; deserved that. Especially considering everything he has been through as of late.

♪ Dvořák's Symphony No. 9 ♪

A folly of brass and strings crashes through the Wrestle-Plex, signaling the arrival of the "Gentleman German" Reinhardt Hoffman. The faithful rain down nothing but pure hatred on the tall, lean lantern-jawed grappler. Beyond his general reputation with the crowd; his actions earlier in the night clearly haven't brightened their disposition toward him.

Angus:

Awww, poor baby. Does Dougy need a *safespace*? Sub *Snowflake* Scott, just needs to **nut up** and get ready for this heavy dose of humility. *Sure*, beat up on some masked morons ... **But** what you gonna do against a German Panzer!?

Reinhardt Hoffman takes his time marching towards the ring. The German tank of a man leaps up onto the apron and slithers between the ropes in one smooth, effortless movement. With both competitors in the ring, Benny Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING

The opening minutes of this match; find Scott Douglas running headlong into a brick wall. Hoffman uses his size advantage to hold Douglas at bay, all the while, utilizing his barrage of backhand chops to send echos throughout the DEFarena.

While Angus continues to dismantle Douglas verbally; Hoffman escalates the physical. Douglas, not one to stay down for long; mounts a comeback.

DDK:

DROP KICK by Douglas!

He would follow up, consecutively, with another. The first would stumble but the second would collapse Hoffman to a knee. Any confidence this instilled in Douglas would be quickly cut short as Hoffman hit him with a reeling European Uppercut from one knee.

Angus:

OHHHH! From on *BENDED KNEE!* Turning *Boys to MEN!*

DDK:

Solid reference.

Angus:

What ... ?

Hoffman quickly followed up with an arm drag takedown. Without letting go, he took to his feet, pulling Douglas with him. Hoffman spun Douglas around and the crowd let out a loud gasp as Hoffman released sending Douglas flying through the air; with a German Suplex that sent him crashing into the turnbuckle. Backward, neck first.

Angus:

YASSSSSS!!

The advantage had swung solely to Hoffman and he would maintain it for the majority of the match. He would go for several pin fall attempts but Douglas seemingly will not give up. A thing line can be drawn between bravery and stupidity, afterall.

The crowd began to rally behind Douglas with each kick out. Even when it appeared as if all was lost.

DDK:

Douglas, middle of the ring. Reinhardt Hoffman baring down with that Boston Crab!

Hoffman wrenched the hold with as much force as he could muster. Douglas' face was etched in tell tale lines that paint excurtiating pain. The crowd, however, refuses to give up.

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

SUB POP SCOTT

Rather than submit ... The lifelong underdog finds a way to use the Faithful's energy and inspiration to claw and crawl his way to the ropes. He glances the bottom rope with the tip of his middle finger. Just enough to cause it to bounce just out of his reach. He reaches down further and out of nothing more than sheer will ... extends another few inches grasping the rope as it returned admist it's frenitic giration.

DDK:

Official Benny Doyle calls for the rope break!

Hoffman initially refuses but before the five count; he lets loose of his battered and bruised opponent. Douglas slowly

climbed to his feet as Hoffman looked on as if he invited the challenge in allowing Douglas a vertical stance. The two would meet in the middle of the ring and resume the dual clobbering exhibited on the stage earlier in the night.

With the Faithful strongly behind Douglas, he would mount a solid comeback. Several forearm smashes would daze Hoffman but prove inadequate. Douglas would take to the ropes and return with a stiff clothesline. Still, nothing doing.

Again to the ropes, Douglas with his known lucha influence, would springboard off the middle rope, twisting in mid air.

DDK:
CROSSBODY!

This would finally topple the German giant. Douglas would pull the leg for no more than a one count. After, the competitors would both find their footing quickly but Douglas would manage to keep the upper hand. Suplexes would prove difficult for Douglas; forcing his attack to rely more on speed and his flying body weight. In defense, during one of these fast moving exchanges, Hoffman would nudge Benny Doyle in the trajectory at the last possible second.

Angus:
Doyle is down! Now the fun can start!!

Douglas, immediately checked on the fallen official. Only to have the Hoffman grasp him from behind. An attempted Release German Suplex would find Douglas, flipping completely over and landing on his feet. Albeit a shaky landing .

Douglas, steadied himself with a hand, nearly leaping from a three point stance to clock Hoffman; as he turned around.

DDK:
Huge lariat from Douglas! Hoffman finds himself on his back!

Angus:
Back, schmack. He can't cover. Doyle is out like a light!

Douglas ascends the turnbuckle. Reaper Red appears out of thin air and leaping from the guard rail.

DDK:
I don't know what he intends to prove!

