

THE COLDEST OF OPENS

Fade-in.

The bottom of the screen is working an **EARLIER TODAY** gimmick.

We're in the parking lot. It's dimly lit and kinda spooky. Cayle Murray, the FIST of DEFIANCE, reaches into the trunk of his rental car and retrieves his holdall. He slings it over his shoulder then slams the boot shut. Ready for the night ahead, and whatever challenges it may bring, he locks it up and gets on his way.

Cayle's not too far from the door, but every journey's a treacherous one when you're the FIST. Nonetheless, he's primarily focused on tapping away at his phone as he goes.

There's all kinds of ambient noise in the background. Car engines, doors opening and closing, idle chatter between the guys on the door. There's something else too.

Footsteps.

Cayle can't quite locate them, but they stop him in his tracks anyway. He stands rigid, then turns around quickly. The source is revealed.

Eddie Dante:

Hello, Cayle.

The devil himself slithers towards the Scot with a big ol' DEFIANT smirk on his face. Cayle immediately goes on edge, darting his eyes around his surroundings manically.

Cayle Murray:

Where is he?

Murray backs off a little, taking a few steps towards security - towards safety. It's not fear driving him, but wherever Dante goes, Mushigihara usually follows, and the FIST doesn't fancy getting murdered for the second consecutive show.

Eddie Dante:

You can relax, Cayle; I am alone. And even if I wasn't, planting you into this concrete would be of no benefit to us. After all, when the God-Beast raised you onto his shoulders and sent you careening back down to earth with the Atlas Cutter, he was simply trying to get your attention, and seeing as you're on pins and needles at the moment...

Dante's eyes widen along with his toothy grin as he lets out a slight chuckle.

Eddie Dante:

Quite clearly his plan was a success!

Dante shakes his head as the FIST visibly sweats.

Eddie Dante:

I'm strictly here for business, Cayle. You see... when I set the wheels in motion for our return to DEFIANCE Wrestling, I wrote out an agenda of considerable length, a list of things to be done for a list of reasons, and at the very top of that list by the time we set foot back in the WrestlePlex was...

Dante nods towards Cayle's bag, insinuating the FIST title belt is inside.

Eddie Dante:

...to compete for, and WIN, the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Finally satisfied that Mushi isn't going to leap out of the shadows and ram his head into the concrete, Cayle loosens his posture.

Eddie Dante:

And as far as I know, we have your attention, and I'm sure you would like an opportunity for some payback.

Dante raises his hands to either side, as if he were displaying some glorious prize.

Eddie Dante:

It's simple, Cayle. Give the God-Beast a match with the FIST on the line, and we'll give you the opportunity to get your revenge. No chicanery, no dirty tricks, no ambushes. And I mean it. The word of the House of Dante is also its bond.

Cayle crosses his arms at his chest while Dante nods.

Eddie Dante:

So, young Murray, what'll it be?

Cayle Murray:

Right then.

The security team have taken note, but they've no real need to intervene.

Cayle Murray:

I'll tell you what, Edward - you find that God-Beast of yours and tell him I'll see him in the main event.

He nods, his assertiveness growing.

Cayle Murray:

I'm cleared to compete, and after DEFv tv 85, I figure I owe Big Bloody Mushi a few kicks in the mouth, so why wait? Let's do this.

The FIST doesn't wait for an answer before he starts moving away from Dante, and towards the building.

Cayle Murray:

Also, don't creep up on lads in the parking lot. Super creepy.

Murray finally turns away from Eddie, and the DEFsec members part, letting him pass into the building. Dante stays standing in the same spot. He shows no sign of following the champ, but the grin on his face grows broader and broader.

Eddie Dante:

Heh... Squid, meet Kraken.

Cut.

THE RUNDOWN

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

♪"The Best Way" - Suicide City♪



We fade in on the WRESTLE-PLEX, and thousands of DEFIANCE FAITHFUL losing their minds! The cameras pan the crowd, stopping just for a minute on some of the more clever signs.

**STEAMED SQUID AIN'T MUSHI
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?
I INVESTED IN MIKEY MONEY AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY SEAT
REAPER RED IS MY HOMEBOY
THE SoHER IS A MARATHON
IF STEVENSON DOESN'T WIN I'LL KILL MYSELF
WHAT IF HE WINS?!?**

And so forth.

Finally, we settle on our hosts for the evening, 'Downtown' Darren Keebler and 'The Motormouth of Malcontent' Angus Skaaland at the commentation station.

DDK:

WE ARE AT GROUND ZERO FOR DEFIANCE TELEVISION! Good evening everyone, my name is Darren Keebler, and I'm joined, as always, by Angus Skaaland and Angus, we've got a huge night ahead of us as three Championships will be decided! Two weeks ago, The D and Skidd Row faced off for one of the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championship belts, and now J Stevenson of the Bastard Sons of Wrestling will have his opportunity to take Elise Ares' championship from her!

Angus:

Any time anyone from the PCP is in a position to get their ass handed to 'em, I'm a happy guy! The only time I want to see them come out on top is when they're beating on Hollywood McFuckass, and he's been run outta here!

DDK:

So you like Stevenson in this one?

Angus:

I hate him the least, does that count?

DDK:

I'll take it! Second up, we'll see the match that was made at DEFtv 85 as IMPULSE will defend the Southern Heritage Championship against Reinhardt Hoffman! What do you expect to see there?

Angus:

In order? Impulse retains, Hoffman softens him up, Box wrecks his shit, Reaper unplugs some lights.

DDK:

That was certainly succinct. And our main event of the evening, a match that was just brought to light a few moments ago and it is official, the new FIST of DEFIANCE, Cayle Murray, will defend against MUSHIGIHARA!

Angus:

If Squidboy is healthy enough to wrestle tonight, I gotta give it to him. Nobody who can beat Bronson Box, Kendrix McFanboy, Impulse, and Micropennis all on the same night could possibly drop the FIST to a guy named Mushy.

DDK:

We'll certainly see about that, Angus! First up tonight, we've got an exciting rematch between Gage Blackwood and Gunther Adler, but first - let's take you backstage for a moment!

Angus:

Don't hit on me.

GOOD LUCK, CHUCK... I MEAN, OSCAR...

And to the locker room we go!

The camera is fixed on Oscar Burns lacing up his wrestling shoes. Perhaps DEFIANCE's bubbliest wrestler is putting the finishing touches on getting ready for his match with BRAZEN star Danny Diggs.

Oscar Burns:

Rattle your dags, Oscar, we gotta be ready for Danny...

The camera moves down to the shoes of Twists and Turns. When he finishes, a second pair of boots enter the view. Unlike his shoes which look clean and brand-new, the boots across from him look scuffed and a bit faded. The camera moves up and Oscar is now face to face with his opponent.

Danny Diggs:

Hi, Oscar.

Burns looks a little uneasy - given how Diggs defeated Davis Bloome on UNCUT recently - but nevertheless tries to greet his opponent.

Oscar Burns:

Mate.

Diggs clears his throat.

Danny Diggs:

Take it easy, Dundee, I just came to wish you luck...

Burns shakes his head.

Oscar Burns:

Mate, I let the first one slide last week, but I'm a Kiwi.

Diggs just looks confused... or doesn't care.

Oscar Burns:

New Zealand. I have more in common with Lucy Lawless than that Paul Hogan fella, if you get me. [smiles] You're a bit of a dag, ain't you?

The Master Thief just looks at him with a grin.

Danny Diggs:

See you tonight... mate...

Calmly and almost borderline creepy, Diggs leaves the locker room without incident which only seems to perturb Burns more.

Oscar Burns:

Gotta be careful 'round that one...

GAGE BLACKWOOD VS. GUNTHER ADLER

A NOT SO CHANCE ENCOUNTER

We open to the backstage area as per the usual. The beige cinder block walls line everything we see but the linoleum under the feet of the cameraman. From around the corner comes a dejected Gage Blackwood. He pounds a fist of the cinderblock, and although it has no effect on structural integrity of the room, he shakes his hand, realizing the moment of weakness hurt a little.

DDK:

Two in a row now for Blackwood, who's finding the talent level in DEFIANCE to be a bit more than he expected. After two straight loses, you know he's gotta be thinking about how he will be able...hey!

Gage looks up and stops in his tracks.

OSV:

Well, look who BUMPED into us again David!

The camera swivels to bring David Hightower and his manager Jamie Sawyers into view. This time there was no accidental collision, in fact this time Hightower stands square with Blackwood with his arms folded over his chest. The large rusty chain hook hangs from around the shoulders. Sawyers is smirking.

Jamie Sawyers:

What happened out there buddy!? I thought you had that one in the bag! What a shame! I guess that's just "getting what you deserve".

He tisks at Gage, who watches Hightower, but glances at Sawyers as he speaks confusingly.

Jamie Sawyers:

I mean it was just a short few weeks ago, you were running through halls, an emotional mess and running people over with your carelessness. I guess that...*Carelessness*... came back to bite you when it counted.

Blackwood rolls his eyes and tries to move past the pair. Sawyers steps back, and Hightower steps forward. Gage, unintimidated, pushes his chest out as well.

Jamie Sawyers:

But zero and two... That's a pretty poor start to a budding career. How do you come back from that!? And to think you tried to pick on someone from BRAZEN, not even someone from the DEFIANCE roster... imagine what would happen to you if you went toe to toe with someone with a little more...*calibre*.

Sawyers motions over to Hightower who smirks.

Jamie Sawyers:

Actually I did a bit of research and I guess this is pretty habitual with you. You come in, you lose a few and you bounce out! That's the word on the street anyway. Surprised someone who tries to throw their weight around with an air of authority has so many L's but we all can't be David Hightowers I guess.

Gage doesn't say anything, but he finally moves. He goes face to face with Sawyers now. Hightower reaches a hand slowly in between them but only as a message.

Jamie Sawyers:

I'm suddenly feeling pretty threatened right now! I DON'T like being threatened! You need to back up!

Gage doesn't move a muscle.

Jamie Sawyers:

OK, that's how you wanna play it?...Let's go ahead and get you on your way, yea!? I say you put your... talents... to a real test. Next DEFtv. Blackwood vs Hightower! What do you say...?

Gage's eyes move from Sawyers to Hightower, then back to sawyers. He simply nods and leaves it at that. Sawyers moves out of the way slowly and Blackwood walks down the hall.

DDK:

Sounds like the match is made!

The scene fades as Hightower and Sawyers watch him walk away.

EXHAUSTING, I SAY

We cut backstage, as the Southern Heritage champion, Impulse, enters the locker room and drops his bag on the bench. His erstwhile counterpart, Calico Rose, enters a step behind him, holding a carrying tray filled with cupcakes.

Impulse:

It's early, still. We should try to find Cayle and Scotty, 'n make sure they're both good.

Calico Rose:

You can handle that, I'm sure... I want to get some yoga in before we have to go be vicious.

Impulse laughs.

Impulse:

Yeah, Rosie... vicious. Totally us.

He kisses her on the forehead and hugs her, and he leaves the room. Cally kicks off her flip flops and unrolls a yoga mat, procured from just off camera... when without even a whisper, Lord Nigel Trickelbush emerges from the shadows, hands clasped and resting on his stomach.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Dearest me, did I miss him? ...Has he gone?

Cally narrows her eyes at the Lord.

Calico Rose:

I'm pretty sure you're evil, so I think you were waiting for him to leave. What was your name again, hun? Creepy McCreepface?

To that, our Lord demures, gliding to Cally's side as if on rollerskates. He shows his teeth in his trademark plastic, brutal smile.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Lady Calico, tis truly an *honor*. Lord Nigel Trickelbush, at your service.

He takes her hand and kisses it gently and without any genuine warmth. She doesn't try to hide her discomfort.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

I seek only the briefest of audiences with your Champion. If only to determine if he is... who I believe him to be...

Calico Rose:

And who, may I ask, is that?

The Lord turns now, away from Cally and to the wall behind them where he gestures to a poster adorning it. "MISSING" is stamped across its top, beneath it a black silhouette of a man, a single white question mark emblazoned across him.

Calico Rose:

So... he's Batman?

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Your Champion... he bears all the hallmarks of what a true hero should be, does he not? Just. True. Honorable and unwavering in his principles. Unfailing to protect those who--

Calico Rose (examining the poster):

RK doesn't wear spurs. And he never cuts the sleeves off his shirt. I don't know where this guy got his haircut but I'd ask for his money back.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Your Champion... he is unbending, unyielding, unflappable in the face of the harshest of odds--

Calico Rose (still examining the poster):

This guy has three holes in his ear, which is three more than RK has. And that tattoo? Tribals are bad enough, but a tribal tramp stamp--

Lord Nigel has heard enough.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

What?!? Where do you see-- Enough, you blasted wench! Hear me! Your CHAMPION! Is he the hero I seek?!?

Instead of replying, Cally laughs.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

...What do you find so amusing?

Calico Rose:

...'Trickelbush.'

She keeps laughing, and Lord Nigel wilts, visibly frustrated.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

You, my dear, are exhausting. Good day.

With a half-hearted doff of the cap, Lord Nigel melts back into the shadow from which he emerged, leaving Cally quite pleased with herself.

Calico Rose:

I'm pretty sure he's evil.

AXIS POWERS

DDK:

We'll be with Oscar Burns and Danny Diggs in just a minute, but we're gonna take this backstage again for just a second! Apparently, we've got something brewing backstage, partner...

Angus:

A fight?!

DDK:

No, but...

Angus:

Ugh, snoozeville.

We cut to the backstage area where we find the number one contender to the Southern Heritage title, the Gentleman German Reinhardt Hoffman, leaning innocuously against the hallway outside the trainers room. After a few moments who should burst forth from the doorway but the slightly less than victorious Bombastic Bronson Box, whipping on his suit jacket in something of a noticeable huff.

Bronson Box: [under his breath]

I swear to Christ if that woman tells me one more time... *mumble* ... I ain't bloody fallin' apart... *grumble*

Panzer stands up straight.

Reinhardt Hoffman:

Herr Bronson...

The Wargod lashes out without really taking a moment to notice just who's addressing him.

Bronson Box:

WHAT.

