

COLDER OPEN

We open to a well worn metal door swinging open. We zoom out to find this to be the loading dock area of the DEFIANCE Wrestle-Plex as the closed overhead door jostles back and forth with the air pressure change. *"Earlier Tonight"* scrawls across the lower third of the screen, bedded with a red colored polygonal shape. Scott Douglas, carrying a duffle bag, enters the open door to find the current Southern Heritage Champion, Impulse and the effervescent Calico Rose.

Scott Douglas:

... 'Pulse, Cally.

Scott nods as the door shuts behind him under it's own weight and recoil.

Impulse:

... Scotty.

Impulse nods. Cally turns toward Douglas and begins to respond but is abruptly cut off by the sound of the door being snatched open once again. Terry "The Idol" Anderson lumbers across its glaring threshold.

Terry Anderson:

... *TERRY!* Jesus, it's like I'm chopped liver --

A Cally in motion is more likely to stay in motion. She, almost immediately, finds herself in Terry's personal space.

Cally:

Hi *TERRY!* I'm Cally. Or Rosie. Or Calico Rose. Or Rosalyn, but only to my mom. **Don't** call me Rosalyn. But I don't think we've been properly introduced, though that's a weird concept because... is it possible to be... *IM...properly introduced?* But on the plus side you used to work with Miss Ivy's brother Brian, so that's cool. On the other side... are you still evil?

She waits, apparently serious.

Terry Anderson: *[after more time than is comfortable]*

...*No?*

Cally:

Good enough for me.

She turns back to Scott Douglas, and tries to affect a parody of his serious face.

Cally:

Scawtty.

And she's clearly corpsing. Scott and Terry both look at each other, unsure of what to do with her; though Impulse is unconcerned.

Impulse:

Just wanna make sure you're good, sir - after the last TV you know there's gonna be fallout.

Scott Douglas:

Have you paid attention to my time in DEFIANCE to this point? Literally everything I've done has been 'fallout.'

Impulse considers this for a moment, then he laughs. They walk towards the door and enter first, with Terry and Cally behind them--

--and at that moment, Impulse is knocked backwards.

Bronson Box emerges and drops a heel into Impulse's ribs. Scott Douglas grabs him to pull him off, but Reinhardt Hoffman hits him from behind and Seattle's Favorite Son goes down as well! They beat down on the two athletes for nearly a minute, while Cally and Terry stand back, shocked. Finally, they relent, and Hoffman leaves the scene. Box lingers; he leans over Impulse with a sneer on his face.

Bronson Box:

Twat.

He straightens up, and both men walk away. Terry looks at Cally, confused.

Terry:

...Do we help them?

Cally:

Of course **we do**!

Cally steps forward and kneels down at Impulse's head, but backs up almost immediately.

The Reapers are in town.

Reaper Prime steps over Impulse while Reaper Red stands back, keeping watch. Prime leans over between both downed wrestlers, and looks from one to the other.

Reaper Prime:

This, right here?

She smiles, which seems even creepier than it should be.

Reaper Prime:

This is merely the beginning.

She stands up and leaves, and just as Cally rushes towards Impulse again we cut to...

THE RUNDOWN

~♪"My War" - Black Flag~♪

We fade in on the DEFIANCE Faithful, cheering like crazy for the start of the show, and holding up their increasingly prevalent signs to try and get their moment of glory.

YEAR OF THE SQUID

SHAKE MY HAND

REAPER = LESS CRAZY THAN MY EX

SCOTTY DOESN'T KNOW

JACK HUNTER SAVE US

We can't sink any lower after that last one, so we'll take it right to 'Downtown' Darren Keebler and 'The Motormouth of Malcontent' Angus Skaaland. The fans are in the midst of a huge 'ANGUS' chant, to which he responds with a hand in the air and a nod, a sign of 'I deserve this.'

DDK:

Welcome, everyone, to THE WRESTLEPLEX! Welcome to DEFIANCE TV, and have we got a main event for you! My name is Darren Keebler, and I'm joined, as always, by my partner in crime, Angus Skaaland!

Angus:

Don't cocktease the people, Keebs! What's the main event that you're so eager to tell us about?

Keebler looks at him for a few seconds, dead - eyed.

DDK:

...After what we've just seen on the big screen, I've received word from Kelly Evans herself that tonight's main event will feature Bronson Box and Reinhardt Hoffman teaming up with Reaper Prime, to take on Scott Douglas, Impulse, and their partner Levi Cole!

Angus:

I'm sorry, after Bronson Box's name I drifted off. I think I heard Impulse in there somewhere, but it might've been a figment of my imagination.

DDK:

Don't get started on that, Angus - with the volatility of these athletes, you can bet we'll see the next challenger for Impulse's Southern Heritage Championship shine in this one! Coming up first on the docket, however, let's welcome Jager Bombastico to the ring!

Angus:

...Why?

CRIMSON LORD VS. JAGER BOMBASTICO

♪ Shots by LMFAO ♪

Jager Bombastico, begins his walk to the ring, ignoring the fans as he enters the ring awaiting his opponent. Sirens sound throughout the arena. The sounds of a machine gun fire, and missiles firing. The sounds of war fade into...

♪ The Vengeful One by Disturbed ♪

DDK:

The newest signee to DEFIANCE makes his way to the ring, and look at the size of him.

Angus:

I have seen Crimson Lord before, and this man is a savage. He looks massive in person, Jager has a huge challenge in front of him.

Crimson reaches the ring, his purple hoodie pulled over his face. He slowly reaches up and pulls back his hood. The camera catches the cold lifeless stare at Jager in the ring.

DDK:

Crimson has entered the ring here fans, and he is just standing in the corner staring at the fans.

Angus:

Jager looks like a child next to this guy.

The bell rings and Crimson quickly charges out of the corner and smashes Jager quickly in the corner. Jager falls forward as Crimson steps back, only to fall right into the clutches of Crimson.

DDK:

Crimson has him up for a powerbomb!

CLANK! As Jager's head slams off the top of the turnbuckle

Angus:

Crimson is not even giving Jager a chance to recover, and has him in the center of the ring and has him up in the air!

Crimson turns his chokeslam on Jager just above his head twisting in a hundred eighty degrees right into his knee.

DDK:

Jager nailed with a impressive sequence of moves!

Angus:

That is The Hollow Point, stick a fork in Jager he is done!

ONE

TWO

THREE!

DING DING

♪ The Vengeful One by Disturbed ♪

DDK:

Mark Shields raises Crimson Lord's hand in a impressive debut here in DEFIANCE!

Crimson pulls his arm from Mark, and with just a brief glare is enough for Mark to exit the ring.

Angus:

Crimson appears to have something to say here.

Crimson walks over to the corner motioning for a microphone.

DDK:

He has the stick and stands center of the ring, let's see what he has to say.

INTRO

Crimson's heavy breathing can be heard in the microphone for a moment. Before you raises it to his lips.

Crimson:

For those that do not know me... My name is Crimson Lord... your Messiah of Pain, and The PERFECT Weapon!

Crimson lowers the microphone from his lips for a moment listening to the fans for a moment. He raises it once more to his lips.

Crimson:

I am here to send a message..

He points at the backstage area.

Crimson:

To every DEFIANT back there...

Jager has gotten to his feet behind CL, still dazed a bit from the match. Crimson drops the microphone and quickly turns around.

Angus:

Wow! Crimson just took Jager's head off with a vicious lariat!

DDK:

He damn near took Jager out of his shoes!

Crimson stares down at Jager face first on the mat, as a split screen shows a replay

REPLAY

The video shows Jager on his feet and the moment the microphone leaves Crimson's hand. He turns around and nails Jager with the vicious lariat. The force flips Jager in the air and he ends with his face smashing off the mat.

Angus:

Crimson has picked up the microphone again, looks like he has more to say.

Breathing heavy for a moment as he speaks.

Crimson:

Message sent!

♪ *The Vengeful One by Disturbed* ♪

He drops the microphone.

DDK:

This man is going to be a force in DEFIANCE, he just made an impactful statement here tonight.

Angus:

Judging from his history, you ain't seen nothing yet.

HOW ABOUT NOW?

After a brief DEFIANCE advert following the previous in-ring, the camera returns to the announce table with “Downtown” Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland about ready to raz DDK for something he will probably say.

DDK:

If you’ve been following the exploits of recent DEFIANCE newcomer “Twists and Turns” Oscar Burns, then you’ll know that he has been pretty popular in a short amount of time. He’s slowly gaining attention with the DEFIANCE Faithful!

Angus:

But man, Keebs, I’ll tell you one guy that doesn’t like that goofy Kiwi... it’s one of my guys, “Master Thief” Danny Diggs! He faked out an opponent for him, whooped his ass via steel chair, then left him laying!

DDK:

We still don’t know exactly WHY Danny Diggs has been singling out the New Zealander, but from what I understand, he’ll be out here shortly to call out the rising BRAZEN star.

♪ “Hardcore Symphony” by Digital Explosion ♪

The lights begin to flash and pulsate shades of yellow and orange. Out from the back comes the man from New Zealand rocking the orange and yellow... only not wrestling attire, but his signature shirt and bright orange sneakers and cargo shorts! The Kiwi comes out and points at his “Hi. I Like Graps.” T-shirt and gets a nice response from the DEFIANCE Faithful. He slaps hands with a few of the high-paying front-row fans and pats a kid on the head before walking into the ring.

Angus:

Jesus, I think he just fulfilled every white-meat good guy trope just on that walk to the ring alone.

DDK:

Like I said once before, Angus, he’s friendly, that’s all.

Twists and Turns climbs onto the apron and looks out to the cheering crowd before he jumps the ropes and heads into the ring. He has a microphone and gets ready to do what he came out to do.

Oscar Burns:

If one of them production fellas can cut my music, that’d be sweet as.

And with that, the music fades quietly.

Oscar Burns:

Hi, DEFIANCE.

He waves a little too enthusiastically and the crowd cheers him in kind.

Oscar Burns:

I came out here for a reason and sadly, it isn’t to engage in a friendly contest of the graps. Two weeks ago, that stropo Danny Diggs pulled the wool over my eyes and instead of wrestling me, he sends out somebody I’ve never met. I might have been lucky against Thomas Slaine, but Danny took a chair to me and went flat out! My noggin’s still a little bit rattly and such.

He points to his skull.

Oscar Burns:

To make things worse, Diggs put a dent the size of my head when he dropped me down with a Fisherman’s DDT on that chair of his. Mate, I apologize if we got off on the wrong foot at some point or if you weren’t treated with the

respect that you feel you deserve, but after your actions last week, I think I'd like an explanation. Or better yet, if you want to finally have that match you said you wanted, you can get out here, and I can tie you in knots right now, mate!

The fans seem to like the sound of that and Oscar patiently waits for Diggs to answer him.

DDK:

You know Diggs' mindset a little better than I, Angus. Think he'll come out?

Angus:

He might, might not. He's sketchy as all hell and I don't think he even takes a leak without screwing with somebody mentally.

Burns continues to wait.

Oscar Burns:

Come on, Danny, rattle your dags!

"Good lord, keep your panties on, Dundee."

Oscar rolls his eyes at the jab and out from the back comes Danny Diggs, also not dressed to compete, but more than happy to be taking a sip of wine from a bottle. He has the still dented chair from two weeks ago in his hand. Well, how does he have a free hand to talk?

He points to a headset/mic on his ear and grins.

Danny Diggs:

Hands-free. I don't know why idiots sit here holding a microphone all night. I can multitask like so!

He takes another sip of his favorite wine and grins before he continues.

Danny Diggs:

First off, Burns, don't bother pointing out the differences between Aussies and Kiwis because frankly... I couldn't give any less of a shit. Secondly, you feel like I've been picking on you and singling you out and you wanna know why, huh?

Oscar Burns:

Well, mate, that'd be nice, but... nice ain't your thing, is it?

Diggs shakes his head as he leans against his chair.

Danny Diggs:

If me cracking you over your head repeatedly with this chair wasn't your first clue, Burns, then you're dumber than I tell people backstage. The reason that I'm doing this...

He points towards Angus Skaaland at the announce table.

Danny Diggs:

It's because of that man!

The Head BOOKAH of all things BRAZEN looks somewhat shocked and proud at the same time.

Angus:

Respect! I like it! ...but what'd I do?

Danny Diggs points at Burns now.

Danny Diggs:

Some people are obsessed with training for hours and hours and hours on end and it don't mean dick. You can study, you can train, you can fight, you can scratch and you can claw, but sometimes when it's somebody that looks like me, then that don't mean shit. I spent years trying to fight my way from mall parking lots, bingo halls, VFW buildings and it got me nowhere, but when I met Angus and he signed me to BRAZEN, he told me to do what you can to make a mark...

He pats the chair.

Danny Diggs:

Work smart, not hard. Find something that works for you. So I did... this chair. Literal scratching, clawing... what idiots like you call "cheating" I call "having the nuts to do what it takes to win." I don't need fancy flips or dumbass dives, I don't need headlocks for thirty minutes and good old fashioned "RING PSYCHO-OLOGY" to beat you, Burns. I go right for the jugular, I get in your head and all I need is three seconds to score a victory when you don't know what's what. And if it's a match you want with me, I'm gonna give it to you...

