

SHOW OPENER



The darkened DEF studio, deep in the production wing of the Wrestle-Plex. Atop the news style desk oft used for update videos and news segments sits the usual "host" of UNCUT. The Motormouth himself, Angus Skaaland. He sits forward with a jolt, waving his arms around wildly as the lights slowly come up. It's only then we notice, in the wings hidden in darkness on either side of Angus is none other than Angus' buddies Don Hollywood and Rich Mahogany, the ACX.

Angus:

Well... just fuckin' TAKE the goddamn thing, take it we're rolling...

Angus hands something off to Rich who scurries off camera with his tag team partner whilst continuing to fan the air a little... a cough. A lot.

Angus:

Wow, hey, alright then... startin' rollin' QUICK there aren't we fella's? ... [under his breath] *fuckin' assholes.*

The camera starts to droop downward, Angus quickly following it with his head. The sound starts to go staticy.

Angus:

HEEEY right, you heard that, my bad guys... lets just do this, okay? Fuck... WELCOME TO UNCUT!

He stares into the camera for an inordinate amount of time.

Angus:

Yup. I'm too high to do this right now, just go ahead and roll the first segment... RICH, DON, WAIT UP!

B-ROLL #3

The camera is running alongside a semi-thick crowd that's formed outside the Wrestle-Plex. What's separating him is a barrier of Perfection, who's soaked in a different assortment of beverages from the encounter earlier with the faithful, his security, and a handful of late showers to the Wrestle-Plex. The camera is on the outside but making good strides to get in better distance. As we get closer, we can see the face of James Witherhold and my god is he pissed, his anger is towards the faithful around him.

Perfection:

...Throwing their food stamp beverages at me!? Oh, shut the hell up! Your house is probably under a foot of water right now you poor piece of...

The crowd is drowning out most of what Perfection is saying as his security is pushing the late faithful further back. The camera is finally in a great listening and shot range, James and Courtney Paz are waiting for their limo. Witherhold has decided to instead direct his frustrations at Paz who is nodding and trying her damn best to keep James calm.

Perfection:

I'll kill him! I swear to god! Who do the hell does he think he is, who the hell was that even?!

James is now fueling in rage and is burning red at his own personal security.

Perfection:

Would you get these low-lives away from me already!? Do your goddamn jobs!

One of the James security guards quickly perks up and notices the up close and personal DEFIANCE camera. He breaks rank and reaches out to push the lens away.

Security:

I told you to get that shit outta here!

As the cameraman moves back while also trying to get closer to Perfection. He finally gets to the curb just as the limo finally pulls up and screeches to a halt. James decides to kick the door, completely fed up with the whole evening as we can see the chauffeur hustling his way over.

Perfection:

It's going to take him longer to get to the door than to pick me up! THIS is the courtesy car I get?! Is this a joke?!

The driver finally opens the door and Witherhold rushes in, we can still hear him shouting.

Perfection:

Un-goddamn believable!

Courtney Paz also gets inside the car and we can then hear Witherhold begin to turn his grievances out on her before the door closes. The car takes off and another Town Car limo for Witherhold's security rolls in behind. That's when the camera feed cuts off.

VIG NETTS TOO

Picking up where we left BRAZEN's newest tag team...

The sound of banjos can be heard from a distance.

The two men slowly walks toward the pair.

Duke:

Ya'll are lost....

Luke:

Hey dere! Havin little trouble witcha car dere?

The smaller of the two walks around the front and eyes up the lady in the passenger seat who avoids eye contact at all costs. The man sighs, but not of relief.

Man:

Yea we seem to have blown a tir....

Duke:

Lost....

Man:

Yea, we were following the GPS and it led....

Duke:

Whats a JEEPIS!? Is dat your wife in dere?

Man:

Uh... Yea it is.

Both the Dibbins instantly look disappointed.

Man:

I would be totally willing to pay you fine....

Duke:

She's not your sister or cousin?

Now confused.

Man:

No, why would she be my....

Luke:

We're brousins! I'm Luke, and this Duke!

Man:

Listen guys, Duke, we're in a little trouble here and if you guys could help us get unstuck I would reward you handsomely.

The little one looks a bit taken aback.

Duke:

Look mister, just cause we two boys riding this truck togetha don't mean we like other boys, you know what I mean?

Man:

Wha...

Luke:

We herd you call us handsome! We don't take too kindly to you tupa people in our woods... getting your freaky three ways on... I sees ya flat tire, and Imma tell you wut... we can tow your car here back to the traila where we gots some beer and tools, but your wife is gunna have to keep Ol Dukey here entertained while I work.

In the car the woman tried to resist the urge to vomit. The stench from the two men, is enough to send her packing let alone the thought of spending time alone with one.

Man: [nervously]

You know...I think we will be fine! Thanks anyway guys!

The man jumps back in the car as quickly as possible and starts it again. He begins to back up down the road, riding on the rim now that the tire is completely flat.

Woman:

We can't ride like this... the car!

Man:

Unless you wanna end up shackled in a shack with those guys as your host, I suggest you shut the hell up!

Back at the scene Duke kicks at the spare tire left behind.