His intense expression changes immediately when he sees the nonplussed face of his stoic compatriot. The ACE takes a deep breath and straightens out his tie then folding down the collar of his suit jacket with a quick expert snap of his lapels.

Bronson Box:

Hoff, erm... sorry mate.

Looking back over his shoulder towards the trainers room door.

Bronson Box: [quietly]

Been one of them afternoons.

The lean lantern jawed German technician claps Boxer on the shoulder.

Reinhardt Hoffman:

Hopefully when I bring you our mutual friend Randall's Southern Heritage title belt later this evening the day will turn around, ja mein freund?

Before Bronson can respond he's interrupted by a familiar voice... a voice that seems to come from the shadows all around them in the dark dreary little hallway filled with equipment. Even with the short amount of time we've heard HER real voice, we immediately identify the shadowy disembodied voice as that of Reaper Prime.

Reaper Prime: [unseen]

A debt of gratitude is owed. The honor of such an opportunity has only been granted by the privilege to exist in HIS WORLD.

Over the top theatrics not being his favorite thing in the whole world, we can see The Wargod's ire rise with the redness in his gnarled mustachioed face.

Bronson Box:

Why don't you show your fookin' face ye' daft wench, I've got quite a lot te' SAY to ye' after ye' cracked open my head like a melon at 85. You're gunna find out in time that I keep detailed FOOKIN' receipts fer line steppin' shite like that...

Reaper Prime:

A principled man, albeit of a dubious nature ... why else would I allow such a detestable attitude in HIS...NO MY WORLD? There are those who will face the reckoning and be wiped from existence and still ... there are those who he ... no, I ... will allow to remain.

Reinhardt Hoffman:

Show yourself or go away, silly girl.

Reaper Prime:

I assume you have more fire in you than that, German. You fell to Seattle's Forgotten Son ... once before. Only with aid were you able to vanquish the unwashed ... How do you feel you will fair against the FALSE HERO!? Can you break the Marathon Man? Do you have what it takes to remain in OUR WORLD, German? Can you bring shame to his forefathers? Will you HUMBLE the proudest of all the sheep?

The German shooter snarls.

Reinhardt Hoffman:

I'll take his title. That's all the humbling necessary. If you want the man broken, if you want him truly shamed...

The Wargod perks up with a sinister grin on his mustachioed lips.

Bronson Box:

Then you better make nice with me, lass. Because humblin' folks... especially the likes of Randall and his wee mouthy tramp girl Friday?... That's right the hell in my purview ye' crazy bitch. I think you're well aware o' that fact. Ain'tcha sunshine?

There's a noted pause from the disembodied voice of Reaper Prime.

Reaper Prime:

Some, simply ... just want to watch the world burn. MY WORLD will rise from those ashes ... He is coming....

Black.

OSCAR BURNS VS. DANNY DIGGS

DDK:

Coming up next, we've got a match that was made two weeks ago when one of the rising stars of DEFIANCE, "Twists and Turns" Oscar Burns was confronted by BRAZEN star Danny Diggs. The man known as the Master Thief has had a few outings in the past with the current FIST of DEFIANCE Cayle Murray and Jason Natas and almost upset them at some points.

Angus:

Danny Diggs may not seem like much at first, Keeps, but I'll tell you right now. He's smarter than he looks. He knows how to cheat, how to get away with it and no amount of master-class grapple-effing is going to save Oscar Burns if he dares take Diggs lightly.

DDK:

Well, from what we saw on UNCUT during Diggs' victory over Davis Bloome, Oscar watched him intently. Let's go to DQ for the introductions. Oscar Burns looks to try and make it 2-0 when he takes on "Master Thief" Danny Diggs right now!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first... from Wellington, New Zealand, weighing in at 243 pounds... "TWISTS AND TURNS" OSCAR BURNS!

♪ "Hardcore Symphony" by Digital Explosion ♪

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

Angus:

I gotta say, the way he twisted up Cristiano Caballero was pretty dope, Keeps, but man... I wish this guy wasn't such a goofy World of Sport-looking goody-good Moron.

DDK:

In a modern wrestling society of guys trying to outdo one another by cheating, dirty tactics and everything in between, it's refreshing to see a genuinely nice guy.

The man known as Twists and Turns for his tight submissions/catch wrestling game walks into the ring and waits for the man that challenged him two weeks ago.

♪ "Do You Really Want To Hurt Me" by Culture Club ♪

The gloriously inappropriate tune plays through the arena. Confusion spreads among the faithful, and it's only amplified as Danny Diggs glides out from the back. The portly grappler is clad in a pair of tie-dye tights and a black shirt simply stating the word "Meh." In one hand is a steel chair, and the other, a bottle of wine. He takes a sip before walking down the ramp, still grinning.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, from Cleveland, Ohio, weighing in at...

Danny Diggs:

Meh. Not feeling it.

The music stops and Danny Diggs has pulled a microphone from his tights. Oscar Burns is ready to go, but the man known as the Master Thief looks at Burns with an amused grin.

Danny Diggs:

I don't feel bad at all about doing this to you, Burns, but I'm sorry that I'm NOT sorry if that helps even a little.

Oscar mouths "what are you talking about, mate?" from the ring without a microphone. The crowd boos Diggs, but one can obviously tell he ain't that broken-hearted.

Danny Diggs:

See... I know I said I was coming out to fight you tonight, but changed my mind instead. I was in a charitable mood and so I gave my spot tonight to another hungry BRAZEN guy...

♪ "You Rascal You" by Hanni El Khatib ♪

Danny steps to the side of the entrance and Oscar is surprised by the appearance of a hungry, young, and aggressive brawler from Mobile, Alabama...

DDK:

BRAZEN's Thomas Slaine! What was the reason for this?

Angus:

Told you, Keeps! Danny Diggs is the Ultimate in Trolling Technology! He got Oscar to buy into the fact he was going to wrestle him and then brings out Thomas Slaine! 227 pounds of badass from Mobile, Alabama. This dude LOVES to kick somebody's ass!

Diggs follows behind Thomas Slaine with a snarky grin on his face. Oscar turns to the official and asks if this will fly, but all he does is listen into his headset and shrug. The fact that Kelly Evans hasn't told him otherwise must indicate the match is behind sanctioned... or she is attending to other matters and hasn't heard of what's happening. Either way, Diggs climbs onto the apron first to taunt Twists and Turns.

Danny Diggs:

Have fun, you dumb Kiwi bastard!

POW!

DING DING DING!

Oscar gets CLUBBED from behind by a very aggressive Thomas Slaine!

DDK:

Diggs made a big deal about wanting to be a full-time roster member and instead, he does this! Oscar was prepared to fight Diggs, not Slaine!

The Alabama native pulls Oscar to his feet and begins teeing off on The Boundless Ball of Energy with some rather stiff right hands. He suckers him in the corner and then throws him across the ring. When Oscar comes bouncing out of the corner, Thomas nearly takes his head off with a WICKED Lariat!

Angus:

LARIATOOOOOOOOO!

Thomas then pulls Burns up by the head and just as quickly SPIKES him down with a vicious DDT on the canvas! Slaine turns Oscar around and yells at the official to count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

DDK:

Thanks to Danny Diggs giving him an opening, Thomas Slaine almost pulls off the upset!

Angus:

Definitely not going to sleep on Slaine. This dude can go when he's motivated and I'd say he looks pretty gorram motivated.

Diggs cheers on his fellow BRAZEN brawler from the outside as he continues putting the boots to Burns whose shirt hasn't even come off of him yet. Slaine continues to rain down repeated elbows to the back of Oscar's head and then pulls him up by the neck before trying to end things quickly. He has a Fireman's Carry Double-Knee Gutbuster that he calls The Gut Shot...

Angus :

Gut Shot coming up...

DDK :

NO! Oscar slips out the back door!

The crowd cheers on Oscar as he slips out and then tries for a German Suplex-type move. Slaine elbows his way free and tries to get to the ropes, but when he comes back, Oscar grabs his left arm, Uppercuts it, drops the joint across his shoulder and then FLIPS Slaine over his shoulder quickly with a takedown. In dramatic fashion, Oscar moves his boot up and STOMPS down on the arm! Slaine howls out in pain.

DDK:

Just like that, Angus! Oscar uses those vicious technical skills that put him on DEFIANCE'S radar!

After the stomp, Oscar tries to maneuver quickly into a Kimura-like hold, but Danny Diggs once again climbs onto the ring apron to taunt Burns. Burns tries his best to ignore him and turn his attention back on Slaine, but an eye rake from his opponent stops him from going for his next hold. Slaine gets back on his feet and buries a series of knees into the chest and head of the lowered Oscar. He tries to then pick Oscar up for what looks like a Piledriver...

Angus:

Spike him, Slaine, spike him!

DDK:

No! Oscar clips his boots together and catches Slaine in the head!

Indeed, some fancy footwork by Oscar just saved him from being spiked on his head yet again in this match. He lands back on his feet and twists his way free of the hold by grabbing onto Oscar's arm. He locks him in an Elevated Wristlock and cranks back on the hold before kneeling him downward. With Slaine's left arm now bent backward at a bad angle on the match, Oscar grabs the arm and STOMPS on the joint a second time! Even Diggs is a little bit uneasy with that display of viciousness! The crowd gasps!

Angus:

Goddamn, Keebs, we sure this happy-go-lucky BS isn't just an act?

DDK:

That's that British technical style he traveled across the world to learn and excel at! He's a master of joint manipulation!

Diggs watches on as Burns grabs Slaine's left arm which is now being pulled apart! Oscar grabs the hand of Thomas Slaine and then waves to the crowd with his free hand before pulling back and SNAPPING Thomas down hard with a vicious arm-based Dragon Screw! The crowd cheers on the wicked display as Oscar holds onto the arm and then

pulls him up before he snaps him over with a huge Delayed Double Arm Suplex with a bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

Slaine kicks out, but really how much does he have left?

Angus:

Not much! Can he even move that left arm?

Oscar goes to hold him now for a German Suplex...

ONE!

TWO!

Slaine kicks out, but Oscar continues to hold onto the waist and leads Thomas upward. He tries for the Dragon Suplex when Danny reaches over and tries to grab Thomas's leg as he's near the ropes. Slaine takes advantage and switches up behind Oscar now with a roll-up...

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

NO! Oscar Burns has the left arm he tried using for that roll-up and now he's got him in a Cross Arm Breaker... but no! He's maneuvering the arms BEHIND Thomas! That's a Cross Arm Breaker and he's grapevining the other arm with his legs!

Angus:

What the hell is this?!

DDK:

He told me earlier this one was called The Graps of Wrath III!

Slaine can't hold out very long...

TAP TAP TAP!

Try as he might, Slaine was outdone tonight by his opponent. Oscar releases the hold and tries to get back to his feet...

CRACK!

DDK:

Good lord, Quimbey didn't even have time to announce a winner! The second his back was turned, Danny laid him out with that chair!

Angus:

Trolls win because good is dumb, Keebs. Remember that.

Diggs ignores Slaine who rolls out of the ring and goes right on the attack, bringing up his chair and RAMMING it four times into the chest of Oscar Burns while he's down! Hector Navarro tries to stop him, but Diggs shoves him out of the way. He throws the chair on the ground and then picks up Oscar by hooking his head and leg...

Angus:

HEIST ALMIGHTY ON THE CHAIR!

The Fisherman's DDT he likes to call Heist Almighty SPIKES Oscar on the chair! Diggs sits up and laughs as he goes to kick Oscar over to grab his chair. He takes in the jeers of the crowd and gives Oscar a parting shot.

Danny Diggs:

I'll fight you when *I* feel like it.

Burns doesn't move as Diggs takes one more sip of his wine and walks out of the ring, leaving Oscar Burns laying on the mat. The jovial cheater walks to the back with a sinister grin on his face.

DDK:

Well, Oscar Burns gets the win tonight but it's Danny Diggs getting the last laugh. Why do you think he's singled out Burns, Keeps?

Angus:

I teach my BRAZEN kids to make a mark any way they can... it's just Diggs chose to leave a Burns skull-shaped mark on that chair of his. I approve!

Diggs takes a bow on the stage after his master-class troll job and post-match attack. Whatever the true motive for this attack... it's clear that Danny Diggs isn't through with the newcomer to DEFIANCE yet.

RIDE 'EM COWBOY

Fade into the side Interview station, just off the entrance rampway. Christie Zane stands there in her brightest evening gown, low cut, sparkling, with an equally shiny smile. She holds a DEF microphone in her hand, as the spotlight falls onto the stage.

Christie Zane:

It's with great pleasure, that I introduce to you all, the newest signee to DEFIANCE...

Just behind the stage, a man steps out from the shadows. He wears a tan mosaic luchador mask surrounding a single question mark. He has on a worn and weathered cowboy hat, and dark tan almost muddy tights. His wrestling boots resemble that of a cowboy, with decorative spurs drawn on the heels. The man nods and tips his cap to Christie, and straightens his broad shoulders, adjusting the billowing poncho that covers his singlet.

Christie Zane:

... Actually, I never caught your name. No one did.

Man:

Hello. Ma'am.

Again, he tips his hat to her.

Christie Zane:

What should I call you? I was just told we have a new signee. I wasn't given any other information and was impolitely told, to, uh... shut the fuck up.

The man hangs his head a bit low, so the brim of his hat obscures his eyes.

Man:

Good.

After a bit of a pause, Zane continues.

Christie Zane:

But seriously. Who are you? Some sort of Cowboy Luchador?

Man:

You reckon'?

Christie Zane:

Seriously. The outfit. What's it about? Like, how? What's this? Why is this a this? Why am I here?

Man:

Don't worry your pretty little noggin' wit your existential crisis. All you need to do is go learnin' a coupl' more three dollah words Cherie. You need'a know who I am? So do I. Why I'm here. Ta figure that out for myself. Ta fight tha best and brightest along the way. Yeah? What better place than here to do tat?

Christie Zane:

Without a doubt, that's an absolute fact... Wait, where are you going?

The man disembarks from the side interview stage, hopping off and heading to the nearest guardrail.

Christie Zane:

What do we call you!?

The man takes one last look back to Zane, as one of his legs is draped over the guardrail.

Man:

I ain't got a name.