After hearing everything Diggs has to say, Burns smiles.

Oscar Burns:

Let's go!

Danny Diggs holds a finger up.

Danny Diggs:

Not that simple, you dumb Kiwi bastard. You want to fight me, we do it under my terms! I want don't want one, I want TWO matches with you because I want every opportunity I can to embarrass you and show the world that I'm ready for the big-time. We agree to a match at DEFCON, but before that, I'll take you on the next DEFTv. Winner of that match gets to pick a stipulation for our DEFCON match. That get your tights any tighter, Burns?

It doesn't take Oscar much thought to answer as he leans over the ropes.

Oscar Burns:

You're on, Danny. Be careful... I might just choose a thirty-minute Iron Man Match at DEFCON and after everything you've tried to do to me... I might JUST crank back on your neck for thirty minutes, mate.

Burns' music plays as he gets the final word, but Danny simply nods and smiles with a drop of his mic. The Master Thief and The Technical Spectacle start jaw-jacking with one another off-mic before Diggs disappears from sight and the camera returns to the announce table.

DDK:

Wow, some big stipulations for these two! And I gotta ask, partner... Did you really tell Danny Diggs "work smart, not hard"?

Angus: *[Shrugs]*

'm gonna be honest, Keebs, I say lots of shit and shouldn't be held accountable for any of it, but I like what Danny's thinking. I've seen him pull victory from defeat in some ridiculous ways.

DDK:

Folks, we're changing gears because coming up next, we've got the in-ring debut of 'Persona Non Grata' Flynn Turner and that's going to be one to watch. Stay tuned

FLYNN TURNER VS. FISHMAN DELUXE

DDK:

Welcome back, folks. Up next we'll see the in ring debut of Flynn Turner.

Angus:

That's 'Persona Non Grata' Flynn Turner, Keebs. Get it right.

DDK:

Persona Non Grata' Flynn Turner, I apologise.

Angus:

Better.

DDK:

Who will be taking on Fishman Deluxe in one on one action. Fishman's already in the ring...

♪"No More Mr Nice Guy" by Alice Cooper♪

DDK:

And here comes Turner.

A well oiled, well muscled and probably well endowed man emerges from the curtain and steps out in front of the Faithful in the Wrestle-Plex. He's flanked by two men, one larger than him in a pair of black leather pants with a white wifebeater whom we've come to know as Hoyt Williams over the last few weeks. The other, much smaller man known as Charlie Ace, walks with a cane but it doesn't seem to slow him down much. It helps though that Flynn Turner doesn't move too quickly as he purposefully makes his way down towards the ring.

DDK:

We were introduced to Turner last week by Charlie Ace right there, and I've got to say he has an impressive look to him.

Angus:

And with Charlie Ace at his side I'm sure this guy's got a bright future ahead of him.

DDK:

Let me ask you this, have you found out anything new about this guy?

Angus:

Who, The Manager to the Stars? Haven't needed to. Ace means number one, Keebs. That's all I need to know.

Flynn ascends the ring steps and walks along the apron where he poses for the fans before stepping in through the ropes. He runs both hands through the longer strawberry blonde hair on the top of his head and flicks his fingers at Fishman Deluxe, who seems a little unsure of Williams and Ace who both take up their position in Turner's corner.

The bell sounds and we're underway... well, sort of. Turner doesn't pay Fishman Deluxe too much attention at first as he gets a last minute pep talk from Ace. Once Flynn's attention is on the match at hand, however, he quickly shoves Fishman Deluxe down to the canvas from a collar and elbow tie up before flexing to show off his body.

Angus:

That's pure power right there.

DDK:

And more than a hint of arrogance.

Angus:

Confidence, Keebs. It's not arrogance if you can back it up.

The two competitors engage again, but this time Flynn pushes Fishman back to the corner. Carla Ferrari asks for a clean break, and it looks like she's going to get one until Turner reaches out and slaps Fishman across the mask. Turner gets a talking to from Carla but he shrugs her off and rounds her to head back to his opponent. Flynn grabs Fishman and snapmares him from the corner before locking in a rear chinlock. Turner cranks on the hold for a moment before Fishman starts to work back up to a vertical base when he transitions to a side headlock. Fishman pushes Flynn away and into the ropes, but he gets knocked back down as Turner comes back with a shoulderblock.

DDK:

And Flynn Turner beats on his chest as if to challenge Fishman Deluxe to try that again. In fact I think he is challenging Fishman to knock him down.

Turner points to the ropes and tells Fishman Deluxe to shoulderblock him, challenging him to knock him down. Fishman obliges and comes back with a shoulderblock which doesn't move Turner. Fishman hits ropes and again, but the second shoulder tackle doesn't work either. Turner lifts a knee into Fishman Deluxe's midsection before sending him into the ropes. Flynn ducks down for a back body drop, but Fishman flips over, grabs his thighs and rolls him up with a sunset flip.

One!

Two!

Three!

Quimbey:

Here is your winner, by pinfall, Fishman Deluxe!

The fans burst into cheers and laughter as Carla Ferrari raises Fishman's hand.

DDK:

What a debut, eh Angus?

Angus:

What happened?

DDK:

What happened was Fishman De-HEY!

The victory barely has time to sink in for Fishman before Flynn Turner rushes him from behind and knocks him to the canvas with a forearm strike to the back of the head. Flynn puts the boots to the man that just pinned him in the middle of the ring and he's soon joined by Hoyt Williams, who joins in in adding his own size 14 boots to the victor.

DDK:

This is uncalled for! Flynn Turner just lost his debut match fair and square, and what does he do? He blindsides Fishman Deluxe and now Charlie Ace's personal bodyguard is joining in the assault!

Angus:

I didn't see what happened, is the match over?

Charlie Ace joins the duo in the ring and starts directing traffic as he instructs Hoyt Williams to scoop up Fishman Deluxe. Hoyt follows order and lifts him for a powerbomb with ease, but during the drop he turns 180 degrees to put that little extra stink on it. Ace holds up a single finger, which clearly means one more time, because Williams picks up Fishman Deluxe and delivers a second, hard, 180 degree spinning powerbomb.

DDK:

What a sickening impact with that powerbomb! And now look. Big man Flynn Turner continues to put the boots in.

Flynn adds a few more stomps to the end of the assault until instructed to stop by Charlie Ace. Flynn snarls down at his opponent as Charlie and Hoyt's eyes meet. Ace brings his hand up and make a cut throat gesture.

DDK:

What's he do- woah!

Hoyt Williams grabs Flynn Turner by the shoulder and spins him around to deliver a swift kick to the midsection. He hooks under Turner and lifts him up before dropping him with a 180 degree spinning powerbomb as well!

Angus:

Keebs, what is going on here?

DDK:

I don't know, Angus, but something tells me Charlie Ace isn't too happy with this supposed 'Future FIST of DEFIANCE's performance here tonight.

Angus:

Neither am I. He's really let the side down.

With the medics making their way out to check on Fishman Deluxe, Charlie and Hoyt Williams exit the ring and head for the back, leaving Flynn Turner motionless in the ring.

THE ROCK AND POP CONNECTION

Backstage, The D is deep in contemplative thought. He spins a monocle in his fingers as if it were a quarter, before he flings it across the room. Sitting next to him is Klein, wearing his trademark box and jeans, shirtless. Off to his side, in his arms, is another person wearing a box over their head, but dressed in her best princess Leia slave outfit covered by a poncho. Well, her might be a misnomer in this trans-gender fluid state of age we're in, because the body frame is that of a man with a stuffed small a-cup bra. The two seem to be watching television, as the gruff gritty voice of Gruncle Stan is softly heard in the background. The D looks over at Klein, none too amused.

The D:

You know, that's a dude, right?

Klein simply nods, but points to the TV, where the two are enjoying their episode of Gravity Falls. The D shakes his head from side to side.

The D:

You're obviously that cowboy luchador. What's with this? Who are you?

Klein's new girl - uh - boy - uh, friend? Well, pronoun simply puts on a sombrero, and tips their cap and the box to the D.

Cowboy Luchador Box Girlfriend Man With No Name:

Sir.

The D:

Yeah, that's what you are. Listen. I don't have time for this. Elise and that Skidd Mark are going to be here any second. We've gotta convince her Skidds McKenzie is going to screw her, and not in the way she'd prefer.

Klein and the Cowboy Luchador start muttering to one another. They laugh. The D looks unamused.

The D:

She didn't even want to travel with us to the DEFplex tonight. She's in too deep with this guy. I don't like it. Neither should you.

Klein stands up suddenly, causing the cowboy luchador to fall off the couch and do a faceplant on the concrete. He waves excitedly, as Elise Ares and Skidd Row enter the room. They seem to be in the middle of a lighthearted and friendly conversation.

Elise Ares:

We just started thrashing the party, all cause Mikey wanted to throw a hissy fit. It was kinda fun, but looking back, guy was nuts.

Skidd Row:

I bet. I'da smacked that guy within five minutes of meeting him.

Elise Ares:

Good thing he's stranded in Mormon Country. Oh! D! K! What's going on. Why is there a sweaty man wearing a bikini on our floor? What is that thing?

The Cowboy Luchador pushes to a standing position and tips the cap.

Cowboy Luchador Box Girlfriend Man With No Name:

Ma'am.

Elise freaks out.

Elise Ares:

I'M NOT FORTY! OUT! YOU! OUT! NOW!

Klein gets a sad puppy dog face, but the Cowboy Luchador simply nods and walks to the exit of the locker room. On the way, the dvd player is unplugged and taken as the Man with No Name exits. Elise turns to Klein and smacks him in the chest.

Elise Ares:

This is our strategy planning time Klein! You can't invite outsiders!

The D:

What, you mean like HIM?!

The D points at Skidd Row, who simply pleads innocence.

Skidd Row:

See, I told you this was going to be a bad idea. Just like when you told me Don Hollywood prank called that broth...

Elise Ares:

Look, I know what you guys are thinking...

The D:

My penis?

There's an awkward silence.

Skidd Row:

I can't speak for her, but I surely wasn't thinking of your penis.

Elise Ares:

I can't confirm nor deny, I mean in a way... aren't we always thinking about penis?

The D, Skidd Row, and Klein all look at her. The D has a big grin on his face.

Elise Ares:

Only me then? Ooookay, look I can explain. You remember how we were all like "Oooh Mikey, we love you! You're so awesome, and your friend Kendrix is kind of an asshat but he's your friend so we like him too!" And then Mikey was like "Oh you guys are great, do all this shit for me and we'll treat you like crap." Yeah? That's what happened to him. He totes gets us. He's one of us. Yeah?

Her story is met with silence. Elise turns on the pouty face.

Elise Ares:

I mean, what do you expect me to do? Leave him on the street?

The D:

Look. I don't trust him, so yeah, the street might be where he belongs, I mean, did he bathe this week? Whatever. (crosses his arms) This whole thing makes me feel left out. Like I'm Klein or something.

Klein waves enthusiastically behind The D.

Elise Ares:

You're not Klein. You'll never be Klein. I mean... look at him.

Klein continues to wave with such passion.

Skidd Row:

Look, I know I'm not a great guy and I didn't make the best impression. I'm just a guy who loves to party. You guys seem like you're a lot more fun than those other guys. They just want me to do all the hard work, and I'm more of a... up all night, sleep all day kinda guy. I mean there are three of you and one of me. If you wanted me gone you could just do that, why would I be dumb enough to walk in here if I had bad intentions?

He holds his arms up in innocence.

Skidd Row:

What can I do to prove to you guys I just wanna have bangin' shenanigans?

The D pulls out a large jug from behind his sofa.

The D:

Here. Drink this. It's gasoline.

The D hands Skidd Row the container. He just looks down at it, then back at the D. He shrugs, and tilts it back. The D stops him before he gets too far. Klein quickly drops his pack of matches and steps on them when The D speaks.

The D:

Alright. Alright. I see how committed you are. But I got my eye on you buddy boy pal of hers. I got my EYES on you. BOTH. TWO EYES. FOUR if you count HIS!

The D points to Klein, who's shuffling his feet innocently and whistling. He notices the matches and then covers them with his boot. Skidd takes one last sniff of the bottle.

Skidd Row:

Smells minty.

The D:

It's mint jolep with rubbing alcohol. Probably not healthy, but definitely a party.

Skidd Row shrugs and drinks the liquid anyway.

Elise Ares:

HOLY SH...

The D:

Dude. You have a tag title match later tonight. Unless you know Crouching Tiger Drunken Monkey style, hold off till the After Party, and if you've got class, wait till the after after party.

The D leans in, whispering.

The D:

PS, there's an after after after party too. It's mostly charades. Make sure you're wasted by then.

Elise Ares (overhearing):

That's ridiculous, I've never played charades in my life.

