

DENOUMENT

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

♪"Long Division" - Fugazi♪

We fade in with the music to a black and white slo-mo montage of the final three matches of ACTS of DEFIANCE.

First, we see Mikey Unlikely furiously tapping out to Impulse's double wristlock.

Then we see Bronson Box lock the Boston Massacre on Cayle Murray.

Finally, there's an overlay of Curtis Penn with a handful of Lindsay Troy's tights, along with Lindsay Troy locking on the Divine Right (Koji Clutch) onto Curtis Penn, and his arm falling for the last time while Carla Ferrari calls for the bell.

And we fade to...



♪"Revolution" - SIRSY♪

The camera pans the cheering FAITHFUL, stopping to check on a few signs for the occasion:

"SEG = Starting to End. GREAT!"

"BOSTON MURRRSACRE"

"DID HE EVER TAKE A CRAP?"

"INNIT, BRUV?"

"MOM KICKED CURTIS IN THE MICROPENNIS"

And so forth.

We finally settle on the commentary table, slightly askew, so we can see both Darren Keebler and Angus Skaaland, as well as the entryway. Keebler has his usual look of excitement and enthusiasm on his face, while Angus is dressed for New Year's Day - complete with gigantic hat, novelty glasses, a noisemaker in his mouth, and a huge pile of confetti that he routinely throws handfuls of into the air.

DDK:

WELCOME, EVERYONE... TO NEW ORLEANS! WELCOME TO THE WRESTLE-PLEX AND THE FALLOUT OF THE ACTS OF DEFIANCE! WELCOME... TO DEFIANCE WRESTLING! My name is 'Diamond' Darren Keebler, and I'm joined as always, by Angus Skaaland, and Angus - you look like you're in a good mood tonight!

Angus:

Good mood? Keebs, I was in a good mood when the Kitty Barn offered a two - for - one special on my birthday. I was in a good mood when the Saints won the Super Bowl eight years ago. I was in a good mood when Mayberry up and left DEFIANCE.

Behind the commentators, the fans perk up even more as Impulse and Calico Rose enter the arena. Impulse is dressed in street clothes with his leather jacket zipped, but the hint of gold can be seen underneath the bottom.

Angus:

But because of that man right there, I feel like a bride on her wedding day when everything is perfect, and I don't even care about the consequences of that analogy.

DDK:

The new Southern Heritage champion appears to be on his way to address the crowd!

As Keebs says 'new Southern Heritage champion,' Angus blows his noisemaker. Impulse nods his head at the fans and mouths the words 'Thank you,' in response to their cheers. All the while, Calico Rose half dances, half Fargo-Struts to the commentary team.

Calico Rose:

Bring it in, boys. Group hug!

They both stand up - probably the only person in all of DEFIANCE that could get them to do so - and Cally hugs them both. As she lets them go she kisses them each on the cheek and slaps each of them on the ass. Keebler jumps, but Angus is on too much of an emotional high to care.

Cally:

We did it!

Angus:

We did it!

He throws another handful of confetti into the air, most of it getting stuck in Cally's hair. She doesn't seem to care (or notice), however, as she catches up to Impulse and takes his hand in hers for the final few feet to the ring.

DDK:

You didn't do anything, Angus.

Angus:

Didn't I? Here I was, the voice of the FAITHFUL, facing the toughest night of my life. JFK defeats Fatas and makes the entire S.E.G. golden, and if that had coupled with this kid losing and Micropennis pulling off a miracle, it was shaping up to potentially be the worst night of my life. Then Impulse takes the Southern Heritage championship from Hollywood McFuckass, and I'm given reason to hope. Then, Micropennis faints in the middle of the ring.

The camera cuts back to the commentary table, as Angus leans in to Keebler.

Angus:

Didn't do anything, Keebs?

He tosses another handful of confetti in the air, and it rains down all on and around Keebler.

Angus:

I earned this.

The music stops as Impulse retrieves a microphone from Darren Quimbey and leans against the ropes. He puts the microphone to his mouth, but doesn't say a word. It's not like he could: the fans are all cheering, quite loudly.

Impulse:

Last night--

And the cheers start all over again.

"THANK YOU IMPULSE!" *clap clap clapclapclap"

"THANK YOU IMPULSE!" *clap clap clapclapclap"

DDK:

Angus, will you sit down?

Angus:

In this circumstance? NEVER.

Back in the ring, Impulse gives the fans a few seconds for their chant, then he holds up a hand to try and quiet them down.

Impulse:

First thing's first, let's address the elephant in the room.

He unzips his leather jacket, revealing his championship belt to yet another cheer from the fans. Cally takes his jacket, showing off his black sleeveless T-shirt that simply says 'DIS' on it, and he unhooks the belt from his waist and holds it up.

Impulse:

I stand here tonight, and I'm proud to be... your SOUTHERN... Heritage Champion.

Another huge cheer as Impulse correctly names his championship, and the inevitable chant begins.

"MIKEY SUCKS! MIKEY SUCKS!"

MIKEY SUCKS! MIKEY SUCKS!"

Again, Impulse allows them chant for a few seconds before he starts to speak once more.

Impulse:

This was a long road, but we got here together. I mean that: together. Back before the DEF*MAX tournament, when Levi Cole and I defeated the Hollywood Bruvs, people started to talk. From that point A to this point B, there was obstacle after obstacle, and it was tough at times to keep moving forward. But I never gave up on the ultimate goal... because you never gave up on me.

Applause from the fans.

Angus:

Any other day, and I'd be faux - snoring, but I approve of anything that milks McFuckass' downfall for just a little longer.

Impulse:

But let's give Mikey Unlikely his due.

Boos, the chant starts again. This time, Impulse doesn't let them go.

Impulse:

No, I'm serious. He held this championship for two thirds of a year... that's a lifetime in this day and age. I'll be lucky to keep this belt around my waist as long. However...

We get a close up of Impulse, with Cally in the corner behind him, and he gives the camera the side-eye.

Impulse:

We'll be doing things a little differently. You see, I don't have a 'bruv' to help me keep my title.

And yes, he did the finger quotes.

Impulse:

I don't have a Sports Entertainment Guild behind me, tryin' to stack the deck. It's just me and Cally. And you.

Another pop from the FAITHFUL.

Impulse:

But that means that I could lose this championship at any time.

Angus:

Why's he trying to harsh my buzz?

DDK:

Will you please take off that silly hat?

Impulse smirks.

Impulse:

But that's half the fun. Any title defense could be my last, and any day spent as the Southern Heritage Champion could be the final one. So what do you say, FAITHFUL? Do we test the odds?

The FAITHFUL cheer, but briefly: they're waiting for clarification. Impulse begins to pace the ring.

Impulse:

You see, unlike Mikey Unlikely, I'm not interested in simply holding this Championship. I'm interested in defending it. And with that in mind, I'd like to lay out an open challenge to the entire roster of DEFIANCE Wrestling, and any other athlete within the sound of my voice. You want a shot at the Southern Heritage Championship? Come on down to the Wrestle-Plex and take a shot. And that means--

He's drowned out by the cheers at this announcement, and again, he gives them a few seconds.

Impulse:

And that means, Mikey - I know you want your rematch. You'll get your rematch.

DDK:

Big words from the new Champ! I can't wait to see where he takes this title!

Angus:

But why is he giving McFuckass a rematch? What the fuck is wrong with--no. No, Angus... happy place. Happy place. McFuckass has no belt. McFuckass has no belt.

Impulse:

To the rest of DEFIANCE--

♪“Blunt Blowin’” - Lil Wayne♪

Boos fill the arena as the former Southern Heritage Champion enters the arena. Forget the pomp and circumstance. Forget the light sabers, forget the red carpet, forget the suit. Mikey comes out, walks to the top of the stage. He locks eyes with the new champion, and his lip snarls. Mikey is wearing Jeans and a plain black tshirt.

He looks over at Angus, who is laughing with all of his might. Big bellied laughs. He looks back to the ring, and pulls a mic from his pocket.

Mikey Unlikely:

Let me stop you right there....Impulse.

The fans boo in response.

Mikey Unlikely:

Before you continue to pound my name in the dirt, lets take a second to recognize that I am one of the greatest champions this company has ever seen! 244 days as YOUR HOLLYWOOD HERI...

He's cut off by the crowd, Impulse and Cally smile in the ring.

Shut your face! Shut your face!

Shut your face! Shut your face!

Mikey Unlikely:

I'm out here to take back what is mine! I am out here to take MY CHAMPIONSHIP back to the SEG locker room, and back to the glory that it deserves. Back to my beautiful waist. SO you wanna talk about title defenses? You wanna talk about legacy? You wanna be a “fighting champion”? Because every fan in the Wrestle-Plex knows one thing, and that's the fact that you could NEVER be as entertaining a champion as Mikey Unlikely. So man up, and give me my rematch TONIGHT!

The crowd roars at the potential matchup. All eyes return to Impulse, who has since moved from leaning against the far ropes, to leaning his arms on the ropes on the apron side: there's nothing between Mikey and Impulse but rope.

Impulse:

Done.

Angus:

What? Don't harsh my buzz, Knox!

Almost immediately, the DEFIA-tron came to life. The crowd cheers at the sight of Kelly Evans, sitting at her desk in the Pleasure Domes, looking agitated.

Kelly Evans:

Maybe I was unclear at DEFtv 76, gentlemen. ACTS of DEFIANCE was the last match between you two. I'm not dealing with this bullshit for yet another week.

Mikey is so angry at this statement that as he turns towards the screen, he shouts every epithet he can think at her, even forgetting he has a microphone in his hands.

Impulse doesn't.

Impulse:

If you remember, Ms. Evans... you said that ACTS was **my** last shot at the Southern Heritage Championship. Mikey is the most recent former Champion, and he deserves his rematch. I just said I was going to defend this Championship against anyone... Mikey is someone, and I'm going to keep my word.

On screen, Kelly looks up, like she's asking Valhalla for strength and patience.

Kelly Evans:

Fine.

Mikey jumps in the air as the fans boo, and he shouts at Impulse, still forgetting the microphone in his hand.

Kelly Evans:

But I'm gonna say this once. Mikey, this is your last chance. No matter what happens tonight, if you don't walk out with the belt, you will never ever have another chance. Impulse? Your last chance took place at ACTS of DEFIANCE. You lose the belt back to Mikey, you don't get a rematch. You don't get a second chance or an instant replay or anything of the sort.

She sighs.

Kelly Evans:

And may the FAITHFUL have mercy on your souls.

DDK:

Incredible, Angus! We're going to see the rematch for the Southern Heritage championship tonight! Are you okay?

Angus:

I'm... No. No, this can't be it. My night can't end like that. Wait, no. No, no, no, no, no. Whatever happens, I'm celebrating until it does. I WILL NOT BE BROUGHT DOWN!

We remain fixed on the ring, with Mikey and Impulse jawing back and forth, but the sound of Angus' noisemaker can be heard over the crowd.

DDK:

Angus Skaaland in denial, folks, and we'll be back in just a moment with our opening match!

CORBIN MICHAELS VS. HARRY ROSE

The shot opens back up on the ramp as “The Brixton Butcher” struts towards the ring like he’s the cock o’ the walk. He exchanges in a verbal volley with a group rampside. The camera cuts to Keebler and Skaaland at their remote booth - Angus seems a *bit* preoccupied.

DDK:

Harry Rose, one-third of the Guns of Brixton, set for action here against the newcomer Corbin Michaels. We’ve heard good things about this young man out of the Heartland ... what’s your take, Angus?

Angus:

[muttering] Why would you just give Mikey a title shot ...

DDK:

Compose yourself. There’s a lot of show to go! Harry Rose runs through a snappy, shadowbox session as the Bareknuckle Bully awaits the debutant ...

♪ “Frontline” by Pillar ♪

For the first time, “The Cyclone” Corbin Michaels steps out under the bright lights of the DEF Wrestleplex. The stoic Oklahoman, standing atop the stage, takes a sweeping glance at the forty-five hundred strong, who direct a smattering of cheers in his direction, before continuing his descent on the ramp. Despite his attention being fixed on Harry Rose, he runs a taped hand along the fans’ outstretched hands at ringside. Michaels quickly makes it up the steel steps and slips into the opposite corner of Rose.

Angus:

Touching those people is a *surefire* way to get jumping crabs, Keebs. Not a risk I would take and I’ve sent Sergeant Skaaland into more than a couple ill-advised battles!

DDK:

[audible sigh] Ahh, Angus, thanks for joining us. There’s nothing wrong with showing a little appreciation to the folks that come out week in-week out to watch DEFIANCE!

