

SHOW OPENER

We're backstage, a static camera shot against a blank cinderblock wall. From stage left emerges none other than "Dapper" Don Hollywood and Rich Mahogany, the Angel City eXXXpress. The boys are all smiles as they "Jay and Silent Bob" against the wall the both of them grinning at the camera like it was a beautiful woman... or possibly a big pile of drugs. Either or.

Rich Mahogany:

Our boy Angus was busy puttin' together his and that dweeb Keebler's little segment this week so he asked us to open the show.

Don Hollywood:

And never ones to shy away from a little extra camera time, HUZDAH!

Jazz hands.

Rich Mahogany:

They sent us a list of what's on the show tonight but... erm... I don't know, who gives a shit, right? It'll be some wacky horseshit from your favorite DEFyahoos. Yada yada, etcetera.

Don Hollywood:

So... does this suffice? Is this all we had to do?

Rich Mahogany:

I guess? It's us, what did he expect? We'll hook him up fat, he won't give a shit.

Don Hollywood:

HA! True.

Rich Mahogany:

ENJOY THE SHOW, JERKS!

The generic rock intro music hits and the UNCUT opening splash hits the screen.

History Lesson Pt. 2

We fade in on the same news style desk from the last edition of UNCUT, a long low desk with a pitch black backdrop on which the DEFIANCE logo is currently projected. Behind the desk is perched the voices of DEF “Downtown” Darren Keebler and “The Motormouth of Malcontent” Angus Skaaland. The announce duo is joined, like last week by Jane Katze. Unlike last week however, on the OTHER side of the boys is perched DEFIANCE shot-caller Kelly Evans. As the generic rock intro music fades out Darren Keebler looks up at the camera.

DDK

Ladies and gentlemen, Faithful, welcome back to our little trip down memory lane as we’re joined again by Jane Katze, manager of one of the men involved in this discussion Bronson Box. But we’re also joined this week by the current head booker...

Angus:

That’s head bitch in charge, Keebler, get it right or she’ll knock your nuts into next week.

Kelly:

I’d never do such a thing, Darren’s a model employee... unlike *SOME* people I know.

Angus: [faux-taken-aback]

What, ME? Other than...

Kelly:

... the marijuana use, the near constant references to your genitals, your GROSS friends we’re forced to keep employed...

Angus:

HEY... Don and Rich have become valuable members of our roster, Kells! One HELL of a tag team! HELL of a tag team, come ooon... and I don’t smoke THAT much.

Three very doubtful, very accusing pairs of eyes are trained on Angus Skaaland.

Angus:

Can we move on?! Is this about me or these two yahoo’s...

Skaaland hooks a thumb over his shoulder, at that moment the huge DEFIANCE logo hanging in the black void behind them transitions to a still picture of Bronson Box and Eugene Dewey standing *together* at Aftershock after decimating Dusty Griffith, Boxer helping The now “Dark Lord” Eugene not only retain his FIST of DEFIANCE, but attain Dusty Griffith’s DEFIANCE World title. The Gaming Guru ascending to be DEF’s true undisputed title holder.

Jane:

Indeed it is. The Original DEFIANTS is exactly why we’re here, Skaaland.

DDK

When last we left here together, we discussed who Eugene Dewey WAS... the kind, goodhearted young man who through grit and self determination found himself possibly DEFIANCE’s greatest young homegrown champion ever. And the sad truth of that young man, right in the middle of one of the most impressive title reigns I’ve ever seen turning his back on the fans and DEFIANCE alike and throwing in with a man who’s drawn more of his blood than anyone still on the DEFIANCE roster in the Bombastic Bronson Box.

Angus:

... and how that “alliance” flopped completely, because here we are on the doorstep of these two straight up murdering one another live on our biggest card... well, EVER.

Kelly:

The "alliance" was a mistake, I could have told them that.

Jane Katze, perched on the far side of the announce team from Ms. Evans, looks over at DEF's "H.B.C" incredulously.

Jane:

Is that right? You say this knowing full well it was partly my idea, yes? I presented you with detailed plans on just why the two of them would...

Angus:

Ahhh, boom, there. That folder bullshit before the Aftershock pay per view, let's start there. What was all that about? What were you two broaaaaad... two erm, *professional businesswomen* bonding over, there?

Kelly nods for Jane to go ahead and explain.

