

THE RUNDOWN

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

THOOM THOOM THOOM THOOM

The show kicks off in usual exuberant fashion. The Faithful already whipped into a frenzy simply by the show kicking off. The big crane camera begins its usual crawl around the arena, catching the usual smattering of signage. Some works of art, some that should have been left in the car. A large red poster simply reading "SQUID*MAX" in big black letters and a huge three person wide masterpiece depicting Kendrix and Mikey Unlikely reenacting the poster for the film Brokeback Mountain. As the camera finishes wading through several more rows of dick jokes and first names scrawled above big arrows pointing down, we arrive at the foot of the commentation station where "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland sit awaiting our arrival.

DDK:

Ladies and gentlemen welcome to another edition of DEFtv! We have four HUGE DEF*MAX matches for you tonight folks, not to mention a Tag Team title defence!

Angus:

How do those two assholes still walk these halls with those belts, Darren... HOW?!

DDK:

The PCP have managed to keep the gold around their waists for now. Perhaps their open challenge will prove a true test tonight, partner.

Angus:

My little birdies have been tweeting in my ear all morning Darr...

DDK:

It's a team from BRAZEN isn't it.

Angus:

Hey, fuck you! You know nothing, NOTHING!

DDK:

Getting down to business! We'll see if lightning can strike twice as Kendrix will be taking on Frank Pastore in B block action tonight!

Angus:

Kendrix is ridin' hiiiiigh on that miracle win over Boxer last week. Personally I'm hoping big Frankie rolls up tonight and puts a boot up his ass and puts a stop to all that nonsense.

DDK:

Rounding out tonight's B block action we'll see in tonight's main event none other than you're faaaaavorite wrestler Curtis Penn...

Angus:

A pox on your house.

DDK:

... taking on a man DESPERATE for a turnaround in fortune, The Bombastic Bronson Box! This is a showdown between two of DEFIANCE's most seasoned competitors. Two true DEFIANCE originals.

Angus:

I legitimately hope Box murders Curtis tonight. Now... now you all might think I'm being facetious, joking around because I detest Curtis. But Darren... Darren, we have a perfect storm in this match. Box lost to a BRUV last week...

Curtis Penn might die tonight before our eyes Darren!

DDK:

I've quite literally have never seen you this excited.

Angus:

Just move on, move on I'm about to excitement pee like a goddamn yorkie just thinking about it!

DDK:

A block is just as stacked, partner!

Angus:

I beg to differ, but carry on.

DDK:

Well, how does Mikey Unlikely stepping into the ring with a big bad All-American grappler Levi Cole, Cole looking to play spoiler in this tournament against the sports entertainer.

Angus:

Yeah, lets see the cock-sock "sports entertain" his way out of the pretzel big Levi's gunna' twist his ass into after SUPLEXIN' him out of his skidmarked underoos!

DDK:

Our final DEF*MAX A block contest will be a show stealer without a doubt as Cayle Murray steps between the ropes to face none other than Impulse!

Angus:

Fliiiiiiiippy shiiiiiiiit... albeit quality flippy shit, but my point still stands.

DEF*MAX ROUND THREE: KENDRIX VS. FRANK PASTORE [BLOCK B]**DDK:**

Coming up we have our first match of the night and one of the more exciting match ups in the DEFMAX tournament.

Angus:

IS IT BRONSON'S MATCH!?

DDK:

Not yet Angus, just relax!

♪ "Like a machine" by Thousand Foot Krutch ♪

Stepping out from behind the curtain is none other than three hundred plus pounds of shredded muscle and Grade 'A' Bad Intentions that make up the first competitor in tonight's opening match up.

DDK:

Frank Pastore getting things kicked off here in the final round of DefMAX Group B matches Where he takes on JFK, Kendrix. Pastore had a contrasting evening, losing out to Curtis Penn in the tournament but he managed to get himself involved in Scott Douglas' shock debut loss to Jack Hunter!

Angus:

Well, hopefully Frank will kick off this show in the right way by putting his Sports Entertaining opponent jerk out of the running for the top spot in this group!

Darren Quimbey:

Making his way to the ring, accompanied by Tony Gamble, weighing 308 pounds and standing at 6 foot 9 inches tall...

Frank steps over the top rope, like near 7 footers tend to do as they enter the ring. Tony "The Grin" Gamble ducks in underneath it as Pastore mounts the lower rope and slaps his chest getting himself hyped up.

Darren Quimbey:

FRANK PASTOOOORRREEEEE!!!

Tony grins up at his protege as Frank hops off of the lower turnbuckle with a little bounce in his step.

DDK:

He may not be having the best tournament in terms of results so far but the towering Pastore has given everyone a run for their money and can certainly have a huge impact on who is going to end up on top of the pile in DefMax Group B.

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, immediately bringing Kendrix into view with his back facing the ring wearing the latest #HollywoodBruv t-shirt and trademark JFK green and gold ring tights with green boots. As the track's marching style drumming picks up pace he rotates his neck twice to stretch it out before slicking his hair back with both hands. Returning his arms down back to his sides he ever so slightly turns his body over to the left. The camera zooms in up close as he tilts his head to peer over his left shoulder, sporting a smug smirk on his face.

DDK:

A massive, massive win for this young man over the Original Defiant, Bronson Box at the last show. A win here for Kendrix over Pastore and you really have to feel that he will be the man to top the group.

Angus:

I'm just glad to see no mic in his hands. Hopefully he'll just walk to the ring. And hopefully he chokes on one of those ridiculous Oreo Frappuccino drink things and forfeits his involvement in the whole tournament, DEFIANCE, hell, planet earth as a whole...what?!

As Angus wonders why his commentary partner is shaking his head at him the chorus kicks in, JFK puts his weight on his left foot as he spins around quickly to face the stage and begins to make his way down the ramp towards the ring, completely ignoring the fans.

Darren Quimbey:

Hailing from London, England. Weighing in at 218lbs and standing at 6 foot 2 inches.

Climbing up onto the 2nd turnbuckle in the corner closest to the entrance ramp, Kendrix looks around at the fans shaking his head at them with a disapproving look on his face. He looks down proudly at the #HollywoodBruvs logo on his shirt.

Quimbley:

Jaay Eff Kaaay...KENDRRRIIX!

He raises his head up proudly, beating his right fist twice to his heart before opening his arms out wide. Taking his shirt off, it looks like he's ready to chuck it into the crowd. Instead, he wags his finger and chuckles to himself, leaving it in the corner of the ring. He jumps down, turning round in one motion and walks to the center of the ring, rotating and stretching his neck before hopping on the spot in front of the towering Pastore.

Angus:

Hahaha! Yus!! Look at the size difference between these two! I hope Frank smashes the Hollywood Douche's head off!!!

The two men stare intently at each other for a few moments before Kendrix reaches out and slaps Pastore square across the jaw.

Angus:

Kill the small man Frank! Go get him!

DDK:

We saw that same lack of respect from Kendrix there against Box. The man clearly isn't lacking in confidence and self belief.

Angus:

I'll begrudgingly give him a little credit for that win over Box but I honestly think that lack of respect is a mixture of confidence and sheer stupidity on the part of this ego maniac, Keeps!

Having rubbed his jaw, Pastore affords himself a chuckle, looking down at his opponent, who inexplicably swings for another slap. This time however, Frank catches Jesse's hand and clenches his fist over it. Kendrix hops gingerly from one foot to the other, screaming in pain before landing a sharp round house kick to the back of Pastore's calf.

DDK:

Pastore's hold is broken and Mark Shields has officially got this one underway. More quick and sharp roundhouse kicks from JFK has the giant Pastore hobbling.

Kendrix ducks a short arm clothesline attempt, runs off the ropes and comes back with an angled drop kick to the back of Frank's calves, dropping the big man down to his knees.

DDK:

Great strategy by Kendrix there, bringing Pastore down to his knees.

Angus:

I gotta admit it's good strategy Kendrix knows the best chance he's got of winning this match is if he brings the big man down a foot. But this, this is what pisses me off Keebs.

BOOOOOOOO!

Upon getting back to his feet, Jesse holds his arms wide out in front of the audience who are letting him know exactly how they feel about the man from London, England. Kendrix turns his attention to Gamble who's pointing up in Kendrix's direction from the outside.

DDK:

Kendrix had better focus on the job at hand instead of those outside the ring.

Angus:

No, actually, that's fine, keep entertaining them JFDouchebag! No actually, turn around right now!

As if on cue, Kendrix manages to stop his unique brand of trash talk and attention on Gamble and straight into a huge clothesline from the revitalised Pastore.

DDK:

Wow, that nearly took Kendrix's head off right there.

Angus:

Dammit, nearly isn't good enough Keebs.

While Jesse holds his neck, gasping for air, Pastore looks over at Gamble who points over intently at Kendrix, imploring his protege to put more pressure on his opponent. Without hesitation, Frank picks Jesse up by the man bun and clubs a forearm across the back of his neck.

DDK:

Kendrix back down to the mat, but Pastore is straight back on him, pulls him up and another forearm and another right across the back of the Hollywood Bruv's neck.

Angus:

This, this is the way to kick off every DefTV moving forward. KILL HIM, FRANK, KILL HIM!!!

Pastore picks his struggling opponent up once more, this time he whips him to the ropes and bends his torso forward, ready for the follow up but it doesn't come as Kendrix hooks his arms around the top rope and slides out to the floor, resting his back on the railing looking back up at the mammoth task standing nearly seven foot tall in the middle of the ring.

Angus:

Son of a bitch. I was enjoying that!

Kendrix looks at the fans from left to right, his face dumbfounded with what he's hearing.

You're a bellend!!! CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP!!!

You're a bellend!!! CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP!!!

You're a bellend!!! CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP!!!

DDK:

The DEFIANCE faithful making their feelings perfectly clear tonight folks.

Angus:

YOU'RE A BELLEND, CLAP CLAP, CLAP CLAP CLAP!

DDK:

You're saying the claps as well as being unprofessional?!

Angus:

Come on Keebs, quit focussing on the chant and call the match for crying out loud, jeez!

DDK:

Well, I would call the match but it seems that Kendrix has made his way over to Gamble to have another round of trash talk.

Shield's count has reached five as Kendrix jabs his index finger into his opponent's chest but Gamble stands his ground, all the while goading the Hollywood Bruv into position for his protege to reach down over the top rope, both hands around Kendrix's head, and lift his opponent, kicking and screaming up and over the top rope and dumped to the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Sheer strength and power there from Frank Pastore. He's got Kendrix right where he wants him now.

Jesse holds the palms of his hands out in front of his seated position, shaking his head and moving closer to the turnbuckle, begging Frank to stay away as he approaches closer and closer.

Angus:

Has this man no shame whatsoever? Look at him Keebs!

Pastore doesn't give Kendrix the satisfaction and drops a boot right to the chest of the Hollywood Bruv. Now trapped in the corner Pastore delivers more feet to chest. He's really stomping away. Suddenly a red carpet begins to unfurl from the entrance ramp. The fans boo instantly as the "Hollywood" Heritage Champion comes from behind the curtain walkins slowly and smiling.

It takes a second for Frank to recognize the presence of the Worlds Greatest Sports Entertainer, but once he does he backs off of JFK and walks towards the ropes. Pointing over the top, he begs Mikey to keep coming, and get into the ring.

Angus:

For fucks sake! I cannot enjoy one match...just ONE match without Mikey "Ken" Unlikely out here?

DDK:

Ken?

Angus:

His face is plastic Keebs!

It's true Mikey Unlikely is sporting a large, clear plastic face mask that covers his nose and forehead. Protecting the nose injury he suffered at the hands of Cayle Murray at DefTV71. He continues down the ramp, even going as far as...

DDK:

Mikey is up on the apron here, right in front of Pastore, what's he doing?!

Mikey Unlikely:

HEY, YOU DON'T DO THAT TO MY BRUV!

Angus:

Wait a minute, roll up, noooooo!!

ONE

TWO

DDK:

NO! Kick out at two, how close was that?!

Angus:

Too close, far too close. Get that Hollywood idiot out of here!

Mikey slams his hands down in frustration on the apron while Kendrix pounds his fists down repeatedly onto the mat before arching his body up and gripping his hair in disbelief at the kick out. The referee reassures him it was only a two count.

DDK:

Kendrix back up to a vertical base now, what's he planning!?

Angus:

Don't look now partner...but I don't think Tony Gamble is taking a liking to the addition of McDouchface at ringside.

Tony Gamble is indeed beelining for one Mr. Michael Unlikable. He comes over finger raised, poking at the chest of Unlikely, who raises his eyes wide in disbelief.

DDK:

While those two are getting acquainted Pastore is up and makes a b line toward Kendrix, who ducks under the running clothesline attempt, Pastore off the ropes and straight into a spinning wheel kick from Kendrix.

Angus:

Fuck! The big man is down!

Pastore makes it back up to his knees but Kendrix bounces off the ropes and hits his opponent with a running bulldog face first into the mat and straight into a crossface submission hold.

DDK:

Kendrix has got the Kendrix Kross locked in dead in the middle of the ring with Pastore with nowhere to go.

Angus:

Don't tap, don't tap, don't tap!!!!

Shields is down on the mat asking Frank if he wants to quit. Kendrix isn't waiting for an answer and arches back a little further which brings Frank's hand up by the side of his head.

Angus:

NOOOOOOO!!!! DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE!!

DDK:

Pastore surely can't take anymore of this, wait a minute, Gamble is up on the apron, he's trying to get in the ring.

Angus:

McFuckass is holding him back.

Shields sees the commotion on the apron and heads over to get both men away from the action. But it's at that moment that Pastore is repeatedly slamming the palm of his hand down flat and hard to the mat.

DDK:

Pastore is tapping!

Angus:

But the ref hasn't seen it! He's dealing with Mikey and Tony Gamble!!!! Fantastic refereeing if you ask me!

DDK:

The official is missing the conclusion to this matchup!

The ref doesn't turn around, not until it's too late. A frustrated JFK breaks the submission hold and gets up when he realizes Mark Shields is not paying attention to the action in the ring.

He stands up and spins around Mark Shields. He slowly backs him towards the corner, yelling and berating him all the way.

Kendrix:

JFK JUST WON, DAMMIT! HE MADE THAT BELLEND TAP. RAISE MY HAND, YEAH?!

That's when Pastore gets to his feet...

DDK:

Wait a minute, SCHOOL BOY ROLL UP, the ref is in place.

Angus:

YES!!!!!!!!!!

ONE!!!

TWO!!!

THREE!!!

Kendrix kicks out but it's too late!

DDK:

He got him! Kendrix couldn't kick out of the roll up in time due to the sheer size and weight advantage of Frank Pastore!

Angus:

HAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!! YUUUUSSSSSSS!!!!!!!

Pastore celebrates with Tony Gamble in the ring before Mark Shields raises his hand in victory.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the winner of this match by pinfall...Frank PASTO....

OOOOOHHHHHHHH!!!!

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely with as sweet a jumping steel chair shot clean across the back of Pastore's head!!

Gamble tends to his protege, who's lying face first in the mat, but is grabbed by a pissed off Kendrix and thrown out of

the ring.

Angus:

This ain't good.

Kendrix takes the chair from Mikey, pointing for his bestest bruv in the whole world to hold the victor up. Mikey can only manage to pull the big man up to a kneeling position, but it's as upright as Kendrix needs as he proceeds to crash the steel chair hard over the top of his victor's head which puts the big man out for the count.

DDK:

A sickening thud! Look at the look in Kendrix's eyes, he's still seething! And look at Mikey, down on all fours shouting in Pastore's ear!

Angus:

To be fair, Kendrix had him beat but how good is it when what goes around comes around to the Hollywood Fuck Bois??!!

IM'A KEEL YOU

Deep within the DEFarena's darkest recesses, we find ourselves focused on one **Jason Natas**: DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion.

Who'da thunk it, eh?

One year ago, this man was a wheezing, overweight mess of a wrestler who could barely pull the backstage curtain without breaking a sweat. Now, he's one of the best wrestlers in DEFIANCE. His fortunes have changed dramatically, but Jason's still all-business as he sits in his locker-room, casually dressed.

Jason Natas:

Could kinda get used to this thing, y'know.

Natas looks down at the DOC. Its surface is a little smudged and scratched (let's say Frank Dylan James wasn't exactly the most careful of custodians), but it glimmers in the locker-room's light, and looks at home on The Bronx Bully's shoulder.

Andy Murray:

You deserve it, big man.

Andy Murray's voice comes from across the room. The camera swoops over to find both Murray brothers standing-up, facing their training partner.

Andy Murray:

I've been saying it since that ugly old belt was first announced: there's nobody better suited to carrying it around than you. Not Frank, not Box... nobody.

Jason Natas:

You tryn'a sweet-talk me into a shot, Murphy?

Cayle Murray:

Him? He's almost 40, mate. Don't push it.

The King's face turns sour.

Andy Murray:

Oi.

He lands a playfully soft punch on Cayle's shoulder, which Eric Dane's conqueror sells like a sniper's bullet. The younger Murray slumps back against the locker-room's wall, prompting a brief snort-laugh from the DOC.

Jason Natas:

What about you, boyo?

Natas slaps the belt's face plate.

Jason Natas:

Think you got what it takes?

Cayle pushes himself away from the wall, then shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

I think I'd rather focus on trying to win this DEF*MAX thing, but thanks for the offer.

Jason Natas:

Right enough. You gonna fuck Knox up or what?

Cayle Murray:

Jason, that's our friend...

Big Murr turns to his sibling.

Andy Murray:

When have you ever known this guy to speak with a filter?

Cayle Murray:

Fair point.

There's a moment of silence between the trio. Andy's the one to break it.

Andy Murray:

Man, I'm like a proud parent in here. You're the Onslaught Champion, and Cayle, you're still in the running for DEF*MAX. Everything's coming up ros--

A gigantic presence rushes into the room before Andy can finish his sentence. It draws a startled Jason Natas to his feet, but there's nothing he can do to avoid the massive canned ham fist that flies into his mouth.