Douglas turns around and steadies himself just before standing upright and readying himself for a moonsault.

Angus:
Take a look! It's ... screw it; ***Reaper Rainbow!***

Reaper leaps to the apron and catches Douglas' ankle just as he launches backward. Douglas' rotation is dangerously shorted. He manages to land face down but several feet from any contact with Reinhardt.

Reaper Red enters the ring with those LED backlit eyes glowing a deep amber red.

Angus:
What the shit!? [*mocking Keebler*] Have these ... these ... these ... Reapers lost their ... their electrical license!?

DDK:
Hilarious, Nick Cannon.

With Benny Doyle still out ... The Red Reaper will play. He pulls a disoriented Douglas up to his feet and pulls him in.

DDK:
Come on ..

Angus:

Sub Snot SUPLEX!

Red drives Douglas' head into the matt. The impact causing both Hoffman and Doyle to stir.

Angus:

As much as I can't stand the greasy haired convict ... I gotta give it to him; that is a savage ass move.

Out of nowhere, the fans begin to cheer: someone new enters the arena!

DDK:

IMPULSE! Impulse is here!

Angus:

Well, *la - dee - da*. Would interfering in this match be like choosing his own opponent?

The SoHER sprints to the ringside area and slides under the bottom rope. He pays no mind to the downed Hoffman, Douglas, or Doyle; he points at Reaper Red and says something that, while we can't hear, clearly equates to 'get out of the ring before I toss you out.'

DDK:

Reaper Red takes a swing at Impulse! Impulse ducks and hooks his arm!

Angus:

Are we sure we're not being too assumptive by calling the electrician a 'he'?

DDK:

Impulse bends him over with the leverage on that arm, and he tosses Reaper Red over the top rope! BRONSON BOX IS ON HIS WAY TO RINGSIDE!

Angus:

HOOOOOOSSSSSSSSSFITE!

DDK:

Box is scheduled to face off with Reaper Prime in our main event tonight, but the Wargod clearly can't pass up a good ol' brawl!

To everyone's surprise, Bronson's first target is Reaper Red! He doesn't even slow down to turn around the ring; he sprints full speed and catches Red across the neck with a hard clothesline that floors him! Only then does he turn towards Impulse, who has already left the ring and leapt towards Box from the ring apron!

DDK:

Box catches the SoHER midair! **URANAGE ON THE FLOOR!** The Wargod is on fire! He grabs Impulse by the neck and pulls him back to his feet - Impulse reverses! Wristlock! He breaks the hold, spins Box around, and drops him with a neckbreaker!

Angus:

Who cares?

DDK:

What?

Angus:

THERE'S A GORRAM MATCH GOING ON!

While all eyes are on the floor, Reinhardt Hoffman rolls to his hands and knees and wills himself towards Scott Douglas, hooking his leg with the last bit of his energy just in time for referee Benny Doyle to lift his head.

Even as DEFSec heads to ringside to separate the interlopers, we get a ...

ONE...

...

TWO...

...

THREE!

DDK:

HOFFMAN'S DONE IT!

DING DING DING

Angus:

Seattle is dead!

DDK:

This ... this ...

Angus:

Reaper Co? *Jesus* --

DDK:

This has been quite the turn of events! Hoffman, hands down, is quite the competitor and Scott Douglas seemed to have this one nearly wrapped up. Normally this is the point where I would invoke Douglas' past as his downfall ... but ever with the Reaper Co. patently disregarding his decree, earlier tonight ... Douglas **STILL** finds himself amidst ...

Angus:

A *World* of shit!

DDK:

We aren't that far removed right now from Reaper Prime facing off with Bronson Box ... what ramifications, will this interaction have on that match up!?

Angus:

Well, Boxer's pissed ... *buuuutt* I can't see how this would have effected that at all. The bully glanced at a monitor, saw a fight ... and I assume thought [*bad Box impression*] *waaaaahy naaaaaaut?!*

DEFsec begins to sort out the outside forces in the match and send each their separate ways as we cut back to the ring proper. Douglas is stirs but clearly affected. Reinhardt Hoffman pulls himself up by the closet ropes and a dazed and confused Benny Doyle attempts to raise his hand. Hoffman allows it, for a moment. He snatches his hand down and heads toward the ropes to exit the ring as Doyle checks on Douglas.

Cut to elsewhere.

HE IS WEAK

The tall lantern jawed German pushes through the curtain, coming face to smiling face with his partner in crime. The Bombastic Bronson Box places a hand on the side of Reinhardt's face and give it a little congratulatory pat. He nods approvingly...

Bronson Box:

Feels good, don't it lad?