Klein raises his finger. He gets a laptop and loads youtube. There, a video of Elise Ares singing karaoke to "(FUNNY)" is there, with over 1.4 million views. Her jaw drops.

Elise Ares:

I'm a star! I mean... I'm such a star. Everyone knows that. They don't call me the Leading Lady of DEFIANCE for no reason.

Skidd Row:

I've literally never heard anyone call you that.

The D:

I might get to like this guy.

She shakes her head disapprovingly. Skidd Row raises his hand for a high five, but The D shakes his head.

The D:

Too soon.

Elise Ares:

We'll get there, but for right now, we have a match to get ready for, and if we win... there's a lot more gasoline back here with your name on it.

Skidd Row pats Elise Ares on the back with a big smile on his face. Behind them, Klein drops to the floor and excitedly starts to gather his matches back up off the ground. He looks up at The D for approval, who shakes his head. The box drops in disappointment, but The D holds up a finger... he's thinking. Then, after a pause, shrugs his shoulders. Klein pumps his fist and drops back to the floor to scavenge.

NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE VS. THE BARRIO BOYS

Cut back to the ring. The Barrio Boys are already between the ropes, with their bouncy theme music pumping around the arena.

DDK:

Welcome back folks! It's time for some trios action, with three faces we've not seen in a while, The Barrio Boys, taking on DEFIANCE's new, destructive faction!

Angus:

Fuck, looks like their head geek is about to speak...

Sure enough, Mr Gustavo Salazar has a microphone raised to his lips.

Gustavo Salazar:

DEFFFFFFFFFFIIIIIIIAAAAAANNNNCCCCCEEEEEEE! HOW Y'ALL DOIN'?!

A cheesy pop for the cheesy foursome. Behind Salazar, the team of Hugo Gonzalez, Corey Nunez, and big Gerardo Vilallobos are readying themselves for action.

Gustavo Salazar:

We come here tonight with a message! A message of positivity, power, and joy--

♪ *"Black Vikings" by Immortal Technique* ♪

Angus:

Thank god for that!

Salazar finds his microphone overpowered by the hyper-aggressive hip-hop track. He gives up trying to speak as Brother Lucius Owens walks out onto the stage. He's soon joined by Theo Baylor, Felton Bigsby, The Neighborhoodlum, and Roosevelt Owens, who isn't in tonight's match.

DDK:

There they are! Four weeks ago, No Justice, No Peace flattened Clay Daniels. Two weeks ago, they murdered Kyo Ishida before the bell even rang. Tonight, they'll go against three men, which evens the odds somewhat, but not entirely...

NJNP spread across the stage, with Brother Lucius - suit-clad as always - stood in the middle. Just like at DEFTv 86, they raise both arms in the air, cross them over, and turn the left hand into a fist, and the right into a peace sign.

Angus:

This is the first time we've seen 'em working as a team, but if recent shows are anything to go by, I don't like the Barrios' chances!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following trios contest is scheduled for one fall! First, in the ring, the team of Hugo Gonzalez, Corey Nunez, and Gerardo Villallobos... THE BARRIO!

In the ring, Gustavo Salazar takes his cue to leave, and the Barrios ready themselves for a fight. NJNP are on their way down the ramp, meanwhile.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, being accompanied to the ring by Brother Lucius Owens, the team of Theo Baylor, Felton Bigsby, and The Neighborhoodlum... NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE!

DDK:

You reckon we're actually gonna see these guys wrestle tonight? The past few weeks have been a farce.

Angus:

I reckon we're gonna see some bodies fly, whether or not that takes place within the confines of a match, I'm not entirely sure!

The fivesome reach the bottom of the ramp. Rosey and Lucius stay on the outside, but Baylor, 'Hoodlum, and Felton all slide in at once, then launch into a brawl with the Barrios!

*DING! DING! DING!***DDK:**

It's underway!

Fists fly! Wrestlers get pushed around like ragdolls! Bigsby, Baylor, and Villalobos - the three biggest men in the match - get an upperhand on their respective opponents, with Theo tossing Nunez from the ring, and Felton flattening Gonzalez with a big below!

Villalobos has control of 'Hoodlum, but it doesn't last. The 6'7" monster holds off Baylor for a moment, but Bigsby intervenes, cracking him with a series of elbows. A 3-on-1 assault commences, with No Justice, No Peace chopping the towering brute down to size, before throwing him over the top rope. He lands at the feet of his stablemates, who glare up in the ring, taken aback by their opponents' aggression!

Hector Navarro does his best to restore order, calling for two of NJNP to leave the ring and head to their corner. They don't move at first, but do so when Brother Owens finally calls for them to do it, with Baylor and 'Hoodlum moving out. Bigsby takes the centre of the ring, screaming for one of Barrios to join him, with Nunez eventually obliging.

The next few sequences do not go Nunez' way. He takes an absolute battering at the much stronger Bigsby's hands, with the Houston native trapping him in a corner. He rams his shoulder into his midsection a few times, before tossing him towards the corner, and tagging Baylor in.

The onslaught continues. Theo rope-a-dopes his opponent around the ring, before throwing him outside, allowing Roosevelt Owens to get the boots in. The lucha rules kick in and Gonzalez charges inside, catching Baylor off-guard, and landing a few strikes. This upperhand doesn't last. Baylor counters a leaping forearm, sends his opponent to the ropes, and knocks him down with a Spinebuster.

Angus:

Pure, raw-boned power! That's what you get with these two, and when The Neighborhoodlum gets inside, you're gonna witness some of the wildest brawling you've ever seen. This Barrio Dipshits don't stand a chance here!

Sure enough, The 'Hoodlum enters the match and starts going wild with the strikes. He whips Gonzalez against the ropes then goes low, dropkicking him in the knees, before running the ropes himself and landing a back senton. Instead of pinning, he mounts his opponent, landing some mounting blows before Doyle eventually forces the break, and 'Hoodlum backs off. He looks across the ring, openly mocking the much larger Villalobos, who gets enraged. He tries to come into the ring, but Doyle marches over, putting an end to it. This, unfortunately, allows Baylor and Bigsby to hit the ring, dropping Gonzalez with an assisted Powerbomb!

The two big lads bail as Doyle turns back around, and 'Hoodlum makes the cover.

ONE!**TWO!****NO! KICKOUT!**

'Hoodlum goes over, tagging Bigsby back into the match. Big Felton grinds the smaller man down, then plants him with a Powerslam. He eventually tires of fighting this pipsqueek and throws him right at Villalobos, knocking him right off the apron. This prompts Gonzalez to charge back in and he runs wild on Bigsby, catching him off guard with a slick sequence of moves that concludes with a Dropkick.

Gonzalez is fired up. He tries pulling Bigsby up for a suplex, but can't quite get his 300lbs+ off the mat. Bigsby counters with a Brainbuster of his own, and goes into the cover...

ONE!

Villalobos breaks it up! The Barrio Boys' big man picks Bigsby up, then knocks him back down with a bodyslam! 'Hoodlum rushes into the ring and eats a big boot! Baylor charges at Villalobos and fares a little better, but eventually gets blasted himself! The crowd go wild!

DDK:

This is what big Gerardo can do, Angus! His smaller partners have struggled, but Villalobos just cleaned house, and now the Barrio Boys are in control!

Unfortunately, Villa' spends too much time playing to the crowd, and 'Hoodlum knocks him down with a chop block. Felton recovers and joins the mauling session, as does Baylor! It's three on one until Nunez and Gonzalez come back into the action, peeling a couple of NJNP members away from each other! Salazar shouts instructions to his charges on the outside, and as Gonzalez rises to his feet, the Barrios gain the upperhand!

It doesn't last. Rosey Owens grabs Nunez' boot as he runs to the ropes, allowing Baylor to boot him outside. Big Roosevelt flattens him with a clothesline, then turns him into a pancake with a big splash!

Back inside, 'Hoodlum knocks absolute bejesus out of Gonzalez with a single leg dropkick! Bigsby, meanwhile, has Villalobos lifted off his feet, and slams him down with a German Suplex! Him and 'Hoodlum push the big man out of the ring and follow him outside, leaving Baylor - legal via pesky lucha rules - alone with the downed Gonzalez.

Hugo doesn't stand a gorram chance. He makes a vain attempt at fighting back, but Baylor counters an attempted Irish Whip, catches him on the rebound, and drives him into the mat with an elevated sitout Spinebuster!

Angus:

Welcome To LA! This bitch is over!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DDK:

No Justice, No Peace take the victory!

"Black Vikings" hits the PA once more, but Darren Quimbey doesn't even have a chance to get inside and call the winners! Baylor's off his feet, continuing the beatdown with some stomps on Gonzalez, and he's soon joined by his three stablemates - including Big Rosey!

Angus:

These guys are like a pack of damn wolves!

DDK:

This is the third show in a row, Angus! Who can stop them?!

They get Gonzalez to his feet as Nunez, and then Villalobos, come back inside! Nunez gets flattened quickly, but Villa does not, faring well against 'Hoodlum and Baylor! The Neighborhoodlum gets taken down with a hard right hand, but the numbers game eventually takes over...

Angus:

There's too many of them, Keebs! The Barrios don't stand a damn chance!

A bustle.

A commotion.

A kerfuffle!

DDK:

HOLD ON!

Two men, both clad in BRAZEN attire, suddenly charge down the ramp.

DDK:

It's Clay Daniels and Kyo Ishida!

The duo slide into the ring as Bigsby, Baylor, and Rosey go to work on Gerardo. Ishida catches Baylor by surprise, nailing him right under the jaw with a brutal Busaiku Knee kick, while Daniels goes to war with the other two!

Angus:

Where did those dweebs come from?!

DDK:

Remember, Daniels was taken out by No Justice at DEFtv 85, and Ishida at 86! They're back for revenge!

Angus:

Suddenly it's five on four!

Villalobos recovers, and powers Bigsby out of the ring with a big clothesline! Daniels eventually helps Ishida get rid of Baylor too! Rosey, at close to 500lbs, stands firm, but he's too slow and unathletic to deal with so many men at the same time!

DDK:

Nunez and Gonzalez are back up!

Superkick from Nunez!

Big boot from Villalobos!

Clothesline from Daniels!

Angus:

The Big O is reeling!

Roosevelt falls back against the ropes, and all *FIVE* men grab him, before tossing him out over the top! The crowd pop as the mammoth falls down by his fellow No Justice, No Peace members!

DDK:

My god! The Barrio Boys, Daniels, and Ishida just ran-off No Justice, No Peace!

Angus:

They won the match, but they ain't standing tall!

Surprisingly, and perhaps chillingly, Lucius Owens remains completely stoic through all this. As the good guys stomp around the ring, all kinds of fired-up, he stands completely still as his allies slowly recover around him.

DDK:

I don't think this is gonna sit too well with Brother O.

Angus:

Me neither, Keebs! I dread to think what's going on inside that head of his.

DDK:

Folks, BRAZEN has exploded! No Justice, No Peace took the pinfall, but they've just been delivered a taste of their own medicine!

Angus:

DEF is nuts, Keebs! Even the young'ins are getting spicy!

We get one last shot of a delighted Salazar, who openly applauds the Barrios Boys inside the ring. Nunez in particular looks a little battle-damaged, but they survived, and that's the main thing.

Cut.

SEEING RED

DDK:

Well, partner ... I'm being told we are going to now go --

Angus:

What do you mean you are being told? I'm the producer here, Keebs.

DDK:

A little too inside baseball but ok -- what's up next, partner!?

Angus:

How the hell should I know?! Isn't that you're gig?

DDK: *[sighs]*

... well, we go now to Christie Zane ...

Cut to; Christie Zane with a microphone in hand at The Interview Stage, checking herself in the camera as Levi Cole approaches from behind and fully enters the frame.

Christie Zane:

Just the man, I wanted to see! Levi Cole, HUGE announcement tonight; as you are pairing up, in what would more often than not, be considered a Main Event match up! We haven't seen much of you on the main roster since the MAXIMUM DEFIANCE Tournament last year. Where you faced off against some very high profile stars! Do you feel; this previous experience will lend to your benefit in tonight's match up?

Levi Cole:

Let me just say ... first, it's great to be featured on DEFIANCE television once again. You know, spending my time out wrestling other BRAZEN talent has given me a perspective that some of the 'main event' talent around this here; can't understand or actually respect what some of us can bring to the table.

Cole takes a stance that he realizes he may have just over spoken himself but quickly recovers.

Cole:

Which is why, I was chosen to be in tonight's match. I'm here to show you that last year's MAXIMUM DEFIANCE run was a fluke; I'm far better than losing to Mikey Unlikely, Impulse, and Cayle Murray, one after the other, no disrespect intended to either of our Champions. So, when you see me dominating and defeating DEFIANCE pillars like Bronson Box, or ... hell, even that unmasked psychopath; don't be surprised. My talent brought me to this stage once before and I'm here ... yet again ... to show you that LEVI COLE... means business!

Christie takes a step back caught off guard by Levi's assertiveness, staring upward to his eye line. She turns back to the camera after a few seconds pass and Cole has eased back a bit.

