

THE RUNDOWN

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

Music and loud noises fill your television box, and a fast camera speeds all around, not stopping on any one fan long enough to identify them.

We do see some inspired signage, however:

#ISTANDWITHPCP
I'M A MIKEY MONEY MINION
SAY IT AIN'T SO, MOM!
SOMEONE VIOLATED MY MASK!
TOUCH THE BELT, ANGUS!

And so forth.

Finally, we settle on our party hosts and chaperones, 'Diamond' Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland.

DDK:

Good evening, DEFIANCE FAITHFUL, and welcome to DEFTv!

Angus:

They know where they are, Keebs, let's get to the important stuff!

DDK:

Right, Angus! We have a NEW FIST of DEFIANCE here, and we'll hear--

Angus (covering his ears):

LA-LA-LA I can't hear you!

DDK:

--from his representation, right after Angus finishes his nervous breakdown! We've got news that the Masked Violators are in the building, and they're desperately searching for any sign of Lord Nigel!

Angus:

They also need to search for a good dry cleaner! If those masks never come off, it's gotta smell like an egg buried inside a shoe!

DDK:

We've also got some incredible matches tonight, including former Southern Heritage Champion Mikey--

Angus:

HAH! HAHAAHAHAHAH! HE LOST!

DDK:

--Unlikely taking on his former protege Elise Ares! We'll see the SoHER itself defended by new champion Impulse

against Codename: Reaper!

Angus:

Thank you for being a friend, Impulse! I know you were just being the boy scout when you saved the lead singer of the Flannel Mafia Players, but watch out for the magic tricks.

DDK:

That's just the tip of the iceberg tonight, Angus! Let's get down to ringside!

Angus:

Do we really need to see the cyclone blow?

DDK:

Cute.

Angus:

Come on, that was clever!

CORBIN MICHAELS VS. NIGEL KING

DDK:

I think we're all aware of the ongoing conflict between the Guns of Brixton and the newcomer Corbin Michaels, and it continues here tonight as Guns' leader "Nasty" Nigel King takes a shot at toppling the big Oklahoman.

Angus:

Jesus.

♪ "Frontline" by Pillar ♪

The shot rotates ninety-degrees and slowly focuses in on the entrance stage where the black curtain is tossed aside by "The Cyclone" Corbin Michaels. He pauses a beat at the ramp top, surveys the Wrestleplex, and keeps on truckin'. At the bottom of the ramp, Corbin makes a half-trip around the ring, slaps outstretched hands, and climbs up the steel steps. Referee Mark Shields, cigarette dangling from his lips, casts a sideways glance at the rook.

DDK:

The ever-virtuous Mark Shields seems a bit perturbed with the young Corbin Michaels taking the time to greet the DEFaithful ... must have somewhere to be.

Angus:

Balls deep in some half-drunk teen, *probably*.

♪ "London is the Reason" by Gallows ♪

The Guns of Brixton - King upfront with Rob Collins and Harry Rose on his flanks - emerge to the expected hostility inside the Wrestleplex. With King showing an ice-cold confidence, Rose and Collins ham it up for the crowd - pointing and shouting at Michaels. "Nasty" Nigel, eyes locked on Corbin Michaels, wastes no time in getting down and into the squared circle. With King and Michaels in their places, Shields flicks his spent ciggy and calls for the ringy bell.

DDK:

After weeks of grumbling from the Guns of Brixton over Corbin Michaels and his *undeserved* contract, it comes down to their lead-man Nigel King to try and prove their point, Angus.

As the circling begins, King is cautious of his much larger opposition - patiently awaiting an opening as Corbin tries to corner him. Michaels reaches out for a collar-and-elbow, but receives a tweaked elbow via a wrist grab and a shoulder shot from the super-slick Nigel King. Corbin gives his arm a shake as a small grin creeps across King's lips. King spins underneath Michaels next tie-up and cranks upward on a hammerlock ... Michaels braces a hip into King, steps behind him, and flips King, who keeps his hold, onto his back. King hooks a leg over his neck, rolls him through, and back to *Jump Street* we go.

Angus:

Check out Ledger and Gyllenhaal ... [Keebler sighs]

The Oklahoman finally gets his meathooks on King and the Londoner quickly learns the power advantage is nowhere near his end of the scale. Michaels blasts away with rapid-fire forearm shivers that perk King right up. Corbin latches onto King's wrist, works him over with a trio of short-arm shoulderblocks, and caps it off with a clothesline! King doesn't linger on the canvas for too long, but is promptly planted with a one-handed scoop slam. Michaels initiates the grinder game - hitting King with power-plexes and slams then wearing him down with mat holds. Stuck out in no man's land, "Nasty" Nigel frees himself with an eye poke that garners little more than a shrug from Mark Shields. Nigel crawls over to the cables and pulls himself up. A bit worked up over the poke, Michaels charges in and gets dumped over the top rope!

Angus:

Please, *p/lease* tell me he landed on his head, Keebs.

DDK:

Michaels was cruising, but that poke to the eye and Mark Shields' indifference cost him his focus and now he's knee-deep in Shit Creek! Collins and Rose are moving in!

With Shields distracted (possibly looking away on purpose), Collins and Rose team up for a double Irish that sends Corbin into and then over the ring steps! As Corbin pushes to his base, a stomp session breaks out on Michaels' head, neck, back, and legs. The Guns duo pulls Corbin up, both take ahold of a leg, and drop him Stun Gun-style across the barricade. Corbin stumbles backward and comes to a leaning rest on the ring apron. Collins and Rose roll him into the ring and "Nasty" Nigel gets busy. Nigel quickly rolls the outside, grabs Michaels' left leg, and does a quick meet-n-greet between it and the ring post. Corbin unleashes a shout as Collins and Rose taunt him up close and personal. Nigel slips back into the ring as Corbin crawls away from the corner.

DDK:

I'm beginning to understand why they call this man "Nasty". It's bad enough that he's an excellent technician, but there doesn't appear to be a boundary he will not cross!

Now that the pleasantries are out of the way, Nigel slaps on a spinning toe hold, eases off, and then twists it back violently (rinse and repeat). Nigel slips his own leg free and locks on an achilles tendon hold that sends Corbin into *rope reach mode*. The big ol' Broken Arrow native is able to earn a rope break, but Nigel is a bit tardy in releasing the hold. King continues his good work with a myriad of neat and tidy joint locks that push him toward his end game. Michaels mounts a comeback attempt now and again, but King is able to quickly subdue them either by hook or by crook. Nigel gets back after Corbin's left leg - however, he's met with the bottom of a boot to the bridge of his nose.

Michaels pushes back to his feet and is met by a charging King, who takes a midsection kick and a double underhook slam for the effort. Corbin runs through a string of power moves and punctuates it with a snap powerbomb. Shields plops down for the count.

One!

Two!

No!

The Brixton Butcher (that's Harry Rose) quickly hops onto the apron, attracting a bit of attention from Shields, but moreso Corbin. The Cyclone charges in and hits Rose with a shoulderblock that sends him careening into the barricade. King, being the sneaky fella he is, pops up (not that fast, but fast enough), grabs a handful of tights, and rolls Corbin up!

One!

Two!

Three!

DDK:

He got him, Angus! Harry Rose pulled Corbin's attention away from the task at-hand and "Nasty" Nigel took advantage! Lesson learned, or so you would hope!

Angus:

I doubt this kid learns too much that's not written in Crayola ...

DDK:

Tough break for Corbin Michaels, but on we go and it's our *new* FIST of DEFIANCE that's next on the docket! [Angus groans] We'll be right back with Curtis Penn!

The shot cuts away as a disappointed Corbin Michaels watches the victorious Guns of Brixton make their way back up the ramp, running their yappers and chuckling along the way.

NOTHING STANDS IN OUR WAY

♪ *"Nothing Stands in Our Way" by Lacuna Coil* ♪

Jane Katze struts onto the stage wearing a I told you so smile and her business casual attire. She waves at Keebler and Angus as she starts down the ramp.

DDK:

Jane Katze is a very bright manager. She knew all along that the combination of the opportunistic Curtis Penn and herself would be most cunning alliance in DEFIANCE history. Somehow she worked out that she would be managing the FIST of DEFIANCE sooner rather than later.

Angus:

I hate her. She could have been working with Satan and she would be an angel in my book, but to help Curtis Penn win the FIST... the aren't levels of Hell deep enough for her.

Jane climbs the steps and makes her way into the ring.

Jane Katze:

Over a year ago I began scouting DEFIANCE for the best talent to add to the clientele at Katze & Associates. I watched every talent on the roster, I searched other promotions, and I even spent time in BRAZEN searching for a couple of people to bring into the fold.

She cups the microphone in both hands as she slowly paces the ring, stopping center stage.

Jane Katze:

I almost lost hope after approaching one specific individual a half of a dozen times and being told that the time wasn't right. And he was right, not with the Ed White situation or with Bronson Box demanding all of my focus. But, I know persistence and patience would pay dividends in the end.

She holds out her hand, palm up.

Jane Katze:

Ladies and gentlemen I present to you... without further adieu... my client, your FIST of DEFIANCE CURTIS PENN!

♪ *"Enea Volare Mezzo" by eRa* ♪

Curtis Penn comes out dressed like a champion: charcoal grey suit, custom designed burgundy Chuck Taylor's with the DEFIANCE FIST on the sides, black shirt underneath, and holding it all up is the FIST of DEFIANCE Championship Belt.

Angus:

He makes me sick Keebs. The way he treated Lindsay Troy after the beating she suffered was just revolting. I'm glad that Slater stepped in and got him to break the Curtis Clutch or I was going to have to go down there myself.

DDK:

Sure you were...

Curtis Penn gloats all the way down the ramp. He pauses on the apron and opens the jacket to flash the FIST to the crowd!

Angus:

I know you don't believe me Keebs, but I've had just about enough of this guy and one day I'm gonna catch him slipping...

DDK:

Sure you are... sure you are.

Jane hands Curtis a microphone and offers him her hand, he shakes it and she raises his arms in the air and points at the FIST around his waist. Both are smiling from ear to ear.

Jane Katze:

THE FIST OF DEFIANCE : CURTIS PENN!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

DDK:

That's the affect Curtis has on every person in this building every night!

Curtis Penn brings the microphone up to speak.

Curtis Penn:

Jane can you hear it... it's PENNDEMONIUM tonight!

Penn drops the microphone down an inch or so to give a brief chuckle.

Curtis Penn:

I'm going to keep it pretty simple tonight. DEFtv: 78 will go down as the night that I achieved the greatest prize of my career.

He looks down to the FIST and glances over his shoulder to Jane.

Curtis Penn:

DEFtv: 78 is the night that I was able to shut each and everyone of your mouths! It was the night that everyone of you had to go home and sulk. I beat Lindsay Troy and left her motionless right here.

He points to the mat, kneels down and kisses the spot where he left Lindsey Troy lifeless.

Curtis Penn:

I saw the tweets and the PM's of all the tears and hate from all of you and the only thing I cared about was this!