Hoffman's placid smile fades into a look of triumphant pride.

Reinhardt Hoffman:

Ja, it does.

Boxer's hand pulls Hoffman very suddenly in close, almost forehead to forehead.

Bronson Box:

Do it again next week. Put that royal prick and his mouth lady friend in their place by takin' that fookin' title. Understand me?

Unflinching.

Reinhardt Hoffman:

Ja. Seine tage sind nummeriert. *Er ist schwach.*

The Original DEFIANT nods approvingly to his friend before stepping around him towards the entrance curtain. As the man in black strikes up over the PA The "Gentleman" German turns to watch Bronson pass through, out onto the stage for tonight's main event.

CODENAME: REAPER vs BRONSON BOX

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen our main event tonight is going to be a doozy! Two of DEFIANCE's most off the wall... I hazard to use the word "characters" here partner. I feel it undersells just how NUTS these two really are!

Angus:

Understatement no matter how you put it Keeps!

[Every fan in attendance collectively holding their breath as a VERY familiar tune fills the air.](#)

♪ *You can run on for a long time...* ♪

As Mr. Cash's lyrics kick in out from the back marches a man with DEFIANCE running through his veins. A man whose sole purpose in life is to espouse everything this brand stands for. DEFY Everything. DEFY Everyone. The Original. The Wargod.

Darren Quimbey:

... HE IS... THE BOMBASTIC BRONSOOOOON BOOOOOX!

Once in the ring Boxer climbs the nearest turnbuckle holding his arms out wide.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

The former two time FIST soaking in the decidedly *negative* reaction from the fans here, partner.

Angus:

He gorram LOVES IT, Keeps. Like a pig its own shit, there's nothing this man loves me than the pure unfiltered HATRED from "his" Faithful... just *LISTEN!*

FUCK YOU BRON-SON! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*
FUCK YOU BRON-SON! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*
FUCK YOU BRON-SON! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*

DDK:

You've gotta wonder what sort of shape the Wargod will be in after his hellacious no ropes conflict with the now reigning defending FIST of DEFIANCE Cayle Murray...

After some mugging and jawing with the front row Faithful the lights suddenly dim.

Angus:

Something tells me we're about to find out...

A red glow washes over the arena, and a more focused spotlight of red drifts it's way up the ramp way.

♪ *"Big Bad Wolf" by In This Moment* ♪

As the music comes on the beginning slow intro of it makes the scene that much more ominous. A handful of seconds pass and through the curtains the newly unmasked Codename: Reaper, steps through first, wearing black skin tight leggings, her long crimson colored hair draped over her shoulders. She is sporting a black t-shirt with a white wife beater over it, much different then her usual armor that we are accustomed to seeing.

A few steps behind her, Codename: Reaper (Red) steps out, his eyes fully blazoned with that ruby red we are used to seeing. They stalk to the ring slowly, both of them dead set eyes on the ring in which Bronson Box is awaiting them.

Darren Quimbey:

His opponent... hailing from... Parts Unknown! Weighing in at 224 pounds This is.... CODE NAME REAPEEEEEEEEEER!!!!

DDK:

Here she comes! Reaper Prime!

Angus:

Still so weird saying *SHE*.

The start of the match was like that of a cat and mouse game. Bronson, using his strength, while the newly unarmored Reaper used her speed. Several moments saw Box cornering Reaper in the corner with devastating blows to the chest and face. However, Reaper would always find a way to get away. During her quick counter attacks she was able to secure two quick pin falls attempts that didn't graze more than a one and a half count.

DDK:

The strength advantage is definitely in Boxer's favor here folks.

Angus:

You give that chick the power loader from Aliens and Boxer'll still have the strength advantage, Keebler. Come on now. And that opinion ain't got nothing to do with sex, Bronson's just a gorrाम freak of nature.

There was a turning point, about five minutes into the match where Box was caught completely off guard by a leg sweep that caused his head to ricochet hard against the mat. Reaper used this to her advantage by immediately climbing on top of him, grabbing his head and bashing it into the mat repeatedly while screaming 'HIS NAME IS JASON'.

Angus:

This chick's nuttier than a can of peanut brittle...

DDK:

What were we saying earlier about understatements?

Navarro, had to push her back at the five count warning her against disqualification. When she was pushed back her eyes immediately switched targets to the referee. She stared daggers at him, while Navarro backed away slowly again reminding her of a potential disqualification.

Reaper had the advantage for the next two minutes, utilizing the ropes and turnbuckles for some aerial moves, including the token one legged missile drop kick she has been doing since coming to DEFIANCE. That move secured a hard two count, but Boxer raised his shoulders with authority JUST before Hector's hand counted the three.