Cayle Murray:

Jesus Chri--...

Frank Dylan James swarms on the DOC, lashing out at the back of his head as he doubles over. The belt takes a tumble to the ground, and while Natas is able to raise a hand to block a couple of punches, he can't land anything in return.

The Murray brothers dive between the duo without hesitation.

Andy Murray:

Frank!

Andy digs his shoulder into Frank's chest and pushes into the ground with both feet. Cayle, meanwhile, supports him from the side. It takes an almighty effort, but they're able to pull FDJ away from NAtas.

Andy Murray:

What the hell are you doing?!

FDJ:

That BASYTERD took ma belt!

Wide-eyed and furious, globs of spittle fly from Frank's mouth with every word. Andy steps to create a few inches of separation, as Jason Natas staggers to his feet behind him.

Andy Murray:

What's gotten into you?! I thought we were all--

FDJ:

We ain't shit!

Frank looks beyond Murray.

FDJ:

FATAS! That title ain't belong to you!

The Anti-Superstar puts a hand to his mouth. He's bleeding.

Jason Natas:

Fuck you.

Natas surges forward, but Cayle sees it coming. Cayle's leaping tackle doesn't halt Natas completely, but it slows him down, and The Bronx Bully thunks into Andy's back. This sends The King nudging into Frank, who takes exception and wings a wild punch...

... Miss.

Andy slips-out at just the right moment, but he drops right into a fighting stance.

Andy Murray:

Get your arse outt--

Jason Natas:

FRANK!

A furious Natas pulls away from Cayle Murray, but stays between FDJ and Andy. He picks the belt from the ground and holds it up.

Jason Natas:

You want this?

He waits.

Jason Natas:

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. Come fuckin' get it!

Boom. Tipping point.

FDJ tries to charge through Andy Murray to get to his former drinking buddy, but a swarm of DEFsec members flood into the locker-room at just the right moment. Having heard the commotion down the corridor, half a dozen security members expertly position themselves between FDJ and his former Drunkbros, though nobody lets their guard down.

FDJ:

I'll fuckin' KEEL you, Fatas!

But Jason says nothing. As FDJ tries to wrangle free from DEFsec, Natas and the Murrays watch him carted-off out of the locker-room. The sounds of struggle and Frank cursing in his thick accent slowly tail away, and we cut.

FOCUS

The scene opens up inside the Hollywood Bruvs locker room. Mikey Unlikely, wearing his newest ring gear, and the HOLLYWOOD Heritage Championship around his waist, and of course the clear plastic face guard to cover his nose, holds his arms out to the left of our screen as we see wave upon wave of Hollywood Bruv and SEG merchandise fly across the room amongst the commotion.

OSV:

FUUUUUUUUUCCKKKKKKKK!!!!!! FUCKING BAAASSSTTTAAARRRDDDD!!!!

Mikey takes a step back as Kendrix walks into shot, still in his ring gear from earlier tonight, holding his hands on his head, puffing his cheeks out in clear frustration from the loss he suffered at the hands of Frank Pastore.

Mikey Unlikely:

Bruv, calm dow...

Kendrix:

CALM DOWN?!!! DID YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENED OUT THERE?! WHO THE HELL WINS A SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT MATCH WITH A BORING SCHOOLBOY ROLL UP?!!! I HAD HIM BEAT!!!! HE WAS TAPPING!!!!

JFK lashes a kick out at a bin which crashes hard against the wall. Unlikely raises his arms up and down, trying to get Kendrix to take deeeeeeeep breaths.

Mikey Unlikely:

It's ok! It's ok! Breathe my man! BREATHE!

Kendrix takes in a huge breath and exhales out louder than necessary. Gritting his teeth he taps the side of his head with his index finger.

Kendrix:

We need to go see Kelly Evans, she loves the Bruvs, right? Who doesn't, Obvs?!

Mikey looks nervously back at Kendrix but answers the way his Bruv would have him answer anyway.

Mikey Unlikely:

TOTALLY OBVS????!BUT.... before we do that... we still have...

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah?! She'll overturn the match, she saw that tap out for sure! She won't stand for a cheap unentertaining schoolboy finish? Wait here!

Kendrix turns to make his way out of the locker room but Mikey desperately pulls at his shoulder and turns his bestest bruv in the whole world round to face him, grabbing at his temple.

Mikey Unlikely:

HEY! HEY! YOU DON'T SAY THAT! MIKEY WAITS FOR NO ONE! LISTEN UP BRUV, AND LISTEN UP GOOD!

Unlikely slaps his bruv in the face. Kendrix looks taken aback but realizes he's being dramatic.

Mikey Unlikely:

YOU had that match won! It's the biggest travesty in sports entertainment history! No bout a doubt it! But we gotta focus up! We have one more match to attend to tonight and DAMMIT I CAN STILL WIN THIS THING! BUT I NEED MY BEST BRUV AT 100%! I don't need you looking for Kelly Evans! I need you at ringside!

Kendrix holds his head in his hands, still clearly frustrated, but he bites his lip, closes his eyes for a few seconds and nods his head, his eyes focused directly on the SOHER Champ.

Kendrix:

You're right, bruv. Kelly can wait. JFK's got your back, obv's!

Mikey has a look of relief cross his face.

Mikey Unlikely:

There we go! Totally obv's! The Bruvs are down, but we're not out BAY BAY! Let's win this thing! Interestingly enough I got a call today on the way in here! From one of our old friends!

Kendrix furrows his brow before excitedly looking over at his buddy

Kendrix:

Drake???!!!!

Mikey Unlikely:

I WISH!!!! C'mawn man. Let's go grab some Frapps, I'll tell you all about it!

Fade out.

POP CULTURE PHENOMS Â© VS. THE BARRIO BOYS

Angus:

Now that we have that obnoxious bruv's bullshit out of the way...

DDK:

...Well about that.

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella. ♪

Angus:

FUCK.

DDK:

My thoughts exactly.

Angus:

Is the entire night going to be like this?

DDK:

Probably

Angus:

AWWWWWWWW C'MAAWWWWWWWWWWWWWWNNNNN!

Wearing a pair of mirror coated aviator shades, The D leads the way with his DEFIANCE Tag Team Championship raised high above his head, behind him Elise Ares walks (behind a giant pair of sunglasses of her own) holding her half of the championships in the air directly in front of her with two selfie sticks. The Havana Harlot spins around and acts like she's recording a video of the fans behind her during their entrance with the reflection off the tag titles and The D jumps in behind her to "photo bomb." The fans behind them can see their own middle fingers flipping them off as they make their way down to the ring.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

She does realize that everything she can see herself in doesn't record her and post onto the internet, right?

DDK:

I certainly have my doubts. What I don't have doubts about is the fact that they're coming out here to promote another leg of their ridiculous PCP Open Invitational Challenge, which was cancelled last show due to a Drake concert?

Angus:

They cancelled it cause they were SCARED! The show before that Big Murr and Fat Boy would've beat their ass if they didn't disqualify themselves.

DDK:

We'll never know for sure now...

Angus:

On no, I know. DEFIANCE knows... I'm insulted every time I see those titles in their hands.

Klein follows them out from a distance, keeping away from the Tag Team Championship currently attached to the

dueling selfie sticks. You know, just in case. Elise duckfaces towards the title when a fan reaches out from behind her and taps her on the shoulder and she screams mortified. The D picks up the championships for safe keeping as Klein runs down and for some reason has a complimentary wet wipe from catering and began to apply sterilization to the affected area. Elise, like a trooper, follows The D under the bottom rope into the ring where she's handed back her selfie stick championship and Klein scurries away.

The D walks over to the side of the ring and calls for a microphone as Elise leans against the top rope with one foot on the second rope looking into her Tag Team Championship and making kissy faces before pulling her title away from the selfie sticks and lifting it high above her head to the disappointment of the crowd. Behind her The D fastens his own championship around his waist and beats into the top of the microphone, making an obnoxious noise and deafening the audience.

The D:

QUIET ON THE SET!

Elise Ares smirks as the music cuts and the jeers from the crowd rain down upon them from every direction.

"FUCK YOU, P-C-P!" (claps)

"FUCK YOU, P-C-P!" (claps)

"FUCK YOU, P-C-P!" (claps)

The D:

I know you all want us inside you, but you're dirty and disgusting and don't touch us.

As The D taunts the audience Elise Ares calls for her own microphone before ripping out of the hand of some poor stagehand.

Elise Ares:

Of course they want us to fuck 'em, these people love us. But not even with my strap-on...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Klein enters the ring behind them as Elise shrugs her shoulders, unable to figure out who they were chanting for before The D takes over.

The D:

As you know, strictly for tax purposes, we have been holding a PCP Open Tag Team Invitational that allows any pair of usually unknown "challengers" from the back to temporarily share a spotlight with us and "challenge" for the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships. At our last show, we unfortunately were unable to give you the entertainment you so desire because we were kicking it with Drake backstage at his concert and it was totally the most awesome thing to happen to us... er... him, in the history of existence.

Elise Ares:

He was so happy to see us, I had no idea he was such a big fan.

The D:

Of course he is, Elise. We're famous.

The two pose with cheeky grins with their backs to each other. Klein runs up to join the photo op just in time for the two to disperse. Klein's box hangs in disappointment.

Elise Ares:

Obvs.

The D:

Totes Obviously. So, to make up for the disappointment of your inability to see us at DEFtv 71, that which only rivals that of your parents disappointment of you, we've gone out of our way with the "fine people" who make all of your "high quality wrestling apparel" and have designed something for all of the poor people to wear. Now, you should wear this only in highly visible public places with a preference towards the west coast, specifically Hollywood Boulevard or the Sunset Strip. Doing so, it will make you feel like you're almost the FOURTH member, of the PCP.

Elise Ares (talks without moving her teeth):

I don't think you're supposed to make quotation marks with your fingers after Labor Day.

The D:

Good call. So I bring to you...

The D steps out of the way so that Klein is now standing between the two of them and not behind them. He immediately goes to flee but The D cuts him off and has a small pep talk with him away from the microphone.

Angus:

Can someone PLEASE make this stop?

DDK:

I've had root canals that have gone over better than this.

Klein shakes his head at the D as the D shouts at him to retrieve the t-shirt. Klein shakes his head again and covers the sides of his box, where he's drawn ears on this week. The D taps his foot impatiently before Elise awkwardly speaks into the microphone.

Elise Ares:

While those two sort this out, I thought now would be a great time to clarify some of the rumors that I've heard people are talking about on the internet... since I'm super big on social media. That video is TOTES not me, it's just a girl who looks like me, and even if it was me I would've been super young and we all make mistakes, right? I mean... look at Kim Kardashi...

Elise pauses and looks back.

Elise Ares:

Oh, we're ready now? DRUMROLL PLEASE.

The D taps the top of his microphone obnoxious before Klein pulls a wad of fabric from his box head. He unfurls it above his head, as The D & Elise step out of the way to reveal a wrinkled white t-shirt with navy blue text that says "Elise Ares & The D Are Pop Culture Phenoms." The crowd groans as Elise and The D clap, then D motions for Klein to turn the shirt around, still firmly in front of his box. He does and on the back it reads "But I'm Not."

The D:

Don't you guys love it?! We made this for all of you!

Elise Ares:

The little people!

Angus:

These two never cease to find new ways to insult me.

DDK:

Take it easy there big guy.

Angus:

I wouldn't piss on these two if they were on fire.

DDK:

Is that how that saying goes? Because I've always been confused about that.

Elise Ares:

These 100% Cotton, totally not made in China shirts are available on our website, the DEFIANCE website, and anywhere that sells awesome clothing.

The D:

So FUCK YOU MARSHALLS...

Elise Ares:

You can own this shirt, and help fund our next movie project, with two easy payments of \$19.99 plus shipping and handling if you order domestically in the United States.

The D:

International shipping is extra, but totally worth it.

Elise Ares:

Speaking of being worth it, we better get this Invitational thing going or else we're going to owe so many taxes.

The D:

Oh right... that. So who wants to come down to the ring and get beat by the Pop Culture Phenoms?!

Angus:

Or... the opposite of that!

The crowd waits for a few seconds in silence, giving The D just enough time to look at his imaginary watch before...

Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez:

HELLOOOOOO DEFFFFIIIAANNNCEEEEEEE!

DDK:

Oh boy...

Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez:

HOWWW YA'LLLLLLL DOOOOOOOIN?!

♪ "Bailar" by Deorro feat. Elvis Crespo ♪

As the horn section kicks in, Hugo appears coming down the aisle in a white jumpsuit clapping to the beat and dancing. Behind him come Corey Nunez and Gerardo Villalobos wearing matching jumpsuits as well. Nunez pumps his fist to the beat in the air and Villalobos bounces back and forth from foot to foot. Soon they all start dancing together to the beat on their way down the aisle, leaving Elise and The D in the ring to look at each other in confusion. Klein, however, is busting a move alongside the rhythm. At the end of the aisle Hugo puts the microphone back up to his lips, cutting the music.

Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez:

We were listening to you tirones in the back, and we decided that it was time that someone came out here and stuck up for all the little ninos that you guys talk down to every show. You see, me and my boys here, we're of the mindset that if you go to school every day, say your prayers, and avoid the devils of drugs and alcohol, you can become ANYTHING you could ever dream of being.

The crowd gives a mixed reaction as he goes on.

Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez:

You see dollars signs in this crowd, dinero, but I see the future of this great planet of ours. Future doctors, lawyers, world leaders, and even the next generation of professional wrestlers! It's true! Your lives are all destined for greatness, and together we can make our futures a SHINING BEACON of what we as a people can accomplish if we put all of our differences aside and work together, and love one another. You see Miss Elise... Mister D... in this life we only get one chance, and not losing this chance is muy importante.

Hugo walks up onto the apron with microphone in hand, flanked on each side by his fellow Barrio Boys members with giant smiles on their faces.

Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez:

And tonight we're going to use that opportunity to be the role models that these people and/or their legal guardians and/or authoritarian figures in their lives deserve. And with the DEFIANCE Tag Team Championships around our waists we're going to make sure the world never forgets the importance of listening to directions and following rules, because if there is anything we can't stand, it's a bully. Remember one last thing ninos... DON'T BE A PLAYA!

Barrio Boys (in unison):

STAY IN ESCUELA!

They wait for the crowd to cheer them on but the reaction is somewhat muted.

Elise Ares:

Can I punch them now?

DING! DING! DING!

The D:

Now you can.

Elise Ares:

I meant, can you punch them now?

The D sighed, starting the match off for the Pop Culture Phenoms against the larger member of the Barrio Bros, Geraldo Villalobos. The D raised both index fingers in a "wait" signal, and turned to their official Carla Ferrari.

The D:

Can we get that guy (points outside) instead of baldy over here?

Carla shakes her head wildly no as the D pouts. The D begins to circle around Geraldo, who just spins to watch the D almost prance around the ring. The D comes in with a collar and elbow, but doesn't cinch it in and instead goes behind Geraldo, back to his corner. The D points to his noggin as Geraldo whiffs, and the crowd boos.

DDK:

The Pop Culture Phenoms have certainly figured out a way to avoid any actual wrestling in their matches.

Angus:

And it sickens me. GO BACK TO HOLLYWOOD YOU FAKES.

Again, circle around by the D. Geraldo this time lunges, only for the D to avoid and go back behind Villalobos. The crowd boos again as The D points to his head. The D smiles at Geraldo and sizes the big man up as the crowd chants.

"YOU. CAN'T. WRESTLE. *CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP*"

"YOU. CAN'T. WRESTLE. *CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP*"

The D:

I KNOW! I SPORTS ENTERTAIN!

Boos from the crowd. The D raises his hand high in the air, looking for a test of strength against Villalobos.

Angus:

Are you serious? Geraldo is gonna squash him.

As the confused Geraldo reaches in to grab the D's test of strength, the D kicks him, a little too low for comfort. Carla shouts and yells at the D for the low blow, and the D just shouts something about it being a mistake. The D then quickly on the attack, kicking the back of Geraldo's shin multiple times as the big man remains upright on his knees. After three kicks, the D grabs his leg from behind and does a dragon screw, whipping Geraldo's knee and shin into the canvas. He does this again. And on the third time, he decides to hook Geraldo's leg and transition into an STF.

DDK:

The D, showing what may be his first wrestling maneuver... ever?

Angus:

Hope it's his last. CRUSH HIM GERALDO! MAKE ME PROUD BRAZEN BOYS!

The D can't hook the STF, Geraldo's body frame is just too large. So he stands and jumps, leaping into the air and coming crashing down on Geraldo's hooked shin. The D does this again, driving his knees back into the shin and contorting Villalobo's knee in the process. The D grabs Geraldo by his boot and tries to drag him to his corner, but there's absolutely NO movement. He grunts and frustratingly tries again, to no avail. So instead, he begins to stomp away at Geraldo's shin and then rushes over to make the tag to Elise. He comes back and continues stomping away, as Elise enters and joins him. The D leaves the stomps, and returns to his corner at the four count from Carla. Carla takes a moment to reprimand him, and during that time, Elise sneaks back in and tags the D back in. Elise returns, STOMP STOMP, as the D joins her side.

DDK:

Looks like this is a modified version of the BLACKLIST (Multiple stomps). Appears the D was not able to drag Geraldo to his corner.

Angus:

Puny little flippy dos...

Carla four counts Elise as she exits the ring. The D continues to let loose with kicks and stomps to the downed Geraldo, who has rolled onto his back. The D charges off the ropes, looking for a HUGE punt, but Geraldo fires to his feet, grabs a SHOCKED and EYES WIDE the D around the waist before hitting a beautiful belly to belly. The ring shakes with the impact.

DDK:

What a counter by Geraldo! You noticed he could only use one of his legs to pivot and rise to his feet, the PCP's attacks have done a number, but the big man has more strength and heart than the PCP combined!

