

DEFIANCE Wrestling: DEFIANCE TV 83

DEFarena, New Orleans, LA
9 May 2017

THE RUNDOWN... AND THEN SOME

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

♪"Gimme a Bullet" - AC/DC♪



The fans' cheers are heard before the scene fades in, and the FAITHFUL are going crazy for the next installment of DEFTV! We don't linger too long on anyone in particular, but we do get some creative signs.

**I ENJOY PCP ON PCP
IS HIS CODENAME 'REAPER'?
DEAL WITH THE DEVIL, SQUID!
MARRY ME ANGUS
EAT A PENNIS, PENNIS!**

...'Creative' is sometimes overused.

We settle down on the entrance ramp, where "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland. Keebler has a smile on his face, and he's standing tall and professional, while Angus is basking in the cheers and the "Angus!" chant that the FAITHFUL have started.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, we are LIVE from the Wrestle-Plex, and we are primed and ready for another edition of DEFTV! My name is Darren Keebler, and I'm joined as always by Angus Skaaland, and Angus, we've got a show for you!

Angus:

Of course it's a show, Keebs... but is it a show that we want to see? Any time you've got the Reapers in the main event, I'm ready to just lie down. I'm happy to see my BRAZEN guys, but isn't one Codename: Reaper enough? Of course, whenever Micropennis isn't scheduled to appear, I'm a happy

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guy.

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" eRa ♪

Angus:

Never mind, tonight sucks. Can I go now?

Of course, the fans boo like crazy. However, they don't deter as The FIST steps into the spotlight. Curtis Penn smile as he pulls the microphone out from behind the 20 pounds of gold strapped around his waist.

Curtis Penn:

Awe, ya'll missed me! Ya'll really, really missed me.

The faithful continue to boo as Penn makes his way to the ring.

Curtis Penn:

I know ya'll followed me all last week and some of ya'll even sent me Get Well Soon cards and balloons when the news broke that I was down and out with pneumonia.

He makes an audible grunt as he slowly ducks into the ring.

Curtis Penn:

And like the Champion that I am I have decided that I'm not going to lay around in the bed a moment longer. I may not be at 100%, but even now I'm better than 100% of every wasted roster spot here in DEFIANCE.

He grins.

Curtis Penn:

Now I did watch DEFTV: 82 while I was sick and I can honestly say that this place needs me, it needs me more now than ever. I listened to Angus run his lip throughout the show, I guess he forgot who his daddy was.

Curtis looks towards the announcer's table.

Curtis Penn:

Angus? Daddy's home, now shut the fuck up.

The faithful boo as loud as they can, while the FIST rolls his eyes and makes a bit of a rude gesture with his hands.

Curtis Penn:

All right, get it out of your system. The truth is, you assholes don't deserve me.

More boos; several fans within range are throwing garbage into the ring.

Curtis Penn:

I give you Wrestling Excellence... I took out that stupid twat and put the FIST of DEFIANCE into

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worthy hands. I humiliated your 'returning hero,' and showed him exactly how outclassed he was and how little his absence mattered to this company. I've been taking your hero, Eric Dane --

Finally, some cheers.

Curtis Penn:

Ahhh, shut the fuck up.

And there's the boos.

Curtis Penn:

I've been taking your hero, Eric Dane, and I've been verbally making him my bitch. There is nobody in this godforsaken company that can touch me; this title--

♪ *Heavy is the Head that Wears the Crown* ♪

DDK:

And you can tell, Angus, that Eric Dane has had enough!

Angus:

Keeps, when it comes to Micropennis, the BAWS and I have both had enough at least a decade ago.

Remember how much the fans booed when Curtis Penn came out? Reverse it to cheers, then multiply it by twelve.

That's how loud the Faithful are cheering for Eric Dane, as he emerges from the back, microphone in hand. He stops at the top of the entryway, making no movement towards the ring, but a smirk is on his face.

In the ring, Curtis Penn waits... and he waits.

Curtis Penn:

Eric. Don't even think about tryin' to start up that 'Mr. Dane' bullshit again toni--

DDK:

And the FIST is cut off by Eric Dane, clapping his hand into the microphone!

Angus:

The low end on that sound will eventually rupture my eardrum, but I prefer it to Micropennis.

Eric Dane:

Congratulations, Curt.

A few fans boo, but the majority of the Faithful note Dane's smirk has remained on his face, so they cheer for the BAWS' inevitable cutting remark.

Eric Dane:

You've managed to do something I didn't think was possible... you've bored me in my own company, with my own championship title.

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A roar ripples through the fans; they liked that one.

Curtis Penn:

Careful, *Eric*. Don't forget, the only thing keeping your ass out of a permanent wheelchair is my generosity.

Angus:

Please try it, Micropennis... Please attempt it so Dane can knock your stupid gorram face from one end of the Wrestleplex to the other.

DDK:

I don't think there's a single person in this arena, save Curtis Penn, who would object to that.

Curtis Penn:

The fact remains, **I** am the FIST of DEFIANCE, and as long as I have this...

He unhooks the championship from around his waist and holds it up.

Curtis Penn:

... then I am the greatest wrestler in DEFIANCE Wrestling, and, by far, the most important part of your stupid show.

The fans boo again, clearly agitated at being called stupid.

Dane laughs, which soothes some of the hurt feelings.

Eric Dane:

You're half right, Curt... that championship you've got in your hand is the most important part of this show. The fact that you're holding it doesn't change that, it just means we need to get the FIST of DEFIANCE into more worthy hands.

Curtis Penn:

NOBODY IS MORE WORTHY THAN I AM! I am the greatest wrestler in this company, and I've proved it against every one of those fucking worthless pieces of shit in the locker room!

*"MI-CRO-PEN-NIS" *Clap clap clapclapclap**

*"MI-CRO-PEN-NIS" *Clap clap clapclapclap**

*"MI-CRO-PEN-NIS" *Clap clap clapclapclap**

DDK:

These fans are certainly telling Curtis Penn what they think of him, Angus! Angus?

Angus:

Mi-cro-pen-nis!

Clapping can be heard over the commentary.

DDK:

Angus!

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Angus:

What?

DDK:

As a broadcast journalist, you're supposed to be impartial!

Angus:

...Yeah, fuck that.

Eric Dane:

You think you're worthy of that belt, Curtis? Let's run the record. You beat a burned out FIST who probably needed to take an extended break for a good year before she did to win that title, and you've defended it against a burned out DEFIANCE legend who hadn't wrestled in nearly a year.

Another round of microphone - assisted applause from Dane.

Eric Dane:

With that in mind, I think it's high time we took one of your ideas to heart.

Curtis Penn and the Faithful all look at Eric Dane with interest and confusion on their faces, all while Dane looks up and points at the DEFIATron. The screen lights up with a familiar phrase that gets a pop out of the Faithful.

The Curtis Penn Invitational

Eric Dane:

You're gonna be defending that FIST of DEFIANCE tonight, Curt.

The fans pop huge for the announcement, all the while Curtis Penn tosses a sinister smile at Dane.

Curtis Penn:

This is supposed to scare me? Get real, *Eric*. There isn't a single wrestler in the back that I haven't beaten. There's nobody you've got to intimidate me, and there's no fucking chance in hell that this championship is leaving me. You lose. Again.

Eric Dane:

Oh, it's true... there's nobody back there - of substance - that you haven't beaten. But by that same token, there's plenty'a people that've beaten you. And in the spirit'a making things as hard for you as I can, tonight, you'll be defending the FIST against...

He pauses for dramatic effect.

Eric Dane:

...**Impulse.**

DDK:

WHOA!

The Faithful cheer, Curtis Penn protests, and Eric Dane remains as stoic as ever.

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Eric Dane:

Before you complain about this match, Curt... remember a few things.

He counts off on his fingers, one at a time.

Eric Dane:

I own DEFIANCE Wrestling. I own the FIST of DEFIANCE Championship... and I own you.

Smirk.

Eric Dane:

Good luck... you're gonna need it.

Curtis Penn's objections are drowned out over the cheers of the Faithful, and of the sounds of *Heavy is the Head that Wears the Crown*.

DDK:

WHOA! Huge match just announced for tonight, Angus, as it'll see Curtis Penn defending the FIST of DEFIANCE against Impulse!

Angus:

My dear Lord Jesus, I don't ask for much...

DDK:

Hah!

Angus:

...but if Curtis Penn loses tonight, I swear I'll clean up my act. I'll be a good boy. I'll give to the poor.

DDK:

This, I've gotta see! We'll be right back!

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JASON NATAS VS. KYO ISHIDA

DDK:

It's time for our first match of the evening, Ladies and Gentlemen, as Jason Natas takes on BRAZEN's Kyo Ishida. What can you tell us about the Japanese up and comer, Angus?

Angus:

Number one: as you can see, he's tiny. Dude might be a whole 100lbs lighter than Natas, but number two: this little fucker packs a punch. Really, I've seen this little squirt knock-out dudes with twice his body mass in training, and he's not afraid of trading with anybody. Unfortunately for him, if he tries to go toe-to-toe with Natas, he's probably going to die.

DDK:

Natas took a tough loss to Bronson Box last week, but has generally been one of DEFIANCE's most consistent wrestlers over the past six months or so. If anything, this should be a fun little battle, but I expect it'll be over as soon as Natas hits that nasty Lariat of his.

Angus:

Heh. Fuckin' kid's head'll be in the fifteenth row if that happens...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, already in the ring, from Nagoya, Japan, he weighs-in at 186lbs... KYO ISHIDAAAAAAAAA!

Decked-out in red and gold ring attire, the diminutive warrior bows for the crowd. This is the first time they've seen him in a DEFIANCE ring, but the hardcore BRAZENites in attendance give him a warm reception.

Until this happens.

♪ "No Chance" by Unsane ♪

The Faithful's cult favourite gets a hefty pop as he stomps out from the backstage area, looking as mean as ever. His opponent's one saving grace might be that his name isn't Jesse Kendrix, but Jason still looks like he can't wait to beat the shit out of someone. He bumps a few fists on his way down.

Darren Quimbey:

... aaaaand his opponent! Hailing from South Bronx, New York, he weighs-in at 270lbs... JASON NATASSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

DDK:

Aside from the Box match, Natas has had his fair share of frustration with Kendrix lately, and the English-- HEY!

Before Natas can even pull his sleeveless denim jacket from his shoulders, Kyo Ishida charges across the ring and jumps him. The little guy catches his hefty opponent with a leaping scissor kick to the jaw, staggering him, then follows up with a forearm flurry and some stiff body kicks.

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Angus:

Not the smartest move, squirt!

The Bronx Bully weathers the storm, and when Ishida tries to whip him, he reverses with relative ease. Kyo goes to the ropes, but ducks a clothesline, then rebounds and ducks another. On the third attempt, Natas throws a big boot, but Ishida ducks, skips behind, and catches him on the back of the head with a leaping roundhouse!

Natas wobbles, and after charging to the ropes, Ishida puts him down with a fierce shotgun dropkick. Jason shakes the daisies away and clambers back up, but immediately eats a flying knee, and the smaller man makes the cover.

ONE!

NO! Powerful kickout!

Angus:

Damn, that kickout just sent Ishida flying halfway across the ring!

DDK:

He appears to have the upperhand on Jason Natas here! I don't agree with jumping a guy before the belt, but he definitely has the jump on the former DOC.

Ishida furiously stomps away at Natas as he tries to rise, but the blows have little impact on the big man. Natas rises through them, so Kyo goes to kicks, which sting the beast, but can't stomp him. Unsure how to keep Natas down, Ishida forearms him a couple of times, then hits the ropes, and EATS IT on the rebound.

DDK:

Huge elbow from Natas! He just knocked the kid out of his boots!

Angus:

That's my boy!

Natas stomps around, shaking the pain away. He looks mighty pissed at the kid's explosive start, but takes it in his stride, and yanks him unceremoniously to his feet. Once vertical, Ishida takes a chop across the chest, then another, and a third that connects with such force it could probably cave his chest in. After landing another chop, Natas finally dumps the kid over the top rope.

The Anti-Superstar follows him outside, and Ishida tries to fight back with a few forearms. Natas absorbs them, and after kneeing Kyo in the gut, he whips him to the barricade. The Bronx Bully walks after him, turns him around, and chops him in the chest again. A second chop follows, before Natas takes him to the apron and bashes his head down upon it, before briefly rolling under the rope to break the official's count at seven.