Jane:

Ed was out of the picture. Bronson and I had finalized our arrangement. He was tired of being a... well, *loose cannon* for lack of less overtired phrase. He knew he was the best wrestler on this roster and he aimed to go about proving it one brutal match at a time. Both in the ring and out the ring he wanted this company to see that he is indeed the greatest DEFIANCE superstar of all time. I organized his affairs, got more merchandise pieced together and in the shops for his blood loyal Faithful to consume... Boxer was always a "problem" for whomever was running this company. Eric, Cito, Goldman, Edward... I simply showed Ms. Evans with pure faultless facts and undeniable numbers that Bronson Box could and would be a boon for this company given the chance.

Kelly picks up where Jane left off.

Kelly:

Eugene was the same sort of "blank spot" for DEF financially... popular, but he was just there. He's such a scatterbrained little nerd he never truly capitalized on his popularity. Just like Bronson. He never understood we couldn't make money with him wearing licenced Marvel apparel every week... but that's Eugene. Jane showed me what a unified Boxer / Dewey looked like. Like she said, the numbers speak for themselves. Ratings projections, merch profits. Being in the position I was in, tasked with keeping the ship afloat? That's about all I needed to hear. I rolled the dice on Katze and it worked out... *from a certain perspective*.

Angus:

We did sell a mountain of those limited edition ORIGINAL DEFIANT(S) t-shirts, Keebs

DDK

So all of it, Eugene turning his back, the beatdown and near CRIPPLING of Dusty Griffith, it was all purely financial in nature? All pure and simple *greed*? I'm sorry ladies, I don't buy it. And Kelly, the fact you'd sign off on the wholesale slaughter of one of your top superstars? Dusty Griffith was at the time one of DEFIANCE's biggest draws.

Kelly:

Listen, Darren... I didn't know what was in store for Dusty. Am I stupid enough to not realize something nasty was going to go down? You bet I'm not. I came up in this business with Eric Dane and *Team Danger*, Keebler. I know for a fact a little mayhem pops the ratings and gets people talking. And after HER OLD BOSS nearly bankrupt this company with his magic staircases and post-show champagne and titty parties, in my estimation DEF needed a little *mayhem injection*... if Dusty was too goddamn DIM to get out of the way of a moving train, that's on him not me.

DDK

Speaking of her old boss...

We see Jane shift in her seat uncomfortably.

DDK

We actually have a special third party here today to contribute to our little discussion. Someone who shared a locker room and a ring with the two men in question for many many years, an old foe who just might be able to shine new light on a very old feud. He is... *oh Christ...* I'm sorry for this folks, but the *first ever* FIST of DEFIANCE Champion...

"Chasing Sheep is Best Left to Shepherds" by Michael Nyman starts to play and we can almost see Jane Katze's skin start to legitimately crawl. Behind them the still image of Bronson and Eugene cuts to what **MUST** be footage from years ago, right? It has to be... But it's not. There he sits, The Socialite, The Sophisticate, the former majority owner of this very company. Sitting with his legs confidently crossed, not in prison orange but in his traditional crisp white tux, hair and beard in full on perfectly quaffed *"world's most interesting man"* effect.

Edward White:

Darren, thank you for having me. Kelly so nice to see you again, Jane dear always a pleasure... [narrowing his eyes] *Skaaland*.

Angus:

Awww, I was looking forward to a jumpsuit and goddamn shackles and shit, what's this bullshit with the suit and the beard? Can you have a beard in prison? Aren't they always like hyper worried about lice and ticks and shit?

The Socialite grins.

Edward White:

You all *really* thought I wouldn't be the proverbial king of this facility given enough time? My greatest asset wasn't my money ladies and gentlemen, it was my ability to *convince* people of things. Things I *desperately* want them to do for me even if it's against their better judgment... you'd know all about that, wouldn't you Jane?

Jane Katze remains silent as The Sophisticate leers down on her from on high, not even casting a glance up towards the almost eerily "big brother-like" image of her former long time employer and at one point most trusted confidant.

Angus:

He fuckin' "Kingpinned" the prison he's at... *gorramit that's cool*. SHIT, DARREN! This isn't happening the way I envisioned this going at all! Wait... Does he have fuckin' *NETFLIX* in there?!

Jane might not be able to look at Ed, but Kelly sure can... with a HUGE grin on her face.

Kelly:

You're lookin' tight, Ed. Is this just traditional "prison weightlifting" muscle mass or are you planning some late in life come back to the ring? You'll be what... seventy? Eighty years old when you get out of there? Might be a little over the safe age limit by that point, old buddy old pal.

The Socialite smiles back coolly.

Edward White:

Still every inch the *lady* aren't you, Ms. Evans.

Kelly flips Ed a quick bird before Darren Keebler steps in to try and bring some sense of order, context and trajectory for this now very crowded conversation.

DDK

Edward, there was a point where you and Bronson Box seemed to be almost FRIENDS. The two of you were closer than Eugene and Bronson seemed during their time together as a unit. To be sure. The Blood Diamonds being a major factor in DEF until you...

