

THE RUNDOWN

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



♪ "Eat the Rich" - Motorhead ♪

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.

We see several signs - **"FRY THAT SQUID"** and **"INNIT, BRUV?"** show a bit of a shift in loyalties, though plenty of signs also fall in the realm of **"CURTIS PENN = MAXIMUM ANNOYANCE"** and **"S.E.G. - D.I.E."** and whatnot.

DDK:

It is GROUND ZERO for the DEFIANT Faithful, and we are just weeks away from Acts of Defiance, where the FIST of Defiance will be decided, as Lindsay Troy will defend against the winner of the DEF*MAX Tournament, Curtis Penn!

Angus:

Incorrect, Keebs - we're gonna see Lindsay Troy shove a big metal FIST up Curtis Penn's ass!

DDK:

That's... really gross.

Angus:

Just trying to prepare myself for our first match tonight.

MIKEY UNLIKELY Â© vs. IMPULSE

♪"Blunt Blowin" - Lil' Wayne♪

Angus:

Aaaaahhhhhh... better than a prune juice enema.

DDK:

With that disturbing image in our head, let's welcome the Southern Heritage champion to the Wrestle-plex for this title defense!

They certainly are making noise for Mikey - but they're booing and chanting some fairly unpleasant things. You can guess.

Angus:

This is it, Keebs - this is where this awful fucking year can make it up to everyone. This little idiot loses the SoHER, it makes up for everything that's happened up 'till now.

DDK:

Really? Presidential election, David Bowie, Leonard Cohen, Carol Brady... Mikey Unlikely losing a title trumps it?

Angus:

...Well it's a start!

Mikey enters the ring, soaking in the boos like a standing ovation at the opera. He leans back in the corner and waits, unconcerned.

DDK:

He looks confident, Angus.

Angus:

He's got reason, Keebs: he's managed to Houdini his way into holding onto that title more times than he should, but I wonder what he thinks he'll be able to do against someone that's his superior in every way except deviousness... deviosity? Whatever word you want.

DDK:

Mikey has shown improvement in his wrestling these past few weeks, but I still believe that all Impulse needs is one good shot to take him out.

♪"Revolution" by SIRSY♪

Angus:

He'd better, Keebs. I'm not getting any younger here.

Impulse walks out, and he stops at the top of the ramp. The usual sense of urgency that he's had the past few weeks is missing, as he milks the fans' reaction, louder and louder. Next to him, Calico Rose blows a kiss to the FAITHFUL, and points with both hands at the commentary table.

And as she takes a step towards them, and Impulse takes a step towards the ring...

DDK:

Look out!

Too late. From behind, Kendrix rushes and clubs Impulse from behind! The Marathon Man stumbles and skids on his knees, and Kendrix kicks him in the back of the head that bounces his face off the metal ramp!

Angus:

Oh, that sneaky, squirrely mother fucker!

Cally is momentarily frozen, but she steps towards Kendrix to do... something - but is hip-checked out of the way by The D, Elise Aries, and Klein, who have joined the beatdown! The fans boo relentlessly, and have started throwing their garbage at the entirety of the SEG - except for Mikey Unlikely, who feigns surprise in the ring.

DDK:

We said he looks confident, Angus - and now we know why!

Angus:

I've been burnt too many times, Keebs... this is just par for the course. 2016 can suck my fat one, and I'm about ready to just step off. I'll give McFuckass credit for exactly one point - he has a group of brainless twits that worship him, and he takes full advantage.

DDK:

Cally, are you all right?

Calico Rose, sufficiently recovered from her (admittedly minor) tumble, joins the boys at the commentary table, while Kendrix and the PCP continue to quadruple - team Impulse to a chorus of boos.

Calico Rose:

Where did they come from?

Keebler points to the back - obviously.

Cally:

But seriously, where's DEFSec? Why is this still going on? Can't we just get a fair fight?

Angus and Keebler look at each other.

Angus:

You wanna field this one, cochise?

DDK:

Unfortunately, Cally, as it relates to an official, sanctioned match, DEFSec only comes down at the direction of the referee.

Cally:

Well, where's he at?

Angus:

Oh, you've gotta be shitting me.

Cally:

Language!

We cut to ringside, to show the referee, Mark Shields, outside of the ring, trying to get the attention of a shapely blonde woman in the front row.

Cally:

Really?

Angus:

This would be the time for the language, Cally.

Mikey gets Shields' attention, just as Kendrix finishes the SEG assault by powerbombing Impulse on the stairs, and they send him, prone, under the bottom rope as the bell rings. Shields looks confused, but he shrugs it off and takes the championship from Mikey to hand off to Quimbey.

DDK:

Once again, this is a travesty.

Mikey walks towards Impulse, and makes a nonchalant cover.

ONE...

TWO...

THREEKICKOUT!

The look on Mikey's face is priceless.

DDK:

Maybe there's a miracle left!

Mikey scoops Impulse and strips him of his leather jacket, and throws it into the crowd.

Cally:

That's not yours, Michael!

He scoops Impulse, and drops him once again, with the Roll Credits!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

The bell rings, to a stunned silence.

DDK:

...

Angus:

...

Cally:

...

Angus:

...Are you fucking shitting me?

Mikey is handed the title, and the SEG pick him up on their shoulders and parade him around the ring, having finally "vanquished" his persistent opponent.

DDK:

We're not on the schedule for one yet, but I'm calling for a break.

Cally:

May I ask for someone to go check on RK with me?

She gets up and walks towards the ring, deftly avoiding even the most incidental contact with the SEG, to help Impulse up.

Angus:

Fuck all this shit, Keebs... I'm on the verge of walking out.

GET OUT

It's still the night of, we cut to a live feed from somewhere within the building. We're upstairs in one of the big conference rooms with the long wooden table, the only person parked at said table is the current main shotcaller of DEFIANCE Wrestling Ms. Kelly Evans. She sighs as she looks over the paperwork and random resumes and headshots sprawled out in front of her.

Mumbling impassively to herself.

Kelly Evans:

Where the hell does Angus find these jamokes, Christ on a crutch...

The sound of the door opening draws her gaze. She leans back on her chair with a long deep sigh. The dapperly dressed gentleman in a brown and grey pinstripe three piece suit strides into the room and brazenly chooses the chair directly beside Kelly.

Kelly Evans:

I figure you know exactly what this discussion's going to be about, yes? ... Boxer? Earth to Bronson Box? Hello?

The Wargod sits quietly, leg crossed over the other, hands folded neatly on his lap. His strange non-reaction only further ticks off DEFIANCE's head booker.

Kelly Evans:

Okay, fine, you want to be Mr. Creepy? Whatever. But nobody has enough clout around here to literally VANDALIZE this building. Not even you, pal.

Another deep sigh from Kelly as she gets absolutely nothing back from the usually boisterous Bronson Box, she takes a few quiet moments to look the man in front of her up and down.

Kelly Evans:

He wanted that match too, you know. Eric. He wanted wanted that match so damn bad. You two assholes were each waiting for the "right moment" to pounce to make it "a fight to define DEFIANCE"... *pffff* Ridiculous waste of a blockbuster main event if you ask me.

This out of the blue revelation grabs Bronson's wordless attention. Kelly leaps on that attention like the proper businesswoman she is.

Kelly Evans:

I know that stings. But godDAMNIT Bronson. Last week was completely unacceptable. And no, Jane hasn't "taken care of it." In fact the only correspondence I've had with Ms. Katze has been purely business and or Curtis Penn related. You two really ARE on the outs, aren'tcha?

The mention of Jane, Penn, and presumably the fact he might be paying for the locker room repairs out of his own pocket before he leaves here today brings a slightly sour look to his face. A look that gives Kelly Evans so much satisfaction she can't even begin to hide it as she looks down and flips open a folder that was directly in front of her.

Kelly Evans:

You've had a liiiiight schedule lately, haven't you? Iris says you were really pushing it there for a while physically. You and Eugene really did a number on one another, then you and Andy. But you're as stitched up and mended as you typically find yourself... aren't you, Boxer?

The Only DEFIANT just nods.

Kelly Evans:

Some might look at this as me “giving in” to this little... Silence of the Lambs schtick you’ve got going on right now, but in actuality it’s me giving in to whims the hottest young superstar on my roster. I’m a soft touch like that... see, I already had a meeting with Cayle earlier today. He wants you so bad, Boxer...

Kelly laughs.

A little smile creeps across Bronson’s face.

She catches sight of it and leans forward, resting her elbows on the table.

Kelly Evans:

Yup... saw that same little look in HIS eyes too. You two REALLY want to chew each other up, don’t you? I swear the next Scotsman we hire, it’ll be too damn soon. No more graffiti, no more creepy closet Boxer, no more stalking. At the ACTS OF DEFIANCE pay per view it’ll be the victorious Cayle Murray versus the Bombastic Bronson Box in a grudge ENDING one on one contest... now how does that sound?

She leans towards Boxer with stern intention. Boxer still sits nearly motionless, still silent.

Kelly Evans:

And when I say ending, I mean ending. I’m done with this Scottish Civil War nonsense after the PPV, are we clear?

Still just silence from the other end of this decidedly one sided conversation. Kelly flips the aforementioned folder shut with a little flicker of frustration.

Kelly Evans:

Alright Hannibal Lecter, you want to go skitzo on me? I’ve got the PERFECT opponent for you next week... call it a warm up match against someone just as off his nut as you. DEFtv 76 it’ll be Bronson Box going on one one against REAPER!

The doors open again, Wyatt Bronson and a small squadron of his DEFsec gorillas enter the doorway. This draws The Wargods gaze immediately. When he turns back to Kelly she’s smiling from ear to ear, rising up out of her seat whilst leeeeaning over the table on her fingertips.

Kelly Evans:

But that’s next week. Tonight? Tonight I’m still pissed you had our crew sanding and painting those lockers for a whole week and a goddamn half. Sooooo, in short... get the hell out of my building, Bronson...

