

THE RUNDOWN

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

♪ "Raw Power" - The Stooges ♪

The camera scans the crowd at a frantic pace along with a series of colored spotlights, bathing the FAITHFUL in a rainbow of light. Everyone is on their feet and making enough noise to drown out the music. The usual suspects can be seen on their signs - "#BLOWITUP" and "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" along with some new ones - "MIKEY WAS LUCKY" and "THE PCP NEEDS TINY BRUISES" and a very troublesome series of events:

- "1. SHAKE HANDS**
- 2. FORM DYNASTY**
- 3. ?????**
- 4. PROFIT!"**

Some aren't even that clever.

After a few more seconds, the scene changes to an approaching shot of our hosts, "Downtown" Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland, sitting at the commentary table.

DDK:

The fallout is still in the air, Angus, after the blast that was MAXIMUM DEFIANCE!

Angus:

Can you call it something else? Calling it a 'blast' makes me question the kinds of movies you watch.

DDK:

I'm joined, of course, by my broadcast partner Angus Skaaland, who's still sulking!

Angus:

Can you blame me? First, Hollywood McFuckass walks out of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE as the SoHER Champion, then Curtis Fucking Penn knocks off Squidboy to win the DEF*MAX tournament itself! I had a horrible night, and then Calico Rose grabbed my ass!

DDK:

I... really don't want to touch that one, Angus, but Mikey Unlikely escaped with the belt by the skin of his teeth and a disqualification loss, we're going to hear from his opponent, Impulse, a little later tonight! Curtis Penn, the winner of the DEF*MAX tournament, is also here! And of course, the big news, the GAME CHANGER... We have a NEW FIST of DEFIANCE Champion in Lindsay Troy!

Angus:

Mom's done good!

DDK:

On top of all that, we have five huge matches for you tonight! The DEF*MAX Runner Up Cayle Murray will be in action, along with 'Sub Pop' Scott Douglas, who took a tough loss to Frank Pastrami, in no small part due to the actions of the debuting Midorikawa!

Angus:

I need to take a better look at Midori Sour before I decide if he's worth my time, but facing off against Fuckboy Hunter means that ol' Angus is all in with him tonight!

DDK:

The Onslaught Championship will be defended as well, as Jason Natas faces BRAZEN standout Harry Rose, and in our main event! Enemies one night, partners the next, Perfecton and Codename: Reaper square off against the Pop Culture Phenoms!

Angus:

MAXIMUM DEFIANCE made me sad on so many levels. Reaper and Witherton can make things right if they make the PCP feel all of the bleedings.

DDK:

We'll be back in just a minute with our first match!

A LONG TIME COMING

Cut to the backstage area. Christie Zane's there with a microphone. DEFIANCE backdrop, big smile: usual setup.

Christie Zane:

Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome by guest at this time: the DEF*MAX Tournament 2016 runner-up... Cayle Murray!

The camera's POV expands a little, and Cayle's already standing to Christie's left. It looks as though he's mostly decked-out in his ring attire already, though there's a black-with-gold-print "Starbreaker" tee over his torso (available from DEFIANCWestling.com now, kids).

Christie Zane:

Good evening, Cayle.

Cayle Murray:

Hello you.

There's little to read from his expression or demeanour: Cayle's relatively stoic, which is exactly how he usually approaches such situations. Nonetheless, his appearance prompts a big pop.

Christie Zane:

First off, you had a pretty disappointing night at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. You went undefeated to make it to the DEF*MAX tournament finals and looked to have Curtis Penn beat, but the former SOHER turned the tables in typical fashion. He grabbed your tights to seal the win and take the tournament: how does that make you feel?

He raises a finger.

Cayle Murray:

Annoyed.

Another.

Cayle Murray:

Angry.

A third.

Cayle Murray:

Upset.

Then pulls 'em down.

Cayle Murray:

And a whole lot more, but you probably get the picture. Having such a giant victory snatched away from you isn't a nice thing, particularly when you hop over so many hurdles to get there, but it happened, and I have to accept it. Penn is slime, Christie, there's no way of getting around it, but men like him exist in this business, and they tend to do pretty well for themselves.

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

I'm trying to be their antithesis. It's my job to find ways to overcome men like Curtis Penn, because call me old fashioned, but I still believe there's nothing sweeter in this world than a victory earned. Mr. Penn is a fantastic wrestler, and yes, I hate what happened... but it's up to me to be better than I was at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. I know it's easier said than done, but I need to learn how to see these things coming and prevent them from happening in the first place.

I'm already moving on from it, and I firmly believe that I'm stronger for going through this disappointment.

Christie Zane:

In light of this loss, have you made any adjustments ahead of tonight's match, when you face-off with BRAZEN's Danny Diggs?

Cayle Murray:

I like to think I make adjustments every time I wrestle. The moment you stop trying to improve yourself is the moment you start falling behind. Besides...

He smiles.

Cayle Murray:

What kind of message would I be sending to all the people out there if I was content to rest on my laurels? That's lazy. Some will have you believe that this is a selfish game, but I completely disagree. This sport is a release, and not just for us wrestlers, but for everyone in the building tonight, and all those watching at home.

A cheap pop goes up from the portion of the crowd inclined to do so.

Cayle Murray:

We're not just sportsmen: we're avatars. The Faithful watch us every week because they're invested in who we are, and for better or worse, we have an influence. It's my job to stop men like Curtis Penn abusing that influence, and I might have fallen this time, Christie, but I won't let it happen again. Bank on it.

Christie Zane:

Finally, Cayle: MAX DEF not only saw you compete with Penn, but run to your brother's aid shortly after his match with Bronson Box. You and Boxer cut a chilling scene as you stared each other down through the crowd, and some fans are speculating that a new war may be on the horizon: how do you feel?

Cayle pauses as the microphone's thrust towards him. He spends a few moments picking his words, before exhaling deeply. Maybe intimidated, or maybe just being careful...

Cayle Murray:

What Bronson Box tried to do to Andy is unacceptable, Christie...

Another pauses.

Cayle Murray:

This has been a long time coming. Thank you.

And with a nod, the younger Murray brother takes his leave. The scene cuts away.

MAKE A MATCH, DENY A SHOT

From Christie Zane and the departing Cayle Murray, the scene shifts up to the office of the Matriarch of DEFIANCE: Kelly Evans. Kelly is standing behind her desk, hands on her hips, and her gaze cast toward the door.

Kelly Evans: [annoyed, grumbling]

Always late; why am I not surprised? This is so like him.

Voice: [off-camera, momentarily]

Epic troll move from DEFIANCE's epic troll? Seems fitting.

The Faithful's voices erupt in cheers before they even see the reveal, but they don't have to wait that long. The camera pans left and finds the newly crowned FIST of DEFIANCE, Lindsay Troy, sitting in a chair looking calm as can be. The aforementioned championship belt is draped across her lap.

Kelly flicks her eyes over to her company's new standard-bearer and decides to take a seat herself to wait.

Kelly Evans:

I'm a little surprised you didn't want the big celebratory to-do that comes along with the achievement of winning the top title. Considering everything that you went through to get it.

The Queen says nothing in response for the moment, her own gaze drifting down to the FIST of DEFIANCE strap.

Lindsay Troy:

I had my moment in the crowd with the fans.

Another cheer from out in the Wrestle-Plex.

Lindsay Troy:

And I'm sure there are plenty of people who want a big, reflective speech on it all. [Looks back to Kelly] You know I like to do these things on my own time, Kel. And right now, with what's looming, I think it best to simply get on to the next one, don't you?

Kelly looks like she's about to reply when one quick rap on the door causes her to hold her tongue. The wooden barrier swings open not a second later and in storms the DEF*MAX Grand Prix "Winner" himself: **Curtis Penn**.

To say he looks miffed is an understatement.

Curtis Penn:

Kelly. *Where...* was my motorcade? My hero's welcome? Why weren't the peon staffers in this place lined up at the entrance clapping and throwing confetti upon my and Jane's arrival tonight? **Where was my top of the show in-ring celebration!?**

Curtis waves his hands as he nears the desk. It doesn't appear like he's taken a breath yet.

Curtis Penn:

I won DEF*MAX, for ***fuck sake***. ME. Not that spluttering little inkstain that you gave the front spot of the show to, [in a sniveling tone] "*Caaaaaayle*." Like anybody gives a single shit about a loser like ***him*** when they could've been in the presence of a winner like ***me***.

Lindsay Troy:

More like a cheater.

Troy had been a passive observer up to this point, this marking the first time she and Penn were in the same room together. But no longer. She stands up and slings her title belt over shoulder.

Lindsay Troy:

But I know better than to get too far into semantics with delusional people.

Curtis Penn:

Delusional? I won the DEF*MAX tournament. [to Kelly] She took eighteen years and twenty five tries to squeak out a win over that pathetic excuse for a paper champion, Dan Ryan. The only delusion is the idea that her accomplishment even matters!

He takes another step towards Evans' desk. Bad move.

Curtis Penn:

Let alone... matters more than **mine**.

Now Kelly's to her feet, placing her hands on top of some papers, and leaning over to address Penn with gritted teeth. There's a long-standing history at work here and Curtis is forever working her last damn nerve.

Kelly Evans:

Because a grab of the tights and a cheeky little taunt up the ramp might grab you some Reddit upvotes but it curries zero favor with me when I deal with you day-to-day, and might I remind you that this is *much to my everlasting chagrin*.

Curtis scowls. He wants to bite back with a quip but Kelly presses forward.

Kelly Evans:

Now then. Since you both are *finally* here, I can get on with why I asked you into the office. As you know, last year we had no special prize associated with the DEF*MAX Tournament; winning it all was prestigious enough. However, I am not one to be content with simply letting the chance to innovate or further reward my talent's efforts pass me by, so I'd decided to attach a little *bonus* to things and my plan was to announce it tonight. Unfortunately...

She trails off, glaring at Penn as she does.

Kelly Evans:

...it means giving *you* a reward for the bullshit way you won the tournament. But the decision stands, and I'm not about to change my intentions just because you're a cretin. So at our next pay-per-view, ACTS of DEFIANCE, it will be Curtis Penn versus Lindsay Troy for the FIST of DEFIANCE belt...

A look to Troy now.

Kelly Evans:

So long as you hang onto it between now and then, of course.

Lindsay Troy:

I don't plan on it going anywhere for a good, long while.

Kelly Evans:

Excellent.

Curtis Penn:

Wait. Why the hell do I have to wait that long to get my shot?

Kelly stares at him, dead in the eyes.

Kelly Evans:

Because I'm the boss. I pay you... or I don't.

Curtis Penn:

Fuck a paycheck; I'm in the habit now of taking something when I want it, whenever I want it! And I want a shot at *that belt*.

He points at Troy's shoulder accessory.

Curtis Penn:

And I **don't** want to wait until the pay-per-view to get it!

The Matriarch of DEFIANCE looks about three seconds away from sending Penn to the unemployment line when the Queen hikes the FIST of DEFIANCE belt just a bit further up her shoulder. It glints in the lights and shines down, right into Penn's eyes.

