

THE RUNDOWN

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

THOOM THOOM THOOM THOOM

As the smoke from the deafening pyro subsides and we start off on our usual trek around the arena on the back of the big crane cam. As it glides above the heads of the Faithful we scan the audience for the best signage we can pick out from the teeming masses. The first thing we spy, amongst the sea of Lindsay Troy and Murray Brothers signage a huge taped together masterpiece on poster board depicting Dan Ryan on his knees in front of an anthropomorphized FIST of DEFIANCE ready to... well, you get the picture. A number of rows above that a huge white banner hangs off the railing declaring "WE MISS BOBBY DEAN... 'S TITTIES."

Mercifully the camera arrives at its destination of the commentation station, home to our intrepid DEFIANCE announce team of "Downtown" Darren Keebler and...

Angus:

WELCOOOOOME TO DEFtv, FREAKS!

DDK:

Would you stop doing that?

Angus:

Don't hate, just because I do your job better than you, Keebler... I'm kind of your BOSS you know...

DDK:

Suuuuuuure you are. Folks! We've got one HECK of a show prepared for your enjoyment tonight with five...

Angus:

Six.

DDK:

Well, technically six. I'm not even sure we're supposed to call what's happening in tonight's main event a MATCH, in the strictly traditional sense...

Angus:

Not if two weeks ago was any indication, anyway... yeesh. Good point, Keeps.

DDK:

Wade Elliott and Tyler Rayne had something to say about what Dan Ryan did to their former trios partner - and Ryan's sister-in-law - Lindsay Troy, and they said it with an unexpected mugging in the parking lot on DEFtv 70.

Angus:

And you **know** our Gigantor Overlord of all things FIST was having NOOONNNNEEEEE of that, MAH DUDE.

DDK:

Ryan wanted retribution and Kelly Evans granted it in the form of two unsanctioned matches: Wade Elliott last show and Tyler Rayne tonight. Wade left New Orleans in bad shape; will we see the same for Rayne tonight?

Angus:

We might see WORSE for Rayne. 70 was a **HOSSEFIIIIIITE** and Wade's a brawny beast that's tough as any. Tyler might've made his bones in underground fight pits the world over but Dan Ryan's out of fucks to give. He preached ten times worse for Rayne than what he gave Wade, and considering what he did to Lindsay? This could get very, very bad, Keeps.

DDK:

God, Kelly better have a contingency plan for this... Anyway, moving on... In B block action, Frank Pastore sees if he'll have better luck against his OTHER opponent from that wild threeway a number of weeks ago in the form of Curtis Penn. And Bronson Box, he'll look to continue his good fortune this week as he locks up with the Hollywood Bruv himself, KENDRIX!

Angus:

You know who I'm hangin' my hopes on Keebs, I hope the Gods favor ol' Franky and big bad Boxer tonight. DEF*MAX, BAY BAY!

DDK:

The A block is just as stacked, partner. The BRAZEN rookie, the massive "American Made" Levi Cole will step into the ring with the wiliest of veterans, IMPULSE! And as if that wasn't enough, we're going to see Cayle Murray square off against a man he knows pretty darn well, the current Southern Heritage Champ, MIKEY UNLIKELY!

Angus:

I don't think the human anal polyp would like you calling his title that. NOW! About this unsanctioned murder Kells has penciled in for the main event, I'm so GORRAM psyched to see...

The DEFIAtron lights up and the scene conveyed in HD-glory is one of absolute mayhem and chaos. Backstage, in the parking lot by the wrestler's entrance, Tyler Rayne and Dan Ryan are slugging it out. Both men are already bleeding; Rayne from his lip and Ryan from the same eyebrow that was a target two weeks ago. The monolith FIST of DEFIANCE outweighs his brother-in-law by 80 pounds and stands six inches over him, but Tyler Rayne's had two weeks to think and stew since Wade tangled with Dan and nearly seven since Lindsay Troy went on the shelf.

That's a mighty long time to plot some retribution...

DDK:

Speak of the proverbial devils, Angus! Both Dan and Tyler are picking up where Dan and Wade left off and they're both bleeding from the get-go!

Angus:

That might be the only way Rayne's gonna survive this: drain Gigantor's life supply and hope he doesn't regenerate or morph into his final form or some shit.

DDK:

I think you've been staying up way too late and smoking too much with Rich and WHOA WATCH IT!

A well-placed Muay Thai elbow caught Dan Ryan square in the jaw and sent him careening into the wall by the steel door. Rayne followed after him, grabbed him by the scruff of the neck, and rammed his head into the door one, two, three times! The Golden Boy kicked the door open with his military-issued boot but when he went to grab Dan to shove him through, the Ego Buster charged forward and tackled him through and into the Wrestle-Plex proper!

Angus:

Incoming family feud! Everybody clear outta the way!

Runners and other staffers gave the brothers-in-law a wide berth as they scrambled to their feet. DEFsec moved in, moreso to keep the area clear than to keep the two of them separated.

DDK:

I'm getting word in my earpiece that Kelly's gonna let the two of them have at it so long as they...attempt to contain the property damage and other human injuries to only themselves.

Angus:

Good luck with that!

DDK

Geeze, no kidding! They might have DEFsec on them most of the night! But I'm getting word that we've gotta ...

REAP WHAT YOU SOW

In an unexpected thud of powered down lights sends the Wrestle-Plex in darkness. Camera flashes are glowing up the arena and we can see quite a few cell phones lit throughout the crowd.

DDK:

Apologize for the inconvenience folks, not entirely sure what's going on here but the lights cut out just a few seconds ago.

Angus:

What the hell, man! Rayne and Ryan are beating the hell out of each other and the camera's out here on us instead?! And I swear, Keebs, if you don't stop that knee shaking over there, I'm going to...

The lights in the arena flicker for a brief moment and then come on fully. Standing in the middle of the ring is Code Name: Reaper. Dressed in his usual black attire and black mask. His eyes already are glowing hot red.

Angus:

Doesn't this guy know what entrance music is? You don't just magically appear in the ring like this whenever you feel like it.

DDK:

It looks like he has something to say, he's got a mic in hand, Angus.

Angus:

I can see that dipshit.

Reaper, slowly brings the mic to his mask. *The Faithful* stare on in anticipation, no cheers or jeers. They can't get a feel of this oddity that has recently sprung onto the scene of **DEFIANCE**.

Reaper: [slow and methodical]

Play the footage.

Angus:

Footage? What footage? We better not be watching a trailer with that Bollywood chump Unlikely.

DDK:

Calm down Angus, it's up on the DEFIAtron right now.

Camera shows the reel from **DEFtv** 69, Perfection vs. Reaper. Reaper just slingshotted Perfection into the buckle and it crushed referee Benny Doyle. The next few moments are fresh in everyone's minds, including *The Faithful*, who let out a loud cheer when Perfection gets his neck crushed by The Guillotine. The video continues playing through the crowd's three count, and then comes to an abrupt end.

Reaper:

Now as you can see Perfection was flat out destroyed in the middle of that ring and I had the victory. He was spared by sheer luck, luck that he will never see again. So... SHUT UP I'M TALKING!!!

The abrupt outburst catches *The Faithful* off guard, a few in the crowd let out a chorus of boos, most just stare in confusion.

DDK:

Was the crowd even saying anything? Or anyone for that matter?

Angus:

I don't know Keebs, this guy has seemed to be off his rocker from day one, but anyone who has it in their mind to rid

DEFIANCE of Perfection has my vote.

Code Name: Reaper looks down at the ring canvas after yelling his outburst, holding his head and shaking it. Seemingly as if he was arguing with himself.

Reaper:[bringing the mic back up, eyes glowing bright red]

In short, Perfection, get out to the ring right now so I can finish your damn career. I warned you, you didn't listen and now it's time to pay for it.

Reaper stares down towards the entrance way and is met by nothing. Not entrance music, not Courtney Paz, not even Perfection's stupid smug face. Seconds go by and Reaper's eyes are glowing bright red as we can see his free hand turn to a closed fist.

DDK:

Reaper is pissed, folks.

Angus:

Well I'm surely damn happy! Any time we don't have to see that asshole Perfection is a great day in my book.

♪**Work Bitch by Britney Spears**♪

The Faithful cheer for **DEFIANCE**'s baws-lady to be coming out. She walks down to the ring business first and marches to the ring wasting zero time. As she enters the ropes a ring attendant passes her a microphone, she keeps a good distance from Reaper.

Evans:

I really don't appreciate you interrupting my show for this shit.

The Faithful act like a bunch of school children.

Ooooooooooooo

DDK:

Ms. Evans is not happy about this at all.

Angus:

And she shouldn't be! Is he really wasting our time talking about Perfection? Really, Keeps?

Reaper stands there silent his eyes still glowing red.

Evans:

Instead of coming out here and making a scene, you could have came to me privately and I would have dealt with the situation. Now, let's cut to the chase. You want a rematch with Perfection, is that right?

And with that *The Faithful* begin to jeer, they definitely don't want to see Witherhold back in their ring. Reaper's eyes slowly dim as he nods his head.

Evans:

I'll give you your match...but it can't be tonight...

♪**Perfect Gentlemen by Helloween**♪

The Wrestle-Plex begins to rupture in boos as the opening riffs of the music hit. Smiling ear to ear and walking out is none other than Perfection. Black suit, white dress shirt, and a blue tie. He walks past *The Faithful* ignoring every single one of them before he reaches the ring steps and decides to mouth off. A generally safe distance from spit or drinks.

DDK:

I think Kelly is more pissed now than when Reaper interrupted the show.

Angus:

I think all of New Orleans is pissed that this asshole is here.

James enters the ring and walks towards Reaper sizing him up, we can tell that Reaper is keeping his composure by not even flinching. Perfection seizes on it and reaches in, snatching Reaper's mic from his hand while circling away. Reaper steps forward but is stopped when Evans gets in the center keeping a good distance between the two before pointing directly at Reaper whose eyes are glowing even brighter.

Evans:

Calm down or you won't get a damn thing! And you....

She turns her head towards Perfection.

Perfection:

And me...and me what? Me...who won, Kelly?! Me- who pinned HIM clean right here?! He doesn't deserve a rematch! He doesn't deserve...Yours Truly...coming down to this ring! We had an agreement, Kelly. Keep your end of it...I won't ask twice.

Kelly now turns her completely body towards Perfection a widening smile creeping on her cheeks as the camera cuts to a shot of her in front of Reaper who's standing directly behind her.

Evans:

Oh, I'll keep my end of the bargain, Jimmy. You won your match, congratulations...you're hired!

The Faithful start to stir in disagreement and Evans raises her hand asking them to calm down, which they do. We cut to a ringside shot.

Perfection:

I knew you had some smarts. In fact...

Evans:

Shut his fucking mic off.

And with that we can hear the small boom of James' mic shut off. *The Faithful* explode in cheers.

Angus:

God bless this woman!

Witherhold still raises the mic to his lips but not a thing is heard. He instead chooses to spike the mic and decides to shout his disagreements at Kelly Evans who is standing there with 100% resting bitch face before deciding to talk over him.

Evans:

You're wrestling next week...shut the hell up and listen!

The Faithful cheer even louder as Witherhold stands there like a man who just had his balls cut off.

Evans

You're having a re-match against Code Name: Reaper and if my referee so much as gets a scratch on them because of your antics, James, I'll personally fire your ass!

In an angry spit of emotions James stomps his feet, his finger pointed towards Kelly. Witherhold is ready to yell at Evans who just stands there as much as saying "go fuck yourself." With a snarl Perfection drops down and rolls out of the ring, turning back towards Evans to shout and yell in disapproval.

DDK:

This guy really needs to understand who's he's talking to.

Angus:

He's a moron! He knows nothing and now because of Reaper we have to see this idiot wrestle next week- what are we doing!? Why!?

Perfection heads up the ramp way to backstage area. Reaper is staring intensely at him from within the ring while Kelly Evans goes to make her exit, as she nears the ropes the lights in the arena go pitch black.

Angus:

Not this shit again.

It only lasts for a few seconds and the crowd erupts in cheers as the lights come back on with Code Name: Reaper standing over a fallen Perfection right at the curtains.

DDK:

Perfection is out cold! What the hell just happened?!

Kelly spins around to look back towards the middle of the ring and then back at Reaper, she shakes her head in disbelief and Reaper turns around and walks through the curtains.

Angus:

Someone scrape that hot garbage off the ramp so we can move on.

DEBUT MATCH: SCOTT DOUGLAS VS. JACK HUNTER

DDK:

Alright, let's go to the ring with Darren Quimbey for tonight's opening bout.

DEF's Ring Announcer stands ready in the center of the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following match is set for ONE fall!

♪ "Baby Takes" by Green River ♪

The music rings familiar for a few of the most faithful of the Faithful; who've heard it recently during BRAZEN events. The resulting pop is enough to peak the interest of anyone uninitiated but doesn't necessarily tear the roof off.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from Seattle, Washington, standing 6'2", and weighing in at 220 pounds, "Sub Pop" Scott! Scott DOUUUGGGGLASS!

Scott Douglas steps out onto the stage looking better equipped for dank basement club concert than a professional wrestling match. Black t-shirt, tattered jean shorts and combat boots. He takes a second to breathe it in, using his palm to flip his wet hair back over his head, before heading down the ramp and to the ring.

DDK:

The Seattle native makes his DEFIANCE television debut here tonight taking on The SUPERBEST Jack Hunter.

Angus: [sarcastically]

FANTASTIC! Can't wait...

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent ...

♪ "This Fire Burns (MIDI Version)" by Killswitch Engage ♪

A familiar and collective sense of "WTF?" fills the arena as Jack Hunter's excruciating entrance music hits. The Little Bruiser emerges from the backstage area pushing a shopping cart full of "goodies," including a trash can, a dented steel chair, a kendo stick and a couple of street signs. Benny Doyle, leaning against the ropes, shouts down to Hunter and waves his hands back and forth signaling "No!"

Jack takes the signal as "SAFE!" and begins tossing his cornucopia of mid nineteen nineties wrestling weaponry into the ring. Cackling maniacally, he pauses for a moment, apro to nothing, before continuing.

Darren Quimbey:

... from the ... [sighing] streets, standing 6'2", and weighing in at 218 pounds, "The SUPERBEST" Jack HUNNNTTERRRR!

Angus:

When will this moron just fuck off, already?

Benny Doyle rolls out of the ring and immediately gets between Jack and the ring. Hunter reluctantly lets the steel chair get plucked from his hands. It takes Doyle a good half-minute to explain to The Street Fighter, that they've had this conversation before and that this a wrestling match; not a street fight.

DDK:

Pound for pound these two are pretty evenly matched but to be honest after a strong showing against Bronson Box and a victory over Reinhardt Hoffman; I'm not so sure Lil' Broozy has what it'll take to put Douglas away.

Douglas keeps himself occupied awaiting the start by sliding the random weaponry back out the floor with his feet.

Angus:

Jack Hunter, [turns to DDK] that's his name, [back to the monitor] couldn't put away the groceries, Keeps.

DDK:

We'll find out here shortly, if Official Benny Doyle can convince [turns to Angus] Yung Contusions [back to the monitor] to enter the ring sans his wacky weapons.

Doyle and Hunter appear to have come to an understanding and Doyle rolls back into the ring, only to realize Hunter still does not understand.

Hunter stares over the many foreign objects spread across the floor. He mumbles to himself while waving a finger toward each as he sweeps over them all.

DDK:

It appears; Jack is under the impression he's to make a Sophie's Choice here.

Angus:

Is that eeny, meeny, miny, moe?

Jack settles on the kendo stick and steps toward the ring but is interrupted by the exiting Benny Doyle.

Angus:

Get on with it already!

Doyle and Jack continue to argue outside the ring, each with a hand on the kendo stick and Douglas looks to have had enough. He exits the ring via the steps and approaches the bickering duo. Jack takes the approaching Douglas as an attack and snatches the kendo stick away from Doyle and takes a wide swing a Douglas.

Angus:

Finally!

Scott ducks the intended blow and delivers a pointed kick to Jack's mid section. Jack doubles over and Scott tosses him in the ring by his hair and waistband. Doyle rolls back into the ring and get's to his feet while calling for the bell.

DING DING**DDK:**

Looks like this one is finally underway!

Jack scrambles to his feet as Douglas slides in the ring. Jack swings a wild lariat. Douglas ducking once again catches Hunter from behind and locks around his waist.

DDK:

... and our new comer is in the driver's seat - German Suplex!

Douglas releases on impact and Hunter flips over finding himself face down on the mat.

Angus:

Laying out Jack Hunter hovers somewhere around effectively not shitting one's self, in public.

Douglas pulls Hunter back to his feet and lays a forearm that possibly could've been a grazing fist. Doyle leans in shaking his clenched fist as a warning. Douglas glances toward the official to acknowledge while taking step back.

Angus:

Not another one of these boy scouts.

DDK:

The Little Bruiser, barely on his feet. Standing dropkick from Douglas! What agility shown here by the DEFIANCE new comer.

Angus:

Here come the flippy-dos.

Douglas pulls Jack up from the mat by the back of his head. Benny Doyle checking for hair pulling and begins to motion before abstaining.

DDK:

Looks like "Sub Pop" Scott has this one in the bag. We should be seeing the conclusion of this match shortly. Jack's missteps have once again led him down an ill fated path.

Angus:

The Jack Hunter Misstep, probably the most effective move in his repertoire, Keeps.

DDK:

It looks like we have company, partner.

Tony Gamble has made his way on stage from the back. His pace is slow and measured while his eyes remain focused on the ring and the action inside. His appearance elicits a grumbling from the crowd and enough neck snapping to grab Douglas' attention in the ring.

DDK:

Tony Gamble and Scott Douglas certainly have not gotten off on the right foot here in DEFIANCE in the past few weeks.

Angus:

Where's his muscle?

Douglas, with a dazed Hunter in a front facelock and positioned parallel with the stage, swipes his free hand through the air as if to signify he can't be bothered with Gamble or his antics.

DDK:

This could be the Sub Pop Suplex.

Scott throws Hunter's arm over the back of his own neck and reaches for the knee. With the grip well placed; he hoists the slightly lighter Hunter up to his shoulder.

Angus:

Finish this and let's - what now!?

The Faithful reacts as Frank Pastore appears on the stage. He passes behind Gamble and takes his place; a step behind and one to the side. With his arms crossed and his biceps looking like they might have burst the sleeves of his white shirt rather than their actual scissored demise, he plants himself on the stage and stands as a mountain might.

DDK:

It looks like this minor tiff between Scott Douglas and Tony Gamble may have just escalated!

Scott turns toward the ramp, with Hunter held aloft, to witness Pastore's arrival. He releases his grip and shrugs Hunter off to the side.

Angus: [laughing]

... like a sack of potatoes!

DDK:

This could be a mistake on Douglas' part.

Douglas, standing on the bottom rope, is leaning over the the top with his arms extended taunting Pastore by way of Gamble. This garners a sizeable pop from the Faithful filling the Wrestle-Plex.