In one smooth motion Penn was able to unclasp the FIST from his waist and raise it high in the air. Jane is standing behind him applauding her champion and he lowers it onto his shoulder.

Curtis Penn:

Some would think that I'm out here to thank all of you for the support, but let's be honest here, you wouldn't piss on me if I was on fire. There is only one person in DEFIANCE that believed in me and that person is Jane Katze.

He turns to her and she pats her heart area.

Curtis Penn:

I knew that after I lost to Eugene Dewey on December 21, 2014 that the next time I stepped into the ring with the FIST of DEFIANCE... any of them... that I was going to leave with the FIST around my waist or that whoever was the FIST was not going to be able to continue. On 78... I did both. Lindsay Troy will never be back in DEFIANCE, she's done, if she's lucky she might be able to use a fork after some rehab. I left her broken right HERE! And that will be the fate of everyone who tries to step into the ring with the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Jane steps up from behind him.

Jane Katze:

And on that note Curtis, as the Newly Crowned FIST of DEFIANCE you deserve a night of rest and relaxation. So how about you get out of here and enjoy Mardi Gras. If anything comes up, Kelly's nagging or some simpleton who thinks that their fate will be any less than what you handed Troy, then I'll handle it on the behalf of the FIST.

Penn looks at her smiling.

Curtis Penn:

You sure? You don't need me for anything? Jane I should have gotten you an Edible Arrangement or something for Valentine's Day. But you know... when you're right, you're right. I'm gonna go out and enjoy Mardi Gras. Walk around the French Quarter and see if I can catch a Moon Pie or two all the while DEFIANCE can bask in the knowledge that it's future is secure with me as their FIST.

Jane Katze:

There's always next year or even Manager's Day for the gift, but as far as tonight goes it's not likely that after that impressive showing against Troy that anyone is going to be eager to jump up and challenge you. So go out and have some fun, being the FIST is supposed to come with some perks after all of the hard work that you've put in over the years. Soooo... go and live it up and have a good time. And if you need to be bailed out... call me, I got you.

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" by eRa ♪

CURBSIDE SERVICE

Backstage.

Past catering. Past DEFmed.

Around the corner and out the door.

The corporate parking complex.

Mike Sloan's iPhone is plastered to his ear.

Sloan:

Yeah...

The former champion rolls his eyes.

Mike Sloan:

Yeah... I know.

He might be an agent, but he's never been good at having instructions screamed at him. He grins and bares it though, things are about to get a lot more interesting around here.

Of that much, he's sure.

Mike Sloan:

Goddammit, Kelly, I know what the fuck he looks like!

He pulls the phone away from his face and stares at it for a moment before tapping a button and replacing it into his pocket.

Mike Sloan:

Fuckin' bitch...

Time creeps by. Sloan crosses his arms, taps his foot, and reminds himself of the nice fat paycheck that he gets for dealing with this kind of shit. More waiting happens before a pair of halogen lamps turn into the lot.

Sloan grumbles a few more colorful four-letter words as the Phantom-V pulls up directly beside him on the curb. The door does not open.

Mike Sloan:

I swear to fuckin' Christ...

He opens the door. One dragon-skinned boot hits the ground, followed by another. Eric Dane stands to his full height and winks at his long time friend.

Eric Dane:

Michael.

Mike Sloan:

Eric.

An awkward moment passes.

Eric Dane:

Well, what?

It's obvious that Sloan was sent with a purpose, even the freshly arriving Only Star doesn't generally get curbside service in the parking garage. Dane steps around and makes his way to the entrance with Sloan quickly matching his stride.

Mike Sloan:

It's Kelly.

Eric Dane:

Yeah, what about her?

Mike Sloan:

She wants you in her office.

Eric Dane:

Does she now?

Mike Sloan:

Aye-SAP.

Eric Dane: [snorts]

Her office.

Sloan:

Yep.

Eric Dane:

ASAP?

Eric stops dead in his tracks, contemplating. He even goes so far as to rub his chin thoughtfully for half a second. Mike Sloan knows what's coming, twenty years with a guy and you start to pick up his mannerisms.

Eric Dane:

Tell Kels that I'm not here to see her tonight. Then tell her that if I have time before the end of the night I'll meet her in *my* office, which had better not be decked out like some kind of fucking bondage dungeon by the time I get there!

The Only Star continues, leaving Sloan in his dust. The Dark Horse trots to catch up.

Mike Sloan:

Yeah, okay, tell Kelly to fuck off, got it. Why are you here then?

Eric Dane: [in stride]

I've got business. You'll see.

Mike stops, scratching his head.

Mike Sloan:

Why you gotta be such a creepy fuck?

There is no answer as the erstwhile boss of all things Defiant turns a corner.

A WARNING

Terry 'The Idol' Anderson is fuming red hot, he is seen in the backstage area stomping through the hallway with his forehead sweating and his eyes completely bloodshot red. He approaches a closed door and swings it violently open in the process, the camera man, obviously intrigued approaches behind him into the dark locker room slowly and cautiously.

Terry:

I have told you it's too early for this, I told you when I brought him here this isn't the time. You are going way too fast and starting this sort of agenda is only going to cause more problems for you. Do you not realize this? At all?

It seems as though, Terry is speaking to no one. The locker room is completely black and the only light in the room is coming from the hallway, the camera make out if there is truly another person in the room or if Terry is simply talking to himself like a crazed lunatic.

Voice: [not Code Name: Reaper's]

You realize there are cameras here don't you, Terry?

Terry's face almost turns a pitch white, like he just heard a ghost. He brings his hand to his mouth and slowly backs away.

Terry:

I... I..... didn't realize you were in here... I thought Jes....

Voice: [As loud a humanly possible, still not Reaper's]

SHUT UP!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Stumbling backwards almost as if blown over by a large gust of wind, Terry backs away more, pushing himself into the camera man who follows suit and backs up while keeping his camera paced forward.

Terry:

I'll... I'll leave.

Turning completely around, Terry exits the locker room completely. The camera man follows his steps as Terry quickly disappears down an adjacent corridor. Facing the locker room again, the camera man points his camera towards the ground and begins to walk away.

Reaper:

You can stay.... Come inside I have a message for DEFIANCE.

Approaching the dimly lit locker room the camera lenses captures a set of piercing Sapphire blue eyes staring directly at it from across the room.

Reaper:

That's close enough. As you can see our friend Terry is quite troubled as of late about our recent actions and the path we are undertaking. He's troubled because a lot of people are soon to be in serious and..... Frightful danger.

The eyes approach closer.

Reaper:

Some of those people are already obvious, if you have been paying attention. However, there are others that are not so obvious. Others that may not see what's about to happen to them nor can they see the wrath that DEFIANCE is going to feel once we engage.

Reaper:

So tonight is a fair WARNING to all wrestlers in DEFIANCE. From the very top at Curtis Penn, to the very bottom at Solomon Grendel. No one is safe, no champion, no former champion, no contender, no pretender.... NO ONE.

Approaching closer, the eyes dim slightly, almost as if they are focusing.

Reaper:

When it happens to you, you can not say you weren't warned. DEFtv 79 IS your warning.

When the word warning comes out there is a sudden flash of emerald green that flashes quickly in front of the camera and then we are hit by static.

SCOTT DOUGLAS VS. SOLOMON GRENDA

Cut back to the commentary station.

The camera pushes in to "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland as the pair look up from their monitors.

DDK:

Up next we have more live action; Scott Douglas will be facing off against BRAZEN's Solomon Grendel. One half of the Brutal Attack force!

Angus:

You mean, the Midori Sour Apology Tour rolls on.

DDK:

Douglas secured a win over Grendel's partner two weeks ago and of course the trio all have a little in common; in that life has gotten a little bit easier since the disappearance of Midorikawa.

Angus:

Maybe for Brutally Attacked Force, but the lead singer of ... uh ...

DDK:

...

Angus:

The infamous frontman of ...

DDK:

You've run out?

Angus:

... I got this! The Grammy website accessing ...

Angus is cut off by Scott Douglas' entrance music and the Faithful ignite!

♪ "Smiling and Dyin" by Green River ♪

Angus:

What are they so damn thrilled about? He botched a title shot; just last week!

Darren Quimbey makes Douglas' announcement as the Seattle native hits the ramp. Head down and his hair covering his face he takes a moment before flinging his head backward and the hair out of his face. The Faithful pop just a little bit extra. Douglas makes his way down the ramp, slapping the hands and acknowledging a couple signs at ringside.

DDK:

Granted, he wasn't able to pull away with the win but I think the Faithful appreciate he was able to go with the likes of someone Impulse's calibur.

Douglas slides into the ring and takes to his corner. Referee Brian Slater approaches with the pre match instructions.

Angus:

He didn't beat McFuckass so Mcfu...

DDK:

Angus!

Angus:

... him!

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

Darren Quimbey makes Petey Garrett's announcement as the camera cuts to the rampway. Garrett steps out with Solomon Grendel, as usual, following closely; head on a swivel. Garrett appears to be a little more confident in the pairs safety to the ring. Solomon, not so much. He is clearly on edge and the pair make their way to the ring, unharmed.

Slater addresses Solomon as he enters the ring and points a finger down to Garrett; warning against interference.

DING DING

DDK:

Official Brian Slater has called for the bell and here we go!

Douglas and Solomon circle but not for long, half rotation at best. Douglas shoots in and the pair lock up. Douglas quickly turns out and twists Solomon's arm up in an arm ringer. Solomon isn't interested in reversals or doing the dance. He jaws Douglas with his free hand and Douglas backs off into the corner as Brian Slater warns Grendel about the closed fist. Douglas checks his lip for blood and clearly understands what kind of contest this is going to be.

The pair meet back in the center of the ring and lock up once again. Solomon overpowers Douglas and shoves him to matt and stands over him gloating. Douglas slides himself backward to the corner and takes in Solomon's hubris for a moment. Slater motions for the match to continue.

Douglas pulls himself up from the matt and heads back toward Solomon, this time with some steam. Solomon throws up a big boot but Douglas baseball slides underneath. Solomon turns about face in time to catch a dropkick. Solomon stumbles back, Douglas pushes him back into the ropes. Irish whip to the other side. Solomon returns. Cross body, and the bigger man is off his feet. Brian Slater counts the pinfall.

ONE!

TW ...

Solomon launches Douglas up and off him with a gorilla press in the name of a kick out. Douglas lands on his feet and as Solomon gets to a knee he gets introduced to Douglas'.

DDK:

Big running knee for Solomon Grendel!

Angus:

MAT-talica!

DDK:

Went to the well one two many times, partner.

Douglas tries to pull Solomon Grendel up from the matt as Petey Garrett hops to the ring apron. Slater argues with Petey as Douglas' attention turns as well. Solomon begins to recover amongst the commotion. Douglas and Slater have a shouting match with the distracting Garrett. Grendel, now on his feet, leans back into the near rope and throws a huge lariat at the back of Scott's head. Bigger they come, the harder they ... walk.