With both men ready and in-ring, Referee Benny Doyle calls for the bell. The Butcher of Brixton wastes little time in engaging his younger, but much larger opposition. The decision seems to backfire as Corbin fights back from a slew of rights and lefts to rock the Englishman with a couple of forearm shivers. An Irish whip follows, then a shoulderblock, then another, then one more of the leaping variety from the fired up Michaels! Rose is a bit slower to his feet this time and is promptly met with a thunderous powerslam! The follow-through cover nets him a two-count, but Rose comfortably kicks out. With momentum in hand, Michaels peels Rose off the canvas and absorbs a right hand to the liver for his decision.

DDK:

Michaels was in full control there, but he seemed to try to push the pace and Harry Rose pounced on the opportunity! Chalk it up to lack of experience and the adrenaline of the moment!

Angus:

Welcome to the Big Time, Oklahoma.

Rose measures the large man up and rips off a series of surgical strikes that could have made Micky Ward blush. The Londoner grabs a reeling Michaels at the cables, sends him across ring, and welcomes him back with a charge, side-step, and Kitchen Sink! Rose follows with a quick elbow drop, spins up, and drops the opposite elbow in similar

fashion. While sitting on the canvas next to Michaels, Rose hooks around his neck with a one-arm headlock and pounds on him with rapid-fire right fists! Rose is hot-to-trot now and yells an inaudible taunt (or maybe a concerned inquiry) toward the downed, dazed, but climbing Corbin Michaels.

On his feet, Corbin steps right into a European Uppercut that spins him right round and allows Harry Rose to drive a forearm into the small of his back. Rose latches on and hits a uneasy Back Suplex. Benny Doyle hits the deck, but is only able to manage a short two-count. Rose is less than impressed. He barks at Doyle a bit before turning back to Michaels, who is working back to his base. Kick to the ribs from Rose! Corbin keeps standing up! Another! Corbin on his feet, but bent over. One more kick from the Bareknuckle Bully! Corbin catches the leg under his arm! Leg Capture Suplex! The Wrestleplex pops off as Harry Rose goes skidding across the canvas like a loose puck on ice!

Both men are back up at roughly the same time and Rose charges toward "The Cyclone" and quickly finds himself headed roof-bound in a Military Press! Corbin gives the DEFaithful a look at the defenseless Butcher and dumps him like a sack of po-tay-toes! Rose is a bit slower to his feet this time and is pushed into the buckles by the size advantaged Michaels! Forearm Shiver! Rapid-fire Engaged! The Brixton Butcher stumbles past Corbin, who allows him to pass before spiking him from behind with a Running Bulldog! Corbin flips him over and hooks the far leg for the cover!

ONE...

TWO...

TH--NO SIR!

Michaels slaps a Camel Clutch onto Rose, who wildly struggles to reach out for the closest rope! The typical "Will He, Won't He" ensues - finally, Harry does manage to grasp the bottom cable and earn a reprieve. Corbin Michaels quickly breaks the hold at Doyle's request. The match continues with Michaels grinding away on Rose with neck / head locks and a quick-hit, floatover German Suplex! Corbin goes for a second, but Rose hooks a leg behind Corbin's and blocks! Rose buries an elbow into the bridge of Corbin's nose! One more breaks the waist-lock! Harry turns into "The Cyclone" and sends him up and over with a Northern Lights Plex! Good enough for a quick two-count!

The Brixton Butcher hauls Corbin to his feet and sends him toward the turnbuckles! Reversed! As Rose slams chest-first into the buckles, Corbin hits the adjacent ropes and meets up with a rebounding Harry Rose! Broken Arrow Lariat! The DEFaithful let out a "Oooo" as Rose finally hits the canvas after flat-spinning like Maverick and Goose! B-Doyle slides into position.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

As the bells sounds, "DQ" Darren Quimbey, mike in-hand, rolls into the ring ...

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, by Pinfall ... Corbin Michaels!

Michaels shakes hands with Benny Doyle, who seems taken aback by the rookie's gesture. Michaels exits the ring and heads toward the back as Keebler and Angus pipe in.

DDK:

An impressive debut by Corbin Michaels and he's someone to keep an eye on. It looks like they might need the smelling salts to revive Harry Rose! Such force on that Broken Arrow Lariat!

Angus:

The guy's British, Keebs. [pauses] British. I've seen soccer over there ... they get kicked in the leg and go down like a sniper hit 'em in spine! This Michaels kid ain't Stevie Greer and that's that.

DDK:

You're as cheery as ever, Angus. Speaking of being in a good mood, word has it that Curtis Penn is in the building and I cannot imagine he's very pleased with how Acts of DEFIANCE turned out!

Angus:

Ugh. Can we go to something else first? Anything else first?

And his wish is granted.

DIGITS, BABY. DIGITS.

Backstage, Lance Warner, stands before the DEFtv backdrop. He sweeps a lock of hair from his forehead and nods politely and professionally towards the camera as, off-camera, his cue is given.

LANCE WARNER:

Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm about to be joined by DEFIANCE's newest, and possibly most unique tag team. A tag team that undoubtedly shocked us all with a win over the Barrio Boys at Acts of DEFIANCE... let's refresh our collective memories; take a look!

We cut to stills from the early tag match from the pay-per-view. Masked Violator #2 begins the match by brutally spearing Corey Nunez out of the ring - much to the shock and dismay of MV#1. At the announce booth, Keebler and Skaaland chime in as the slides slowly progress...

DDK:

The Masked Violators surprised us *AND* the Barrio Boys at our last big event. Now that we are a bit removed from Acts a bit, Angus, what's your take on this team?

The still-montage hovers for an extra heartbeat or three on the moment that Masked Violator #1's top-turnbuckle drop-kick removed Nunez from his perch, standing on the shoulders of his partner, Villalobos. Flashbulbs and raised fists from the crowd are blurred together behind the twisting figures in the fore.

Angus:

You don't want my opinion...

DDK:

Personally, I'm impressed with--

Angus:

These guys are a joke, right? Are they serious?

Another still, this one profiles MV#2 frothing at the mouth, camel-clutch locked mercilessly on Villalobos. His eyes are crazed and distant.

DDK:

They looked pretty serious, if you ask me!

Angus:

You asked ME, Keebs! And I'm telling you they are embarrassing.

The final still is a diagonal split screen; the upper left shows their finisher, The Moving Violation, being delivered to Gerardo Villalobos - a crushing double-spear with malicious intent. The lower right shows the ref raising the arm of a jubilant MV#1 while #2 sits in a puddle of his own drool on the ring apron. We cut back to Lance Warner and that sweet, sweet DEFtv backdrop.

LANCE WARNER:

Please welcome to DEFtv, the Masked Violators!

Lance looks nervously to his left, then to his right as the masked grapplers step into shot, flanking him on each side. MV#1 holds up his index finger proudly, all smiles. He claps Warner on the back stiffly. MV#2 seems disinterested, eating something out of a quart-sized chinese takeout container. With his hands. Grease and ... something ... smeared across the yellow mask-fabric around his mouth and all over his fingers. And mixed into his chest hair. Ew.

LANCE WARNER:

Gentlemen... you certainly turned heads at Acts of DEFIANCE just a few short weeks ago when you were a late-

addition to the card and defeated BRAZEN stars, the Barrio Boys. Tonight, you have a chance to do it again in a rematch! A chance to prove to any doubters that you are, in fact, for real. That you deserve to be here! What's going through your head tonight?

Warner first offers the mic towards MV#2 who pays him no mind. Warner blinks, shrugs, then turns to MV#1 who is primed and ready to speak. His voice boils with excitement, beaming ear to ear.

MV#1:

Lance, it is an absolute honor to be here! 2 and I have wrestled all over the world! We've been champions on one and a half continents! We've beat some of the best of the best in front of dignitaries like aldermen, volunteer fire chiefs, and even big, BIG stars like "Golden Girls" own, Rue McClanahan. But no feeling... no high - I promise you - NOTHING can top that high when we stepped through the curtain for the first time at the Wrestle-Plex on live pay-per-view!

With that, MV#2's slimy hand tugged Warner's arm, asking for the mic for a moment. He had the flash of brief dignity to slurp up whatever it was that had been hanging out of his mouth.

MV#2:

Speak for yourself.

MV#1:

Well, I think I speak for us BOTH when I say... we were in the right place at the right time, perceive it and achieve it, timing is everything, insert cliché here, DEFIANCE Wrestling: the Masked Violators have ARRIVED!

There is a muffled, likely half-hearted pop as fans in the arena watch the interview unfold on the DEFtron.

LANCE WARNER:

I'll be quite honest, gentlemen. There is a segment of the office, of the boys here in the back, and I'm sure of the fans in attendance here tonight or watching on Hulu that question whether or not you FIT here... that question whether you BELONG. How would you respond to those doubts?

Masked Violator #2's ears perk up. He drops the takeout... but it's MV#1 that first fields the question. Lance looks down with disgust, we must assume he is kicking the contents of that takeout container off of his Italian shoes. MV#1's smile is gone and suddenly, those piercing blue eyes are trained sternly on the camera as if he were speaking directly to you.

MV#1:

To those doubters I would say: "Get in line." You aren't the first - far from the first - to wonder if we "belong". You won't be the last--

MV#2:

I'll tell you what I told my third ex-wife the night we met, Nance. I said: "You'll find out if I fit soon enough, sugartits".

MV#2 smiled a decaying smile at our intrepid interviewer. Lance bristled and recoiled at that statement then turned back to Masked Violator #1. #2 picked a bit of chicken(?) from out of his chest hair, examined it incredibly briefly, and popped it into his mouth.

MV#1:

Don't mind my chum there, Lance. What he MEANS to say is... at Acts of DEFIANCE we came in the Barrio Boys house and took the keys DEF dangled in our face! We made a statement! Taking absolutely nothing away from the Boys, they are incredible athletes and performers, but this is OUR time... we plan on making their house our HOME here in DEFIANCE... and that quest continues... TONIGHT! Thanks, Lance!

Violator 1 offers a quick nod to Warner then bounds out of shot. MV#2 burps loudly before requesting the mic one more time. Warner hesitates... then finally obliges. 2 politely "brushes" lint from Warner's jacket lapel, smearing grease on it as he does so.

MV#2:

Do me a favor, Nance. Don't doubt us. Don't doubt ME. Don't doubt how sick I can get when that bell rings. Don't doubt how twisted I can be, how far I will go, or how depraved I can become when I'm cornered. Openly question me like that again, and I swear to fucking christ, you and I will find out if... and just how well... THIS belongs.

2 slowly taps the mic three times.

MV#2:

If you'll excuse me... I've got to take a shit before this match.

Lance's eyes warily watch the second Violator leave the shot. He takes a brief beat to compose himself.

LANCE WARNER:

...back to you guys.

You're On The Clock

Angus:

Keebs, what's up next?

â™ª“Enea Volare Mezo”â™ª

Angus' face turns like he just smelled a diaper full of shit.

DDK

By the sound of the music it seems that we're going to have a visit from your pal Curtis Penn.

Angus:

Take that back Darren...take it back, MicroPenis is no friend of mine. I wouldn't piss on him if he was on fire.

Standing center stage is the Greatest SoHer Champion of All-Time, the rightful FIST of DEFIANCE, and the most Angry man in all of the State of Louisiana, Curtis Penn.

Curtis Penn:

Stop the music. Stop it... just end it...

Curtis rubs his temples with thumb and forefinger while waiting.

Curtis Penn:

STOPTHEFUCKING MUSIC!

SCREECH!

Curtis Penn:

Thank you, much appreciated. My head is still fucking pounding from Acts of DEFIANCE.

DDK

Curtis Penn lost to Lindsay Troy at ACTS after Kelly Evans restarted the match after catching him with a handful of tights.

Angus:

And that's when Troy locked in the Koji Clutch and put his ass to sleep!

Curtis looks towards the Skybox.

Curtis Penn:

Kelly you and I have had our little fun. I poke you, you jab me and it's all been in good fun. But, we have always kept this game from entering the ring and kept everything in that big office in the sky. But...

Jane Katze walks out and places her hand over the microphone.

DDK

Jane is trying to talk Curtis down off of the cliff.

Angus:

Let his ass jump... it'll be the most exciting thing he's done in a long time.

Curtis gently lifts her hand off of the microphone.

Curtis Penn:

As I was saying. At Acts of DEFIANCE you broke the rules. You took our game to a whole new level when you stepped

a thousand dollar pair of heels into that ring and reversed the ref's ruling and stripping me of the FIST of DEFIANCE!