Intentional?

Maaaaaaybe....

Lindsay Troy:

I'm always ready for a tussle, Curtis. Surely... we can rearrange a few things in the lineup tonight, Kelly? Put us on toward the end? Or we could do it right now.

She shrugs.

Lindsay Troy:

Doubt the Superbest and Midori would mind. Or...maybe you want an office brawl. Either way... the beating will be worse if I have to bring it to you.

Kelly Evans:

You two sure as hell aren't fighting in my office - for the FIST belt or otherwise. Save it for when you meet in the ring....at ACTS of DEFIANCE. Like I already said.

She smirks. Game, blouses.

Kelly Evans:

You can leave now, Curtis.

Curtis Penn:

The hell I gotta go--

Kelly Evans:

Because it's my goddamn office, or did you suddenly forget that in the last ten seconds?!

Curtis Penn:

This is **such bullshit**.

He glares at Troy. Her reply is a sarcastic *buh-bye* wave; no words, just the gesture. He turns on his heel, punts a trash can against the wall, and storms out of the room much like he entered it.

Cut to the ring.

MIDORIKAWA VS. JACK HUNTER

DDK:

We are JUST getting started, partner! The opening bout tonight will give us the debut of the mysterious man, Midorikawa.

Angus:

Midori sour? Yeah, sure ... I'd prefer a beer, honestly.

DDK: [ignoring]

Midori, popped up with a very surprising introduction; both saving and turning on Scott Douglas at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE.

Angus:

Am I reading this right? Jack Hunter ... again? Really? REALLY?

DDK:

Really! The mysterious Midorikawa takes on The SUPERBEST Jack Hunter! Let's go to the ring!

♪ "Sentaku No Asa" by AYA ♪

The twanging tones of AYA's song hits the PA system just before the hauntingly melodic vocal starts in leading way to the drums. The heavy guitar, laden with distortion and angst cues Midorikawa as he comes through the curtain and stands center stage, stoic and emotionless. As the song dips back into a softer bridge, he begins his a very paced and methodical walk to ring. He ignores the discontent expressed by the fans at ringside via thier booing and other things fans do.

Darren Quimbey finishes up his introduction and he rolls into the ring half heartedly. He raises to his vertical base long enough to glare toward the hard camera before falling back into the turnbuckles and sliding down to the matt.

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

Jack Hunter's excruciating entrance music hits and The Little Bruiser emerges from the backstage area; pushing a shopping cart full of "goodies," including a trash can, a dented steel chair, a kendo stick and a couple of street signs. *The Faithful* erupt in a general sense of confusion and/or ironic enthusiasm.

A hand juts out from the curtain and grabs a hold on the shopping cart handle. Hunter dips his head back behind the curtain and presumably argues with whom ever is there. The argument is brief although it does cause Hunter to at some point raise a fist as a threat. This doesn't work as the cart is pulled back beyond the curtain and a disgruntled SUPERBEST pouts his way to the ring as Darren Quimbey finishes up his announcement.

Hunter enters the ring and Carla Ferrari checks with each combatent before calling for the bell.

DING DING

Initially, MDK refused to stand up and begin the match, even at the behest of Carla Ferrari and some strange taunts from Jack Hunter. This would change when, one of Hunter's aforementioned taunts, would cause him to stumble and fall in the middle of the ring. *The Faithful* erupted in laughter; Hunter took this as support.

MDK found some humor in this as well and reluctantly pulled himself up from his corner seat by the top ropes; immediately attacking Hunter with the swinging momentum provided. This would begin a cat and mouse game between the two would be combatants. MDK remained in control for the majority of the match and mainly just toyed with Hunter. An arm drag here a standing side kick there.

Once or twice during the proceedings Hunter had an opening or slight chance to turn things around ... yet his general lack of grace and/or intelligence sandbagged him; leading to MDK maintaining dominance. A drop toe hold led to a

half crab that could have spelled the end for the SUPERBEST but MDK let loose the hold, clearly intent on causing further damage rather than ending the match.

Speaking of which, the end would come in the form of another shot at Scott Douglas. MDK would yank Hunter up from the mat and then to the sky delivering the Fisherman Suplex Brainbuster known as the "*The Sub Pop Suplex*." DDK would note this in his commentary. Angus would call both MDK and Scott by other names than their given.

Hunter's head would bounce off the mat and land him in the middle of the ring, sprawled out. MDK would add the insult to the injury with his Shooting Star Press, known as *The Fremont Plunge*.

Rather than hook the leg post impact, he presses off the chest of Hunter as if doing a pushup and awaits the three count.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

And the winner of this match by way of a pinfall, MIDOOOOORRRRIIKAWWWWAAAA!!

DDK:

Impressive debut by the Japanese influenced, Midorikawa.

Angus:

Impressive? He just pinned Jack "I WILL WRESLTEFIGHT YOU" Hunter. Let's not go overboard, Keebs.

DDK:

Regardless, MDK picks up a win here on his DEFtv debut... and considering he clearly has an issue with Scott Douglas, it bares mentioning he just defeated the man that "Sub Pop Scott" couldn't put away!

Angus:

Exactly, so now we know ... win, lose or draw. They both suck!

DDK:

Well, we certainly have not seen that last of either. Coming up later we have Scott Douglas facing off against Solomon Grendel of Brutal Attack Force! But before we get there, we have plenty of more action coming your way!

HOLLYWOOD ENDING

DDK:

Up next, Angus -

♪ *Revolution - Sirsy* ♪

Angus:

Jeez... You know what, I can't even be mad at the kid. It's not his fault he had a shameful referee who screwed him at Maximum Defiance.

DDK:

That's not entirely accurate, Angus - there was certainly some controversy regarding the outcome, but Hector Navarro did appropriately disqualify Mikey Unlikely for hitting him with the championship belt.

Angus:

...While he was screaming like a little girl.

The FAITHFUL explode as Impulse walks out, dressed in street clothes - capped with a 'Hashtag Drunkbros' T-shirt, and he nods to the fans in appreciation.

Half a step behind him, Calico Rose looks nothing like herself. She has a headband with tiny brown ears, a brown fake fur lined jacket, tight pants, tight knee - high boots... and a gigantic fluffy tail.

Do not adjust your screen.

Impulse takes her hand, and they wait at the top of the ramp for a few seconds before he kisses her on the cheek, he heads for the ring, and Cally heads for the commentary.

Angus:

Keebs?

DDK:

I'm not sure either, Angus... if she doesn't tell us, don't ask.

Cally stands between them, turns around and makes room for herself by wiggling her ass in such a way that the gigantic fluffy tail beats both men into submission. She turns, takes a spare chair, and sits.

Angus:

You could've just asked, we would've made room.

Cally:

But what fun is that? That makes my costume both cute and functional.

DDK:

Costume?

Cally looks at him like he has twelve heads.

Cally:

It's Halloween, Keebs! And it's my birthday!

DDK:

Well, that's nice, Cally! Happy birthday!

Cally:

Thank you. Give me hugs!

Angus and Keebler both lean in and give her a hug, and after a second they both jolted backwards.

Angus:

Again?

DDK:

You touched my ass!

Cally:

It's the new normal!

In the ring, Impulse has retrieved a microphone from Quimbey, and he tries to talk a few times - but he keeps getting cut off by an incessant chant.

“YOU WERE ROBBED! YOU WERE ROBBED!”

He milks it for a few seconds.

Impulse:

Thank you for your support.

They cheer.

Impulse:

But I want to make one thing clear - I wasn't robbed.

Boos.

Angus:

I'm trying to be on his side... and I can only be if McFuckass screwed him.

Cally:

Language.

Impulse:

It's not a popular opinion, I'm sure... but the fact remains, Mikey Unlikely -

Boos. *“Mikey Sucks!”* chant. The whole nine yards.

Impulse:

- smacked the referee in the face with his title belt. That earns a disqualification in my book. And while I agree that it was wonderful to subsequently knock him out and get at least a six count pinfall, while it was satisfying as anything to watching him tap his hand on the mat with reckless abandon a few seconds later... Hector Navarro made an infuriating... frustrating...

He stops, to emphasize the point.

Impulse:

...CORRECT call.

A slight smirk forms on his face.

Angus:

Is he stoned or stupid, Cally?

Cally:

None of the above. Give it time, Angustus!

Impulse:

But I think we can also safely say that the Championship you carry, Mikey... is the Southern Heritage... WRESTLING... Championship, and if we're going to be honest with ourselves... one of us clearly outwrestled the other.

More cheers.

DDK:

I think he's challenging Mikey to a rematch!

Cally:

Jinkies!

Angus:

Wrong costume.

Impulse:

So what I need right now, is either Kelly Evans or Mikey Unlikely to get on out here and let me know what needs to happen for me to get another shot at the Southern Heritage Championship.

Impulse leans back on the ropes.

Impulse:

I'll wait.

The fans cheer... until...

♪ "Blunt Blowin by Lil Wayne"♪

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

The red carpet begins to roll down the entrance way. It doesn't take Unlikely long to show up on the stage. He is wearing a blue and white button up, a pair of designer jeans, and his Hollywood Heritage Title strapped around his waist. He is not putting on the usual show, he walks out, half laughing, and shaking his head.

Angus:

I was hoping I wouldn't have to see this guy tonight!

Mikey has a microphone in hand as he walks out and the lights quickly come up, the music stops, and the facade is broken.

Mikey Unlikely:

DEFIAAAAAAANCCCEEEEEEE!!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Mikey Unlikely:

I am YOUR reigning and DEFENDING HOLLYWOOD HERITAGE CHAMPION!!!!

The fans light him up once more.

Mikey Unlikely:

Two weeks ago I defied the odds and retained my championship in the most epic wrestling match I have ever been a part of. I have to hand it to you Impulse, when I walked out of that ring with my championship, I had ALLLLLLMOST broken a sweat!

Impulse:

Really?

DDK:

Oh come on now...

Mikey appears unconcerned.

Mikey Unlikely:

Yes, I outwrestled the "World's greatest wrestler" so now not only am I the number one technical wrestler DEFIANCE has ever seen! But I am also the GREATEST HOHER of alllll time! Now I was sitting in the back and heard what you had to say, I am glad that you concede that the referee made the correct decision and this title remains where it belongs.

Angus:

That's sure as fuck not where it belongs, Keebs.

Mikey Unlikely:

That being said, I don't see any reason to grant you another title shot! The decision was made, and the championship was retained! You had your chance and you...couldn't seize it.

Mikey feigns surprise. Impulse goes to speak inside the ring but is cut off by the "World's Greatest Sports Entertainer."

Mikey Unlikely:

What!? Oh my goodness! Impulse didn't save the day!? He didn't triumph over the champion!? How did that happen? So what makes you think you deserve another shot!?

Impulse looks around the crowd who slowly grow in cheers at his coming statement.

Impulse:

Because...my hand was raised, and you were writhing around on the mat in pain.