Duke:

Ya Gotta be Kitten me! Why dese people always leave da tires behind when we try'd to help!?

His brother shrugs.

Luke:

Who knows. Add it to the collections! We gon sell all dese tires when we done and buy all the Busch Light down at da corna store!

The scene fades.... but not before the following words appear on the screen:

“COMING SOON”

“THE DIBBINS”

Fade.

SCOTTISH CIVIL WAR

We're back in the studio from earlier. This time sitting behind the desk, we're again greeted by the smiling face of Angus Skaaland. Side by side with his DEFtv announce team partner "Downtown" Darren Keebler. The boys are joined by seemingly the perfect person to lend his insight into the subject at hand, CAYLE MURRAY.

Angus:

FOLKS! It's tiiiiime for another little trip down memory lane.

DDK:

Before DEFCON we sat here Angus and discussed the long and storied history between Eugene Dewey and Bronson Box. We felt the situation called for a little... deeper analysis than normal given the long history between the two men.

Angus:

We swear these won't always involve Bronson... just kind of worked out that way.

DDK:

Tonight, we once again look back. This time? Before DEFIANCE was even a glimmer in Eric Dane's eye. An ocean away in a small corner of a small island in a country called Scotland. Tonight... we discuss the bad blood between the Murray clan, and our very own Bronson Box.

Angus:

Okay Ira Glass, take it down a notch. We've got a co-host to introduce.

DDK:

I was just getting to that, if you'd just let me finish... as my partner alluded to. Here to lend his invaluable insight into that particular subject, none other than the victorious Cayle Murray! Cayle, welcome.

The camera switches angles to bring-in Cayle Murray, who's sat along the desk in a black tee. Though a little fresher than he looked on DEFtv 69, there's still a big ol' dressing across his forehead, and his eyes look a little tired.

Cayle Murray:

Evening, lads.

DDK:

First thing I'd like you to help us with is to give the Faithful watching at home a look at where the three of you come from, the area you all were born. You and you brother weren't born all that far from Box, is that correct?

Cayle Murray:

Correct.

He nods.

Cayle Murray:

So Andy and I were brought-up in Aberdeen. It's a small city of about 200,000 inhabitants on Scotland's East Coast. Not a particularly glamorous city, but the kind of town where everyone knows everyone's name, and the region's main hub. Box is from Banff: it's a small port town about 45 miles north of Aberdeen, and, if I'm honest, not exactly the most inspiring place in the world...

DDK:

What makes you say that?

Cayle Murray:

Well...

He turns to the camera...

Cayle Murray:

Sorry, Banff...

... and back again.

Cayle Murray:

It's a miserable place. Cold, grey windy, and battered by the ocean on a daily basis. The kind of place where if you're from there but want to make something of your life, you have to get out at the earliest possible opportunity. I guess Boxer did that in his own unique way.

Angus:

So what was the wrestling scene like over there? I know British wrestling's enjoying a second boom period at the moment, but we're talking 20+ years ago.

Cayle Murray:

It's mostly concentrated in and around Aberdeen. It's a city of fighters, you know. With one of the biggest harbours in Europe, there are a lot of rowdy, drunken sailors running through the dockyards, and we grew-up in one of the city's poorer areas. Wrestling and martial arts are a great way to harness that negative energy and turn it into something positive. Anyway, the promotion we primarily worked for was called Granite City Wrestling. They ran a couple of shows each month, mostly in the city, but often visiting the outlying towns and villages.

DDK:

So how did you and Andy get your start?

Cayle Murray:

Andy went first, being six years my elder. Professional football was his childhood dream, but he was too lanky and awkward for that, so he took his athleticism elsewhere. He started training when he was 15, and had his first match at 16. Later this year, he'll officially have been doing this for 23 years, the old sod...

DDK:

Wow, so you were nine years old when Andy started?

Cayle Murray:

Exactly, that kinda sucked...

Cayle smiles. Angus, meanwhile, is doing his very best to be a professional and stifle his dislike for the wrestler FKA Squidboy, but it's etched all over his face.

Cayle Murray:

I didn't have the best of times growing-up. I had two parents and two big brothers who I couldn't have asked for more from, but I was a bad student and I didn't run with the best crowds. Andy used to drag me to practice just for the sake of getting me away from those people, but all I could do was watch.

Angus:

When did you first step into the ring yourself?

Cayle Murray:

I started training there with kids in my age group when I was 14, so it took a loooooooooooooong time to graduate from sitting on the bench to getting on the mats.

DDK:

And when was your first match?

Cayle Murray:

16, just like the big lad. As soon as I was legally able to compete.

Angus:

Andy obviously achieved a lot of success from a very young age. What are your memories of his early career?

Cayle Murray:

The guy's just a big freak. I don't think there's anything that guy couldn't do if he put his mind to it, and after deciding to focus on athletic pursuits inside of university, things really took-off for him. He wrestled every show for Granite City, and had the company's top belt around his waist at 18. By 19, he was wrestling all over Scotland and the UK, and he left for America in 2000.

DDK:

How was that for you? You're obviously a very close-knit family.

