

NOT FOR YOU

The words '*Earlier tonight*' are pasted on the top left corner of the screen, and we can hear the fans buzz with anticipation.

"I told you a thousand fuckin' times already."

Mike Sloan is exasperated.

Mike Sloan:

I. Do. Not. Know. Where. He. Is.

Kelly Evans is not impressed. She stalks the hallways of the Executive Wing of the DEFplex with the hurried gait of a woman not to be trifled with. Mike, road agent and former Eric Dane lackey extraordinaire, does his best to match her pace while keeping to a respectable distance behind her.

Kelly Evans:

I know he's here. There's a Rolls Royce parked across three spots in the garage. If that's not him I'll eat my Louboutins.

Sloan chuckles at the thought and Kelly cuts him a dangerous glare before stopping in front of her office. With a snarl she turns into the door and shoulders through it, damn near taking it off its' hinges.

She manages two steps into the Pleasure Dome and stops dead in her tracks.

"Evenin' Kels, I heard you were looking for me."

She speaks backward over a shoulder.

Kelly Evans:

You're dismissed, Mike.

The agent mumbles and rolls his eyes as he takes his leave. Meanwhile the HBIC refocuses on the cause of her sudden stop; the Only Star, the *Real*/Original DEFIANT, Eric Dane. He is besuited from head to toe as usual, from the Maybach Sunshades to the Dragon-skinned Wingtips and everything in between. He smiles, perfect teeth gleaming in a way that makes Ms. Evans more than a bit uncomfortable.

Kelly Evans:

As for you-

He cuts her off smoothly.

Eric Dane:

Love what you've done with my office, Kels. All this leather and steel and is that the faint odeur of lubrication hanging on the air?

He sniffs the air and winks at her.

Eric Dane:

Kelly Evans, professional be thy name.

A tense moment sits between them. The smile never fades from Eric's face and that does nothing to help Kelly figure a way through this apparent minefield without blowing anything up. Finally she closes the space between them and throws both hands onto her desk, leaning in deep with as much gusto as she can muster.

Kelly Evans:

What do you *want*, Eric?

He sniggers.

Kelly Evans:

You here to take my gig away? Get your old boring office back? You ready to go back to the grind of babysitting grown men who roll around in their underwear for a living?

She pours it on.

Kelly Evans:

I'm here to tell you that it hasn't changed. It's just as soul-crushing and unrelentless now as it ever was. Maybe even moreso. So what gives? What do you *want*?

Eric stalls, deliberately. He kicks his feet down off of Kelly's glass-topped desk and stands, buttoning the jacket of his suit and adjusting his tie. Everything must be perfect, remember that. With a flourish he gestures for Kelly to take her seat.

Eric Dane:

I'm not here for your job, Kels.

Tentatively she retakes her throne, crossing her legs at the ankles and watching as her mentor and business partner saunters around the office. He decides against the uncomfortable chairs that sit across from the boss and takes a standing position behind them.

Eric Dane:

I'm here for entirely selfish reasons, none of which has anything to do with the day to day runnings of DEFIANCE. You're doing an adequate enough job for the time being-

It's her turn to interrupt.

Kelly Evans:

Excuse me? Adequate? I'll have you know that-

Eric Dane:

Ratings are down. Buyrates are down. Merch sales are down. Lindsay Troy's salty vagina bled all over DEFIANCE for so long that the word "faggot" hasn't been used on screen since like 2015. You do know I put in twenty grand to the FCC just for the use of that word because it was practically Angus's whole gimmick, right?

Kelly Evans:

But-

Eric Dane:

And don't even get me started on what it takes to be put into a position where CURTIS *FUCKING* PENN is the Champion.

Kelly Evans:

Now you hold on right there! If it hadn't been for that little stunt you let Dan Ryan pull-

Eric Dane:

Lindsay fucking Troy. Lesser of two evils. Pay attention for fuck's sake!

Sufficiently cowed Kelly lets out a sigh of defeat.

Kelly Evans:

Fine. I fucked everything all up. What is it that you want if not my job?

Dane gives her a moment to feel sorry for herself. Absently he rolls his eyes before continuing on as before.

Eric Dane:

Kels. I told you. I'm not here for your job. You need to understand that if I wanted it I've got plenty of grounds to take it, but I don't. This was your first year, you were bound to make some mistakes. We're not losing money and we're not closed. Maybe you fucked up, but you didn't let it defeat you and you're bound to get better. That's why I put you in charge. I swear to Christ, by the twenty years we've put in this business together, I'm not here for you.

She looks up at him all doe-eyed.

Eric Dane:

I'm here for someone else.

Kelly Evans:

Who then?

Eric Dane:

I'm here for Cayle.

She cocks an eyebrow, he smirks.

Eric Dane:

Just like I told him last week.

THE RUNDOWN

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



♪"My War" - Black Flag♪

The camera pans the crazy FAITHFUL, doing their FAITHFUL stuff with all of the signs that they usually have that we're not going to take any time to look at.

Let's just get to Keebs and Angus. They've been waiting for a while.

DDK:

Welcome, FAITHFUL, to DEFtv 80! We're two short weeks away from Ascension, and things are coming to a head! My name is 'Diamond' Darren Keebler, and I'm joined, as always, by Angus Skaaland!

Angus:

Yeah, we're almost there, Keebs - but what the gorram hell is DA BAW'S doing back, and why is he looking to help out Squidward?

DDK:

Plenty of questions surrounding that circumstance, Angus - and speaking of questions and Cayle Murray, we're going to see him teamed up with the Southern Heritage Champion, Impulse -

Angus:

Hooray!

DDK:

- and Scott Douglas -

Angus:

Boo!

DDK:

...to take on Codename: Reaper, Bronson Box, and Reinhardt Hoffman!

Angus:

Squiddarific already crossed Box twice, and he paid for it. It'd be nice to see him have a meal of fried calamari, but if DA BAWS is actually on his side and not setting him up for a fall, I'm... conflicted.

DDK:

In addition, we'll see The D, of the Pop Culture Phenoms, taking on Hollywood Bruv, Kendrix! As a matter of fact, let's take you backstage right away, as I understand we're getting some activity in the Hollywood Bruvs' dressing room!

Angus:

Damn it, you said that too fast for me to boo!

CALLING MR. KLEIN

The scene opens up inside the Hollywood Bruv's locker room. Kendrix, dressed casually in black jeans and white #JFK t-shirt is sat beside his bestest bruv in the whole world, Mikey Unlikely Sporting the same brand new JFK merch and a pair of black athletic pants on a leather couch. The Bruvs are looking up excitedly at the 50 inch smart TV hanging up on the wall in front of them. Mikey leaps up from his chair holding the remote control in his hand.

Mikey Unlikely:

Yes! You see that Bruv, that's how you make an ingrate pass out!

The camera pans to the TV screen. The footage is from the main event from DefTV 79 where Mikey defeated Elise Ares via his Backstory submission hold. The shot pans back over to the Bruvs, Mikey with a proud look on his face while Kendrix applauds loudly.

Kendrix:

Listen yeah, bruv. That is the 12th time we've watched the replay of this and JFK can honestly say he's not the least bit tired of seeing that bint pass out...roll it again!

Mikey turns his attention to the screen, pointing the remote over at the TV to rewind the footage.

Kendrix:

After my match tonight, we're going to have even more fun watching JFK beating the piss out of The D, Heyoooooooooooo!

Mikey looks back down at Kendrix pointing at his own nose then back at his bruv.

Mikey Unlikely:

Heyoooooooooooo! You know, even though I've sold out PPVs, record deals, movies as well as being the greatest Hollywood Heritage Champion of alllllll tiiiiimmmeee...this is right up there with all of my most satisfying achievements of my career.

Mikey points the remote back at the screen, resuming it's footage of the replay before sitting himself back down in the couch beside Kendrix who's rubbing his hands in excited anticipation before taking his bowl of popcorn from the table in front of him and stuffing his face with its contents.

Mikey Unlikely:

Let me grab some of those, Klein's still not back with my order....

Kendrix, looking slightly upset, holds the bowl close and guarded to his chest.

Mikey Unlikely:

C'mon Bruv!

Kendrix sighs before handing the bowl over to Mikey who grabs a handful of Popcorn.