DDK:

Stiff, punishing strikes from Jason Natas, who always hits like a truck, but seems to be putting a little extra pop into these shots after being jumped earlier.

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Back outside, Natas again chops Ishida, then allows him to stumble away. He follows him, and another another chop, the guy's chest is starting to look like uncooked hamburger meat. Kyo once again attempts to battle back, but Natas just grunts after the first blow, then screams for more after the second. Ishida hesitates, so Natas chops him across the throat, then plants his face in the apron again.

Angus:

You know, this kid's got some balls on him, going after a guy like Fatas in such a way. I'd respect him if it wasn't so stupid.

A horrendously stiff, cringe-worthy headbutt knocks Ishida on his ass, and Natas returns to the ring calmly. The referee begins the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

Kyo comes back inside. Natas pulls him from the mat and whips him across the ring, but Ishida flips over the top on the rebound, catching an off-balance Natas by surprise with a sunset flip!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Ishida is still hurting more than Natas, and it takes him a good deal longer to get to his feet. Natas literally slaps him around as he rises, before the kid roars, fires-up, and throws some more inexperienced forearms. As he's doing so, Natas peels-off the nastiest chop he's ever delivered, knocked Ishida to the floor. The kid wails, and when he pulls his hand away from his chest, it's covered in blood.

DDK:

That's pretty disgusting, Angus.

Angus:

That's what happens when you get smart with Fatas, more like!

Having had just about enough of this shit, Natas picks Ishida up, and calls for the South Bronx Lariat. He whips him, looking to give the move some extra impact, but Ishida boots him on the return! Kyo runs to the ropes and charges back with a Busaiku Knee Kick, knocking Natas off his feet!

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After a considerable recovery period, both men are on their feet. Natas is in a corner, and Ishida catches him with a leaping forearm, knocking him down again. Ishida immediately hits the top rope, but his double stomp misses when Natas rolls out of the way. He stays on the offensive, trying to lift Natas into a suplex, but he can't get the 270lber off his feet, and Natas counters with a Brainbuster of his own.

Back on his feet, Natas throws Ishida into a corner then flattens him with a running clothesline. The forearms, elbows, and a completely unnecessary chop to his already bleeding chest almost kill him, but if they don't do the trick, this certainly will...

Angus:

SOUTH BRONX LARIAT, BAY BAY!

The short Lariat damn near decapitates the little bastard, but surprising, Natas doesn't even make the cover. Instead he marches over to the opposite corner, waiting.

DDK:

Wait... what is he doing?!

Angus:

Not covering.

Inevitably, the referee has no choice but to make a standing count...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Angus:

Ha! He's waiting for a TKO!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

DDK:

That's one way to send I message, I suppose!

EIGHT!

At that point, Ishida pulls himself to a seated position with the ropes, not wanting to go down without a fight. No problem for Jason Natas, however, who marches in the ring, and just straight-up punts him right in the head.

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Angus:

JESUS FUCKING CHRISTMAS!

The official immediately recognises that the lights are out, and no one's home.

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:

Kyo Ishida just got knocked the fuck out!

DDK:

What a statement, Angus! Ishida jumped Natas before the bell, and the former DOC didn't just want to beat him up: he wanted to make an example out of him. Wow!

Angus:

Only in DEFIANCE can you see such wonderful, wonderful violence, Keebsy.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via knockout... JASON NATASSSSSSSS!

Still looking a little pissy, Natas looks down at Ishida, then shakes his head. Maybe admiring the kid's bravado, but cursing his stupidity.

Angus:

It'll be a long time before a BRAZEN wrestler tries something like that again!

DDK:

No doubt, Angus. Natas is back in the W, and Kendrix beware, because he's not taking any prisoners!

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ROCK OUT WITH YOUR D OUT

Elise Ares:

Listen. D. Why?

The D:

Why not?

Elise and The D walk down the DEFIANCE hallways, side by side. Elise is dressed to the nines, as The D has on his wrestling attire. Klein backs them up from the rear, holding both tag team titles on his shoulders, cradling them with his box.

Elise Ares:

You just wanted to insert yourself in a singles match with our enemies? What's the point? We could take the week off again. Best rested for our next title defense.

The D:

Elise. It's wise to gather as much intel about our opponents before we ever have to face them with our belts on the line. If I fight them in a singles match, I'll know what we're up against better when we've gotta defend, right?

Elise Ares:

Yeah, but, what if you lose?

The D:

C'mon Elise. I'm the D. I never lose. The D always stands tall, never goes limp, stays hard and thrusts with purpose...

Elise frowns. The D rubs the back of his neck.

The D:

Yeah. The whole dick metaphor kinda got away from me there at the end.

Elise Ares:

But like, you don't need me out there tonight, do you? I'd rather just, you know... not?

The D:

You do you. I'll fill you in on the deats after. Klein. What do you want to do tonight?

As the D turns and says this to Klein, Klein bolts upright. The eyeholes reveal Klein's childlike wonder, as he smiles. He hands Elise one of the tag team title belts, and then takes the other off his shoulder. He begins to air guitar the tag title and rocks out, box-banging. Elise turns to the D.

Elise Ares:

Pretty sure this is why we never ask him that question.

Elise and the D walk off, leaving Klein behind as he air guitars.

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The D:

Yeah, that was stupid of me.

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FRAUD

The scene opens backstage where we see an official DEFIANCE backdrop. To the right is a widescreen TV showing the live feed of Jason Natas making his way out of the ring following his victory over Kyo Ishida. To the left, Lance Warner stands by, mic in hand but looking around confused. Bringing the mic to his mouth he reaches his hand out. As he does, the camera follows it, lowering and bringing in none other than Jesse Fredericks Kendrix into view...as the DEFIANCE faithful have never seen him before...completely silent.

DDK:

Is Kendrix asleep on the job?

Angus:

Hopefully he's just dead.

Wearing his #JFK t-shirt and ring pants, Jesse is sat lazily upon a steel chair, his tongue hanging out and eyes shut. Lance cautiously taps Kendrix on the shoulder.

Lance Warner:

Uh...Kendrix?

But the self proclaimed future of DEFIANCE doesn't flinch. Conscious of time restraints, the pro that Lance is, grits his teeth and gives Kendrix a harder shove on the same shoulder.

Lance Warner:

JESSE!

Having made some kind of snorting pig sound, Kendrix comes to. Seeing the camera rolling, he looks up at Lance and then out at the TV screen before slowly rising to a standing position from his seat, stretching his arms out wide up by his head.

Kendrix:

YAWNNNNNNNNN

Lance looks on oddly at the former DOC who taps the palm of his hand against his yawning mouth before acknowledging the interviewer by putting a little too much force behind his friendly pat on Lance's back.

Kendrix:

Thanks for waking JFK up, Lancey. Thanks a bunch, you bellend.

Lance regains his composure and innocently holds his hand back upon his chest.

Lance Warner:

Sorry Kendrix but you requested me to be here at this specific time. Why were you asleep?

Jesse moves the chair out of the way and points his index finger towards Lance.

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Kendrix:

Listen yeah, Lance. JFK has had a busy couple of weeks. What with the single handed victory four weeks ago where JFK carried Bronson Box against both Cayle Murray and the most boring wrestler on the planet, Jason Natas. On top of this, JFK decided to put a Sports Entertaining beat down on the Bronx Bully himself, just two weeks ago.

Jesse puts his arm around Lance's shoulder and presents the TV screen with his free hand, forcing out a douche-y chuckle.

Kendrix:

Well...you can imagine how energy zapping that must be. So what better way to grab a much needed pre match nap this evening...then by watching one of Jasey Boy's matches?!

Letting go of Lance, that customary smirk appears on Kendrix's face, proud of his rather set up and forced dig, not taking his eyes off the screen. Lance meanwhile subtly rolls his eyes while Jesse wasn't looking.

Lance Warner:

Be that as it may, Kendrix. Jason Natas has issued you a challenge for a match up between the two of you on a number of occasions over the last few weeks. Is there any reason why you keep dodging the challenge?

It's at this point that Kendrix demeanor switches, his eyes narrowing on Lance. As he bites his bottom lip in an effort to keep his head, he calmly talks into the mic held out by a cautious looking Warner.

Kendrix:

Lets just take a moment to get your facts right, Lancey. OK? Jesse Fredericks Kendrix isn't one to dodge a challenge. JFK enjoys a clean fight as much as the next guy.

He opens the palms of his hands up by the side of his head.

Kendrix:

JFK will be honest with you. Jason Natas? Yeah, he's a bad arse. He's a tough guy. He's all business. In the last year, Jason Natas has been almost unstoppable, going on one of the greatest winning streaks in this company, culminating in becoming one hell of a DOC.

The shot slowly focuses in on Jesse nodding his head, an impressed look on his face at Natas' achievements, before that smug smirk reappears on his face.

Kendrix:

That is of course, until he faced JFK. There's two things you need to know here Lancey.

Jesse holds out two fingers at Warner as the shot zooms out bringing the interviewer into the frame. Jesse drops a digit, holding one up.

Kendrix:

Number one...Jason Natas had his chance to get his hands on JFK two weeks ago in our tag match.

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That was his shot at me...and he failed. JFK met him face to face and pinned him like a man.

Angus: He rolled him up from behind like the coward he is.

Rudely holding a second finger up at Lance, Jesse continues.

Kendrix:

Secondly...and this is very important, Lancey, so listen good. Jason Natas doesn't DESERVE to face the Future of this business anymore. You see, Jason had his chance to prove something to JFK two weeks ago when he went one on one with Bronson Box. Hell of a match...

Kendrix momentarily turns his head away in thought, screwing his face up at his latest comment.

Kendrix:

I mean, if you like that brutal, boring, sort of thing.

He shakes his thought away and focuses back at Lance's held out mic.

Kendrix:

But at the end of the day the good old Bronx Bully...LOST.

Lance looks to bring the mic back to ask another question but it's grabbed out of his hand by JFK.

Kendrix:

I'm not done. You...

As he points out at Lance, Jesse witches his attention to the camera as it focuses in on the former DOC.

Kendrix:

...and all these people need realise that the only reason Jason Natas elevated himself to the status of DOC, to the status of being lucky enough to have ever faced JFK...

He affords himself a little chuckle as his eyes light up, pointing his free hand out at the TV screen to his side.

Kendrix:

Is because Jason Natas' career has been built up on the back of beating a bunch of BRAZEN wannabes.

His eyes narrow, his focus determined but voice raised.

Kendrix:

Natas. Tonight, JFK is gonna prove to you and all these bellends in the arena and watching at home...that your rise in this company is a sham. JFK is gonna prove to the world just how easy it is to beat some nobody from BRAZEN who's 100 pounds lighter than you and dresses up like a cheap Ironman rip off...

Lowering his tone, Jesse takes a look at Warner (who's still out of shot), regains his composure and

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focuses back on the camera.

Kendrix:

When he not only beats BRAZEN'S very own Felton Bigsby in the middle of the ring...but makes an example of him. Proving to the world that YOU, Jason...are nothing more than a FRAUD!

Jesse smirks, looks down on Warner as he thrusts the mic back into his chest and walks straight out of shot.

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MASKED VIOLATOR #1 VS. HIROSHI ZO VS. THE D

DDK:

Tonight, we get to see some of our tag competitors wrestle without their partners! It's Masked Violator 1, Hiroshi Zo and the D in triple threat action, and it's now!

It begins with the roll of distant thunder that builds. The house lights flicker and the crowd responds with appropriate disdain. Hiroshi Zo appears and marches to the ring, eyes focused and determined.

Quimbey:

Introducing first, from the island nation of Japan... he is the MENACE of the STORM... He is HIROOSHIII ZOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

Here we see a man proudly sporting a mullet AND a flat-top. Even YOU would avoid a haircut like that.

DDK:

Well... there was a time...

♪ ZERO - Fast to Nowhere ♪

The music hits its crescendo and he explodes through the curtain! Red mask, blue tights, and all energy, Masked Violator #1 holds his right arm high, index finger extended proudly. The camera pans the crowd to see a handful of faithful reciprocating; some choosing a different finger to display.

Quimbey:

And the second combatant... from Parts Undisclosed... weighing in tonight at 233 lbs... He ONE HALF of the Masked Violators... he is... MASKED VIOLATOR # 1!!!!

