

SHOW OPENER



Generic rock music and a slow fade in crane camera shot from the top of the DEF studios down to eye level, the music fades out...

Angus:

FOLKS! Friends! Marks and mark-ettes, WELCOME to another bipolar edition wrestling minus the wrestling! It's time again to clean out the proverbial DEFIANCE fridge and see what's hiding behind the milk... *UNCUT, BAY BAY!*

The Motormouth of Malcontent looks left, then right, then back to the camera.

Angus:

Confidentially speaking? This might be the best damn one of these we've put together, no foolin'! So that being said, dickin' around talking about it like this won't do us any good...

Dramatic close up.

Angus:

ROLL THAT BEAUTIFUL BEAN FOOTAGE, BOYS! ... what? The first segments from who? Oh, barf...

DEFTv EXTRAS



PETTINESS PERFECTED

Backstage in the Wrestle-Plex and the camera is focused on Christie Zane with a big goofy smile on her face.

Standing next to her is Courtney Paz and next to Paz is her client Perfection. He dons his grey Armani suit, pressed white dress shirt that's starched and crisp, gold tie and rather aggravated look on his face. James' arms are crossed in front of his suit jacket, slowly chewing on a piece of gum in his mouth rather annoyingly.

Zane:

First of all, I want to thank you both for allowing me the time to do this interview. I know you have a match shortly, so, on behalf of all of us here, welcome to **DEFIANCE**. This may be inappropriate but I'm a huge fan, Perfection.

Perfection says absolutely nothing, not even acknowledgment that Zane exists. In fact, he's more interested in a piece of dust that has gotten on his suit shoulder pad which he brushes off before casually looking over at Paz. She happily answers for the stubborn star.

Paz:

Thank you, Christie, that's very nice of you. We are thrilled that Kelly accepted James' contract and are looking forward to a great working relationship with **DEFIANCE**.

Nodding and accepting Paz's friendly nature Zane looks over at Perfection, who really looks like he could give a rat's ass to be there in the first place.

Zane:

Perfection...

James looks disgusted by the fact that Christie Zane has even spoken to him. He lets out a long drawn out sigh before putting his hand up.

Perfection:

Stop. You don't address me directly. Are you my boss?

Zane looks awfully perplexed.

Perfection:

ARE..YOU...MY...BOSS?! Are you that **BITCH** who just tried to shaft me?!

Zane:

Uh...no, I'm just here to do an interview.

Perfection:

Then you don't address me. You address Ms. Paz.

Zane lets out a sigh of her own, her eyes wide and lips puckered as she shifts her body towards Courtney whose own eyes are rolled to the back of her head.

Zane:

Ms. Paz...

Paz:

Courtney, please.

Zane:

Courtney, earlier this evening Perfection said that he wanted Reaper in a match tonight. Tell us why?

Witherhold's eyes almost bulge out of his skull and before Courtney even has the opportunity to answer James jumps in. He spits his gum out so it lands on the bridge of Zane's shoe. She wiggles it off as Witherhold undoes his suit jacket and stares down at Christie. The arrogant and misogynistic aura he's giving off is pretty gross.

Perfection:

Are you kidding me? First I find out that know-nothing, Evans, is running this ship and now we have village idiot number two. Un-god-damn-believable...

Zane is bewildered now as Perfection shoots his index finger at his bottom lip. There's not much there, just a little itty-bitty scab as far as we can see.

Perfection:

This!

James' is leaning forward trying to give Christie a good look at what he's pointing at.

Zane:

I'm not following...

Perfection:

Do you see this?!

Zane:

I....

Perfection:

You see what he did- don't you?!

Christie shrugs her shoulders a little.

Zane:

Yeah...I guess?

James is trying, oh he is really trying to hold back his temper...but it's Perfection. Who are we kidding? His finger turns from his lip and towards Zane's face, way too close for comfort.