Curtis slows to a pause.

Curtis Penn:

Spin that fucking chair around and listen!

DDK

He knows Ms. Evans is in her office and listening, he should be up there taking this up with her in confidence.

Angus:

You know that won't happen, she's likely barred him from her office... again.

Jane rushes and cups the microphone again and Penn just pulls it away.

Curtis Penn:

You stripped me because I had a handful of tights. By hook or by crook... call Eric Dane, you had no fucking right to reverse that match! I beat your precious FIST 1, 2, 3 in the middle of the ring and you didn't like the fucking outcome.

Penn snorts

Curtis Penn:

That's just like you Kelly, you don't like the outcome you change it, always have. You have people bashing each others brains in, but you have no problem with that. But, you have an issue because I grabbed a pair of tights! No...it wasn't the cheating part, it's the CURTIS PENN PART! It was that you were going to have CURTIS PENN AS THE FIST of DEFIANCE!

The Head Honcho of Headbutts smiles.

Curtis Penn:

You didn't have an issue when Lindsay slipped in an illegal choke on me after you restarted the match. That was all well and good, but let me do something as simple as grab a pair of tights... something that wouldn't send anyone to the hospital, and you took away the FIST from me!

Curtis stalks the stage.

Curtis Penn:

You have an issue with me Kelly. You fucking hate me, I get it, I place your boyfriend on the bench and you still won't forgive me. I understand where you are coming from and up until this point I have been very indulgent with it, I have placated you by coming up to your offices and making formal requests for matches and never over stepped or interfered in any match that didn't pertain to me. I did that out of respect to Tyrone Walker, Eric Dane, and the rest of the guys who paved the way for DEFIANCE, but Kelly you can give that respectful shit up, it's over!

The Earl of Elbows wipes away the spit that has built up in the corners of his mouth.

Curtis Penn:

I'm going to get my rematch against Troy for the FIST. I'm going to get the rematch or the next person I face will be sitting right beside Tyrone Walker and the next person, then the next, and the next...do you get my fucking point!

Curtis Penn:

I will sideline Cayle. I will break Impulse's knees. And just to show you that I'm all for equality in the workplace I'll break a bone or two in Calico's fist bump hand since you think that's just so cute. I will place this roster in the ICU in order to get my hands back on the FIST! I see a roster full of injuries just waiting to happen Kelly, so hurry up and make the match.

The King of Knees pauses.

Curtis Penn:

The clock's ticking.

Finally, he gently hands the microphone over to Jane.

SEG-Mental

The scene opens up in the SEG Locker-Room. The shot focuses on Kendrix sitting on a bench opposite his locker, DOC title over his shoulder but hangs his head in his hands. As he removes them from his face he looks up and out towards him, shaking his head. At what becomes clearer as the shot zooms out focussing on The D and Elise in mid conversation.

The D:

So, that big news, the one I've been hyping up as the greatest thing since sliced cheese.

Elise Ares:

Bread.

The D:

Excuse me?

Elise Ares:

It's greatest thing since sliced bread.

The D:

I know the idiom. It's stupid. Cheese is way better.

Elise Ares:

Obvs-si.

JFK sneered.

The D:

I totally got an acting role!

Elise Ares:

You did?!? What for?

The D:

Oh, do you remember Clooney?

Elise Ares:

George?!

The D:

No, Raul. He runs the tire shop on Main. He's doing a local commercial. Five hundred bucks. I might need to run lines with you later.

Elise Ares:

Sure... if...

The D:

I'll toss you a hundo.

At that moment, Jesse gets in-between PCP and shoves them both ever so slightly to get their attention.

Kendrix:

Enough, listen up you two. I saw Mikey earlier and he's pissed. So pissed that he couldn't even finish his Oreo Frappachino I got him.

Both Elise and The D's jaws drop at the revelation.

Kendrix:

So for the rest of the night, make sure you cut out the crap and focus all your energies on making sure SEG make a statement tonight when Mikey brings home the HOLLYWOOD...Heritage Title. You get me?!

The D:

Alright... sure. We're on board. It's just...

Elise:

Isn't it... Mikey's match?

JFK frowns and crosses his arms over his chest.

Kendrix:

You what?

The D:

No, but, like, she's right. We won our tag titles on our own. You won that DOC on your own. Why can't Mikey like... let us take a night off without losing the title?

Kendrix's eyes flare.

Elise Ares:

He ruined Drake night. He was a total buzzkill.

The D:

He killed all the bees.

Elise Ares:

No bees means no flowers.

The D:

No flowers means no food.

Elise Ares:

This is how the world ends. Not with a bang, but with a buzz.

The D:

A buzzkill.

The door to the locker room slams open, an irate Mikey Unlikely comes through it. He looks around the room at the cast of characters and shakes his head.

Mikey Unlikely:

Well we're halfway there! The match is made! That idiot won't know what hit em... guys what... what are you doing!?

Kendrix is rummaging in his locker, fidgeting with his title. PCP are whispering back and forth and Klein sits mum staring at Mikey.

Mikey Unlikely:

DO YOU NOT REALIZE HOW BIG THIS IS!?

Everyone looks at Mikey now as he is yelling loudly.

Mikey Unlikely:

Without that title...who are we!?

The D:

Tag Team Champions!?

Kendrix:

DOC Champ, bruv! We're the freakin Sports Entertainment Guild, innit!?

Mikey shakes his head and squints at them.

Mikey Unlikely:

No! We're LOSERS! If I don't have a title, then none of what you guys do matters! What don't you understand!? This is a ALL FOR ONE! AND ONE FOR ALL MENTALITY! I'M THE ONE THO~!

Elise Ares bites her lip and looks at Mikey sideways. The D puts a hand on her leg to calm her down. Kendrix, used to Mikeys ideology, chuckles under his breath.

Mikey Unlikely:

So let's focus in, and come up with a plan! We ALWAYS need a plan! What's happened to you guys recently!? Does anyone have a frappe!?

Kendrix walks over to Mikey and puts a hand on his shoulder.

Kendrix:

We got this bruv! We always do! Impulse got lucky! It happens! Tonight though... Tonight is Mikey's night!

Mikey calms slowly and almost smiles.

Mikey Unlikely:

It's just that... I don't... I can't...

JFK shushes him.

Kendrix:

Shhhhhhh.... It's okay! We got this bruv! We always do! Impulse got lucky! It happens! Tonight though...Tonight is all about making another SEG statement. JFK has his own statement to make which you're totally going to love! BUT the most important thing of all, is that tonight is MIKEY's night! Now let's go get you a new frappe! And turn that frown upside down!

The scene fades as Mikey and JFK turn to leave, behind them The D shakes his head unbelievably and holds back Elise from standing.

Fade.

SCOTT DOUGLAS VS. PETEY GARRETT

Back to the boys at the table...

"Downtown" Darren Keebler and "The Motormouth of Malcontent" Angus Skaaland look up from their monitors and address the camera directly while glancing at one another to keep up a conversational appearance.

DDK:

I'd imagine the Brutal Attack Force are, once again, on high alert tonight. The last time either of these men accepted a match with "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas they, themselves, were brutally attacked.

Angus:

I'm a forgiving man, Keebs ...

DDK: *[interrupting]*

You are?

Angus: *[cutting his eyes]*

Of course, I am! These two crossed me during the Trio's tournament but I'm willing to let bygones be bygones.

DDK:

That's quite big of you, 'Gus.

Angus:

Not a thing, Keebs! I -

Angus is cut off by Scott Douglas' entrance music and the ever growing pop it elicits.

♪ "Baby Takes" by Green River ♪

Angus:

Ladies and Gentlemen ... "The RUSSSSSIANN LEG SWEEPS!"

Darren Quimbey makes Douglas' announcement as the Seattle native hits the ramp. Douglas makes his way down the ramp, slapping a hands and acknowledging a couple signs at ringside. Once ringside, he slides into the ring and readies himself for the fight ahead of him.

DDK:

Douglas, fresh off a well earned victory at Acts of DEFIANCE, over Midorikawa ...

Angus:

Yeah, yeah; he won... but what about Reaper!? Not to mention what the hell was with that snippet from Hostel on Uncut?

DDK:

uh...

Angus:

Damnit, Keebs. Don't you EVER watch my show!

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

Darren Quimbey makes Petey Garrett's announcement as the camera cuts to the rampway. Garrett steps out with Solomon Grendel following close behind; head on a swivel. Much to their own surprise the pair make it to the ring unharmed.

DING DING**DDK:**

And there is the bell!

Garrett directs Grendel to keep his eyes open for any funny business, as Douglas waits for him to turn his attention back to the ring. The two lock up and after several stalemates result in breaks; Garrett finds himself on the losing side of the final attempt and in a side standing headlock. A series of chain wrestling maneuvers and subsequent reversals clearly prove Douglas to be the better skilled of the two but in frustration Garrett throws an eye poke and temporarily blinds Douglas. Referee Benny Doyle warns and lectures Petey as Solomon protests from outside.

The eye poke granted Garrett the advantage and with subtle, yet effective, interference from Solomon Grendel; he was able to maintain it for the majority of the bout. Each time Douglas managed to mount an offensive the pair would use the power in numbers to distract Benny Doyle and retain the upper hand. Several near falls would result but most barely made it to a proper two count. Douglas remained steadfast but it seemed like he couldn't possibly overcome the underhanded Brutal Attack Force.

The turning point would come in the way of a botched attempt to maintain their less than honorable advantage. While Douglas recovered from the last volley and Solomon held court on the ring apron, distracting Benny Doyle, Petey Garrett retrieved a steel chair from the ringside area.

Back in the ring, Petey swings the chair at Scott Douglas. Douglas manages to duck the swing and finds himself behind the surprised Petey Garrett. Benny Doyle, cued by the clang of the chair on the canvas, turns away from the protesting Solomon Grendel. Doyle accosts Petey Garrett; pulling the chair away from one half of the Brutal Attack Force. Douglas has had enough and spins Garrett around; as Doyle dumps the chair on the fair side of the ring. A couple of forearm shots lead to Douglas whipping Garrett into the ropes. However on the return the lighter and quicker Garrett ducks Douglas' attempted lariat and charges back with one of his own. Douglas' responds in kind, ducking himself. This sends Garrett careening into Solomon Grendel and knocking him off the ring apron and crashing against the guardrails.

A mortified Garrett peers over the ropes fretting over what he has inadvertently done to his partner. Douglas approached from behind and again spins Garrett around by the shoulder. A toe kick puts Garrett exactly where Douglas wants him. Headlock, arm, hooked leg...

DDK:

The SUP POP Suplex!!

Angus:

Personally, I felt like Midori Sour did it much better.

DDK:

This should be all it takes!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING**DDK:**

There you have it, folks!

♪ "Baby Takes" by Green River ♪

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this BOUT ... by PINFALL ... "Sub POP" SCOTT T DOUGLASSSSS!

Angus:

Ok, ok ... The former bassist of Stone Temple Piledrivers finally gets a chance to beat up on poor little Petey ... WHO is giving up thirty pounds, if I MAY ADD!

Solomon pulls Petey out of the ring as Douglas pulls himself to his feet.

DDK:

Well, partner, I'd say Douglas was given up about two hundred. He was up against two at once, as it were.

Angus:

I don't know what you are talking about.

Benny Doyle raises Douglas' hand in victory as the Brutal Attack Force bitterly slink away.

DDK:

Well...

Angus:

Steelchair!

DDK:

What?

Douglas takes the corner and throws his hands up to a raress pop. Still selling a percentage of the damage endured before the turn.

Angus:

You know like, Silverchair. But because; Wrestling ...

DDK:

Anyway.

Again to the corner, this time closest to the rampway, Douglas repeats his celebration. Although this time with only one hand. His want or need for the fan fair seems to fade quickly and he descends the turnbuckle. Clutching his midsection, gingerly, he throws up a either a half hearted or exhausted acknowledgement of The Faithful's admiration.

DDK:

We've got some much more coming up, partner. Hell of a card ...

Douglas, in his attempted exit, and Darren Keebler in his transitional commentary; are both brought to a grinding halt.

The camera quickly cuts to an angle focusing on the DEFiatron as Scott's introduction video and music disappears and mutes, respectively.

A second angle reveals Scott leaning against the ropes facing the screen, a confounded and weary look on his face.

Angus:

What now? Did Reaper get a video production degree as well?

The static gives way to a black screen. White lettering slowly begins to appear. Properly centered of course.

