

DEFIANCE Wrestling: DEFIANCE TV 78

DEFarena, New Orleans, LA
7 Feb 2017

THE RUNDOWN



Explosions! Loud music! Pyrotechnics! A fancy Instagram-looking filter on the camera lens! ALL OF THESE THINGS ARE CURRENTLY HAPPENING!

The usual DEFTV intro runs, and we get all kinds of highlights from the past few weeks of action. From the PCP/Bruvs miscommunication to Bronson Box destroying a BRAZEN geek, it's all there lads. Eventually, the footage ceases, and we head inside the DEFarena itself.

The camera swooshes by one side of the building, capturing some pretty cool signs.

#MIKEYSCREWEDMIKEY
BRONSON BOX

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CAYLE MURRAY VS. CRISTIANO CABALLERO

♪ "Sexy Boy" by Air ♪

Angus:

Time for some graps!

The famous slab of French synth-pop spreads through the arena and the bronzed Cristiano Caballero saunters out from the backstage area. Carrying a rose in one hand, and with the other behind his back, he walks every-so-slowly down the ramp with his nose up and his eyes scanning the vicinity for females.

DDK:

Here comes Cristiano Caballero, a man we last saw in a losing effort to Andy Murray at DEFtv 65. Tonight, he faces the younger brother.

Angus:

This guy is as close to chickenshit as you can get without passing through a rooster's rectal tract, Keebs! He hates getting punched in the kisser, and with the way Cayle's been fighting lately, I don't think this match is going to work out well for him...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Barcelona, Sapin, he stands at 6'2" and weighs in at 228lbs... CRISTIANO CABALLEROOOOOOOOO!

He eventually reaches the ringside area and walks halfway around the ring, extending the rose to an eager-to-accept blonde before flowing her a kiss, then sliding into the ring. Once vertical, Caballero carefully tucks a wayward strand of hair back into his man-bun, then pauses to admire his own visage on the DEFtron.

♪ "The Wings of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

The track kicks-in about 40 seconds through (because a minute-long DEFtv introduction would be sillyman behaviour), with the ascending vocal choir and distant drum pattern. Then come the staccato guitar riffs and stabbing violins, accompanied by strobe flashes in the arena, before everything goes silent momentarily...

BOOOOOOOM!

A huge pyrotechnic explosion at the top of the ramp. The track kicks-in and Cayle Murray's slowly making his way down the ramp, arms outstretched, back to the crowd. He eventually swings around, all steely-faced and determined.

DDK:

A big night for Cayle, who hasn't wrestled since losing to Bronson Box at Acts of DEFIANCE. Murray still wants a piece of the DEFIANT Ace, but it looks like Box isn't interested.

Angus:

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Box won, Cayle lost. At this point, the best possible thing for Cayle to do is just leave it the fuck alone. *Something* changed in Box at Acts of DEFIANCE, and if Cayle keeps poking the bear, it's gonna take his gorram arm off.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent! Making his way to the ring from Aberdeen, Scotland, he stands at 6'1", and weighs in at 220lbs.. CAYLE MURRAYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

Cayle reaches the bottom of the ramp then slides below the ropes. He doesn't waste any time in pulling his jacket off and readying himself for a fight - all business tonight. Caballero, meanwhile, is still fucking around in his corner as the bell rings.

Murray moves towards the middle of the ring. Caballero looks up, smirking, before sauntering towards Cayle. Looking for a lock-up, Murray puts his arms up then lunges forward, but Cristiano casually sidesteps him then slowly starts walking across the ring.

Angus:

You know, he might be a BRAZEN kid, but I don't fuckin' like this guy...

Caballero reaches the corner and turns back around, relaxed as can be. Cayle thinks "fuck this" and charges, but Caballero skips out before Murray can run into him. Cayle stops himself from hitting the turnbuckles but eats a couple of kicks from Cabs as he's turning, then gets raked in the eyes. Cristiano brings him to the mat with a Snapmare and holds on, applying a chinlock.

Slowly, Cayle works his way to his feet. He dislodges the Spaniard with some elbows to the ribs then whips him off the ropes. Cabs ducks a clothesline, hits the ropes again, and throws a spinning wheel quick that Cayle ducks completely. Both leap to their feet, but instead of engaging, Caballero climbs out of the ring.

Cristiano barely has a moment's rest before Cayle slides out of the ring then crashes into the back of him. The Spaniard hits the deck, and the Scot follows up by backing a few steps back, then charges, leaps, and crashes down with a running Senton! The crowd heat up, and Cayle throws Caballero back inside.

Angus:

You know, I almost like "take no shit" Squayle Murray.

DDK:

A fiery start, and one that the inexperienced Caballero will do well to recover from.

No mercy from Cayle, who hauls Cabs to his feet and throws him into a corner. Forearm, forearm, forearm! The Spaniard instinctively covers up his pretty little face, but this opens his body up and allows Cayle to nail him with a Northern Lights Suplex!

ONE!

TWO!

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NO! KICKOUT!

Caballero is beyond dazed. Cayle lets him get to his feet, but the guy's on Bambi's legs, and can't take a step without stumbling over. Murray blasts him back into the corner with a Shotgun Dropkick, then pulls him out and right into an elbow strike that flattens him. Cristiano starts trying to get up as Cayle dashes to the ropes... Penalty Kick right to the chest!

As Caballero's ribcage caves in, Cayle wastes absolutely no time in charging to the nearest corner and climbing the ropes. He flings himself off with his trademark low-arc Moonsault, making sure he tucks his knees for extra damage on impact!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

Angus:

Jesus! Cayle is beating the absolute fuck out of this guy!

DDK:

This is quite the showing! I don't think-- ... wait a minute...

Angus:

... is he?!

Without a second's pause, Cayle has rolled Caballero onto his stomach and is now standing over him. The crowd buzz - they know exactly what's coming.

Cayle leans down, traps the arms, then pulls back on Cristiano's jaw.

DDK:

BOSTON MASSACRE!

Angus:

Turns out he is *THAT* stupid!

Caballero writhes, but only for a few seconds. He doesn't have the experience to fight his way out of this hold, and he taps right away. Cayle breaks the hold immediately.

DDK:

Cayle Murray defeats Cristiano Caballero in less than two minutes, and he did it with Bronson Box's finishing move!

Angus:

What. A. Fucking. *IDIOT*.

DDK:

That's one way of getting Boxer's attention, I suppose. Let's not forget that Box used the Highland

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Hangover - Andy Murray's move - to end Eugene Dewey's DEFIANCE career several months ago.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via submission... CAYLE MURRAYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

Cayle stays in the ring, shouting something the the microphones don't pick up over his music.

Angus:

Squayle had better be hoping Box still feels like ignoring him, because if he doesn't...

DDK:

The Scottish Civil War continues in silence, but we have a long night ahead of us, and there's still so much to get through! Let's head elsewhere.

Cut.

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The Sitdown

There comes a time when two opposing forces have to engage in negotiations, whether or not either party wants to actually share the same air. In other words shit is about to go down.

On one side of the table there sits the Queen of DEFIANCE, the Head Bitch in Charge, and the ruler of all that is DEFIANCE. On the other is the driving force behind the resurgence of Curtis Penn, his advocate, and the only person that Kelly Evans will sit down with and discuss the splinter in her ass Curtis Penn.

Kelly Evans :

First off I'd like to thank you for your attempt of shutting down Curtis at the last DEF TV.

Jane smirks because she knows that she actually is holding all of the cards in this meeting. Should could stand back with her hands in the air and allow her client to rain hell down on the DEFIANCE roster and not have a care in the world about what happens. Or she could sit here with her legs crossed and offer her hand in gently guiding Curtis Penn away from his appetite for destruction. Whichever role she takes she knows that she is going to have to tread carefully for the next few minutes.

Jane Katze:

He is troublesome at times Kelly, but if you look past the ego and some of the absurd things that he says, Curtis Penn is actually talented. Look at all he's done in the Southern Heritage Division. He brought it from absolute obscurity into a very prestigious title.

Kelly forces a smile onto her face at the mention of the Southern Heritage Championship, the rise of the SoHer has been a bright spot on her resume'.

Kelly Evans:

I've seen his matches, more than I would like, but Curtis is an absolute ass.

Jane Katze:

Yeah he is. But a talented one. Look at all of the money that he brings into DEFIANCE. Look at his tenure in DEFIANCE. How many wrestlers on this roster can actually say that they've been around for more than a year? Two years? Curtis Penn has battled from absolute obscurity in DEFIANCE and has made himself into a walking promotion.

Kelly Evans:

He's not FIST material.

Jane Katze:

Neither was Eugene Dewey, until he was. Curtis Penn beat Lindsay Troy at Acts of DEFIANCE.

Kelly Evans:

He cheated.

Jane Katze:

The ref didn't catch it.

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Kelly Evans:

I did.

Jane Katze:

You weren't the ref.

Kelly Evans:

Troy beat him after the restart, she is the FIST.

Jane Katze:

She used an illegal choke that you didn't catch while you were in your pinstripes. You see how this plays out. It looks like you restarted the match out of spite. In Curtis' eyes you did. In the lawyer's eyes you did and they're talking some crazy stuff about him having some sort of ownership of DEFIANCE.

Kelly Evans:

Lawyers! Wait... what?

Jane Katze:

Curtis said something along the lines of Ed White referred him to a couple of lawyers that helped him out of his predicament. Don't worry... yet. After I received the e-mail from your offices saying that you wanting to talk, I got him to put that on hold... For now, because I think the two of us can work this out.

Jane eyes Kelly for a few long moments. Kelly releases a long drawn out sigh.

Kelly Evans:

Okay, maybe I over reacted at Acts of DEFIANCE.

Jane Katze:

You did lose a lot of PPV sales from the rematch that could have been coming your way when you restarted the match.

Kelly Evans:

So, what do we do?

Jane Katze:

We do nothing. You schedule a rematch for the FIST tonight. You stay out of the match and allow it to unfold. If Troy is the FIST you think she is then she'll be able to take every dirty trick that Penn has. If she's not, then maybe... maybe Curtis Penn should have been your FIST all along.

Kelly Evans:

You want me to reward Curtis for being a cheating dick? For the last few years, he's made my life Hell.

Jane Katze:

And he's jumped through your hoops. But no, you're not rewarding Penn, your rectifying your mistake and it just happens to give you one hell of a Main Event.

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Kelly Evans:

Ok... Ok, but under one condition if he loses tonight, he goes to the back of the bus. No more cry baby bullshit, no more holding me back speeches, he just quietly goes to the back of the bus and works his way back up to the FIST.

Jane Katze:

Everyone likes a good comeback story. So tonight, Curtis Penn versus Lindsay Troy you don't interfere and you allow it to unfold and progress naturally. And if my client loses he starts back at the bottom.

Jane sits back in her chair while Kelly leans forward.

Kelly Evans:

Deal?

Jane Katze:

Deal, I'll give my client the good news.

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RECKONIZE.

DDK:

And now fans we go live to the back with a word from Lance...

We cut to the stock backstage interview area. DEFtv backdrop looking like a million bucks, lighting on point, and here Lance Warner's smiling mug greets us with a curt nod. We can see he isn't alone.

LANCE WARNER:

I am joined by BRAZEN tag team - Emilio Byrd and Hurtlocker Holt - known collectively as Thugs 4 Hire.

The camera pulls back briskly, revealing T4H, smug and cocky, standing on either side of Lance. The smaller of the two, Emilio Byrd gleefully takes the microphone out of Lance's hand and gently pushes him almost entirely out of camera-shot. Lance is clearly annoyed, but doesn't dare "step" to the street-wise Byrd.

BYRD:

I got this, yo.

Byrd takes off his shades and throws them - eyes wild.

BYRD:

DEFIANCE wrestling! Puttin' you all on notice! Thugs 4 Hire are here... and we 'bout to get PAID! They wanna pigeon-hole the BYRD and hold us down on BRAZEN... like we a couple SCRUBS! Last time Holt and me showed up in this buildin'... may have been the best thing ever happened in our lives! Last time we was here, not only did we get P-A-I-D to take out some fools who got caught slippin'...but we also got maybe the BEST exposure we could ask for LIVE on DEFtv...

Fans watching on the DEFtron let out an annoyed, mostly bored groan. Who are these guys?

BYRD:

Those freaks we took out last week may not have talent... but they had a BUZZ. And last time we was here? We SNATCHED dat buzz up for ourselves, yo. And it don't stop there. We out to--

Byrd shifts his gaze over the shoulder of Lance Warner and out of shot. The shot shudders for a moment as it's operator feels the temperature in the room change. Swinging the shot hard right - it comes to rest on the Colorful and Courageous Masked Violator #1. Hands balled into fists, they rest on his hips - chest puffed out with pride and confidence. The DEF faithful offer a healthy pop. His eyes aren't angry, but stern. His posture isn't aggressive, but stoic. His right shoulder appears to be taped up under his singlet - no doubt a side-effect of his run-in with the Thugs 4 Hire.

LANCE WARNER:

If I may...

Lance gently prys the mic from Byrd's distracted hand and points it towards MV#1. Byrd, on the

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other hand, is measuring the situation - holding a hopped up Hurtlocker Holt back with an arm and smirking all the while.