Geraldo dives out and makes the tag to Nunez, who springboards to the top ropes and catches a stunned the D in the face with a drop kick. This sends the D sprawling out of the ring. As he does, Nunez rushes off the far side, only for Elise to grab the top rope and pull it down, sending the high flier of the group flipping upside down and to the outside of the ring.

Elise hops off the apron and begins to kick and stomp away at Nunez to the detest of the DEF crowd. On the other side of the ring, The D is faking blindness and distracting a very annoyed Carla Ferrari. Meanwhile, Elise grabs Corey and slams him back first into the ring apron. As Hugo turns the corner, shouting at Elise that he will 'END HER!' Elise Ares tosses Nunez in and climbs back onto the apron without confrontation with Hugo.

The D climbs to the top rope and sizes up the fallen Nunez. The crowd stands, actually interested in how the D will fly off the top rope. So, instead, he hops off the ropes, and rushes toward his corner, tagging in Elise to a large amount of jeers from the crowd.

Elise took a moment to pose for the angry crowd, before stomping Corey Nunez's hand. She then did the same to his head before grabbing his head and repeatedly bashing it into the mat. Carla jumps in and tells Elise to break it up before she questions why she's not allowed to land offense in the wrestling handbook. Carla blows her off while Nunez jumps across to tag in his partner but Elise grabs his ankle at the last second, just inches away from his corner. Corey starts kicking and flailing to shake loose and finally does and makes the tag to his much larger tag team partner. Villalobos bursts into the ring and gives literal chase to Elise Ares, who runs away and slides under the bottom rope. Geraldo follows as she rounds the corner passing Gonzalez as he shouts at him to "END HER!" on the way by. Elise rounds the next corner and Villalobos is giving chase before Elise rounds her own corner and The D swings wildly trying to land a penalty kick on the big man but misses! Elise then stops and rolls past Geraldo who tries to grab her and then runs back towards The D again. Geraldo gives chase and this time The D connects with his penalty kick much to the disdain of the crowd.

The D (shouting and pointing):

STAY IN SCHOOL!

Angus:

That was just absurd, how did he fall for that?!

DDK:

This is professional wrestling, I've seen weirder things happen.

Angus:

He just got out-smarted by Elise Ares.

The Havana Harlot slides into the ring and lays across the top rope with her legs propped up in her own corner, relaxing. Klein pulls a paper fan out of his box and jumps up onto the apron to fan her off as the big man begins to stir on the floor behind them. Klein waves the fan in the face of Elise Ares as she looks at her nails and The D is violently pulled off the apron, sending the rest of PCP into chaos. Klein jumps down and scurries the opposite direction and Elise jumps down and backs into the middle of the ring as Geraldo slides in after her. The crowd roars with anticipation as Villalobos traps Elise in his corner along with Nunez on the apron. The big man whips her hard into the opposite corner where the ring shakes with impact and she falls onto the floor holding her back.

Villalobos then pulls her back up and does the same back the other direction, this time Elise flips over the turnbuckle onto the apron where Nunez hits her with a superkick and she falls onto the apron floor. Corey Nunez kicks her back inside the ring Villalobos goes to grab her and she grabs onto the bottom rope. She's latched on and Geraldo tries to pull her off but she's really on there. He uses all of his strength and he's successful but Elise Ares catches his head between her feet and head-scissors the big man head first into the top turnbuckle.

DDK:

I think that was an actual wrestling move too!

Angus:

No. That one was just dumb luck.

Elise scrambles to create some space to get away from the big man as he gets back up to his feet. By the time he does, she's on the apron on the opposite side of the ring and jumps up onto the top rope. Flying through the air, she winds her fist back to hit her springboard superman punch she calls Amethystation, but the surprisingly agile Villalobos ducks underneath and send Ares crashing into Carla Ferrari who stood behind him for good position. The two ladies collapse in a heap in the ring, it looks like a car crash, and immediately The D storms the ring and lands a cheap shot to the back of Geraldo's head sending him down to the mat. Then, sliding under the ropes, Klein pulls a referee shirt out of the box on his head and then attempts to put it on, over the box. It doesn't fit, so he rips off his regular shirt to

reveal a refs shirt. Klein then proceeds to try to push The D out of the ring because he's not the legal man.

Angus:

On for Christ's sake... this again?!

DDK:

If anything, I think Klein has proven to be a surprisingly neutral official.

Angus:

He's also proven to be an unsurprising pain in Carla's ass.

Elise and Carla begin to rise to their feet at the same time, as Geraldo begins to stir. Elise gets up first, looking around desperately to see what's going on before Carla then also rises to her feet. She looks over and sees Klein standing behind Elise in the ring with a referee shirt on, but before she can do anything Klein points back at himself and then waves his finger ferociously towards the exit.

Angus:

Did he just...?

DDK:

He did! Klein has thrown himself out of this match!

Angus:

Just when you think you've seen it all...

Klein "Charlie Brown" walks himself out of the ring, as a disturbed and confused Carla looks on. It's such an odd moment, that Carla doesn't notice Klein and the D talking before Klein walks backstage. Elise reaches over to her corner and tags the D in. Elise rushes over to the Barrio Boys corner and catches Nunez in the face with an elbow. This infuriates Geraldo as he roars to life. Elise smiles and begins to jaw jack at the much larger member of the Barrio Boys. Geraldo looks like he's about to SQUASH Elise, as Carla intervenes and shouts at Ares to get out of the ring. Elise raises her hands in defeat, and slips out by the Barrio Bros' corner. Carla watches Elise exit as Geraldo turns...

... and the D strikes him square in the forehead with a wrench.

The D tosses the wrench outside of the ring, where Klein grabs it and puts it back inside his box. The D drops down on top for the cover just as Elise steps out onto the apron. Carla turns, and slides into position, not noticing the hot tempered Hugo on the apron shouting about what just occurred.

One.

Two.

Three.

Angus:

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUU--

The D tosses his arms up in victory as he almost falls backwards in the process. Carla is there to raise one of his hands, as the timekeeper's hand Carla the tag titles. The D rushes over and rips both of them out of her hands. He slips out of the ring and hands Elise her title as they meet on the entrance ramp. Klein now, rushes out from the backstage area with a large basket of PCP t-shirts. He reaches The D and Elise, who each grab a shirt and raise it to the jeering crowd, as if they were to throw them. They then rush to opposite sides of the entrance ramp.

Elise Ares:

How will you be paying? We take SquareTrade.

The D:

Four dollar discount for cash! Just \$35.99!

DDK:

These two are despicable.

Angus:

That's it. I'm putting \$10,000 grand of my own money for someone to END THIS.

DDK:

Are... Are you serious?

Angus:

Maybe. Give me some time to think on it. You know what? These two don't DESERVE 10 grand. TEN DOLLARS. There. I just put a price tag on a person.

DDK:

Two people.

Angus:

Yes. They're each worth five dollars. Which is 1 million Hollywood McFuckass moneys.

CRUSHPROOF

The *DEFI*Atron comes alive with Tony "The Grin" Gamble and his giant protege passing through the back halls of the Wrestle-Plex with a new feather in their collective cap. Frank Pastore was able to find redemption of sorts in the eyes of his mentor; taking down Kendrix and living up to his potential.

DDK: *[voice over]*

Not sure what to make of this, partner; but that is Frank Pastore who we saw earlier tonight score a victory over JFK!

Tony:

That is what I'm talking about Frank! That is what we came to do!

Angus: *[voice over]*

I say give all the screen time he can handle. Enemy of my enemy and all.

Frank just nods in agreeance as the two continue down the hall toward the rear exit. Tony pops the crash bar of the exit door and it flies open.

The two step out into the night pleased with themselves and the events of the evening. After a slight misstep everything seems to be right back on track and nothing could ruin this night. The pair stop for a moment and Tony pats Frank on the back.

Tony: *[looking up at Frank]*

Don't worry about Box. Forget him for now. We'll get back to that sawed off Scot' in due time!

The door swings back closed with a loud thud and metallic ring to reveal Scott Douglas sitting, once again, on the black travel case. Tony is alerted to his presence by the geared swish of a lighter.

Angus: *[voice over]*

That's enough; what's next, Keebs?

Tony: *[to Scott]*

Thought you'd had enough, boy.

Scott: *[exhaling]*

Tony, I'm not here to get in pissing matches with you or Frank.

Frank drops his bag and starts to step toward Scott but is stopped by Tony, much like before.

Scott:

I'm here to compete and make a name for myself. Maybe grab a title or two ... this *[jestering toward Tony and Frank]* needs to get settled now before things escalate any further.

Tony: *[scoffing]*

Look, bag boy ... I don't know what makes you think you are the level with Frank and I hope you have half the sense to understand on my worst day you'll never be on the level with someone like myself.

Frank intimidatingly raises his shoulders and cracks his neck with a right to left movement and a grimace.

Tony:

Frank is here to ascend to greatness. Levels, of which ... you have no understanding or even the slightest chance of reaching. Frank is here to be the FIST!

Scott: *[exhaling]*

I gotta fist for him, Tony. Save the speech and let's book it!

Scott stands up from his seat and drops the cigarette butt to the concrete. Stepping on it with a twist or two he outs the remainder.

Scott:

I won't even blame you two for that Jack Hunter deal. I take full responsibility for that... but it's clear that this little beef has become a distraction so, only one thing to do, Tony.

Tony:

Does that greasy ass nest you call a hair cut impede your hearing, boy? You aren't fit to carry Frank's bags, much less be a detour ...

Scott: *[facetiously]*

Well that's not what you said a few weeks ago, Tone Loc.

Scott's snarky comment is the straw that broke the camel's back. Frank attempts to step toward him again and this time Tony doesn't stop him. Scott realizing that his mouth may have gotten him a fight rather than a booking; decided to strike first. With a head full of steam Scott jumps and lunges at Frank with a fist cocked back; only to be caught in mid air.

Angus: *[voice over]*

See, Keebs! I told you this would be worthwhile!

Frank slings the smaller Douglas toward the building and Scott's back and shoulders smack the black travel case before gravity introduces him to harsh concrete. Laying on his side clutching his innards Scott glares through the pain momentarily to see the approaching boot.

Angus: *[voice over]*

Half-a-HOSSFIGHT!

Frank lays in a few boots to Scott's midsection while leaned down gripping the black travel case for leverage. With each connection Scott lets out an audible grunt; sometimes seeming to be the start of a word turned into random syllables and others just plain and simple pain.

Tony admires his proteges handywork for a moment before throwing verbal salt in the actual wound.

Tony: *[amused]*

What's that thing they say about hummingbird asses and alligator mouths?

Frank lets loose the travel case and stands up straight. He assesses the damage done and finds it to be sufficient but lays in one last punt the gut for good measure. He returns to Tony's side, wiping his brow clear of the opening salvo of sweat, just long enough for Tony to let out one last quip.

Tony:

Consider it booked, bag boy. Never hurts to pad the future champions resume!

Tony and Frank pick up their bags and walk off into the distance.

Scott, manages to twist his body and bring himself to some form of upright. Leaning against the travel case and bleeding from his nose and lip, Scott digs into his pocket with the hand not currently clutching his stomach. With some difficulty he produces a pack of cigarettes. The pack is mangled as are the majority of contents.

Scott: *[coughing]*

Crushproof, my ass.

He spits the thick saliva and blood mixture to the concrete and finagles the cigarette back open enough to conjure one

of the contents to stick out amongst the rest. He raises the pack to his mouth and pulls the cigarette out with his lips. He drops the pack and repeats the laborsome, one handed, task. This time for a lighter. He raises the lighter toward his face and flicks the flint.

The sudden and bright light throws off the white balance of the camera and washes out the screen momentarily.

As the visual returns slowly encroaching almost evenly from each corner; Scott's face becomes intelligible in the orange flickering glow of his bent cigarette. As he inhales, hands free, a smirk comes across his face.

FASHIONABLY LATE

We cut to the service entrance of the Wrestleplex, the camera on the entrance doors as they open up allowing a late Courtney Paz followed by James Witherhold to enter inside. The Faithful are watching live and react with an open chorus of boos which rattle throughout the venue. Witherhold begins walking down the corridor passing a group of DEFsec that ignore the wrestler. He's wearing a dark grey suit, white dress shirt with no tie and of course is making Paz carry his gym bag.

DDK:

Well look who decided to finally show up. He does know that most of our wrestlers get here about two hours before the show, right?

Angus:

It would have been better if he didn't show up at all! We all know Perfection is a fuck up and will do something to harm Hector Navarro tonight. Then Kelly will fire him, so, why even bother?!

Perfection can be seen smiling and jaw jacking with Paz as they continue their journey through the Plex. The camera suddenly is more focused on Courtney who turns her head to the right. We can see her eyes go wide as she stumbles away from the cross section and towards the wall while letting out a shout.

Paz:

James!

DDK:

The hell is going on...

Witherhold has barely enough time to turn around before he's ambushed by an all black figure, it's not too long we realize that it's Code Name: Reaper and he's got Perfection clean against the wall throwing haymakers into the wrestler.

Angus:

Beat the piss outta him! Yes!

The Faithful explode as Perfection is taking a literal beating and is pinned between two pieces of equipment. Terry Anderson is not far behind and is trying to reason with Reaper who has grabbed Perfection by his hair and marching him towards a fire extinguisher case.

Anderson:

This is not the way to do this!

Reaper:

It's the only way!

Angus:

Yes! Smash his stupid fucking face in!

In the distance we can see DEFsec walking towards the commotion. Two guards get close enough to visually see what's going on and start jogging over but it's far too late. Reaper sends a monstrous knee to the chest of Perfection who's already doubled over, grabs him by the collar of his grey suit, and sends him like a battering ram face first into the extinguisher case. The glass shatters all over the floor as Reaper lets go of James who slumps down to the floor.

DDK:

Perfection has went head first into the glass of that case! He may have a concussion, Darren.

Angus:

That would mean he has brain matter to bruise, Keebs. Trust me, he doesn't.

Reaper: [looking down at Perfection]

He'll look forward to seeing you tonight.

Finally DEFsec has reached Reaper and is pushing him back as Paz is tending over a crumbled Perfection. Terry Anderson is seen walking away in the distance while Reaper whose eyes are glowing bright red is laughing. The camera's cut off to a Reaper walking backwards away from the scene.

DEF*MAX ROUND THREE: MIKEY UNLIKELY VS. LEVI COLE [BLOCK A]**DDK:**

Another DEFMAX matchup on tap next, as the OTHER member of the Hollywood Bruvs takes on BRAZEN standout, but DEFMAX underperformer Levi Cole!

Angus:

Nothing would make me happier than Cole to be alllllll hossssss out there and tear up McDouchface, but as we know, Unlikely likely had a plan in place.

♪"Born In The USA" - Bruce Springsteen♪

Levi comes out from behind the curtain to a cheering faithful. He raises his arms, taking it all in.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentleman, the next match is scheduled for one fall! And is a qualifier for the DEFMAX tournament!!!

Levi Cole starts his way down the ramp, rolling into the ring and begins to stretch in the corner.

Darren Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first, hailing from Omaha, Nebraska! He weighs in at two hundred and sixty five pounds... He is "American Made" Leeeevviiiiii Coooollllllleeeeeeeee

DDK:

Remember folks, Levi Cole is very familiar with his opponent tonight it was only a few short weeks ago, that Cole tagged with Impulse and defeated the Hollywoof Bruvs.

Angus:

What a great night that was!

♪"Blunt Blown" - Lil Wayne♪

The boos come from every corner of the Wrestleplex, the lights dim and a single spotlight hits the stage. The red carpet rolls out from the entrance ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Aaaaaand his opponent.....

Mikey comes through the curtain slowly, and confidently. His large plastic facemask, that protects his injured nose, shines in the light. He reaches the spotlight and outstretched his arms. Shortly thereafter his best bruv, Kendrix appears behind him.

Darren Quimbey:

He currently resides in beautiful, Los Angeles, California! Weighing in at two hundred and thirty lbs.... He is the reigning DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Champion.... Mikeyyyyyyy UNLIKKEELLYYYYYYYY!!!

Mikey walks down the ramp careful not to touch any fans. He takes his time walking up the stairs and into the ring as well, making sure to pose to the crowd before JFK separates the ropes for his entry.

Inside the ring he once again poses, and the fans boo violently. The referee gently pushes Unlikely into his corner, as he removes his "HOLLYWOOD" Heritage Championship and hands it to Kendrix, who leaves the ring. The referee asks both men if they are ready to begin.

DDK:

This is it for both of these men, Mikey Unlikely is 1-1 in the tournament. Has the opportunity to increase that win total, While Levi Cole is yet to win a match, he wants to end this tournament on a high note.

Angus:

There is no note higher than beating Mikey Mcdouche, Levi Cole would be doing us all a favor by winning this one.

Ding, Ding, Ding.

As soon as the bell rings, Unlikely runs out of his corner with his arms raised. Just before he would make impact, Cole catches on and moves out of the way. Unlikely slams chest first into the turnbuckle, and clutches at his ribs. He spins and Cole catches him with a belly to belly suplex right away. Unlikely rises again, surprised by the move, he turns around just to be grabbed again and once again tossed overhead of the Brazen veteran. Unlikely uses the ropes to stand once more, his legs unsettled as he tries to rise up. This time it's Cole who comes running but Unlikely sees him coming and pulls down the top rope sending Levi to the ring apron with his own momentum. Both men get up and Cole swings but the SOHER ducks it, and fires back with a high kick. Cole catches it and locks the head and foot of Mikey and attempts to suplex him to the outside, but Kendrix on the outside sweeps the leg out from under Cole, he releases as he falls hard to apron.

Angus:

Always gotta keep tabs on the Fuckbois Keebs, thought Cole would have known that by now!

Keebs:

Kendrix making his presence felt, quite literally here. Between they and The Pop Culture Phenoms, Mikey keeps himself well protected at all times.