Douglas, still seemingly focused on Petey, ducks the attack landing on the matt in a push up position before popping up behind Grendel. Solomon, befuddled, spins around and is met with a stiff strike and then a few more before Douglas whips him into the ropes and instantly takes off to the other side. Slater turns his attention back to the action in the ring just in time for a back elbow from Douglas to knock Garrett off the apron.

As Douglas returns with the intent of a violent collision with Grendel a voice rings over the PA that gives him immediate pause. The voice sounds like a low fidelity recordings and more than likely a voicemail. Douglas turns toward the DEFIAtron. It's blank.

Voice:

Hey babe ...

Grendel takes Douglas head off with twice the shot he had intended the first time. The Faithful's collective gasp briefly make the audio playing unheard.

Voice:

... are a little slow here tonight so ...

Douglas goes limp and collapses to the matt.

Voice:

... I'm going to cut out early ...

Brian Slater attempts to check on him as Grendel flips him and goes for the pin.

Voice:

... and come see you ...

ONE!

Voice:

... I'll see you soon ...

TWO!

Voice:

... love you!

THREE!

Voicemail Lady:

To delete this message, press one. To save it, press ...

Slater calls for the bell. The message ends abruptly and is followed by the sound of an open mic hitting the floor. Slater still calling for the bell as the ringside staff look around confused. Quimbey realizes the gap in protocol and nudges the time keeper.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

... and the winner of this bout by pinfall, Solomon GRENNNNDELLELLL!

DDK:

What the hell was that?

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

Slater raises Solomon Grendel's hand in victory as Petey Garrett makes his way back into the ring, selling the back of his head.

Angus:

Douglas shittin' the bed again.

DDK:

Honestly, partner he looked as if he had seen a ghost!

Garrett spits in the prown Douglas' general direction, illiciting a chorus of boo's from the crowd. He swipes a foot toward Douglas seemingly intended as a kick but doesn't do much more than graze. Slater, dropping Grendel's hand, starts in on Garrett while keeping a close eye on Grendel.

Angus:

Or heard one.

The Brutal Attack Force seem to mull over further violence for a moment before deciding against it as Grendel swipes his hand in a derisive manor toward Douglas. As the two begin to exit the ring, Slater takes a knee to check on Douglas.

DDK:

Suprisingly astute, Angus. Scott Douglas seemed to have this match all but sewn up until that voicemail, apropos to nothing, rang out across the Wrestle-Plex. We have to wonder; what is the source and who is behind it's inclusion on tonights broadcast?

Angus:

Obviously, it's Reaper. Didn't he just mop the floor backstage with Doug-E-Doug last week?

DDK:

Very true, partner. Not to mention, Reaper is no stranger to ... well, unorthodox tactics.

Angus:

You mentioned it.

DDK:

What?

Angus:

You said "not to mention" and then you mentioned it.

DDK:

Anyway, I think we may need some medical attention for "Sub Pop" Scott.

Angus:

More like Sub Popped ...

DDK:

Yes, in fact, Brian Slater is motioning for medical now.

Angus:

Hey! I was talk ...

DDK:

We will let the medical professionals do what they do best and try our best to bring an you an update on Douglas' condition as soon as possible.

TO THE FIRING SQUAD

Cut to ringside, where our favorite commentary team is heard but unseen. The camera pans over the crowd.

DDK:

Well folks it's been an interesting night thus far.

♪ "F*cking in the bushes" by Oasis ♪

Angus:

Well apparently it's about to get a whole lot less interesting...

The lights die down and the red carpet unrolls from the behind the curtain. The large spotlight hits the center of the carpet and out walks the entire Sports Entertainment Guild. Mikey leads the way and spins in the spotlight making sure the fans get a good look at him. They boo loudly. When he moves out of the way of the camera we see Elise Ares is restrained with handcuffs on her wrists and is being walked down the ramp by JFK.

Angus:

Oh what the hell is this? Another publicity stunt!?

DDK:

I'm not sure partner, but it looks like Elise is cuffed and chained. I assume due to her actions last week when she caught SEG leader Mikey Unlikely off guard during the tag team title match! Mikey Unlikely expected PCP to lay down and deliver the DEFIANCE Tag Team titles to The Hollywood Bruvs. In an act of....well DEFIANCE... Elise Ares tried to play peacemaker before rolling up Mikey for a three count, retaining the titles and surprising all of us.

Angus:

2017 is the best year! Mikey can't win a gorram match to save his life....now Micropenis on the other hand...

DDK:

It also appears, on a DEF-website exclusive, that Elise and the D were open to negotiating a cease fire. They were willing to talk to Mikey about possibly putting all this behind them. But judging by the D's look, talks did not go as well as they'd hoped.

At the back of the group The D looks visibly agitated, to the point that he's not reacting when the DEFIANCE fans reach out to touch him. He brings up the rear, trailing distantly from the rest of the SEG. Klein looks back at his friend, and urges him to rush forward. The D ignores him, and Klein proceeds to happily wave to the fans.

Finally they get to the ring, and JFK walks Elise up the stairs and helps her into the ring. Mikey looks for a microphone before being handed one.

JFK opens the ropes for the delayed The D, just as he held the ropes open for Elise. Specifically, standing on the bottom rope and pulling the middle rope up. After a moment, the D slides in on the other side of the ring.

Mikey Unlikely:

All week I've been watching the news, all week I've been doing autograph signings, and promotional shows, tons of public appearances. I keep seeing the same things over and over on replay and I keep getting asked the same thing over and over..."What's it like losing to Elise!?", "What's wrong with the Bruvs?", "What's going on with Mikey!?", "Has the SEG been disbanded!?" and to all of this, I say NAY!

Mikey waves a finger back and forth in the style of NBA Legend Dikembe Mutombo. Kendrix and finally Klein repeat the gesture. Klein points to his Sports Entertainment Guild T shirt, with a thumbs up.

Mikey Unlikely:

You see when the SEG broke onto the scene about a year ago here in DEFIANCE we had one goal. To entertain the masses, and to bring home the ratings for this dreadful and boring place! To Make DEFIANCE great again! To put

butts in seats! And I can proudly say, we've done just that!

The boo's come in from every angle and Mikey waits them out patiently. He then looks to Elise.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now the problem with celebrity status, the problem with success, the problem with being associated with Mikey Money... Is that eventually the supporting actors get jealous of the megastar! We've all seen it time and time again, and last time here on DEFtv, all of YOU witnessed an act of jealousy.

Elise looks down to the mat shamefully, Mikey continues his spiel. Kendrix removes one of the cuffs from Elise's wrist before securing it to the top tope. Elise is now bound to one side of the ring.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now after some long discussions with my friends the Pop Culture Phenoms here, they've decided that yes, last week WAS INDEED an accident! Last week was in fact an error! They both realize how disappointed I was in their actions. This week and they came back to me, humble, and sincere, and BEGGED me for their spot to remain in the greatest Sports Entertainment Group ever assembled!

The D can't hide an upturned nose at the word "Begged," but smiles politely as Mikey turns to motion toward him. Unlikely covers the mic, motions to Klein and points outside the ring. Klein dips out and walks over to the time keeper. He hands the time keeper fifty Mikey Bucks, and takes the steel chair he's sitting on.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now I am a very humble person...

Angus:

Who the fuck is he kidding?

Mikey Unlikely:

I am a man who thinks EVERYONE deserves a second chance! I believe that this beautiful tag team has seen the err in their ways and they are ready to atone for that. However after being surprised last week and after being humiliated, I believe, and JFK believes...it's time for PCP to PROVE their loyalty to the Sports Entertainment Guild, but more importantly...

Mike turns to the D and stares at him.

Mikey Unlikely:

... to me.

Mikey takes the chair from Klein slowly, and nods toward the D. The D reluctantly takes a few steps forward, and when he reaches arm's length, Mikey shoves the chair into his chest. The D clutches it as Mikey lets go. The D squints, looking at Mikey, to the chair, back to Mikey. His head tilts to the side as Elise's eyes go wide.

Mikey Unlikely:

Derek! If that is your real name... Now is your chance to prove you are loyal to the SEG. Now is your chance to prove loyalty to the fans of DEFIANCE! Now it's your chance to help continue my amazing legacy as the World's Greatest Sports Entertainer. So I want you to take this chair... and I want you to prove your loyalty. I want you to help Elise ATONE for what she did to me last week...

DDK:

You have got to be kidding me! He can't seriously expect...

Angus:

Oh I don't take him seriously most of the time, but I think McFuckass is serious.

Elise Ares:

STOP IT! LET HIM GO!

Kendrix puckers his lips in Elise's direction before quickly slamming the chair down again and again over The D's back. The D, fallen and vulnerable, weakly reaches out toward the hesitant Klein in the corner. He mouths the word "Help."

As Elise jerks violently on her wrist to free herself, Klein takes a step forward toward Kendrix. Kendrix turns like he's got a sixth sense and gives Klein an ice stare. He raises the chair and points it menacingly. Klein, lowers his box head and steps back in line.

DDK:

The D's in big trouble here, Elise is still chained to the ropes and Klein can't seem to make a decision on where his loyalties lie.

Angus:

That big dufus!

Kendrix squats down beside The D, talking trash into his ear before rising up, lifting the chair behind his head, ready to strike once more...but Mikey, just about recovered, grabs it off of him.

DDK:

Is Mikey showing compassion here for The D?

The former SOHER wags his finger sternly in JFK's direction. Jesse holds his hands out flat at his Bruv as he steps back apologetically. Mikey looks over at Elise, who's thanking him... but it's short lived as Mikey turns and goes to town with the chair all over The D's back. Then again. Then again. Then again. Every shot brings a scream of mercy from Elise and a smile across the face of the SEG leader.

Elise Ares:

Klein! Help me! Do SOMETHING!

DDK:

This is just hard to watch, to be honest with you guys. It's one thing when two men are out here killing each other in a show of competitive dominance. It's a completely different thing when someone is cuffed and forced to watch their own teammate destroyed in front of them.

Angus:

I didn't know McFuckass had this in him!

Klein continues to look back at Elise, then to the Bruvs. Elise. Bruvs. He stands there in hesitation as Mikey pulls The D's dead weight up off the mat. Slumped over and practically lifeless, Mikey has to hold him upright or else he'd just fall back into a heap onto the canvas. Then, Kendrix lifts him up onto his shoulder, chest to the sky, and Mikey takes off towards the ropes. On the rebound, he throws himself toward The D, grabbing his head as Kendrix simultaneously flips him violently face first to the ground, crushing whatever fight he had left in him.

DDK:

There's Hollywood Blvd and this needs to top.

Angus:

Look at Klein! He's doing nothing. That hot mouth breather over there is screaming for him to do something to stop the McFuckass Twins and he's not doing a damn thing!