Angus:

How!?! Hunter is schlub. Down for the count! If only this boy scout would get this waste of time over with. Someone get Smiley and his gigantic manboy out of here!

Pastore mouths something inaudible and begins to take a step forward dropping his arms from their folded position. He is stopped by Gamble throwing out his arm to block his protege's passage.

*YOU'RE A PUS-SY! YOU'RE A PUS-SY!
YOU'RE A PUS-SY! YOU'RE A PUS-SY!
YOU'RE A PUS-SY! YOU'RE A PUS-SY!*

Douglas steps down off the bottom rope; turning to the Faithful as Doyle insists he return to the match. Tossing his arms up and shrugging to the crowd and camera. Pastore starts to fume at the resounding question of his courage. Gamble turns to Pastore barking something toward him; his one armed blockade remaining intact.

*LET THEM FIGHT! LET THEM FIGHT!
LET THEM FIGHT! LET THEM FIGHT!
LET THEM FIGHT! LET THEM FIGHT!*

DDK:

Looks like the Faithful know exactly what they want to see, Angus!

Angus:

Anything but the match going on right now, Keeps! ANYTHING other than Jack Hunter!

Douglas returns to the ropes, this time remaining flat footed on the mat. He raises his open hand up and motions toward the crowd, glancing at the stage and to his hand a few times over for effect. This causes a the loudest pop so far as the aforementioned chant trails off. Douglas is suddenly snatched backward and out of the television shot. Production adjusts.

DDK:

Schoolboy! The Little Bruiser just rolled up Douglas!

Angus: [denial]

No ... ?

1...

Angus: [anger]

NOOOOOO!

2...

Angus: [bargaining]

NO! Anything but ...

3...

Douglas kicks high and powerful but it is just too late. Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

Angus: [depressed]
How could this be, Keeps?

♪ "This Fire Burns (MIDI Version)" by Killswitch Engage ♪

DDK:
Jack Hunter wins! A really tough break for Scott Douglas on his DEFtv debut!

Douglas scrambles to his feet slightly confused and with his ego ... maybe a little bruised. He leans back against the far turnbuckle of the ring glaring at Gamble and Pastore on the stage clearly enjoying themselves. Hunter attempts to pull himself up by the ropes.

Angus: [accepting]
That actually happened...

Pastore rings his wrist with a smug grin spread across his face and Gamble, well Gamble generally looks exactly the same.

Darren Quimbey:
And your winner, JAAACK HUNNNTTERR!

DDK: Indeed ... it did, Angus. I get the feeling this isn't the last we've seen between Gamble/Pastore and Scott Douglas.

Angus:
What's next?

DDK:
You got over that pretty fast?

Angus: [laughing]
... look at him.

Jack Hunter, with one hand firmly gripping the middle rope and the other holding on to the waistband of Benny Doyle, still attempting to get his legs under himself. Doyle feigns an attempt at raising Hunter's hand in victory before pulling himself loose and waving him off.

DDK:
Regardless of the result; Lil' Broozy picks up the win here tonight! Hash tag new streak?

Angus:
Not you now, Keeps.

Gamble and Pastore head backstage feeling accomplished as Gamble pats his protege on the back. The two are very pleased with themselves. Especially, Tony Gamble.

Scott drops to the matt and rolls out of the ring. The focus turns to the still fumbling, yet all smiles, Jack Hunter. Attempting to stand with the help of the ropes while stumbling each time he tries to raise his own hand in victory. Over and over.

DDK:

A disappointing night for Scott Douglas and one hell of a night for the Little Bruiser. What kind of fall out will we see between Tony Gamble, his imposing protege and "Sub Pop" Scott!?

Angus:

Can we just move on. I don't know how much more of Hunter I can stand.

DDK:

We've got a lot more where that came from folks, so don't go anywhere!

QUICK WORKOUT

Cut-to: The DEFgym.

Dan Ryan and Tyler Rayne have worked their way over to the state-of-the-art training facility from the Wrestle-Plex's immediate backstage entrance area and neither of them are showing any signs of letting up on the brutality. DEFsec have also entered the gym where Butcher Victorious, Mascara De Muerte IV, and some other BRAZEN talent had been getting a late-night workout in before watching Levi Cole's DEF*MAX match. They immediately scatter out of the line of fire.

Angus:

That's one hell of a good idea if I ever saw one, although I might not mind if a wayward Gigantor fisticuff finds its way toward that hippy-dip hipster and flippy-doo mute...

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

What?! Oh come on, like you really care...

Ryan rocks Rayne with a right hand and sends Rayne spiraling off camera momentarily. He shakes his hand - Tyler's jaw ain't made of glass, that's for sure - and steps forward to follow after him. He doesn't get very far before Rayne takes a homerun swing at his shoulder with a weighted body bar!

CRACK!

Dan Ryan:

FFFFUUUUUUUUUU-----

DDK:

Dear me, did you hear that!?

Angus:

One separated shoulder, coming up!

CRACK!

That one was across the back.

Angus:

And possible paralysis!

DDK:

Dan Ryan's down to a knee.

He is, and at his feet is a nylon medicine ball that Butcher Victorious once had in his possession. Ryan clasps it and heaves it toward Rayne, who tries to pull the bar out of the way but ends up losing his weapon when the ball catches the end of the bar and sends it careening end-over-end toward a few DEFsec guys. They scatter to avoid losing an eye or a couple teeth. The in-laws are back at it with fists, Ryan drives a knee into Rayne's midsection and tosses him over a weight bench. He hits the floor, rolls to avoid a brutal kick to the ribs, and drives a shoulder into Ryan's midsection. He follows that up with an uppercut to Dan's chin and a headbutt to the nose, which both stuns the FIST for a moment and then infuriates him. He punches Rayne in the ear, discombobulating him, grabs him by the head...

KK-KRANG!

...and tosses him back-first into a metal cage that holds a bunch of miscellaneous equipment.

Angus:

It's a cacophony of sound effects tonight, Keebs! ***And*** I get a lollipop for using a big word!

DDK:

Somehow, somehow, you always manage to out-do yourself, partner.

Dan Ryan takes a second to catch his breath while Tyler Rayne is on his hands and knees. Rayne looks to his right and sees a jump rope shoved between a plank pad and a hand roller. He grabs it, quickly gets to his feet, and darts back toward Dan. Before the Ego Buster knows what hits him, Rayne's on his back with the jump rope around his neck.

DDK:

Tyler Rayne's trying to get Dan Ryan down and out with that rope-assisted choke! Ryan's fighting it!

Angus:

Flailing! Fighting! Same difference!

Rayne yells out and rears back harder as Dan tries to fight him off. His face is starting to turn an uncomfortable shade of red but he does manage to back Rayne up against a wall and jostle him loose. Rayne slips off his back and Ryan, though winded, does manage to throw an elbow into his cheek. Tyler stumbles away and Ryan gives chase, albeit slowly.

The camera cuts back to Angus and Keebs at ringside.

DEF*MAX ROUND TWO: IMPULSE VS. LEVI COLE [BLOCK A]

DDK:

Up next, Angus - we've got another match in the DEF*MAX, and it's between two athletes who took some hard losses at DEFtv 70, and are looking for a bounceback!

Angus:

This is really a last chance for both of them. I mean, it's bad enough that Levi Cole lost to Squidboy, but I've come to terms with the fact that if Squiddy was actually able to pin DA BAWWS, then he's got some semblance of skill somewhere buried in his eight arms, but Impulse... he loses to Hollywood McFuckass like a shameful Impulse.

DDK:

Both men certainly have something to prove, Angus! Let's --

♪ "Blunt Blowin" by Lil Wayne ♪

The red carpet unfurls.

Angus:

OH COME ON!!

Boos fill the arena, along with the familiar chant of "YOU CAN'T WRESTLE!" and its response, "MIKEY SUCKS!"

DDK:

We're about to be joined by the Southern Heritage Champion, Mikey Unlikely, though I can't imagine why - he should be preparing for his own DEF*MAX match against Cayle Murray!

Mikey enters the arena with his hands in the air and the SoHER Championship belt around his waist. He's in his fanciest street clothes and shades, and he blows a kiss to the DEFIANCE Faithful. They respond back with the boos of thousands. Walking slowly behind Mikey is the man in the box, Klein! Klein holds a portable cup holder, with a bevy of iced beverages on it.

Angus:

Keeps. KEEBS.

DDK:

What?

Angus:

Why is he coming over here?

It's true; Mikey is approaching the commentary table. Two stage hands show up from the back with a large - backed executive chair place it in the middle of the table, between Keebler and Angus.

Mikey sits down, making room where there is no room. Using his elbows to push his new tablemates outward.

Mikey Unlikely:

Angus, baby! How's everything?

...silence...

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely, this is very unexpected, what are you doing out here?

Mikey Unlikely:

Well guys, to be perfectly honest, I think we've gotten off on the wrong foot! I am huge fans of yours personally, and I had to get out here and shake the hands of Dynamos of this industry! The VOICES of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

You ready for this match, Keebs?

DDK:

What?

Angus:

I'm ready. Are you ready?

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm ready Angus!

Angus:

I didn't ask....

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh actually!!! That reminds me! Courtesy of Starbucks, and Mikey Unlikely, my good friend, and bodyguard tonight Klein has something for you guys!

The camera cuts back to the commentary booth, where Angus has turned his chair away from Unlikely. Klein slides the cup holder onto the table almost spilling the paperwork that sits there.

Angus:

sigh oh what th...

Mikey Unlikely:

OREO FRAPPES FOR EVERYONE!!!! In celebration of my new major role in a BRAND NEW HULU TELEVISION SERIES! GET EXCITED BECAUSE I'LL BE ANNOUNCING THE PROJECT VERY SOON!

Angus shakes his head, and when Klein places one in front of him, he swats it off the table with one hand instantly.

Mikey Unlikely:

Don't be hatin', Angus! Diamand Dusty Keebie baby, how's every little thing?

DDK:

That's not my--

Mikey Unlikely:

Great, glad to hear!

DDK:

Well, we're always happy to have the Southern Herit--

Mikey Unlikely:

HOLLYWOOD Heritage.

DDK:

...champion with us, but Mikey, don't you think your time would be better spent preparing for Cayle Murray?

Mikey laughs, clearly of the mind that this is the most ridiculous thought he's ever heard.

Mikey Unlikely:

Keebola, there's two things happening tonight. Later on, Mikey Unlikely will obvs be defeating the Squiddy, thus all but cementing my place at the forefront of the DEF*MAX tournament. Here, unfortunately, we have two almost - made - 'ems trying to not come in dead last. Since this is the loser's bracket, I'm doing DEFIANCE a solid by lending my fame to it. It really is.

DDK:

Is what?

Mikey Unlikely:

TOTALLY OBVS!

♪ "Born in the USA" by Bruce Springsteen ♪

DDK:

The All-American's getting a great ovation from this crowd, Angus!

Angus:

He's got Hoss potential, Keebs... he just needs some Hoss attitude. Hossitude.

Mikey Unlikely:

What he needs is a weekend with the Hollywood Bruvs' "Stop Sucking at Sports Entertainment" seminar, only \$10,000 per person. Or \$450,000 in Mikey Money.

Angus:

It'll come, Keebs.

Mikey Unlikely: (talking to Keebs)

I think he's ignoring me.

DDK:

Professionalism is the only reason I'm not... And how about Levi Cole!

Cole slaps hands all the way to the ring, and slides under the bottom rope without doing a lap. Once inside, however, he takes a spin with his arms out, soaking the appreciative cheers and letting the fans on all sides know that he's grateful for their support.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'll never understand why the masses embrace losers.

Angus:

Do you hear something, Keebs? Sounds like static in the headset.

DDK:

Let's be professional, Angus.

Mikey Unlikely:

Profesh to Death!

Angus:

Why start now? Seriously, there's a high pitched buzzing that just won't go away.

♪ "Revolution" by SIRSY♪

Angus:

Hopefully, losing to McFuckass at DEFtv 70 was a wake up call for Impulse, Keeps.

Mikey Unlikely:

Unlikely....

Angus:

He's got all the tools except the right attitude. If he'd simply crippled McFuckass...

Mikey Unlikely:

Unlikely...

Angus:

when he had the chance instead of getting all sportsmanshippy, we wouldn't be in the mess we're in.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm right here, you know.

DDK:

I'll agree with you in a way, Angus - I think if Impulse lost his scruples he'd be completely unstoppable, but he's also spoken at length about how he doesn't want to win the matches that he can't win under his own power. There's something to be celebrated about it.

Mikey Unlikely:

I don't believe that for a second; he can't beat the Hollywood Heritage Champion, obvs, But when The Bruvs faced Cole and Impulse a few weeks ago, they clearly cheated! Remember! We lost! So you KNOW they were cheating, cause the Bruvs lose to NO ONE!

Impulse steps through first, carefully. He puts a hand to his side as nonchalantly as he can and waves to the crowd. Calico Rose is a step behind him and blows a kiss to the arena as the "Blow it up!" chant starts. She smiles and takes a step towards commentary...

...and locks eyes with Mikey.

Mikey Unlikely:

Blow it up. Sure. I've got something she can blow--

DDK:

Please!

Angus:

Something's definitely in my ear, and it's starting to get even more annoying.

Mikey Unlikely:

Well you know Angus, you can get that checked out! If you head over to see my good friend Doctor Robinson at The New Orleans Sinus Center! You know if you mention my name he will give you a free consultation! Another fine

sponsor of Mikey Unlikely!

There are no fistbumps today. Instead, Cally forms a heart with her hands and directs it to Angus and Keebs before the duo walk towards the ring. Unlikely gives the money sign back at them.

Mikey Unlikely:

Self - righteous biatch. Nobody's that nice without it being fake... she's the biggest tramp on the payroll.

Angus:

That's it.

The sound of rustling can be heard.

DDK:

Angus?

In the ring, Impulse takes off his jacket and T-shirt; his ribs are taped on one side. He shakes Levi Cole's hand as the bell rings, and the two men circle each other.

DDK [Clearly shaken up by something]:

All right, we're underway!

Mikey Unlikely:

Don't lie to the people, Kelber. Tell them that Angus just walked off the job. Not Mikey, though. Not only am I here to entertain the masses, but I just got a text from my bruv, Drake - that he tried postponing the concert until the Sports Entertainment Guild can get there. But where is Mikey!? He's here for you people! I'll accept your apology during my own match, Koobler.

DDK:

Uhm, I'm pretty sure Kelly Evans forced you to be here tonight....

Mikey Unlikely:

Forced is a harsh word... more like... contractually obligated!

In the ring, Impulse and Cole circle and lock up, and Cole backs Impulse into the corner, releasing the lock at 3.

Mikey Unlikely:

See, that's just stupid. You've got five seconds to hurt someone.

They lock up again, and Cole lifts Impulse with a scoop and a slam! Impulse holds his hand to his side as Cole covers, but Impulse kicks out before the two!

DDK:

He's got guts, but I'm not sure it's the smartest move here.

Mikey Unlikely:

To be fair, we're not talking about the smartest athletes in DEF. Those are all in my Sports Entertainment Guild! Did I mention my seminar yet!? Sign up by Tuesday, and be one of the lucky few, who receive a free Klein Box for your ugly face! A \$500 value!

Cole with a scoop, and he backs Impulse into the corner! Cross corner whip - Impulse reverses! Cole hits the corner, and he staggers out a step -

DDK:

DOUBLE WRISTLOCK! Impulse locks The Message on Levi Cole, and he's forcing the Brazen rookie down! On the

ropes! The referee counts!

Mikey Unlikely:

Again with the release on the three! Seriously, these guys are never gonna make it in the big leagues.

DDK:

You know Impulse is a seasoned veteran in this industry right?

Impulse backs off while Levi Cole holds his arm gingerly on the outside. The count is at three, but he doesn't look like he's in much of a hurry.

DDK:

Smart move by Impulse, I think. Try to end the match early and avoid any further injury, and, failing that, try to take away your much bigger opponents' strength.

Mikey Unlikely:

Weakness is a terrible thing, I'm lucky I don't have any. Speaking of strength, where do you work out Keeps?

DDK:

I often work out at home, why do you ask...

Mikey Unlikely:

Because if you head down to NOLA Power Gym they are offering a free 60 day trial membership when you mention "Mikey Money" at the front desk! Ask for Jeremy "The Madman!" He's fucking nuts!

DDK:

You've got to be kidding me...

Mikey Unlikely:

Hardly.

On the seven, Cole rolls back under the bottom rope, and both men circle once more. Impulse almost immediately spins him through with a single wristlock, bending his arm at the shoulder and twisting his elbow. Cole manages to roll through and use the momentum to flip the Marathon Man off his feet, and he immediately locks on a reverse headlock with his good arm, keeping Impulse's body in front of him.

Mikey Unlikely:

Talk to me, babe. How's the Drake concert going?

DDK:

What?

Mikey Unlikely:

Shush! I'm on the phone!

DDK:

Unbelievable...

With incredible strength, Levi Cole one - arm lifts Impulse up and drops him, face - and - chest first on the mat with a front face slam that bounces his opponent's head off the canvas, and rolls him over again for a cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Another scoop by Cole, and he lifts Impulse up for a Samoan drop and another cover, and another long two count. This time, after the kickout, Impulse rolls under the bottom rope for a breather, holding onto his side.

DDK:

The referee needs to be wary of this one, Mikey. Levi Cole's damaged arm took place over the course of a legitimate wrestling hold, but bruised or broken ribs could impact a wrestler's ability to breathe!

Mikey Unlikely:

I know! And Levi Cole can thank me when it's all over. In fact the best way to thank someone is by calling 1-800-Flowers! Call 1-800 Flowers today for your 20% off coupon, to send flowers to your favorite loved one, or callous wrestling commentator! Just use Promo code "MikeyMoney" when ordering!

DDK:

I'm... sure he will.

Mikey Unlikely:

Obvs!

DDK:

No count from the official, he's asking Impulse how he's feeling; but Impulse climbs back into the ring! I guess he's good to go!

Mikey Unlikely:

You didn't say 'Totally Obvs.' You're a terrible Bruv, bruv.

DDK:

I'll take it.

Impulse locks up with Levi Cole, and Cole with a knee to the midsection doubles over his opponent in pain! Cole, maybe sensing victory, lifts Impulse up! Torture rack!

DDK:

The pressure on Impulse's ribs must be murderous!

Mikey Unlikely:

You're welcome! That's what the Backstory does!

DDK:

Impulse is turning white! I don't know if he can -

And just like that, Levi Cole drops him, and holds his bad arm pressed against his body in pain.

DDK:

Lucky break! I think that arm finally went out on him, and if Impulse wants to take it, he's going to have to take it now!

He may have heard him- Impulse had landed on his knees, immediately rolling into a defensive pose, but when he sees Levi Cole's current state, he has time to back up and ready himself.

DDK:

Referee finally checking on Cole to see if he can continue, and the All American of course says he's in this one for the duration!

Mikey Unlikely:

Meanwhile, I have an entourage of loyal friends and Bruvs, and I'm both Champion and completely unhurt. I think it's totally obvs who the smart one is.

Cole turns around - SUDDEN IMPACT! Impulse drops and hooks a leg!