The scene starts to fade just as Wyatt puts one of his giant mitts onto Boxer shoulder, escorting him from the conference room... no struggle, no resistance. And with not a word spoken.

CODENAME: REAPER VS. SCOTT DOUGLAS

Commentation Station.

DDK:

Given the events following DEF*MAX, it stands to reason that “Sub Pop” Scott and Codename: Reaper would eventually collide. Let’s head down to the ring now!

Angus:

And cue the lights ... right about ...

The transmission cuts to the backstage area. Particularly, the locker room door.

Angus:

What the hell!?

The locker room door swings open just as a steel folding chair flies wildly, from off camera. Terry “The Idol” Anderson ducks it, just barely, as it grazes off the hand he lifted out of sheer instinct to shelter himself. The chair in question clips the door frame causing a change in trajectory and sending it spinning off and crashing down to the locker rooms tile floor.

Midorikawa steps into frame, disgruntled.

MDK:

You’re not him.

Terry:

You too late, Kawa.

With no hesitation Midorikawa turns away, assumingly, to head to the ring and continue his campaign of quelling any sense of fair competition for Scott Douglas. His about face and swift camera adjustment reveals Wyatt Bronson and a small militia of DEFsec behind him.

The transmissions cuts back to the ring where Darren Quimbey stands ready to make the ring announcements, He is interrupted by the abrupt yet expected blanket of darkness that falls over the Wrestle-Plex.

Angus:

It’s time to REAP what you sew, Dougy! [*chuckling*] See what I did there, Keebs?

The lights return to reveal Codename: Reaper standing in the center of the ring; eyes a blaze. Darren Quimbey shuffles back and puts some space between himself and the masked wrestler. Angus continues to prod DDK for a laugh that he never receives.

♪ “Baby Takes” by Green River ♪

Cut back to the rampway. Douglas’ music blast over the PA system as he makes his way through the curtain to a moderate pop. He wastes no time and basks in no fanfare. He charges to the ring as Quimby rushes through his announcement, while simultaneously, making his exit from the ring. Douglas slides in the ring and the music comes to an abrupt stop as Benny Doyle calls for the bell and the action begins.

DING DING

Douglas and Codename: Reaper size each other up for a few moments, the crowd gets a bit antsy as neither wrestler goes after the other. Almost at a stand still, Reaper approaches the center of the ring and holds his hand out for a handshake. Douglas glares back, clearly confused. The Faithful’s restlessness boils over and the booing begins, as Douglas hesitates to react. Angus calls Douglas’ sportsmanship into question. DDK comments Douglas is right to be

hesitant given what has gone on during his tenure in DEFIANCE.

Douglas takes note of the crowd reaction and moves forward to shake Reaper's hand, only to have it snatched away as Reaper's eyes flare and explode in a bright red. The crowd let's out a roarious cheer as Reaper returns his previously extended hand but this time with the force of a blow. Douglas volleys. Both men begin swinging wildly at one another in the middle of the ring.

The melee subsides and becomes a fairly even back and forth, including: a vicious DDT from Reaper and a textbook Spinning Arm Drag Takedown from Douglas. Neither man attempted a pinfall during this discourse but in the end, it seemed, that Douglas was on the upper hand. An unyielding combo of punches had left Reaper pinned in the corner.

With the advantage, Douglas moved the fray to the middle of the ring. There he would take to work on Reaper's legs in attempt to chop the larger man down. Employing a Half Legged Boston Crab, he was able to keep his opponent prone in the center of the ring for a considerable amount of time. Official Benny Doyle did his best to question Reaper on his desire to continue, but he would never elicit any more of a response than the hellish flaring of those soulless red eyes.

Douglas, realizing the hold was for naught, released and picked Reaper up from the matt. A Northern Lights Suplex with a bridge would be Douglas' attempt to finish the match, but Reaper would kick out after a long two count. Angus would comment what he perceived to be: far too quick of a count and draw a parallel to the Perfection/Reaper fiasco at Maximum DEFIANCE. Keebs quickly brushed those comments off, noting that Douglas hasn't shown to be the type to bribes referees.

Angus:

... *but* he'll carry the bags for wrestlers who do!

Douglas' attack continued but Codename: Reaper would turn the tide and reverse an attempted back suplex; slamming his attacker down with a impactful Russian Leg Sweep. Following quickly with a dropkick to the face just as Douglas reached his feet. The Faithful were split down the middle, as the dark faced Reaper had Douglas in a predicament of his own. Perched on the top turnbuckle, Reaper ascended to join him. Various punches were used to keep Douglas in place and even a Roundhouse that nearly negated the intent. Once aloft, Reaper set in to bring Douglas down the hard way; with a Superplex. Douglas would counter attack and with a few well placed strikes, Reaper would hastily return to level ground but would not go down. One last strike of desperation, spun Reaper and allowed Douglas to launch and drive Reaper's head into the matt with a Bulldog. A pin attempt quickly followed but, Reaper proving formidable, kicked out after another long two.

Douglas, slightly frustrated, returned to the attack. The tope rope, once again, became the launching point. This time for a Super German Suplex that popped The Faithful and tossed Reaper nearly across the ring. Douglas returned to his feet with considerable effort and and closed in on Reaper. Giving Doyle an odd look, Douglas can almost be heard questioning the physics.

Douglas:

Why is he so light?

Angus made an off color joke about Douglas looking like a mop head and Keebs did his best to focus on the action as a two count interrupts another pinfall. Things took a turn for the worse for Douglas, as Reaper finally mounted a substantial comeback with a myriad of maneuvers, including: a drop toe hold into the lower turnbuckle and a moonsault into a pin attempt. The latter of which, Douglas managed to kick out of after his own long two count. Reaper had a small outburst at Doyle, who quickly warned him to back off and he did. As Douglas attempted to get vertical, Reaper instantly put him back on the mat with a series of kicks to the back and head.

Reaper maintained control and tossed Douglas around the ring; prompting Angus to send a barrage of puns and bad jokes at DDK and the viewing public. with each thrashing. Not to mention blasting Benny Doyle for slow counts, when Douglas narrowly kicked out on two separate occasions.

With both wrestlers exhausted from the near 20 minute bout, it almost came to a draw when they double clotheslined

each other in the middle of the ring. Doyle commenced the double standing ten count and not a soul moved. Both sides of The Faithful began cheering for the pair to return to action; trading off **“Sub-Pop-Scott”** and **“Code-Name-Reaper”** chants. On the cusp on ten Douglas shoots up and drapes himself over the ropes looking to the crowd. Reaper rises and gains his balance. An intense stare preceded the blur charging across the ring. Reaper lunges toward Douglas with a Spear. The crowd let out a combination between a gasp and a verbal: **“OHHHHHHH!”** Douglas, sidestepped. Reaper’s miscalculation or Douglas’ foresight leads the Red Eyed One to fly between the ropes and meet the guardrails on the outside of the ring. With the crowd chanting **‘HOLY SHIT’**, Doyle starts up the ten count and by five, Douglas has nearly caught his breath.

As Angus is mid-sentence berating Scott ... lights go out. Cameras start flashing, phones light up, as everyone tries to get a handle on what’s going on in the ring. About five seconds pass by and the lights come back up, Reaper is no longer on the floor on the outside. Doyle looks confused, as does Douglas; who are both looking and can’t seem to get a bead on him. The Faithful however, can.

Behind Douglas, Reaper stands poised for attack. The air is electric and Douglas can sense something afoot as the crowd becomes unhinged. In attempt to survey his surroundings, he turns around ... right into **The Guillotine!** Doyle is stunned, the crowd is stunned, Angus is beside himself with joy and DDK is just trying to make sense of how this has happened. Reaper covers.

ONE

TWO ...

Reaper looks to Benny Doyle, his eyes a bright and fiery inferno of red.

THREE!!!

DDK:

After, a HELL of a match up ...

DING DING DING

Angus:

‘Scout’ Duggars gets what he had coming to him! If Midori Sour doesn’t smack around his opponent before the match, the boy can’t win!

Douglas lays lifeless on the matt as Reaper returns to his feet. Doyle moves slowly toward the Red Eyed One, careful to not make any sudden movements. Reaper snatches away when Doyle attempts to raises his hand in victory.

DDK:

I think we have different perspectives on this one, partner.

Angus:

Just this one ...

The lights cut out again and as they come back to full power; Reaper has vanished. Douglas begins to stir. Doyle is frazzled by the constant confusion.

Angus:

GORRAM lights! Everytime I’m trying to lay in a zinger, Keebs!

CLAP CLAP CLAP

The sound echos over the PA system rather than the emanating from the audience. The production crew scrambles to cut to an appropriate angle.

MDK:

See ...

The camera view switches to the backside of the ring facing the DEFIatron. Douglas slowly sits up as Doyle abandons his welfare check to gaze upon the large screen. Midorikawa is prominently shown, although unstable and a little out of focus.

MDK: *[maniacal laughter]*You *NEED* me!

The DEFIatron goes blank.

Cut to the commentary booth.

DDK:

Well, once again these two masked men leave us with more question than answers.

Angus:

Question one. How long will it take to get this schlub out of the ring, so we can move on?!

DDK:

Speaking of which, I'm getting word that we go now to the office of, our boss ... Kelly Evans.

Cut to Kelly's Office.

HUMBLE PIE

Time to play catch up, right now... in this very moment the DEFspy's "Eye in the Sky" camera catches two very powerful women standing mere feet apart. The tension is palpable. Kelly Evans, the Queen Bee of DEFIANCE, stands behind her desk, fingers white while holding eye contact with the representative of Camp Curtis Penn, Ms. Jane Katze. It appears we're catching them mid-conversation.

Jane Katze:

I understand... I know how much my client disgusts you. I know how much it irritates you that he undermines your every decision when it goes against his goals.

Kelly releases a long drawn out sigh.

Kelly Evans:

Sit.

Kelly takes her own presidential chair as Jane relishes this small victory.