And without another word, the man enters the swarm of DEFiants. He removes his cowboy hat and blends into the throngs of fans. Zane is only left there to stand, a bit flabbergasted.

DDK:

Looks like we have yet another signee to DEFIANCE Angus. What sort of mark do you think this, a man with no name, this mysterious stranger will make here?

Angus:

Judging by past signees, that could very well be the last we see if this goof!

DDK:

And if not?

Angus:

If not, I dunno. Yee-Haw! He gets a cookie. NEXT!

SECOND LINE, SNIFF, NO! NOT THAT KIND

DDK:

Looks like we've got some recorded footage of Brutal Attack Force's arrest from an altercation with Bruhh Nasty and Johnny Tie Dye earlier this week.

Angus:

Arrest? Bruhh Nasty's an informant, I tell YA! How'd they kick his ass this time, Keeps?

PREVIOUSLY RECORDED FOOTAGE

Our cameras arrive to a parking lot somewhere in New Orleans, a large monstrosity in the form of a bright orange tour bus is currently parked. It takes up several spots including ALL of the handicap parking. Both sides of the vehicle the name, DJ BRUHH NASTY was written in bright green in a large bolded bubble style font.

The inside of the vehicle was luxurious, completely decked out most noticeably its equipped with a small bar, large flat screen TV set, and leather furniture where Bruhh Nasty and Johnny Tie Dye were seated across from one another having a discussion.

Bruhh Nasty:

I fuckin' love Naaawlins, son.

JTD:

How in the hell did you get this tour bus?

Bruhh Nasty:

Severance pay! When I left THE INDUSTRY those bastards gave me this and a nice chunk of change for me to disappear quietly.

JTD:

This thing is sweet, bro. It's like an apartment on wheels. You literally have everything in here.

Bruhh Nasty:

I know... it's dope son! Been catching a lot of hate from these jealous motherfuckers over my PERSONAL locker room. Now this is my new digs.

JTD:

So, what exactly are we doing here?

Bruhh Nasty:

You ever heard of a "second line?"

JTD

What in the hell is that?

Bruhh Nasty

Son... It's a New Orleans thing. The FUCKIN police don't even solve crime here, they just help ninjas throw parades. It's dope!

JTD:

So... Let me get this straight. There's actually a parade's department? Homicide, missing persons, and frigging PARADES?!?

Bruhh Nasty:

Yeah, I've already set it up. In about an hour these motherfuckers are going to follow us and treat us like kings and shit around here. I fuckin' LOVE this CITY!

JTD:

Follow us around?

Bruhh Nasty:

Yeah, son! They follow us around and check it... I modified my launcher to shoot beads. I'm going to shoot beads at bitches who show us the titties.

Bruhh pulls out a second launcher and places it on the table in front of Johnny.

Bruhh Nasty:

See, I got you one too. This shit is going to be live, son! Shooting beads and t-shirts at these hoes.

JTD:

So, what do the shirts say?

Bruhh smirks as he holds one of the t-shirts open. The front of the tee has Bruhh Nasty face face doing a wink, Bruhh flipped the shirt around so Johnny can read what's on the back.

'I CAUGHT A NASTY LOAD IN NAWLINS.'

Bruhh Nasty:

It's fuckin brilliant! You know thotties hoes of all creeds are going to eat this shit up.

JTD:

Dude... that's frigging hilarious, bro!

Bruhh Nasty:

We're going live stream it on my FACEBOOK page. Shits about to be lit, fam! PLUS...I haven't even told you the best part yet, SON!

JTD:

What's the best part?

Bruhh Nasty:

BONG! Brutal Attack Force will be on Canal Street when we come by.

JTD:

How did you pull that off, bro?

Bruhh Nasty:

Man, these idiots POST everything on social media.

A Mr. Grinch like smile comes across the face of Bruhh Nasty as the camera goes elsewhere.

2 HOURS LATER ON CANAL STREET...

Bruhh Nasty and Johnny Tie Dye dressed like royalty equipped with launchers in hand are seen by our cameras walking the streets of New Orleans. In front of them three police vehicles clear the pathway as a mob of people dressed in an assortment of costumes trail behind them playing instruments.

JTD:

Second line is fucking awesome, bro! What a great idea this was.

Bruhh Nasty:

I know, son! Can't have my own locker room, but these bitches can't stop me from having my own MARDI GRAS,

motherfuckers!

JTD:

Dude... We're trending on TWITTER!

Johnny shows Bruhh Nasty his mobile device to reveal that their actions have now gone viral worldwide.

Bruhh Nasty:

That's what I'm talking about son! We active in this JAWN!

Bruhh fires his launcher repeatedly while spinning a circle as if he was playing CONTRA or an old school version of Grand Theft Auto, as the crowds cheer with much admiration for the duo as t-shirts and beads rain into the crowded street.

Bruhh Nasty:

You bitches want some beads?

Bruhh Nasty smirks as a group of inebriated young women cheer in excitement while flashing their breasts at Bruhh and Johnny, who show their approval by firing beads and t-shirts in their direction.

Suddenly a voice is heard in the distance.

VOICE:

What's the meaning of this?

It's the familiar voice of Petey Garrett whom is followed by Solomon Grendel emerges from behind a crowd holding one of Bruhh Nasty's t-shirts, Petey tosses the shirt in the direction of Bruhh Nasty and Johnny Tie Dye, who have now stopped the convoy in its tracks. The band continued to play music as BAF approached the two gentleman.

PG:

What in the HELL do YOU think you're doing HERE!?!?

Petey scoffs at Bruhh Nasty.

Bruhh Nasty:

It's a parade... in MY honor, fuck boy!

SG:

Who in the HELL would throw you a fucking parade? Only thing you ever accomplished is being a terrible DJ.

Bruhh Nasty aims and shoots the launcher hitting Solomon Grendel in the chest with beads. This angers Solomon, but before he could react an officer approached the scene.

OFFICER: Sir, please pick up your t-shirt and move along. Littering in my city carries a minimum \$500 fine.

Solomon Grendel folded his arms across his chest and stared coldly at Bruhh Nasty who just smiled and continued to interact with the group of onlookers around him.

PG:

Answer my question damn it! Why in the hell are these two buffoons being treated like royalty?

OFFICER:

It's a parade in Mr. Nasty's honor.

SG:

We got that much from Einstein over there. Where's our damn PARADE? We are BRUTAL ATTACK FORCE! He's no one special.

Grendel said pointing in the direction of Bruhh Nasty who was now standing on top of one of the police vehicles firing beads and t-shirts into the crowd like a sniper.

PG:

WE should have a parade thrown in OUR honor. We're the best tag team EVER. Curtis Penn trembles when our name is spoken.

OFFICER:

Yes... Well... That gentleman right there, Mr. Bruhh Nasty hired us to create a route for this parade. I'm going to need you guys to move on out of here.

PG:

So, let me get this straight... Instead of fighting the war on drugs and crime, you guys are escorting these two numbskulls around and throwing them a parade? That's freaking rich.

OFFICER:

That is correct, sir. It's what our department does for anyone. Now, I won't ask again. Pick your t-shirt up and move along, sir.

SG:

Make me pick it up asshole!

Grendel took a step in the officer's direction in a threatening manner as all of the police vehicle emptied and six officers rushed Brutal Attack Force tossing Petey and Solomon to the ground and placing their hands behind their backs without much resistance from either man. The band continued to play.

Bruhh Nasty:

That's right... Put those ninjas UNDER the jail and throw away the KEY! These ninja's getting their ass whooped to a soundtrack!

Bruhh Nasty mocked as Brutal Attack Force is thrown into one of the squad cards.

Bruhh Nasty:

Bitch ass peasants! I'm royal your highness around this piece, son! Fuckin' up my parade. Nawlins is my city now!

FADE BACK TO THE ARENA

KYO ISHIDA VS. THEO BAYLOR

DDK:

Welcome back to ringside folks! It's time for our third match of the evening, with Theo Baylor, who debuted in triumphant fashion last week, facing off against Kyo Ishida.

Angus:

I like this Baylor, Keebs. Big hoss, takes no shit - deal me in.

DDK:

In fairness, we've only seen him do about three moves thus far...

Angus:

Yeah, he absolutely murderfucked that fool last week. We've not seen Ishida for a while, either.

DDK:

This is true. The last time Ishida competed in DEFIANCE, he showed good spirited against Jason Natas, but wound-up losing via KO.

Angus:

Something tells me this might not go so well for him...

Darren Quimbey:

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

♪ "No Vaseline" by Ice Cube ♪

The venomous West Coast diss track pumps through the speakers, with fans turning to pay attention to the man who crushed Elijah Cross last week. There's no sign of Theo Baylor yet, though...

DDK:

Where is he?!

Angus:

Hell if I know...

The song plays on and on and on. Unrest starts to grow. Then, suddenly, the curtains burst open.

But it's not Theo Baylor.

It's Kyo Ishida.

Angus:

What the...?!

The Japanese grappler's limp body lands atop the stage, and Baylor stomps out, planting a boot on his chest. Behind him? Brother Lucius Owens.

Angus:

... oh shit...

And Roosevelt Owens.

And The Neighborhoodlum.

And Felton Bigsby.

DDK:

What's Baylor doing with No Justice, No Peace?

Angus:

We saw Brother Owens approach Theo during last week's Uncut. He said he had a "proposition." I guess we know what he means now...

The music continues playing out as Baylor peels Kyo from the mat and slings him over his shoulder. The fivesome march their way down to the ring, wasting absolutely no time. Darren Quimbey doesn't have a clue how to call this, so he bails.

DDK:

It looks like NJNP got to Ishida backstage, because he ain't moving.

Angus:

Hell naw he ain't.

Baylor tosses Ishida into the ring, then follows himself. The rest of the group stay outside for now. Glaring at Benny Doyle, Theo roars for him to call the bell, so he does. Though Kyo already looks close to dead, Baylor picks him from the mat, hoists him high in the air, and destroys him with the elevated sitout Spinebuster anyway.

DDK:

Welcome to LA! That's the finisher, but I don't think it's even needed.

ONE!**TWO!****THREE!****Angus:**

Fucking hell...

DDK:

Baylor wins, but jeesh, I don't think any of us were expecting this.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, here is your winner... THEO BAYLORRRRRRRRRRR!

Baylor rises to his feet, triumphant. He puts a boot on Ishida's face as Felton Bigsby rolls under the bottom rope, joining him inside. Bigsby grabs Kyo off the mat, puts him in the full nelson, then hoists him high in the air. Suddenly, Felton spikes backwards, driving Ishida's head into the mat.

Angus:

Fourth Ward Avalanche!

DDK:

This is totally unnecessary, Angus!

Angus:

Are you gonna be the one to tell them that?! There's five of them, Keeps!

DDK:

And for the second week in a row, they've destroyed a young BRAZEN talent...

The group finally let Kyo be. All five are in the ring now, and they stand in a long line across the middle. Slowly, all five raise their arms in the air, until they're crossed over at the forearms - one hand in a fist, the other in a peace sign.

DDK:

Another week, another match that never really got started, and I guess Theo Baylor is with No Justice, No Peace now.

Angus:

This group just got even scarier.

DDK:

Last week they said that they weren't going to wait for opportunities - they were going to take them. Folks, they did just that here, but I can't say I agree with the means.

Angus:

It doesn't matter if you agree with the means! Brother Owens and his boys are out to make a statement. This made a statement. Mission accomplished.

PERSONA NON GRATA

The lights in the Wrestle-Plex go out for a moment before a spotlight shines on the interview stage. It takes the Faithful a couple of seconds to recognise who exactly the spotlight is on, but when they do a deafening hush falls over the arena.

Charlie Ace:

If I could have silence, please!

A smattering of jeers come forth from the audience, but on the whole, the crowd continues to sit on their hands. Charlie nods slowly as he surveys the arena and takes a deep breath.

Charlie Ace:

That's better. For those of you out there that don't know me, my name is Charlie Ace, Manager to the Stars!

A quick look at the fans in the arena would be enough to gauge that there are very few people around even listening to Charlie Ace's words, let alone caring about them. But then a little thing like nobody paying attention never stopped Charlie from talking before.

Charlie Ace:

Now I know what you're all thinking. 'Manger to the Stars'? Who has he managed before? Well, I'll tell you, I've managed many, many stars in my time.

Almost as though he's looking back in time, Charlie tilts his head and smiles to himself with a dreamy look in his eyes. He chuckles to himself before continuing.

Charlie Ace:

Oh boy, you name them. Champions, challengers, men, women, midgets, normal people... I've managed them all! You know, they've all told me the same thing as well. They've told me "Charlie, you are the single greatest thing that could have happened to me and my career. Thank you... Thank you from the bottom of my heart for everything you have done for me."

And just to cap off the loveliness Charlie wipes away a single tear from his eye before taking a moment to compose himself.

Charlie Ace:

Good times, folks. Real good times. And there are more good times ahead! Why take my good friend Hoyt Williams here. That's right, this hulking mass of humanity by my side isn't just my personal bodyguard, he's my friend too because I am friends with all of my clients and employees. I build relationships on trust, respect and mutual success!

Charlie reaches up and places a hand on Hoyt William's upper arm, probably because he can't reach his shoulder. Hoyt pays no mind to it though and continues to survey the crowd in the Wrestle-Plex while cracking his knuckles.

Charlie Ace:

Hoyt here has a very bright future ahead of him. Today he's my personal bodyguard, but tomorrow he could be Head of Security for Ace Management Services, a multinational, multicultural, multifaceted organisation! That's where Charlie Ace is heading my friends, straight to the top!

The cane in Charlie's left hand goes straight up in the air and points to the roof of the Wrestle-Plex, signifying exactly where this future empire will be heading.

Charlie Ace:

And it all starts tonight as I uphold my promise to unveil DEFIANCE's newest signee and the next FIST of DEFIANCE! So get your smartphones at the ready because this is a moment you'll want your grandkids to show their grandkids!

A few of the fans closest to the interview stage do indeed have their phones out, and a few of the Faithful start to crane their necks to get a better view but on the whole, the same unimpressed, uninterested malaise radiates from the crowd.

Charlie Ace:

And so without further adieu, Charlie Ace presents to you...

