

DEFIANCE Wrestling: DEFIANCE TV 84

DEFarena, New Orleans, LA
23 May 2017

HOW TO RUIN A GOOD MORNING

Earlier.

Much, much earlier.

Today has been a good day, nah, a great day for Kelly Evans. She woke up with a smile, she didn't run out of hot water during her abnormally long shower, there was no line at Starbucks... and they got her name right on her cup without a funky spelling. She didn't catch a single red-light driving to the DEFplex.

So far her day has been the best one in weeks.

The elevator slows as it reaches the top floor of the DEFIANCE offices and there is a satisfying ding as the doors slide open. She walks to the two thick slabs of oak that she calls doors and punches in the lock code. The light switches from red to green as the locks disengage.

She takes one step into her office and steps on a manilla envelope. She lifts her foot off of the envelope and before she can straighten her back her great day evaporates.

To: Kelly Evans
From: Schexnaydre Law Firm, LLC, C/O Curtis Penn

Kelly takes a sip of her, now, lukewarm, espresso before opening the envelope.

Kelly Evans:

What now?

Her eyes quickly scan a highlighted section.

Kelly Evans:

Fuck...Eric is not going to like this.

She tosses the envelope on her desk and dumps her cup into the garbage.

Kelly Evans:

And today started off so good...

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THE RUNDOWN

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

♪"Color Me Impressed" - The Replacements♪



We quickly pan the FAITHFUL, as they cheer as loud as they can and only get louder. The camera stops to focus on its usual assortment of signs...

CHOKER ON YOUR MICROPENNIS
I'M CODENAME REAPER!
NO, I'M CODENAME REAPER!
NATAS > BRAZEN > KENDRIX
I'M SPARTACUS (did I do this right?)
GIVE HER THE D!
#JUSTICEFORANGUS

And the usual. After a few seconds, we settle down on "Downtown" Darren Keebler and "The Motormouth of Malcontent," Angus Skaaland - looking none the worse for the wear after his previous attack. To the contrary, the fans are chanting "AN-GUS! AN-GUS!" and he's drinking it in.

DDK:

DEFIANCE FAITHFUL! We are LIVE... and we are two weeks away from GROUND ZERO at DEFIANCE ROAD! My name is Darren Keebler, and I'm joined, as always, by my partner Angus Skaaland, and Angus, the times, they are a-changing!

Angus:

Your old-man-musical-references aside, Keebs, they certainly are! And Ol' Angus couldn't be happier about it!

♪"Cannonball" - SIRSY♪

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DDK:

Speaking of which, Angus... it looks like we're about to be joined by the new FIST of DEFIANCE!

No sooner are the words spoken, than Impulse and Calico Rose enter the arena to a huge groundswell of welcomings. Impulse is dressed in street clothes, with the FIST of DEFIANCE belt strapped around his waist; the nameplate has been updated to correctly reflect his name. His arm remains bandaged from hand to elbow.

We hear a rustle of a headset, as a wide shot shows Angus leaving the table, power walking to the entryway, and fist bumping both Impulse and Cally, to a renewed 'Blow it up!' chant. The FIST and his second walk to the ring as Angus walks back to the table.

DDK:

...

Angus:

...

DDK:

...

Angus:

...What?

DDK:

People are starting to talk, Angus.

Angus:

'People,' Keeps... or 'you'?

DDK:

Oh, it's not just me. I've been elected by the group to tell you that your man crush on Impulse is getting a little creepy.

Angus:

Well, you know--

DDK:

...

Angus:

I'm just--

DDK:

...

Angus:

It's not--

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DDK:

...

Angus:

...Fuck all y'all. Maybe I'm fanboying out a bit but in the past six months, Impulse took a championship from Hollywood McFuckass AND from Micropennis, and he's apparently earned the respect of the BAWS. Angus gonna Angus.

On reaching the ring, Impulse steps to the apron and holds the ropes for Cally, then steps between them himself. He unhooks the title belt from around his waist and holds it up in the air, doing a gentle 360 to show all the fans, then settles it down on his shoulder while he asks Quimbey for a microphone.

Impulse raises the microphone to his mouth a few times, but he keeps stopping due to fans' volume continuing to increase. After nearly a minute, he just powers through.

Impulse:

Let's address the elephant in the room first.

He holds the belt up again.

Impulse:

Thank you.

They cheer again, and start to chant "YOU DE-SERVE IT!" as they are wont to do.

Impulse:

I started my journey in DEFIANCE Wrestling just over a year ago. You had possibly never seen me wrestle before. I had previously had some seriously negative interactions with Angus Skaaland, with Kelly Evans, and with Eric Dane. You had no reason to accept me, or to even give me a chance to win you over, but you did. And for that... thank you.

They cheer at every name mentioned, and again when Impulse thanks them.

Impulse:

Looking back over this past year as well, it's hard to believe that three years ago, I was wrestling what I had considered at the time to be the matches of my career. I was a two-time World Champion at the top of my game, but I was burnt out on the business end, and bitter over how things were shaking out all around me. Three years ago, I left the sport, thinking I would never wrestle again.

He slides the belt from off his shoulder, and looks down at it in his hand.

Impulse:

A year ago, I stepped through the ropes for my first match in DEFIANCE... wondering if I **could** wrestle anymore.

And he looks up into the crowd.

Impulse:

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Nothing I did that night convinced me that I could still go... you DEFIANCE Faithful... you're the ones who told me that the tank wasn't empty. So again... thank you.

More applause, led by Cally, as he regains his trademark smirk, and hands her the title belt.

Impulse:

But... on to the future, and the future begins at DEFIANCE ROAD. The docs have told me that I'm not at a hundred percent, but I fully expect to be when I get in the ring two weeks from now and finally... and with finality, take care of Codename Reaper.

The Faithful boo on the mention of Reaper.

Impulse:

And yes, Curtis Penn... I know you want your rematch. Soon as DEFIANCE Road is over and I've taken care of Reaper, you'll get your rematch.

The Faithful boo even louder at Curtis Penn's mention.

Angus:

Fuck him, Impulse... he doesn't deserve it.

Impulse:

Time's ticking away, Jason. I played your game once, years ago... I'm not playing it again. You might have your Reaper Co... but I've got the Faithful.

Crowd pop.

Impulse:

Start the clock, Jason... your fifteen minutes are almost up. As for what happens after--

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" by eRa ♪

Out steps Curtis Penn, the Former FIST of DEFIANCE. He is dressed in the more recent attire of an actual suit and not just some gym clothes from his PRE-FIST days in DEFIANCE. Although the most important thing that he is wearing is a toothy grin and that normally spells out trouble.

Penn proceeds with a slow golf clap as the FIST readies himself for a fight.

Curtis Penn:

Impulse, ol' boy, I'm not even mad. Really, I didn't know that you'd take the easy route to the FIST. You let Eric Dane hand it to you on a silver platter, you allowed the idea of the FIST to blind you and Eric played you like a drum and in the end he got exactly what he wanted and that was that title out from around my waist.

He scratches his face. Impulse stares at him, but makes no move for his microphone, allowing the former FIST to say his piece.

Curtis Penn:

Allow me to elaborate a bit more. I AM the Greatest Wrestler Alive and you pinned me. So in

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somebody's book that makes you the Greatest Wrestler Alive, but this is a lot like the case of Michael Jordan and LeBron James. Who really is the greatest? Sure Jordan has the rings and all, but LeBron he's going to end up breaking all of Jordan's records...maybe. Jordan has his Game 6, LeBron went to South Beach and returned. But, let me tell you... it's always going to be Jordan. Just like I'm always going to be the Greatest Wrestler Alive. You beat me when I was weak with pneumonia, you beat me on a day that I wasn't supposed to be in the ring, and you beat me only because of Eric Dane's involvement.

Impulse:

Stop.

Curtis pauses as the fans cheer.

Impulse:

As much as we love your analogous excuses, Curtis, there's a difference. Team sports, you have to rely on the four, or eight, or ten other guys - nobody does it themselves. Here in professional wrestling? I pin you...

He holds up the FIST.

Impulse:

I take **this**.

The fans pop huge, but Penn remains nonplussed.

Curtis Penn:

You pinned me at my lowest, Impulse, it was hardly a fair fight. You know it, I know it, these idiots know it... and Eric Dane knows it. And because of his unprofessional manner and forcing me to work while I was still under doctor's care--

Impulse (Interrupting):

The greatest of all time wouldn't be makin' excuses.

For once, something shuts Curtis Penn up. The fans cheer as loud as they can, and a sizeable "MI-CRO-PE-NNIS" chant fills the arena. Penn seethes, but after a few seconds of walking the stage, he stops, and points towards Impulse.

Curtis Penn:

Oh, these aren't excuses, Impulse... these are statements of fact, and the **fact** is that while you were wasting time with your stupid stoner cunt--

Boos fill the arena, and Cally looks offended. Impulse takes her by the hand and stares daggers at Penn.

Curtis Penn:

--I had my **management** in my corner. And earlier today, my manager had a letter from my attorneys delivered to Kelly Evans' office. Do you know what it says?

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Impulse continues to glare, while Penn smiles.

Curtis Penn:

It contains a snippet of my contract, in which I am entitled to a rematch for any lost or stolen championship at a time and place of **my** choosing. Not yours. Not hers. Not Dane's. **Mine.**

He stops back at the center of the stage.

Curtis Penn:

Too bad about your poor injured arm, Impulse... because I am getting my rematch - and getting my FIST back - **tonight.**

The fans boo again, even louder. Impulse holds the title belt up next to his head.

Impulse:

I took this from you with one good arm, Curtis... I can keep it with the same.

Curtis Penn:

You know... I was willing to let what you did to me last year go. You made your name on stealing a win from me, but I was the bigger man and let it go. That's not gonna happen tonight, and I want you to believe me when I tell you it's not personal.

Cally:

You've got a funny--

Curtis Penn:

Shut your mouth, cunt.

At that, Impulse starts through the ropes, but Cally holds him back.

Curtis Penn:

You want to blame someone for the beating you're gonna get tonight, blame Eric Dane. He blindsided me with a defense at DEFtv 83 when I was in no shape to wrestle, and now you have to pay. But don't worry... your punishment ends when I take back the FIST.

He smiles.

Curtis Penn:

Have a nice night.

DDK:

WOW! Big news, Angus! We're gonna see a FIST of DEFIANCE rematch... TONIGHT!

Angus:

I can't ever have nice things, can I? All I want is for Micropennis to never get the chance to do well at anything, ever... and then this happens. Why me, Keebs? Why?

DDK:

...I guess the world just hates you.

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Angus:

Right?

DDK:

Fans, we'll be right back!

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YOUR TIME IS OVER

The scene fades in bringing Lance Warner into focus. DEFIANCE's interviewer is professionally suited and seated in front of an official DEFIANCE backdrop. Hands clasped together, waiting somewhat patiently, he looks over his shoulder, back out in front of him before taking a look at his wristwatch, tapping his shoe against the rest of the seat as he faces out at the empty seat in front of him.

Lance Warner:

Where is that dou-

OSV:

OI OI, Maaaaatttteeee!

We'll never quite know how Lance was going to finish that sentence, we could all take a pretty accurate guess of course, but we'll never know for sure. What we do know is that the greeting he received escaped the rather brash tones of DEFIANCE's resident Sports Entertainer himself, Jesse Fredericks Kendrix. Warner looks taken aback being addressed as Kendrix "mate" and takes a quick confused glance over towards the camera but quickly focuses back on his subject.