Kelly Evans:

Lookit, I have no love lost for Boxer either. If he wanted another shot at the FIST of DEFIANCE, he'd only get it because there's money to be made in a rematch with Troy, given the success of the **WARCHAMBER~!** match. But what you're asking me to do, give Curtis Penn a title shot tonight against Lindsay Troy, goes against everything I hold near and dear to me.

Kelly taps a file on the top of her desk and glances back up to Jane's eyes.

Kelly Evans:

The hate between myself and your client is something that I season my food with. It's more than I just don't like the guy, I wish he would fucking die. Off the record, of course.

Jane holds up one of her finely manicured hands as if to tell Kelly not to mention it.

Jane Katze:

Ms. Evans, Kelly, I've known Curtis Penn for a very, very long time. We came up together in the business, even wrestled in the same bingo halls and VFW Posts for little to no money. I can totally agree that he can find a raw nerve and work it until you just want to gouge his eyes out, but you and I cannot deny that Curtis Penn makes DEFIANCE money. He is in the top five merchandise sellers in the company. The matches he is involved in are some of the most watched and downloaded, some even out-play the past FIST of DEFIANCE champions.

Jane makes a great case for her client, but Kelly really doesn't want to take the bait.

Kelly Evans:

Yeah yeah, everyone wants to see him get his head bashed in and they tune in every pay-per-view and DEFtv to see if and when it will happen. I can say that I don't tell Angus and Keebler to pull any punches while he's in the ring. Even the wrestlers know that it's open season during matches with Curt. But what you're asking me to do, give him a title shot tonight, is going to be an absolute **hell no** after what he did two weeks ago.

Short pause.

Kelly Evans:

Even if tonight's ratings popped off like the main event of ACTS of DEFIANCE.

Jane Katze:

That's just it; last week's match between Cayle Murray and Lindsay Troy was a snore fest until Curtis Penn made his

way into the match. His match with Andy Murray was your highest rated match on the show. If you don't make a match between Curtis and Troy tonight for the FIST of DEFIANCE, all of the marks on the internet will start saying that you're protecting her because she's the first female FIST champion. We all know you served her up Cayle as a break in matches after Dan Ryan nearly killed her.

Another pause.

Jane Katze:

Or at least that's what some of the dirt sheets are reporting.

Kelly Evans: [laughing]

Fuck the dirt sheets. Lindsay Troy, who is no stranger to being a company's top title holder, asked for Cayle because she thought he deserved it and she knew it'd piss the both of you off. Looks like she was right, given Curtis' twice-over hissy fit last show. Penn should know first-hand that Cayle Murray is far from an "easy road" or a "break in matches." Besides, Troy doesn't need me or anyone else giving her an illusion of "champion's protection;" not when a single soul has seen or heard from Dan Ryan outside of a tweet about his leg since she came back from him "nearly killing her." In case **you** and everyone else forgot about that, of course.

Jane Katze: [waving dismissively]

Who do you think buys our merch and buys tickets to our shows? You just can't ignore potential profits!

Kelly Evans:

Penn wrecked whatever chance he had of getting a title match before ACTS of DEFIANCE when he wrecked my main event last week, Jane, and that's that.

Another long five second sigh.

Kelly Evans:

However, and I hate to admit it, you're right about one thing: the little shit does draw and we have to keep the fans happy. I can read the P&L's, I can see the amount of tweets and likes and upvotes on our social media, so I will be willing to budge an inch.

A small smile appears on Jane's face.

Kelly Evans:

Don't be too happy with yourself. I'm willing to make everyone in the Wrestle-Plex happy and, if I'm lucky, Lindsay Troy will make me happy if she can make Curtis Penn eat Humble Pie tonight.

Kelly stands up behind her desk and Jane follows suit.

Kelly Evans:

You can tell Curtis to get ready for a NON TITLE Match. That's right, tonight it will be Curtis Penn vs THE FIST OF DEFIANCE, LINDSAY TROY!

Kelly sits back down and opens up the folder that was sitting on her desk. She looks up and notices Jane Katze still standing in front of her desk.

Kelly Evans:

Oh, you're dismissed.

Cut away.

JASON NATAS Â© VS. EARL LEE ROBERTS

DDK:

It's time to turn the temperature up with a little DOC action, folks!

Angus:

Elbows at Dawn, Keebs!

DDK:

Jason Natas defends his DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship against the next participant in Angus' BRAZEN Gauntlet: Earl Lee Roberts.

Angus:

And much like MASSIVE Cowboy last week, Dixon's hell-bent on avenging his boy Frank's recent losses to ol' Fatas. These Southern Bastards are FDJ's boys, remember, and there's no length they won't go to to take that belt away.

DDK:

What can you tell us about Dixon, particularly compared to Frank and Cowboy?

Angus:

He's shorter than Natas, but still a gorram brute. What's interesting about this guy is that he's relatively light on his feet: he's got a lot of bulk, but he has no problem with using his body like a big, muscular canonball. He can brawl with the best 'em, but don't be surprised if Roberts mixes it up...

DDK:

Here we go, folks!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall, and it is for the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship!

♪ "Freebird" by Lynyrd Skynyrd ♪

The song plays out, but not all the way out, because "Freebird" is like 45 minutes long you stupid idiot. Instead, the DEF edit hits the first into guitar solo, and that's when the bald, bearded Earl Lee Roberts appears from the backstage area. He plows his way down the ramp with little heed for the crowd's reaction.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing the challenging, hailing from the mountains of West Virginia, he stands at 6'2", and weighs-in at 265lbs... EARL! LEE! ROBBBBEEEEERRRRRTTTTTTSSSSSS!

♪ "No Chance" by Unsane ♪

A far more positive crowd response for the universally beloved Onslaught Champion, who stomps out from the backstage area with murder on his mind. The belt's over his shoulder, and he goes in to bump *elbows* (his weapon of choice) rather than fists with the crowd.

Darren Quimbey:

... aaaaaand his oppo-- SHI!--...

DQ's microphone hits the mat with a *THUD*...

Which is quite similar to the noise Earl Lee Roberts makes when he flies through the ropes and onto Jason Natas!

Angus:

HOLY FUCKBALLS!

The man flies like a wrecking ball, and lands *HARD* on Jason Natas, whose belt goes flying. Without second thought, Roberts grabs Natas and hurls him shoulder-first into the ring steps!

DDK:

Earl Lee Roberts isn't messing around!

The crowd are too stunned to react properly, but Roberts couldn't give a single shit either way. He hurriedly rolls the groggy Natas into the ring and rolls in afterwards. Brian Slater pushes him back into the corner, but Earl's chomping at the bit.

Angus:

Jesus Christ, Keebs! Natas is hurt!

DDK:

He's barely getting to his feet!

Angus:

We could have a new goddamn champion!

The Bronx Bully's wobbly as hell as he slowly rises. He almost gets to his feet, but immediately falls down to one knee. Slater won't ring the bell until he's vertical, as is protocol, and when Natas eventually gets up, Roberts charges at him! A running Yakuza Kick sends Natas hurtling back into the corner, the back of his head snapping back against the top turnbuckle!

Roberts quickly pulls the bigger man from the ground, throws his head between his shoulders, and throws his shoulders down with a Powerbomb held into a pinfall.

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEEE-- NO! KICKOUT!

The arena gasps: almost everybody thought that was *IT*, but the match continues.

Earl rises, and helps the struggling Natas to his feet. He takes a few steps backwards, leaving Natas standing and swaying like an intoxicated college student. He powers forward a second later, cracking him with another kick to the jaw, before throwing his head under his arm.

Natas dead-weights himself out of the attempt suplex, though! Roberts switches his game, kneeing Natas in the gut, then running to the ropes, rebounding, and ducking beneath Natas' trademark Foehammer Roaring Elbow!

Jason turns around right into an Earl Lee Roberts superkick! But he doesn't go down! Earl comes-in a little too recklessly, and Natas takes him down with a standing clothesline!

The champ's in a bad way, but his near-legendary resilience kicks-in. Something inside him compels him to say "fuck the pain," and he's able to drag himself to a corner and haul himself to his feet. With Roberts in a corner of his own, Natas' running knee knocks him on his ass, and a second running knee sandwiches his head between kneepad and turnbuckle.

Natas keeps the blistering pace and immediately hauls Roberts up then pulls him in for a short elbow... DUCKED! Roberts gets behind, cracks the back of Natas' head with an elbow, then rolls him up...

ONE!

TWO!

NO! KICKOUT!

Roberts is on his feet first, but Natas isn't far behind. Natas swings a sloppy Lariat that Roberts blocks with one arm, before using the DOC's momentum against him with another roll-up attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The Bronx Bully is pissed, but Roberts is all over him with clubbing blows as he rises. Roberts runs to the ropes and tries to clobber Natas, but Jason catches him on the rebound and drives him down with a Spinebuster. Tried, Natas falls back into the canvas himself while The Faithful lose their shit.

It takes both a few moments to show signs of life, but Natas, after some struggling, is first to his feet. Roberts is seated, and Natas aims a stiff kick to the side of his head. Roberts reels backwards, but recovers, then eats another kick that almost knocks his lights out!

Earl sits back up. Third kick! MISSES! Roberts grabs the standing leg, sweeps it, and rolls him up!

... but Natas kicks-out BEFORE one!

Roberts takes an arm as they rise, but Natas cracks him just under the jaw with a headbutt, then an elbow! Another! Another!

Roberts puts his forearms up in pure survival mode, so Natas times his next strike differently. He hesitates just enough for Roberts to loosen his guard, then attacks the windpipe with a stiff chop to the jaw! Roberts staggers backwards clutching his throat, but now he's exposed.

Elbow.

ELBOW.

ELBOW!

All setting him up for the killing blow.

FOEHAMMER!

The point of Natas elbow connects with such force that it knocks Roberts at least a metre to the side before he straight-up face-plants on the canvas.

Natas makes no attempt to cover: just walks away, both arms raised.