Courtney Denise Allen

1985 - 2014

Douglas turns to Doyle with a questioning gesture. Doyle responds with the same confused arm movement.

Angus:

What the hell is this?

DDK:

I'm honestly not sure, partner... and unfortunately we have to move along.

Angus:

We just had a death notice that is at least three years old and we're just going to move on? I mean, hell ... this nineteen nineties reject finally got interesting!

DDK:

With that being considered, Angus ... we do have to move on. Hopefully, we will have more information later.

THAT AIN'T A SUIT

Cut backstage to the Good Guy Gang locker-room. Acts of DEFIANCE wasn't a whole lot of fun for these guys, and it's reflected in their facial expressions.

It's just Cayle Murray and Jason Natas at the moment, but neither are talking, and neither looks particularly enthused to be there. Natas isn't beaten up or anything, but he's got a face like thunder, and is already wearing his ring attire head of tonight's match with BRAZEN trickster Danny Diggs.

The DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship is no longer with him. Mildly upsetting, I'm sure you'll agree.

Cayle, meanwhile, is all kinds of messed-up. He's got a large bandage taped across his forehead and there's a big, black ring around his right eye. He's not scheduled to wrestle tonight, but he sits there taping his wrists regardless. Y'know, just in case.

The door swings open, but neither man's head goes up. Andy Murray steps over the threshold, and he's decked-out in official DEFstaff uniform for the very first time. Murray being Murray, he keeps it casual with a black DEF polo and grey jeans, but still. He takes one look around the room and sighs.

Andy Murray:

Bloody hell, lads. This is like walking into a funeral parlour...

The Bronx Bully looks up, but Cayle does not.

Jason Natas:

Sure feels like one.

Andy Murray:

And I thought the flight down here was bad...

The King steps into the ring, finally catching his younger brother's attention. Natas, to his credit, seems to liven up a little bit.

Jason Natas:

That ain't a suit.

Andy Murray:

Please, I didn't even wear a suit to my own wedding.

Jason Natas:

Wonder why it didn't last.

Andy flashes his training partner a look. It doesn't linger. Natas, meanwhile, spends a couple of seconds sizing up the outfit again.

Jason Natas:

You look like a janitor.

Andy Murray:

You look like a man without a championship.

The Bronx Bully grunts: not at Andy, but at the prospect of Kendrix holding his DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship.

Jason Natas:

That thievin' little shi--

Andy Murray:

Look, I know you're pissed - I would be too. Losing gold is never easy, particularly to a wee fanny like JFK, but you can't do anything stupid tonight. That little shitbag's a lot smarter than he looks, sounds, and acts. I guarantee he's got something up his sleeve tonight, and flying off the handle isn't going to get you your title back.

Natas said nothing in response. Andy had already recited a similar spiel to him several times in training over the past week, but it was never more pertinent than in this moment. Instead, Natas let Andy turn his attention to his younger brother, who still hadn't really looked up.

Andy Murray:

And you - what's your plan of action for the night?

Cayle raises his head. His face is almost completely colourless tonight.

Andy Murray:

You lost at Acts of DEFIANCE. Badly. How do you react? Box says he's finished with you...

Cayle Murray:

I'm not finished with him.

That little bit of fire almost brings a smile to Andy's face.

Andy Murray:

Good. Just don't get yourself spiked...

The King pivots back around, catching both men in his gaze.

Andy Murray:

Here's the deal, lads: I'm not going to be around as much anymore. I'll be in the building every night, but I probably won't be hanging out in the locker-room if there's work to be done. You guys are on your own now, and I don't want to be a barrier to either of you climbing the ladder here...

He pauses.

Andy Murray:

I've got complete faith in both of you, but you took a couple of hard losses at Acts. If I was a gambling man, I'd put money that neither of you have taken such a deflating loss before, in fact. You're both pretty pissed off right now, and that's good - I want you to be pissed off - but you can't let that overcome you. Especially you, Cayle...

Andy turns back to his sibling.

Andy Murray:

You know what he did to me at Maximum DEFIANCE, and you know what he did to you 20 years ago. He won't hesitate to do the same again, and it'll only be worse this time.

He stops himself before he gets too lecturey. Andy raises a hand to his mouth, then let's out a deep breath: he'd love nothing more than to see Bronson Box get his comeuppance, but it was out of his hands now.

Andy Murray:

Just... crush 'em, boys. Make me proud.

Jason Natas: [deadpan]

Another rousing speech.

Andy Murray:

You're a prick, Jason.

Jason Natas:

Yeah. Your kinda prick though...

That's enough for Big Murr to crack half a smile.

Andy Murray:

Farewell, lads. Have a good night.

And with that, the elder Murray is off out the door again. Silence lingers between Jason and Cayle for a few moments. They both look towards each other, and Natas rises to his feet, pounding one fist into his other.

Jason Natas:

Well, guess we'd best go start some shit.

Cut

DEFILED

♪ "Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip ♪

The lights go out in the arena before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, immediately bringing Kendrix into view, dressed to the nines in a tailor made suit, with his back facing the ring.

DDK:

Still, in a celebratory mood Angus?

Angus:

I'm trying really...REALLY hard, right now!

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

As Kendrix turns, fully facing the ring he slowly unbuttons his suit jacket, holds the right side out wide, followed by the left side to proudly reveal the DEFIANCE Onslaught Championship around his waist to the seemingly less than impressed fans in the Wrestleplex.

DDK:

There he is Ladies and Gentlemen, the man who connived, survived--

Angus:

Weaseled!

DDK:

Whichever way you want to look at it. Kendrix made his way out of Acts of Defiance in the Triple Threat match with Mushi and Jason Natas, incredibly, with the DOC title...Angus, why are you covering your eyes?

Angus:

It didn't happen Keebs. If I can't see it, it means it didn't happen, OK?!

A stream of suit-clad security goons stream out behind Kendrix. There's at least a dozen of them, and they follow in rank and file.

Angus:

Okay, who the *FUCK* are those geeks?

DDK:

I've no idea, but each is the size of a house... and they're *NOT* DEFsec.

Angus:

I don't like the look of this...

Having made his cocky stride down to the ring, JFK poses towards the fans, making sure they all see the DOC title underneath the suit jacket, as well as that cocky trademark smirk etched across his face. Grabbing a mic from a ringside stagehand, he makes his way back to the centre of the ring. Meanwhile, the goons form a human wall at the bottom of the ramp.

Something is a' happenin'.

Angus:

Think I may need some ear muffs as well. Keebs, get someone to bring ear muffs over...I'd get them myself but I need

my hands to cover my eyes.

Slowly raising the mic up to his mouth, Kendrix takes a breath but before he says anything he lowers the mic slightly to take in the atmosphere in the arena for one more moment.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Laughing the greeting off, he rolls his eyes and dismissively shakes his head before bringing the mic back to his mouth.

Kendrix:

Listen, yeah?!

BOOOOOOOOO!

Kendrix:

Yes, that's right, bellends! MEEEEEEEEEEEE! Jesse Fredericks Kendrix is the DEFIANCE ONSLAUGHT CHAMPIIIIOOOOONNN!

He holds his hands out wide by his side and arches his neck back before looking down at his title around his waist and giving it a good old fashioned polish with his free closed fist.

Kendrix:

Well, well, well, huh? JFK, the actual DOC. The GREATEST DOC OF AAAAALLLLLLL TIIIIIMMMMEEEEE!

DDK:

That's certainly debatable!

Jesse points out at each section of the crowd.

Kendrix:

Look at you, none of you can believe it. You can't believe it can you Sugar Tits, neither can you Dipshit! Hey, not even good old Angus Skaaland can believe it!

He walks over to lean over the top rope nearest the commentary team, pointing over at Angus.

DDK:

Uh, Angus, you're being addressed here, maybe put your headset back on?

Angus:

I can't hear you, Keebs. I'm watching replays of Impulse beating the crap out of Hollywood "I don't have a title anymore cos I'm a massive weiner boy" McFuckass.

Returning to the centre of the ring, Jesse continues.

Kendrix:

None of you, absolutely nobody in the entire WORLD...can believe that Jesse Fredericks Kendrix...was denied a title opportunity in DEFIANCE for soooooo very very long!

Fuck you Kendrix

Clap Clap, Clap Clap Clap

Fuck you Kendrix

Clap Clap, Clap Clap Clap

He acknowledges the crowd by slapping the top of his head and rolling his eyes.

Kendrix:

Thank you for the support. JFK, knows, he can't believe it either! But the reason, JFK was denied a title shot for so long by management, the reason JFK had to literally spell out to Jason Natas that a match with Kendrix obvs equals the big bucks...

As Jesse rubs his first two fingers against his thumb he squints his eyes suspiciously upon vaguely hearing "Totally Obvs" from a small section of the crowd over the usual boos. He points over at them.

Kendrix:

HEY, YOU DON'T SAY THAT!

Getting back to the matter at hand...

Kendrix:

The reason, it took so long. Is because everybody knew that the most DOC, BRUV in the business is Jesse Fredericks Kendrix...and DEFIANCE just can't have a Sports Entertainer as the DOC.

He wags his index finger.

Kendrix:

For some reason, It's taboo here in DEFIANCE. But don't be scared of the Sports Entertaining change people. Cos with JFK as your DOC champ, you finally have someone who will give this title the true respect and representation that it deserves. For far too long, you Bellends have been forced to cheer for tough, bruising, brawling never say die attitude...DUMB AND BORING...Neanderthals like Frank Dylan James and Jason Natas.

The crowd pops for their former champions, while Jesse simply affords himself a deep, over exaggerated yawn, covering his mouth with his hand for extra exaggerated effect.

Angus:

Now those guys were legit, true DOC heroes!

Kendrix:

Ugh, almost fell asleep there just thinking about those guys. But, not to worry Bellends. Because from this moment forth, your DOC champ is going to give this title, this entire division and all of you...

He turns to face each section of the crowd, holding his arm out and pointing around the arena.

Kendrix:

The Sports Entertaining RESPECT...it and you...so desperately all deserve!

♪ "Fucking in the Bushes" by Oasis" ♪

Angus:

Please let it be Mikey so I can laugh and point at him.

At that moment Klein awkwardly makes his way through the curtain, dressed head to toe in a Fireman's outfit carrying a barrel in both hands.

Kendrix:

Hurry up you big dufus! JFK ain't got all day, innit?!

Klein pauses momentarily, looks around at the fans as if he's doing something he'd rather not be, but soon scuttles his way to the ring.

DDK:

That Fireman's helmet must be doing a lot of damage to Klein's box covering his face.

Angus:

You're worried about the box? THE BOX!?! Medical science should be examining that boy's brain for new diseases.

Klein holds the barrel out at Kendrix for help so he can make his way from the steps into the ring but Jesse shakes his head back at him.

Kendrix:

C'mon Klein, you can do this, JFK believes in you!

Klein manages to carefully lower the barrel down and then make his way into the ring. Kendrix applauds sarcastically as Klein meets him in the middle of the ring, both men standing either side of the barrel.

Kendrix:

Ladies and Bellends! The Sports Entertainment Guild have proved without a shadow of a doubt that they are the most dominant faction DEFIANCE has ever seen.

He unbuckles the title belt around his waist and holds it out in front of him. All the while Klein picks a cannister out of the barrel and, albeit reluctantly, pours some of it's contents back into it.

DDK:

What is Klein doing?

Kendrix:

We have proven that you can be successful in this business by entertaining jerks like you. Why stand for Impulse when you can have Mikey Unlikely, who by the way, is obvs gonna win back HIS HOLLYWOOD HERITAGE TITLE LATER TONIGHT!

Angus:

AAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! McFUCKASS LOST THE TITLE! HAAAAHAHAHAHA! YEEEEESS!

Kendrix:

And why on earth should you stand for Jason Natas...when you can have JAY...EFFF...KAAYY!

As if by pure goddamn coincidence...

DDK:

Wait! It's Natas!

Angus:

About gorram time!

No music, no fanfare: nothing. Jason Natas parts the curtain and marches down the ramp!

Kendrix:

Whoa, whoa, whoa!

JFK holds a palm up, but Natas doesn't stop until he comes face-to-face with the wall of security guards. He sidesteps, looking for a gap, but the group remain vigilant, even when he tries to barge through. Kendrix loosens up again, satisfied that his nemesis isn't going to get through.

Kendrix:

Well now Jasey-boy, you're just in time for the show!

Jesse obnoxiously raises the DOC high above his head before chucking it into the barrel.

DDK:

Hey, what's going on here? Klein's emptied the contents of that cannister, they're not...