Lance Warner:

Glad you could make..

Warner is once again cut off as Kendrix holds his index finger against his own lips before sweeping the back of his hand against the seat of the chair. Removing little to no dust at all away, Kendrix, ruining his smart casual look of dark jeans and his own merch JFK t-shirt somewhat hidden by a navy blazer, with his bug eye shades, takes his seat and rests his arms comfortably out onto the arm rests, smiling before offering his hand out to Lance.

Kendrix:

C'mon Lancey, aren't you gonna shake your interviewee's hand? What are we, neanderthals?

Warner, looks at the outstretched hand with the look of a guy who's been bitten one too many times. He slowly, hesitantly, holds his hand out, expecting JFK to remove his hand at the last second but the hands meet, clasp and shake.

Lance Warner:

Glad you could make it Kendrix.

The two let go of their surprisingly professional hand shake.

Kendrix:

Oh, believe me Lancey, the pleasure is all mine.

Not put off by the trademark smirk of his subject, Lance leans forward.

Lance Warner:

Kendrix, the match has been signed and sealed. At DEFIANCE Road, you will go one on one with the

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Bronx Bully himself, Jason Natas. Natas has been after this match for several weeks and you have repeatedly rejected his advances, until that is, two weeks ago on DEFtv 83 when you finally accepted his challenge.

Kendrix:

Spit it out, bruv, get to the question innit?!

Leaning back, calm look on his face, Lance gets to the point.

Lance Warner:

Why now?

Kendrix hangs his head back and affords himself an exasperated chuckle before facing his interviewer, game face and trademark smirk back on.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah? Why now?

Jesse takes a moment to laugh in disbelief.

Kendrix:

Finally, Lancey! Finally, you have managed to ask JFK a good question. Why now? First and foremost, before I answer that, let's get one thing straight here, ok? Jason Natas doesn't deserve this match. Jason Natas doesn't deserve someone of JFK's stature in this business.

Lance looks a tad unsure of Jesse's comments as he holds his hand out in front of him to interject.

Lance Warner:

You say that but this is the guy who was the longest running DOC. The same title you took from him when you pinned Mushigihara all the way back at Acts of DEFIANCE in your triple threat match. Surely Natas has deserved to get his rematch against you, the man who never pinned him for the DOC for quite sometime now?

Kendrix mimics Warner's outstretched hand with a less than impressed look upon his face.

Kendrix:

No one cares about all that Lancey, you hear me? No one cares about the DOC. You know why no one cares about the DOC?

Warner shrugs his shoulders as Kendrix points his thumb back upon himself.

Kendrix:

Because JAY EFF KAYY burned that son of a bitch! All of the blood, the sweat and the brutalising displays Jason Natas put into each and every one of his opponents through on that hell of a run...meant absolutely nothing...the moment I won it and went on to destroy everything that man worked so so very hard to achieve in this business.

He flicks his hand away from his mouth.

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Kendrix:

Poof, just like that, gone! And you know why I won? Because Natas underestimated me. He didn't think that this sexy beast, this Sports Entertainer...could hang with the DOC division.

Jesse defiantly wags his index finger out in front of him.

Kendrix:

How wrong he was. What Jason failed to realise was that the DOC division couldn't hang with Sports Entertainment. You see, Jason is only good for one thing...beating people up. Pure and simple, that man is an animal, he is by far, the single toughest bellend that JFK has ever been in the ring with. That man is brutal. And when the chips are down, he will scratch, he will crawl he and mark my words, you will know that you've been in a real fight.

Kendrix leans back into his chair and scratches at his beard.

Kendrix:

But unfortunately for him, he has never come up against a man quite like me. He has never come up against a man who knows how to play this game like no other. I got into Natas' head so much that he became a shadow of his former self. He became a man so desperate to get back at JFK that he got reckless. He got himself banned from DEFIANCE. He got sent away because he couldn't keep his head.

Jesse balls up his fists out in front of him.

Kendrix:

Natas lost it when I burned the DOC. And because he couldn't get to me he took it out on innocent DEF Sec instead.

JFK shakes his head disappointedly before tut tut tutting.

Kendrix:

I fucked with his head so much that he ran away....aaalllllllll the waaayyy to Japan! All the way there to beat up second rate DEFIANCE wannabees. Oh, much like he did when he finally grew a pair and came back here.

Throwing his thumb behind his shoulder his cocky demeanor changes instantly to one of disgust.

Kendrix:

That's right. Natas had to build himself up once again, the only way he knows how. That's right, by beating BRAZEN nobodies and getting in the face of me, a real star. I mean, just look at me Lancey.

Warner looks on squinting at JFK who holds his arms out wide by his side.

Kendrix:

You're looking at one half of the Hollywood Bruvs! You're looking at the last ever DOC. You're looking at the Future of DEFIANCE...but most importantly, you're looking at JAY EFF FUCKING KAY!

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He points both index fingers to his t-shirt.

Kendrix:

The cold hard truth of the matter is...Jason Natas didn't deserve a match with me because he's a one dimensional loser! Quite frankly, I was done with him. Quite frankly, throughout my young career, JFK simply goes from from strength to strength and onto the next challenge, onto bigger and better things.

He holds his hands out in front of him, picturing his future before an impressed smirk splashes across his face.

Kendrix:

So why now? Well, I have to tip my hat to Jason. He actually did something a little leftfield two weeks ago. He impressed JFK. Instead of going down the same old boring route of using his fists, he used his brain for once when he purposefully distracted me...

Jesse clenches his fists and grimaces, struggling with what he's about to say next.

Kendrix:

...against BRAZEN's very own, Felton Bigsby. Natas EMBARRASSED JFK.

JFK leans forward, frustratedly puffing his cheeks out before slicking his hair back and regaining composure.

Kendrix:

Why now, bruv? Truth of the matter is, in that moment, Natas actually won a little bit of respect back from good old JFK. But I am SICK OF HIM! HE IS HOLDING ME BACK FROM REACHING MY POTENTIAL!

Warner wipes away a bit of spit that escaped JFK's vitriol.

Kendrix:

Why now? I may be young, but I know a wrestlers career is a short one. It can end at any moment via an injury...or a stipulation...I WANT HIM GONE!

Jesse leans back as his trademark smirk appears, rubbing his hands together in anticipation.

Kendrix:

The Bronx Bully deserves to get the match he has been begging for, for so so very long. Jason Natas deserves to have one more match against the future of this business and he deserves to bow out at DEFIANCE Road against the hottest commodity in Sports Entertainment today.

Holding his hands out wide by his side he revels in his own ego.

Kendrix:

You got your match, Jasey, but careful what you wish for sunshine. Because at DEFIANCE ROAD...your time in DEFIANCE...is over!

Fade out.

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We are joined, of course, by Lord Nigel and--

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

This is lovely.

♪ *"Fast to Nowhere" by ZERO* ♪

Quimbey:

Aaaaaand his opponent... from Parts UNDISCLOSED... weighing in at---

The camera shot suddenly whips around, violently-- resting now at ringside where a blur has jumped the guardrail. A hairy and sweaty, yellow blue and red blur.

Angus:

...am I the only one that notices this happens every match with these guys?

The stinky blur BLASTS Kazushi from behind in the ring and, with a blur of his own, Darren Quimbey scurries from the ring, abandoning his introduction.

Angus:

...like, every match, this guy attacks THAT guy before the bell... or the other way around... or one of the partners?

MV#2 is unhinged, blindly battering Kazushi. The crowd is ablaze with energy.

Angus:

...it's not even every OTHER match or something! It's EVERY time...

For the first time in some time, the roar of the crowd has been enough to break #2 of his mania. He raises a fist proudly, screaming something primal and guttural. The fans return the favor. Smiling through his mask and tufts of gnarled beard, Masked Violator #2 turns in his fists for boots and STOMPS Kazushi into the mat.

Angus:

...Really? I'm the only one that has picked up on this?

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

This... is LOVELY.

Hardly a "match" at all, Masked Violator #2 spent the next five minutes pressing his initial advantage. Bringing Kazushi outside the ring, #2 used it as his playground. Every hard surface was a weapon. Every edge, a blade, and MV#2 found them all. The announcers tried to engage Lord Nigel in conversation, but Trickelbush ignored them, instead insisting on remarking on the inherent "loveliness" of what was unfolding before them. Bringing the fight back to the ring, Kazushi, who bled now thanks to a deep cut above his right eye, tried to mount a fast-moving offense...

DDK:

Kazushi now off the ropes, CROSSBODY--

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Angus:

HUGE FOREARM by Masked Violator #2! And let me guess, Lord Nutjob, you think that was "lovely" don't you?

DDK:

ANGUS!

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Quite lovely.

Adding nothing to the conversation, Keebler and Skaaland instead focused on the action. Action that consisted mostly of MV#2 wearing himself out by bludgeoning Kazushi. No pins were attempted. No long rest holds. Just all-out physicality. If #2 wasn't punching him, he was kicking him. If he wasn't throwing him, he was winding UP to throw him. But now... #2 was tiring, a toll being taken.

Angus:

Kazushi's face is swelling up, Keebler! This is AWESOME!

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

Lovely.

Angus:

Oh. Pardon me. "This is LOVELY!"

DDK:

But I'm telling you, #2 is slowing down - BIG time! Starting to suck wind!

Angus:

Something tells me he's sucked more than "wind" for coke in the past!

DDK:

LOOK! Kazushi to his feet! He see's what we see! SPRINGS to the top turnbuckle -- NAILS A MISSILE DROPKICK -- What elevation! What DISTANCE! Amazing!

Angus:

Lovely, even!

DDK:

Don't YOU start! Kazushi, still feeling the effects of the BEATING he has taken here tonight, somehow back up! Sets #2 up right where he wants him, center of the ring!!! #2 is DAZED and OUT of it! I've never seen anything like this! Back to the top for Kazushi! SOMERSAULT SPLA-- NO! Violator #2 got his BOOT UP! Kazushi rotated RIGHT INTO HIS EXTENDED BOOT! OH MY GOD!!!

The camera cuts back to the announce booth, where Lord Nigel has risen to his feet. Still wearing that fake smile pasted onto his face, his eyes narrow towards the ring. Just before the lights cut out and the rumbling of thunder returns.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH:

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So lovely.

When the lights come up, Lord Nigel is gone and the crowd buzzes. Cut to the ring and HIROSHI ZO is there - thunder rumbling all around him. Steel chair in hand, he raises it over his head - threatening an oblivious MV#2. But... oblivious to Zo, **MV#1** stands behind HIM with a chair of his own. SMACK!

Angus:

...every fucking match! EVERY TIME! I'm the only one who notices?!? REALLY?!?

DDK:

Masked Violator #1 CUTS OFF THE ATTACK! Steel chair to the back of Hiroshi Zo!

Angus:

How is that POSSIBLE?!?

DDK:

The STORM! The Masked Violators! There IS no resolution! The war rages on and LISTEN TO THIS CROWD!!!!

A wide-angle shot takes in the Wrestle-Plex, fans on their feet as the four men rage in the ring.

DDK:

Spilling OUT of the ring now! And up the rampway! Zo and MV#2 just CHOPPING away at eachother! And LOOK at this! Violator #1 irish whips Kazushi over the barricade and into the crowd! And he FOLLOWS him there! This is OUT OF CONTROL!