Angus:

Got locked the *FUCK* up! Haha ... sorry, continue.

Edward raises his hand and nods his head, obviously gathering the jist of Keebler's questioning.

Edward White:

I'm not going to comment on just how Bronson managed to break through Eugene's shimmering white armor, though I'm sure it's a lurid tale to be sure.

The Sophisticate casts a quick judgmental glance down towards Jane who immediately scowls at the comment.

Edward White:

But I'm not surprised he did. Bronson Box is the most manipulative individual I've ever met in my entire life. He doesn't just game his opponents. He games his fans, colleges, friends... I'm not even sure the man knows what it is he's after, honestly. He's fueled not by hate or violence but by his ability to constantly manipulate those around him, for the sheer joy of the act itself. I do honestly believe he's a textbook sociopath whose hubris rivals even mine.

We hear Jane audibly scoff, the rest of the panel now painfully aware of Katze's silence and the awkward tension now hanging in the scene like a thick fog.

Edward White:

Eugene... Eugene is a more complex individual than all that but he's just so painfully similar to Bronson in so many ways. It's no surprise the two of them have brawled and battled like they have over the years, why their little alliance was so faulty and short lived. Two magnets strapped together pole to pole. Sure you might be able to hold them there for a bit... but those two? Back to back? Side by side? Shoulder to shoulder? No. It was treacherously temporary from the very start. But that's all supposing of course that Bronson ever intended at all to...

Jane:

Enough.

The Socialite stops, raising an eyebrow from miles away. Angus and Kelly share a "well here we go" look between the two of them as Jane repositions herself in her chair... looking right at the specter of her former life starting her literally directly in the face.

Jane:

You read people well. You're absolutely right, Ed. But that's about all you did well. You're an insecure coward who, by some sick cosmic joke, ended up with more money than God... for a time. You were a clever putz with an ability to read people... and lo and behold you ended losing every cent, spending the rest of your physical prime locked away in some white collar prison. I'm glad you're comfortable, Ed. I'm glad you swindled and convinced your way into a place of power there in your little cage... because the idea of you BEGGING some nine to five, minimum wage earning prison guard to smuggle that tacky tuxedo in there for this interview brings me more joy and satisfaction than anything I can conjure with my wildest imagination. Hell...I'll probably think of that very thought tonight when I'm all alone in bed. The idea of you *begging*... mmm... that's a special kind of turn on, right there.

Kelly: [quietly]

Ata' girl.

Angus: [also quietly]

Burn.

Jane pauses to calm herself down a few degrees before continuing.

Jane:

You were on top of the world and you fucked up. You're legacy will disappear, whilst mine continues. The stone cold bitch you helped bring into this business, that you helped create. I survived your mess, I fixed your mistakes and even though I'm one of the least "popular" people in this building I'm allowed to help run the day to day of this place... your building, your baby. I survived and made it work for me. Made it mine. You tried to throw Bronson Box away when he "*outlived his usefulness*" I believe were the words you used before booting him from The Blood Diamonds and exiling

him from DEFIANCE. WHATEVER his motivations. He's back on top, about to make *history* with Eugene at DEFCON. Your keen insight is dead on. Eugene and Bronson are very very much alike. Personality quirks and mental disorders aside, call it obsession, call it hubris... those two men, for all their faults, possess a FIRE that you...

Ed cuts his former protegee off with a nasty cut right to the heart of the matter.

Edward White:

He's going to be done with you soon, you know.

Jane stops and narrows her eyes.

Edward White:

Every ally he's ever had since he inked his contract with DEFIANCE. Broken, bloody and burned. The man who broke him into the company, the stars that reached down and lifted him up, the opponents that gave him his first few opportunities to prove himself. Stabbed some of the proverbially, some *quite literally*. He's toying with Eugene for no other reason than to amuse himself... and he lies to you, telling you what I'm sure sounds to you like potentially GOOD intentions. That would be him toying with YOU, Jane dear. I remember one night specifically, we'd tucked away several bottles of the finest scotch on earth... the boy never really got sauced but this was as close as I'd ever seen him. He gets very operatic when he's drunk, very theatrical, very MOODY... starts talking shop.

A look flashes across Jane's face at that says she just now realized, at that little insight, that Edward isn't bullshitting. This is very real. The truth is always more dangerous than bullshit.