Zane:

...well, uh -- What do you think about the other BRAZEN talent involved in this match? Reinhardt Hoffman, he has seemingly all but made the move to the main roster as of late; do you take that as a knock on your own talent?

Levi looks at Zane, tilting his head sideways like a confused puppy. He appears, almost, as if he is has never heard the name.

Cole:

Rein - heart? This name ...

Before he can finish his statement, a blur obscures the camera's view for a moment. Before we know it, Levi Cole is back against the wall and Codename: Reaper Red is assaulting him with several kicks and punches.

DDK:

Oh my! Reaper Red! This is a completely unprovoked attack!

Christie, realizing it's best to flee and does so whilst dropping her microphone.

THUD!**Angus:**

The lights didn't even go out!

The camera, however, stays behind as Reaper Red is relentless with the brutal beatdown. Levi attempts to block some of the blows and eventually does so; pushing Reaper Red back a few steps.

DDK:

Reaper Red reeling, Cole charging!

Reaper Red ducks his attempt and on the turn back ... he brutally pays for it. Cole is caught directly in the neck.

DDK:

The GUILLOTINE!!

Levi's head goes crashing into the hard concrete.

Angus:

Well, those lights are out.

Levi Cole lays, unmoving, as DEFsec rolls in and shields the fallen wrestler. Medical staff led by Iris Davine, isn't far behind.

DDK:

DEFsec and Medical arriving on scene now.

Angus:

Thank God!

They immediately start checking Cole for serious injury.

DDK:

... Angus, you're happy to --

Angus:

I'm happy any time these overpaid veterinarians get out here quick enough so as I don't have to hear you screaming for them for fifteen GORRAM minutes.

Reaper Red looks down at the chaos; unphased by the volatile exchange, his eyes flaring a deep red. He approaches the camera, gripping either side of the squared off lense flare.

Reaper Red:

REEVES ... !

He moves away from the camera shot and the camera moves closer to Levi Cole who is clearly knocked completely out as we cut to elsewhere.

DDK:

Well, I *just* don't ...

Angus:

... don't do this job well. Hey, kids ... here is some other shit while we scrape MY talent from the concrete.

Cut to elsewhere.

OPEN CHALLENGES ARE FOR SILLYMEN

DDK:

Welcome back folks, and if I'm not mistaken, it's time fo--

♪ "This Fire Burns (MIDI Version)" by Killswitch Engage ♪

Angus:

AWWWWW, FUCK!

Feast your ears on the mightiest slab of 8-bit music to ever feature on a living professional wrestling broadcast! The glorious sounds pierce the PA System, and Jack Hunter emerges from the backstage area with a really shitty cartwheel. He then forward rolls towards the front of the stage, but this takes him three attempts... because Jack Hunter is a fucking idiot.

DDK:

It's The Little Bruiser!

Angus:

Don't--

DDK:

The Street Fighter!

Angus:

Stop i--

DDK:

The SUPERBEST!

Angus:

... I hate you, Keebs.

Jack's dressed in his usual attire, with the "#SUPERBEST" white tee on full display. He makes his way down to the ring, faking-out on a couple of handshakes, and blowing raspberries in the unlucky fans' faces. He eventually reaches the bottom of the ramp and slides under the bottom rope before taking a microphone from Darren Quimbey. Fortunately, the GOAT has finally mastered the art of not holding the damn thing upside down.

Jack Hunter:

SILLLYMEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEN!

No response.

Jack Hunter:

'Tis I, Jack Hunter, AKA The Street Fighter, AKA The Little Bruiser, AKA Lil' Broozy, AKA The SUPERBEST, AKA the UNDEFEATAFUNKALUNKADOPOLOUS 7645-0 NEW STREAK!

Seriously. Cricket chirps.

Jack Hunter:

And I would like to welcome you, the sillymen, and also you, the sillygirls, because Jack Hunter is all about equantity...

Angus:

"Equantity?"

Jack Hunter:

... to SILLYMANIAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Angus:

Silly. Mania. Fuck this guy.

Jack Hunter:

Now the last time you saw me, Jack T. Streetfighter, I was in a bit of a pickle, when I did my CLOSED CHALLENGE for Deaf Fire Ants, but it was not replied to by an ant, but by a fartboy, the boyest of farts, the fartest of boys, Davey Shorthouse, but it's okay, because I am still UNDEFEATAGOOGLLED, because when it comes to wrestlefigths, I am a good boy, the best boy, better than the rest boy.

DDK:

Well said!

Jack Hunter:

So tonight, here in Deaf Fire Ants, I, The Hunter, am here, once again, because I am going to do another challenge, another closed challenge, here, in this house, this wrestlehouse, to any silly sausage in the back who thinks they can face THE SUPERBEST, and survive, the fury, the TERROR, the pain... the LITTLE BRUISES--

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

Angus:

OH SHIT, SON!

DDK:

Oh boy! Looks like The Superbest is about to get a little more than he'd bargained for...

MUSHIGIHARA VS. JACK HUNTER

Mushigihara wastes no time, lumbering to the ring and rolling in before Hunter's brain gets the message to get out of dodge, and introducing himself to the Street Fighter with a HARD slap upside the head. Hunter's rattled by the opening blow, allowing the God-Beast to unleash a flurry of palm strikes to the chest and abdomen that elicit groans from the crowd with their stiffness.

DDK:

Mushigihara seems to be channeling his fellow countryman Kisenosato, the reigning Yokozuna in Japanese sumo with those palms!

Hunter flops to the ground, which gives his opponent a chance to look out into the crowd and shout "OSU!" before going back to work, peeling Jack up to his feet and taking him back up and down with a HARSH scoop slam with such force that Hunter easily bounds back up for an encore, being scooped up and slammed down with even more force; only this time, he doesn't bounce up. Mushi follows up with a THUNDEROUS elbow drop before pulling Hunter back up and whipping him into a nearby corner with such force that the ring shakes.

Angus:

Jesus, Keebs, I hope Sillymania didn't bend that steel post with that impa--ZOMAHGAWD!

That was Angus losing his mind as the God-Beast burst from the traditional sumo ready stance towards the turnbuckle, CRASHING all his weight into Hunter and making the ring shake yet again! Mushi bounds away from the turnbuckle, leaving Hunter free to walk out, clutching his ribs and wincing in agony before walking right back into the monster's waiting arms!

DDK:

He's got that bear hug locked in, and we know what he usually follows this with...

THUD!

Jack Hunter is now crumpled to the mat, dead as a door nail after the God-Beast hoisted him up and plunged him down with that signature bearhug suplex. Mushi sits for a moment to soak in the moment, before springing to his feet and shouting towards the audience, "ATORASU KATTA~!"

The former sumo wait for Hunter to slowly, awkwardly climb to his feet like a half-dead gazelle, before leaning in and raising him onto his shoulders for the world to see... before swinging him out and dropping him with a thunderous neckbreaker.

DDK:

And there's the Atlas Cutter, and it should be academic at this point.

Carla Ferrari runs in and delivers the three count. It is academic.

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" ♪

Carla raises the God-Beast's arm and Eddie Dante rolls into the ring to join in the gloating. Mushigihara, for his part, lands a few more disdainful stomps to Jack Hunter's abdomen as DEFmed rushes in to stretch him out of the Wrestle-Plex.

IT'S TOO LATE TO SAY SORRRYYYYYYYYYY

DEFmed starts hauling the desiccated corpse of Jack Hunter away from the arena while the God-Beast stares from the center of the ring. By his side, Eddie Dante has grabbed a mic, and has a look for FURY in his eyes.

Eddie Dante:

Y'know, if we lived in less civilized times, The (air-quotes) "Superbest" wouldn't be on his way to Tulane Med to recover from his surprise case of Stage 4 Got His Guts Stomped-In-Itis, no... he'd already be drawn and quartered, and his head placed on a stake in the middle of the Wrestle-Plex as an example of just what happens to anyone *DUMB ENOUGH* to think it's EVER a good idea to try and look like a big man and provoke the **ANGER** of the God-Beast!

Mushi can be heard delivering a loud "OSU" without the help of a microphone, while Dante, who is not at all his usual snaky, smirking self, continues.

Eddie Dante:

Last time we were in this ring, we had our opportunity to raise the FIST of DEFIANCE up high, ROBBED from us by that LEECH Kendrix, and what you saw happen to Jack Hunter right now? It's just a SAMPLE of the UNGODLY WRATH that awaits that Frappuccino-guzzling simpleton if we even so much as catch wind of his presence in this building tonight or ANY night, for that matter! The second we leave this ring, if you haven't run like hell out of New Orleans, Kendrix, rest assured, YOU ARE DE--

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage.

Angus:

Why? Just why?!

Dressed casually in dark slim jeans and his own unique Jason Natas tribute t-shirt he debuted a few weeks ago, Jesse Fredericks Kendrix makes his way to the centre of the stage to a very small pocket of cheers but mostly a barrage of boos and various other less than friendly name calling things from the crowd.

DDK:

Despite the reaction here, Kendrix still looks in a good mood.

Angus:

This guy just doesn't know when he's not wanted does he. It's a pretty big hint, Keebs.

The lights fully return. Looking over to his left and then to his right, Jesse acknowledges the crowd with a subtle shake of the head and dismissive chuckle before setting his sights on the two men in the ring before him. He slowly and rather sarcastically claps his free hand against the mic grasped in his other, sending thuds around the arena before slowly and exaggeratingly raising the mic to up.

DDK:

Wondering what he's about to say Angus?

Angus:

He's gonna say those two stupid words that he always says that always means he's gonna talk forever!

Mic finally in front of his mouth...

Kendrix:

Listen Yeah?!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

His smirk breaks into a smile after he throws his hand through his well groomed stubble upon reacting to the usual reaction to his introduction.

Kendrix:

First of all Mushi Man, let JFK be the first to congratulate you on a very impressive win just now. YOU JUST BEAT THE SUPERBEST, INNIT?! THE STREAK IS DEAD!

Mushigihara stands tall in the middle of the ring, looking straight out at Kendrix with Dante seemingly holding him back with some words to the God-Beast.

Kendrix raises his eyebrows sticking his lower lip under his top one and holding his free hand to his heart.

Kendrix:

I'm genuinely impressed. That guy has won like eight thousand matches in a row, bruv. You proved tonight, without a shadow of a doubt that you deserved your title match with Cayle Murray last week. Wow, good job!

DDK:

I think I detect a shred of sarcasm.

Angus:

Duh!

Suddenly, dropping his thumbs up gesture, Jesse's "impressed" look changes as he grits his teeth awkwardly, almost as if he's a little embarrassed.

Kendrix:

Which actually brings me onto my second point...Yeah, about that title match two weeks ago. You know, your once in a lifetime opportunity to become the Fist of DEFIANCE which you got DISQUALIFIED IN!

Jesse takes a moment to scratch the back of his top knotted hair and let out a sigh.

Kendrix:

This is kind of hard for me to say, I don't think JFK has ever admitted this before in his life but, here goes...

He gulps...

Kendrix:

It may have been my fault?

DDK:

It may have been?

Angus:

He doesn't even know if it was a hundred per cent his fault! He purposely smashed a steel chair on the back of Cayle Murray during the match!

Kendrix begins to make his way toward the ring ignoring the derision from the fans along the ramp and at ringside with a confused look on his face, still scratching at the back of his head in thought.

Kendrix:

I mean, I'm still a bit fuzzy on the facts. I mean, you could have put Cayle away earlier and won the fist before I came out for a closer look...

He hops onto the apron facing the ramp, looking Mushigihara and Dante dead in the eyes, his confident smirk returning instantly.

Kendrix:

But you didn't!

DDK:

Is he thinking about entering that ring with a very angry God-Beast?

Angus:

Please God, please let this happen. I gave to charity today. Please God, please!

The God Beast edges forward but Dante holds him back, the mics picking up his words to his client.

Eddie Dante:

Not now, this isn't the time!

Kendrix tentatively throws his leg in between the top and middle ropes, realising that he's not about to be steam rolled into next tuesday, he smiles and ducks in between the ropes, standing by them.

DDK:

Confident as he is, Kendrix isn't stupid enough to get right up in front of Mushi.

Angus:

Chicken shit!

Kendrix:

Woah, easy there Mushi Man...JFK's not out here to beat you down, I'm just here to explain myself and apologise, that's all. You see, I was watching your match but it just went on FOREVER. I was rooting for you, bruv. I really was, after all, you and I both know that Cayle Murray is the Fist of DEFIANCE because of Eric Dane.

DDK:

I beg to differ.

Jesse's eyes focus, the most serious he's looked since he stepped out here.

Kendrix:

And even though you seem to come and go around here as you please and totally didn't deserve a title shot yourself, JFK listened to both your little mouth piece standing beside you right now and Cayle, two weeks ago, about waiting my turn. So I did.

Queue cheeky smile that you'd just love to wipe off his smug face.

Kendrix:

But, you know JFK. I'm not exactly the most patient guy you've ever met. It's something I need to improve on as a human. But you know I waited for like twenty minutes or something until I decided to interfere and ruin your big match.