ONE...

TWO...

...

...

THREE!

Quimbey:

Here is your winner, IMPULSE!

DDK:

Sudden Impact outta nowhere!

Mikey Unlikely:

Poor Levi Cole, gonna go winless in the DEF*MAX.

DDK:

Shouldn't you be... you know, leaving now? Getting ready for your own match so my partner can return?

Mikey Unlikely:

A Bruv never leaves until he's ready. BUT.... When you are ready to leave, the best way to do it is by calling a Uber. I am a brand new spokesperson for this fantastic service, and happy to be! Cheaper than a cab! And much more friendly! RIDE NOW! RIDE UBER!

In the ring, Impulse helps Levi Cole to his feet, and offers him a handshake. The two fan favorites take a moment in the ring to listen to the fans, and gingerly exit between the ropes to tend to their injuries.

DDK:

Nice having you here, Mikey...

Mikey Unlikely:

You know Keebler Elf, you aren't too bad. You're welcome!

Thats when out of the corner of his eye, Mikey sees Impulse beelining for the commentary booth.

Unlikely grabs his frappe, slurps at it and guides Klein to stand in front of him, blocking Impulse's path. Klein steps up and waves at Impulse and Cally.

Impulse:

Good luck later, Mike... you're gonna need it.

Unlikely claps at Impulse and smiles smugly.

Mikey Unlikely:

Great job in there... really impressive... that Cole guy, tough nut to crack!

Impulse smirks.

Impulse:

You'll see. He'll get you if Cayle doesn't.

Cally (Innocently):

Maybe they both will?

Unlikely tries to push past Klein, but Klein does his duty keeping the star at bay.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey! You don't say that!

DDK:

Gentlemen! A little decorum, if you please?

Unlikely tries to gather himself. He slurps at the Frappe again before smiling.

Mikey Unlikely:

See you soon, Bruv!

Mikey walks around Impulse and Cally, guided by Klein so they stay apart. DEFSEC shows up, a moment too late - but the tension, while still simmering, did not boil over.

DDK:

With... that, we'll be back with Frank Pastore and Curtis Penn! And maybe Angus Skaaland, too!

HISTORY IS TWO-SIDED

Every wrestler has that one person that he owes his success to, no matter how hard they proclaim that they are self made everyone in this business has had help. For Curtis Penn that rings true. On DEF TV 70 one of the guys who brought him into this company tried to talk some sense into him, tried to keep him from committing career suicide, and now Mike Sloan is standing outside of Curtis' locker room hoping that he can bust through Curtis' brick thick skull.

Mike knows that Curtis is a creature of habit and that he waits until the halls are cleared before he leaves his locker room. With this knowledge, and the power as a Road Agent of DEFIANCE, Mike has the hallways cleared before he knocks on the door of the locker room.

Curtis pokes his head out of the door and sneers at Mike Sloan leaning against the far wall.

Curtis Penn: (irritation reads clearly across his face.)
What do you want?

Mike Sloan:
Ta talk. About last week.

Curtis opens the door, but doesn't cross the door frame basically telling Mike that this talk could be a short one.

Mike Sloan: (sighing)
We've been through a lot.

Curtis Penn:
Mike...

Mike puts his hands in the air telling Penn to let him speak.

Mike Sloan:
Lemme talk, please. When Dane dumped you in my lap twelve years ago I can tell you that I wasn't a fan. Your style wasn't mine. It was too....

Curtis Penn:
Technical.

Mike Sloan: (laughing)
Yeah... you could say that. But that wasn't what I was talking about. You had a chip on your shoulder and this air about you that everything should have been handed to you because of some misguided perception that you were good. You weren't. You stunk. You weren't teachable. The only good quality that had was that you could take people off their game with your mouth. You learned the psychology. That's something that I never had.

Curtis Penn is searching for a reason to not shut the door at the moment.

Mike Sloan:
And now you're here. This is DEFIANCE and you've grown... adapted, changed. But you're still as hard headed as ever. Take last week I was trying to talk you down from ruining something good.

Mike pauses.

Mike Sloan:
I'm not saying that I've approved of your methods, but to each their own. But you're on the cusp of being something more than a wrestler and I didn't want your short temper and hurt pride to cost you what you've been working for over that last year to be taken away from you.

Curtis gestures some sort of agreement and his permission to speak.

Curtis Penn:

Mike, there is only one person in DEFIANCE who has been a bigger cock to me than you and I'm sure she'd rather have me run down to the ring and cause chaos and be booted from this tournament just so she could say I fucked myself. So don't approach me with this rah rah shit and try to befriend me now.

Mike's face shadows.

Mike Sloan:

Curtis...

Curtis Penn:

NO. YOU had your say last week. My turn. The only reason that I didn't fucking finish the job Heidi did on you was out of respect to our past. But everyday since your knee turned to jell-o and I had to repay Heidi for it, your spine has shrunk so much now that you're walking like Quasimodo. So, no Mike I don't want any of your words of wisdom and they're not worth shit anyway.

Curtis leans against the door frame.

Curtis Penn:

See unlike you Mike when I say that I'm going to do something I actually follow through with it. Just like I've been saying that I'm going to run through the DEFIANCE Grand Prix and win this tournament I wasn't just talking... This isn't going to be my Summer Games. I'm going to walk through Frank tonight, beat Box so bad that who the fuck ever comes out of the other bracket will have second thoughts about if DEFIANCE is really where they want to be. Do you get it Mike? This time next year I will be holding the FIST. I will not become an afterthought in DEFIANCE like you were in the WfWA.

Mike slams his palm against the wall, the pop echoes down the empty hallway.

Mike Sloan:

Enough! Watch your next words carefully boy or you won't make it to your match tonight.

Penn steps out of the door frame.

Curtis Penn:

Look around, old man, Jane isn't here to pull me off of your geriatric ass. So are you leaving or is this going to be Mike Sloan's last stand!

Mike Sloan slowly exhales.

Mike Sloan:

Fuck you Curtis. I came here trying to smooth things over from last week, but you can't have peace can you. You're just like him... no fucking wonder Dane dropped you off on my doorstep and why he can't stand you. I have no idea why Jane intervened last week or what stakes she has in your health, but you'd do right to keep away from me for a while. I might have a little gray in my hair now and a weak knee, but I have one more beat down in me.

Curtis Penn: (exasperated)

Just leave Mike. Walk back down that hall and tell the next guy up to get in the ring. Do your job, don't make me have to do it for you.

Stubbornly Mike shakes his head and walks about five steps before Curtis gets in one more jab.

Curtis Penn:

By the way I spoke to Eric earlier today... he said that if I saw you to tell you to make sure you pick up his dry cleaning

before you pick him up tomorrow.

Mike places his hands on his hips and shakes his head flabbergasted as Curtis Penn shuts the door smiling.

WHATEVER THE SMELLIEST CITY IN AMERICA IS, WE AREN'T THERE

DDK:

Welcome back, Angus!

Angus:

I want to apologize to my millions of fans, I just couldn't stand McFuckass anymore. Anyways, what's up next?

DDK:

I believe, up next, we have the PCP's open challenge.

There's a moment of silence, and the sound of headset rustling again; Angus is once again calling it a night.

DDK:

Angus! If you leave again, Kelly Evans will probably dock your pay! Can we at least pretend to be professionals tonight?

Angus:

If we need to see them, Keebs, can we get someone out here to kill them again? Where's Big Murr. Where's Fat Ass. I'll take Little Murr too, although he hasn't done anything of importance as of late.

DDK:

Angus. He beat ...

Angus:

NYEEEEH!

There's a few bursts of static, before an image takes over the DEFiatron. It's of a handheld camera pointing directly up into the nostrils of the D, one half of the DEFIANCE tag team champions. He's wearing his trademark Armano suit with a clip on bow tie, as Elise photobombs behind him, dressed to impress.

The D:

Hi Defiance!

Elise Ares:

What's up, POORS?!

The DEFiants boo vehemently at their very sight. It becomes obvious at this point in time that Elise Ares may be slightly intoxicated. The two wave. The D almost drops his camera but catches it on the way down. He lifts it back up and holds it.

The D:

We hear your boos. We know you're sad the PCP aren't there for your amusement. But, after our hard fought match last week, we felt we deserved a well earned Va-Ca-Cay!

The D raises his hand for a high five. The crowd jeers as Elise stares him down.

The D:

Yeah, I heard it on the way out but by then it was too late...

Elise Ares:

Sorry lads, I don't think we're going to make it in tonight. We've got PLANS. Sorry not sorry.

The D:

See. Why can't I be as smooth as that?

Elise Ares:

Because only I can be me, we can't both be me. We'd be ridiculously attractive but that'd be REALLY weird, yeah? I mean, not that we're not already ridiculously attract... you know what I mean. Can I get another drink? Where is Klein when you need him?

"Stay a-way. Stay A-way!"

Angus:

YES! STAY THE FUCK AWAY!

The D sneers and Elise shakes her head at the handheld camera as the crowd continues their chant. The D shouts over them.

The D:

So you filthy anti-socials in whatever city smells the worst in America can take a week off from basking in our greatness.

Elise Ares:

I know, right? I get it, I get it, I get it... It's soooo exhausting being around us. I mean, it's TOTES OBVS that you're inferior to us, I mean look at us right? But you guys do a good job at whatever it is that you do. You pay for tickets. You buy merch. You watch Lake Placid Vi. You help lift the rising tide. Hey, ROLL TIDE, that's a thing, right?

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Elise Ares:

I tried.

The D:

And for that. We salute you.

Elise Ares:

Obvs.

The D:

Totally obviously.

Elise Ares:

Is that how you say it?

The crowd continues booing as The D shrugs his shoulders.

The D:

You see, we got a very special private invite to the hottest show in America, which is most CERTAINLY not DEFtv.

Even louder boos.

Elise Ares:

We're going to see Drake!

Elise squeals like a school girl. In a fit of freedom, she throws her arms into the air.

Elise Ares:

I'm gonna meet Draaaaaake and (whispers) I'm not wearing underwear!

The D:

Neither am I!

Off Elise's looks.

The D:

What, you know that about me. OH! There! That oversized manchild with the clipboard.

Angus lets out a sigh.

Angus:

Why are we still watching this? Can I turn the channel?

DDK:

Those are our viewers! Don't tell them to change the channel.

The D and Elise wander up to the bouncer for the event. The D just stares at him, and smiles, as the Bouncer looks away, paying both of them no attention.

Elise Ares:

Uh... HELLLLLOOOOO?! Can't you recognize fame?

The D:

He might be a little slow. Mice or Men or something. (to bouncer, slowly) DO. YOU. KNOW. HOW. FAMOUS. WE. ARE?

The bouncer tilts his head to the side and narrows his eyes.

Elise Ares:

Lake Placid VI? eXtreme the Limited Edition EP available exclusively on Amazon Music? Oh that wrestling thing we're supposed to be doing right now for all those bellends. Do mouth breathers watch that? (Looks at The D.) He has to watch that, right?

The D:

We beat Big Murr and Fatass last show, (Boos!) you might remember watching when you were home alone in your underwear crying into your soiled tank top cause your life is a mess...

There is no reaction from the Bouncer. The D tries another tactic.

The D:

OH! AND. (slowly, like trying to translate a foreign language) DRAKE. IS. EXPECTING. US. (to Elise) Has been his whole life.

Elise Ares:

You know... he calls us on his cell phone?

The bounce remains silent as Elise awkwardly tries to serenade him.

Elise Ares:

(sing songy)

That can only mean one thing...?

Nope.

The D:

Alright, this is getting us nowhere. Where's Klein!?

Elise Ares:

I wish I knew... THESE DRINKS DON'T FILL THEMSELVES.

The D narrows his eyes.

The D:

How have you been-- oh nevermind. You're probably immune to rohypnol.

Elise Ares:

Say what now? (Narrows her eyes.) Are you trying to sell me something?

The D shakes his head and picks up his cell phone to make a call.

The D:

Yo, bitch, where you at? (pause) What? No, we ditched that garbage town dumpster fire. (boos, pause) What, Mikey? He needs you? Don't screw this up for us. (pause) Yeah fuck you too.

The D hangs up on Klein. He turns to Elise and shrugs.

The D:

So... I'm out of ideas.

The D CHARGES toward the bouncer, who easily grabs him by his waist and lifts him off his feet. The D kicks and flails trying to get past.

The D:

DRAKE NEEDS US!

Elise Ares:

WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIIIT! I got this. I got this.

Elise composes herself and places her hands on her hips, making sure to give them extra motion as she seductively walks up to the bouncer's eye line. The bouncer drops the D onto the ground as Elise Ares smiles and walks up to him. She motions her finger towards her face and the bouncer leans in. She cups her hand over his ear and talks for a moment. His expression remains unchanged, apathetic in nature. She backs away and looks at him for a moment and he stares back at her. Slowly she tilts her head to the side and the bouncer moves out of their way.

Elise Ares:

Thank you, sir! MISTER D, your chariot awaits.

The D excitedly hops into the club as Elise follows him, placing a business card into the bouncer's jean pocket and giving him a wink on the way by. DDK lets out a large audible sigh.

DDK:

Okay, yes. We all should have changed the channel ages ago.

Angus:

Told you.

DDK:

I'M SORRY, ALRIGHT?! But the action is about to pick up big time...

Angus:

Too late. Half our audience just swore off wrestling forever.

DEF*MAX ROUND TWO: CURTIS PENN VS. FRANK PASTORE [BLOCK B]

♪ "Like A Machine" by Thousand Foot Krutch ♪

Angus:

Now this guy, this guy right here is a complete disappointment.

DDK:

The disappointment that you're referring too is Frank Pastore, the same guy who pinned Box and has a win over Curtis Penn.

Angus:

Yeeaaaaah... that was a few weeks ago, at DEFtv 70 Box beat him like he stole something and that something was a win over him.

DDK:

There aren't too many people in DEFIANCE hold more than a couple of victories over Box.

Frank steps over the top rope, like near 7 footers tend to do as they enter the ring. Tony "The Grin" Gamble ducks underneath the top rope as Pastore mounts the lower rope and slaps his chest getting himself hyped. Tony grins at his protege as Frank hops off of the lower turnbuckle with a little bounce in his step.

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" by eRa ♪

Both men turn and face the ramp waiting on the Head Hanco of Headbutts to make his entrance.

Angus:

AMBUSH!!!!!!

Curtis Penn jumps over the ring barrier and with an envy inducing slide he is half way across the ring before either men notice what is happening.

DDK:

Penn connects with that diving uppercut that used so violently in his match last week against JFK!

Frank lands into the ropes from the uppercut, bounces off and eats a second diving uppercut from Curtis Penn, dropping him onto the mat.

Benny Doyle:

ONE!!!!

2!!!!

Frank presses Penn off of him, Penn lands on his feet behind the back of Pastore and drags his thumb across his throat calling for the Curtis Clutch.

DDK:

IF PENN CAN TURN HIM OVER THIS MATCH IS OVER!

Gamble grabs the ankle of Pastore and throws it on the lower rope!

Angus:

Looks at the new guy's ring awareness! Using his height to his advantage to find the ropes!

DDK:

Yeah, Gamble just saved Pastore from a second loss in the DEFIANCE Grand Prix.

Angus:

Gamble is a great manager.

Frank rolls out to the apron to catch his breath, meanwhile Curtis tosses out the double bird salute to the boeing crowd.

BOOOOOO!!!!

BOOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

Penn is giving Frank some time to shake the rocks out of his skull.

Angus:

If that guy in the ring wasn't Curtis Penn... maybe Purts Cenn I could learn to like this new aggressive style that he's been showing us the last few weeks. (Short Pause.) Nah, I still hate the fucker.

Penn reaches over the top rope, hooks a finger in each nostril, and pulls up the larger man. Pastore slaps Penn's hand from his face, only to eat a left hook, that rocks him back. Penn instinctively leans away from the punch that is thrown in his way and throws a right that rocks the big man.

DDK:

That left would have knocked him off of the apron if he wasn't clutching the top rope.

Angus:

That would have made a big greasy stain on our nice floor.....

Penn kicks Frank's hand, that causes him to release the top rope, Penn drives his head into the mid-section of Pastore and that causes him to windmill his arms hoping to find a sky hook to keep him perched on the apron. Penn stands up and places an index finger onto Pastore's chest and nudges him enough for Pastore to fall off of the apron.

Angus:

FINGER POKE OF DOOMish!

Frank lands on his feet, slaps the apron in disgust. Penn, from the far rope, dives through the middle rope, Pastore catches Penn and lifts him up like a sack of potatoes and suplexes him into the ring post!

Angus:

HOLEEEEE SHIITTT! DAT SMACK!

Penn rolls around on the floor in pain, while Pastore breaks the count out.

DDK:

That could be the beginning of the end of Curtis Penn.

Angus:

You mean he could be crippled... or even dying?

DDK:

Depends on a lot of things Angus, stuff I don't really care to waste my time with trying to get you to understand.

Pastore pulls Penn to his feet and dishes out a vicious backhand chop.

DDK:

Penn clutches his chest from that chop!

Pastore throws another chops before slinging Penn back into the ring.

DDK:

Penn rolls to the far corner in the attempt to put some distance between him and that bigger man.

Frank calls for the crowd to be silent as he towers over Penn, who is still dazed from the ringpost suplex.

TWACK!

TWACK!

TWACK!

DDK:

Three chops to the pile of hamburger meat that has become Penn's chest!

Pastore points down at Penn and yells at him before taking off to the far rope and driving a running knee into his face.

DDK:

HIS NECK SHOULDN'T BEND THAT WAY!

YOUFUCKEDUP!

YOUFUCKEDUP!

YOUFUCKEDUP!

Pastore falls back to the far rope and again drives another knee into the face of Curtis Penn! He stands over the body of Penn only to hoist him onto the top rope, he mounts the second rope, he hoists Penn onto his shoulders, but Penn scrambles and slips through. Without hesitation he uses the 2nd rope to assist him with a power bomb!

DDK:

OIMYGAWD! Penn with a powerbomb!

Penn stands over Pastore and pulls him into his crotch for a gutwrench powerbomb!

DDK:

Penn showing us his strength!

Angus:

Uh.. yeah Curtis Penn has some freaky strength....back in the day we called it Freaky Curtis Strength.

With the impact Penn grabs the legs of Pastore and flips through, hooking the legs for a pin.

Benny Doyle:

ONE!!!!

TWO!!!!

DDK:

Pastore uses his own power to get his shoulders up by two.

Penn back on the attack with a trio of knife edge chops that bring Frank to his feet. Penn goes for a fourth, but Pastore ducks under and slips behind Penn hooks him, but Penn reverses and drives Pastore into the ropes, he holds on and dumps Pastore over his head and rolls into a pin

Benny Doyle:

ONE!

DDK:

KICKOUT! Pastore reaches up and hooks in a chicken wing.

Penn breaks the hold, floats over, and hooks Frank up with a Chicken Wing of his own. Pastore breaks the hold, snapmare, and he hooks Penn up with another Chicken WING!