Moderate applause greet him as he mounts a turnbuckle, warily eyeing Zo.

♪ Live for the Night - Krewella ♪

A single spotlight illuminates the entrance rampway as the D steps out from the backstage area. He wears sleek black sunglasses along with his tag team wrestling attire. Noticably absent are both Klein and Ares. The D poses toward the camera, making sure it gets his good side, before heading to the ring while slapping fans outstretched hands.

Quimbey:

And their opponent, he is The Man With the D, the D-Lister, one half of the tag team champions the Pop Culture Phenoms... he, is... THE D!

The D climbs up the turnbuckles and throws his hands in the air. He removes his sunglasses and tosses them into the crowd as a souvenir, before hopping off the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

What's your strategy in a match like this Angus. As a tag guy, without your lifeline to help, with

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threats from all sides, what do you do?

Angus:

Me, I just wait until someone else makes a mistake and capitalize on it. I just hope I wouldn't make the first mistake.

All three men step out of their corner and tentatively circle one another. After a moment of hesitation, the D raises both hands, attempting to draw his duo of opponents into a three way test of strength.

DDK:

We've seen the D do this before, but I don't think you can hit two people with simultaneous dick punches.

Angus:

If anyone would try, it would be the D.

Hiroshi Zo and MV #1 hesitate, but both raise one hand each and grapple with the D. With it being two on one, The D falls to his knees, shaking his head, saying something like 'It wasn't supposed to be this way.' After a brief moment of pain, Zo and MV1 wrist flip The D onto his back. Zo and MV1 take a few stomps onto the D, before Zo catches MV1 with a knife edge chop. Zo and MV1 chop and battle into the far corner, Zo taking the aggressor role. MV1 ducks a chop then irish whips Zo into a recovered D, who hits him with a flying crescent kick. As the D recovers, MV1 charges and makes the D flip from a vicious clothesline. MV1 then falls promptly onto the D for a cover.

One.

Two.

The D with a kickout. MV1 into a side headlock, and drags the D over to Zo. Zo catches MV1 by surprise and locks in his own side headlock. It's a daisy chain of headlocks, before the D goes limp. This surprises MV1, causing him to falter and slip, as he takes Zo down with him. Both Zo and MV1 catch their throats on the ropes, Zo on the top as MV1 hits the middle. The D then rushes to the far turnbuckle, leaps quickly, and drops an elbow across the back of Zo's neck, then through on to MV1. The D lands on the outside and poses for the fans.

DDK:

The D using a unique form of offense, was able to catch both Zo and No 1 by surprise.

Angus:

But he's not capitalizing on it. He's show boating. It's the Unlikely coming out in him.

The D slips back into the ring and charges at a standing MV 1, only to ram his shoulder and back flop off from MV1's sturdy frame. Zo then grabs MV1 and hits a standing german suplex, as MV1 reaches out to grab the rope and stop him. Zo then charges to the fallen D and uses his hips to slam into The D's stomach, as he tried to rise. Into a sitting headbutt, as Zo then cranks in a side headlock on the mat. The D gasps for air, reaching for the bottom rope. Before he can, MV1 drops an elbow to break the hold.

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MV1 grabs Zo and shoots him off the ropes. On the return, MV1 hits a standing dropkick that takes Zo off his feet. MV1 grabs the leg and waves his arm with a one salute, before the D springs off the ropes with a savate kick. MV1 doesn't topple but teeters backward, as The D charges. MV1 grabs the D and hits a spinning inverted atomic drop. The D turns around, clutching his rear, as MV1 grabs him from behind and hits a classic spinning atomic drop. The D crumples, as Zo blasts MV1 with double palm strikes to the chest. MV1 falters to his knees, as Zo double tomahawk chops MV1's shoulders. MV1 falls next to the D, as Zo gains a head of steam off the ropes, and then does a big belly splash onto both men. He hooks the legs.

One.

Two.

Both men get a shoulder up.

DDK:

The action is fast and frenetic between these three competitors. No one has an advantage for too long.

Zo pulls the D by his hair to his feet, and then scoop slams him on top of MV1. Zo climbs to the middle rope, extends his arm and lets out a powerful cry. With a leap, Zo hits nothing but canvas. The D rolls out of the ring as MV1 rolls out of the way.

Zo recovers to a kneeling base as MV1 lets loose with vicious knife edge chops to his chest, each one more resounding than the last. Zo fights back after six chops with a headbutt, getting to his feet. MV1 chop, Zo headbutt. This continues back and forth for a long exchange of strikes, before The D springboards from the apron, off the top, and dives onto both men with a cross body. MV1 and Zo catch the smaller fighter, and proceed to dump him back over the top rope and to the outside. They then go back to chopping and headbutting each other repeatedly.

Angus:

These two are just beating the tar out of each other. Too bad JFK burned the DOC title. These two'd be perfect for it.

The D leaps off the top turnbuckle, catching Zo in the face with a knee strike. The D rolls through, off the opposite side ropes, and tags off on MV1 with a stiff elbow. MV1 takes the brunt of the hold and stands in place. The D back off the ropes, and another stiff elbow. MV1 just standing there, telling The D to bring it. The D back off the ropes, ducks under an MV1 attack, back off the other side, charging Yakuza Kick takes the Violator off his feet.

The D tosses his hands in the air in joy before turning into Zo, flapjack samoan drop! The D is flattened in the ring.

One.

Two.

MV1 dives in for the save. MV1 grabs Zo's leg and attempts to lock in a knee bar. Zo fights, crawling

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toward the bottom rope. MV1 pulls Zo back to the center of the ring, and firmly locks in the leg bar. Zo screams in pain, as the official Logan asks if he's going to submit. Zo shakes it off, but doesn't have time to react to the D charging forward with a dropkick to his exposed face.

DDK:

That's reminiscent of the PCP's tag finisher, and Zo just took the brunt of it!

Angus:

It's a seated dropkick.

With Zo out, The D rushes off the far ropes, and returns with a leaping loutesz press, striking MV1 from his seated position with his own crotch.

DDK:

D IN YOUR FACE! Modified, of course.

Angus:

snickers

The D back to his feet, and up to the top turnbuckle. He sizes up the fallen MV1, and leaps as Zo recovers too. Double dropkick takes out both MV1 and Zo, as the D lies on the mat, clutching the back of his head.

DDK:

This crowd has come alive once again! All 3 competitors are down, dazed and defunct in the center of the ring! I think the D might have took the brunt of his high risk maneuver.

Angus:

Insanity!

DDK:

In a brief time, we have seen these three tag team specialists lay it all out there! I honestly don't know if they'll be able to--

Angus:

Hold your enema water, Keeps!

Camera cuts to the ring, where The D's hand wraps tightly on the bottom rope. He pulls himself to his feet, the fans loving the moment. Hiroshi Zo is also angrily clawing his way up the opposite corner.

DDK:

Yes, one half of The STORM also up... but one half of our Tag Team Champions beats him to it! Clips Zo in the back of the leg, big stomp... now dragging Zo to the center of the ring! The D, athleticism on display, zips out of the ring and to the apron... centers himself... springboard LEGDROP across the throat of Zo! Zo! Rolls out of the ring --and LOOK! Masked Violator #1 is suddenly to his feet!

Angus:

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Where was that dork hiding?!?

DDK:

SUPERKICK to the JAW of The D!

Angus:

That. Looked. Painful!

DDK:

Number One goes for a cover, hooking the leg--

Angus:

Is this it?!?

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

DDK:

Who the hell?!?

Camera cuts to ringside, where Kazushi has appeared, yanking MV#1 clear out of the ring.

Angus:

That's that other Storm guy!

DDK:

It is! They're brawling all over ringside and--

The crowd buzzes, heads swivel at once towards the rampway.

Angus:

WAIT! That's--

DDK:

It is! MASKED VIOLATOR #2 is BACK!

Angrily, wrenching his arm out of the sling, MV#2 stomps down the aisle. His trademark yellow mask looking especially stained, discolored and unappetising. The rest of him didn't look much better. Bloated and with a beard poking out of the mask's mouth-hole, MV#2 drags a folded steel chair behind him towards the ring. Our view cuts back to ringside, where MV#1's eyes go wide with excitement - just before taking a clubbing double axe-handle from Kazushi from behind. The eyes of Kazushi and MV#2 lock, white hot--

DDK:

Kazushi is the man that put Number Two on the shelf!

--and suddenly one is charging towards the other.

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DDK:

Number Two **THROWS** the chair at Kazushi!!

Kazushi tries to protect himself but only slightly able to shield his head with an arm. Two **LEVELS** him with a clothesline and from there it's a flurry.

DDK:

Hiroshi Zo, back in the ring with the **FIRST** Violator! Zo hooks him -- **POWERBOMB!** WAIT! The D, **FLYING TOP ROPE DROPKICK** catches Violator #1 at the apex of his powerbomb, hitting him in the back of the head! The impact takes ZO down as well! Call him cocky, call him confident... but make no mistake about it, The D is **LAYING IT DOWN** tonight!

Angus:

..jesus, Keeps!

DDK:

Showboating once again in the ring! Wait, here comes **ONE!** AND WE HAVE A **STAREDOWN**, folks! Number One and The D are nose to nose! Eye to eye! **HERE WE GO!**

Trading stiff right hands, the fans are into every moment--

DDK:

ZO! ZO just **LEVELED** them with a double clothesline out of nowhere! This match is **CHAOS!** The cameras are trying to keep up with all of the action!

MV#2 and Kazushi continue to bludgeon each other at ringside as the three actual match contestants rise to their feet one last time. The tension rises slowly but surely as the warriors circle each other in the ring. MV#1 cranes his neck to keep an eye on the action outside the ring and - just as Kazushi raised a steel chair high above his head and a fallen MV#2 - MV#1 gives a curt, professional nod and salute to The D before racing across, over and **OUT** of the ring, laying Kazushi out with a stunning somersault splash!

Angus:

Pandemoniutanium!

Referee Benny Doyle pleads to MV#1 at ringside to get back in the contest and--

DDK:

DICK PUNCH to Hiroshi Zo! The D delivers! Rolling Zo up!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!!!!!!!!

THREEEEEE!!!!

Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the **WINNER** of the bout... **THE... D!!!**

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DDK:

UNBELIEVABLE! Of all the things we could have expected in this match... safe to say, we didn't expect all of THAT!

The camera follows The D's post-match celebration as it spills out of the ring and up the rampway. DEFsec spills from backstage, working to separate and contain the members of The STORM and the Masked Violators.

DDK:

The D nabs a big singles victory and, I've gotta tell ya, the tag team scene in DEFIANCE has never been hotter!

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BUSINESS WITH THE BOSS

When Kelly Evans has a show to run it's best not to keep her waiting. Sitting in the leather chair in front of her desk is Jon Wildside, manager to The Bastards.

Evans:

I don't have much time.

Wildside feigns a smile.

Wildside:

Well as it happens, neither do I. Big things on the horizon for the Bastards these days. Have to keep them a step up on the rest.

Evans:

Get on with it. Time is yours.

Wildside adjusts his blazer as he begins.

Wildside:

Right. Won't keep you. The Bastards are getting their feet back under them and I'd like to toss them a test. With your permission of course.

Evans:

I'm intrigued.

Wildside:

Throw them up against PCP. Don't put the titles on the line. Let's just see if they still got it or if this whole thing is one last pipe dream.

Evans nods her head considering the options internally as Wildside thickens the plot.

Wildside:

INSTEAD if my boys are able to win they get a shot at the Tag Team Titles.

Evans thinks it over quickly and makes her decision.

Evans:

You've got your match. Not because I think the Bastards deserve it, not because they've shown me a God damn thing, but because I think this is good business. AND PCP could use the challenge.

Wildside grins ear to ear.

Evans:

But Jon, there is a stink following you around from some of your past business dealings, and that means I'll be keeping an eye on you.ALL of you. Even that weasel Coleslaw. Consider yourself and

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your Bastards warned.

Wildside is quick to exit.

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PEACE OFFERINGS

A hand reaches up to knock on a door. As it opens, we pull back and diagonally to reveal the person opening the door as Cayle Murray.

The person knocking? Impulse.

The crowd do all kinds of poppin', because it's the lads. The walls are paisley, FYI.