Cayle Murray:

It absolutely sucked. I was still a kid, and one of my male role models flew-off to the other side of the world, but I was incredibly happy for him. Seeing him realise his dream made me want to push-on with my own, and when he won his first World Title in 2001, I think my mother cried for four hours straight.

DDK:

It only took a few years for you to follow him over there though, right?

Cayle Murray:

That's right mate. I took my first American booking at the age of 19, and here I am now...

Angus:

Here you are now in DEFIANCE Wrestling... loooong time home of a guy YOU and your brother, Cayle Murray know VERY well.

Cayle Murray:

Oh, yes...

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

Our old pal, Mr. Box.

DDK:

Let's not get ahead of ourselves gentlemen. Before we dive too deeply into the existing animosity between these men. Let's take a moment to look back at the pre-history... of one of our own.

Dramatic switch from camera 1 to camera 2.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen. We've all heard the tale of how Bronson Box came to be. It's on our website, it's well worn territory at this point. A troubled youth Boxer, then Hollis McAllister found the mat game whilst serving a term in prison for aggravated assault and armed robbery. Well... I'll let Bronson's trainer Spud Collins explain.

The studio lights dim as the three men spin around in their chairs to face behind them. We hear the sound gravely voice of Spud Collins before we see him.

Spud Collins:

I was retired. Bored. So I did a bit of volunteerin' at the prison. That's where I met the lad. Angriest fookin' man I'd ever met in my bloody life. He was already build like a brick shit house, been in there a while. He took to grapplin' like a fish

to water. My volunteerin' pretty quickly just became a friendship with the man. I'd never seen someone set their mind to the idea of somethin' so completely.

Spud's a smaller sort of hunched over old fella'... but you can tell just by the way he carries himself you probably don't want to piss this little man off. A journeyman professional wrestler in the UK and Europe for decades, Collins name carries a level of respect in some grappling circles.

Spud Collins:

I had him a career waitin' for him the second his boots touched free soil.

We cut to a series of video clips, years and years old. They start with a sturdy young man with bushy brown hair grappling in front of tens of people... and slowly evolves into a more familiar sheared dome and trademark mustache. The next voice we hear is one familiar to only the hardcore of hardcore smarks.

Evan Hurley

I started hearing his name pop up around the UK indie scene. I was wrestling for the NeWA at the time for Ricochet Wrestling out of London.

Former pro wrestler, current alcoholic, and also current DEFIANCE talent scout Evan Hurley.

Evan Hurley

He was bouncing at a bar a lot of the guys went to after shows. I got to know him enough that we kept in touch. When Eric put out feelers before starting DEFIANCE I just knew I needed to get this weirdo in front of him. That's all it would take. Obviously it worked... and yes, I angled it into a job for myself. Which totally worked out ... to a point... that point being Bronson nearly crippling me and effectively ending my in-ring career forever.

He chuckles softly under his breath as we fade back to Spud Collins.

Spud Collins:

Boxer had spent a majority of his formative years on the mainland in Europe doin' tours and learnin' his craft, stayed away from the UK indies for the most part. When he did happen that way, it was for GCW and the like. The same circuit Andy Murray was already a superstar on. He was already in that "when not if" stage of his career where it was only a matter of time before some big American or Japanese promotion came callin'... but it was in this little sliver of time them two faced off one night and Andy BEAT him... beat him clean. Weren't nothin' to him, just went right along. Well, right then... Boxer got it in his mind he needed to PIN Andy Murray. He needed to TAG him back for that loss or he'd fookin' DIE tryin'.

Try as he fookin' might he NEVER could do it, by God... not once.

The lights come up and we fade back to the studio. Skaaland, Keebler and Cayle Murray all turn back around in their chairs.

DDK:

We're going to stop the video there... Cayle, you were a still a kid watching this. These series of brutal matches between your brother Andy and a young, one might say inexperienced Bronson Box.

Cayle Murray:

"Brutal" is certainly the operative term.

Cayle smiled.

Cayle Murray:

Andy's not a particularly barbaric wrestler - never has been, never will be - but my God, Box sure tried to drag him into the deep waters after that first loss. I've never seen a man so consumed by rage: there was just something burning through him, you know?

Angus:

We still see it on a weekly basis...

Cayle Murray:

That we do. Anyway, the first time, Andy was just too slick and smooth for the guy. He had a few years' experience on him, and my brother had an answer for everything Box threw at him. The gloves were off after that, and every match that followed grew rougher and rougher, but Andy always found a way.

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

Look, I'm my brother's biggest fan: I always have been, and I always will be, but he was very skillful from a very young age, and he's always been able to keep calm in high-pressure situations. I think that was the difference, really. Box just couldn't suppress his animal instinct: he was trying to prove a point, while Andy was just out to win a wrestling match.

DDK:

How personal did things get on Andy's side?

Cayle Murray:

Very. Andy thought Box was a bully, but he knew he was big enough, strong enough, and skilled enough to stand-up to him, so he did. Don't get it twisted, Andy was deeply fed-up of Bronson Box's megalomania after the first bout, let alone the fourth. Though the matches didn't end favourable for Boxer, my brother always came home with his fair share of licks, lemme tell you...

DDK:

Some might even say this series of matches was a part of the final push that saw Andy ascend to pro wrestling stardom.