HURTLOCKER:

You want more, BITCH!?!

MV#1's eyes don't waver. He slowly raises an arm and levels his index finger at the thugs.

MV#1:

You watch your MOUTH, Mister!

LANCE WARNER:

Number 1! Last week--

MV#1:

Lance, you'll find me to be the type of man that is not typically prone to interrupt a man he respects, but time is of the very essence so I must apologize.

MV#1 points squarely at each brute, in turn.

MV#1:

You two hoodlums. I will only ask the once: *Who Is Paying You?* And be quick about answering.

HURTLOCKER:

Man, I'mma FUCK you up!

Number 1 folds his arms across his chest. If you squint your eyes just right, you can almost SEE a majestic cape billowing in the breeze behind him.

MV#1:

This is the part of our meeting where you answer me. And quickly.

Byrd and Holt chuckle cockily.

BYRD:

What CHU gonna do if we don't?

HURTLOCKER:

What dat man paid... shit, I'd say he bought some anonymity. We ain't tellin' you SHIT!

MV#1 shook his head.

MV#1:

You don't understand. You will answer me. Now. Hurry up.

T4H burst out into unbridled laughter, they be clownin' MV#1.

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BYRD:

What, you got somewhere to be, B? Why you in such a rush to catch another ass whoopin'?

MV#1 lets out a sigh.

MV#1:

While I would like little more than an opportunity to tangle with you street toughs... I'm trying to hurry this encounter along for YOUR best interests. My partner in crime and lifelong chum was using the lavatory as your unintelligible segment began - I'm fairly certain he has an anal fissure, but he won't let me look and he's just so stubborn, of course he won't go see a professional! An anal fissure, yes. The symptoms just match up! IN ANY EVENT! By now, he has no doubt foregone wiping and is back in front of our lockerrooms monitor. By now, he no doubt knows you are both in the building. By now... there can be no doubt... he is coming for you both.

Byrd melts backwards and Hurtlocker steps forward - unafraid and defiant.

MV#1:

I was trying to save you.

Lance looks around nervously.

HURTLOCKER:

You wanna know who paid us to take you PUNKS out last week?!? How about we tell you... IN THE RING. Tonight!

MV#1 shakes his head, fists back on hips.

MV#1:

You'll tell me NOW.

Byrd's feathers puff back up, emboldened by the aggression of his comrade.

BYRD:

You heard the man, freak! In the ring! Tonight! Sheeeeeee-it, I'm sure The Man Who Pays The Bills will even throw in a BONUS for knockin' you BUSTAS down the ladder one mo' time! Let's GO, Holt!!!

Byrd slaps Holt on the shoulder and leads him away - they leave camera and ear shot still barking obscenities, the various street they group up on, variations of slang terms for money, etc etc. The camera rests back on Warner and MV#1.

MV#1:

Sigh.

There is commotion in the direction opposite of T4H's exit - and suddenly, into shot, Masked Violator #2 comes charging - he is completely unhinged. The crowd in attendance has a mixed - but vocal -

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reaction to #2.

MV#2:

WHERE THE FUCK ARE THEY?!?

MV#1 smiles and grabs his partners shoulders, coralling him as best he can.

MV#1:

Rest easy, old chum! I've secured a match with them! We need to get ready! Come on!

Masked Violator #1 salutes at Lance then bounds off-shot. MV#2's feral eyes search the scene for any trace of Thugs 4 Hire - his racing mind still processing what his partner'd just told him. Warner looks at 2 with some skepticism.

MV#2:

WHAT?!?

Warner shrugs.

MV#2:

Man, I TOLD him! IT'S NOT AN ANAL FISSURE! It's HEMMORRHOIDS, FUCKSOCKET!

#2 marches off screen, leaving Warner to mull that nutritious nugget of too-much-information over.

LANCE WARNER:

...let's go back out to the arena...

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Sports Entertainment Awards Ceremony, BAY BAY!!!!

We come back to the Wrestleplex from the backstage area. The interview stage is all jazzed up with decoration. Extra lights hang from it, a podium is in the middle of the stage, with a red carpet running from the entranceway to the stage. The sounds of "Fucking In The Bushes" by Oasis can be heard in the background, as already making their way up the interview stage stairs are the members of the Sports Entertainment Guild with Kendrix being flanked by a half a dozen members of DEFsec. The boos come fast and heavy all around the arena. The fivesome are dressed to the nines in suits and a dress respectively. There is a large box next to the podium that is open at the top.

DDK:

Well it appears we are about to hear from the Sports Entertainment Guild. They seem to be a bit more unified this week than at DEFtv 77! If you remember, to close the show Mikey Unlikely got his rematch against Impulse after losing the Southern Heritage Title at Acts of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Say it again Keeps.

DDK:

Say what again!?

Angus:

That last bit about Mcfuckass losing the title! Hahaha

DDK:

...As I was saying, Mikey Unlikely got his rematch against Impulse with the title on the line. Toward the end of the match the rest of the Sports Entertainment Guild came down to the ring, looking to help Mikey, but that's not what happened, let's take a look.

The screen splits in two, live shot on the left and a replay of the end of DEFtv 77's main event. We see Mikey catch the "Drive by at the Roxy" by PCP, after Impulse moves. Mikey drops, and then we cut to the scene after the match where Mikey denied the advances of PCP to help him up. We cut back to the stage where The group now surrounds the podium.

Angus:

BEAUTIFUL! That was amazing! Can we see it again!?

DDK:

I don't think that's necessary partner. TV Time constraints etc... are you watching a gif of it on your phone?

Angus:

It's my wallpaper.

The leader of the S.E.G. stands behind the podium looking out across the crowd who chant back at him.

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“Mikey sucks! Mikey sucks!”

“Mikey sucks! Mikey sucks!”

“Mikey sucks! Mikey sucks!”

He waits for it to die down before speaking.

Mikey Unlikely:

Ladies and gentlemen, Thank you for being here and attending the first annual “Year End Sports Entertainment Awards!

The crowd boos back angrily.

DDK:

Seriously?

Mikey Unlikely:

An awards ceremony so prestigious...the voting could not possibly have been left to the moronic general public to decide! But fear not! We within the UNITED...Sports Entertainment Guild have done the voting for you!

Hey! They are booing again!

Mikey Unlikely:

2016 was the best year yet for all in DEFIANCE! In 2016 we saw the debut of each and every member of the Sports Entertainment Guild, we saw an incredible two hundred and forty plus day run made by the greatest Hollywood Heritage Champion of all time! We saw the Pop Culture Phenoms capture the DEFIANCE tag team titles! We saw JFK become the DOC! we saw....other guys do....stuff too?

Mikey scratches his head, thinking of other stuff people had done while PCP and Kendrix look on struggling to come up with anything themselves. Klein goes to raise his hand but thinks better of it.

Mikey Unlikely:

So many of the things happened. It's literally anyone's guess as to who will leave here tonight with a Golden SEG award.

Upon the announcement, Klein removes a gold trophy from the open box by the podium and places it on the stand in front of Mikey. The trophy has a black base and a large golden microphone on top. Kendrix removes a golden envelope from his inside jacket pocket as he joins Mikey by the stand. Opening the envelope and removing the piece of card from it, he puts on his giant bug eye shades to read.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah?!

Booooooooooooo!

Kendrix:

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Let's not fuck about. Straight in, no kissing, yeah?! The first award tonight is the "Best Supporting Role in Sports Entertainment" The nominees are...

Jesse and Mikey present their arms towards the big DEFiatron. The screen thingy lights up with the Mikey Money logo. First up the voicey voice over man calls out Klein's name over the action package of said man doing his thing over the course of 2016. This is then followed up by Elise Ares and The D's montages respectively.

Being both the tag team champions as well as playing a role in MANY a Mikey Unlikely match, the Pop Culture Phenoms try to look calm, but the excitement spreads across their face. Both members half step forward as Kendrix hands the card over to Mikey.

Mikey Unlikely:

And the winner is...

He stalls for dramatic effect, OBVS!

Mikey Unlikely:

KLEIN!

In a moment of shock and appall the Pop Culture Phenoms collectively drop their jaws. Klein on the other hand points to himself quizzingly. He doesn't believe his ears. Suddenly the big boxed bastard starts jumping up and down with his hands in the air. He rushes to the podium and grabs the award from Mikey's hand. Klein extends his hand to Mikey for a handshake which is promptly ignored.

Klein steps up to the microphone and stares out over the crowd. He realizes every camera is on him and panics. Klein turns and walks behind some of the other guys, having said nothing. Meanwhile, The D stares his friend down as he walks off, arms crossed over his chest.

Mikey Unlikely:

Very very, well deserved I must say. And now, we go onto the next category...the most DOC Bruv in the business ever ever, award.

Angus:

That's the title for the award? I thought these jackasses were supposed to be creative sports entertainment douchebags?!

The DEFiatron lights up once more as we see montages for Frank Dylan James, Jason Natas and finally Kendrix, who somewhat sheepishly fixes up his tie around his collar.

Kendrix:

Oh, didn't even know JFK was nominated for this thing, how embarrassing...

DDK:

Angus, get back here, you're a professional!

Angus:

But I don't want to! This whole Sports Entertainment Awards crap is ridiculous!

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Kendrix:

And the winner is...

As Jesse removes the card from the envelope, he closes his eyes and crosses his fingers before finding out who the winner is.

Kendrix:

Jason Natas!

The crowd pops for the former DOC.

DDK:

Well, I certainly wasn't expecting that.

Kendrix:

...is what JFK would be saying if the award was for that other DOC award...the Dumb Overrated COWARD...award.

Jesse and Mikey hit a celebratory gluefist while the crowd fills the arena with their displeasure. Mikey takes the card from Kendrix.

Mikey Unlikely:

Good one Bruv! But no, the real winner is...oh my god, I can't believe it....It's JFK...Jesse Fredericks Kendrix, WOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Jesse looks over at PCP and then back at Mikey slapping his cheeks in apparent shock. Klein goes to hand Kendrix the award but Mikey grabs it out of his hand and hands it to his bruv. Kendrix places it down on the stand and holds his hands out at the crowd.

Kendrix:

Thank you so very much for that warm reception, Bellends! Oh, no, JFK's welling up here. Got to be honest with you all, JFK wasn't expecting this...I'm totally unprepared.

With that, he removes a piece of A4 paper from his jacket pocket, holds it out in front of him, ready to read. A humble look on his face is followed by an over exaggeratingly cleared throat.

Angus:

Unprepared? He's written a damn speech!

Kendrix:

AAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Hey, FATAS...JFK burned your belt you jerk!
AAAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Jesse throws the paper over his shoulder and wipes an imaginary tear away from his eye as PCP and Mikey applaud, the latter holding his hand to his heart.

Mikey Unlikely:

Great speech, bruv. Really moving stuff. And now for the big one. Really, the only award that matters in this industry today...The Sports Entertainer Of The Year Award...

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PCP and Kendrix look on excitingly as Mikey introduces the nominees via the DEFiatron. The package starts off with Mikey Unlikely. However, the package runs on and on, amassing much more time than the other nominees had for the previous awards, before coming to an end.

Angus:

What? Mikey was the only nominee!

DDK:

Are you actually taking this thing seriously?

Angus:

No, of course not but...how can he be the only nominee??!

Kendrix removes the card from the envelope...

Kendrix:

Ladies and Bellends....hold onto your hats, you're not actually going to believe this...the winner of the 2016 Sports Entertainer Of The Year Award goes to...MIKEY UNLIKELY!

Mikey Unlikely:

OH MY GOD!!!!!!

Klein goes over to hand Mikey the award but this time Kendrix grabs it out of his hand, pushes him away and hands it over to his Hollywood Bruv.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm shocked really! You guys don't know what this means to me. Don't get me wrong, I OBVS deserve it! I mean I'm clearly the most sports entertaining man in the business!

Kendrix:

Totally Obvs!

Mikey Unlikely:

I don't know if it was my strong early matches, my amazing run as Hollywood Heritage Champion, or the award winning season one of Crows Alley debuting RIGHT HERE ON HULU! It was an amazing year, and I couldn't have done it without...

He turns to the group who all look at him arms open.

Mikey Unlikely:

YOU BRUV!

Unlikely embraces Kendrix only, ignoring the other members of the Sports Entertainment Guild. PCP look a little upset having been the only members of SEG not to win an award. As they begin to trudge off, Mikey halts them in their tracks.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey, you guys...there's still one more award to go. An award, I'm sure you guys will be interested in.

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Jesse...

Kendrix:

That's right, bruv. Last, but not least...kinda...the nominees for the Sports Entertainment Tag Team of The Year award are...

The D and Elise's eyes light up in excitement as the DEFiatron plays the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions' package. However, the package is incredibly short and is replaced by a much longer package of The Hollywood Bruvs doing their thing.

Klein is busy trying to figure out a way to eat popcorn without lifting the box off his head.

DDK:

You've got to be kidding me. The Hollywood Bruvs have only participated in a few matches over the last year! This should be a no brainer for PCP.