Cayle Murray: [almost sheepish]
Evening mate.

They stare at each other for a second, before Impulse raises his hand to shake.

Impulse:

Let's do it right this time, sir. I'm sorry I assumed you needed help; it's always there if you ask, but I'll wait for you to ask.

Cayle regards his outstretched hand, and after a moment, he shakes it.

Cayle Murray:

And I'm sorry I reacted like a snappy little brat. I know your intentions were good, and I probably should have handled it a little better. Honestly, both of us have bigger enemies to worry about without throwing fists at one another, particularly with Andy gone, and Jason totally consumed by chasing an elusive Bruv around the building.

Impulse:

You've got an enemy; I've got a ghost. Reaper isn't the type to let things go after a simple match like that, and every night he doesn't come back to take his next pound'a flesh, I'm lookin' even more over my shoulder than before. Who knows, maybe that's what he wants - paranoia to the extreme.

He shrugs.

Impulse:

You've got Box, though... and with your new mentor I've got no doubt you'll get the nod - even if it's the Dane way.

Cayle Murray:

Heh, don't worry - I'm not gonna stab old Boxy in the face with a fork...

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

Though it'd probably be justified, all things considered.

He shakes the fleeting idea out of his head.

Cayle Murray:

Truth is, I don't know what's going to happen at DEFIANCE Road. I've never been in a "No Ropes"

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match before, so who knows what that guy has up his sleeve. He's not going to jump me on the ramp again, though -- that's for sure. I've bled by his hand more times than I can remember now. He has plagued my family for the best part of two decades. Whatever the outcome, I'm going to make sure it never happens again.

Impulse:

You've got this, sir. No ropes just means no ropes - and between you, your brother, and Eric, you're as prepared as anyone could ever be to finish this out. I don't trust Dane - but I'm not gonna tell you not to listen to him. Just... you know where we are if need be.

They fist bump.

Impulse:

Speaking of, you know where Dane is? Would really like to ask him what the hell he's playin' at with this match tonight.

Cayle Murray:

No clue, mate. I don't call him: he calls me.

He pauses, realising that it'd probably be within his best interests to know where his shifty "mentor" is at any given time.

Cayle Murray:

Have you tried the cafeteria? He's always looking for new silverware to add to his collection.

Impulse laughs.

Impulse:

All right, sir... if I see him I'll send him your way. I still don't trust him...

Pause.

Impulse:

But I trust you.

Cut.

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REINHARDT HOFFMAN VS. LEVI COLE

♪ "Born In The U.S.A." by Bruce Springsteen ♪

DDK:

If this young man, Angus, can put all the pieces together there's no reason he couldn't be vying for the FIST.

Angus:

He's got all the tools, just a matter of experience... I mean, I like the kid, but he's not the brightest bulb. Know what I'm sayin' Keeps?

The massive, corn-fed young grappler bursts from backstage with all the power and forward momentum of a freight engine. He and his star spangled singlet and wrestling headgear are down the ramp and rolling under the ring before we can blink.

DDK:

Speed and power, a dangerous combination...

♪ Dvořák's Symphony No. 9 ♪

Angus:

Yeah, but can that combination overcome pure European technical prowess.

A folly of brass and strings crashes through the Wrestle-Plex, signaling the arrival of the "Gentleman German" Reinhardt Hoffman. The faithful rain down nothing but pure hatred on the tall, lean lantern-jawed grappler. A reaction he can't take FULL credit for, as he's quickly flanked by none other than the Wargod himself.

Angus:

Really? Hans here needs a babysitter, or what?

DDK:

The presence of Bronson Box does not bode well for young Levi Cole, Skaaland.

Reinhardt Hoffman takes his time marching towards the ring. He takes a slow lap around, side by side with his trainer partner. The two share a quiet exchange, pointing and eyeing up the massive midwesterner standing tall center ring. Referee Hector Navarro leans out of the ropes and urges Hoffman to *"let's get on with it."* Boxer gives Hoffman a few parting instructions and gives him a hard clap on the back as the German Panzer leaps up onto the apron and slithers between the ropes in one smooth, effortless movement. With both competitors in the ring, Navarro wastes little time calling for the bell.

DING DING

Angus:

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OH SNAP!

The sight of the All-American as he plows into Hoffman and drills him back into the nearest available turnbuckle is like a scene out of the latest Marvel movie. Reinhardt's fortunes don't change for the first quarter of the match. The German getting tossed and suplexed this way and that, much to the chagrin of The ACE still perched at ringside.

DDK:

Boxer is *not* happy about this incredible start from young Levi!

Angus:

The guys a gorram MOOSE, I'm not sure what Hoffman and baldy there were expecting.

His massive meaty mitts slamming the mat in frustration, Bronson leans under the bottom rope and hollers at his compatriot. The Wargod's patented form of expletive laced encouragement gets under Hoffman's skin, and we actually start to see some comeback from the German. Not being one to give much of a damn what people think of him, Hoffman's rally is as dirty as they come. Reinhardt grips the fingers of Levi's right hand with both hands, and...

POP

OOOOOOOOOOH!

Angus:

hurk Ugh... goddamn finger stuff, man. I can't.

Hoffman watches intently as Cole clutches at his now hobbled paw, but Reinhardt's not *done*. He reaches down and wrenches Levi's other hand free, and...

POP

A repeat on Cole's other set of digits. The door now wide open, Hoffman steps through with a legit clinic of mat based torture. Dropping the massive midwesterner with a few well placed knee strikes and then just simply tying him into knots. Hoffman's focus is entirely on the big man's arms and upper back. Pulling tendons to their limit, and *grinding* his knees and elbows into Cole's well developed back muscles.

Bronson Box:

FINISH HIM OFF!

Hoffman goes for his patented bridging armbar submission, but Cole with the late rally shows off his own technical prowess and wriggles free. He's makes it up to one knee before he's cut down once again by the sharp edge of Hoffman's knee slamming into the side of his head.

OOOOOOOOOOH!

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DDK:

Knee strike from Hoffman...

Fast as lightning Reinhart goes for the arm one again, flipping over his opponent with a tight reverse bridging Fujiwara armbar. With his already brutalized arm and shoulder muscles screaming, it's not long before Cole succumbs to the vicious submission maneuver.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

Your winner... REINHAAAARDT HOFFMAAAAN**hurnf**

Angus:

Awww, Jesus... does he have to always pick on poor Quimbey?

One tiny effortless shove from Bronson Box and the diminutive little ring announcer is on his ass. The Wargod strips off his suit coat and quickly unbuttons and rolls up his shirt sleeves. Like a pack of dogs the two deadly European arm-wringers go to work just BRUTALIZING the corn-fed rookie, laying the boots to him. The beatdown is punctuated with a quick and dirty BOMBASTO Bomb that leaves Cole a bloody, bruised, demoralized heap in the corner. It takes Mike Sloan, Head of Security Wyatt Bronson and a small army of DEFsec to escort the two men from ringside so the medical team can step in and check on the condition of Cole.

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MESSAGE RECEIVED

We return backstage, and focus in on a closed double door. The cameraman backs up a few steps, and several seconds later, Impulse pushes the doors open and walks with purpose; Calico Rose follows, half a step behind him.

Calico Rose:

You nervous?

Impulse:

Nope.

Cally:

How about now?

Impulse:

Naaah.

They walk for about three seconds.

Cally:

Now?

Impulse:

Totally, yes.

Cally:

Really?

Impulse:

Not even a little.

Cally:

Why not?

Impulse:

Four reasons. One, this is a main event match. We've main evented shows before. Two, this is Curtis Penn. We've wrestled Curtis Penn before. Three, this is, essentially, a World Title match. We've wrestled for those before.

Cally:

And the fourth?

They look at each other, and he smirks.

Impulse:

If I think about it too much, I probably **will** get nervous.

With that, Cally touches his arm and they both stop walking.

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Cally:

Babes... this is important.

Impulse looks down.

Impulse:

Yeah... yeah it is. But Curtis Penn is a known quantity, and I don't necessarily trust Dane, but Cayle does so that's good enough for me for the moment.

They share a moment, and a wry smile forms on Cally's face.

Cally:

Let's get movin', champ... forty minutes to go.

They turn and walk for a few more steps... until Impulse is knocked headfirst into the wall.

Codename Reaper:

Message received, boy.

Reaper seemingly came out of nowhere, and got the drop on Impulse with a heavy forearm that knocked the unsuspecting Marathon Man into the wall, where his head bounced off. Now, Cally stands back, her hands over her mouth, unable to react. Reaper stands over Impulse with his eyes burning a hot red glow.

Codename Reaper:

I beat you and embarrassed you, and again, you stole the spotlight from me. Well, challenge accepted. Defiance Road, Reaper's Rules, championship on the line. And when I win... you just... go away.

Reaper stands up and drives a boot into Impulse's chest.

Codename Reaper:

By the way?

Reaper pulls Impulse back, halfway in and out of the door from which Reaper had initially made his entrance, and he opens the door wide.

Codename Reaper:

Good luck tonight.

And he slams the door on Impulse's head. Although, Impulse had regained enough of his senses to get out of the way...mostly.

The door slams hard on Impulse's left forearm, and he gives a shout of pain. The entire exchange was over in barely over a minute, but it takes this long for Cally to register what's happening, and finally she checks on Impulse, trying to help him to his feet.

We cut elsewhere.

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KENDRIX VS. FELTON BIGSBY

DDK:

Folks our next match-up was announced earlier in the evening when Kendrix made a bold claim not only against Jason Natas, but the entire BRAZEN division.

♪ "100 Black Coffins" by Rick Ross ♪

Angus:

This Sports Entertainment Fuckweed claimed that Natas is a Fraud and that the Brazen division are a bunch of wannabies! Well let me tell you Keebs, Kendrix is the only fraud in DEFIANCE and I hope this man beats the living hell out of him tonight.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, already in the ring, from Houston, Texas, he weighs-in at 350lbs and standing at 6 foot 2... FELTON BIIIGGSSBYYY!

Doning an orange singlet with a print of the state of Houston in the centre, Houston Strong, Bigsby stands in the centre of the ring ignoring this own fanfare, strictly all business and ready to fight.

Angus:

I like the look of this already. Bigsy is a powerhouse, it's been over a year away from DEFIANCE for him and he looks like he's ready to show J F Fuck face what Brazen is all about!

♪ "Let Em' Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip hits the PA System.

The lights in the arena go out momentarily before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, immediately bringing Kendrix into view with his back facing the ring. Returning his arms down back to his sides he ever so slightly twists around to face the crowd, Bug Eye shades as well as his trademark smirk etched across his face. The former DOC begins his trademark cocky swagger toward the ring pointing up at Bigsby talking what seems to be inaudible trash.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent. Making his way to the ring, hailing from London, England. Weighing in at two hundred and eighteen pounds and standing at six foot 2....

DDK:

Kendrix looking extremely confident, possibly too confident Angus?

Angus:

Good, I hope he is over confident, Keebs. Let him run his mouth all he wants, once he's in that ring, he's in for a surprise...

Having made his way to the ring, Kendrix hops onto the second turnbuckle, furthest from the ramp. He looks back at Bigsby and ushers at Benny Doyle to order his opponent away to the far corner.

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Quimbley:

He is...JAAAY EFFF KAAAYYY..... KEEEEENDRRRRRIIIIIIIIXXXXXXX!

Beating his clenched fist across his chest before holding his arms out wide by his side, Kendrix twists around back down to the mat, hopping from one foot to the other in front of Bigsby.

As Doyle gestures to the time keeper's area for the bell to ring, the two take a couple of steps away from each other.

Ding Ding Ding.

DDK:

Here we go, the two men circling each other and straight in for the tie up.

The two look to gain an early psychological advantage but the sheer power of Bigsby forces JFK all the way back to the corner as Bigsby releases and steps away on Doyle's count of four.

DDK:

Bigsby easily wins that contest and Kendrix doesn't look happy at all...oh my.

Angus:

He just slapped Bigsby, right across his face, yes! KILL HIM FELTON! KILL HIM!

Bigsby's touches the side of his face where Jesse's hand print lay as the former DOC points his index finger his direction.

Kendrix:

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

Angus:

HERE WE GO!