Angus:

FUCK THIS, NO! DON'T SPOIL MY DAY YOU DOUCHE!

Kendrix removes a pack of matches from his inside suit jacket pocket. He scrapes the match across the pack's side, stares at it, that trademark smirk splashed across his face again, before dropping it into the barrel, which instantly takes light. Klein steps back, careful not to catch fire to his box. Kendrix with both hands wrapped around it now, slowly brings the mic up to his mouth, clears his throat and whispers.

Kendrix:

Is this thing on? Check one two...Oh, that's good, it is on. Fire...fire...someone call the fire brigade, bruv...there's a fire, innit?!

Angus:

... what?!

DDK:

Did he just...?!

Angus:

He's burning the fucking Onslaught Championship, Keebs! Jesus Christ!

Jason Natas' face turns bright bloody red, as you'd imagine. Consumed by rage, the Bronx Bully charges at the security team, but he can't break through the mass of humanity. In the ring, Kendrix grins back at him.

Kendrix:

You enjoying this, mate?!

Klein panics and takes out a mini Fire extinguisher out of his overalls, holding it toward the fire. He pulls the pin and then the trigger but nothing but party toy snakes come out of it which only serve to spread the flames even further. Klein proceeds to try to blow the fire out with his mouth but it only fans the flames.

Angus:

Get 'im, Fatas!

Jason *AGAIN* charges... and he breaks through!

Angus:

YES! KILL! MAIM! DESTROY!

JFK immediately bails out of the ring as Natas hits the apron, but the security soon pull him back. Soon, the guards have Natas completely locked up, even as he kicks, writhes, and thrashes!

By this point, Kendrix and Klein have hopped a barricade and started escaping through the crowd.

DDK:

This is too far, Angus! Way too far! There's "sending a message," and then there's desecrating the company that gives you this platform in the first place!

Angus:

Fucking *PRICK*. I cannot *BELIEVE* what I've just seen, Keebs! Even from Kendrix!

Natas, meanwhile, is being dragged all the way up the ramp. Whoever these men are, and however Kendrix got them in the building, they know what the hell they're doing.

DDK:

We're gonna need to get a team out here to clean up this mess, but what becomes of the Onslaught Title now?!

Angus:

I've absolutely no idea, but I know one thing: if Kendrix wasn't fucked before, he sure is now.

DDK:

This is a mess, an absolute mess!

Angus:

And it's all happening on Kelly Evans' watch! What a calamity, Keebs!

DDK:

Let's head elsewhere while we get this situation taken care of. Wow...

Cut.

PRETEND THIS COMMERCIAL LASTS FIVE MINUTES

COMING SOON...

DEFIANCE'S NEXT PAY-PER-VIEW EXTRAVAGANZA...

MEN WILL WRESTLE...

IN A RING...

AND SOME OF THEM WILL WIN...

POSSIBLY WITH LADDERS...

WHO KNOWS?



ASCENSION.

MARCH 21st, 2017.

MASKED VIOLATORS VS. BARRIO BOYS

DDK:

Alright, folks... it's time for a tag team rematch from Acts of DEFIANCE!

Angus (sarcastic):

It's time for the masked freaks! Hooraaaaay!

DDK:

Well, time for them and for BRAZEN stars, the Barrio Boys receiving a HUGE opportunity here on DEFtv!

The Barrio Boys wait in the ring, smiling and bouncing as you'd expect but with eyes narrowed and focused towards the entryway - as serious as we have ever seen them. Their manager and mentor, Mr. Gustavo Salazar, offers words of encouragement from the ring apron, a reassuring hand resting on the shoulder of the massive Gerardo Villalobos.

Angus:

I've got to say that the Barrio Boys looked pretty decent at the pay-per-view, sappy attitudes aside! I like the FOCUS I am seeing in their eyes tonight! They need to go back to their street roots and bust proverbial caps in the Violators from the very outset of this contest if they want a shot at victory!

DDK:

I tend to agree with you, Angus! They are an incredibly talented duo with a brilliant mentor and tonight could be their night!

Cut back to entranceway!

♪ "Fast to Nowhere" - ZERO ♪

Masked Violator #2 is the first out, fists balled, eyes wide and wild. He screams something entirely unintelligible and charges towards the ring. #1 is right behind him, right arm and index finger raised triumphantly as he bounds behind his partner - all smiles. His other arm reaches out, tagging the outstretched hands of fans!

DDK:

Here they come!

2 slides in and IMMEDIATELY jumped on by The Bull, Villalobos! The referee quickly calls for the bell before MV#1 can come to his partners defense and the match is underway!

Angus:

That's what I'm talkin' about! Take em to east L.A.!

DDK:

The Barrio Boys have come to FIGHT!

Indeed, it seems, they have! Villalobos maintains control on #2 for much of the early going; cutting off the ring and just overpowering the smelly, masked brute! A quick tag in to Nunez gives The Bull a needed breather and allows Little Man Nunez to once again showcase his speed and agility - landing a springboard cross-body on #2 before tagging The Bull back in.

Angus:

This is a very different Masked Violator #2 than the man we saw just a few weeks back at Acts of DEFIANCE, Keebs! He hasn't mounted one offensive maneuver! ...it's almost disappointing!

DDK:

Perhaps that was a fluke at the pay-per-view, Angus! Villalobos hits the ropes - delivers a HUGE boot and--

The camera zooms in on the bemasked face of MV#2 -- who is smiling maniacally.

Angus:

Uh-oh.

MV#2 screams something utterly incomprehensible, perhaps begging Villalobos for more of the same. He gets it. ANOTHER huge boot... this one sends #2 staggering backwards into the ropes, still mostly on his feet... Suddenly, MV#2 is alive - he CRUSHES Nunez, who stand on the apron, with a brutal back elbow - then starts peppering Villalobos with stiff fists as The Bull tries to close the gap. MV#2 goes low with a kick to the gut and nails a DDT. MV#2 tags in his partner who immediately goes to the top turnbuckle, landing a relatively conservative top rope legdrop, hooking the leg...

ONE...

TWO...

THR--Kickout!

Villalobos kicks out and right away, #1 is pulling the big man back to his feet. Launching his opponent into the ropes -- allowing a blind tag for Nunez -- MV#1 hits an arduous back-body drop on Villalobos just before eating a springboard clothesline from Nunez who goes for a cover of his own!

DDK:

ONE!... T-- #1 with a kickout! This match is heating up!

And as if on cue... Nunez and MV#1 are suddenly engaged in a technical see-saw; holds and reversals that are popping the crowd with each successive turn. Nunez finally gains what appears to be a decisive advantage, grounding MV#1 with a headlock. The crowd buzzes as it seems 1 is fading as time passes.

Angus:

This masked nerd is in trouble, Keebler!

And - again - on cue, MV#2 hocks a tremendous loogie from the apron and into the ring - the camera work is masterful as it watches it glide through the air - finally landing in the left eye of Barrio Boy Corey Nunez with a sickening splat. The crowd gasps in horror - Villalobos half steps in the ring - Nunez releases his hold and charges towards #2 on the apron before being stopped by the referee.

DDK:

Disgusting!

Cut to #2 who has dropped off the apron, smiling a rotting, vile smile. Cutting back to MV#1 just in time who, oblivious to what just happened, rolls a distracted Nunez up for a quick pin!

Angus:

They are going to steal this one!

ONE...

TWO...

THRE--

Angus:

Nunez got the shoulder up at the last possible fucking moment! WOW!

DDK:

The prescence of mind!

MV#1 looks for a tag from MV#2, but 2 is distracted - shouting obscenities towards Salazar and Villalobos - and instead launches Nunez into the ropes. Nunez LEAPS, attempting a Tornado DDT, but MV#1 uses his own weight and power to plant Nunez on his feet for only a moment before unleashing a Northern Lights Suplex of his own! Bridging for a pin!

DDK:

1 with a bridge!

ONE...

TWO...

NO! Nunez gets a leg on the rope!

#1 AGAIN looks for a tag from #2 - camera cuts to ringside where Villalobos has had ENOUGH! The two men are locked up, swinging wildly at eachother much to the delight of the ringside faithful!

Angus:

Looks like masked goon #1 is frustrated with his partner!

MV#1 turns back to face the music and walks into a hurricanrana! Nunez has him hooked, center of the ring!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEE!!!

Angus:

Whoa! I... don't think I really expected that!

Camera cuts to Nunez, who scurries out of the ring into the celebratory arms of his mentor, Mr. Salazar! Then cutting to a shocked and dismayed MV#1!

DDK:

HUGE win for the Barrio Boys on DEFtv! Gaining a measure of revenge agai--

CRACK~! Camera cuts to MV#2 wildly swinging a chair! He BLASTS Villalobos again, this time across the back, halfway up the ramp.

Angus:

Here comes Nunez! OHH! And MV-Deuce BLASTS HIM in the head!

Camera cuts now to MV#1 charging towards his partner... coming between MV#2 and Mr. Gustavo Salazar who has removed his glasses and blazer and is fuming mad! We zoom in on the wild eyes of MV#2 for a moment before 1 steps between he and the camera, PLEADING with his partner to relent. Finally... 2 tosses the chair to his partner, who catches it, then walks to the back. MV#1 sets the chair down and respectfully checks on the condition of the Barrio Boys.

DDK:

What a wild finish to that one! Not sure what all of this means for the Masked Violators--

Angus:

They aren't much of a "tag team", Keebler! Jesus! Their second match in DEFIANCE and they're already splintering!!

DDK:

Unbelievable!!

SO IT BEGINS

Backstage. We're tracking Scott Douglas, as he walks through the bowels of the Wrestle-plex after his victory over Petey Garrett. He's walking with purpose, particularly after the sight he saw on the DEFIAtron after his match was over, but the fact remains - he knows that if something happens it'll happen, so he is able to exhale.

He rounds the corner, and stops, looking down.

Scott Douglas:

Naptime?

Zoom out, and we can see Douglas standing next to the new Southern Heritage Champion, Impulse. The Champ is sitting on the floor, arms crossed, ankles crossed, eyes closed. Douglas waits a few seconds.

Scott Douglas:

I guess so.

Impulse:

Just preparing myself, sir.

Impulse opens his eyes and looks up at Seattle's Favorite Son. They've never crossed paths before, here in DEFIANCE or any other wrestling promotion, but Impulse looks unconcerned with the possibility of being attacked before his title defense.

Scott Douglas:

I can imagine. Nice work at ACTS of DEFIANCE.

Impulse:

Thanks. Nice work with Garrett tonight.

Scott Douglas:

Appreciate it. So...

They lock eyes.

Scott Douglas:

Earlier, you said you'd offer a shot at that belt to anyone?

Impulse:

Yep.

Scott Douglas:

You think... I could get a shot at DEFtv 78?

Impulse looks at him again, then looks forward.

Impulse:

Sure.

Another moment of silence.

Scott Douglas:

That's it?

Impulse:

That's it. And I'll even do ya one better, sir. I'll send the Duchess of Hops up to Ms. Evans in a bit and get your name on a contract, no matter who's holdin' the belt, me or Mikey.

Douglas blinks.

Scott Douglas:

That's a bit above beyond... Why?

From the left, the Duchess of Hops enters quickly, and on wheels. Calico Rose roller skates right up to him, and stops just a few inches away. She lowers her purple eccentricity sunglasses and smiles.

Calico Rose:

You're not evil. I'm totally bossa nova at figuring that out.

And with that, she skates away.

Impulse:

Love you, Rosie.

Calico Rose (Off Camera):

Love ya, RK!

Scott Douglas' eyes follow Cally as she skates away, and he raises an eyebrow in minor confusion. He turns around and walks away, stopping to double take, twice.

KISS, MAKE UP, GET GOT.

We find ourselves in an oversized janitorial storage room buried somewhere deep in the bowels of the Wrestle-Plex; a mess of mop buckets, old rugs, vacuums, trash cans, and half-empty cleaning products adorn most free-space.

Seated indian-style amidst it all, one hand buried in a bag of CHEETOS®, is Masked Violator #2. His yellow mask is pulled up over his mouth, almost past his nose. The camera pans to find the door ajar - just before it bursts open.

MV#1:

I thought I'd find you here.

Masked Violator #1 stands in the doorway, bent and twisted steel chair in his hand. The straps of his singlet pulled down, sweat still glistening on his chest, he fights to open the steel chair and sets it on the ground - unevenly - before taking a seat.

MV#1:

We need to talk about what happened out there, old chum... we've been through this before... too many times... When the bell rings, we need to be focused! We need to act as ONE!

With that, MV#2 explodes, HURLING the bag of cheesy treats at the wall angrily.