Angus:

Well, look who got caught up with the bullshit, huh?

The D looks on in hope while Elise bites down on her finger nails, eagerly awaiting the result.

Kendrix:

And the winners are...oh JFK can't look...

Jesse hands the card over to Mikey as the D and Elise hold each other's hands, the suspense killing them.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh boy, you can cut the air in here with a knife...The winners are...oh I can't look either...oh wait, yes I can...Jesse Fredericks Kendrix, Mikey Unlikely...THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS!

Angus:

What the fuck?!

Confetti hits the arena as "Fucking In The Bushes" by Oasis begins to play. The bruvs lift up their awards presented to them by Klein and hug each other. However, The D looks like he's about to erupt. Elise immediately steps in front of him and tries to say something, but it's obvious he's completely tuned her out. His shoulders stock up, his eyes widen as that vein in his neck begins to pop like he's about to overdose on steroids. He stomps over to the celebrating duo and grabs Mikey's wrist.

With a violent tug, The D pulls Mikey to face him and gets right up in there. He takes the microphone from Mikeys hand and begins to not literally spit venom all over Unlikely's face.

The D:

CUT THE FUCKING MUSIC!

The Bruvs looked shocked as the music record screeches to a halt. Elise grabs the D's arm and makes a motion to walk away from it all, but it's largely ignored. Klein is confused and distracted by

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the confetti, trying to catch one on his box mouth flap like a snowflake. Kendrix meanwhile hands his mic over to Mikey.

Mikey Unlikely:

Be very careful what you say here D-Bag...

The D:

Or what? You'll keep treating us like shit?

The DEFaithful (Yeah, I'm doin' it) begin to cheer the D. Elise begins to make a cut throat motion that doesn't even get noticed by everyone around her. In a desperate attempt she tugs at The D's attire, attempting to distract him.

The D:

All we wanted was a little recognition. A little gratitude. Just an inch, an iota, a microscopic sense of appreciation for what WE'VE brought to the SEG. We thought tonight was about thanking us, ALL OF US, maybe, I don't know, but then you BRUVS come out here and pull this stunt on us? You and I and all these people know you wouldn't have been SOUTHERN HERITAGE (pop) champion for HALF as long as you had without us backing you up. Hell, you probably wouldn't have even BEEN champion in the first place.

Mikey Unlikely:

Wait, what did you call it?! SOHER?! You better step back from...

The D:

Or what? Tell me, innit it weird you're such a crappy wrestler...

The D steps forward, so close from Mikey's face they could eskimo kiss. Elise runs her hands through her hair, almost in a full on panic, pacing back and forth. The D takes a moment as Mikey fumes and the DEF crowd begins to chant.

"You Can't Wrestle" *Clap-Clap-ClapClapClap*

The D:

... but an even worse entertainer.

An audible gasp followed by a slowly cascading wave of cheers. Klein pulls out a cell phone and pushes a button, and in the background you can hear air horns going off.

Angus:

OOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Mikey Unlikely:

What the fuck did you just say!?

The D:

Your movies suck, you suck, fuck you bruv, I'm out. OBVS.

Elise Ares:

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WORLDSTARRRRRR.

You can almost hear Elise say “Did I do that right?” as The D drops the mic and goes to walk away before Mikey yanks him by his wrist, in the same way he was tugged before.

Mikey Unlikely:

HEY YOU DON'T SAY THAT! Listen you can talk about Mikey's matches, you can talk all about Mikey's wrestling...BUT DON'T YOU EVER TALK ABOUT MY ENTERTAINING! You actually think you're better than me!? If it weren't for me you and your little slut would still be on youtube, you little twerp! Two things need to happen right now! First off...You are going to apologize to me and my bruv! THE MEN WHO MADE YOU! And then you're going to put the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships on the line against The Hollywood Bruvs, TONIGHT!

DDK:

WOAH!

The fans cheer loudly at the prospective match. Klein quickly picks up and returns the microphone to the D, who nods to his friend.

The D:

I'm sorry.

Mikey nods approvingly as the crowd boos.

The D:

Sorry you're such a dick.

Wild cheers before Elise steps between the two.

Elise Ares:

Woah Woah, was this part of some pre-game entertaining meeting that I couldn't be assed to go to again? Let's be reasonable here, D. This isn't part of the plan. Is it? There is a plan here... right?

The D:

I'm done playing the slow game Elise. You want a match? You got it bellends!

Huge cheers.

Mikey Unlikely:

This isn't a competition D. You want to apologize, you want back in my good graces, the TWO OF YOU... you'll do it in the ring, by doing YOUR JOB.

“Fucking In The Bushes” by Oasis plays for the umpteenth time as The D stares down the set of Bruvs standing across from him. Elise shakes her head in disbelief before grabbing him by the arm and leading him away from the confrontation. A confused Klein tries to keep the median distance between the two groups until he scurries backstage when PCP disappears.

DDK:

That certainly wasn't expected!

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Angus:

What's going on here?! Is it my birthday?!

DDK:

It just might be. Things just got really interesting for the Sports Entertainment Guild, and it looks like we have a tag team match tonight!

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EARN IT

There are many things that Kelly Evans likes about her job, but sifting through mountains of paperwork isn't one of them. Still, crossing the t's and dotting the i's is just as important to her role as booking shows and pissing Curtis Penn off, and she's hard at work inside the Pleasure Dome when we catch up with her.

We wouldn't be in her office unless some shit was about to go down, however, and that shit would be a couple of sharp knocks at the door. Kelly looks up from the papers and sighs, her peace and quiet shattered.

Kelly Evans:

It's open.

In slinks Cayle Murray, who has already washed and changed into street clothes following his win over Cristiano Caballero. He's got a towel around his neck and his black hair still glistens, indicating that he probably rushed up to the Pleasure Dome as quickly as he could.

Kelly Evans:

Cayle.

Cayle Murray:

Sorry to bother you, I know you love...

He takes a glances at the papers on her desk.

Cayle Murray:

... whatever that is.

Kelly Evans.

Not at all. Take a seat.

He does just that. As soon as he sits down, Cayle turns to his right, gazing through the floor-to-ceiling windows separating Kelly's office from the DEFarena proper.

Cayle Murray:

How much money do I need to pay to get a locker-room with a view like this?

Kelly Evans:

The price of an executive box.

Savage.

Kelly Evans:

What can I do for you, Cayle?

He sensed a little shortness in her voice. No point in messing around with small talk.

Cayle Murray:

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Bronson Box.

Kelly Evans:

What about him?

Cayle Murray:

I'd like another match.

Kelly Evans:

He *beat* you at Acts of DEFIANCE.

Cayle Murray:

He didn't just beat me.

Cayle puts his SRS BSNS face on. You know the one.

Cayle Murray:

He left me for dead. He put me in that Boston Massacre and tried to break my damn back. He busted me open, took my blood, and *ran it down his face*. He made a mockery out of me, my family name, and everything I stand for, and I can't allow it.

Kelly sighs. Dealing with talent and their demands was nothing new, but this was an ill-timed request if ever there was one. She removes her reading glasses and sets them down on the desk.

Kelly Evans:

Look, Cayle, I like you and your brother. You've done a lot for this company, the fans love you, and you both do a lot of good work in your respective roles. That being said, Bronson Box beat both of you fair and square. *I* don't like his efforts either, but if you want another match with the guy, you need to earn it.

Cayle Murray:

Huh...

Not exactly the response he had expected.

Cayle Murray:

I just won in three moves...

Kelly Evans:

Yes, but as impressive as it was... that was Cristiano's second DEFIANCE match. *Second*. You know how many matches Bronson Box has had here?

No response.

Kelly Evans:

Exactly. I can't just go throwing matches around like this, Cayle. I have to be fair, whether it's to you, Boxer, or anybody else. Besides, are you sure chasing Box for a rematch is really all that wise? Given what happened at Acts and all...

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Cayle feels a little anger rising up inside him, but he's able to quell it. Though frustrated by Kelly's refusal, he has no choice but to accept it.

Cayle Murray:

Thanks anyway, Kelly.

He rises from his chair.

Kelly Evans:

Sorry, Cayle.

The boss goes back to her papers, not giving Cayle a second glance as he turns away and heads back through the door.

"You need to earn it."

That's exactly what he'll do.

Cut.

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MASKED VIOLATORS VS. THUGS 4 HIRE

DDK:

Well, folks... DEFIANCE's newest tag team is certainly creating a buzz--

Angus:

I'm pretty sure HALF of that team is constantly buzzed.

DDK:

--but tonight, for them, isn't about climbing up the ladder in DEF's tag division... it's about exacting revenge and learning the truth for the Masked Violators!

Angus:

"Learning the truth"... you are so over-dramatic, Keebs, and so are they! If you ask me, what we witnessed last show was a business transaction... and the Violators lost on the deal: period!

DDK:

Someone paid Thugs 4 Hire to viciously and, for lack of a better term, BRAZENly assault the Masked Violators last time we were on the air! The Violators deserve to know--

Angus (sarcastic):

--we know: "The truth". They deserve to know "the truth"! "The truth" is that these guys are creepy as hell! I have it on good authority that these guys don't even take those masks off to shower!

DDK:

Now how would you know that?

Angus:

Let me guess: you want to know "the truth"? All I'm saying is - One is a sanctimonious goody-two-shoes... and I'm pretty sure, but certainly can't PROVE, that the OTHER one masturbated onto - nay, all OVER - my luggage this afternoon.

DDK:

...I hope you're joking.

Angus:

Nope. These guys are weirdos. That's "the truth"!

DDK:

...sorry about your luggage.

Angus:

It's ok. I just took all MY stuff and put it in YOUR bag. And vice versa. So. Sorry about YOUR luggage.

DDK:

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...I hope you're joking.

♪ "Put Em In Their Place" by Mobb Deep starts DAT BUMP, yo. Unngh. ♪

Darren Quimbey:

Making their way to the ring...

Fog (or dat weeds-smoke) fills the ramp-way and out they strut. The Thugs 4 Hire.

Darren Quimbey:

From--

There is a blur -- and Masked Violator #2 is upon them both. Both thugs are laid to waste. The crowd is suddenly flush! Byrd staggers towards the ring, looking for higher ground. Holt tries to hold his - but quickly loses it to MV#2, who drags him towards the ring as well, barking at Byrd tauntingly.

DDK:

Oh my goodness! Masked Violator #2! Taking it to these thugs! Thugs 4 Hire did NOT see him coming--

Angus:

I'll admit, #2 caught them slippin'! Wasting zero time!

The Scowling and Savage Masked Violator #2 SMASHES Hurtlocker Holt's face into the steel ring steps. And again. Byrd slinks into the ring. The crowd warms AGAIN - camera swings back towards the entrance where MV#1 glides down majestically - he SLIDES under the bottom rope, into the ring, and is INSTANTLY up on his feet -- He and Byrd exchange a staggering series of right hands!

DDK:

This crowd has come ALIVE! And the Masked Violators - as advertised - are out to get some revenge tonight, Angus!

Our official, Benny Doyle, calls for the bell - and he fucking well gets it!

Angus:

This match is underway and hot damn it's cookin'!

In what can only be described as The Perfect Masked Violators Match, the MV's are as one. MV#1 works the left arm of Hurtlocker Holt the entire match. He grounds the big man. He gives Holt slack to see what the big man can do - and then draws it in when he knows for certain that, for at least this night, it won't be enough.

DDK:

Look at this! Masked Violator #1 is in complete control! Absolutely dictating this contest!

When 1 does tag in 2, 2 finds an impressive balance between entirely unglued barbarousness and

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calculated execution. His preferred target of choice appears to be Emilio Byrd. Something about the look in his eyes when he lays in a chop across his exposed chest. Or when he sits up after delivering a devastating DDT. Something there says "I want this fucker to die and die slowly at my hand". They eagerly tag each other in, maintaining control - asserting dominance, and demanding attention.

Angus:

This "Number 2" character was named aptly. He is disgusting.

DDK:

He is certainly a... different kind of athlete.

Angus:

I'm not convinced he has ANY athletic ability... just pure strength, distilled savagery... and untouchable B.O.

Near mid-point of the contest, the MV's stretch the boundaries of referee Benny Doyle's nigh-inexhaustible patience with a series of devastating and debilitating tandem maneuvers delivered first to Emilio Byrd - then to Hurtlocker Holt when he enters the ring to intervene. The announcers comment that the match should be over. But it continues.

DDK:

You have to believe that, no matter WHAT thugs 4 Hire were paid, no matter the motivation to whoever foot the bill... they HAVE to be rethinking their recent life choices, eh?

Angus:

I don't know if they have the brain function required for regret at this point, Keebler! They are relentlessly POUNDING these guys!

There is a moment. It is brief. But it exists. Byrd see's an opportunity, reversing a rear wasitlock into one of his own on MV#1. He suplexes the masked good guy and then slowly crawled for the corner... the WRONG corner...

Angus:

Emilio Byrd has NO idea where he is!

The crowd buzzes and Byrd adjusts, pulling himself now closer to his partner, whose taut frame leans HARD for a tag--

DDK:

Hurtlocker Holt! REACHES for the TAG!!!