Before Kendrix can finish his tirade, Felton hauls him up and rushes him straight back into the corner, shoving shoulder thrust after shoulder thrust to the midriff of the former SEG member, knocking the wind out of him over and over again. Jesse drops to a seated position as Bigsby lays the stomps into him.

DDK:

Impressive start from the Brazen talent here, Kendrix looks shocked but gets some respite at Doyle's count of four.

Angus:

And surprise surprise he's rolled himself out of the ring.

Kendrix buys himself sometime, walking around to the other side of the ring, ignoring Doyle's request to get back in, forcing the official to start the count. Bigsby, not waiting around joins Kendrix on the outside and gives chase. Jesse halts, holding his hands out flat at the big man but he's not the least bit interested. Unfortunately for him, he runs straight into a well timed drop toe hold falling face first on the top of the steel steps.

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DDK:

Felton suckered in by JFK, looking on proudly at his dirty work there.

With Felton tending to his face on the ground, Kendrix rolls back into the ring on the count of six and calmly points down at his opponent while encouraging the ref to continue his count.

SEVEN!

Angus:

Is this how Kendrix wants to prove his point to Fatas?

EIGHT!

NINE!

At the last moment, Kendrix drops to the mat and rolls back outside with Bigsby up to one knee.

DDK:

JFK is grinning up at Benny Doyle here, who's now forced to re-start his count. Ever get the impression Kendrix is taking this match lightly?

Angus:

Cocky son of a bitch.

Kendrix throws a couple of right hands down on the forehead of his opponent before hauling him up to his feet and whipping him back crashing through the steps.

DDK:

Thats 325 pounds thundering through those steel steps and now Bigsby tending to his right knee. Kendrix wasting no time stomping on the same knee.

Angus:

Well, as much as I hate the guy, got to admire his strategy. The big man can't do anything if he can hardly stand.

Doyle breaks his count of five to join the two on the outside, checking on Felton and encouraging Kendrix to bring it back into the ring. Jesse holds his hands up innocently, looking like he's agreeing with Doyle. Instead, he takes a hold of Bigsby's right boot, stretches his leg out wide and delivers a boot straight to the back of the knee for good measure.

DDK:

Bigsby howling in pain and Kendrix is just laughing it off.

Kendrix:

SEE, BRAZEN SUCKS, INNIT?!

BOOOOOOOO!

Kendrix climbs back into the ring as Doyle's count this time reaches the count of six.

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SEVEN

Bigsby crawls toward the apron, dragging his injured knee along with him.

EIGHT

One hand on the apron

NINE

Both hands on the apron and hauls himself in just in the nick of time. Jesse doesn't even blink and with Bigsby on all fours sends a running drop kick to the side of the head. It knocks the big man down but he's up to one knee. Jesse, straight back up, wrapshis arm around Felton's head and hauls him up.

DDK:

Kendrix looking for a DDT here but Felton shoves him away, Kendrix with the clothesline, ducked by Bigsby, Jesse off the ropes now ducks the clothesline and hits the neckbreaker on Bigsby, cover.

ONE!

TWO!

DDK:

KICKOUT.

Angus:

Maybe if Kendrix didn't count along with his hand in the air like a moron and had hooked the leg he would have had that!

DDK:

Nonetheless, despite the positive start from Houston Strong, Kendrix has used his undoubted ring awareness to his advantage here and you get the feeling it's only a matter of time before...SPINEBUSTER!

Angus:

YUS! Kendrix took too long jawing more of his bullshit to the audience and that gave Felton an opening.

Both men down but stirring as the ref begins the ten count. Kendrix crawls to one corner, Bigsby the other, both men haul themselves up by the ropes. Both men up at the count of six but it's Bigsby who's out of the blocks quickest and charges toward JFK, but the former DOC doges him in the nick of time, Felton's chest smashing against the turnbuckle and bouncing out right into the hands of Kendrix who simultaneously hit the near ropes, gaining just enough momentum to deliver a running bulldog planting Bigsby face first into the centre of the canvas.

DDK:

Kendrix Kross, JFK's going for it, Bigsby is trying his best to avoid it.

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Angus:

Kendrix hasn't got the crossface quite locked in.

♪ "No Chance" by Unsane ♪

Angus:

OH BABY!

The music rips through the PA system, and the crowd immediately get on their feet as Jason Natas stomps out from the back.

DDK:

The former DOC is here, and he's heading straight for the ring!

Kendrix releases the hold and is up on his feet looking straight up the stage before delivering a couple of kicks on the downed Bigsby, kicking him out of the ring before turning around to see the Bronx Bully making his way down the ramp.

Having changed and cleaned himself up following his match earlier, a casually-dressed Natas reaches about the halfway point on the ramp, because if there's one place JFK can't avoid him, it's in the ring. Kendrix walks towards the ropes nearest the ramp and yells at Natas to leave.

DDK:

This match isn't over folks but Kendrix seems more concerned with Natas right now.

Angus:

When he should really be focusing on the man standing right behind him, right now!

JFK's attention and focus finally returns as soon as Natas points for him to look over his shoulder. Jesse slowly, cautiously turns, knowing full well of what's waiting for him. He charges forward but Bigsby is more than ready for him, lifts his lighter opponent up, turning him around onto his shoulder charging Kendrix back first into the turnbuckle and slamming him down into the centre of the ring.

Angus:

EAST TEXAS STAMPEDE! COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

HE DID IT, FELTON BIGSBY JUST PINNED JFK AFTER ONE HELL OF A RUNNING POWERSLAM. LISTEN TO THIS PLACE!

Angus:

BRAZEN JUST DICKED ALL OVER SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT!

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Doyle raises Bigsby's hand in victory as Kendrix rolls onto his front, head in his hands.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via pinfall... FELTONNNNNNNN
BIGSSSSBBBBBBYYYYYYYYYYY!

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SAY "YES"

Angus:

Well, that was an ideal outcome!

DDK:

Kendrix just lost to the kind of opponent he's spent the whole night running into the ground! Take nothing away from Bigsby, who is a tremendous wrestler in his own right, but this isn't a good look for the Englishman!

Angus:

That's what happens when you're a complete dipshit, Keebs: eventually, someone exposes you.

Victorious, Felton Bigsby slides out of the ring. Jason Natas pays him no heed as he passes him on the ramp, and neither does the victor. Kendrix is still coming around in the ring when Natas hops onto the apron, and looks within.

Angus:

Wake-up, fucko! You just got merked!

DDK:

"Merked?"

Angus:

I'm speaking idiot so he understands when he watches the tape, Keebler! Get with it!

Resting on his knees Kendrix reacts to his loss in the only way he possibly could, by slamming the palms of his hands down on the canvas over and over like a spoilt child having a tantrum. Having got this out of his system he clocks Natas making his way through the ropes. Jumping up to a standing position he ushers for a mic from ringside, not taking his eyes off of the Bronx Bully.

Kendrix:

YOU! THAT WAS YOUR FAULT!

Natas immediately shakes his head, then motions for his foe to shut the fuck up. Assertively, he steps across and grabs the microphone from his hands.

Jason Natas:

You ready to say "yes" yet, pussy?

Barely finishing his last syllable, Natas thrusts the mic back in Kendrix's chests and readies himself, half-expecting the Bruv to flee. Puffing his cheeks out, pissed at the pussy remark on top of the raw loss, Kendrix holds his ground.

Kendrix:

I had that guy beat you bellend! You couldn't handle it could you? That's why you came out here. You can't handle the fact that I'm better than you, that I'm the better man.

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Unimpressed, Natas mouths “prove it” towards his cocky foe. Jesse steps away and turns to the ropes behind him. Natas raises an eyebrow, half expecting this outcome, but with one leg over the middle rope, Kendrix pulls it back into the ring and makes his way face to face with Natas.

Kendrix:

You know, JFK has told you over and over again that he is DONE with you Jasey. But you just won't let me get on with my life will you. You just won't let me continue to take this place by storm huh? You want JFK?

The anticipation in the arena picks up.

Kendrix:

At DEFIANCE ROAD...You got it!

Dat pop doe.

Angus:

YUS~!

DDK:

Finally, Kendrix accepts the challenge!

Angus:

I'm giddy, Keebs! Hold me!

Natas rubs his hands together but JFK holds his index finger up and leans in close.

Kendrix:

On one condition, bruv... if you lose...then JFK never wants to see you in DEFIANCE again. You lose to JFK and YOU'RE DONE!

Arching his back straight, Kendrix hits us with that smirk.

Kendrix:

What do you say, bruv?

Angus:

What?! He wants his career?!

DDK:

Sure sounds like it...

Angus:

Jeesh, I want to see Natas kill this guy as much as the next person, but that's a risky--

Jason Natas:

DONE.

It took Natas just a couple of seconds to make his decision, but he's been chasing this bastard for

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months. Logic goes out the window when you're *that* desperate to get your hands on something, and he barely hesitates in giving his answer.

Angus:

WHA-?!

DDK:

My god! He accepted!

Kendrix smirks, shakes his head, then goes to turn away.

DDK:

What a huge match, Angus! JFK vs. Natas, and if Natas loses, he's gone from DEFIANCE!

JFK takes a step away from Natas, then suddenly springs into life, throwing a Superkick at the former DOC.

But Natas grabs the boot!

Angus:

FUCK YOUR CHEAPSHOT!

Jason spins it away, sending JFK around in the process. When Kendrix comes back around, there's a nice, fat Lariat waiting for him.

DDK:

South Bronx Lariat! Natas just knocked his lights out!

Angus:

That's what happens!

Kendrix, of course, hits the mat like a sack of potatoes. Natas' music kicks in over the PA system, and he stares down upon the fallen Bruv, still unaware of the weighty decision he's just made.

DDK:

JFK might be out cold, but this is a massive development, folks! If Natas screws up at DEFIANCE Road, his run is over!

Angus:

I don't even want to contemplate the prospect of that, Keebs. Let's focus on the positives: if he *WINS*, Kendrix might actually die.

DDK:

But that's a big if, Angus! Kendrix is one hell of a wrestler, despite Natas' obvious talents!

Angus:

What'd I say, man?! Jeesh...

Cut.

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A SPIKE AND A FORK

We cut backstage right as none other than the victorious Reinhardt Hoffman and his trainer partner the self proclaimed ACE of DEFIANCE, the Bombastic Bronson Box come strolling out of Boxer's private dressing room. Both men are dressed to the nines in tailored suits, their bags packed, ready to depart the Wrestle-Plex after an altogether successful night of "graps."

Reinhardt Hoffman:

... they just don't get it. They never will.

Bronson Box:

They will when we...

The partial snippet of the two men's conversation is cut short as Boxer lays eyes on the gentlemen positioned right across the hallway from Bronson's locker room door. Hoffman immediately drops his bag and gets into a defensive posture. Box doesn't really move, other than to shake his head and tisk tisk tisk as he gives the person in question the evilest of eyes.

Bronson Box:

You got a bloody death wish, squid? Or are ye' just cravin' some attention? Bit o' both?

Cayle Murray:

You haven't tried to kill me tonight. Figured I'd best keep an eye on you before you try.

The Artist Formerly Known as Squidboy cracks his knuckles. Dressed as he was earlier in the evening, he takes a couple of steps forward, glaring at both men from beneath a furrowed brow.

Cayle Murray: [looking at Hoffman]

Nice win.

He turned to Boxer.

Cayle Murray:

Nice post-match lynching. You're a real ACE, Boxy.

His words drip with disdain. Had he been closer to gorilla as Box and Hoffman were laying the boots on Levi Cole, he'd have stepped-in, but alas. Box chuckles under his breath at the comment. Finally taking a few small steps towards Murray.

Bronson Box:

Funny, coming from a man in bed with the fookin' devil himself. And as fer' killin' ye' lad... well...

Without warning Hoffman barrels into Cayle, pinning him against the same wall he was leaning casually against just moments before. At the same moment Boxer reaches out and wraps one of his huge meaty mitts around the throat of his latest nemesis.

Cayle Murray:

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Fuu-

Boxer quietly shushes Cayle as he struggles in vain, two on one against the two villains. It's then The Wargod casually reaches into his jacket pocket and plucks a VERY familiar object. With his wild bloodshot brown eyes wide and LOCKED on "the squid" Bronson presses the tip of his rusty, blood caked metal SPIKE right under Cayle's chin. Murray's eyes dart up and down the hallway best he can... abandoned, empty... he's all alone. Boxer leeeeeans in close.