Kendrix:

Good argument, Mikey. Can't even begin to poke holes in that logic!

Mikey gulps the Popcorn down before his eyes light up, a quietly impressed look on his face as he acknowledges his tag partner.

Mikey Unlikely:

Oreo Frappe Flavoured Popcorn? NICE!

Kendrix:

Obvs!

Mikey Unlikely:

Totally Obvs!

The two bump fists together before switching their attention back to the screen. But before they can get into their 13th viewing of the replay, Klein struggles through the door carrying a keg of beer, giant cotton candy and a huge bag of Popcorn.

Mikey Unlikely:

About damn time Klein. Where the hell have you been Brev?!

Having placed the keg down on the ground Klein droops his head, scratching the top of the box covering his face and pointing out beyond the door.

Kendrix:

Never mind all that Klein, give that mouth of yours a rest will you and give us our supplies! It's party time!

Klein arching his back, holding his arm round the lower area due to the strain of carrying the keg, moves around the table and stands in front of the bruv's, separating their requested supplies out in front of them.

Mikey Unlikely:

Hey! What the hell are you doing? We can't see the TV you clod!

Kendrix:

Yeah, get out of the way you dufus!

Klein looks panicky over to his left and then his right before scurrying out of the Brev's way. Standing up next to Mikey's side of the couch, Klein watches the footage through his box eye holes. Mikey grabs his light yellow giant cotton candy and offers some to Kendrix.

Kendrix:

Nah, maaattee. Not for JFK. Never before a match. I'll save these bad boys as celebratory treats!

Mikey shrugs his shoulders, slightly offended by the rejection.

Mikey Unlikely:

Suit yourself, bruv.

Mikey takes a bite out of the floss before a look of disgust comes across his face. He spits the floss back out of his mouth and onto Klein's shoes. Enraged, Mikey jumps out of his seat.

Mikey Unlikely:

What the hell, Klein?! This isn't the cotton candy I asked for you idiot!

Klein looks taken aback as he holds his hands out apologetically at Mikey, who gets into his face.

Mikey Unlikely:

I asked for vanilla mocha flavoured cotton candy, VANILLA F'N MOCHA!

He holds the giant floss up in Klein's direction.

Mikey Unlikely:

THIS IS LEMON FLAVOURED, YOU MORON!

Mikey hits Klein with the giant cotton candy. Kendrix gets up off of his seat, pausing the action on the TV so that they don't miss what happens at the end, before getting in between Klein and Mikey.

Kendrix:

HEY HEY HEY! Cut it out for a minute you two, we're a team, innit?!

Klein nods in agreement with Jesse. Mikey steps back, still seething. Kendrix grabs his pink giant cotton candy and turns to Mikey.

Kendrix:

OK, on the count of three. One, Two, THREE!

The bruvz both attack Klein with the floss, forcing the big man down to the ground and scurrying out of the door. Mikey follows him out of the door and shouts out after Klein.

Mikey Unlikely:

DON'T COME BACK WITHOUT VANILLA MOCHA THIS TIME!

Kendrix pops his head by the opening to the locker room.

Kendrix:

Yeah, and don't forget to order my post match victory strippees in for The Bruvs as well!

Mikey Unlikely:

Thats right! And make sure they're girls this time!

Fade

CORBIN MICHAELS VS. ELIJAH CROSS

The camera opens back up ringside and on Elijah Cross, who slingshots into the ring and does a tumble-roll to his feet.

Cross - that's *Mr. Fucking Extreme* - does his darndest to rile up the Wrestleplex as Referee Hector Navarro and the golden voiced Quimbey, mike in-hand, stand side-by-side and spectate.

Angus:

I heard this kid has a second job working for Chrysler as a Crash Test Dummy.

♪ "Frontline" by Pillar ♪

Angus:

Speaking of dummies ...

Corbin Michaels purposefully steps out onto the ramp top and, unlike previous weeks, Corbin doesn't pause for a beat as he b-lines toward the ring. He slaps a few hands aisle-side, works up the steps, and slices into the ring. Hector Navarro signals for the bell.

Corbin heads straight toward the much smaller Cross, who doesn't seem to be in any hurry to lock horns with the big Oklahoman and for good reason. Cross sidesteps Corbin, but ends up getting caught in the corner all the same. Michaels pushes him back into the buckles and then two-handed tosses the Human Crash Test Dummy halfway across the ring. Cross slides on his hip, jumps to his feet, and quickly scales to the mid-buckle, where he goes for a Flying Leg Lariat on the approaching Michaels! Caught mid-air! Corbin sends him skidding with a Fallaway Slam! Elijah is a bit slower getting up this go-round, but that does not pull Corbin's foot from the accelerator.

DDK:

Michaels seems to be taking a much more aggressive and direct approach here tonight - maybe that loss to Nigel King has lit a fire in his belly.

The Broken Arrow native drags Cross to his feet and sends him hurtling into the cables! Michaels charges forward and topples Cross with a Flying Shoulderblock. Corbin pulls him up yet again, but is met by a sharp kick to gut. Another kick frees Elijah from Michaels' grip and he immediately bounds off the nearest ropes! Cross comes back with a Flying Headscissor Takedown that manages to bring down the big'un for the first time! Cross leaps off the canvas and follows up with a standing Frog Splash! 2 Fuckin' Xtreme is 2 Fuckin' Pumped! He grabs a fistful of Corbin's hair and struggles to bring him to his feet.

Corbin buries a forearm, then another, then another into the Stuntman Extraordinaire's grill. Cross reels backward, but Corbin grabs his wrist and stops his backward stumble ... only to rip him forward right into a Broken Arrow Lariat! Cross goes airborne and lands with a splat! Corbin hooks a leg and makes the pin! Hector Navarro slides into place!

One!

Two!

Three!

DDK:

Big statement from "The Cyclone" here tonight!

Angus:

Yeah, something like "At least I don't suck as bad as this guy"! [cackles]

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match, via pinfall, CORBIN MICHAELS!

Navarro raises Corbin's arm, but the Oklahoman has little interest in the pageantry. He gives Navarro a nod and heads toward the ropes for a quick exit. With one leg on the apron and one leg still in-ring, his departure is interrupted by a song he's heard often the past six weeks ...

The Guns Get Their Shot

♪ "London is the Reason" by Gallows ♪

Out comes three of the most dislikeable Brits around - indeed, the Guns of Brixton have arrived and, judging by the multiple microphones, they have a bone to pick. The trio are clad in their ring gear, ready to roll despite not being in action on this particular evening. Corbin retraces his step through the ropes and puts hands to hips as the Brixton Butcher (Harry Rose) raises his mike. Harry Rose:

We fackin' told the lot a' you that the Guns deserved this mushmelon's [points at Michaels] spot, that the Guns 'ad been passed over for a lesser man. Then at Seventy-nine, our boy Nigel 'ere [tosses a thumb toward a nodding King] put 'im down and showed that fackin' contract should have the Guns o' Brixton's names on it.

Corbin reaches down and takes a mike from a ring assistant.

Corbin Michaels: [w/ a bit of Southern twang]

I'm not here to decide who does and does not get a contract, fellas.

Harry Rose: [muttering]

Fackin' hell ...

Corbin Michaels:

That said [takes a beat] I'm not gonna stand out here week after week and listen to ya'all moan about my contract and how you've been done wrong. I don't know you from Tom, Dick, or Harry, but that doesn't mean you're not tellin' the truth. It doesn't mean you don't deserve a DEE-EE-EFF contract. In the spirit a' competition, fairplay, whatever you wanna call it, I'll give you the chance you say you've never had. [crowd starts buzzing] Ascension's in two weeks and I'm gonna give you [points at Nigel] a shot at my contract ... if Ms. Evans is on board. [Nigel perks right up - Rose and Collins crack grins] You beat me, the Guns a' Brixton get a contract and I tuck my tail between my legs n' head on back to Broken Arrow. Well, Ms. Evans?

And they waited ... but not for long as the DEFtron flicked to life and a slightly annoyed-lookin' Kelly Evans appeared larger than life.

Kelly Evans:

Michaels, if you want to risk your contract then so be it. I don't have the time or patience to give you career advice. You wanted, you got it. Now, quit holding up my show.