Angus:

He's almost got it!

Suddenly, MV#2 is there, on the floor, behind Holt. He YANKS Holt off the apron by his ankles... Holt hits his head stiffly on the ring apron.

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DDK:

Number 2 with the shock STOP! 2 rolls into the ring! Holt is trying to chase him in! Referee Benny Doyle - intervening! Keeping Holt out of the ring! There is NO tag!

But there IS a blue, yellow, and red blur - two of them really - they criss-cross the ring as Holt inadvertently distracts the official.

Angus:

Uh-oh!

The blurs criss-cross again.

DDK:

It's happening!

Double-spear on Emilio Byrd! Both Masked Violators strike from opposite sides - Byrd's face TWISTS up in agony!

DDK:

MOVING VIOLATION! MOVING VIOLATION!

The crowd digs it, kids.

Angus:

They got ALL of that! Byrd got GOT!

MV#2 slickly rolls out of the ring and springs back to the apron. Holt finally relents, knowing he has pushed the 5 count too far as it is. Doyle spins, spys, drops, and counts!

DDK:

Number 1 hooks the leg!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!!

THREEEE!!!!!!!!

Holt CHARGES back into the ring - MV#1 is ready. Ducking the clothesline!

DDK:

Holt hits the ropes - DAGGERSTRIKE SUPERKICK from Masked Violator #1!

The bell continues to sound as MV#2 hits the ring, POUNDING on Holt. A microphone appears in MV#1's hand. The crowd shows respect for the V's efforts. MV#1 raises an arm, soaking in the middling adulation. Short of breathe, he awkwardly pants into the microphone for just too long.

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MV#1:

If you fine folk will indulge us for a moment...

Another moderate pop.

MV#1:

My name is 1. This here is 2. We are the Masked Violators. And we want ANSWERS!

Larger pop. The camera pans the carnage in the ring. Emilio Byrd, since eating the Moving Violation, has rolled out of the ring and is motionless at ringside. MV#2 holds Hurtlocker Holt to the canvas with a forearm across the throat.

DDK:

Thugs 4 Hire had this coming... but who is bankrolling these goons?!?

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LORDLY REVELATIONS

Holt struggles under 2's weight. MV#1 paces slowly around them both, his eyes telling us he is uneasy with how far this has gone.

MV#1:

When last we spoke, Mr. Holt, I told you quite plainly that I would only ask you once. You'll recall that I gave you ample opportunity to avoid any form of physicality between us and ample opportunity to simply give us the information we requested. I will, furthermore, do you one last and final courtesy and ask you one... more, one... FINAL time... Who Paid You to Attack Us?!?

The faithful whirr and buzz, like the motor of a sentient, evolving piece of adorable machinery. 1 positions the mic near Holt's quickly closing mouth and throat area. We hear the low and troubling growl of MV#2, steady and strong.

HURTLOCKER:

[grunt], [wheeze], [grunt].

MV#1 shifts his weight, from foot to foot.

MV#1:

This can end now, Holt. The name.

MV#2 drives his right elbow deeper into Holt's throat.

HURTLOCKER:

...[grunt].

Those in attendance murmur...

MV#2:

WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS??? WHHHHOOOOOO???????

The lights go dark. All of them. The crowd chatters giddily - that thing inside them that tickles their collective stomachs. Cell phone lights flicker on here and there. There is a loud rumble of thunder. Not the distant kind. The on-top-of-you kind. The crack and the crescendo. The giddy chatter escalates.

DDK:

What the...

Angus:

I swear to god if this is Reaper...

A flash of light coincides with the thunder now. More frequent now. More persistent now.

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DISEMBODIED VOICE:

Did you think I would abide this?

The voice is thunderous as well. As much as it is disembodied. More even! The camera rests through the strobe on Masked Violator #2, his mouth frothing with saliva, grey eyes darting around the arena, starving for a target. MV#1 looks to the faithful for a reaction. He gets one.

DISEMBODIED VOICE:

Did you think I would just... walk away?

The voice is British. Kind of. Is that a real accent? Another crash of thunder and light. The entryway STAYS lit. The crowd buzzes.

DDK:

Who IS that?!?

A man stands atop the ramp. A tuxedo. An ostentatious bowler capt. A bejeweled cane.

Angus:

I don't have a fucking clue.

The crowd doesn't either. They quickly start to BOOOOOOO. The MV's are just as confused.

BODIED VOICE:

Oh, my children... CHILDREN of DEFIANCE!

They rain their boos down. The faux-British man brushes off the crowd.

FAUX-BRITISH GUY:

And this is why you'll STAY children.

More boo's. Go-away heat.

FAUX-BRITISH GUY:

You know who I am.

Angus:

I don't have a fucking clue.

FAUX-BRITISH GUY:

Lord Nigel Tricklebush, at your service.

An ocean of boo's.

Angus:

I don't have a fucking clue.

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DDK:

Lord Nigel Trickelbush?!? Wait... I know who this is! Lord Nigel-- This is the manager of The STORM!

Angus:

The WHO?!?

The crowd relents.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

You may know me as the MAN... behind The STORM.

Angus:

I have no fucking idea, Keeps.

DDK:

The STORM, Angus! They were supposed to debut at ACTS of DEFIA--

The Lord of Lord's struts across the stage, tapping his cane for emphasis along the way.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

"<You may know The STORM as the most dangerous, the most explosive, the MOST UNSTOPPABLE TAG TEAM Japan has ever seen! You may know them as the MOST UNSTOPPABLE TAG TEAM ... to ALMOST compete in DEFIANCE.

Crowd mumbles their dissent. In the ring, MV#1 restrains MV#2. 1 drops the mic he'd been holding. And loudly.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

"<LEASH YOUR DOG!

The crowd poitely roars as MV#2 explodes, for a moment breaking free of MV#1 -- who is finally able to restrain him once more. The camera pans the ring, Hurtlocker Holt has found the ringside floor as well, huddled up with his partner - both still the worse for wear. Camera cuts back to Lord Nigel. He adjusts the hat on his head, eyes squiting towards the masked tandem in the ring.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

"<Yes, MY team. The ULTIMATE team. The coming STORM.

He raises his cane and, on cue, the thunder rolls. He laughs. He snickers. He's a douchebag.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

"<You took their place, Violators. You took their moment. You tried to steal their lightning.

A hokey and obnoxious FLASH.

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LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

"< Look at the state of you. Squandering opportunity... after opportunity... when last you were seen, you had come apart at the very seams. You came to blows! Bloody shame, innit? You're WEAK, my boys.

Another shower of boo's. MV#2 hocks the Lord of Lougie's in Lord Nigel's general direction. Our English'ish Gentleman either ignores it or doesn't see it.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

"<I did it. I DID IT. I paid these petty and altogether disappointing THUGS to take you out. To REMOVE you from the picture so that, by ASCENSION, YOU are forgotten... so that, by ASCENSION, you would be a faded, uncomfortable, repressed memory... and my team - THE ULTIMATE TEAM - The STORM - can take BACK the spot YOU STOLE from them! I paid the THUGS to DESTROY YOU!

The go-away-and-die heat grows as Nigel struts down the aisle, slowly and methodically.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

But they failed me.

Lord Nigel warily pokes a still unconscious Emilio Byrd with the tip of his cane, as if worried he'd contract an illness just by doing so.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

"<They failed me... and you somehow prevailed.

Pulling a wad of british notes from his pocket, he drops it on the writhing body of Hurtlocker Holt.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

"<You prevailed... TODAY. Next time?

The stately Lord Nigel Trickelbush of Fannyshire smiled and let me tell you... if his accent isn't british, his teeth sure are.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

"<Ohhhh... The STORM *IS* COMING, my children... It's been DELAYED... but it's coming... batten down the hatches.

The lights cut out. Dames screech across the WrestlePlex. The thunder and lightning return. The camera sweeps the arena, fans digging the vibe. When the lights fully return, Lord Nigel is gone without a trace, the Thugs 4 Hire are still down and out, and the Masked Violators almost look like they've seen a ghost. MV#2 is on all fours, eyes darting around the building. #1 stands stoic, serious, taking it in.

DDK:

What the hell was all of THAT?!?

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Angus:

I don't have a fucking clue.

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DON'T FIGHT DOORS

Cayle Murray start the night with a victory over Cristiano Caballero, but nothing had gone right since then.

He hadn't run into Bronson Box all night, and Kelly Evans had rebuffed his requested for a rematch with the Original DEFIANT. If Cayle is to get what he wants, he's going to have to directly provoke Boxer - a move that may or may not be good for his physical and mental wellbeing.

We catch up with him alone in his locker-room. His brother was busy behind a desk somewhere, and he hadn't a clue where Jason Natas was: probably putting a fist between Kendrix's teeth, he figured. Frustrated, agitated, Cayle rises to his feet and runs a hand through his hair. He lets out a long, deep sigh before deciding to head out, but pulls the door open so quickly it almost knocks the person on the other side clean off their feet.

And as a matter of fact, it nearly did. Had it been anyone but the new Southern Heritage Champion Impulse that had tried to open a door that was suddenly no longer there, it could've ended badly.

Impulse:

You won, sir - you don't need to go a second round with the door.

He extends his hand, and after a second, Cayle shakes.

Cayle Murray:

Sorry, lad. Bit twitchy. Bronson Box, Acts of DEFIANCE... sure you understand.

Murray takes a moment to catch his breath: Impulse's arrival had surprised him as much as the SOHER. Cayle quickly snaps to life, and eschews all small-talk.

Cayle Murray:

Speaking of which... you seen him? Figure it's about time I track this guy down.

Impulse:

Bronson? Not tonight.

Calico Rose (Emerging from behind Impulse):

I saw him about twenty minutes ago. I think he was shaking some ten year old kid down for a quarter to buy a chocolate milk.

Both men turn to look at her.

Cally:

Or... a nonfat yogurt? I don't know, I didn't do much in the way of recon.

Cayle Murray:

... none of that happened, did it?

Impulse:

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It did not.

Cally shrugs.

Cally:

It might've... we just didn't see it.

Impulse (to Cally):

Stay classy, babes.

(To Cayle)

Is looking for him really the best thing to do right now, sir? Take a minute, make a plan. Push through on emotion instead of logic, and you might end up back where you were. And none of us want that.

Cayle Murray:

You sound like my brother.

A wry smile crosses his face.

Cayle Murray:

I know this. All of it. What else am I supposed to do, though? I'd rather tackle my problems head-on, as dangerous as that may be with Box. The guy tried to take my legacy away...

Cally steps up and taps him on the forehead.

Cally:

Your brain might know all of that.

And taps him on the chest.

Cally:

But it's likely your slippery bits don't. Nobody's saying not to tackle your problems head on... but wouldn't it make sense to put on a helmet first?

She shrugs.

Cally:

So to speak?

Cayle Murray:

... are you suggesting I ride a bicycle into his shins? Because that's not the worst idea.

He shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

Look lads... errr, lad and Cally. I'm a little twitchy. I need to get another match with this guy, and I probably won't be able to rest until I do. I hope you'd have enough faith in me to know that I'm not trying to get myself killed, though.

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Impulse looks at Cally, and back at Cayle.

Cally:

Them's the slippery bits talking.

Despite the moment, Impulse chuckles.

Impulse:

Absolutely, sir... just be smart about it is all I'm saying. We've got your back if you need it, whether you ask or not.

Cayle Murray:

Great.

He puts a fist out. Impulse bumps it.

Cayle Murray:

You and Douglas tonight, huh?

Impulse nods.

Impulse:

Absolutely. What's the point'a having a title if you don't defend it, early and often? I make it outta this one, you want a shot, just ask. Same rules apply for friends and enemies alike on this one, sir.

Cayle Murray:

Good...

Cayle nods, then taps Impulse on the shoulder as he walks by.

Cayle Murray:

Wish I could say I'll be watching, but I've got a nutjob to track down. I'll check the VOD though...

Impulse:

Appreciate it. Post - match dinner with the whole gang... or at least, everyone who's left?

Cayle nods. The two men fist bump once more, and Cally stands on her toes to give Cayle a hug around the neck. He returns his attention to the locker room in front of him and takes a breath, though he can swear he hears Impulse's voice fade as they walk away.

Impulse:

'Slippery bits'? Where'd that come from?

Cut.

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CORBIN MICHAELS VS. ROB COLLINS

♪ "London is the Reason" by Gallows ♪

The camera cuts to the behemoth that is the Guns of Brixton's Rob Collins as he slices through the black curtain and strides out under the shining lights of the Wrestleplex. Collins strikes a pose at the top of the ramp, displaying his massive physique.

Angus:

Oh, thank God. Those two high-fivin' and talkin' about how swell they both are is enough to make me puke! I'm ready for a good ol' fashioned HOSSFYTE! [pauses a beat] HOSS! FYTE!

DDK:

As learned earlier this week, the Guns of Brixton are none too pleased about the contract that's been handed to Corbin Michaels. Rob Collins asked for this match and he got it.

Angus:

Yeah, yeah. Let's get to the fightin' part!