MV#2:

SAVE IT! You had that little chump handled on your own! You didn't NEED me right then! You KNOW it! YOU lost focus. NOT me.

MV#1:

Two, look at me! We are a TEAM! We win as a team... and we LOSE as a team!

Now, 2 pulls himself to his feet, frothing orange saliva at the corners of his mouth. He tries kicking the chair out from under #1, but 1 was ready and springs to his feet - they stand chest-to-chest, with 1 towering over 2.

MV#2:

I'm not the one that got pinned out there, asshole! Pretty sure that was YOU!

MV#1:

You aren't listening to me!!! We are a TEAM! We have ALWAYS been a TEAM!

MV#2:

I don't NEED--

Having heard enough, MV#1 SLAPS 2 across the face - hard. 2 glares up at him - the welt on his face immediately raising.

MV#1:

You DO need me. You called me... from prison, Two... begging me to help you once you got out... to get us back on the road... to keep you from going back to that life you led before... And I did it. I did it because you ASKED me to. I did it... Because I need you, too.

There is a long, uncomfortable silence. Until MV#2 finally nods his head. Once. He pulls his mask down, tightly, with both hands.

MV#2:

You're right. I get it. We're---

In the briefest of brief moments we can see the eyes of MV#2 change focus to just over his partners shoulder -

towards the rooms entrance. He **SHOVES** MV#1 out of the way before he is **BRUTALLY** laid out! The cameraman is also seemingly struck -- our view shifts radically, the camera seems to lie on the floor, on it's side... the lens cracked. We see boots, hear a struggle. MV#1 lies motionless before us now. More struggle. Cursing. Another body lies on the ground. That of MV#2.

We cut to another camera, apparently running towards the room - the scene of a brutal attack - to find the assailants standing over them. They turn, revealing themselves to be **BRAZEN** tag-team, Thugs 4 Hire; Emilio Byrd and Hurtlocker Holt. They exit the oversized janitors closet, adrenaline still pumping. This camera-man fights to stay in front of them.

BYRD:

Hope the man payin' us knows *he's* footin' the bill for that camera.

HOLT:

Well, it ain't gonna be *us*. We did our job. Camera-man got in the way. It happens.

Byrd smiles, nodding back towards the closet, where we can see the boot of MV#1 sticking out of the doorway - still motionless.

BYRD:

Yeah. It happens. To fools like them. C'mon. Let's cash this check, son.

They fist-bump, then exit shot. The camera-man peers back into the room to find MV#2 stirring, moaning in pain.

JASON NATAS VS. DANNY DIGGS

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

DDK:

Welcome back to the arena folks, and this... this might not be pretty.

Angus:

"Might not be pretty?!" It's gonna be a goddamn bloodbath, Keebs! My god...

The gloriously inappropriate tune plays throughout the arena, and BRAZEN's Danny Diggs glides out from the backstage area. 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 in the other, a fake bottle of wine.

DDK:

After what we've just seen with Kendrix and the Onslaught Championship, I think Mr. Diggs might be lucky to leave here with his teeth intact.

Angus:

This guy's a smart, smart, fucker... and I've seen him steal meanwhile a win from many a distracted rageball, but goddamnit, Keebs! I started the night jubilant, but now I'm all the way pissed-off. Can you believe that little fuck?!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, hailing from Cleveland, Ohio, he stands at 6'1" and weighs-in at 250lbs... "THE MASTER THIEF"... DANNYYYYYYY DDIIIIIIIGGGGGGSSSSS!

Diggs slides between the ropes and takes a swig of "wine," still grinning.

DDK:

You won't be grinning in a couple seconds, cunto!

♪ "No Chance" by Unsane ♪

Biiiiiiiig time pop for the now-former DOC, who stomps through the curtain as soon as the first note hits. He's laser-focused on the ring, nothing else, and completely ignores The Faithful as he plows down the ramp.

DDK:

He was dragged away by Kendrix's security earlier, but there's nothing holding Jason Natas back now!

Angus:

I hope Diggs has a will...

Darren Quimbey:

... aaaaaand his opponent! Hailing from South Bronx, New Yo--

THUMP.

DQ drops his microphone as The Bronx Bully immediately charges at Diggs!

Angus:

Here we go!

The BRAZEN trickster sees him coming and swings the chair like a wildman, but Natas ducks low and tackles him to the ground. Forearm! Forearm! Forearm!

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

Damn, look at that ground & pound!

Natas eventually gets up off the downed Diggs, but only to pull his leather vest away. He throws it out of the ring and turns back around. Danny's on his knees, and comes back to life with a sudden eye poke, but he wobbles from the accumulated forearms.

Blinded, The Bronx Bully staggers backwards, then grits his teeth and flies forward. Diggs eats an elbow, then a forearm. Elbow! Forearm! Elbow!

Chop to the throat!

DDK:

Euuugh! Watching that never gets any easier!

Angus:

Fatas is holding *NOTHING* back here! See what happens, Kendrix?! Pay attention!

ANOTHER chop to the throat!

Diggs falls back against the ropes, clutching his windpipe. Natas comes at him and Danny tries to slide his torso through the ropes to force a break, but Natas drags him out, nails him with a chop, and throws him halfway across the ring.

DDK:

Just ragdolling a 250lb man there!

The Master Thief tries to get up, but he eats a stiff kick to the face as he's climbing. The first few rows go "OOOOHHHH!", and something flies from Diggs' mouth: could be a glob of spit, could be a tooth.

Natas makes the cover.

ONE!**TWO!****NO! Diggs kicks out!****Angus:**

That was damn near a knockout blow! Dumbass should've stayed down!

He might well be halfway to the shadow realm at this point, but Diggs is still crafty. He ties Natas up in a small package as he rises!

ONE!**TWO!****NO! KICKOUT!****DDK:**

That's why they call him The Master Thief!

Natas doesn't take to this attempt at winning kindly. He hauls Danny Diggs up and throws him in the corner, then boots him in the gut a few times. Natas then pulls him out by the hair, lets him stand on his own wobbly legs, and throws the

Roaring Elbow!

Angus:

FOOOEEEEEEHHHHHHAAAMMMMAAAHHHHHH!

Diggs goes *LIMP*, but Natas doesn't stay off him. He pulls him up, takes half a step back, and almost knocks his head into the tenth row...

DDK:

South Bronx Lariat! That's it! It's done!

Natas hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The music hits, but Natas shrugs the referee's grip away. No hand-raising tonight.

DDK:

I don't think that even lasted a minute, Angus!

Angus:

That wasn't a match, Keebs: that was a gorram mauling.

DDK:

That was every single drop of Natas' frustration from earlier. An absolutely ruthless performance from The Anti-Superstar, who isn't hanging around to celebrate!

Sure enough, Natas is already rolling out of the ring and stomping his way back up the ramp.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner via pinfall... JASONNNNNN
NNNNNNAAAAATTTTTTTTAAAAAASSSSSSSSSS!

DDK:

Woe betide anyone who crosses Jason Natas' path tonight...

Angus:

If Kendrix didn't open Pandora's Box at Acts of DEFIANCE, he sure did tonight! More matches like that, please!

Cut.

EMERALD GLOW

Backstage. Scott Douglas rounds a corner and enters view. Fresh off of his exchange with Impulse and Calico Rose. It's been an up and down night for Seattle's Favorite Son but at the moment things are looking up.

He glances at the camera suspiciously as he passes by clearly intent on maintaining pace and avoiding it all together. He is stopped dead in his tracks by a flushed and exhausted Terry "The Idol" Anderson emerging from a room. Scott skids to a stop not to run into Terry.

Scott Douglas:

Terry.

Scott nods. Terry Anderson looks surprised or at the very least caught of guard.

Terry Anderson:

Oh, Scott! Hey ... uh ...

Terry's eyes dart around nervously.

Scott Douglas:

You alright, Terry?

Terry Anderson:

Yeah, yeah, uh ... yes, I'm fine. Everything is fine. It's fine.

Scott Douglas:

Fine. Ok...

Scott leans in toward Terry. Terry is obviously doing his best to act "normal."

Scott Douglas:

So, what the hell was with the screen business, Terry? You're the only one here who knows anything about her.

Terry gets defensive and takes a step back; putting some space between himself and Douglas. His panic turns to, or possibly just masked by, indignation giving way to outrage.

Terry Anderson:

That was on TV, Scott! What ...? Do you think those tapes just magically disappear? Did you forget her brother!?

Scott's attention is pulled away from Terry and directed over his shoulder to the end of the corridor and it's perpendicularly intersecting twin. The distraction comes in the form of a female figure crossing the intersecting hall, emerging from one blind spot and disappearing past the other. Terry continues to rant on; asking more rhetorical questions at a high and aggravated volumes.

Terry Anderson:

Do you think he FORGOT!?

Scott rushes toward the intersection guiding Terry out of his way with a directing hand on the shoulder.

The camera follows.

Terry does not.

Terry Anderson: *[off camera]*

Do you think SEATTLE FORGOT!?

Scott reaches the end of the hall and turns toward the direction of the figures assumed trajectory. The camera catches up to Scott and reveals, over his shoulder, an empty hallway.

Scott turns back toward his original positioning next to Terry Anderson.

The camera pivots, and again, over Scott's shoulder proves nothing more than an empty hallway. Douglas turns to the camera, his eye line slightly off of it's lense. He speaks directly to the operator.

Scott Douglas:

You saw that, right?

CRRAAAAACCK-ANNGGGG

Douglas is blindsided from behind with a steel chair that echos through the empty hallways. The camera shakes and pans wildly as the operator stumbles backward to avoid a collision with the collapsing Douglas.

The camera operator finds his footing and focus revealing Douglas laid out on the cold concrete floor. He pans up to reveal Codename: Reaper.

Reaper stares at the Douglas, laid out on the ground, chair still in hand.

His eyes light up in deep emerald glow almost pulsing in time with his heaving chest.

Reaper:

It begins, now!

The camera pans down to Douglas on the floor and holds for a short moment. When it returns to Reaper, again, nothing more than an empty corridor can be seen.

Cut to DDK and Angus.

DDK:

I'm not sure what the hell we've just seen, partner.

Angus:

We got another little treat! It's a time of celebration, Keebs! Even that masked freak, Reaper gets what is going on here! Impulse knocked McFuckass off of his Fuckass throne, comprised completely of unsold DVDs of "Lake Placid Vi."

DDK:

Didn't take you for a cinefile there, 'Gus.

Angus:

I told you that wasn't a thing!

DDK: *[attempting to recap]*

Either way, partner... Mikey gets a rematch.

Angus: *[interrupting]*

Don't rain on my parade!

DDK:

Douglas gets a shot.

Angus:

Inconsequential.

DDK:

... and Reaper is clearly not finished with "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas! And we are nowhere near finished here tonight!

Cut to ringside.

ON A SPIKE

Cut to Nondescript Backstage Corridor No. 46, and Jason Natas is STOMPING.

He's still in his ring attire and still sweating, suggesting that he hasn't stayed still for a single second since crushing Danny Diggs a few minutes ago. There's a purpose to his step, and everybody scatters as soon as they enter his vision, not wanting to stoke the fire.

Everybody except Christie Zane, that is.

Christie Zane:

Jason...

The Bronx Bully might be on a mission, but he still knows better than to barge right through somebody who happens to be half his body mass. He comes to a reluctant halt, but he's still heaving with anger. Christie takes a brief moment to compose herself, and likely questions her decision to stop the former DOC in the first place.

Christie Zane: [slightly nervy]

Jason, some thoughts on tonight's events?

Natas looks down at the diminutive interview.

Jason Natas:

KENDRIX. Where is he?!

Christie Zane:

He's in his locker-room...

The Anti-Superstar immediately makes a motion to walk past Zane, but her words stop him.

Christie Zane:

... surrounded by security.

Those very same goons that stopped Natas earlier. If he couldn't get through them out in the open, there was little chance he'd be able to get by them in the closed confines of a corridor.

Jason Natas:

Sonuva...

He grits his teeth together, realising the futility of his situation. Both hands turn to balled fists. Christie Zane doesn't quite know what to do, so she takes a step back but keeps the microphone outstretched.

Jason Natas felt like punching something.

So that's exactly what he did.

Foolishly, Natas threw an enraged punch right at the wall. Flakes of paint and plaster flew into the air, and he left a big, paw-sized dent behind.

Jason Natas:

MotherFUCKER!