The DEFtron quickly cuts to black as the giddy Guns of Brixton nod, high-five, and show their general approval. Michaels cuts a stoic figure inside the ring as we cut away.

THE ACE ARRIVES

We're backstage in the Wrestle-Plex's motor pool. After a few moments a sleek black town car rolls up and stops right in front of us. The inky black windows keep us from peering in and seeing just who's inside right away, it's not long however that the back door swings open. From the backseat steps the monster of the main event, the former two time FIST of DEFIANCE, the self proclaimed Ace of DEF the Bombastic Bronson Box. Dressed in his trademark three piece brown with grey pinstripes, he's followed by a similarly dapper Reinhart Hoffman sporting a expertly tailored navy blue ensemble. With his sharp features, lean physique and ivy blue eyes the Gentleman German cuts a striking figure standing next to the Wargod.

The two finely dressed ass kickers are in mid conversation as they emerge from the limo.

Reinhardt Hoffman:

... do you think he'll play ball?

Bronson Box:

That masked twits a complete nutter, mate. I wouldn't bloody count on... it...

The Wargod trails off as he and Reinhart are slowly surrounded by a veritable army of black DEFsec polo shirts. Leading this small battalion is DEFIANCE's head of security Wyatt Bronson. Boxer chuckles as he saunters right up to the enormous security chief. The two eyeball one another for a moment.

Wyatt Bronson:

Bronson.

Bronson Box:

Bronson... I just bloody got here, sunshine. What exactly is...

He waves a finger around at the cadre of security goons.

Bronson Box:

... all this about exactly?

The imposing figure of the head of security takes a deep breath and puffs out his chest.

Wyatt Bronson:

Ms. Evans decided that with you and Cayle both in residence tonight some extra precautions were to be taken to keep you from... well, you know. Killin' each other and what not. I got my boys watchin' you, he AND Mr. Da...

Boxer holds up a finger stopping Wyatt in his verbal tracks. He's previously amicable face now twisted slightly, like he tasted something especially sour

Bronson Box:

shhhhhh ... enough, I get the bloody picture ye' fookin' ape.

The Original DEFIANT turns to his sparring partner, Hoffman.

Bronson Box:

I'mma head to my dressing room. You do yer' best to find our "partner"... see if he'll play nice tonight, aye?

Reinhardt Hoffman:

nods sharply I'll see to it mein freund.

The two men clasp hands. Before walking off Boxer taking a moment to give Wyatt a sideways glance as he starts off down the hallway towards the dressing rooms, followed closely by his multi pronged security escort. Hoffman grabs his bag and heads off in the opposite direction to search for he and Bronson's elusive tag team partner for the night's big six man main event.

We cut back to the commentation station with Darren and Angus.

Angus:

I love how Kelly thinks a handful of meatheads will stop that man from doing whatever the shit he wants to to whomever the shit he wants to.

DDK:

Our Ms. Evans is simply taking precautions any good general manager would take, partner. But as you alluded to there, Bronson Box isn't just any superstar.

Angus:

And ontop of that, the tire fire that is Bronson Box... you add ERIC DANE himself to that mess in any capacity? Like dumping gasoline on that gorram somebitch.

KENDRIX VS. THE D

♪ *"Live for the Night" by Krewella (M.I.A. Remix)*

DDK:

Well ladies and gentleman, up next we have the other sides of the Bruvs and PCP coming to blows, as it's The D facing off against former DOC champion, Kendrix.

Angus:

As long as Mikey Unlikely is incredibly sad, I will be happy.

DDK:

That's almost sociopathic, if it weren't for the narcissistic ASP disordered Unlikely being the brunt of your hatred. Mikey Unlikely hasn't made many friends since entering wrestling, and he lost two of them when he forced them to attack each other, or attack him.

Angus:

Friends? C'mon Keebs, I'm sure PCP must have latched onto Mikey's coattails when he went after the Southern Heritage championship. Now that they're firmly in DEFIANCE, have the tag titles, and are doing BETTER than that douchebaggery, they've cut him loose!

As the spotlight hits the entrance ramp, the D steps out from the backstage area in his wrestling attire. Gone are the extravagant suits that he wore alongside the Bruvs. Instead, he wears a DEFIANCE themed t-shirt.

"Who wants the D?"

The D turns around as Elise steps out from the back, wearing a nice dress, but nothing nearly as shiny as before. The D points to his back, where the shirt reads "Mikey wants the D." The two make their way down the rampway. A fan reaches out and touches Elise's shoulder, and she instantly recoils. She turns to the fan, says "Sorry, bad habit," and gives the small child the most cautious pat on the head possible.

The D hits the ring and hops over the top rope, landing on his feet with a bounce. He gets down in a three point stance, and looks focused toward the entrance ramp.

DDK:

The D is focused as ever here, and he's going to need to be. Say what you will about Kendrix, but the man is probably the most talented wrestler from the now defunct SEG.

Angus:

Plus, McFucktits is no doubt by his side.

♪ *"Let 'Em Come" by Scroobius Pip* ♪

The lights in the arena go out momentarily before flashing black and white fills the centre of the stage, immediately bringing Kendrix into view with his back facing the ring. Returning his arms down back to his sides he ever so slightly twists around to face the crowd, Bug Eye shades as well as his trademark smirk etched across his face. The former DOC begins his trademark cocky swagger toward the ring as both Mikey Unlikely and Klein appear from behind the curtain, following closely behind.

Quimbley:

And his opponent. Making his way to the ring, being accompanied by Mikey Unlikely and Klein, hailing from London, England. Weighing in at two hundred and eighteen pounds...

DDK:

Forget the attitude, the over confidence, arrogance, whatever you want to call it, Kendrix is proving to be one of the most talented individuals in this business today.

Angus:

Are you hoping to get in on douche drix's stripper action later, Keebs?

DDK:

I was just getting to my point that The D will have his work cut out for him in this match. I think Klein is going to have his work cut out for him too, Mikey's not looking too happy with him right now.

Angus:

Hahahaha! Hollywood McFuckass hasn't been happy since he lost the SOHER, Keebs. Did you hear that? McFuckass lost the title, Keebs! Hahahahahahaha!

Having made his way to the ring, Kendrix hops onto the second turnbuckle, furthest from the ramp. Mikey meanwhile orders Klein to stop waving at The D. Klein notices Elise on the other side of the ring and begins toward her but Mikey halts him in his tracks and points him toward the timekeeper area. The big man drooping his box head down as he follows Unlikely's orders.

Quimbley:

He is one half the Hollywood Bruvs...JAAAYY EFFF KAAAYYYY..... KEEEEEEENDRRRRRIIIIIIIIXXXXXXX!

Beating his clenched fist across his chest before holding his arms out wide by his side, Kendrix twists around down to the mat, hopping from one foot to the other in front of The D.

The former allies take a moment to throw trash talk in each other's direction as referee Carla Ferrari gestures to the time keepers area for the bell to ring.

Ding Ding Ding!

Kendrix continues to jaw at The D, jabbing his index finger into his shoulder. The D looks over at the finger to his shoulder and then coolly out at the crowd to his left and then to his right, however, his attention is grabbed firmly back in the direction of Jesse...

OHHH!

DDK:

That's disgusting, Kendrix just spat his gum in the face of The D

Angus:

Better than swallowing I guess

DDK:

Really, Angus?

The D wipes his face with the back of his hand after Kendrix took a step back, holding his arms out mockingly by his side and looking over at Mikey who's applauding back up at him with a huge smile on his face. However, the smile is wiped clean off Unlikely's face when The D connects with a right hand which caught the former DOC off guard, and another and another forcing Kendrix all the way back to the corner.

DDK:

The D is out of the blocks quickly here with Kendrix on the ropes. Steps back at the Ferrari's count of four, charges forward but, oh, and Kendrix with the boot to the face.

The D turns and stumbles toward the centre of the ring as JFK shakes the cobwebs off, a look of surprise etched across his face at the positive start by his opponent. The D turns to face the Hollywood Bruv once more but Kendrix is out of the corner in a flash and drops him with a clothesline to the canvas, himself dropping to his knees.