Elise falls to her knees, horrified as her partner lays lifeless on the mat. She looks broken and no longer even attempts to break free as the Bruvs both look back at her. Suddenly DEFsec come sprinting out from backstage with a pair of

bolt cutters and Kendrix spits on The D before they roll out of the ring. As DEFsec slides into the ring to attempt to free Elise Ares, Klein makes his way over to Elise, but a quick shout from the outside from Mikey grabs his attention. With a few words, Klein then also leaves the ring to a chorus of jeers from the crowd. Elise's jaw literally drops open as Klein bows his box and slowly follows the Bruvs behind the curtain.

DDK:

Klein just... left them there?

Angus:

As much as I'd love to see a meteor just slam into the ring during that last exchange and end them all, I'm just as shocked as everyone else to witness what we just saw. That was the look of a DESPERATE man.

DDK:

If he's willing to go that far to try and win them over, imagine what he's willing to do to beat them.

DEAL WITH THE DEVIL

Cut to the backstage area, and Cayle Murray is striding.

He's all alone tonight. Jason Natas has been suspended, and big bro isn't even in the building. If Bronson Box were in a hunting mood, this would be the ideal time for him to take down a squid, but he isn't.

There's no match for Cayle tonight, so he's dressed casually. Just a plain black tee, some grey jeans, and a pair of sneakers that probably cost more than everything else on his person combined. Looking a little edgy, he rounds a corner and takes a swig from his water, progressing through the corridor at an impressive pace.

Eventually he comes to his locker-room door. Guess what? It's ajar.

Cayle stops in his tracks. He knew he'd left the damn thing closed (and locked) earlier on, but there were no signs of a break-in. Whoever was inside had done so cleanly, and unless Boxer has become a master locksmith in the past two weeks, he's probably safe...

Nonetheless, Cayle steps carefully towards the door and pushes it open.

"Hurry up. Shut the door."

That voice is 100% familiar. Cayle's eyes go wide in remembrance and every last one of his defenses go up as he pushes the door open violently and steps across the threshold looking for a fight. Or a lead pipe to the back of his head.

You know.

A few seconds pass. Cayle's fear dissipates somewhat, and he blurts-out the first thing that comes to mind.

Cayle Murray:

... how's your neck?

A tremble comes to Eric Dane's upper-lip as he absently rubs at his neck. It hurts. He doesn't show it. The developing sneer evens out into a smile before The Only Star speaks again.

Eric Dane:

Fine. How's your face, head, neck, and body?

He smirks.

Cayle Murray:

Heh.

The Scot forces-out half-a-laugh. The last time he laid eyes on Eric Dane in person was immediately after DEFCON's second night, when The Only Star collapsed before him at the post-match press conference.

Helluva night.

Eight months have passed since then, but the tension remains. Cayle cuts right to it.

Cayle Murray:

You're in my locker-room...

Eric Dane:

I'm in my locker-room. You just get dressed here.

Cayle tries to reply, he does not succeed.

Eric Dane:

Lemme guess, you have no idea why I'm here do you?

Cayle shrugs.

Eric Dane:

Well to answer that, let me ask you a question. What the FUCK are you doing with yourself?

Cayle Murray:

Trying to stop him.

He pauses. The mere thought of the Original DEFIANT puts him back into FITE mode.

Cayle Murray:

You know. Box.

The sound of the Scottish Strongman's name sends a shock of anger through Dane's entire being. There's a fair fucking share of business there left unfinished. He holds it back though, business first. Pleasure later.

Eric Dane:

So let me get this straight. You put me on the shelf and then follow it up by losing the DEFMAX tournament, not winning the World Title, and getting your ass handed to you by that bald-headed fuck for three months?

Dane sneers.

Eric Dane:

I thought I told you not to fuck it all up!

Cayle Murray:

Yeah, about that-

Eric Dane:

WHY AREN'T YOU THE GODDAMNED **CHAMPION** BY NOW?

The fire behind Dane's eyes returns.

Cayle Murray:

BECAUSE IT'S NOT THAT FU--...

He stops himself. Takes a breath.

Cayle Murray:

... bloody simple.

A momentary silence washes over them.

Eric Dane: [calmed down]

Isn't it, though? You had a shot. You had momentum. I couldn't have booked it better if I'd have tried to. You fucked it

all up, let it all slip away. And let me guess, you're proud as a fucking peacock because you did it all your way the whole time. Amirite?

Cayle grits his teeth together. There's a strong element of truth to Dane's words, but there's no chance in hell he's about to admit it right here, right now.

Cayle Murray:

Why do you give a damn, Eric?

The Only Star smiles.

Eric Dane:

Because you deserve more. You deserve the fucking universe for what you and I did. A man doesn't live through what I put you through, come out on top, and then wallow in his own useless code of ethics for the rest of his career. Everything I taught you... you threw it all away.

He pauses.

Eric Dane:

I give a damn because I need to know why. That, and because I need to believe that I didn't lose to a run of the mill one hit wonder piece of crap who's too stupid to use it to his advantage.

Cayle no-sells it.

Cayle Murray:

As usual, you're talking in circles. Just like Box. What do you **want**, Eric?

Eric Dane:

I want to show you the light.

Cayle Murray:

You what?

Eric Dane:

Let me be your manager. Let me run your training, handle your business, and teach you everything that you already know.

The confusion lingers on Cayle's face. And lingers.

And lingers.

Until he eventually, he bursts-out with a nervous laugh.

Cayle Murray:

Piss off.

The Only Star's complete lack of amusement tells him it's serious. Cayle straightens up.

Cayle Murray:

You're kidding, right? After everything you did to me...

He glances around the locker-room briefly: the very same locker-room that Dane had painted red with his blood not too long ago.

Cayle Murray:

You must think I'm the dumbest person in the building.

Eric Dane:

Hardly. The dumbest person in the building does not beat Eric Dane on Pay-Per-View. I know the concept might be a little hard for you to swallow, but I didn't baptize you in blood for over a year just to watch you do it all over again with Boxer, except for worse because you choose to ignore every lesson you learned with me.

Eric's face contorts into an awkward sneer.

Eric Dane:

It's embarrassing. You're embarrassing me.

Cayle seethes. This was the absolute last thing he expected to happen tonight.

Cayle Murray:

No.

He shakes his head.

Cayle Murray:

No, no, NO. I'm going to handle Bronson Box, Eric, and I don't need your "help" to do it. "My way," just like you said...

It's clear that the younger Murray doesn't quite know how to handle this. In reality, there are many ways in which Dane could aid Cayle against Bronson Box, but at least half of them involve somebody getting stabbed in the face with a fork.

Cayle Murray:

Just go.

For a moment The Only Star doesn't move. He couldn't have expected Cayle to turn into a school-girl and do backflips because the almighty Eric Dane offered him a favor, could he? His face reveals nothing until his pearly white smile reappears.

Eric Dane:

Have it your way, kid.

Dane power-walks past him.

Eric Dane:

I'll see you in the hospital, kid.

And with that he takes his leave, not waiting around for any further bantz from the younger of the two Murray brothers. Cayle turns, watches him leave, then slumps down on the bench when he realises his greatest rival is gone.

He puts a hand to his brow and wipes the cold sweat away.

Cut.

CODENAMER: REAPER VS. IMPULSE

♪"Revolution" - SIRS♪

Angus:

YUS! It's about gorram time my boy Impulse came out here!

DDK:

So I guess he's still got plenty in the well 'o goodwill?

Angus:

Don't joke about things, Keebs... with Micropennis shoving the FIST up his ass and the PCP with a lock on the tag team belts, he's our only hope.

DDK:

Isn't that a bit melodramatic?

Angus:

If McFuckass hadn't lost to Impulse at ACTS of DEFIANCE and then in his return match, I'd be sitting here with a loaded gun in my mouth, waiting for just one more thing to push me over the edge.

This time, Calico Rose is the first of the duo out from the backstage. She carries the DEFIANCE Southern Heritage Championship belt over her shoulder and takes a bow to the fans, all of whom give her a nice welcome.

While the Champ himself emerges, Cally sneaks over to the announce table.

Calico Rose:

NOW do you want to touch it?

Angus grins as he touches the belt, right on the main plate.

Angus:

Bless you both.

Impulse doesn't wait for her this time; she power walks to catch up as he slaps hands all the way to the ring. A few fans manage to snag him in a handshake or a hug, and he has a kind word for all of them. Half a step behind (finally), Cally does the same, though she's hampered by the belt over her shoulder.

DDK:

You're a good man, Angus.

Angus:

Shut your butt, Keebs.

DDK:

She's rubbing off on you.

Angus:

I'll hit you.

The music dies down as Benny Doyle gives Impulse his standard instructions - not like he really needs to. Cally hands the belt over to the Champion so he can be ready for his opponent.

DDK:

Codename: Reaper has been impressive so far in DEFIANCE, Angus, but Impulse is the Southern Heritage Champion and has been nothing short of dominant over his opponents to this point, could this be Reaper's moment?

Angus:

He's Spawn.

DDK:

Pardon?

Angus:

Incredible special effects but a flat story. The kid will make him pay for his bullshit.

In the ring, Impulse leans against the closest rope and stares towards the entrance.

And the lights flicker.

DDK:

What the...

And turn off, for just a few seconds.

Angus:

Gremlins in the wires, Keebs! A gremlin named Reaper!

Truth be told, as the lights return, Codename: Reaper is already standing in the middle of the ring behind Impulse! Cally notices him first and spins the Champion around, standing behind him.

DDK:

That was unexpected, Angus! What else can Reaper do tonight?

Angus:

Go home and die?

As the bell rings, Benny Doyle clears from the center of the ring and Impulse approaches the middle of the squared circle. Code Name: Reaper is still standing in the corner he appeared in, unmoving. Impulse wastes no time approaching him, and goes for a tie up in which Impulse quickly gets the upper hand and forces Reaper away from the turnbuckle and into the middle of the ring. With a few kicks to the stomach and Reaper doubled over Impulse follows it up with a sliding back suplex.

Angus:

That was... relatively painless.

DDK:

It's easy when your opponent isn't struggling, but this is all part of the plan I'm sure!

Working him over on the ground, Impulse clearly has the early match control keeping Reaper consistently down. Focusing on his neck and back with a wrenching necklock, it's obvious to see a form of frustration appear on the face of Impulse. He pulls his opponent to his feet he pulls Reaper up to a standing position and... they stare down.

Impulse looks left and right, into the sea of faces. Reaper remains stoic as ever.

Angus:

This should be a no brainer, Keebs. Why doesn't he just keep on the pressure?

Impulse takes a breath, and tries to lock up; Reaper limply shoves his hands away.

DDK:

It's hard to take on an opponent who isn't actively engaged, Angus.

Reaper steps back once, and Impulse takes the opportunity to whip him into the ropes. Reaper bounces off and sluggishly approaches the center of the ring, and Impulse moves to the side and lets him go by. With which Reaper stops before hitting the other set of ropes, turns around, eyes flared a sapphire blue and stares at Impulse.

Neither man moves forward an inch, Impulse with the crowd obviously behind him gives Reaper a 'what the hell' look. Still, Codename: Reaper is unmoving, something inaudible is said and Impulse quickly approaches, with a sudden left forearm that send Reaper stumbling back into the ropes. Coming off the ropes into another grapple, Impulse quickly sends Reaper to the mat with a hard snap suplex.