Perfection:

I'm going to break Reaper and that waddling idiot Terry Anderson! No one...no one...sucker punches, Yours Truly! And for some stupid, ignorant, blonde, bimbo to ask my agent...WHY...why, I wanted a match...well, I think it's pretty damn clear! He drew blood...I want blood!

James turns and storms off from the interview leaving Christie alone with Courtney. Zane slowly turns back to Paz and says quietly.

Zane:

It really wasn't that much blood.

We fade out with Paz just shrugging her shoulders in assumed agreement.

CAN WE BE FRANK WITH YOU?

Moments before the Penn vs Kendrix DEF*MAX first round matchup at DEFtv #70, Frank Pastore walks out of the locker room with his head down and his gym bag slung over his left shoulder. The pain in the back of his head a clear reminder that Bronson Box doesn't pull any punches, and they would eventually be meeting up again.

???:

Frank!

Lance Warner runs up with microphone at hand, a cameraman on his heels as Pastore turns to find out who is yelling his name from down the hall.

Lance:

Hey, Frank, you got a moment.

Frank knew it was more of a statement than a question, but he gave an answer anyway.

Frank:

Sure man, but make it quick.

Lance straightens out his coat as he tilts his head up slightly in order to speak to the taller grappler.

Lance:

A heartbreaking first round loss to Bronson Box earlier tonight. How are you feeling now, after what many were calling a statement making win in your debut match against Box and Penn?

Frank: [chuckling]

How am I feeling?

Frank grabs at the back of his head, where along with his neck had made the most impact with the turnbuckle when Boxer delivered his Bombasto Bomb.

Frank:

I'm hurting, man. Bronson Box is one tough son of a bitch, and I'm sure I'm gonna be feeling this one for a while. Not to mention, this ain't the way I wanted to start the DEF*MAX tournament.

Lance:

A loss in this tournament isn't the best way to start, but you won't alone as...

Lance steps back as he is cut off mid-sentence by the permanently scarred half smile of Frank's manager, Tony Gamble. Tony looks Lance over for a moment before completing his smile.

Tony:

Lance, you of all people know that this tournament has just begun. Frank showed the Faithful at 69 that Bronson Box is just a man like everybody else, and if it wasn't for his unprovoked attack on me that distracted Frank...

Tony leans in closer to Lance, the smile slowly fading away to leave just the scar that twists the left side of Tony's face into a disturbing half grin.

Tony:

Well, Lance, you'd be singing a different tune for sure. So don't stand there and talk about who else might lose tonight, because when you're talking to Frank, no one else matters.

And with those final words, Tony begins to walk away from Warner as Frank adjusts the strap of the bag on his shoulder and follows suit.

DOWNTIME



DRAKEBRUVS

The scene cuts to the backstage area of the Wrestle-Plex. The Sports Entertainment Guild are seen slowly walking through the hallway. In front of the group JFK, wearing a tank top with the Musical Artist known as Drake's face on it, holds a clipboard with a stack of paper on it. As they walk they all appear to have a purpose.

The gold (and cardboard) hanging from the waists of the champions. Unlikely seems to march forward with a specific destination in mind. They walk up to a random staffer in the back. JFK approaches with the clipboard and taps it on the staffer's head.

Kendrix:

Listen yeah?! You look like a man who appreciates the Artistry of Drake, is JFK right?!

The staffer looks awkwardly at the camera and then back at Kendrix.

Staffer:

Well, uh...not rea...

Kendrix dismissively waves his hand in front of the staffer, cutting him off mid sentence.

Kendrix:

Of course you do, bruv. You LOVE him, Obvs!

Mikey Unlikely:

Totally Obvs!

Kendrix:

Well, as you probably don't know, since JFK is guessing you don't have the Internet, cos, you know....you're poor and stuff...Drake is actually going to be HERE in New Orleans next week!

PCP look at each other, their hands laid flat on their cheeks and mouths opened wide in total excitement.

Kendrix:

But unfortunately, the powers that be in this place think it's acceptable for DEFtv 71 to take place while Drake is performing?!