Angus:

Are you fucking serious?!

DDK:

He's out! Earl Lee Roberts is out!

Angus:

Like a fucking lightbulb!

Earl's eyes are sealed shut, and Slater knows the situation right away. He immediately calls for the bell.

Angus:

That wasn't even a TKO, Keebs! Natas just knocked Earl Lee Roberts all the way out! He landed five or size unanswered blows right to the temple, and that brutal Roaring Elbow sealed the deal!

DDK:

Roberts attacked fast and furious, but it looks like he blew-out the gas tank. He took a big risk with that early assault, and just got himself knocked-out in under four minutes...

Angus:

Yeah, but it almost paid-off! Kudos to the kick, he's got balls of steel.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via knockout... and *STILL* DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion... JASON NATTTTTTTTTAAAASSSSSSSSSS!

Natas would stop to get his arm raised, but he's fired all the way up. Instead, he bundles out of the ring, over the barricade, and starts bashing fists and elbows with the crowd.

DDK:

As Natas lives it up, let's take a second look at this on replay. As you can see, Roberts' eyes almost seem to roll into the back of his skull as Natas connects...

Angus:

And look at Fatas, man! He's walking away before Roberts even hits the canvas! He *KNEW* he was out from the moment it connected! This might be his most impressive victory yet!

NO DUST SETTLED

The camera doesn't cut away from the match this time. Instead, it swoops round as Jason Natas climbs over the barricade and starts heading up the ramp, DOC belt in his clutches.

Angus:

'Scuse me for a second, Keeps...

The sound of Skaaland's headset hitting the announce table crackles through. With Unsane blaring, Natas walks up one side of the ramp, bashing elbows with every fan he meets. Eventually he throws the DOC over his shoulder and hits the incline. Angus is waiting at the top of the ramp: big grin, microphone.

Angus:

Jason Natas, congratulations on *another* successful defence of the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship!

The music cuts-out with his first few words. Natas stops right beside his biggest cheerleader.

Angus:

That wasn't just your *FOURTH* successful title defence, but your eighth successive victory after starting your DEFIANCE career with less chance of winning than Hillary Clinton in a Confederate state! How do you feel?

Angus moves-in with the microphone, Joe Rogan style. The Bronx Bully takes a few deep breaths: he's a little gas by the frantic pace of that ridiculous little match.

Jason Natas:

Faithful...

Another pause for breath.

Jason Natas:

Was that *DEFIANT* enough for you?

A huge (cheap) pop rumbles through the arena. Natas doesn't quite smile (because he's Natas), but he does offer an approving nod.

Angus:

You know, when I set this BRAZEN DOC Gauntlet thing up, I wasn't counting on you *KILLING* these motherfuckers. You just sent Earl Lee Roberts to the gorram shadow realm!

The champ shrugs.

Jason Natas:

S'what happens when you try to jump a guy like me.

He uses his handwraps to mop some sweat away from his brow.

Jason Natas:

What I do don't change, man: just the people around me. You line 'em up, Angus, and I'll keep knockin' 'em down...

Angus:

And that's exactly what I wanted to talk about! You're three matches through the Gauntlet, and we were set to wrap this up with JJ Dixon next week...

That grin creeps across Angus' features again.

Angus:

I say "fuck that!" This is *waaaaay* too much fun to end already, so here's what I'm thinking...

The Faithful hush for a moment. Natas waits as patiently as he can.

Angus:

Your match with JJ Dixon will go ahead as planned at DEVtv 76, but the DOC Gauntlet doesn't end there! Should you defeat the third and final Southern Bastard, Jason, I've got something very, *VERY* special in-mind...

Beaming, Angus swings an arm around towards the entrance. A few seconds pass, then...

♪ "Mach 13 Elephant Explosion" by Masafumi Takada ♪

DDK:

What the...?!

A very, *VERY* familiar theme booms through the PA system, and The Faithful lose it.

Angus:

Jason Natas, should you beat JJ Dixon in two weeks, allow me to introduce the man you'll defend the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship against at Acts of DEFIANCE...

The beast stomps through the curtains.

The *GOD*Beast.

Angus:

MUSHI. GI. HARAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Eddie Dante's not far behind Mushi, and the masked former sumo immediately plods towards Natas. Angus does the wise thing and gets the fuck outta there.

DDK:

It's Mushigihara vs. Natas at Acts of DEFIANCE! He's been tearing it up in BRAZEN, and the God-Beast's got gold in his sights!

The duo immediately go nose-to-mask as Mushi's bombastic theme booms through the building. A few words are exchanged: Natas' are inaudible, but Mushi's most certainly isn't...

Mushigihara:

OSUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!

The beast suddenly shoves Natas with both hands! The Onslaught Champ stumbles backwards, but doesn't quite fall over. As Mushi gets ready to throw down, a horde of DEFsec guard pour from the backstage area, immediately getting between the two warriors before Natas can strike back.

Angus:

You like that, Keeps?!

DDK:

You kept that one quiet!

Angus:

Sure did! What a gorram *WAR* this could be!

DDK:

Natas lost to Mushi shortly after returning to DEFIANCE last year, but Natas is a different man today...

Angus:

Girth-wise, he's at least half the man he used to be!

Tempers continue to flare as the security team struggle to keep the duo separated. In the background, Eddie Dante's rubbing his hands together. You can almost hear the cogs in his head starting to turn.

DDK:

Mushi has been nothing short of dominant since moving down to BRAZEN after wrestling Sam Horry at DEFCON, and Natas is in the form of his life! This is what the DOC division is all about!

Angus:

Say it, Keeps! Tell me I'm a genius!

DDK:

... I wouldn't go that far, but this is quite the match! Nice work, partner.

Angus:

I try...

Cut.

PAINT THE PICTURE

The scene opens somewhere in the backstage area, we're not sure where exactly, what we do know is that the ever ready Lance Warner is in shot, only this time he's not quite ready for the rolling cameras. holding his hand to his ear piece, presumably blocking out instructions from the TV crew, his attention seems somewhat occupied.

OSV:

And that question had better be your opener Vance, innit?!

Lance, looks back at the camera, aware he's already overrunning, as he brings his mic into play he has one despondent look back to where the previous brash instruction came from before shaking it off and focussing at the task at hand.

Lance Warner:

Ladies and Gentlemen, with me at this time is none other than...

He hesitates for a moment

OSV:

Say it Vance!

Taking a sigh in, Lance continues.

Lance Warner:

The most Totally Obvs Defiance Onslaught in the world...Jesse Fredericks Kendrix.

The pans over to the left, bringing in Kendrix, wearing his signature bug eye shades and sporting a new super trendy fashionable (not at all douchebag like) crop top haircut wearing the official DEFIANCE Hollywood Bruvs t-shirt. Zooming out the camera brings Lance Warner back into play.

Kendrix:

Why aren't you clapping Vance? You're supposed to clap! Why have you even got a mic, bruv?! The sound guy's picking JFK up fine.

Lance bites his tongue, holds his mic between his armpit and begins to clap slowly. However, he receives a shove from the less than impressed JFK for his troubles.

Kendrix:

So unprofessional, get out of here Vance! Get out of JFK's shot!

Jesse points for Lance to leave. As he begrudgingly does so, Lance's camera crew turn to follow;

Kendrix:

Nah, maaaatttee! You guys stay right where you are and make sure you get JFK's good side.

Jesse checks both sides of his face in the reflection of the camera lens.

Kendrix:

Oh, how silly of JFK...

He steps away from his reflection and smiles back at the lens;

Kendrix:

They're both his good side!

Nodding smugly to himself he focuses at the task at hand.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah?! JFK is gonna open up to all of you DEFIANCE Bellends out there right now. That's right, even though what you see before you is without a shadow of a doubt, the TOUGHEST...Sports Entertainer in the world...this absolute BEAST of a man is going to show you his softer side, lay his beautiful heart out on the line...

He holds his hand to his heart.

Kendrix:

...and tell you all...that JFK...is disappointed.

He sticks his lower lip out and drops his proud shoulders, visibly upset. However, those shoulders quickly return to their proud stance as he paces left to right, holding his head up high.

Kendrix:

Now, JFK knows that you're all in shock. You all think that JFK is just an unforgiving destroyer of men. You all think that JFK is so courageous and resilient, sure, proper DOC material, obvs!

He brings his pacing to an abrupt stop in the centre of the shot.

Kendrix:

You're all thinking, how can this ANIMAL of a man have feelings? How can he be disappointed?

Jesse strokes his beard in apparent thought before refocusing on the lens.

Kendrix:

To be fair, these are all valid questions. But it's true. This sexy man you see in front of you is disappointed. JFK was so disappointed...he had to treat himself to a new super trendy hair cut!

He points his index finger to his head before moving in close to check his hair out in the reflection of the lens. Moving back into position, a less than impressed look etched across his face.

Kendrix:

What the hell are you checking JFK out for, Billy the cameraman?! Jesus, JFK don't bat for your team, bruv! Get back to work!

Holding his hands out low by his side it feels like Jesse is about to get to the point at hand.

Kendrix:

Now, obvs, JFK is always disappointed that week after week, his talents, his sports entertaining...is wasted in front of the fat, ugly slobs sat in the Wrestleplex as well as those idiots at home who are too poor and lazy to get a job to buy a ticket to see the Sports Entertainment Guild.

He silently mouths the words "it's true"

Kendrix:

JFK can deal with that. JFK is also disappointed that he is yet to be afforded his DESERVED shot at a DEFIANCE championship, even though he steals the show, week after week, after week.

Jesse rolls his eyes in disbelief at the situation.

Kendrix:

Obvs that should have happened on day one when JFK stepped foot into DEFIANCE! But, JFK's not one to complain, he can handle that.

A stroke of his beard is followed by a simple wag of his index finger.

Kendrix:

But the actual reason JFK is disappointed? The reason this tough mo' fo' you see before you is disappointed?