Natas immediately pulled his fist away, grimacing in pain. He'd be lucky if he hadn't broken a couple of bones, but that wasn't even on his mind at the moment. It took Natas a few moments to ignore the pain, but he eventually turned back to Zane.

Jason Natas:

You see that little shit, you tell him I want his head...

Pause. Pain. Grimace.

Jason Natas:

On a fucking SPIKE.

Christie doesn't even have a chance to reply. Still clutching his hand, the furious Anti-Superstar powers past her and heads down the hallway, looking for trouble that he probably won't find.

Cut.

BRONSON BOX VS. WALTER LEVY

DDK:

Folks, we have coming up a...

Angus:

A murder, we're about to see a murder live in that very ring. Don't mince words, Darren.

DDK:

Well if you'd let me finish... folks coming up we have a taaaaaaaall order for one of BRAZEN's most beloved young grapplers.

Angus:

If by tall you mean grande, "holy shit this poor sap is gunna' die" then sure, tall, go for it champ.

"Heaven Is A Place On Earth" by Belinda Carlisle erupts throughout the arena to a respectable pop from the Faithful. From behind the curtain, right at the zenith of the first chorus, bounds the embodiment of never say die underdog spirit known as Walter Levy. Flanked a few seconds later by his "Good Time Boys" tag team partner in crime the second generation aquatic luchador sensation Hijo del Fishman Deluxe. The two pure D babyfaces slap hands and acknowledge kiddos the whole way to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and gentlemen, introducing first from the meeeeee streets of Buffalo, New York! Weighing in tonight at a stout one hundred and eighty five pooooooooounds... THE BIRD MAN, WALTEEEEEEEEEER LEEEEEEVYYYYYY!

Angus:

He's not even two hundred pounds soaking wet, he's a spot monkey, he's...

DDK:

He's got heart, Skaaland! And sometimes, that's all you need!

Angus:

Were you dropped on your head as a baby, Darren? Ol' Mrs. Keebler something of a butterfingers with her baby boy, huh?

The lithe grappler goes about match prep, a healthy amount of attention spent quaffing his spectacular "Jew fro"... his words, not ours. Fishman Jr. leans in and talks a little strategy with his partner in crime as the lights all around the arena start to clicker off. All levity, joy and humor are sucked RIGHT out of the Wrestle-Plex as a whistling breeze and the low growl of the man in black Johnny Cash signal the arrival of Walter's opponent for the evening.

Angus:

Hahaaaaaaa, here we go... THE WARGOD COMETH!

Darren Quimbey:

Aaaaaaand his opponent, hailing from the boggy coast of Banff, Scotlaaaaaand... he is the former two time and soon to be *future* FIIIIIIIIIST of DEFIANCE... The Bombastiiiiic BRONSOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOX!

Just as "God's Gunna' Cut You Down" really kicks into high gear, the arena's lights all come back on at once. There, already standing on the apron a stone's throw from Walter and Fishman Jr. is the VICTORIOUS Bronson Box in all his mustachioed glory. No mixed reaction from the Faithful tonight, a veritable torrent of boos and derision that drowns out the voice of Mr. Cash is what The Original DEFIANT is met with. And going by the broad sinister grin adorning his lips he seems particularly chuffed by that fact.

DDK:

Folks, last we saw Boxer it was the eerie end to his match with Cayle Murray where...

Angus:

Where Box squished the Squid and reaffirmed to you, me and eeeeeveryone else just who the real king of the DEF castle is. This dude is straight up terrifying, Keebs.

Boxer finally moves a muscle, hooking his leg over the second rope and ducking into the ring. This small action alone causes Walter, Fish and referee Carla Ferrari to all take a couple of steps back. Carla shakes the nerves and steps towards the Scottish Strongman, asking the two men to meet in the middle of the ring. Boxer does so... the mugging grin that adorned his mustachioed lips slowly drains away as Carla goes over the rules. To say Walter's apprehension is written all over his face is an understatement of immense proportions. The SECOND Carla finishes and signals for the bell it's aaaaall Bronson... like goddamn lightning he lays into poor Walter. Elbow shot after stiff unrelenting elbow shot right to the cranium. The Wargod ends his skull fracturing opening volley with a SICKENING headbutt that sends Levy sprawling to the canvas clutching his cranium.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!

DDK:

My... GOD!

Angus:

You should listen to me more. When am I not right? Tell me this.

The headbutt hit Walter so squarely the poor kid is already busted open, a small trickle of blood trailing its way between his eyes and down the bridge of his nose. The "Ace" stalks his prey like some sort of beast, dropping heavy boots on all of Walter's exposed extremities. Each vicious stomp causing the young man to cry out in pain. Boxer finally reaches down and wrenches the poor kid to his feet and SHOVES him back into the nearest available turnbuckle and again dips his bucket into his bottomless well of stiff elbow shots and further rattles Walter's skull before grabbing his arm and HUCKING him across the ring into the opposite turnbuckle with an almost inhuman amount of force and an irish whip that probably dislocated Levy's shoulder.

DDK:

The absolute pure brute STRENGTH of Bronson Box can not be denied, partner! Pound for pound the strongest man this roster has ever seen in my estimation.

Angus:

On that we can agree.

Taking off and picking up speed, Bronson might as well have been a car speeding across the ring. Then again, a car can't perform a crisp neck snapping running European uppercut. Boxer's bicep clobbers Levy right under the chin sending a few flecks of blood flying up into The Scottish Strongman's face... looking almost like *warpaint*. He follows up with a veritable volley of subsequent European style uppercuts, continuing this one sided mugging of a wrestling match.

Angus:

Hope Kells is proud of herself... "*Angus, get me one of your BRAZEN guys for a DEFTv shot*" doesn't say a goddamn word the poor bastard was going to be sacrificed to The GORRAM Wargod.

Grabbing a squishy fistfull of bloody afro, Boxer drags a completely unaware Walter Levy towards center ring, HOISTS him with little to no effort up to his shoulders and cracks off a textbook, spine shattering Argentine Backbreaker. Box stays on his knees for a bit as Walter collapses into an exhausted, bloody heap onto the canvas. The Wargod's sinister little slime, the one he wore on his way to the ring makes another appearance as he slowly, one foot at a time gets to his feet and casts his eyes down at his competition facedown on the canvas.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

DDK:

Awwwwwww, come on!

With all his bodyweight behind it, Boxer drops down into a kneeling position... his knee buried into the back of Walter's neck. The Original DEFIANT leeeeeeans back and gives the Faithful a little flex. Showing off his crooked smile with a little showboating. Seeing the poor bastard can barely take a breath, referee Carla steps in and demands Boxer let him up. Surprisingly, Box relents and allows The Bird Man a moment of respite. Box leans over Walter with an intense look in his bloodshot brown eyes and just SCREAMS down at him.

Bronson Box:

COME ON LAD! HUH?! COME ON, NOT EVEN GUNNA' GET A LICK IN?!

Box gives Walter's ribcage a little "encouraging" shove with his boot.

Bronson Box:

GET UP YE' WEE PRICK! GET THE FOOK ON YER' BLOODY FEET!

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Fists pumping, eyes wide, the crowd pops HARD as Walter manages to get a boot planted underneath him. Looking up at Bronson with a look of pure capital "D" DEFIANCE. Another moment, another boot planted and The Bird Man is vertical. Before he can put up his dukes however, the fans cheers were again turned to a downpour of boos and jeers as Boxer reaches in with his gimmicked "red right hand" and just tears across poor Walter's eyes with the intentionally unclipped fingernails.

*FUCK YOU BRON-SON! *clap clap clapclapclap**

*FUCK YOU BRON-SON! *clap clap clapclapclap**

DDK:

We haven't seen a Bronson Box this overtly... well, EVIL in a long time! My *GOD!*

Angus:

He's off the chain now, Keebs! No Jane or Ed White to calm him or rein him in. This is pure, unfiltered "*fook the consequences*" Bronson Box!

Walter clutches at his eyes, still *barely* keeping his vertical base. Boxer must have sensed this so he obviously decides to aide the young man in "finding a seat." He takes a few steps back, hitting the second rope to pick up speed. With momentum now firmly on his side he wrenches forward and unleashes said momentum in the form of a...

DDK:

REBOUND LARIAT! REBOUND LARIAT FROM BRONSON!

The Bird Man is obviously done. He lays motionless on the mat, fully expecting a one two three ending and a trip to the trainers room.

But that's just not what The Wargod has in mind.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Bronson drops down and locks on the aforementioned "red right hand" in his vice-like iron claw submission hold. His three middle fingers digging murderously into the top of Walter's scalp. His pinkie and thumbnails slicing into the poor boys temples. Literally screaming "I GIVE UP, I GIVE UP" does absolutely nothing to move Bronson to releasing the hold. When it's obvious Walter is in serious trouble the "match" quickly becomes a memory. Referee Carla tries desperately to get Box to release the hold. She calls for the bell, which keeps ringing as Fishman Jr. slides in to assist his friend to absolutely no avail, the few forearms the luchador lays across Bronson's broad back seemingly doing *nothing* to phase the Scotsman.

Angus:

WHAT'D I TELL YOU, DARREN! What did I say, HUH? Straight. Up. MURDER.

DING DING DING DING DING DING

DDK:

Let him go, Box!

Angus:

No use, Keebs! Especially when he gets like this! Box turned a corner at Acts of DEFIANCE, and it continues tonight!

DDK:

But Walter's just a trainee! This is sick!

A commotion. A ruckus. A bustle in your hedgerow!

DDK:

Wait!

A *MASSIVE* pop.

Angus:

It's the squid!

DDK:

FINALLY!

Beaten-up Cayle Murray sprints down the ramp as quickly as his messed-up legs will allow. There's a biiiiiig limp in every stride, but that's secondary at the moment. He charges all the way down and slide under the bottom rope...

DDK:

Thank God for Cayle Murray!

Just as Cayle clears the bottom rope, Box relinquishes his iron grip on Walter Levy's skull. He doesn't even make eye contact with Cayle, however: just rolls under the bottom rope, walks away, and *NEVER* rolls back.

DDK:

What is this?!

Angus:

Box said it the other week, Keebs! He's *DONE* with Cayle. He defeated his brother at Maximum DEFIANCE, and he defeated Cayle himself at Acts of DEFIANCE. What's left to prove?

Murray's instinct takes him towards Levy, but it looks like Carla & co. have a hand on the situation. He turns towards the ramp and looks up the ramp. Boxer still has his back turned, and he's about halfway gone by now. Cayle stakes a few steps back, extending his arms to his side... completely bewildered. Without even looking over his shoulder, right before pushing through the curtain the camera mic picks up Bronson's parting words...

Bronson Box:

BACK OF THE LINE, SQUID. BACK OF THE FOOKIN' LINE...

And with that. He's gone.

DDK:

One man wants to fight...

Angus:

... but the fight is over, and the other man won. Cayle needs to let it go, Keeps.

DDK:

How *CAN* he?! You saw what Box did to him, to his brother... he can't just flip a switch, Angus.

Angus:

Yes, he can, and that's exactly what he'll do if he values his GORRAM wrestling career, feel me?

WHAT GIVES?

DDK:

Well... I, yes, okay we've got Lance backstage, Lance? You there?

Our view cuts to a shaky camera making its way down the hallway leading away from gorilla position and the entrance curtain. Lance Warner with microphone in hand and the unfortunate task of approaching and asking questions of the man we just saw commit aggravated assault not but a few moments ago out in the ring.

Lance Warner:

BRONSON! Bronson, please. Just a quick word...

The Wargod stops with an annoyed sigh, turning and locking his muddy brown eyeballs right on the diminutive little interviewer. With a gulp Lance jumps in feet first with a question presumably written and requested by someone farther up the food chain than Mr. Warner himself.

Lance Warner:

So, you walked away from a fight out there Bronson. Cayle Murray obviously still has a bone to pick... care to comment?

Almost no reaction. The uncomfortable silence is enough to cause Lance to break out in an obvious cold sweat. His brow glistening, another gulp...

Lance Warner:

I mean, you...

Box reaches out and gingerly places his hand around Lance sweaty hand, bringing the microphone closer to his lips.

Bronson Box:

Back. Of the fookin'. *Line.*

He SHOVES the microphone back into Lance's chest, turns on his heels and continues on down the hallway leaving Lance Warner standing there almost as befuddled as Cayle Murray himself.

Lance Warner:

Darren, Angus? Back to you.

DDK:

Cayle Murray is playing a dangerous game, partner. What... what are you doing with my computer?

Angus:

Looking up good fried calamari recipes. BECAUSE CAYLE'S ASS IS COOKED! Aaaaahahahaha *snort*

DDK:

...