JFK takes a moment to shrug his shoulders and raise an eyebrow at Mikey, who rolls his eyes, both men in disbelief at the situation. Returning his attention to the staffer, who's looking increasingly uncomfortable as the seconds seem to drag on, Kendrix places the clipboard firmly upon the staffer's chest and jabs a pen on top of it.

Kendrix:

So here's your one chance in your dismal life to be a hero, little buddy! You can add your name to that petition there to push back DEFtv 71 so SEG here can all go to the Drake concert!

Kendrix and Mikey fist bump, nodding their heads in excitement. However, the staffer hands the clipboard back to Kendrix....without signing.

Staffer:

No way, man! Sorry, but I need to work at DEFtv 71, I need the money. I can't afford to go to the Drake concert!

Kendrix scratches his head, confused not only at the fact that the staffer stood up for himself, but mainly because the staffer thought getting paid is better than not getting paid and spending money he probably doesn't have on the Drake concert! Unlikely, in the background however, cannot contain his disbelief that this staffer is not concerned with the upcoming Drake concert.

Mikey Unlikely:

It's DRAKE!!!! The only guy in the world worth putting a Mikey appearance on hold! Do you not understand how big this is!? HE NEVER COMES TO THIS SHITTY PART OF THE COUNTRY!

The man continues to stare at the group, unmoved by these facts.

Mikey Unlikely:

Fuck 'em, let's go guys, clearly this MORON doesn't know a good thing when he sees it! I HOPE THE TICKETS ARE SOLD OUT AND YOU DON'T GET TO GO!

Unlikely pretends to throw a punch at the guy, he flinches, Unlikely walks off laughing at him.

The D:

Ha, good one Mikey!

The crew walks off and finally comes to a door. The D steps up to knock on it, but Mikey Unlikely doesn't knock... he just walks the fuck in.

Mikey Unlikely:

Ms. Evans we have a topic of the utmost importance!

Kelly Evans is at her desk, on her phone, staring daggers through Mikey as he walks in. She finishes her convo, takes a deep breath, and finally addresses the World's Greatest Entertainer and Co.

Kelly Evans:

Yes...Mr. Unlikable... I see that! You see that door behind you? It was closed for a reaso...

Unlikely waves her off.

Mikey Unlikely:

Kelly! Can I call...it doesn't matter... KELLY, WE NEED TO DELAY DEFtv 71! We need to reschedule the entire show!

Kelly Evans rolls her eyes.

Kelly Evans:

And why pray tell would we do that!?

Unlikely *tssks* here. Shakes his head. JFK cannot contain it any longer.

Kendrix:

DRAKE!!!! THE GREATEST RAPPER OF ALLLLL TIIIIIMMEEEE IS COMING TO NEW ORLEANS, INNIT?!
DRAKE!!!!!!

The whole squad smiles and fist bumps. Clearly excited for the arrival of "Champagne Papi."

Mikey Unlikely:

YUS! Drake is coming to this shit hole, Nawlins. His concert is the same night as DEFtv 71! This tragedy must be stopped!? Do you want to have a show with empty stands Kelly!? Do you!? Because EVERYONE will be at the Drake concert! Including the Sports Entertainment Guild. Just look at this petition we started...

Kendrix hands over the clipboard to Kelly Evans who begins to thumb over the names.

Kelly Evans:

You cannot be serious!?

Kendrix looks taken aback as he looks down at Evans.

Kendrix:

Kelly, Kelly, Kelly...when the bruvv get a petition going, it's always serious! Listen, yeah?! The last petition JFK started closed an entire company! So be careful. Bruv, remember when JFK freed you from the evil Victory people?!

Kendrix nudges Mikey with his elbow, as the two put their fists together!

Kendrix & Mikey Unlikely:

GLUE FIST!!!!

Meanwhile, Kelly lets out a terribly pained sigh, her head falls as she sees some of the names on the list.

Kelly Evans:

Lindsey Koi? Dan Bryan? President Obamallama?