No time to waste Impulse goes for the quick cover pinning Reaper's arms to the mat and hooking the leg.. Doyle comes over for the count...

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!

The crowd is in shock, Impulse stands up confused as Reaper continues to lie on the mat, unmoving. Doyle raises the winner's hand and quickly escapes the ring wanting no part of what's going on.

Calico Rose enters the ring and hands Impulse the title and both of them look over at Reaper, with no flaring eyes, as he continues to lie in the center of the ring prone. She nudges him with her foot to make sure he's still alive, but still he remains unmoving.

Suddenly audio can be heard over the PA system, it sounds like crowd cheering but it's clearly distorted. It lasts for a few seconds then it sounds like some form of play by play commentary.

V/O:

Impulse at the door, but he's not moving to open it!

There is a loud blast of static, which causes Cally to cover her ears for a brief moment. The commentary continues.

V/O:

I think he's measured for the Sudden Impact! Impulse steadying himself on the cage... What is she doing?

There is yet another loud blast of static and this time the fans let out a loud roar of boos. The PA system stops and now the DEFTron shows a singular word on its screen:

'Counterfeit'

Impulse and Cally look at one another and then down at the fallen Reaper, still unmoving and begin to leave the ring. When they get to the ropes the light switch off to a pitch black. A few seconds later they are back on and Code Name: Reaper is gone from the ring.

Unlike his previous stunts, he is actually seen, this time at the top of the ramp, eyes flared up a burning blue, with a mic in hand.

Reaper:

Welcome.....

That's all he says before lowering the mic, his eyes flaring up a few more seconds before it cuts to black again. When they come back up Reaper is gone completely.

DDK:

Is that you shivering?

Angus: HE'S CREEPY!

DDK:

We'll be back in a flash!

GREEN EYED MONSTER

Backstage. Medical.

Scott Douglas, beaten and a little worse for the wear, sits atop a gurney. He is conscious and upright but he is still selling the blow to the back of the head.

The camera pans right to find, Head of DEFmed, Iris Davine cradling a black corded phone between her shoulder and chin. She surveys a clipboard that occupies one hand, as she hovers over the documentation with a pen in the other.

Iris Davine:

No, no; everything looks good and I see no symptoms of another concussion.

The voice on the other end of the phone registers slightly but comes across more in the vein of a Charlie Brown adult than anything else. Iris nods along in preparation to respond.

Iris Davine:

Yea- *[pausing]* Yes, ma'am. I'll hold him here for a little while longer just to be certain but I do not expect any continued symptoms or ...

She is interrupted by the other end of the phone call. She listens for a moment and then responds.

Iris Davine:

Understood, ma'am.

Iris places the pen behind her ear and the clipboard down on an adjacent piece of cabinetry before allowing the phone to drop from her shoulder. Turning her attention back to her patient, she catches the phone casually and returns it to the receiver from whence it came.

Iris Davine:

Scott ...

Scott looks up, clearly nursing a substantial headache but doesn't respond.

Iris Davine:

Ok, Scott. As I'm sure you heard me telling Ms. Evans; I don't think you are in any real medical danger; currently. You took a pretty nasty shot to the back of the head but you don't seem to have suffered a concussion as a result.

Scott's attention snaps from Davine and toward the doorway and instantly seems to be much more attentive.

Iris Davine:

Scott?

Scott stands up and glares around Iris, still focused on the doorway.

Scott Douglas:

Court'?

Iris, beginning to question the medical clearance she was prepared to grant, looks up at Douglas.

Iris Davine:

Scott, do you know where you are?

Scott gently pushes past her with a slight nudge of the arm. Directing movement more than demanding. Iris complies with a look of intrigue on her face as the camera moves past and focuses on the rear angle of a curious Scott Douglas.

Scott Douglas: *[calling out]*

Courtney ... ?

Scott steps into the threshold of the door; before peaking out with a timid curiosity.

Scott Douglas:

Cour ...

BAM!

Scott's last attempt to call out, to whatever he thinks he has seen, is cut short as his head is nearly taken off by a high speed object. His head and shoulders are flung to the right of the doorway, while the catalyst of this movement has continued on unfettered by the collision. Iris Davine screams out in surprise and potentially horror. Douglas' ribs and hipbone smack against the door frame causing the body to spin and fling to the floor just outside of the door.

Iris Davine:

Scott ... ? *SCOTT!?*

Douglas writhes on the floor as the camera edges it's way toward creasting the door jam. A jostling of plastic on plastic can be heard from behind the camera, just before the faint voice of Iris Davine attempting to contact DEFsec.

The camera pans left from the door jam. Nothing.

Right. Nothing more than the rolling black case littered backstage area.

Focusing on the downed, but stirring Douglas, a clatter can be heard from the left. The camera snatches back in that direction blurring the visual field. Two green orbs are the first visual readily seen. Once stable; it becomes clear CODENAME: Reaper is storming toward Douglas with a steel chair.

With a swing and hell of a clang, Reaper is turned around realizing he has missed Douglas and struck nothing more than the cement floor. The camera struggles to keep up with the fast paced movement in the tight hallway of the Wrestle-Plex.

Keeping a close eye on Reaper but attempting to make a quick survey for Douglas, in his last known location, nothing is found. Rapidly panning back to Reaper; Douglas lunges out of nowhere and spears his chair wielding assailant.

The chair clangs as it skips across the cold hard floor while Douglas begins to wail on Reaper. Iris Davine can be heard in the background screaming into the phone for DEFSec. Scott's attention is stolen by a voice from behind the brawling pair.

Voice:

Scotty?

Scott's fury of fists pause, his head rises and quickly snaps to the right and then left. His eyes in search for the source of the voice. The camera snatches to the direction of the voice and moves around frantically when nothing proves before returning to Douglas.

Scott Douglas:

What the hell is going on here!?

Scott raises up from Reaper and takes to his feet. He takes a few steps away from Reaper. The camera follows Douglas and Reaper stirring on the ground, slowly is lost outside of the frame.

Scott Douglas: *[calling out]*

Courtney!?

The voice repeats itself and seems to reverberate from opposite direction.

Voice:

Scotty?

Scott spins around instantly. The camera follows and reveals Reaper has vanished. Scott looks on confused for a moment before turning back to Iris Davine standing in the doorway of the med-bay. Wyatt Bronson leads the charge of a handful of DEFsec approaching from behind Douglas as he questions Iris.

Scott Douglas:

Should we run those tests again?

Cut to the commentary set.

DDK:

Clearly, we know who was behind that voicemail earlier tonight.

Angus:

I knew then, where the hell were you, Keebs?

DDK:

I prefer to hold judgement until sufficient evidence has been presented, partner. That being said it is clear that whatever has gone on before with Scott Douglas and this mystery women, Courtney Allen ... has something to do, BOTH with CODENAME: Reaper AND that voicemail that played out earlier here tonight.

Angus:

Who the hell is she? And does she front a Hole cover band?

DDK:

That is anyone's guess and I am sure the coming weeks will tell us more, until then ...

Cut elsewhere.

KILL 'EM ALL

DDK:

One second there partner, I'm getting word there's something happening a stone's throw from where we currently sit, back in gorilla... Lance? You there my friend?

The camera cuts just in time to catch Lance Warner consumed by a veritable SEA of Wyatt Bronson's black polo shirted DEFsec goons. As the brave camera crew jostles and shoves to a better vantage point we get a clearer view of the two individuals at the "eye of the storm" ...

Cayle Murray:

BRING IT ON YOU BLOODY LUNATIC!

Bronson Box:

GO STRAIGHT TO HELL YE' FOOKIN' WEE PRICK!

Wyatt Bronson:

Grab him... NO! Is this... IS THIS EVERYBODY?! WE NEED SOME DAMN HELP HERE FOLKS!

We've seen Bronson Box lose his shit and start a scrap in the backstage area many many times before this. But there's just something about the look in The Wargod's eyes on this particular night, something new. Something truly unhinged. A look that means Bronson is ready to do far far more than just "wrestle" Cayle Murray. He wants...

Bronson Box:

IMMA FOOKIN' KILL YE', SQUID! IMMA WRAP MY BLOODY HANDS AROUND YER' NECK AN NOT STOP SQUEEZIN 'TIL ...

A familiar voice cuts through the din like a red hot knife through butter.

Kelly Evans:

ENOUGH!

The fleet of DEFsec finally manage to find the right combination of their arms, personal leverage and collective strength to wedge the two warring superstars apart, if only for a moment. There's so many people holding Bronson back, so many hands pulling against his frame he looks like something akin to Doctor Lecter from Silence of the Lambs. To his credit Cayle's eyes never leave The Original DEFIANT... not even once.

Kelly Evans:

Like I don't have enough on my plate... I thought, hell, let 'em at each other. Crazy Box versus the plucky underdog with something to prove is a tried and true formula that's made this company quite a bit of money in the past. But something's happened to up the stakes for your two... [she looks directly at Boxer] hasn't it?

Without skipping a beat, without breaking eye contact with Cayle...

Bronson Box:

"The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides by the iniquities of the selfish and the tyranny of evil men." ... there 'aint no stoppin' what's in motion now, lass. You can thank our mutual friend fer' that.

The head bitch in charge pinches the bridge of her nose with a sigh.

Kelly Evans: [under her breath]

Fuck you Eric. Just... fuck you.

Cayle Murray:

Hey, I told Eric to go to--

The sound of THAT name coming out of "The Squid's" mouth sends Bronson back into an absolute apoplectic fit. Caught off guard, he slips free of the DEFsec agents and launches himself across a sea of humanity, his talons INCHES from raking across Cayle's face. The younger Murray dodging back just in time to see the claws on The Wargod's "red right hand" whiz by his nose. Kelly presses an open palm into Cayle's chest, looking him right in the eyes as series as we've ever seen her.

Kelly Evans:

Leave. Now. Go!

Cayle scowls at Boxer, who's now pinned quite firmly against the back wall by nearly every available security drone DEFIANCE has. Kelly takes deep breath as Cayle makes his way out of gorilla position, escorted by security chief Wyatt.

Wyatt Bronson:

Come on bud, let's go. It's over.

Cayle Murray:

No Wyatt... it's not. Not by a bloody long shot.

Finally "alone" Kelly sighs, slowly making her way over to Boxer. Still pinned against the wall, Kelly leans in close.

Kelly Evans:

You go out there and smear this jobber, get aaaaaall the wiggles out. Do you hear me? I can't afford you going off the rails like this. Not now.

Slowly, inch by inch, arm by arm Bronson is loosed from the security team's grasp. He straightens himself, takes a beat, then...

Bronson Box:

"And you will know my name is the Lord when I lay my vengeance upon thee." ... we been off the bloody rails fer' days on end, lass. The second that crippled prick showed his face. The second that retarded little cretin picked up the FIST. The second that fookin' squid decided to not stay DOWN. ... aye. The world's gone mad. But I got the remedy Kells, see... it's so easy...