Angus:

What? That was gorram funny, fuck you Darren.

DDK:

Moving on...

IMPULSE (C) VS. MIKEY UNLIKELY

Angus:

These are the times that try mens' souls.

DDK:

Still celebrating?

Angus:

I ran out of confetti.

♪"Blunt Blowin'" - Lil Wayne♪

The Faithful immediately boo at the sound. To his credit, this time around there's no overblown entrance or guest stars: Mikey Unlikely walks out and immediately heads for the ring.

DDK:

No jokes today, Angus! Mikey is all business!

Angus:

McFuckass got Mc Fucked in the ass, Keebs. He spent six months playing the fool because he always had a plan; now he's lost everything except his protective ring of suck - ups. It's too late for him to be focused without looking constipated.

To his credit, Mikey Unlikely refuses to acknowledge anyone in the crowd that's showing him either love or hate. He climbs the steps and glares at the people before he steps between the ropes and brushes off Bryan Slater's attempt at checking him for weapons.

Angus:

A toast... to the end of sports entertainment.

♪"Revolution" - SIRSY♪

DDK:

And here's the assassin!

Angus:

Oh, I hope I hope I hope.

Impulse and Calico Rose emerge a few seconds into the song; Impulse is fully dressed for the ring, but the Southern Heritage Championship belt is slung over Cally's shoulder. As is tradition, Impulse takes his time walking down the ramp, while Cally practically skips over to the commentary table.

DDK:

Nice to see you again, Miss Cally.

Calico Rose:

Nice to be seen, sir. You holding up okay, Angus?

Angus:

I'm mellow, Cally.

Cally gets a mischievous gleam in her eye.

Cally:

Hey, Angus... you wanna touch the belt?

Angus:

I've touched that title belt time and again, girlie. It means nothing.

At that, Cally steps back, in mock indignation.

Cally:

Okay, fine... if you don't care about history.

She starts to walk away, but Angus stands up.

Angus:

History?

Cally:

Just... this is the belt that Mikey Unlikely claimed for Hollywood, and now it's back where it belongs. History, you know.

DDK:

Angus, get back here!

Angus:

But I wanna touch the belt...

Returning to Impulse, Cally carries the belt to ringside, greeting as many fans as the Champion, with both of them seemingly ignoring the former Champion in the ring. It isn't until Impulse is right up against the ring that he sees Mikey; or, at least, until he sees him as a threat.

DDK:

Different vibe to this match, Angus.

Angus:

Of course. McFuckass was bulletproof for months, until Impulse proved otherwise. Now, that chucklefuck lost the belt and I think it's dawning on him that Impulse doesn't have to beat him: Hollywood **has** to beat Impulse.

In the ring, Mikey paces back and forth, all while Impulse takes his time to remove his jacket, toss his 100% Cotton "Blue Eyed Badass" T-shirt into the crowd, and talk strategy with Cally.

Alternative facts: Impulse is enjoying Mikey's impatience, along with the rest of the fans.

DDK:

There's the bell, and Angus, will we see any different tactics from these two men tonight, now that the championship has changed hands?

Angus:

If Impulse is smart, he'll hang back and play defense. McFuckass has to beat him like I said - his best bet is to wait for him to make a mistake. Of course, he won't do that.

DDK:

And Mikey?

Angus:

The only thing that can help Mikey Unlikely's chances in this match would be a ton of bricks and a really fast count.

Bryan Slater gives his instructions to each man and holds the title belt high in the air to a cheer from the fans, and he hands it to the timekeeper. The bell rings while the referee checks Mikey for illegal objects or overly - large microphones.

"Hurry up, idiot," Mikey is overheard saying by a ringside camera, "I want my belt back!"

Slater stops and looks at him, and gives him a brief (but serious) look with a very clear message. He moves to Impulse to check the champion -

DDK:

Mikey runs at Impulse!

Brian Slater gets shoved to the side as Mikey Unlikely jumps and punches Impulse on the forehead, knocking him back into the corner. Replays show that the referee was directly in the path, and Impulse pushed him out of the way in the nick of time, at the cost of Mikey having an early advantage. Mikey attacks like a man possessed. He's wide eyed and his hands move at a furious pace. Right hand after left to the chest and face of Impulse.

Mikey pulls him by the head out of the corner, hooks the head of Impulse under his arm and goes for a suplex. Impulse spins out and ends up behind Mikey where he grabs around the waist, falling backwards into an O'Connor roll!

ONE...

Kickout!

Mikey kicks out of the roll up but sits on his knees as Impulse gets up. Mikey slaps the mat in frustration and once again runs at Impulse without thinking. This time Impulse is ready. He drop toe holds Mikey into the corner and follows up with a quick standing dropkick to the back that propels him forward and slams Mikey's head in the middle turnbuckle.

Angus:

Yus! This is beautiful! Mikey is so emotionally unstable he can't focus in on anything! AND I LOVE IT!

Impulse stands back up to the delight of the audience. He wastes no time and pulls Mikey up from the corner before sending him off the ropes. Unlikely comes back and ducks the clothesline attempt from Impulse, hits the opposite end and jumps into the air for a crossbody block. One that Impulse ducks under and Mikey meets nothing but mat. The fans once more are cheering very positively. Impulse hits the ropes himself and does a baseball slide dropkick into Unlikely's ribs sending him straight from the ring, to flat on his back on the outside with a thud. Mikey reaches for his back with one hand and the ring apron for the other. After a few moments he's able to pull himself to his knees and look back in the ring where a steady Impulse is waving Mikey back in, ready to go. Mikey curls a lip up and slaps the mat. The referee continues their count, but the FORMER champion is in no hurry to get back in just yet. He stands up and puts his hands on his hips, runs one through his hair, and tries to compose himself. He comes around the corner of the ring and sees Calico Rose standing there. She looks at Mikey, then concern crosses her face as he walks towards her. Brian Slater is yelling at Mikey to get back in but he pays him no mind. Now picking up his pace he chases Cally around the ring. Impulse slides out right in between the two and clocks Mikey with a right hand right away. Impulse hits him in the gut and rolls him back into the ring.

Impulse slides in but Mikey beats him to his feet and drops a boot on the back of his head. He then drops another before scooping him up, spinning, and slamming him down in the middle of the ring. Mikey hits the ropes and comes back with a running leg drop. Mikey attempts another pin but before the referee can get in position Impulse has already broken the hold. Impulse tries to fire an side arm lock from underneath Mikey. Unlikely realizes what is happening, and turns his body towards Impulse and begins dropping knees down on the shoulder/face area in brutal fashion. It doesn't take long before two of these connect and Impulse must break the hold to protect himself.

DDK:

Unlikely gets out of there in a hurry, Angus! He's improved his game, but on the mat with Impulse is the last place he wants to be!

Now, Mikey moves in behind Impulse as the Champion rises, and hooks him from behind with a belly to back suplex! He bridges!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout by Impulse! Mikey gets in Slater's face about the supposed fast count, and cautions him to do better.

Angus:

Leave him alone!

DDK:

I didn't realize you liked the referees that much.

Angus:

I don't. It's McFuckass.

Impulse pulls himself up on the ropes as Mikey rises behind him, and the former Champion spins the current around and lands another right hand! Mikey fires again and again, and Impulse starts to fall!

DDK:

Mikey's showing his ferocity, Angus!

Angus:

The last gasps of a desperate man... I hope... Man, if I used up all my confetti by mistake I'm gonna be angry.

Finally, Impulse is beaten to his knees, and Mikey looks out at the fans with a sneer. **IMPULSE WITH A SMALL PACKAGE OUT OF NOWHERE!**

ONE...

TWO...

Mikey kicks out!

The two men roll away from each other, and Mikey makes it to his feet first! He wastes no time moving back towards Impulse, who has rolled through to one knee. Mikey hooks the champion and pulls him up - Headbutt by Impulse! Mikey is stunned, and Impulse with a modified neckbreaker! Both men hit the mat as the fans erupt at the sudden change of fortune!

Angus:

That's the ticket, kid! Don't let me down!

Slater counts both men down. One... Two... Three... Four... and Mikey pulls himself up on the ropes on one side, while Impulse gets up on the other. They circle each other again, and Impulse slides in with a single leg takedown! Mikey rolls through and kicks a boot right in Impulse's face! Impulse drops his hold and spins towards the ropes to settle himself... **LOW BLOW BY MIKEY!**

Angus:

Disqualify him!

DDK:

Brian Slater is yelling a warning right in Mikey's face, but I don't think we'll see a DQ here, Angus! This is for the Southern Heritage Championship and these athletes, these fans... they want to see this go to the conclusion!

Boo

Angus:

Oh no! What the hell is this!

From the top of the ramp come Kendrix and Klein. Both men point to the ring, Klein just mirrors whatever JFK does. JFK is yapping loudly as Brian Slater turns and sees both men. He points back up the ramp and tells them both to get out. Neither man even slows down. They reach the bottom of the ramp and both men hop on the ring apron. At this point Brian Slater is in their faces, telling them to leave the ringside area.

Angus:

Get those douches outta here! They're gunna ruin this!

Suddenly behind the referee The Pop Culture Phenoms hop the guardrail of the fans. And they get livid. Inside the ring Mikey is directing traffic, he looks back over to make sure Slater is occupied with JFK. Then hoists Impulse up to his feet. Impulse still favors his groin, but Mikey is having none of it and locks him in a full nelson. Mikey tells PCP to get in the ring which they quickly do. Mikey holds up Impulse as PCP move in swiftly.

DDK:

OH NO! The Pop Culture Phenoms go to opposite sides of the ring! We've seen this move before! The Crescent Kick/Superman Punch combo! Here it com....

In what seems like a flash, Impulse lifts his leg and stomps the foot of Mikey. Pain registers on Mikey's face and he releases one of the arms. Impulse somersaults forward at the last second and Mikey is left alone to catch...

Angus:

DRIVE BY AT THE ROXY! IMPULSE MOVES! MIKEY IS OUT!!!! YAAAAASSSSSSSSSSSS!

The Pop Culture Phenoms stand up with exasperated looks on their faces. Impulse gets up and surveys the damage. The D runs at him. Impulse ducks, turns...

Angus:

SUDDEN IMPACT!

The D flies over the top rope to the outside. Elise thinks better of this as Impulse turns towards her and she dives through the middle rope to the outside and hurries over to The D. Referee Brian Slater turns around to a ring of just Mikey and Impulse.

DDK:

Mikey is getting up!

Angus:

Impulse is ready!

DDK:

He's on his feet!

Angus:

Impulse measures...

DDK:

Mikey Turns!

Angus:

SUDDDDDEEEENNNNN IMMMMPAAAAACCCCTTTTT!

Mikey drops like a sack of potatoes. Impulse falls to his knees, then leans over Mikey hooking the leg for good

measure. Brian Slater counts but the fans know it's over.

One...

Two...

Three...

The bell rings.

Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner AND STILLLLLL SOUTHERN HERITAGE CHAMPION.... IMPULSE!!!!

Angus:

YUS! YUS! YUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUS!

DDK:

Will you sit down?

Cally retrieves the Southern Heritage Championship belt from Quimbey and slides into the ring, and into Impulse's embrace. The fans cheer as loud as they can while Mikey stirs, ever so slightly. Impulse holds the title belt high in the air to a huge pop, but he catches Cally's gaze and gestures to both Mikey Unlikely and the PCP outside the ring.

DDK:

Wisely, I think, Impulse and Calico Rose are heading for the locker room. What a turn of events, Angus! Mikey was done in by the Pop Culture Phenoms, and you can bet he's livid!

Stepping to his feet now, Mikey is trying to collect himself and remember what happened. Kendrix helps him to his feet, PCP and Klein get in the ring. Elise comes over to Mikey and tries to put a hand on his shoulder, he brushes her away quickly. The D gets a little defensive and steps to Mikey. Mikey pushes him with both hands and tells him to get away. Mikey turns to JFK, points a thumb back at PCP quizzingly. Kendrix begins to confer with Mikey as he side eyes the tag team champions and leaves the ring.

Angus:

Ha! McFuckass can't believe it! Well I can!

Mikey begins to yell at PCP about them "blowing it;" finally, JFK is able to get him out of the ring. Mikey in a huff walks up the ramp hearing the constant reminder in Impulse's music to let him know he came up short on his rematch.

He leaves PCP in the ring alone.

DDK:

Well folks, that's all the time we have for tonight, join us next time to see the fallout from the SOHER Title match and everything else that went on tonight! Right here on Hulu!

THIS IS DEFIANCE