Angus:

A couple of more chicken wings and we can call this a 10 Piece and have ourselves a starter pack for this weekend's tailgate party!

Penn, fighting, rolls onto his head and pops out of the hold. He grabs the left hand of Pastore and holds the ring finger hostage.

DDK:

We saw this last week with Kendrix.

Angus:

Apparently Frankie did too because he's begging Penn not to break his finger.

Penn calls for the crowd to be quiet. He takes the finger and jerks it to the side.

CRACKPOP!

Pastore rolls onto his back clutching the disjointed finger. From the far corner, Penn runs and drop kicks Pastore to the outside of the ring.

DDK:

Penn follows him outside.

Penn with a chop, punch, chop combo. Penn hooks up a front facelock and hoists him onto the apron leaving his head hanging over the apron. Running knee lift, knocks Frank fully into the ring.

BOOO!!!!

BOOO!!!!

BOOO!!!

DDK:

Penn opens his arms to the jeers, bathing himself in them. He thoroughly enjoys being the bad guy.

Angus:

He is the "Black Hat of DEFIANCE"

Penn slides into the ring and makes the cover.

Benny Doyle:

ONE!!!!

TWO!!!!!!

DDK:

KICKOUT!

Penn sits up in frustration, then stands up. Pastore to his knees. Penn pushes his face back and paint brushes him across the face. Penn headbutts Pastore, aggravated by the disrespect, Pastore stands up. Penn reaches for Frank's hand but he just snatches it back. Penn chops Pastore, no response from Frank. Pastore no sells a second chop from Penn.

Angus:

Frank said, " YOU NEED TO PUT SOME REPECK ON MY NAME!"

Penn draws back, Frank spits in the eyes of Penn, knocks Penn to the ground with one right hand. He yanks Penn off the mat and slams him into the corner. He continues to pound Penn's chest with a series of chops, Franks nearly yanks Penn's arm out of socket and he slings him into the far corner and makes Penn eat and elbow. He slings Penn back across the ring and with a running chop Penn's eyes open wide with pain. Three more chops send Penn to the apron.

DDK:

It's Penn's turn for to regroup as he sit on the apron.

Pastore reaches over and pulls Penn up by the beard, Penn reaches up and nails a hanging neck breaker over the top rope.

DDK:

Like a bulldog Penn is already back on Pastore.

Penn scoop slams Pastore into the ropes, his legs bouncing off of the ropes.

Angus:

It must hurt to want to feel love like Curtis Penn. He plays to the crowd, wanting the jeers or the cheers like a two year old.

Penn finishes basking in the crowds love, he walks over and places his boot on the face of Frank and just stomps his face. Pastore rolls to the corner and uses the ropes to regain his footing. Penn gives him two europeans uppercuts before he snap suplexes him. Pastore sits straight up, grabbing his lower back, Penn helps it out by destroying it with a spinal tap. He takes a step back and kicks Pastore in the back of the head.

Benny Doyle:

ONE!!!!

TWO!!!!

DDK:

KICKOUT!

Angus:

Penn is in the face of Benny Doyle, telling him to count faster... either that or he has the wrong emotion on his face while telling Benny what a great job he's doing.

DDK:

Penn turns around into a chop punch chop combo times two from Pastore.

Pastore digs down and whips Penn, but Penn reverses and rushes into a boot to the face. Pastore bounces off the ropes, Penn follows, Pastor puts on the breaks lifts Penn into the ropes for an assisted flatliner.

DDK:

BOTH MEN ARE GASSED! They are both wondering what is it going to take to put the other down.

Pastore is the first up, helps Penn to his feet, digs down to whip him, but Penn holds on to the rope. Pastore lays into him with another series of chops before he hooks him up for a suplex. BLOCKED.

Penn for his own suplex, BLOCKED!

DDK:

Both men are jocking for the suplex.

On the fifth try Pastore wins out with his suplex, he holds on after the impact and drops him into a big knee.

Benny Doyle:

ONE!!!!

TWO!!!!!!

DDK:
KICKOUT!

Patstore stands over Penn and calls for a Piledriver, Penn break free, poke to the eyes and hits a belly to back suplex.

DDK:
Penn off the ropes!

Pastore connects with a discus lariat!

DDK:
He's calling his shot! IT'S NO LAUGHING MAAATTTTER!

Penn lands close to the ropes, Pastore hooks the near leg.

Benny Doyle:
1!!!!

2!!!!

DDK:
PENN HAS HIS FOOT ON THE ROPE! DOYLE BREAK THE PIN!

Penn drags himself to the apron. He pulls Penn to his feet, lifts him up, Penn with float over and with in his reserve tank he connects with an Enziguri that knocks Frank to the floor. Penn ducks back into the ring goes for another dive.

DDK:
Oh... Wait, Penn thinks differently, he hops to the apron and super kicks Frank from the apron while he is standing on the floor. Penn rolls him into the ring.

DEFIANCEDEFIANCEDEFIANCEDEFIANCE!

Penn works him to the corner and drives a shoulder into Frank's mid-section and then hoists him to the top turnbuckle. Frank starts to fight, Penn chops him hard across the chest, knocking the fight out of him. Penn lifts him, there is a struggle, Penn powers though.

Angus:
SUPPPPPAAAAAPLEEEEXXXUUUUUSSSS!

Penn with the cover.

Benny Doyle:
ONE!!!!

Penn hooks the far leg.

Benny Doyle:

TWO!!!!!!!

THREEEEEEE-----NO KICKOUT!

Benny Doyle:

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

5.....

6.....

7....

8.....

Both men to their knees. Trading rights until Pastore pokes Penn in the eyes. Pastore stands up and chops Penn, Penn and Pastore start to trade chops. Welts form on both men's chest. Pastore takes one and doubles over. Penn taunts. Penn off the ropes, Pastore goes another discus lariat, Penn Ducks locks on a chicken wing. Penn takes him to the ground, Pastore rolls through he takes a bounce off the ropes, Penn connects with an uppercut. Penn goes to the ropes, but Pastore connects with a mafia kick.

DDK:

Pastore with a Discus lariat, Penn ducks, Pastore hits the lariat on the rebound.

Angus:

BOTH MEN ARE DONE!

Benny Doyle:

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

5.....

6.....

7....

DDK:

Both men pulls himself up in opposite corners before the 10 count.

They both go in with a forearm and connect. They go at it again with forearms, both connecting. Penn ducks the third attempt and pushes Pastore into Benny Doyle. Penn grabs a chair from the crowd. Pastore stares him down. Penn tosses the chair to Frank and falls to the mat.

Angus:

Tha HELL!

Penn is rolling around on the mat like Pastore hit him with the chair hoping that the stirring Benny Doyle would think that Pastore had hit him. NO avial, Doyle is out. Pastore nails him with the chair and then ditches it as Benny Doyle recovers.

Benny Doyle:

ONE!!!!

Slow count

Two!!!!

.Pastore runs his fingers through his hair, doesn't know what to do to put Penn away.

DDK:

He's calling for the Kiss of Death, Penn is fighting it, Pastore drops him back to his feet, Penn with a kick to the knee. Penn calls for the Curtis Clutch!

Penn hooks in the Curtis clutch, but Pastore stands up with Penn on his back and falls back into the ropes. Both men get tangled up in the ropes and dumped to the outside.

DDK:

Benny Doyle is trying to restore some order to the match, calling them back into the ring.

They trade chops on the outside, Pastore with a right followed by a discus elbow, and a running knee lift that sends Penn over the guard rail. Pastore stands tall on the barrier

DDK:

Pastore has snapped. He's ran through everything in his arsenal and he senses that it's going to take something drastic to end this match!

Pastore starts taking the apron apart tossing the pad, exposing the plywood. He pulls Penn from the masses and tosses Penn in the ring. He hovers over Penn, Penn spits in his face, finds a bungee cord and wraps it around the throat as Benny Doyle tries to make the ring safe again by replacing the pad. Penn hooks the Curtis Clutch, hiding the cord with his arm.

DDK:

Pastore is turning BLUE!

Angus:

Whatever he was planning to do to Penn he should have done it quicker, Penn is an opportunist and he took the first opportunity he saw.

Benny Doyle lifts Pastore's arm.

DDK:

Frank's eyes have rolled into the back of his skull and he's lifting his arms?

Pastore passes out. Benny Doyle calls for the bell, Penn quickly tosses the cord to the outside as Doyle is looking at the timekeeper's table.

YOUR WINNER VIA CURTIS CLUTCH SUBMISSION: CURTIS PENN!!!

ON STANDBY

Cut-to: Peace and Tranquility...

Nah, just playin'.

Iris Davine is on her way to catering to replenish her water supply and maaaaybe grab one more turkey club for the post-show when she's nearly made to play Indiana Jones to Dan Ryan's boulder in Raiders of the Lost Ark thanks to a sneakily concealed brass knuckles-assisted punch courtesy of Tyler Rayne. The Good Doctor avoids a near squishing just in the nick of time as Ryan goes ass-over-tea kettle to the tile floor. Blood flies from his mouth and leaves a splattering on the wall.

DDK:

That could've been bad for Iris there, Angus.

Angus:

No kidding. Then we would've been left with the interns to run the ship. I perish the thought.

Iris looks over to Dan, shocked, to see the FIST of DEFIANCE sprawled out on the floor. He's moving. Kind of. She looks over at the approaching Tyler, who is nicked up (moreso than she remembers) and bleeding himself, with welts on his face, his bare chest, and arms. A black eye's beginning to form.

Tyler Rayne:

Miss me, Doc?

He nudges Ryan's body up a bit then punts him in the ribs with those unforgiving boots.

Tyler Rayne:

Probably not, if we're bein' honest.

Another kick but Ryan snarls and catches his boot. He tries to twist Rayne's leg but Tyler's able to work his foot out of Dan's grasp before he wrenches his leg all out of whack. Dan scrambles to his feet, charges forward and bumrushes Rayne instead. The brass knuckles go flying down the hallway and the two men are back to punching and pummeling each other.

Iris decides, in that moment, to abandon the idea of a turkey club and to head back to the triage center.

Something tells her she's gonna need to be on standby.

Cut away...

DON'T BRING A SPORTS ENTERTAINER TO A RASSLEFITE

Backstage.

We're in a locker-room. If you're looking for specifics, it's the one that the good guys - Jason Natas, and the brothers Murray - call home.

Minutes before Cayle's DEF*MAX clash with Mikey Unlikely and the young "Starbreaker" is nowhere to be found. Instead, a casually-dressed (greyscales, with a Skylar Montgomery t-shirt) Andy Murray sits opposite his training partner, Jason Natas.

Andy Murray

Five minutes, that's how long I give him.

Jason Natas:

Dunno, man. That fucker's sneaky.

Andy Murray

Yeah, but I keep hearing he can't wrestle...

The King looks-up and cups an ear, making sure The Faithful know the shout-out was for them.

Andy Murray

... and Cayle definitely can wrestle, so...

Jason Natas:

Didn't he try and pull some kinda fast shit the time you fought him?

Andy Murray

Aye, but the trick is catching the little fanny. Mikey's athletic and he knows every shortcut in the boot, but if you can get hold of him, he's a fish out of water. I think Cayle's gonna tap him out.

Jason Natas:

And if we end-up havin' to go out there, his buddies ain't gettin' a say.

Murray nods.

Andy Murray

Precisely. You sure you're good to come down, though? It's not that much earlier than your own match.

The Bronx Bully scoffs.

Jason Natas:

Fuck are they gonna do, throw Klein at me?

Laughter.

Andy Murray

Fair point, just don't want you taking any unnecessary risks.

Jason Natas:

Sure thing, Dad.

He pauses.

Jason Natas:

That's what Cayle'd say, right?

Andy Murray

Most likely.

A silence falls between the duo. Natas is already dressed in his wargear, but has one of his sleeveless "PUGILIST" tees pulled over his torso. His hands aren't wrapped yet either, but it wouldn't take much more for him to be completely ready for Frank Dylan James.

Jason Natas:

Is this the part where you gimme one of them epic speeches of yours?

Andy looks-up, confused.

Andy Murray

What?

Jason Natas:

That goddamn Winston Churchill shit you gave Cayle at DEFCON... or, y'know, every single day when yer trainin' kids at the gym.

Andy Murray

Oh, those speeches...

A lightbulb goes off.

Andy Murray

You know what? I think that no matter what I say, you're gonna go out there and fight the exact same way anyway. There's no need for it.

Jason Natas:

Got that right.

Natas throws an elbow into his hand.

Jason Natas:

Don't matter if it's Sean, Box, or Frank: everybody gets it the same.

Andy Murray

This is gonna be a helluva fight.

Jason Natas:

That's one way of puttin' it.

He cracks his knuckles.

Jason Natas:

Didn't think I'd ever be fightin' Frank, but the fuckin' guy just wouldn't stop pushin', so now I got a problem to do with.

Andy Murray

Don't look at it as a "problem," mate. Think of it as an opportunity.

The Bronx Bully screws up his face.

Jason Natas:

You know that coach-speak shit don't work with me, right?

Andy Murray

It's true, though. Cheesy, but true. Think about where you were even six months ago, then look at yourself now. You could have a belt around that waist in an hour's time, brother.

Jason Natas:

Heh. Does sound kinda nice, actually.

Andy Murray

Not just any belt... you do realise that having the DOC strap in your possession effectively marks you as the baddest man on the planet, right?

Jason Natas:

Let's not get all carried away, chief. Just tryn'a think about winnin' the match before any shiny piece of gold.

Andy Murray

As you should, I'm just getting excited. I love watching my guys bring home the bacon.

Jason Natas:

What about you?

The King looks confused.

Andy Murray

Huh?

Jason Natas:

Gold. Shouldn't you be thinkin' about the FIST, or at least the SOHER right now?

Andy shakes his head almost immediately.

Andy Murray

Oh, nah. I'm 39 next month, mate. I don't need that level of stress in my life any more, but Cayle's going to be floating between those divisions very, very soon, and the last thing I wanna be is a roadblock to my brother's success. Besides, he'd probably kick my arse right off the competition ladder anyway.

Jason Natas:

Just sayin', you could probably make a run if you wanted to.

Andy Murray

I dunno, I'm happy where I'm at. It's been almost 23 years now: I do this for the love of competition now.

Jason Natas:

"Love of competition?"

He pauses.

Jason Natas:

That what you call this thing with Boxer?

Andy Murray

No, I call that "an angry dwarf biting off more than he can chew." Anyway, we gotta start paying attention: Cayle's match is about to start.

Jason Natas:

True enough. Reckon I could pick one of 'em "sports entertainers" up and use 'em as a weapon in my match later?

Andy Murray

If you hit Frank with any one of those dorks then I'm pretty sure they're just gonna snap on impact.

Jason Natas:

Probably. Might be fun to try, though...

Cut.

DEF*MAX ROUND TWO: CAYLE MURRAY VS. MIKEY UNLIKELY [BLOCK A]

Cut to Angus and Keeps, who are both ready to say words and stuff.

DDK:

Welcome back Ladies and Gentlemen! It's time for one of the biggest matches of the DEF*MAX tournament thus far, as Cayle Murray takes-on our DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion, Mikey Unlikely!

Angus:

AKA "The Battle of Two of the Top 20 Worst People in the Entire Universe!" Can't wait, Keeps. I'm almost moist with anticipation...

DDK:

That's disgusting, but say what you will, Angus, these guys have both been tearing it up in their own unique way lately. Cayle followed-up a career-best performance against Eric Da--

Angus:

Don't remember that one, Keeps.

DDK:

... with a win over Levi Cole last week, while Mikey tapped Impulse out to his trademark Backstory submission. They both sit level on two points along with Impulse, who goes 1-1 after beating Cole earlier. How do you see this one going down?

Angus:

Well, Hollywood McShitshovel is obviously going to be a shit shovel, and Squidboy? I don't want to talk about Squidboy, that guy makes me puke.

DDK:

Surely even you can appreciate what Cayle brings to the table when he's in there with Mikey, a man you flat-out despise?

Angus:

Nope. Nah. No. Uh-uh. Not after The DEFCON Incident, anyway.

DDK:

Well folks, while my broadcast partner struggles coming to terms with a month-old match result, let's take it to Darren Quimbey!

Good old DQ's standing in the ring, ready to go.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following second-round DEF*MAX tournament match takes place in Block A, and it is scheduled for one-fall!

♪ "Blunt Blowin" by Lil Wayne ♪

The boos start as soon as the sound of a clicking lighter is heard. It doesn't take long for the red carpet to run down the ramp and the single spotlight to hit the stage. Finally through the curtain saunters the Southern Heritage Champion. He stops atop the ramp and just looks out of the Wrestle-Plex with disgust. Soon he is joined by a familiar face...well...a box! Klein stand behind the champion. Eventually he begins to make his way down the ramp, taking his sweet time.

DDK:

Say what you want about the tactics of one Mr. Unlikely, but the man is a winner. As a matter of fact he shocked the wrestling world last week when he submitted Impulse in the center of the ring WITHOUT the help of the Sports Entertainment Guild...

Angus:

And not for lack of trying Keebs, those fucks were in the ring, but luckily we had a DEFIANCE official going above and beyond and actually doing his job.

DDK:

That is true partner, Referee Hector Navarro, ejected both Kendrix and the PCP from ringside in that match. Somehow Mikey still found a way to win, using the Backstory to affect the hurt ribs of Impulse.

Angus:

It was a low blow Keebs, he low blowed him.... That's how he got the advantage.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first! Coming to the ring, weighing in at 225 lbs. He is from Beautiful Los Angeles, California..... The reigning DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champioooooonnnnnnnn, "The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer!" MIKEYYYYYY UNNNNLIKKKKKEEEELLYYYYYYYYYY!!!!

Unlikely stops at the bottom of the ramp and waits for Klein to climb onto the ring apron. Klein sits on the second rope and pushes up on the top one, leaving room for Mikey to get into the ring without effort. Once he does, Klein pops in behind him. Mikey raises the SOHER high into the air to a chorus of Boos. Klein, looks over at Mikey, pops the cardboard titles from his waist and holds them up high as well.. The referee asks for the SOHER, Mikey laughs and hands it to Klein to hold for him.

Cut back to the stage.

♪ "The Wings of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

The track kicks-in with an ascending vocal chair and a distant drum pattern. Then come the staccato guitar riffs and stabbing violins, accompanied by strobe flashes in the arena, before everything goes silent momentarily...

PYROSPLOSION~!

All kiiiiiiinds of fireworks explode at the top of the ramp. The songs hits full rhythm, and Cayle Murray slowly makes his way down the ramp, arms outstretched, back to the crowd. He eventually turns around to soak-in the reaction and make his way down the ramp, slapping hands as he goes.

DDK:

I understand that Mikey and Cayle have actually wrestled one another back in their Utah days, but that was over a year ago, and both wrestlers have come a long way since. Mikey has progressed to become DEFIANCE's ultimate opportunist, while Cayle is finally over his mental jumps and starting to fulfil his gigantic potential.

Angus:

Cayle didn't *die* at DEFCON, so I guess he deserves some props in that regard. As far as *wrestling* goes, this

shouldn't even be a contest, but that slippery little prick always seems to get away with his bullshit.