He turns away from her, pointed himself towards the curtain leading to the ring.

Bronson Box:

I'm gunna kill 'em all.

BRONSON BOX VS. "MANIAC" MATT FLOYD

DDK:

Well that sounds... *ominous*.

"God's Gunna' Cut You Down" by the man in black erupts over the PA.

Angus:

No, THAT's ominous.

BRAZEN basement dweller and tonight's sacrificial lamb "Maniac" Matt Floyd is already in the ring. The look on his face alone proves Angus Skalland's words true.

Angus:

Pure. Terror.

DDK:

And here comes the Ace, partner...

Bronson Box pushes through the curtain and before you can blink an eye he's down the ramp and rolling into the ring. Referee Benny Doyle immediately moves to step in front of Boxer but finds he doesn't have to... The Scottish Strongman just stands there. Eyes locked on the prey cowering in his corner half a ring and one referee away from where he's planted his boots. Without hazarding the official even a glance, he growls through gritted teeth. Close enough for the camera to juuuust pick up.

Bronson Box:

Ring the bloody bell.

Using a white knuckle tight fist to pop his neck, Doyle shakes his head and signals for the bell.

DDK:

The Wargod launches himself at poor Matt Floyd!

Angus:

NAILS FIRST! Right to the gorram eyes!

Bronson digs his famed "red right hand" DEEP into the eye sockets of Floyd. Lost clutching his now bleeding face poor "Maniac" Matt stumbles right into no less than SEVEN laced together German suplexes! Absolutely rattling the poor bastard's neck bones into a fine powder. It's then the Bombastic Bronson Box plops down and cinches in the "next level" Boston Massacre!

DDK:

FULL NELSON CAMEL CLUTCH!

"Maniac" Matt taps instantly. Benny Doyle calls for the bell. Darren Quimbey announces Bronson the winner of the match.

But Boxer doesn't let go...

DING DING DING DING!

Benny warns Bronson, begs him to let the kid go.

But Boxer STILL doesn't let go...

DDK:

This is becoming a harrowing situation here partner, I...

Angus:

Uh oh, shit just got double serious.

Skalland of course referencing the fact Kelly Evans, head of security Wyatt Bronson and a bevy of producers and DEFsec have made their way from backstage. At this point Floyd looks almost blue and The Wargod looks to have completely LOST it, with no signs of releasing the hold. That is until Kelly Evans leans under the bottom rope and looks Bronson right in the eyes, we hear precisely zero percent of the conversation... but whatever Kelly said worked. Floyd falls near motionless to the mat gasping for air. The Original DEFIANT holds eye contact with an infuriated Kelly Evans for a moment before spitting a big messy wad of phlegm down at poor "Maniac" Matt and voentarily vacating the ring.

It's The Motor Mouth of Malcontent that breaks commentary radio silence.

Angus:

I mean... he DID say he was gunna' kill 'em all. Right? Slash, what the HELL did Kells just say to him?!

DDK:

Folks, as we get some help out here for this poor young man, I... Bronson Box is *unhinged*, Angus. Completely unhinged. Can ANYONE speak sense to this man?

Angus:

And Darren, if that's what he does to some random schmo can you IMAGINE what he probably has in store for Squidboy?! You wanted to poke the bear, Murray? Grats... he's good and gorram poked.

Skalland's words hang in the air as over on the ramp a smile creeps across Bronson Box's mustachioed face as he wordlessly passes the EMT's heading in the opposite direction. The brief smile fades from Boxers lips even before he vanishes behind the curtain and out of sight.

FACE THE MUSIC.

The camera rests upon our announcers. The shot framed Keebler and Angus seated with their backs to their announce table, a majestic shot with colorful lights pulsing around the buzzing arena.

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, up next is our Main Event!

Angus:

McFuckass is about to be embarrassed again! I might pee a little bit if--

The camera shudders for a moment, and in the scene behind the announcers, we see the crowd rise and surge to life. Something has begged their attention.

DDK:

What's going on?

Cutting to the entryway, it's clear what is causing the commotion.

Angus:

Oh boy...

Dressed in a bright red singlet top and tights with a bright red mask to match, Masked Violator #1 confidently strode down the rampway. Proudly, he holds up a single index finger on his right hand and tags the waiting hands of fans with the left.

DDK:

I apologize, folks... it looks like the main event is still to come but... here come the Masked Violators!

The buzz swells again as MV#2 punches his way through the curtain and into the bright lights of the WrestlePlex. With an expression that's half uncomfortable-squint, half annoyed-grimace, Masked Violator #2 spins on his heels and backward walks his way down the rampway - clearly paranoid and spoiling for a fight.

Angus:

B-but... McFuckass McComeuppance?!?

DDK:

The Masked Violators, of course, with a dominant victory over Thugs 4 Hire on our last edition of DEFtv only to discover that the man bankrolling the Thugs was none other than Lord Nigel Tricklebush--

Angus:

Ugh, that NAME.

DDK:

--manager of would be DEFtag grapplers, The STORM. The STORM, as you may remember--

Angus:

No.

DDK:

--were a much touted tag team set to debut at Acts of DEFIANCE! However due to visa issues, they never made their debut and, as history will remember it, the Masked Violators would step in in their place and secure a surprising and impressive debut win over the Barrio Boys!

Hard camera follows MV#1 as he asks for a house mic, all smiles. MV#2 prowls around the ringside area, eyes wildly

darting around the arena. His yellow mask seems particularly and especially stained and dirty on this night. MV#1 attempts to coax #2 into the ring but to no avail. #2 is clearly on security detail, focused and zeroed in on his task.

MV#1:

Ladies and Gentlemen, I am 1!

#1 thrusts his arm and one single finger skyward. A sprinkling of younger fans in attendance do the same with him, in unison. Slight pop.

MV#1:

He is 2!

On cue, Number Two snaps out of it at ringside - eyes somehow alight even wider. He SHOVES a ring attendant out of his ringside seat with malice! #2 raises the poor fellows unfolded chair into the air to a bit of a heel pop before loudly CLANGING it shut with both gnarly hands. Masked Violator #1 pauses long enough to hang over the ropes, chiding his partner off mic for his actions. He waves him off, shrugs, then turns back to the crowd with renewed energy.

MV#1:

We are the MASKED VIOLATORS!

The faithful offer a mixed but vocal reaction.

MV#1:

Last time we appeared on this fine program, my compatriot and I discovered a few things: first, that the Thugs 4 Hire deserve their one-star Yelp! review... and second, that the man bankrolling their dastardly deeds was a man who calls himself Lord Nigel Tricklebush.

Angus:

Ugh, that NAAAAAME!

As #1 speaks, the floor camera follows #2 around the ringside area, stalking with steel chair in hand...

MV#1:

I'll cut right to the quick, my friends... We have been all over this building tonight LOOKING for this man who purports to be an English Lord. We know he is here. We aren't sure which BRAZEN tag team he has lined up to try to take us out and we aren't going to WAIT for them!

Cutting back to the hard camera, MV#1 leaps up to the second turnbuckle, pointing squarely at the viewer with conviction.

MV#1:

Lord Nigel, you'll all have to pardon my French but i am PIPIN' mad, but ... YOU GET YOUR KEISTER OUT HERE, MISTER!

#1 ops back to the center of the ring in a defensive posture, tucking the mic in his rear waistband. #2 slithers into the ring, snarling... The crowd buzzes for a moment as the Masked Violators wait patiently in the ring - well, half of them are patient. The other is frothing. The lights flicker. Then OUT.

Angus:

...Is that your hand on my leg?

DDK:

Of course not!

Angus:

Good, because that isn't my leg.

A low rumble of distant thunder rolls through the arena and the fans murmuring intensifies.

DDK:

I think I know what that means...

Angus:

Glad one of us does.

A flash of light fills the arena synched with a crash of thunder. The DEFtron comes to life. A bowler hat. Someone wears it. He lifts his head, smiling a smarmy smile. He is Lord Nigel Trickelbush. The fans groan along with Angus as the reality of this tight, close-up shot on the giant screen is fully realized.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH (on screen):

You raaaaaaaang, my boy?

Camera cuts back to the ring and MV#2 has lost his shit. In his hysteria, he charges at the image of Lord Nigel, marching more than half-way up the ramp, it seemed, before he realized it was an image and not the actual, factual man in the flesh. The low thunder persists.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH (on screen):

Lord Nigel Trickelbush of Fannyshire, at your service... in fact, no, I appear before you now in the service of MYSELF and MY INTERESTS alone. Not like before. See... I did you a service when I sicced those worthless dogs, those THUGS, to dispose of you. That stood as a squall of warning. An opportunity to see the coming clouds, know the folly of the journey ahead, and TURN... BACK. To GO... AWAY!

Trickelbush scowls on screen. MV#1 levels laser-focused eyes of steel towards him. Aaaaaand MV#2 stomped around the rampway, hurling obscenities and unintelligible insults towards the DEFtron to the delight of some of the nearby fans.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH (on screen):

When you stood outside this building those months ago and took OUR opportunity from us... when you tried to catch OUR lightning in a bottle... to snatch OUR contracts from us... that was only your first mistake. Ignoring the distant thunder, plowing forward and dispatching those Hired Thugz was your second. But this? Screaming into the wind? This... is madness.

He suddenly bursts into quite campy, overdone laughter - then stops abruptly with some surprise.

LORD NIGEL TRICKELBUSH (on screen):

Screaming into the wind? Screaming... at The STORM?

He smiles a thin smile as the thunder grows louder. Lights flicker. Somewhere in the arena, fans come alive and the camera JOLTS towards the ring. Leaping over the railing - sliding into the ring - and LEVELLING MV#1 from behind: all of it happened in a scary blur.

DDK:

What the-- Someone is attacking Masked Violator #1! Laid him out from behi-- wait a minute... I know who that is! That is Hiroki Zo! That man is one half of The STORM! And he is just CLUBBING a prone #1 with forearms and elbows on the mat!

Camera cuts to rampway where MV#2 finally recognizes what is happening... He SPRINTS towards the ring -- and his DESTROYED by a running forearm shot from out of nowhere! There is a second attacker and he just halted #2's mania entirely!

Angus:

This is insanity! Who are these guys?!?

DDK:

That's Kazushi! That's Hiroki Zo! The STORM has finally arrived in DEFIANCE! The STORM IS HERE!

Kazushi drags MV#2 up the rant by his filthy mask - Kazushi, with wild eyes of his own, HURLS #2 into a heavy lighting rig with ZERO give.

DDK:

Fans, this fight is right here in front of us, be-be... BE CAREFUL, Angus!

Angus:

Get the fuck out of here! You--

In a slimy-yellow and blue blur, MV#2 is THROWN clear across the top of the announce table - wrenching the headsets off the heads of our intrepid announce team. Angus and Keebler quickly GTFO of the way.