As the former British Strong Man stretches out using the ring cables (or perhaps attempts to pull down the corner posts), Darren Quimbey prepares to test out those vocal cords once more. Referee Benny Doyle chirps at the Behemoth of Birmingham to leave the ring intact, if he would be so kind.

♪ "Frontline" by Pillar ♪

Out steps "The Cyclone" Corbin Michaels to a smattering of cheers from the DEFaithful. The young Oklahoman gives an acknowledging nod to the crowd as he heads down the ramp. Rob Collins leans up against the ramp-side cables and motions for Michaels to hurry it up. Despite this, Michaels keeps his measured approach and slaps a few hands as he nears the steel ring steps.

DDK:

Corbin Michaels has managed to gain a small following among the DEFaithful, Angus. Not sure if it's his demeanor, the fact he nearly sent Harry Rose's head into orbit at 77, or just a general dislike for the Guns of Brixton.

Angus:

This kid is proof they should cropdust Oklahoma with an aerosol-form birth control. If they can't stop cousins from humpin', it's the only rational option!

With put-near six hundred pounds standing in-ring, the honorable Benny Doyle gets the action started! The inevitable test of strength and leverage happens ring-center as the two lockup. The push-and-shove went back and forth with Rob Collins finally driving Michaels back into a corner. Doyle quickly interjects, breaking the two men apart. Collins pulls back, but immediately slams back into the unsuspecting Corbin Michaels with an elbow smash. Admonishment from Doyle did little to stop Collins from popping off with successive elbows. Corbin pushes him back and fired off a round

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of fists in return. Collins stumbles backward and responds with shots of his own. Corbin ducks underneath and sticks a boot into Collins' abdomen. With Collins hunched over, Corbin rebounds off the ropes and nails a Running Knee Lift that spills the Behemoth of Birmingham to the canvas!

DDK:

Big knee-lift wipes out the Britain Strong Man! Michaels grinding straight-away on Collins with his mat game! Not bad for a guy that's six-five, almost two-eighty.

Angus:

I swear if he tries to mat-wrestle like *Microdink* and ruins this for me ...

Collins fights through a side headlock and powers up to his feet. He drives a forearm into the small of Corbin's back, but the lock is still tight. One more is followed by a backdrop that finally breaks the hold! Both scramble up, but it's an advancing Collins who goes arse over elbow via a lightning-quick arm drag! The big Brit tumbles across the ring and slips right to the outside, landing on his feet! Corbin is not far behind, hitting the slightly disoriented Collins with a diving shoulderblock through the middle and top rope! Collins careens into the barricade! Michaels hits the unforgiving ringside with a thud!

OOOOOOOH!

Corbin is first to his feet and grabs ahold of Rob Collins, who is latched onto the barricade as if he struck it hard enough to infuse it into the bones. Collins rips a right hand into the lower, lower abdomen of Michaels, grabs a handful of his hair, and drives the Oklahoman's dome into the barricade! Michaels staggers off and ends up leaning against the apron! Collins charges from behind and smooshes Corbin with a (back)splash! The Midwest Midlands Mauler rolls a gasping and out-of-wind Michaels back into the ring, but keeps his hair in-hand and pulls his head out over the apron! Doyle continues his count-out! Collins buries an elbow into Michaels' windpipe! Michaels rolls away in utter agony as Collins mean mugs for the nearby Faithful!

DDK:

These two mammoths are really tearing into each other down there! It's plain to see that "Nasty" Nigel King has been working on Collins' savagery!

Angus: [giddy]

I'm half-mast, Keebs!

Collins rolls in underneath the bottom rope and wastes little time in going after Michaels, who is on a knee with one hand holding his throat. He pulls him up and quickly sends him into the far ropes! A pivoting Bearhug Slam meets Michaels on his return! Collins lands directly ontop of him for the cover!

One!

Two!

No, siree bob!

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The West Midlands Mauler holds up three large fingers for Doyle to see, but the scrappy Irishman shakes his head vigorously. Collins yanks Corbin up and promptly puts him back down with a scoop slam that shakes the ring! Collins up quickly, moves back a pace, and leaps into the air for a rib crushing splash! Nobody home! Collins lands right on his mug and gut! Michaels struggling to his base ... Collins doing likewise, cursing himself for missing his chance!

Michaels is up a split-second sooner - Collins spins directly into Michaels' waiting clutches! The Cyclone picks him up in a Bearhug of his own, taps his toes back down against the canvas, and sends him flying with an Overhead Belly-to-Belly much to the crowd's delight! Corbin's rolling now and he pops back up, adrenaline and the DEFaithful winding him up! He drags the Big Brit up and whips him sternum-first into the shortside buckles! Collins stumbles backward and turns directly into an awaiting Michaels' rotating powerslam! Hooks a leg!

One!

Two!

Th - No, No, No!

Angus: [sounding almost exhausted]

I need a cigarette ...

DDK:

No Smoking inside the Wrestleplex, Angus! I'm not even getting into what else you're implying!

The third-generation Oklahoman peels Collins off the canvas once more, but takes an eye gouge for his idea! Collins pauses a moment to gather himself (or reflect) before charging into a blinded Michaels with a body block that sends Michaels skidding into the corner! The Behemoth of Birmingham lets out a roar and stomp-the-yard session breaks out, Michaels serving as the yard with Rob Collins providing the boots! With a good stomp complete, Collins pulls the big Oklahoman up and zips him across into the far buckles! Charges in behind! A follow-up body splash slumps Corbin in the corner! Collins heads to the far corner for seconds!

Collins storms back in and is met by a more-than-ready Corbin Michaels, who introduces Collins' grill to a top buckle stun gun! The West Midlands Mauler spins around like a drunken wino ...

Broken Arrow Lariat! *OOOOOOOOOH!*

Collins goes down like a ton of bricks and Corbin falls on him for the cover! Doyle slides in, his legs hanging out over the apron, for the count.

One!

Two!

Three!

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match ... via pinfall ... "THE CYCLONE" CORBIN MICHAELS!

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As Corbin Michaels gets his hand raised for the second time, the shot cuts away to Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland at their broadcast booth. Keebler glances over at Skaaland.

DDK:

Two matches, two Broken Arrow Lariats, and two wins! Not a bad start for The Cyclone! What do you think, Angus? Think this young man has a shot to stick?

Angus:

There's a lot of talented second and third generation wrestlers out there ... pumpin' gas, Keeps, and I doubt this bumpkin will be any different.

DDK: [presses finger to ear]

We're headed backstage where evidently Jason Natas and JFK are at it again!

Angus:

Did you say FATAS!?

The camera cuts backstage as Keebler shakes his head ...

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SUCKERED

Backstage, deep within the DEFarena.

Corbin Michaels has just finished putting a whooping on Rob Collins of The Guns of Brixton, and it looks like Jason Natas has similar thoughts on his mind.

The Bronx Bully stomps through the corridors. He won't be wrestling tonight so isn't dressed in his ring attire, but he's still looking for a fight. Natas rounds a corner quickly, almost knocking a crew member off his feet - he knows exactly where he's going, and he's laser focused.

The door appears around the next corner. There's a lot, obnoxious bustle emanating from within, but that's not what Natas is concerned about. It's the three beefy security guards stood by the doorframe that catch his attention first, and the uniform-clad trio soon straighten up as The Anti-Superstar approaches them.

Natas stops before the two blocking the door. Neither man is taller than him, but they're both built like chimney stacks. He scowls, then attempts to shoulder his way through. No dice. The duo stand firm, and Natas' scowl tightens.

Jason Natas:

Fuck is this?

Security 1:

Not tonight.

A gold "Hollywood Bruvs" sign is barely visible on the door. Guess who Natas is looking for?

Jason Natas:

You his child-minders or something? Lemme through, unless you like busted noses and black eyes.

Jason again moves towards the door, but this time the second guard puts a hand out to halt him, and the third grabs his shoulder from behind.

Security 2:

He said "not tonight."

The former DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion sighs. He lowers his head for a moment, curls both fists, and attempts to squeeze the frustration away. It doesn't work.

Jason Natas:

Listen up fu--

At that moment, the Hollywood Bruvs locker room door swings open as Kendrix steps out with his cell to his ear.

Kendrix:

Yeah, I'm glad you liked JFK's speech earlier mate. Uhuh, uhuh, haha, yeah, I really did burn that

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shitty belt...OH, HI FATAS!

Jesse hangs up the phone and sticks it in his pocket. He puts his hands on top of two of the security cards blocking the way between himself and Natas.

Kendrix:

What can I do you for, I see you've met Todd and Randy here.

Security 1:

My name's Steve

Kendrix:

No one cares, bruv, pipe down.

Without saying a word, Natas reaches one of his tattooed arms between "Todd" and "Randy" and tries to grab a handful of Kendrix's shirt. JFK moves away just in time, however, and Natas is soon apprehended.

Jason Natas:

Outta the way you couple of fuckin' lugs!

DEFsec ain't budging, though. Natas looks past them, catching a glance of Kendrix, and his anger peaks.

Jason Natas:

YOU.

He spits the word out.

Jason Natas:

Quit hidin'! You got the balls to burn my belt? You oughta have the balls to get your hide out here NOW, fuckhead!

Kendrix looks taken aback, offended even.

Kendrix:

Woah, woah woah! Your belt? Boy, JFK must have really beat the shit out of you at Acts of Defiance. That belt was MY property, bruv.

He grabs a clipboard off of one of the Security Guards and scans it. He stabs his index finger down on the clipboard.

Kendrix:

Your names not on the list. You can't come in. Anyway, JFK's got a Tag Team Title match to prepare for. Maybe when I win those I can stick em in the dump with the DOC. Later!

Jesse disappears behind the door as it's slammed shut. Natas immediately fumes.

Security 3:

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Time to go, pal.

The third security guard puts his hand on Natas' shoulder again.

Natas' right hand is still bandaged-up after striking the wall two weeks ago, but that doesn't curb his impulses.

WHAM!

Jason snaps. He swings the right hand around and crabs the guard right in the jaw, sending him falling back against the wall. The other two immediately seize Natas, one taking his right arm, and the other taking the left.

Jason Natas:

Fuck!

Natas fights through it at first, but he immediately realises his mistake. He groans as the third security guard rises back up, clutching his chin, when a familiar voice comes down the corner.

Wyatt Bronson:

Hey!

All eyes turn towards the DEFsec head.

Wyatt Bronson:

I saw that.

Bronson, a man bulkier than Natas himself, steps before the group.

Wyatt Bronson:

You. Kelly's office. NOW.

The architect of his own downfall, Jason can only grit his teeth and stare at Bronson.

He accepts his fate, but this does nothing for his frustration.

Cut.

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SCOTT DOUGLAS VS. IMPULSE

DDK:

Up next, Angus - it's your buddy against your other buddy for the Southern Heritage Championship!

Angus:

Can you tell me who's in it, Keeps?

There's a moment of silence.

DDK:

...As you well know, it's the reigning Champion, Impulse, taking on "Sub Pop Scott" - Scott Douglas! This match was signed at DEFtv 77, where Impulse, having taken the title from Mikey Unlikely, pledged a shot to Douglas no matter who was the Champion tonight!

Angus:

...Say it again.

DDK:

What?

Angus:

This is a Southern Heritage Championship match that Hollywood McFuckass isn't allowed anywhere near.

DDK:

...That's correct.

Angus sighs.

Angus:

Like Ice Cube said, I can't believe today was a good day.

♪ "Smiling and Dyin'" - Green River ♪

DDK:

Does this mean you're going to give Scott Douglas a break tonight?

Angus:

Of course! Speaking of which, I heard his new band, Nirvanacarana just got signed to Sonic Douche records! Congratulations, Scott!

DDK:

...Thank you for that.

The fans cheer with abandon as Scott Douglas enters the arena slowly, his head down and hair in his face. After a few seconds' worth of pose, he flips his hair back with a snap of the neck and gestures to the roaring crowd. He heads to the ring as Darren Quimbey makes his announcement.

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Angus:

I'm honestly surprised he could make it tonight and in his BEST cut off jeans shorts at that!

♪ "Revolution" - SIRSY♪

Angus:

Yes! YES!

DDK:

Be honest, Angus - how much of this enthusiasm is residual goodwill from Impulse taking the Southern Heritage Championship from Mikey Unlikely, and how much of it is genuine respect?

Angus:

I really won't know until the goodwill drains off.

There's no dramatic pause or delay this time; Impulse walks out with purpose, and stops at the top of the ramp to take in the cheers from the Faithful. Calico Rose follows a half step behind, stops with him, and takes an exaggerated bow. They look at each other and fist bump.

"Blow it up! Blow it up!"

To the fans' chagrin, there was no blowing things up with the announce team, but Cally does turn around while walking to the ring, and blows a pair of kisses towards Keebler and Angus.

And she almost trips. Walking backwards down a ramp - obvs.

Totally obvs.

DDK:

I'm definitely interested in how this match rolls out, Angus! Impulse, of course, has been a mainstay of DEFIANCE since he first debuted, with impressive victories over Curtis Penn and of course, Mikey Unlikely, and let's not forget his impressive debut where he took everything former FIST Dan Ryan could throw at him, and then some! But we can't count out Scott Douglas! He's been equally impressive against a good number of BRAZEN mainstays, and we all remember his triangle match victory at Acts of DEFIANCE. This will be his biggest test to date, what do you think his odds are?