DDK:

Now it's JFK's turn to return the favour to The D. Sharp quick right shots down to the temple of the Pop Culture Phenom, who's trying to cover up but JFK is still managing to get through.

Kendrix gets to his feet and rudely throws his knuckles side to side down in The D's direction. Ferrari reminds Jesse to let go of The D's hair as he grabs at it, hauling him up to his feet, wrapping his arms around The D's waist and lifting him up over and down hard back first to the canvas.

DDK:

Big German Suplex from Kendrix, back to his feet, his arms still locked in, dropping The D with another German Suplex and another!

Angus:

You know, I actually forgot one of these Sports Entertainment Jackoff's can actually wrestle.

Having released The D after the Triple German Suplex, Kendrix takes a moment to pander to the crowd who are letting him know exactly what they think of him in no uncertain terms while The D reaches his arm around his back, squirming in the middle of the ring.

Kendrix:

JAAY EFF KAY'S DOC, BELLENDIS! HEYOOOOOOOOOO!

BOOOOOOOOOOO!

Angus:

GET IN THE FUCKING BIN, ASSHOLE!

Jesse drops his left arm across his torso while throwing his right vertically in front of it in yet another rather rude gesture towards the fans before affording himself a little chuckle, pleased with his own opinion. He drops to his knees and places both hands down flat on the chest of The D.

ONE

TWO

DDK:

Kickout from The D in what was, quite frankly, a rather half hearted, arrogant, pin attempt by Kendrix.

Angus:

Seriously, what even was the point in that? He took about a day to go for the cover in the first place when he was pandering to the crowd. Was that supposed to be Sports Entertaining?!

Having brought The D to his feet, Kendrix whips him across to the ropes, as he comes back towards him, Jesse swings for the clothesline but The D read it, ducking under the arm and through to the other side, Kendrix is quick to follow him there, dropping to the mat as The D bounces back off the other side. He hops over Kendrix through to the other side and back into the centre from the ropes but Kendrix finally catches him with a Swinging Neckbreaker.

DDK:

The D back down to the canvass, this time Kendrix goes for the cover and hooks the leg...

ONE

TWO

DDK:

Kickout again by The D.

Angus:

Hahaha, look at the face on Kendrix. He looks as unhappy as McFuckass does. You know, because McFuckass doesn't have the SOHER anymore, HAHAAHAHAHA!

Kendrix bites his lower lip before puffing his cheeks out and shaking his head in frustration while Elise thumps her hand down flat to the mat, encouraging The D to his feet.

DDK:

A large section of this crowd are clapping in unison with Elise Ares here, they are certainly winning over a few people after, and let's be perfectly clear here, being boo'd out of many a night, here in DEFIANCE.

With The D up to his knees, Kendrix stands tall and whips him into the corner closest to the time keepers area. He quickly charges at The D with a running knee but the PCP member slides out of the way in the nick of time as JFK's knee crashes into the turnbuckle. The D wastes no time and drops the Hollywood Bruv into a schoolboy roll up.

ONE

TWO

THR...KICKOUT!

DDK:

So close. So close to an upset here. The D almost stole the win. Look at Mikey.

The shot switches to Mikey with his hands on his head, relief etched across his face that his tag partner managed to kick out just in the nick of time. As he looks over at Klein, the big man also decides to put his hands above his box head.

Kendrix charges at The D in frustration but he's caught in a well executed Drop Toe Hold from The D, his head dropping against the bottom turnbuckle. Kendrix spins in his seated position as the D grabs the top rope, and begins to stomp the ever living beejesus out of JFK.

*"We Want The D-eeee! *Clap-Clap-ClapClapClap*"*

As Elise pounds the apron to the chant, The D begins to time his stomps to the cheering DEF crowd. Stomp, stomp, stomp party city, a solo form of the PCP's tag maneuver, the Blacklist. He looks to Elise and wants to tag her in, but then just goes right back to stomping Kendrix, focusing this time on the knee that struck the turnbuckle post.

The DEF crowd cheer as Carla hits four on her count and the D backs off from Kendrix. JFK fights to his feet, limping, and charges toward the D with a noticeable hobble. The D side steps, and kicks Kendrix's leg out from under him as Mikey reacts in shock on the outside. The D hooks JFK by his ankle, and foot DDT's his leg into the mat. He holds on, and locks in a spinning toe hold, leaping and driving both of his knees into the mat to contort JFK's leg in a manner it shouldn't be. Kendrix reaches out and grabs at the D's hair, as Carla reprimands him. The D proceeds to lean back, bridging his shoulders onto the mat to apply more pressure to the hold.

DDK:

And it looks like the D is taking advantage of Kendrix's high risk, not entirely paying off. It doesn't look like a serious blow, but a bruised knee is definitely a target on the BRUV's back.

Angus:

What's that fuckwit Mikey doing?

Indeed, Mikey Unlikely has climbed up onto the ring apron, and began shouting at Carla Ferrari. Of course, she stands

her ground and shouts back. The D releases the hold on Kendrix and stomps toward Mikey, who hops off the apron before the D can reach him. The D, annoyed, turns back to a recovering JFK and charges. BIG back body drop from Kendrix, as JFK falls to a knee, bracing his leg from the vault. The D quickly gets back to his feet and charges to Kendrix, who dives forward and places both palms into the D's chest. With a quick burst of strength, Kendrix tosses the D square up in the air in a flapjack. As the D falls, he adjusts and lands on Kendrix's shoulder, hooking him in a headlock and spinning into a twisting DDT. The D dives on top for the pin, hooking the leg nearest to the ropes.

One.

Two.

JFK with a kickout, as Mikey almost looks like he shit a brick. He begins to pound the apron, shouting at Kendrix to "finish the bellend!"

DDK:

Mikey, offering his own form of encouragement.

Angus:

I'd encourage both of them to drive themselves off a cliff.

The D lifts Kendrix off his feet into the ropes. JFK reverses the Irish whip, and the D rebounds to duck a clothesline. The D then springs off the middle rope, and twists, looking for a cross body, but JFK catches the smaller flier as he dives. JFK falls to one knee to hold The D up, and then pounces to his feet, using that momentum to hit a fallaway slam. The D rolls completely out of the ring, falling right next to...

Angus:

That stupid box man probably doesn't even know his old friend is at this feet!

DDK:

The question is what Klein will do here. He's made his allegiances known, and Mikey in particular is looking to have Klein do what he can to make sure JFK wins. Thankfully, Carla is there watching from the ring.

The D pulls himself up using the ring apron tarp, and sees Klein standing over him. He looks at Klein, tears welling up in his eyes, as his body language just asks Klein "Why." Klein has no chance to respond, as Kendrix slides out of the ring, kicking The D in the face with a baseball slide. The D tumbles into the guardrail, as Kendrix lands on his feet. JFK orders Klein to grab the D and toss him inside, as Kendrix follows.

JFK dives and hits a double ax handle to the recovering D. Kendrix then firmly locks in a cover, hooking the leg.

One.

Two.

Kickout by the D. Kendrix then locks in a front facelock, wrenching the hold in and slowing the pace. The DEF crowd gets impatient as Mikey cheers on JFK like he just hit a suicide tope or something crazy. After a good thirty seconds, The D begins to fight back to his feet. First to his knees, then with repeated blows and punches to JFK's body. The D then charges, sending Kendrix back first into the turnbuckle. A big knife edge chop from the D echoes through the arena, almost sending JFK off his feet. Another, and another, before The D grabs Kendrix for an Irish Whip. It's reversed, and Kendrix charges in. His leg slows him down slightly, allowing the D to counter with a high leg straight to the jaw. The D hops out of the ring onto the apron and begins to climb the turnbuckle.

It's here where Klein gets involved as Mikey screams at him. Klein grabs the D's leg so he can't ascend to the top rope. Carla rushes over to yell at Klein, but the former DOC champ rushes to the middle rope. He hooks the D in a headlock, and hits a big superplex.

Problem, The D and Kendrix tumble into Carla as they land, sending out a "Woah" from the DEF crowd.

DDK:

Referee's are never safe, especially in DEFIANCE, but I've never seen a superplex splat an official like that.

Angus:

And look at Mikey, like the snake in the grass waiting to pounce.