Angus:

It's ALWAYS "OUT OF CONTROL"! Every fucking time! That's what I've been trying to TELL you!

The camera catches Zo HURLING MV#2 through the curtain and backstage just before returning to our already-exhausted announcer team. Angus picks up Lord Nigel's bowler cap, left at the table.

Angus:

That wasn't a match! That was a DISASTER!

DDK:

A non-match with a non-finish! But I have to say... it was QUITE lovely.

Angus throws the cap in Keebler's face.

Angus:

Dick.

Cut to elsewhere.

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Thank God That Hollywood Douche Is Dead

In the depths of the DEFIANCE backstage area, the Pop Culture Phenoms are on the prowl. Their shiny Tag Team Titles on full display for everyone to see, just like they've been for seemingly all of human history. The two of them are having a heated debate over something super duper serious.

Elise Ares:

No, you see the way you strut is all in the hips. It's not all robotic like that. I should know. I almost went to Milan once. It would have been during their fashion week.

The D:

C'mon Elise. That's amateur hour. No, see, you bend the back and move the arms from side to side with SWAGGA! Then you let out a big WOOO!

Elise Ares:

Ugh, por lo que más, you have no swag at all.

The D:

That's not true! I have tons of swag! I practically bathe in swag! Just using the word swag gives me even more swag! Hey Klein, don't I bathe in all sorts of swag?

Klein's box shakes in disappointment as The D attempts to do his best strut across the room. Right before he could breathe out his most convincing "WOO!" he comes to a sudden halt. Up ahead in the distance is Will "the THRILL" Haynes, knowing full well the Bastard Sons of Wrestling have a non title match later tonight with the PCP. Half cocked at the spine, The D looks over at Elise Ares. Elise then looks back at The D. The D looks at Klein. Klein looks back at Elise with an enthusiastic thumbs up. Elise then squints back at Klein. They all collectively shrug and The D takes another step forward before...

Haynes:

Hey, yo - hold up a second.

The Phenoms both roll their eyes at each other, and quickly try to rush down the nearest hallway. Too bad there's a rather large black man, seemingly carved out of rock, or perhaps he just ate a very large rock. He holds his arms crossed standing in their way. The D and Elise literally bump off his chest and stumble back. Coleslaw Jenkins stands before them, sneering as the PCPs turn themselves into pinballs. The PCPs recoil in disgust. Haynes approaches.

Elise Ares:

What in the world is that smell? Is that Aqua Di B.O.? Good lord, but at least it's better than him smelling like actual Coleslaw...

The D:

It's still not goooood.

Elise Ares:

Right. Whatever THAT is, it's the opposite of good.

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The D:

It's doog?

Haynes and Slaw eye ball one another, not yet quite familiar with the full PCP act.

Elise Ares:

Sure. That sounds right.

Klein walks up to Coleslaw and pulls out a tiny green tree car air freshener. He holds it in front of his box and stands next to Slaw. Jenkins glares back. As soon as Slaw looks away, Klein tries to drape the cord around his ear. Jenkins turns back as Klein freezes in place, holding the freshener up like it's mistletoe.

Haynes:

If y'all wanna play games, I can take this somewhere else. All I wanted t' do was congratulate you on givin' that lil' piece a' shit, Mikey Unlikely, what he had comin' t' him. Shame he didn't stick around. Would'a loved another go at that boul. Ain't that right, Slaw?

Slaw nods his head.

Jenkins:

Heard dat.

Elise Ares:

No. I didn't. Did you?

The D:

Yeah did we hear - what did we hear?

Jenkins:

Yeah you heard it, dummy. Dis man is tryin' t' talk t' you, n' you had best be listenin'. This is some sage ass wisdom right hurr.

Elise Ares:

White hair? You better not have seen a white hair. Klein did you see a white hair? I swear to Jesus, my stylist, if you find a single strand...

Klein looks intently at Elise's hair as if he were a monkey pruning Jane Goodall. The D chimes in.

The D:

You should go lighter. I could see you with a pure white mane of power.

Quick! A subject change!

The D frowns. He turns to Elise, confused.

The D:

How did you just speak action description?!

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Elise Ares (*whispers, kinda*):

I speak a lot of languages, and I still have no clue what this dude is saying, though.

Haynes is losing his patience. So is Slaw. The Grusome Twosome take steps towards the Tag Team Champions.

Haynes:

You're wearin' m' patience. I was tryin' to be nice.

Elise Ares:

Yeah, like we try...

The D:

Yeah, like really try. The hardest of tryers.

Elise Ares:

Try Hard With A Vengeance.

This is when it happens, a lightbulb of an idea. When the E!: True Hollywood Story is made this will be it's key moment.

The D:

YES! Lake Placid Vi III: Try Hard With a Vengeance!

The D quickly starts typing the title into his cell phone as the opposite pair share a glance before sharing a disappointed head shake. The stupidity is painful.

Slaw:

Yeah, um ... what?

Haynes and Slaw are both blanked, they can't handle this. Hell they didn't expect it. Haynes finally grabs the two of them pulling them in, Klein taking a step towards Haynes but Slaw stepping in front of him. No one gets more physical than that but suddenly the Thrill has the PCP's undivided attention.

Haynes:

Now listen, ya twerps. Tonight ain't gonna be easy, get that through your skulls. J Stevenson, he's a Hall a' Fame, a time or two over. Skidd Row, dude is hungry, he's motivated like I ain't seen him before. Two a' them, gonna make for one hell of a' lethal comination.

Another stupidly bout from DEFIANCE's greatest idiots.

The D:

Oh no I get it... I totally get it.

He turns to Elise. The D has stumbled onto to something.

The D:

You're scared of the D. I get it. The D is well...bigger than you expected.

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The D winks toward the camera and behind him Klein holds up a whiteboard that says "NO ONE EXPECTS THE D-ISH INQUISITION!" Slaw looks the D up and down, ready to pounce as soon as Haynes tells him. The D quickly rushes behind Elise and uses her as a human shield. Elise grabs Klein and pushes him in front of her for her shield. Haynes shakes his head, fed up with the situation.

Haynes:

Shame y'all are like this, I was gonna be willin' t' talk t' ya guys. Share some tips, some tricks even. Tell ya what I know about J n' Row, after all I train wit these dudes almost ever single day.

The D and Elise look at each other. They weary of the situation but also...intrigued.

The D:

You'd help us? That seems like, I don't know. Some sort of conflict. But I'm interested.

Elise Ares:

So, what would you say is their most injured body part right now? You know... as a show of good faith.

The D:

I slept on my neck weird last night...

Elise Ares:

Not you!

Ares elbows The D in the side.

Elise Ares:

Now they know our deepest, darkest secrets!

Haynes shakes his head.

Haynes:

Well it's up t' you cats, you wanna hear a few stories about Mikey, maybe?

The D and Elise look to one another. The D pauses, considers, speaks.

The D:

Alright, well, maybe you can show up on our youtube channel and you can badmouth the B-lister to a global audience of hundreds.

Elise Ares:

Our subscribers are in the thousands now. We're super famous.

The D:

They are?

Elise Ares:

Well, a thousand.

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The D:

Good enough for me.

Off the unlikely fivesome go, to film a Youtube Video.

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I'M GONNA TAKE IT ALL AWAY

Most men desire the finer things in life, most men only wish that they could have the finer things, but that's most men. Most all men wish that they were Eric Dane. However, none of those men are The Only Star. Eric Dane is the type of man who can sit in a building full of other men plotting his downfall and not shed a single droplet of sweat, much like he's doing right now.

With his back to the door, legs propped, and a crystal lowball glass with two fingers of amber liquid resting in his right hand, he surveys all that he controls.

"This must be so gratifying, to sit up here lording over all of those sheep. A culmination of a career that's left you broken and shattered. What I'm getting at, Eric, is that you're fragile."

Pause.

"You know it. I know it. We both know that's why you've been ducking me."

The BAWs swivels around in his chair and locks eyes with the self-proclaimed Greatest Wrestler Alive and smirks his legendary million dollar smirk.

Eric Dane:

It sure is, Curt, and these last couple of weeks I've been rejuvenated simply by tugging on the strings that make you dance to my tune.

Penn walks over to the crystal decanter and pours him a finger of the same amber liquid. His face pinches as he takes a tentative sip.

Curtis Penn:

Not bad...

He pours it onto the floor, Dane's eyebrow lifts.

Eric Dane:

You just poured out an eighty dollar shot of scotch.

Dane shrugs and sets his glass down on his mahogany desk.

Eric Dane:

So did you just come up here to waste my booze or did you have something that your petulant little mind thought was important to say?

Penn drops the glass in the trash can beside Eric's desk.

Curtis Penn:

Sure, I actually like this game. You see I know why you sent in Impulse to wrestle me last week while I was sick, you're scared. You're scared because you know the truth, that I'm better than you've ever been. You're afraid that if you step into the ring with me that I will take all of this away.

He expands his arms to encompass the whole Wrestle-plex.

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Curtis Penn:

Oh and Eric, I will take it all away. I'll take it away like Lennox took away your knees. I'll take it away like Mike Sloan took away your mystique did when you had to nail him to the canvas just so you could win. I'll take it away like Cayle took away your short lived comeback. I'll take it all away.

Eric allows Penn to ramble on as he takes another sip of his scotch.

Curtis Penn:

Or are you going to blame that on your COPD? It would just be so much easier if you'd just admit your fear of stepping into the ring with The Greatest Wrestler Alive and just quit making excuses about not being able to.

Penn grins.

Curtis Penn:

Because we both know Eric Dane only does what he wants, just like you did when you got involved with Box and Hoffman just last week. So it's either you're afraid of me...

Penn turns his back on Dane and heads towards the door.

Curtis Penn:

Or you're afraid of what I'll take away from you.

He turns the doorknob to exit.

Curtis Penn:

Just so you'll know I'm about to retake my throne as the FIST of DEFIANCE.

Eric sits in silence, watching as Penn takes his leave and making no motion to stop him or even contradict his maniacal diatribe. What he does is pour himself another Scotch.

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SCOTT DOUGLAS vs. CODENAME: REAPER

The audience is in a chorus of boos as we cut back to the boys in the booth.

Angus:

What's got their panties in a bunch?

Cut to ringside, where Code Name: Reaper (*Red*) is standing in the middle of the ring holding the Southern Heritage Championship by one hand, held at his waist. Reaper Blue approaches, a skittish, Darren Quimbey and snatches the microphone from his hand.

DDK:

I didn't even see these guys come to the ring.

Angus:

You usually don't Keebs, that's the point.

DDK:

Before we get to this match, ladies and gentlemen, I've been asked to report that the mid-level restrooms are currently out of order due to the continued brawl between the Masked Violators and The Storm has spilled into the main alcove.

Angus:

Unconfirmed reports say that Number Two is doing a Number Two.

DDK:

...Really?

Code Name: Reaper, moves the SoHER title up to his shoulder as Blue hands him the microphone. He raises it to his masked visage as the Faithful continue their onslaught of disapproval. That ever too familiar modulated voice rings out across the arena.

Reaper: *[eyes flaring red]*

Your False Hero came out here earlier, proclaiming his great victory and thanking all of you. He came out here with the nerve to give all of you credit, to give all of you hope that his victory was something meaningful, something he deserved. I can tell you without a shadow of a doubt that NONE of that victory was of his own making.