Jesse takes a deep breath in and exhales into the mic, hand to his heart a sincere look on his face.

Kendrix:

And for that...oh God, this is really hard.

Another big sigh.

Kendrix:

I don't know how these weak people in the stands do this every day, jeez.

He looks at Mushi and Dante dead in the eyes.

Kendrix:

For that...JFK is...JFK is...boy this hard...JFK IS SORRY!

DDK:

My God, that took a lot of effort. Kendrix looks like he's been shot!

Angus:

Please someone actually shoot him.

Kendrix nods out to the arena and then back at the two men standing in front of him.

Kendrix:

JFK's SORRY...he didn't come out and do what he did earlier in the match so he could have gone home earlier and got himself a night cap Oreo Frappe, innit?!

Big Smirk followed by chuckling.

Kendrix:

Your blew it Mushi. JFK did exactly what you did. He jumped Cayle from behind and now it's MY TURN for MY TITLE MATCH, BRUV!

???:

Oi!

The noise interrupts Kendrix mid-sentence. It doesn't take a genius to figure out who it is.

DDK:

It's Cayle!

Angus:

TURN LOOSE THE CEPHALOPOD!

The FIST of DEFIANCE strides out onto the stage, microphone in hand. He's got the belt strapped proudly around his waist, and he's dressed in casual street clothes.

Cayle Murray:

Jesse, mate, it'd be awfully kind if you'd shut up for a moment or two.

Big-time pop for Cayle's oh-so-polite put down. He starts making his way down the ramp, talking as he goes.

Cayle Murray:

I apologise for interrupting this little pow-wow session, and I promise not to hold-up the show for 15 minutes like Mr. Kendrix here, but if you two are done sod-arsing around, I've got an idea that'll put this whoooIIllle thing to rest.

The FIST reaches the bottom of the ramp. Though Kendrix still looks a little pissy at the interruption, it looks like he's willing to hear Cayle out. Eddie and Mushi, meanwhile, stand firm on their side of the ring. Murray rolls under the bottom rope and pops to his feet.

Cayle Murray:

Now then.

He turns to Team Mushi.

Cayle Murray:

We never got to finish our business last week, did we big lad? Granted, you slapped me around quite a bit, but you railroaded me four weeks ago, and that transaction sure isn't settled yet...

Murray then turns to JFK.

Cayle Murray:

As for you, you cheeky little scamp, not only did you stroll right up to me and act the tit backstage two weeks ago, but you then decided to rearrange my spinal column with a steel chair. If my surname were "Natas," I'd have already cracked your orbital for that, but fortunately for you, that's not how I do business...

Angus:

I *wish* it was how he did business...

Cayle Murray:

So. You want this [he taps the FIST, then looks to Mushi], and so do you. I've already spoken to Kelly Evans, and as far as she's concerned, you're both more than deserving. So whaddaya say in four weeks time, at the *biggest show of the year...*

The crowd start getting excited.

Cayle Murray:

... the three of us get together, throw a few boots at each other, and see who the better man is?

Kendrix laughs through his nose and shakes his head but smiles nonetheless.

Kendrix:

Not man enough to go one on one with JFK, huh Cayle?! Whatever. Triple Threat match for the Fist at DEFCON? You got it!

Upon dropping chucking the mic up and down to the floor, Jesse immediately makes his exit from the ring towards the back.

Not even waiting for his manager to respond, Mushigihara swiftly yanks the microphone from Dante's hand and puts it up to his masked face, before nodding and shouting...

Mushigihara:

OSU!

The God-Beast drops the mic and immediately stares at Cayle, making the "I want the belt" gesture around his waist before balling his fists and continuing to stare daggers at the FIST.

Cayle Murray:

I was hoping you'd say that.

The FIST takes one last glance at the group.

Cayle Murray:

See you soon, boys.

Celldweller hits across the PA system. The champ lingers in the ring for a few moments, before climbing through the ropes.

Angus:

We got ourselves a title fight, baby!

DDK:

Cayle, Mushi, Kendrix! A big-time match for a big-time pay-per-view!

Angus:

So for his first defence, the Squid is gonna be in there with two people who probably want to stab him. This isn't gonna go well...

DDK:

I'm sure there'll be plenty of excitement before then, but for now, I don't even know where I'd put my money. Cayle has barely wrestled since winning the belt, but is coming off the performance of his life at DEFIANCE Road.

Angus:

Meanwhile, Mushi just killed a man, and Kendrix, bellend that he is, is one of the smartest wrestlers in the world when the bell rings. It's a dead heat, Keeps...

DDK:

We'll see what the rest of the night brings!

THE ROCK & POP CONNECTION VS. ANGEL CITY eXXXpress

DDK:

Up next, we have ourselves a Tag Team Championship match! The ACX return to the DEFplex and have a shot at the tag titles!

Angus:

SO MUCH THRUSTING!

♪ "Loaded" by Primal Scream ♪

The DEF Faithful cheer on the returning ACX. Don Hollywood leads the way as Rich Mahogany and Peter Whealdon back him up, thrusting all the way down the ramp. They've not skimped on the baby oil, the tanning solution, and many of the women (and some of the men) think their bulges have only grown since they've last saw them. The ACX hit ringside, Mahogany particularly playing nice with a hot blonde in the front row, before thrusting in her face. The trio jump onto the ring apron and gyrate.

DDK:

Certainly, exactly what we expected.

Angus:

And DEFIANCE loves it Keebs!

♪ "Black Widow" by The Animal In Me ♪

The crowd groans when the beginning chords of "Black Widow" by Iggy Azalea plays over the speakers, but look on in shock as the scream kicks in along with strobes. Elise Ares and Skidd Row come out, titles on shoulders. They hold up the tag championships and shoot each other a glance, still in a feeling out process before they proceed to the ring followed cautiously by The D, who remains at ringside after the champions pose in the ring to the double bass beat.

Eventually the music cuts and Rich Mahogany enters the ring as Hector Navarro holds up the Tag Team Championships. For your DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions it's harder to decide who will start the contest. Elise wants to settle it the old fashioned way - Rock, Paper, Scissors. Skidd shrugs why not and off they go. One, two, three, shoot - Elise's paper covers Row's rock. That settles that.

DDK:

Looks like Elise will start this tag title match off against Mahogany. It's good to see ACX back in a DEFIANCE ring, isn't it Angus?

Angus:

It is. What's the over under on thrusting?

DDK:

Do we include the Rock & Pop Connection's manager The D in that calculation?

Angus:

I don't really know Keebs. I'm just trying to make conversation.

The Challengers are delighted with the outcome and use it to their advantage. They gain advantage in the chain wrestling phase, sending Elise into the corner and use their size and height advantage to pummel Elise Ares while cutting the ring in half. A variety of strikes with frequent tagging from Angel City see them weaken the Pop Culture Phenom, with numerous pelvic thrusts interlaced between strikes.

Elise slips out of the corner as Rich Mahogany collides with the turnbuckle when looking for a Splash. Elise attempts to head towards the Champs half of the ring but the Big Bad Wolf of Professional Wrestling, Don Hollywood, grabs her foot from the outside. Elise turns and it's Pete Whealdon who jumps off the second turnbuckle hitting her with his

Inherent Vice swinging neckbreaker.

ONE...

TWO...

Elise brings her shoulder up.

DDK:

ACX showing no signs of big stage ring rust. I know they've been wrestling consistently in BRAZEN, but DEFIANCE is a whole nother ball game.

Angus:

Of course. ACX are two of the best tag team wrestlers in this generation. Hell, Mahogany could go and Main Event anywhere in UTAH and he'd do fine!

Elise gets picked up and Angel City continues keeping her isolated. Kicks, punches, a poke to the eye. Anything they can do to keep Elise in their corner and press their early advantage. Body slam into a tag into a big splash. Arm wringer into a tag to a double ax handle to the shoulders, back to the arm wringer, into a headlock. Elise shoots Whealdon, but Mahogany blind tags, and cuts her down from behind with a stiff double forearm shot. Mahogany uses his size and powerbombs Elise into a cover, while the D shouts at Skidd Row to "DO SOMETHING!" from the outside.

ONE...

TWO...

Skidd Row finally enters and breaks the pin. He's admonished, so ACX take the time to toss Elise back into the corner and hit a flurry of strikes, followed by quick tags and even more strikes.

DDK:

I know the D is yelling at Skidd to get involved, but he just further cut the ring off from his partner.

Angus:

His partner? That's the D's partner! This whole thing is just confusing. How are they even getting along?

Elise just gets absolutely pummeled in what resembles more of a street fight than a wrestling match. The D climbs onto the ACX's ring apron, but eats a stiff elbow shot from Whealdon before he can do anything of importance. But Elise uses this to lean in, kiss Mahogany on the lips, stunning him. She then forward rolls and DIVES, hot tagging in Skidd Row to wild cheers. Row hits a dropkick on Mahogany, sending him sprawling into Whealdon and sending him off the apron.

DDK:

Skidd is a house of fire, taking out both ACX members with a single move, and now he's in control on Mahogany. Take Over! A picture perfect russian leg sweep takes Mahogany to the mat, and now he's locking in that boston crab!

Navarro checks on Mahogany, asking if he gives. Mahogany waves it off. Row tries to lean back further, but his small frame makes that hard. Whealdon hits the ring from the outside and clobbers Row out of the hold. He only has time to look up to see Elise flying at him with a cross body. The match breaks down now. Rich tries to hook Row for a suplex but Elise chopblocks his leg and Row lands on top for a pin.

ONE...

TWO...

Whealdon dives on top to break it up. Row and Elise whip Whealdon off the far side, double leap frog. Whealdon keeps going as Mahogany gets to his feet, and Row and Elise send Mahogany into Whealdon, causing both men to collide and fall to the mat. Elise climbs up one far side turnbuckle, as she urges Row to do the same on the other side. They point to the arena lights, and Row, hesitant, flies with Elise from opposite sides of the ring.

Row hits a rarely done moonsault, and Elise hits a beautiful frogsplash. Elise rolls Mahogany out of the ring, toward the D who keeps a watchful eye on him. Row grabs Whealdon, and hooks him in a front russian leg sweep. Elise comes over, and hits a POWERFUL roundhouse kick to the back of Whealdon's head, just as Skidd Row backflips with him.

DDK:

Oh! Look at that combination! Down on Skidd Row with an assisted Elise kick!

Skidd hooks the legs of Whealdon, and then the tights.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

DDK:

These two work quite well together, don't they Angus?

Angus:

Sure, but Whealdon wasn't the legal man Keebs. I call it a tainted victory.

DDK:

Call it what you will Angus, but the new Rock & Pop Connection have retained their tag team championships, and it looks like this partnership might just work.

Angus:

Anything can work if a shiny gold title belt is involved Keebs. Hell, that's part of the reason I keep coming out with you every week to do commentary. I get a shiny gold belt in my contract called the Angus World Championship. It's for putting up with you all year.

DDK:

I'm told we're heading backstage next, as the Rock & Pop celebrate! (Realizing) Wait, that's not very nice...

The final shot before heading backstage is Elise and Row in the ring, holding up their tag titles. It's focus on the foreground is the D, who sneers and walks away from the duo from the outside of the ring.

MASKY

Backstage.

About 10-15 minutes removed from the DEFCON main event announcement, Cayle Murray is relaxing backstage, conversing with a member of the production team.

Production Dude:

I dunno, man - I'd say the odds are firmly in The Witness' favour.

Cayle Murray:

I don't have a bloody clue what--

A voice calls from down the corridor.

???:

Hey, Cayle!

Both men turn their heads. Up scurries BRAZEN star Mascara De Muerte IV, who's been building one hell of a following within the DEFverse lately. The young luchador is already decked-out in his ring attire plus a black BRAZEN tee, ready for his big match with Kendrix later in the evening.

Cayle Murray:

Alright Masky?

MDM4:

"Masky?"

Cayle Murray:

Hardly gonna call you "Mascara De Muerte IV" every time you rock up, am I? Too many syllables, laddie.

The production lad decides to leave at this point. MDM4 is pondering Cayle's terrible nickname choice.

MDM4:

I suppose it's better than what your brother calls me.

Cayle Murray:

What's that?

MDM4:

Merty.

Cayle Murray:

... what?

MDM4:

I guess he can't say "Muerte" properly.

Cayle Murray:

Brilliant.

The FIST shakes his head.

Cayle Murray: *[muttering]*

Bloody Scots...

He sighs.

Cayle Murray:

What can I do for you, mate? Big match tonight...

MDM4:

The biggest of my career! That's what I wanted to talk about, actually.

Cayle Murray:

Spill.

MDM4:

You've fought Kendrix before. Heck, it was him you choked out to take that title...

He looks down at the belt, then continues. For a man communicating in his second language, Muerte's English is absolutely outstanding.

MDM4:

I know it's late in the evening, but I couldn't get hold of you earlier. I was wondering if maybe you could share a few last minute pointers? I know Felton took him down a few weeks ago, and I don't want to flub my lines.