The D points at the clipboard.

The D:

Ooooooh, I got that signature!

Kelly Evans:

Squid boy, Codename: Creeper Dude, Uncle Barty...

Elise Ares:

That one is legitimate!...uhm... I mean, they are all legitimate!

Kelly Evans:

Random staffer outside Kelly's office...this is stupid...Andy Murray????

Unlikely shakes his head.

Mikey Unlikely:

Not that idiot that works here, The World Famous Tennis Player!!!!

PCP swing their arms at each other as if they just hit the greatest tennis forearm smashes ever!

Kelly Evans:

There is no way we're canceling, or rescheduling, DEFtv for a Drake concert of all things...

Utter shock and appall cross the face of the Sports Entertainment Supergroup (we're assuming Klein is shocked too underneath the box!) before a lightbulb moment seems to hit Kendrix, who holds the palms of his hands out in front of Kelly.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah?! JFK sees what's happened here, Kelly. You're confused, right? You thought that the SEG were in here telling you to postpone DEFtv 71 for the BAKE concert?!!

Jesse looks over at Mikey who face palms while JFK points his thumb back at Kelly.

Kendrix:

Easy mistake to make. But no, we were talking about the DRAKE CONCERT!!! DRAKE!!!!

Kelly slams her hands down on her desk, finally having enough, as she rises from her seat.

Kelly Evans:

I couldn't give two flying FUCKS if Drake has a concert at the same time as my show! May I remind you all that you work for me! Therefore, when you're booked, YOU'RE BOOKED! There are no cancellations or postponements. So if any of you fail to show up next week then I will personally be doing this to your contracts.

Kelly holds up the clipboard in front of her, removes the "signed" pages and proceeds to tear them up in front of SEG who look on in utter horror!

The D:

NOOOOOOOOOOOO! PRESIDENT OBAMALLAMA!!!

Kelly Evans:

So if either one of you miss DEFtv 71 and your matches, you will BOTH be kicked out of the DEF*MAX tournament.

The SEG lose their minds dramatically.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey, you don't say that! What the hell, Evans, guess you expect us to Sports Entertain the ten people who show up for this show! Whatevs! Let's go, guys!

They start heading out of the office when Elise Ares stops The D and whispers.

Elise Ares:

Wait! We're not booked! We can totally obvs go to that Drake concert!

The D's face lights up like Christmas Morning.

The D:

OHMYOBVSYOURERIGHT!!

He covers his mouth after excitedly shouting.

The D:

You're right! Shhhhhh, don't tell Mikey just yet, let's go...

The slowly leave the office and the camera turns back to Evans who has her face hidden by both hands. Shaking it slowly.

HALF BAKED, STARRING CALICO ROSE

So, we fade in on a deep magenta couch that's against a wall. Behind the couch, hanging from the wall, is an almost comically large painting of Impulse and Calico Rose; done up in a "horror comic book" style. Impulse had red eyes with steam rising out of them, spikes coming out of the tape on his wrists, and fangs. Cally, on the flipside, has green hair and purple skin, and appears to be breathing toxic fumes.

Pull back a bit, and Cally herself sits on the right side of your screen, leaning up against the arm of the magenta couch. She's dressed in a sleeveless T-shirt with 'Grumpy Cat' on the front, yoga pants, and bare feet. Her legs are crossed in front of her.

Calico Rose:

Anyways, Miss Evans said to someone else when I was walking by, she wanted to see some more official stuff on Uncut. There's stuff on there that was taped in advance for DEFtv and cut for time or content, and there's some reports of what we've done in between...

Seattle, represent.

Cally:

...so I said to myself, self, you can certainly talk about something or nothing for an extended period of time, so here we are. Welcome to Half Baked, featuring me, Calico Rose. I have a guest tonight, but I'm not sure if he's really a guest, because he lives here.

Pull back a bit more, and Impulse is sitting on the other side of the couch. He's in a DEFIANCE Wrestling shirt and black jeans, clearly favoring his ribs.