Edward White:

He spoke about manipulating the audience, the wrestlers, the promotion like blasted Scorsese musing about his next few masterpieces. He screamed it for years, dear... wins losses, mere details in a much much larger story he's quite adept at crafting. He paints in moments, in emotions, in MEMORIES... not your [he chuckles, waving a hand] precious NUMBERS... that's why you're so easy to control, Jane my dear. And why he'll keep manipulating you until the bitter end when he's through with you. And you'll let him, simply because it makes financial sense in that little calculator you call a brain.

The pure red hot heat with which The Socialite digs into Jane makes an already awkward exchange that much more awkward. After a few masterful moments of silence Ed White leans back, relaxes his shoulders and recrosses his legs. The complete brush off of tensions only makes Jane Katze that much madder.

Edward White:

And it's why if he can keep his wits about him like he has he's going to end up making Eugene squeel like the *oinker* he is, live on pay per view. From the moment that boy beat Bronson like he did all those years ago all in a row Eugene Dewey sealed his fate, sealed it clean... like a bullet with his initials scratched into the tip. Boxer has that boy upside down and inside out, from the "breakdown" of the alliance that sent Eugene into such a tizzy, to feeding his ego at every turn both with his words and your "legs"... hell, Wayne Dewey showing up in the first half of this very segment... you're doing I take it, Jane? Did you "convince" him the way Hollis had you "convince" Eugene, I wonder?

The Sophisticate tisks and shakes his head.

Edward White:

You went from being my accountant to DEFIANCE's accountant... and Bronson Box's whore. Such a shame...

Jane Katze, obviously having had just about enough, stands up with such force her chair clatters off the desk's platform and bounces back into the black backdrop making Edward White's image ripple slightly. Katze leaves the stage, and the scene all together, without another word to her co-hosts or her former boss, Edward White.

Kelly:

Pretty lowbrow shot there, even you for Ed.

Edward White:

Oh, pin it Evans. Everything I said about her and that Tom Hardy obsessed masochist goes quadruple for you and our friend ERIC. He gets to cowboy around and scream to that fat shit Bobby Dean and those two useless Murray brothers about he "owns" and "created" DEFIANCE... and there you sit, doing all the heavy lifting for him without even an angry Tweet about it. It's pro wrestling though, it's not like these people are EXPECTING examples of strong unshakable femininity... seeing a glorified painted up high dollar escort like Jane and a loud, washed up, diseased barfly like yourself as their touchstones for female...

SIGNAL LOST

Angus:

Awwwwwwwwww, did we lose hiiiiiiiiim? DANGIT, just... gosh, how disappointing. Kelly, this is just gross unprofessionalism on Darren and I's part. I apologize on behalf of both of us for this technical snafu, truly.

Kelly:

Hey, at least he's watching the product, that's actually sort of *satisfying* in a strange sort of way. Remind me to send him one of those shitty low brow fruit bouquets or something. He'll hate that.

Appreciating every sarcasm baked word, Kelly gives Skaaland an approving wink as "Downtown" Darren Keebler once again steps in to pick up the thread.

DDK

Some... honestly DEEP insight from Edward White there guys.

Angus:

He makes some sense, much as it pains me to say that. He and Box were DAMN close at one point. Ed enjoyed having a brutal weirdo around to entertain him, Box loved all the Ed White related perks like nice booze and jets. You see Jane's face when he talked about what Boxer's like after a few drinks? Yikes.

Kelly:

Ed White is a manipulative dickbag. But so is Boxer. I've warmed up to that girl, I can admit that at this point... and she'll be the first to admit she's a raging ice twat. But she didn't deserve that shit. It sucks she hitched her waggon to the Blood Diamond express and just can't seem to get the hell off...*shush you*.

Kelly immediately raises a finger to cut Angus' incoming sex pun off at the knees.

Kelly:

So for her sake, I hope she has the *handle* on her client she thinks she does. Otherwise Ed's right and... well, nobody wants that. Ed should never be right. *Ever*.

DDK

Is Boxer trying to right a wrong and restore the Eugene Dewey we all knew and loved? Or are we in the middle of some "magnum opus"... some grand revenge plan YEARS in the making?

Angus:

Would either option REALLY surprise you? Or that he's just doing it for giggles, like *buttercup* up there said before the... erm, heh satellite went out or whatever.

DDK

One of DEFIANCE's, nay perhaps *wrestling's* most confounding figures. To be sure.

Angus:

So good to see him again, wasn't it? Ol' Ed?

Kelly:

Oh yeah, goddamn treat. And that was Jane's idea? Never seen an idea backfire so completely... we're keeping every second of this, by the way. Put this whole thing on UNCUT as is. No edits, she made herself look like an ass, tough titties.

Angus:

Yes ma'am!

DDK

Ladies and gentlemen and Faithful alike, I hope this two part feature has left all of you a little better informed and...