A drum roll sounds out over the PA filling that ever more obvious silent void as a second spotlight focuses on the entrance way.

Charlie Ace:

'Persona Non Grata' Flynn Turner!

Alice Cooper's No More Mr Nice Guy rings out around the arena as the supposed 'next FIST of DEFIANCE' emerges from the back. Clad in lime green trunks, keepads, elbow pads and boots he cuts a striking figure, and the rugged good looks, well-tanned body and general 'chiselled out of stone' look go a long way towards that first impression. It soon becomes quite clear why he uses the moniker 'Persona Non Grata', however, as on his way to the interview stage Turner argues with a couple of fans giving him thumbs down before giving them the old 'up yours' hand sign. He doesn't stop walking though and soon he joins Charlie Ace with a handshake. Flynn offers his hand to Williams, but it goes unmet, so he tries to play it off by running his fingers through his hipster styled strawberry blonde hair.

Charlie holds his arms out gesturing towards his new client and mouth 'check him out' to those closest to him. Turner takes that as a cue to give the Faithful a twirl so they can get a glimpse of his toned physique.

Charlie Ace:

Take a good, long look folks! Because next week Flynn Turner will prove to the world just why 'Ace' means number one!

'No More Mr Nice Guy' plays out again as we head over to the announce table where Angus Skaaland can't take his eyes off of 'Persona Non Grata' Flynn Turner.

DDK:

I thought that was never going to end.

Angus:

Are you kidding me, Keebs? Didn't you hear what Charlie Ace just said?

DDK:

I heard words, but they all seemed incredibly empty and borderline offensive.

Angus:

He's managed champions, Keebs!

DDK:

And yet he didn't give us any names.

Angus:

He gave us a name! 'Persona Non Grata' Flynn Turner! I can't wait for two weeks time when we can see this specimen step into the ring!

BRUHH NASTY & JOHNNY TYE DYE VS. BRUTAL ATTACK FORCE

Dan Quimby: This match is schedule for one fall. From Austin, Texas... Weighing in at 190 pounds, he is one half of the Brutal Attack Force, Peeeeeteey Gaaaaarrreeettt!!!!

♪ "Bulls on Parade" by Rage Against the Machine ♪

Brutal Attack Force appears through the curtains and begin to walk side by side to the ring as a chorus of boos engulfs them. Petey stops along the way to grab a kids sign that reads, "I LOVE THE THICKNESS" and rips it in half as Grendel fakes throwing a punch at the kids parents. Petey and Solomon simultaneously pull themselves over the top rope and begin stretching in the ring as Quimby gets back up to introduce Petey Garrett's opponent.

Dan Quimby:

His opponent from Staten Island, New York... Weighing in at 240 pounds, BRUHFFFFFFH NAAAAAAASTY!!!!!!

♪ Triumph by the Wu-Tang Clan ♪

The lights in the arena completely turn off as only strobe lights flicker, the arena is silent then all of a sudden, I BOMB ATOMICALLY the words cut through the arena like a buzz saw as the Hip Hop classic anthem, "Triumph" by the Wu-Tang Clans blasts through the speakers as total pandemonium is unleashed from the FAITHFUL as the Bruhh Nasty emerges from behind the curtain, smoke pours from the entry way as he stops and does his signature B-BOY stance pose dressed in a black #WITNESStheTHICKNESS t-shirt, camo shorts, and a pair of Timbs on his feet make the cypher complete.

Bruhh Nasty:

What the FUCK is up, FAITHFUL!?!?!?!?!?

DDK:

Damn it! He's coming over here again, Angus.

Angus:

I think he likes you, Keebs.

Bruhh walks over and gives DDK and Angus the infamous head nod as he leaps onto the announce table with elegancy and removes the t-shirt launcher from his back. He attempts his best Al Pacino from Scarface impression.

Bruhh Nasty:

SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE FRIEND!!!!

Bruhh drops the mic and fires #WITNESStheTHICKNESS t-shirts into the crowd as Johnny Tie Dye watches from the ramp with a hazy smile plastered on his face.

Bruhh Nasty:

You know what to do, DDK. I'll be back for this after I fuck these NINJA's up, son. You got me right?

DDK:

Do I have a choice in the matter?

Angus:

Well, it looks like you are now designated bazooka bitch, Keebs. How's it feel? Maybe next time he'll ask YOU to be a part of the parade.

DDK:

Shut up, Angus.

Bruhh meets Johnny and the two men begin their descent to the ring engaging with the thousands of fans here at DEF TV 86. Bruhh slides underneath the bottom rope and immediately gives Petey Garrett a crotch chop gesture while giving him a mean mug stare. The music dies down and Ben Slater calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

Petey immediately charges Bruhh Nasty who shoulder tackles him to the ground. PG quickly shoots back to his feet and charges once more only to meet the same fate. Bruhh pulls Petey up to his feet and chops him in the throat sending him crashing back down to the canvas. Bruhh bounces off the nearside and drops a leg across the throat of Petey and follows it up with a quick cover as Slater drops into position.

OOOONEEEE***TWOOO*****DDK:**

NO!! Petey kicks out!! Bruhh Nasty is trying to end this contest in record time.

Angus:

Not going to happen, Keeps.

Bruhh pulls Petey to his feet, SUUUUUPLEX... Bruhh bounces off the nearside and drops a knee across the face of Petey Garrett who winces in pain. Bruhh lifts Petey off the mat and shoves him into a nearby corner.

SMAAAAAAACK**DDK:**

OMG! He just slapped the dickens out of him, Angus. Some of THE FAITHFUL just got a free shower courtesy of Petey Garrett's saliva.

Angus:

GOOD! Those morons needed it!

Bruhh proceeds to pummel PG with shots to the face and body as there's nothing Petey can do to protect himself from the onslaught. Bruhh grabs Petey around the neck and delivers a couple knee's to the already sore ribs of PG much to the disapproval of Solomon Grendel who watches in horror from the outside.

Angus:

Petey's getting treated like a little bitch right now, Keeps.

DDK:

I know, Angus. I'm low key enjoying this!

Angus:

Aww that's cute, your new BFF has you brimming with delight.

Bruhh backs up and rushes the corner devastating Garrett with a closeline that sends him to the ground. Bruhh pulls Petey to his feet and connects with a fisherman buster. Bruhh scoops Petey off the mat and whips him into the ropes, following that up with a closeline that nearly takes Garrett's head off. Garrett tries to escape the ring with the help of Solomon Grendel, but not before PG receives a kick to the dome.

DDK:

Get back in there and fight! It's not so easy when it's one-on-one now is it, Petey?

Angus:

Keeps is officially on the Bruhh Nasty bandwagon, I see. Nothing wrong with getting a little help from your friends, Keeps.

Petey and Solomon are huddled up plotting strategy as Slater begins the ten count. Bruhh loses his patience and bounces off the ropes and with a head of steam leaps completely clearing the top rope delivering an awkward looking big man SWANTON BOMB onto both members of Brutal Attack Force who crash to the floor.

CRAAAAAASH

Bruhh picks up Grendel whips him into the guard rail, Petey seizes the opportunity and chop blocks Bruhh Nasty taking him down. Petey now the aggressor kicks at the back of Bruhh Nasty before pulling him up to his feet.

SLAAAAAP

DDK:
OUCH!

Angus:

That's what he gets for putting his hands on, Solly! Get some order, Ferraro! Solly isn't a part of this match. Bruhh Nasty should be disqualified for attacking an innocent man! What a crock.

DDK:

Grendel is not an innocent man, Angus. Did you already forget about what happened at 85?

Angus:

The retaliation by Brutal Attack Force is irrelevant. Bruhh Nasty sucker punched Petey Garrett with a pair of brass knuckles first! Brutal Attack Force was minding their own damn business.

DDK:

Minding their business? Somebody called Angus a cab, he's drunk.

Angus:

Want to throw a parade in MY honor? I'm kind of a big deal around here, Keeps.

SLAAAAAAAAP!! Bruhh staggers back and is quickly blasted with another chop... Bruhh Nasty grabs his chest in pain as PG sets him up against the ring post and with a head of steam splashes the newcomer sending him tumbling down. Carla attempts to restore order as she directs the action back into the ring. PG obliges and rolls Bruhh Nasty's circus under the bottom rope and scales the top turnbuckle. Petey now back on his feet bounces off the rope and delivers a flash leg drop and covers Bruhh Nasty.

Angus:

What a perfectly executed flying elbow drop! That's got to be it, Keeps!

ONE...

TWO...

DDK:

KICK OUT! That was only a two count, FAITHFUL!

Petey slams his forearm into the head of Bruhh Nasty as he yells obscenities all the while clapping his hands signaling he wants a faster count. Petey drops a knee onto the head of Bruhh Nasty who clutches his head in obvious pain. Petey pulls Bruhh Nasty up and bounces off the ropes and levels Bruhh with a beautifully executed spinning heel kick to the chops. Bruhh Nasty drops to the mat as Petey once again makes the cover.

ONNNEEE...

TWOOOOO....

THRE....

DDK:

No! Kick out by Bruhh Nasty. Christ... He almost him, Angus.

Angus:

Should have been THREE, Keeps. I do believe the fix is in.

DDK:

The fix, Angus? Get your shit together. This isn't the NBA, that sort of thing doesn't happen here in DEFIANCE!

Angus:

I calls it like I sees it, Keeps. You and I both know that was a slow count.

A frustrated Petey Garrett whips Bruhh Nasty into the drops, closeline.. NO!! Bruhh ducks and comes off the other side with a closeline of his own... NO!!! Petey ducks that and catches Bruhh Nasty in a sleeper hold!!! Bruhh is staggering as Petey jumps on the back of Bruhh Nasty using a body scissors to apply more pressure. Bruhh Nasty is fading as Petey screams in delight as Bruhh Nasty's lights slowly begin to turn out.

DDK:

This doesn't look good for our hero, Angus.

Angus:

OUR HERO? Fuck this guy, Keeps. I'm just here for a paycheck.

Bruhh Nasty drops to a knee with Petey strapped to his back squeezing and wrenching the hold tighter and tighter. Carla grabs Bruhh Nasty's arm and it drops twice, but the third time Bruhh hulks up, like we've seen time and time again from superstars and adrenaline pushes him back to his feet with Petey still glued to his back.

Bruhh shakes wildly before deciding to drop backwards and forcing Petey Garrett to break the hold. It works marvelously as both men lay broken on the canvas in pain. Solomon Grendel slaps the apron in anger, he reaches into his pocket and tosses a foreign object into the ring.

DDK:

WHAT THE... Did you see that Angus? Solomon just threw something towards Petey.

Angus:

I'm legally blind, Keeps.

He now climbs onto the apron which grabs the attention of Carla Ferraro who attempts to shoe him away from the action. Back in the ring, Bruhh and Petey Garrett are slowly getting back up to their feet when Petey spots the object, which appears to be a pair of brass knuckles wrapped in tape. Petey smirks at the irony of him knocking Bruhh Nasty out in the same fashion. He reaches for the object, but Johnny Tie Dye intervenes grabs Petey's leg and holds him in place for a second.

Bruhh catches Petey with his MURDER DEATH KILL, Garrett is out like a light. Grendel is in disbelief as he attempts to enter the ring only to be stopped by Johnny Tie Dye who quickly rushed over ripping him off the apron. Bruhh kicks the brass knuckles out of the ring and mockingly covers Petey with his signature B-BOY stance pose.

DDK:

GOAT STATUS! GOAT STATUS!! What a maneuver! Petey never saw it coming.

Angus:

Somebody has a man crush.

DDK:

Shut up, Angus! I just appreciate a great match.

Angus:

Suuure you do.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!

DING DING DING

Dan Quimby:

And the WINNER by pin fall, BRUUUUUUUUUHHHHHHH NAAAAAASSSTTYYYY!!!!!!

Johnny Tie Dye is blasted by Solomon Grendel on the outside as Bruhh Nasty's theme plays. Grendel then quickly slides into the ring and blindsides Bruhh Nasty with a forearm to the back of the head as the victor stumbles

Angus:

Looks like Solomon Grendel is RAINING on Bruhh Nasty's PARADE. You see what I did there, Keeps?

DDK rolls his eyes as Solomon pulls Bruhh Nasty to his feet to attempt a piledriver. Solomon mocks Bruhh Nasty's B-BOY stance pose and it costs him dearly as Bruhh Nasty flips SG over him. A stunned Solomon Grendel is caught with GOAT STATUS. Bruhh Nasty grabs Solomon and throws him over the top turnbuckle and out to the floor. Petey Garrett is now back to his feet and charges Bruhh Nasty only to be served the same treatment as he's tossed out of the ring like a little baby. THE FAITHFUL erupt as Johnny Tie Dye enters the ring and the dynamic duo rejoice with their arms raised as the Brutal Attack Force limp their way to the backstage area.

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THIS COMING

Backstage, Scott Douglas, alongside Terry "The Idol" Anderson walk toward the camera, down a backstage hallway. Douglas' normal ring gear/daily wear, black t-shirt and dark jeans turned jorts, clash against Anderson's brightly colored Hawaiian print collar shirt and khakis as the pair walk and talk.

Terry Anderson:

You really should address the Hoffman situation. You don't even seem to be a blip on his radar.

Scott Douglas:

You mean he doesn't want to lead a year long campaign for my head? I'll take that as a win and let sleeping dogs lie.

Terry Anderson:

German shepherds, there is definitely something there.

Terry starts pointing toward some make believe camera but obviously hasn't seen the actual camera in front of him.

Terry Anderson:

You German mutt! You want to come after me ... me?

Douglas stops abruptly. Terry is in his own little world performing his mock promo.

Terry Anderson:

You want my title shot, you Kraut!? Well, you gotta another thing come Hanz ...

Terry realizes Douglas is no longer in step with him. He turns his back to the camera and looks toward a smirking Douglas.

Scott Douglas:

You are really bad at this ...

Terry Anderson:

The hell you mean? I'm "The Idol", I was doing promos while you were still in diapers, kid. Anyways, he blindsided you and then turned around and screwed you out of title shot! You gotta meet this head on!