Angus:

Yeah, an ascension that left Boxer with the pro wrestling equivalent of blue balls as Andy tral-la-la's off to the states. Course, he didn't have to wait all that long for fresh source of Murray blood... did he Squidboy?

Cayle Murray narrows his eyes at Angus who just returns that trademark toothy smile as "Downtown" Darren Keebler steps in to wrap things up.

DDK:

And on that, the very subject we'll be kicking off PART TWO of this special with on the next edition of UNCUT, it's time we come to a close. For Angus Skaaland and the victorious Cayle Murray, I'm Darren Keebler... enjoy the rest of UNCUT, folks.

We fade up and out.

THIRTY SECONDS WITH IMPULSE

We come together on a DEFIANCE banner, just a few minutes after DEFtv 69 has ended. I'm in front of it, still in my wrestling gear - you can't tell, of course, but trust me - and my hands and wrists are still taped. A half step back, Rosie's leaning against the banner, trying to look disinterested, off in the distance, like an Indy rock album, or the alternative heroes of the 1990s.

Cally Vedder.

Anyways...

"Four years ago, Eric Dane referred to this company as 'a fairly surly and defiant group of wrestlers who had had trouble with the censors and everyone else since before the ink had dried on the television contracts.'"

I smirked.

"What Eric Dane was saying at the time, was that DEFIANCE was the counterculture to the status quo of professional wrestling. Every establishment needs that status quo to set the tone; as much as we all like to berate the status quo, knowing what the average is means we know what we need to do better than."

Three cheers for the general public!

"I know all about that. I started my career in a wrestling promotion that was a ridiculous psychedelic circus - and that's not me. In a land of aborted fetuses, plumbers, and hyperspace kids, the wrestler is the odd man out. I described myself once as 'punk rock' in this circus, and was immediately lambasted for being too ordinary to be punk."

Which, of course, completely misses the point.

"Counterculture to the culture: that's what matters. And in a way, Mikey Unlikely and the rest of the Sports Entertainment Guild are the true punk rockers of DEFIANCE wrestling. This company is built on in-ring competition."

The HOSSFITES, as Angus would say.

"The fluffy, feel - good interviews and shenanigans, they're okay - as long as you can deliver in the ring. But to that end, that makes the Sports Entertainment Guild the counterculture here."

Smirk.

"Fortunately, there's a counterculture to the counterculture."

I stepped back, and did a semi - dramatic circle. Rosie, ever the drama queen, gives me a golf clap.

"I'm not the establishment; I'm not a hoss. I'm not a sports entertainer. I'm not a SUPERSTAR. I'm a wrestler."

"I don't gloat over my successes, and I don't make excuses for my failures. And when I hear stories of Mikey Unlikely trashing a dressing room because he's convinced Levi Cole and I cheated to win because we used legitimate wrestling holds instead of treating the Faithful to a dog and pony show? This concerns me."

And I took a step closer to the camera, almost completely filling the view.

"My goal... is to win the DEFMAX tournament. My goal is to be the absolute best I can, and that comes from defeating the best I can."

"And there's a secondary goal; it's almost indulgent. It's so intoxicating it should be illegal."

"If it kills me..."

“If it kills him...”

“I will make Mikey Unlikely... **respect**... professional wrestling.”

And scene.

HOMELAND SECURITY

The scene opens inside a wide open hallway of a pristinely tidy and well-kept house. A chandelier hanging down from the middle of an insanely high ceiling. The house is bustling with activity. The noise of drills, echoes of footsteps and the inane chatter of men and women in hard hats fill this rather expensive looking household. However, this lively hub of activity comes to an abrupt halt upon the most annoying feedback sound...

Out of shot Voice:

Crrrrggghhhssshhh, LISTEN YEAH?!

While everyone is tending to their eardrums we see none other than Jesse Fredericks Kendrix, wearing a plain white vest with Drake's face printed on it, jeans, and of course his Armani sponsored shades, is holding a megaphone seemingly set to a thousand, such was the noise coming through it, down by his side as he takes a moment to survey the hallway before bringing the megaphone to his mouth.

Kendrix:

WHERE'S...

A barrage of groans and people holding their hands to their poor ears stop Kendrix in his tracks. Realising he has everyone's attention he lowers the megaphone away from his mouth and down to his side.

Kendrix:

Where's Bill?

The workers look around at each other confused with JFK's question.

Kendrix:

Bill, you know, the guy that's better than all of you...he wears a suit and doesn't have stained teeth? Anybody?!

Out of shot Voice:

You mean Phil?

Kendrix:

Sure, whatever! Go bring him to me, innit?! What are you all looking at? Get back to work...and don't touch anything, JFK's watching you, fat boy. The stuff in here costs more than your salaries!

A fat worker looks very sad at being demeaned on the job but hops to it none the less. Meanwhile JFK has a look of worry as he scans his hallway. However, the look of worry is replaced with a huge grin of acknowledgement as he stares upon a huge painting, taking centre stage beside the staircase of the moment when Kendrix defeated Chris Hopper during his time with the UTA at International Affair.

Out of shot Voice:

Bruv, what's going on here?! When are we going for our Oreo Frappes?!