DDK:

It's gonna be interesting to see if Cayle can tie him up. He's a fiery, passionate fighter who tends to lead with his heart, and if Mikey can hack him off, he can absolutely get inside Cayle's head and alter his game plan. Still, Murray is one of the most impressive all-round talents in the business today, and a guy who's now proven his ability to rise to the occasion. It's the pure wrestler vs. the born cheater, and it should be a very interesting watch.

Darren Quimbey:

... aaaaaand his opponent! Making his way to the ring from Aberdeen, Scotland, standing at 6'1", and weighing-in at 220lbs... "STARBREAKER"... CAAAAAYYYYYYLLLLLEEEEEEE MMMMMUUUURRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYY!

Murray enters the ring but doesn't play to the fans, conscious of the SEG's numerical advantage. He stays in his corner as Mikey talks smack across the ring, before looking briefly up the ramp.

DDK:

It's kinda interesting that Cayle is out here alone. Mikey brought Kle...

Angus:

NOAP!

Out from the back comes Andy Murray, as per their earlier conversation, and while they don't jog or run, it doesn't take him long at all to reach ringside. As Benny Doyle orders Klein to ringside, The elder Murray circles the ring and stands right next to him. Klein waves nervously.

Angus:

Well, I guess that'll keep the fuckboy army at bay...

DDK:

Unless Kendrix is lurking somewhere?

Angus:

PFFT! That snotbag wrestles Bronson Box later! He needs all the preparation he can get!

The bell rings, and Cayle stands perfectly still, letting the obnoxious sports entertainer fire off a few verbal volleys without giving him the satisfaction of a response. Seconds pass, and the grinning Mikey takes the centre of the ring, calling Murray forward, questioning his manhood.

Eventually Cayle does come forward, and as Mikey adopts a "ready" posture, Cayle puts a hand-up for a knuckle-lock. Unlikely looks briefly up at it, then shakes his head.

Mikey Unlikely:

NAH!

The Faithful jeer loudly as he turns around and walks away.

Angus:

Oh fuck off...

Cayle doesn't strike his opponent from behind, however. He stays patient and focused as Mikey walks over to the ropes and rests his arms on the top. Mikey eventually turns around to make eye contact again, but he doesn't approach Cayle, at least not for a few seconds. Murray still hasn't said a word when he suddenly lunges forward, but Mikey's right at the ropes and able to slide his torso between the top and middle.

Doyle calls for the break before Cayle makes contact, and the Scot slowly walks away rolling his eyes. Mikey charges

out and tries to catch his opponent from behind, but Cayle telegraphs it, turns around, and swats Mikey's arm away. Cayle responds by throwing an elbow, but ducks, skips behind, then puts his hands up as Cayle turns again.

DDK:

Textbook diversionary tactics from Mikey here: he's going to engage Cayle on his own terms, or not at all.

Angus:

I don't think he wants to engage *anything*...

Before Cayle can stalk Mikey down, the SOHER Champ scurries back to the ropes and goes for the break again, but Cayle's had just about enough of his bullshit. As soon as Mikey gets through the ropes, Cayle grabs his boots and *yanks* him back through, prompting a big cheers from the fans!

No sooner is Mikey back inside than he's being lit-up with forearm after forearm after forearm.

Angus:

Yes! Git 'im, Squi-... wait, no. Gross.

DDK:

Did you just cheer for Cayle, Angus?

Angus:

Definitely not.

Murray whips Mikey to the ropes, but the SOHER prevents a rebound by hooking his arms over the top. No problem for Cayle, who charges right at Unlikely but gets back body dropped over the top rope! Mikey swaggers away from the ropes all cocky, but he doesn't realise that Cayle landed on the apron. He turns around just as Cayle's hopping onto the top rope, then leaping-off with a springboard dropkick!

Cayle immediately pops to his feet. Mikey sits up as the Scot runs to the ropes then dashes back, putting Unlikely back down with a sliding Lariat! Keeping it fast and furious, Cayle jumps up again, and it takes Mikey a bit longer to sit this time, but he gets there. When he does, Cayle flies at him and aims a vicious Penalty Kick at his chest, but Mikey ducks beneath it!

DDK:

Here comes the Cayle Murray striking explosion, an element of his game we've seen blossom since stepping into the ring with Eric Dane!

Mikey might have ducked the PK, but he can't avoid the stiff kicks Cayle throws to his back as he's getting up. He gets to his feet, but he arches his back in pain as another connects. Cayle seizes him in a rear wrist-clutch, briefly pushes him away, then pulls him in and throws an elbow, but Mikey ducks beneath it!

Unlikely turns, Cayle doesn't, then suddenly throws his foot over the air and Pele Kicks the SOHER right in the forehead! Once again Cayle hits the ropes, taking Mikey down with a Sling Blade on the rebound!

DDK:

With lightning quickness, Cayle goes for the pin!

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

Angus:

Holy bejesus, McFuckass is getting the hell kicked out of him!

DDK:

What a quick start from Cayle Murray, and I don't think he's finish yet!

Keebler's correct: Cayle brings Mikey to his feet with the rear wrist-clutch applied. He pulls Mikey into the elbow strike, and connects this time!

ONE!**TWO!****NO! KICKOUT!****DDK:**

Supernova Elbow! That's a serious shot, and Mikey Unlikely just hasn't been able to utilise his trademark shenanigans!

As soon as Mikey kicks-out, Klein trying to get under the bottom rope to pull the SOHER out to safety. That's not happening, though: Andy chases him away.

Angus:

Ha! Try again, fucko!

Cayle laughs at the goings-on outside the ring, but he doesn't take his eye off Mikey for long. Instead of keeping the pace, he grabs hold of Mikey's left boot, steps one leg over, then twists all the way around. He keeps the Spinning Toe Hold applied for a while, and Mikey grimaces in pain. The Sports Entertainer looks for the ropes, and Cayle takes a step back, conscious of the distance. He loosens his grip in the process, but before Mikey can slip loose, Cayle falls to the mat and applies a basic leglock.

Fighting through the pain, Mikey grunts, then drives a fist into the mat. He leans forward and tries to strike Cayle's leg, but that's not gonna knock the Scot loose. Instead of resting, Cayle takes Mikey's free leg and tucks it beneath the existing leglock. With both legs under control, Murray rolls onto his stomach, forcing Mikey to do the same.

DDK:

And here's where Mikey is a fish out of water: the mat game. Cayle's very accomplished in this department, and if Mikey can't find a way out of this mess, Murray's gonna tie him in knots all night long.

The Scot legs go of one of Mikey's limbs, but retains hold of the other. He plants a boot into the mat and rises to a kneeling position, initially applying a single-leg Boston Crab, before pushing a boot into the back of Mikey's knee, sandwiching it against the mat, then turning around. Now standing on the back of both knees, Cayle leans forward, grabs the arms, and pulls back into a seated Surfboard!

Meanwhile, an (almost) familiar chant rings out...

"You CAN wrestle!" clap-clap-CLAPCLAPCLAP

"You CAN wrestle!" clap-clap-CLAPCLAPCLAP

"You CAN wrestle!" clap-clap-CLAPCLAPCLAP

To his credit, Unlikely is able to force his bodyweight to the side... but Cayle reacts. He lets his legs loose as soon as he feels himself tipping, and takes wrist control. Murray rises to his feet, taking Mikey with him, and wrenches the wrist around again. Keeping control, the Scot twists the hold around Mikey's back and into a Hammerlock. From there he pushes his toe into the back of the SOHER's knee, and strategically places one foot between Mikey's feet, and another to the side.

Angus:

This is pretty ridiculous, Keeps.

DDK:

Cayle's just tying him in knots now, and the fans are loving it! This isn't a focused limb-assault, but an outstanding way to slowly wear Mikey's stamina down while Cayle recovers some of his own.

Angus:

If he wasn't still pretending that he beat Eric Dane, I'd almost be impressed by this!

Cayle suddenly pushes Mikey's back with both hands. Unlikely falls to the mat, but Cayle has a leg trapped between his own. He twists Mikey's free leg around so his boot's resting behind the other leg's knee, using his own boot to push one limb back and squash the calf against Mikey's shin.

"You CAN wrestle!" clap-clap-CLAPCLAPCLAP

"You CAN wrestle!" clap-clap-CLAPCLAPCLAP

"You CAN wrestle!" clap-clap-CLAPCLAPCLAP

Now completely hands-free, Cayle acknowledges the crowd with a smile and a thumbs-up.

Unfortunately, he's just a little too close to the ropes now. Mikey reaches out to grab one, and the crowd boo heavily.

Angus:

AWWWWW, C'MAAWN!

Carla Ferrari does her job and breaks the hold.

DDK:

Unlikely holds onto the ropes for dear life as Andy Murray backs off. The champion looks winded partner!

Angus:

He's not used to people running circles around him!

Unlikely starts to stand up, Murray sees the light at the end of the title and runs up on him. Unlikely once again ducks between the ropes yelling for Ferrari to step in. Murray grabs a leg but Mikey has a firm hold. Carla backs down Murray who is quite frustrated with the antics but its enough for a small window of opportunity. As Cayle is focused on Carla, and vice versa Mikey runs and jumps over the back of the official and lands a hard diving forearm to the face of Murray which sends both men sprawling through the ropes and to the outside of the ring. Both men lay there catching their breath as Carla starts her count. The fans leave no question as to who they are supporting.

SQUID! SQUID! SQUID!

SQUID! SQUID! SQUID!

SQUID! SQUID! SQUID!

Klein rushes over and help Mikey to his feet. He is slumped against the guardrail, sweat pouring off his head. The man with a box moves towards Cayle, but Andy shows up and shakes his head, backing off the larger member of the SEG. Unlikely goes it alone.

DDK:

Mikey now picks up Cayle on the outside. He attempt to whip him, but Cayle reverses. Mikey holds on! And reverses the whip a second time sending Murray back first into the rail. Carla Ferraris count at four now!

SMACK! SMACK!

Angus:

Well at least McFuckass can throw some chops! Thats terrible form, but I can hear them from here. He better get his ass in the ring if he has any hope to win this thing though.

Sure enough Mikey rolls into the ring, and right back out breaking the count and starting it over. He now grabs at the cables that run along the side of the ring, and wraps them around the throat of Murray. He puts a boot in the back of Cayle and yanks on the cables the opposite direction choking him.

Angus:

HEY! HE can't do that!

Carla is already on it, jumping down to the outside and warning Mikey about disqualification. He lets go of the hold and uses his boot to push Cayle to the floor. He walks over to Klein and demands his championship belt. He unclips it from his waist and hands it to the rightful owner. Mikey sizes up Cayle as he starts to stand up. He moves into better position. Ferrari is yelling at Mikey to stop, but he is not listening. He does stop, but only after Andy Murray reaches from behind and YANKS the title from the arms of the champion. Unlikely starts his jawing until he realizes he's alone, facing the elder Murray. He turns around just in time to catch a running yakuza kick to the face from Cayle Murray that absolutely turns Mikeys face to Mush.

...and the wrestleplex explodes!

DDK:

Holy Hell did you see that kick!?

Angus:

DID I EVER!!!!!! YUSSSSSS!!!!!!

Unlikely gets up off the ground, clutching his nose. When he removes his hand...

DDK:

HOLY SH....! Blood is running from his nose like a faucet!

Angus:

Please tell me it's broken! PLEASE!!!!!!

Murray blasts him in the stomach with another kick and rolls him into the ring. As Mikey slowly stands to his feet, Murray hops off the apron and springboards from the top rope, landing in the center of the ring right behind Mikey! As Mikey spins Murray swings, Unlikely ducks just in time! Murrays follow through is too strong and Mikey pulls Murrays head back and locks it under his arm in the Reverse DDT form. Mikey rubs his thumb and pointer finger together like the sign for "money" before spinning and swinging his opposite arm up and over and dropping Cayle to the ground with a elbow drop driver!

DDK:

There is that new move from Mikey that we saw last week as well! I don't think he got all of it this time partner!

Angus:

He's going for the cover anyway!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout! Wrestle-plex ignites!

Mikey slaps the mat in frustration. He wipes his hand across his face to remove some of the blood he can taste at this point. Cayle begins to climb to his feet, and with a handful of blood, Unlikely cocks back and smacks the piss out of

Cayle Murray.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Cayle quickly recovers. The slap although surprising, more or less woke up the younger Murray.

DDK:

HERE HE COMES! Murray! Forearm, forearm, forearm, kick to the thigh, forearm! Murray hits the ropes... HUGE LARIAT. Cayle picks Mikey right up and ducks behind him.

Seizing Mikey from behind, Cayle traps a limb with one arm, and Mikey's neck with the other.

DDK:

Dragon Sleeper!

He's not done there, though. Murray falls backwards, applying some full body scissors while grounded.

DDK:

Granite City Cross! This could be it!

It doesn't take long for Mikey's oxygen supply to wane, considering he cannot breath from his nose, and when it does, he hardly has a choice.

Angus:

He's tapping!

Ever merciful, Cayle lets go of Mikey Unlikely as soon as he feels the second tap. Sweating, he climbs to his feet, then finds his hand being raised in the air as Celldweller plays through the speakers.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner by submission... CAAAAAAAAYLE MUJRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!

The camera cuts from the action in the ring back up to "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland, allowing a few minutes for the ring to clear.

DDK:

That's gotta go down as a huge victory, Angus! Love him or hate him, Mikey Unlikely is the Southern Heritage Champion!

Angus:

And he just got himself covered in squid ink!

DDK:

That's truly revolting.

Angus:

It really is.

DDK:

In any case, Cayle moves to 4 points in the DEF*MAX tournament and now sits proudly atop the A Block! At this point, surely he must be considered a favourite to qualify?

Angus:

The prospect of this dork in the finals is making me upset, Keebler. Let's never mention it again, cool?

DDK:

If Cayle hadn't won tonight, Angus - the odds would be heavily on Mikey Unlikely making it to the finals.

Angus:

That... makes it hurt a little less. Just a little.

DDK:

Folks, coming up next we've got yet another member of S.E.G. looking to do a little "*Sports Entertaining*" against some VERY game competition as Jesse Kendrix steps up to what could easily be called his biggest test in DEFIANCE to date in the form of...

The lights dim, the camera cuts to the stage. The ring has been vacated, save all but the referee for the upcoming contest Mark Shields.

DEF*MAX ROUND TWO: BRONSON BOX VS. KENDRIX [BLOCK B]

♪ You can run on for a long time... ♪

Angus:

... Oooooo shit, here we go.

The man in black starts to croon, the fans erupt in their usual loud but *bipolar* reaction for The *ONLY* DEFIANT, the Bombastic Bronson Box. He doesn't make a big todo about making his entrance. He steps out onto the stage with a scowl plastered under his trademark mustache. He stops at the top of the ramp and thumbs his nose as he narrows his eyes and takes a long hard look out over the gathered Faithful.

Angus:

I think Boxer's in a BRUV huntin' mood tonight, Keeps!

With his Red Right Hand clenched white knuckle tight around the step of a microphone, Box starts off down the ramp towards the ring. Taking each ring step with a loud deliberate stomp.

DDK:

Doesn't he though? Moving right along here folks at a neck break pace tonight to bring you every second of this incredible DEFMAX action. Boxer is looking to continue the winning ways he started the tournament off last week against an impressive young Frank Pastore.

The Wargod paces the ropes nearest the ramp, fiddling with the microphone in his hands. He smiles to himself as he takes a moment to pluck the red and black "DEF" cube from around the microphone and toss it aside. More satisfied with *grip* on the mic he brings it to his lips, takes a breath prepared to speak...

♪ Let 'Em Come... ♪

DDK:

Well, we were about to hear from Bronson Box but it appears his opponent is eager to make his way to the ring.

Kendrix:

Woah, woah, woah, kill it, kill JFK's awesome music, yeah?!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Why? Why can't he just go straight to the ring? Why does he have to speak, Keeps?!

JFK waits on the middle of the stage, soaking up the boos of the DEFIANCE faithful. Holding his free palm up, almost apologetically but not really, he returns the mic up in front of his mouth.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah?!

Kendrix takes a moment to smirk as the crowd again make their feelings known to him.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Do we have to?!

Kendrix:

Oh, JFK knows guys, JFK knows! But JFK would like you all to stop booing Bronson Box for a moment and try your best to concentrate your stupid short attention spans to what JFK has to say!

Jesse starts to slowly walk down the ramp towards the ring. Box not taking his eyes off of him. The Wargod just stands there with his feet planted like some sort of stone golem... only his eyes move, following JFK as he approaches.

Kendrix:

Now, JFK has been in DEFIANCE for a little over four months now. And in that time JFK has proven to the WORLD...that not only is he The Future of this company...but he's also one of the greatest SPORTS ENTERTAINERS in the whole wide world today!

Nuclear heat at this point. Boxer raises an almost *impressed* little eyebrow.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Ughhhhhh! If I had three wishes right now my first two would involve this hack having several heart attacks immediately...

Jesse stops halfway down the ramp to take an odd look at the fans.

Kendrix:

That's right fatboy the whole wide world, not just this stinking state!

Regaining his focus, Kendrix points up at Box in the ring.

Kendrix:

But what's funny to JFK, is that during the time that he and the Sports Entertainment Guild have been taking this place by storm...all he's been hearing is how this wanker in the ring is the "best talker in DEFIANCE"

JFK looks around, chuckling to himself and shaking his head as he makes his way up the steps, into the ring and showing all the *bollocks* in the world, stops RIGHT in front of Boxer.

DDK:

I'm not sure how wise this is of Kendrix.

Angus:

I hope Box *cornholes* him with that GORRAM mic...

Kendrix:

Woah, easy there Boxy. Let JFK speak for once!

Angus:

For once?!

Boxer folding his giant arms across his equally giant chest is his way of saying "*go on.*"

Kendrix:

See, the problem JFK has with that description of you, little man, is that you do talk...a lot...but no one understands a

bloody word you say!

The Faithful erupt in tride and true "classic."

*FUCK YOU KENDRIX! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*FUCK YOU KENDRIX! *clap clap clapclapclap**

Jesse nods along to the crowd.

Kendrix:

Yes, thank you Kendrix! But please, hold your applause until AFTER JFK's done talking, yeah?!

Jesse slicks his hair back as he returns his attention to Box.

Kendrix:

No one here understands a word you say Boxy. Even JFK doesn't understand anything that comes out of that mouth of yours and he grew up on the same island as you!

Box looks agitated but Kendrix holds his free hand out flat in an attempt to calm things down.

Kendrix:

Woah, hang on there wee man. JFK knows you're this big bad monster, right? But that's ok, don't worry, it's not your fault the Scots have disabled mouths! JFK is gonna do you a favour, yeah?! He's gonna entertain these idiot fans for you, right now, in a language that even YOU will understand.

JFK over exaggeratingly clears his throat on the mic for all to hear.

Kendrix:

Imma fuckin beatcha reet here, reet now, juust like ah beatcha in da fuckin UTA!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Was that a really bad attempt at a Scottish accent? I hope Scottish people don't like... some sort of sheep herding ACLU group, because we'll be getting letters after that hate crime of a sentence...