The referee admonishes JFK who's giving an Oscar like performance of innocence on the outside. Mikey takes the opportunity to give a eye poke to Cole followed by a stiff forearm. Unlikely puts Levi in a suplex position before pulling him over the top rope, using it to support the legs of "American Made". He holds him there for a minute before turning underneath and executing a beautiful neckbreaker. Unlikely rises to his feet hands in the air, celebrating. Outside JFK claps loudly and obnoxiously. The Southern Heritage Champion pulls up his opponent and places a few very hard knees into the gut, before sending him off the ropes. On the return Mikey Unlikely places a gorgeous dropkick directly into the face of Cole. He gets up and adjusts his facemask, that has come left of center after the move. Unlikely goes to the corner and climbs to the first rope. He thumbs up to Kendrix who tells him to climb higher. Unlikely sighs and does indeed rise to the second rope. Cole stands up and turns Unlikely goes for a blockbuster but Cole telegraphs it, and catches "Hollywood" in mid air. Using all two hundred and sixty five pounds, he pops Mikey up and slams him down with a powerslam. He goes for the cover.

1...

2...

Kickout!

DDK:

Big slam from the powerhouse on that one, but not enough. Unlikely is not the most polished wrestler, but he is cunning and resilient. It takes more than one big move to keep him down.

Angus:

The only thing Mikey goes down for is Hollywood Producers, AMIRITE KEEBS!?

DDK:

Dear god, I hope not. Back to the match, Cole really needs to strike while the iron is hot. He's caught the champion off guard and needs to stay on him!

Cole is back up and on Mikey, he stands him up and applies an abdominal stretch. Unlikely cries out in pain in the center of the ring. He's about two feet short of the ropes and he's locked in tight. Cole wrenches back tighter, finally JFK jumps up on the ring apron. He reaches into the ring to grab Mikey's hand, to help him to the ropes. The fans boo,

and the referee runs over to yell at Kendrix. As Kendrix takes his eyes off Mikey and looks at the referee, Cole reaches over and grabs Kendrix outstretched arm. Now Cole has extra momentum and is really cranking on Mikey. Unlikely screams at the top of his lungs, and JFK tries to break free but Cole has his wrist very tightly. The fans laugh loudly as referee begins to count for Cole to let go. At three he finally does, and Unlikely drops to the mat when the hold is loosened. Kendrix drops to the outside clutching at his wrist. Cole picks up the champion again and lifts him from behind and slams down with a back drop. He transitions into an armbar but Unlikely this time does find the ropes with his feet. He then rolls outside the ring, as soon as he can.

Angus:

Finally he needs to take a break. It never fails Keebs, Everytime Unlikeable gets outwrestled, he dips outside and regroups. Im not saying its bad strategy, I just don't like anything this guy does...

DDK:

Kendrix goes to his Bruv and helps him catch his breath.

JFK demands a water battle from a fan, when the fan tries to hand it to him, Kendrix balks that its not Fiji water, and says "nevermind". As the referee nears the top of his count Mikey Unlikely edges back under the bottom rope and into the ring. Cole runs right for him, and nails a basement dropkick.

DDK:

Cole is just relentless in this one here. He really wants to pick up the win and put his stamp on this tournament.

Angus:

Maybe he just really wants to shut up Mikey!? Like the rest of us!

Cole gets up and motions to the fans to a very positive response. He whips Mikey into the corner and follows up behind him with a back elbow. Unlikely clutches at his face mask and falls to the mat. Cole runs over and grabs at the mask of Mikey and tries to pull it off, Unlikely clutches at it for dear life. The struggle is dramatic.

DDK:

Cole now trying to get that protective mask of Mikey Unlikely. It was the last DEFMAX match for Mikey when Cayle Murray planted a kick in the nose of Mikey that very well may have broken his nose.

From the ground, Mikey rolls backward, bringing his legs up under the arms of Cole and flipping him over into a pinning predicament. After the two count, both men get back up Mikey adjusts his mask again, this gives time to his opponent. Cole hits a furious lariat that sends both men to the mat. They both try to regain their breath on the crowd as the Wrestleplex shows their appreciation for the big move. Cole slowly moves towards the "World's Greatest Entertainer" for the cover, but Unlikely, somehow aware of his surroundings barely rolls out of the ring before Cole can reach him for the pin. The fans boo as JFK runs over to Mikey happily. Cole turns and rolls out of the other side of the ring. Slowly but surely he works his way over towards Mikey. Kendrix starts to back off when confronted by Levi, but that gives Unlikely the opportunity to slip behind him. The referee's count reaches four. The "HOHER" grabs Cole from behind, Tucks the head, in a reverse DDT position. Mikey then swings his free arm over and completes the elbow drop driver he's been delivering for weeks, This time however he drops to a single knee, instead of straight to the ground. Unlikely guillotines the neck of Levi Cole between his elbow and knee which elicits a loud "OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHH" from the fans. Unlikely gets up and rolls into the ring, sitting up in the turnbuckle fixing his mask with one hand, and holding his ribs with the other.

DDK:

WOW! What a move by Mikey Unlikely, Cole is outside having trouble breathing! He's gasping for air.

Angus:

CMAAAWWWWNNNNNN get up COLE!!!

Cole isn't getting up and it doesnt take long before the referees count expires and the bell rings.

BOOO

Angus:

BOOO

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the winner of this DEFMAX tournament match by count out!!! MIKEYYYYYYYYYY
UNLIKELLLLYYYYYYYYY

DDK:

Unlikely delivered that devastating move on Cole on the outside, and he was unable to recover.

The replay plays over the DEFIAtron.

Kendrix rolls right into the ring to celebrate. He helps Mikey to his feet and puts the SOHER around his waist. Mikey does a lap, celebrating at every turnbuckle as the fans boo relentlessly.

DDK:

We have only one more match in the A bracket tonight Angus, before we determine the winner. Unlikely just moved towards adding his name to contention to that title.

Angus:

Dammit Keebs! Again!? Let's wait and see what happens. Let's not get ahead of ourselves. I don't want to live in a world where Mikey Unlikely could win DEFMAX.

The pair of Bruvs work their way up the ramp as Cole is finally getting to his feet. The duo look back, point and laugh at the struggling wrestler.

LOSS OF CONTROL

Reaper:

It wasn't your place to interfere!

The modified voice, is high pitched and highly audible, coming outside of his locker room. Terry 'The Idol' Anderson is walking backstage to the locker rooms and is already shaking his head.

Anderson:

I really wish this kid would get it under control.

He approaches the locker room door and a loud banging noise can be heard, almost like chairs being thrown. Shuffling of footsteps and almost what sounds like a few punches mixed with inaudible arguing, Terry stops before opening the door waiting a few moments and silence creeps in the area.

Anderson: [looking back at the camera]

You may not want to go in there with me.

Terry opens the door and the camera man follows him right in. The camera pans across the dank locker room and there is no one but Code Name: Reaper, standing facing a row of empty lockers, in the area. Chairs are thrown across the floor and it looks like a fight broke out.

Anderson:

I... don't understand why... Why did you feel the need to attack Perfection before the match tonight? That's not showing The Faithful, or anyone for that matter, what you are capable of doing in that ring. That's a cheap shot move.

Reaper: [turning to face him]

That was not.....

His eyes glowing bright red as his face hit the camera and the words immediately stop, his modified voice lets out an irritated sigh as he turns to face the lockers again.

Reaper:

I told **YOU!** Not to argue with me, I am doing what I **KNOW** is right and I am taking care of what I need to take care of. That scumbag Perfection is going to be destroyed, this night or another.

Anderson:

Who's arguing with...

Before Terry can finish his sentence, Reaper is in his face, eyes again burning blazing hot.

Reaper:

I wasn't talking to you, Terry. Do your damn job for once and get out of my business, I have things that need to be addressed.

Terry looks back at the camera and looks around the locker room. He shakes his head and mumbles to himself 'with who?' It doesn't gain the attention of Reaper, who is turn fixated on the lockers once again. As Terry goes to exit, the camera man heads to the other side of the locker room and takes a quick shot, no one is in there, completely empty. The door is heard creaking to a loud close and the camera angle quickly shifts back around towards the exit as the camera man makes haste to leave.

Anderson: [opening the door for the camera man]

Yeah kid, I don't think you want to stick around in here.

Exiting through the open door, camera spins back towards Terry who again is scratching his head as he walks away from the closing locker room door. In the distance Kelly Evans looks to be approaching him and as the door to the

locker room closes shut, more shuffling and inaudible arguing can be heard. Camera cuts to black.

THE HEART OF THE MATTER

Cut to Christie Zane, who's looking as presentable as ever in the backstage area.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome the man who'll contest the DEF*MAX tournament's final Block A match-up with Impulse in little over half an hour, Cayle Murray.

The man himself steps into the shot, and his presence elicits a significant pop from The Faithful. As always, their positivity brings a smile to his face.

Cayle Murray:

Hello again, lass.

Christie gets right down to business.

Christie Zane:

Cayle, we've just watched Mikey Unlikely defeat Levi Cole to draw level with you in Block A. Both of you sit on four points, while Impulse is just behind on two. A win or a draw will see you through to the finals, but a loss will result in a three-way tie between you, Mikey, and Impulse. What's on your mind as you head into this match?

Unlike earlier, Cayle is now dressed to fight. He's got his wrestling tights on, and the bomber jacket's all zipped-up with a white towel tucked inside the collar.

Cayle Murray:

I'm trying not to think about anything other than myself and Impulse at the moment, Christie, but it's difficult. It's hard not to get carried away, because DEF*MAX is absolutely huge for me. DEFCON was one of the biggest nights of my life, but this tournament is unquestionably the biggest opportunity of my career. I've been doing this for over 15 years and I've never even won a notable championship, let alone a tournament like this, but I've come to realise throughout my time in this business that nothing is more important than the now. The destination might be the goal, but the journey is infinitely more important, and I'm setting myself up for a fall if my attention drifts from the task at hand.

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

Impulse is a good man, a friend, and a fantastic wrestler. I'd be doing him a great disservice by not giving him my complete focus tonight, and that's exactly what I'm doing. I've spent the past ten-or-so nights doing nothing but studying the guys movements, tendencies, and strategies, and I look forward to locking horns with him tonight.

Though his elder brother often lets himself get carried on a tidal wave of emotion in such situations, Cayle remains calm and focused. There's a stillness to his voice that DEFIANCE fans have scarcely heard before: the sound of a man growing increasingly comfortable in his own skin.

Christie Zane:

You've noticeably grown in confidence since defeating Eric Dane at DEFCON. It's in the way you carry yourself, how you speak, and how you wrestle. DEFtv 71 saw one of the most imposing performances of your career as you completely controlled your clash with Mikey Unlikely for long, long stretches. What do you attribute these changes to?

Cayle Murray:

Well, having eight limbs certainly makes things a little easier...

Shout-outs to all the cephalopods watching at home.

Cayle Murray:

Look, I've had a pretty rough career. It's not secret that I haven't always made the most of my opportunities, and it's only recently that I've been able to harness with abilities with any kind of effectiveness. Throughout my life I've always

tried to conduct myself with humility and grace. I try to set a positive example and show that a man can prosper in this cut-throat business without throwing his soul away. I try to represent this business - and these people - with the class and honour they deserve...

Another pause.

Cayle Murray:

But these things are next to worthless if the avatar lacks self-belief. Men like Eric Dane, Colton Thorpe, Jason Natas, and my brother himself have taught me this in completely different ways. I am honoured and privileged to have the opportunity to ply my trade at this level, but I'm no longer overawed by it. I'm far from the finished article, Christie, but nothing is above me on my best day.

The words draw a satisfied reaction from The Faithful. Zane, meanwhile, tees-up the next question.

Christie Zane:

With Impulse tonight, a potential three-way tie on the horizon, and the finals themselves, there's a chance you'll have to face Impulse, Mikey Unlikely, and one of Bronson Box and Curtis Penn before DEF*MAX's conclusion. What do you feel gives you the edge over these men?

Cayle Murray:

Those are four of the most effective wrestlers on this planet -- yes, even Mikey. We can criticise his lack of technical prowess, and yeah, he's not a guy I'd ever share a drink with, but he's cheated and shortcutted his way to the top of the business. I won last time, but he's just as capable of beating me as I am him, and if we have a three-way tie, I'm not taking him likely.

The Scotsman's brow tightens a little.

Cayle Murray:

I can't disparage any of these men, because they're all great competitors in their own right. But you know... wrestling is comprised of a lot of different things. Technique, athleticism, creativity, attitude... but I think the biggest, easiest, and most understandable concept is spirit. Heart. When I was a kid, my favourite wrestlers weren't the best technicians, but the overmatched little guys who'd gut it out and will their way to victory against insurmountable odds. Impulse might beat me on the mat, Penn and Box might maul me in a shoot fight, and I'll never match Mikey's Machiavellian streak... but there's not a man or woman in this business that can match my heart, and it's my job to prove that.

Christie Zane:

Cayle, thanks for your time.

Cut.

OH NO, THEY SAY HE'S GOT TO GO, GO GO GIGANTOR

We go straight to the interview stage, where Lance Warner is standing with the FIST of DEFIANCE, Dan Ryan. Ryan has the belt around his waist and dark sunglasses over his eyes, in street clothes. The Faithful erupt in boos as the scene unfolds, and Ryan, without even looking in their direction, holds up a hand and makes a “bring it on” motion. This makes the throng get even louder, and his hand sign turns to an “okay” sign.

Lance Warner:

I'm here with the reigning FIST of DEFIANCE, Dan Ryan. Over the last few weeks, Dan, you've had altercations with two of the three members of the Big Damn Heroes, two men who not only have had stellar careers in this sport, but who are also very close to your sister-in-law Lindsay Troy.

Dan Ryan:

Very close... yeah, they're very very close those three. I know how close they are, Lance Warner. I've been in the house for holidays. I've sat and listened to Wade Elliott go on and on about the history of beards, nodded off while Tyler Rayne regales the family with the story of how he and Lindsay met at a craft fair for the five hundredth time. For these things alone, those two deserved a beating. For a long time I've let them off the hook. I know how “close” they are. They just don't realize how close they've been to getting their heads caved in all these years.

Lance Warner:

Mr. Ryan, you make jokes about Wade Elliott and Tyler Rayne, but clearly they were coming to the aid of Lindsay Troy, who I will remind you was nearly paralyzed as a result of your actions at DEFCON.

Dan Ryan: [scoffing]

Come on, it was the heat of the moment. We were on the stage. The announce table was there. It would've been rude for me *not* to put her through it. Wrestling etiquette is very important to me.

Lance Warner:

But you put her through it with a Headliner, the same burning hammer move that put Virginia Quell on the shelf.

Dan Ryan:

Please. Gimme a break. Virginia Quell is fine. I saw her playing a quadriplegic porn star in BRAZEN just last week. She gets a pension. She reconnected with old high school friends. It's all very afterschool special. I don't wanna get into it. Lindsay is tough. She has a neck like an oak. She'll be fine. Wade and Tyler were overreacting, so I taught them a lesson. That's all.

Lance Warner:

By sending Wade Elliott out of the arena in an ambulance and causing severe damage to Tyler Rayne's leg?

Dan Ryan:

Jesus Warner... the man has *two* legs. Virginia Quell has to shoot those dirty movies without the use of *either* of hers and you don't hear her complaining.

Lance Warner:

You're seriously gonna tell us that....

Dan Ryan snatches the microphone from Lance Warner's hand and simply stares at him. For a moment, Warner doesn't know what to do, but something in Dan Ryan's eyes says he's had enough. Ryan pauses a few moments more, then turns to the camera with an intense glare. That was abrupt. The jokes are over.

Dan Ryan:

Here's the bottom line. I want everyone within range of the sound of my voice to hear this and I want you to listen very carefully, because I'm sick and tired of having to explain myself. This is professional wrestling. I am a professional wrestler. I hurt people for a living. It's what I do. I like what I do, and I'm damn good at doing it. For two years I stood to

the side and let Lindsay step forward to chase her dream, and for two years I held back to keep from showing her up. Two years.... is long damn enough.

Ryan looks at Lance Warner, still standing on the stage, but white with nervousness.

Dan Ryan:

Do you hear me, Warner? It's LONG ENOUGH. Lindsay Troy got exactly what she wanted. Make no mistake. She wanted a war and she got one. I handled my business with her the same way I've always handled my business. What did she think, I'd hold back and step to the side again for her? I'd throw down daisies and powder her ass on the way to waltzing in and out with my championship? She failed... on NUMEROUS occasions to win this championship. I went and TOOK it in one shot, because that's what I do. This isn't wrestling around on the bouncy house with the kids after Thanksgiving dinner. This is who I am. I don't merely escalate things. I finish them, and that's the way it's always been. I've never changed, and she should know better than anyone.

Ryan looks at Lance Warner...

Dan Ryan:

So don't you...

Ryan looks out at the crowd...

Dan Ryan:

You...

The crowd erupts in boos once more. Ryan turns his attention back to the camera.

Dan Ryan:

And especially you, Lindsay... don't you sit there and wonder how I could do such a thing, how I could do this to friends, how I could do this to family. I *told* you. I showed you. Every time I've stepped into the ring over the last twenty years, I showed each and every one of you what I'm capable of, what I do to people who try to take what I've got.

Ryan holds up the FIST and the crowds boos intensify.

Dan Ryan:

At DEFCON, I did what I had to do to eliminate a threat. I've done it before and I'd do it again. Wade Elliott and Tyler Rayne don't work here. They don't belong here. But they wanted to be the white knights riding to the rescue of the damsel in distress -- so they got what they asked for. Don't you dare shed a tear for either of those two, because they came at me, and I ELIMINATED THEM. So let me say this, and let me be clear about it. If Lindsay Troy plans on getting her little stem cell injections so she can get back in the ring with me at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, let there be no doubt that I will do -- one more time -- what I always do. I will eliminate her. She will not take this belt from me. And I will BE the FIST of DEFIANCE.... until someone can rip it from my hands by force.

Ryan turns back to Lance Warner one last time.

Dan Ryan:

DOES THAT..... ANSWER..... YOUR QUESTIONS?