Scott Douglas:

First ... your former employer cost me the shot. Second, sure ... I owe Hoffman one for the lump but that'll come. Most importantly though and above all else ... out of all of this ... what I really need you to take away from this moment in time, Terry ... *[whispers]* I don't think you can say Kraut, anymore.

Terry throws a hand and scoffs at both; Scott's long winded attempt and humor as well as his logic.

Terry Anderson:

Fine, suit yourself.

Terry starts back down the hall the same way the two came.

Terry Anderson:

Don't say I never did nothin' for ya', kid. I bailed your ass out after all.

Douglas gets a slight chuckle out of Terry's ambivalence and seems pleased with himself as he delivers his response.

Scott Douglas:

... and helped put me there.

Terry hears it but doesn't sell it. He continues down the hall and disappears around a corner. Douglas continues on himself but as he clears the opposite corner and finds himself in full view of the adjoining hallway he comes to another abrupt halt.

The camera holds on Douglas, momentarily, as his expression quickly turns dark. The camera operator catches a clue and spins to his right, pointing down the adjacent hall.

Bronson Box:

Oi, if it ain't Seattle's favorite boring fookin' twat...

Douglas stands ready, but has nothing to retort.

Bronson Box:

My Germanic mate got one over on ya', didn't he sunshine? But I guess he owed you one after all. Honestly boy'o it'd would be in yer best interest to leave it be.

Box is clearly taunting Douglas and as that realization hit Douglas; he feels like he has some power in the situation. He relaxes a little and gets a bit sardonic in his delivery.

Only a little, it's still Bronson Box, after all.

Scott Douglas:

If you want to chalk up a clean win, over a year ago, to what happened last week, shit ... then yeah, why not. I guess he owed me one.

Boxer squares up with Douglas a little more directly. Scott to his credit doesn't move an inch.

Bronson Box:

Ye' better watch yer *TONE*, boy. I simply beat you down there, but up here... up here? Piss me off and you and I play a much more vicious game. Savvy?

Scott Douglas:

Shall. We. Play. A. Game?

Box's face lights up with both rage and a sick glee at Douglas' glib response.

Bronson Box:

Ay --

Box is cut short by a hand on his shoulder that spins the ACE of DEFIANCE about, only to be met by the furious assault of the Southern Heritage Champion. Douglas can't believe what he is seeing and stands by in shock. Impulse stops his assault for only a brief moment...

Impulse:

Hi.

Dazed by the sudden-ness of the elbows to the face, Bronson Box can only muster token opposition: he fires a right hand that's easily sidestepped by the SoHER, and Impulse catches his wrist, pulls his arm back, and sends Box face-first into the wall.

Impulse:

I thought we should have a little talk, Bronson... your promo on UNCUT made me feel badly about the misunderstanding we're currently having, and before I take your protege and give him a wrestling lesson, I felt it was important for us to clear the air.

Box struggles and nearly frees himself, but Impulse's modified double wristlock keeps all of the leverage pressing his face into the wall. Box, realizing his situation (for the moment), stops struggling, though the look of rage never leaves him. Red faced, forehead vein throbbing...

Impulse:

What was it, sweetie? Hoffman said that Cally and I don't take this job seriously, and we never have? Oh, we have, Bronson. And it got us the opening match as World Champion in one company while a past-his-prime grabass stumbled his way through the worst Main Events this side of promotion, and it got us trying to do the right thing in a cage in another, only for a Stalker to take advantage and steal the moment. I'll be damned if I'm ever gonna take this business seriously again.

He relaxes his hold, just long enough, for Box to break free, shove him away, and fire a right hand - but Impulse is able to dodge yet again! Box's hand bounces off the wall with obvious pain and Impulse reattaches his hold.

Impulse:

So here's what's happening tonight, Bronson. Hoffman thinks he's gonna just waltz in and take my Championship, when the reality is that he's gonna look more pathetic than Jeff Andrews trying to explain why any'a the Untouchables were relevant past oh-six. And--

He lets Box up. Immediately, Box headbutts the SoHER and fires another fist! Impulse cuts him off with the SUDDEN IMPACT! The fans can be heard popping from all the way in the arena as the Southern Heritage champion leans over the WARGOD.

Impulse:

And... you touch Cally again, I end your pitiful career. Are we clear?

Pause.

Impulse:

Good.

He stands up and walks out of frame, past the slack - jawed Scott Douglas. Seattle's Favorite Son looks like he's still trying to process what just happened.

Impulse:

Good seein' ya, Scotty.

Still nothing. Impulse walks fully away.

Scott Douglas:

Yeah - good seeing you too there, bud...

Douglas inches toward the fallen Box, hesitant to get *too* close. He leans in and peers rather than venturing any further.

Scott Douglas:

... this is gonna end badly.

Bronson ignores Scott's clever little line as Douglas walks away, leaving The Wargod alone in the hallway. His eyes unfocused, his upper lip curling causing his mustache to *twitch*. His face and neck still an unhealthy looking shade of beet red.

Bronson Box: [quietly]

I swear to *Christ* I'munna kill 'em all...

We cut elsewhere.

KENDRIX IS A WAZZOCK

Deep within the guts of the DEFarena, we catch up with the FIST of the DEFIANCE.

We're in the wrestlers' gym, which doesn't tend to get a whole lot of use while the show's going on, but has a couple of occupants tonight. Joining the Scot tonight is Mascara De Muerte IV: the masked luchador who, if you've been paying attention to Uncut, you'll know has been buddying-up with the champ lately.

There's nothing too strenuous going on. They're stood in the middle of the running track, and Cayle is holding a large, rectangular kickpad to strike, with MDM4 peeling-off a series of half-force bodykicks, concentrating on technique rather than power.

Cayle Murray:

Watch your lead foot. Step into it. Right on the ball.

The diminutive MDM4 steps forward, then comes forward, connecting with a little more punch.

Cayle Murray:

Better.

The masked man goes for another, but a sound catches him by surprise. It's the gym door swinging open, and it immediately catches their attention.

?????:

Como estas, *Bellends?!?*

Kendrix is all smiles as he swaggers across the room, winking at his follow Brit. He expression sours when he lays eyes on MDM4, however.

Kendrix:

Who the hell are you?!

He looks up to Cayle.

Kendrix:

This your son, dickhead?

MDM4:

My name is Masc--

Kendrix:

Did I give you permission to speak?

JFK scowls as he looks down upon Muerte, who seems like he might be willing to throw down. Murray fortunately defuses the situation, stepping right between the two.

Cayle Murray:

Hit the bricks, pal. We're trying to get some work done here.

Kendrix looks around the gym before pointing back at MDM4, not even acknowledging him, focussed instead on the FIST.

Kendrix:

What? Oh, wait, I get it. Oh this is priceless! Now that big brother Murray is nowhere to be found around here and Jason Natas is on the breadline because of me...

Jesse covers his mouth with both hands in shock at his outburst before removing them, looking back at Cayle with an awkward grimace on his face.

Kendrix:

Oh, shit...is it too soon for me to say that I retired your best bud? You know, I really should learn to not say whatever the fuck I like, whenever the fuck I like to say it.

Kendrix looks away for a moment in thought as Cayle rolls his eyes.

Kendrix:

But you're actually trying to make new best friends with DEFIANCE nobodies?

Jesse throws his thumb back in the direction of MDM4, still not acknowledging the up and coming BRAZEN talent.

Kendrix:

You're so fickle, Cayle. I genuinely can't believe you've forgotten about Jason already, you're literally trying to replace him with a midget!

Cayle sighs, tired of the crap Kendrix is spouting off.

Cayle Murray:

Didn't I make myself clear the other week?

Kendrix tilts his head slightly for a moment, a slightly confused look on his face before he wags his index finger out in front of him.

Kendrix:

No, see I don't think you did, I mean, mainly because I zoned out when you were speaking, you know, cos JFK doesn't understand puppet and stuff...

Cayle looks to the heavens, exasperated by JFK's, let's say...unique way of making friends.

Kendrix:

But at the end of the day, everybody wants to see you go one on one against the Future of this company, DEFIANCE 2.0...

Jesse holds his thumbs against his chest with that arrogant smirk.

Kendrix:

For the FIST tonight! You know it makes sense bruv!

He looks down at MDM4 before squatting a little to go face to face with the diminutive talent, disrespectfully ruffling the up and comer's hair with his hand and putting on a kiddy voice.

Kendrix:

You'd like to see that wouldn't you young man?!

MDM4 angrily swipes Jessie's hand away from him as he steps forward, JFK stands tall as he takes a step back, chuckling to himself as Cayle gets back in between the two.

Cayle Murray:

Somebody hasn't been watching the show...

He tuts.

Cayle Murray:

Can't tonight, mate. Got a date with the Good Beast.

MDM4:

God-Beast.

Cayle Murray:

That's the one.

Cayle nods.

Cayle Murray:

You can't just barge in here, stomp your feet, raise your voice, and expect me to give in to your demands. You'll get a shot, but you're gonna have to wait. I said two weeks ago that Mushi was at the top of my list, and if I get past him in tonight's main event, I'll start thinking about you and whoever else decides they want to kill me this month.

Kendrix scoffs and shakes his head in disbelief.

Kendrix:

You're actually putting that fat fuck ahead of JFK?! Are you serious?!

Cayle nods defiantly.

Cayle Murray:

He struck first, *Bruv...*

Jesse, bites his lip before throwing his hand through his beard and looking Cayle in the eye.

Kendrix:

Fine, I'll wait. But just so you know, there's loads of guys around here who are gonna want to kill you, every single week. Mushi is going to try and kill you out there tonight. But me?

Jesse simply smiles at Cayle.

Kendrix:

I don't wanna kill you Cayle. I'm just gonna take your title away from you. Sooner, rather than later.

Jesse leaves Cayle with his trademark smirk before blowing a kiss MDM4's way as he leaves the gym area. Murray shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

What a wazzock.

MDM4:

... wazzock?

Cayle Murray:

I'll tell you later.

Cut.

DEF TAG TEAM TITLE: ELISE ARES (C) VS J STEVENSON

DDK:

In a turnabout from last week, Kelly Evans has booked Elise Ares to defend her half of the tag team championships against J Stevenson, from the Bastard Sons of Wrestling. With a win here, the Bastards could finally wrangle away that tiny grasp PCP still has on what has to be a record setting Tag Team Title reign, but an Elise Ares victory here could just further complicate things.

Angus:

I don't like the bastard, no pun intended, but J Stevenson has a great opportunity here against Elise Ares. They have the numbers game, they've already shown they're not afraid to use it, and Elise is a scatter-brained flippy doo. She's shown improvement, but we're talking about a man who once took it to Eugene Dewey.

DDK:

This is certainly an opportunity for Elise Ares and the Pop Culture Phenoms, perennial underdogs, to pull another rabbit out of the box. That pun... it was intended.

♪ "Cochise" by Audioslave ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, standing six foot three inches tall, weighing in at two hundred and fifty two pounds, from PHILADELPHIA, Pennsylvania he is the HUMMMANNNNN HIGHLIGHT REEL...J STEVENSOONNN.

As Chris Cornell pours his heart out the Bastard Sons of Wrestling appear. J strolls out in front of the rest of the group. Wildside holding the rest of the boys a distance behind as if not to make waves tonight. The whole gang is out for this one - Slaw with a Black and Mild tucked behind his ear, Will Haynes looking almost disinterested, and of course the Tag Team Champ Skidd Row with his title still tucked into his pants. They stroll to the ring, taking their spot on the outside.

♪ "Life Of The Party" by Krewella feat. S-Preme ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Making her way to the ring, standing five feet six inches of MIGHT, weighing in at one hundred and twenty two pounds - she is ONE HALF of YOUR DEFIANCE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS - the SOUTH BEACH STARLET, the FIRST LADY OF DEFIANCE, the one - the only - ELISSSSSEEE ARESSSSSSSS.

Violet and pink lights flash around the entrance as Krewella echoes across the arena. A small glimmer of light blinks as the curtain is thrown aside. That light grows into the word "#SWAG" on the LED sunglasses of Elise Ares, and the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championship is clutched on her right shoulder. Dressed in her gold and white cross top and matching boyshorts, she wears a white high fashion trench coat over as she holds her arms out as if posing for photographs, flanked by The D and Klein on each side. Inside the ring J Stevenson meets the entrance with a look that can only be labeled as disgust. Behind her Klein picks something up from a crew member and lifts it into the air, it's a boom mic, now hanging down in front of the face of Elise Ares.

DDK:

What in the world is he doing...

Angus:

They're not really going to try this, are they?

DDK:

This might be the most ridiculous thing I've ever seen.

Elise makes a signal to cut the music as Klein holds the boom mic high in the air, and The D guides a camera man into position to hide the boom mic from that particular angle. DEFIANCE television, on the other hand, is currently using an angle where the boom mic is clearly in view before switching to the man being centered, currently up close and

personal with The D, before he steps out of frame.

Elise Ares:

Check, check, is this thing on? The Human Torch is denied a bank loan.

Angus:

Unfortunately.

Klein gives a thumbs up, staying out of frame and Elise nods.

Elise Ares:

Last time we saw you guys... and probably like twelve or thirteen more of you, I'm not real sure, I've stopped keeping track, swarm ringside and try to throw more crap at us than poor Carla could ever hope to take care of. Referee Klein was more than willing to help keep track of all the shenanigans, but Carla rejected him once again, leaving us to console him all week and remind him that he's a great referee no matter what Carla thinks.

In the ring Carla Ferrari shakes her head, annoyed. Stevenson mouths something to the fiery red head but the camera quickly cuts away, leaving the viewer to guess which four letter word J might have used.

Elise Ares:

This is the life you've chosen, Carla. A life of loneliness, without The D in your life... oh, and I guess me and Klein, too? Speaking of poor life choices, if you can't protect us Carla, we're going to protect ourselves! So we've acquired a map to the houses of DEFIANCE stars, we knocked on a few doors, and finally we found some guys we're going to refer to as our friends only for this particular circumstance because they're going to help us out and we promised them a huge, bangin' party afterwards.

The camera switches back to the one at ringside showing The D standing behind the camera guy shaking his head.

Elise Ares:

I think I've revealed too much. So I'm going to get out of this awkward situation by announcing our newest, bestest friends who will help keep you bastards in line tonight... TEAM DANGER!