Mikey slides into the ring and takes a stomp or two at the D, before Elise springboards in and catches Mikey with a missile dropkick. Mikey slips out of the ring, as Elise charges toward him, diving over the top rope with a hands free suicide dive.

Klein watches the two tumble on the outside, and then looks back into the ring. Kendrix is crawling, and drapes a hand over the D's chest. Klein, in a rush, rips off his shirt to reveal a referee's shirt, much to the chagrin of the DEF crowd.

DDK:

Really?! This is how this match is going to end?!

Angus:

You know box brain's gonna fast count it.

Klein slides into the ring, and checks the D's shoulder. He begins to count, but it's a regular normal count.

One.

Two.

Kickout by the D. The DEF crowd cheers.

DDK:

Well, even when Klein was the official for PCP, he seemed to try his best to call things right down the center.

Angus:

For some reason, Box Brain must have some respect for the pinstripes.

Kendrix looks up at Klein in shock. He gets to his feet and then into Klein's face, berating him, telling him he needs to count faster. He smacks his hands together at an exceedingly quick pace. It's here where the D hooks Kendrix from behind, rolling him up in a school boy.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

The bell rings as Kendrix kicks out JUST after an incredibly fast count. This kick out sends the D sprawling out of the ring to Elise's side. "Live for the Night" begins to play over the pa system as the D tosses his hands up in celebration. The D reaches down, grabs Elise and the two begin to hightail it away from the ring. Kendrix gets up, and begins to scream, shouting, and pushing Klein away. Klein then mimes his own quick paced hand clap back at JFK. Kendrix, annoyed, slips himself out of the ring and begins yelling at the time keeper, shouting "That wasn't a legal count!"

It's at this point that a groggy Carla Ferrari recovers, and begins to discuss matters with Quimbley, as Kendrix begins to smile.

Quimbley:

Ladies and gentleman, due to the fact that Klein is not a licensed DEFIANCE official, this match, **MUST CONTINUE!**

DDK:

This match isn't over Angus! JFK tried to cheat his way to victory, only to have it backfire, and then, be allowed to continue as if nothing ever happened!

Angus:

And it doesn't seem like the Pop Culture Phenoms are in any sort of rush to return to ringside.

The D and Elise are still making their way back up the ramp, as the D shouts "I PINNED KENDRIX!" to wild cheers. In the ring, Kendrix is stomping around, angry, as Carla begins to count the D out. The D and Elise wave by to Kendrix in the ring, who's kicking the bottom rope demanding they return. Mikey Unlikely slides in at this point, and begins to goad the PCP back, but the tag champions simply leave the area to cheers.

DDK:

This will technically be a victory for Kendrix, defeating the D via count out.

Angus:

Yeah, but everyone saw that bellend get hoisted by his own retard!

DDK:

That's petard.

Angus:

What did I say? **WHATEVER!** Everyone saw Kendrix down as the ref's hand hit three. Even if it was a stupid man wearing a box learning how to count.

DDK:

Not returning to the ring to continue might be the best form of vengeance the PCP could give the Bruvs, and the DEF Faithful understand that full heartedly!

Angus:

Can someone get these complainers out of the ring!? We have better **WRESTLERS** to watch!

BEHIND THE DEFSEC WALL

There are two large men standing in front of the locker room door; they don't appear to be DEFSec, but they're large, suited, and have wires in their ears. And they've been the cause of speculation for at least two people.

Calico Rose:

Do you think they're like the guards at Buckingham Palace?

She waves a hand in front of one's face.

Guard:

No.

Impulse:

Look, but don't touch, Cally. Gentlemen, can we go in?

Guard:

No. Strict orders from Mr. Murray; only the people on the list can go in.

Silence. Cally and Impulse look at each other.

Cally:

But--I'm Cally, and this is Impulse. How can we not be on the list? We've eaten haggis together!

The guards look them over.

Guard #2:

You're both on the list... but he's not.

Behind Cally and Impulse stands Scott Douglas, recently 'adopted' by them due to their common problems with Codename Reaper. Impulse looks back at the guards with a raised eyebrow.

Impulse:

Does he... look like Bronson Box?

Cayle Murray:

I bloody hope not.

The youngest member of the Murray clan speaks from behind his DEFsec bouncers. He wasn't having a particularly exciting evening behind their protective wall, and his frustration came through in every syllable.

Cayle Murray: [peering through the guards]

Scott Douglas, you just made the li--

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

... you're welcome to come in.

Cally:

See?

Inside the room, Impulse closes the door behind them.

Impulse:

How long is this gonna go on? Sooner or later we're gonna need to deal with the situation between you two.

Cally:

Sooner? I vote sooner. Not enough fun happening here anymore.

Cayle Murray:

Well, I was planning on kicking his head-off later on. If you guys could step aside for me as soon as he hits the ring, I'd be much obliged.

Cayle cracks his knuckles. The match is still some time away, but he's all set to go. Heck, what else are you going to do when you're stuck behind a wall of security guards all night?

Cayle Murray:

Load of nonsense, this. *Security guards*? Absurd. Totally absurd. I get putting Box under lock and key - he's got prior, after all - but I can't help but shake the feeling I'm being punished for standing up for myself.

Cally pats him on the shoulder.

Cally:

And that's just not the way to go about things. But in this business, you know as well as we do the first priority is for the office to cover their own slippery bits. Which is weird, because you'd think they'd be okay with two guys whose job it is to beat people up beating each other up, and doing it where people can see it and pay money for it and--

Impulse gently takes her hand and moves her away.

Impulse:

You want him in this match, you'll get him in this match. Thing is, like you said - you're standing up for yourself, he's got a prior, blah blah blah. Going after him before the match, without a match - when you don't know the stakes or what he's got to give him an advantage? Ain't nothing good that can come of it.

Cayle Murray:

As if I'd go after him before the match. He's the problem - not me. We've got a nice little date lined-up for ASCENSION, and tonight should make for a nice little matinee. Regardless, it gives me solace to know that Bronson's probably even more frustrated at being cooped-up than I am. I wonder how many times they've had to sedate him...

Impulse:

Especially after Eric Dane showed up at your door, sir?

And the elephant in the room is finally addressed. Cayle pauses, but only for a moment.

Cayle Murray: [hastily]

I've got nothing to say about Eric Dane that I didn't say to his face last week.

His expression turns colder.

Cayle Murray:

That guy has interfered with my career enough. It's over. No more.

He waves a dismissive hand, then addresses Scott Douglas.

Cayle Murray:

So, Scott - who are you trying to kick in the face tonight?

Scott Douglas:

The same guy who's been kicking me in the face for the past four months - CODENAME: Reaper.

Cally sidles up to Douglas and puts a hand on his shoulder.

Cally:

I'll say.

Impulse looks at her.

Impulse:

What are you doing, Rosie?

Cally takes her hand down.

Cally:

I... don't have anyone's teeth to kick in, I'm just trying to be part of the group.

Impulse and Cayle chuckle; Douglas, not yet used to the Callyisms of DEFIANCE, joins in a few seconds later.

Scott Douglas:

It's been less time, Cayle - but somehow, I really feel like I get it ... On a deeper level than I can explain. Reaper's been trying, mentally, to do to me what Bronson's been trying to do to you, physically. I'm out of patience with it, I want it has to end.

Impulse:

After the last DEFtv, I'm with you, sir.

Cayle Murray:

Reaper, yes... if Jason and Andy weren't in Japan/suspended, I'd have one standing by beside the arena's lighting controls.

He pauses.

Cayle Murray:

That's one creepy individual. And then there's Hoffman, who hasn't been around here in a while, but can twist any of us into submission if given half a chance. Plus, he's Box's trainee. I've got a little bravado in me, but I don't know if I want them both at the same time. Let's all keep an eye on him, just in case.

Cally:

I'll keep two eyes on him, just for you three.

Hands are shaken, and the three who are not currently under house arrest leave the room. Cally pauses to get a closer look at one of security's earpieces, but is quickly led away by Impulse.

Scott Douglas:

Curious, man - that bit Reaper played after your match. What was that all about?

Impulse looks at him.

Impulse:

It's a long, boring story, sir. And if it means what I think it means...

Cally:

...then the slippery bits are about to hit the fan.

Cut.