Angus:

About the same as Dropkick Kennedy does of seeing his band make it to the top on their own terms, maaaaaan!

DDK:

Be serious! Impulse may be the best pure wrestler in this company, but Scott Douglas is certainly not going to be one to count out! And will we see Codename: Reaper make an appearance? That's a wild card I don't think anyone knows how to score just yet!

Angus:

Wow. Talk about a mixed metaphor.

As Impulse approaches the ring, he holds the ropes for Cally before he steps through himself, and

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makes a bit of a show of taking off his leather jacket to reveal the gold Championship belt underneath. Scott Douglas waits in the corner, applauding the Champion along with the sold out crowd. Impulse hands the belt to Cally with a kiss on top of her head, and she hands the belt over to Hector Navarro, who holds it up for everyone to see, all the while the Champion and challenger shake hands in the middle of the ring, before returning to opposite corners.

Angus:

Ugh! Sportsmanship! There's only one thing I hate worse than Sportsmanship.

DDK:

... Mikey Unlikely?

Angus:

AND Curtis the Micropennis.

DDK:

That's two things.

Angus:

They're so tiny and annoying they each only count half.

DDK:

Let's hope you're still carrying that tune after tonight's Main Event.

Angus:

EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT FOR ME!!

DING DING DING

Hector Navarro calls for the bell as Douglas and the Champion begin to circle the ring and size one another up. Each man tentatively makes a quick attempt at grabbing the other but thinks better of it; pulling back. The measured attempts lead to an eventual collar and elbow tie up, as each push and pull, looking for a tactical advantage. Impulse comes out on top with an arm ringer, Douglas quickly reverses with his own. Impulse rolls through and put Douglas right back where he started. Douglas rolls through and attempts the same, Impulse thwarts his attempt and the pair wind up in a top wrist lock with Impulse is control. After some back and forth Impulse swings around into a hammerlock. Ducking under, Douglas reverses. Impulse, drop toe hold and floats over. Impulse attempts a reverse headlock but Douglas sits out and applies a hammerlock.

DDK:

Douglas shoots the half!

Angus:

Not even a one count for the founding member of Tap Sabbath!

Impulse instantly forces his way out of the attempt before the Hector can get in position. The pair clamour to their feet in anticipation of the other's attack. Yet both are on the defensive instead. After all ... good guys.

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Upon this realization both relax the fighting stance and begin circling once again. They lock up and once again Impulse comes out on top with a side standing headlock. After a short struggle, Douglas leads the pair a short step or two into the ropes and then pushes Impulse off and into the opposite ropes. Impulse returns with a shoulder block that plants Douglas firmly on the mat. Impulse hits the ropes, perpendicularly to the previous, Douglas turns over as if it was a drop down. Impulse steps over and hits the ropes again. The shoulder block again looks imminent as Douglas split leg leap frogs the champion. Impulse spins around as Douglas hits the ropes for momentum and returns.

DDK:

SUDDEN IMPACT!

Douglas drops and baseball slides beneath the fury of the foot. He finds himself on near the ropes and looks back toward Impulse as he recovers and turns about. He grabs the middle rope ready to yank himself back up before he is caught in this vulnerable position. He hesitates to pull up or powder. Impulse motions for fair play; the Faithful applaud vigorously. Douglas, still untrusting, pulls himself to his feet; slowly.

Once Douglas is on his feet and ready, the pair begin the circling once again. The back and forth of the contest has worked the Faithful into a frenzy. Exploding with each reversal and counter. The saga continues and the tie up is inevitable. This time Douglas forces the Champion back into a corner. Hector calls for the clean break. Douglas abides. With, both men with hands as high as a bank robbery, the parting is a slow and deliberate separation. Hector facilitating all the while. With Douglas backed up just passed mid ring, Impulse moves from the corner and is ready to reengage.

With a nod, if to ask "Ready?," Impulse shoots in and yet another ties up ensues. This one is short lived and Douglas is shot to the corner. Impulse follows closely behind as Douglas hits the middle turnbuckle with both feet and leap frogs the Champion backward. Douglas grabs Impulse with a rear waist lock and attempts a belly to back suplex. Instead the result is a half spin and Impulse still on his feet. Impulse throws a back elbow and connects. Douglas holds strong. A second misses as Douglas ducks and Impulse does an about face. Impulse with a toes kick, doubles Douglas over. A standing headlock leads to a impactful snap suplex. Impulse rolls his opponent maintaining the hold and repeats. The third roll proves troublesome as Douglas blocks. Impulse fains the second attempt and releases as Douglas bares down. Impulse hits the ropes and returns with a knee lift. Douglas hits the mat. Impulse quickly covers.

ONE!

Douglas kicks and gives his all to lift Impulse off of him vertically. He has some success but not complete. Impulse, once again, backs off and allows Douglas a fair shot. Douglas sits up, checking his lip for blood and glares at Impulse.

DDK:

Scott Douglas seems to be so jaded, he can't FATHOM that anyone could be above board!

Angus:

Douglas doesn't know anything but mixing boards and kickin' chords, Keeps! The RUSSIAN LEG SWEEPS! Yeah!

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DDK:

...you really had to work for that one.

Angus:

Get it where you can, Keeps.

Douglas, now on his feet, nods at Impulse. Nod returned. The two lock up once again. This go around, Douglas seems to have the advantage. In a mixed bag of change wrestling and reverses Douglas catches Impulse in inverted headlock and grabs a handful of tights in order to heave the Champion up and over for the Inverted Suplex. In one smooth motion Douglas, snaps off and launches Impulse who makes a full rotation; landing on his feet. The challenger, once again, in the reverse position of his original intent. Impulse wastes no time and rather than hoist his slightly heavier opponent into the air; drops to the mat.

DDK:

Inverted DDT!

Angus [make the music with you mouth, Gus]:

Doom doom tah! Doom doom tah!

DDK:

What the ...

Angus:

DDT; doom doom tah! I'm beat boxing, Keeps. I'm funky ... hell, I'm FRESH!

Impulse floats over for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!!

ROPE BREAK!

Hector notifies Impulse of the rope break and he obliges. Douglas is slow to his feet. Impulse gives him a moment but not nearly as long as before. He gestures to the Faithful with both arms; shrugging. What is he, honestly, to do. Impulse meet Douglas halfway and pulls him to a vertical position. On the way up, Douglas, with both hands up deflects Impulse and attempts a comeback. He fires off with a jab. Impulse returns fire but is blocked and treated to another. Douglas floats around and with a rear waist lock drives Impulse into the closest set of ropes. Impulse grabs ahold of sad ropes and the reverb of movement sends Douglas tumbling backwards heel over head. Douglas snaps to his feet and charges the Champion.

Impulse presents a lariat that is easily ducked. Almost too easy. Douglas hits the opposite ropes and speeds back toward a readjusting Impulse.

DDK:

SUDDEN IMPACT!!!

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Angus:

Oh, shit! He can sample that CLAP on his next album, eh?

DDK:

Impulse covers!

ONE!

Angus:

No, I think Scott's band just covered a Jimmy Eat World song ... under the pseudonym Scotty Eat Kick!

TWO!!

THREEEEEEEE!!!

DING DING DING

♪ "Revolution" - SIRSY♪

Darren Quimbey:

And your WINNNNER! And STILL Southern HERITAGE Champion!! IMMMMPUUUULSSSE!!!

Hector Navarro presents the Champion with his title and raises his hand in victory. The Faithful roar with approval and admiration. A clichéd chant or two breaks out amongst multiple sections and becomes readily audible over the broadcast. Navarro releases Impulse's wrist and exits the ring. The fighting champion soaks in a moderate amount of the fanfare from either side of the ring until his eyes cross the path of Douglas, who has managed to pull himself into an upright seated position; against a corner.

DDK:

Great effort by the challenger! Impulse got the better of him today but I can see these two locking up again down the line, and the outcome could be very different, Angus!

Placing the Southern Heritage Championship belt over his shoulder, Impulse looks to the audience and gestures toward his fallen challenger. With a few light slaps of his own hands he convinces the Faithful to join in. The collective cadence of the crowd slowly builds until the entire Wrestle-Plex, save one or two nay-sayers, are cheering along.

Angus:

I changed my mind, Keeps... there's **nothing** I hate more than fair play.

Impulse gestures toward Douglas again, pulling Douglas attention from the growing cacophony. Impulse gestures toward the crowd with both hands and nods toward Douglas. Having joined both men in the ring, Cally puts her hands together and gives a slight, respectful bow in Douglas' direction.

DDK:

Say what you will, Angus... this is what being a Champion is all about.

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Douglas slowly pulls himself up by the top rope as Impulse exits the ring. "Revolution" still blares over the PA. Douglas gazes out amongst the crowd in abject astonishment.

DDK:

Is that ...?

Angus:

Blue Oyster Cult! Don't FEAR the ...

DDK:

REAPER!

Codename: Reaper appears, seemingly, out of nowhere and hops the guard rail. Instantly he is in the ring and clocks Douglas from behind with a double axe handle. Douglas collapses into the near ropes and hangs by his shoulders and neck.

DDK:

Someone has to put a stop to this!

"Revolution" suddenly stops. Impulse, from the top of the rampway, turns to see what has become of the heralded, yet failed challenger. It takes only a second for Impulse to hand the title belt to Cally, and spring his way back to ringside! He reaches the bottom ringside area just as DEFsec emerges, but they're still the arena distance away.

Reaper continues his assault in the ring, slamming Douglas' head into the turnbuckles and mat. All power, all hate and disdain. No technique or method; only destruction. With a standing headlock, Reaper lifts Douglas' arm up and over his own neck. A grip on the hip of his jorts ...

DDK:

No, no ...

Angus:

SUB POP SUPLEX!!

DDK:

... know your play by play, Gus?

Angus:

NOT A THING!

Douglas is sent head first crashing down into the canvas by his own move. Reaper sits momentarily next to his victim...

DDK:

Shades of Midorikawa here, utilizing Douglas' own maneuver - clearly a sign of disrespect.

Angus:

Didn't all three of those morons use their cheap parlor trick moves on each other at ACTS of DEFIANCE?

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DDK:

Touche, but that begs the bigger question, partner. You paid attention to that match?

Angus:

Huh? Uh ... Stone Temple Piledrivers!

DDK:

I think you used that one already.

No sooner does Impulse hit the ringside area and slide under the bottom rope, however, and Reaper takes a powder to the outside! DEFsec hits the ringside area and approach the masked man on either side while Impulse steps over Douglas, defiantly between his former opponent and his opponent's enemy!

Angus:

And...

DEFsec rush Reaper!

Angus:

LIGHTS OUT.

And they are. Once they return; a myriad of black shirted DEFsec are milling about the ringside area, wondering what the hell just happened. Douglas has risen to a seated position as Impulse steps to the side to kneel down and ask how he is. Cally is still standing in the middle of the ramp, holding the belt, her eyes straining to see. Reaper, of course, is nowhere to be found.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, we are going to have to clear this ring and get this all sorted out before we can move on! We have a lot more show to come but right now I'm not sure what is going on in this ring!

Angus:

Reaper, reaped.

DDK:

What ... ? Nevermind. Folks, bear with us!

Cut to somewhere else.

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CONSEQUENCES

Kelly Evans is fuming.

Stood outside the Pleasure Dome, the Boss Bitch of DEFIANCE has both arms folded across her chest. Running America's most volatile professional wrestling is stressful enough without her employees dropping now shitstorms on her plate, but that's exactly what happened twenty minutes ago.

There's the sound of footsteps and voices at the bottom of the stairs. They grow increasingly louder as the group make their way towards her, but she already knows who's coming.

She sees a number of men in DEFsec shirts first, led by Wyatt Bronson. Jason Natas, the frustrated Bronx Bully, is in the second row. He looks pissed, but absolutely not proud of him.

Kelly Evans:

Jason!

Her scowl is heavier than Bobby Dean after a night at the Golden Corral.

Kelly Evans:

You put hands on a security guard?!

Wyatt Bronson nods in the affirmative. He gives Natas room to step forward and accept his fate. The former DOC speaks through gritted teeth, wanting nothing more than to tear Kendrix's throat out at this point in time.

Jason Natas:

Yeah.

Kelly Evans:

"Yeah?!" Is that it?

She scoffs.

Kelly Evans:

This is unacceptable. COMPLETELY unacceptable. This company gave you a platform - an opportunity - to rebuild your life when your knee got torn up, and I know you've had your troubles with guys like Kendrix and Jackson but you can't. Do. This!

Jason Natas:

Hold up... this fuckin' guy BURNS MY GOD DAMN BEL--

Kelly Evans:

It wasn't your belt! You LOST the DOC, remember?!

A sobering blow, especially to Jason Natas' ego. He just stands there, smouldering, only half-realising that he was in the wrong.

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Kelly Evans:

You can do whatever you want to Kendrix and those other guys, but not my staff. Period. You're suspended. Wyatt, get him outta my sight...