Cally:

BOOM! Impulse'd!

Unlikely loses his shit on the stage as Impulse continues.

Impulse:

You're right Mikey, you did leave the match with the title, but you didn't win anything. You took the coward's way out and got yourself disqualified.

The Faithful pop huge for that, and start their old standby of '*You Can't Wrestle!*' directed at the SoHER Champion .

Impulse:

You knew you were done, sir - so you took yourself outta the match. That ain't wrestling ability, and it sure as hell isn't being a Champion. All you are, Mikey... is lucky.

Unlikely has ripped at his shirt and popped a few buttons, the sunglasses fall off his face. He looks pretty hot at this point.

Impulse:

And if I'm wrong? If you're really 'The Man' like you claim... do us all a favor, Mikey.

He leans on the top rope, facing the Champ.

Impulse:

Come on down to the ring... and prove it.

The fans all cheer loudly at the prospect. Mikey gains his composure.

Mikey Unlikely:

I'll tell you what, Impulse! Two weeks from today, If you can outwrestle my best Hollywood Bruv, Jesse Fredricks Kendrix than I you will have deserved another shot at my championship.

Mikey stifles a laugh behind the microphone.

Mikey Unlikely:

Are you even from Hollywood!?

The Champ turns his back and walks out of the arena, while the fans boo him - and gradually turn to cheers as Impulse leaves the ring as well.

DDK:

Wow! Next week, Angus - we're gonna see Impulse and Kendrix in the ring, with a shot at Mikey's championship in the balance!

Angus:

You tossed a hail mary, kid - don't let ol' Angus down!

Cally:

He won't, Angustus. The good guys always win in the end.

DDK:

We'll be right back!

JUST ONE NIGHT

Camera is rolling inside Kelly Evans office facing her desk where she is sitting behind, she's trying to remain calm but we can see the uneasiness in her face. Sitting in front of her in one chair is Perfection, the other chair is empty because Evans didn't ask anyone to sit. Standing, Courtney Paz behind James Witherhold, the jackass sitting when he's not meant to be, and Mark Shields to her left visibly nervous.

Evans:

As you may or may not know an investigation was launched after MAXIMUM DEFIANCE accusing you two of match fixing.

Perfection:

Exactly, accusations.

Kelly exhales loudly.

Evans:

So, let me start by saying I don't know what you two discussed in that closed door talk but what I saw out there by you, Mark, was egregious. Am I making myself clear?

Shields nods his eyes pasted to the ground. Evans sighs as she looks at Perfection.

Evans:

And you, James. I don't know what to do with you anymore.

Perfection:

Can we just cut to the chase already, Kelly? The investigation found nothing wrong. There was no wrongdoing. In fact, they found that Mark is just incompetent. Aren't you Mark?

Shields nods again, this time more slowly. We can see Paz slightly slap James on the shoulder while Evans' head is slightly tilted to the side, eyes wide, and hands clinched.

Evans:

Who told you that?!

Perfection's voice can only be heard and hands seen motioning as the camera stays on a stunned Evans.

Perfection:

Oh, please. This is twenty-sixteen, Kelly. Like anyone can keep a secret anymore. I have a match to prepare for, can we get on with this?

Kelly is furious as she points over at Witherhold and then at Courtney.

Evans:

I don't know how your client got access to the report, Courtney, but I will.

Paz:

He..

Perfection:

Rumors, just like the rumors Angus started of poor Mark taking money!

The Boss Bitch of DEFIANCE puts her hand up shutting Witherhold up.

Evans:

Bottom line- both of you are participating in MY main event tonight. Let me be absolutely clear, I expect no bullshit from you, Mark. Do your job fairly. And James....

She stands up from her chair, Evans hands on the desk.

Evans:

Just one night, don't fuck it up.

Cut

CAYLE MURRAY VS. DANNY DIGGS

Cut to the dudes.

DDK:

It's time for our second match of the night folks, as Cayle Murray looks to overcome the disappointment of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE...

Angus:

Was it just me or did young Squi--... Cayle sound a little bit pissed-off earlier, Keebs?

DDK:

He did, and understandably so. The guy was effectively robbed in the DEF*MAX Finals, but that's what Curtis Penn does, and Cayle can't afford to let it get to him. Tonight he faces a relative newcomer in BRAZEN, Danny Diggs -- what can you tell us about this man, Angus?

Angus:

He's a gorram troll, Keebs. There's no better word for him. He's a scruffy, pudgy guy in stupid, multicoloured tights: he looks more like your creepy uncle than a pro-wrestling, but trust me, he's as cunning as they come.

DDK:

Stylistically, how does he mesh with Cayle?

Angus:

Diggs is Hollywood McFuckass without the Hollywood-ness, and with an added sense of knowing what the fuck he's doing. He knows every dirty trick in the book, and while he's a good brawler in his own right, there's a reason we call himself "The Master Thief" down in BRAZEN. If Murray isn't switched-on tonight, he's going to face a repeat of MAXIMUM DEFIANCE...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall!

♪ "Do You Really Want To Hurt Me?" by Culture Club ♪

DDK:

Jeesh... this is his music?!

Angus:

I told you, Keebs. Troll.

The gloriously inappropriate tune plays through the arena. Confusion spreads among the faithful, and it's only amplified as Danny Diggs glides out from the back. The portly grappler is clad in a pair of tie-dye tights and what looks like a silk bathrobe, and he's wearing a goofy, shit-eating grin across his face. In one hand is a steel chair, and the other, a bottle of wine. He takes a sip before walking down the ramp, still grinning.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, hailing from Cleveland, Ohio, he stands at 6'1" and weighs-in at 250lbs... "THE MASTER THIEF"... DANNNNNYYYYYYYYYYY DDDDDDDIIIIIGGGGGSSSSSSS!

DDK:

Is that actual wine, Angus?! Is he drinking on the way to the ring? And what's the grin about? Also, why's he got a chair?! I'm really, really confused...

Angus:

It's best not to ask questions with this guy, Keebs. Trust me.

♪ "The Wings Of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

Cue the customary gigantic pop! After the opening theatrics (light changes, pyro: all that), Cayle appears in the light, back to the crowd. He turns around and starts making his way down, and though looking a little sterner than usual, he still makes time to slap a few hands on the way down.

Darren Quimbey:

And his opponent, hailing from Aberdeen, Scotland, he stands at 6'1", and weighs in at 220lbs... "STARBREAKER"... CAAAAYYYYYYYYLLLLLEEEEE MMMMUUUUURRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYY!

DDK:

It's so important that Cayle rebounds here. DEF*MAX was a huge opportunity for him, but just when it looked like he might win, Penn snatched everything away. After going undefeated through the tournament's preliminary stages, he fell at the final hurdle.

Angus:

I think the Penn match proved that this guy just isn't ready for the top tier yet, Keebs. Look, everyone knows Penn cheats, and he's damn good at it, but you've got to stay switched-on and try to prepare for it as best you can. Cayle didn't do that, and he's reached his ceiling until he learns how to do so.

Cayle leaves his jacket in the corner and moves to the centre of the ring. Diggs, meanwhile, has left his own props outside the ring. The BRAZEN wrestler approaches with a big grin (mouth closed this time) and offers a hand. Wary, Cayle shakes it, but Diggs spits a mouthful of what looks like white wine right in his face!

DDK:

What the-- that's disgusting!

Diggs immediately seizes the moment. He swarms Cayle with some clubbing blows and forces the Scot stumbling backwards! More blows follow, but Cayle battles through it and blocks one of the strikes. He readies to throw a forearm, but Diggs quickly scampers backwards and slides his torso between the ropes. Cayle charges, but is forced to back off.

Danny Diggs:

BREAK! BREEEEEAAAAAAAKKKKKK!

Murray puts his hands up and backs off, not wanting to stretch the rules. When he's ready, the smiling Diggs slides back through the ropes and comes back towards Cayle. He offers a hand again, but Cayle boots it away and starts circling. Murray throws in for a collar-and-elbow, but Diggs skips behind and slaps the back of his head! Angry, Cayle turns around and chases Danny all the way to the ropes, where he again gets himself between the ropes!

Cayle comes THIS close to hitting him, but eventually turns away, frustrated. Diggs with the roll-up!

ONE!

TWO!

THRR-- NO! KICKOUT!

Diggs hops up, booting Cayle in the side of the head to stop him from getting up. He quickly dashes over to the turnbuckles and starts unfastening the top one. Hurriedly, Diggs eventually gets it done, but not before Cayle has risen! Murray heads over to the corner but Diggs turns around and throws the turnbuckle cover in his face. It doesn't do damage (obvs), but it irritates Cayle into charging. Diggs darts out of the way, and Cayle runs with into the exposed turnbuckle!

Another roll-up!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

DDK:

Well this isn't exactly going as expected...

Angus:

What'd I tell you?! This guy looks like a goofy prick, but he's great at suckering guys into these little traps! Cayle needs to calm the fuck down, because he's about to lose...

Enjoying himself, Diggs gets to his feet then puts both arms out to his sides. Twirling, he soaks-in the crowd's jeers, but this leaves him open! Roll-up from Cayle!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Comfortably more athletic than his opponent, Cayle gets up first, grabs Danny's waist as he's rising, and drills him with a German!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

Cayle immediately sprints to the corner and hops up onto the top rope, looking to put Diggs away early. He lets Danny rise, but this proves to be a mistake: the cunning Master Thief pushes Benny Doyle to the ropes, and Cayle gets crotched! Diggs marches over to the corner, gets to the second 'buckle, then tries for a Superplex! Cayle elbows his way out of it, however, then cracks Diggs with a forearm! Another! A European Uppercut sends him down, before Cayle flies off, taking Diggs down with a flipping Blockbuster!

DDK:

Now we're seeing Cayle Murray! Beautiful execution on the Blockbuster.

Angus:

Diggs is a straight-up momentum killer though. Watch him cut Murray off with some sneaky bullshit...

Cayle immediately pulls Diggs up and places him back in the corner. He hammers away with a few forearms, then knocks him down. Going to the opposite corner, Cayle charges across the ring and goes for the basement dropkick, but Danny rolls out of the ring and to the barricade! Cayle follows him out and charges, but Diggs moves away and Cayle's splash lands on the barricade itself! Taking Murray by the waistband, Danny rolls him back inside.

Instead of covering, Diggs grabs the steel chair he took with him and slides it inside. Benny Doyle immediately picks it up and Diggs tries to wrest it from him. Cayle gets up and pulls the chair away from both men before tossing it outside. Diggs comes at him with a few unprotected rights, but Cayle again fights through them and comes free following a big chop, before downing Diggs with a Backstabber!

Cayle lets Diggs rise, runs to the ropes, and comes back with a Sling Blade! From there he hops up, runs the ropes again, and lands a standing Shooting Star Press. He gets up before Doyle can count, then dashes to the ropes for a

third time. Cayle smashes Danny's ribcage with a PK on the rebound, before climbing up top, and nailing his trademark low-arc Moonsault!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

DDK:

That was close! Cayle's cruising now...