DDK:

That was truly the worst attempt at a Scottish accent I think I've ever heard.

Kendrix:

An den NAEBODY'S gonnae stoap JAY...EFF...KAY...from winning DefMAX....*INNIT?!*

A tense silence hangs between the two men as Boxer slowly brings his cubeless microphone to his lips.

Bronson Box:

... bring it on then, ye' wee smug *CUNT*.

The DEFIANCE Ace *violently* spikes the microphone as he takes a few big steps back into his corner... his eyes LOCKED on Kendrix who looks on in total shock at Box's last description of him.

BRNSOOOON'S GUNNA KIIIIIIILL YOOOOOU!

BRNSOOOON'S GUNNA KIIIIIIILL YOOOOOU!

Kendrix just leans his head back and laughs as he walks confidently back to his corner.

DDK:

Well... ummm... I suppose neither of these men are afraid to *speak their mind*, are they partner?

Angus:

I'm pretty sure that's my new favorite Bronson Box promo right there, Keebs! Slash, does he have a problem with our microphones? That's like the seventh microphone he's intentionally broken... is he fucking with the audio department at this point?

DDK:

I don't know anything about that, but what I DO know is that the time for talking is over, folks! Mark Shields is having final words with both competitors as we speak...

Angus:

Hopefully he's telling Kendrix to get the hell out of the ring if he knows what's good for him.

DDK:

Shields signals to the time-keeper and this one's underway.

DING DING

As soon as the bell rings Kendrix crudely shakes his wrist from left to right in the direction of Box, whose eyes widen at the sheer idiocy of his opponent and charges across the ring at him. Jesse wisely hits the deck and rolls to the outside, tapping the side of his head.

DDK:

That's probably not the wisest move by Kendrix but he seems pretty pleased with himself.

Angus:

Good, I'm glad he's done that. He's just making Bronson madder which will mean more *pain* for the little idiot...

Shields begins his count but Boxer has obviously had enough of waiting and diddling around. No sooner has he made his way through the ropes and onto the ring apron, Kendrix runs around to the other side and slides into the ring. Box has no sooner looped his leg back into the ring he's met with a skull rattling hard knee drop onto the back of his head from JFK. Box clambers back into the ring, reaching up and fending up a wild reckless assault from Kendrix.

DDK:

Hard right hands to the back of the head by Kendrix but Box covers up, powers through...OOOOH! Huge head butt from Box!

Angus:

Ooohhh! Here we go Keebs! KILL HIM! KILL HIM TIL HE'S DEAD!

Kendrix is stunned as he staggers into the corner. Unfortunately for him, he receives no respite whatsoever as Box comes in hard with a huge running forearm across the chest.

DDK:

Kendrix almost flew right over the turnbuckle there but Box kept him in the ring!

Angus:

Why don't I have any popcorn? Someone get me some popcorn!

Box with another forearm and another which drops Kendrix to a seated position on the mat. Box grabs the ropes for leverage and proceeds to stomp down hard on Jesse. Settling into a long boot choke. That is until Shields reaches the count of four and pulls at Box to stop the illegal maneuver and give JFK air. The Wargod turns to face the ref who retreats quickly to the other side of the ring, not wanting to be that close to Bronson.

DDK:

That's not a bad idea by Shields. No one wants to be that close to Bronson when he's in this kind of mood!

Angus:

This is true but Bronson needs to spend less time intimidating the referee and focus all of his brutal attention on Kendrix.

Bronson turns and charges at JFK once more but Jesse has enough awareness to pull himself up by the ropes and in one fluid motion manages to lift both his legs up and throw them out just in time to meet Box square in the jaw.

DDK:

Desperate lunge from Kendrix! Box certainly felt that one.

Angus:

He'll shake it off, then we can get back to this *"sports entertaining"* BEATDOWN, so stop it Kendrix! Dickweed!

Jesse dives in low with a forearm to the back of Box's calves, sweeping him off his feet and back first onto the mat in the middle of the ring. Taking a moment to look to his left and then to the right, he runs towards the ropes, both feet on the middle rope and hurls his body back up and down torso to torso.

DDK:

JFK CONNECTS WITH THE LIONSAULT, COVER!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

Angus:

KICKOUT, DAMMIT, YUS!!!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Kendrix looks up at Shields, holding three fingers up at the ref, pleading for the pinfall but Shields is having none of it, signalling a defiant TWO back at the distraught Hollywood Bruv, who holds his hands to his head in pure exhausted desperation. Unfortunately for him, all his remonstrating with the ref has given his opponent time to recover and find his feet.

DDK:

Running Clothesline from Box, Kendrix straight back up and into the clutches of Box

Angus:

BELLY TO BELLY, COVER!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

DDK:

Kick out at two by Kendrix.

Boxer slaps the mat in frustration, arguing for a moment with the ref.

Angus:

I guess that's OK. The longer this goes on the more pain JFK is going to endure. Oh good, my Popcorn is here! [off mic] *Are you the beer guy? Is there a seperate beer guy around?*

As we hear the shuffling of Angus' popcorn box, Box yanks Kendrix up by the back of his head, the self proclaimed Future of DEFIANCE gasping for breath having just had the wind knocked out of him, and locks his arms around his midriff.

DDK:

German Suplex!

Angus:

Beautiful! Did you hear that impact Keebs? Haha! And another!

Box smiles as he keeps his grip locked in and drops Kendrix on the back of his neck one more time with a neck compressing German, finally releasing the hold, getting to his feet and just staring back down at his near lifeless opponent gasping for breath on the mat.

DDK:

Look at the eyes of the Wargod, he looks almost *possessed* right now. Box is in total control of this match, surely Kendrix can't withstand any more of this brutality?

Angus:

Box is in the zone. He's gonna make an example out of Kendrix here and prove to the world that all this "Sports Entertainment" *Bullshit* is for FUCK BOIS! Save us Boxer! Save us from Mikey Unlikely's GORRAM nightmare!

Box makes his way to the ropes, reaches out and grabs hold of the human beings behind the nearest shoulder cam and talks right into the lens

Bronson Box:

I know yer' back there watchin' Andrew, I know how you like to impress the brass and watch the whole show like a good little soldier... aye... watch, WATCH what's about to happen here, make sure the *Squid's* watchin'...

He shoves the cameraman away, causing our view of the show to stumble and point upward at the not oft-viewed ceiling of the Wrestle-Plex before switching to the big crane cam.

DDK:

Box seems intent on sending a very DIRECT message here tonight, Angus. I dread to think what's next for Ken *WAIT a minute*, small package from Kendrix!

Angus:

NOOO!!!

ONE!!!

TWO!!

TH...

DDK:

NO!! Kick-out by Bronson Box! How close was that for Kendrix!

Angus:

Too close. I appreciate Box wants to make an example out of Kendrix, I mean no one wants to see that douchebag get his ass handed to him more than me, but Box needs to get his head back in the game here, there are DefMax points at stake, Keeps!

Both men are up, Box, shock still etched across his face takes a swing with his right forearm but Kendrix sees it coming, ducks through and meets Box just in time with a Drop Kick. Both men to their feet straight away, Kendrix goes for the kick to the gut but Box catches the foot, spins him around but Jesse connects with a roundhouse kick to the head of the Original DEFIANT.

DDK:

Box is dazed but not down. Kendrix trying to build some momentum here on the back of his superior speed and athleticism, partner! Back off the ropes and Jumping Knee to the face from JFK, my GOD!

Bronson weebles-wobbles and finally falls down, Kendrix falling atop the fallen Scotsman, hooking both legs *deep*. Shields is down for the count.

ONE!!!!

TWOOOO!!!

Angus:

YUUSSSS!!

DDK:

Kick out with AUTHORITY by Bronson Box! And how about the look on his face! That's not good for JFK.

Using his unmatched upper body strength and well documented second wind / mid match adrenaline rush Boxer simply POWERS the much lighter grappler up and off his body with one inhuman shove.

Angus:

HAHAAAA!! Did you see how far Box made Kendrix fly?!!! YAAAAAS!

JFK is on his knees in shock for a moment before both men finally make it to their feet. Box just looks at the Hollywood Bruv with a sick, intense smile on his face. But to his and *everyone's* surprise Kendrix steps right up in his face and jabs his finger into Box's chest.

Kendrix:

WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE??!! I'M JFK, DAMMIT!!

OOOOOOOOOOOH!

Boxer's eyes grow a little wider, the look on his face one of... impressed *shock*. The Faithful continue their last chant without missing a beat.

BRNSOOOON'S GUNNA KIIIIIIILL YOOOOOU!
BRNSOOOON'S GUNNA KIIIIIIILL YOOOOOU!

DDK:

I don't think this is a very wise move from Kendrix here. Confidence is one thing but that mouth of his just asks for trouble no matter WHAT he's saying!

Angus:

That's it, keep talking trash you idiot! Boxer *IS* gonna gorram kill you!!!

Box smiles and looks away for a moment, rubbing his jaw in anticipation but the crowd groans and pulls back in unison as Kendrix's balls grow two sizes as he regains Boxer's full and undivided attention with a huge very audible SLAP right across the Wargod's mustachioed face... leaving a huge JFK shaped, red handprint right across Bronson's cheek.

OOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

WOW!

Angus:

Oh My! It's like I'm tip-toeing down the stairs in Christmas morning, that's the exact feeling I'm having *RIGHT* now, Keeps!

There's zero hesitation or doubt in JFK's actions, oozing pure confidence he LEANS into the self proclaimed "DEFIANCE Ace" with more shit-talk.

Kendrix:

THAT'S RIGHT, SHOW JFK SOME RESPECT, INNIT?! YOU KEEP YAPPIN' ABOUT FAT MURR AND SQUIDBOY AN OL' JFK'S GUNNA SHUT YER' MOUTH PERMANENT LIKE, UNDERSTAND?!

Kendrix raises his arm like he's about to rear back and backhand Box across the mug again when Bronson rises up into a chin rattling European uppercut that staggers Jesse back into the nearest corner. Box turns and plays to the crowd for a moment, as he starts to turn and refocus himself on the task at hand he's met with a low angle dropkick to the back of the knee from Kendrix that sees The Wargod's knee immediately buckle.

OOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

AGAIN Bronson allows his attention to drift away from a *VERY* game Jesse Frederiks Kendrix, partner!

Angus:

Much as it pains me to say it, it's costin' him Keeps! You can tell ol' Hollis' got SQUID on the damn brain... ITS DEFMAX, BOXER! GET YOUR HEAD IN THE GAME!

Again going back to his superior speed and quickness, the two attributes JFK can tout he holds above his haggis fueled head-dropping opponent, Jesse hops effortlessly up to the top rope. His eyes locked like lasers on the back of Bronson Box's shiney sheared dome. The Wargod starts to rise up off of the one knee Kendrix's crisp dropkick landed him, when...

DDK:

LEAPING TOP ROPE BULLDOG FROM KENDRIX!

JFK sores off the turnbuckle, hooks Boxer's head and DRILLS it into the mat.

The Faithful don't even have time to formulate a reaction, their excitement getting swallowed up in another uproarious reaction from those around them as Kendrix immediately rolls back through the maneuver locking in a tight tendon stretching Crossface submission hold. As the crowd roars out of sheer shock and awe, Kendrix CRANKS back on the Wargod's neck.

Angus:

WHAT THE FUUUUUUUUUU...

DDK:

What a surprisingly technically proficient "*Sports Entertaining*" submission hold from the Hollywood Bruv here, Skaaland!

Angus:

... UUUUUUUUUUK!

Bronson having nearly zero quit in his body, holds on REFUSING to tap. Kendrix lets go of the hold with a scowl on his lips, quickly getting to his feet... he allows Boxer to struggle up to one defiant knee before turning on a dime and cracking off not one... not two or three... not even four. But FIVE skin peeling, neck snapping, skull compressing superkicks across the head and jaw of the DEFIANT former two time FIST before like some old oak, falls back down chest first to the canvas.

HOLY SHIT HOLY SHIT

Angus:

GORRAMit, Keeps I'm with them, holy fucking shit...

Jesse wastes little time dropping back down across Bronson's back, tucking his arm, locking his hands and yet again CRANKING back on Bronson's now fully tenderized neck and cranium. The epic struggle that ensues seems to last forever. Boxer in the end had to dig deep into his well of viciousness to break the iron grip of Kendrix...

DDK:

Bronson Box literally BITING the hands of Jesse Kendrix, my *GOD!*

JFK *immediately* releases the hold, scooting back on his ass into the nearest available turnbuckle. He clambers to his feet clutching his right hand, as he pulls his left hand away we see a trickle of blood. As Boxer gets back to his feet, we see a little of that blood smeared across his chin.

DDK:

Bronson's not holding back tonight, Skaaland!

Angus:

A guy that looks like he fixes vintage bicycles in the east village dosen't get a nickname like "Wargod" by NOT bein' the type of crazy motherfucker that'll BITE their way out of a submission hold, Keeps... I mean, come on man.

Boxer steamrolls into a shell shocked Kendrix with a brutal lariat, hauling the dazed Londoner out of the corner... he raises his jagged right index finger and points back towards the turnbuckle they just departed from as a sadistic smile starts to develop on his lips, causing the curled tips of his mustache to twitch in excited anticipation.

DDK:

OOOOOOOH ANGUS! You know what this means!

Box quickly pops Jesse's head between his tree-trunk-like thighs and with one quick yank, the Hollywood Bruv is "a little under" six feet taller...

Angus:

BOMBASTOOOOOOOOO BOOOOOOOOOMB TIIIIIIIIIME!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

His body obviously filled to the absolute brim with adrenaline, urged on by the roar of the crowd Boxer is on his feet in a flash. He takes his time though dragging Kendrix out of the corner and into position for the pinfall. Taking a few seconds to look out at the hard camera...

Bronson Box:

KEEP WATCHIN' ANDREW!

Boxer drops back first atop his opponent, hooking only *one* leg with a confident smile. Mark Shields slides in to count the pinfall.

ONE!!

TWO!!!

DDK:

NO! NO! KENDRIX GOT A FOOT ON THE ROPES JUST *BARELY* MY GOD!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAABOOOOOOOOOOO!

The toe of his boot just *inching* under and hooking the bottom rope, the crowd livid and on their feet not quite sure what to say or do other than scream, stomp their feet, and rumble the guardrails as loud as they can for the incredible performance going down in the ring.

Angus:

WHAT THE SHIT?! How, what, HOW?!

Not allowing any precious time to be wasted on needless frustration, Box immediately grabs a fistful of JFK's hair and yanks him to his feet, grabbing his chin and screaming right in his face, *PASTING* him with a few humiliating paintbrushes across the face.

Bronson Box:

WHERE'S YER' FOOKIN' MOUTH NOW LAD, AYE?! WHERE'S YER' FOOKIN' MOUTH NOW YE' RESILIENT LITTLE COCKROACH?!

In one musclebound movement, Boxer hoists Jesse's ass first up onto the turnbuckle in a sitting position, "setting" him in place with a few more paintbrushes across the cheek. He *AGAIN* however looks for the nearest camera...

Bronson Box:

YOU OUT THERE LITTLE SQUID?! EH?!

The moment's hesitation was all the situation needed for us to never find out what exactly Bronson Box had planned with Kendrix perched atop that turnbuckle. Right as Box refocused his eyes on JFK those very eyes got a quick, brutal, very personal and up close view of Kendrix's *kneecaps*...

DDK:

BELL END! BELL END! BELL END FROM JESSE KENDRIX! MY *GOD!*

Exhausted, his back still in obvious agony, Kendrix manages to will himself off the turnbuckle cracking off a crisp skull crushing double knee facecrusher that sends The Scottish Strongman and former Undisputed DEFIANCE World champ reeling. Showing near veteran ring awareness, Kendrix positions himself to fall right ontop of Boxer after the high risk manuver. He reaches out with his last ounce of effort and pulls both of Bronson's legs in *tight*...

Accompanied by a raucous reaction from the Faithful, Mark Shields drops down for the three count.

ONE!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!!

DDK:

HE DID IT! HE DID IT! KENDRIX HAS JUST BEATEN BRONSON BOX!

Shields points out towards the bell ringer's table out at ringside.

DING DING DING!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!
WHAT THE FUCK! WHAT THE FUCK!

We hear the unmistakable sound of Angus Skaaland's headset clattering to the announce desk as ring announcer Darren Quimbey stands at his place at ringside. Referee Shields doesn't even make an attempt to raise The Wargod's hand... the still out of it but regardless absolutely LIVID Wargod already having shoved away several producers and ringside medics with icepacks. Mark holds Jesse's hand aloft as the announcement is made.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentamen, your winner in this DEF*MAX matchup receiving twooooo points... JESSEEEEEEE
KEEEEEEEEEEEENDRIX!

Angus:

WHAT?! THE ACTUAL?!? FUCK?!

DDK:

What an absolutely unprecedented turn of events and easily the BIGGEST win of Kendrix's DEFIANCE career!

JFK yanks his hand free and vacates the ringside area before The Wargod regains any more of his rattled, shocked, PISSED off senses.

Angus:

Yeeeeeah, you better run! FUCK... what balls, Keebs. Just complete balls.

GORILLA POSITIONS

The chaotic scene cuts back to the commentation station for a moment, allowing all the staff, Jesse and Bronson to all in their own time make their way towards the curtained off immediate backstage area. Angus has his headset back on, and a look of pure shock on his face. Even Keebler seems out of sorts after the shocking conclusion to the last match.

DDK:

Balls it might be, but JFK just shook up EVERYBODY's DEFMAX brackets with that win, partner.

Angus:

Ugh... I didn't even think of that. [quietly] *I just lost so much money...*

DDK:

Say what you will, despise him for his attitude and his opinions on our hallowed sport, loath him for the company he keeps... but Jesse Kendrix just PINNED Bronson Box clean as a whistle!

Angus:

We keep sayin' it over and over Keebs, ANYTHING can happen in DEFMAX. We hold this tourney at the start of the year for a reason. It gives a huge cross section of guys the opportunity to stepUP and show us what they got... much as it leaves a nasty taste in my mouth to say it, Kendrix did that tonight... ugh, where's that damn beer guy? I need to wash my mouth out after that sentence...

DDK:

I can't help but...hold up, wait... I believe we've got a camera waiting right backstage, partner. Apparently something's already brewing right backstage at gorilla.

When we cut to the handheld camera, the crew is still a few steps away. The little area enclosed by thick black curtain that *usually* just contains a few producers and road agents is currently filled to the brim with a thick wall of humanity. At its core? What looks to be Bronson Box and Cayle Murray. The two men have several thick armed DEFsec goons prying their way between them to very little success. Security chief big Wyatt Bronson barks helplessly at the two wrestlers as he calls for more backup.

Wyatt Bronson:

DAMNIT... would you two break it up already?!

The Wargod leeeeeeans into the arms holding him back, getting as close to Cayle's face as he possibly can. To Cayle's credit even as spittle flies wildly from Bronson's lips he doesn't flinch an inch. His eyes not leaving Boxer's gnarled mug for one second.