Bronson only nods, grabbing Natas by the shoulder. Jason doesn't kick, nor does he scream: he just lets out a long, deep breath, and anger washes over his features.

Kelly Evans:

NOW.

The Ice Queen has spoken. A couple more DEFsec guards take control of Natas, and they're soon leading him down the stairs. We close on one last shot of Kelly's "don't fuck with me" glare.

Angus:

Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck. Fuck.

DDK:

Jeesh, I haven't seen Kelly that hacked-off in years.

Angus:

She just suspended Fatas! This is absurd, Keeps! If those DEFsec geeks are scared of getting bopped in the face every now and then, they're in the wrong business!

DDK:

You're right, and Natas did act irrationally and out of turn, but rules are rules. Whatever the reason, you can't strike a staff member, and Natas must face the consequences.

Angus:

That little shit Kendrix must be laughing his ass off backstage! He just got let off the hook... big time.

DDK:

And if Kelly's tone is anything to go by, we might not be seeing Natas for a long, long time...

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POP CULTURE PHENOMS VS. HOLLYWOOD BRUVS

Back to the Wrestleplex, we are greeted by the warm and receptive faces of our favorite commentary team.

DDK:

Well folks coming up next is a very interesting matchup.

Angus:

You got that right! I don't know if I should be happy or cautious. Lord knows these Sports Entertainment goons always have something up their sleeve.

DDK:

That said, the tension earlier tonight and really... over the course of the last month has been palpable between the two tag teams. Despite all their success here in DEFIANCE, they cannot seem to see eye to eye recently.

Angus:

That's because Hollywood McFuckass is a major douche, and the Pop Culture Phenoms are finally figuring that out! He's been using them this whole time Keeps.

♪*"Fucking in the Bushes"* by Oasis ♪

The lights die down and the boo's come fast and furious. The signature red carpet rolls from behind the curtain, down the ramp.

Quimbey:

The following matchup is scheduled for one fall, and is for the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships!

Through the curtain comes everyone's favorite actor, and the current DEFIANCE D.O.C. champion? They walk to the edge of the ramp, look across the fans, and then give a gluefist! In their other hands they hold some of the awards they won earlier in the night, including the Tag Team of the Year award. The pair confidently head to the ring, discussing various things back and forth.

Angus:

I don't know which way to go on this one Keeps, I hate them both! On one hand McFuckass and JFKill me, are two of the most insufferable people I've ever come across, the other two are premadonna wannabes! Argh.... We can't let McFuckass win another title though, that was the WORST!

Quimbey:

At a total combined weight of four hundred and forty eight pounds. Representing the Sports Entertainment Guild, This is the team of Mikey Unlikely, and Kendrix.... THE HOLLYWOOOOOOOD BRUUUUUUUVSSSS!

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The pair take their time getting into the ring. JFK bickers with a fan at ringside about his stupid Jason Natas tshirt. The Bruvs put the awards on the apron in their corner. Mikey climbs the turnbuckle and yells out to the fans with his arms out. Taking in the boos.

The pair meet in their corner and again start discussing the plan, preparing for their opponents.

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

The crowd gives a strangely mixed reaction as the chorus of "Paper Planes" by MIA announce the arrival of the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions. Followed by the electronic beats of Krewella, the Tag Team Champions push their way out from backstage much more reluctant than usual. Usually a lot of posing and admiring their Tag Team Championships would happen here, but instead Elise Ares and The D just walk down the ramp, grasping onto their titles like the one ring as they slowly walk towards their fate. Behind them in the distance is Klein, with his hands holding onto his box head.

Quimbey:

At a total combined weight of two hundred and ninety eight pounds, Representing the Sports Entertainment Guild, hailing from Hollywood, California. They are your DEFIANCE WORRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSSSSS, THE POP. CULTURE. PHEEEEEEEEEEEEEENOMS!

DDK:

This is definitely a different looking Pop Culture Phenoms entrance tonight. Maybe there is something going on here?

Angus:

We're talking Hollywood McFuckass here, Keebs. There's always something going on.

DDK:

Well for the first time in their DEFIANCE careers, PCP looks as if they're not really enjoying themselves. And by themselves I mean enjoying their own company as much as they normally enjoy the company of themselves.

Angus:

We get it. I just hope I get to watch them beat the shit out of each other.

As the pair slide into the ring, Elise looks down at her Tag Team Championship and The D just holds his into the air in defiance. A small cheer emits from the crowd and Elise Ares just shoots a glance over at her tag team partner before shaking her head. Klein stands on the apron clapping as the team hands their titles over to DEFIANCE official Carla Ferrari. As the music stops, Elise says something to The D, who with a small argument steps out of the ring. As JFK goes out to the apron, Mikey has something to say.

Mikey Unlikely:

No, I don't want you! I want THE D!

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The fans around the wrestleplex laugh, Elise Ares turns her head sideways like a confused puppy, Mikey shakes his head when he realizes what he said.

Mikey Unlikely:

WAIT!

Kendrix puts his hands over Mikey's ears so he can't hear the fans laughing. Elise shakes a finger at him.

Carla calls for the bell and we are underway.

Mikey steps forward into the middle of the ring but Elise stays in her corner for just a moment. As she slowly joins him he continues to point behind her at The D standing on the apron staring back at him. Elise puts her hands up as a sign she's not hiding anything and says sometime muffled under the screams of the crowd for them to kill each other. She points back at The D and shakes her head as Mikey listens, then she points at herself and puts her hands back into a surrender position again.

Angus:

Clearly this match is rigged.

DDK:

Elise certainly seems to be motioning that. Mikey is furious about wanting The D to learn a lesson about opening his mouth here, but Elise seems to be trying to play peacemaker. Maybe she's there to take one for the team?

Angus:

Please, God no.

Mikey holds one finger high into the air and then points it at Elise Ares.

Angus:

No. NO. NO NO NO NO.

He then draws back, ready to firmly poke the Cuban beauty with the dreaded finger poke of doom! Elise closes her eyes and it's almost as if the finger comes towards her in slow motion. The arena yells for somebody to do something when suddenly...

Angus:

YES!

Mikey is folded into a small package by Elise Ares. Shocked, Kendrix stumbles over the ropes as he tries to make the save!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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The crowd erupts as Elise jumps to her feet and scrambles out of the ring, sliding under the bottom rope and sprinting to the timekeeper before Kendrix gets to her. She grabs the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships Mikey looks back at his tag partner with his eyes wide open. The D grabs the Tag Team of the Year Award off the apron from where Kendrix used to be, and follows Elise around the ring as "Live For The Night" by Krewella blasts over the speakers. Klein brings up the rear as the retaining Tag Team Champions waste no time heading back up the aisle and backstage, holding all of their gold high into the air. Mikey is sitting up now dumbfounded by what just happened. We slowly see his face turn from bewilderment to rage.

Quimbey:

Your winners.... AND STILL DEFIANCE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! THE POP CULTURE PHENOMS!

Angus:

Hahahahaahaha! 2017 is the best year ever! First McFuckass loses his title, now he can't even win a rigged match!

He stands up and stomps around the ring. He and Kendrix are both enraged at this point. They quickly exit the ring as well, and head up the ramp after the Tag Team Champions.

DDK:

Wow, what a turn of events here! You can believe the Bruvs are NOT going to be happy about this. Clearly this match was supposed to go down a different way, but Mikey's anger got the best of him and he never saw the small package coming! PCP holds onto their titles, but you know this isn't the end of this.

Angus:

Good! Keep the Hollywood losses coming, this guy is coming unraveled!

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THE LINE

DDK:

Folks, I'm getting word in my earpiece that... well something is brewing backstage.

The first image we see is an extreme closeup on one of the few private dressing room doors backstage. The camera pulls back and we see none other than Cayle Murray, eyes locked on the little black nameplate spelling out in bold white letters **BRONSON BOX**. Standing beside Cayle is DEFIANCE's intrepid interviewer Christie Zane.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time... Cayle Murray.

Cayle looks a little twitchy. He's been all around the arena tonight, but the evening's almost coming to a close. His last roll of the dice has, obviously, taken him to Bronson Box's locker-room - a place where he'd rather not engage Box, but it's not like he has a choice.

Christie Zane:

Cayle I think the question on everyone's mind right now... why?

Christie motions towards the locker room door.

Christie Zane:

Why poke the hornet's nest? As we've seen these past few weeks since your loss to Boxer at the PPV... he doesn't seem to want anything to DO with you. What's going through your mind right now?

Cayle Murray:

That's his problem, Christie. Acts of DEFIANCE happened, and I can't change that, but defeat isn't good enough as far as I'm concerned.

He pauses, swallowing.

Cayle Murray:

This guy took my pride, my brother's pride... my family's pride. This thing doesn't end because he was able to pin my shoulders to the mat one more time than me. He bathed himself in my BLOOD, Christie...

The sound of the locker room door opening cuts Cayle off mid sentence. The mere sound of his voice is enough to cause Christie Zane to take a few wary steps around Cayle for safety sake. As the camera turns and we get a full eyeful of the self proclaimed "Ace of DEFIANCE" we see his bloodshot brown eyes aren't on Cayle... but Christie.

Bronson Box:

He frightenin' you with all that talk of blood and what not Christie, dear? Shame on you squid... I 'aint gunna' hurt ye' lass. I was just standin' on the other side of my PRIVATE dressin' room door here listenin' to this poor wretch jump through cognitive hoops... you figure you're owed MORE o' me, boy?

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Cayle starts to speak, but Box steamrolls onward.

Bronson Box:

You know how I got this bloody dressin' room, squid?

Cayle Murray:

Jane?

The quip obviously bothers Box, but again barrels forth. Not before he takes a causal step forward.

Bronson Box:

Because I've been the best fookin' WRESTLER on this roster for nigh on eig...

Cayle Murray:

Wait... Wrestling?

Cayle takes a bold step forward, meeting Boxer almost nose-to-nose.

Cayle Murray:

This isn't about wrestling anymore, PRICK.

Hold the press! Cayle Murray just cussed on camera.

Cayle Murray:

Last time I checked, a war doesn't end until one side gives up. Me? I'm not even close to giving up. You're the one who started this "Scottish Civil War." I'M going to be the one who ends it.

Bronson's face is a mixture of anger and legitimate shock.

Bronson Box:

Squid and his brother walk into a promotion Bronson Box helped create from the bloody ground up with his own fookin' blood and sweat. Squid and his brother don't pay homage, quite the opposite, aye? You two wee PRICKS stomped all over my well laid plans... MY fookin' ring. And after a few LUCKY wins... oh, the wee squid's walkin' around here like he's KING.

The Wargod leans his forehead against Cayle's, his teeth clenched.

Bronson Box:

I'M king. I think I made that pretty clear at the pay per view. Now, if'n you're plannin' on continuin' this charade, pressin' me? I promise you boy, I have no off switch. You FOOK' with me? I'll head back home and check in on yer' fookin' family, start FOOKIN' with them, aye? THAT'S WHAT I FOOKIN' DO BOY...

WHAM.

Triggered.

Cayle throws his forearm into Bronson Box's face with such force that the DEFIANT Ace bumps back against the wall. Striking first for the first time since he joined DEFIANCE, Cayle adopts a fighting

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stance, ready for Box's retaliation.

Cayle Murray:

Come on!

Slightly dazed, Box puts a hand up to his mouth, checking for blood. There isn't any.

Boxer just shakes his head with a weak smile. He reaches into his coat for something...

Bronson Box:

You're going to have to step so much farther over the line, sunshine... so much farther...

From the right breast pocket of his tweed jacket The Wargod pulls forth a very familiar rusty **SPIKE** and hands it calmly over to Cayle.

Cayle recoils as soon as he finds the hideous implement in his hands.

The same spike that he has used to open holes in the forehead of many an opponent.

The same spike he brutalised Ed White, Eugene Dewey, and Dan Ryan with.

The same spike that Lindsay Troy carved down the right side of Box's face to leave him with THAT scar...

All brown, rusty, and speckled with dried blood, he holds onto it for a moment, looks up at Bronson Box, then let's it slip out of his fingers. The spike hits the floor with a clang, and Cayle is stunned. Boxer chuckles, stoops and scoops his Spike... sliding it slowly back inside his coat pocket with a disappointed shake of his head. He again suddenly steps into Cayle's personal space. Eyeballing him.

Bronson Box:

You're out of your fookin' depth, squid... back of the fookin' line, sunshine...

He shoulders past Cayle, flashing a smile and a wink at Christie Zane

Bronson Box:

Least til' yer' willin' to do what need be done.

He makes his way down the hallway out of sight. All Cayle can do is watch. His breaths have noticeably sharpened, and a cold sweat has formed on his brow.

Murray looks to the floor. There are a few flakes of rust and dried blood where the spike had landed, and he almost hurls at the sight of them.

He couldn't do it.

Just. Couldn't. Do it.

Cut.

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SECRET MAIN EVENT

DDK:

Well, here we go. Jane Katze made the deal earlier tonight. Curtis Penn gets one more shot at the gold before heading to the end of the line.

Angus:

Where he belongs.

DDK:

It certainly took some legal maneuvering, that's for sure.