The crowd roars with approval and jumps up to their feet.

Angus:

HOLY SHIT! M'BOYTA!

DDK:

Is this a dream?!

Elise pauses for a moment and The D runs out from behind the camera and screams into her ear over the roar of the crowd. She tilts her head sideways and sighs.

Elise Ares:

The D has just informed me that isn't their names, and that they wouldn't return our phone calls. But THIS team... the totally awesome one who is going to help us kick your ass is the Angel City eXXXpress! Wait didn't we feud with those guys on...

Her comment was immediately lost in the beat.

♪ "The Bad Touch" by Bloodhound Gang ♪

On cue the trio comes bursting out onto the stage lead by Dapper Don Hollywood. He throws his arms up into the air trying to get the crowd behind them as Rich Mahogany and Pete Whealdon come out dancing in matching trunks and bow ties. Whealdon immediately goes up to grab Elise, who backs away in a slight panic holding her arms up in front

of her before pointing down towards the ring and Carla Ferrari. Whealdon makes eye contact with the DEFIANCE official, rips off his gas station sunglasses, and licks his lips as he leads the dance down to the ring.

DDK:

And just like that, the numbers game has flipped, it's a six on five contest tonight on DEFtv!

Angus:

A Rich Mahogany sighting! DEFtv just got a million times better! These PCPs are a bunch of dense flippy doos, but they have some great taste in backup! The Angel City eXXXpress is in the building! There's going to be a kickass party tonight!

Up on the apron, Klein and The D open the ropes for Elise Ares who goes to jump up on the apron to join them, but instead Don Hollywood does instead and thanks the boys for opening the ropes for him. Then Rich Mahogany follows, and Whealdon brings up the rear, shaking just that into the face of Klein as he enters. The pair looks down at Elise Ares, who then gets up on the apron, wraps her arms around the ropes and poses for photos before slowly slinking into the ring. She goes to the middle of the ring, looking at J Stevenson in the corner and taking off her LED sunglasses. Wildside desperately screams at a ringside official trying to get this whole development thrown out as The D removes Elise's jacket before she holds her half of the Tag Team Championship into the air.

Behind her, almost as if it were planned, every member of the Angel City eXXXpress puts their hands behind their heads and begins to gyrate in J Stevenson's direction. Klein and The D, feeling left out, join in and do the same, flooding the scene behind Elise Ares with a sea of male gyrations. The flashbulbs explode around the arena before Elise hands her championship over to Carla Ferrari, who with disgust grabs it from her hands and holds it up in the air, trying desperately not to look at the sea of gyration to her immediate left. The music ends. The seas calm. The men exit the ring. It's time to fight!

DING! DING! DING!

It's as if rage takes over J Stevenson. Rage from all the gyrating peni. From the toll of the opening bell, Stevenson presses his advantage in both height and weight, to begin his mission to weaken Elise Ares. Stevenson uses his advantage to halt Ares' speed with some textbook rest holds. Stevenson insisting on using side headlocks to set up overhanded volleys he lands onto the back of the Tag Team Champ.

Angus:

And J Stevenson taking the fight right to Elise Ares. Looking to wear down her neck for his Evenflow DDT finisher.

DDK:

I'm sure that's one Highlight Reel that Elilse doesn't want to find herself on, partner.

Elise opens up a small window with a well placed elbow to the gut, propelling herself off of the far side ropes, looking to connect with a crossbody. Stevenson displays his strength by catching Elise flush across his body, before swinging her around, sticking his knee out and dropping her across it with a flashy looking Backbreaker, making sure to land Elise further up her back in order to target the neck. Stevenson pushes it quickly into a cover.

Angus:

Amazing looking Backbreaker from Stevenson there.

ONE...

TWO...

Elise puts the shoulder up and with it Stevenson pulls her to her feet. Not letting Elise get a head of steam off the ropes, J slaps on another side headlock. The D and Klein on the outside lead the crowd in a heap of boos, while Angel City eXXXpress gather together for a quick selfie. The Bastards giving them a large amount of stink eye, as Elise begins pounding her foot - the crowd catches on and begin the claps. Elise shoots a few elbows into the gut of Stevenson. He breaks the hold.

DDK:

Elise backing up, she's gonna run the ropes.

Elise takes off towards Stevenson who rushes her and knocks her down with a simple shoulder block.

Angus:

That right there is what a one hundred and thirty pound weight difference does to a gal. Remember that next time Flippy Floppy Do goes to run the ropes, Keeps.

Stevenson's height and weight would continue to keep him in the driver's seat. Wearing Elise down with tactical elbow strikes to the back of the neck and a variety of rest holds, that draw ire from the D, Klein and the Faithful. Stevenson flips Elise over with a Snapmare, but instead of releasing the hold - J applies a Reverse Chin Lock.

Angus:

And while this isn't the prettiest or most exciting way to take apart your opponent, it's certainly effective, Keeps.

With Elise in the hold the D, Kelin, and hell even the Angel City boys work the crowd into a chant.

ELISE ARES

CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP

ELISE ARES

CLAPCLAPCLAPCLAPCLAP

Jonathan Wildside on the outside sticks his fingers in his ears. Coleslaw covers Haynes, and Skidd Row shakes his head at the whole scene.

Elise able to work herself to her feet in the ring, she slides under J's hold on her, freeing herself from the chains that bind. She pushes herself back into the ropes, giving herself some much needed momentum before leaping up with a dropkick that knocks J back onto one knee. The crowd comes alive, seeking the much needed comeback from Elise. Elise herself realizes she doesn't have much time, she leaps into the air...

DDK:

Amethystation, coming at ya!

Stevenson smirks, he's got it scouted and quickly brings up an arm to protect himself, catching the Superman Punch before it can be either super, a man, or a punch. Ares' eyes go wide when she lands as J drops a bit basically squatting Elise up and onto his shoulders for a Fireman's Carry. The air goes out of the crowd as J tosses her forward and onto the mat. Elise landing on her neck as Stevenson hits another textbook looking move - this time a Death Valley Driver.

Angus:

Another move to target that neck. J is focusing in, Keeps. The Pretty Pretty Princess might wanna kiss that title goodbye!

ONE...

TWO...

Carla stops her count as Kelin has jumped up onto the apron, much to the crowd and the D's delight. Carla is barking at him to get down, an angry look on the red head's face.

DDK:

Carla pleading with Klein to get down and let her officiate this match. She's had no luck with these two teams recently, each sticking their nose in where quite frankly it may not belong.

Angus:

And now Haynes is over there with something to say.

Haynes tugs at Klein's feet, which draws his attention. But rather than coming down, Haynes also jumps onto the apron. And now it's a mess. Klein and Haynes are jawing, the D trying to convince his friend to come down. Klein refusing to give in. Haynes mocking the Box, that he dented back at DEFROAD.

DDK:

Hell is sort of breaking loose at ringside. And in the ring, Stevenson is on his knees without a clue what to do.

Outside the ring, apart from the Klein/Haynes interaction Wildside and Skidd Row are involved in a heated exchange. It's plain to see that Wildside is instructing Skidd Row to slide into the ring and use his Tag Team Title to smack Elise in the head and put this one away. Stevenson even makes eyes with them, making his way to the ropes, sitting on the middle one to hold it open for Skidd.

Angus:

The number games is gonna be in play again. Angel City are busy chatting it up with some hottie in the front row. What a waste those guys turned out to be!

It's as Angus says, the Angel City guys are chatting up a rather lovely looking blonde in the front row. She appears disinterested.

DDK:

Skidd isn't playing along though, look.

Skidd Row wants no part of this, shaking his head and refusing to move. Stevenson is confused, Wildside confused. Wildside finally motions for Haynes to end his distraction, which he does. Leaving Klein on the apron alone. Stevenson angry at Skidd's lack of support charges Klein to blast him off the apron. Klein hops down before the Human Highlight Reel can get there, and he ricochets off the ropes.

Angus:

Ares is up!

Double knees to the back of Stevenson as Elise Ares steals her tag team partner's finishing move.

DDK:

Stevenson added to the A List! The D is loving it!

The D is jumping up and down in excitement, willing his Tag Team partner on. He slaps the apron in celebration.

Angus:

Elise on the turnbuckle. She's climbing. Oh no.

Carla eyes the Bastards making sure they don't interfere, they don't. The Leading Lady of DEFIANCE leaps off, twisting her body and driving Double Knees into J again with her infamous Your Feature Presentation finisher.

Elise Ares picks up the leg.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

J Stevenson's shoulder is up. Carla pops to her feet and calls for the bell. The Bastards pause, but the shoulder didn't pop up in time. DQ makes his call.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match...AND STILL -

The crowd roars. They're happy tonight.

Darren Quimbey:

- ONE HALF of YOUR DEFIANCE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS - ELISSSSE ARESSSSS.

DDK:

Wow, I'm impressed. Elise Ares was battered from post to post in this one but she survives a wild finish, hits BOTH Pop Culture Phenomn finshers, and retains her Title. The ultimate underdogs do it again!

Angus:

I can't imagine these Bastard Sons of Whatever are too thrilled with Skidd Row right now. They had this one in the bag, turned to him to finish it off for whatever reason, and he left them high and dry!

DDK:

He did the right thing. He didn't get involved. Stevenson was in control, he could've won it by himself. And now look, they're leaving Row at ringside.

True to Keeps' word, the Bastard Sons of Wrestling make their way up the ramp. Stevenson holding his head, Wildside by his side, Slaw shaking his head, and Haynes looking down at the ground. All of them pause at the top to cast a long look down at Skidd Row, a look that screams disappointment.

The mics pick up only once voice. It's Jon's.

Joanthon Wildside:

Find your own *damn* way home.

In the ring meanwhile PCP embrace and celebrate lengthening their title reign, while Skidd Row sulks on the outside.

Angus:

I've gotta say, Keeps. Not really how I saw this one going. Stevenson was in control the entire time, but a real mess of a situation ringside cost him.

DDK:

Yeah, and I've got to imagine that Kelly Evans isn't happy with all this ringside business. We saw her stern message to Wildside on the last episode of Uncut. Who knows what kind of consequences everyone involved here tonight could potentially face!

Angus:

And what about Skidd Row? Did the Bastards just really leave him here? Did they turn their backs on him? Lots of questions following this one, for sure. Hopefully we can get some answers.

DDK:

I've got to be honest, my intrigue is turned up for sure. I wonder what the fate of these Tag Team Titles will be. Maybe now Elise and Skidd can team up!

Angus:

Just what the world needs, Keeps.

And with that the fine folks in the truck cut somewhere else.

AFRAID OF THE DARK?

Backstage, we find Scott Douglas eyeing a vending machine with some skepticism. Assessing the change in hand and cross-checking the prices and selection at hand, it's clear that he is unimpressed to say the least. He feels the presence behind him before catching a glimpse of the odd reflection in the machines glass-front. Spinning on his heels, Douglas is surprised to find a shorter, older gentleman in a black suit, matching bowler cap, smiling grimly at him.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

I do believe, my good man, that I have been looking for You.

Shoving the change back in his jort pocket with annoyance, Douglas brushes past Trickelbush and down the hall.

SCOTT DOUGLAS:

You've got the wrong guy, bud.

Something frightening in Nigel's dead, grey eyes alights. That smile remains.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Have I? Oh... I don't know, Scott... don't you see the resemblance?

Douglas halts, confused, glancing back over his shoulder to see Lord Nigel eyeing a nearby poster on the wall: "WANTED" stamped across its header, it features a black silhouette of a man with a large white "?" in it's center.

SCOTT DOUGLAS:

These posters... that's you?

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

No, Scott... that's YOU. I've been looking for *you*... and all this time... you've been right here...

SCOTT DOUGLAS:

I don't have time for this--

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Nor !! Oh, Scott... I know you're anguished by your past... Everyone can see it. Phantoms taunt you from the shadows... But you can overcome it! All of it! All of them!

Douglas' eyes narrow at Lord Nigel.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Let me help you.

SCOTT DOUGLAS:

I don't need your help. I--

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Haunted by yesterday's ghosts... spectres in the dark...

Nigel's sickening smile widens.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Are you... *scared* of the dark, Scott?

Douglas isn't having it. He steps forward, into Nigel's space - but the Lord doesn't flinch.

SCOTT DOUGLAS:

I think you and I are done here.

Nigel arches an eyebrow.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

I can help you... help you let go... help you give in ... give in, Scott, to that itty bitty voice in your head telling you to do it. Telling you to take your *rightful* place.

Suddenly, his smile vanishes.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Give in, Scott, to that chill on the back of your neck right now. Give in to who you have always known you are. What you could be.

Trickelbush's eyes go wide.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Give in... to yourself... Give in... to Me.

A beat hangs between them. Then passes. Douglas smiles, nonchalant.

SCOTT DOUGLAS:

Yeah. You've definitely got me confused with someone else. I have neither the time nor the patience for you, Nigel. So I suggest, you take your cute little search party in another, opposite direction... because you won't like what you find if you press the issue.

Nigel doesn't blink.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

That's just the thing, Scott... I think I will.

Douglas jabs a finger into the center of Lord Nigel's chest. The Lord's smile returns.

SCOTT DOUGLAS:

Back off. Got it?

Without giving Lord Nigel an opportunity to respond, Douglas stomps off down the corridor. Leaving our Lord alone. Nigel glances back up at the poster, smiling that same hideous smile.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Lovely.

DEPARTURES

The door to the locker room swings open and inside they rush. There's only four of them. Skidd Row is still a ways behind the rest of them, left at ringside following his actions - or lack thereof - during the closing sequence of the second singles match for a half of the Tag Team Titles. Wildside seems to be fuming the most. He barks an order.

Jonathan Wildside:

We're outta here. Grab your stuff, let's get goin'.

Stevenson still sore from the consecutive finishers, runs a hand over his neck. He finds his way to his locker, opens it, and grabs his bag.

J Stevenson:

Water pressure is better at the hotel anyway. I'll shower there.

Coleslaw Jenkins puts a little silver tube in his mouth, the end goes red, and he exhales a cloud of smoke. He offers the device to Stevenson, who shakes his head in the negative.

J Stevenson:

Nah man. Not for me.