Cayle Murray:

Ahhh, looking for the inside scoop on how to take Young Del Boy down, eh?

MDM4 doesn't get the reference, and neither do you, American.

Cayle Murray:

Well mate, after tonight, I might be the one coming to you for advice, seeing as we're gonna scrap at DEFCON. Keep in mind that I fought him in a crazy ladder match too - totally different from what you're about to do tonight. But if it's advice you're looking for, I'm sure I've got a few nuggets of info that'll help you tonight. Come on.

The FIST starts down the corridor, motioning for Muerte to follow him. The luchador does not hesitate.

Cut.

DAVID HIGHTOWER VS. GAGE BLACKWOOD

DDK:

And now we have the debut of David Hightower, 'The Anti-Bully' and his manager Jamie Sawyer going up against Gage Blackwood.

Angus:

And Blackwood has struggled here in DEFIANCE, losing back-to-back matches against BRAZEN talent, Gunther Adler.

♪ "Millionaire" by Queens of the Stone Age ♪

Blackwood walks down and slides into the ring. He is greeted with some cheers, as fans realize he is the one to get behind, not only because of the size disadvantage but because he's not the bully Jamie Sawyer has made him out to be. However, Blackwood tries to acknowledge the handful of fans who are cheering, but poorly does this by raising his hand just above his chest for no more than a second.

♪ "Country Boy Can Survive" Hank Williams Jr. ♪

Hightower comes out following his manager. Sawyer points at the ring, shouting at Gage Blackwood that he's going to be "taught a lesson".

Angus:

Sawyers is convinced Blackwood has been picking on both he and Hightower the last two weeks.

DDK:

Yeah I don't know what world this guy is living in! It seems clear *they* are actually picking on *Blackwood*. Gage is 0-2 in DEFIANCE. He's struggled mightily. And, oh, he's much smaller than Hightower even though they are of similar height.

Sawyer pats Hightower on the back as he rolls into the ring. Referee Mark Shields calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Angus:

Even though Hightower is just a few inches taller than Blackwood, he's way more imposing! He's 275 pounds of pure muscle!

Hightower slowly walks over to Blackwood, with Sawyer shouting and pointing at Gage from the apron.

Sawyers:

This bully's gonna get his!

Blackwood kicks Hightower in the back of the leg. It doesn't phase him. Instead, Hightower lifts up his right arm and nails Blackwood in the top of the head with an elbow. Hightower throws Blackwood rather easily into the ropes and connects with a shoulder block, where Blackwood takes all of the impact.

Sawyers:

That's it, teach him a lesson!

DDK:

There's such a power disadvantage here!

Hightower picks Blackwood up, high above his head and throws him into the turnbuckle. He charges and connects with a stiff uppercut. Then he hip tosses Blackwood back into the middle of the ring.

Angus:

You *almost* want to feel for Gage Blackwood! This poor guy's DEFIANCE career...

Hightower slams Blackwood back down. Then mounting him in the corner, Hightower begins to knock the spit right out of Blackwood's mouth with numerous punches.

Sawyers:

That's it! That should teach him to pick on you!!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Hightower hurls Blackwood into the turnbuckle across the way. The sheer force of meeting the buckle sends Blackwood stumbling all the way back into the center of the ring. He's met with a powerslam and a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT.

Blackwood kicks out, somewhat forcefully. Hightower picks Gage up by his hair, lifting him a good 2-3 inches off the ground as he does.

THUMP.

'The Anti-Bully' connects with a sidewalk slam and another pinfall attempt.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

Much less forcefully this time, Blackwood was able to get his right shoulder off the mat. Hightower looks blankly at Sawyer, as if he is waiting for directions...

Sawyers:

Make him sorry he ever did that! Make him sorry he ever picked on you, David!

DDK:

That is one obnoxious manager...

Angus:

He's passionate, I'll give him that. His voice is getting on my nerves though.

Hightower starts punching and chopping Blackwood into the corner of the ring. He continues, absolutely berating the Scottish wrestler's pale white skin into shades of dark red.

The referee, Mark Shields, finally walks over and administers a disqualification count.

Shields:

ONE... TWO... THREE... that's enough David!

But with Sawyer shouting support from the outside, 'The Anti-Bully' David Hightower' was not going to stop.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Sawyers:

Keep going!! Teach him to never pick on you again! Teach him! Teach him a lesson he'll never forget!!!

DDK:

Blackwood is done!

Angus:

He's just overmatched... he's been overmatched since day one!

SMACK!

Mark Shields thought about continuing the disqualification count, but he couldn't remember if it was a five count or a ten count... plus there was an attractive woman sitting in the front row who grabbed his attention.

Finally, Hightower whips Gage into the turnbuckle across the way. Once again, Blackwood bounces off so strongly he falls right into a clothesline that flips him head-over-heels.

Another pinfall follows.

ONE.

TWO.

KICKOUT!

By now, the crowd is showing (some) support for Gage Blackwood, due to his resiliency. Hightower walks over to Sawyer, who jumps on the apron. Sawyer whispers into Hightower's ear and points at Blackwood. Gage tries to get up, but falls back down. He tries again, but falls down once more. Hightower nods and then charges at Blackwood, shouting as he runs across the ring.

Suddenly, Blackwood trips him up and Hightower falls to the mat. Blackwood is able to beat Hightower to his feet, only because David is not that quick. Blackwood tries for a right kick to the side of the head and connects.

DDK:

That kick caught him!

Another kick connects.

Angus:

There might be some fight left in this guy afterall!

Blackwood looks for a roundhouse kick, but he's caught by Hightower.

DDK:

Enziguri! Hightower is down!

The crowd gives a light cheer, as Blackwood turns to Sawyer and shoots him a look. He goes to put Hightower in his trademark brain buster.

Except...

He can't get him up.

Angus:

Didn't Blackwood try a similar move against Gunther Adler... and he couldn't do it, either!?

Sawyers:

That's right, David! That's right!!

Instead, Hightower pushes Blackwood away and then pummels him with a right forearm to the side of the head. Hightower follows this up by bouncing off the ropes and kicking Gage in the face. A quick bearhug to suck the life out of Blackwood follows, then a powerslam and then a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Sawyers:

WHAT!?

Pissed, Sawyer jumps back on the apron and signals to Hightower to finish the match. 'The Anti-Bully' nods and gorilla press slams his opponent to the center of the ring.

Hightower goes to the corner of the ring and waits patiently for Blackwood to rise.

Angus:

I can't believe the beating this kid's taken... but credit to him, he's starting to show signs of life again.

Blackwood slowly but surely gets up. That's when Hightower charges and hits him with the 'West Memphis Avalanche'.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE!

DDK:

David Hightower wins in an impressive debut!!

DING DING DING!

Mark Shields raises Hightower's hand as Jamie Sawyer enters the ring. He walks directly over to the fallen Gage Blackwood and kicks him in the stomach.

Sawyers:

That should teach you! You bully! You punk!!

The crowd boos as Sawyers keeps kicking Blackwood in the chest. The kicks are performed in a poorly displayed "typical wrestling manager" kind of way. This only garners more heat for Sawyers. He then walks to the edge of the ring and asks for a microphone.

DDK:

Now this is uncalled for! These guy's have clearly proven their point!

Sawyers:

GET HIM! GET HIM DAVID! Make an example of this bully!

Finally, with blood slowly dripping down Blackwood's face, Hightower picks him back up in the gorilla press slam position. He holds Blackwood up there for a prolonged amount of time, giving Sawyers the chance to walk right in front of David and shout at Blackwood once again.

Sawyers:

Next time, pick on someone your own size!

Just like that, Hightower gorilla press slams Blackwood right over the ropes and out of the ring. Gage's body ricochets off the ground and into the guardrail. A few EMT's run down the ramp to check on him. Meanwhile, Sawyer pats Hightower on the back and they switch their attention to the crowd.

Sawyers:

This is a lesson to all of you! We are not going to sit in the back and allow people to be taken advantage of! We're here to make things right! We're here to make DEFIANCE a safe space for everyone! Even all of you!

He points across the arena, to a slow chorus of boos. Before dropping the mic and exiting the ring.

IT'S COMING

KENDRIX VS. MASCARA DE MUERTE IV

DDK:

What a match we have instore for us right now. Arguably the biggest in Mascara De Muerte Fours' career to date.

Angus:

We gotta shorten that guys name, I'm not saying Masky De Merty Four all night long.

DDK:

It's Muerte not Merty

Angus:

See, it's just an accident waiting to happen, Keebs.

♪ "Holy Diver" by Dio ♪

The classic metal track hits across the PA system, and The Faithful take great interest, particularly those who've been paying attention to BRAZEN lately. Mascara De Muerte IV emerges from the backstage area, black cloak over his shoulders, with both hands pointed to the sky. He turns around as a stream of pyrotechnics shoot off from the stage. He eventually turns around and starts making his way to the ring.

DDK:

Here comes one of the most exciting wrestlers on the planet! Folks, if you've never see MDM3 in action before, you're in for a treat!

Angus:

He's a goddamn flippydoo, but he's also got some skill on the mat. Let's not forget he's been buddying up with our FIST lately, too.

DDK:

Indeed! We saw Mascara approach Cayle for some advice on wrestling Kendrix earlier tonight. They didn't exactly have a lot of time, but I'm sure Murray has passed on a trick or two...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Mexico City, Mexico, he weighs in at 178lbs... MASCARA DE MUERTE IV!

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, immediately bringing Kendrix into view with his back facing the ring. Now wearing the official, JFK t-shirt along with his trademark JFK green and gold ring tights with green boots, the self proclaimed DeFIANCE 2.0 reaches both hands high above his head, index fingers pointing to the sky.

Angus:

God dammit!

As the track's marching style drumming picks up pace he rotates his neck twice to stretch it out before slicking his hair back with both hands. Returning his arms down back to his sides he ever so slightly turns his body over to the left. The camera zooms in up close as he tilts his head to peer over his left shoulder, sporting his Armani sponsored Bug Eye shades as well as a smug smirk on his face.

DDK:

Here he is Ladies and Gentlemen. The man who ruined our Main Event at DefTV 86 and who has now cemented his place in the Triple Threat match at DEFCON to take on both Mushigihara and the Fist himself, Cayle Murray.

Angus:

Cemented? More like weaseled his way in by moaning, speaking gibberish about conspiracy theories and being, as always, just a massive pain in the ass!

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, making his way to the ring, hailing from London, England. Weighing in at 218lbs...

Sporting a cocky grin and pointing up at MDM4 on his way to the ring, Jesse orders the ref to make sure the eager BRAZEN talent gives him room to enter the ring. With enough room to do so, he dusts his boots off the apron, enters in via the middle rope and hops onto the second turnbuckle, furthest from the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

This is..... KEEEEEEENDRRRRRIIIIIIIIIIIIXXXXXXXX

JFK bumps his fist to his chest before holding his arms out wide by his side. He twists around down to the mat, hopping from one foot to the other, discarding his shades and t-shirt. He turns to greet his opponent with one hand behind his back, getting down on his knees and holding the other hand out for a handshake at his shorter opponent...obvs smirk on face.

DDK:

Ugh, complete disrespect being shown from Kendrix.

MDM4 looks down at the hand, ignoring JFK's jawing and laughing, he slaps his hand away and hits him with a roundhouse kick to the chest.

Angus:

YUS! GET HIM!

DDK:

Another measured round house connects! Kendrix didn't expect this! Looks like he's had the wind knocked out of him already!

MDM4 hits one more and goes for a another but JFK manages to get his arms out in front of him and grab the boot and gets back up to his feet, angrily shouting back at Mascara for catching him off guard, however, just like that, MDM4 strikes him with a hopping enziguri, sending JFK down to the mat, grabbing for the side of his head.

DDK:

Mascara De Muerte not hanging around here back off the ropes and hits a perfect Senton!

Angus:

This is the biggest match of this man's career, that douchebags words aren't going to help him out in this match, that's for sure.

The crowd right behind the diminutive Mexican, he points up above his head and makes his way to climb the turnbuckle, jumping straight to the top rope. With Kendrix in position, he splits his legs onto the top ropes and springboards into a moonsault...but no luck!

DDK:

OH! Kendrix got the knees up just in time.

Angus:

Oh shit! MDM4 was doing so well, but building a head of steam, he got carried away there.

Getting to his feet, with his opponent wrapping his arms around his stomach, writhing on the ground, Kendrix looks down at MDM4, holding his own chest and looking down at his opponent with derision, puffing away a loose strand of

his hair away from his eye. Having put it back into place, he makes with the stomps to the side of Mascara's head, forcing him into a seated position into the corner.

DDK:

Kendrix is absolutely relentless with the stomps here.

Holding back at the refs count of four he lifts his younger opponent up to a standing position, wraps his arms around him and hauls him over his head and down back first to the mat with a well executed Belly to Back suplex. MDM4 holds his lower back and reaches out, trying to make his way to the opposite turnbuckle but JFK scouts him all the way, wrapping his arms around his back, lifting him to a standing position and hitting a three combo German suplex.