There is chaos as camera angles compete for supremacy, shaky cameramen with shakier cameras try to trot onto the scene as Kazushi STOMPS MV#2's bemasked face onto the rampway. In the ring, we see MV#1 attempt to mount a comeback - or at least competent defense against the larger Hiroki Zo, but Zo puts the kibosh on that as quickly as it started. PLANTING #1 with a DDT.

There is another tumultuous moment where it seems the viewer can hear yelling in the production booth - then it is over. There is another moment where we see the blood soaking through the stained yellow of MV#2's mask where his nose should be. There is one moment where the camera captures the twitching of MV#1's fingers as Zo wrenches back further into his Half-Nelson Camel Clutch combination. MV#2 being laid on a wooden folding table adjacent to the rampway. Another moment where a shaking camera catches Kazushi retrieving a 12" ladder from under the rampway. Another flash of MV#1 lying motionless in the ring. One where Kazushi SHOVES a cameraman to the ground with his foot as he climbs up the ladder, atop the ramp. Security appears - and Zo holds them off by threat of force, keeping them from getting to Kazushi and the ladder. And then another moment... one where MV#2 eats a brutal legdrop off a ladder and THRU a table. Through all of this... on the DEFtron... Lord Nigel Trickelbush simply watched. Smiling his thin, fake smile.

With help from Zo, Kazushi finally gets to his feet and the two are ushered away by DEFsec. MV#2 is broken. In the ring, #1 stirs.

There is the rumble and friction of a microphone being righted.

Angus:

Hello, hello?

DDK:

Are we on?

Angus:

I hear you... WOW, Keebs. What the fuck was THAT! I'm pretty sure The STORM just wiped the Violators OUT! I can't believe what we just saw!

DDK:

They almost wiped US out, Angus! An out of control moment, folks... certainly unexpected... I apologize to our viewers if there were any technical issues and I'm told they've all been corrected--

Angus:

Well, with a STORM comes some static, eh?

DDK:

Let's all just collect our collective breath... and say a little prayer for the Masked Violators, BOTH of whom are being attended to by our on-site medical team... a vicious assault at the hands of The STORM, Hiroki Zo and Kazushi.

Angus:

Hey... I can't find the show format... the main event is next, right?!? Can't wait!

ELISE ARES VS. MIKEY UNLIKELY

Quimbey:

The following is our main event, and is scheduled for ONE FALL!

DDK:

Elise Ares has to be out for revenge tonight after what happened to her earlier tonight. Cuffed to a ring rope, watched her tag team partner beaten to the point of unconsciousness right before her eyes, and the third member of her team walks off with the two who did the assault.

Angus:

This is Elise Ares we're talking about, she probably went to the back, fixed her makeup, looked at herself for a few minutes and changed her outfit four times.

DDK:

Well if we're ever going to see a motivated member of the Pop Culture Phenoms in DEFIANCE it's going to be right here, right now, in our main event.

Angus:

I mean, she's not the greatest fighter in the world, let's be honest. What does she even have to bring?

DDK:

Let's find out, right now.

♪ "Blunt Blowin" by Lil' Wayne ♪

The arena lights drop and a single spotlight hits the stage. As the theme picks up the beat, the signature red carpet rolls from the entrance way. The fans boo as the trio emerges from the curtain.

Quimbey:

Coming to the ring first, being accompanied by fellow Sports Entertainment Guild members, Kendrix and Klein!

Mikey Unlikely slides under the spotlight and simply stretched out his arms taking in the reaction. Kendrix walks beside Mikey and ultimately Klein walks nervously behind the duo. The two share a fist bump and make their way down the ramp and into the ring.

Angus:

Why the hell is this big oafy bastard following the Douche Twins and not the people who brought him to the show?

DDK:

It's hard to tell Angus, but clearly the big man is suffering from some confidence issues!

Quimbey:

Weighing in at 225 lbs... Hailing from "The Burbs" but currently residing in beautiful Los Angeles, California... He is "The World's Greatest Sports Entertainer"... Mikeeyyyyyyyyyyy UNlikelllllllyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!

The three hit the ring, Mikey slides in and poses on the second turnbuckle facing the hard camera. The fans boo relentlessly.

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

The crowd gives out a surprising mixed reaction as the bass kicks after the opening lyrics. Pink and purple lights pulsate around the arena to the party beat. Elise Ares walks out with a pair of LED sunglasses on that read "#SWAG" and a fur-lined black double breasted high fashion coat. She turns her back to the arena at the entrance pulls her jacket off and drops it to the floor. Turning around she's in her ring gear with her Tag Team Championship hanging from her waist. She looks back at Mikey in the ring and tosses her sunglasses to the side. Her usual look of self-

appreciation with a sly smirk is replaced by infamous women's look of scorn as she marches down to the ring.

DDK:

A look of determination from the tag team champion here!

Angus:

She's looking at Mikey the opposite of how she always looks at herself!

Quimbey:

And his opponent hailing from Beverly Hills, California. Weighing in at 122 pounds. She is one-half of the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions, representing the Pop Culture Phenoms... ELIIIIIE ARRRRRRRESSSSSSSS!!

Mikey shakes his head at her new representation not being the "Sports Entertainment Guild" as she slides into the ring. She rips the tag team championship off of her waist and tosses it to Quimbey on her way into the ring and walks right up to Mikey who refused to respect her enough to leave the ring and slaps him across the face with a shot that echoes so loud it overwhelms the music.

OOOOOOH!

Mikey stumbles down to one knee as the lights return to normal. As he grabs his jaw, Elise Ares backs into the middle of the ring and waves the fingers on both hands towards herself, telling him to bring it on. Outside of the ring Kendrix holds back Klein, who is making zero effort to get past him into the ring. Inside the ring, Mikey can't help but smile as he gets back up to his feet and rubs his jaw.

DING! DING! DING!

With an arrogance reserved almost exclusively for Mikey Unlikely, he answers her call by walking to the middle of the ring and pointing at his jaw and telling her to take another shot. Right before she does however, he blindsides her with a left to the side of her head sending her to the ground. Then he stomps away on the now former SEG member. As she tries to escape, he grabs a handful of hair and drags her back into the middle of the ring. Carla Ferrari scolds the former SOHER Champion as he pulls her up to her feet and looks into her eyes before pulling her hard back to the ground by her hair. Carla gives him a warning and he shrugs it off before Elise tackles him onto the canvas!

DDK:

She caught him napping!

Angus:

Since McFuckass is involved can we scream something about a catfight here?

DDK:

I think we'll pass, we're actually a good announce team.

Angus:

Speak for yourself Keebs, I'm only here to watch this dipshit get beat by a girl who can't wrestle.

Having him on the ground, Elise starts raining down a series of elbows and closed fist punches before Carla jumps in to break up the scuffle again. Mikey is given a chance to reach his feet again. This time Mikey is a bit more cautious but still flippant in regards to his opponent. He ties up with Elise before taking her down with a side headlock takeover. He holds onto the submission move and wrenches away at the neck, the referee checks Elise's shoulders and their position against the mat and determines she is not pinned. Elise with a roll of her hips takes the hold to her knees, lifting Mikey a bit with her. The fans get behind the PCP member as she fights to her feet and backs up into the ropes. She attempts to shoot Mikey off the other side but he holds onto the headlock and drags Elise back to her stomach on the mat. Mikey releases one of his arms to point to his head and brag about his intelligence. That's the momentum Elise needs to turn him over and reverse the hold into a pinfall.

One!

Kickout.

DDK:

Unlikely smart enough to know, that releasing the headlock would get him out of the pin.

Angus:

Hey, you don't say that!

The two both make their way back to their feet, Elise near the corner where JFK is, he takes a swipe at her feet, which she dodges with a look over her shoulder to the duo outside. She goes to lock up with Mikey one more time, but a raised knee at the last second catches her off guard. She doubles over and Unlikely hooks the head and suplexes her over quickly. Elise arches her back as she lands on the mat, and Mikey stands straight up, dusting his hands off in front of him. Kendrix on the outside gives a thumbs up and claps. Klein looks on worriedly, but also thumbs up after a slap to the box by JFK. Elise begins to get back to her feet, Mikey once more clutches her hair despite several warnings from Carla Ferrari, and she seems inclined to let them fight. He tosses her into the ropes, and on the return he drops to ground for her to run over him, but Elise stops and drops a quick leg to the back of the head of the former SOHER. She stays there for a minute and looks over at Kendrix and points to her brain like she outsmarted him.

DDK:

Elise was smart enough to know Mikey was going to duck right there!

Angus:

Let's be honest, the bar has been set kind of low in that regard. Hasn't it?

DDK:

Just an observation.

Angus:

Tweedledumb got one over on Tweedledumber! Color me god damn impressed.

JFK waves her off outside of the ring as she rolls off of the SEG leader. Mikey stumbles back up to his feet into an arm drag. Then another. Then another. This time he reaches his feet and swings wildly, only to be ducked by the momentum gaining Ares who grabs his opposite arm and runs over to the ropes and runs up them, flipping backwards and then planting him into the ground with a tornado DDT. As she rolls through Mikey sits up holding his head, Elise bounces off the opposite ropes and lands a lop dropkick right to the face the woozy Unlikely. Getting up to her feet she steps on Mikey's chest and over before she smiles, pointing to the crowd.

Elise Ares:

¿Qué tal eso?

She puts her hands behind her head and gyrates to an imaginary beat before landing a standing tucked knee moonsault and going for a pinfall!

One!

Tw-Kickout!

Elise Ares looks at Carla Ferrari and shakes her head.

DDK:

A little showmanship from the tag champion!

Angus:

A little effort is more like it. That was a lot of show for little results.

DDK:

Are you rooting for Mikey here?

Angus:

No, I'm rooting for an actual wrestling match.

Elise grabs Mikey by the head and pulls him to his feet. She pulls him to the turnbuckle and begins to light him up with a flurry of forearm shots and kicks. She backs up and gets a running start before Mikey puts the boots up to block the attempt. Elise puts the brakes on just in time and grabs the foot of Mikey. Unlikely hops on the other foot as Elise pulls him from the turnbuckle still firmly holding the boot in the air. Mikey begs her off, the fans get loud, telling Elise to dump him on his back. Before she can however, Mikey reaches in with a thumb to the eye and Elise is temporarily blinded. She stumbles around the ring holding her hand over one eyeball. Mikey takes advantage, kicks her in the gut and takes her over with gutwrench suplex. He stands up and gloats once more. He takes his time, mentioning to the crowd that this match is over.

He walks over to the downed Elise, who is being checked on by referee Carla Ferrari. Mikey walks over, reaches down, and puts his arm behind the head of Ares, to pick her up. Elise reaches up and pulls off the same move she won with last week, a small package pin. On the outside Kendrix is jumping up and down telling Mikey to kickout as the count begins.

One!

Two!

Kickout!

DDK:

Watchout! Here we go again!