DDK:

I think the packed house here at the DEFarena has heard quite enough!

Various vulgar chants are rippling through the crowd and a few half filled cups and water bottles fly toward the ring. Reaper lets the chants carry on as he lowers the mic down to his waist almost soaking in the haterd. Blue raises a hand and smacks the a cup out of the air just before it can crash into either of the Reapers. The liquid, likely beer, slings across the duo and a streak of the swill splashes across Reaper Reds mask. His eyes lights up even brighter than before.

Angus:

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Alcohol abuse, Keebs! Plain and simple.

DDK:

We are supposed to see a match here tonight, folks!

Raising the mic to his mask once more, Code Name: Reaper addresses the disdained Faithful.

Reaper:

What others would see as a hinderance to his ability, I provided him with the power to succeed, I provided him with the doubt he needed to force everything he could into that match. As a result, your False Hero walked away beating a lesser man that evening. Your False Hero walked out the new FIST of DEFIANCE.

The crowd pops for Impulse and his new reign.

Reaper:

All thanks to ... Me!

The crowd has found its fury again and let him have it.

Reaper:

Scream! Yes, voice your displeasure - all you want but the fact of the matter is; I am the SoHER champion because of ME! Impulse is the FIST because of ME! And at DEFIANCE ROAD, regardless of what happens to you tonight ... False Hero, you will regret ever stepping foot into the building, you'll regret ever coming back to wrestling, you'll ESPECIALLY regret ever crossing paths with me.

The *F-You Reaper* chants are hard to drown out as the crowd has whipped into an angry mob, as the SoHER champion has done his best to dismantle the integrity of Impulse's FIST victory.

Reaper:

As for Scott Douglas ...

♪ "Smiling And Dyin'" by Green River ♪

The Faithful pop huge and the opening notes and odd screaming sounds of Scott music.

Angus:

NO! Call the POLICE! He's escaped!

DDK:

I highly doubt that but I really did not expect to see Scott Douglas tonight OR this match up! Last we heard Douglas was awaiting extradition to Washington State and was being held without bond.

Reaper Red drops the microphone and it's resulting thud registers over the arena PA.

Angus:

El Chapo! He tunneled out!

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DDK:

Douglas started his career in Mexico but I highly doubt he has any connections to the infamous drug lord.

Angus:

You don't know! What's El Chapo in Spanish? Sub Pop?

DDK:

Shorty.

Angus:

It HAS A "S" IN IT! I smell conspiracy!

The Faithful's joy and adulation takes an abrupt turn into a thunderous wave of boo's as Midorikawa steps out onto the stage. He poses for a moment and lacklusterly mocks Douglas' ring entrance before heading to the ring. On his trip down he snatches a sign from rampside seat and holds it up for the camera. It reads *FREE SCOTT DOUGLAS*, each word stacked on top of the other. He rips the poster down the middle and lets the pieces fall to the ground.

Angus:

HA! I knew it!

DDK:

Folks, it appears we've been duped. This - this ... Reaper Co has clearly manipulated us ALL just to rub it in. This is a classic and classless case of kicking a man while he is down. Scott Douglas may be no saint, but he doesn't deserve this.

Angus:

I think you mean inmate three, two, one, seven -

Angus is cut off by Midorikawa, now in the ring with the Reapers as the music cuts out.

Midorikawa:

Do not weep for Scott Douglas. Do not fret for NATHANIEL! I warned him; week - after - week. I've stood here many times before and I was very clear; each time. I stated, plainly and unequivocally, that I would take it all! I would rob Scott Douglas of his ONE true LOVE. I would take his victories, his fresh start, his sanity ... and NOW his FREEDOM!

The crowd registers their displeasure as a chant is starting to build momentum.

Midorikawa:

I have left you with nothing as you left her. AS YOU LEFT ME!

Reaper Blue cocks his head at Midorikawa and holds a hand out motioning for him to back it off. He acknowledges and resets before continuing.

Midorikawa: [calmer]

And so ... just for old times sake, at DEFIANCE ROAD. I'm going to rob you of one last victory. The

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easiest one yet.

FREE SCOTT DOUGLAS *clap clap clapclapclap*
FREE SCOTT DOUGLAS *clap clap clapclapclap*
FREE SCOTT DOUGLAS *clap clap clapclapclap*

Reaper Blue steps forth and grabs the mic from Midorikawa, he glances to Reaper Red who simply nods his approval.

Reaper Blue:

Soon, nothing will be the same. You... YOU - Faithful will have no FALSE HERO to put on a pedestal. You will have no forgotten son to pour your hope into.

Reaper Blue takes a beat.

Reaper Blue:

The hero will crumble and the son will fade ... just as they were meant to. And you ... you faithful souls... will be left with a new future and a NEW ...

LIGHTS OUT

Reaper Blue:

WORRRLLDDDD!

DDK:

Well, this is getting old.

Angus:

Yet, ever more unpredictable

DDK:

What has transpired tonight would certainly beg the question ... Will Scott Douglas be able to appear at DEFIANCE ROAD?! Or will Midorikawa, simply, use it as an additional attempt to admonish Douglas for whatever bent he seems to have for him.

Angus:

Whether he shows up or not ... at the end of the day Douglas is nothing more than a useless street punk poser. Good riddance.

DDK:

Time will tell partner, until then ... WE have SO much more show ahead!

Cut to the backstage area.

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EQUALIZER

Fade up.

The scent of mint is on the air, as if there were a sauce of some ish.

Cayle Murray is backstage, doing backstage stuff in a backstage room. Specifically, he's just finishing the process of wrapping a ream of tape around his right wrist, readying himself for the forthcoming match with Reinhardt Hoffman.

Cayle Murray:

Really would've helped if you'd have just followed through on scooping his eyeball out two weeks ago, you know.

Who's he talking to?

Who do you fucking think?

Eric Dane stands across the room, looking unimpressed. He doesn't retort, rather he takes a pull from the ever-present glass of scotch in his right hand.

Cayle Murray:

Joking, obviously.

Eric Dane:

Would have helped even more had you had the good sense to take that burly fuck out with a lead pipe before he ever knew you were in the room with him. Hollis would have responded to that, I feel, a bit more positively than you just jumping out of the shadows and looking all threatening or whatever.

The Boss smirks. He could be joking. He probably is not. More than likely Curtis Penn is on his mind, and what he might do with that sniveling little prick if and when he put hands on him.

Cayle Murray:

Could've done that.

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

Didn't really feel like turning myself into a ghoul, though.

The Squid runs his left hand around the newly-wound tape, making sure everything's locked-in.

Cayle Murray:

Jokes aside, I know what tonight is. It's not just one-on-one with a random BRAZEN guy: it's a submission match against a Box proxy who probably wants to snap my neck just as bad as the big lad himself.

He stands, nodding.

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Cayle Murray:

I'll take care of it. Trust me.

Eric Dane is not impressed.

Eric Dane:

Oh? Yeah? You gonna compliment his technique until he taps out? Maybe bring him a mixed drink and see if he forgets that Box has him primed to tear off your head and piss down your throat. No, wait I got it, you're gonna feed him grapes in a Slave Leia costume until he passes out in a fucking food coma because you're Mr. Too Good to get his Fucking Hands Dirty. That about cover tonight's game plan?

The Only Star guffaws.

Eric Dane:

I hope your insurance is paid up, kid. And don't expect me to come out there and goddamned save you again, either. It's about time you put in some work on your own. Maybe let them balls drop far enough down that your little conscious will let you do a man's work for once in your boring little Cartoon Network Everything is wrapped up with a bow in 23 minutes thanks to the power of Goodness life.

Emasculated, Cayle snorts.

Cayle Murray:

You're a piece of shit, Eric.

He grabs his black and red ring jacket from a nearby hook, slips both arms in, then pulls it over his back. His facial expression softens, only slightly. Meanwhile Eric raises his glass in mock salute.

Cayle Murray: [sighing]

But probably right, though I'm loathe to admit it. I'm not about to throw flower petals at the guy and hope he falls down, though. He tries to take one of my limbs, and I'll damn sure take two of his. As for Box...

Cayle ponders, ponderously. Ponderously pondering.

Cayle Murray:

Guess I oughta come up with a plan for when he inevitably shows up.

Eric Dane:

I believe the term you're looking for is "Equalizer."

Dane winks. Cayle nods. Without hesitation, The Only Star leans down and slides his hand down the side of one of those \$50,000 dragonskin boots. He rummages for a moment or two, then stands back up, slipping something to Cayle. Murray glances down, but the camera doesn't catch the exchange.

Cayle Murray:

Well...

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Eric Dane:

Don't be a little girl. You *know* what to do.

The Scot nods, finally pulling his hand away.

Cayle Murray:

Guess I do now.

Cut.

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PCP vs. THE BASTARD SONS OF WRESTLING

Angus:

And up next Keeps, we've got one that promises to be a barn burner. We've got the brand new Bastard Sons of Wrestling going toe to toe with the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions, the Flippy Dodos.

DDK:

PCP could very well steal the show, Angus. Tag Titles not on the line here tonight, but if the Bastards pull this one off they'll be getting a title shot in the future, per the work done by their manager Mr. Joanthan Wildside.

Angus:

More pressing for the moment, I understand that DEFsec has misplaced the Storm and the Masked Violators.

♪ "Cochise" by Audioslave ♪

The arena goes dark as the opening chords to Audioslave's first track from their debut record begins to thunder over the PA system. As the song crescendos into its monumental opening white lights blind nearly everyone, before quickly disappearing as the house lights come back on and three men arrive at the top of the ramp. As the dearly departed Chris Cornell pours his grunged heart out, the threesome make their way from the stage to the ramp, slowly and surely. Bastards Row and Stevenson are the team of record tonight, accompanied to the ring by Jonathan Wildside. Confidently, they climb the steel steps, enter the ring and pose. The fans unsure of what to make of the newest addition to Defiance's Tag scene.

Angus:

Ah Chris Cornell, gone too soon.

DDK:

Yeah, the music scene lost a national treasure earlier this week, but it takes a lot more than good taste in music to cut your teeth here in DEFIANCE.

♪ "Live for the Night" by Krewella ♪

The crowd pops for the chorus of "Paper Planes" by MIA, as the Faithful know it means the arrival of THEIR Tag Team Champions. Followed by the beats of Krewella, the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions push their way out from backstage to a great ovation from the crowd. There's a lot of posing and admiring their Tag Team Champions, holding them up to the crowd. Lots of flashes, some Snapchatting, some Instagramming. No Touting. Tout is dead and you should be ashamed of yourselves for participating in that garbage. Know what isn't garbage? Lots of people wanting you to be jealous that they're seeing the Tag Champs tonight and YOU aren't. Klein follows a step behind, a watchful eye-hole staring daggers into the challengers down in the ring.

DDK:

Your DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions are in the house, Angus.

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Angus:

Oh boy! I just can't wait. I hope these Bastards make the PCPs bleed, the same way Stevenson made Eugene Dewey bleed his own blood, once upon a time ago.

DDK:

Hot tag team action here in DEFIANCE tonight, and thanks for watching folks. Here we go.