Bronson Box:

You wanna' stand outside my fookin' locker room like some sort of tough hombre, do ye' boy'o?

Cayle struggles best he can against Hoffman's grip. A pinprick of blood rolls down his chin as the Spike digs into the flesh of his face. Box stares daggers into Murray, taking a few silent moments to truly look the man up and down.

Bronson Box:

You. Don't. Have it. In you. Not to beat me. Your brother didn't, you didn't, ye' still don't. It's in yer' blood to be less than. When we climb in that ring at the pay per view. When I'm allowed to truly lay hands on you there's not gunna' be enough of you left to scrape into a bloody sack and send back to yer' whore mother back home.

Again Cayle struggles against the German's grip, again to no avail. Not with the Spike still perched right against his chin.

Bronson Box:

I'm gunna' pooooour my hate all over ye', sunshine... it'll be the end of ye'... it'll be...

Before Bronson can finish his diatribe he suddenly and violently gets *shoved* sideways directly into the camera crew. Boxer and the camera people all land in a confusing heap. All we can see directly is ceiling and hands struggling to get upright all while avoiding the Spike wielding maniac. But we can HEAR the sounds of a struggle. When the camera rights itself we're left in complete shock at the shift in fortune for one Cayle Murray. Boxer, sans Spike, is standing a few paces away with a scowl emblazoned across his craggy scarred face. Cayle wipes the blood from his chin as none other than the BAWWS himself, **Eric Dane** shoves his forearm deep into the throat of the Gentleman German Hoffman, pushing him up against the wall with a look of disdain.

Eric Dane:

Blah blah blah fucking blah. You're like a Supervillian going on and on, giving up your entire plan and just the wrong point in time for the Hero to thwart your evil, stupid plan. You really could stand doing a semester abroad studying the wonderful art of getting to the fuckin' point.

The Only Star chuckles.

Eric Dane:

Allow me to demonstrate.

A familiar fork appears as if from nowhere. The seven time former World Champion wields it like a

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master and the tongs are pressed firmly into the eye socket of Reinhardt Hoffman. The normally stoic German has never looked so worried. Even Boxer shows a glimmer of concern for his long time ally. Dane's smile never falters.

Eric Dane:

Now back off my man, slowly, and find yourself out of here. Otherwise your pally here's gonna find himself sans depth perception in the very imminent future.

He presses the fork in *juuuust* enough for Reinhardt to squirm more than a little uncomfortably. Boxer raises his hands with a grimace. Obviously knowing when to relent.

Bronson Box:

Alright, Eric, alright...

After a few tense moments Eric lets Hoffman loose, the German grappler scurrying over to Bronson's side. He collects their bags and joins his compatriot in glaring across the hallway at Murray and Dane. The two men start to leave but Eric holds up a hand, stopping them in their tracks.

Eric Dane:

Listen here, uggo, you're a big, bad motherfucker when you're tackling a guy who ain't payin' ya any attention. Next week you can deal with the consequences of being Bronson Box's meat shield. It'll be you and the kid, Submission Match.

Eric smooches at him.

Eric Dane:

Have fun with that, *Sunshine*.

Boxer thumbs his nose and motions for Hoffman to take off. To his credit, Hoffman seems unphased by the announcement. He takes a moment to make eye contact with Cayle before marching off down the hallway. Boxer lingers... silently looking both Dane and Murray up and down before following his training partner towards the exit.

A tense moment passes.

Cayle Murray: [raspy]

Ah, thanks. I-

Eric Dane: [interrupting]

What in the name of fuck do you call yourself doing?

Cayle Murray:

I was just-

Eric Dane:

You were just about to get yourself wet from the neck down. Are you out of your rabbit-ass mind trying to pick a fight with those two in a dark hallway by yourself? Have you just not been paying

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attention at the fuck all?

Cayle Murray:

...

Eric Dane:

You have to be *smarter* Than Box, kid, not crazier. And maybe have a fucking plan about you next time you decide to do something like this.

Cayle Murray:

Fine. You're right.

Eric Dane:

It's not all about balls, kid, for the record yours are made of ten pounds of pure brass though. Now come on, let's get you cleaned up before you bleed all over yourself.

The camera cuts from Cayle and Eric directly back to the commentation station.

Angus:

OOOOOOOOOOOOH snap! The BAWWS makin' matches, Keeps!

DDK:

You heard it directly from the lips of the man himself, folks. Next week the victorious Cayle Murray will test his grappling skill against the technically proficient German, Reinhardt Hoffman!

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REAPER CO. & MIDORIKAWA VS SCOTT DOUGLAS & BRUTAL ATTACK FORCE

Cut back to the boys in the booth.

DDK:

We have some three man tag team action coming up, partner.

Angus:

The Lock out, Tag out match!

DDK:

Pardon?

Angus:

Jesus, Keebs. It's a common practice in electrical work. Always lock and tag the circuit breaker you're going to work on.

DDK:

I don't follow.

Angus:

REAPERS!! Reapers, Keebs! Lock the breakers ... ON!

DDK:

Right, we have seen quite a bit of funny business involving the lights whenever this - this Reaper Co. shows up here in the Wrestle-Plex.

Angus:

Does Terry Anderson have a background in electrical engineering?

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

Angus:

... here he comes, folks! The lead singer for the Garbage cover band, Trash!

DDK:

Clever.

Angus:

Shirley Manson is a GORRAM national treasure!

Darren Quimbey makes Douglas' announcement as the Seattle native hits the ramp. Head down and his hair covering his face he takes a moment before flinging his head backward and the hair out of his face. The Faithful's reaction comes across more positive than it has been of late. Douglas makes his way down the ramp, slapping the hands and acknowledging a couple signs at ringside.

DDK: [snidely]

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To which nation ... partner?

Angus:

The ... GORRAM globe! She's a GLOBAL treasure! How bout dat?! The cash is outside! Or something ...

Douglas slides into the ring and takes to his corner. Referee Carla Ferrari approaches with the pre match instructions and cursory weapons search.

Angus:

This one ... [*scoffs*] He'll never be a true front man. He doesn't get the hierarchy. You don't let Brutal Attack Force have their OWN entrance. Even for BRAZEN they're -

LIGHTS OUT

♪ "Sentaku No Asa" by AYA ♪

DDK:

Late yet still incredibly incorrect on social media-cultural references, partner ... Glad to find a constant in this ever changing business.

Angus:

Listen here, Keeps ...

DDK:

It's seems as if the Brutal Attack Force have *opted* out of the proposal we saw Scott Douglas pitch last week!

The Faithful begin to boo wildly as they scramble for their phones to light up the arena. Yet, they are frustratingly beaten to the punch as the Wrestle-Plex becomes bathed in an emerald green hue to reveal Midorikawa standing on the stage; his head down in his Reaper garb. With a brief flash of bright white light he snaps his head up, causing the hood of his trench coat to fall from his head revealing his green lucha mask.

Angus:

Honestly, it's the first common sense thing either of those two fuckboys ever did in their lives!

Two Reapers assemble behind Midorikawa; just before he sets off down the ramp and to the ring. Only a step or two into his descent he breaks into a full blown sprint. The arena still cast in a green light. The pair of Reaper's eyes light up; Red and Blue.

DDK:

As expected, Midorikawa is gunning for Scott Douglas and Douglas is READY for a FIGHT!

Midorikawa slides into the ring and is met by Sub Pop Scott. The two begin wildly throwing blows at one another under the green light.

Back on the ramp, the Reaper duo, watch on.

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CLANG!!

DDK:

BRUTAL ATTACK FORCE out of nowhere!

The aforementioned Force, quickly emerges from beyond the curtain; wielding steel chairs. In one synced and fluid motion, the BRAZEN pair attack the Reapers. Red is sent cascading off the ramp crashing into a guardrail. Blue collapses to the stage, face down, with a thud - although only suffering what seemed like a glancing blow.

In the ring, Midorikawa and Scott Douglas continue to trade fists as Carla Ferrari attempts to find some semblance of order. The volume of the Faithful and the, call to order, ringing of the bell; make for a cacophony of unreasonable proportions.

The BAF, prematurely, celebrate their clandestine attack while glaring down at the fallen Reaper Red. Their hubris blinds them from the fact that Reaper Blue has recovered and the masked eyes now flair a deep Red.

DDK:

This can't bode well for the Brutal Attack Force!

Angus:

They change colors now?

Reaper Red shoots a elbow to the back of Petey Garrett's head sending him down to the floor. He lands near, the previously fallen, Reaper and nearly in the same spot he found himself in last week.

Angus:

Deja douche!

Solomon Grendel turns around in time to have his head nearly taken off with *The Guillotine*.

DDK:

Devastating kick from Codename: Reaper and unfortunately for Solomon Grendel ... I don't think that is all that is in store for him.

Angus:

The hell with them! Douglas is getting his ass handed to him in the ring!

Back in the ring, Midorikawa stomps away at Douglas; who clearly found himself on the losing end of their brawl. Ferrari continues to try to find some order and is berating MDK to back off. With a shove, he dismisses the official but backs off of a recovering Douglas, only to charge him in the corner and catch him with a knee. Douglas' ascent is stunted and after a second or two he begins again as Midorikawa rushes back in for a second. The Faithful cry foul and boo the former Green Reaper. He soaks in it for a moment before charging back in for a third. The still slouched Scott Douglas is able to duck or ... fall and pull Midorikawa into the corner; chest first.

Douglas pulls himself to his feet as MDK reals in the corner. Douglas approaches and spins

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Midorikawa around and throws a stiff right to the masked face. MDK attempts to reply but is blocked and catches another.

Meanwhile, up on the rampway, Reaper Red pulls a near lifeless Solomon Grendel up from the stage floor as the recovered Blue joins him.

DDK:

This is getting out of hand.

Angus:

Getting? This has been a shitshow from word, go! I love it!

Red holds Grendel up on the edge of the stage, as Blue delivers *The Guillotine*. Just before impact Red lets loose of Grendel and he is sent off the stage in a freefall to the floor. Next to Garrett.

DDK:

We need medical attention out here immediately. Not to mention security!

The Reapers, pleased with their retribution, head toward the ring where Douglas still maintains the upper hand in what has turned out to be nothing more than a brawl, at best.

Angus:

Douglas is going to get it now! Reap what you sew, Dusty Douglas!

Reapers surround the ring and instantly start pulling chairs from beneath the ring and from ringside; launching them into the squared circle. Carla Ferrari bails out of the ring instantly.

Scott manages not to be struck or dissuaded by the flying objects as he hoists MDK off the mat and sets up for *The Sub Pop Suplex*.

The Reapers, deeming the amount of chairs to be adequate, jump to the apron on opposing sides of the ring. Scott drops MDK and readies himself for what clearly cannot go his way. The Faithful's chorus of boo's continues to drone through the arena.

Angus:

Yes! Yes!

DDK:

Looks like we have ourselves a stand off. Security really ought to break this up before it gets any worse.

Angus:

The hell the do! Look out at the people; they love it.

DDK:

... I don't ...

Douglas has had a enough and decides to strike; he launches toward Reaper Red, hitting the ropes and knocking him down with a back elbow. Red flies off the ring apron and crashes back first into

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the ringside guardrails. Reaper Blue attempts to enter the ring as Douglas skips over MDK's body and the two collide with only Blue's right leg through the ropes. The Collision sends Blue back through the ropes and down to the floor after a brief stop back first on the apron.

Douglas immediately turns around to find Midorikawa back on his feet. Midorikawa lunges at Douglas with vicious clothesline. Douglas ducks it, hits the ropes, returning with a flying forearm. The Faithful ignite. Midorikawa is stunned but is not knocked down. He stumbles backward to the ropes as Reaper Blue, on his knees, grabs the ankle. MDK hits the mat face down and is pulled out. The crowd returns to their previous state of all boo's all the time. Douglas is fired up and has had enough. He is here for a fight.

Red has found his way back around to the rest of the huddled Reaper Co. and it feels like it's about that time.

Angus:

And in three, two ...

HOLY SHIT, HOLY SHIT

Douglas, with only a step forward, launches himself over the top rope, barely clearing it, and crashes down on the Reaper Co.

DDK:

Not tonight, Angus! Scott Douglas with a Suicide Plancha!