Warner says nothing, just stands there stunned. Ryan flips the microphone in his direction, and it lands with a thud that registers on the PA. Ryan just walks off without a word.

The shot cuts back to the broadcast booth.

DDK:

Whew, an intense interview, partner.

Angus:

Poor Lance Warner always seems to pull the short straw. Heh. Sucker.

PERFECTION VS. CODENAME: REAPER

The feed cuts to a long shot of the ring where Darren Quimbey and Hector Navarro are carrying on a conversation. More than likely just shooting the shit.

DDK:

Well, moving along, we are expecting either Code Name: Reaper or Perfection out here any moment for their re-match. As we saw, Reaper attacked Perfection earlier tonight so I'm interested to see in what condition he arrives to the ring in.

Angus:

Let's hope it's one that makes this snoozefest of a match end quickly.

DDK:

How do you know it's going to be a snoozefest before the match has even started?

Angus:

Because Perfection plus a wrestling ring equals complete snoozefest- that's how. Experience guided by intelligence, Keesy-baby.

The lights suddenly shut off in the Wrestleplex sending it quickly into darkness. The Faithful are catching on and have their phones out flashing photos towards the ring to try and get a shot of what's going on.

Angus:

Christ. Again? Is Evans not paying the electric bill or somethin'?!

It only lasts for a few seconds before the lights flicker back on and begin to warm up. Darren Quimbey stands in the ring as confused as the fans around the Wrestle-Plex; until he turns around and is shocked to find Code Name: Reaper standing directly behind him, eyes pitch black.

Angus:

All I want to know is who keeps shutting the damn lights off when this guy decides to show up.

DDK:

Yeah...I'd prefer he'd not do that.

Angus:

Scared of the dark you wimp?!

Reaper stares at Quimbey who raises the microphone up to his lips. He's still perplexed on how Reaper even got there.

Quimbey:

Uhm...the following match-up is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first....

♪Perfect Gentlemen by Helloween♪

Cutting off Darren in the middle of his sentence cues the entrance music of Perfection and the Wrestleplex sparks in jeering. The music plays for a few seconds but no one comes out on the rampway. Darren looks over at Reaper whose eyes are beginning to glow red in the dim lightning and begins to talk to him to rectify the situation. Navarro joins in, it takes two in order to try and reason with the wildcard.

DDK:

Well where the hell is Perfection?

Angus:

Maybe Reaper gave him all he could take! Fuck boi packed his bags and went back to Lame-A-Fornia.

A minute or so goes by and the crowd has lost interest in booing and is standing waiting to see if anyone comes out at all. Their patience finally pays off as Courtney Paz exits from behind the curtain. She is met by a mixed reaction as she begins to head down to the ring. We can tell in her face that she is either royally embarrassed or extremely pissed off.

Angus:

What a spineless coward! He is sending his manager down here to wrestle for him!? I am so tired of this waste of money! Get rid of him!

DDK:

Would you relax, I'm sure there's some explanation.

Angus:

Relax?! He's been acting like a piece of shit since he got here. Another week of this and I may punch him in the mouth myself- can't stand him!

Paz doesn't enter the ring, instead she motions for Darren to come over to her which he does. Quimbey leans between the first and second rope as both him and Paz have an exchange while the music begins to fade out and the lights come back up.

DDK:

I wonder what they are discussing.

Angus:

That Perfection quit! Dreams do come true, kids.

Navarro is staying in front of Reaper to ensure he doesn't attempt to attack Perfection's agent. We can tell that Darren is very lost and keeps asking for clarification from Courtney. The exchange ends with Paz nodding and walking away back towards the rampway. Quimbey walks over to Hector Navarro and now the two of them are having a discussion a good distance from Code Name: Reaper.

DDK:

This could be serious, Darren. Reaper could be in a lot of trouble.

Angus:

I highly doubt it.

Now Hector walks over to Reaper and begins telling him what is going on. The eyes of his mask are glowing the hottest red that we have seen so far. Navarro has his hands up trying to reason with Reaper as Quimbey lifts the microphone up to his lips.

Quimbey:

Ladies and gentleman, I have been informed that Perfection will not be wrestling due to injury. Declaring your winner by forfeit...Code Name: Reaper!

Angus:

Injury?! Are you kiddin' me?!

DDK:

I guess Reaper really hurt Perfection when he attacked him earlier.

Hector Navarro reaches for Reaper's hand to raise it but he simply pulls it away and walks towards the ropes to exit the ring. Reaper's body language is all we need to see in order to understand his frustration. At the edge of the ring, Reaper grabs the ropes and starts shaking them violently, he grabs his head and yells something inaudible as if he is speaking with someone who is not there.

DDK:

What did he say?

Angus:

Probably something along the lines of that loser Perfection is a waste of space on this roster.

DDK:

He beat Code Name: Reaper in their last match up, and obviously Perfection couldn't compete tonight due to that injury.

Angus:

Oh please! Lil' Jimmy is so full of shit!

DDK:

So you want Perfection out here to wrestle?

Angus:

No. I want Perfection out here so Reaper can end his fucking career, that's what I want!

DDK:

That's not happening and folks I'm greatly sorry for this inconvenience. I know many of you were looking forward to seeing this match.

Angus:

Said no one ever.

DDK:

Regardless, as noted, the card is subject to change and I am sure Kelly Evans will address this matter personally.

YOUR DEFMAX CHAMPION!

We open outside the Sports Entertainment Guilds locker room where Mikey Unlikely has just left and begun to walk down the hall. Sweaty and smiling, the Southern Heritage Champion looks confident as ever. Having just left the celebration of his own victory over Levi Cole, the World's Greatest Entertainer appears at the top of his game.

He bursts through a set of double doors at the end of the hall, suddenly his eyes light up as he peers into the new pathway. Unlikely's arms go up and he excitedly walks towards...

Mikey Unlikely:

IMPULLLLLLSSSSSEEEEE!!!! MY MAINNNN MAN!!!!

The camera cuts to across the room where we see Impulse following the signs marked "Stage", as he heads to the ring for his upcoming match. He looks back over his shoulder and rolls his eyes at the self proclaimed "World's Greatest Sports Entertainer!"

Unlikely jogs lightly to catch up, smiling all the way. As he approaches, Calico Rose taps Impulse on the arm.

Calico Rose:

Keep your guard up, RK... he might be evil.

Impulse:

Mikey.

The ever charismatic Mikey extends his hand out for a fist bump.

Mikey Unlikely:

Blow it up, or something, right!?

Cally stares at his hand for a few seconds, but does not extend her fist.

Cally:

..No.

She does, however, give a little wave. Mikey could never "Blow it up," but there's no need to be impolite. Impulse makes sure to stand a little bit in front of her, however - just in case.

Impulse:

Can I help you, Mikey?

Unlikely shakes it off.

Mikey Unlikely:

Yesssss you can buddy! As you may know.... I am currently on pace to win the DEFMAX tournament! At an AMAZING record for 2 wins and 1 loss, all I need is for little ol' Impulse... to come out on top against Cayle Murray! I know you can do it buddy!

Impulse:

I think your math's off a bit, 'buddy.' If I beat Cayle, you, me, and him are all tied at two wins and one loss apiece. That doesn't automatically put you in the lead.

Unlikely bursts out in laughter.

Mikey Unlikely:

A TIE! AHAHAHAHA That's a good one! That's why I keep telling people you are the funniest guy around here! After The D, of course.

He wipes an invisible tear from his eye, after the hilarious "joke".

Mikey Unlikely:

Impulse, Bruv, everyone knows that if we all tie up, the decision goes to the popular vote! A vote MIKEY UNLIKELY IS CLEARLY GOING TO WIN! I mean... how stupid would the DEFIANCE braintrust have to be to NOT put a BONAFIDE HOLLYWOOD STUD in the main event? It's what the people want Pulse... A tie! Hahaha that's too rich!

Impulse waves him off and heads back for the Gorilla position but Unlikely grabs him by the arm. Impulse stops, looks down at his arm, then up at Mikey and shakes his head. He let's go.

Mikey Unlikely: (with a smile)

Don't go out there and lay an egg...like you did when I beat you... Hate for you to...lose again...

Impulse smirks.

Impulse:

Oh, I'mma give it my all, like I always do. Maybe I win, maybe I lose. And yeah, you got me last time out. But every day's a new day, sir - and now I know better what you can do and what I'll need to do t'beat'cha. All I need is one more shot.

Mikey laughs at this. Very loud, and only slightly forced.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh, ho ho ho! That's a good one! I would love to get back in the ring with you, unfortunately I'm all tied up with WINNING THE DEF*MAX tournament. But I'll have my assistant's assistant pencil you in for a year or so from now, which is when I expect you'll have climbed back to within shouting distance of my level. I think we can agree, that's far more than I'm required to do.

Impulse:

Heh. Don't drop a challenge like that, Mikey - you ain't gonna like the outcome.

Mikey Unlikely:

Please... I know, and everyone inside the Wrestle-plex knows I can beat you anyday of the week and twice on Sunday...after brunch and frappes of course. Step off that high horse, focus up, and beat the squid... do it for me!

Impulse stands nose to nose with the Southern Heritage champion. Despite the fact that Mikey exudes all of the confidence, and that Impulse is on his way to the ring, the stonelike gaze causes the smile to melt off Mikey Unlikely's face in a heartbeat.

Impulse:

See you real soon.

Mikey Unlikely:

Is that a threat?

Impulse:

I wasn't talking to you.

With that, he taps his knuckles on the Southern Heritage title belt over Mikey's shoulder, and walks towards the curtain. Mikey's face goes red, but he takes a breath to calm himself, and sips liberally from an Aquafina™ water bottle.

DEF*MAX ROUND THREE: CAYLE MURRAY VS. IMPULSE [BLOCK A]

DDK:

Here we are, Angus! One more match to go for the DEF*MAX tournament's Bracket A, and it's a big one! Let's take a look at the standings!

Angus:

Why? It's pretty simple. Squiddy and Fuckass are on top with two wins each. Impulse is one and one, and Levi Cole gets to head back to BRAZEN with the home game version of DEFIANCE Wrestling.

DDK:

That... was pretty succinct, actually. But we've got one match to go! Mikey Unlikely and Levi Cole are finalized, Cole with a disappointing zero - three record, and the Southern Heritage champion with a respectable two and one! If Cayle Murray wins here, he'll take the bracket with three wins and zero losses, but if Impulse wins, we'll have a three way tie at the top! Who do you like in this one, Angus?

Angus:

Squiddy.

DDK:

Oh - ? That was pretty succinct. No discussion of their respective skills?

Angus:

Simple. Squiddy wins, Squiddy is in. Squiddy loses, McFuckass has a shot at being in. No offense to Impulse; of the three he annoys me the least but if it means causing complication to McFuckass' life, he needs to bite the bullet and take one for the team.

DDK:

It's tough to argue with that... logic. Let's get on down to Quimbey for the introduction!

The bell rings, the current standings fade from the DEFIAtron, and the fans rise as one.

Darren Quimbey:

This contest is scheduled for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first, from Aberdeen, Scotland...

♪ "The Wings of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

The music rips through the building after the quiet build-up, and Cayle Murray appears on the stage with his back to the crowd and both arms outstretched. The reception, as is now customary, is pretty goddamn thunderous.

Darren Quimbey:

Weighing in at two hundred twenty pounds... he is STARBREAKER... CAYLE... MURRRRRRRRRRRRAY!

DDK:

What's that do, Angus? Turning your back to Cayle as he enters?

Angus:

I'm willing to support him as the lesser of two evils, but I can't bear to look at him.

Cayle spins around and starts his way down to the ring, wearing a big fat smile across his face. He slaps hands with a few fans on each side, then eventually rolls under the bottom rope. Once instead, he heads for a turnbuckle, climbs to the second, and looks out across the arena.

DDK:

It's been an impressive tournament for Cayle thus far, Angus. A clear win over Levi Cole in his first match, and he made Mikey Unlikely look like an amateur at various points throughout their second round clash. Tonight, however, he faces a master technician, and a good friend.

Angus:

This is going to absolutely suck, isn't it? We're gonna get 15 minutes of nicey-nice namby-pamby resthold shit from two geeks who are far too scared to put a couple of bruises on each other.

DDK:

I certainly wouldn't phrase it that way...

Darren Quimbey:

AND HIS OPPONENT...

♪ "Revolution" by SIRSY ♪

Darren Quimbey:

From Washington Heights, New York... weighing in at one hundred ninety one pounds... and accompanied to the ring by...

He stops, and looks at a note in his hand.

Darren Quimbey:

By... the Cupcake Club Ringleader, who also does what thou wilted, Calico Rose...

Angus:

Hah!

DDK:

Certainly broke the mold with her.

Angus:

Or they made her after they broke the mold?

Darren Quimbey:

The MARATHON MAN... IMMMMMMPULSE!

The curtain parts ways, and Impulse steps through, to a thunderous applause. The fans are audibly showing their respect for the Drunkbros and the way they've made Mikey Unlikely's life miserable the past few weeks, even with Impulse's loss.

Behind him, Calico Rose blows a pair of kisses to the fans. She scans the crowd, but stops at the announce table.

"BLOW IT UP! BLOW IT UP!"

Cally looks to Impulse, noting the anticipation in the fans' eyes, and the anticipation in both Impulse and Cayle to get this match started so they could each - finally - have an honorable opponent at their own level.

Impulse catches her eye, and he gives a subtle nod.

"BLOW IT UP! BLOW IT UP!"

DDK:

Here comes your best friend, Angus.

Angus:

It don't **even** bother me.

Fist bump. Blowing it up. The whole nine yards. Impulse starts towards the ring, slapping fans' outstretched hands as he goes, with Cally catching up at about the halfway mark. Both of them focus on the fans; they know the man inside the ring and they know he'll patiently wait for them in this case.

Finally at ringside, Impulse climbs from the floor to the top turnbuckle on the outside of the ring, and he raises his hands in victory, calling for the cheers from the fans to continue. They do, and they're joined by Cayle Murray, applauding from the opposite corner.

Angus:

Let the communal dick - sucking commence.

DDK:

Is sportsmanship really that foreign to you?

Angus:

Sportsmanship is totally un-American.

Impulse turns from calling for cheers to nodding at the crowd, pointing at them all around, and thanking them for their support. He hops down to the ring inside the ropes, and holds them open for Cally to step in.

Cayle moves forward to the center of the ring at the referee's instructions, and Impulse follows after giving his jacket and shirt to a ring attendant. They listen intently as Benny Doyle goes over the rules: no groin shots, no eye gouges, no foreign objects.

All the things you'd worry about with these two.

The bell rings, the two athletes shake hands, and Cally gives both men a reassuring hug before she steps through the ropes.

The Arena had filled with anticipation a long time ago, but it's even more noticeable now that the music has died down. It's two of DEFIANCE's most popular wrestlers standing in the middle of the ring, and the stakes could scarcely be higher.

The circling commences. Cayle starts it off by moving to his right, and Impulse follows suit. After a few steps, Pulse switches it up with a left step, and Cayle comes inside. Leaning forward, Cayle puts both hands out, and Impulse cautiously engages in the knuckle-lock. After a few moments of jostling, both men's arms go low of 'Pulse's volition, before The Marathon Man pulls one of Cayle's hands to the ground, then secures it on the mat with his boot.

From there, Impulse uses both arms to work Cayle's arm and gradually twist it upwards. He gets it in the right position, before stepping over Cayle's kneeling body, seizing the second arm, and twisting it into the same position as the first. With both limbs held behind Cayle Murray's back, Impulse wrenches.

DDK:

It's gonna be interesting to see how the technical battle plays-out here. These are two of the most technique-based wrestlers in DEFIANCE, but Impulse is a real specialist in that department. Cayle, meanwhile, likes to mix things up with high-impact striking.

Angus:

Yeah, that little shit can do some damage when he's really pissed-off. IE: when he's wrestling Eric Dane.

After a few moments, Cayle twists his whole body through to try and reverse the hold, but Impulse follows him all the way, twists back through, and they end-up in the same position. The crowd applauds, but Cayle immediately tries to

twist out again. This time 'Pulse gives him some rope, before quickly dropping one of the arms, taking the head, and hitting a snapmare. With Cayle down, Impulse hooks one of the arms, then the other with his leg, and rolls Cayle back in a crucifix position.

DDK:

Both shoulders are down!

ONE!

KICKOUT!

Cayle gets out of the predicament with relative ease, and soon enough both men are back on their feet, drinking the crowd's respect in, maaaaaaaaaan.

Angus:

Bah, I'm bored already.

DDK:

You can't appreciate the technique?

Angus:

Not when it's being performed by Captain Dorkface and Lt. Goober, no.

The two wrestlers circle for a few more moments. It's Impulse who comes forward first this time, putting his hands-out for another knuckle-lock. As Cayle reaches his own hands out, The Marathon Man adjusts his stance, and Cayle decides against locking-up in this manner. Instead, Cayle goes higher-up, and forces the smaller man into a collar-and-elbow.

Murray digs his feet into the canvas and pushes forward, sending Impulse back a few steps, but the movement loosens his grip a little, and allows Impulse to transition into a front facelock. Cayle tries to pull his head loose, and Pulse momentarily shifts his body weight backwards, feinting a DDT or similar. Instead, however, he brings his other arm over the top and sinks a D'arce Choke on Cayle.

The two jostle for position for a few moments, but the choke isn't deep enough to do lasting damage. With some footwork, Cayle twists his torso around, grabs an arm, and gets out of the choke. Impulse hits the deck, but Cayle pulls the arm behind his back with a grounded Hammerlock. Again, there's barely a moment's rest as The Marathon Man slowly rises, reverses the hold, and transitions to a stranding arm wrench. Before he can repeat the wrench, Cayle bends his knees and backflips to release the pressure, and get himself free of Impulse's grasp.

DDK:

A very calm, measured start for both men as they go hold-for-hold in the early stages. They've both good technicians, but Impulse is a real specialist in this department. Cayle's going to be able to reverse him for so long, but he's going to have to switch things up when Impulse starts piecing the puzzle together.