Impulse:

I can be an on-camera guest, even if I live here every other day of the week.

Cally:

How come?

Impulse:

Why not?

Cally:

...Good point.

She stops and leans forward, picks up two cocktail glasses and hands one to Impulse. They toast, drink, and put them back down.

Cally:

Anyways, Impulse. Randall Knox. The Marathon Man. Am I missing any?

Impulse:

Naah, none that matter.

Cally:

Fair enough; now, RK... you let an entire planetful of wrestling fans down when that guy with the money managed to get one over on you. What do you have to say for yourself?

She does her best 'disappointed' face, but in truth she just looks adorable. Impulse tries to sell it, but he's corpsing all over the place.

Impulse:

Dunno what to tell you, Cally... Mikey got me with some good shots early on, and I ended up with one rib broken and six bruised.

Cally:

That must've made it tough to breathe.

Impulse:

As you well know.

They look at each other, then at the camera, then back and forth again. Synchronized. Total ham moment.

Cally:

Of course, you ended up losing via submission, which is something virtually unheard of these days. What was going through your mind?

Impulse hesitates for a moment.

Impulse:

It's tough, Rosie... because the thing is, nobody wants to give up. You get pinned, fine - you're pummeled to the point where you can't get up. Submissions are a conscious act of giving up the match and saying that you can't hope to win. On the other hand, with busted ribs and no way out that I could find, coughing blood onto the mat the referee was gonna call it for Mikey sooner or later anyways, and if I refuse to tap and end up on the shelf, or worse yet - out for an extended period, or permanently. So what do I have then? My pride, and a decade or more of wondering what might've been. Rest assured, Rose... Mikey's gonna get his.

Cally:

Gonna get his what?

Impulse:

I'mma get another match with him, and I'm gonna do things a little differently.

Cally:

Gonna win?

Impulse:

Gonna do my best.

Cally looks back into the camera.

Cally:

And that's all we can really ask. But I don't think we should totally count Mikey Unlikely out just yet.

Off camera, the sound of a lighter can be heard. Cally puts a tightly rolled blunt with familiar paper to her lips and takes a drag.

Parental Advisory: Rosalyn Callasantos has a legitimate prescription for medical cannabis. Follow your state's laws.

Cally:

Mikey Money makes for a heck of a rolling paper.

She hands the blunt off to Impulse as the scene zooms in on her.

Cally:

That's all the time we have this week, based on the fact that we're way late meeting up with the Murrys for dinner. I

hope we'll have more episodes of Half Baked, and I'll tell you that if you want to be on the show, just ask me. Anyone is welcome to be on the show.

She stops for a moment.

Cally:

Of course, depending on who you are, you may not be welcome in this apartment.

Fade.

SCOTTISH CIVIL WAR: PT. 2

Fade back into that oh-so-fancy studio setting that UNCUT's been frequenting lately, first with the cast of Bronson Box's bitter feud with Eugene Dewey, and most recently with every Scottish person in DEFIANCE history. Ever.

Apart from LAR. He bounced.

Anyway, that's where we are. There are swooping camera angles, flashy screen effects, cheesy music... the works! Angus & Keebs are on the desk, but it's not Cayle Murray with them this week: it's the other one.

DDK:

Welcome back to the studio Ladies and Gentlemen, and it's time for another one of our little trips down memory lane!

Angus:

Joining us this week is none other than the Big Squid hims--

Andy Murray (who's as casually dressed as ever) raises a hand to interrupt. When Angus zips it, Murray points to his elbow. Angus relents.

Angus:

... errr, it's Andy Murray.

Andy Murray:

Gentlemen.

DDK:

Andy, last week we were joined by your younger brother Cayle. We spent some time going over his start in the wrestling business, the events that brought yourself and Bronson Box together, and your own rise through the ranks of the British wrestling scene. We're gonna pick-up exactly where we left-off the last time: your departure for the United States of America.