Kendrix's smug nods of appreciation of his painting come to an end as he greets his bestest bruv in the whole world, Mikey Unlikely, who's wearing exactly the same gear (minus the shades) with a Bruv Hug followed by their all too familiar fist bump.

Kendrix:

Bruv, give JFK a sec, yeah?! Just got to make sure this security guy gets things done proper, innit?!

Mikey looks to the ceiling in frustration then hangs his head, keen to get the sweet, sweet taste and refreshing pick-me-up delivered by his Oreo Frappuccino sponsored creation. Before he can complain like an impatient child, Phil, the man in the suit with non-stained teeth, arrives on the scene.

Phil:

You wanted to see me, Mr. Kendrix?

Kendrix, putting his game face back on, curls his index finger towards himself.

Kendrix:

You! Follow me, yeah.

Tapping Mikey across the shoulder with the back of his hand he motions for him to follow too as Kendrix begins up the stairs. Halfway up, Mikey's frown turns into a smile, pointing at something he's noticed in Kendrix's house.

Mikey Unlikely:

Bruv, is that when you defeated Chris Hopper, at International Affair?

Kendrix:

Obvs!

Mikey Unlikely:

Totally Obvs!

Upon reaching the landing, Kendrix directs Mikey and Phil into a room. Before entering himself, his face turns red with anger as he leans over the banister, looking down at the floor below:

Kendrix:

BRUV! TAKE YOUR SHOES OFF IN JFK'S HOUSE, WHAT ARE YOU, AN ANIMAL?!

The man scurries back to the front door to remove his protective footwear. Kendrix shakes his head and mutters something inaudible to himself in utter disbelief at what he's just seen. The same look on his face is present as he rejoins Phil and Mikey in his Master Bedroom where we see his UTA Prodigy title proudly encased and displayed above his 50inch SmartTV opposite his bed, the covers with his own face on it giving two thumbs up.

Kendrix:

Right, first off Bill, I want you to fire that man that JFK shouted at just now. JFK specifically said no shoes on in the house, innit?!

Phil - not Bill - motions to speak but is cut off by Kendrix.

Kendrix:

Before you say anything Bill, JFK is aware that Mikey here is wearing Armani shoes right now, but Mikey is a BRUV...he gets a pass!

Mikey's look of brief guilt turns into a smug nod in Phil's direction.

Mikey Unlikely:

YEAH PHIL! I'M A BRUV, DAMMIT!

Phil holds his hands up flat to calm the situation. He motions to speak once more but is again cut off by a wave of Kendrix's hand.

Kendrix:

JFK doesn't want to hear it, yeah?! Right now, all JFK wants to say is that this right here...is the most important room in the whole house. Not only is this the room where all of the super hot ladies in Orlando have the bestest times of their lives...

Mikey Unlikely:

Obvs!

Kendrix:

Totally Obvs!

The two high five before Mikey opens the balcony doors to top up his tan in the Orlando sunshine...

Kendrix:

But this is the room where JFK gets his beauty sleep. The last thing he needs is some weirdo breaking in and staring at him while he sleeps all night, you get me?!

He jabs Phil in his chest with his index finger.

Kendrix:

Soooo, you better make sure that all of the security in here, the CCTV, the lasers, all of the good stuff, is the finest that Mikey Money can buy!

Phil looks a little sweaty as he takes a gulp, not quite sure what Mikey Money is, before nodding along to his client's demands.

Phil:

Of course, Mr. Kendrix, I will personally see to it that your entire house has state of the art security, the very best that money can buy...

Mikey returns to the room as Kendrix literally kicks poor Phil on his ass out of the room.

Mikey Unlikely:

Bruv, don't you think you're taking this whole security thing a little too far?

Kendrix looks over at his Hollywood Bruv.

Kendrix:

Too far? Bruv, that stalker weirdo, Reaper dude, got into my room somehow. That means he could have been just sitting right there on JFK's giant Hollywood Bruvs bean bags, staring at JFK's beautiful sleeping face all night...

Mikey affords a small chuckle to himself before shaking his head.

Mikey Unlikely:

Bruv, c'mon now! You're being totally paranoid! The Reaper dude was just chatting in riddles, he wasn't actually in your room!

Kendrix wags his finger at his bruv before removing a huge box from underneath his bed. Mikey's face turns to a look of shock upon not only Kendrix's complicated twelve digit code lock removal system but upon the revealing of the box's contents...thousands in Mikey Money!

Mikey Unlikely:

You...you actually keep Mikey Money in the house? I THOUGHT YOU WERE JOKING!!!! YOU KEEP MIKEY MONEY UNDER YOUR BED?!

Kendrix:

Bruv, JFK doesn't joke about Mikey Money! Where else is JFK supposed to keep it, in a bank?!

Mikey looks back at all the Mikey Money and then quickly back at Kendrix, confused.

Mikey Unlikely:

No, of course not a bank...that's what poor people do! Bruv, why didn't you tell me?

Kendrix:

JFK didn't think he had to. Don't forget, before JFK took America by storm, he lived in Kensington, London. Everyone there is a decent human, innit?! No one has ever broken into anyone's room in Kensington and watched them sleep or stolen the money that they keep under their bed. It's frowned upon.