Angus:

Totally ready to sit back and watch these two assholes quite possibly perform the first double homicide in pro wrestling history at liiiiive at DEFCON! ... if they don't get themselves fired between now and then, that is...

Kelly:

Yeah, cute loophole Boxer, wherever you are, using my words to justify brutalizing poor Wayne Dewey... who ISN'T an employee here, by the way. He's not pressing charges, thank God, but that particular loophole has been closed. I sincerely hope we get to see this match, Angus, I really do... but if these two dillweeds can't keep it together, I won't hesitate to blast a huge hole right through the middle of my DEFCON card if they push me. If they think I'm bluffing, they're sorely mistaken.

Angus:

Nerves gettin' a little fried there BAWSlady?

Kelly:

Go fuck yourself Angus... with love.

As the two old friends continue to needle one another off mic the camera and the lights focus in on Darren Keebler for his sign off.

DDK

I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler, for Angus Skaaland, Kelly Evans... enjoy the rest of UNCUT.

Happy Father's Day

Fade in on a cemetery.

Well, no. Not really. We're not fading in because this is untelevised. You're seeing it somehow, because that's the magic of UNCUT. Or a wizard did it. Or L. Bruises set up surveillance. You never know.

"Happy Father's Day, daddy."

She's not Calico Rose today; her name is Rosalyn Callasantos, and she stands in the midst of Woodlawn Cemetery, in front of a specific stone.

Roberto Luis Callasantos
Beloved Father and Husband
December 15, 1954 - March 6th, 1999

Cally kneels down next to the stone, and kisses her fingers, and touches her father's name. She removes her flip flops and curls her bare feet underneath her slipdress. She pulls two small bottles out of her bag and puts one next to the headstone.

"I still have a hard time believing that Tequila was your drink of choice, but mommy insists."

She opens the other bottle - we catch a glimpse of the 'Patron' label, and takes a swig, making a face of death as she swallows.

"No worries, I can stomach it twice a year."

Another sip, another shudder. Cally leans against the side of the stone.

"So anyways, RK and I live in New Orleans now. Sort of. We still have a place in Washington Heights, but he's wrestling again, for a place called DEFIANCE. I'm tagging along again, and I think the people like me. I mean, I hope they do. I mean... yeah. Anyways, RK says he's sorry he didn't come, but you know how he is with Father's Day. Totally hexed."

Cally drains the last little bit out of the bottle of Patron in her hands, and pulls a small flask out of her bag.

"I really wish you were able to meet RK, Daddy. He's such a good guy. Reminds me a lot of you, what I remember: he doesn't talk a whole lot but he always listens and always pays attention. Like you liked to say, he wasn't 'twenty pounds of dog poo in a ten pound bag.' See?"

She pulls a picture out of her bag and shows it to the tombstone: it's a shot of the entire Drunkbros clique - Cally and Impulse, the Murray boys, FDJ, and Jason Natas. In the background, JACK HUNTER can be seen holding a boom box.

"And we've got some really good friends there. I know, I made friends! Crazy, huh? Yeah, your little girl got pretty bossa nova at making friends with people."

Silence. She takes a sip from her flask.

"I miss you, Daddy. I mean, it's been almost twenty years, and it gets harder to remember you every year, and I can't remember what you were like before the fire anymore. It's not fair. I know life isn't fair, it's totes hexed, but it seems more than usual at times."

Another sip.

"You're supposed to be here to meet RK and have a beer with him, and to tell me that he's good enough for me,

because he is. You're supposed to be in the front row of all those wrestling shows that we're on so you can get your fifteen minutes, too. Damn it, you're supposed to be there afterwards, as the only person who can hold their own with Miss Ivy."

Sigh.

"It's not fair."

Cally stretches out her legs and rubs her bare feet on the grass.

"Anyways, let me tell you about this dude Angus. He's totes uptight, he really needs to have some more fun in his day. I've been trying, but there's only so much one person can do..."

She continues to talk about Angus, and blowing it up, and moves on to Dusty, and HER BOI TY, and her lemonade dates with Cayle, and everything she and Knox have done for the past six months, since her last visit.

Out of respect, we'll leave her be.

Pawn to E8

Backstage, after DEFtv #66.

Eddie Dante:

Unacceptable. Absolutely unacceptable!

Sitting in the locker room, the God-Beast, Mushigihara nods in agreement as his long-time manager, clearly in a tizzy, paces back and forth in front of the bench.

Eddie Dante:

We are destined for great things in DEFIANCE, Mushigihara. GREAT. THINGS. And Eric Dane tried to co-opt us into his little pissing contest with the Murray boys? I'm insulted. Are you insulted, Mushi?