Coleslaw Jenkins doesn't look deterred in the slightest. Instead he takes another large puff, blowing a cloud away from J after he does.

Will Haynes:

Our boy did us dirty, yo.

Wildside shakes his head. He removes his fedora, flopping his long locks back off his forehead as he tries to make sense of what just happened.

Jonathan Wildside:

This isn't what we planned. This isn't what we talked about. When WE created this thing it was very clearly what the pecking order was, right?

Haynes, Stevenson, even Slaw nod their agreement. The three of them know their roles, know them well.

Jonathan Wildside:

But nah - this jerk off out there, he suddenly wants a heart, a conscience or something. He wants to put HIS needs above OURS.

He indicated not just himself but the group - the collective.

Will Haynes:

Gold goes t' a lot of people's heads. If ya want the two 'a us -

He points to Slaw and himself.

Will Haynes:

-can deliver your message personally.

Wildside shakes his head.

Jonathan Wildside:

Nah, this is a Few Good Men type a scenario. Row ain't t' be touched.

The last few words there are said directly to Haynes and Slaw, even in their own unique form of slanged up jargon.

Jonathan Wildside:

Let's just roll. I'm getting us a car.

A few taps of his fingers and Luxury SUV from one ride sharing company or another is on its way for the Bastards. They all hustle out the door before Skidd Row can return.

SOHER: IMPULSE (C) VS. REINHARDT HOFFMAN

DODGER

We fade into the backstage area, one of the many many corridors in DEFIANCE's Wrestleplex. Standing in front of a DEFIANCE backdrop, Lance Warner is standing by, mic at the ready, with none other than Jesse Fredericks Kendrix. The self proclaimed Future of Defiance doesn't show off his usual arrogant demeanor. There's no smirk, instead, he looks agitated, throws his hand across his beard a few times, slicks his hair back, a look of annoyance etched across his face as Lance gets to work.

Lance Warner::

Kendrix, two weeks ago on DEFtv 85, you challenged Cayle Murray to a one on one match up for the Fist of DEFIANCE. Some strong words were said, it looks like you will indeed be given a shot at Cayle for the Fist but, not before Mushigihara.

Kendrix scoffs at the interviewer's statement.

Lance Warner::

Earlier tonight, the match between Cayle Murray and Mushi was made official and the two will fight for the Fist tonight. How do you feel about the contest...

Sticking the palm of his hand out flat at Lance's face, he cuts the interviewer off and pulls his arm up towards him, bringing the mic closer to his mouth.

Kendrix::

Listen yeah, Lancey. No more talking from you. Camera jerk, close in on the money shot right here

He points his index finger at his face, circling it around. The shot focuses in on Kendrix, cutting Lance out of view. Jesse looks back at Lance.

Kendrix::

Keep your arm where it is, bruv.

Turning his attention to the lens, Kendrix slams his fist against the open palm of his other hand.

Kendrix:

Tonight's contest is yet another example of what is wrong with DEFIANCE.

He throws his arm out wide to his right.

Kendrix:

On one hand, you have Mushi. The Japanese Sumo wrecking machine. The God Beast!

He throws his arm across to the left.

Kendrix:

On the other, the Fist of DEFIANCE himself, Cayle Murray.

Holding his index finger to the side of his face in thought, Kendrix continues.

Kendrix:

Now how on earth did this match come about Lance? You'd think that there'd be some kind of in depth rivalry or deserving purpose to get the bellends in the stands interested in this match up, right?!

It's a rhetorical question, Kendrix doesn't wait for an answer from Warner, instead he notices the interviewer's arm shake a little.

Kendrix:

Don't you dare lower that mic, Lancey, I've seen you working those forearms in the gym.

Returning his attention back to the lens, Kendrix gets to the point.

Kendrix:

How on earth does a guy JFK already beat, along with Jason Natas in one night, ALL BY HIMSELF, to become the last and greatest DOC, get a title shot ahead of the Future of this business? How does a guy who hides behind a mask, flakes out on the company, comes back because he's run out of money for his fast food cravings and has the promo skills of a fish, get ahead of DEFIANCE 2.0 right here, bruv?

He points his thumbs back upon himself before shrugging his shoulders and dismissively chuckling to himself, looking out at Lance before he goes back to the camera.

Kendrix:

Well, the answers to that question are quite simple. Mushi proves that you don't get what you deserve in DEFIANCE. While I've taken this place by storm in just over a year, winning the DOC, being the brains behind the most dominate stable this company has ever seen and retiring one of the pillars of this company...Mushi gets a title shot before JFK because he attacked poor old Cayle from behind.

Slow sarcastic clap, before he looks down at the mic and back out at the lens.

Kendrix:

But the more simple answer, Lancey, well...

He chuckles before the trademark arrogant smirk appears before us for the first time this evening.

Kendrix:

The simple answer, Lance, is that Cayle Murray is simply dodging JFK. I'm as surprised as you are. Cayle has never been one to back down from a legitimate challenge, he's as tough and competitive as they come...but these days?

Kendrix holds his hands out flat in front of him, his fingers plucking up and down.

Kendrix:

His strings are being pulled in a different direction. These days his strings are pulled by the BAWWS! Eric Dane knows that his puppet can't beat JFK. After I retired Jason Natas, Eric knows, I'm the real deal around here...

"The real deal, you say?"

Kendrix jumps a little in shock, materializing behind him as the shot pans is the Count himself, Eddie Dante. The man behind the mayhem of the God-Beast smiles as Kendrix tries to collect himself, and shakes his head.

Eddie Dante:

Glad you mentioned Jason Natas, young Jesse. As a matter of fact, I had an agenda written out for when Mushigihara and myself returned to DEFIANCE, and Number One on that list was "settle the score with Jason Natas." That man was a thorn in our side even before we laid our heads low, and the God-Beast was eager to test his strength against him once again; too bad that had to be scrapped... because of *you*.

Kendrix rummages his hand through his well maintained beard in a child like attempt to stop himself from admiring his own handywork, but it's only for a moment as a proud grin is etched across his face.

Kendrix:

Guilty! That's my bad, bruv! JFK really hopes your God-Beast had enough time to get over that during his sabbatical...

The Lord of the Ring cuts Jesse off before that mouth of his really gets going, much to Jesse's annoyance.

Eddie Dante:

As far as I'm concerned, young Jesse, you *robbed* us of the opportunity. And now, let me guess, you're going to try and rob us of our opportunity to raise the FIST of DEFIANCE belt up high?

Kendrix takes an exaggerated stumbling step back as he holds his hand to his heart, a shocked expression on his face as his eyes and mouth widen at the very thought of Eddie's claim. Dante shakes his head at Jesse's mocking bravado, holding a hand up to hold JFK off from talking back.

Eddie Dante:

Do us a favor and stay away from that ring tonight; as it stands, you have two options. We already have you in our sights because of Natas, so either we win the FIST tonight and give you the chance to *prove yourself* worthy of that title...

Jesse's demeanor immediately shifts to one of focus, taking offence at Dante's use of the word "prove". As he does so, any shred of congeniality in Dante's demeanor is blown away, leaving a stern-faced aristocrat ready to throw down.

Eddie Dante:

...or you can butt your head in tonight's affairs, interfere in our match, and leave your fate to the mercy of the God-Beast... or lack thereof.

Dante turns on his heels and walks off-camera, but we can still hear his voice.

Eddie Dante:

You can either be swatted away like a fly, or crushed like an ant. CHOOSE WISELY, YOUNG KENDRIX.

The shot slowly focuses in back on Kendrix who hasn't taken his eyes off of Dante before realising that Lance's arm is still outstretched holding the mic. Kendrix swats it away from him, giving the interviewer a cold stare, before looking back out in the direction Dante left. He rubs his hand through his beard before he nods, smirks and walks off set.

ARRIVALS

Skidd Row is in the parking lot. He looks at his phone. He looks around. He's confused. He mutters to himself under his breath.

Skidd Row:

Did they really leave me?

He looks down to his cell - surge pricing.

Skidd Row:

Eff that noise. Guess I'll wait it out.

He goes to recline against the wall outside, when suddenly a Lincoln Town Car with tinted windows comes up to the parking lot. Stationing itself very close to row. The back passenger side window is rolled down, and out of it the D pops his head.

The D:

Excuse me, do you have any Gray Poupon?

Skidd bites his lower lip.

Skidd Row:

Dude - seriously? I'm not. In the mood.

The D shrugs his shoulders, and there's some jockeying in the backseat as now Elise Ares sticks her head out of the same window.

Elise Ares:

Hey, don't be sour. And don't do anything rash. Those guys wanna leave ya, let 'em.

Skidd Row:

Yeah? Thanks for the hot tip. Now leave me the hell alone. Thanks.

Elise looks unsure of what to do. The D is messing with the moonroof as she gathers herself.

Elise Ares:

Look, why don't you get in with us?

Skidd Row shoots her a look.

Skidd Row:

Like hell, I will.

Elise Ares:

No, seriously - I insist.

At this point she opens the door. The trunk pops. Out of the front Driver's seat, Klein reveals himself. There's a cap on top of the box somehow, he's wearing a suit. He looks like a professional driver. Out of the trunk he retrieves what looks to be a rolled up carpet. Before Elise can step out Kelin unravels the carpet. It's a small one, red in color of course, and both Elise and the D stroll out of the car. Skidd's eyes can't help but roll.

Elise Ares:

Look, we've been here, Skidd.

The D:

Right where you are. Right where you're leaning. Glint in our eye, after we thought that Mikey Unlikely was tryin' to dump us! Can you believe it, trying to dump - US!

Elise Ares:

We were trying to follow him in a taxi. We thought about hiring a PI to track him.

The D:

Don't be like us.

Elise Ares:

Let us help you. After all -

She points down to her waist, at the gold belt sitting on her hips. Smile on her face.

Elise Ares:

-isn't that what Champs are for?

Skidd looks down at his phone. The surge isn't going away.

Skidd Row:

I can't believe I'm doing this...but sure.

Klein is delighted to hear this and makes moves to put Skidd's bag in the back of the car. Klein opens the front passenger door and Skidd enters. The D and Elise get into the backseat, Kelin rolls up the carpet, puts it in the trunk. And readies himself to drive the four of them out of the parking lot.

Skidd Row:

Are you sure it's safe for him to drive with that box on his head?

They peel out, the strangest of bedfellows.

OLD "FRIENDS"

In the halls of the DEF Arena, Coleslaw Jenkins and Will Haynes are on a mission. It's of an unknown variety. The two men step with purpose, their eyes darting to and from the mismatch of doors, entrances and exits, as they search for...something/someone.

Coleslaw Jenkins:

All this scoutin' shit is hard work man. Dese joints ain't as young as they once was.

Jenkins reaches into his pocket, producing a bandana to wipe away whatever sweat the large man has accumulated in their search. Haynes is clearly frustrated with his companion.

Will Haynes:

Jesus Christ, son. You sure get winded a lot. Guess that's what a few months off does t' a man. Gotta get you back on that Stairclimber n' stat.

It's then that they get bumped into by the FIST of DEFIANCE, Cayle Murray. A smirk dances across the face of Haynes. Coleslaw's face lights up as well. He's the first to speak.

Coleslaw Jenkins:

Just the nig -

His eyes catch Cayle's and his words die in his mouth.

Coleslaw Jenkins:

-guy, we was lookin' for.

Will Haynes:

Yeah, we just wanted t' congratulate you on somethin' you never done at our ol' shared home. Ya know, win the big one. Always knew ya had it in ya, just glad ya finally found it your self. Feel me?

Cayle's all set for his first big title defence, which takes place in just a few minutes. As such, he's decked from head to toe in his wrestling outfit, sporting a fancy new white & gold get-up because a championship match demands championship attire. The FIST is snapped around his waist, of course.

He eyes his former WrestleUTA fed-mate with curiosity and suspicion.

Cayle Murray:

Thanks... I think?

Will Haynes:

Always wanted a match with you, Squid. N' nice t' know when I finally get my chance, that right there (a tap to the title) will be within reach. 'Tween you n' me, Squid, ten pounds a' gold beats the shit outofa brass ring.

Cayle Murray:

Well William, you may want to reconsider calling me "Squid" before making such a request in the future, but at least you asked rather than demanded, or worse...

He rubs the back of his head.

Cayle Murray: [mumbling]

Bloody Mushi...

Cayle snaps out of it.

Cayle Murray:

Listen mate, I'm happy to put this thing on the line any place, any time, so long as there's a ring and a referee. This thing has been surrounded by chaos for the past few months: I want to undo all of that, and make it about the *wrestling* again. The only way I can do that is by defending.

Murray pauses.

Cayle Murray:

But it's a long queue. If I get through Mushi tonight, I've got Kendrix next. You can jump in that line if you wish, but if we wrestle, Will, it's got to be one-on-one. We've crossed paths in the past, sure, but I don't really *know* you, and I've no idea what's going on with those, ahem, *Bastards* of course, but I know I don't trust it.

Haynes shakes his head. Lack of a trust could very well be the THRILLmaker's life time motto.

Will Haynes:

I don't gotta rely on anyone else t' cash the checks I write, buddy. Don't you worry your pretty little head over me. Just go on out there tonight n' focus on the BIG task in front of ya. I'm sure we'll catch up with one another again, eventually.

Coleslaw Jenkins:

You know where we be at, son. Best come n' find us.

Haynes smacks Slaw's shoulder and motions for the Gruesome Twosome to two step it in the other direction and leave Cayle to ready for his match. Murray watches them go, wariness etched across his face.

Cayle Murray:

Hmm.

Cut.

FIST OF DEFIANCE: CAYLE MURRAY (C) VS. MUSHIGIHARA

DDK:

Welcome back fans! It's time for our night's main event, as Cayle Murray puts his FIST of DEFIANCE on the line for the very first time. His opponent? Mushigihara.

Angus:

This is Mushi's first DEFIANCE match in quite some time, but holy balls, what a title fight. Cayle and Mushi have faced on time before, way back at DEFtv 66, and if you remember, Keeps, that didn't go so well for the Squid.

DDK:

Indeed, partner. Cayle fell that night, but it was well over a year ago. A lot has changed since then, and now that he's the FIST, Cayle can rightly consider himself one of the best wrestlers on the planet.