He shakes his head, gritting his teeth together in sheer frustration.

Kendrix:

Jason Natas.

He wags his finger in front of the camera, his smirk instantly returns.

Kendrix:

For some reason, DEFIANCE is portraying this man to be the toughest "badass" in the company? For some reason, all of you Bellends in the stands and sat at home have been sold the idea that Jason Natas, The DEFIANCE Onslaught Champion, is someone that you all can be proud of. He is after all a Fighting Champion, isn't he?

Jesse affords himself a chuckle, gesturing for a moment so he can get over the apparent hilarity of his last claims.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah?! Don't get JFK wrong, Jason Natas, he's done well for himself. He didn't have the best start to life, being raised in that shit hole, New York n' all. JFK respects you Jason, you had the foresight to get out of there, bravo!

Slow, methodical sarcastic clapping ensues.

Kendrix:

For a man with the personality of a caveman, you have done even better in bagging yourself the DOC title. Amazing, a man who had one of the worst winless runs in the game not too long ago, realised that the only way for him, the man with the personality of a fish, to get ahead in this game was to pander to the powers that be! JFK hears, Kelly Evans has a huge penis, so you must have puckered up big time Jase!

Jesse throws his thumbs up at the lens, silently mouthing "well done".

Kendrix:

Low and behold, Jason Natas, the DOC champ is on one hell of a run. Clobbering his way to the top, seemingly unstoppable right now...for the guys from BRAZEN! It's literally amateur hour!

He shakes his head, disgusted at the mention of DEFIANCE's well respected proving ground. Jesse holds two fingers up (rudely) at the lens.

Kendrix:

Two weeks ago, Jase! Two weeks ago, Jesse Fredericks Kendrix gave you the chance to finally be a REAL MAN and take on someone in this business who actually counts! You had the chance to put your DOC title on the line against The Future of DEFIANCE...JAAAYYY EFFFF KAAAAYYY!

Letting out a highly audible sigh, Kendrix continues his tirade.

Kendrix:

JFK ain't the only one disappointed in you, Jase. The morons in the stands, the bellends at the back are all disappointed in you. Because they all wanted to see the first ever Sports Entertaining DOC match. They all wanted to see history be made when JFK became the NEEEEWWWWW DOC champion!

He audibly tut tut tuts.

Kendrix:

But once again, you've decided to take the easy route haven't you "big man". Once again, Jason Natas defends his title against Angus Skaaland's oh so precious BRAZEN opposition. At Acts of DEFIANCE...it's gonna be Jason Natas against Mushi. Two neanderthals beating the hell out of each other!

He holds the palm of his hand flat to his mouth letting out a highly exaggerated yawn.

Kendrix:

OSSSSUUUU??!!! What the hell does that even mean?! That guy got demoted for a reason! You've let your fans down Jason! You've let JFK down. But more importantly, you've let yourself down. JFK gets it, you're scared of him, bruv. But think of the money we can make from...

Holding his hands out in front of his head, pulling them apart to set the scene.

Kendrix:

The Neanderthal versus The Future....People pay good money to see this shit! Everyone loves to watch JFK, totally obvs! Apparently people in this country like you aswell...cos you're just a dumb, clobbering kinda' guy and JFK guesses that they can relate to that? Who knows?! Who even cares?! Anyway, the point is...THE DOC DIVISION NEEDS JFK, BRUV!!!

Puffing his cheeks out and holding his hands to his head in clear frustration, Jesse strokes his beard, calming himself down.

Kendrix:

But since you fail to understand JFK after he's politely spelled things out for you, Jase. Well...JFK will just have to paint the picture for you some other way...INNIT?!

Jesse affords himself one last proud smirk in front of the camera before walking off, smiling, and out of shot.

CAYLE MURRAY VS. ELISE ARES

DDK:

Well the next match sure is going to be... interesting. One half of the Pop Culture Phenoms will be making her DEFIANCE singles debut. Elise Ares has found singles success in other promotions, but other promotions aren't DEFIANCE.

Angus:

You sure can say that again. I think we can all see what kind of bullshit Elise is used to, and it certainly ain't a DEF ring. Even if she is going against Squayle.

DDK:

Cayle has to be the favorite in this match, right?

Angus:

Without a gorram doubt. And after this bitch helped McFuckass retain his title earlier? WELL...

DDK:

Cayle's track record speaks for itself, with victories over DEFIANCE legends like Eri--

Angus:

Who?

DDK:

Eric--

Angus:

No idea what you're talking about. Nope. None whatsoever.

DDK couldn't follow up if he wanted to, as the lights immediately go down and an unfamiliar song begins to play over the arena. While many expected to hear "Live For The Night" by Krewella, instead they're treated to...

♪ "STARSTRUKK" by 3OH!3 (feat. Katy Perry) ♪

Pink and blue lights swirl around the arena plummeting it into a chorus of jeers. Wearing a pair of large LED sunglasses with the words "ELISE" and "#SWAG" alternating back and forth, one half of the DEFIANCE Tag Team Champions walks out with her championship hanging on her right shoulder. Flanked on each side by The D and Klein, who quickly backs away when the spotlight flashes down, Elise holds her championship high into the air and swags her way down to the ring while The D points at his tag partner and shakes his head convincingly. All the while avoiding fan/hand contact.

Angus:

I love to watch these SEG idiots jump around when they're on fire when these fans touch them.

DDK:

What's this?

At the very end of the ramp a little girl is reach her hand out and Elise stops in her tracks. She takes a few steps back and points at her little hand and The D jumps back in horror. Elise sort've steps in place while this girl waves her hand around frantically. Reaching out like she's picking something up out of the trash, Elise very gently taps the girl's hand with her own and The D gasps. Elise raises her arms in victory and Klein runs down the ramp and grabs her around the waist and runs her in a victory lap around the ring as The D runs behind him with both arms in the air.

Angus:

That might be the dumbest thing I've ever seen.

DDK:

It's a step in the right direction? I guess?

Angus:

I don't have words for this.

The trio huddle up near the stairs and sanitize before Elise slides into the ring alone and rushes towards the ropes. Jumping up on the middle rope she leads over the top rope and does a curtain call bow with her championship before wrapping her leg around the rope and leaning back for a quick photo op.

♪ "The Wings Of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

Nonsense? Over.

The crowd rises to their feet as the intro echoes over the arena in darkness. Light erupts into the image of Cayle Murray and the DEFIANCE capacity crowd explodes. Shades of red swirl around the crowd as Cayle Murray marches towards the ring. The fans reach out once again, this time not to cause a reaction but to touch his squidly jacket. The same little girl holds her hand out again, and smiles, patting the back of her head before jump up on the apron of the ring and looking across at Elise Ares who is strategizing with her team.

Angus:

How heartfelt and *WONDERFUL*...

DDK:

Are you seriously siding with Elise Ares here?

Angus:

No, she's a goddamn idiot. What I'm saying is that neither of these two should be focused on the little runt by the barricade and should be worried about kicking ass, the only *REAL* important thing to do.

DDK:

He's certainly in a bit of a lighter mood knowing that Bronson Box has been escorted from the building. I'm sure that's a burden off of his shoulders knowing that the only real intangibles he's going to have to face here are the ones at ringside.

Angus:

And trust me, they'll try. Hector should just eject them from ringside right now.

DDK:

But I thought one of the things you hated about Cayle Murray is that you should do everything to win, but when PCP follow the same suit, you hate them?

Angus:

Aren't you trying to stir shit up tonight? There is a big difference between "no mercy" and "no talent."

As Cayle steps into the ring he climbs up to the top rope and holds his arms up for the fans. He smirks before jumping back down and backing into his corner, placing his arms on top of the ropes and stretching out before the lights return to normal. Hector Navarro gives a warning to ringside, where Klein tries to demonstrate that he's not even wearing a referee shirt right now, meanwhile The D is already blowing him off in favor of his cell phone.

The bell rings and Cayle Murray steps forward and wants a lock up. Elise pretends to go in and instead slaps Murray across the face. Murray slams her to the ground with an arm drag. Elise returns the favor. Missed elbow from Murray. Ares wrenches the arm on the miss and then flips forward sending them both to the ground. Elise steps on the arm, pinning it to the ground and then drops a knee across the face of Murray and rolls through. She gets up to pose for the crowd but doesn't expect Cayle to get up with her and he drills her with a rolling elbow to the back of the skull. He goes

to stay on the offensive but Ares rolls out of the ring where her team waits for her.

The crowd boos as The D holds her up and talks to her as she grabs the back of her head. Klein enters and has a squirt water bottle and sprays it into her mouth. The D rubs Elise on the shoulders as Cayle shakes his head at the ridiculousness. The Havana Harlot gets up on the apron where Murray motions for her to get back into the ring. Ares leaps over the top rope and immediately tries to grapple Murray who quickly pushes her back onto the ground. The scrappy Ares is back up and goes back in where Cayle whips her hard into the corner. Running forearm. Elise drops. Low dropkick. Cayle pulls Elise away from the corner and...

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Cayle tries to pull Elise up off the mat and she rolls him up in a small package!

ONE!

KICKOUT!

They both reach their feet where Cayle tries to take her back to the ground with a snapmare, but Ares flips through and Elise counters with a big enzuigiri to a kneeling Murray. He falls forward and Elise quickly goes for a pin for just a one count again. As Cayle tries to get back up to his feet Ares rains down stomps while holding onto the rope which is broken up by Navarro. Cayle gets an opportunity to get up and Elise catches him blind with another enzuigiri but he stays on his feet. Ares bounces off the ropes and grabs Cayle from behind and leaps into the air at the opposite side, bringing him down neck first over the top rope in a cutter she likes to call The Cuban Necktie. Cayle falls to the mat holding his neck and Elise springboards on top of him with a 450 splash! She covers!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The D and Klein are up on the apron pleading for that to be a three count as Elise looks over at Navarro in shock. Cayle might be getting a little more than he bargained for tonight and tries to get back up to his feet only to meet a stiff kick that sends him right back down. Ares puts her boot on the chest of Murray to the boos of the crowd and screams "QUE TAL ESO?! EH?!" She steps over him and puts her hands behind her head and dances rhythmically before she turns around and spits on Cayle Murray, who immediately reaches by rolling her up. Elise rolls through to a seated position. Penalty Kick! Ares falls down hard and Cayle Murray follows up with a moonsault! He goes for a cover...