Mushigihara:

Osu.

Dante turns to his client and pats him in the shoulder.

Eddie Dante:

Well, my friend, I have an idea that will make sure DEFIANCE knows not to write us off as mere pawns... we will make our presence FELT at DEFtv 67, and I have just the thing to alter the course to DEFCON.

Dante leans in and whispers something we can't quite pick up from our view at home, but Mushi nods a considerable amount, and his mask shifts a bit at his jaw as if he were smiling.

Mushigihara:

OSU.

Eddie Dante:

I thought you would like that. We need to get this plan into action. Let's go home for now, but tomorrow, we train and train, hellbent on proving to Eric Dane and to DEFIANCE just what the God-Beast can do.

Mushigihara:

Ahehehehehe... osu.

The monster rises to his feet and follows his man off-screen. Fade out.

Strippees and Gauntlets

Immediately following DEFtv...

The scene opens to Mikey Unlikely and Jesse Fredricks Kendrix departing the Wrestle-Plex as they make their way into the parking lot. Mikey, limping a bit but wearing his street clothes and his Southern Heritage Championship over his shoulder, looks around with his hands on his hips and a disgruntled expression on his face.

Mikey Unlikely:

Where the hell is that God damn chauffeur with my limo?

Running his hand through his beard, Kendrix, wearing the latest highly fashionable Hollywood Bruvs t-shirt, removes his Armani bug eye shades from his face and holds them out in front of his tag partner.

Kendrix:

Maybe he's been delayed 'cos of all the celebration strippees he's fitting into the car for your big win tonight? JFK ordered them especially, obv!

Mikey Unlikely:

Totally Obvs! But on a serious note, you didn't have to do that, bruv. I mean, you know as well as I do that Jason Natas had no chance in beating yours truly tonight, I am undefeated after all.

Kendrix nods along in knowing acceptance.

Mikey Unlikely:

Don't get me wrong bruv, you know I loooovvveee the strippees as much as the next bruv, obv!

Kendrix:

Totally Obvs.

Mikey Unlikely:

But we can't waste strippees on victories over neanderthals like Natas, I mean, that guy can't even sports entertain for crying out loud!

Kendrix taps the side of his twice head with his index finger.

Kendrix:

JFK's got ya, bruv. That guy had no chance against the greatest Hollywood Heritage Champ of aIIIIIIII tiiiiimmmeeee! A man who can out wrestle the entire DEFIANCE locker room, BY HIMSELF.... AND sports entertain at the same time!!!

Mikey looks down proudly at the SOHER Title, tapping the front of it with the palms of his hands.

Kendrix:

My bad...JFK just really likes celebration strippees, innit?!

A somewhat glum reflective look comes across Kendrix's face. Mikey puts a reassuring hand over his best bruv in the world's shoulder.

Mikey Unlikely:

You know what would cheer you up bruv?

Kendrix looks up, his eyes widened in anticipation of Mikey's next words.

Mikey Unlikely:

Strippees...let's go to a strip club right this very moment and degrade as many women as possible!!!

The Hollywood Bruvs share an explosion fist bump. As Mikey turns his attention to their limo pulling, the clicking of heels echoing around the parking lot grabs the attention of Kendrix.

Kendrix:

Oh look, one of the limo celebration stripeepees has come to greet us.

At that moment, the shoe noises come to an abrupt stop as Kelly Evans enters the scene. Kendrix slaps Mikey on the shoulder with the back of his hand to gain his attention.

Kendrix:

Bruv, this one's pretty cute in her secretary outfit...

Mikey turns around and realises that the boss is standing in front of him and she has a foul look in her eyes. He quickly pushes Kendrix's hand away from him.

Mikey Unlikely:

Heyyyyyyy, Ms. Evans! Did you come to congratulate me on my first HOLLYWOOD HERITAGE TITLE DEFENSE??!!!

He elbows Kendrix in the ribs to let him know now is not the time to play. Kendrix stands up straighter, recognizing the name.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh, I'm sure that it. I'm sure you, like every other fan in there tonight, LOVED that five star technical battle that just went on display. I'm sure you are here to...

Kelly Evans stops him with a cold, hard stare before pointing at him.

Kelly Evans:

Listen up, "Superstar," and listen good. For the last GOD KNOWS HOW LONG, I've had to deal with Curtis Penn carrying that title and cheating his way to EVERY SINGLE VICTORY! I'll be damned if I am going to sit around and witness another repeat performance.

Unlikely's jaw drops. He looks hurt. He begins to mutter something but Evans cuts him off.