Another stalemate brings another round of applause, and Cayle and Impulse share a few unheard words in the middle of the ring. They come together with a collar-and-elbow, but Impulse slips an arm out, goes over the top, then applies his own Hammerlock. He holds the move for a few moments, before pushing his toe behind Cayle's knee and forcing him to the ground.

Once there, Impulse puts a leg beneath Cayle's other shoulder and rolls him into a pinfall.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

Angus:

It'd be churlish for even me to deny that both of these guys have some skills, but this is supposed to be DEF*MAX, not a nice, gentle grappling exhibition. If I wanted that, I'd watch some bullshit Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu tournament.

DDK:

Get used to it, because this is how it's going to play-out. Both men want to win, but there's a lot of respect and admiration between them. We've got a real chess match on our hands here.

Angus:

Bah. At least they ain't flipping... yet.

Back on the feet and into another knuckle-lock. Cayle, this time, gets the advantage, and is able to wrestle Impulse to the ground after gaining some leverage. On the mat, Cayle keeps Pulse's wrist tucked behind his back, but The Marathon rises up, puts his free arm over his head, and takes him down with a judo throw.

Impulse keeps his arm around the windpipe and tries for a choke, but Cayle scoots out of it before he can apply some pressure. As Impulse rises, Cayle takes the wrist again. Pulse goes for the same judo throw as before, but Cayle suddenly springs his legs off the mat, secures Impulse's arm, and drags him down into a Cross Armbreaker! The Scot flips his opponent down and straightens the arm, but Pulse's boot lands on the bottom rope, and it's an early break.

Angus:

There it is! Flippy shit! Kill me now.

DDK:

That was a submission attempt, Angus.

Angus:

Look, we've got Box vs. Penn coming-up. I just want this one to be over with so we know which of these corny goofballs are gonna be in the final.

DDK:

Don't forget the three-way tie possibility.

Angus:

Oh God, don't remind me.

Back up, Impulse's hands go up for the latest in the seemingly endless stream of lock-ups, but Cayle prods one away with his boot. Impulse shoots for a single-leg takedown while he's doing this. Cayle lands on his arse, so Impulse gets a partial completion, but the Scot's grappling is adept enough for him to rise to his feet.

Impulse, however, still has control of the boot. Before The Marathon Man can mount some offense, Cayle hops his standing leg off the mat and feints an Enzuigiri. Impulse instinctively ducks, bringing him close enough for Cayle to crack him with an elbow and force the break as soon as his leg's on the mat again.

DDK:

These two men have clearly done their homework! Everything's being countered...

The match's first significant strike prompts a change of pace. Cayle sprints first, then Impulse second. They go past each other in the middle of the ring and hit opposite ropes. Impulse throws a clothesline on the return, but Cayle forward rolls beneath his arm. Still on the ground, Cayle goes into a handstand and seizes his opponent in a headscissor.

The takedown comes, but Impulse rolls all the way through. Both hop to their feet at the same time. Impulse hip tosses

Cayle, but the Scot's too close to the ropes, and his boots land on the middle one. With Impulse still holding him, Cayle springs his lower body against the ropes, and comes over the top with a springboard arm drag!

Angus:

Oh get in the bin. Get all the way in the fucking bin.

DDK:

Your loss, Angus. This is a fantastic professional wrestling match.

Angus:

I just want to see both men leave with a black eye and a broken nose, is that too much to ask?

DDK:

Yes, it is. This isn't the DOC division, and it's not a heated rivalry. This is two incredibly well-matched wrestlers going at it in the old-fashioned way, and it's a joy to behold.

Murray has Impulse back on his feet and in a corner. He charges to the opposite side of the ring, then dashes forward, looking for a running European Uppercut! Pulse skips out of it, through, and lands a body kick as Cayle is turning. Once Murray's around, Impulse drills him with an uppercut of his own.

The Marathon Man turns around and sprints to the opposite corner, but Cayle is hot on his heels! Impulse lands back-first in the corner and eats a running European that he just can't avoid!

With Pulse downed, Cayle pulls him away from the ropes.

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

DDK:

And now the athleticism comes into play. Both are technical, but Impulse is just a little more refined. Both are athletic, but Cayle's just a little quicker. Let's see which difference has the most impact.

Back on his feet, Cayle pulls Impulse up. He tries to whip Pulse across the ring, but Impulse pulls him in, takes the head and neck, and applies a standing neck crank. Impulse twists, wrenches, and pulls the move, but Cayle's able to break free and daze him with a forearm. Murray runs the ropes, comes back, and right into a single-leg Flapjack from Impulse!

Cayle hits the fat chest-first, and Impulse maintains hold of the ankle following the takedown. He attempts to twist it round into an ankle lock, but Cayle twists out of it. Impulse takes the back, but Murray rises, and back elbows himself loose!

Both are on their feet and facing each other once again. Cayle runs, leaps, and clobbers Impulse with a forearm, before dashing beyond him to the ropes. He springs off the ground, onto the ropes, and flies backwards with a springboard back elbow... but Impulse recovers!

Backstabber!

DDK:

What an unbelievable counter from Impulse! Murray flew right into it!

Here comes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Tremendous stuff from both wrestlers, but what ring presence from Impulse! We're about to hit the halfway point, and this one's starting to heat up!

Angus:

They're finally doing some damage! Maybe I'll cancel my nap after all...

DDK:

What'd I tell you, Angus? The stakes are finally shining through!

Impulse might be in-control, but he's starting to feel the accumulated damage. He spends a good for moments longer than he'd like to on the mat, but he eventually gets up to stand over Cayle. As he walks-in, however, The Marathon Man gets taken by surprise. Cayle springs to life and drags him into a small package!

DDK:

Where did that come from!?

ONE!

TWO!

THR--NO! KICKOUT!

Angus:

Cayle almost sprung the trap!

DDK:

We've seen him do that a number of times now, and it always catches the opponent off-guard!

Both wrestlers climb back to their feet at the same time. Cayle comes forward, swinging an elbow, but Impulse ducks beneath it. Cayle turns, Impulse snapmares him down, and with Murray seated, Pulsey dropkicks him in the shoulder blades!

After pulling Cayle back to his feet, Impulse re-applies the neck crank. It's a little tighter this time, however, and Cayle's situation is a little more desperate. Murray's forced to land some desperation shots to the gut, so this is where Pulse lets the neck go, takes an arm, then works his leg around into an abdominal stretch!

DDK:

Pure wizardry out there from Impulse. This guy is a second-to-none scientific wrestler...

Instead of resting in the submission, Impulse reaches down with his free arm and pulls Cayle's right boot from the ground! In something resembling an Octopus Stretch, Impulse has the abdominal tension applied along with a modifier standing calf slicer.

DDK:

Wooooooooow! Look at this!

Angus:

He's pulling him like plasticine!

Amidst the roar of the crowd, and the referee asking Cayle if he wants to quit, Impulse keeps the pressure locked. He adjusts his grip, and Cayle continues to look for a way out.

DDK:

Middle of the ring, there's nowhere to go!

Doyle asks again, if Cayle wants to give it up. Impulse wrenches his arms again - and Cayle slips an arm out! He pulls away from the Marathon Man as he falls to the mat to a huge roar from the fans! Impulse, still in control of Cayle's legs, tries to roll the Starbreaker into a Boston Crab, but Cayle grabs the ropes, and the hold breaks at two!

Angus:

He'll never learn. You've got a five count!

Impulse backs off at Benny Doyle's instruction, but as Cayle rises, Impulse charges! Rollaway by Cayle Murray, and Impulse stops himself in the corner! Murray with a sudden rush of his own, and a clothesline - Impulse drops down and backdrops him over the top rope! The fans erupt in cheers, but Cayle lands on his feet on the apron, and Impulse fires a forearm!

DDK:

Blocked by Cayle Murray! Big boot by Cayle catches Impulse on the side of the head!

Angus:

Nobody's bleeding yet. Bring on the HOSSFITE.

The fans collectively gasp at the impact of Cayle's boot, though Impulse doesn't go down. He stumbles away from the corner, however - his hand on the side of his head, his vision clearly blurred. Cayle Murray slingshots himself to the top rope, and comes off with a high flying elbow that drives Impulse to his knees!

DDK:

Kick to the lower back! Impulse crumbles, but pushes himself back up! Another!

Angus:

Oh no he i'n't!

DDK:

Impulse rises again, and Cayle measures... he runs the ropes - STARBREAKER!

Angus:

YOU'RE NOT WORTHY, SQUIDWARD!

Perhaps not; Impulse drops, and the Starbreaker misses!

Impulse with a kip up as Cayle stops his forward momentum and turns back towards his opponent. Hip toss by Impulse, but Cayle rolls with it and lands on his feet! Back elbow catches Impulse on the side of the head again! Pele kick sends him staggering! Off the ropes again, and a Sling Blade drops Impulse to the mat!

COVER!

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT by Impulse!

DDK:

Cayle with a momentary look of frustration, you know he's positive that if the Starbreaker had hit, he'd have gotten the pin.

Angus:

That's because he's not worthy of hitting it.

While Impulse pushes back, he rolls to his side and presses a hand to his eye. Behind him, Cayle Murray climbs to the top turnbuckle to a huge roar of the fans, and he measures his opponent carefully.

Angus:

See? When you go from DA BAWS' moves to a flippydo thing, you don't deserve to emulate DA BAWS.

Impulse slowly rises, and Cayle launches with a 630! Impulse sees him at the last minute and rolls! Cayle overshoots, but he lands unsteadily on his feet. Impulse with a wheelbarrow takedown!

Hook of the arms, and a tiger suplex puts Cayle's shoulders to the mat!

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

DDK:

The Starbreaker isn't done yet, but Impulse still has his arms hooked!

Angus:

Don't call him that!

Impulse pulls Cayle up, and steps over both arms to lock him around the jaw! Impulse pulls back, and Cayle's shoulders hit the mat!

ONE...

Cayle slips out! Back senton, and the tides have changed again!

Impulse scrambles to the ropes as Cayle rolls through to his knees, and he helps the Marathon Man with a hook from behind!

DDK:

Murray with a facelock, and he's got Impulse up for a standing vertical suplex... he's holding him up there, Angus!

Angus:

C'maaaaawn, Squid! Just do it so we can all move on with out lives!

DDK:

CHAINBREAKER!

NO! Impulse slips out the back and uses the momentum to 180 to his feet, from where he tries to hook Cayle's arms from behind! Cayle slips out of his grasp, however, and handstands, hooking Impulse and taking him over with a headscissors! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

DDK:

Again Impulse escapes one of Cayle Murray's deadliest maneuvers, but is unable to follow up! Cayle, however, while he's held control for the majority of the match, has shown an inability so far to put his opponent away! It's still anyone's match, Angus!

Angus:

It should be the Squid's match, so we can kick McFuckass to the curb, already! COME ON!

Cayle clearly feels this frustration; he allows himself a moment to slap the mat in anger as he rises to his feet and pulls Impulse by the wrist. He locks it down and fires the Supernova Elbow -- but Impulse ducks it! He twists his wrist free and hooks Cayle for another Tiger Suplex - Cayle rolls with it and lands on his feet, and an elbow - Impulse catches his arm and backslides the Starbreaker!

ONE...

TWO...

KICKOUT!

DDK:

Don't even try to claim boredom here, Angus! This has been a hell of a match so far!

Angus:

Squiddy do and Flippy do. Big whooping doo da day.

Both men rise to their feet, noticeably slower than before. They circle once, and Cayle respectfully nods at the Marathon Man. Impulse returns the nod - and lunges forward with a hard elbow to the face! He backs up and charges again with another shot, but Cayle sidesteps and adjusts his momentum to the corner! Impulse stops himself and leaps to the second turnbuckle and flies backwards, hooking Cayle Murray's head for a tornado DDT!

Cayle holds on, however, and stops the forward momentum! He hooks his arms around Impulse's torso and slams him to the mat with a belly to belly! Impulse rolls over once, clearly in discomfort, and Cayle backs up and takes a leap of faith - standing shooting star press! IMPULSE ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY! Cayle lands hard, and Impulse with a Triangle Choke!

The fans are on their feet as the hold is locked in in the middle of the ring, with nowhere for Cayle to go for a rope break. He pushes at Impulse's hands, he struggles against the grip, he twists and turns every which way possible, but there's no obvious way out.

Angus:

STOP GIVING MCFUCKASS FALSE HOPE!

DDK:

Doyle is right there, asking Cayle if he wants to give it up, and you can bet that answer is no!

Angus:

You'd best not, Obi Wan Squidnobi, you're our only hope.

Cayle stops struggling, and the fans near the ring rise to get a closer look. Did he pass out? Did he give up?

Of course not.

While Benny Doyle checks on him, we get a glimpse of Cayle Murray's face from an odd, odd camera angle, and he

takes a deep breath, and closes his eyes.

DDK:

CAYLE RISING TO HIS FEET!

Angus:

You have not forsaken us!

DDK:

Cayle fully on his feet, Impulse fully off his... LIFT! POWERBOMB! Shades of Jason Natas taking down Lindsay Troy!

Angus:

As long as this match ends with Hollywood McFuckass being disappointed, you can compare anyone to anyone you want.

Impulse rolls through to his knees, his forehead also resting on the mat as he catches his breath, but Cayle knows better than to give him the opportunity to do so. He pulls the Marathon Man to his feet and sends him into the corner, and takes a running start! HORNET SPLASH - IMPULSE DUCKS OUT OF THE WAY!

DDK:

Just like Impulse earlier in the match, Cayle stopped himself in the corner before impact! Great ring awareness!

Angus:

And Impulse with a kick to the back tells us that Squidboy needs to work on his opponent awareness.

DDK:

Cayle tries to steady himself, but another kick catches him on the back of the neck, and he loses his grip and falls backwards into a tree of woe!

Most wrestlers would take the opportunity to pound and kick his opponent into oblivion, but this is where Impulse and Cayle differ from the rest. The referee calls for Impulse to step back while he releases Cayle's foot from where it wedged, and Impulse obliges. Truth be told, he's taking a breather and trying to gather some of his own strength back, all the while giving his opponent the same chance.

After a few seconds, Benny Doyle has Cayle's foot freed from the corner, and the Starbreaker crumbles to the mat, regaining his own breath. He climbs to his knees and looks at Impulse, just as the Marathon Man stops and stares.

They move towards each other and lock up, with Impulse taking Cayle over with a single arm takedown! He holds onto his wrist, however, and he's locking it down!

DDK:

The Message! Cayle Murray is fighting it, but Impulse is clamping down on that double wristlock! If he gets it locked in, this match is over! Cayle struggles, he's fighting off Impulse's other arm!

Angus:

Dig Deep! Pretend you're trying to take down Captain Nemo!

Cayle manages to keep the hold from locking on, and he rolls through and kips up, spinning the wrist lock around into a hammerlock! Impulse with a snapmare takedown, and Cayle loses grip! Impulse with a scoop lift, and Cayle with a back elbow again! Irish whip - Impulse reverses!

DDK:

SUDDEN IMPACT! CAYLE DUCKS IT!

Angus:

C'mon, Calamari!

On the rebound, Cayle ducks under Impulse's stiff boot, and spins him around quickly! He hooks him, and drops him to the mat with a STO! Cover, but Impulse gets a boot on the ropes before even a one count!

Cayle scoops Impulse and slams him in the middle of the ring, and he runs his thumb across his own throat, signaling for what he (and Angus) hopes will be the end of the match. He bounds off the ropes, and slingshots himself to the top! AIR RAID!

DDK:

IMPULSE ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY! CAYLE EATS CANVAS!

Milliseconds after impact, Impulse half crawls, half bounces towards Cayle, and attempts to lock on the Message for the second time - and Cayle is ready! He reverses into a cross armbreaker, but Impulse hooks the ropes! Cayle releases on the count of three, and he backs off at Benny Doyle's direction.

DDK:

That's twice he's gone for that double wristlock, Angus, and twice that Cayle has either reversed it or blocked it! We said it earlier about Impulse, but what will it take for Impulse to put Cayle Murray away?

Angus:

A handful of tights and a fistful of steel.

DDK:

Your optimism knows no bounds.

Cayle with a kick to Impulse's knee, and another one to his ribs sends the Marathon Man back to one knee! He scoops him up and sends him into the ropes, and a fist - slash - forearm doubles Impulse over! Another whip, and Cayle with a low dropkick that hits the shins and sends Impulse to the mat again! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE! KICKOUT!

He barely gets the shoulder up, and Cayle clearly senses victory within his grasp! He stands over Impulse, breathing heavy, and he's listening to the fans that cheer for both men, who are telling him that this is the moment.

Cayle leans over to scoop Impulse - HE GRABS CAYLE'S WRIST! MODIFIED DROP TOE HOLD BRINGS THE STARBREAKER DOWN!

DDK:

THE MESSAGE! He's got it locked on, Angus! He's got it fully locked, and Cayle has nowhere to go! The pressure on his arm and shoulder have to be overwhelming!

Angus:

I told you, Impulse! MCFUCKASS LOSES! STOP FUCKING UP MY DREAMS!

Benny Doyle is right down at eye level with Cayle Murray, who has pain etched across his face, and who is clearly fighting back some form of verbalization of same. He pounds the mat with his fist, but just as Benny looks towards Darren Quimbey, Cayle clarifies that it wasn't a tap, he's trying to get his brain moving to free his body.

His body isn't going anywhere, however.

The fans are screaming. The tension builds. Everyone stares at the ring, knowing without a doubt in their mind that this match is over, that nobody escapes The Message, that the Bracket A finals will have three men tied and some form of tiebreaker will be required.

The only question remaining was a sad one: will Cayle Murray submit before there is permanent damage to his arm.

And, with the sound of the bell, the question is answered.

DDK:

He gave up!

Angus:

NOOO!!!!!!

DDK:

While my broadcast partner is melting onto the floor underneath our desk, let's get the official word!