Murray takes just a moment too long in recovering, however, and gets trapped in a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-- NO! KICKOUT!

Angus:

DAMN! I thought Diggs had stolen it!

Now Cayle's pissed. He fires to his feet and charges at Danny, who tries to escape through the ropes again. That's not going to fly this time, however, and Cayle pulls him out by the boot before planting a Roaring Elbow on his chin! Diggs stumbles away, so Cayle pulls him in, throws the head under his arm, hoists him up, and drops him with a sitout side slam!

DDK:

Chainbreaker! This one's over!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via pinfall... CAAAAYYYYYYYYLLLLEEEEEE
MMMMUUUUUURRRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYYY!

He has won, but Murray doesn't look too impressed as Doyle raises his hand.

DDK:

Turns out you were right about Danny Diggs! Not the most refined wrestler in the world, but I haven't seen someone that sneaky in a long-time...

Angus:

Yeah, and he almost took the win! It's a win, but it's not as emphatic as the little dork would've wanted...

DDK:

Do you think he's a little out of sorts tonight, Angus? Sure looks it...

Angus:

Like I give a flying ferret. Let's get outta here...

SCOTTISH CIVIL WAR: REDUX

The camera lingers on Danny Diggs for a few moments following the match, before cutting to the victorious Cayle Murray at the top of the ramp. The Scot gives the crowd a quick bow, before turning around and pushing through the corridor.

A few congratulatory shouts greet him at gorilla, prompting Murray to stop in his tracks and look at the source.

Cayle Murray:

Cheers lads.

The gathered production staff quickly get back to work as Cayle starts traipsing down the corridor, unravelling his wrist tape as he goes. He's stopped in his tracks by a giant bear paw slapping his back, knocking him forward a couple of inches.

Jason Natas:

G'job, kid.

Cayle nods, pulling the tape away from one wrist and throwing it in a nearby (get in the) bin.

Cayle Murray:

Thanks. It was alright.

Jason Natas:

"Alright?"

The Bronx Bully, who's still dressed casually, shrugs.

Jason Natas:

You won.

Cayle Murray:

I did, but he was sly. Almost got me a couple of times. After Penn, that should be what I'm trying to avoid.

He sighs lightly.

Cayle Murray:

And he spat water in my face.

Jason Natas:

That wasn't wine?

Cayle Murray:

No.

Jason Natas:

Knew he was a bitch. Anywa--

Another thick Scottish accent causes both men to whip around to face the source of the voice. The look on Cayle face speaks volumes before the camera's lens even has a chance to catch up. As the camera man steps around the two white hats we eventually get a view of none other than The Bombastic Bronson Box's smiling mustachioed face right between the backs of Cayle and Jason's heads. Besuited and looking crisp as can be as he stares down the two grapplers.

Bronson Box:

Cayle's right lad. That was indeed somethin' of an embarrassin' display out there... 'specially from "DEFIANCE'S hottest superstar" the victorious Cayle Murray... what's the matter squid? Can't handle one of the sad, underachieving toys in Skaaland's ridiculous toybox? Eh? Sad state of affairs, that..

DEFIANCE's self proclaimed Ace takes a few small steps towards the duo. Jason Natas immediately enters FITE mode.

Jason Natas:

Alright motherfu--

Bronson licks his lips and smiles a little satisfied smile. The Bronx native takes a stride towards Boxer before Cayle scurries after him, then puts an arm out.

Cayle Murray:

No, mate.

Natas stops.

Cayle Murray:

This is mine.

Natas reluctantly relents, though his posture stays tense. Cayle turns around to meet Boxer's gaze. He clenches both fists.

Cayle Murray:

Boxer.

He nods.

Cayle Murray: [sarcastically]

Hope you're proud of what happened at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, mate. I guess winning wasn't enough...

Boxer takes a few more steps forward, more aggressive this time. He unfolds his arms and gets inches from Cayle's face cutting him off.

Bronson Box:

Noooooow yer' finally gettin' it, sunshine. No... winnin' wasn't enough. Have ye' WATCHED my reel, or are ye' barrelin' towards the FOOKIN' Wargod of DEFIANCE havin' done no bloody homework? I END people for a living, lad. It's the legacy I've build here. I said as much to yer' shite brother... HE didn't listen and he paid the price. He's lucky he's not permanently crippled, the cocky prick.

Murray shakes his head incredulously.

Cayle Murray:

"WATCHED your reel?!"

He almost snorts the words out.

Cayle Murray:

I'm IN that reel, Box! Might be 16 years ago, but I still remember. It was my fourth match and you ALMOST did enough to make me never wanna step in a ring again... yet here you are, and here I am.

He hasn't quite lost complete control of his emotions yet, Cayle, but he's getting close.

Bronson Box:

Aye, and a stronger fighter for it... 'aintcha? Strong enough to snatch Eric Dane's career away.

Bronson snarls the name of his long time employer slash nemesis. His eyes burning two pin sized holes through Cayle's corneas with his eyes whilst he does.

Cayle Murray:

I didn't mean to end anyone's career, Box. I did what I had to do. I'm sorry it happened before you got a chance to take your own pound of flesh, but if that's what this is about - JEALOUSY - then let's just get it over with. Now.

Bronson throws his head back and laughs loud and long. So much so Cayle and Jason Natas both lean back and away ever so slightly at the mere sight and sound of legitimate laughter coming out of the mouth of one of the most vile men to walk DEFIANCE's halls.

Bronson Box:

Oh squid... yer' goin' te' be just a peck of fun, 'aintcha lad? Whether you meant to or not 'aint the crux of the issue. What you did is done, set in stone. Every action results in an equal reaction, yes? Every man has to step up and account for the - MISTAKES - he's made. That... that was a mistake ye' made, boy. Now yer' gunna' pay for it in spades. It started with me makin' an example out of yer' brother seein' as he's probably the one that pointed the way to DEFIANCE's door. So yeah... I'll get my ten pounds of flesh... all in due FOOKIN' time. Just might be takin' it out of a different hide is all. Jealousy nothin'... this is about scores. Scores and makin' bloody HISTORY ye' WEE mouthy CUNT!

The Wargod, quick as can be, hauls back and gives Cayle a hard SHOVE that catches him off guard. Murray stumbles back a few steps, then quickly regains his footing. He pulls a forearm up, ready to swing it right into Box's skull, but Jason Natas quickly throws his massive form between the two. Knowing full well a bloody backstage brawl isn't what Cayle would want at this juncture.

Cayle Murray:

LET ME AT THA--

Bronson Box:

YEEEAH! COME AT ME BOY!

Jason Natas:

Fuck NO.

The DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion restrains his friend, though attempting to calm him down might be a lost cause.

Jason Natas:

Not here, not now.

Natas briefly looks over his shoulder towards Box.

Jason Natas:

YOU. Fuck outta here, before I break you my goddamn self.

Bronson takes a moment to eyeball and size up Natas.

Bronson Box:

Aye... wouldn't want to shame the golden boy and the "baddest man in DEFIANCE" both at the same time. "Onslaught champion" *pfff*...

He scoffs as he takes a few steps back boldly turning his back on the twosome. He looks back over his shoulder towards Cayle still being restrained by Natas. Murray's eyes hasn't left Bronson.

Bronson Box:

I 'aint jealous, squid. I just wanna' hurt ya'... real real bad.

As we hear The Wargod's loafers clomp down the hallway away from where we found Cayle and Jason earlier, Cayle suddenly shoves away from his friend's arm with a look of pure frustration etched on his face. The camera watches him watch Boxer go for a moment or two before fading back out to Darren and Angus at the commentary station.

Angus:

Squidboy's gettin' waaaaaay in over his head with that situation right there, Keebs.

DDK:

On one hand partner we've sat and called the downfall of how many men that found themselves the target of Bronson? On the other... Cayle Murray defeated Eric Dane, despite his loss to Curtis Penn he's still one of the hottest, fastest rising most... well, UNPREDICTABLE superstars to ever grace a DEFIANCE ring.

Angus:

Yeah yeah, quit tootin' the kid's horn Darren. We've heard all that before. And this is now, and now it looks to me like a cat playing with a mouse. That Murray boy's on his way to gettin' gobbled up... Wargod style.

BRUTAL ATTACK, FORCE (PART ONE)

Petey:

The nerve of the little bastard ...

Petey Garrett sits across from his partner Solomon Grendel in a semi-secluded corner of the Wrestleplex's currently empty locker room. The pair, better known as the Brutal Attack Force and the former Trios tag partners of Curtis Penn, are airing their grievances amongst one another. Much like their last appearance on a BRAZEN live event. Where, a man down, they suffered a loss to the Midcard Experiment.

Solomon mostly listens and agrees as he laces his boots. His partner works himself into a lather over their current situation.

Petey:

He thinks he can pop into BRAZEN and just move right along to the main roster.

Solomon: *[occupied]*

...the bastard.

Petey:

Lose to Box and that puts you right on par with the rest of DEFIANCE, apparently.

Solomon: *[glancing up for a moment]*

Apparently.

Petey:

Douglas is just another Penn. Thinks he is better than us. Tonight, though ... tonight; you'll show him he ain't!

Solomon: *[occupied]*

Damn right.

Garrett takes to his feet.

Petey:

Gotta hit the head.

Garrett walks off and out of frame. Grendel, still occupied with the lacing of his boots and already in the zone, replies without really paying attention to what was actually said.

Solomon:

Hell yeah!

Voice: *[off screen]*

Douglas is going to get it!

Solomon: *[still looking down]*

You got that right.

Voice: *[off screen]*

But not tonight, Grundy.

Midorikawa rushes into frame in a blur; wielding a black steel chair.

CLANG-NG-NG

The chair reverberates off of Solomon's skull. His prone position gives MDK ideal access to the cerebellum; knocking

Grendel loopy. He slumps to his left and spills out on the cold tile floor with a thud.

MDK lays a few extraneous boots into the near unconscious Grendel for good measure or simply for his own twisted pleasure.

MDK: *[mocking]*

Solomon Grendel born on a ...

MDK tilts his head in confusion and raises his hand to his chin almost cartoonishly; pondering the mocking quip for a moment.

MDK:

Your name doesn't even fit the rhyme scheme!

MDK lays in another boot, presumably for Grendel's ancestor's ancient transgressions in surname assignment.

Petey: *[off screen]*

And another thing ...

Garrett steps just into frame and gets struck with the sight of MDK standing over his partner, dented steel chair in hand.

Petey:

You son of ...

Garrett charges MDK, who briefly holds the chair upside down like a matador before slipping out of the way at the last second. Garrett plows into a row of lockers. Luckily, leading with his shoulder, he nearly misses clocking himself. The blow, however, spins him around and he lands flat on his ass; back against the steel lockers.

CRACK/CLANG-NG-NG

MDK places the backrest of the steel chair against Garrets neck, effectively pinning him against the lockers. Petey struggles momentarily before accepting he's in a tight spot with no clear reprieve.