INVITATIONAL, IN THE STYLE OF CURTIS PENN

♪ "Enea Volare Mezzo" by eRa ♪

Angus:

Oh for FUCKS sake!

DDK:

Here comes our FIST of DEFIANCE!

Angus:

I'm going for a piss...

Entering first, preceding the champion with her trademark "I told you so" smile and an internationally trumped up version of her usual business casual three-piece and pumps. She stops just outside of the curtain and produces a microphone.

Jane Katze:

Ladies and Gentlemen, may I present to you your current reigning and defending FIST of DEFIANCE! The man who single-handedly rid DEFIANCE of that blight of a meddling bitch Lindsay Troy! He's my client and your girlfriend's favorite wrestler... The one, the only...

BOOOOOO!

Jane Katze:

CURTIIS PENNNNN!

From backstage steps the man himself. Dressed in his gear, the ten pounds of gold on red leather strapped around his waist. Penn pushes through the curtain with that same shit eating grin he's had plastered on his lips since the very second he picked up the FIST. Katze sidles up to her champ and soaks up the Faithful's "love and adoration" for a few moments before both stepping out onto the ramp and making their way towards the ring. It's not long before they're center stage, the Faithful raining down nothing but pure unfiltered hatred and derision.

The blistering reaction unsurprisingly bothers neither party one little bit.

Jane Katze:

Answer me this if you can, plebeians...

BOOOOOO!

The Manager of Managers simply rolls her eyes and continues on unabated.

Jane Katze:

Who's left? Hmmm? Who's left for the reigning defending FIST of DEFIANCE to vanquish? Just who in this company is even NEAR Curtis Penn's level at this point? I'll wait... [pretends to wait] don't strain yourselves! I'll let the CHAMP answer that question. Curtis?

The noise level from the fans goes up to eleven the second Jane hands the microphone over to her champion client. The reaction puts a little smile on Curtis Penn's face.

Curtis Penn:

Easy as two plus two, Katze... NOBODY! NOBODY'S on the champs level! Not Troy, not Murray, not Box, not Impulse! NOBODY! I could stand out here with a hundred and forty-seven page list of who all I've put down for three to get to where I am today, but not only would we be here all freakin' night but it's totally unnecessary because just LOOK around!

Penn gestures, broadly, all around himself.

Curtis Penn:

Nobody's got the sack to come out here and even TRY to say otherwise! It's downright pathetic, Katze, PATHETIC!

He shrugs, all smug looking and full of himself.

Curtis Penn:

Seriously, listen! Crickets!

FUCK YOU CUR-TIS! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*

FUCK YOU CUR-TIS! *CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP*

Curtis Penn:

And that? That's why I'm bringing back an oooooold favorite! If that hot bag of wind up in her ivory tower can't find the CHAMP some decent competition... I'll find it my own goddamn self! With the return of...

Out of nowhere, a drum roll, Penn gestures up to the giant screen where after a cymbal crash a gaudy Las Vegas style graphic reading "**CURTIS PENN INVITATIONAL**" flashes across the screen. Penn couldn't look more proud of himself, amidst a torrential downpour of boos Jane alone applauds Curtis' announcement.

Curtis Penn:

Yeah! That's right JERKS! Doors wiiiiide open! If you want to step up and try to...

An unseen but VERY familiar voice interrupts Penn.

"AIIIIIIright that's just about enough of that."

All eyes follow the spotlight as it rolls up and over the audience to the opening bank of windows that lines the back wall of the legendary DEFplex skybox where DEFIANCE shot caller Kelly Evans stands with microphone in hand.

Kelly Evans:

It's not often a good idea tumbles out of that pea brain of yours Curtis, but damned if one hasn't rattled free there. An open challenge for the FIST... I like it, I really really do.

Jane Katze:

Get to the point, Kels.

The boss lady just smiles that confident, shit eating smile at Jane and Curtis down in the ring.

Kelly Evans:

You want the point, Jane? Fine, here's the point... I have a PERFECT opponent for Curtis' little invitational...

♪ *Natural Born Killaz - Dr. Dre/Ice Cube* ♪

The DEFIANCE Faithful go absolutely apeshit. From off-screen you can hear what sounds like someone scrambling to get his headphones back on.

Angus:

OH MY GORRAM SON-OF-A-TITTY FUCKIN' CHRIST!

DDK:

Calm yourself, man!

Angus:

I FUCKIN' REFUUUUUSE! IT'S.... IT'S...

Say it with me now:

Angus:

MAAAAAHB000000OIIIIITAAAAAAIIIII!!!!!!

Tyrone Walker, the Extreme Franchise himself, blasts through the entryway to the absolute adulation of the DEFIANCE crowd. His face is covered by that old school Casey Jones hockey mask and in his hand is a working CHAINSAW!

Curtis Penn:

NOPE! NOT THAT GUY!

Jane Katze:

You can't go handing out title shots just because you're shacking up with somebody Kelly! Where's he even been for six months?

More chainsaw noises bring a much bigger grin to Kelly's face in the Executive Suite. She gets a tingle in her special place watching Penn inside the ring completely losing his shit. A long moment passes before she speaks again.

Kelly Evans:

I really do hate to tell you two, but no matter how much pull either of you think you have, neither of you are THE. BOSS. BITCH. Around here! That'd be ME! And as of right now this match is official, and it'll be NO DISQUALIFICATIONS live on PAY-PER-VIEW at ASCENSION!

DDK:

There you have it! Curtis Penn has a challenger for Ascension!

Angus:

And it's MAH BOI TAI! And it's NO DQ!

DDK:

What do you think, Ang, does Ty have it in him to FINALLY pick up the FIST?

Angus:

Are you even paying attention? Have we met?

DDK:

I'm getting word from the back that we need to cut away to a commer-

TWO WEEKS

CAYLE MURRAY, IMPULSE & SCOTT DOUGLAS VS. REAPER, BRONSON BOX & REINHARDT HOFFMAN

Cut back to your boys in the booth.

DDK:

Welcome back, folks -- it's main event time.

Angus:

Have you seen this gorram line-up, Keebs?! This is gonna be a mess! Not as messy as next week when MAH BOI TAI chops Curtis Penn to pieces with that chainsaw though...

DDK:

It's my job to know the line-up, Angus, and it's your job to stay on point!

Angus flashes his broadcast partner a glare.

DDK:

We've got the team of Cayle Murray, Impulse, and Scott Douglas taking-on Codename: Reaper, Bronson Box, and Reinhardt Hoffman. Lot's and lot's of bad blood in this one, and Hoffman makes for an interesting X-factor.

Angus:

There's only a handful of wrestlers on the planet who can match Hoffman in terms of refined technique, Keebs, and he's Box's boy! This could be bad, bad news for Squidley...

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is a six-man tag team match scheduled for one fall!

♪ "The Wings Of Icarus" by Celldweller ♪

The music comes through with the usual slow build-up. Eventually explodes into a fit of driving, orchestral metal, and Cayle Murray emerges following the pyro explosion, back to the crowd. He eventually turns around, looking all steely and determined, and slaps hands with a few fans on his way down to the ring.

Darren Quimbey:

Introducing first, hailing from Aberdeen, Scotland! He stands at 6'1", and weighs-in at 220lbs... CAYLE MURRAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYY!

♪ "Smiling and Dying" by Green River ♪

The noise, that is the intro, gives way to the song proper as the Seattle native hits the ramp. Head down and his hair covering his face he takes a moment before flinging his head backward and the hair out of his face before making his way down the ramp, slapping the hands and acknowledging a couple signs at ringside.

Darren Quimbey:

And his partner, from Seattle, Washington! Standing 6'2" and weighing in at 220 lbs ... SCOTT DOUGLAAASS!

♪ "Revolution" by SIRS ♪

It's the entire Impulse and Cally show: the banter with the commentary team, the exaggerated bow, the hand slaps. You've seen it before.

Darren Quimbey:

Their partner, from Washington Heights, New York. Standing at 5'11" and weighing in at 191 lbs... Accompanied to the ring by 'Your Favorite Bit Player' Calico Rose, he is the DEFIANCE WRESTLING SOUTHERN HERITAGE

CHAMPION... IMMMMPULSE!