In the ring, Impulse let go of the double wristlock at the sound of the bell, and he looks at Benny Doyle with a confused look on his face. He helps Cayle to his feet while Calico Rose enters the ring, and the two athletes try their best to catch their breath as Cally takes Impulse's hand in hers.

DDK:

I'm not sure why Impulse looks so confused, unless...

Before Keebler can finish his sentence, Quimbey is standing tall at ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, as a result of the time limit expiring...

Angus:

YES! NO MIKEY!

Darren Quimbey:

... this match has been ruled a draw! Therefore, advancing to the DEF*MAX tournament finals after topping Block A with FIVE points... STARBREAKER... CAAAAAYLE MURRRRRRAAAAAYYYYYYYYYY!

"The Wings of Icarus" by Celldweller starts playing throughout the building. Cayle falls to his knees, his hands in his hair, as he takes in the moment. Before he can think too hard on it, however, he's pulled back to his feet by Impulse and Cally, who each raise one of his hands to a standing ovation.

DDK:

It was an outstanding battle of the wits, but neither man could truly separate themselves tonight! Impulse looked to have things tied-up with The Message, but Cayle toughed it out, he found the strength to survive, and he's going to Maximum DEFIANCE!

Angus:

And in doing so, he completely eliminates Hollywood McFuckass's chances of getting back in this thing! Tonight, Keebs, I'm almost happy for the kid...

Impulse and Cayle say a few things to each other, but the microphones can't pick any of it up. They break eventually, and instead of sticking around, Impulse and Cally both leave the ring and take up position near the timekeeper, applauding their friend and combat buddy, and talk to the fans in the front row so Cayle can have his moment. Alone in the centre of the ring, Cayle Murray hunches over, brushes his hair back over his head, then stands tall.

DDK:

Defeating Eric Dane was the biggest night of this man's life, but DEFCON was only the beginning! The Only Star tracked Cayle down after the match and his message couldn't have been clearer: "don't screw this up." This is exactly what he meant, and with this win, Cayle Murray edges closer to the very top of DEFIANCE.

Angus:

He emerges from the group with an unbeaten record, and after a shaky start to his DEFIANCE career, that's quite a turnaround. Still, if Bronson Box or Curtis Penn win, they'll proceed to the finals. Whoever it is, Cayle's gonna have to face one of the most dangerous men in DEFIANCE history at the pay-per-view.

DDK:

The game-planning will commence when tonight is over, but for now, the younger Murray brother can enjoy the moment. An unknown almost a year and a half ago, he's become one of the most promising wrestlers on the planet, and who'd bet against him going all the way?

As the crowd sing and chant his name, Cayle opts against an extravagant in-ring celebration. Instead he gazes all the way around the building, doing a complete 360, before bowing for the fans.

Angus:

Come on now Squiddy, don't outstay your welcome.

DDK:

Let him have a moment -- he's worked hard to get here.

Instead of dragging the process out, Cayle leaves the ring as soon as he's standing again. Once outside, Cayle makes a beeline for one of the barriers. He hops up with his back to the crowd, raises both hands into the air, then falls backwards...

Angus:

What the...?!

... and they catch him.

DDK:

He's crowd-surfing his way out of the arena!

Angus:

Oh for the love of God...

Sure enough, The Faithful gradually carry Murray away from the ringside area.

DDK:

What a novel way to make an exit, and one thing's for sure: whether it's Penn or Box, the crowd will be firmly behind Cayle Murray at MAX DEF!

WAIT WUT!?

♪ "Blunt Blowin" by Lil Wayne ♪

Booooooooooooo!!

Angus:

Haven't we seen this guy enough for one night! If he's not cheating to win, he's shmoozing someone in the back, or he's running his mouth...

Unlikely comes through the curtain microphone in hand. He looks pretty upset. He still sports his ring gear and the SOHER around his waist.

Mikey Unlikely:

Cut the god damn music!

Someone does just that,

DDK:

Well it appears Unlikely's celebratory mood has left the building...

Angus:

Because Squidboy just won the A bracket! Unlikely is out! YUS!

Mikey Unlikely:

You mean to tell me, that after all this... I AM NOT THE DEFMAX CHAMPION!? That this... "*wrestlerrrrr*" wins!?

Mikeys face morphs into one of disgust, While the fans explode for Cayle Murray.

Mikey Unlikely:

Impulse.... You weak weak little man! You couldn't even come out here and pick up the win!? Can't you do anything right!? Now what!?

As Impulse climbs back into the ring to get a better look at the SoHER Champion, the Faithful begin to shout at the Sports Entertainer.

GetTheFuckOut!

GetTheFuckOut!

GetTheFuckOut!

Impulse is still breathing heavily from his match, but he plays a bit to the crowd, acknowledging their chant.

Mikey Unlikely:

I repeat! NOW WHAT!? You're going to have a DEFIANCE Pay Per View without the World's Greatest Sports Entertainer!? WHO'S GOING TO BUY THAT!?

The fans go nuts.

Angus:

I WOULD!!! I WOULD BUY IT KEEBS!!!!

DDK:

Calm down Angus.

Impulse says something inaudible to Cally, and she goes towards Darren Quimbey, presumably to obtain a

microphone. However, the DEFIA-Tron suddenly lights up with the face of....

Angus:

DA BAWSE LADY!

Kelly Evans sits behind her desk in her plush office. She smiles as the fans cheers died down for her. Unlikely is still unaware. Finally he looks up and double takes.

Kelly Evans:

Oh.... Mikey... I don't want you to even worry your little head one bit! You're right about one thing... Cayle Murray is the winner of the A bracket of the DEFMAX tournament, He's earned that honor! But you... well... I've got something for you too!

Unlikely begins to raise his mic to his lips. He speaks but nothing comes out. Kelly smiles wide.

Kelly Evans:

I thought you might have something to say, so I had them cut off that microphone of yours!

The fans cheer again as Mikey stomps on the ramp like a child.

Kelly Evans:

It seems that you and Impulse there have some unfinished business to attend to... and it looks like you need a match for DEFMAX!

The head of the SOHER (or the HOHER depending on who you ask) begins to shake vehemently. In the ring Impulse smiles, with Cally now by his side.

Kelly Evans:

So as of this moment, you are now scheduled to DEFEND your SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP at DEFMAX! And you will do it against IMPULSE!!!!

The Wrestle-Plex explodes at the announcement.

Kelly Evans:

Good luck gentlemen!

With that, Kelly Evans is gone. The fans still cheering, Impulse is staring down Mikey with a grin a mile wide, and Mikey is losing his shit at the top of the ramp.

Angus:

Yus! Impulse gets a chance to right his wrong, when he goes one on one with Mikey McDouchenozzle at DEFMAX!

DDK:

What an announcement from Kelly Evans!

♪"Revolution" by Sirsy♪

Mikey slowly backs through the curtain, clutching his championship. Impulse finally exits the ring, in a much better mood.

SPECIAL DELIVERY

Oh, but we're not quite done with Kelly Evans just yet...

Up on high, The Matriarch of DEFIANCE has a pleased little smirk on her face after delivering the news about the Southern Heritage title match to Impulse and Mikey Unlikely. And with one more match on the night's docket before the DEF*MAX finals are set, Kelly's feeling like it's time kick her heels off, put her feet up, and break out the scotch.

She gets nearly all the way there (heels off, desk drawer opened to grab the bottle of booze) when Wyatt Bronson enters the room with a white mailing envelope in his hands.

Wyatt Bronson:

Local courier dropped this off by the delivery entrance for you.

Kelly frowns and checks her watch.

Kelly Evans:

It's past normal business hours for this sort of thing, isn't it?

Wyatt Bronson: [shrugging]

Is it? It's 2016. They have mini helicopters delivering packages now.

Kelly Evans: [taking the envelope from him]

I see your poin...this is heavy. The hell is in here?

She pulls the open-assist tab across the length of the cardboard and grasps a short stack of papers. Wyatt hangs back a bit and gives The Matriarch a couple minutes to leaf and read through them. After a minute or two, she chuckles.

Wyatt Bronson:

Well?

Kelly's smirk returns.

Kelly Evans:

Someone's *medical clearance* finally came through.

A cheer from the Faithful permeates through the walls of the Space Formerly Known as the "Pleasure Dome." Wyatt allows himself to nod in affirmation.

Wyatt Bronson:

I cannot begin to imagine what kind of mindset she's in given what Dan's done to Wade and Tyler and knowing she wasn't allowed here to do anything about it.

Kelly Evans:

Oh, I think I can hazard a guess...

Wyatt's eyebrows hike upward as he watches Kelly reach across the desk for a pen. The pen goes inside the envelope and very carefully lifts something out.

It's shiny. And sharp. And made for throwing...

Before the camera can fully see what Kelly has, the scene quickly cuts...

PARKING LOT PURGATORY

...to your Gigantor Asian Baseball [GoFundMe](#) FIST of DEFIANCE Daniel Q. Ryan in his locker room, where he's sitting on a comfy leather couch and drinking from a water bottle. He's not paying one bit of attention to anything happening on the television monitor in the room, so whether or not he actually heard Kelly Evans say that Lindsay Troy is medically cleared to compete at Maximum DEFIANCE isn't yet apparent. What is apparent is Dan's pretty thirsty because that bottle's done and is now being spiked, abruptly, on the ground.

Dan Ryan:

ANOTHER!

No, he's not Chris Hemsworth, and this isn't the first Thor movie, but are *you* going to tell him that?

Dan's about to glance toward his own personal catering spread to see if another water bottle exists there when a knock on the door diverts his attention. He rises from the couch, walks toward the noise, and yanks the metal egress open to reveal Christie Zane. She doesn't have a microphone but she does look very, very nervous.

Christie Zane:

H...hi, Dan.

Ryan does notice her lack of a mic but says nothing otherwise.

Christie Zane:

I... [stammers] I'm sorry to bother you and, um...

She shifts uncomfortably.

Christie Zane:

Well, I *really really* didn't want to be the one to tell you this, but one of the catering vendor's trucks was having some trouble maneuvering in the lot and might've...

Dan Ryan:

Might've....*what?*

Christie cringes and braces for impact.

Christie Zane:

Hit your car? Pleasepleaseplease don't kill me...they asked me to tell you because they figured I'd be the least likely person you'd kill other than Kelly, and ... [she backs away a bit] I'm going up to tell her now so she can call the insurance people or start paperwork or fire someone or do whatever it is she's supposed to do...

Even though Dan Ryan's eyes are hidden behind his black, reflective sunglasses, his expression goes stone-face **pissed** while Christie continues her nervous chatter.

Christie Zane:

Anyway, I'm still...in one piece...yes...OK...so I'm gonna go find Kelly. Sorry about your car!

Before Ryan can stop her or hurt her (let's face it, this is still a likely scenario), Christie is click-clack-scurrying her way down the hall out of sight and, presumably, to the safety of Kelly's office. When her words fully register in Dan's head, he clenches his fists and stalks off to survey the damage to his SUV.

Quick cut-to: Angus and Keebs at the announce booth.

Angus:

Jesus, did Marcel hire some newbz to drive the food rig to the Wrestle-Plex this week? Do they even know what's heading their way?

DDK:

I'm sure it was an accident, partner.

Angus:

You try pitching "an accident" to Dan Ryan, Keebs. Where have you been the last two shows? And does he know about Lindsay Troy?

DDK:

I don't know that either. You'd think he'd let on and he didn't, so he might not.

Angus:

Kelly might want to break the news to him before he breaks some poor kid's face out there. It might be the only way to save someone's life tonight.

Cut back to Ryan with his mind on some murder and some murder on his mind.

He blasts through the back door, sending it crashing against the concrete wall of the parking garage. The camera angle shifts so the perspective isn't of Dan Ryan's back anymore.

The Ego Buster had expected to find a loud commotion going on in front of him: Wyatt Bronson and DEFsec "directing traffic" and containing the scene; catering crew cowering in fear or gathering courage or averting their eyes; twisted steel or awkwardly parked vehicles slightly askew on the pavement. Loud voices. Possible police sirens or flashing police lights because someone would have to file a report for insurance purposes (Cover Your Ass, people, Marcel wants it done by the book)...

He gets none of this, however.

Instead, he gets a ghost town.

No Wyatt. No DEFsec. No cops. No paperwork. No catering crew.

No car damage. Whatsoever.

Something by the tip of his nose glints - quickly - before his eyes, but it's gone in a flash and is replaced with a faint *plink plink* sound. Ryan turns to the noise and looks down to his right at the thin, five-pointed **shuriken** that just missed slicing his nose. The blood in his veins flash-freezes.

Dan Ryan:

Oh fuuuu--

He doesn't get a chance to finish his thought, or turn around, or let out the rest of his breath before Lindsay Troy is on him in silent, wrathful fury with a tire iron in her hand.

She strikes with precision; a swing to his upper back and shoulders sends him stumbling forward. Another shot sends him down to a knee. Troy follows that up with a kick to the face - to the nose, which she deliberately missed with the throwing star - that has him seeing stars. Heavy clubbing body shots keep Ryan from fending her off; she got the jump on him, the shuriken providing the distraction she needed.

Another swing of the metal weapon to Ryan's temple sends the big man down a flight of stairs to the concrete below. She swings her body over the railing to land lightly on her feet by his side. He's bleeding now and she starts swinging for his knees. The shots are unrelenting. They are furious. But most of all, they are not punctuated by any shit talk. There's no taunting going on. No screaming. No piercing, banshee cries of anger and rage. The violence the Queen unleashes on her brother-in-law is swift and haunting in its stillness; a vast contrast from all of the talking she's known for, all of the smart alecky quips and razor-sharp wit. Instead, it's Ryan who can't help but vocalize the pain his body's feeling.

Dan Ryan:

Son of a...

He grits his teeth and, uncharacteristically, retreats. He sees his car, completely undamaged by the way, and heads in that direction as fast as he can. But holy shit, his knees... His legs... He wants to move faster but it all feels like slow-motion.

Lindsay Troy is a ball of fury, and pounces on him as he gets to the back door. She swings the tire iron but he ducks, and the back window spiderwebs in all directions. Ryan throws a forearm that catches her jaw, but it wasn't meant to start an offensive, only to give him space. He whips the door open and dives inside, screaming at the terrified driver to "DRIVE NOW." That tire iron comes down on the back of the car three times before it's able to peel out and take off, leaving Lindsay Troy standing tall, staring after the car, expressionless.

The Faithful, having been stunned into silence for most of this, now erupts at the image of the Queen of the Ring standing tall, unfazed, like a monument.

She turns, spins the metal rod round in her hand, and heads back toward the arena.

Cut to the broadcast team.

DEF*MAX ROUND THREE: BRONSON BOX VS. CURTIS PENN [BLOCK B]*♪"Enea Volare Mezzo" eRa♪*

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

UGH! How is THIS guy ahead on the leaderboards? I mean come on, most days he cannot fight his way out of a wet paper bag! But somehow he's actually WINNING?

DDK:

On any given day Angus...

Out steps Curtis Penn from behind the curtains. The man's mere presence sends the Faithful into a frenzy.

Angus:

SRSLY guys come ON! LOOK at that face... LOOK AT IT! That face has needed to die for like five years, easy...

Curtis isn't smiling, grinning, or scowling, plastered on his face is the look of a cold hard killer... yet somehow still smarmy as hell.

DDK:

Curtis looks like he's ready for a battle.

Angus:

Curtis looks like he's ready for a BODY bag. After his loss to the Douche-Bruv last week... well, you know Box well enough to predict what sort of statement he'll want to be makin' tonight against the human jizz-stain here.

Curtis makes it into the ring quickly scaling the steps and stepping between the ropes. The former Southern Heritage champion walks past referee Buffalo Brian Slater and casts him a down right evil glare on his way to the far ring post. Just as he steps up onto the second turnbuckle and raises his arms the man in black cuts through the arena like a hot knife through butter. Penn looks back over his shoulder... a little half grin visible on his lips. He hops off the turnbuckle as Johnny Cash sings on.

♪ You can run on for a long time... ♪

The song plays for a bit before we see him. He steps out from behind the curtain sloooowly, with a scowl PLASTERED on his mustachioed mug, wringing his hands in anticipation. If his jaw was clenched any tighter he'd crack a molar. His eyes are trained like lasers on his opponent, leaning against the ropes watching his opponents every move, his every step as The Wargod starts off down the ramp.

DDK:

Penn looking unfazed here as his opponent makes his way towards the ring, Skaaland.

Angus:

If he's not gorram TERRIFIED, he's a bigger asshole than even I figured.

The former two time FIST of DEFIANCE stops at the foot of the ramp for a moment, exchanging a long cold look with Penn still up in the ring leaning on the ropes. Pen chuckles under his breath taking a couple steps back, allowing Boxer room to roll under the bottom rope and pop up inches from Curtis' face. The two end up quite literally butting heads center ring, both men radiating a palpable NEED to start brutalizing the other.

DDK:

Curtis Penn and Bronson Box come to the center of the ring, neither of them are giving up an inch.

There is no clear ending and beginning between their foreheads, as words are being spoken between the two men.

Box says something that causes a grin to spread across Curtis's face. Penn steps back and rubs his face, lowers his hands to his hips. Eyes connect.

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!!!!

DDK:

Penn just hauled off and slapped The WARGOD.

Angus:

OH THIS IS GONNA BE A GOOD ONE!

Box wipes his face and laughs as he stares back at Penn.

SLLLLAAAPPPP!

DDK:

THE WARGOD JUST RAWKED PENN WITH HIS OWN BACKHAND!

Angus:

OH...BOY!! I'ma need some popcorn for this one right here!

Penn shrugs the slap off and steps right back into the face of Bronson Box. The jawing starts back up, this time Box takes a step back and calls for Penn to strike him.

DDK:

Box is calling for Penn to hit him.

Curtis plays it up by asking the crowd if they want the foot? The knee? A fist? Or the finger, in which he gives to Box which only agitates The Original DEFIANT.

DDK:

Boxer just snickers at Penn and his antics.