The collision splits the Reaper's and Kawa like bowling pins. Scott manages to get his footing for a moment on the way down but loses it and hits a knee. He springs back up favoring his right ankle for a moment but powers through and snatches MDK from the floor. Douglas rolls MDK back into the chair filled ring and follows.

Inside, Midorikawa attempts to climb back to his feet but is met with a toe kick to the guy and Douglas pulls him in. He locks the head, tosses the arm, hooks the knee and hoists Midorikawa up. The Faithful pop with the impact.

DDK:

SUB POP Suplex! It's been awhile since we have seen Douglas on the correct end of that maneuver!

Angus:

Can WE get security out here! This is a disgrace to DEFIANCE and fair competition!

Douglas rises to his feet and steps, split legged, over Midorikawa. Reaching down, he forces MDK to sit up, albeit limply, by laces of his mask. Douglas hold MDK aloft by the back of his neck while he fumbles with the laces with his free hand.

DDK:

Scott Douglas is a man possessed!

Douglas continues to fumble with the laces; making little progress. Midorikawa throws a drowsy

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right hand from underneath; operating from survival instinct alone. Douglas takes the shot with no attempt to block and continues his attempt to pry off the mask.

MDK throws another punch; this one has a bit more of a bite. Scott takes it and shakes it off, never relenting. Absorbing a third shot, that draws blood from the eye, Douglas abandons the laces and pries his fingers into the slightly loosened mask's eyehole. Two; toward the bridge of the nose and one; on the far side of the hole.

DEFsec begins to funnel out from backstage as the Reapers stir on the floor.

Angus:

About time! For a man who claims to have cut his teeth in Lucha ... he surely doesn't have any respect for the hood!

Douglas grunts with aggression as he pulls against the faux leather sewn over lycra.

DDK:

... and you do?

The mask begins to give as MDK alternates between throwing grazing blows wildly and clutching his mask. Douglas drops a knee to MDK's midsection before switching to a full mount.

Angus:

Neither here nor there, Keebs!

DEFsec arrives at ringside. A quick pow wow finds Wyatt Bronson directing traffic, as black polo'd members split off to different sides of the ring. Once staged, they begin sliding in grabbing at chairs and sliding out depositing them on the floor like a game of Hungry Hungry Hippos.

DDK:

Douglas is, either completely oblivious to the arrival of Security or, simply doesn't care!!

Douglas continues to pull at the mask as MDK flails. The blood from his eye trickles down his face and through the matted strands of hair glued to his face by sweat.

Angus:

What in the GORRAM HELL are they waiting for??

The mask gives way to expose MDK's face to Douglas but is blind to the camera as DEFSec and the Reapers hit the ring simultaneously. A quick angle switch catches a close up of Scott's face as it morphs, nearly in slow motion, with his realization. What was a man pushed beyond frustrated becomes a blind rage.

Angus:

And down goes Dougy!

DEFsec rushes and tackles Douglas off of Midorikawa who instantly flips over to the matt in an attempt to cover his face. Reaper Red goes for Douglas but it held off by DEFsec. Blue donates his trench coat to MDK's animity. The Faithful's former elation returns to a dull drown of disapproval.

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DDK:

This - this ... REAPER CO. continues to complicate things here, more and more! What is going on!?

Reaper Red continues to struggle against DEFsec as Blue slides out of the ring. Outside, he pulls a hooded Midorikawa out of the ring as well. The second the two are on the outside, Reaper Red throws his hands up in submission to DEFsec.

Angus:

Reaper? This is on ol' RLS!

They allow Reaper Red to exit the ring and he joins his company at the foot of the rampway. In the melee, as Douglas struggles against DEFsec to get at the nearly unmasked Midorikawa; Douglas is inadvertently elbowed in the face by a security team member.

DDK:

Who?

Douglas fires back off instinct and clocks the team member in the face before he can realize what he's done. The rest of the team acts appropriately and proceeds with what might be considered excessive force.

Angus:

Russian LEG SWEEPS!

With Douglas pinned down, and although struggling, the excessiveness continues with some cheap shots for retribution. Wyatt Bronson has seen enough and screams out to his team. In the confusion, as they relent, Douglas fires up and takes a few shots himself. Wyatt looks back toward the curtain and makes a calling motion.

DDK:

This is completely out of hand!

Angus:

I agree!

DDK:

You ... do?

Angus:

This ... this PUNK taking shots at security! Someone call the ...

Angus is cut off by the sight of the three members of the New Orleans police department hustling down to the ring. Their appearance elicits a resounding chorus of boos and a few smatterings of defamatory chants.

The first, attempts to slide in the ring from full sprint but is caught up by his belt o'pouches and fumbles to his feet as the other two have made it up the stairs; one passing through the ropes and the other on the apron waiting for clear passage.

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Angus:

I was here ALL night, Keeps!

DDK:

Yes ... ? There is a televised document of such a claim, partner.

Angus:

Sorry, force of habit.

Several members of the security team struggle to hold a spazzing Douglas down; one on each limb. As the police approach and start barking commands, Douglas is pulled up and his hands are forced behind his back. The police handcuff Douglas; who gives up what he thought was the good fight at the sight of the badge.

Angus:

Don't drop the soap!

DDK:

Really? Isn't that a bit cliché?

Angus:

Sub Pop gonna come out Full Popped! Better, Keeps?!

DDK:

...

Angus:

Wait, wait ... Butter, Keeps!? Get it, like ... like POPCORN!

Angus cackles at his own crash humor while the Reapers and Midorikawa circle around the ring away from the ramp as DEFsec starts to exit the ring. They are followed closely behind by New Orleans finest; ushering the bloodied and disheveled Scott Douglas out of the ring in hand cuffs. The Faithful come together as one; finally decided on the dominate chant.

THIS IS BULLSHIT clap clap clap

THIS IS BULLSHIT clap clap clap

THIS IS BULLSHIT clap clap clap

DDK:

Well, parnter... I really don't know what to say here.

Angus:

I do ... GOOD. For. Him!

DDK:

Clearly, Douglas is in the wrong here as far as attacking DEFIANCE Security and ... in hindsight, I don't think he'll refute that ... but this was clearly a situation of a man driven over the edge. Midorikawa and this - this ... Reaper Co. have done nothing but torment and play mind games with a

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routinely concussed man... at their hands I might add.

Angus:

Blah, blah, blah ... Wah, wah, wah ... Face the facts, Keeps. Douglas is a three time loser! We've seen the footage. He likes to bang broads with chairs, take shots at security and worse of all ... He has no respect for the business or the rich cultural history of LUCHA!

DDK:

Well, for starters Midorikawa claims to be of Japanese descent ... but never the less, I find the attempt to ascertain the source of your, nearly YEAR long torment, completely justifiable. Unfortunately though ... I think a combination of rage and mass confusion here tonight just led a young competitor down the wrong path.

Angus:

The ASS path! Have fun in the pokey, TuPop!

DDK:

Is that a nineteen nineties rap music reference?

Angus:

Move along, Keeps.

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THIS IS IT

We return to the arena, and the commentary table. Keebler and Angus have turned their chairs around to face the camera with the fans behind them.

DDK:

It's been an exciting night so far, Angus! What sticks out in your mind?

Angus:

For me, it begins and ends with broken promises and false hope. The idea of someone - anyone - shoving the FIST up Micropennis' ass makes me giddy with glee. The BAWS endorsing my main man Impulse? Even better. But if Codename Reaper ruined it, he sleeps below McFuckass' balls.

Keebler shudders at the mental picture, but - pro that he is - recovers quickly.

DDK:

Speaking of the Sports Entertainment Guild, the sole survivor, Kendrix, had quite the interesting evening himself! He started off by running down both Jason Natas and BRAZEN, and ended up being pinned by BRAZEN's own Felton Bigsby, and allowed himself to be goaded into a match at DEFIANCE ROAD against Natas himself!

Angus:

Goaded? Maybe, but he convinced Natas to put his career on the line. I may hate myself for saying it, but Kendrix is actually not totally useless as a wrestler and Fatas' might've been the one who got played here.

DDK:

Staying with the former Sports Entertainment Guild, the DEFIANCE World Tag Team Champions looked like a million bucks tonight! The D was able to fend off both Hiroshi Zo of The Storm and Masked Violator #1 in triple threat action, but interference from both Kazushi and the returning MV #2 certainly played into how things wrung out! These two teams certainly look to be vying for a title shot, perhaps at DEFIANCE ROAD, but if they can't settle their differences by then it might be neither of them!

Angus:

It just goes to show how easily you can get carried away by anger, Keebs. The D was the obvious target as one half of the tag team champs, but Zo and One were so focused on each other that the PCP were able to steal one. Focus on what matters, people!

DDK:

Speaking on 'what matters' - Cayle Murray and Impulse appear to have patched up their differences from a few weeks ago, and Cayle remains on a rocky collision course with Bronson Box!

Angus:

I know the BAWS is doing the best he can with ol' squiddy, but the time is rapidly approaching that Dane'll just wash his hands of the whole 'Calamari' experiment and leave him to get eaten alive by Bronson. Get wise or get gone, Cayle.

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Keebler nods his head dramatically.

DDK:

We're still waiting for word on Impulse to see if he'll be able to compete here tonight, but one way or another... four weeks from now... we'll be standing on the corner of DEFIANCE ROAD.

Angus:

That may be your worst transition ever...

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DEFIANCE ROAD



FOUR WEEKS AWAY

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CURTIS PENN vs IMPULSE

DDK:

It's been quite a night, Angus - and we've got one more match to go!

Angus:

Do we, Keebs? Do we really? I haven't heard an update. Have you heard an update?

DDK:

...No. No I haven't.

Angus:

That's right. You haven't. So don't assume that I'm going to get a happy ending, because that idiot Reaper stole it from me.

Keebler looks at Angus like he's from another planet.

DDK:

Yes, Angus. This is all about you.

We move from the commentary table to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

This next contest is scheduled for one fall... and it is for... The FIST OF DEFIANCE! Introducing first...

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" eRa ♪

Immediately, the Faithful boo.

DDK:

What are you doing, Angus? Put that down!

Angus:

Don't take this away from me, Keebs... I bought this tomato the night that Micropennis won the FIST... and I swore I'd save it until the moment he lost it.

Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by his manager, Jane Katze... weighing in at two hundred twenty pounds... from Pensacola, Florida, he is the current reigning FIST OF DEFIANCE... CURTIS... PENN!!!!

Jane Katze enters first, business suit and smirk all perfectly fitting. She waits at the top of the entryway for a few seconds, until the FIST makes his appearance. The boos increase exponentially as Curtis Penn walks out, arms outstretched, title belt around his waist.

DDK:

It's clear that these fans aren't on Penn's side, Angus!

Angus:

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It's a law of nature, Keebs. Angel City eXpress gets the ladies, of course. Micropennis gets all of the hatred that a crowd can muster, of course. As consistent as gravity.

Another few seconds pass, and finally, Katze starts forward again, with Penn a half step behind her and exuding as much confidence as you can imagine.

DDK:

Curtis Penn, of course, is no stranger to Impulse, as Impulse defeated him in his DEFIANCE debut just over a year ago. Penn took one back a few weeks later, but Impulse won the rubber match, if you will, at DEFCON.

Approaching the ring, Katze holds the ropes for her client while Curtis Penn enters, looks up to the ceiling of the arena, and holds his arms out in victory while the fans boo incessantly. Without making eye contact, Penn unhooks the belt from around his waist and holds it up with one hand. Referee Hector Navarro reaches for the belt, but Penn refuses to hand it over. He waits at the ropes closest to the entrance, a smile on his face.

DDK:

Look at the confidence, Angus. Curtis Penn shouting for Impulse to come out and 'get his beating.' Curtis Penn has always had an oversized ego, but do you think he's gained a bit after Codename Reaper's dastardly attack on his opponent?

Angus:

Micropennis' ego has always been bigger than his talent, but I'm loathe to say that it might not be misplaced tonight.

Quimbey:

And his opponent...

♪"Revolution" - SIRSYP

Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by...

He searches his cards for half a second.

Quimbey:

By *'That girl with a better sense of style than Jane Katze,'* Calico Rose...

Katze approaches him, incensed. Darren Quimbey raises his hands in defense and shrugs, all the while the fans start to chant 'Blow it up!'

Angus:

That's my girl.