Angus:

Help us, Impulse - Wan Kenobi, you're our only hope!

DDK:

The question, Angus - is that when Reaper, Box, and Hoffman come out... who's going to go after whom first?

Angus:

If the drummer for Mudheadlock gets motivated to do anything I'll be incredibly surprised. In five... four... three...

DDK:

What are you ... ?

Lights out only for a few seconds and when they come back on, CODENAME: Reaper is standing with blue hot eyes on the opposite corner of his opponents.

Angus:

I've got the timing down pat now!

♪ "God's Gunna' Cut You Down" ♪ by the man in black starts up over the PA and is almost immediately drowned out by the torrent of boos and derision from the DEFIANCE faithful. From behind the curtain first steps the tall lean figure of the Gentleman German Reinhardt Hoffman clad in his red black and yellow trunks and an all business look on his sharp placid face. Just a moment behind him, out steps the self proclaimed Ace of DEFIANCE...

Darren Quimbey:

... BRONSooooooooooooon BOoooooooooooooooooX...

BOoooooooooooooooooooo!

Angus:

These folks sure have finished turning the corner on ol' baldy, haven't they? Sheeeeeeeeeee-it.

DDK:

Once the recipient of a decidedly *mixed* reaction from the Faithful, Boxer has been receiving nothing but hate and derision from the DEFIANCE fans since he started his so called "Scottish Civil War" with the Murray brothers.

Angus:

I wouldn't boo him to his face though...

DDK:

Oh, not a chance. Yikes.

Free from DEFsec for the first time this evening, Cayle and Bronson Box move towards one another as soon as he and Hoffman enter the ring. Benny Doyle immediately tries to stop him, but while his presence is enough to halt Cayle, it's not enough to stop Box & Hoffman advancing from behind!

DDK:

Look out!

Hoffman pushes the official out of the way, and Box just barrels through, catching Cayle with a leaping forearm! As the Conclave duo swarm Cayle Murray, Douglas, Impulse, and Reaper all throw themselves into the fray.

Angus:

We've got ourselves a *FITE~!*

Doyle immediately tries to interject and install some order. Douglas has peeled Hoffman away from Cayle, Impulse is brawling with Reaper, and Cayle and Box are taking turns to knock seven shades of hell out of each other in the corner. The official doesn't even know where to start, however, so just turns to the technical area.

DING! DING! DING!

The match is underway. On one side, Reaper has gained an upper hand on Impulse. He throws him back into the corner and boots him twice in the gut, but Pulse catches the third, then leaps inside with an elbow. Hoffman attempts to grapple Douglas to the mat, meanwhile, while Cayle and Box - completely consumed by bloodlust - *tumble* out of the ring.

Angus:

My God, this is chaos, Keebs!

DDK:

We don't even have a legal man yet! What a scene!

Scott Douglas fights his way out of Hoffman's grasp and clocks him with an uppercut. With Impulse recovering on the other side, the two formulate a quick, word-less plan then whip the two evildoers into one another in the middle of the ring. Hoffman and Reaper collide, allowing Impulse and Douglas to grab one each from behind, then level them with near-stereo German Suplexes.

On the outside, shit is starting to get real. Box whips Cayle into a barricade, then charges forward with a Lariat. Cayle charges forward, however, ducks the arm, and blasts Box with a spinning back kick on the other side. Box doubles over, Cayle clinches, and knees him right in the face.

With Boxer down, Cayle grabs him by the singlet then takes him to the ring. Box blocks the attempt to slam his face down on the mat, however, and just straight-up rakes Cayle in the eyes. Doyle tries to admonish him, but soon gets distracted by the action inside the ring. With Murray now back under his control, Box chops him once across the chest, then throws him over the barricade.

DDK:

Impulse and Douglas look to have things under a degree of control in the ring, but where are Cayle and Box going?!

Angus:

It was gonna take a gorram *wall* to continue them tonight, Keebs!

The cameras cut back to the ring. With Impulse now working Hoffman over, Douglas becomes the first wrestler to actually show respect to the rules by moving to the outside and grabbing the tag rope. He soon abandons that plan when Reaper clobbers Impulse from behind, however, then rushes forward and knocks him off the apron! Pulse is forced to release Hoffman, then eats a running Ax Kick from Reaper.

We cut back to Cayle and Box, who are already *well* into the crowd by now. Both men are swinging blows back and forth before Boxer takes advantage with a knee to the gut, then smacks Cayle's face down on a handrail. Grabbing a handful of hair, Box starts leading his foe towards a set of stairs.

DDK:

We need more officials down here, Angus! Doyle's just overwhelmed in the ring, and I have absolutely no idea what the Scottish contingent are doing!

Back in the ring Reaper and Hoffman continue to work over Impulse as Douglas is pulling himself up off the floor of the Wrestle-Plex. Neither of the SoHer champion's current assailants appear to be interested the trappings of an actual tag match. Reaper hoists up an ailing Impulse and sends him off into the ropes as Hoffman slides under the bottom rope and begins fumbling underneath the ring. Impulse returns and ducks Reaper's attempt at The Guillotine.

Nearly simultaneously: Impulse still in motion baseball slides Hoffman just as he stands back up producing a from beneath the ring. The chair smacks Hoffman in the face and sends him to the floor; and Douglas, recently returned to the apron, springboards into a flying crossbody just as Reaper recoils from the missed kick. Douglas instinctively grabs the leg. Doyle hesitates.

DDK:

I'm not sure who the hell is legal here!

Angus:

It damn sure isn't *[flips thru papers]* the frontman for Tool!

Doyle looks toward the timekeeper and gives a shrugs as Reaper kicks.

DDK:

...

Angus:

See, that one doesn't even need a pun.

Douglas, hands up, returns to the apron and resumes hold of the tag rope. Impulse returns to Reaper as the masked man returns to his feet. Reaper throws a quick strike and is quickly blocked as Impulse returns reverse fire. Reaper absorbs the hit and tries again. He's blocked for a second time and Impulse's return shot sends him stumbling back into the corner. Douglas reaches up for a tag and Impulse obliges.

Douglas enters the ring and leads Reaper out of the corner by his hood as Hoffman attempts to return to the ring. Doyle accosts Hoffman demanding he take his place on the apron and await the tag. Douglas turns his attention to the commotion and a dazed Reaper drops to his knees in the middle of the ring. Doyle continues to cajole Hoffman as Impulse rounds the ring post to get closer to a situation that looks to be ready to boil over into another brawl.

DDK:

LOW BLOW by Reaper!

Douglas collapses to the mat grasping his jorted crotch. Impulse ducks under the top rope to enter but Hoffman has relinquished his protest just in time for Doyle to switch his attention to Impulse. The champ quickly backs away and returns to the proper side of ropes and rather the plead his case urges Doyle with jesters to return to the action inside the ring.

Reaper capitalizes on the downed Douglas and starts laying in the boots as his eyes flare up a bright sapphire blue. Impulse is back in his corner as Hoffman is the same and Doyle is able to focus on the action in the ring. Reaper pulls up the teetering Douglas and whips him against the ropes, coming back he ducks a stiff clothesline by Reaper and spins around catching Reaper with a hard right, followed by a swift kick and hooks him....

DDK:

SUB POP SUPLEX!

Both men lay out on the mat, Douglas from exhaustion and Reaper from getting his head rammed into the mat with Scott's finisher. Douglas flops over and lazily puts an arm over Reaper's chest in a pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!!

Hoffman charges in the ring and breaks up the pin attempt, which brings Impulse back in as well, he charges at Hoffman and the two engage in an exchange of punches. Benny Doyle immediately starts counting for both men to vacate the ring, but they aren't listening as Impulse is reeling from Hoffman's attacks. They edge closer to the ropes and in the meantime Douglas is on his feet, with Reaper slowly recovering. Doyle, trying to get a handle on the action, turns to face the two legal participants in the match and just like that he receives a swift boot to the head as Hoffman clotheslines Impulse to the outside and in the process catches the back of Doyle's head with his leg.

Angus:

Ref down!!

A smirking Hoffman turns his focus to the standing Scott Douglas, who has no idea the official is out. Douglas hooks Reaper for another Sub Pop Suplex. Hoffman grabs a hold of Douglas and begins to way lay on him. As the two are exchanging fists Reaper rolls to the outside of the ring. Douglas blocks a flying right and kicks Hoffman in the gut, SUB POP SUPLEX on Hoffman!