Panicking, Mikey looks back at the Mikey Money, back at Kendrix and then back at the Mikey Money before rushing out to the landing and shouting down at Phil.

Mikey Unlikely:

WILL!!!! GET BACK UP HERE RIGHT THIS VERY SECOND, DAMMIT!

Phil rushes up the stairs, panting, and out of breath, to stand back in front of Mikey and Kendrix.

Mikey Unlikely:

Stop breathing for a second William, Jesus, get a grip! I need you and your men to stop what they're doing immediately and build a secret underground bunker beneath this house with a giant super duper safe so my Bruv here can protect his money. I'm also going to need your company to provide us with security guards, preferably ninjas, who will live in the bunker forever.

Kendrix nods along, extremely happy with what he's heard while Phil's jaw drops wondering how on earth he's going to be able to meet his client's demands. Before he gets a chance to speak,

Mikey Unlikely:

Then, when you're finished doing that in the next few hours, I want you to build a super duper secret underground pathway from here to my house on the other side of town.

Kendrix claps his hands together in quick, sharp, succession.

Kendrix:

Chop Chop Bill! We ain't got all day, Bruv? Mikey and JFK are off to get Oreo Frappes right now before an important training sesh. JFK expects a bunker and a secret underground pathway by the time he gets home!

Phil hops right to it again as Mikey impatiently claps his hands together in quick succession. Kendrix pats Mikey on the shoulder.

Kendrix:

Great idea Bruv! JFK is going to sleep well tonight knowing that his Mikey Money is going to be safe with ninjas and lazars in an underground bunker!

Mikey Unlikely::

Obvs!

Kendrix:

Totally Obvs!

End!

THE ITCH, PART IV (CONDITIONAL LOVE)

DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex, *New Orleans, Louisiana*

Kelly Evans office, an hour prior to DEFtv 69.

The door slightly ajar.

The yellow gleam peering through the closed-over changes and moves with the displacement of light and shadow as the unseen persons inside move about.

The gleam darkens as someone or someones move closer to the door frame.

Voice: [volume rising with each step.]

... happy to be here.

The door opens into the room; a portion of a desk can be seen before the depth of field is instantly encroached on by existing parties. The cameraman manically pulls focus; overshooting his mark; once to far ...

Once too short.

And with yet another adjustment he finds a mark; all the while creating space between the lense and his subject. In the sudden fluctuation and subsequent attempt to correct, he finds a mark on which to follow focus.

An intense close up of Scott Douglas' unkempt face. What once sold as a beard has, with time, slowly encroached up the cheeks and down the neck. The spacing of hair follicles getting further apart, albeit thicker and more noticeable, in equality to the distance gained from the proper beard itself.

Scott Douglas: [walking toward the camera,]

Miss Evans, I can't tell you how much DEFIANCE's interest and this opportunity means to me.

A few steps deeper down the hallway, gaining space on the socially paced - staggering couple, the man behind the camera frames up Kelly Evans at the threshold of her office. Scott, barely, beyond the door, himself.

Kelly Evans: [clearly; done with this interaction,]

We, at DEFIANCE, have high hopes for you, Scott ... your past work in ring speaks for itself and I don't intend on being disappointed.

Scott Douglas: [reassuring and extending his hand]

You have my word. It's time I finally put my ... stamp ... on the sport.

Scott's hand is met by Kelly's; either in gratitude or simply to put a traditional stamp on what has already been solidified via ink and legally binding bleached and pressed wood pulp.

Within the socially acceptable time to release the handshake, Scott attempts to do so. Kelly however, asserting less strength and more the element of surprise, doesn't release and instead, clamps down with a little added pressure.

Kelly Evans:

I also expect, your past will not play any part in the degradation of this company or its public image.

Scott Douglas: [taken aback.]

Of course not. In the industry, I've made a few rivals but never any enemies. I love my city, but ... honestly, the past ... well it's just that. The past.

Scott swipes at his unkempt beard, either out of nervous habit or building social anxiety. Drawing his hand down goatee portion of his face; he calms any arrant whiskers and/or his nerves before continuing on.

Scott Douglas:

DEFIANCE is my NEW beginning... And I can't begin to tell you how much, I appreciate it. Thanks again.

Scott turns away and begins to walk off, yet the click of Kelly's heels on the hard tile floor, inspire him to slow his gate.

Kelly Evans:

I take that to mean we won't have any legal troubles caused by incidents like the one that put that young lady in a coma?

Scott halts mid step.

Kelly Evans:

Courtney, is it?

Scott turns to face Kelly. Normally his reaction to this name would be much more visceral and unapologetic. This situation, clearly, is of a different ilk than Scott's normal interactions.

His face says it all. Kelly has struck the intended chord and understands, instantly ... she has driven home the point she set out to make. A handful of DEFsec approaches quietly from behind Scott, a few black clad shoulders pop encroach on the frame.

Kelly Evans:

With the influx of Seattle based or originated talent; did you really think I would sign off on you and not look into what trouble you or your presence may cause?