MDK:

Today is not your day. Another may be...

MDK lets up on the pressure for a split second. Garrett sees this as his moment and begins to make a move. MDK cuts him off and reapplies the pressure. The result causes the back of Garrett's head to tap the lockers and once again sound that reverberating ring through the locker room.

MDK:

... but this is not. Ready your man ... he has a match.

Petey: *[choking]*

I don't ... know who ... the fu-

MDK slowly and methodically leans into the base of the chair, applying even more pressure and cutting off Garrett's air supply and ability to finish his sentence. Solomon begins to stir as the familiar voice of Wyatt Bronson bellows from the hallway. As he enters, one of the two doors to the Men's locker room, he calls out much like a middle school gym teacher; wanting his presence known more than he wants to have to actually break up what is going on inside.

Wyatt:

Whats going on in there?!

Grendel sits up against the wall he fell toward but doesn't yet have the wherewithal to understand what has and is taking place.

MDK:

See you next week, Peter!

MDK drops the chair and splits. Exiting off camera and presumably through the second of two doors. Garrett instinctively grabs at his own throat as if it were the cure. Bronson approaches the Brutal Attack Force and enters the frame questioning their peculiar positioning.

Wyatt:

Do we have a problem, fellas?

Solomon: *[confused]*

What?

Petey: *[hoarse]*

No... Not at all. Just warming up.

Wyatt: *[skeptical]*

Alright. I think you're up next, Grendel. Look alive.

Garrett continues to rub his throat as Wyatt exits. Grendel is dumbfounded.

Petey: *[indignant]*

Sol, get it together, brother! We'll deal with this later. We have a point to prove tonight!

Garrett backslides up the lockers that previously fenced him into his chair related parallel with a growl.

Petey:

Come on, Sol. Come on!

Garrett heaves his partner from the floor; draping Grendel's arm over his shoulder and assisting him out of the locker room and toward the ring. The lights in the locker room begin to flicker and go dark just as they exit.

A familiar figure, instantly recognizable by two dull glowing red eyes, enters the frame. The red eyes grow in intensity slowly until each burst into the brightest luminance and deepest of hues, mimicking that of a barreling inferno unfettered by human or godly intervention.

As quickly as they appear they are extinguished and vanish in a blink. The fluorescent lights affixed to the ceiling flicker back on and slowly gain their full breadth of illumination. The locker room is completely empty aside from a dented steel chair and one of Solomon's boots.

Cut to commentary station.

DDK:

Was that Codename: Reaper!?

Angus: *[laughing]*

Who cares!? Did you see that, Keebs!? Murder Death Kill just knocked Solomon Grendel out of his BOOTS!

DDK:

Boot.

Angus:

What?!

DDK:

Boot. Singular. Anyhow, We have to wonder what Reaper's involvement in this may be.

Angus:

Clearly, he likes to watch.

DDK:

The fact remains Solomon Grendel has been brutally assaulted by the masked DEFIANCE new comer, Midorikawa, moments before he is to face Scott Douglas! The man that Midori attacked also attacked MAXIMUM DEFIANCE. What is his angle here, partner?

Angus:

Petey Garrett, had the nerve to snatch MY mic at DEFLIVE, so ... good for him! You want to try to shut up ol' Angus... I say Midori Sour leaving a bad taste in your mouth is fair play! Plus he's screwing with Kurt Nobrains, I might be coming around on this guy.

DDK:

This also raises the question; is Midorikawa working with Codename: Reaper? And WHO is the new target? Brutal Attack Force? Or perhaps their former trios partner, Curtis Penn.

SCOTT DOUGLAS VS. SOLOMAN GRENDEL

Angus:

Reaper has already proven he is crazy. And did you see UNCUT, Keebs? Kawasaki can't be all there. The two together would be nuttier than a...

DDK: *[interrupting]*

... as colorful as I'm sure that would have been, we're heading now to the ring for what I guess is still going to be Scott Douglas going up against Solomon Grendel? This hardly seems fair, Keebs.

♪ *"Baby Takes" by Green River* ♪

The sauntering grunge guitar kicks in and elicits what is becoming a growing reaction from *The Faithful*. The main beat drops in as "Sub Pop" Scott, Scott Douglas takes the stage from behind the curtain. His head down and his hair covering his face and nearly obscuring his "Sub Pop" graphic t shirt. As the verse kicks in Scott snaps his head up, flinging his hair back. He is either mouthing along to the lyrics or screaming inaudible nonsense to psych himself up. Darren Quimby makes his ring announcement as Scott travels the aisle way ping ponging back and forth from guardrail to guardrail; slapping hands with fans and acknowledging a modest sign or two. He stops at ringside for a second and looks around soaking it all in; while nodding his head along to the music.

Sliding into the ring, he pops to his feet and with an extra step or so he falls back against the far ropes throwing his taped hands in the air to a just a slightly bigger pop than before.

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

Solomon Grendel wanders out from behind the curtain looking unsure of where or when he is. Petey Garrett follows quickly behind and grabs Grendel just before he successfully steps off the stage and plummets to a second head wound.

Garrett leads Grendel down the ramp and toward the ring as Darren Quimby makes the latter's announcement. DDK reiterates, noting Grendel's nearly incapacitated state, his previous point regarding the validity of this match up. Garrett guides Grendel to the ring steps and he instinctively makes his way to the apron and into the ring.

Garrett follows and waves off referee Benny Doyle. Doyle turns to Douglas' corner and receives a questioning shrug and a motioning open palm. Garrett, with his partner in the corner, slaps him across the face in attempt to rally. Grendel shakes it off furiously and stares daggers into the face of Garrett. Garrett screams direction at his partner and reminds him at what is at stake. Garrett points to Douglas mid-rant and Grendel, having heard enough pushes Garrett to the side and charges at Doyle. Doyle ducks as Grendel reaches out for him; Douglas cuts Grendel off. Doyle, safely beyond Grendel's clutches and extremely frazzled, calls for the bell.

DING DING

The boot to the gut that Douglas used to stop Grendel from grabbing Doyle slumped him over and allowed Douglas to grab a front facelock milliseconds before swinging back and delivering a swift DDT.

Keebler's commentary continues to condemn this match and it's lack of validity, yet offers up that Douglas may not be privy to what had gone on before; given his entrance would have been roughly timed out with the attack. Angus dismisses such nonsense and insists Douglas, "Kawasaki" and Reaper must all be in cahoots. Garrett is losing his mind at ringside.

Douglas attempts to pull Grendel's nearly unconscious body up by his neck and gets nothing but dead weight. Douglas drops Grendel back to the mat and attempts again with a handful of hair. The sharp pain clearly brings Grendel back to life; a bit. Doyle steps in and warns Douglas about the hair with a big motion; grabbing his own hair and miming the yanking back of his own head. Douglas gives him a look that comes across just as big like, *"Really!?"* Doyle persists and Scott relents as Grendel is up on his feet; albeit wobbly.

Douglas reluctantly applies the front face lock, once again, on a man who he realizes now, was done before he came to the ring. Douglas hesitates to continue. Keebler picks up on this and makes note of it in his commentary; praising Douglas for what is clearly a crisis of conscious. Angus, in turn, dismisses such nonsense ... and paints Douglas in the light of being soft and unworthy of the DEFIANCE ring. With a lot of colorful words to describe such.

Douglas painstakingly flops Grendel's half dead arm over the back of Douglas' neck and reaches down for the knee. Keebler, calls for the probable Sub Pop suplex; most recently delivered to Sub Pop, himself. Garrett jumps up on the ring apron and Doyle approaches to argue him off. Douglas drops Grendel; who flops to the matt like a sack of potatoes. Douglas stops Doyle before he can make it Garrett. Douglas and Garrett argue with nothing but the ropes separating them. Garrett screaming of unfair this and unfair that.

Garrett throws a punch, Angus loves it. Douglas blocks it with a forearm, Angus disapproves. Douglas returns fire and sends Garrett off the apron and down to the floor. Douglas, shaking his head, turns back to Grendel, who hasn't moved more than an inch during that back and forth. Douglas looks to Doyle, shrugging his shoulders and motioning again. Doyle returns the shrug. Douglas says something inaudible to Doyle and holds out his fist and flicks individual fingers consecutively, motioning for a count.

Doyle begins and finishes the count as Douglas leans back in the corner clearly disappointed with the match and the outcome. Doyle calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

Darren Quimbey:

And the winner of this match by way of a technical knock out, "Sub Pop SCOTT!" Scott DOUUUUGLLAAAAAASS!

DDK:

Well, there you have it, partner. Scott Douglas takes a tick in the win column but I don't think he is too happy about it.

Angus:

He's ecstatic, Keebs. It's clowns like these that love taking advantage of BRAZEN talent. You heard the boys before, he just jumped right over the whole development process. Gazed at the lights for Bronson Box and boom ... main roster!

DDK:

I'm not sure that is quite how that happened, 'Gus.

Angus:

Hey, I don't care what you saw or heard. THAT IS NOT A THING!

DDK:

It looks like Douglas has company, partner.

Angus:

Douglas, hell! This freak is right here by us!

Midorikawa has meandered his way out onto stage mockingly making an attempt to start a slow clap. His presence certainly garners surprise from The Faithful, but not participation.

DDK:

In order of proximity, yes, I assume we have company AND Douglas is staring down the barrel of the man who left him nearly concussed at DEFMAX! Not to mention, tainted his victory here tonight!

MDK continues his clap and starts to speed it up as he makes it parallel with the commentation station. Douglas slings himself up and off of the turnbuckle he was leaning against and approaches the far ropes; facing the stage and rampway.

Angus:

See, I told you these two are in cahoots! The Reapster is trying to stop them like he tried to stop Perfection. I mean he didn't... but he GORRAM tried!

MDK continues clapping; clearly mocking Douglas. Douglas appears confused overall but has put together what has gone on tonight. He stands on the bottom rope and extends his arm; motioning for MDK to come down to the ring.

DDK:

This whole debacle is based around the actions of that man, right there! Midorikawa took out a brutal attack ...

Angus: *[interrupting]*

... force.

DDK: *[ignoring]*

... on these two men not five minutes before this bout!

Angus:

What goes around... comes around, Keebs!

DDK:

Will you make up your mind ... wait, what the hell!?

The lights dim and then spike before dropping out completely. Much like before in the Wrestleplex locker room. The camera previously focused on MDK; now shows nothing but darkness.

Darkness ... AND two glowing red eyes. The right eye seems to rise on a plane as if the head they are attached to has cocked it's neck to the side. Creepy. The two lone red glowing orbs in the darkness snatch back to a center line and instantly ignite with a deep burn that of which can only be compared to the fires in the pits of hades. The eyes loom closure to camera just before...

The lights snap back on in an instant and MDK stands alone on the stage just as he had before. Douglas remains in the ring; more confused as ever. The BRAZEN duo known as the Brutal Attack Force have vanished from both ring and ringside. The camera maintains focus on Douglas and the ring area while Douglas and Doyle are both completely dumbfounded.