DDK:

Douglas is on fire right now!

Douglas quick to his feet scans the ring for Reaper, who is on the outside grabbing a chair from under the ring. He also notices the fallen Benny Doyle and tries to go to his aid, while doing so Reaper is climbing to the upper turnbuckle, chair in hand. The Faithful are on their feet yelling for Douglas to turn around, when he does it's too late. He catches the chair tossed at his head and Reaper launches himself through the air with a single legged missile drop kick!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

The clang of the chair hitting Douglas' face causes the fans to go into an uproar of chanting and booing. Impulse finally comes to and is on the ring apron looking at the chaos. He goes to Benny Doyle and finally gets him to come around, just in time for Hoffman to be on his feet and engage yet again with Impulse, the two of them stumble to the outside where it looks like Hoffman starts to get the upper hand.

DDK:

This is getting out of hand!

Angus:

This was never in hand! AND it is fantastic!

DDK:

We haven't seen Cayle nor Box for the better part of this contest!

Angus:

Contest? This is no match, Keebs! This is a *FITE*

FINALLY, there's signs of life from Cayle and Boxer. They emerge for the first time in several minutes, still scrapping in the crowd, with Murray seemingly in control. There's a tiny stream of blood seeping from his right eyebrow, but he doesn't look overly concerned as he takes Box back towards the barricade.

Angus:

THERE they are!

DDK:

Looks like Cayle's taken a lick or two!

Angus:

I'm not surprised - these two could've been brawling in the boiler room for all we know!

Cayle bundles Boxer over the barricade then follows himself, but Reinhardt Hoffman crushes him with a running knee before he has a chance to do anything! In the ring, Codename: Reaper has Douglas primed and ready, and he's about to take his head off with a steel chair.

DDK:

This isn't no conventional wrestling match, that's for sure!

Benny Doyle doesn't have a clue where to be or what to do. Usually one of DEFIANCE's more accomplished officials, he has found himself in the middle of a massacre. He looks at Hoffman and the recovering Box working on Cayle, then at Reaper and his chair, and makes the only decision that makes sense...

DING! DING! DING!

DDK:

It's a no contest! Doyle has called it off!

The sound of the bell distracts Reaper enough for Douglas to recover, then spear him to the ground, knocking the chair away.

Angus:

AWWWWW C'MAWN!

Darren Quimbey:

Ladies and Gentlemen, the official has ruled this match a no contest!

That doesn't stop the participants trying to beat the shit out of each other, however! Impulse saves Cayle from the 2-on-1 assault on the outside, taking Hoffman away from the scene, while Cayle catches Box with a desperate headbutt. Suddenly, a stream of DEFsec charge down from the top of the ramp...

Angus:

These guys too?! But we were having so much fun, dammit!

DDK:

Something tells me the boss lady has seen enough, Angus, and I can't say I blame her! This wasn't even a match - it was a fight!

A couple of the DEFsec head for the athletes in the ring, but the bulk go after Cayle and Box. A handful look recognisable from the group guarding Cayle's locker-room earlier in the evening, and they immediately separate the groggy brawlers, pulling them apart amidst their protests.

The crowd boo, obviously.

DDK:

Cayle and Box are going to have to save it for ASCENSION, it seems! A smart choice - I'm sure the last thing Kelly Evans needs is these two murdering each other ahead of one of the biggest events of the year.

Angus:

Yeah, you're probably right. Look at Box, though: he's bloody feral!

Sure enough, Box's face is a deep shade of crimson, and he's practically foaming at the mouth. He tries everything to break through his oppressors, but there's three of them and only one of him. Cayle, meanwhile, is still trying to get loose himself, but looks more accepting of his fate as DEFsec take him to the ramp and start heading for the exit.

ALL IN

As the herd of DEFsec slowly move toward the back, Cayle, Box and Hoffman entangled in their ranks, CODENAME: Reaper is the lone competitor left in the ring. Scott Douglas and Impulse regroup from the chaos on the low end of the ramp as Cally joins them.

Lights out.

Two blue orbs float in the middle of the ring like the blue flame of smelting metal ore. The Faithful's camera flashes are flashing brightly; trying to catch the action going on in the middle of the ring. A few seconds pass and the blue orbs vanish without a trace. Shrouded in darkness other than the weaker digital equivalent of flash bulbs; Impulse and Scott Douglas stare toward the ring as the lights return.

DDK:

Reaper! This is unprecedented, partner. Lighting malfunctions normally lead to the disappearance of CODENAME: Reaper!

Angus:

Misdirection, Keebs. It's not about vanishing, it's always been a misdirection. It's probably just the red - Oh look, he's got a microphone.

DDK: [confused]

Wait, what...

Reaper: [modified voice]

You two have become an unforgivable annoyance. An annoyance that must be... SHALL be put to rest.

The Faithful explode in a chorus of boos and unorganized chants.

Reaper:

It is apparent that we will have to see this venture to it's forgone conclusion at the ASCENSION. Scott Douglas ... "Seattle's FORGOTTEN SON" do you dare to brave the unknown?

Reaper lowers the microphone momentarily and his eyes flare up in a hot emerald green that reignites the crowds hate.

The camera cuts to the good guys on the outside of the ring. The green fires up Douglas. He is in audible but clearly cursing and highly agitated. The always measured Impulse shoots Douglas a glance while holding his hand out, palm down; suggesting he have cooth and patience.

Back to the ring.

Reaper:

Will the epitome of integrity and valor accept an unknown fate?

Back to the ringside trio. Impulse, unheard, clearly mouths, "yup."

Reaper:

The ASCENSION ... The Good versus the RIGHTEOUS! The pair before me versus...

Reaper steps closer to the ring ropes facing the trio.

Reaper:

Us!

Reaper drops the microphone and a loud thud startles the arena.

DDK: [still confused]

Who is Us?.

Cut to a close up of Douglas with Impulse and Cally. Both Impulse and Douglas nod in agreeance with the challenge. Cally only slightly delayed after quickly looking to Impulse and briefly to Douglas, joins in with the type of enthusiasm only she can bring. Impulse holds up his fist, which Cally proceeds to bump, complete with a blowing - of - it - up, which of course, brings the chant from the fans.

She then turns her fist to Scott Douglas, who... after a moment's confusion, follows suit.

Douglas looks to Impulse and shrugs slightly. The camera audio vaguely picks up a "Why wait?" or something to the effect. Impulse returns the shrug and at the very same moment the DEFtron comes alive and the change in lighting catches Cally's peripheral attention first. She spins around and gets an eye full, as Douglas and Impulse begin to step forward and rush the ring. Douglas continues on but Impulse is halted by Cally's hand on his shoulder. Her eyes affixed to the screen in disbelief, she points with her free hand as she is left speechless. Impulse turns to see the screen just as the delayed audio kicks in and Douglas' attention is grabbed before he can enter the ring.

CLAP

The camera pans up just as the feed is switched over to the visual. It plays like a low resolution GIF in slow motion. What is only a matter of seconds plays out like an eternity yet bares no context other than; "Sub Pop" Scott Douglas and a unidentifiable man in the middle of a wrestling ring with a women standing in between the pair. Each man is found mid swing and wielding a steel chair. The climax and subsequent loop over point is no more than a second or two after the pair of chairs meet, clap ... and with the unknown women in the middle collapsing after her head and neck our contorted in a violent fashion. And again. And again.

The camera returns to the ringside and is focused on Douglas' mortified face. The Faithful begin to boo with a vitriol normally reserved for Mikey or Hitler.

The camera cuts to a view from the top of the ramp looking down on Impulse and Cally as well a Douglas a yard or two behind them. Also, the ring ...

DDK:

I don't know what the hell is going on here!

Angus:

I'll tell you what ... WITHOUT the lights that multicolored devil vanished, again!

Cally turns around toward Douglas. Impulse isn't far behind.

The camera switches to ringside and catches Douglas in the profile as well as Cally's disappointment and the closest thing she can pass as a mean face. Impulse remains measured but glares toward his temporary tag team partner with many questions in his eyes.

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