Kelly Evans:

Next week on DEFtv ... YOU [points at Mikey] are going to defend your Southern Heritage title yet again!

Mikey gets angry real fast. Kelly won't even let him speak which infuriates him even more.

Kelly Evans:

Against Lamond Alexander Robinson! Since he basically had you and your *Bruv* here beat a couple weeks ago before *liberties* were taken.

Kendrix has finally had enough...

Kendrix:

Listen Yeah!? Ms. Evans! You know that JFK had Impulse AND LAR both beat that night alone! Enter the fact that the World's Greatest Sports Entertainer was in my corner really made it unfair...

Kelly Evans:

The day I want to hear about "unfair" from you is the day a mortician does my makeup. Now then, *Michael...*, [she smiles wide] ...IF you somehow manage to walk out of next week as Southern Heritage champion...

Mikey Unlikely:

It's the Hollywood Her...

Kelly Evans:

The hell it is. As I was saying...if you manage to successfully defend the SOUTHERN HERITAGE TITLE against LAR, you'll have a bigger test waiting for you at DEFCON.

Mikey snickers, slaps Kendrix on the back.

Mikey Unlikely:

Against who!? Jack Hunter!?

The two share a chuckle and a fist bump explosion.

Kelly Evans: [smirking]

Try Andy Sharp.

The two lose their collective minds simultaneously.

Kendrix & Mikey:

WHAT!?!?!? You can't....How.... He hasn't earned it....

Kelly inhales sharply and the pair wisely calm down.

Kelly Evans:

Save your hissy fits. He hasn't earned it...yet. In fact, Mikey, I know you have a win over Sharp... a dirty one, but a win nonetheless.

Unlikely, looking very pleased with himself, slaps the title.

Mikey Unlikely:

See what I mean? Now look, I know you are reasonable so let's pick someone else... I hear there is a certain Pastor who is available!?

Kendrix:

Nah, I retired 'em....

Kelly Evans:

Oh shoot! That's right!

Kelly Evans:

Andy Sharp does have to EARN that match and he will...when he faces you! [pointing at Kendrix.]

Kendrix eyes go wider than his bug lenses.

Kelly Evans:

And.... The D, and Elise Ares. Next week Andy Sharp will take on the "Sports Entertainment Guild" gauntlet. If he wins, then he has MORE than earned a shot against YOU!

She pokes Mikey in the chest. He nods confidently.

Mikey Unlikely:

DEAL! No way is that flippy-doo star of yesterday going to beat my buds and my bruv! [He looks at Kendrix] Right Bruv?

Kendrix slides the shades back over his face.

Kendrix:

We got this innit!?

The two begin to saunter off.

Kelly Evans:

Keep a close eye on that belt, because if Sharp beats these guys.... they are alllllllll banned from ringside at DEFCON!

The title drops from Mikey's shoulder and he slowly turns around wide-eyed...

Mikey Unlikely:

What... but... they are.... I'm the....

Kelly Evans:

Have a great evening, boys.

The Matriarch of DEFIANCE turns back towards the Wrestle-Plex, leaving the Bruvs where we found them.

Pleasure? Not in this Dome...

Welcome to the Pleasure-Dome.

That is to say...

Uh.

Well, for now it has been converted back into the offices of Kelly Evans. With Ty Walker incapacitated there is no longer pleasure involved in the dome. Kelly is buried to the elbows with paperwork and exhausted by all of this mundane work. She sighs, without Ty there isn't a pleasant distraction to be had in her offices.

However, there is a distraction sitting across from her. Smacking his Trident gum, loudly, and his face is plastered with that smarmy grin that she wants to slap right off of him. Outside of the gum he is at least being patient. Tired of waiting for this moment to end, Kelly lowers her glasses from the bridge of her nose and lays them down onto the file she just closed.

Kelly Evans:

What is it Curtis? What do you want this time?

Curtis slides up in the chair and rubs his palms on the knees of his jeans.

Curtis Penn:

Now Kelly, I haven't been in this office in months. I can't just stop by and say hello to an old friend? Especially, you know, with what happened to Ty. I know you're lonely and... well I wouldn't want you to have to be all by yourself.

Kelly pushes her chair back from her desk, rummages through one of her drawers and pulls out a phone and tosses it onto the top of her desk.

Kelly Evans:

Curtis if I wanted company I have a contacts list full of people who would come down here and keep my company. I could have Ty lounging on the couch over there recovering while keeping me entertained. And if I wanted you up here I would have picked up this phone and dialed your number and told you to get your sorry ass up here. So I have one question to ask you...did you hear your phone ring?

With barely the space of a breath Kelly answers her own question.