DDK:

What in the blue ...

Angus:

DO NOT ... say BLAZES!

The camera cuts back to the stage and now MDK has vanished as well. Just slightly in frame with the shot; Angus and DDK can be seen whipping their heads from the monitors to the adjacent stage area in disbelief.

DDK:

Now, where the hell did he go!?

Angus:

I'm telling you, Keebs; they are ALL in cahoots! All ...

Angus can be heard mumbling numbers as if he is counting on his fingers.

Angus:

... FIVE of them are in cahoots! You know what and DOYLE makes SIX!

DDK:

I mean, honestly Angus.

Angus:

Honesty, doesn't have a thing to do with it! In a DEFIANT world where Shields is conspiring with Perfection and Doyle is limping like a broken janitor backstage at a HUGE event like DEFMAX ... who's to say they all aren't crooked!?

DDK:

Ladies and Gentlemen, I can not corroborate any of the statements made by Angus Skaaland, here tonight ... but what I can tell you ... all these questions could be answered RIGHT HERE next week on DEFtv, YET in the meantime, we have to move on to more DEFIANT action!

FANNY

We're in the backstage area again. A nondescript corridor, this time. Andy Murray - a man who should probably at home licking his wounds - is onscreen for the first time tonight, and he's conversing with a member of the DEF crew.

Andy Murray:

... still hurts, mate. Probably shouldn't be getting in the ring for another few weeks, but them's the breaks. I can't stay away when my brother and Jase are wrestling, though.

The King pushes his hands into his lower back -- the region damaged at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE by Bronson Box's extended Boston Massacre. He's dressed in casual greyscales tonight, and none of that fancy shit either: just a grey tee and black jeans.

Crew Member:

What happened there anyway? We all thought you had him, backstage...

Andy Murray:

Got my arse kicked.

He cracks a tired smile.

Andy Murray:

That's what happened.

The crew guy laughs. Andy taps him on the shoulder.

Andy Murray:

I oughta be going, lad: wanna catch Jason's match from gorilla. Have a goo--

Crew Member:

Ugh..this sell out.

As he says that enters into the picture first Mark Shields who stands next to a readied Perfection for his tag team match tonight. He's completely ignoring Andy as James jams his finger into the crew members chest.

Perfection:

Maybe you didn't hear but Mark has done nothing wrong. Period. He's cleared of any wrong doing, he's just...incompetent...I see that's common around here.

Witherhold's eyes shift to sizing up Andy Murray before he takes his finger off the crew member and roughly pats off the area. That sleazy disgusting smile on his stupid fucking face like he just got away with murder

Perfection:

Like foreigners bragging about getting their ass handed to them. God...I can't imagine living in my younger brother's shadow. Benefits of being an only child, Mark.

Shields nods almost like a trained dog.

Andy Murray:

That's cute, mate.

The King glances towards the crew member, who takes his cue to leave.

Andy Murray:

You enjoy putting your hands on crew members, Jimbo? Does it make you feel important? I guess I shouldn't be

surprised, given your reputation.

He shakes his head.

Andy Murray:

I won't get drawn into a mudslinging contest with you, lad. That's a waste of time. I'll tell you one thing, though: you met my younger brother in Utah, right? Big difference between the two of us. Piss him off, and he'll ask you for a match, an opportunity to settle the score. Piss me off? I'll carry you to the ring and we'll sort it out there and then. Got it?

Perfection's lips pucker as he turns his head over to Shields nodding sarcastically. He turns it back towards Murray a smile growing enough to show those beautiful white teeth.

Perfection:

Reputation...I love that. The only reason they signed me was because of my...reputation. The only reason you know my name is because of, you guessed it, my rep..u...tation. And the only reason why you are here, Andy, is because of your brothers, reputation. The King is second only to The Squid. How fitting.

Perfection raises his finger up seeing that he may have gotten slightly under Murray's skin who has taken a step closer.

Perfection:

Ah! Careful. Wouldn't want to do anything rash in front of one of our upstanding DEFIANCE officials, now would we?

Andy waits a few moments before responding. He knows exactly what Perfection's trying to do, so he plays it cautiously.

Andy Murray:

Actually, lad, I know who you are because believe it or not, I've actually been in and around this business for two and a half decades. I pay attention. I've got my finger on the pulse. You're a jackass, but you're somebody, and I can almost respect that...

A wry smile.

Andy Murray:

But I also know that everything you've accomplished in this business came through lying, cheating, and stealing, and it's already seeping into your DEFIANCE gameplan. Right, Mark?

He glances over towards the referee, who quickly looks to the floor.

Perfection:

And in the two and a half decades you've been around you'll never accomplish what I have done. Call it how you want, but even your brother had a moment of judgement when we spoke in Utah. An epiphany of truth. Mark see's it. Most of those ungrateful scum in the audience see it. That I am, without a doubt, the BIGGEST threat in this company!

James slicks his hair back as he smiles.

Perfection:

Because I AM influence. Something you lack, Andy.

Perfection jousts a little towards The King, who puts a fist up but doesn't strike.

Perfection:

See, Mark. All talk, no action. Now, if you'll excuse me, The Most Honest Referee in DEFIANCE and I have a match to attend.

With that, Perfection and Mark Shields take their leave. Andy Murray watches then for a few moments, before letting-out a short snort-laugh. He shakes his head, smiling.

Andy Murray:

Fanny.

Cut.

DOC: JASON NATAS (C) VS. HARRY ROSE

Cut back to Angus and Keebs.

DDK:

Welcome back to ringside folks, we're about to witness some DOC acti--

Angus:

Oh shit, it's HOSSITE O'CLOCK already?!

DDK:

Indeed it is.

Angus:

YAAAAAASSSSSSSS!

Darren flashes his broadcast partner an uncomfortable look as he bashes both fists into the announce table.

DDK:

It was announced last week that in the absence of DOC-worthy competitors on the DEFIANCE roster, Jason Natas would defend his strap against a line-up of BRAZEN's biggest and nastiest. It starts tonight with a gentleman by the name of Harry Rose...

Angus:

This ain't no "gentleman," Keebs, lemmetellya...

DDK:

As BRAZEN's head honcho, what can you tell us about Mr. Rose?

Angus:

He's a nasty, nasty bastard. Not the most refined in the ring, but a real scrapper with a mile-wide meanstreak. Natas might be one of the best brawlers in the business, but this guy's right behind him. Don't expect him to come out alone either: he rolls with two other limey pricks, and together they call themselves The Guns of Brixton.

DDK:

Well that's quite the introduction, let's take it away...

♪ "London is the Reason" by Gallows ♪

A nasty blast of sharp, angular British punk rock rips through the DEFarena's speakers, and out come the Guns. There are two of them tonight: on the left, dressed casually, is the group's leader Nigel King, and to his right is Harry Rose. The Brixton Butcher is decked-out in a greyscale Union Jack singlet, and wears the expression of a man not to be fucked with. He and King walk down the ramp, mouthing off to a few fans en route.

DDK:

They look friendly...

Angus:

Heh. Get ready to hear more see-you-next-Tuesdays than you can deal with: Rose is quite the expressive wrestler...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from London, England, he stands at 6'2", and weighs-in at 240lbs... HARRRRRRYYYY RRRRRROOOOOSSSSEEEEEEE!

♪ "No Chance" by Unsane ♪

That thick, nasty guitar riff kicks in, and The Faithful go predictably nuts. Jason Natas, DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion, throws the curtain aside but stops at the top of the ramp, raising a single arm in the air. He's soon on his way down the ramp, bumping fists as he goes.

Angus:

There's my guy!

DDK:

A few months ago, this man was on one of the most miserable losing streaks in DEFIANCE history. Now? He's the Onslaught Champion, and he's currently on the biggest winning streak in the company: five in a row.

Darren Quimbey:

Aaand his opponent! He is the reigning, defending DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion, from South Bronx, New York, he stands at 6'4" and weighs-in at 270lbs... JAAAASSSSOONNNNNNNNN
NNNNAAAAAATTTTTTTAAAAAASSSSSSSS!

Natas climbs in the ring and throws his sleeveless leathers aside, immediately getting in Harry Rose's face. The Englishman responds with a two-handed shove to the chest.

Harry Rose:

I'll open you up, cunt!

Angus:

Heh, see what I mean?

Brian Slater gets between the two before a fight breaks out. Natas unfastens his championship and hands it to DEFIANCE's biggest, baddest referee, before taking to his corner.

The bell rings, and as per goddamn usual, Natas sprints right at his opponent and throws a running elbow. Rose responds, and they both go at it with a brutally stiff elbow exchange close to Rose's corner. Natas gets the upperhand, sends Rose to the ropes, and drills him with a scoop Powerslam, but the big bastard pops back to his feet almost instantly.

Angered, Natas tees-off again, but Rose responds in turn. He sends Natas to the ropes this time, Powerslams him down, and the champion pops right back up to return the favour!

Neither man wants to give the other the satisfaction of showing the other just how much their offence hurts. They tee-off with a chop exchange in the middle of the ring. Natas gets the upperhand with three unanswered, and a forth sends Rose backwards, then to his knees. Jason comes in with one of the savage throat chops he crushed FDJ's esophagus with at MAXIMUM DEFIANCE, and Rose falls back.

The Anti-Superstar grunts at him to get up. Harry gets there, then eats a couple of straight headbutts. Natas stiffes a body kick, but Rose fires up and crashes Natas with an unprotected headbutt of his own! The two trade forearms, with Rose getting the upper hand, then following-up with a couple of corner clotheslines! Going to the second rope, Rose goes for a ten punch but Natas pushes him off at five, then slaps him in the face as he comes down.

DDK:

Well, this is mean-spirited...

Angus:

Don't you just love this division, Keebs?!

Another exchange of blows in the middle. Rose gets the upperhand, then pulls Natas in for a bridging Northern Lights Suplex!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Both men recover. Rose clobbers Natas as he rises, but he comes through it. Jason voluntary eats Rose's forearms but comes forward like a zombie, then smashes him with a leaping clothesline. Natas collapses, but gets up a few moments later, then puts Rose's head between his thighs, turns around, and hits a big Powerbomb!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Natas is in control, but needs to recharge the batteries. Rose is stirring by the time Jason gets up, so The Bronx Bully pulls him up but gets stunned by an eye gouge! Rose drills Natas with a DDT, buying some time.

Once recovered, Rose climbs up and pulls Natas with him. Jason breaks free, but his forearm is ducked, and Rose skips behind for a German Suplex!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Harry Rose is enjoying himself, flashing a wicked grin as his partner, Nigel King, pounds the mat. He pulls Natas up and props him backwards on the top rope, going for a belly-to-back suplex! Natas goes out with some elbows, however, and Rose falls backwards! Hung on the ropes, Rose dangles as Natas turns, but bridges himself back up! He hops down on his own accord, blasts Natas with a European Uppercut, then tosses him from the top rope to the mat!

Angus:

Damn, this Rose is even tougher than I thought! He's taking it to Natas!