Angus:

Pathetic. That slimeball doesn't belong anywhere near this match.

The bell rings.

Darren Quimbey:

INNNNNNTRODUCING first: THE CHALLENGER!

Penn makes his way down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

From Pensacola, Florida! Weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds....he is the SELF-PROFESSED.... GREATEST WRESTLER ALIVE....

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Darren Quimbey:

....and DEFIANCE's GREATEST HEEL.....

FUCK YOU CUR-TIS! **CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!CLAP!CLAP!**

Darren Quimbey:

CURRRRRRTIIIIIISSSSSSSS PENNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!!!!

Curtis slips in between the middle and top rope and twirls in the middle of the ring, giving the Faithful a 360 degree view of his brilliance. He smirks then makes his way toward a corner to stretch a bit.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent...

♪ "Trampled Under Foot" by Led Zeppelin ♪

The Faithful roar in time with that all-too familiar clavinet intro. Cell phone screens and camera flashes light up the arena and pyro explodes from the stage like cannon fire.

Robert Plant serenades the arena with the first verse and chorus before Lindsay Troy makes her

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appearance. She throws the curtain aside and strides out to the platform amidst the fireworks. Her long legs carry her across the stage as she marches down the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Making her way down the aisle...from Tampa, Florida! Weighing in at one hundred and ninety-five pounds.... she is the REIGNING..... DEFENDING..... FIST OF DEFIANCE..... Your HIGH QUEEN DEFIANT..... LIIIIIIINNNNDDDDSSSSSAAAYYYYYYYY TRRRRRRROOOOOOYYYYYYY!

Spotlights follow the long-time Queen of the Ring's path and she keeps her eyes locked on Curtis Penn. For his part, he looks cocky and confident as always. Once she gets to the bottom of the ramp, she hops onto the apron and flips herself up and over the top rope. Brian Slater keeps Curtis at bay, allowing Troy to ascend a turnbuckle and give the fans a photo op, as is her custom. After a few moments, she hops off, turns around, and unbuckles the FIST of DEFIANCE title from around her waist and hands it over to Slater.

DDK:

Both Lindsay and Curtis look ready, Angus. Any last minute predictions?

Angus:

You know where I stand, Keeps. Fuck Penn.

Brian Slater hands the FIST of DEFIANCE belt to the existing Darren Quimbey and motions for the bell!

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

WOOOAH, the bell hasn't finished ringing and Penn has already knocked the wind out of Troy with that SPEAR!

Troy's neck and back whiplash off of the middle ropes and the recoil throws her to the mat face first. Penn quickly recognizes the advantage that he's made for himself and he takes off in a dead run and baseball slides, spikes high, and cleats Troy in the grill. She clutches her face as Penn uses the ropes and feet to push her outside of the ring. Troy lands on her feet, still clutching her face, she leans against the ringside barricade as a fan stands above her clapping his hands at the fast start to the match.

DDK:

Well there you go Angus, the ONE fan that Curtis Penn has. We knew that there had to be at least one.

Angus:

I bet you a dollar that he's pedophile.

Penn looks on and points in Troy's direction, he takes off and dives over the top rope and catches Troy squarely in the chest and neck area sending them both over the rail and Troy into the lap of the bearded pedo! Errhem, Curtis Penn fan.

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Angus:

Get your vile hands off of MOM!

DDK:

That fan helped break Troy's fall, but she still looks shaken.

Penn is back to his feet first and pulls Troy out of the lap of the fan and helps her back over the rail the hard way. She pulls herself up and Penn looks to drive a right hand between her eyes, but she blocks it and drops him with a jaw breaker across the top of the the rail.

Angus:

Mom with the quick thinking!

She grabs Penn under the arms and helps him back to the fan-safe side of the barricade. Slater yells at them to be back into the ring, she hoists Penn and drives him into the ring post. Penn clutches his lower back, Troy connects with a couple of lefts and rights. Penn ducks and Troy drives her hand into the ring post, Penn takes advantage of his luck and suplexes Troy onto the apron. Penn rolls her into the ring and goes for the quick cover.

DDK:

Slater with the One count!

Angus:

Thank the gods of wrestling!

She sits up but ,Penn smells blood. He immediately goes for the Curtis Clutch. She slips out the back and creates distance. Penn holds up his thumb and forefinger saying that he almost had her.

Angus:

Alright, Lindsay reset. Get your mind right. This is Curtis Penn and he is not in your league.

She stretches her neck and shakes out her arms. They circle each other, they go to lock up and Troy drops down and goes behind him with a wrist lock, she cinches it in. Penn with the grab of her hair trying to get her to let go. Slater is all over it and pulls his hands free. She transitions into a headlock, squeezing it in and drives him into the mat with a headlock takedown. Penn uses his legs and pulls her over by grapevining her head. Troy doesn't let that stand as she does a headstand to loosen the hold, lands on her feet and drives an elbow into Penn's chest. Elbow ... elbow.. Elbow... miss. Penn quickly rolls out onto the floor.

Angus:

Look at Troy standing tall in the middle of the ring! And Penn scurrying around like the rat that he is.

Without hesitation she dives onto the floor, Penn catches her in the air and uses her momentum to suplex her over the barricade and onto the Uncle Creepy Hat Man. She crawls around on the floor and pulls herself up by the leg of the fan, she comes face to face with him for the first time and stares at him trying to place him, Penn turns her around and blasts her with a European uppercut. Penn drives her head into the barrier and quickly follows it up with a Muay Thai knee to the kisser.

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He pulls her over the rail and allows her body to sickly thud on the floor.

DDK:

Penn follows up his momentum and sends her into the ring.

Penn pulls himself onto the apron and grins at the crowd, he loads up and gets ready to come over the top, but Troy quickly gets to her feet and nails him with a rope assisted enziguri. He holds onto the top rope, threatening to fall off the apron. Troy catches him and helps him back into the ring with a Falcon Arrow. Front flip leg drop and she quickly covers.

DDK:

Two count by Slater and Penn presses her off of him.

Penn and Troy both show off their frustration and start peppering each other with bombs, Penn ends up blocking a few shots and quickly gains the upper hand and whips her hard into the ropes, she flips over the ropes, lands on her feet on the apron, Penn quickly uses the turnbuckle for an assisted knee driving Troy to the floor.

DDK:

Penn should be following up after that hard fall to the floor, instead he's letting Slater count.

Angus:

What the Penn is unlacing the turnbuckle while Slater counts! That cheating asshat!

Penn stops halfway as he realizes Slater is at 7 with his count. He pushes past Slater and slides out of the ring, breaking the count. He grabs her by the back of the hair and slams her into the post and then sends her back into the front row.

DDK:

Penn leaves Troy in the front row and slides back into the ring.

He brushes by Slater, who is giving him the stink eye, and heads directly back to work on the turnbuckle cover. Slater follows him to the corner and starts yelling at him about a disqualification if he continues.

DDK:

If Slater Dq's Penn he has to start all over. That's the deal Kelly and Jane made, if he loses he starts back at square one and....

The fan dumps Troy over the rail.

Angus:

Did you just see that Keeps? That fan just dumped Troy over the barricade like an old sack of potatoes!

DDK:

Slater is too busy arguing with Penn to see the fan get involved in the match. And if he saw that he would have to DQ Penn.

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The bearded fan slides over the rail and starts pummeling Troy. He snatches off his hat, showing the blonde hair, rips off the glasses and sneers.

Angus:

OH ...MY.... GAWD!

Recognition: A full bearded and wild eyed Dan Ryan. Ryan is haggard, looking MUCH the worse for wear since we last saw him, unshaven and heavily favoring his fully wrapped knee

DDK:

IT's THE EGO BUSTER! We haven't seen him since he dropped the FIST to Lindsay Troy!!

Ryan lets her rise, her back to him, he clobbers her in the back of the neck with the crutches. She goes down like a shot, then he drives them down across the head and neck area until she's motionless, and the crutches are bent almost in half. Ryan has trouble stabilizing his leg, and almost tumbles over, but manages to hop in place on his better leg to keep upright as he leans on the apron for help.

DDK:

I thought it was over between these two! This is brutal!! And Brian Slater isn't seeing any of it!!

Angus:

Well of COURSE Curtis Penn would be distracting the referee. Of COURSE he would.

Penn looking over Slater's shoulder looks both impressed and sickened as Dan Ryan summons up enough strength to toss Troy into the ring, where she limply lands behind Brian Slater. DEF-Sec rush down and corner him and he backs away without a fight, backpedaling up the ramp, hobbling without his crutches.

Angus:

That coward...not Ryan, but PENN. Just like the vulture, he immediately sees the down and out FIST and swoops in.

Penn grins, sickly, and slowly applies the Curtis Clutch on Troy. After seconds of playing out the process Penn cinches it in deep and starts to snatch her around like a rag doll. Slater lifts her arm, once...twice... and then a third.

DDK:

Slater signals that Troy is out.

Darren Quimbey:

Your Winner BY TKO! THE NEW FIST OF DEFIANCE: CURTIIIIIISSSSSSSS PENNNNNNNNN!!!!

Angus:

Dear God, it's the end of the world.

Penn drops the hold as Slater raises his arm. He calls for the FIST, but quickly drops it as he notices the commotion that is happening on the ramp. He slides out to help the rest of DEF-Sec. Quimby

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hands over the FIST To Penn and he ducks out of the ring. Penn looks down at Troy still beneath him. He looks at the FIST and lays the ultimate prize in DEFIANCE underneath the face of his victim.

Angus:

What is he going to do Keeps?

Penn looks around and that sick grin comes back over his face and he locks in the Curtis Clutch on the helpless Lindsay Troy!

Angus:

Can we get someone to help out TROY!?! PLEASE?!?!

Slater hears the plea of Angus as he bellows it out towards the entire DEF-Sec Crew. Slater runs to the ring and pulls on the arm of Curtis Penn.

Brian Slater:

Break the hold Curtis! Break the freaking hold!

Penn clearly does not recognize Slater as being there, Curtis' eyes glaze over and pulls back on the hold.

Brian Slater:

BREAK THE HOLD! I SWEAR IF YOU DON'T I'll REVERSE MY DECISION!

Penn looks directly into Slater's eyes and slowly ...so very slowly releases the pressure. As a final insult he allows Troy's face to slap the FIST Championship as it falls. He stands up, looking into the eyes of Slater and grins. He bends over and pulls the FIST out from under the unconscious Troy.

Curtis Penn:

I released the hold Brian... now you wrap **MY** FIST CHAMPIONSHIP around my waist!

Angus:

Ugh... I'm disgusted. I can't believe this idiot is our champion...

Penn thrusts the FIST in Slater's hands.

Penn raises his arms and waits patiently as Slater buckles the belt around the NEW FIST of DEFIANCE CURTIS PENN!

DDK:

Curtis Penn is the new FIST, but what about Dan Ryan?? Brian Slater didn't even see what happened and this was hardly the clean match we were promised.

Angus:

I think we can expect this to be the norm with this jackass wearing the belt.

The camera shifts to Dan Ryan now turned around and almost to the top of the ramp. DEFsec is there making sure he doesn't try something else, but everything he came to do... is done.

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Kelly Evans rushes out through the curtain and stops short where Ryan is. He completely ignores her and goes through the curtain without a word, still favoring his knee the whole time.

Evans looks down at the ring where medical personnel are now tending to Lindsay Troy. The looks begin as one of concern, then turn to barely contained rage as she pivots and charges back through the curtain.

The cameraman follows.....cuz..... we ain't missin' this shit.

Kelly erupts into gorilla position, but Dan Ryan is already gone, turned down a hallway and headed for the exit. He's not moving too quickly though, and she catches up to him just as he gets to the arena door.

Kelly Evans:

Hey!!

Ryan completely ignores her, and just goes through the door without a word. She's not having it, so she angrily pushes through the door and shoves him in the back as hard as she possibly can. Ryan barely budes, but he reaches back and shoves her back, and she nearly goes flying into the door, just barely stopping herself.

The crowd inside "OOOOOHHHHHH"s

Oh no he didn't.

By now Ryan is approaching a parked limousine, and the driver is already at the door ready to open it. Kelly Evans is a house afire, stomping his way.

Kelly Evans:

HEY!! I'm talking to you!! Who the hell do you think you are?! HEY!!!

Ryan pays her no heed.

Kelly Evans:

You better answer me, Ryan, swear to God.... what the hell do you think you're doing showing up here without permission and ruining my main event?? HUH?? ANSWER ME!!

The back door of the limo opens, and Ryan, finally, pauses and answers.

Dan Ryan:

I had permission.

Kelly Evans:

You...

The door opens just wide enough for Kels to see the other occupant, he of the shit eating-est grin in the history of shit eating grins.

ERIC DANE.

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The crowd inside explodes.

Kelly stops short, incapable of believing her eyes, and almost incapable of holding her bladder.

Eric Dane:(leaning across Ryan)

Hey there Kels. Sorry, I'd stay and chat, but I've got somewhere to be. Hey driver, catch the door there, would you?

Dane gives her a wink, Ryan gives no expression at all as he glances up at her, and the driver shuts the door in Evans' face.

She stands there, gazing in shock as the car moves away.