Scott begins to retort just as he catches a glance of the silent swarm of DEFsec out of his periphery. He turns his head to the wide right and then the narrow left to access his surroundings. Or ... who is surrounding him.

Kelly Evans: [Reassuring although stern.]

DEFIANCE is happy to have you, Scott. I'm glad we could, easily come to terms, contractually... This is in no way an indictment on DEFIANCE's faith in you as performer.

Scott cuts his eyes right and to the rear and then left and to the same; checking his predicament once again.

Kelly Evans:

Merely an early attempt at address a concern before it can become the problem it became in Seattle. The security force currently flanking you is no more than a simple precaution.

Kelly pauses for a moment awaiting reaction or response from Scott. Scott simply nods.

Kelly Evans:

You've assured me that the past ... is ... in the past.

Kelly asserts.

Kelly Evans:

So, I trust ... beyond this current conversation, I won't be hearing the name; Derrick Allen.

Scott's eyes light up. First with surprise and secondly with something between confusion and contempt. He raises his hand toward his brow and flips the greasy jet black hair out of his face and up over his head. Only for it to return to its origination slowly with each word and subsequent movement.

Scott Douglas: [assuring.]

The past is just that.

Scott turns to face the handful of DEFsec goons. He holds still, momentarily, to assess the threat level.

Scott Douglas:

I'm here to start over.

Scott takes a step forward as Kelly gives DEFsec the nod from behind causing them to part like the Red Sea. Scott traverses the platoon of goons... only lowering his guard once clear of the odd numbered DEFsec wall formed on either side of him.

Fade.

TRAINING DAZE

Cue Inspirational Music!

The scene opens in black and white. We see a pair of wrestling shoes, and the slow **drip, drip, drip** of a set of water drops hitting the ground in front of them.

A voice on a megaphone:

AGAIN! DO IT AGAIN!

The camera slowly pans up. Shorts. Black tank top. Sunglasses?

It's Mikey Unlikely and the man is doing something we never thought we would see... **Training.**

Unlikely and Kendrix stand inside the ring. Mikey is hunched over, breathing deep, sweat dripping off his forehead. Kendrix stands in the corner with his arms outstretched, but no megaphone can be seen.

The scene zooms out farther and there is where the voice came from. The D sits in a Director's chair, outside the ring. He is dressed to the gills. Looking dapper as usual. He shouts again...

The D:

AGAIN!!!!

In the ring, between bated breath Unlikely barely gets out....

Mikey Unlikely:

Who the hell gave him a megaphone?

Kendrix:

Listen Yeah!? It doesn't matter.... It doesn't matter how he got his megaphone, it doesn't matter that JFK stole the megaphone from the workers over at his house. It doesn't matter HOW you lost our tag team match, and it doesn't matter how bad you wanna quit, innit!? All that matters is that we make you not only the greatest HOLLYWOOD Heritage Champion of all time, Bruv, but the greatest champion the WORLD has ever seen!

Unlikely stands up and puts his hands above his head, opening up his lungs. From the corner of the room Elise Ares walks towards the ring, holding both Tag Team Championships, one over each shoulder. She checks her reflection in one, then the other. She fogs the second with her breath, then cleans it off again with a sleeve.

Mikey Unlikely:

But do we have to go this hard, bruv? Look at me! I'm in terrific shape! Let's just ease back!

JFK shakes his head.

Kendrix:

A Bruv who goes easy on a Bruv, is no Bruv at all!

Mikey nods.

Mikey Unlikely:

Makes sense... but can't we get some strippees in here to liven the party up a bit?

Kendrix:

No! You are in the DEF*MAX tournament. Do you want to get embarrassed again?

Unlikely's face turns red...

Mikey Unlikely:

Hell no!

Kendrix:

Do you wanna win this tournament!?

Jumping in place now, regaining his bearings.

Mikey Unlikely:

Fuck yes!...and you know what, Bruv!?

Kendrix:

What!?

Mikey Unlikely:

You're absolutely right.

JFK cuts him off...

Kendrix:

Obvs!

Mikey Unlikely:

Totally Obvs! I need to focus up, because what Impulse and Levi Cole did to me was egregious! I can't believe they attacked the whole Sports Entertainment Guild for no reason?!?

On the outside, The D has had enough....

The D: [via megaphone]

BACK TO WORK MIKEY!!!!

Kendrix claps his hands to get Mikey focused and tells him to get back to running the ropes.

Unlikely hits one side of the ring, then the other, just then Klein bursts through a door in the far end of the room. Mikey returns off the ropes and slides from the ring.

Kendrix:

Hey! Bruv!? Where you going!?

Mikey waves him off.

Mikey Unlikely:

Time for a break.... Not just any break though!

As Klein nears it's clear he's carrying something.

Mikey Unlikely:

It's a Starbucks Oreo FRAPPE BREAK!

In the ring JFK looks confused but then shrugs and reaches over the ropes for his Frappe.

The whole crew start slurping from their straws as Mikey motions for the D to move, who does so reluctantly. Mikey sits in the Director's chair and relaxes.

Mikey Unlikely:

OK, OK, as soon as I finish this Frappe, we're going to kill it in that ring Jesse!...Did Will finish that bunker yet?