Klein has both titles draped over his shoulders as he watches the match begin. Stevenson, decides to take the lead for the Bastards as the D steps out to start things off for the PCPs. The crowd is erect in their support of The D as the two men spin around the ring before surging forward to lock up. Stevenson using his weight advantage easily tosses the D around in the open portion of this grappling contest. Lots of neck work from Stevenson, targeted elbow strikes to the back of the D's head, a Snapmark knee strike combination that Stevenson fans might remember from his early days, and to follow it all up, a textbook DDT onto that knee pad Stevenson favors on his right leg. Instead of trying to pin the D, and earn his team a title shot the veteran Stevenson would hold the D in a Reverse Chin Lock, while he had the D facing the PCP corner. Stevenson screaming for the D to submit, as he drove his knee into the back of the D's neck. A look of fear on Elise Ares' face as she sees her partner pulled back in pain.

Angus:

Stevenson trying to slow down the D from getting into any of his flippy nonsense. That's a good strategy right there. Total vet move.

DDK:

Speed can definitely kill, Angus. If the Bastards want to earn that future title match they're gonna have to ground two of the fastest talents I think we have here in DEFIANCE.

Klein and Ares would work the crowd into a fever pitch as the D would roll to his feet and slide under Stevenson's leg and begin working the speed advantage over the bigger vet, clipping the braced right knee early. The D would use his speed to land a sick Enziguri, knocking the spit out of Stevenson's mouth. Stevenson would slump over, but instead of pinning the D turned and elected to tag in the Havana Harlot.

Angus:

Oh good, just what we needed. Elise getting involved.

Elise steps into the ring, slowly, deliberately bending justttttttt a little too low. Giving the fans a little something to take home with them as she looks back at the crowd with a wink. She'd showcase her speed against Stevenson too, starting when J got his knee. She took off, climbing his knee with ease, leaping into the hair and bringing him up and over with a head scissors. Then it was a Moonsault off the second rope, connecting onto Stevenson and quickly picking up the leg. Carla slides in for the count.

ONE...

TWO...

Angus:

Stevenson powers out.

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Stevenson rolls to his feet. Elise charges, sloppy clothesline, Stevenson straight undercut, closed fist as the crowd boos. Elise shocked as she brings her hand to her mouth, her face scowling quickly. She's angry, and she's about to let J know about it. She charges, letting out a screeching war cry, looking to punish Stevenson with her speed. J smirks, he saw it coming. She swings wildly, he scouts it, slips underneath, pulls both her hands and drops them to her waist leaning back and delivering a picture perfect Straight Jacket German Suplex. Skidd Row leans over the corner begging for the tag. Wildside slaps the mat, urging Stevenson to rest. J nods his head, hearing the marching orders, he extends towards his corner and Row does the rest tagging himself in.

Angus:

Anxious to see what this kid has got. He beat Chance Von Crank to earn his Death Row World Title.

DDK:

Just saying his name is enough to give someone crabs. You need to go get checked, partner.

Angus:

I'd check Elise, first.

Row leaps into the ring, ready to prove himself. Ares is up, daring him to make a move. Both wrestlers charge with a full head of steam. Ares steps underneath the Row clothesline, Row steps back from Ares' crescent kick. Then it's strikes, lots of them, which is odd coming from two of the smallest people in the match. There an elbow, here a chop, there an elbow, here a chop and then like his partner before him - Row levels Ares with a closed fist uppercut that launches a wad of spit out of her mouth. Row grabs her wrist, contorts her around, and drops her with a quick DDT. Row leaps in the air driving his knee into the back of Ares' neck. Row stands throwing his hands to other side, and the crowd lets him know how they feel about the Bastards clocking a woman...TWICE...with closed fists.

Angus:

Yeah, that's one way to get your heat.

DDK:

Yeah, but this is wrestling. Elise ain't no dainty Southern Belle, girl holds her own when she finds the motivation.

Angus:

That's always the problem, isn't it?

Row drops to his knees and covers Elise.

ONE...

TWO....

Elise turns the shoulder.

DDK:

Gotta wonder if that little pander to the crowd cost them there.

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Angus:

Yeah, but that's what these idiots do now.

Row would argue his case with Carla, but to no avail. Row would continue to work over Elise, taking the opportunity to showcase the tools that made him a former Death Row Champion. Living up to his "Cutter Champ of Chicago" moniker, Row hit a very nice looking Rolling Cutter. But his pin attempt was quickly broken up by the D, which drew in Stevenson. Quickly Carla lost control. Klein is salivating at the opportunity to dawn the proverbial stripes.

DDK:

Carla is desperately trying to regain order in the ring.

Angus:

Tag Matches are some of the hardest to officiate, Keebs. I wouldn't want to be keeping peace between these guys.

The D surges himself off the ropes and launches himself into the air, knocking down Stevenson with a cross body. Leaving Elise to deal with Row.

DDK:

Tons of chops and hard slaps from Elise Ares here, knocking Row back into the corner.

Ares sees her moment and she surges. Bulldog, off the top rope, she hits Row with an Ace Crusher that drapes his neck on the top rope, sending Row reeling! Sitting on the apron, Elise smirks and makes a cut throat motion before rolling back into the ring.

Angus:

Cuban Necktie on Skidd Row.

Ares leaps into a pin but Carla is distracted yelling at the D and Stevenson to clear out of the ring. That doesn't stop the Faithful from counting along though.

DDK:

And PCP should've had this thing won, Angus.

Angus:

Distractions are part of the game. The D involved himself and now his team pays the price.

Finally Carla succeeds in separating the D and Stevenson. Row is looking worse for wear, having regained his feet. He quickly tags in Stevenson, the D calls for the hot tag and he gets it. House of fire for the D, he quickly sends Stevenson through the middle ropes, launching himself to the outside with a Dive leveling the multi time World Champion. Row for his measure in closed fist clocking Elise gets a Roaring Elbow from the D, knocking him from the mat. The fans eat it up.

DDK:

And the D just cleared house. Stevenson groggy on the outside.

Angus:

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The D wants him you can tell.

DDK:

I'd make the obvious wanting the D joke here, but that's exactly what you'd expect.

It's then that there's a commotion at the top of the ramp.

DDK:

Oh my... It's KAZUSHI and MASKED VIOLATOR #1! Still battling! And, oh my... #1 just irish whips Kazushi towards the ring! DEFsec is hot on their heels!

Violator #1 evades security, chasing after Kazushi, who is attempting to climb over the ringside guardrail and into the crowd. Halted by MV#1, the masked man delivers a series of chops to Kazushi's chest. The sound is deafening - punctuated by the sound of DEFsec, pleading with the men to stand down. And just like that, the two men are continuing to brawl - into the crowd now!

Angus:

It's EVERY TIME with these guys! Now they can't even contain it to their OWN matches!

DEFsec team members follow the brawl into the crowd, keeping fans away from the melee. The D turns his attention to the ringside skirmish, squatting down.

Back in the ring, the D tags in a read hot Elise Ares after hammering Stevenson into the corner. Ares sprints to mount Stevenson, looking toward on the vet with a standard set of punches. However it would be Ares who would feel the affects as Skidd Row would go to the blind tag. Stevenson felt it and surged forward bringing Ares up with a lift, as Stevenson lifts Row vaults himself off the top rope. When Ares is up in the powerbomb position, Row takes a hold of her head, flips her in mid air and the duo bring her to the mat with a Powerbomb, Yokosuka Cutter combination. Row quickly pins.

ONE...

TWO...

THR...

The D pulled the referee out of the ring to complain about the treatment of his partner, who is on the mat, lights on but no one is home. Her eyes glazed over staring at the lights, slightly quivering on her back in the middle of the ring. There's a murmur through the crowd, as the camera finds a disturbance on the opposite side of the arena.

Angus:

Who is THAT?!?

DDK:

Who do you THINK?!? It's HIROSHI ZO and Masked VIOLATOR #2!!! These guys are--

Angus:

OUT OF CONTROL!

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DDK:

They are battling just at ringside now, BOTH men are bloody! Do you see this?!? Hiroshi Zo HOPS the rail! DRAGGING MV#2 behind him! HERE COMES DEFSEC AGAIN!

Angus:

Let them KILL each other so the damned interruptions can STOP!

DDK:

They've got Zo! DEFsec have him! #2 is putting up QUITE the fight but they are corralling Masked Violator #2 up the ramp behind Hiroshi Zo! That man REFUSES to cooperate with our security team! Fans, I apologize for these distractions... the action in the ring has near STOPPED!

Angus:

I just got word that DEFsec have separated Violator #1 and Kazushi as well! Just LOVELY!

Back in the ring the D is livid, not seeing the blind tag from Row and believing their to a be a double team. Carla is frantically trying to explain that isn't the case. Stevenson finally has enough and hops off the apron.

Angus:

Stevenson has had enough, going to take matters into his own hands.

DDK:

Never like when that happens.

Stevenson reaches the D yanking him off the mat and connecting with a forearm into the face, the D narrowly ducks the ensuing clothesline attempt, sending Stevenson's arm bouncing off the post. Meanwhile in the ring, Row lies in wait. A groggy Ares turns, she swings a clothesline at a raging Row who ducks it low rolling Ares up. The D is too busy fighting with Stevenson on the outside to realize, he turns, tries but he's too late.

Carla sees it, turns and counts it.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

Angus:

And the Bastards do it! They upset the Champs.

DDK:

Ares rolled up and she can't believe it!

Angus:

All these distractions popping up, cost the Champs here! I can't believe it.

DDK:

One thing is for certain the Tag Team Scene in DEFIANCE is something else right now.

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The Bastards slow their walk up the ramp, staring down at the Champs, pointing at them, ready to take their titles. In the ring Klein and the D tend to Elise, making sure she's okay after the roll up.

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NO MORE WORDS

Lance Warner:

Welcome back to the studio, ladies and gents.

We cut over to Lance Warner's wonderful, wonderful studio for the second time this evening. The decor's looking as plush and wonderful, but there's a different person occupying the chair beside DEFIANCE's head interviewer this time.

Lance Warner:

Joining me now is the other half of our featured DEFIANCE Road bout -- Jason Natas.

The camera focuses on the stoic Anti-Superstar, who's leaning back in the chair, wearing a trademark scowl. He's wearing a black "PUGILIST" tee and a pair of raggedy grey jeans, along with some heavy-looking workman's. Nothing fancy, but that's the man himself.

Lance Warner:

Jason, in two weeks' time you face-off against Kendrix for the first time since Acts of DEFIANCE, when he took the Onslaught Championship not by pinning you, but Mushigihara. How do you feel about finally getting your hands on the man?

Natas shrugs. Forced into an environment he's not entirely comfortable in (the studio), he's not about to start spouting-off at the mouth like his opponent did earlier.

Jason Natas:

Overdue. That's how it feels.

An awkward silence falls. Warner was expecting more of an answer, but that's not what he's going to get.

Lance Warner:

Kendrix, of course, has done his best to make your life very, very difficult over the past few months. He literally destroyed the Onslaught Championship, then goaded you into a suspension. Since returning, he has continually avoided a head-on confrontation, and now, with DEFIANCE Road looming, he claims that you don't even belong in the ring with him.

Natas' features visible tighten as Warner recounts the rivalry was far. He clenches a fist, then unclenches.

Lance Warner:

As someone who literally started from the bottom in DEFIANCE, and had to fight tooth and nail to eventually become one of the most popular wrestlers in the company, what do you say to that?

Jason Natas:

I say it's about time that little fuck took a trip to the hospital.

He clenches that fist again, squeezing his anger away.