Angus:

You're not wrong, but let's not forget the wars this guy went through last month. Plus, Mushi is the most powerful wrestler Cayle has fought since... well, Mushi. We've seen him face all kinds of opponents over the past few months, but not a true powerhouse. This is a fresh test for him.

DDK:

It sure is, and I can't wait to see how it goes down. Remember, the seeds for this one were planted when Mushigihara assaulted Murray during his champion's address two weeks ago. Eddie Dante issued the challenge earlier this evening, and Cayle was happy to accept.

Angus:

Yeah, and with Will Haynes and Fuckedhead McKendrix sniffing around, who knows what awaits ol' Squiddo if he survives!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is our main event of the evening, and it is for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

"Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Tamara

The DEFtron wastes no time displaying the mysterious kanji that heralded the God-Beast the last time he was at the WrestlePlex. The crowd gives a mixed reaction to the monster emerging from the mist and the man who flanks him.

DDK:

Well, fans, last episode Mushigihara returned to DEFIANCE by staking a claim for the FIST, courtesy of his deadly Atlas Cutter; tonight, his manager Eddie Dante managed to finagle their way into this match!

Angus:

It might have been finangling, but like Dante said earlier, "Squid, meet Kraken." Murray's never faced a competitor like Mushigihara in DEFIANCE, so his reign may be a short one!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, the challenger! Accompanied by Eddie Dante, from Ibaraki, Japan and weighing in at two hundred ninety-four pounds... he is THE GOD-BEAST! MU! SHI! GI! HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

The God-Beast pays no mind to the crowd, and Eddie is barking words of encouragement and advice to his client as they march down the aisle. The monster rolls under the ropes and into the ring, before collecting himself at a nearby corner. As the music fades, he addresses his surroundings with a mighty...

Mushigihara:

...OSU!

♪ "The Wings Of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

The corniest slash most dramatic slash most awesome entrance theme in DEFIANCE fires-up. As usual for DEFtv, we kick-in about 40 seconds in, with the staccato guitar riffs going nuts. Strobe flashes break the darkness in the arena, before the track hits full flow with a pyrotechnic burst, and the FIST of DEFIANCE is revealed at the top of the ramp, sporting that spiffy new white and gold ring gear.

DDK:

Looks like the FIST's breaking out the championship attire for his first defence, and boy, does he look composed tonight!

Angus:

You have to project that aura when you're the top dog, but how much of it is legitimate? I've said it before, no wrestler is more driven by emotion than Cayle Murray. Sometimes it works in his favour, but other times, not so much.

Darren Quimbey:

... aaaaaand his opponent! Making his way to the ring from Aberdeen, Scotland, weighing in at 220lbs, he is the *REIGNING... DEEEEEEFENDING... FIST. OF. DEFIANCE. CAAAAAAAYLLLLLLLLLEEEEEEE MURRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!*

The Scot unfastens the belt as he hops up onto the apron, then scales a turnbuckle from the outside. He holds the prize high up in the air, before hopping over the top rope and to the inside, handing the FIST over to Brian Slater. As Cayle removes his ring jacket, the ref takes the strap over to Mushi for a quick glance, before hoisting it high above.

Angus:

That thing was the most precious artefact on the planet until Micropennis got his grubby mitts all over it, you know!

Slater eventually pulls the belt down, and hands it over to Darren Quimbey. Both men are ready to fight at this stage, and a staredown ensues, with neither wrestler moving an inch from their respective corner.

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

Here we go!

Angus:

Let's rasslefite!

The air is tense. The staredown continues. Chants start breaking out in anticipation of the big match, and Mushi is the first to make a move. He steps towards the centre of the ring, and Cayle does the same.

The two grapplers spend some time circling back and forth, sizing each other up, with neither wanting to do anything irrational. They inevitably come together in the centre of the ring, engaging in a collar and elbow. This goes predictably poorly for Cayle, who can only hold his position for a few moments before Mushi is forcing him backwards. This drains some of his strength, but it does take him to the sanctity of the ropes, where Mushi is forced into a clean break. The giant former sumo taps Murray twice on the chest as he moves away, letting him know he's in control.

If Cayle's annoyed by this, he doesn't show it. He comes back into the middle, and after some more circling, he gets forced into another tie-up. Again, Mushi takes control, backing Cayle into a corner, with Slater starting his count. Mushi gets a little nasty this time, however, forcing his forearm into Murray's throat as he "breaks," then shoving him right in the face as he backs off. Cayle shows some frustration, scowling as he clutches his throat.

DDK:

Interesting little feeling out process there, though I'm not sure how many locks-up Cayle wants to do with a man 74lbs heavier than him.

Angus:

Not a wise game, Keeps. Squiddy certainly isn't weak, but Mushi's about the strongest guy to ever set foot in that ring. Anymore of these power games and Cayle will be going home sans belt.

This time, Mushigihara decides to change the pace. He charges right at Cayle, trying to squash him in the corner, but Murray ducks out of the way and skips behind. Murray catches the back of Mushi's legs with some kicks as the bigger man turns around, then stings him with a bodykick as soon as he's facing. Mushi absorbs it and throws a chop, but Cayle ducks and leaps in with a forearm!

He goes for the Irish whip, but Mushi reverses, and sends Cayle to the ropes. The FIST rebounds right into a huge shoulder block from Mushi, knocking the Scot to the mat for the first time! With Cayle down, The God-Beast stands over him soaking in his own dominance.

Angus:

Down goes the champ! Something tells me he doesn't quite know how to deal with Mushigihara!

Murray gets back up and tries to create distance, but Mushi comes right back at him, and chases Cayle back against the ropes. Murray ducks a forearm, however! He skips behind, using both arms and his full weight to drag Mushi down with a roll-up!

ONE!**KICKOUT!****Angus:**

Huh, that was sly...

DDK:

Cayle's no dummy, Angus. That won't win the match, but it could flip the momentum!

Murray's the first to his feet, and he swarms Mushi as he's rising. Few wrestlers are more durable than The King Of The Monsters, however, who willingly eats Cayle's strikes... until he gets clocked in the head with a high kick! Mushi staggers a little but, and Cayle runs to the ropes, but The God-Beast recovers to duck his running Yakuza kick, and slap him in a sleeper hold!

DDK:

It's not often we see Mushi go for a sub, but this'll wear Cayle down!

Murray, fortunately, is too close to the ropes for any real damage to be done. He grabs the top one, and Mushi dislodges immediately, but still stiffs him with a couple of elbows for good measure. The former sumo scoop slams the FIST into the mat, then stomps over to the ropes, hits them, and comes back with a seated Senton!

Angus:

JESUS CHRIST! That's a gorram rib-breaker! That man's almost 300lbs!

Wasting no time, Mushi hauls the champ to his feet, landing a brutal chop right across his chest! The move sounds like a gunshot, and it sends Cayle down to one knee. Mushi pulls him back up, hits another disgusting chop, with this one sending Murray stumbling back against the ropes. Agonised, Cayle clutches his chest, leaving him at Mushi's mercy. The Scot gets pulled into the ring, and the third chop knocks him back to the mat!

DDK:

Mushi is obliterating Cayle's chest! First that seated Senton, and now some of the hardest chops in the business!

Angus:

Look how red the Squid's chest is already!

The Golden Goliath leans over, slowly pulling Murray to his feet. He knows he's got him under his control for now, so he whips him into the corner, then follows up with the Avalanche splash!

The move incapacitates the champ momentarily, so Mushi pulls him over, then hooks the arms. He's going for a double-arm suplex, but Cayle finds a gap in the arm, sliding one arm out, then another. Still in the corner, he leans back against the turnbuckles and lifts both boots up, pushing Mushi away.

The God-Beast only goes back a few steps, and charges. He runs right into both of Cayle's boots, however, causing him to stumble back further. Cayle's still reeling from the chops, though. He takes a few moments to recover, before moving back towards Mushigihara... who knocks him to the mat with another chop!

DDK:

Another big-time chop, and this isn't going well for the FIST!

Angus:

Not at all! A single chop from Mushi could floor an African elephant, Keebs, let alone Cayle Murray!

DDK:

He needs to find a way out of this predicament so that he can impose his own gameplan. Otherwise, he's in deep trouble.

At large and in charge, Mushi peels Cayle off the mat, then whips him hard into the corner. He follows up with another Avalanche splash, but Cayle's able to recover, leaping away from the charge as Mushi crashes into the turnbuckles! Dazed, Mushi turns around. Murray dashes right at him, but gets bundled over the top rope!

DDK:

He landed on the apron!

Now on the outside, Cayle ducks a Mushi forearm, goes between the top and middle ropes, and thrusts his shoulder into The God-Beast's abdomen! Hopping back into the ring, Cayle catches Mushigihara with some more leg kicks, before hitting the ropes and coming back with a basement dropkick right to the knee!

Mushi drops to one knee, and Cayle again hits the ropes, this time catching his opponent with a step-up Penalty Kick! The move connects with a pop, but it still doesn't send Mushi to the mat! The monster falls back against the ropes, but starts clambering up from his knelt position. As he's doing this, Cayle runs right at him, connecting with the running Yakuza kick, which sends him all the way out of the ring.

Angus:

Jesus Christ! Squiddly McDiddley is fired up, baby!

DDK:

That's what he needs to do, Angus - stick and move! The speed of those strikes took Mushi out of it, and now Cayle's in control!

It doesn't take too long for Mushi to climb back up onto the apron, but he eats a couple of forearms when he gets there. Being the thick-skulled motherfucker that he is, Mushigihara takes them like a man, before catching Murray with a *NASTY* headbutt that knocks him dizzy!

The God-Beast doesn't let him escape. He grabs Cayle's head, then throws it under his arm, but the first suplex attempt fails when Cayle makes himself dead weight!

DDK:

Oh no...

Mushi once again grabs the waistband and lifts Murray off the ground, but Cayle hooks a boot under the bottom rope.

Angus:

YES! Splat that Squid!

Irritated by Cayle's fight, Mushi clubs him in the back with his free hand. He goes back to the waistband, hauls him for the third time, and FINALLY gets him over the top rope!

DDK:

SUPLEX TO THE OUTS-- NO!

Angus:

HE'S OUT!

SOMEHOW, Cayle's able to slip out before Mushi can kill him. He lands on his feet on the outside, and quickly sweeps Mushi's legs with both arms. The God-Beast faceplants on the apron as he falls to the ground, and Cayle slides back inside...

DDK:

What's he gonna do here?!

Mushi, being a monster, recovers from the damage quickly. Little does he know that Cayle's preparing something special, and the Scot hits the ropes on the opposite side, dashes back across, hops onto the *second* rope, then glides over the top with his take on a Tope Con Hilo! The crowd go nuts, and Cayle pops to his feet.

Angus:

HOLY SHIT!

DDK:

Incredible stuff from Cayle, putting his body on the line to take Mushi out! We primarily know this guy as a striking technician, but sometimes, you just have to go airborne!

Angus:

I have it on extremely good authority that Squidboy is well-versed in the art of flippydoo fuckery, Keeps!

DDK:

That's one way of put-- HEY! WAIT!

A blur runs down the ramp past Angus and Keeps, but it's moving so fast that Cayle doesn't even have a hope in hell of preparing.

CRRRACK!

The chair cracks his shoulderblades, sending him to his knees.

The wielder?

Kendrix.

Angus:

OH FOR FUCK'S SAKE!

DDK:

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, KENDRIX JUST SMASHED CAYLE WITH THE CHAIR!

Boos fill the arena, and Brian Slater immediately calls for the bell. JFK pays no heed, however, rolling the FIST inside the ring, and taking the chair with him.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via disqualification, and *STILL* the FIST of DEFIANCE... CAYLE MURRAY!

Once inside, JFK cracks Murray's back with another chairshot, before kneeling down to the ground, shouting things that the microphones can't quite pick up.

DDK:

Just as this match was getting going, Kendrix spoils the fun.

Angus:

He did have brief run ins with Eddie Dante *AND* Cayle earlier. Fuckhead thinks he deserves a shot at the belt, and now Cayle's at his mercy!

Kendrix gets back up to his feet, his eyes still on Cayle who's reaching around for his back. As the boos fill the arena, Kendrix looks out at the fans with a grin on his face.

DDK:

Kendrix is actually proud of what he's just done.

Angus:

Of course he is, he's a douche bag!

Cayle tries to get vertical but Kendrix sends a nonchalant boot to his face, pushing him back first down to the canvass. The shot switches focus to the ringside cameraman's angle who this time picks up every word JFK says down to Cayle.

Kendrix:

IS IT MY TURN YET, BRUV?!

Chuckling off his question, of course not expecting an answer. Jesse lifts the chair up in front of him and down hard into the ribs of The Fist!

Angus:

God, did you hear that cry from Cayle?

DDK:

He's had enough! That's enough Kendrix, here comes Mushi!

Upon clocking the God-Beast entering the ring, Kendrix slides himself out of the ring underneath the bottom rope.

DDK:

Mushi is seething here.

The shot focuses on Kendrix innocently shrugging his shoulders up at Mushi in the ring.

Angus:

Look at this guy, like butter wouldn't melt, huh?!

Kendrix looks over at the dented chair in his hand before looking back up and pointing at Mushi. As if the penny had dropped, JFK holds his free palm to his open, apparently shocked mouth, before planting it upon the top of his head.

Kendrix:

OH NO! BOLLOCKS, YOU GOT DQ'D IN YOUR BIG MATCH AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT, INNIT MUSHI-MAN?!

The shot switches to Dante holding back his God-Beast before returning to JFK walking back up the ramp, his eyes

not leaving the ring as he places his hand upon his heart.

Kendrix:

WOOPS, MY BAD, YEAH?!

JFK smirks his smirk, pleased with his evening's work.

DDK:

Folks, we're out of time... but what scenes! Kendrix has ruined Mushigihara and Cayle's title shot, and the duo are now jawing at each other over the top rope!

Angus:

What an absolutely shitshow, Keeps!

DDK:

Partner, I'm inclined to agree! G'night ladies and gents!

The copyright logo appears.

The shot slowly fades.

And Mushigihara is fucking fuming.

THIS IS DEFIANCE