Bronson Box:

Ye' FOOKIN' pissant PRICK! I'll bloody skin ye' and eat ye' alive ye' wee' fookin' SQUID!

Cayle Murray:

YOU lost, Boxer! Nothing to do with me--

Andy Murray:

Oi.

The interruption turns almost every head in the vicinity, though the security team quickly snap back around to prevent Box from murderising the younger Murray. Andy's smiling, and walking with a loose swagger as he approaches the scene.

Andy Murray:

I thought I tasted *salt* in the air. Boxer, mate, how's it going?!

The King stands just a few inches from the mass of humanity. His presence only seems to incite Bronson Box further.

Andy Murray:

Not good, I guess... seeing as you apparently can't even beat the "sports entertainment" dorks these days, unlike my brother here...

The Original DEFIANT's attention is now squarely on Andy Murray. His body actually relaxes some. He shoulders away best he can manage from the pawing mits of Wyatt's DEFsec team. Bronson's immediate change in demeanor is... almost sort of disturbing. Like he flipped a *switch* in his head the second Andy entered the scene. Like a predator that sniffed better prey on the wind... prey that takes a slightly *different* approach.

Bronson Box:

This what it takes to protect the squid from little old me? Wyatt's whole fookin' strike force here... now you, sunshine?

Boxer walks towards Andy, Wyatt swinging into action getting right between the two... Bronson just snarls and finally looks back at Cayle, before looking past the big security chief and his men... taking a moment to make sure he had Andy's full and undivided attention. He finally opens his mouth, addressing Cayle... with his gaze still locked on Andrew.

Bronson Box:

You see that infuriatingly calm, smug little look your brother has on his face there, little squid? You see it there? I'mma fookin' wipe that look off his bloody face soon. He's standin' there like some smug CUNT... mouthin' off about wins and losses. When what he SHOULD be doin' is workin' out a long term plan that doesn't end with his fookin' HIDE mounted to a bloody WALL by the time I'm through with him...

Boxer crosses his tree-trunk sized arms across his equally huge chest with a strange little sadistic smile and a disturbing glassy look in his wild bloodshot brown eyes. The security ease-up, and give Andy enough space to approach his brother.

Andy Murray:

Don't worry lad, he'll calm down when I finally give him an autograph...

Sensing the situation's real gravity, Cayle's not so quick to slip into "humour mode."

Cayle Murray:

Andy...

Big Murr snaps out of it. His expression goes stoic.

Andy Murray:

Focus on DEF*MAX. I'll take care of this bollocks...

Bronson Box:

Tonight be damned, success in DEF*MAX leads directly back to me, lad... you can both *bet* on that fact.

At the remark Cayle snaps his head towards Boxer.

Cayle Murray:

If it does, I'LL take care of this bollocks.

Cayle's fiery comment refuels Bronson's strange, sadistic yet... *satisfied* smile. Having given the three men more than enough leeway and still having a show to put on Wyatt Bronson starts ordering his men to maneuver the two sides of this conversation *away* from one another. Surprisingly Bronson goes without incident. As the crowd disperses we cut back to Angus and Darren at the commentation station back out in the arena.

Angus:

Is it just me, or is Boxer sort of getting... like... some creepy *thrill* getting under Cayle Murray's skin?

DDK:

I'd say The brothers Murray have their *hands full* regardless, partner.

Angus:

If he starts tossing around bible quotes again, Andy and Squidboy better goddamn RUN. Dude's gunna' be nailin' people to crosses before long if we're not careful...

DEFIANCE ONSLAUGHT CHAMPIONSHIP: FRANK DYLAN JAMES (C) VS. JASON NATAS

DDK:

Coming up next folks we have a match... well. I think it just might put a *twinkle* in you eye, partner.

Angus:

Oh God, I think you're right! Keebs... are you ready?!

DDK:

I think I'm ready.

Angus:

I'm not sure about that. For one, where's your towel?

DDK:

... what do I need a towel for?

Angus:

To dry-off from the cold shower you're gonna need to take after the HOSSSSSSFIIIIIITTTTEEEEEEEEE!

DDK:

Never has there been a more appropriate use for that term than the match we're about to witness.

Angus:

You're gorrarn right! Fatas vs. Frank?! Shit, I hope somebody reinforced the ring tonight, and if the fans in the first few rows haven't signed some kinda injury waiver, somebody's gonna get their ass sued!

DDK:

This one's been bubbling for a few weeks now. It all kicked-off shortly after DEFCON when Frank Dylan James and Jason Natas became embroiled in a barfight, and things have only escalated since. They're two of the most no-nonsense bruisers DEFIANCE has ever seen, and neither are the type to sit down and "talk it out." There's only one way to settle this issue...

Angus:

I'm just gonna sit back and enjoy the beautiful violence. After DEFCON, Natas might be the most *DEFIANT* guy in this whole company, but Frank's just a berzerker. I'm still a little sore about what Frank did to my future wife, don't get me wrong, but this is exactly my kinda fight! Bring it the fuck on.

Darren Quimbey's getting ready in the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is for the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship, and will be contested under DOC rules!

Angus:

No disqualifications, no count-outs, no rope breaks: just elbows in faces 'til one man falls down and can't get up again!

♪ "No Chance" by Unsane ♪

As has become customary with Jason Natas in DEFIANCE, The Bronx Bully's entrance music is met with universal approval from The Faithful. The man himself steps onto the stage just seconds later, and his face is as stoic and business-like as usual. Clad in his ring-gear with the sleeveless leather jacket he's taken to entering in in recent weeks, Natas stomps down the ramp, bumping fists with a few fans along the way.

Angus:

I know I've just said this, but I can't think of a man who embodies the DEFIANCE ethos like my boy Fatas at the moment. Injuries tried to kill his career, and do you know what he said? *FUCK YOU*. Sean Jackson tried to do the same, and guess what? *FUCK YOU*. Then Frank tried to belittle his progress... and Keebs... I think you know what came next.

DDK:

I wonder...

Angus:

FUCK YOU, that's what. This guy's just a wrecking machine. He knows how to throw a strike and how to take one, and he doesn't give a single fuck about anything else.

DDK:

And tonight, the man who re-entered DEFIANCE in *terrible* shape little over a year ago can become Onslaught Champion! It's not going to be easy, though...

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, from South Bronx, New York City... standing at 6'4", and weighing-in at 270lbs... JASOOOONNNN
NNNNNAAAATTTTAAAAASSSSSSSS!

The Bronx Bully enters the ring and immediately heads for his corner. Buzzing with energy, he's unable to keep still for even a split second, especially as he goes through his pre-match muscle stretches.

Darren Quimbey:

Both men are *itching* to fuck each other up, especially after DEFtv 70's brawl. FDJ paces back and forth, and Natas leans forward, hands on the ropes, ready to fuckin' go.

Angus:

Listen to the fucking noise in here, Keebs! The Faithful know we're about to witness a HOSSPLOSION~!

DDK:

Even Hector Navarro looks nervous!

Standing in the middle of the ring, the DEFIANCE official flashes a twitchy glance at Natas, the one at Frank. He quickly throws his hand up to call for the bell, then gets the shit out of there...

Because guess what? Those crazy bastards are sprinting at each other.

Angus:

YAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

Natas throws a running knee. Frank an elbow.

The bell rings.

BOTH connect!

DDK:

Both men starting things off with a BANG!

Natas feels it more. Falls down. Frank pounces and clobbers away on his back, but Jason rises through 'em and starts wailing forearms like a lunatic. Soon they're in the centre of the ring, each absorbing the other man's rapid-fire shots. The DEFarena becomes a cauldron of noise: the two baddest men in DEFIANCE are dropping *bombs*.

Angus:

Yeah, but how many pounds does Frank have on Natas? That's a WHOOOOOLE lotta' Mastodon, Keeps!

Natas starts to slow down. He misses an elbow, so FDJ hits a couple of his favoured wild punches unanswered. Frank swings a sloppy right cross but it connects with Natas' jaw, then comes in with an elbow to the top of the head! Natas doubles over, and Frank swings an unaimed upkick that barely misses the swaying Anti-Superstar's face!

DDK:

It's a veritable... well, hell ONSLAUGHT from FDJ here in the opening minutes of this contest!

Angus:

And that's where it really counts Darren, these matches can friggin' END in the opening minutes!

Something hits the side of Jason's head. It's Frank's boot, and it sends him sprawling. Natas stumbles away to the corner. Frank grabs his arm, Irish whips him to the opposite, then charges. *WHAM!* goes the running boot straight to the challenger's face.

DDK:

OH MYYYY!

Angus:

Frank's spreadin' it on thick!

The Bronx Bully slumps back in the corner, and Frank storms back across the ring. Jason fires-up though, and sprints right after FDJ! As the DOC reaches the corner, he turns around and eats a leaping clothesline! Now it's Natas' turn to grab the arm and execute the whip. Frank's back hits the 'buckles, but he charges out as Natas is running at him, and simultaneous shoulder blocks send both men off-base!

DDK:

Like two big rams buttin' heads, Skaaland! What impact!

Natas and FDJ fall-off in opposite direction, each feeling the impact of taking multiple shows in such a short space of time. They're off to a ridiculously fast start, but their expressions are that of pure grit.

DDK:

What's Jason up to here?

It's Jason Natas to the middle first. Teeth clenched, he points down to the centre of the ring then calls Frank forward. FDJ throws the first shot - a looping punch to the face. Natas responds with a forearm. Frank with the Punch. Natas with the forearm.

Angus:

THEY'RE TRADIN' SHOTS, KEEBS!

Frank, punch.

Natas, forearm.

Angus:

CLUBBERIN' DARREN, THEY BE CLUBBERIN'!

Frank.

Natas.

Frank.

Natas.

FRANK.

NATAS.

FRANK.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

This crowd is ON THEIR FEET for this brutal Onslaught title contest!

The pace quickens.

Frank-Natas-Frank-Natas-Frank-Natas.

Angus:

GOOD GAWD Y'ALL!

Their limbs become a blur, their faces become punching bags. They're soon striking each other simultaneously before Natas lands a couple unanswered, then runs to the ropes. Frank splats him with a big boot on the return, then brutally stomps down on the back of his skull when he hits the mat. Natas tries to rise, but he's a little loopy, and Frank's able to crack him with a couple of knees to the temple.

DDK:

Frank getting the better of Natas there, but... my GOD!

Angus:

Right?!

The DOC pulls his challenger up by the head, but the wobbly Natas is like "hell fuckin' no," breaks free, then chops Frank across his dungaree-clad chest! He connects with the skin between the straps, then peels-off a second chop that probably stings more than FDJ's big dumb face is letting on.

Angus:

This sonofabitch has NO quit, Darren!

Instead of following-up, Jason Natas voluntarily drops to one knee. Scowling, he slaps his own chest a couple of times, then instructs FDJ to give it his best shot.

It's dick-measuring time, ladies and gents.

DDK:

He's tellin' darin' big Frank to hit him with his best shot!

FDJ boots him *HARD* in the chest, and while Natas is definitely feeling it, he fights through it then rises. Now it's Frank's turn to drop to a knee, and Natas obliges with another chop!

Natas to a knee. *BOOT*. Jason's arms flail, but he gets back up. Frank goes down. *CHOP*. This time he grimaces but he gets to his feet and lets Natas drop again. *BOOT*.

Angus:

THIS IS ONSLAUGHT STYYYYYYYYYLE BAY BAY!

Jason winces. Both men's chests are bright red at this point, but that's okay: they came to fight. Instead of rising, however, Jason Natas yells...

Jason Natas:

C'MON MOTHERFUCKER!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Another kick. *ANOTHER!* Somehow Jason Natas rises through them. His ribcage feels like it's imploding, but he gets there, then comes-in and throws two consecutive chops. Natas pauses with a wince and puts an arm over his chest, then tries to throw another chop, but the adrenaline can't hold the pain back any longer. He falls involuntarily to a knee, allowing FDJ to kick him, then take him by the throat and put him in the corner.

DDK:

This is NOT where you want to be when you've got The Mastodon bearing down on you, Angus!

Angus:

Just when you think Natas is making some headway, Frank just keeps coming like goddamn Jason Voorhees...

FDJ attacks then man like a goddamn lumberjack. The punches are relentless, and while at least a quarter of them miss completely, the rest land all over Natas' head and torso. Seconds pass. Five, *THEN*, then Natas fires all the way up! He pushes Frank in the chest with both hands then barks something indecipherable in his face, but FDJ plows forward with a kick to the chest!

Angus:

Jason's gunna' have to do more than scream at big Frank to take that strap.

The Bronx Bully is on the mat, and Frank sits him up. He takes a couple of steps back then lands another one of those ridiculous kicks to the chest, before immediately sitting him up again. *ANOTHER* kick, and down goes Natas once more. As the camera zooms in, it's clear that the skin on Jason's chest has finally broken, and he's started bleeding.

Angus:

FDJ just BEAT Natas' chest open... think about that shit, folks.

His rapidly diminishing gas tank forces FDJ into a recovery period, but Jason Natas - that dumb, tough bastard - is actually getting up! The New York's like Bambi on stilts, though: he's beyond punchdrunk at this point, and his legs are all over the place. Frank immediately stomps him back down to the ground, before pulling him up and engaging on his own terms. Punch, punch, punch, Nick Diaz style.

DDK:

You have to figure this is it for Natas, I mean... how much more can he endure?!

Frank goes to the ropes, and comes back with a big running elbow that sends Natas all the way to the ropes! Natas regains his footing, however, rebounds off the ropes, and comes back with an elbow of his own! Frank to the ropes again, rebound...

DDK:

Powerslam from Jason Natas!

Angus:

Apparently just a liiiiittle bit more, partner! DAMN WHAT A MOVE!

Both men are in all kinds of pain. Natas sits upright, puts a hand to his chest, and absorbs some of the blood with his

handwraps. Frank, Meanwhile, rolls onto his chest and labours to all fours.

The Anti-Superstar makes the first positive movements. He gets to his feet slowly, then boots Frank hard in the liver as he tries to get up. A second attempt to rise from FDJ, but Natas kicks him again! Frank just absorbs it this time, battling through the pain, but he stands just as Jason's spinning round with that good ol' Roaring Elbow he loves so dearly.

Angus:

FOOOOEEEEHHHHHAAAAMMMMMMAAAAHHHHHHH!

Frank hits the floor, but Natas ain't done. He peels the bigger man up, throws his head under his arm, then suplexes him back down again. First cover of the match!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

SO CLOSE! What tenacity on display here from both these men!

Every part of Jason Natas' body is sore, but he's in feral mode. He quickly sits FDJ up then runs to the ropes. Natas swings a penalty kick on the return, but Frank *EATS IT* by trapping Natas' leg on impact, then getting up. He drills Natas with a short clothesline, then drops to the mat and puts an arm around his throat.

Angus:

We've officially crossed over the DEFtv event horizon, Darren, Frank's pullin' out the submission holds!

DDK:

Sleeper from The Big Virginian! I don't know if this is a smart direction for the champion to take, Angus...

FDJ squeezes tightly on the sleeper hold. Natas fades a little and puts his hands around Frank's forearm, before digging his boots into the mat and brute-forcing his way to his feet. Once there, Jason twists and writhes himself free. Frank's strong as shit, but he's no master technician, and Natas is able to create the angle he needs to escape.

Angus:

Lindsay Troy, he is not... DAMNIT FRANK! Ohhhh... ouch

The Bronx Bully turns around and throws a sharp elbow. Frank answers with a punch, before pulling Natas close and trying him in a bearhug! Clearly trying to drain the life out of his challenger, Frank squeezes tighter than an anaconda with his giant oak-like arms, but Jason's not giving up without a fight.

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

DDK

Short sharp elbows to the top of Frank's head, and they're working folks!

Angus:

Again with the submission wrestling... *HIT HIM FRANKIE!*

Eventually, FDJ has to let go. Natas lands down on the mat, but he's tired, and he stumbles back against the ropes, turning around, resting against the top rope. Frank shakes the butterflies away then approaches from behind. He goes for the back drop, but Natas stops it by grabbing the top rope, then throwing a blind elbow into Frank's face.

DDK:

Natas makes contact with the side of the head of James with that back elbow!

His opponent shaken Natas goes behind, puts his arms around the waist, then lifts FDJ and drives him down with a backdrop of his own! Here comes that redneck adrenaline rush, though! Frank pops *STRAIGHT* up, but gets planted with a spinning backfist!

Angus:

NATAS SAYIN' NOT TODAY JUNIOR! ... dear... CHRIST!

DDK:

But can he capitalize!

Now's in fact the *perfect* time for Natas to capitalise, but he's utterly *FUCKED*. They've both thrown all kinds of hell at each other, and neither man is used to fighting an opponent who can match their toughness and ferocity step for brutal step.

On one knee, Jason cringes. His chest is absolutely ruined, but he's not about to give up. He gets to his feet just as Frank is getting to his, and they shamble towards the centre of the ring. Still scowling, the headstrong Jason Natas points right at his chin, and Frank clocks him.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

CLUBBERIN' 2: SON OF CLUBBERIN!

As the Faithful come unglued Jason Natas returns in-kind. The two are once again trading blows, it's sloppy and uncoordinated this time. Natas lurches forward with a headbutt that catches FDJ off-guard, then follows-up with rapid left-right forearms.

Left-right.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

LEFT-RIGHT.

*FIGHT FOREVER! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*FIGHT FOREVER! *clap clap clapclapclap**

He repeats again and again and again. Frank briefly falls away, before lunging forward with a straight left, then a big boot to the jaw! Natas falls to the mat, and Frank goes into the cover.

ONE!**KICKOUT!****DDK:**

What grit! What determination from Jason Natas!

FDJ rolls off Jason Natas. He slowly gets to his feet, and by this point, Jason is stirring. Frank backs off a little, seemingly setting him up with some kinda running strike... but The Bronx Bully's second wind kicks in! He gets his legs

beneath him, then springs at Frank with a leaping forearm that sends both men tumbling into the ropes. Natas stumbles backwards, Frank comes forward, and gets taken down with a Spinebuster! The Faithful continue their chant (which never really stopped) from moments earlier.

FIGHT FOREVER! *clap clap clapclapclap*

FIGHT FOREVER! *clap clap clapclapclap*

AGAIN they both labour on the mat. The war of attrition has taken its toll, and when each man only knows how to fight one particularly way, it's only gonna get worse.

They simultaneously crawl to the middle: not quite energetic enough to get to their feet, but neither man wants to let the other get an opening. Kneeling, Jason elbows Frank in the face. Frank elbows him back. Jason, elbow. Frank, elbow.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Angus:

YUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUS MORE FEED ME MORE!

Soon they're leathering each other as they rise, and Natas goes back to the headbutt. A second. A third! Natas pulls Frank into a front facelock, but FDJ breaks-out before Natas can pull his intended move off. Headbutt from Frank!

THONK

DDK:

DEAR... GOD!

Natas wobbles back, then forwards. Both men literally *COLLAPSE* on each other in the middle of the ring, then slump down to the mat.