DDK:

Nobody can afford to take these top BRAZEN guys lightly, Angus! Just because they're not on DEFTv every week doesn't mean they can't hold their own.

Angus:

No doubt!

Natas gets up, but Rose belts him with a clothesline. Natas stays standing! Another clothesline, and Jason still won't go down! A wobbly Natas tries a body kick, but Rose catches his boot and swings another clothesline! Natas ducks! Skips behind! German Suplex!

Rose pops right back up! Natas says "fuck this" and drills him with a Foehammer!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Natas is in full sprint mode now. He hauls Rose all the way up and cracks him under the jaw with a headbut. A running yakuza kick sends Rose to the mat, before Natas charges across with a sliding clothesline!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Looking for a Brainbuster, Natas pulls him up and applies the front facelock. Rose blocks it, however, and gets out... only to eat a big right elbow! Natas throws another, but Rose ducks, seizes the swinging arm, then the other... bridging Dragon Suplex!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE- NO! KICKOUT!

Angus:

My god, this pace!

Both men are wobbly as hell. The rise at roughly the same time, and start trading blows from their knees. As the crowd go wild, Natas and Rose rise up and continue throwing mad elbows into each others faces. Natas breaks it with a headbutt, but Rose fires back with one of his own! Rose hits a clubbing overhand right, then another, and Natas goes down!

ONE!

NO! KICKOUT!

Like a man with 99 lives, Natas powers to his feet, screaming loudly in Harry Rose's face! He pushes his forehead into Rose's, takes a couple of forearms, then blocks a third and smashes him with an elbow! Another! Another! Rose is wobbling, so Natas digs his heels in and throws a brutal short-range Lariat!

DDK:

South Bronx Lariat! That's his finisher!

... Nats doesn't go for the cover, though. He quickly pulls Rose back up, then...

DDK:

Damn, ANOTHER South Bronx Lariat!

Finally, Jason goes for it.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner... and STILL DEFIANCE Onslaught champion... JASSSSSSOONNNNNNNNNNN
NNNNNNNAAAAAATTTTTTTAAAAASSSSSSSSSS!

Brian Slater hands Jason Natas the belt. The champion cranes his neck a couple of times, then puts a hand to the back of his head, before shaking the official away and hoisting the belt high.

DDK:

These two fought at one hell of a pace, but Natas walks away victorious! A brutal, hard-hitting encounter...

Angus:

This BRAZEN series is gonna be lit, Keebs. I can't wait...

DDK:

... it's gonna be what?

Angus:

You heard me.

DDK:

Either way, it's another successful defence for Natas, but a great showing from Rose! Let's head elsewhere...

SHINY

The scene opens up inside the vibrant Sports Entertainment Guild's locker room. The Pop Culture Phenoms, dressed in their ring attire, are ready for action. In preparation for the main event, The D can be seen doing some stretching while Elise holds her Tag Title up in front of her, checking out her reflection.

The D:

Can't believe this is the first time we get to main event.

Elise Ares:

I know, took DEFIANCE long enough...

At that moment, Mikey Unlikely, sporting designer jeans and a button up shirt. His Hollywood Heritage Title rests over his shoulder. As well as Kendrix, wearing his Drake t-shirt and red chinos arrive into shot. JFK removes his customary bug eye shades and holds them out wide by his side.

Kendrix:

Sorry we're late bruv. Busy making a call to the stripp...

Mikey Unlikely:

Uh, about the STIPulation in our contracts meaning we had to do promo work for DEFIANCE.

Mikey slaps the back of his hand against Kendrix's chest, widening his eyes at him. JFK looks from left to right before knowingly acknowledging the group once more.

Kendrix:

Uh, Yeah...that's where we were. But anyway, there was no way we were going to miss PCP's match tonight, OBVS!

Elise:

TOTALLY OBVIOUSLY!

Elise and The D high five each other as Mikey and JFK look at each other confused at the incorrect response before shaking it off.

Mikey Unlikely:

He's right. Even though the Hollywood Bruvs had a deserved night off due to having carried this company on our backs for so long, there was no way we were going to miss seeing PCP sports entertain the hell out of the Wrestleplex tonight!

The D:

You guys are the best! To be honest, you haven't missed much so far. I mean, it's pretty much just been people wrestling each other all night? Who even wants to see that?!

Elise throws her hand down dismissively as Mikey scrunches his face up, not impressed with what they've heard.

Kendrix:

Pfft, that's so twenty fifteen. But luckily, DEFIANCE finally understand that their onto a good thing and know how to build up their fans' anticipation levels. They are literally salivating out there like the dirty animals they are, waiting for SEG to entertain the shit out of them!

Mikey Unlikely:

Obvs!

Kendrix goes for the return but he's cut off.

The D & Elise:

TOTES OBVSIES!

PCP fist bump, again super pleased with getting in on the obvs banter. However, Mikey steps in, a focussed look in his eyes.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now listen up guys. Me and Jesse want you both to know that, even though we know you're going to tear the roof off this place tonight, you have to know that Perfection and that no good under the bed hiding weirdo, Codename Reaper Dude, are slippery customers. So luckily for you, you have THE HOLLYWOOD BRUVS standing in your corner tonight!

Kendrix:

Listen yeah?! No one wants a fair main event more than SEG. It's like one of our commandments!

The D opens up his locker and removes a laminated piece of paper before reading it.

The D:

Oh, yeah it's like, commandment number 3, right behind Always Sports Entertain and fleecing our merch for shockingly high prices to dummies!

Unlikely gathers everyone around in a group huddle.

Mikey Unlikely:

Let's do this guys, PCP for the win bae bae!!!

Elise breaks up the huddle, raising her title in the air.

Elise:

BELT CLINK!!!

PCP and Mikey proudly and obnoxiously clink the DEFIANCE Tag Team titles and Soher title together.

Elise:

They're so shiny!

However, while PCP reflect over the shinyness of their gold, Mikey realises that his bestest bruv in the whole world isn't exactly looking happy right now.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oh, uh...

The D:

Hey don't feel bad K-Cup...I think we've still got the paper mache tag titles somewhere. If not, I'm sure we can get Klein to make you one.

Kendrix, taking offence to The D's well meaning but somewhat misplaced gesture, makes towards him ready to lash out but Mikey steps in between the two, holding Kendrix back while pointing at The D.

Mikey Unlikely:

HEY, YOU DON'T SAY THAT! JFK is too good for paper mache titles!

The D holds his hands out flat, apologetically at the bruv. Elise, managing to pull herself away from her own reflection for a moment, drapes her title over her shoulder.

Elise:

Hey, K-Sugar, you're obsvies too good for paper mache titles. Why don't you go take the DOC title from Natas. He's making that whole division totally un sports entertaining!

The D:

Yeah, he just used his finishing move on some Brazen wannabe...twice! I mean, who the hell does that? It's a complete lack of variation. Complete snorefest! You can totally be the most Sports Entertaining DOC champion of all time...isn't it?!

The D and Elise high five each other, chuffed at using another JFK quip. However, Kendrix rolls his eyes and puffs his cheeks out, clearly not impressed at the incorrect imitation.

Kendrix:

Mikey, let's get the hell out of here right now, before JFK does something to these two he probably won't regret.

As Kendrix leaves, Mikey turns to a confused looking PCP.

Mikey Unlikely:

Now look what you've done! Just focus up on your match tonight. I'll go smooth things over with K-Cu, I mean, Jesse...and we'll see you out there. Don't fuck this up guys, you're not in the S.E.G. to make me look bad!

PCP are left in the locker room looking perplexed at each other.

Elise:

Awww, poor K-Cup.

Scene fades out.

THE PATH

Scene opens up backstage with Terry 'The Idol' Anderson storming through the back hallways of the Wrestle-Plex, it's obvious he is looking for someone. More than likely Code Name: Reaper. Looking exhausted and spent as he turns a corner heading for what looks to be the usual locker area where Reaper has called home the past few months here at DEFIANCE. Approaching the door with the camera man behind him, he opens the door without knocking.

Terry:[speaking while entering]

I have to ask... what in the world are you doing?

Camera switches to Code Name: Reaper who turns to look at the entrance of his ever present friend. If that's what you would call him.

Reaper:[voice modification in full effect]

What are you referring to, Terry?

Terry:

I'm not blind, neither is the crowd. You've shown up twice already tonight.... Please tell me you are not setting your focus on him?

Reaper:

What business is it of yours on who I selected for my target?

Terry:[frustrated]

You have a main event match tonight, which to be honest I am not even sure how you got thrown into that thing, but you should be focusing on that, instead you are doing...

Reaper:

EXACTLY WHAT I SHOULD BE DOING TERRY. Focusing....

The anger and rise in his modified voice, causes Terry to take a step back wiping the sweat from his forehead.

Terry:

You are going down the wrong path on this one, he wouldn't approve of this. Especially knowing how much he means to the people involved in all of this.

Reaper:

Don't tell me what he would approve. This is not about him, he can focus on the likes of Impulse all day long. Regardless of his claims at that counterfeit he is not my focus and WILL NOT BE. I am going to seek the root cause of the problem. The very reason while Perfection is still able to walk to the ring each night. Someone that should have stopped him from the very beginning.

Terry:

Are you going to be able to compose yourself tonight? You have to partner with that very man you despise tonight, not to mention it shows that Mark Shields is slated to be the referee.

Reaper:

Both men in the same place at the same time. Looks like the path I have set has already granted me something I want.

Terry:

Being in a main event like this means something, you can't just go out there and not compete, or destroy your own tag team partner. Don't do something to get yourself fired either, Mark Shields is a ref.

Reaper:

Not tonight....

With that Reaper's eyes grow a bright flashing red as he approaches the camera quickly and storms out of the locker room. Leaving Terry behind with a confused expression on his face. As the camera starts to leave behind him, shuffling can be heard within the locker room as footsteps approach, the camera goes dark but the audio is still live for a few more seconds.

Terry:

So was it you or her that was making those.....

Audio cuts out.

PERFECTION & CODENAME: REAPER VS. POP CULTURE PHENOMS

DDK:

Angus, who exactly was Terry talking to? The locker room looked empty to me.

Angus:

Do you not pay attention? He was standing right there next to the crazy Reaper guy.

DDK:

Who was?

Angus:

Terry was.

DDK:

So he was talking to himself. Okay, well folks now we have the main event in which we will see The Pop Culture Phenoms take on Code Name: Reaper and Perf...

Angus:

Trashbag! I hope this Reaper guy completely annihilates everyone in that ring tonight. This is going to be the best 3 on 1 match I have ever seen!

DDK:

It's not a 3 on 1 match, Angus it's a tag team match, Perfection and Code Name: Reaper are going to have to work together if they want the victory.

Lights go out in the Wrestle-Plex.

Angus:

He's here!!

No music comes on, but the fans are all lighting up the arena with camera flashes and cell phones. Two red orbs appear from the rafters, and float down at an inhuman speed to the ring.

DDK:

So that is Code Name: Reaper?