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Jason Natas:

He's right about one thing - I AM holding him back from reachin' his full potential, 'cause when I'm done with him, little ol' JFK ain't gonna be in matches like that. Matter of fact, bastard'll be lucky if he can get outta bed on his own, nevermind wrestlin'...

Though he knows it's obviously not directed at him, Warner looks a tad uncomfortable with Natas' aggression. It's a completely different kind of discomfort to that which he experienced around Kendrix earlier, but it still makes him fidget in his chair. Nonetheless, he's a professional, so he gets on with the job.

Lance Warner:

In terms of wrestling, it's a classic battle of grit and determination versus cunning and technicality. You obviously hold a significant advantage in a brawl, but many feel that if Kendrix can take it to the ground and use his technical expertise, the ma--

The Bronx Bully interrupts.

Jason Natas:

"Technical expertise?"

He almost spits the words out.

Jason Natas:

Reverse chinlocks ain't gonna mean shit when I'm cavin' this guy's skull in.

Lance Warner:

You sound very confident of imposing your gameplan here.

Jason Natas:

I gotta be. No man who doubted himself ever won shit in this business.

The New Yorker checks himself. Sighs. Leans back in the chair. Then, his tone lightens a tad, perhaps realising that he's being unnecessarily cunt to Warner.

Jason Natas:

Lot at stake here, Lance. Lot at stake.

The interviewer readjusts, preparing his next Q.

Lance Warner:

Kendrix, of course, finally agreed to face you two weeks ago, but only on his terms. If you lose, your DEFIANCE career is over. Do you regret accepting the stipulation? Was it a "heat of the moment" situation?

Jason Natas:

Definitely wasn't my sharpest moment.

He grumbles something to himself.

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Jason Natas:

End of the day though, it only increases my drive to wreck this dude. You thought my match with Sean Jackson was ugly? Frank Dylan James?

He shakes his head.

Jason Natas:

You ain't seen nothin', Lance.

Lance Warner:

So you're using it for a source of motivation, rather than discouragement?

Jason Natas:

'Course. You know what I got goin' on outside this business? Nothin'. Fuckin' NOTHIN'. Look at me...

Natas holds his scarred, tattooed arms out by his sides.

Jason Natas:

I'm built for one thing: fightin'. I ain't got no college degree. I ain't got no other skills. I ain't got no fall-back plan if this shit goes south, brother. All I got is two fists and the will to destroy, and that's exactly why I gotta put this away. I was nothin' before I got here, and I've worked too damn hard for a guy like Kendrix to take it all away.

Nodding his head, Warner takes the answer in. Though Jason Natas always puts-up a tough veneer, there's a hint of vulnerability in the air. The stakes have never been higher, and he recognises this.

Lance Warner:

Jason, thank you for your time. Do you have any last words for your opponent?

The Anti-Superstar shakes his head.

Jason Natas:

No more words, Lance. Just fists.

Fade.

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CAYLE MURRAY vs. REINHARDT HOFFMAN

DDK:

Welcome back, Ladies and Gentlemen! It's time for our next big match of the evening...

Angus:

Two weeks away from doing battle with Bronson Box, Squidboy must go to war with his protege - Reinhardt Hoffman. This one could get nasty, baby!

DDK:

It absolutely could, and I'm being told that Brian Slater has been instructed to be very "loose" with the rules here. That certainly plays into Hoffman's hands, unless Cayle finds the extra gear that Eric Dane has been trying to uncover in him...

♪ Dvořák's Symphony No. 9 in E Minor ♪

The dulcet strings creep through the arena. At the very second the brass section comes to life the lean muscular form of our next competitor steps through the curtain. Cleft chin, lantern jaw, perfectly coiffed blond hair, sporting a German National football team jersey. His hands placed proudly behind his back as he starts towards the ring, receiving nothing but hate and derision from the DEFIANCE faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

Firstly, making his way to the ring... hailing from Düsseldorf in Germany! He is The Gentleman German... REINHAAAAARDT HOFFMAAAAAAN!

DDK:

This man is a technical wizard, Skaaland. Never having been one to crave the spotlight, this is easily Hoffman's biggest match to date here in DEFIANCE despite his many many years of experience in the squared circle.

Angus:

Dude has PhD's in tying limbs into knots AND human suffering, Keebs. My question is, can he deliver when the lights are on bright and the pressures on against a competitor the caliber of Cayle Murray?

♪ "The Wings of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

DDK:

I guess we'll find out *right now*, partner! Here comes the man himself!

The Scot bursts from behind the entrance curtain to a hero's welcome from the over 4000 plus faithful packing the Wrestle-Plex from ringside to rafters. He starts making his way to the ring immediately, deciding against running through his usual top-of-the-ramp routine.

Darren Quimbey:

AAAAAAAAND his opponent... hailing from Aberdeen in Scotlaaaaaand, he is THE STAAAAAARBREAKER... CAAAAYLE MURRAAAAY!

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Angus:

You know Box is gonna be wrestling vicariously through Hoffman in this one, Keebs. This is a great opportunity for the steely German to take some lumps out of Cayle ahead of DEFIANCE Road, and his technical wizardry may just make him the favourite here.

DDK:

You're not wrong. Cayle is a fine technician in his own right, but Reinhardt is a real specialist. Nonetheless, with over 16 years of experience and more than a few tricks of his own up his sleeve, I trust Cayle to fare better than Levi Cole and Jack Hunter have done against Hoffman...

Angus:

I mean, that kinda goes without saying...

Cayle slides beneath the bottom rope, immediately pointing a finger at Hoffman, who remains stone-faced. The bell rings, and the two grapplers throw themselves into a particularly beefy lock-up.

Angus:

Here we go!

The first tie-up pans-out in a straightforward manner, with Hoffman working his superior height as leverage, and forcing Cayle back against the ropes. As he has been instructed, Slater stays loose with the rules, not starting his count for several seconds, which gives Hoffman enough time to yank Murray away and continue the lock-up.

Cayle unties himself, twisting into a hammerlock, but Reinhardt drops to the floor. He twists himself out of the hold, but retains wrist control, then works Cayle down to the ground himself. After some more repositioning, Hoffman sits Murray upright, then pulls both of his own arms across his throat. He digs his knee between his shoulder blades, applying pressure from all angles.

DDK:

Textbook work from Hoffman here, keeping Cayle under complete control, and attacking as many simultaneous points as possible.

Angus:

He's totally negating Cayle's fire, too. Slow, methodical, and effective.

No slouch himself, Cayle counters out of the hold, then reverses it. Now in-control, Cayle takes Hoffy down to the mat and instead applies a headscissors, but Hoffman arches his back and pushes his boots into the mat. This gives him the leverage he needs to side out of the hold, then hop to his feet, wagging his finger at the Scot.

This doesn't sit well with Cayle, who immediately springs back up and peppers the German with some forearms. Cayle hits the ropes, but Hoffman ducks his clothesline, then pops him into the air with a Flapjack on return. He rolls through the move, attacking Cayle with a single-leg crab, then pulling all the way back, seizing Murray's chin, tying him in knots.

Cayle struggles through the move, so Hoffman abandons unties his leg from Murray's, then slips into a grounded headlock. With Cayle at his mercy, he openly slaps him in the face, mocking his struggle.

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Struggling is what Murray does best, however, and he eventually works his way to his feet. Cayle immediately starts firing lightning quick lefts and rights, trying to make some space to land a few of his trademark crisp kicks... but all to no real success. Hoffman is right there in front of every strike with an almost telepathic series of blocks. Reinhart further demoralizes his opponent with a rowdy headbutt that sends Murray stumbling back into the nearest available turnbuckle.

DDK:

What a performance from the Gentleman German!

Angus:

Cayle's struggling... makes me wonder if he's even *GOT* that "next gear" he'll need in the ring with Boxer at the PPV.

DDK:

We know he's *great* but can he be RUTHLESS, Angus?

Frustration clear on his face, Cayle comes roaring out of the corner cracking off a sudden neck snapping pop-up European uppercut and staggers Reinhardt right out of the ring! Hoffman lands on his feet at ringside and stumbles back into the ring barrier.

Angus:

Shutthe**FUCK**uppercut from Squidboy! WOW!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

TOPE CON HILO FROM CAYLE MURRAY! What a dive!

Both men clatter into the guardrail after Cayle majestic self propelled trip over the top rope. Hoffman is quick to his feet and quick to *retreat*, immediately putting some ringside distance between he and his re-energized foe. Murray is quick to give chase and capitalize.

OOOOOOOOOOH!

Angus:

Did he just huck a chair?!

Indeed he did. As if to say "hey prick" Cayle casually reaches out into the crowd and plucks one of the fans folding chairs and quickly chucks the opened seat directly at the back of Hoffman. The German is hobbled for just long enough for Cayle to effortlessly leap up to the apron and sail off, wrapping his legs around Reinhardt's head...

DDK:

Hurricanrana from Murray!

Cayle rolls his opponent back into the ring, but Hofman, surprisingly, rises before him. He stomps down on the Scot's back as he gets back inside himself, then pulls him up by the head, stunning him with a European Uppercut, then another! He takes a step back then spins, going for a roaring elbow,

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but Cayle ducks beneath and boots him in the gut.

Reinhardt gets whipped to the ropes, but hooks his arms over the top on the rebound. Cayle charges, gets bundled over the top rope, but lands on his feet on the other side. Murray strikes the back of his opponent's head before climbing back inside, seizing his throat, and going for the Dragon Sleeper, but Hoffman rolls his body round and reverses position, clamping Cayle in a Darce Choke!

Slater goes looking for the submission, but Cayle scoops his arms behind Hoffman's legs and carries him to the corner, driving him back-fist into the 'buckles! Hoffman falls back and Cayle goes slugging, landing a nasty Jason Natas-esque choke across his throat!

DDK:

Ugh! That strike never gets easier to watch!

Angus:

Looks like the Squid's softening that throat up ahead of his Granite City Gross submission.

Another chop to the throat sends Hoffman to his knees, clutching his busted-up windpipe. Cayle seizes an arm, twisting it out of shape, before moving towards an Octopus Stretch. The German counters, however, using sublime technique to not only work his way out, but work himself behind the Scot. He pulls him off the ground, looking for his trademark German Suplex into the corner... but Cayle hooks his legs, elbows his way out, then, once free, shotgun dropkicks Hoffy into the turnbuckles!

Angus:

Jeesh, that corner's taking quite the pounding...

Cayle once again goes for the Dragon Sleeper, and gets it this time. He drops to the ground, trapping Hoffman in the bodyscissors, but he can't quite complete the Granite City Gross. Hoffman uses his own leg to remove on of Cayle's, and when Cayle releases an arm to elbow him in the skull, it gives Hoffman the leverage he needs to get loose!

Reinhardt takes one of Cayle's arms now, and after booting him in the gut, he separates two fingers. The crowd know the snap is coming, and a smug Hoffman looks around the building, then taps his head.

DDK:

Look at this gamesmanship!

Turns out Hoffman isn't as smart as he thinks, however! The hesitation gives him enough time to power out, then skip behind his opponent, before driving him into the mat with a backdrop. Firing-up, Cayle runs the ropes, comes back with a standing senton, then rolls him onto his stomach, hooks a leg, and applies an STF! Slowly, surely, Hoffman starts working out of it...

Angus:

Look at this shit, Keebs! Anytime Cayle makes progress with the submissions, Hoffman finds a way to reverse!