Mikey jumps right up, his adrenaline pumping from the pinfall and Elise is up just as fast. She goes for a clothesline as Mikey comes running, he ducks it and hits the ropes, he comes back with a huge kick that nearly takes Elise's head off. A collective "ooooooh" escapes the crowd. Mikey shakes his head and walks to the turnbuckle. He hops up to the second rope, measures, jumps and drops a fist between the eyes of one half of the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions. It lands flush and Elise covers her face with her hands and rolls away from Mikey after impact.

DDK:

Well I will say this Angus, for people who were supposedly cooperating together before this match, these two are giving it all they got! I'll be damned if this hasn't become a competitive contest between the two!

Angus:

Yea and now McFuckass is calling for it to end... hopefully his false confidence fails him again this week!

Mikey slowly picks up Elise Ares who is on spaghetti legs at this point. Mikey bends her backward and tucks the neck under his arm.

DDK:

He's going for Roll Credits!

There's a sudden commotion at the entrance ramp as the fans start erupting. Mikey hears this and looks up the ramp and that's when he sees him. The D limps out from the backstage area, his rib cage covered by streams of medical tape. He's gingerly making his way toward ringside as the DEF crowd's cheers swell in anticipation.

DDK:

My lord, hear that reaction swell. It seems the DEF faithful want the D.

Angus:

Oh God. Why do you say these things?

Mikey drops Elise right away and points up the ramp motioning towards The D. On the outside, Klein extends his hands toward the D longingly, as Kendrix smacks his wrist down. The D can't move quick enough to ringside, allowing Mikey to pick up the Havana bombshell onto his shoulder. Unlikely takes a few steps around the ring, shouts "This is for you!" before planting Elise square in the center of the ring with a powerslam.

DDK:

Mikey should make sure he keeps his eyes on the prize.

Mikey then proceeds to wrap both hands around Elise' frail neck and choke her, drawing the ire of Referee Carla Ferrari. Mikey lets go at four, and then stands overtop the fallen Ares. The D makes his way to a neutral side of the ring, using the ring canvas to keep him upright. Mikey lifts Elise up by her hair and places her head between his legs. With a quick deadlift, Mikey has Elise high up in the air for a powerbomb, before falling and driving his legs into her back with a lungblower. Elise's back arches as she strikes Mikey's knees, and she instinctively rolls over to the corner the D stands near.

DDK:

Being long time tag wrestlers, Elise instinctively rolls to her corner looking for a tag she can not make. Not much that The D can do in this situation.

Angus:

Throw in the fact he's having trouble breathing, he could have a punctured lung from a broken rib Keebs.

DDK:

If that's the case and he's dragged himself out here, all the more commendable from the Hollywood D-Lister Edwards.

Mikey rushes over and grabs Elise by her hair. He grabs her hand and extends it to the D, who's standing on the outside of the ring. He shouts "TAG HIM!" and "WHY AREN'T YOU TAGGING HIM!" as the D stares on, anger rising.

DDK:

This is kind of inappropriate, don't you think Angus?

Angus:

Mikey existing is inappropriate Keebler Elf.

The longest "Hollywood" champ grabs Elise to her feet and tosses her into the turnbuckle post. He proceeds to kick her, repeatedly, into the gut and midsection. A knife edge chop almost sends Elise over the top rope and to the outside, but Mikey rushes in and hooks her swinging legs onto his shoulders. He takes a step back, violently yanking Elise out of the corner and nailing her with a sit down powerbomb.

As Elise writhes in pain, clutching her back and her neck, Mikey stands overtop her. He then places one boot on her chest, and yells at Carla to count.

One!

Two!

Kickout by Ares. And this only seems to further infuriate Mikey than anything else. Mikey grabs Elise and shouts "Time for the bottom line people to get their five seconds of fame!" Mikey tosses Elise into the far ropes, prepping for his clothesline.

DDK:

Mikey looking for Roll Credits...

OOOOOOHHHHH.

Out of nowhere, Elise ducks under the setup lariat, and returns off the ropes. With a large rise of cheers, she leaps off her feet and Superman punches Mikey Unlikely square in the jaw.

Unlikely tumbles like a ton of bricks.

DDK:

Elise did it! Amethystation out of NOWHERE!

Angus:

Just pin the douchebag you cu--

Elise falls on top of Mikey. Literally, she falls and doesn't even hook his leg, exhausted. After a moment, there's no count from Carla...

DDK:

What is Kendrix doing on the apron! Elise might have very well had this match won!

Kendrix and Carla are in an infuriating argument as JFK shouts from the ring apron. He doesn't notice the injured and battered D gingerly moving to him. By the time he does, Kendrix looks down only to notice the D tripping him off the apron. JFK's face plants directly into the hardest part of the ring as he falls to the outside. The D turns toward the ring and points at the pin Elise is still unconsciously making. Carla slides into position. The Faithful chant alongside the count.

One!

Two!

Mikey gets a shoulder up. The air's been taken out of the arena. The D on the outside slams his hands into the ring apron to cheer Elise on. He turns and notices Klein, who has both of his hands outstretched for a hug. The D just sneers at him, and walks back away to his neutral side of the ring.

Meanwhile, Elise Ares is stirring, pushing herself up back to a vertical base. Unlikely rolls over onto his stomach, clutching his jaw. His bottom lip has a small bit, and Mikey takes a quick taste of his own blood. Unlikely's eyes widen, infuriated. He charges to the just recovered Elise, who has barely enough time to duck her head and send Mikey over in a big back body drop. Mikey scrambles to his feet and charges again, only to eat a drop toe hold. Elise off the far side, picking up steam, catches the fallen Mikey with a basement dropkick square in the jaw.

Mikey rolls over from the impact onto his back. Elise then climbs on top and begins to wail away at him with right hands to wild cheers from the crowd.

DDK:

Elise Ares is taking all that neglect, all that pent up animosity of being treated like lessers out on the Hollywood stars!

Elise hops off, the adrenaline rising. She climbs the nearest turnbuckle, and sizes up Mikey, only for Kendrix to climb the apron and grab her boot. Elise tugs and pulls, but JFK has a firm grip. Carla is in his face, threatening Mikey with disqualification. After she steadies herself with her hands on the buckle, she uses her leg to swat and kick Kendrix off. JFK falls right next to Klein, who tries to help him back to his feet.

Meanwhile, Elise flies off the top rope and lands on Mikey's throat with a swanton bomb. The crowd pops as she hits the move, and rolls to a neutral corner. She pulls herself to a kneeling position using the corner ropes, and places one

fist onto the mat.

DDK:

Kendrix couldn't disrupt the high flying move, and it looks like Elise is going for Amethystation #2!

As Mikey slowly recovers, dazed, Elise charges. At the last moment, Mikey ducks down...

... pulling ref Carla Ferrari into the impact.

DDK:

Elise Ares just knocked out referee clear unconscious!

Angus:

Hollywood McFucktard is the smartest stupidest man in this game.

DDK:

What?

Angus:

He's incredibly stupid, but flashes of accidental brilliance.

Elise's eyes go wide as she sees Carla down in the ring. JFK slides into the ring and pounces, catching Elise in the back of the head with a double forearm. He begins to stomp away, as the D slides in himself. Kendrix turns to the D at the last moment and eats a flying crescent kick. If JFK were chewing gum, it would have flew into the fourth row. The D tries to lift Kendrix to his feet, but takes longer than usual as he braces his ribs. Irish whip into the corner, and The D hits a big corner splash. The D falls to his knees, not realizing he would have been using his injured ribs to cause the damage on JFK. Kendrix falls to a seated position in the corner, just as Elise recovers.

Elise begins stomping the ever living hell out of Kendrix, as Klein looks shocked on the outside. The D recovers, and slips in himself, as the two of them continue to stomp the ever living beejesus out of the former DOC champ.

DDK:

Kendrix tries to get involved and eats a Blacklist for his troubles!

The DEF crowd cheer wildly as the two take turns stomping JFK. On the outside, Klein rushes toward the time keeper's table, and gives him fifty Mikey Bucks.

DDK:

Oh what is this again!?

Klein grabs his chair, without the timekeeper's approval as the Mikey Money just falls at his feet. Klein rushes toward the ring and tosses the chair inside.

DDK:

Is Klein trying to help Elise with that chair?!

Angus:

Who's Klein?

Elise turns away from JFK as The D continues stomping away. The chair is just a few steps away from her, and she rushes to pick it up.

Only for Mikey Unlikely to be a bit closer, and hook Elise in a side headlock. DDT onto the chair, and Elise hangs there in a headstand before flopping onto the canvas.

DDK:

Or was Klein trying to help Mikey all along?!

Angus:

Again, who's Klein?

DDK:

Klein... Klein... That guy that was just on camera...

Angus:

Still nothing.

DDK:

The man in the box?

Angus:

Oh. Box Guy. Yeah.

Mikey takes the chair and charges to the far corner, cracking the D in the back with it. The D flips over the top rope and to the outside. Mikey tosses the chair down so it strikes him as he falls. Mikey turns back to Elise, and grabs her by her legs. He looks around to the jeering crowd.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely, he's turning Elise... HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN! The Backstory! His modified elevated Boston Crab.

Elise doesn't move as Mikey wrenches the hold in further. It's at this point that Referee Carla Ferrari has recovered from Elise's superman punch. She groggily gets into position, asking Elise if she quits. The DEFIANCE crowd boos as she does. Carla receives no response from Elise and decides to raise Elise's hand.

It falls.

Carla grabs Elise's hand again as the crowd's boos intensify.

It falls.

Carla does this one more time, and the crowd deflates.

DING DING DING

Quimbey:

Your winner, via Technical Knock Out... MIKEY... UNLIKELY!

The DEF crowd jeers wildly as Mikey Unlikely refuses to release the hold. Carla begins to yell at Mikey to do just that, as JFK walks out of the corner, clutching his ribs. Finally he releases. Mikey raises his hands to the booing crowd, as Kendrix takes this opportunity to take one quick stomp onto the back of the fallen Elise Ares' head.

Mikey begins to yell outside of the ring at Klein, who's standing there with slumped shoulders. Klein slides into the ring, slowly, as Mikey begins shouting and demanding something.

It's here, when Klein leans down, and Mikey literally climbs onto Klein's back. Klein stands, and holds Mikey in a chicken fight position, as Mikey tosses his hands into the air as if he's just won the Fist of DEFIANCE, Kendrix pointing both index fingers up at his Hollywood Bruv.

DDK:

Mikey Unlikely with the victory here tonight, the assist from Klein, at least I think it was an assist when he chucked a

chair into the ring.

Angus:

Who knows, I don't even think Box Man knows right now, he wanted a hug from The D earlier.

As Mikey orders Klein to squat down, he climbs off the big man's shoulders, Kendrix kicks Elise out of the ring as she comes to and into the arms of her tag partner who's still holding onto his ribs as he holds her up on the ramp.

DDK:

The Hollywood Bruvs standing tall tonight, but I've got a feeling this battle between themselves and PCP has only just begun.

The DEFIANCE credits hit as the shot switches between PCP, not taking their eyes off of the three men in the ring, with the Bruvs by the ropes talking trash in their direction as Klein looks on from behind them before the shot fades out.