Quimbey:

From Washington Heights, New York, and weighing in at one hundred ninety one pounds... THE MARATHON MAN... IMMMMMMMMPULSE!!!!!!

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DDK:

Nice welcome for Impulse, but where is he?

Angus:

I've been waiting all night for this moment, Keebs... if Impulse doesn't come out here and take it like a man he's going back on my shitlist.

The fans have started a chant of "*Blow it up!*" interspersed with "*Immmmpulse,*" Curtis Penn and Jane Katze both take time to hurl insults at those fans.

DDK:

Is it... THERE HE IS!

Finally, Impulse emerges from the backstage. He is sans jacket and sans T-shirt; his left forearm is heavily wrapped in what looks like an ACE bandage wrapped at the open ends with yards of athletic tape. He practically power walks to the ring, with Cally nearly sprinting behind him. She stops just long enough to turn towards the commentary table and blow a kiss to Keebs and Angus, but then it's right back to business.

DDK:

I don't know the status of that arm, but it looks like Impulse is ready to wrestle!

Angus:

Pain is temporary, Keebs... just like career ending injuries. Beating the belt off Micropennis is all that matters.

Impulse slides under the bottom rope and immediately comes up in a defensive stance, but Penn backs up at the insistence of the referee and finally hands the belt over.

DDK:

Impulse with some last minute words with Cally--LOOK OUT!

The second Impulse turns his head, Penn runs at him and sandwiches him in the corner with a splash. He's not a large man, but he's got the weight advantage on Impulse and it's enough.

DING DING DING

Angus:

Fuck you, Micropennis!

Curtis Penn grabs Impulse by the arm and flips him with an over the shoulder takedown that sends his challenger rolling halfway across the ring! He waits on Impulse to push up to his knees, and a standing dropkick to the back of his head puts him right back down! Penn rises to his feet and raises his arms in victory, to a huge chorus of boos.

DDK:

It's premature, but potentially not misplaced. Dane's open challenge might be coming back to bite him in the ass!

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Angus:

Absolutely not. THE BAWS always has a plan.

Penn turns Impulse over and hooks a leg...

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Cally pounds her hand on the ring apron to try and motivate Impulse to get moving, and the fans pick up on the beat and follow along with it, much to the displeasure of Penn and Katze.

Curtis Penn:

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Predictably, they get louder.

He pulls Impulse to his knees and hooks him under the head, dragging him all the way back up, and he picks the Marathon Man up for a standing suplex. All the while, the beat continues and Jane Katze approaches Cally, which prompts her to stop and take a few steps back.

Suplex by Penn!

DDK:

Cally needs to be careful down there - Katze can scrap!

Penn holds onto the suplex and he lifts Impulse again, but this time he drops him sideways onto his bad arm, and the challenger twists in pain! He makes it to the bottom rope - JANE KATZE WITH AN OPEN HAND TO THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD!

Angus:

Hector! Use your brain!

Katze backs away from Impulse while the referee admonishes her, all the while Penn puts a foot on the back of Impulse's head and chokes him on the bottom rope! Cally shoves his leg off as Navarro turns around, and he warns her to keep away.

DDK:

You've gotta be kidding me.

While Impulse has a moment he pulls himself up to his knees, leaning on the middle rope. Penn dashes backwards, and rebounds off the opposite ropes. Cally holds up her hands and backs away at the referee's admonishment, but has the foresight to shout "MOVE!" at Impulse at just the right moment.

Angus:

That's my girl!

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Impulse dodges at the last possible second, and instead of getting his neck clotheslined against the rope by Penn's leg, the FIST manages to crotch himself on the middle rope! The fans cheer at this unexpected reprieve for the challenger, who rolls to his knees and watches Penn, waiting for him to disentangle himself from the ropes.

DDK:

Impulse with a scoop, and a side suplex! He holds on and folds Penn up!

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT by the FIST!

Angus:

HOOK THE TIGHTS!

Both men scramble to their feet after the failed pinfall attempt, and Penn takes a wild swing at Impulse! He ducks it, hooks Penn around the waist, and lifts him with a german suplex! Bridge!

ONE...

TWO...

DDK:

Impulse loses the bridge! I think that strained his arm!

Angus:

I swear, if this goes south I'm gonna get my *gorram* gun and put together a Codename Reaper Huntin' Posse.

As Impulse favors his arm, Penn rises back up and again goes on the offensive.

Angus:

ARMBAR!

Hector Navarro is right there, asking Impulse if he wants to submit; Impulse shakes his head no, and says - very loudly and very forcefully - that he does not want to be asked again.

DDK:

Penn really grinding in on that armbar, and unlike a lot of wrestlers who get their opponent in this position, he's not switching it up. He knows that arm is hurt and he's gonna use it.

Angus:

Micropennis has a brain... admitting that fact over the years has been my greatest regret.

Penn continues to apply pressure to the arm, all the while Impulse has not stopped moving himself around as best he can, trying to find a way out. He has his free hand on the mat while on his knees, trying to angle himself in such a way to reduce the pressure on his trapped injured arm.

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DDK:

He's trying to gain some leverage, Angus...

Angus:

HOOK... THE... TIGHTS.

Impulse does not hook the tights, but at long last he rolls his body completely. The movement wrenches his injured arm, but he manages to pull a caught - by - surprise Penn off his feet and over! Impulse rolls with him and hooks a leg!

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Fortunately for Impulse, Penn instinctively let go when he kicked out. Impulse rises to his feet, holding his arm gingerly, but he keeps an eye on his opponent. Curtis Penn takes his time, hoping to throw off Impulse's momentum, and uses the ropes to climb to his feet in order to avoid any attack.

Finally, as Penn turns around the two men lock up, though Penn immediately gains an advantage when Impulse flinches at the pressure on his forearm. Penn backs him into the ropes, where Navarro immediately calls for the break. Penn slowly releases, but fires a punch after the fact!

Impulse ducks it! He slides around Penn and knocks his chin back with a hard right handed European uppercut! Impulse with an Irish Whip - Penn reverses!

Angus:

I hate him so much...

DDK:

We know, Angus... we know.

The FIST lines up a clothesline as Impulse hits the opposite ropes, but he ducks the attempt! Off the other rope - JANE KATZE TRIPS UP IMPULSE! Cally is right in Katze's face! Hector Navarro warns the ladies to calm down, but Cally points her finger into Katze's chest like some sort of challenger - JANE KATZE FLOORS CALLY WITH A CLOTHESLINE OF HER OWN!

All the while, in the ring, Impulse pulls himself back up after the trip, only for Penn to low blow him and roll him up! It takes another few seconds for Navarro to see the attempt and count!

ONE...

TWO...

THKICKOUT!

Angus:

I'm not gonna say it again.

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DDK:

Even though you know Impulse won't bend the rules?

Angus:

IF IT GETS THE TITLE OFF MICROPENNIS IT'S WORTH IT.

Penn pulls Impulse up and whips him into the corner, and he follows up with a hard clothesline - IMPULSE WITH A BOOT UP! Penn is knocked back, and Impulse pushes himself up to the top turnbuckle! Bulldog drives Penn's face into the mat! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

TKICKOUT!

Impulse pulls Penn to his feet - Penn with a chinbreaker out of nowhere! Impulse staggers backwards! Penn moves from a kneeling position to a sudden rush forward, and takes a page out of Impulse's book with a shoulder to the gut! The FIST follows up with a hard spinebuster slam, and another cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THRICKOUT!

DDK:

Curtis Penn clearly getting frustrated here!

Angus:

Good!

Another scoop by Penn, and another whip into the corner. He follows up much more quickly than before, and he lands the clothesline that snaps Impulse's head back against the turnbuckle! Penn stays on him and hooks him for a suplex, but instead, he drops Impulse, crotch first, on the top turnbuckle.

Angus:

...It's not fair.

DDK:

Penn in control here, he's been holding court on this match for the majority when you factor in his opponent's injury. Impulse strains against the impact, but he clearly felt it.

Penn with a right hand, and he climbs the corner with Impulse. He hooks him, with a superplex as telegraphed as ever... but while both men are on the top turnbuckle, he tries to lift Impulse... and he can't! Impulse holds on through three more attempts, but finally he drives his right forearm into the back of Penn's neck and between his shoulder blades! Again!

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DDK:

Impulse lifts Penn up and drops him face first on the canvas! Listen to these fans, Angus, they haven't lost the faith!

Angus:

I hope not! It's the Penn-as-FIST that causes the cancer, I say.

On top of the corner, Impulse catches his breath while Penn climbs to his feet, and Impulse leaps off with a missile dropkick that snaps Penn's head back and drops him right back down! Impulse with the cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THRICKOUT!

Both men climb to their feet at approximately the same time, but as Impulse reaches in to lock up, Penn ducks under the grab and hooks him for a waistlock takedown into a reverse headlock! Impulse powers his way back up - even more impressive when you realize he did it one handed - and flips Penn over his body with a modified belly to belly/back suplex! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Impulse loses the pinfall again!

DDK:

What a match, Angus! Impulse still in control, but only marginally so with that injury!

For the first time tonight, Impulse is on his feet before Penn, and he measures the FIST with glee! SUDDEN IMPACT--Penn ducks it! He single leg takedowns Impulse and pulls back as hard as he can, but as he does so Impulse is able to hook the ropes! ONE... TWO... THREE... FOUR and break!

DDK:

Watch him, Hector!

Before Impulse can recover - before he can even get off the ropes - Penn hooks him in a full nelson type hold.

DDK:

CURTIS PLEX!

Angus:

FUCKIN HELL!

ONE...

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TWO...

THREEKICKOUT!

Angus:

YES!

DDK:

The referee says Impulse kicked out at the very last second! It looks like he slipped out of Penn's grip by the skin of his teeth!

Both men roll away from each other and climb to their feet... Penn moves in to lock up with Impulse this time, and Impulse dodges away! Penn turns--

DDK:

SUDDEN IMPACT! Impulse drove that boot square into Penn's chin! He drops and rolls over!

ONE...

Jane Katze climbs up onto the ring apron!

TWO...

CALICO ROSE GRABS KATZE BY THE BOOT! SHE PULLS HER BACK!

THREE...

...

...

...

DING DING DING

Angus:

**YES! YES!
YES! YES! YES! YES!**

The fans explode as Hector Navarro retrieves the FIST of Defiance championship belt from the timekeeper, and raises Impulse's hand in victory.

Quimbey:

The winner of this bout... **AND NEW... FIST OF DEFIANCE...**

Cally slides under the bottom rope and hugs Impulse around the neck, tight enough to turn his face red.

Quimbey:

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IMMMMMMMMMMPULSE!!!!!!

DDK:

Angus? Angus! Ladies and gentlemen, I've evidently lost Angus Skaaland to the ring, and he's... Yes, he's twerking over the prone body of Curtis Penn. Can we get a parental advisory over the replay? It doesn't matter, however, as we have ourselves a NEW FIST OF DEFIANCE, and his name is IMPULSE! Cally hasn't let go of that hug since Hector Navarro handed him the belt, and you can hear these fans for yourself!

He stops talking, and the fans' chant of "IMPULSE! IMPULSE!" is clear. Finally, Angus stops his twerkmageddon, and he fistbumps both Impulse and Cally to another huge pop, complete with 'Blow it up!' chant.

DDK:

These are the moments I treasure, Faithful... those times when a truly deserving athlete gets his due! Impulse climbs the corner, and he holds the belt high in the air!

In the ring, Jane Katze has helped Curtis Penn regain enough of his wits to come to his feet. Angus Skaaland remains in his place, taunting Penn.

DDK:

BACKHAND BY CURTIS PENN! Impulse drops down and rushes the former Champion, but Penn wisely takes a powder! Calico Rose checking on Angus, and Penn and Katze are in the middle of the entryway, but none of this matters! What matters is that we have a NEW FIST OF DEFIANCE...

DDK:

...And his name... is Impulse.

We fade back on Impulse, holding the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt over his shoulder while he challenges Penn to get back into the ring. Penn declines, but he's still talking his shit. In the ring, Cally stays kneeling next to Angus until the referee steps in to help, and she returns her energy towards hugging Impulse around the waist.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen, there's so many nights in this industry that we have to close on bad news, so I'll remind you of just one thing before we sign off for the night!

...

...

...

...

...THIS IS DEFIANCE