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DDK:

This guy's counter-grappling is next level, Angus. At this rate, Cayle might need to drop him on his head 'til he's had enough!

Ramping-up his aggression, Cayle digs his elbows into the back of Hoffman's neck as he rises, and refuses to let go. He's got Hoffman dazed, and pulls him in with a wrist clutch, looking for the Supernova Elbow...

Ducked!

Hoffman grabs the flailing limb, uses it to drag Cayle down to the ground, then applies the reverse bridging Fujiwara Armbar!

DDK:

SHOULDER WARFARE! This could be it, folks!

Cayle struggles. And struggles. And struggles. The hold is applied with razor-sharp precision, but there's no way he's going to give a Bronson Box the satisfaction of seeing him tap out to his boy. He tries to push his free hand into the ground, and while that relieves the pressure momentarily, Hoffman figures out what's going on and wrenches even harder.

Murray wails, and slides his hand under his own chest, so that even if he wants to tap out, he won't be able to. This gives him the momentum he needs to escape, however. Cayle uses his free arm to push his torso up, slackening Hoffman's grip, before pulling him over with a reverse headlock!

Cayle's arm's in bad shape, but he pops up at exactly the same time as Hoffman, then downs him with a stiff Lariat! Murray picks him up, then Irish whips him to the corner with so much force, he falls to the mat himself! Reinhardt's back hits the top 'buckle with a big *CLANG*.

Angus:

Holy shit! He just knocked the rope slack!

As Hoffman falls to the ground, Cayle hops up, then darts across. He scoops his opponent up, lifts him, the drops him back-first with a huge Spinebuster across the loosened rope! The turnbuckle comes apart completely, and the top rope sags to the ground.

DDK:

WHAT?!

The crowd go nuts, noticing the significance of this ahead of the DEFIANCE Road no ropes match. Cayle looks around, and with his opponent dazed, an idea pops into his head.

The same kind of idea that might just pop into Eric Dane's head from time to time.

Slightly hesitantly, he drops to the mat, then picks up the dislodged rope.

Angus:

Hell is he doing here?!

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Hoffman's stirring. There's no time to mess around, and no time to hesitate. Cayle slides the rope beneath Hoffman's chin, then pulls back with both hands, planting a boot between the German's shoulder blades. The big man's face goes red almost immediately, and he has no choice but to tap.

Angus:

JESUS FUCKING CHRISTMAS.

DDK:

CAYLE JUST CHOKED HOFFMAN OUT WITH THE ROPE!

Angus:

I... I didn't know he had it in him!

Cayle lets Hoffman drop as soon as the bell rings, but that doesn't stop him from glaring at Hoffman with pure contempt as he walks away.

DDK:

Well that was uncharacteristic...

Angus:

THIS, Keeps, is exactly what Dane was calling for! We just saw genuine viciousness from Cayle Murray for the first time since he got here!

Darren Quimbey:

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

Cayle pulls away from Brian Slater, then wipes the sweat from his brow. He looks down at his fallen opponent, surprised at his own method of victory.

DDK:

Was *that* the fabled "new gear," Angus? Has Cayle just found what he needs to defeat Bronson Box?

Angus:

I don't-- HEY! WAIT A MINUTE.

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THE LAST STRIKE

DDK:

IT'S BRONSON BOX!

A fuming Original DEFIANT stomps down the ramp, hurling volleys of hate-filled abuse at Cayle.

Angus:

The Squid damn near killed his boy, and now Boxer's coming for his pound of flesh!

Cayle readies himself for Box's imminent arrival, taking a strong position in the middle of the ring. The Scottish Strongman rolls under the bottom rope and immediately charges at Murray, but he doesn't strike. Instead, a foaming Box pushes his forehead right into Cayle's, and Murray pushes back, not wanting to give his foe an inch.

Angus:

Uh oh!

DDK:

This thing's about to explode!

The crowd are frenzied, and when Cayle shouts something he doesn't like, Box strikes first, throwing a stiff right hand right to the jaw! Cayle fires back, however, and the duo are soon trading hard shots in the middle of the ring.

DDK:

We got ourselves a DEF Road preview!

Angus:

Welcome to the violence party!

The fight quickly spills to the mat, with Box taking Cayle down, but Murray reversing position. A furious Cayle throws close elbows into his opponent but Box rolls over, giving his back away momentarily, before rising through the barrage, and dropping Cayle with a stiff headbutt! Murray falls, landing right beside Reinhardt Hoffman, who still has the rope wrapped around his goddamn neck.

Bronson Box: [thumbing his nose]

THINK YER' A FOOKIN' BAD BASTARD, DO YE' EH?

Angus:

Ha! How predictable -- Squiddo loses again.

DDK:

Get outta there, Cayle!

The Wargod reaches down and grabs a fist full of Murray's mane and drags him up to eye level, immediately glamping his huge meaty mit around Cayle's neck. Boxer adds insult to injury as he

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slaps and backhands Cayle full force several times with his free hand. Boxer starts talking much quieter to Cayle, the cameraman bravely moves in to catch as much as it can of the conversation...

Bronson Box:

... so I guess we'll just have to put you down a little earlier than planned. Ye' haven't got what it takes squid. Not to finish me...

OOOOOOOOOOH!

Boxer reaches back around and pulls from his belt the one and only rusty corroded Spike!

Angus:

Oh *FUCK!*

The Original DEFIANT brandishes his trademark weapon in his closed fist with the pointy end pointed down mere inches from Cayle Murray's fleshy forehead! A bloodthirsty, maniacal grin creeps across his face, and Boxer leans-in, ready to go some *carving*...

DDK:

No! No, no, no!

When suddenly...

Bronson Box:

AHHHHHHH! FOOKIN' RAT FOOK BASTARD!

The Original DEFIANT's scream is almost blood-curdling. Agonised, he stumbles away from Cayle, dropping the spike to the canvas, stumbling back into the ropes and dropping to a knee himself.

Blood seeps from the wound in his shoulder.

Angus:

WHAT?!

The **fork** is deeply lodged in Box's flesh.

Eric Dane's fork.

DDK:

OH MY GOD!

Angus:

ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! DID THAT... DID THAT JUST HAPPEN?!

DDK:

Cayle just *SKEWERED* BRONSON BOX!

Cayle's shock at his own act of violence is instantaneous, but he quickly shakes it away. Before him, Box grits his teeth and wraps his hand around the fork and groans, before viciously (and quickly)

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yanking out it. Bloody splatters across the clean grey of the ring canvas, and a readied Cayle calls for him to come at him, but just as Boxer gets to his feet, a gang of DEFsec spill into the ring, preventing the rottweiler from tearing into his would-be victim.

Angus:

Cayle Murray just stabbed Bronson Box with the fork! What the fuck, Keebs?!

DDK:

I guess we now know what Dane handed Cayle earlier in the evening...

Angus:

I'm shocked that he had it in him! First he chokes Hoffman out with the ropes, and then he pre-emptively mutilates the DEFIANT Ace!

DDK:

That was nasty, Angus, there's no doubt about it. Box was seconds away from jamming that fork in Cayle's forehead, but survival mode kicked-in... and Murray has the last laugh going into DEFIANCE Road!

Cayle's pushed back against the ropes, but looks perfectly clam. He stares right through DEFsec and into Box's burning eyes, with Original DEFIANT desperate to burst through the human wall, with only the pain holding him back.

DDK:

Is that the kind of viciousness it's going to take to put Box away in two weeks?

Angus:

I don't even know where to begin trying to comprehend this, Keebs. Just... fuckin', wow.

DDK:

The final shot has been fired, and it did *not* come from Bronson Box for once. Folks, we'll be back in a few minutes for our MAIN EVENT... it'll be for the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Cut.

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MAIN EVENT

DDK:

Well, partner...

Angus:

Don't. Don't remind me that Micropennis gets the chance to win the FIST again.

DDK:

Just as likely that Impulse retains.

Angus:

Now you're just teasing.

Darren Quimbey:

This next contest is scheduled for one fall, with a sixty minute time limit... and it is for the FIST of DEFIANCE! Introducing first...

♪"Cannonball" - SIRS♪

Quimbey:

Accompanied to the ring by...

He looks at his cards.

Quimbey:

...by 'The Vice-FISTident of DEFIANCE' Calico Rose...

DDK:

Hah!

Quimbey:

From Washington Heights, New York, and weighing in at one hundred and ninety pounds... He is the current reigning FIST of DEFIANCE...

The fans pop huge.

Quimbey:

THE MARATHON MAN... IMMMMMMMMMPULSE!!!!!!

As Quimbey finishes his introduction, Impulse immediately enters the arena from the backstage. He's left the leather jacket behind; it's possible it was too tough to get it on with his arm bandaged as it is. For the moment, he's wearing a shirt advertising the talents of tag team 'Vox Nihili' with the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt around his waist. Behind him, Calico Rose stops, takes a bow, and blows a kiss to the commentary table.

Angus:

Oh, I hope I hope I hope Impulse retains this title tonight. It could very well be the blow that finishes

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Micropennis for good.

Two steps later, the fans explode in volume.

DDK:
BEHIND YOU!

Why?

Because Curtis Penn sprints out of the back and clubs Impulse between the shoulder blades! The FIST crumbles to the ramp and rolls, while Cally practically jumps out of the way in shock and surprise. Penn follows through with a pair of swift kicks to the ribs, and he pulls the belt from around Impulse's waist and tosses it to the ground!

DDK:
What disrespect! Make him pay!

Angus:
Can I go down there and bitch slap him?

DDK:
Nobody here will stop you.

Hector Navarro yells at Penn to let up so the match can start, but the challenger ignores him! Impulse with a shoulder to the stomach! He finally gets to his feet and brings his knee into Penn's face, knocking the challenger to the floor! Impulse peels off his T-shirt as carefully as possible, and throws it into the crowd, and he moves to scoop Penn - Penn brings a fist up and catches Impulse on the chin, and he shoves him backwards, bouncing his injured arm off the ring steps!

DDK:
Finally, Navarro calls for the bell, and this match is, I suppose, official! He's counting! One! Two!

Angus:
Please, oh please get counted out. Impulse, take one for the team and let Micropennis beat on you so badly that he forgets himself and Hector counts to ten.

From the top of the ramp, Jane Katze watches with a smile on her face, and the fans throw things. Unfortunately, none of them hit her.

DDK:
OH! Penn just drove his heel into Impulse's right hand! That could take both hands out of action tonight, and he scoops the FIST and sends him into the ring as Navarro counts seven!

Angus:
I hate him so much...

Curtis Penn slides in behind Impulse, and he takes his time. The fans continue to boo, complete with "MI-CRO-PE-NNIS" chant, and "FUCK-YOU-CUR-TIS" mixed in. He scoops, and a CURTIS PLEX takes Impulse down! Navarro slides into position!

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ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Impulse gingerly rolls to his knees and pushes up, but Penn is right there and he hooks Impulse from behind - Impulse with an elbow to Penn's face! He grabs his challenger behind the neck and drops down with a chinbreaker!

DDK:

The impact sent some waves through Impulse's hand! He can't follow up, he looks like he's in pain!

Angus:

Seriously, Keebs... I'm ready to just go home.

Penn gets back to his feet while Impulse uses the ropes; he grabs the FIST by the head with his fingers conspicuously in his eyes. Navarro warns Penn, but he whips Impulse across the ring... Impulse with a reversal! Penn into the ropes and off on the other side, Impulse steps in and clotheslines Penn across the neck and shoulders! The challenger goes down, but the Champion also drops to his knees, holding his arm in pain!