Angus:

You left Scotland at a very young age, Andy. Most European wrestlers don't cross the Atlantic until their late twenties or early thirties, but you were barely out of your teens when you landed on American soil. What brought you over here?

Andy Murray:

Honestly, I'd done all there was to do over there. I love my homeland, and I love the scene, but the world's eyes aren't exactly watching the Scottish independent circuit. I'd been getting crazy offers from American schools since I was 18, but I didn't want to move away from my friends and family when I was still a kid. A few years later, though, I knew I had to go if I wanted to make this wrestling thing a full-time reality.

DDK:

So it was a matter of professional growth?

Andy Murray:

Pretty much, yeah. My old man taught me to attack life, and squeeze every last drop of juice from every single opportunity. I was presented with the unique opportunity to pursue a childhood dream and become a professional sportsman, and there's just no way I'd be able to do that on those smaller stages. Not only would I be selling myself short, but I'd be letting down anyone who'd ever supported me, paid for a ticket to watch me wrestle, or shown any kind of belief in me whatsoever.

Angus:

Then what do you make of Bronson Box's claims that you were running away from the Scottish circuit, and that you were *abandoning* not only the fans and promoters, but Cayle and the rest of your family?

Andy tightens-up a little. He knows Angus is trying to push his buttons, and he curls his lips into a slight smirk.

Andy Murray:

I *despise* those claims, Angus.

He pauses.

Andy Murray:

The whole point of going through the trenches is to one day get out of them. In my eyes, you cut your teeth in these smaller places. They teach you the ropes, provide your foundations, and if you've got potential, you eventually outgrow them. You spread your wings, and you continue your education elsewhere, but...

Murray taps a finger against the desk.

Andy Murray:

You never forget where you come from. Boxer talks like I abandoned Scotland, but he knows damn well that's not the case. Moving to America put me in an incredible position, and I like to think I've used that position to raise the Scottish scene's profile, and that's without going into the money I've spent to benefit young Scots who are in the exact same situation I was 20 years ago.

DDK:

Speaking of which, Cayle shed some light on your early battles with Box the other week. I understand you two had quite the competitive rivalry?

Andy Murray:

It wasn't all that competitive, mate...

Andy winks.

Andy Murray:

He was a pretty unsettling guy to be around, even back then. The wee fella was always buzzing with nervous energy, and never really seemed to be at peace. All I wanted to do was focus on my wrestling and try to put me and my scene on the map. Our paths inevitably crossed, because it's inevitable in such a close-knit scene, and every time I beat the guy, he came back more and more pissed-off. I was a pretty one-sided beef, honestly. I had no real quarrel with the guy until I left the country, but I knew he was desperate to prove some kind of weird point to me.

Darren turns in his seat as we switch to camera two.

DDK:

And on that folks we move along to take a *deeper* look at this period in the lives of Andy and Cayle Murray and the Bombastic Bronson Box... gentlemen, shall we?

Angus:

Roll it Keebs.

Angus, Keebler and Big Murr all turn in their chairs as the camera pulls back and the lighting dims so all we can see is the large black expanse behind them. In which we cut to a video of the two time FIST of DEFIANCE and former Undisputed DEFIANCE World Heavyweight champion Bronson Box sits in his usual tweed three piece suit and blood red tie. His legs crossed, his wild bloodshot brown eyes staring intensely into the non distance behind the camera.

Bronson Box:

After I was a free man again I left the UK... figured I hadn't been allowed to leave the bloody island for a few years I'd stretch my legs and start my career someplace else. At my trainer Spud's behest that someplace else ended up bein' Europe. France, Germany, Spain, the Mediterranean. There was wrestlin' all over the fookin' place. Always a place to work. Always. Every bloody weekend I wrestled two, three sometimes four times. Tough matches. Not glamorous, but

it's where Bronson Box was born.

He grins inwardly to himself.