ONE!

TWO!

SHOULDER UP!

Cayle brings Elise back up to a standing position with an arm wrench. He kicks her arm a few times bringing her down to a seated position. He spins over into a headlock but Elise pushes her way out. Murray bounces off the ropes and goes for a lariat but Elise ducks under on the way back Elise goes for a lariat but Cayle locks her into a cross armbreaker where she quickly starts flailing frantically for the ropes. She's just out of reach. The crowd rises to their feet looking for a victory but Elise manages to just kick the bottom rope with her boot breaking the hold. The crowd jeers but Cayle continues to work the arm, using another arm wrench to pull Elise back up off the mat. A few well placed elbows weaken the limb even more before Elise snapmares Cayle over her shoulder. She shakes her arm

trying to get it loose and Murray tries to get back on the offensive.

Cayle swings in with a forearm and it's caught by Elise who tries to lock in some kind of modified triangle choke hold. Cayle is able to just overpower Elise and pulls her up into a powerbomb position. Ares tries to swing back into a hurricanrana but doesn't have the power as Murray starts to run towards the corner for a buckle bomb! At the last minute Elise spins around and sends Murray down to the mat with a reverse hurricanrana! The crowd groans but The D and Klein jump up and down outside of the ring as Elise scurries in a crawl across the mat under the bottom rope. She signals for her superman punch she calls Amethystation and jumps up to the top rope. She goes flying across the ring as Cayle gets up to his feet and ShuttheFUCKuppercut! Ares collapses lifeless to the mat. Murray hooks the leg...

ONE!

TWO!

NO! D PUTS ELISE'S FOOT ON THE ROPES!

Navarro sees it, breaking the count, but he also sees The D walking away. The crowd boos, but their tone quickly changes as Hector Navarro ejects both other members of the Pop Culture Phenoms from ringside. Cayle Murray waves goodbye to the other half of the tag team champions before suddenly he's pulled down from behind. Elise rolls him up and puts her feet up on the ropes!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Ares reacts with an AWW C'MAWWWWN before Cayle Murray connects with a kick that could've taken Elise's jaw off! She is still on her knees, leaning back stunned as Cayle Murray pulls her up to her feet in the front headlock. The crowd cheers as he signals for the Chainbreaker, he lifts her up and then delivers. He confidently hooks the leg and looks out at the crowd as they chant...

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

♪ "The Wings Of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

Cayle Murray's arm gets raised in victory. Elise Ares brought a little more of a challenge than one might've expected, but the result was the same.

Angus:

Chalk another one up for Squayle. Elise? She never stood a chance.

DDK:

I think people actually expected a little less from Elise, she looks to be progressing.

Angus:

She progressed right into a superior wrestler. I'll tell you what though, Elise Ares is not Bronson Box. If Cayle wants to be able to hang in the ring with people of his level he's going to have to seek out tougher competition than that bitch.

DDK:

Well here in DEFIANCE he's in the right place to find it. Both of them are, and I for one am excited to see the direction

both of their careers go.

Angus:

I'm only excited to see Elise's career go into a raging dumpster fire.

WAITING FOR TROUBLE

In the cold hall, directly adjacent to the Wrestle-Plex locker rooms, Scott Douglas has installed himself on a steel folding chair. The sleeves of his hoodie are pulled up, exposing his once brightly tattooed forearms. A strand of used athletic tape drapes off his right hand as he unwinds it from his left. Rung by rung, the tape gives way to show more and more of the aged art.

His face shows his exhaustion, general disappointment and a sweat-beaten brow. Some mid-nineties racket rings through a pair of headphones that look to be from the same era. He mumbles along with the music blasting in his ears.

Scott Douglas:

♪ "... river in the city runs brown ..." ♪

"Seattle's Favorite Son" keeps his eyes trained on his task, oblivious to his surroundings, which is why he doesn't notice someone approaching the locker rooms from the hallway off to his right.

As the FIST of DEFIANCE, Lindsay Troy is entitled to her own private quarters. But in case you haven't taken a gander at the roster lately, the list of other ladyfighters is few and far between...and we don't count Elise Ares for the following reasons:

1. Because Sports Entertainer.
2. Because S.E.G.
3. Because LT would tear her into teeeny-tiny pieces if they were in close proximity to each other [there's history there]).

So the Queen's still taking up residence where she always has, which means she's got the ladies' locker room alllll to herself.

Troy's just coming back from the DEFgym, having gotten her pre-match warmups in, and notices the young(ish) new(ish)comer sitting alone. She studies him for a moment, waiting to see if he'll notice there's another presence in his midst, and when he doesn't she steps forward and nudges his arm.

Given the circumstances surrounding Scott since his arrival in DEFIANCE, tonight's prior event being no exception, he normally errs on the side of caution. That caution, lately, has translated into edge adjacent living. The nudge startles the latent rookie and he quickly realizes he's not alone.

Scott Douglas: [surprised]

Huh?!

As the colloquial noise escapes his mouth, Scott looks up and finds out who that second presence is. He pauses from his post-match post-mortem, bringing both hands toward his face. He pulls the headphones from his ears and down around his neck. The strand of off-white and dirt shaded tape dangles from his wrist.

Lindsay Troy:

Waiting for trouble to find you here?

Scott Douglas:

Sorry, I don't really know what to expect lately.

Lindsay Troy: [tilts her head, smiles]

You mean, other a couple of ne'er-do-wells making with the mind games at your expense?

Scott feigns a chuckle with undertones of actual concern.

Scott Douglas:

To say the least.

Scott averts his gaze from the Queen and looks toward the floor for a moment.

Scott Douglas: [glancing back up]

Congrats, by the way. Hell of a fight against Ryan. Not that you need me to tell you that.

It's Troy's turn to chuckle now, and nods as she does.

Lindsay Troy:

Thanks. And same to you at MAX*DEF, even though your moment got ruined. I guess I should be a little upset that you ended up running Pastore and Scarface off. I was so hoping to rekindle some witty banter.

Scott shifts in his seat. Leaning over a bit, he lets his upper body weight rest on his half taped forearm bolstered by his lap. With his right hand clasping the opposing wrist, coupled with his recurring glance rather than the attempt at direct eye contact, he appears extremely guarded. His right shoulder dips to accommodate the pressure and he tilts his head up, attempting to act as casual and in a manner as socially acceptable as he assumes to be within the range of normal human people.

Scott Douglas:

Thanks, but that ... this place seems to have come with its baggage.

Lindsay Troy:

That's the nature of our business, unfortunately. The past rarely ever stays where it's supposed to.

Scott Douglas:

Speaking from experience?

Troy smirks. Scott looks off.

Lindsay Troy:

You could say that.

Scott Douglas: [tile gazing]

Well in that case, [glances up] coming from you ...

Scott rises to his feet, slowly.

Scott Douglas:

I can appreciate the sentiment. [extending his hand] Again, congrats.

The High Queen DEFIANT tilts her head once again and another smirk follows closely behind. She extends her hand and meets Scott's. They shake for a socially acceptable amount of time and Scott turns his shoulders, nodding, clearly with the intent to break off.

But Troy presents just enough resistance to bring Scott pause. He turns back toward The Champion slightly confused and instantly back on edge.

Lindsay Troy:

If their games become more than a single person can handle, don't feel as if you need to go it alone.

She lets go of his hand.

Lindsay Troy:

Just a little something to knock around in your noggin' along with those grunge lyrics.

Scott Douglas:

I appreciate that, but I get the feeling ... you ... if no one else, will understand this is something I'm going to have to handle alone.

Troy nods and turns toward the ladies' locker room.

Lindsay Troy:

Sure. But the offer's there in any case.

Scott holds tight and watches her disappear behind the door. He repositions his aging headphones back on his ears and reaches into his hoodie pocket. An audible click, of what abhorrently seems to be an actual walkman, reverberates through the empty hallway. The low tinge of music returns as he plops back down onto the steel chair. Back to the task of at hand. Literally. Pulling the remaining tape from his wrist and hand, all the while mumbling the cassette tape's lyrics to himself.

Albeit louder than he thinks.

Scott Douglas:

♪ " ... take as many down as you can ... we all fall down" ♪

WHAT'S HIS

We're deep in the backstage area of the Wrestle-Plex. Marching down the hallway we see security chief Wyatt Bronson and a small battalion of DEF security personnel escorting the one and only Bombastic Bronson Box. The group making a beeline towards one of the exit doors.

Boxer shakes Wyatt's hand from his shoulder with an aggressive shrug.

Bronson Box:

... alright, enough. Fookin' ape...

Wyatt Bronson:

Oooooooh so now you're chatty Cathy, huh? Just leave, bub. You heard Ms. Evans.

A voice from across the room draws everyone's attention. Before the party is even revealed we see Bronson's sour demeanor perk up slightly with a wicked, almost excited smile.

A Human Voice:

Well this is fitting...

Wyatt motions to his goons to file in between he and Bronson and a very calm, cool and collected Cayle Murray. He offers Boxer a "polite" golf clap.

Cayle Murray:

Well done, "Ace." Does DEFtv 74 feel worth it now? I sure hope so.

Boxer watches Cayle approach, soaks up every word like a sponge. He can't hide the look of excited anticipation growing on his face. He gets as close to Cayle as he can before several pairs of veiny arms form a wall of flesh and bone between the two of them. We enjoy a long stoney silence as the two men give each other the evil eye.

Bronson Box:

Aye. It was. If only for the look in yer' eye right now, little squid.

He pauses for so long it looks like Cayle is about to speak, but Boxer awkwardly cuts him off.