Angus:

Hold on, Impulse! Don't let that motherfucker get the better'a you!

As both men rise to their feet, Penn moves in and they lock up, but Penn with a knee to the stomach! He backs Impulse into the ropes, and Navarro is on the spot to count. Penn whips Impulse across the ring, and he fires a clothesline of his own on the rebound!

DDK:

Impulse ducks the clothesline!

Angus:

Or maybe I'll stay!

DDK:

Off the other side - JANE KATZE TRIPS HIM! Navarro warns Katze - CALICO ROSE SPINS HER AROUND!

The fans cheer like crazy as Cally hauls off and punches Katze in the face!

Angus:

GIRLFITE!

Despite the fans' approval, Navarro is having none of it. He points at both women, and points to the back.

Hector Navarro:

Both of you - OUTTA HERE!

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Angus:

You broke up a girlfite, Hector... you're my enemy.

Cally puts up some token resistance, but as Penn drags Impulse to the middle of the ring again and twists his arm in a hammerlock!

DDK:

These two scrapped last time out, and caused quite a bit of a stir! I think Navarro made the right call here, though it might be a bit late after Katze tripped the FIST.

At that moment, Katze pulls herself up, her eye already swollen up and discolored. She looks around for Cally, but only sees a bunch of fans jeering and mocking her, so her shoulders slump as DEFSEC shows up to escort her out.

In the ring, Penn pulls Impulse back up and hoists him with a belly to back suplex and a bridge!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

DDK:

The FIST isn't done yet!

Angus:

'Yet'? You're walking dangerously, Keeps.

Once again, Penn is up first, and he scoops Impulse... Small package by the FIST!

ONE...

TWO...

Penn kicks out!

DDK:

Nice reversal by Impulse, but Penn is up first again, and he fires a boot - Impulse catches him!

With incredible dexterity, and avoiding straining any of his previously strained limbs, Impulse manages to hook Penn's boot and shove behind his knee, dropping him to the mat! He spins around quickly and wraps Penn's leg up in his own, sandwiching Penn's knee between Impulse's ankles to apply as much pressure as possible.

Unfortunately, he can't keep a good grip, and Penn is able to grab the ropes.

Angus:

The rope break - it's what destroys all hope. You've got five seconds, Impulse... use it to tear a knee.

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To Angus' disappointment, Impulse breaks on two. He rolls through to his feet in a defensive pose, while Penn uses the ropes to climb to his feet (and also give him a ready respite from his opponent). Impulse moves in - PENN WITH A DONKEY KICK! Hector Navarro warns him, but the Challenger hooks Impulse's head and drives him to the mat with a DDT! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THKICKOUT!

Angus:

I can't watch.

DDK:

Penn looking frustrated... he's taken away Impulse's ability to effectively attack him or defend himself, he's essentially beating him down at will, but he can't pin him?

Angus:

That's because he's a loser.

Penn pulls Impulse up again, and drives a boot into his shin! Chest! Head! Impulse staggers, Curtis Penn off the ropes, and he leaps in the air and drives a fist to the side of his head! He lands! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THKICKOUT!

The fans explode in cheers at the kickout, as the "LET'S GO IMPULSE" chant renews in earnest. Penn pounds his fist into the mat, and rises quickly, and he kicks Impulse in the head, sending him back down!

DDK:

Poor showing of sportsmanship by Curtis Penn!

Angus:

Are you surprised?

DDK:

He's got him measured... Penn with a scoop... CURTIS PLEX! HE BRIDGES!

Angus:

MO-THER-FU-KKER!

Navarro is right there on impact, and Penn can be heard shouting at him to count.

ONE...

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TWO...

THREEKICKOUT!

DDK:

I can't believe it! What's it gonna take Penn to reclaim the gold?

Angus:

Hopefully nothing. No chance. Never.

Penn pounds his fist into the mat in frustration, but then he looks up at Impulse, who rolls to his knees, still holding his arm in pain. A smile forms on his face as he stalks behind the FIST, and as Impulse pushes up to his knees, he hooks him from behind!

DDK:

CHICKEN WING! Curtis Penn has it locked on, and he's dragging Impulse to the middle of the ring!

Angus:

Fight it! Never give up, never surrender!

DDK:

He's trying to work his free hand between his neck and Penn's grip, but he can't!

Angus:

That hand is still damaged as shit... this match might've been over before the bell rang.

After nearly half a minute of struggling, Penn cinches tightly and drops Impulse to the mat with a body scissors, neatly locking him up a good several feet away from the ropes on all sides.

DDK:

What's it gonna be, Angus? Where do we go from here?

We get a close up of Impulse and Penn, with Hector Navarro crouched down, trying to get a read on the FIST. His face is bright red from the grip around his neck, and his chest and arms appear drained of color as he's fighting against the pain.

Angus:

If it keeps the FIST away from Micropennis, it's worth it to break an arm, or a shoulder, or a neck. DAMN IT, DON'T TAKE THIS AWAY FROM ME!

Between the pain in his shoulder and Curtis Penn's continued shouts of victory, Impulse's eyes appear to start to glaze over, and Navarro is warning him to respond one way or another.

He does.

Tap.

Tap.

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Tap.

Angus:

NOOOOO!!!!!!!

Navarro calls for the bell to a chorus of boos, and more garbage thrown into the ring. He retrieves the FIST of DEFIANCE title belt from Darren Quimbey, whose own announcement about the changing of the guard is drowned out by the fans. At the same time, Calico Rose returns to the arena, charging down to the ring to check on the former FIST.

DDK:

Penn hasn't let go yet, and Navarro is warning him!

Angus:

YES! YES! Leave the hold on, Micropennis! Get the match results thrown out!

DDK:

Impulse could be facing serious injury, Angus!

Angus:

It's a chance I'm willing to take!

Finally, after far too long, Penn lets Impulse go, and he rolls out of the ring to Cally. She helps him up and gingerly supports his arm as he leaves the arena, the fans around him giving him a good natured "What are ya gonna do," round of applause.

In the ring, Penn allows Navarro to hand him the belt and raise his arm, but he immediately pulls away and drops the FIST of DEFIANCE to the mat. He demands a microphone, and paces the ring. It takes him a moment to catch his breath.

Curtis Penn:

That's right, that's what a CHAMPION does. I told you I'd take back my FIST and shove it down your throat. Bye bye, Impulse... I hope you enjoyed your taste of relevance, because now it's over. And if I really did just end your worthless career, remember one thing...

He pauses.

Curtis Penn:

It's all Eric Dane's fault.

To his credit, Impulse doesn't turn around and take the bait, but Penn continues on.

Curtis Penn:

I told you, Eric... every time you hide from me, every time you send out another disposable chump to try and dethrone me... every time you offer up another worthless excuse, you're showing the whole world what kind of coward you are.

More boos.

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Curtis Penn:

What I just did to Impulse... until you man up and get your nuts outta Angus' mouth--

Angus:

HEY!

Curtis Penn:

--that's what I'm gonna do to every single 'wrestler' you've got. You wanna hide? You pay the price.

DDK:

Strong words for the BOSS, Angus! And like it or not, Curtis Penn is now a two-time FIST of DEFIA--

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

Angus:

MY BALLS ARE NOT IN HIS MOUTH!

The boos quickly turn to cheers, a deafening cacophony fit for a colosseum ten times the size of the DEFplex. welcome the one man who can possibly shut Curtis Penn's yap for good. Eric Dane emerges from behind the curtain with a smirk on his face and a steel in his eyes that only he can produce after watching Penn take back the FIST from Impulse.

DDK:

I don't think Eric Dane is in a good mood here tonight, Angus.

Angus:

Really? You don't think? ARE YOU EVEN WATCHING THE SAME SHOW AS THE REST OF US? Nobody could be happy with this bunch of hot garbage!

At the top of the ramp Eric stops and carefully takes off his suit jacket. A lackey shows up from nowhere and Eric hands him the garment, followed by his watch, cuff-links, and finally the tie. The crisp linen of his shirt comes untucked and his sleeves get half-rolled as he makes his way halfway down the ramp. The crowd is incensed, and in the ring Penn is beside himself, begging the DEFboss to step inside the ring with him.

Calico Rose and Impulse stop in front of Dane and he takes a moment to check on the former FIST before telling Cally to get him back to Iris Davine's office so she can get an x-ray on that arm. As soon as they're past, Dane turns his attention back on the brand new two-time FIST.

He produces a microphone. The music fades.

Eric Dane:

Alright, fine.

The smirk tightens into a sneer.

Eric Dane:

You want me to admit that my knees are shot? Fine, I admit it. Everybody who's been watching wrestling for the last fifteen years knows my legs are held together by duct tape and Spanish Moss.

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He snorts.

Eric Dane:

You want to hear about my neck and how Cayle put me in traction for two months, how I've had fusion surgery, and how I'm not cleared to go anywhere near a wrestling ring? You already know these things, Curtis, so does everyone else with the internet.

The crowd shifts back to heat, pelting the ring with even more garbage.

Eric Dane:

The difference between you and I, however, is that what you call excuses, I call the only things keeping me from grinding you under my bootheel like a finished cigarette. You know good and well that between the Insurance Policies and the Medical Professionals and the fact that I'm responsible for a lot more around here than just little ol' Curtis Penn, I couldn't step into that ring with you if I wanted to.

That elicits a few boos.

Eric Dane:

You're right about one thing though, Curt. Eric Dane does what Eric Dane wants, when Eric Dane wants to do it. And if you want me to come down to that ring and remind you what it's like to get your lessons from The Only Star...

He trails off, letting the fans come back to him. Penn begs him on as he steps one step closer to the ring before stopping and popping that grin that has been the bane of many men bigger, stronger, and smarter than Curtis Penn in the past twenty-five years.

Eric Dane:

Then you're out of your rabbit-ass mind!

The fans take this opportunity to laugh at Penn as Dane backs up the aisle.

Curtis Penn:

Typical. Talk shit, then run away. It's no wonder a wrestler as pathetic as the squid was able to end your career before I could.

Impossibly the grin on Dane's face widens and the fire behind his eyes rages.

Eric Dane:

I'll tell you what. If you're so goddamned intent on losing that twenty pounds of platinum that you've only just barely won back from Impulse...

Penn nods in approval.

Eric Dane:

And you ain't lackin' in the balls to put it on the line in an Unsanctioned Match...

The crowd is at a fever pitch.

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Eric Dane:

Then bring that sum-bitch to DEFIANCE Road, I got something for your silly ass and I'm real, real interested in seeing you without that belt around your waist again!

Mic drop.

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

DDK:

WAIT A SECOND! Did Eric Dane just put himself in a FIST Title match? In the MAIN EVENT of DEFIANCE ROAD?

Angus:

Sure as shit sounds like he did!

DDK:

In an Unsanctioned Match? Is that even legal?

Angus:

He's the BOSS! He makes the RULES!

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen that's all the time we've got for you tonight, tune in to UNCUT for some last minute PEE PEE VEE hype, and don't forget to tune in LIVE on HULU for DEFIANCE ROAD!

Angus:

Where Curtis Penn goes to DIE!

DDK:

For Angus Skaaland, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler, GOOD NI-

THIS IS DEFIANCE