Jason shows the first signs of life. He tries to pull Frank up, but FDJ punches him right in the gut and forces the break. FDJ goes beyond, puts an arm around the windpipe, and squeeze back with another sleeper!

Angus:

Here we go again!

DDK:

Maybe he's onto something this time, Skaaland, Natas does NOT look healthy!

This time Jason Natas is *REALLY* struggling. His face starts turning purple, and his posture weakens. Frank increases the pressure by pulling his arm higher up and closer to the jaw, forcing Jason's teeth together and wads of spittle flying everywhere.

The Bronx Bully's legs start to give way. Navarro grabs his wrist and goes to raise his arm, but Jason suddenly yanks it free! With one *FINAL* burst of strength, Natas puts both arms over his head and pulls Frank overhead! The bigger man's weight causes Jason to collapse on the way down, but his throat is finally loose.

Angus:

Well, at least he can breath now... but now... yup, yeah he's getting kicked to death.

FDJ boots Jason Natas as he clammers off of him, then kicks him in the head as Natas tries to rise. This late in the match, FDJ only has one thing in his mind: he starts heading for the corner.

DDK:

You know what that means, partner!

The building fills with anticipation as Frank starts scaling the turnbuckles, but he's tired. The Mountain Top Knee Drop will surely put Jason Natas away if he can land it, but easier said than done. The Bronx Bully gets up as Frank's climbing the ropes, wobble-jogs his way across the ring, and pulls FDJ down by the dungarees!

Frank immediately headbutts Jason when he's down, but Natas follows-up with one of his own, then...

Angus:

FFFOOOOEEEEHHHHHHHAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

FDJ hits the mat, and Natas just *slumps* down to hook the leg.

ONE!

But Frank kicks-out as soon as the referee's hand hits the canvas!

Angus:

JESUS CHRIST!

DDK:

Look at this! Jason's back up!

The Bronx Bully rises as quickly as his tired body will allow, and pulls Frank with him. He plants his feet down, keeps hold of Frank's neck, then swings the arm.

DDK:

SOUTH BRONX LARIAT!

Angus:

NEW CHAMPION! HERE IT COMES!

DDK:

WAIT! HE'S NOT MAKING THE COVER!

Nope.

Not yet.

Angus:

WHAT THE HELL?!

There's little in the way of life signs from the champion, but Jason Natas isn't taking any chances. He powers back to his feet, takes Frank up with him, then...

DDK:

A *SECOND* SOUTH BRONX LARIAT!

Angus:

HE FUCKING KILLED HIM!

NOW comes the pinfall.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Angus:

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

DDK:

He did it! JASON NATAS is DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion!

Angus:

What a goddamn fight! I think my heart's about to burst through my ribcage!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your *WINNER*...

"No Chance" by Unsane blasts through the speakers. Jason Natas falls back against the ropes, almost dropping the DOC belt as soon as it's handed to him.

Darren Quimbey:

... and *NEEEWWWWWWWW* DEFIANCE ONSLAUGHT CHAMPION... JASONNNNNNNN
NNNNNNAAAAAAAAAATTTTTTTAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSS!

DDK:

Anything can happen in this DOC division, folks! We have just witnessed one of the hardest-hitting DEFtv matches I can ever remember, and in the end, Jason Natas walks out with the gold!

Angus:

That Lariat is just straight-up *NASTY*, Keeps! He's not running at you with it: he's throwing it from a standing position, and he almost pulls you into the arm. It's almost like a hammer thrown, and he just wiped-out Frank with *TWO* of 'em!

DDK:

FDJ handed-out some serious punishment tonight too. There are times when Natas was like a zombie out there, but he withstood the berserker's torrent of violence, and now stands victorious inside a DEFIANCE ring for the *fourth* consecutive match! What a career turnaround, and what an occasion!

INNIT THOUGH?!

The scene opens in one of the many backstage hallways in the Wrestle-Plex. The words "From Earlier Tonight" appear at the bottom of the screen as the camera is fixed directly on Kendrix, sweat dripping off his head and grimacing in pain as he supports his lower back with his blood smeared hand, arching back.

Christie Zane:

Kendrix, a huge win over Bronson Box just now, how are...

Stopping outside the Hollywood Bruvs locker room Jesse hangs his head before turning round to grab the mic out of Christie Zane's delicate hands and squints his eyes, gritting his teeth, still feeling the effects so soon after his match with the Original Defiant himself.

Kendrix:

How is JFK feeling, Christie?! Really, right now? Look at the state of him, woman! Why are you filming him now? JFK just had a match with a bloody mad man!

Jesse gestures for a moment with his index finger raised before placing both hands on his knees, bending over and taking in a much needed huge breath. Arching his body back straight he runs his free hand through his hair and shakes his head at Christie.

Kendrix:

Worst timing ever!

Then, as if a switch was just turned on, he puts all the pain he's feeling to one side. The camera shakes after JFK grabs at the cameraman to put him in position, his torso covers the screen for a moment.

Kendrix:

How's the lighting looking? Make sure you get JFK's good side...shouldn't be too hard for you camera jerk...they're both his good side, OBVS!

Stepping back, just in front of the Hollywood Bruvs locker room door, Kendrix takes a look at Christie, throws her a wink and turns his attention back to the camera, that smug smile draped across his face for good measure.

Kendrix:

DEFIANCE....Listen, Yeah?!

He points down the hallway.

Kendrix:

The Original Defiant just got his arse handed to him by the Original BRUV!

Exhaling for a moment he looks over at Christie.

Kendrix:

Don't act like you're surprised Sugar Tits!

Pointing directly at the camera he continues.

Kendrix:

JFK has no idea why Zaney here and all of the bellends in the stands tonight are so shocked that Jesse Fredericks Kendrix BEAT Bronson Box?!

Shrugging his shoulders a mockingly nonplussed look falls across his face before dismissively waving the palm of his hand out in front of him.

Kendrix:

Oh wait, yes he does! It's because they're all dipsticks! If JFK worried about what all of you idiots thought, he wouldn't be the great Sports Entertainer that he is today, Obvs!

Taking a moment for a "Totally Obvs" that never comes he lets off a derisory scoff before wagging his index finger by the side of his head.

Kendrix:

But you know what the most satisfying thing about pinning Box, one, two, three...in the middle of that ring was Zaney?

Before Christie gets a chance to say anything, Kendrix simply holds his hand flat to the side in front of her, his eyes not even interested in leaving the camera.

Kendrix:

Don't say anything Zaney, JFK's talking right now. The most satisfying thing wasn't that JFK actually had to dig deep and battle past without a doubt, the single toughest man in this company...The most satisfying thing wasn't that JFK had to leave it all out there in the ring to beat the Wargod himself...

Slowly shaking his head from side to side he wags his free index finger at the camera.

Kendrix:

Oh, no bruv! The most satisfying thing about this win...is that JFK proved something today. It's not something to himself, JFK knew he could beat Bronson Box, OBVS!

Christie Zane:

Totally Obvs!

Christie's momentary lack of professionalism comes to an abrupt end as soon as she see's the look on Kendrix's face.

Kendrix:

JFK is giving you your one and only warning Zaney...never EVER do that again! That's not the way to get JFK to finally sleep with you!

Christie is left open mouthed in shock before the camera is aggressively swung back in the direction of Kendrix.

Kendrix:

Camera Jerk, eyes on the prize, yeah?! No, JFK simply proved that the message that the Sports Entertainment Guild has been spreading since the moment we set foot in this company...is legit!

His eyes narrow. The camaraderie is replaced by pure focus.

Kendrix:

That the brutality in DEFIANCE just doesn't cut the mustard anymore! As soon as the refs hand counted three just now...the Sports Entertainment Guild's point was made. The Original Defiant was cast aside....and the Sports Entertainment Guild are the New Defiants...The Future!

Pointing both thumbs back onto his chest he throws the back of three fingers on his free hand up at the lens.

Kendrix:

And speaking of points. JFK has THREE of those bad boys on the board, bae bae!

Turning to face Christie he signs off.

Kendrix:

So how is JFK feeling? He's feeling like The Future, Zaney...and he's feeling like the next DEFMAX Champion!!!

He holds the mic out at Christie. As she reaches out for it, Jesse opens his hand out flat, dropping it to the ground.

As Christy bends down to pick it up a commotion is heard coming towards them. Kendrix's eyes light up but quickly narrow, looking concerned. From the side of the screen comes some commotion. The camera turns just in time to see a blood covered Mikey Unlikely enter the scene. Behind him, carrying the Southern Heritage Championship and the DEFIANCE Tag Team Cardboard Championships, is the Box man himself...no not the one JFK was talking about...but KLEIN!

Unlikely is not happy at all. He looks at JFK, looks at Christie, and then directly into the camera. Kendrix greets his Bruv with a headnod and a "Gluefist!" Mikey turns to JFK.

Mikey Unlikely:

You done yet, Bruv?

Christie brings the mic to her lips and turns to Mikey as well.

Christie Zane:

Mikey tonight you took on Cayle Mur....

A hand shoots up from Mikey and rips the microphone from the hand of Christie.

Mikey Unlikely:

How's it go, Bruv? Listen, Yeah!?

Kendrix nods his approval.

Mikey Unlikely:

Listen, Yeah!? Zaney, I'm not in the mood for your slutty investigative journalism. I'm not here to give the people a piece of my mind, because quite frankly they couldn't handle it right now! Do you see this!?

Mikey drops the mic on the ground and rushes the camera. He grabs at the camera and points it directly into his face. Nothing can be seen beyond Mikey's busted up nose and blood soaked lips.

Mikey Unlikely:

That idiot could have cost me my career! HOW MANY MOVIE ROLES YOU THINK I CAN GET WHEN MY NOSE LOOKS LIKE THIS!? I LOOK LIKE OWEN FUCKING WILSON, ZANEY!!!!

Mikey does a terrible Owen Wilson impression...

He finally backs up and everyone else comes into view.

Mikey Unlikely:

This interview is over! Let's go Jesse... PCP better have some good cell phone video of the Drake show! If he didn't play 0 to 100 i'm going to go from zero to hundred...REAL QUICK!... REAL FUCKING QUICK!

Kendrix: [musically]

Oh Lord!

They walk off together and JFK is still singing...

Kendrix:

Know yourself...Know your worth nigga...My actions speak louder than ma words nigga...

THE ROAR OF THE FAITHFUL

DDK:

Angus, it's just about time for the quote-unquote main event and, God, are these two even capable of making it out here? Do we even know where they are in the building?

Angus:

Well they've been to the gym and they almost bowled over Iris Davine. The Wrestle-Plex *is* a vast and wondrous place, despite the talent ever seeming to be in the same four or five places at any given moment.

The scene does shift backstage then, quickly, right by the gorilla position, where both Tyler Rayne and Dan Ryan stumble into view. Both are bloody, bruised, and beaten. Dan Ryan has a fire extinguisher in his hand, which he doesn't use to fire the canister's contents onto Rayne; rather, he swings the heavy red metal cylinder in the Hero of the Day's direction. Tyler takes the hit to the shoulder and he yells out in pain, but his retribution comes in the form of a television monitor which he introduces to Dan Ryan's head.

Like earlier in the evening, various DEFstaff make for higher ground and DEFsec keep the area contained. Iris Davine arrives on the scene with her crew of medical interns and Kelly Evans and Wyatt Bronson appear in the background. Tyler Rayne follows the monitor shot up with some stuff Muay Thai elbows and knees and Dan Ryan careens toward the curtain. Rayne drops the monitor and follows after Ryan where the roar of the DEFIANCE Faithful greets him after so many months away...

DAN RYAN VS. TYLER RAYNE [UNSANCTIONED]

Dan Ryan is through first and already halfway toward the edge of the stage as Rayne comes through. Rayne's flurry of offense has Ryan loopy as he gets dangerously close to the edge. Rayne is back on the attack quickly...

DDK:

Rayne laying in some HARD forearm up on the stage and Dan Ryan is staggering. Rayne with two more, Ryan teetering on the edge!! Rayne rushes in with a yell and drives THROUGH him with another that sends them both flying off the side of the stage to the floor below!!

Angus:

Less flippy doo and more brutality. I like it!!

DDK:

Like there hasn't been enough brutality tonight from these two??

Angus:

Never too much.

Both men hit the floor hard, but Ryan by far takes the brunt of the impact. Rayne stumbles to his feet first and picks up a piece of lighting equipment nearby. Ryan gets his hands up, but can't stop the full impact as it comes down toward his ribs. Rayne slams it down twice more for good measure, then tosses it aside as Ryan clutches at his ribs in pain.

DDK:

There's no one here to stop this either. Kelly Evans is just letting these two tear this place apart without recourse. What have we become?

Angus:

I feel like the answer to your question is "awesome." We've become awesome.

Ryan crawls away as Rayne follows and leans up against the edge of the walkway. Rayne runs and gets a head of steam....

DDK:

Rayne running in and DAN RYAN MOVES OUT OF THE WAY!! Tyler Rayne tried to throw a knee strike and ended up clipping the metal edge of the ramp instead!!

Rayne tumbles up and onto the ramp itself, screaming in pain as he holds his knee. Meanwhile, Ryan turns and gets a look, making plans.

Angus:

And the champion senses blood. Tyler Rayne has taken it to Dan Ryan for sure, but man, I wouldn't want to be out there with that monster when he starts smelling blood.

As expected, Ryan scrambles up and onto the ramp and starts kicking away at Tyler Rayne's knee. Rayne is able to move toward the ring to get away though, just not as quickly as usual. Ryan is in hot pursuit, however.

DDK:

Eventually one of these guys have to take control and this has to end, right? This can't go on forever, can it?

Angus:

Sure, why not?

DDK:

Human beings tend to get tired.

Angus:

Is Dan Ryan human? This hasn't been definitely proven.

Ryan catches up to Rayne. He fends off a punch from Rayne with no power behind it and stomps down on his knee again. Rayne drops to the other knee, but Ryan hauls him up and throws him hard under the bottom rope into the ring. Ryan looks into the camera next to him trying to get a close-up.

Dan Ryan:

Pay attention!

Ryan dives in under the bottom rope, shrugging a shoulder to work out the back muscles struck by the weight bar earlier and smiles. Rayne is pulling himself up on the ropes, but is clearly having a hard time doing so. Ryan comes in and Rayne tries to fire in some shots to the head, but Dan Ryan ends that with a bum rush to the gut that shoves him hard back in the corner.

DDK:

Dan Ryan crushes Tyler Rayne into the corner turnbuckle.... another.... And ANOTHER!

Ryan takes a step back, then deliver three good forearm smashes to the jaw of Tyler Rayne. He hooks him as he stumbles forward, and with a yell, throws him over with a release overhead belly to belly suplex.

Angus:

He just flipped a flippy doo!!

DDK:

Tyler Rayne goes flying across the ring!

Dan Ryan follows up quickly and pulls Rayne to his feet. He shoves him into the ropes and turns him with a huge spinebuster. Rayne gets no time to breathe as Ryan yanks him up hard, shoves him with two hands backward into the ropes and hits a big powerslam. Again Ryan pulls him up, spins him around and hits a release dragon suplex.

DDK:

Impact after impact!!

Angus:

THAT'S OUR CHAMPION RIGHT THERE!!

Again Ryan is up and pulls Tyler Rayne, this time with more effort, to a standing position, where he wobbles, not really knowing where he is. Ryan pulls back his fist, ready to knock his head off, then changes his mind and screams as he drives his head forward with a VICIOUS headbutt that drops Rayne like a ton of bricks.

Angus:

My God that was nasty....

Dan Ryan shakes his head and walks forward, look down at Rayne as he lay on the mat, then bends over and yells down at him.

Dan Ryan:

ARE YOU THROUGH?!?!?

He's not through. Rayne kicks at Ryan's ankle hard enough to smart, and hard enough to have him wince in pain and jerk backward. This doesn't work out too well though, because now, as if he weren't already, Dan Ryan is PISSED. He growls and kicks down at Tyler Rayne's injured knee (in Marv Albert voice) WITH AUTHORITY.

DDK:

Tyler Rayne is desperately trying to power back up and get back on the offensive, but Dan Ryan is relentless! I don't know what Rayne can do here!

Angus:

Pray.. would be my suggestion. I have a bad feeling about where this is going.

Ryan bends over and roughly grabs Rayne by the leg and drags him to a corner. He slips out under the ropes and without any added tension, without any playing to the crowd, he VICIOUSLY slams Tyler Rayne's leg into the metal ringpost over and over..... and over. On the last one, a nearby camera picks up a cracking sound, and Tyler Rayne screams out in agony.

DDK:

My God did you hear that??

Angus:

It sounded like someone cracked the wishbone.

DDK:

I don't know for sure, but it sounds like something just broke. I don't want to speculate too much, but that sound was sickening.

Sure enough, Dan Ryan comes to the same conclusion, as he turns to the crowd and demands a chair from the audience. A particularly rabid member of the Faithful is happy to oblige and hands the monster a chair. Ryan taps it on the apron, then swings.... with full force.... across Tyler Rayne's injured leg.

DDK:

Oh I think I'm gonna be sick.

Angus:

Grow a pair for heaven's sake.

Ryan repeats two more times, sending Tyler Rayne's eyes rolling back in his head, and a vomiting sound is heard over the announce feed. The camera switches back to see Angus barfing his guts out into a small wastebasket.

DDK:

And you gave me a hard time??

Angus:

I had a dicey breakfast burrito this morning. Totally unrelated.

Rayne is limp from the pain of the assault, and now Dan Ryan roughly yanks him down and to the floor. He "WHOOOOOO!!!"s loudly for the crowd, and with a pretty evil grin, locks on a figure four. Tyler Rayne, having already nearly passed out from the pain, screams a disturbing scream of pain, and Dan Ryan's face contorts into a twisted visage of sadistic glee.

DDK:

That's enough!! That has to be enough!!

Angus:

Yeah I mean... yeah... I think I have to agree. Someone has to get out here...

Right on cue, DEFSec and medical personnel come running out. Ryan watches them come, his expression never changing until they are right on top of him, then he puts his hands up and releases the hold voluntarily, leaning back and rolling to a standing position. Rayne is clutching at his leg, mostly on instinct at this point. No telling how much damage is done.

DDK:

Look, I'm clearly no doctor, but there has to be some ligament damage there at the very least. I don't know what that cracking sound was, whether he broke a bone or tore some tendons... I don't know.... but Tyler Rayne is in very bad shape right now...

Iris Divine is out, personally looking on as medical staff attends to Tyler Rayne, and she looks at the champion, just shaking her head.

Ryan, for his part, takes a couple steps toward where Rayne is lying and screams down at him with a smirk.

Dan Ryan:

WALK IT OFF, TYLER!!! WALK IT OFF!!!

DDK:

Just sickening. Just flat out sickening.

Angus:

That's a bad man right there, Keebs. Absolutely no doubt about it. Who the hell is left to stop this man??

DDK:

A question, sadly, for another day. We're out of time... on a somber end to an amazing show, we'll see you all next time....

Ryan is walking up the ramp, looking up at the DEFIATRON where the scene by the ramp is displayed, smiling at his handiwork.

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