DDK:

Kendrix is in complete control here now. You gotta wonder how much more punishment Mascara De Muerte's back can take here.

Angus:

I don't know, if Kendrix keeps wasting talking trash to him like he's doing right now then you never know.

With that cocky smirk back on his face, Jesse arches his back a little to get in his opponents face.

Kendrix:

You're just a mini Mushi Man you masked bellend!

DDK:

MDM4 caught him! Kick to the face and Kendrix is stunned here.

Jesse stumbles back as MDM4 is quickly up to his feet. Pushing Kendrix back into the corner with a series of jumping forearms. Irish whipping Kendrix to the opposite corner he makes for him and strikes JFK with a flying back elbow right to the jaw. He runs back to the other side and hits the same elbow to the jaw sending Kendrix staggering out of the corner to the middle of the ring.

DDK:

Listen to this place Angus, we could have a major upset here.

Angus:

It wouldn't be the first time Kendrix has taken a BRAZEN talent lightly and been punished Keebs. Looks like Cayle has been teaching MDM4 a thing or two. This douchebag never learns!

MDM4 looks out at the arena to his left and then to his right.

DDK:

He's feeling it, are we gonna see the La Muerte?!

As if on queue, as Kendrix knocks enough of the cobwebs out of his system to turn and face his opponent, MDM4 charges towards him leaps up, twists and wraps his legs around Jesse's head for the headscissor take down

Angus:

He's got it...SHIT!

DDK:

NO, HOW? KENDRIX KROSS, RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

Having rolled through the headscissor, JFK managed to grab MDM4s arm and roll through onto his side dragging the smaller opponent into position, hooking the arm in between his legs, locking his hands across his face and arching his torso back, hard. MDM4 raises his hand up, drops it down but holds from tapping at the very last second.

Angus:

Yes, fight it!

MDM4 claws his free hand at Jesse's but their clamped in good. He decides to try and make his way to the ropes using one arm.

DDK:

Can he get to the ropes? He's a long way from home.

Angus:

He's doing it.

MDM4 manages to drag himself and Kendrix a little closer to the ropes but he's still miles away. With Kendrix arching back even further, a sick grin etched on his face, eyes intent on breaking MDM4 in half, the masked lucha finally lifts his hand high up in front of him and drops it down, frantically tapping to release the hold.

DING DING DING**DDK::**

What an effort, what heart from Mascara De Muerte but Kendrix locked the crossface in from nowhere.

Angus:

And the bellend still hasn't let go!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via submission... KENDRIXXXXXXX!

A BIT OF A PICKLE

DDK:

Let go, dammit! The match is over!

Referee Benny Doyle tries to pry the Englishman off Mascara De Muerte IV, but to no avail.

Angus:

Look at Kendrix just wrenching back on MDM4! He might be out cold!

JFK pulls back tighter and tighter on the crossface, and Mascara is all out of fight. His arm goes limp, and his struggle comes to an end. Jeers pour down from all corners of the arena.

DDK:

This is barbaric! Kendrix has lost his--

MEGA POP.

DDK:

HEY!

The Faithful lose it as a FIST-less Cayle Murray sprints down the ramp.

Angus:

Squiddo to the rescue!

DDK:

Here comes the champ!

Cayle slides into the ring, and Kendrix immediately dislodges himself from the fallen luchador. The Scot charges across, swinging his boot at his fellow Brit, but JFK scampers out of the way at the last possible moment.

Angus:

Fuck! He got away!

DDK:

Kendrix is outta there like a flash of lightning as Cayle tends to his fallen friend!

Murray's first instinct is to tend to MDM4, who's down and out, but looks to have regained some form of consciousness. A broad grin stretches across JFK's face as he backs up the ramp, mouthing off at the duo in the ring. Cayle looks up, scowling.

DDK:

Cayle Murray doesn't look pleased at all, Angus! I don't know if that was such a good idea from Kendrix...

Angus:

I don't like the guy, Keebs, but it does seem to have worked the Squid up. Unless he's fighting Eric Dane or Bronson Box, we all know how this dweeb gets when he's too fired-up.

JFK backs up the ramp, all the way to the top of the stage. Cayle rises to his feet and walks across to the ropes. He glares at Kendrix, slowly shaking his head.

Kendrix:

DRY YOUR EYES, BELLEND!

Cayle looks back at his downed acquaintance, then back up the ramp...

Angus:

Uh-oh...

The wheels are turning.

DDK:

HERE WE GO!

Cayle clambers between the top and middle ropes then hops down onto the floor. He immediately starts marching up the ramp, and Kendrix, of course, turns on his heels and gets the fuck outta there...

Angus:

Where you going, Fucko?!

... or so he thinks.

*THUMP.***Angus:**

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU--

The Englishman walks right into Mushigihara's big, barreled chest.

DDK:

IT'S MUSHI!

Angus:

GOD-BEAST... KILL!

JFK tries to back off, but it's no use. He's soon clocked by a huge elbow from the former sumo, dropping him on the stage.

DDK:

Mushi just blasted Kendrix!

Angus:

And now he's got him up!

At Eddie Dante's behest, Mushigihara scoops Kendrix up from the floor and lifts him off his feet, locking-in a crushing bearhug. He only holds onto it for a few moments, however, then snaps backwards, tossing JFK overhead and right into one of the steel supports holding the DEFtron up!

Angus:

WHAT THE FUCK?!

Kendrix lands on the stage, completely motionless!

DDK:

BEARHUG SUPLEX!

Angus:

McFuckass is fuckin' fucked! FUCK!

DDK:

Mushi emerged from the back when Kendrix was least expecting it, and now the Bruv is down and out!

The fracas had taken Cayle Murray aback. He'd previously stopped at the top of the ramp, but there's no avoiding the current situation. He doesn't back away from the destructive God-Beast, and instead stands firm, staring him down.

DDK:

Oh no...

Angus:

This ain't gonna end well!

Mushi ain't here to stare a Squiddo down, though.

He starts plodding forward.

Angus:

YUS!

The God-Beast swings an elbow, but Cayle ducks out the way, then skips behind! Forearm, forearm, forearm!

DDK:

Mushi's staggered!

Cayle takes a step back, then dashes forward, looking for a leaping elbow...

... but gets Lariat'd right out of the air!

Angus:

SPLAT GOES THE SQUIDBOY!

DDK:

JESUS.

No fucking around from Mushigihara. He quickly lifts Cayle from the floor.

DDK:

No! Not again!

Angus:

YES! AGAIN!

No bearhug this time, though. Instead, Mushi grabs Cayle by the head and belt, then takes a few steps over the stage...

DDK:

No. NONONONONO...

... and throws the FIST right off it!

Angus:

JEEEEEEEEZUS!

DDK:

MUSHIGIHARA JUST THREW CAYLE MURRAY OFF THE STAGE!

The jeers are instantaneous. Cayle lands on the concrete with a thud, completely motionless.

DDK:

This is ungodly, Angus!

Angus:

Correct, Keebs - this is absolutely *WONDERFUL*! Mushigihara and Eddie Dante just made one hell of a statement.

Basking in the crowd's hatred, Mushi beats his chest with one fist, then raises it slowly into the air.

Mushigihara:

OSUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!

DDK:

This is nuts! Mushi got what he wanted - another shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE - earlier this evening, and now he and Dante resort to *THIS*. Kendrix is down, Cayle is down...

Angus:

When you're at war, you do whatever you can to gain an advantage! JFK thought he took control by attacking Squiddy during last week's title fight, but Mushi just took control of the situation in epic fashion! What a message!

DDK:

Medics are already tending to Murray and Kendrix, while another group help Mascara De Muerte IV to his feet in the ring! This is absolute chaos!

Angus:

And I love, it Keebs! *BLOODY* love it, as our newly-deceased champion might say!

Mushi's theme music is bumping through the PA system. Eddie Dante's wearing *THAT* smirk.

The ball is firmly in their court.

DDK:

Folks, let's head elsewhere while we clear this situation up. Jeesh, what a mess...

Cut to commercial.

BRONSON BOX, REAPER PRIME & REINHARDT HOFFMAN VS. IMPULSE, SCOTT DOUGLAS & LEVI COLE

Meanwhile back at the booth.

DDK:

Well, Angus ... the Main Event is MOMENTS away and we still do not have any update on Levi Cole and whether or not he will be able to participate in this match up.

Angus:

Cole's a strong kid. He'll rally.

DDK:

If he doesn't, that seems as if, it will leave Scott Douglas and the Southern Heritage Champion at a strong disadvantage.

Angus:

Don't start making excuses for them before the bell can ring, Keeps.

DDK:

It's honestly not a matter of excuses, partner. Without Levi Cole, Impulse and Douglas will be handicapped by the numbers alone.

Angus:

Handicapable, Keeps.

DDK:

Angus Skaaland, PC Police. Never would've thought.

Angus continues to feign sincerity as long as he can but finds his breaking point.

Angus:

... capable of GETTING STOMPED!

The lights dim.

♪ "Big Bad Wolf" - In This Moment ♪

The DEFarena turns a violent shade of red. The Faithful erupt in chorus of hate as Reaper Prime stalks slowly from behind the curtain. She holds for a moment on the stage and basks in the audible hatred. Just as the crowd's ire begins to relent Reaper Red steps out and takes his place a step behind and to the left. Back at full strength the audience boo's and berates the pair as they take there sweet time heading to the ring.

DDK:

The DEFIANCE Faithful, clearly ... are not in favor of this ...

Angus:

Keeps ...

DDK:

... Reaper Co.

Angus:

Thank you.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ... from Seaaaaatttle, Washington. Standing 6 foot even and weighing in at two hundred and fifteen POUNDS ... ! Accompanied to the ring by Reaper Red ... REAAAPPER PRIIIIMMMME!!

Reaper Red steps up to the apron and holds the ropes, in wait, for Reaper Prime. She ascends the steps and ducks through the open ropes.

Angus:

So what is the deal with this Red weirdo? Is he like her man servant or some such ... ?

DDK:

I think at this point; assuming a Reaper's gender might not be PC, Angus.

Angus:

Jesus ...

♪ "God's Gonna Cut You Down" ♪ by the man in black starts to play.

Almost immediately we see the long lean German mat wizard Reinhardt Hoffman step confidently out onto the stage. His emotionless face shows hints of a repulsed sneer as he looks out over the crowd. His hands placed militarily behind his back he glances back over his shoulder... and the Wargod cometh. Like a steam engine The Original DEFIANT storms through the entrance curtain to a torrent of jeers and derision from the Faithful.

Darren Quimbey:

And Reaper's taaaag team partners... first, from Düsseldorf, Germany Reinhaaaaardt *HOFF*maaaan... and from Banff, Scotland the WAAAAAAAAAARgooooood BRONSOOOOOON BOOOOOOOX!

Boxer us down the ramp, under the ropes and on his feet in the ring far quicker than a man his size and bulk has any right being. Hoffman calmly makes his way up the steps, even taking a moment to wipe his boots before hooking a leg into the ring.

Angus:

Box looks wound up ... with or without Cole, these flippy-do-gooders have a problem on their hands, Keebs.

♪ "Broken Hands" - Mudhoney ♪

DDK:

Well, that is unexpected.

The opening chords, light and upbeat, quickly give way to the fluttering sound of a rattled tambourine; just before a drum fill lead to a much THICKER and more fully composed piece.

♪ "I could see you coming" ♪

The lights in the arena dim all except the stage, ramp and ring. That triple threat is well lit like a yellow brick road to destruction.

♪ "From miles away" ♪

Rotating stage lights fall into position on cue with the down note. Smoke machines kick on, as well, but seem to underperform.

Angus:

Is this a rock show or wrestling match?

♪ "I didn't want it no - No, not today" ♪

The look of the stage is, certainly, that of a small to medium club show as Impulse appears from the curtain with the Southern Heritage Title strapped securely around his waist. Scott Douglas follows directly behind him. The Faithful pop for the Champion and the consummate underdog.

Darren Quimbey:

And their opponents, accompanied to the ring by...

DDK:

Here it comes.

Angus:

We can laugh at the Reaper Electrical Engineering Collective all we want, or Slug Pop Snotty, or that guy who used to be cool, but we don't make fun of this genius.

DDK:

...She's still not charging you for her 'special' baked goods, is she?

Angus:

Bless her heart, she isn't.

Quimbey reads his notes again and takes a breath.

Darren Quimbey:

By... *'The Gamora to Impulse's Star-Lord because they've got a fun dynamic and no, you fools, Joker and Harley are not romantic, they're a textbook case of Stockholm Syndrome,' Calico Rose...*

The fans pop, and Cally takes a bow behind the boys.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first ... from Seaaaaatttle, Washington. Standing six foot two and weighing in at two hundred and twenty POUNDS ... ! Seaaaaattle's FAVORITE SON ... "Sub Pop" ... SCOTTTTTT DOUGGGGLLAAAAAS!!