Kelly Evans:

No, you did not! In fact I have never called you when I needed you in my office, because I have never needed you in my office. You're like a fucking rash that just won't go away.

Curtis Penn:

Now Kelly, that's no way to talk to me, I've been on my superbest behavior since I heard about Ty! Not one time have I came up here to gloat about me still being here and his career being up in the air, have I? And that's not why I'm up here now. I just wanted to let you know that you have needs... I have needs and we're both adults. Ty would understand...

Penn winks, Kelly grabs her phone and tosses at Curtis, popping him in the chest.

Curtis Penn:

I'm just picking with you, shit! Calm down...

Kelly Evans:

No, you lil' shit I want you to hear me clearly. You don't get to talk about Ty. You don't get to talk to me about Ty. You don't get to talk to me unless it's about what happens in that ring. Get it!

Curtis smirks, he knows exactly which buttons to push.

Curtis Penn:

Got it! You're right Kelly...

Stunned Kelly steps back.

Kelly Evans:

'Scuse me?

Curtis Penn:

Your personal life is none of my business, but what happens inside of that ring is my business. It's my life, just like it was Ty's.

Her nostrils flare at the mention of his name.

Curtis Penn:

My life is on blast Twenty- Four/Seven, inside of the ring, out of the ring, in the hallways in the Wrestle-Plex, and on the streets of New Orleans.

Kelly Evans:

That's what you signed on for, you know that.

Curtis Penn:

Exactly, I know what I signed on for. So does Frank Dylan James.

Kelly Evans:

Where are you going with this? Is this about what happened on DEFtv?

Curtis Penn:

It sure is. I might be a bad guy. I might make you wanna puke in your mouth. I might even be the guy who you want to fire every third second of my employment with DEFIANCE, but you and I both know that you tolerate me because I make this place money. I gave you three matches with Impulse and LAR. Two guys that would still be in BRAZEN if it weren't for me. I'm done with charity Kelly. I gave you two more stars in DEFIANCE. Shit Kelly, I gave you Harmony and by me dropping the Southern Heritage Championship to her I gave you Mikey Unlikely as well. But, the real deal is that I make you and this place money when I carry gold for DEFIANCE. Hell, Kelly, I make DEFIANCE's Championships!

He pauses.

Curtis Penn:

I could say that I belong in the ring with Dan Ryan and when you tossed Impulse in that match it was for petty reasons. I could have pitched a fit ran down to the ring and ruined your Main Event for DEFtv64, but I didn't. When I get Dan Ryan in the ring for the FIST I'm going to win it without any questions. However, for the time being I have to show a certain Hillbilly that when you cross Curtis Penn he takes away everything.

Kelly finally sits back in her chair, as she sees this as his pitch to place him in a match for the DEFIANT Onslaught Championship.

Curtis Penn:

So it's a win/win for DEFIANCE ,you, and myself. I get to make you some more money. DEFIANCE will have another prestigious title in the D.O.C when I'm done with it. And I get to show everyone that I'm actually better than even I originally thought. When I make the D.O.C as valuable, or more so, than the Southern Heritage Championship maybe then you'll finally take off your blinders and see me as the man of DEFIANCE. Maybe then, you'll let me wreck Dan Ryan's face and have me carry DEFIANCE by the handle instead of having me carry it on my back like I've done for so

many years now.

He lays her phone back on her desk.

Curtis Penn:

Look, I can see that you have a lot of work to do.

He gestures at the stacks of paperwork. He taps the phone with his index finger.

Curtis Penn:

You have my number, call me when you decide on the future of DEFIANCE.

Kelly Evans:

WE both know I'm not gonna call you. But, I've been listening to you spew all of this word-vomit over the last couple of minutes and I'm convinced.

Curtis Penn:

I knew-

Kelly Evans:

Shutup. I'm going to put you in a match with Frank, only so he can rip your annoying tongue right out of your stupid mouth. I hope he bites the nose off of your face just so you can learn a life lesson: be careful what you ask for. Hell, Curtis I'm going to enjoy watching him grind you into the mat...it's like Christmas in June for me. I'm not into S&M too much anymore, but this might be the one time in your life that you get my panties wet. Damn it Curtis, just thinking about it gets me excited.

She slaps the top of the desk.

Kelly Evans:

You got your match on DEFtv67, Curtis Penn versus Frank Dylan James for the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship! Now the only stipulation to get this in concrete is you need to get the fuck outta my office!

Pleased with himself, and maybe even slightly surprised, Curtis stands to leave. Kelly rolls her eyes and goes back to her paperwork in an attempt to forget about Penn all together.

Curtis Penn:

Good talk, boss.

With that, he leaves. Kelly rolls her eyes again.