Lights come back on and Code Name: Reaper is in the ring. Mark Shields, who was already present in the ring, quickly makes his exit to the outside as Reaper gives him a fearsome stare down.

♪"Perfect Gentleman" by Helloween♪

Angus:

Why Kelly Evans would assign this douche as Reapers tag partner is baffling! He screwed him out of the pay-per-view, you KNOW he's close with those fucking morons SEG, and Mark Shields?!

DDK:

Well the way that Reaper hasn't kept his gaze off Shields I can expect him to call this fairly. Especially after scraping by that internal investigation.

Perfection takes his sweet time down the ramp way as he nears the ring and looks over at Reaper and telling him to stay in the ring. James walks up the rings steps before slicking his hair back and takes his position at the apron. He motions Shields over to him as they begin to have a secret pow-wow in Reaper and Perfection's corner.

Angus:

Already trying to corrupt Shields again I see!

♪ "Live For The Night" by Krewella ♪

Angus:

Dammit.

DDK:

Here come the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions, like them or hate them... probably hate them, I can't imagine why you'd like them, they still somehow have the championships. You have to go into every match against this group expecting large amounts of shenanigans. They'll do anything to win a match.

Angus:

And there goes half of the arena!

A noticeable number of people get up and begin to leave the arena as Elise Ares leads the Pop Culture Phenoms out towards the ring. She walks out with her half of the Tag Team Championships raised above her head and then her arms drop as she watches people leave. You can see her lips mouth "What the hell?!" as The D walks out behind her, also watching people file out of the arena. Klein is holding up a cardboard sign that says "We Love You!" As the D notices people exiting, he grabs the sign out of Klein's hand and takes a sharpie, writing the word "Don't" between we & love. Behind them Mikey Unlikely and Kendrix walk out, not paying any attention but instead focused on their phones. The D grabs Elise by her shoulder and pulls her towards the ring.

Angus:

These people came here to behold greatness and know they're not going to see it from the Pop Culture Phenoms here tonight.

DDK:

Certainly they're sending a loud and clear message to the Sports Entertainment Guild.

Klein tosses the sign aside and tries to keep up with PCP who are now at the ring, but halfway down the aisle Kendrix and Mikey are showing each other something on their phones and he can't get around them. Meanwhile Elise lays down across the apron facing the crowd posing with her title while the camera pans out to get a shot of The D on the second rope above her holding the championship over his head with one arm.

Camera's shifts focus to inside the ring as PCP see Perfection across the ring and point at him. They look almost excited as they make a slow walk over while telling Shields to keep Reaper back. PCP safely makes passage to the corner and fist bump with Perfection as Codename Reaper shakes his head in frustration.

To the displeasure of Angus, Mikey and Kendrix have finally reached ringside and pass the same apron Witherhold is standing on and fist bump him as well, just adding to the anger presumably rising up inside of Reaper. The Bruvs continue their journey to the timekeeper area with Klein still behind them who also goes to fist bump Perfection only to be stiffed and left hanging. The Hollywood Bruvs both grab chairs and set them up next to the timekeeper, primo seats.

With all four participants in the main event in the ring and getting ready for the match, Mark Shields steps back away from Perfection's corner and to the center to provide instructions to the teams. He approaches PCP and they nod their heads in understanding. A few moments go by and he turns to face Code Name: Reaper who is in the ring and Perfection who has turned his attention away and has begun having an argument with the fans.

As Shields gets within a few feet of Reaper, with expressed instructions for just him, Reaper nails Mark Shields with The Guillotine. The crowd erupts in cheers, Perfection turns around to look in the ring and his jaw drops. The Pop Culture Phenoms, take that as a cue to exit the ring. Code Name: Reaper approaches the fallen Mark Shields and his

lights glow a fearsome bright red.

PCP calls a huddle outside the ring and all of them are gathered arm over head as they are discussing what to do.

DDK:

What do you think are they talking about?

Angus:

Nobody cares. I'd be leaving too if not for Reaper.

They all seem to nod in agreement and call a break, The D, hops on the ring apron and steps through the ropes while Elise climbs the steps and assumes her position as the tag partner near the buckle. Klein rips off his cover shirt to reveal a referee shirt underneath and slides into the ring.

He approaches Reaper and Perfection giving them additional instructions, Perfection is looking confused still and Reaper is just staring at the fallen body of Mark Shields, who is still knocked out cold. Klein takes Reaper's silence as acknowledgement of a yes and walks over to signal the timekeeper to ring the bell. At first they decline but are forced to when Mikey Unlikely grabs the timekeepers hand and pulls down the bell pull sounding the start of the match. The D walks to the center of the ring and yells something to Reaper, which bring his attention to him.

Angus goes on to criticize what's going on, while at the same time can not stop laughing that Mark Shields got knocked out. Reaper and The D hook up in the middle of the ring and Reaper takes the quick upper hand by sending him flying into an opposite corner. He charges him and connects with a flying body press that crumples The D in the corner. As Klein circles the action he trips over Mark Shields fallen body and realizes that he is still in the ring.

DDK tries to stay focused on the match but keeps getting interrupted by Angus who is still furious over the timekeeper starting this match with Klein acting as ref. His frustrations escalate when Reaper has The D pinned in the corner and laying boots to him, and Klein comes over to separate them calling for a break! He points to the fallen body of Mark Shields and advises he needs to be removed from the ring.

Code Name: Reaper takes immediate action and begins walking towards Shields, Klein gets in front of him and advises to back off. He points to Perfection and Elise and they come in the ring and gather Shields up, and get him safely out of the ring.

Camera then focuses on the ramp way as Carla Ferrari comes running out, she slides into the ring and starts talking to Klein. Who gets extremely upset when she tells him he has to leave the ring. Angus is happy with this change and goes on to say that the PCP should be DQ'd for letting their manager try to act like the referee. Carla tries to get some sense of what's going on as she instructs Elise and Perfection to get back to their respective corners. The D has had a few moments to catch his breath so when Carla times the match back in and the timekeeper freely rings the bell, he quickly gets the advantage on Reaper.

After launching a volley of kicks and punches to the torso and face of Reaper, The D uses the ropes as a springboard to nail him with a fantastic tornado DDT, it gets Elise and Klein on the outside really pumped. When The D makes the cover, Perfection uses his wits and pulls Reaper's leg off the ropes. Reaper notices and quickly kicks out before Carla can hit the three count.

Perfection and Elise exchange some words from across the ring, as The D pulls Reaper back up after working on his head a little bit on the way up. Hooking him for a suplex, The D nails it perfectly but looks down and somewhat confused at Reaper. Angus makes a comment about how easy that looked considering what looks to be a decent height and weight difference. Brushing it off he picks Reaper up and drags him to his corner.

Elise gets the tag uses the ropes and springboard dropkicks Reaper, quickly gets up and poses for the crowd which enrages Angus even further. The moment of distraction, helps for Reaper as he gets up to one knee, with Elise still posing to the crowd, he charges her, but she ducks his running clothesline. Reaper catches himself on his own corner ropes as he turns to face Elise. When he does Perfection, slaps his back, technically tagging himself in.

Carla signals the tag and Reaper's eyes flare up as he stares at Perfection entering the ring. Elise sizes up Perfection as he enters the ring and the two of them circle each other in the middle of the ring. A few moments go by and they are still circling each other. Angus throws a fit about knowing 'this shit' was going to happen and the crowd lays into the ring with a chorus of boos.

Finally, they stop circling each other and Perfection goes in for a grapple. He uses his advantage in size and strength to push Elise against the ropes, when he does Carla starts the five count to break up the grapple against the ropes. At the four, he releases the grapple, they separate. Elise immediately charges while turning her body to the side and gets a headlock set on Perfection, she wrenches it as hard as she can and points to the crowd yelling 'this is what you want to see right?!'

Elise turns the headlock into a quick takeover and holds it for a pin, we can tell that Perfection is just laying there with zero effort to get any shoulder up. Carla goes down for the count. 1....2.... break up by Reaper who sends a stomp down on Elise! Ferretti is fast to get up and yell at Reaper to get back in his corner. Elise keeps the headlock gripped and works her way back to her feet before launching another undefended takeover and holding it for a pin.

1....2....another break up by Reaper this time by only a few milliseconds and it has Angus rearing. Carla again sends Reaper back to his corner as he is arguing that Perfection is trying to throw the match. Elise drops the headlock and scrambles to her feet as does Witherhold. James grabs the top rope as he walks around the ring. He reaches near Reaper and decides to stop and take a step back before turning towards Elise.

Perfection charges in grabs around Elise's waist and slips his head through before transitioning to a belly to back takedown. Popping back to his knees he cuts Elise loose so they are back on their feet before starting to circle again with the crowd booing again. This time Perfection goes in with a tie-up but as Elsie gets her arms up he ducks under and puts her in a full nelson while guiding her over to PCP's corner.

DDK is trying to call it as fair as he can but is being ripped to shreds by Angus after Perfection whips Elise's body essentially using her hand to tag in The D and letting go of the full nelson. As D enters him and Perfection fist bump again before circling. Surprisingly as James crosses his corner Reaper slaps his back, Carla see's it and begins to count Witherhold out, furious James gets out while shoulder brushing Reaper on his exit.

Without hesitation Reaper charges D with a shoulder block that sends him to the ground and follows up quickly with an elbow drop. The crowd is beginning to rally behind Reaper as he lifts The D up while also delivering some solid knees to his chest. Code Name takes a step back and goes for a wild clothesline but D ducks under it. The D turns around....Guillotine! Reaper quickly goes for a pin.

1....2....this time the pin is broken up by Elise and Perfection. Elise with a boot to the back of Reaper's head and Perfection with a kick to the face when he's coming up. Carla is confused at what has just happened and is yelling at both to get back to their corners. The D shakes the webs out during the chaos and scrambles back to PCP's corner tagging in Elise who runs at a kneeling Reaper....enziguri! Elise gets back up to her feet and smiles wide for the crowd...STOMP STOMP STOMP STOMP! Mikey and Kendrix begin to cheer as she walks back to PCP's corner and tags in her partner who's still woozy but can still break out a...STOMP STOMP STOMP!

D stumble back over to the corner to tag in Elise but as he is doing that the cameras cut to Reaper who has rolled towards his corner to tag in Perfection who's nowhere to be found. In fact, he's walking towards the rampway. Reaper's eyes are burning red as he rolls out of the ring and kneels next to the skirt lifting it up and searching under it.

Angus is praising what he is expecting will occur. Reaper comes out with a chair as Carla has the count out to three now. He charges up the ramp to an unexpected Perfection who turns around confused by the noise behind him...CRACK!

The Wrestle-Plex explodes in cheers as Carla signals for the bell. Reaper doesn't stop with one, he goes for another shot while in the background we can see Seg rushing towards the area. It takes up to the fourth chair shot on a covered up Perfection for them to jump Reaper and begin laying into him. It's not long before DEFsec begins to rush

down the rampway to break up the chaos.