Bronson Box:

Was like a fookin' incubator. I walked out of Scotland one man... and when I eventually went back, I was another all together. Least I was startin' to be, anyway. Aye... that's when I started tusslin' with Andrew. He bested me and *ran*. Ran off to America... lookin' fer' fame and bloody *screen time*. We were startin' up a war that'd left us both better men and he got bloody stars in his eyes... somethin' soured in me at that. Showed me the kind of MAN he is.

Intrepid DEF renaissance interviewer Lance Warner's unmistakable voice can be heard from off camera. His leading question steering the conversation towards Cayle Murray. Bronson chuckles.

Bronson Box:

Ahhhh, yes. God forbid we not talk about DEFIANCE's new favorite pet *squid*. Andrew ran off and forgot about me. Moved on to be a biiiiiig star in the states. He laughs about how I... how I keep GRUDGES. Well. He wasn't laughin' sittin' there thousands of miles away watchin' the tape of me SMEARIN' his green as goose shit little brothers blood all over me chest as I was butcherin' him in the very ring where he made his name... I don't care how many years ago that was. That shite's still fookin' *POETRY* to me Lancey... back then one Murray was as good as another in my eyes.

We quickly fade out and back in on the very same interview set-up. Sitting in the very same spot as The Wargod is young Cayle Murray. He's *far* more casually dressed than Box but far *less* relaxed. Leaning forward with his elbows resting on his knees and his hands clasped in front of him.

Cayle Murray:

My start in the business?

He waits a moment.

Cayle Murray:

It sucked. I don't know what cockroach promoter decided it was a good idea to pair me up with Bronson Box when I was sixteen years old, but he beat the snot out of me. *Come watch Andy Murray's wee kid brother kicked half to death. Live this Sunday...*

Lance chimes-in from behind the lens, imploring the younger Murray to dive deeper on the topic.

Cayle Murray:

What do you want me to say, Lance?

His tone is stressed, as is his body language. Clearly this is an issue that still causes Cayle Murray problems.

Cayle Murray:

I'd barely started training. The only thing I ever wanted was to be like my brother, and Boxer had a huge problem with me from the get-go. He destroyed me. I bled more on that night than at any other point in my *life*, and the worst part, as Box is so keen to remind everybody, is that literally everyone I knew was in that room that night...

He sighs.

Cayle Murray

I almost quit wrestling because of it, you know. I was *this* close to giving-up, because if that's the kind of sociopath I was gonna have to deal with, it just wasn't worth it. Fortunately I didn't. I used that night as fuel, and here I am today...

We hear his unmistakable throaty chuckle before we even see his sheared dome of his perfectly waxed mustache. He's still sitting swung back in his seat, his legs crossed with his fingers steepled in front of him. A decidedly "Bond villain-like" aura about him.

Bronson Box:

Ironically that *particular* tape helped propel both our careers along quite a bit. Bronson Box was makin' his name as a monster and *the squid* developed into quite the little underdog, now didn't he? We'd criss cross paths here and there after that. Promoters can't help but jump on somethin' that's sellin' tickets... poor little chap never really got his head above water squarin' off against me. The appeal eventually wore off and we went our separate ways. But... well, here we all are today... *'aint we Lancey? Aye...* like bloody poetry, that.

On that ominous note we fade back to the studio. We notice the distant, almost concerned look on Andy Murray's face for just a moment as he and the announce team all spin back around in their chairs to face the camera.

DDK:

Well Andy, we've heard from the involved parties, now it--

Andy raises a hand, just like he'd done when Angus was speaking earlier.

Andy Murray:

I don't mean to be rude, Darren, but I'm gonna stop you right there. If you *really* want to know how I feel about the time that *coward* took advantage of my little brother, watch what happens when I finally get him in the ring.

DDK:

And on that emphatic note ladies and gentlemen I believe we can put a brief pin in our story. On the next edition of UNCUT we'll have ALL THREE of these men in studio to discuss not the past but what exactly lies in the FUTURE for the Brothers Murray and The Wargod. For Big Murr and Angus Skaaland, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler... goodnight!