Bronson Box:

I've got an idea, lad. How about next week for my match with that human puppet Reaper you march yourself out there and join those two mongrels at the announce table. Let you get a front row seat to this little PREVIEW Kelly's arranged for you...

Cayle waits for a moment, pondering his options. His demeanour now almost stone-like compared to the state he was in on last week's leaked security footage.

Cayle Murray:

Think I'll do just that.

He nods.

Cayle Murray:

I'll tell you one thing though, mate: I'm not afraid of you. I've never been afraid of you, and I never will be. You caught me off-guard last week, I admit, but now that I've got you in the ring...

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

That's all I ever wanted. You're gonna pay for what you did to my brother, and what you've done to me since. Don't believe me? DEFCON, night two. Rewatch it.

The Only DEFIANT gives the same strange unphased reaction he's given all night. He leans into the arms holding him at bay. His voice is low, almost a whisper.

Bronson Box:

Test's almost complete... ya' excited, boy? You've done SO well thus far.

Wyatt reaches out and gives The Wargod's shoulder a bold little shove.

Wyatt Bronson:

Okay, that's enough. You two got more to say? Say it on UNCUT. You, go... you leave. NOW!

Boxer's strange almost GLEEFUL response to Cayle once again leaves the younger Murray brother speechless. The Wargod shouts suddenly back over his shoulder before the heavy steel door snaps shut...

Bronson Box:

I'LL TAKE WHAT'S MINE, SQUID! *laughter*

We fade back to the commentary station, leaving Cayle to further ponder his situation in solitude.

DDK:

Cayle Murray is neck deep in Bronson Box's brand of crazy mind games, partner.

Angus:

I betcha' a dollar Boxer's test 'aint multiple choice. NO SCANTRON NEEDED SQUIDBOY! If ya' bring a number two pencil, it'll probably end up in your *GORRAM* eye! *laugh, snort*

DDK:

Can we move on please?

PERFECTION VS. ANDY MURRAY

Cut to DEM BOIZ.

DDK:

Welcome back, ladies and gents! It has been another night of shenanigans in the DEFIANCE universe, and I suspect things are about to continue down that path...

Angus:

Oh fuck, it's Witherhold time, isn't it?

DDK:

It sure is. After bailing out of the arena before Andy Murray could get his hands on him last week, Perfection will face Big Murr himself in one-on-one competition. There's one catch, though...

Angus:

What's that?

DDK:

Look who's in the ring.

Angus:

Awww, fuck! Shields -- *REALLY?* How does he keep getting away with this?

DDK:

Your guess is as good as mine, but somehow, it looks like Mark Shields has found himself assigned to yet another Perfection match. On a night when Andy Murray probably just wants to beat the tar outta Perfection, this could be very frustration...

Angus:

Way to put it mildly, Keebsy.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall...

♪ "Perfect Gentleman" by Helloween ♪

He's only been here enough, but James Witherhold has already built-up enough of a reputation to mean his entrance theme's first note draws huge jeers from The Faithful. The preening, sneering Perfectio slides out from the backstage area, taking his sweet-ass time in getting down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, he stands at 6'0", and weighs-in at 222lbs, from Hidden Hills, California...

PEEEEEERRRRRRFFFFFEEEEEECCCTTTTTTTTTIIIIIOOOONNNNNN!

♪ "Hail to the King, Baby" by The Heavy Eyes ♪

Andy Murray's entrance is a lot less serpentine. The Scot steps out to his usual big pope, but forgoes his usual theatrics when he sees who's wearing the official's shirt. Knowing there's nothing he can really do about it, Murray makes his way down the ramp, interacting with the fans as he goes, before stepping through the ropes.

Darren Quimbey:

... aaaaaand his opponent! He stands at 6'7", and weighs-in at 280lbs, from Aberdeen, Scotland... ANDYYYYYY
 MMMMMUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAYYYYY!

The King carefully removes his bomber jacket, then shouts something over to both Shields and Perfection. Shields

ignores him completely, while Perfection's smirk grows. The blonde-haired grappler leans back laconically against his corner's turnbuckles, before eventually pushing himself away as the bell rings.

The two spend some time circling. For all his dislike of James Witherhold's personality, Murray at least recognises the technical chops he brings to the table. Perfection pulls out of a knuckle-lock attempt, and they go back to circling. Murray finally goes in for a collar-and-elbow but Perfection backs against the ropes, and Shields quickly forces Murray to break.

They come back into the middle, and Andy again seizes a lock-up. Perfection reverses into a rear waistlock, but ducks and breaks when Andy aims a back elbow at his skull. Murray turns around and charges, but Perfect again heads to the ropes and slides his torso between the top and middle.

From safety, Perfection barks a few instructions at Mark Shields, who then tells Murray to take it easy. The King shakes his head and allows Perfection to come back to the middle, but Witherhold decides, instead, to head outside for a breather.

Seconds pass, and Shields doesn't even think about counting. At this point, Andy decides to slide out of the ring and deal with the problem. Perfection flees, and Shields commences with an absurdly fast count that almost catches Andy out. He gets back in the ring on the brink of ten, and so does Perfection.

More circling, and another lock-up attempt. Murray uses his athletic explosion to push Perfection all the way back into the corner before pulling an arm away and slamming it hard into Perfection's jaw. A second follows, then a third, but Murray doesn't notice Mark Shields...

DING! DING! DING!

Angus:
WHAT?!

Shields waves his hands. The match is over, and Perfection rolls out of the ring.

Angus:
What the hell just happened?!

DDK:
Shields administered a five count while Perfection was in the corner! I think Andy's been...

Darren Quimbey:
Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via *DISQUALIFICATION*...

The jeers are so loud they drown-out DQ. Aghast, Andy glares at the crooked official, who shrugs, rolls out of the ring, and joins Perfection on the ramp.

Angus:
This is the most ridiculous thing I've ever seen! A disqualification... for *that*?!

DDK:
They barely even went a minute, Angus!

Angus:
You know something, Keebs? I fucking *HATE* Perfection. Seriously, every si-- HEY!

Just as Halloween hits the speakers again, Andy Murray decides he's had enough. The big Scot rolls out of the bottom rope and immediately sprints up the ramp! Shields and Perfection turn on their heels.

Angus:

Yes! Catch him! Murder him!

DDK:

That's twice in a row that Andy Murray has been screwed by Mark Shields and Perfection, and he's had enough!

Angus:

Yaaaaaassssssssssss!

The camera cuts away just as Murray disappears through the curtain himself.

THE BIG GUNS

Backstage, roaming the halls. Impulse limps, impressively quickly for the beating his back took, from one end to the other. Next to him, Calico Rose walks slowly, their bag on her shoulders.

Fortunately, they've always packed light.

One more hallway, one more door, and they're outside in the parking lot, where they hope to catch a cab back to their part of the Quarter.

OSV:

Leaving already?

The voice stops them both in their tracks. Impulse turns around - with a little help from Cally, and they come face to face with THE BOSS herself - Kelly Evans.

Impulse:

That's right.

Kelly shakes her head.

Kelly Evans:

I've called you a lotta things in the years I've known you, Knox - but never thought I'd call you a quitter.

She turns to leave, but Impulse stops her.

Impulse:

Who's quitting?

Kelly raises an eyebrow.

Impulse:

Clearly, something's not working right now. This is twice I've had Mikey in the ring for the Southern Heritage, and twice he's managed to slither out. Three times if you count last time out against Kendrix.

Cally:

Slitherin' like a Slytherin.

Kelly looks momentarily confused, and raises a finger to question Cally's phrase, but Impulse continues.

Impulse:

Doc checked out my back and gave me the all clear - and Cally had the very good idea to take a change'a scenery, and come up with a new game plan.

He steps towards her, and Cally steps between them, as if she is posing out for the omniscient cameraman.

Impulse:

Ain't quitting on ya, boss lady, and we don't plan to. Just takin' a minute to come back in with bigger guns.

Impulse nods at her, then he and Cally turn to walk in the same direction they previously were.

Kelly Evans:

Hey.

He stops, but doesn't turn around, as it hurts. Cally does.

Kelly Evans:

I think I've got an idea. Make sure you bring the big guns to the Spirit of Seventy - Six.

While Impulse does not respond: he just keeps walking, Cally looks at him, then looks back at Kelly Evans, and salutes.

Kelly laughs, and turns back towards the elevators that will take her back to the Pleasure Domes for tonight's Main Event.

And hopefully, the unmaking of Curtis Penn.

GRUMP

Cut back to the locker-room area. Physically, Andy Murray has had enough time to cool-off from his non-match with Perfection, but mentally?

Nah, son.

He painted a frustrated figure as he tears athletic tape from his right wrist, scrunches it into a ball, and hurls it across the room. He's still dressed in his ring attire, and the entrance jacket's strewn across the floor. Murray tears a second ream of tape away from his other wrist, and it flies just past his brother's nose as he enters the room.

Cayle Murray:

Steady on, mate.

Cayle's already showered and changed from his own match, while Jason Natas, behind him, has been sitting around doing very little for 90 minutes. The duo walk-in as Andy pressed his head back against the wall, and lets out a long, frustrated sigh.

Cayle Murray:

No apology either? That's cold.

Jason Natas:

Count yourself lucky: I'd 'a thrown somethin' much, much heavier if Perfection pulled that shit on me.

Cayle Murray:

Fair point.

The duo enter the room proper.

Cayle Murray:

Did you catch him, at least?

Andy Murray:

Nope.

He shakes his head.

Andy Murray:

Bloody guy took-off like a rat up a drainpipe. I almost got him in the parking lot, but he had his manageress waiting with a car.

Jason Natas:

So now you wanna smash somethin'.

Andy Murray:

Yes. Gimme an object, any object.

Cayle's eyes dart around for a few minutes, looking for something. He swipes a silver wristwatch from near Andy's holdall and tosses it to his brother. Andy catches his watch, then flashes Cayle the kind of look only a senior family member can muster.