Angus:

I'll give her this, she's persistent. If she does a little less "Mommy Dearest" screaming and a little more shit like that, she just might have this thing.

Advantage was lost in favor of Box, when Reaper missed on a returning clothesline after an Irish Whip, when she spun around she was already mid way up in the air and came crashing down against The WARGOD's knee with a COBRA CLUTCH BACKBREAKER! Immediately forcing her down onto the mat, not letting go of her arm wrenched behind her head.

Box does not relinquish and begins screaming in Reaper's ear, who seems un-phased and starts screaming right back at the Def ACE. This actually draws the ire of Codename: Reaper (Red) who has been patiently watching from the outside, he climbs to the ring apron to attempt and get the attention of Box, but is immediately warned by Navarro to get off the apron.

DDK:

Reaper Red with the distraction here!

Angus:

Boxer has ridden pretty much solo since he split with Katze... but you gotta' wonder, knowing Reaper's MO why he didn't drag ol' Hoffmeister down to the ring with him.

Noticing the encounter the next exchange was beyond crazy, Box released the hold leaving Reaper Prime on the mat clutching her arm and charged at Reaper Red on the apron, grabbing him in an instant and applying the Sacred Heart to the masked man's ribs, catching Red completely off guard, his eyes light up a glowing hot red and inaudible yelling can be heard through the modified voice.

Angus:

Play with fire... ugh, God that looks like it smarts.

Trying to calm the situation Navarro warns Box to let him go, which Box pays no attention to, as he begins to use his free left hand to punch Reaper Red in the mask covering his face. This interaction continues to happen for about the next twenty seconds, before Reaper Prime finally regains her composure. She charged at Box, but he sensed it coming releasing his hold on Red and moving out of the way, this caused Reaper Prime to collide with Hector Navarro, sending him to the outside of the ring along with Reaper Red.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

OH MYYYY!

Angus:

We've got bodies all over the damn place, Darren!

As all three human bodies tumble awkwardly to ringside, Boxer couldn't look more pleased with himself. He takes the opportunity to lean over the ropes and lob a few profanity laced insults to the livid front row Faithful with whom The Wargod is so personally acquainted.

Bronson Box:

... AYE, WELL FOOK YOU TOO, SUNSHINE...

What the overconfident Strongman fails to see is Reaper Prime rising up from ringside like some brutal gender flipped Jason Voorhees... *chair* in hand. She has just enough time to roll into the ring and raise the weapon above her head before Boxer turns around and has his cocky smile CRUSHED from his lips as the steel seat makes contact with his still brutalized crown. The sudden jolt drops The ACE down to one knee.

DDK:

Absolutely concussive chair shot to the dome of Bronson Box from Reaper Prime! My... *GOD!*

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

The next few moments are straight out of some sort of torture porn horror movie, Reaper Prime with an already bloody dented chair in her hand unleashed another chair shot with as much force as she possibly can, the already open scar on Box only flows with more and more blood. Navarro, having crawled back into the ring, has seen just about enough and he starts calling for the bell but... this doesn't stop Reaper.

Angus:

Darren, I don't think she's done brother...

Reaper:

I'M DEAD AND IT'S YOUR FAULT!!!! SCOTTY!!!! ALL YOUR FAULT!!!!

Box is down on one knee, but he is smiling behind a bloody face.

Box:

BRING IT YOU CRAZY FOOKIN' TWAT!

Angus:

OH SHI... **audible cringe** GOT DAMN!

She unleashes yet ANOTHER chair shot which causes the crowd to gasp, but Box doesn't falter and instead of staying on one knee he stands up.

Reaper:

HIS NAME....

The next scene is a blur, as it's inaudible what exactly Box says but it sounds something along the lines of 'I don't give a fuck what his name is.' As he bull rushes the the crimson haired Reaper, grabbing the chair in the process and smashing it against her face. Reaper Red is already in the ring, but is immediately handled by The Wargod as he uses the chair against him as well.

DDK:

Total pandemonium here in the Wrestle-Plex, ladies and gentlemen!

Angus:

Here comes the cavalry!

Buffalo Brian Slater and a herd of DEFsec gorillas come rushing towards the ring to bring order to the chaos, as Box turns and stands over Reaper Prime, dripping a face full of blood over her as he looks down. But as the camera zooms in it's almost as if she is smiling at him. The ring bell continues to ring ad nauseam as the match is obviously called as a disqualification of some sort.

...DING DING DING DING DING...

DDK:

That's all the time we have tonight folks! For Angus Skaaland, I'm Downtown Darren Keebler... GOODNIGHT!

THIS IS DEFIANCE