Douglas in his standard of cut off jeans and sleeveless black t-shirt; flips his hair out of his face and throws up a fist. The stage lights change position and hue as the crowd volume raises slightly.

Darren Quimbey:

And his tag team partner and the REIGNING Southern Heritage CHAMMMMPION! ... from Washington Heights, NEWWW YORRRK! Standing five foot eleven and weighing in at one hundred and eighty eight POUNDS ... ! THE MAARRRATHON MANNNN! ... IMMMPULLLSSE!

The lights switch once again and the Faithful's intensity explodes as

The trio make their way to the ring, Levi Cole is obviously absent.

DDK:

I would imagine that makes it official, partner. No Levi Cole.

Angus:

This is going to be good.

Scott Douglas kicks off the match, while Reinhardt Hoffman starts for their opponents. From the first lock up, Douglas was able to take and maintain control, working the German all around the ring. In speed versus size, speed is winning out. The crowd completely behind him; however Angus, as per usual, continues to rip on Douglas at every turn.

DDK:

Scott Douglas taking to the top rope now ... and what a Moonsault!?

Angus:

Oh wow, the flippy do can do a flip. It's in the name, Keebs! Just stand still and take your beating like a man!

DDK:

Expert strategy, Angus. Stay put and get pummeled.

Angus:

Look, I don't go to his cover band's bar mitzvah gig and start throwing haymakers ...

Hoffman's team, however, have seen enough and take matters into their own hands. Reaper Prime begins ranting and raving and draws the attention of Benny Doyle. Reaper Red, on the outside, hooks Douglas by the ankle and pulls it out from under him. Impulse, seeing the exchange immediately makes chase in attempts to back Red down. Hands up and eyes flashing, he would acquiesce.

Hoffman, follows up on the recently face-planted Scott Douglas as Prime clams up and leaves Doyle confused. He lays in a few boots before pulling Douglas to his feet and nailing him with a hard European Uppercut. He continued the batter with a handful of lethal and loud chops. Scott, sufficiently beaten and slumped in the corner, Hoffman makes the tag. He reaches for Bronson Box, but instead is intercepted by Reaper Prime. Doyle counts the tag and Prime was the legal participant; much to Box's very vocal displeasure.

DDK:

Reaper Prime, apparently the legal ...

Angus:

... the legal what Keebs?

DDK:

Participant. And one who is coming in hot here! This is some of the speed she showcased against Bronson Box recently!

Reaper Prime assaults the ailing Douglas with a variety of hard hitting strikes and top rope attack.

Reaper Prime:

SHE'S DEAD BECAUSE OF YOU SCOTTY!

The mind games wouldn't end there.

DDK:

EVENFLOW DDT! This could be all she wrote for Douglas.

Angus:

Did you just assume the author's gender?

Douglas left in the middle of the ring and Reaper Prime simply watches on as he slowly recovers.

DDK:

This is unorthodox to say the least.

Angus:

See, Keebs. You get these flippy-do's speeding and sputtering all over the ring and now she needs to take five!

DDK:

And Bronson Box is none too happy about this! Is she ... ?

BOX:

Pin him!

Angus:

She's letting him get up! What in the GORRAM hell!?

BOX:

Pin or tag, you daft stupid tosser!

Prime ignores the crass protest from her corner. Douglas makes it to a knee but worse for the wear. He nearly stumbles into the tag and the SoHer is now in the match.

Reaper Prime looked at Impulse and smiled, he advanced towards her but she escaped the ring, he thought about giving chase but decided against it. The count was up to eight before she re entered the ring and immediately tagged in Bronson Box.

DDK:

Incredibly strange mind games going here ... I don't know what to make of Reaper Prime and her intentions.

Angus:

Doesn't matter. Box is in ... time to kill Impulse.

The Champion and Box go back and forth; pure ferocity from Box, matched with technical prowess and counters from The Marathon Man. Box manages a solid two two count after executing a beautiful Vertical Suplex. Bronson drags Impulse to the middle of the ring, standing over him yelling obscenities and the like before setting him up in a painful Surfboard and while Impulse is held aloft, Box maneuvers the hold to its true form a Dragon Sleeper.

DDK:

Impulse is in bad place!

Angus:

Tap, moron!

DDK:

I don't think the man knows the meaning of the word quit!

Angus:

McFuckass tapped him during last year's DEFMAX. Seriously, am I the only one who remembers these things?

Box wrenches the move repeatedly as Reaper Prime enters the ring.

Reaper Prime:

DO YOU REMEMBER ME NOW? HUH?

Doyle immediately seeks to remove her from the ring threatening DQ.

This exchange draws the ire of Box. He lets loose of Impulse and stands, approaching Prime and Doyle. Doyle is shoved out the way, strong enough to move him but light enough to avoid a DQ. Box launches into Prime reading the right act. She counters his yelling with screaming of her own. Hoffman attempts to draw the boisterous pair to the recovering Champion.

Referee Benny Doyle returns to the squabble in the attempt to regain some order. Hoffman throws his hands up and moves down the apron and away from the chaos.

DDK:

Hoffman is in the ring.

Angus:

And Doyle is none the wiser!

Douglas sees him and immediately hits the ring and collides with the German. The two start exchanging heavy blows. Douglas is now playing to Hoffman's strengths and is backed into the neutral corner. Hoffman hammers away as Douglas is forced to cover up and hope for the best.

DDK:

This isn't looking good for Douglas.

Angus:

Yeah, how's he gonna wail on his air guitar if he can't see the frets!?

Angus is extremely amused at his own joke as Hoffman starts to wind down.

DDK:

Looks like Hoffman might be out of gas, partner.

Douglas sees his opening and takes it. He throws a big shot at Hoffman causing his German assailant to take a half step back. This fires up the big man and he returns fire. It's a glancing blow and best and Douglas snaps off another jab. Hoffman shakes off the hit and fires again this time Douglas ducks it. He pops back up ready to attack but Hoffman leans back nearly takes Douglas' head off with a clothesline that sends both men over the top rope. The crash to the ground with a terrible thud.

Angus:

Holy shit, Keebs! Did you see that?

DDK:

Quite a spill for both men. That may require ...

Angus:

A replay! That's all that needs ... a GORRAM REPLAY!

Doyle is still busy with the bickering odd couple as Impulse recovers and takes to his feet. He looks for the tag, no go. He takes a moment to measure up the distracted Bronson Box. Never one to kick a man in the back of the head; the champion waits patiently for the ACE of DEFIANCE to turn about. Impulse, hands on knees in wait, reaches for his ailing back a few times, the springboard clearly has had an effect.

Reaper Prime suddenly reaches out and pulls Box's face towards her and says something in his ear and then falls back through the bottom and middle rope. She quickly hits the floor and Reaper Red is immediately at her side.

BOX:

You FOOKIN' TWAT!

He turns around.

DDK:

SUDDEN IMPACT!

Angus:

DENIED!

Box subverts Reaper Primes perceived bushwhacking. With a handful of Impulses boot, Box casts it away and sends an off balance Impulse into a spin to remain vertical. On the full revolution Box lunges forward with a stiff lariat.

DDK:

Impulse ducks!

Impulse steps through and hits the ropes.

DDK:

Forearm to the forehead! Box goes down!

Angus:

I'll avoid the golf jokes. Did you know Scotland invented golf?

Not wasting a second, Impulse covers.

ONE...

TWO...

THKICKOUT!

DDK:

Speaking of not knowing the meaning of the word 'quit!'

Angus:

...Seriously, I may slap you.

Impulse rolls off and steps through the ropes to the outside, and he leans back with both hands on the top rope, measuring the WARGOD as he pulls himself up. The fans are on their feet; some cheering for Impulse, some for Box - none are silent.

DDK:

Impulse slingshots himself to the top rope! FLYING --

He never finishes his exclamation, because Box turns just in the nick of time.

Angus:

BOX WITH A ONE ARMED SIDE SLAM!

DDK:

HE COVERS!

ONE...

TWO...

THREEFOOTONTHEROPES!

DDK:

That's some luck for Impulse!

Angus:

It looked like his foot weighed more than his entire scrawny body, Keebs... I don't know if Bronson would even need to do anything else other than drag him an extra few inches towards the middle of the ring.

Of course, that's not all Bronson Box is willing to do. He does drag Impulse away from the ring ropes, but instead of covering, he hoists the Southern Heritage Champion, who looks out on his feet.

DDK:

Kick to the gut... BOMBASTO BOMB!!

Quickly Box goes for the cover and...

ONE!

TWO!.

THREE!

And Impulse's luck for the night has officially run out. Hoffman and Douglas are still fighting it out on the outside, with no clue that the bell has rung. Bronson Box meanwhile is calling for a microphone.

AND THEN THE WARGOD

Box:

OI! Pay attention!

The fans boo, but they're all listening.

Box:

That there is called getting the FOOKIN' job done. Not much of a CHAMP now, is he?

DDK:

This is uncalled for!

Box:

It's about time this company, THAT I BLEED FOR, had a WARGOD for the Southern Heritage Champion.

Reaper Prime who had been patiently waiting for Bronson Box to finish, has a mic in her own hand and while standing on the outside watching DEFSEC break up Hoffman and Douglas, has a few words she'd like to say.

Prime:

No, No, NO! This will NOT STAND! If any one person will be party to the stripping of the FALSE HERO's trappings, it will be PRIME! I GAVE YOU THIS VICTORY! I have hand crafted your supposed triumph against the FALSE HERO and I will not stand idly by and merely bare witness to his dismantlement!

The crowd is booing loudly, until they hear it...

♪"Shit List" - L7"♪

...as Kelly Evans is making her way to the ring, obviously pissed by the insanity that has been transpiring between these five for the past few weeks.

Evans:

ALRIGHT LISTEN UP!

Prime, is almost startled by Kelly as she did not see her coming, but she immediately interjects without a second thought. But instead this is directed at the Douglas who just now got wrenched away from fighting Hoffman.

Prime:

SCOTTY SHE'S DEAD BECAUSE OF YOU!! BECAUSE OF YOU!!!

Cally:

GET A NEW SCRIPT, AMAZON! YOU'VE GOT TWO DAY SHIPPING!

Evans, looks kind of thrown off by the random comment. Clears her throat while looking directly at Reaper Prime, who matches her stare with a gaze of her own.

Evans:

Can I talk now, nut jobs?

Outside the ring, Impulse has retrieved his championship belt, and now all of the participants and interlopers have given Evans their attention.

Evans:

Impulse. You're a fighting champion, and I like that. But you've got a problem right now - too many people with a legitimate claim to the number one contendership. Box just pinned you, straight up, and he's gonna get his chance to take the Southern Heritage Championship...

She pauses for dramatic effect.

Evans:

...at DEFCON.

The fans pop huge, Bronson Box' smile grows huger, and Reaper Prime starts to yell at her boss again.

Evans:

I said to be quiet.

Kelly Evans' voice does not rise, but the authority she's projecting does its job.

Evans:

Reaper.

They both look up.

Evans:

PRIME.

She smiles.

Evans:

Miss 'Two Day Shipping.'

Reaper Prime stares daggers at Cally for the nickname.

Evans:

I'm gonna give you exactly what you want, and exactly what Impulse offered the night after DEFIANCE ROAD: a shot of your own to take back the gold. You're also gonna be in that DEFCON Title match.

Almost immediately, Box and Prime take a half step or so away from each other, while outside the ring Impulse's gaze steels as he does the math. On the other side of the ring, Reaper Red and Hoffman suddenly regard each other as potential enemies, while Scott Douglas has joined his allies in Impulse and Cally.

Evans:

As for the rest of you... Reaper Red?

Smirk.

Evans:

You get nothing. Pain in my ass from the get-go. In fact, I see you anywhere near my ring between now and DEFCON itself, I'll make you wish you'd never heard of DEFIANCE Wrestling... and then I'll make you pay.

DDK:

Boss lady isn't messing around!

Angus:

It would be nice to have one night where the lights don't go out.

Evans:

Douglas, Hoffman? I'm gonna round off the DEFCON match with one more. Nice even four. You two, we're gonna have one more match between ya, at DEFtv 88. Winner gets a shot at immortality, loser gets to watch the show from the bar down the street. And if any one of you at ringside thinks you can influence how that one plays out... try me.

Angus:

It's a trap! Don't try her!

Evans:

So, that's the law. At DEFCON, we're gonna see a four way match for the Southern Heritage Championship. No time limit... one fall. Trust nobody.

She turns to leave as most of the ringside erupts into arguments, but stops just short of the exit.

Evans:

One more thing.

And turns back to the ring.

Evans:

Reaper? Impulse? You two seem to have some deep seeded issues that go way beyond my company's Championships... so I'm gonna do you a favor and give you one more chance to get some of it out on each other. DEFtv 88, it'll also be Reaper Prime against Impulse... in a non title match.

The fans cheer at the second announcement.

Evans:

You're welcome.

DDK:

I don't think there's anything else to say, Angus!

Angus:

I can think of something.

DDK:

What's that?

Angus:

...Don't fear the Reapers!

THIS IS DEFIANCE