End

TEN SECONDS WITH CALICO ROSE

It's a reversal of the last one. Cally stands front and center, looking dramatically at the camera through her purple John-Lennon sunglasses, which coincidentally match the purple dye job her hair currently sports. I'm in the background trying to look supportive and purposely trying to look like I'm trying to look supportive.

Inception - level promos, for the win.

"You know why I don't like the Sports Entertainment Guild?" asked Cally, looking down the barrel of the lens.

She pushed her glasses down to the tip of her nose, so she could look over the top of the lenses.

"They're not nice people."

Wow.

*That was a little **too** harsh.*

Scene, deuce.

MEETING ME HALFWAY

Moments before DEFtv 69's main event...

You learn in school, or you've heard it said, that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. It may not always be the quickest way to get from one destination to the next. It may not even be the safest. Sometimes there's traffic. Sometimes, roadblocks. Sometimes, even chaos. Where DEFIANCE is concerned, there is most certainly one or more of these things - traffic, roadblocks, chaos - going on at any given time.

The phrase, "Never a dull moment around these parts" is often used to describe the company's backstage environment. It's as applicable now as it was at DEFCON, at prior live events, and at future ones to come.

The shortest distance between DEFIANCE's entrance ramp and backstage is a straight line; not whatever roundabout way Lindsay Troy took in revealing herself to Dan Ryan. And it's on this line that part of the DEFsec Army guides her. Some men - including Wyatt Bronson - walk in front, a handful follow behind, while a few remain in the arena proper and watch an incensed FIST of DEFIANCE climb out of the ring.

Troy walks gingerly through one curtain, down a few steps, and through another curtain until the bright lights of DEF's backstage hit her eyes. Production and ring crew mill about, shocked, at the sight of her. She's guided wordlessly through Gorilla and past by a waiting Bronson Box; the two rivals lock eyes, share a scowl, but leave any spiteful jabs unsaid. Another rival, Tony Gamble, will just miss her trek through, but there'll be time enough to revisit that...

The group continues on down the hallway, past the security booth and the communal locker rooms, past wardrobe and storage closets, and finally arrive by the back entrance where they're greeted by Kelly Evans and Iris Davine. The Good Doctor looks concerned. The Matriarch of DEFIANCE does as well, but another expression is vying for some visibility. Amusement, maybe. Or craftiness.

Kelly Evans: [to Troy]
Have fun out there?

The human shield around Troy comes to a halt and they part a little so the women can see one another. Lindsay offers a wry smile to both Kelly and Iris.

Lindsay Troy:
When do I not?

Kelly Evans:
I can think of a few times. The end of DEFCON, for starters?

Kelly holds out her hand and motions for the microphone, which the Queen still holds in her non-slinged-up hand. Troy passes the mic over and foregoes an accompanying snarky jab or witty retort. Rather, she lets Kelly win this round.

Lindsay Troy:
Touché, salesman.

Kelly Evans: [nodding]
Now then. About [gesturing to Troy] all of this.

Evans straightens up a little.

Kelly Evans:
I was agreeable to your appearance request tonight given the fact that I had assurances to your not being restricted in movement where walking was concerned. But it's clear to me, even with my eyes and Wyatt's eyes on the situation in case it escalated too quickly, that you're a far cry from being able to do much beyond that.

Iris Davine:

And you should really have that neck brace back on, my dear.

Kelly Evans:

Yes, there is also that.

Lindsay Troy:

I'm cleared to have it off for short intervals. [Another small, mirthless smile.] Consider this one of them.

Kelly frowns. Any trace of enjoyment or intrigue is gone, instantly.

Kelly Evans:

You're pushing your luck right now where you really oughtn't. While that might be your M.O., and while I usually give you the leeway, I'm not this time. I don't want you in this building until you're medically cleared to compete. That means no neck brace, no sling, concussion test passed, the works. I took a big risk on letting you in here tonight before all of that occurred. I went with my gut and it may have paid off, but it might not again. I'm not willing to take on the onus beyond this unless everything's on the up-and-up. Do we understand each other?

Lindsay Troy considers Kelly's edict in silence. After a moment or two, she dips her chin slightly. It's a half-nod, but all things considered it would have to do.

Lindsay Troy:

Alright. But when I'm cleared - and I **will** be cleared - I want Ryan one more time.

Kelly Evans:

What part of my statement makes you think I was offering up any chances for special requests?

Lindsay Troy:

You weren't, but I know you're not one to just let things stand as they are. [Her expression softens.] Listen, Kelly, I'll stay home, happily, until I'm cleared. You have my word. But don't let me think you're not agreeable to meeting me halfway with this. Not after he looked like he did out there. Not after that reaction.

It's Kelly's turn to silently mull things over. She looks over to Wyatt Bronson, the long-time DEFIANCE employee. He doesn't need to react but he nods nonetheless. A glance over to Iris confirms Wyatt's reserved response.

Kelly Evans:

Get the medical clearance and you can have Ryan one more time. Meanwhile, your banishment from the Wrestle-Plex begins right now. Wyatt, escort Her Highness outside.

Wyatt Bronson:

Let's go, then.

DEFIANCE's Head of Security leads the way once again and the scene cuts to black.