Penn waits until Box turns his head back around and decides to smash his forearm into the bridge of of Box's nose. Box's head tilts sideways, but he brings it back around only to grin at Penn.

DDK:

Penn, being the good sport that he is, calls for Box to do the same to him.

The Scottish Strongman connects his forearm into the jaw of The Earl of Elbows and knocks him clear across the ring. Penn bounces off of the ropes and slams his elbow back into the face of Box who just shifts his feet a little. Box holds Penn by the forehead and drives his forearm again into the jaw of Penn. Penn stumbles back a couple of steps and drives a rolling elbow into Boxes jaw, Box fall back into the ropes and stands up almost immediately, Penn points at his chin and begs Box to hit him again.

DDK:

Box looks a little angry that Penn rocked him with that last one.

Angus:

I would be too if Curtis Penn knocked me into the ropes.

DDK:

Box lifts Penn's chin and measures him for an elbow.

Boxer's elbow strike crumples Penn to the mat. Box wastes no time at all following up and covering Penn

ONE!!!!

TWO!!!!

DDK:

Penn kicks out. Box jumps immediately onto his feet and pulls Penn up by his facial hair. OH, PENN POKES BOX in the EYES!

Penn follows up the eye poke with an enziguri that spins Box around and Penn throws him over with a belly to back suplex, Penn stands right back up and hits a diving uppercut onto Box as he's pulling himself up to his knees, Penn rushes off of the ropes and connects with spinal tap.

DDK:

Box clutches his lower back.

Penn plays to the crowd while pointing at Boxer and mimicking his agony. Box pound on the mat in angry and drives himself onto his feet as Penn turns around and is surprised by Boxer's evil grin.

DDK:

Box with an eye rake! Penn clutches his face, Box hooks him up and tosses him half-way across the ring with a suplex of his own!

Box quickly falls onto Penn, uses his left hand to pin down his throat and throws several strikes to the face before Slater breaks it up.

Angus:

COME ON WHY'D HE STOP!

DDK:

Slater is indicating that Box had used his FIVE count while choking the life out of Penn.

Penn rolls out onto the apron trying to regain some wind. Slater is keeping Box from attacking head on, Box slides out to the side and Slater starts the count. As The War God rounds the corner Penn slides back inside. Box begins to duck underneath the ropes to make his way back into the ring, Penn connects with an uppercut and then lifts the middle rope and crotches Bronson. Penn taps his temple as Box finishes stumbling into the ring.

Penn lifts him up and sends him into the ropes, Box reverses and lifts him up and let's gravity do the rest as Penn meets the mat hard. He lifts him up and drives his head into the bridge of Penn's nose.

DDK:

Box has Penn in a bear hug and is driving his forehead into the bridge of Penn's nose. This is going to get bloody before we're all said and done.

After a series of headbutts Box just dumps Penn to the mat.

DDK:

Box with another cover

ONE!!!!

TWOO!!!

DDK:

KICKOUT! Another fraction of a second Box would have been on top of the leaderboard.

Box lifts Penn to his feet and starts throwing lefts and rights, Penn evades one and then another, takes a wild swing of his own, Boxer ducks and lifts Penn off of his feet with an uppercut.

DDK:

Box keeping Penn out of his usual element here with some straight up hard nosed fisticuffs, partner!

Angus:

Fisticuffs? What are you, eighty? Jesus...

DDK:

Penn take a break and bails to ringside after getting pummeled by DEFIANCE's ACE.

Angus:

Come on BOX don't let him breath!

Box comes off the far ropes and launches himself through the top and second rope with a reckless tope suicida.

DDK:

OH MY, Box took a page out of Curtis playbook and dove head first onto Penn.

Penn is crumped against the guardrail.

DDK:

Both men landed hard, Penn took it all with is back, but Box might be hurt. His head and neck speared the barricade.

Neck injury, nah, Box pops up to his feet overflowing with piss and vinager and stomps a mudhole into what's left of Curtis Penn.

RAHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

RAHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

RAHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

Angus:

The Faithful love it, I LOOOOVE IT.... KICK HIS TEETH IN BOXER!

Box stomps until Penn is laying in a heap on the floor. He lifts him up strongman style and just tosses him into the ring post. He pick Penn up from there and rams him back into the barricade before ramming him into the apron.

DDK:

Penn's back is just mush by now. Box is doing everything he can to make you happy Angus.

Angus:

I guess he finally found that 20 spot I left him in his gym bag.

Penn falls to his knees and hugs the thighs of the DEFIANT One. Box takes a step away as Penn swings at phantoms before he falls face first to the floor.

DDK:

At the behest of Brian Slater Box deadlifts Penn onto the apron, Penn rolls into the ring breaking the count.

Box ducks his head through the ropes, Penn pops up and kicks the middle rope crotching Box again.

Angus:

That no good lousy Curtis Penn! He just cheap shotted BOXER!

DDK:

Obviously Penn was playing possum and wanted to get this back into the ring.

Penn stiff kicks Box in the head and follows it up with a knee strike from the other side. He clutches Box and starts giving him Muay Thai knees to the face. He pulls Box through the ropes and hangs him in the air for a moment before dropping him with a middle rope assisted neck breaker. Penn covers him for a pin.

DDK:

Slater tells Penn that Box's foot is under the ropes.

Penn pulls the foot out and hooks the leg for a quick one count before Box kicks out.

DDK:

Penn is frustrated that Box is already back to his feet.

Angus:

You can't keep us down Keebs.

DDK:

Us?

Angus:

The EM EM CEE PEE Club.

DDK:

The wha?

Angus:

The Must Murder Curtis Penn Club... come on we have a newsletter!

DDK:

Penn calls for a test of strength with Box.

They jockey back and forth for a moment, Box comes out of it with a wrist lock, Penn reverses, Box reverses the reversal, Penn rolls through and keeps the wrist lock turning into into a hammerlock, he transitions into a side headlock and then into a take down grounding Box in a side headlock on the mat. Box turns his hips and rolls Penn's shoulders the mat for a one count, Penn shifts his weight and once again has the side headlock. Box begins to kick his legs and pulls his head out from under Penn's arms. Box is up with a Kip Up.

DDK:

Curtis Penn truly believes that he can defeat Bronson Box. He truly does. The match might not have been going in the right direction at the start, but Penn truly thinks that he can out wrestle Box.

Angus:

That was until Box just shucked off that side headlock and did that kip up in the face of Curtis Penn.

Again with the knuckle lock, Penn once again gains the wrist lock only to transition into a front facelock. Bronson powers Penn off of the ground and sits him on the top turnbuckle and backs away.

DDK:

Box is just disrespecting Curtis Penn with that show of strength. Penn is just sitting on the turnbuckle like WTF!

Angus:

Box is just toying with Penn. He knows that he can end this at any moment of his choosing. He's having fun.

Penn slides off of the turnbuckle, calls again for the knuckle lock, this time he shoots underneath and around. He locks in a nerve hold on the traps and places his boots into the back of the knees of Box, forcing him down. He crosses Box's arms around his neck and rocks back lifting him into a straight jacket surfboard. Box flips over and locks the straight jacket on Penn. Penn back Box into a corner and Box releases the hold. Box eats a right elbow for the break.

DDK:

That back elbow from Penn held a lot of frustration. Penn came in here with a game plan and it doesn't seem to be working at all for the King of Knees.

Angus:

Did you just see Box give that Matombo like finger wave. No No... Not in my house he says! Boxer reminding Penn he's more than just a quote unquote head dropper, Keebs!

DDK:

What technical prowess from BOTH men... I, wait a second partner, look who's here!

All eyes turn to the entrance ramp where Jane Katze stands with her arms crossed, eyeing the match intently from the stage.

DDK:

It's not really a secret that Ms. Katze and her client Bronson Box haven't exactly been seeing eye to eye lately.

Angus:

It all really started when Box dropped those charges against Eugene after the fat twit DESTROYED Bronson's wrestling school... with a HAMMER. And after that, the War God just shuttered the place. Katze reportedly lost a looooot of money, Keebs. Like, movie briefcase full of cash money.

One quick glance, cast over his shoulder, towards his business manager still giving the match an icy lookover from the top of the ramp, just that little distraction was all it took and Penn capitalized with a ruthless chop block to the back of Boxer's knee. Penn quickly locks in a front facelock and dogs Box into the mat, Box reverses into a facelock of his own, Penn counters with another facelock and gator rolls him onto his back. Penn floats over to one side and then back and then flips Box over with headlock take down before popping up on his feet stepping away from the angry looking Box.

DDK:

I'm... I'm not at all sure what's going on here...He actually had Box down and he just let him back up.

Angus:

It's pretty simple actually... Penn is arrogant as fuck.

Penn calls for another knuckle lock, hoping his luck has changed, Box engages, but Penn breaks the knuckle lock with his boot and quickly applies a cravate to Box. Penn controlling the head quickly uses one of his legs to trips Box to the mat putting much added pressure to the cravate.

Angus:

For some unknown fuckin' reason, Katze has been courting Penn, looking to expand her clientbase. Something that's also been at the root of her and Boxer's recent interpersonal issues Bronson, like myself and any other sane thinking individual has loathed Curtis Penn for years.

DDK:

Jane Katze, protegee of the vindictive scheming Socialite and former DEFIANCE shot-caller Edward White, the young woman is not someone you want any animosity with partner, even if your name is Bronson Box!

Angus:

It's a lose lose lose situation having a chick that hot, that smart and that vindictive pissed off at you, believe me.

Box fighting from underneath, starts to strike hard from underneath until Penn releases the cravat, once released Box hoists Penn up for a quick scoop slam. Box lifts Penn back to his feet, sends him into the ropes and catches Penn with the one armed side slam.

DDK:

Box calls for the airplane spin. Now this normally sets up for his Fireman's Carry Gutbuster!

Angus:

Look at her walk! If she wasn't dangerous as a snake I would be in love right now.

DDK:

What are you talking about?

As Jane walks down the ramp, Box as predicted completes 10 revolutions stops and drops Penn across his knees. Not stopping there Box picks Penn backup and whips Penn, who miraculously counters and whips Box into the ropes who connects with a rebound lariat. With Curtis is leveled enough for Box to lean over the ropes and greet his business manager, asking her what the hell she's doing out here slash telling her to FOOK off backstage "where she belongs."

DDK:

Box having a heated conversation with Jane. A lot of finger pointing and veins bulging from the neck of Box. These two just haven't been on the same page since the business with Eugene...

Angus:

Yeah that's all well and good, but Penn is stirring... BOXER, TURN AROUND!

Penn makes it to his knees and notices that Jane and Box are eye to eye and Jane is on the apron. Penn jumps up and scrambles behind Box, he sinks in the hook and jerks Box over head.

DDK:

Penn withe the CURTIS-PLEX!

Angus:

FUCK, with the bridge!

DDK:

Slater slides in for the pinfall!

The Faithful count along.

ONE!!!!

TWOOO!!!!

THREEEEEEEE!!!!NOOOOO!!!!

DDK:

BOX KICKED OUT! BOX KICKED OUT!!!!

Penn slaps the mat!

DDK:

Penn is in the face of Slater questioning his ability to count calling that a solid three count.

Angus:

GET UP BRONSON! GET UUUUUUUUP!

Penn jaws with Slater but eventually breaks away and starts laying the leather to Boxer keeping the Scottish Strongman down. It becomes evident the boots are doing very little to retard The Wargod's slowly ascent back to his feet. Once there Boxer SCREAMS in the face of Curtis Penn before popping off a lightning quick belly to belly that sees Penn crumple back into the turnbuckle.

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

DDK:

The resilience of the Bombastic Bronson Box, Angus!

Angus:

HE'S CLUBBERIN'!

Boxer reaches down and drags Penn to his feet by his ears, propping him up in the corner. After a few more choice words screamed inches from his face The Wargod leans into Penn with a veritable onslaught of brutal forearms that drive the former SoHer champion back down to the canvas.

DDK:

Clubberin' indeed! Those forearms mean business! But... wait, LOOK!

Jane Katze is up on the apron, a finger pointed right in the face of her client. Boxer's eyes are wide as dinner plates. The two continue their heated discussion from earlier. Katze even goes as far as to kick off her high heels in anticipation of a more physical altercation. Referee Slater immediately steps between the two desperately urging the incensed Katze to vacate ringside. With his back to Boxer, Penn and the ring and his attention squarely on Jane we barely notice Curtis Penn reach over and pick up one of Jane's ruby red high heels that JUST so happened to bounce within arms reach.

Angus:

He gunna' huck footwear at him now?

DDK:

I don't...

Before Darren Keebler can even hazard a guess as to what Penn's plan is with the rather SHARP stilleto heel shoe, the question is answered as Penn lunges in LOW BLOWS Boxer with absolute authority, sending the distracted Strongman to his knees. Curtis then brings the shoe down across Boxer's forehead over and over and over and OVER again. Penn only stops and hucks the shoe away when he sees a solid trickle of blood roll down the bridge of his opponent's nose.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

My GOD! What a revolting ass!

Angus:

Is... is Jane distracting the referee... FOR CURTIS PENN?!

Slater missed the low blow and every single brutal clubbing blow Penn laid across Boxer's forehead thanks to Jane Katze keeping Slater's attention for the entirety of Penn's vicious assault. When Slater turns around all he sees is Curtis Penn standing over a blood and dazed Bronson Box, on all fours... a puddle of red forming on the canvas beneath his face. Penn adds insult to injury with a few arrogant kicks to his opponents prone head.

Penn:

COME ON BIG BAD BOXER... COME ON...

Penn reaches down and hooks Boxer's waist, showing off his incredible conditioning picking Scottish Strongman with a stunning deadlift German Suplex that he then deftly maneuvers into a submission hold that draws each and every single member of the Faithful to their feet...

DDK:

CURTIS CLUTCH! PENN HAS THE CLUTCH LOCKED IN ON BRONSON BOX!

Angus:

NOOOOOOO, FUCK YOU BOX! DON'T YOU DARE TAP YOU BASTARD!

As Penn cranks back on Boxer's neck the camera catches Jane Katze at ringside with a satisfied smile on her face... and a bloody stiletto in her hand.

DDK:

Boxer isn't quitting! My GOD! Penn has the Clutch locked in as tightly and expertly as we've come to expect from this young man!

Angus:

Speak for yourself, Keebler! COME OOOOOOON BRONSON!

Referee Slater kneels down and checks on BoxeR, Penn screaming out like a madman whilst he does.

Penn:

HUH?! COME ON! TAP! TAP! TAP YOU PRICK! TAP!

Bronson Box however isn't the "tapping type"... Slater lifts Boxer arm once.

And it drops.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Slater lifts Bronson's arm again... to a similar effect, The Wargod's arm dropping yet again.

Angus:

WHAT. THE FUCK. IS HAPPENING.

For a brief moment, before Slater even reaches down and grabs Boxers arm it looks like he might just rally... but Penn just cranks back that much harder on the maneuver. The pressure on The Wargod's neck is so intense his face starts to slowly go pallid, then a light shade of purple. Slater shakes his head as he performs his duties once again and Bronson Box's arm goes slack a third and final time, dropping lifelessly to the canvas. He turns and calls for the bell as the crowd goes absolutely ape...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

THIS IS UNPRECEDENTED! Cheap shots, low blows... Curtis Penn has said over and over he wouldn't let ANYTHING stand in his way.

Angus:

You just said a GORRAM mouthful Darren, look at this horseshit right here...

Jane Katze slowly saunters up the ringsteps with the most satisfied look plastered on her flawless lips. Once on the

ring apron she gingerly drops her high heels to the canvas and steps back into them. Not bothering to wipe one drop of blood of Bronson's blood from their glossy red finish. Penn steps over and opens the ropes for Katze, the two exchanging that same satisfied smile. Curtis leans through the ropes and orders one of the ringside monkey's to hand him a microphone, as his "new business manager has something to say."

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Before handing the microphone over to Katze, Penn drops down and drives the mic into Boxer's still bleeding forehead just as it looks like The Wargod was slowly coming around. Penn wrenches Box up and locks in a sleeper... allowing Jane to lean down into his face.

Jane Katze:

Bronson... sweetie, if you can hear me I want you to listen very closely to me. I still want to represent you. You're a money maker. I like money makers. You know who else is a money maker, Boxy... do you? I'll give you a hint... he just BEAT you. This loss, the loss last week... this is what happens when you don't listen to me. This is what happens when you get DISTRACTED with some little side quest. See, you shouldn't give a DAMN about Cayle Murray until and IF you find yourself standing across from him in the finals... and you DAMN sure shouldn't give a damn about his PRICK brother either...

The cobwebs are obviously clearing, Boxer coming around and struggling against Penn's grip.

Jane Katze:

I've decided to offer my invaluable services to someone with their eye on the prize, a man willing to do what it takes to be a WINNER and bring DEF*MAX home... **by any funds necessary.**

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUGH... all that AND an Edward White call back... I need drugs.

Jane drops the microphone and vacates the ring. Once she's clear and backing up the ramp Penn releases the sleeper and quickly scrambles from the ring. Still a groggy, bleeding mess Boxer whips around best he can and lunges for Penn grabbing nothing but air and the second rope. Curtis joins his powerful new ally halfway up the ramp, both of them seeming to enjoy watching Boxer struggle to his feet to an almost super villain-like degree.

Penn can't help but smile as he lifts his arms above his head victoriously.

DDK:

I'm... I'm speechless here, Skaaland. Not only does Bronson Box lose two in a row but Jane Katze has...

Angus:

Slithered into bed with satan? Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go drink and drug myself to death after this travesty of a main event...

We hear the clatter of Angus' headset hit the desk as he gets up and leaves the commentary station.

DDK:

Folks, for Angus Skaaland I'm Darren Keebler... GOODNIGHT FROM NOLA!

The camera cuts one more time to the stage where Penn again has his arms raised triumphantly as Jane blows a kiss in the direction of the ring... where the last thing we see is the shocked, scowling, FURIOUS mustachioed face of The Wargod just now coming to complete grips with what just happened.