Cayle Murray: [shrugging]

You said "any object."

Andy cuts right through the bullshit right away.

Andy Murray:

I'm going to batter him.

He puts the watch down.

Andy Murray:

At least Bronson Box looked me in the goddamn eye when he tried screwing with me. This guy? Can't even go five seconds in the ring without looking for an escape route. I HATE that. Isn't this a combat sport? Don't we FIGHT for a living?

Cayle Murray:

Apparently.

Andy Murray:

So how the HELL does this guy even have a job?! I haven't seen this guy in ONE honest throwdown since he got here!

Jason Natas:

Damn, boss. Ain't seen you this pissed in a long time.

Andy Murray:

I haven't met someone who gets under my skin like this in a long time.

Cayle steps across the room and slumps down on one of the benches. He's all casual in a pair of grey jeans and a white tee.

Cayle Murray:

I had a little bust-up with the dude over in Utah. You know the most frustrating thing? He doesn't even have to do this! He's a great technical wrestler...

Andy Murray:

All the technique in the world can't compensate for a lack of heart. Look at Jason...

Natas folds his arms across his chest.

Jason Natas:

Are you sain' I don't know my gogoplatas from my katahajimes?

Andy Murray:

I'm saying you don't even know how to spell those words, but you're still one of the best wrestlers in this company.

The Bronx Bully ponders, then shrugs.

Jason Natas:

Can't argue.

Cayle Murray:

So what are you going to do about this?

Andy Murray:

I'm going to handle the situation. Next week, face-to-face, man-to-man. Just like he's gonna do to Mushigihara...

He points towards Natas.

Andy Murray:

... and you're gonna do to Bronson Box.

Then to Cayle.

Cayle Murray:

Sounds like fun.

Andy Murray:

“Fun?” It shouldn’t be fun. It’s duty.

Jason Natas:

You know who you’re startin’ to sound like?

All heads turn to the DOC.

Jason Natas:

Me, you fuckin’ grump.

With that, Andy’s SUPER SRS veneer finally cracks. He laughs.

Andy Murray:

You’re right: no point giving these fuckboys anymore airtime, I guess. How about we watch the main event then find a nasty dive bar someplace?

Jason Natas:

I’d say that’s the best idea you’ve had in weeks.

Cut.

Curtis Penn:

ME, the guy that has breathed life into DEFIANCE from jumpstreet! The guy that made the Southern Heritage Championship amount to something more than just a *trinket* that is carried around in a gym bag! The guy who made the DEF*MAX Grand Prix worth watching! I AM THE REASON THIS SHIP STILL FLOATS, but I cannot get a simple title match? I have to wait until ACTS of DEFIANCE?!

DDK:

Curtis Penn is not happy here, partner.

Angus:

GOOD. I live for that shitbreath's misfortune. Maybe Troy will shred his knees like she did Gigantor's and he'll go away FOR-EV-ER.

Penn steps between the ropes and stares up at the skybox where Kelly is no doubt ignoring him.

Curtis Penn:

This goes beyond political bullshit, far beyond nepotism, and straight into I'm about to FUCK THIS BITCH UP to make a point!

♪ "Trampled Underfoot" by Led Zeppelin ♪

The Sultan of Suplexes doesn't have to wait any longer, as his manifesto is cut off by the FIST of DEFIANCE's theme song. Amidst a symphony of cheers, The Champ strolls out to the stage with a microphone of her own in hand and a smirk on her face. Naturally.

Lindsay Troy: [amused]

Wooh! Sounds like somebody's got a Case of the Mondays....on a Tuesday...

The High Queen DEFIANT smiles while she begins her own leisurely stroll to the ring.

Lindsay Troy:

I was on my way to Gorilla when one of the stagehands told me you wanted to get something off your chest first. So I stopped by a hallway monitor to watch the fireworks and man, you certainly didn't disappoint. Coming out here, stomping about, all MAD - IN REAL LIFE - about Kelly calling you out on your nonsense and me...not about to give into it either.

Troy's at the bottom of the ramp now but instead of climbing the stairs, she continues over to the timekeeper's table. She unwraps the FIST of DEFIANCE belt from around her waist and leaves it there for safekeeping.

Lindsay Troy:

Y'see Curt... [Now, she climbs the stairs.] ... you can rest on your laurels and talk about all the things you *used* to do, but the reality is you barely get on by the skin of your teeth. You're your own best hype man and that *hype* is one thing I'm not buyin'.

She slips between the ropes and sets her eyes dead on him.

Lindsay Troy:

You think you're gonna fuck me up? [Another smirk.] I'd like to see you try.

Angus:

Mom's about had enough of MicroPennis' bullllllshit, Keebs!

DDK:

She just flipped her mic to Quimbey and waved off her formal intro. Hell, let's just get this one underway!

DING! DING DING!

Both Penn and Troy come to center. Curtis can't help but continue his jaw-jacking from earlier and Troy's not about to back down either. Tensions look like they're rising when the expression on Troy's face changes from irritation to fury at something that Penn says. Before she can react, the Number One Contender fires an open-palm slap at her jaw. The **CRACK!** elicits an *OHHHHH!* in response from the Faithful and Troy is quick to fire a jaw-cracking forearm back at Penn in retaliation!

The two begin an all-out frenzy of blows, picking right back up where they left off at DEFtv 74 where DEFsec had to separate them at the end of Troy's match with Cayle Murray! Penn gets the upper hand of the exchange when he deliberately stomps on Troy's foot with his Shitty Lil' Boots™ and works her back into a corner. He Irish whips her across the ring and Troy leapfrogs up and over him when he darts into the corner on the follow-up. Penn whips around to confront the FIST and Troy greets him with a stiff knife-edge chop! Curtis grabs his chest in pain and Troy throws another chop that finds its mark. Penn hobbles out of the corner and Troy kicks his legs out from under him, sending him to his back, and follows up with an elbow drop. A cover gets a one and a half count from Carla Ferrari, but when Troy goes to pull Penn off the canvas, the DEF*MAX Defrauder throws a punch at the Queen's throat! Carla doesn't see it and Troy stumbles away, coughing, while the Faithful *BOOOOOOOOOOO!* loudly.

DDK:

Cheap shot by Curtis Penn!

Angus:

Ugh, come on, Carla! Eyes open! Don't let MicroPennis get away with that shit!

Troy tries to get her breath back in a corner. Penn's back to his feet and he charges in, landing a knee right to the champ's back! Troy's got nowhere to go as she's wedged against the turnbuckles. She drops to a knee and Penn starts in with stiff kicks to her torso, arms, and ribs. The Queen looks to get some separation by firing some forearms toward Curtis and lands a couple. Her tenacity enrages the number one contender and he manages to catch her arm, pull her toward him, and launch her across the ring with an overhead belly to belly suplex! Troy hits the mat hard and Penn is quick to cover but only gets a two.

Penn stands on her hands and pulls her up by her hair, and slams her down hard. Carla admonishes Penn about the hair, and he yells back. Troy is back to her feet, she swings, Penn moves and dumps her onto the back of her neck. He deadlifts her and tosses her into the corner and he feeds her a running knee. He steps back and lets her fall face first onto the canvas. He walks around the ring, glorified, as Carla checks on Troy.

Penn makes his way back to a kneeling Troy and helps her back up, but Troy catches him with a quick palm strike that stuns him. She doesn't let him get far because she reaches back for him, hooks him in a chancery, grabs his leg, and spins him to the canvas with a spinning fisherman's suplex! A pin attempt gets only a two before Penn kicks out.

Both to their feet, they grin as they tear into each other with wild rights and lefts. Troy gets the better of the exchange and Penn retreats toward a corner. She steps back and rushes in, but Penn thinks quick and a drop toe hold sends Troy to the All-You-Can-Eat Turnbuckle Buffett. A quick double stomp from the top rope later sees Penn covering Troy. The Queen reaches for the ropes, but Penn's got the more advantageous positioning and pushes the cable out of her reach. Carla continues the count while Penn holds a fistful of tights! Carla's completely blocked out and can't see the illegal leverage as Curtis puts ALLLLLLL his weight over Troy and holds on for the three!

DING! DING DING!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Troy finally manages to twist her body enough to get a shoulder off the canvas but it's far, far too late.

Angus:

OH FOR THE LOVE OF---

DDK:

Curtis Penn, with a complete screwjob pin, has just **STOLEN** a W from the FIST of DEFIANCE, Lindsay Troy! And the Faithful are letting him have it!

Angus:

THIS IS GODDAMN BULLSHIT, KEEBS!

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" by eRa ♪

Penn rockets to his feet, holding his arms above his head in victory, but his celebration is incredibly short lived as Troy makes a beeline for him! He scrambles out of the ring, ducking a hailstorm of cups and garbage, and hightails it halfway up the ramp to higher ground!

DDK:

Say what you will about him, and I know you will have *plenty*, partner, but the DEF*MAX Winner and FIST of DEFIANCE Number One Contender now holds a pinfall over our champion, much to Kelly Evan's chagrin I am sure.

Angus:

There is NO JOY in MUDVILLE, or in NAWLINS, and I'm about to break into Dane's Top Seekrit Stash over this. FUCK MICROPENNIS. I hope a snake crawls up his urethra. I hope... You know what?

DDK:

Angus?

The camera moves to the commentary table, where Angus stands up and grabs his headset with both hands.

Angus:

First McFuckass, now Micropennis? Fuck this noise.

He throws down the headset... and leaves the set. Keebler watches him go, then becomes very much aware of the camera still on him.

DDK:

Aaaaaand we're out of time! For Angus Skaaland, wherever he's going, I'm Darren Keebler, saying tune back in in two weeks for DEFtv 76...the GO HOME SHOW before ACTS of DEFIANCE. GOOD NIGHT!

Fade-out on a smirking, TRIUMPHANT, Curtis Penn, and a positively SEETHING Lindsay Troy...

THIS IS DEFIANCE.